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Edited by Katherine Tingley



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The Theosophical Path

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Nonpolitical

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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.

I am very much taken with Diogenes' remark to a stranger at Lacedaemon, who was dressing with much display for a feast, "Does not a good man consider every day a feast?" And a very great feast too, if we live soberly. For the world is a most holy and divine temple, into which man is introduced at his birth, not to behold motionless images made by hands, but those things (to use the language of Plato) which the divine mind has exhibited as the visible representations of invisible things, having innate in them the principle of life and motion, as the sun, moon, and stars, and rivers ever flowing with fresh water, and the earth affording maintenance to plants and animals. Seeing then that life is the most complete initiation into all these things, it ought to be full of ease of mind and joy; not as most people wait for the festivals of Cronus and Dionysus and the Panathenaea and other similar days, that they may joy and refresh themselves with bought laughter, paying actors and dancers for the same. On such occasions indeed we sit silently and decorously, for no one wails when he is initiated, or groans when he beholds the Pythian games, or when he is drinking at the festival of Cronus: but men shame the festivals which the deity supplies us with and initiates us in, passing most of their time in lamentation and distressing anxiety. And though men delight in the pleasing notes of musical instruments, and in the songs of birds, and behold with joy the animals playing and frisking, and on the contrary are distressed when they roar and howl and look savage; yet in regard to their own life, when they see it without smiles and dejected, and ever oppressed and afflicted by the most wretched sorrows and toils and unending cares, they do not think of trying to procure alleviation and ease. How is this? Nay, they will not even listen to others' exhortations, which would enable them to acquiesce in the present without repining, and to remember the past with thankfulness, and to meet the future hopefully and cheerfully without fear and suspicion.—PLUTARCH, *On Contentedness of Mind*, xx. Trans. by Shilleto

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, LEADER AND OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
IN HER PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

From a photograph taken in May, 1919, just prior to her recent lecture-tour
through the U. S. A.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 1

JULY 1919

Consider then that the soul, being incorruptible, is in the same condition after death as birds that have been caught. For if it has been a long time in the body, and during this mortal life has become tame by many affairs and long habit, it swoops down again and a second time enters the body, and does not cease to be involved in the changes and chances of this life that result from birth.

— PLUTARCH, Consolatory Letter to his Wife, x. *Translated by Shilleto*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



ALL who read THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will realize that its platform is a Theosophical platform, and that the purpose of these Key-notes is to accentuate the great message of Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress of the International Theosophical Society.

*

There are few people who realize the importance of time, and the importance of opportunities. It is true that the brain-mind cannot be forever impressed with material things and continue on the line of materiality and selfishness without losing touch with the higher things which belong to every man. If we look at the chaos and confusion of the world today, not only across the water but in our very midst, we can very readily, and without much thinking or discussion, see that there is a missing link somewhere along the way, that the majority of the world's people have only half-truths at best, and that many have none at all.

*

From a rational standpoint can we expect anything different from what we have in the general aspect of confusion, unrest, ignorance, and brutality? Can we indeed? Can we not easily see that the seeding-time of the conditions which now confront us began ages ago? We shall not find it by looking back only a century ago, or to a century or several centuries earlier; we must look far, far back and realize that when religion, as it has come down to the present time and as it is ordinarily conceived, began to be formulated and organized for the world's people — for man is naturally religious — the most important, vital teachings

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as to the Divinity of Man were left out. So, too, some of the sublime ideas of the Pagans who preceded the Christian era have been so distorted and twisted that the human mind all along the way for ages past has been groping in the dark, having the heart-urge and possibly great ideals — the result of man's inner thought — but not having any sure anchorage nor a firm foundation upon which to build.

*

Consequently some have gone one way and some another, with the result, with which all are familiar, that there are many, many doctrines — some old, some very new, but all very young in comparison with the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion. There are also many absurdities, many grotesque teachings, many bewildering and menacing ideas presented in the name of religion today, which lead not to progress but to retrogression.

*

Accept for a moment my word-picture, see the deplorable conditions in all lands as they are today; and then let the mind go back into the past to the seeding-time — the planting of the seeds of unrest and ignorance and unbrotherliness. Surely we must realize, if we think at all, that it is really wonderful that we have as few of the horrible and shocking aspects of life as we do. It is surprising, in view of the generally disturbed condition of people today, that we are allowed to commune with our best thoughts and meet each other on the line of good-fellowship. Are we sure that we shall continue to have this opportunity and others akin to it during the next hundred years? Are we not reminded by the very serious aspects of these destructive forces that are around us that we cannot stand still; we cannot wait; we must not pause? Are we not called upon to rise to a condition of mind that will enable us to find substitutes for desire and selfishness, materialism and greed? Something new must be discovered to be put in the place of these. For, if we attempt to go on doing as we are doing, if we feel that we are quite secure in our mental attitude, that all is well, we shall find that these growing forces, new aspects of crime and brutality, involving the destruction of homes and nations, will come upon us so rapidly that in a year or so from now there will be no time for any discussion or preparation, for they will be right upon us, at our very doors.

*

We have before us a very beautiful brain-mind presentation of the possibilities of peace through a League of Nations. Naturally it appears to different people

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

under different aspects. Possibly the representatives of the different nations are attempting to do their best in the present circumstances, in trying to bring the different nations together. But let me ask, Where is the foundation? Upon what foundation do we as a nation stand? Upon what foundation do the other nations stand? How are we going to move together, heart, mind, and soul, for the reconstruction of human nature, with all the underlying differences of intention, ideals, customs, principles, and politics?

*

There must first be found a basic unity in this new effort that the nations are making. We must consider ourselves so much a part of the great human family that we shall never accentuate nationalism as against justice to others, but we shall look upon all earth's children as one universal family on the path of evolution. The deepest urges of our hearts have never been satisfied. Yet we all know that occasionally, anyway — and really all the time if we would permit it — there is a subtle, sweeping force of encouragement that comes from somewhere into our hearts and minds, bringing home to us a desire just to turn about and face the new issues and search within ourselves for those keys of knowledge which can be found only when we recognise our potential Divinity. We must take a middle-line position, where we can look at both sides, where we can deal with humanity in a new and more compassionate and more just way, where we can recognise the fellowship of all humanity, and where we shall also recognise that we cannot achieve true success unless we work with Nature unceasingly. In one of the Theosophical devotional books which Madame Blavatsky gave to her students, The Voice of the Silence, containing 'Fragments from the Book of the Golden Precepts,' which she herself had learned years before, is the following:

"Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms."

*

Let me assure you — as Theosophy teaches, and I know it to be,— Nature will accept no half-hearted service; we cannot reach out to her in some disappointed moment, in some dilemma, expecting an answer, and then desert her again and still expect to have help. She gives no answer to the insincere, the indifferent, the half-hearted. But Nature responds with all her wonderful and infinite power to the hearts of men when their minds are sufficiently aroused,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

attuned to high and noble aims, when they are ready to put upon the Screen of Time new records of their lives. It is then that Nature gives her response, and then we shall see the inner meaning that lies beneath the outer aspects of life; we shall know that just outside, so to speak, and yet inside, in the very chambers of our soul, there is a surging, pulsating, beautifying, and inspiring life that belongs to every man.

*

If we accept this as a background, is it not plain that all the conditions that we are meeting now have grown not in a moment, nor in a year, nor yet in a century? They are the result of long ages of habit, of custom, and of brain-mind thinking and scheming. Humanity has for ages habituated itself to resting its hopes and possibilities either upon intellection alone, or upon blind faith in doctrines in which Truth is so misrepresented and so twisted that the Light is not there. But if we can recognise this, if we can see the mistakes of the past, we can today begin to build on new and truer lines for the future. And with a great aim, with a sublime purpose that will carry us on the crest-wave of divine thought and ability, there will come to us all those splendid things that our hearts crave. Not all at once, for we cannot ignore evolution, nor can we ignore Karma. We must remember our yesterdays, the millions of yesterdays in our past lives; and if we cannot remember them, they are still there; they are interwoven in the fabric of our lives; and so, in the very midst of the chaos and confusion of the present we must begin to undo, so to speak, the mistakes of the past, to sow good seeds for the harvest of the future, for ourselves, our families, our institutions, and our race. We must begin to do this as the most heroic, the most patriotic, the most sublime thing in the world. All other things seem to disappear in comparison with this picture of the possibility of man's standing in his royal dignity, even for a day, conscious of his divine power.

*

Once he is conscious of this, once he feels within his own being that there is in him something more than the mirror shows, something more than selfishness and desire, something more than the mere educated intellect, that there is in him a great life of power and nobility and sweetness that is seeking expression — then all the pressure of the calamities that confront us today, all the menaces of the horrible diseases and the outrageous crimes, and all the suffering and sorrow of the world, will become the very forces that will awaken us to the realization of our sacred duty to every living thing. Then shall we be able to mark this pivotal time in the world's history with records so splendid that they may be passed on

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

as an ever-living inspiration, for the ages to come — not only in the great archives of our institutions, but on the Screen of Time, that invisible Screen which we do not see, but on which are ever recorded all our acts.

*

Nature loses no opportunity to serve us, but the great Wheel of Time is moving on. Some of the best efforts of man have never been recorded, never been recognised; but they are living in the very air and in the atmosphere of Eternity. Nature is so divinely just in everything that nothing is lost — not a sparrow falls to the ground save by the working of Nature's laws. Just behind the Screen, so to speak, just a little away from our mortal selves, are the beneficent forces of Nature, all working for our good, and as we reach out for the noblest and best, the answer comes back; it never fails; it is ever a sustaining power in our lives. As we serve our fellows according to the highest conception of man's duty, without expecting reward, again comes the comforting answer. And those who are benefited by the example of our lives, by the inspiration of our efforts, will pass on their story to their progeny, to posterity. It is ever carried on. In the beneficent forces of Nature that are always at hand to serve us there is a Divine Companionship, and an affectionate assurance that cannot be described.

*

I often hear people, kindly critical, say that they are somewhat interested in Theosophy; but they ask how it is that Theosophists are so cheerful, so optimistic; that they have so few grievances; that they have a disposition to reach out their hands in good-fellowship all along the line, even to their enemies — if they will turn about and reform; how is it? My answer is: It comes from the inner consciousness, from their state of mind, through their study, their efforts, their struggles, their patience, their trust and their overcoming — through their knowledge of Theosophy, their knowledge of the meaning and purpose of life. And it is my hope, and the hope of every Theosophist, that through the effort we are making, through our propaganda all over the world, we may find a rebirth of the old Trust which belonged to the ancients, to the great Teachers of the past — the Divine Trust which the Nazarene possessed, and the Sublime and Splendid Trust which Madame Blavatsky had when she came forth into the world's struggle, when she pushed herself into the arena of public thought, and brought home to the masses so many beautiful, exquisite, and helpful ideas. This Trust! But how few have it. Well we know that nearly all humanity distrusts itself. What is it that lies back of this lack of trust? What is the principal factor? In my opinion it is the horrible phantom — fear of death, fear of the unknown!

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Take the ordinary acceptance of the idea of death, as given in the doctrines of the churches, generally: the vista under such teachings is not very extended, surely. Some of the ideas are presented in beautiful, exquisite words, but the vista is so limited. Think of a man born in the Light of his own Divinity — for that he is — and then through the education he receives in youth, through his environment, moving out into the world blinded, so to speak, yet yearning towards the Light. Through all that he receives through the general systems of education, his view is so limited, the goal presented to him is so near, that he begins to die ere he has reached full manhood. He lives but a few years and then his whole thought is to prepare for death. The phantom of death is with him all the time, all through life; and I think it is a very remarkable thing in such circumstances that a man ever smiles, and when he does smile, it is half-heartedly.

*

But if we can build on the basis of man's essential Divinity, and remove this fear, this obstruction, this idea of a cut-off path; if we can reach the minds of men so that they will listen and listen and listen to word-pictures of the Divinity of Man, of his perfectibility, and the great goal of life, until these ideas are so ingrained, absolutely soaked into their very systems, into the blood, the mind, the aspirations and the whole life, they will look far beyond this one limited existence, out into the broad, indescribable ocean of possibilities — into the Infinity of Universal Life. Is one life sufficient? No. Are two lives? No. Long lives, many lives, will never be sufficient to fulfil man's highest hopes, to bring him to that high state of perfection which is ordained by Divine Law. Life is a constant moving forward, a never-ceasing, great, superb effort in the evolution of man towards ever grander ideals; and there must be an elimination of every false doctrine, every false ideal and teaching that stands in the way of the real progress of the soul.

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Unless we think of these things rightly, sincerely, they will seem artificial. We have examples all along the way of masterly intellects of the past ages and the present age, and the question arises, why did they not discover this wonderful secret of life's great mystery? Many did discover it, but they did not stay long enough in their discovery to dare to oppose public prejudice and public opinion and the false teachings of the age; they did not dare to speak out freely and independently in the face of possible starvation and suffering and persecution which threatened them. Even now we are in the position of facing similar

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conditions, and it is for us to take these ideas and work them out with Trust and Hope. Even though we may not fully believe in the possibilities and the progress of the soul as I have endeavored to present them; yet if we can take this word-picture, simply as a picture, surely it can become an incentive in our lives for greater things, and we can dare to do more for suffering Humanity today, than we have done in the past.

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“To dare to do” was one of Madame Blavatsky’s slogans. To be indifferent to public opinion, to the criticism of friends and foes, to anything that Mrs. Grundy might say; just simply to step out with the courage of our convictions in our individual lives; to find within — each one for himself — that Key to the Knowledge of Life which Theosophy teaches is there. These are divine things. One could not stand, could not see the sunlight, nor know oneself at all, if Divinity were not in the heart of each. And our neighbors in Europe instead of slaughtering each other at arm’s length would be destroying each other like wild animals if the Divinity in Man did not still linger within him — however yet unrecognised. The great message of Brotherhood cannot be fully given to the world until all are united on such a basis of rationality that when it comes to a question of principle we are all together — all united. When we begin to love each other as the great Teachers have taught and have loved us, we shall find ourselves all together; when we come truly to serve our fellows we shall be all together. When we come to recognise the unity of the whole human family, there will no longer be divisions and strife; there will be no more war — there will be Brotherliness and Peace.

*

In our processes of development along this path we shall find a higher quality of discrimination; we shall know when to say No, and when to say Yes. This splendid rational system of Brotherhood, if it could be universally accepted, would make a great mark in the world just now. Yes, just now! Saying it could fall from the heavens — on a scroll, miles long, with such power of light and force that it would attract the eyes of even the weakest and meanest and most selfish of humankind, and that all could read written on that scroll in golden letters that there is Brotherhood and Peace — an Eternal Peace, not only for our race, but for all peoples and all races! Would it not stir the hearts of even the meanest and the most degraded with new hope? It can come only through a Divine Trust in oneself, and a broad, clear belief in Reincarnation; through realizing that the Soul, the grandest power which manifests on earth, has its time of becoming,

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its time to live within itself and find its powers, and then to go forth in noble service with a message to the world, carrying with it the very presence of the Divine, without utterance, almost without thought.

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I often think how many work against their best interests; how they spend two-thirds of their time in trying to get some knowledge from this writer and that, from this little fragment and that little fragment; how sometimes they follow fads and fallacies and absurd teachings — they do all these things, even when trying to do their duty; for the meanest, so-called, creature on earth has some sense of duty at times. But they undertake all this struggle, this work and care, with misgivings, with half-doubts, and when they reach the time to throw off this mortal coil and step into the new life which Nature has destined for them — over which process they have no control — they meet death unprepared, unfitted for the great change — the rebirth. They may have the urge to do right, they may have ideals, desires; they have tried here and there, but they have not taken hold of their own natures, they have not learned the power of self-control, but have temporized with their weaknesses, and have failed to find the meaning of Life.

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How can we find substitutes for selfishness and desire; how can we replace them by high ideals; contrariwise, how can we, on the basis of desire and fear, expect to accentuate our lives in noble service? We must find a new way of living, and that must be through a quality of trust, a determination of high purpose to gain self-control, to draw the line between the spiritual and the animal in man, to bring home to ourselves just how far in our own lives we have played the part of the monkey and the animal without knowing it; and on the other hand, just how far we have followed the path of right action so nobly, so daringly, gaining strength as we go on, that we would be willing to have the searchlight of the world turned on us. There must be no more temporizing, no more playing hide-and-go-seek with ourselves, sometimes on lines of justice and sometimes on lines of injustice; sometimes on lines of selfishness and sometimes on lines of generosity and brotherhood. The two forces are ever active within us, and the sooner we get away from the idea that temptation comes from without; the sooner we realize that we must look within both for the temptation and the power to overcome it; the quicker we shall come to that knowledge which belongs to every man — that he holds the Key; that the Kingdom of Heaven is within himself, or a hell, the possibilities of which exceed anything that the men and women of today ever heard of or imagined. The forces of Light and of Darkness are within.

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The two forces are there, and the great drama of life goes on from day to day, and from year to year, from generation to generation, and through the centuries all down the ages. Until man learns self-control and self-mastery, until he exercises his heaven-bestowed birthright of divine power, he will be the victim of the lower forces that go for the destruction of the noblest and the best, just as long as the brain-mind is permitted to be the playground of evil with no self-determination towards the good.

*

Merely to talk of the problems of the day, to make a digest with a view to offering some special system or way of meeting them, for our city, our family, our church or our state or country, is of no avail — it is too small. We must get out on the great crest-wave of positive effort and active life, and so, even today, in some of these simple ideas, and in the sublime teachings of Theosophy, there will be carried a warmth and a glow to the heart; and somehow, even though the yearning of our hearts is not fully answered at the time, there will come a touch of good-fellowship and Sympathy and Hope. Sympathy is the great factor that must be cultivated if we are to bring ourselves to the point of duty that our hearts crave; if we are to come to our own; if we are to place on the Records of Time monuments that will stand forever, bespeaking the Divinity of Man in small acts and in large acts, in the everyday places, and in the whole splendid Eternal Life that carries us on and on to the great goal that Theosophy promises.

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“The doctrines of Theosophy, 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 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.”— H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE MEANING OF DEATH

R. MACHELL

IT is generally supposed that the greatest misfortune in life that can occur is death: and yet many people object to the idea of rebirth. This seems unreasonable. One would think that the prospect of rebirth would console a man for the loss of his present body; particularly if the idea of continued existence is associated with that of rebirth, or reincarnation. But indeed habit and early education have more to do with establishing a man's belief than any other factor; and reason seems to have no part at all in the process, unless some bitter experience has shattered his early faith in traditional forms of belief. Then perhaps reason may be called in to provide a substitute. But for reason to accomplish the desired object the faculty must have been trained, which is unusual, or it must be natural and unhampered by fear or superstition, or orthodoxy of any kind, which is even more rare.

Those who have turned to Theosophy for light on the dark problems of life, however, are mostly people whose reason is alive; and to them the teaching of reincarnation comes as a sunrise to herald a new day. The idea of rebirth will probably appear as an old friend: but it may be some time before the student comes to a clear appreciation of the full extent and application of this great fact in life.

At first it seems as if a man must die before he can be reborn, and death can only be thought of as a complete break in the thread of life. But as one thinks more closely of the way in which life renews the body, while discharging and discarding what is called effete matter, or used-up atoms, one begins to see that the body is dying all the time, and being reborn in a certain sense, without any cataclysm such as death seems to be. And then one may begin to question whether the catastrophe of bodily death is really a catastrophe at all, or merely a step in the greater process of building up a different kind of body, in which the true individual can continue his conscious existence until another physical body can be prepared for his use.

When a man has run through a certain period of his life, or has come to the end of a certain range of experience, which may have brought him sorrow, or disappointment, or even utter despair, he feels as if he were already dead, though his body goes on living as usual perhaps, and he remains in connexion with it, but so loosely bound to it that he has even begun to regard it as a burden. Then, if a new hope comes to him, he feels himself reborn; and he may be able in after years to look back to

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that rebirth as to a true beginning of a new life, though the body did not die suddenly, and he did not lose hold on the memory of his early life. He may speak of his fresh start as a rebirth in a figurative sense; and it may be that the figure of speech is a more true description of fact than he can realize. For it is possible that our ordinary way of regarding death is very crude and imperfect. We may be too deeply ignorant of our own constitution to be able to understand the truth of the Biblical saying, "I die daily."

It may be that death is going on continuously, and that the death we generally think of as death is but one part of a very extended process. This would make us look upon rebirth as an equally protracted operation; while in no way altering the fact that birth and death, as generally understood, are sudden and catastrophic in character: as sudden as the passage from the waking to the sleeping state, or from sleeping to waking. Yet the two states pass one into the other, and the consciousness of self goes quietly through the change of state, and indeed is unable to note the passage. Continuity of existence is not questioned in the latter case. We do not look upon sleep as an end of life. But if when the body dies, death is not as complete and final as it is generally supposed to be, it may also be true that there is a death, of a more serious kind, that may occur while the body continues its ordinary life. Some inner and more subtle body may be destroyed without killing the visible physical body; and the soul thus may be cut off from control of its physical instrument, even to the extent of being completely separated from the then soulless shell. The lunatic asylums contain many cases of such living death, and there may be still more that remain at large, the living dead, the dead in life.

Once this idea is grasped, one is led on to study the complex nature of man, and perhaps to speculate on the condition of those in whom the various inner principles are deprived of their proper means of expression in the physical body through the death of some one of these subtle bodies.

The idea of spiritual rebirth without physical death is nothing new, of course: it plays a prominent part in mystical religions, and should be familiar to Christians of all denominations: but it is not; for it is looked upon as a mere figure of speech, owing to the general ignorance of our complex nature. People may profess to believe in the existence of the Soul, but the idea is generally hazy, and the conception too loosely formulated to be of any practical use in the understanding of our real life and evolution. Consequently the phenomena of insanity, in all its many forms and degrees, are little understood.

Everybody may admit the existence of a nervous system, and may regard it as separate to some extent from the physical body; but when

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it comes to speaking of the soul, then there is a jump into regions of fancy, and all is a matter of faith or pure imagination. Yet the inner bodies, the more subtle systems, that serve to connect the physical, material body with the intelligent power, the mind; or those still more ethereal systems, that respond to the higher impulses of genius, which more rarely act upon the mind, and inspire noble thoughts and deeds — these inner, subtle, bodies or vehicles, or nervous systems, must be as real as the physical, and must be as liable to death and rebirth as is the outer form. If that be so, it is easy to understand that a perfect man would be one in whom all these latent powers and possibilities were alive and operative. And in the same way one would have to confess that the ordinary man was indeed little more than a shell, with all his inner or spiritual apparatus as yet practically unborn. There would be then no stretch of imagination required to understand the old expression, the 'dead in life'; and one might realize the truth that has been uttered by the mystics, who say that the world is 'full of the dead,' meaning by that, people who believe themselves to be fully alive.

It is hard for a person to believe that he or she is really dead, while still alive; and yet we all know that there are times when we are much more alive than usual. And we are all familiar with cases of other people who at times really do seem to be little better than animated corpses. But we probably do not realize how true the figure of speech may be.

If one stops to consider what happens when we develop a habit, or learn an art or craft, one may realize to some extent the fact that we have been stamping the impress of an idea upon some subtle inner body that can act as go-between for body on the one hand and mind on the other; for we know that a habit well established causes the body to act independently of the mind, and that the mind can alter the habit without consulting the body. So that there would seem to be a delicate system or inner body that carries the memory which we call habit. But the growth of a habit takes time, and it may well be that the inner body has to be actually created by the slow process of training, encouragement, and discipline, exercised by the mind, as in the process of studying an art or a craft.

If we consider the matter from this point of view, we shall see that all development of skill, or acquirement of real knowledge, is a matter of growth; though we talk of knowledge and talents as acquirements. In reality a great deal of what passes for knowledge is no more than memorized information: it may be more or less accurate or useful, but, strictly speaking, knowledge is a condition of power, of knowing, of having experienced and understood, and not merely a memorizing of information. Before information can be converted into knowledge, the

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inner man must grow; and before this is possible, the inner man must be born. And the inner man is a complex being, almost like a group of beings ruled by oneself; so different are the various states of consciousness possible to a highly developed man.

And just as it is possible for these inner bodies or powers to be born in a man as his education advances, so too is it possible for some one or other of them to die: indeed it must be quite possible for the whole inner man (or his spiritual possibilities) to die, while the gross body lives on, devoted to the gratification of its bodily desires. Such beings may well be called soulless, because the soul has been cut off from the control of the body by the destruction or death of that subtle body (or group of bodies) that should serve as the connecting link. Without such a connecting link the human-seeming entity is not truly human in anything but outer form: and it is said that the world is 'full of the dead.' If this be true, we can easily understand the necessity for rebirth, that the mystics of all ages have preached.

The reason why ideas of a certain kind mean nothing to certain people, is simply that those persons have not evolved a body capable of responding to those vibrations. The thought may get as far as the brain-mind, but the idea awakens no response; because there is, as yet, no instrument created in that person to record the vibrations peculiar to such ideas. The birth and growth of these inner subtle bodies is what is meant by the evolution of character.

Too often character is unbalanced; some one or more aspects of the inner man may have been highly developed, while the rest have remained dormant, or unborn; the result is that strange creature we sometimes call a genius.

The perfect balance of all the faculties is the mark of the perfect man; and education should be aimed at this result; for an unbalanced man can seldom accomplish good work, even along his special line, without incurring disaster from the mistakes he must make in other directions. Experience shows that to neglect any side of the nature is to court disaster to the whole from the failure of a part. The lives of men of genius who have failed are seldom written understandingly, if at all; but they would prove interesting matter of study to a serious student; and they would serve perhaps to warn educators of the real danger of specialization carried to extremes.

Self-control is the only protection against the pitfalls that line the path of evolution, and self-control implies self-knowledge, than which nothing is more rare. The self that is to be known is so much more complex than is usually supposed. Keys to self-knowledge are to be found in Theosophy, for Theosophy is the source of all philosophies, all sciences,

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and all religions. It is the ancient Wisdom-Religion; and its teachings are eternally new because eternally true. And self-knowledge is a study as old as man, and as new. Birth comes to man today as the dawn of existence, and death, to the majority, is still a new and terrible catastrophe. But to those who have begun to see a little light on the problems of life, these events are but the oft-repeated and eternally-recurring modes in which life manifests itself.

The reason why we persist in looking upon birth and death as the beginning and the end of life, is that we do not yet know ourselves; but believe the body in which we are now gaining experience to be our real self, even if we profess to believe that we have a soul, of which we know nothing.

The first step in self-knowledge is the realization that the soul, or self-conscious principle, rather than the body, is the self. Then begins the real knowledge of all the inner bodies, through which the real self expresses itself: and each step in evolution is a rebirth, as the soul obtains a new vehicle for self-expression. And as the self passes from ignorance to knowledge, it experiences the death of some outworn vehicle of thought or of emotion; and it is probable that these deaths are as notable events in our life as the ultimate collapse of our present physical body appears to be; though the latter is less so than is ordinarily believed: for it seems certain that most people quite misunderstand the meaning of death, and dread it unreasonably, or with equal unreason go out of their way to invite it prematurely. The disaster of death is only in its prematurity. Then it means loss of opportunities: for old age offers opportunities of self-development that are often closed to us in early or middle life by reason of the obsession of physical forces and the constant intrusion of the animal instincts. But when the body has served its purpose, and has ceased to respond to the impulses of the higher mind, then death means the release of the inner man from an instrument that has become a shackle and a hindrance to progress.

As to the later death of the various 'sheaths of the Soul,' the dropping of the ethereal garments, in which the released soul is enveloped at the death of the body, that is a matter that scarcely concerns us at present. We are more seriously interested in the births and deaths that take place during life, and which prepare the way for what follows after.

There are so many kinds of death that are not recognised: sleep is one; forgetfulness is another; ignorance too, and vicious habits, are all forms of death, some of which are probably more catastrophic in the sight of the Soul than is the recognised death of the body.

How willingly we let go our waking consciousness and fall asleep in the faith of a rebirth, or rather a reawakening, in the morning, when day

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itself is reborn! And yet the self of the sleeper may during sleep be as free from all recollection of the body as if it were not to wake up again.

There is of course a difference between the death that we call sleep, and the sleep that we call death; but there is also an analogy that is probably closer than is generally supposed. To understand the real difference one would have to be able to retain one's continuity of consciousness in passing through the change of state, which demands a power of self-control that few have mastered. And yet it is certain that we all do pass through the gates of sleep thousands of times in the span of one earth-life, without a qualm, and with perfect willingness to let go the physical body for a while. Why then do we shrink from death? Simply because we have been taught to believe that it is the end of life. In our inmost hearts we know better: but our minds have been cramped by false ideas, so that some part of our nature is already dead, and cannot respond to the intuitive wisdom of the inner man.

The ideas impressed on a child's mind become such an habitual mold for his thought, that in after-life the man may well believe that his prejudices and superstitions are divinely inspired visions of truth, or he may accept them as natural interpretations of natural facts that bear the stamp of nature on them. Yet they may be but nurses' tales or mere traditions. So he will refuse to look at the truth, or to listen to it, because he thinks his nature is rebelling against a dangerous speculation that may disturb his peace of mind. This cramping of the minds of children by set forms of belief is indeed a massacre of the innocents, no matter how virtuous may be the intentions of the instructors.

Narrow-minded teaching sets the stamp of death upon the mind of a child, and makes its whole life abortive; for life means growth and birth, as well as death: and education should be a vitalizing and invigorating process for the whole man. But in the great majority of cases the teachers of youth effectually kill the more subtle vehicles of the soul before they have grown strong enough to defend their existence, and the child grows up with a living body and brain, and with a stillborn or deformed inner body, that shows itself in peculiarities, weaknesses, or vices of the growing man.

The tragedy of death is really enacted most frequently in early youth, when unrecognised vices may actually kill the inner man and leave a soulless wreck to drag out its miserable life in uselessness, vice, or insanity. If life were limited to one earth-life in one body, it would indeed be a horrible mockery. But that is absurd. Life is eternal, and while there is life there is hope, for while death follows birth, it is also followed by rebirth.

Death is a doorway in the house of life; and in that house are many

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mansions. Death is a promise of rebirth; and there is always another chance; for life is eternal; and while there is life there is hope. Death in due season is a friend and a deliverer: and its final meaning is Life.

APOLLO

KENNETH MORRIS

WE that have grown so poor much need the gold
That you unfold and squander abroad in bloom
Of daffodil and broom, or o'er the lawns
When the glad crocus dawns. . . .
Ah, at day's birth, and when the darkening blue
Westward, at fall of dew, hath for a boon
To be o'erstrewn with opal and rose-pearl —
Wonder awhirl from out your bounty-hoard
Earth and sky-stored —
So too your spirit-largesse fling afar,
Lest our wan star grow cold beneath the blue!

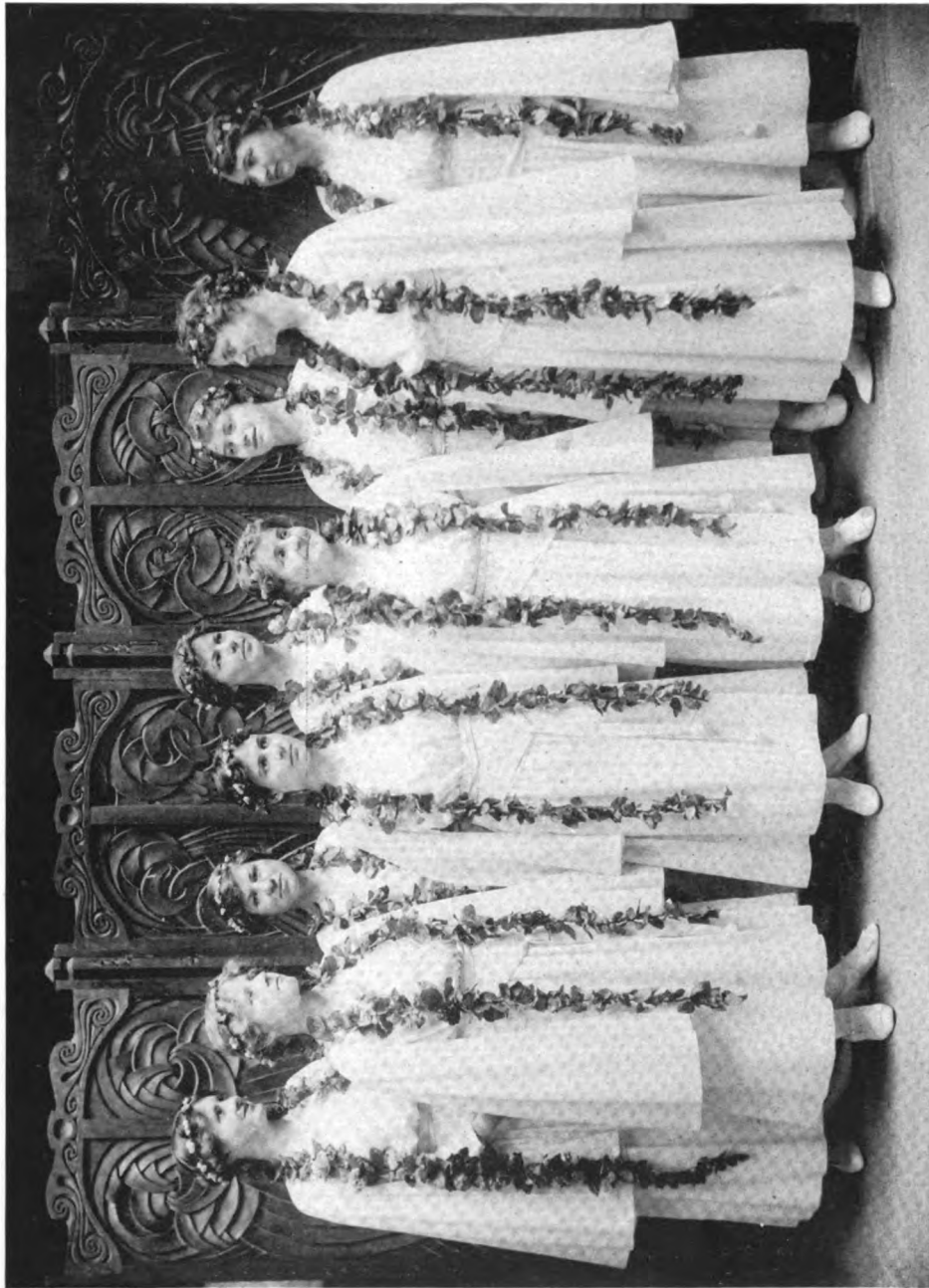
For we have need of you!
You that do dwell in the very heart of the Earth,
Yet have new birth with every dawn on high,
Kindling afresh the sky;
And, rising from deep inward regions dim,
Flame o'er our vision's rim, illuming fair
Romantic regions there,
When, as we search the dusk within us, lo!
You, bardic and aglow with beauties and powers
And girt with flowers, burgeon upon our souls. . . .
Oh, lighting pearl-bright shoals
On the lone coasts of sun-rich faery seas
Not in this world, or leagues of billowing trees
In immemorial haunted forests far,
East of the Morning, west of the Evening Star,
Dawn in our hearts, and shed a flame, a dew
On all we dream or do!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



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ONE OF THE RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS WHO ACCOMPANIED
MME TINGLEY ON HER THEOSOPHICAL LECTURE-TOUR



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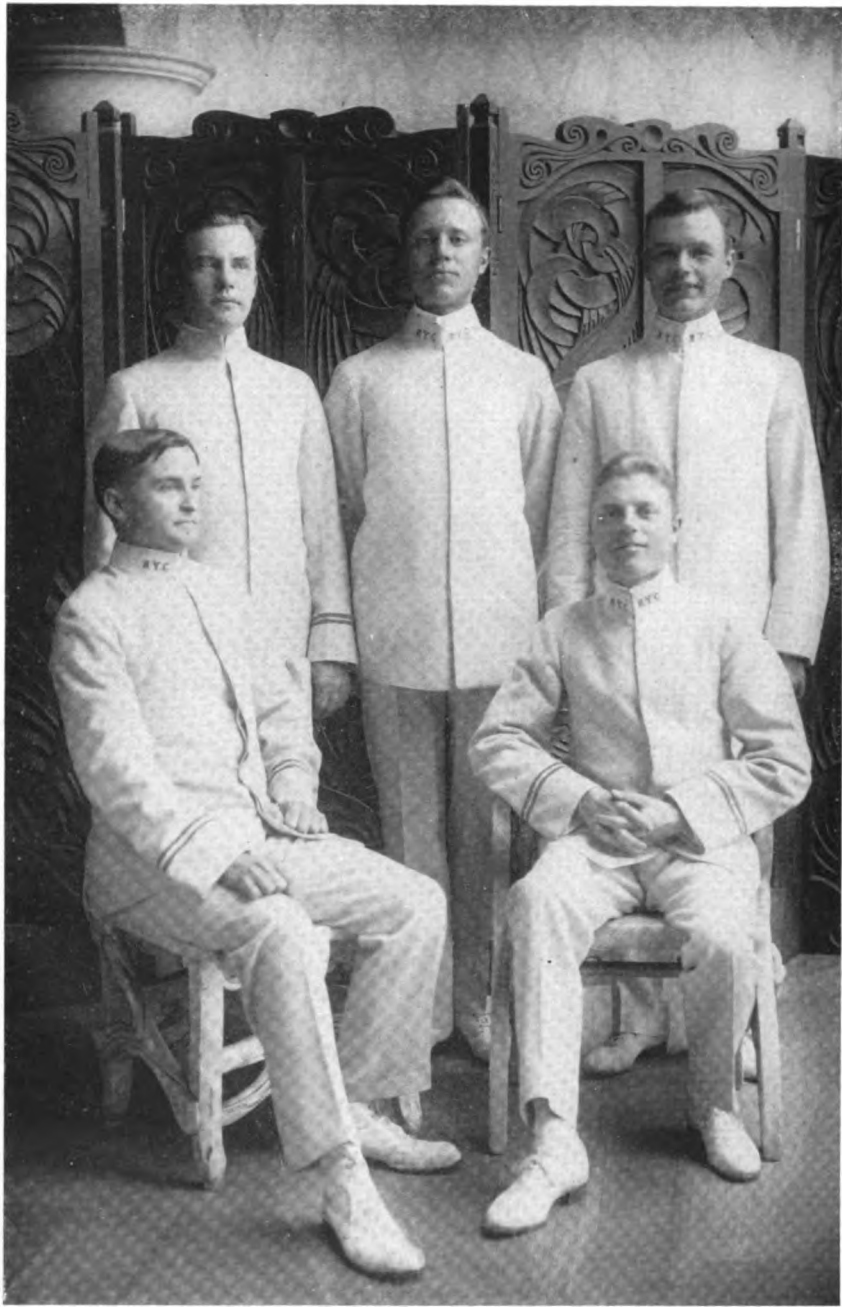
**A GROUP OF THE RÁJA-YOGA STUDENTS WHO ACCOMPANIED MME KATHERINE TINGLEY
ON HER THEOSOPHICAL LECTURE-TOUR**

Their music, both vocal and instrumental, called forth high praise and warm applause at all meetings of the tour.



THREE SOLOISTS, WHO HELPED IN THE MUSIC PROGRAMS ON
MME KATHERINE TINGLEY'S RECENT THEOSOPHICAL LECTURE-TOUR

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STUDENTS REPRESENTING THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE,
THREE OF WHOM ACCOMPANIED MME KATHERINE
TINGLEY ON HER RECENT THEOSOPHICAL LECTURE-TOUR

ALCHEMY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

TODAY we pursue knowledge in many diverse directions, and the hunger of our soul and the curiosity of our mind seek satisfaction in a medley of religions, sciences, philosophies, and studies; but there have been times when Knowledge was recognised as being one and single, as in truth it is and must be. In all times there are some who recognise this truth; and for them there is no separateness or antagonism between religion and science, nor are either religion or science divided up into a number of independent sections. It is the aim of Theosophy to recall to human recollection the existence of this great Master-Science, which has been called by so many names, such as Wisdom-Religion, Secret Doctrine, Mystic Quest, Esoteric Philosophy, and the like.

Now, though the Knowledge is one, yet it is for that very reason so wide and all-embracing that no human mind can grasp it in its entirety; and therefore we find it presented from many different points of view. At one time we view it as Religion, and describe it as the one universal and eternal Parent-Religion, from which all religions have sprung, and which underlies them all. At another time we see in it the synthesis of all sciences. Yet again, viewing it from the philosophical standpoint, we find it to be the great Master-Philosophy of life. Among other aspects of this vast Knowledge, we may enumerate the mathematical one, which was so much studied by the Pythagoreans; the astronomical, pursued by the Chaldees; the schools of Yoga or self-mastery in India, and the schools of metaphysical philosophy in the same land. Under the title of 'agriculture,' that mysterious people, the Nabathaeans, studied the same universal mysteries; the symbology of ancient theogonies veils the same universal doctrines. We have now to consider that particular aspect of the question which was indicated by the word Alchemy, whereby the Great Quest, the eternal problem of life, was represented under the forms of chemistry and experimental science.

We can trace back Alchemy to indefinite vistas in past history, and may find its proximate sources among the Arabians, during their prowess, to whom we are indebted for the name itself and for many of the terms employed.

It is usual to find alchemy represented as the humble parent of modern chemistry, the first feeble and misguided efforts of the human mind in this direction. And when it is found that alchemy is of very ancient date,

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and that it is connected with mythology, astrology, and many other phases of research, then the savants add that all of these phases too were the crude efforts of the primitive human mind to formulate science as we have it now. The alternative view is that antiquity possessed a great master-science, which embraced all knowledge in one unity, and that the several branches of modern science are merely elaborations of certain material applications of this master-science. When the said savants find that the ancient knowledge embraced ethics (the science of conduct), philosophy (the science of general causes), physics (the science of nature), and politics, and mathematics, etc., etc., all in one grand whole; they say that the primitive human mind was confused and had not yet learnt to distinguish between ethics and science, or between religion and natural philosophy, and so forth. This is a good instance of putting the cart before the horse and viewing things wrong side up. They say the priest and the sage were one and the same man, because the ancients had confused together the functions of science and religion; whereas we may put the alternative view that these two functions are properly and originally one and the same, and that their subsequent separation is to be regretted.

No less wrong-headed do we find the learned authorities on the subject of the secrecy which attached to the ancient knowledge. This secrecy they put down to the jealous exclusiveness of priests desiring to reserve to themselves the knowledge and the powers which it conferred. But let us look around today and see the consequences of the opposite policy as pursued among ourselves: bombs sent through the mail; every known art strained to the utmost to furnish the means of mutual destruction. Thus discredit is brought upon science. The ancient secrecy was but the pursuance of a time-honored and necessary policy with regard to knowledge — that it should not be intrusted to such as might abuse it; that conduct must be developed in equal steps with knowledge; that knowledge is the reward of discipline, and discipline the price of knowledge.

We cannot judge of alchemy from the wasted labors of such of the medieval experimenters as, not having the keys, failed to unlock the mysteries of the art. Before them were many, and even among them were a few, who realized the true meaning of that art and are therefore more justly entitled to be called Alchemists. These more enlightened ones did not delude themselves with the idea that the great art consisted merely in the attempt to produce actual gold out of actual base metals, or a fluid elixir in a bottle, able to cure diseases and prolong mortal life. They knew that, while these things could be done, they were the accidentals, not the essentials, of alchemy; the byways and not the direct route. For neither is alchemy all symbolical nor all literal in its significance.

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Throughout all Cosmos, whether spiritual or material, analogy and correspondence prevail; so that what is a key to the mysteries of one part is a key to the mysteries of the other parts. Hence the making of gold is at the same time an actual metallurgical operation that can be accomplished, and a symbol of the process of self-purification which the student of Knowledge undertakes when he separates the true gold of Wisdom from the base metals of his delusions and passions.

The mistake made by those futile graybeards of conventional romance, who wasted their lives over their crucibles, was to neglect the higher aspect of their art, and, by striving to limit themselves to its material aspect alone, to lose the whole in trying to grasp the part. It would seem indeed that, not until the alchemist has reached a point where the making of metallic gold would be both undesirable and useless for him can he attain the power to produce it. It would seem that the fluid elixir of life in a bottle is reserved for those who have discovered that truer and subtler elixir which confers on its user the consciousness of his immortality while yet dwelling in his mortal tenement.

The philosopher's stone, it would seem, is that priceless inward grace which enables the possessor to transmute all earthly experience into riches for the soul, and to blend joy and sorrow into the sublime harmony of That which is neither of the twain and yet is so much more than both. And not until he has obtained this jewel can the alchemist obtain any material philosopher's stone able to turn actual dross into actual gold. Or, to put it another way, let us imagine the alchemist attaining these material gifts without having first attained the corresponding spiritual graces. Would he not then be fit subject for a fable such as that of Midas, who was cursed by the jesting God with the gift he had craved, and who found it quite the reverse of a blessing? Try to imagine the state and probable adventures of a man discovering how to make gold.

What is the status of alchemy today? On the one hand it is said that the alchemists were misled zealots, trying to find their way to scientific knowledge amid a vast encumbrance of superstition; and they are sometimes given a condescending pat on the head as having been the ground-breakers for modern chemistry. On the other hand we have learned societies that meet and read papers on alchemy, and emit a great deal of interesting and edifying matter on the question of its symbolical meaning. But with them also, for the most part, the key is missing. What is that key?

The key is that which renders a study of practical service, both for the student and for those in whose service his chivalry is enlisted.

This is the principal key that is missing in all our pursuits. We have not the requisite *motive* in our undertakings. Perhaps we think

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we will pursue knowledge 'for its own sake,' while really we are compounding with our love of comfort and our loyalty to prejudice, and are hence unwilling to accept the obligations demanded by the pure study of Knowledge. Or perhaps it is some material end that we propose — wealth, power, glorification. Perhaps, even though we may cherish the betterment of humanity, it is not humanity's real welfare that we aim at, but those material possessions which we imagine to be the *summum bonum*.

We have then the following choice before us. Either we will forego the higher paths of knowledge, or we will accept the conditions imposed. Knowledge comes from experiment and experience; book-study alone will not achieve it. This is common sense, and admitted. Hence the student of divine alchemy must enter the school of actual experiment and experience. And in his case the *corpus vile*, the raw material, wherein he must experiment, is his own nature. If he should propose to study the marvelous powers and graces that are symbolized in alchemical teachings, and at the same time to make no change in his conduct, making no experiment whatever in what he is trying to learn, then he would remain a mere bookworm, and no blame to anyone else. The power to know comes "mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind" (W. Q. Judge). And the same voice also says:

"Never, never desire to get knowledge or power for any other purpose than to lay it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you."

This is common sense, and it is easy to see why some fail and others not. What the key is, is obvious. It is sincerity in our quest. "Ask and ye shall receive." We get what we ask for; and, if we do not get a thing, it is because we have not asked for it, but for something else.

A true Alchemist, then, is one who has determined to solve the riddle of life, to find out who and where he is, what is his duty, what Man in reality is, and how he can attain that Knowledge which can set him free from the delusions of self — the only Knowledge worth having in the long run.

As to the secrets of Nature, modern science is initiating us quite fast enough into secrets of a certain order, so that the balance inclines dangerously on that side, and we need more knowledge of another kind to restore the equilibrium. Hence it would scarcely be profitable for the alchemist today to delve into that class of secrets, when, if he found anything at all, it would be likely to add to our burdens and dangers, on account of the way in which knowledge is abused nowadays. Is it

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not more profitable to seek after the attainment of those principles of conduct and self-governance which will render the possession of knowledge safe and advantageous?

Alchemy had its origin in Atlantis during the Fourth Race, and its existence in Egypt was only a reappearance. For it is part of the Sacred Science and Divine Art. The transmutation of metals into gold was one of the processes. The saying, "As gold must be tried by fire, so the heart must be tried by pain," is more than a metaphor; it is a correspondence. We must all undergo the process of purification. The fire which purifies is the light of spiritual knowledge and aspiration, coming down from the higher part of our nature. It brings things to a head, vivifies our experience, burns up much that we valued before, leaving only dross and ashes. It is a well-known fact that, as soon as a person begins in earnest to try and lead a better life, the weaknesses and obstacles in his nature all rise up before him. It is as though he were a crucible into which some powerful reagent has been cast, and which causes a great effervescence and throws a scum up to the surface. This is the first stage of purification; the next is to skim off that scum; and the first stage is essential to the second. So we need not be alarmed at the violence of the reaction and the appearance of the scum.

The pain which the heart must undergo in order to be purified is what we inflict ourselves. For we feel interiorly that this experience is essential. It is no more than a surgical or medical operation to which we submit, knowing that the pain is an inevitable prelude to the cure.

The elixir of life, as sought by the materialistic alchemists, was a fluid to prolong bodily life; for the soul is already immortal and needs no elixir. But symbolically, the discovery of the elixir means the discovery of how to achieve immortality while in the body. To do this, it is necessary to identify the mind with the soul, so that the mind may share the soul's immortality and become conscious of immortality. As we are, our minds are identified with the perishable part of our nature, and we live in ideals and feelings that cannot survive. Part of the *magnum opus* is to achieve this immortality, and make this elixir. A man so endowed would live in the eternal and be beyond the reach of change, even though he would be living on earth and passing through the ordinary experiences of life.

The philosopher's stone, which turns all which it touches into gold, is surely an emblem of that inward grace by which we can make all the experiences of life into riches for the soul. Any alchemist who would study this would be a practical alchemist, not a time-waster over a crucible or a learned writer of interesting treatises. It is very helpful to look at the problem of life from different points of view, and to apply

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the alchemical key upon occasion. The idea that we are the victims of an inscrutable fate or power may yield pleasantly before the conviction that we are alchemists engaged in the *magnum opus*. The student of Knowledge has to regard himself and his life as matter for experiment.

The trinity of human nature was represented by the alchemists as Salt, Mercury, and Sulphur; or Body, Soul, and Spirit. As to the Soul or middle principle in this triad, they said that Spirit could never act upon Body, nor Body upon Spirit, without the intervention of Soul, "for the spirit is an invisible thing, nor doth it ever appear without another garment, which garment is the soul."

It is said that "gold in the crucible is he that withstands the melting heat of trial." Unquestionably, sincerity and strong conviction are needed, if the alchemist is not to be thrown off his balance when he finds his whole nature upheaved by the stress he has put upon it. He will have to sacrifice pride and prejudice, and make his self-will and pride bow before the inexorable demands of the higher Law to which he has pledged his obedience. He will have to learn that courage and high aspiration are not merely things to be admired and talked about, but things to be evoked and used. Nevertheless the work is a glorious one.

Selfishness is the dross of our nature; it corresponds to the 'salt' or earthy, binding, crystallizing element. This element will try to appropriate the Light to itself and make it a means of personal enjoyment or power, thus spoiling the *magnum opus*. Covetousness has to be eliminated. The mercury or liquid silver, which represents the middle principle of the three, the field of our thoughts and emotions, has to be cleaned from the lead and other base elements that are dissolved in it, so that it may be a bright mirror reflecting clear and undimmed the light from above.



ALL riches, all glory, all association, all sacrifices, gifts, studies, penances, and observances have an end; but for knowledge there is no end.

— *From one of the Upanishads*

EVERY MAN'S CONCERN IN THE PRESENT CRISIS IN HUMAN EVOLUTION

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

WHERE there is no vision the people perish": that is, where life has no background, no setting; where this poor little foreground of necessary daily duties, mechanical and monotonous, seems all there is; where each day, molded in advance by these duties, has no meaning and no promise; where all outlines are hard and unhaloed. But the people will not perish without first doing something!

We have just come through — if we are through — the worst war that history tells us of; worst in the number of nations and of men involved; worst because of the resources of science and invention concentrated to facilitate the killing. But we said all through: Well, anyhow, this is the last war. This is the war that will end war.

Suppose our optimism is mistaken. History does not suggest to us that the horrors of any war ever lived in the national memories vividly enough to prevent another. The people who had the actual suffering are but one generation, and by the time they are succeeded by another the horrors live no longer in memories at all but only in bloodless print.

If, then, our optimism is mistaken and at the end of two or three decades there *is* another war, what will that be like? Science and invention are moving faster than they ever did before and the first question asked at every new step is: How could this be harnessed in the service of war? So the sure thing about the next war is that it will be more destructive of life than any calculations based on the past can suggest to us. And the now ever-increasing facilitation of aërial transit will have made the old geographical barriers worthless and brought every country within striking-range of every other. Where might this present war *not* have been fought had the air been the easy pathway that it will be in five and twenty years?

What is there to prevent the coming of that possible next war? What change in human nature will or can occur to throw the future out of line with the past? For unless there is a change in human nature why *should* the future be different from the past? History is only human nature at work. Human nature is expressed as conduct. When the conduct is on a large scale, the conduct of a nation or of nations, the record of it is called history. The essential current of history, of which the most prominent feature is wars, can only change its direction and take a new one by the activity of a new or hitherto latent element in human nature. What

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are the chances of appearance of such a new element, and what will it be like? Is there anything we can do in the matter?

The importance of the question is that civilization is even now actually in peril. The forces of unrest, of dissolution, aroused and let loose by the war, are at work in nearly every country, and in some threaten to come altogether to the top.

Over there in Paris they are trying to work out the details of a League of Nations so as to insure the future perpetuation of peace. But if, as we have seen, the outward conduct of the nations, of humanity as a whole, — that which gets upon printed record as history — is only the enacted expression of the forces of human nature, then unless human nature is to be henceforth different from what it has been hitherto, the outcome of human nature in action will be the same as heretofore. And that means the continuance of wars. And the continuance of wars, under increasingly skilful scientific guidance, means a destruction of life, of property, of all the products of human work, vastly greater than anything that the past can show or suggest. Remember also that human unrest is spreading as never before. It must out, and more and more, inasmuch as it corresponds to a force in human nature whose check or countervail has vanished or is vanishing. Religion is losing its hold, a loosening that began somewhere between the close of the Middle Ages and our own day. There were once practically *no* disbelievers. All men accepted, and were in some degree restrained by, the ideas of heaven and hell, of a God who punished and rewarded. All that came gradually to be questioned and by increasing multitudes either definitely thrown over or tacitly disregarded. The people have been studying science and learning and assimilating materialism. Man is now only an animal and perishes with his body. Soul and spiritual law are words that have been decided to mean nothing. To be up-to-date is to have got beyond all that. This life is all there is; let us get the most we can out of it. And we have daily evidence of this spirit. Is it too much to say that the outlook for Western civilization is as dark and threatening as it can be? That is why every one of us is concerned in the present crisis in human evolution.

Some talk of the increasing hold of the idea of brotherhood. Perhaps. Of the *idea* of brotherhood, though; not of the *feeling* of it. People do see the *need*, the *desirability* of it, just as they might see the desirability of religion. But this very obviousness of its desirability is the sign of its absence. If there were increasing feeling of brotherhood there would not be, as there is, more and more crime, more and more suicide and insanity. The dark cloud over the nations would be thinning out, not darkening. And the present war would never have been.

There is a general sense of the desirability of peace. But I may desire

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peace with my neighbor either merely because quarreling is a disturbing nuisance, hindering my ordinary pleasures and activities; *or* because the feeling of brotherhood is in me. In the first case the desire is morally worth nothing. And the nations may desire peace, either that they may recover themselves or go on with their commerce; *or* because of the feeling of brotherhood for each other. Out of which of them is the League of Nations arising? We must not confuse the mere sense of the desirability of peace with that real longing for peace which grows out of the feeling of brotherhood. Only the appearance, the up-spring and spread, of that latter, can make future wars impossible. The 'blessings of peace' are hardly blessings at all unless we can translate the phrase into 'blessings of brotherhood.' Permeation by the sense of brotherhood is the necessary condition for that growth of mind and character which will make us as gods and transform human life. Peace without it is merely the condition for going ahead with our manufactures and erection of tall buildings and discovery of better ways of hardening steel and extracting gold and utilizing electricity and doing trades with each other — activities which stand in no necessary relation to true progress at all and are compatible with absolute selfishness and callousness; but which yet we call civilization or regard as the index of it.

"If there be no vision the people perish," and brotherhood is the condition and basis of the vision. What we call civilization has shown its incapacity to protect itself against its own destruction. It verily *contains* its own destruction. The forces of human nature, as they now run, have shown not only that they cannot preserve what they have made, but that they are sure to destroy it.

"If there is no vision the people perish." What sort of 'vision' is it that the people must have, that you and I must have if we are to find our lives tolerable?

What is it in the conditions of prison-life that makes the suicide rate so high, that gives the misery of the prisoner's early days of incarceration its peculiar blackness? Is it not the absence of *hope*, the sense that he **can** in no way bring anything into his life that will brighten and intensify it? Men do not live at all by what they have or are; always by what they *will* have or *will* be. Their eyes are always ahead, even if only on tomorrow or this afternoon. And in its deep roots this is right. The force of every sort of evolution, of progress, is there. Not to accept the present as final, our present level of being, our present quantity and intensity of life, our present mental and spiritual possessions — it is this non-acceptance that holds all the promise of our future, of our ultimate godhood. We must and ought to demand more life and more sense of life, a demand that spreads out in the background of the mind

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as hope. Take it away; let a man feel that there is nothing more for him to have or be than he now has or is, either here or in any future, and his hold on life will be cut through; he will be dead.

This hope for something more and other appears of course in small things as well as great. The man will put up with the grimmest and most restrictive monotony in his week's work if he may feel that on Saturday he may break away and enjoy himself. Enjoy himself — what does that mean? Does it mean anything but get more sense of life? He may get it from alcohol, or a country walk, or on the sea, or in reading his favorite book by his fire; but what he gets, by wrong and ultimately destructive, or by right and beneficial methods, is just that. Hope is a divine energy, though that at which it is mistakenly aimed may be wicked or contemptible. If a man has a great and noble hope, a hope for a great and noble becoming or attainment, it will swallow up small and mean hopes. It will suffice to draw him forwards through his days and years without the small and mean ones. But take that away and he is left with the small or base ones as his only tractive forces. He will plan sensualities, become selfish, reach out in any and every direction for ways to get pleasure, to get more sense of life.

Now this is exactly what has happened under the influence of the materialistic or agnostic teachings of science and the corresponding philosophies and the universally loosening hold of religion. This life is all there is. It has no background. There is no future of light and expansion. There is no soul that lives on in immortality, no overshadowing Deity whose inspiration we may receive, whose companionship we may become conscious of. If there is some sort of future on earth for the *race*, there is none for us now alive; and even for the race the sun will grow cold and dead in some few million years.

So life has lost its background. The *great* hope has been taken away and only the small and mean or base ones left. And it has been taken away not only from those who know that, who have consciously lost or reasoned away the belief in greater things; but also from the far greater numbers who do *not* know it, who think they believe as of old, but the real life of whose faith and hope has been secretly sapped by infection from the skeptic atmosphere. The Time Spirit is faithless and hopeless, and he has wilted vital faith and hope in a myriad of minds that know not yet that their traditional faith is now words and thought-forms only.

So, the grander hope being gone or going, the worse and smaller ones have it all their own way. Pleasure-seeking, power-seeking, ambition, come fully to the fore. In increasing numbers of men in every nation the lower human nature comes into unchecked play and without fear of future retribution at the hands of a God or of a divine law now

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understood to be non-existent. It has found its great opportunity in the war, in the weakened and preoccupied governments and in the hunger and wretchedness and despair of some of the peoples. And the next war will be more costly by far, and more lethal, and involve a far completer suspension or diversion of productive activity and destruction of the instruments of production, and therefore more deprivation of necessities and more want and misery. Whilst religion, if the current still sets as now, will have yet further lost its hold.

Our civilization rests on more precarious foundations than most of us realize, and if it fails we shall have to go down into and slowly toil up through centuries of repeated 'Dark Ages.' Is it not clear, then, how much each of us is concerned in this crisis in human evolution? And while wishing every success to the Peace Conference and hoping *something* from its deliberations, we see there is much more and deeper work to be done. For the larger hope and horizon must be restored to men's minds.

There is a lost key in human thought, a forgotten standpoint from which alone life can be intelligently and hopefully surveyed. When this key was lost or abandoned and men's minds contracted upon their earth-life that was actually in process, so that they no longer thought of it as one of a long series; when they gradually lost belief in reincarnation — then life began to lose its meaning and perspective and proportion and horizon. For so profound a truth could not be lost without a general mental dislocation. *One* life here, if that is all there is, is meaningless.

We sometimes speak of life as a great school. But we do not press into the inwardness of our own words. A school consists of many classes. The pupil enters at the lowest, and, passing up through them all to the highest, is thus made ready for real life. What should we think of a school in which the pupil, having entered it at one class and learned — perhaps very imperfectly — what that one could teach him in one term, was then expelled from the school, neither allowed to pass to the next higher class nor even to have another term in that one so as to complete and perfect his acquisition of what that one had to teach? It is a true — though a partial — vision or intuition of ours when we call life a school. We have seen part of life's meaning. But we do not follow and trust our own intuition.

Men did not suddenly lose their belief in reincarnation. They had at first a direct and unquestioned sight of the great fact. Then it dimmed a little into a *belief*. Then as they grew more and more preoccupied with the immediate present, their minds ceased to dwell on the belief and finally lost hold of it altogether, so that it seems now strange and fantastic when they hear of it. But still they kept some hope and horizon for their lives by thinking very vividly of some richer life hereafter, the

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other side. And then the vividness went out of this. Lastly, in our own immediate centuries came a science and philosophy which negated all hope and horizon. Is not that the reason of the world's trouble today? As, by often thinking and speaking of something that never occurred, you come at last to believe in it: so, by ceasing to think and speak of a truth, it becomes an unreality to you and is at last forgotten.

Reincarnation is the lost and forgotten key. It is the great truth that opens up all the others, the only restorative to the world of the larger hope and horizon. Life is altogether unreasonable without it. We talk of evolution, of the ascent of man. We picture human life as mounting from height to height of development, new powers and wider prospects. But the picture is absurd. A company of comrades are climbing a mountain, exultant at the promise of ever new scenery as they near the summit. But it turns out that they may take but one step and must then vanish! It is another company altogether, somehow appearing on the scene, that takes the next step; and another the next! What real interest would they have in the climb?

Upon restoration of belief in reincarnation all else must wait, all larger hope and horizon, all sense of the rationality and meaning and promise of life, all growth of the feeling of brotherhood, all reinvigoration of belief in soul and immortality. Think, on the one hand, that we are tossed together promiscuously and accidentally here on earth for a few years, rubbing against each other, contending against one another, and then leave life separately, we know not whither, if any whither: and on the other, that the race is here as its home, one vast kin and family, learning together, progressing and ascending together, making the future for each other, sharing and re-entering upon common knowledge and thought and achievements, mounting always upon a past of our own collective making. Contrast these two pictures, these two views of human life, considering which of the two it will be that will foster the sense of brotherhood and comradeship; so coming to understand that the growth of this divine and all-regenerative feeling depends and waits upon reappearance of belief in reincarnation, the only belief that rationalizes life and saves it from looking like a blind tragedy and absurdity. If, too, we once take reincarnation seriously into our minds we shall feel a new sense of our responsibility for everything that takes place anywhere. We shall consider that we were not always Americans or Englishmen or always of *any* one nation. If we could look back into our past lives we should see that we have been members of many nations, sharers and makers of human history in many world-centers and epochs, sharers and part makers therefore of the long chain of causes that runs its links back from everything that is now happening anywhere and will go down in history.

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And if brotherhood rests on reincarnation for its growth, so does belief in soul for *its* reinvigoration. For the very thought of reincarnation carries with it the thought of a permanent within the impermanent, of man as a dweller within his body, passing on, when one body has worn out, to the experiences which another will afford him. The enduring dweller within successive temporary bodies — that is soul — destined at last to reawake to the knowledge of its own nature and divinity, the maker and quickener of its own future, itself beyond the reach of death, to which the Greek oracle appealed in its famous exhortation, *Man, know thyself!* And this self-knowing, this illumination, could only begin in one who had thought of himself as *in* and not *of* the body, passing on towards an ever-expanding and more glorious future. The thought of an ever-perfecting human life on earth can only become real and vivid and inspiring to us when it rests on the belief in reincarnation, when we think of ourselves who are here now as actually sharing in that progress, that ripening and consummation. The picture of progress must be half unreal unless we can see our own figures amid the rest.

So reincarnation is the lost key. With it alone can we justify our intuition that life has meaning, that life is a school, that it is a graduated ascent for us to unimaginable heights. We have this intuition; it is a never-failing voice within us; it is the utterance of life itself, interiorly uttering to itself its own truths. And then we stultify ourselves by refusing to see the one condition by which this intuition can have verity. Herein is the larger hope and horizon for humanity. Herein is the way out of the evils which threaten to engulf it, for here alone is the root from which brotherhood can grow.

Reincarnation cannot be proved, no more than can immortality. But if you think of humanity as one brotherhood, one family, of one essence, with one common destiny and future, then you must presently think that this family of ours will remain together, the members of it returning again and again to their kith and kin to help and share the attainment of that destiny and future. And if instead, you think at first of life as a school of many grades of learning from the simplest onward, then you must think also that perfection and completion in this school must require that we enter and re-enter it time and again till mind and soul and character are all rounded out. The thought of reincarnation and the feeling of brotherhood each generate the other. For if you have the feeling of brotherhood really aroused, you will surely wonder why you shall not return among those for whom you have it, why death shall separate you from those you love and for whom you long to work. For it is *here on earth* that they need you, need all you can do for them.

We are all of us concerned in this crisis in human evolution. In the

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deeper sense we let ourselves drift into it. We let the vitality of our spiritual beliefs die away. Never looking steadily into our minds and demanding of ourselves, *What is it that I believe about life?* we have most of us come at last to have no real, vitalized belief at all, nothing beyond mere passive mental assent to this or another teaching. This demand is the first step for us to take, this daily question of oneself, *What do I believe?* Beliefs thus examined change and grow and deepen, get the power to mold life and character, spread through and tinge the whole of thought. *Do I believe in human progress? What do I mean by human progress? What by soul? Is human life the working out of divine purpose? What is duty toward humanity?* All these and many like questions we should daily drag from their slumber. It would need but a few minutes, but in a little while, if we never let the thing become perfunctory, we should transform and tighten the strings of our whole natures.

It was said of old that three righteous men could head off the spiritual destruction of a whole city. Perhaps it was a small city, but the lesson remains — that a few, strong enough, can be a binding and steadying center for the many. The malady of the age is lost faith, lost hope, lost horizon. Theosophy can bring them back once more to mankind.

A SONNET SEQUENCE

Kenneth Morris

I

THEY say I have not seen thee as thou art,
Because in sooth, dear heart, I scorn to see
Aught that is unmagnificent in thee,
Or heed at all thine uneternal part.
What should I seek in love or thee, dear heart,
But the quick heart of Boundless Mystery,
And to surprise, in that dim sanctity,
The Everlasting crooning there apart?

So when they say: "Thou hast spent thy heart in vain;
Thy love is even less fair than others be;
'Tis thou thyself hast dreamed her loveliness," —
I answer: "In her speech and eyes, nathless,
I have heard the Stars of Morning sing amain,
And seen the shadowy Kings of Faërie."

A SONNET SEQUENCE

II

Beloved, in what star soe'er mayest be —
For I do hold that where God's peerage are,
Thou dreamest in some saffron-citron star
Lapt round in azure, purple, lazuli; —
Midst thy high dreams and haughty ecstasy
Hast thou not felt some wandering sorrow mar
The loneliness of Heaven — some cry from far?
It was the joy I have, adoring thee!

Oh, I shall wreck thy peace! I know, I know
Thou wilt give ear at last, and wing thee down,
And all our mountains with thy sweetness fill;
And our pale hearts, fulfilled of thee, shall glow
To mastery and deeds of high renown; —
Have I not here thine emblem Daffodil?

III

Sweet, if the things men care for fall away,
And Fortune hold for me no gift in store
But cold rebuffs, and disappointment sore,
And the harsh happenings of this adverse day;
Why, I say, let her use me as she may!
She can but drive me thee-ward, more and more
In star-possessing ecstasy to adore
Thy beauty. Let her do her worst, I say!

Since thou hast taken hold upon me quite,
And no joy else, nor grief, remains to know;
Since in thy temple, deep at heart in me,
Singing thee grand trishagions day and night,
I kneel before thine altar there, and glow
White-hot with adoration endlessly.

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IV

I heard a bird sing through the rain this morn,
And at her music, Sweet, my soul took wing
Thee-ward o'er seas that opaled foamings fling
On coasts beyond these regions passion-worn.
Oh, she went winged on love and pride, upborne
On scorn, and on such songs as spirits sing —
Love that brings all, pride that hath all to bring,
And scorn of her own love, pride, song and scorn!

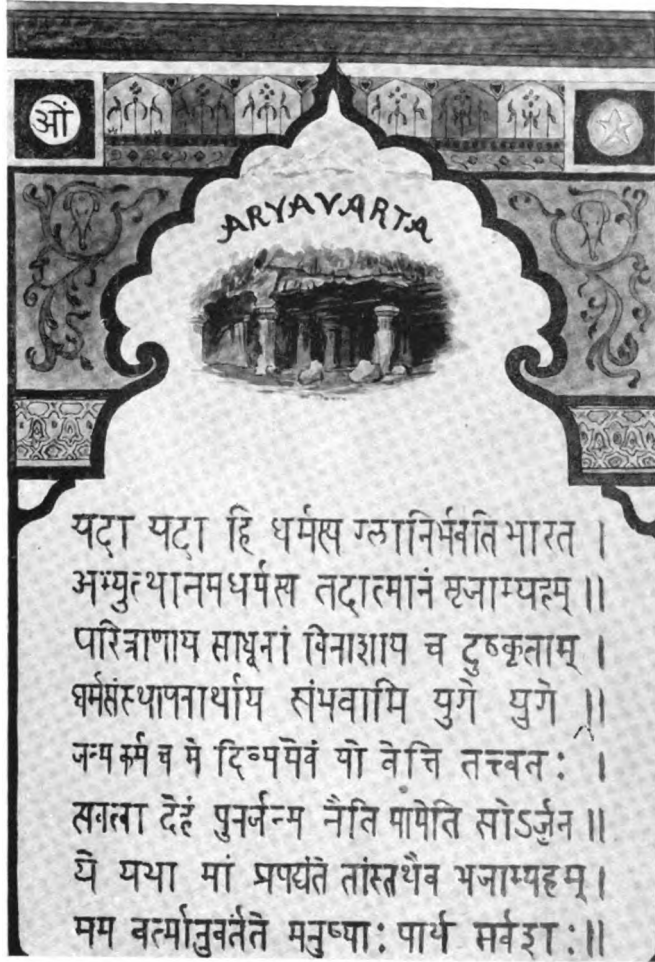
Weak-winged, I guess, she brushed thy window-pane,
And fell to me again. I do divine
Love's self would only desecrate thy shrine,
And pride too lowly were to tread therein.
—She brushed thy window-pane; thou wast within,
And she swooned back to me through the silver rain.

V

For Love's own perfect sake I may not stay
To render nothing but love's dregs and lees.
Love's grand dues must be offered; and for these
I must go pilgrim where the planets play.
And there be fields beyond the Milky Way
That wait my sickle; there be glimmering seas
Strewn with Hy Brasils and Hesperides
To sack for splendors on thy shrine to lay.

So, if I have no word but this Farewell,
Deem not that while time is my love may die
(Wherein time is not, but eternity!)
'Tis for thy sake I must go harrying hell,
Raiding the dawn for gold, the midnight sky
For diamonds, and for peace, and mystery.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



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INDIA'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bhārata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness. Whoever, O Arjuna, knoweth my divine birth and actions to be even so doth not upon quitting his mortal frame enter into another, for he entereth into me. . . . In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine, O son of Prithā.—*Bhagavad-Gītā, fourth chapter*

For introductory remarks relative to the Visingsö International Theosophical Peace Congress, and for additional pronouncements of this series, see the March, April, and May numbers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.



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TIBET'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

Whatever happiness is in the world, it has all arisen from a wish for the welfare of others.
 Whatever misery is in the world, it has all arisen from a wish for our own personal welfare.
 Like as gold is tried by burning, cutting and filing, the learned must examine my doctrine and receive it accordingly, and not out of respect for me.—*Gautama the Buddha*



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CHINA'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

The ancients who wished to restore reason to its due luster throughout the empire, first regulated the province which they each governed; desirous of governing well their own kingdoms, they previously established order and virtue in their own houses; for the sake of establishing domestic order, they began with self-renovation; to renovate their own minds, they first gave a right direction to their affections; wishing to direct their passions aright, they previously corrected their ideas and desires; and to rectify these, they enlarged their knowledge to the utmost.

The empire of reason restored to the soul, domestic order follows of course; from hence follows order throughout the whole province; and one province rightly governed may serve as a model for the whole empire (the world).

From the Son of Heaven even to the common people, one rule applies, that self-government is the root of all virtue.



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SYRIA'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

In the name of the Supreme Life, the First. Brightness has arisen and Light, Life; and the Messenger of Life has appeared, for the restoration of the divine things in the stead of the false, the earthly; and for the confounding of the forces of evil. Before the brightness and the beneficence of the Living Truth their councils are dismayed, and the men of earth are set free.

Life has appeared to the world! And the Splendor and the Light of Life having been seen, the sea turns itself back, and the river retires.

Cedars of Lebanon, for whom were ye broken? Earth, whom seeing, wert thou agitated? King of the Sea, seeing whom hast thou fled? Depths of the sea, for whom were ye disturbed, and for whom did ye prepare the swellings of the sea? On account of the Splendor and the Light of the Messenger of Life!


Said the Messenger of Life: I have come to dwell with you, to place you also in the Light of Life. In the Name of the Supreme Life. I take my stand on high, in the words of the highest and most potent Aeon, who has Seven Scepters, I stand!

In the Name of the Supreme Life, the newest, the most excellent, the greatest Work of Works. This is in truth an arcane and primary teaching, than which none older exists,

In the Name of the One Life of All.

THE ANGEL AND THE DEVILS

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

TEVENSON'S well-known tale of Jekyll and Hyde is justly deemed a classic. It comprises the essentials of a gem of art both in idea and form: a powerful idea artistically expressed. To paint such a vignette, the artist had to limit himself, as is always necessary when we wish to paint one particular scene. Hence, in satisfying dramatic demands, philosophical breadth had to be sacrificed. Of this the author was fully aware. He says, speaking through Jekyll:

"I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose *partial* discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens."

And again:

"Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend."

And of course it seems evident that the decomposition of the compound Jekyll should have resulted in the separate emergence, not only of an evil principle, but of a good one as well. Otherwise what becomes of the good principle? Again, Jekyll contained some evil principles which were not represented in Hyde: namely, his vanity, his fear, his hypocrisy. Hyde was at least whole-hearted. As the author suggests, the personality of man is very complex; and if a sudden violent dissolution of its tenement could liberate the denizens from the family union in which they are held together, their name would be found to be Legion rather than Two. There are on record certain experiments in what might be called a psychological vivisection, wherein the operator has succeeded in dismembering his unfortunate subject's personality into quite a number of distinct and different entities.

The motive of Jekyll's experiments was to find a means of gratifying his evil instincts without hindrance from other motives. Faults in our methods of education are responsible for the fact that some evil tendencies in human nature are not overcome but merely masked or suppressed, so that they still exist, and, being denied expression, run to morbid forms. They may cause diseases, hidden blemishes, neurotic conditions, etc. This

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is sometimes made the theme of morbid writings which are served up in the sensational press; they exaggerate and present only the somber side of the question. We probably express a good deal of our bad tendencies vicariously. We pick quarrels, in order that we may vent our irritation without having to shoulder the blame; we subtly inspire others to do the things we dare not do ourselves. And, though we cannot send forth a physical Hyde to do our deeds of darkness, we can and do send forth into the aether evil thoughts, which may express themselves through the organism of some receptive individual who thus becomes, as it were, our Hyde.

It is probably true, and many can confirm this out of their experience, that sentiments impossible of expression in the waking state may find expression in dreams; for then it is possible that the element of self-consciousness, which is so destructive of pure feelings, may be wholly absent.

As themes for the romancer, one might suggest the author's idea that, had he drunk his potion under a noble impulse, an angel would have emerged; or that, following the usual rules of decomposition, two beings would have emerged simultaneously to pursue unhindered their respective paths. The details of the narrative would require some modification and working up; if only to get over the difficulty as to clothing which would arise when the portly Jekyll dismembered himself into two separate beings. But that is a matter of detail. Imagine that the wayfarer in the tale, instead of encountering a human fiend doing a deed of darkness, had met with an incarnate angel, representing the good side of Jekyll, doing deeds of love and charity all unhindered by the hostile elements. Imagine the drama that could be made with the angel and the devil both at work, now separate, now lost in recombination.

It will be best for us at present to resist any temptation to dwell on the dark and morbid side of this question and to present instead the bright side. In man there are the angel and the devil. The devil is simply the animal side of our nature, which, harmless enough in itself, has appropriated a spark of mind from the higher side of our nature, and has thus become what no animal can be — a self-conscious gratifier of appetite, a schemer of evil. Science has insisted enough on the animal side of our nature; and dogmatism has emphasized our sinfulness. Let us try to dwell on the brighter side.

We have not to try and find some extraordinary method for liberating the angel from his enthrallment in the body, so that he can fare forth unlet to do his good deeds. To do that would be to flee the field of battle, the field of duty and opportunity. We have to make a temple for that angel in the shrine of our own physical tenement. In the tale, we find

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that Hyde was always present in Jekyll, and often made his presence felt; that the Doctor sometimes gratified his propensities in his own person and without liberating the fiend. Hence the idea of a decomposition of personality and body is not essential. Finally the devil takes possession of the body entirely, in defiance of the drug. And thus with the angel: can we not sweep our mansion and make it a fitting tenement for the angel, so that the devil may be driven forth?

It is necessary, of course, to guard against considering the angel and the devil as separate infesting creatures: that would be superstitious and harmful. That way madness lies. We do not need to create personal devils, but to uncreate them; we do not want angels to work for us, we want to work for ourselves. The practical thing is to bear always in mind that we stand between the two influences, and have the power of leaning towards either. Then there is the power of habit; actions engender habit; the body is built up by habits of thought and feeling and action.

The possibilities of self-delusion are enormous and surprising, especially to those who have entered seriously upon the examination and reform of their own nature. It is only necessary to allude to the lengths to which anger and fear, suspicion and jealousy, vanity or depression, can carry us, in creating pure delusions of the imagination, which are as solid as realities, when not checked and dispelled by reference to actual facts. But this should be for us a lesson in the possibilities open to us on the brighter side of the question. If our creative powers of imagination and emotion can create such illusions of darkness, what may not the imagination and the liberated will, acting in conjunction, be able to accomplish in creating good influences?

Spiritual forces act on a higher plane than other forces, and are therefore much more potent. Hence the power of a pure aspiration: it calls into play the higher forces in our nature. Should the idea of personal aggrandisement or satisfaction, in any of its numerous forms, inspire the wish, then the spiritual forces are not called into play, but only the lower forces of desire, and the result is more delusion. If the aspiration is mixed, then an alchemical process of purification and precipitation will take place. Delusions will arise, quickly come to a head and burst, and the pure metal will shine forth beneath the dross. Alchemy is a very apt way of expressing the problem of self-purification. We aim at purifying the gold in our nature. In the crucible is a woful mixture. We add the powerful reagent, the mixture melts and seethes; the dross coagulates and comes to the surface, so that it can be skimmed; and the pure metal remains.

Let the tale of Jekyll and Hyde serve not merely as a warning against the evil that is in us, striving to find a means of unhindered expression,

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but as a bright promise of the unexpressed good, that is likewise seeking for expression. Let us give the good side of our nature a chance. Sometimes, when we meet another person with a cloud on his brow, and realize that he is dwelling in a prison which he has created for himself, and is missing all the joy of life on account of his preoccupation with his gloomy thoughts and his troubles, purely imaginary perhaps — we are helped to realize our own similar condition of thralldom. It is some form of fear, anger, vanity, etc., that is holding us in this bondage; and we are weakly heeding the whisperings of the almost tangible demon we have built up in ourselves by the indulgence of such moods. But the bare idea that this is the case is sufficient to deal the illusion its death-blow.

Shakespeare might well compare life to a stage. Each one of us is a whole drama in himself; and a drama of Shakespeare's, with all its persons, might be taken to represent but a single individual, with all the diverse and conflicting elements of his character. Personality is indeed multiple; and it needs no experimenting mesmerist, with his neurotic subjects, to tell us so; for we see it in ourselves and our fellows. It is not two souls, but many, that dwell in our breast. Yet this does not mean that the whole thing is a delusion and that we have no real Self at all. An actor is a real man, however many parts he may play; and though we may change our costume often, the body remains the same. There is a true Self, and this we have to discover.

“The light that burns in thee, dost thou feel it different in any wise from the light which shines in other men?”

There is our ideal. The more the idea of separateness prevails, the more are we liable to delusion. All the emotions enumerated above have the quality of personality in them.

The angel in man is simply his own real Self — not a ministering deity. It is as though Man, the pilgrim, had lost his way in the mists and false lights. He needs to rub his eyes and drive away the dreams.




“WE find two distinct beings in man, the spiritual and the physical; the man who thinks, and the man who records as much of these thoughts as he is able to assimilate. Therefore we divide him into two distinct natures; the upper or the spiritual being . . . and the lower or the physical.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Key to Theosophy*

THEOSOPHY, THE LAW OF RIGHT LIVING

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ISIS THEATER, SAN DIEGO, BY
GERTRUDE VAN PELT, B. SC., M. D.

NOTHING is so vital to us as a knowledge of the Law of Right Living. We all *must* live. There is no escaping it. Death is but a passage to another life. Annihilation is a fiction. From the seemingly inert stone to the mighty sun, guiding and controlling its destiny through space, all is life. Every infinitesimal point in the limitless ocean of space is keenly alive. There is nothing but life — life everywhere. We are bathed in it, breathe it in, are a part of it. What knowledge then can be so dear as that of the law governing life? To be steered by this law means joy and peace. To ignore it, means constant suffering and friction.

Theosophy has named it the Law of Compassion. But quite likely the average man, if asked to consider it, would think first of some system of hygiene, or the many related systems growing out of such study, which would fill books, and which perhaps, in their totality, cover the area of physical life. Then there are many, recognising the relation between body and mind, and desiring a fuller and richer enjoyment of what is called life, who might declare that right *thinking* is the law of right living. Perhaps some might have in mind our laws, and how they might be improved, and surely many would turn to their various religions and seek in them the law of life.

But the hygienists are constantly changing their theories. The seemingly best established grow old-fashioned. Even contemporary doctors cannot agree, much less does one generation of authorities endorse another: so that the poor layman, unless fortified with a strong armor of common sense, is left walking with a very certain *uncertainty*, which perhaps grows into recklessness. One cannot deny that right living follows right thinking, but when the latter is directed from the outside, so to speak, that is, when it is attempted for the purpose of bringing about physical or personal enjoyment, it instantly becomes wrong thinking, and there is no possibility of getting it right through that method. Religions *have* the truth, and state the law, but it is often buried under so much dogma, and obscured by so many excrescences which have been placed in the foreground and catch attention, that many fail to find it there at all. Thus religion, the great unifier, the binder together of men, has been more parodied than any other force. In consequence it has often promoted strife, and has, it is said, been the excuse for the most terrible wars in history.

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The fact is, the world is at sea regarding the law of right living — at sea, and yet searching for it everywhere. The scientists are seeking it diligently, patiently, in every nook and corner: students rummage in ancient lore, or hope to find it revealed in the pages of history: the average man, with perhaps a better chance, looks for it on the path of common life. But somewhere behind all these usual places of search, the law must be. Behind all physical forms, everything cognised by the senses; beyond even thought-life, there must be an underlying law of existence, upon which every other which has been, or is yet to be discovered, must hang as the fruit upon the tree. Without a knowledge of, and obedience to, this fundamental necessity, the law of right living will be forever missed. Like the branches of the trees which grow in all directions, its different aspects or expressions reach into all widely separated and hidden recesses of the world; but not, like them, fed from the roots, unless the pursuers of these subsidiary laws link their minds with the basic law and work primarily in harmony with it. Failing to do this, disaster follows sooner or later. Success may seem to attend them for a very long time, possibly for the most or the whole of a lifetime, but inevitably a moment arrives when everything crumbles and that which had seemed to be success, becomes like many a fruit, fair on the surface, but rotten at the core. So in spite of eager search, the world has not found the law of right living; as current events show only too plainly. It is written without doubt on every leaf and grain of sand. The earth, the sea, and the air, do nothing but proclaim it, each in its own language, but the world has lost the key for translation of the Riddle. The Rosetta Stone of life is in the hands of the few.

Yet it should be plain to all who pause and think, that this knowledge must exist somewhere. During all the ages upon ages that this earth of ours has been rolling in space, preserving a steady purpose, never flinching or swerving, some mighty intelligences must have been guiding it — some that had lived and suffered and learned, eternities before our little planet was born. On a clear night, one has but to lift one's eyes to see the record of an infinite number of infinitely great and greater beings, who guide the worlds filling the limitless abyss of space; each having its wonderful and unimaginable duties, and possessing such a comprehension and mastery of the law, as to be infallible up to the point of its obligations. The very existence of these worlds is the testimony of *their* existence. Nothing proceeds with exactitude and co-ordination without a mind behind it. Even in the small enterprises of earth-life, nothing can be carried forward without someone directing it who is responsible for it. And in the larger ones there must be heads and sub-heads, in a decreasing scale, depending upon the magnitude of the undertaking.

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Let there be wavering or uncertainty at the center, and the whole fabric trembles. Let the head disappear, and unless promptly replaced, the whole organization disintegrates, just as surely as does a human body when the soul leaves it. The inference is inescapable that there are beings whose function it is to guide our earth and its inhabitants — beings who have mastered every mystery of earth-life, and had done so, ere it was born. Without them the earth could not be. Every degree of life must teach the next lower. Someone to learn implies someone to teach. What is more natural than that at certain favorable epochs, which the Wise Ones will know, the guides of this planet should restate the law to their bewildered younger brothers; that they should place in their hands the lost key, without which they could not find the law of right living? Is it not unreasonable to deny this possibility; and even puerile conceit to be unwilling to be taught?

But in the main, the world today is not unwilling. This is the rainbow of promise arching the sky, even though the storms are not ended. For, in truth, men are weary of strife and bitterness. Plainer and plainer it grows that these lead nowhere; that like the squirrel in his cage, man travels this path without advancing; that he builds but to destroy; that he suffers without compensation.

And so, from the depths of the great heart of humanity, there has gone up an inarticulate but all-searching cry for help. It is heard in the dark corners of the crowded cities; from the vast army of slaves to passion and ambition; from those who have lost faith and hope; from the scoffers, the sceptics; from the heart of science, which in its hungry pursuit of truth has reached a land it cannot enter; from the weary man of affairs, whose routine has become meaningless. The frivolous emit it, even in their frivolity. And to the listening ear which never closes, it is also heard from those who in their blindness are complacent and satisfied. It is expressed in discords, in shrieks, in moans; in hurry and confusion; in uncertainty and fear; and from no land is it absent.

Such cries are heard above earth's laden atmosphere. They reach the ears of those who know the law, and are answered. Thus it was that in 1875, as this restless, fevered, distracted age was hurrying to its consummation, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky came, bringing with her humanity's birthright, so long buried under false creeds, delusions, and the ash-heap of mental débris.

The birthright is a statement of a full philosophy of life; teachings as to man's origin, evolution, as well as of all that pertains to this earth; an outline of the history of the planet from its birth. Missing links in science are supplied; modern theories discussed and, when necessary, corrected. Almost every conceivable subject is, at least, touched upon,

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and its place in the scheme of things made clear. The purpose of life and how to live it; the nature of death and how to meet it; the relation of human beings to each other — all are taught with a master touch. In short, enough is made known to put humanity on the right path; to banish suffering and sickness; to bring back the Golden Age. That is to say, if all this does not follow, it need not be for the lack of knowledge. For the lost key to life's problems has been restored. But man himself, of course, has to use the key; to become the master of his own evolution; to assimilate the teachings, and through the mind, to weave them into every fiber of his being. We often say that nature is the great teacher, but the key given makes it always possible to interpret her lessons aright.

The great underlying law upon which all the teachings referred to are based, is the Law of Compassion, as said in the beginning. This is no idle sentiment, without relation to the man dealing with stern facts, but verily the Law of laws, and the sternest fact in life, with the strength of the universe behind it. To ignore or contest it, is as likely to be successful as an attempt to turn the earth out of its orbit.

There is a saying which has come down through the ages, protected by the majesty of truth. As its background is the philosophy now again given to the world, and reaching into the very roots of being. Infinite wisdom has framed it and brought it forward as the epitome of itself. It is saturated with compassion and had been sung into life by an invisible choir which fills all space. Volumes could not reveal its full import, but the untrammelled soul, with unlimited vision, sees it stretching into every corner of every world, and reads: BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE. And just because of this fact, compassion is the underlying law. It means that all existing things and beings are not only similar, but in essence identical; that separateness is the illusion, and unity, the reality; that subtle inner currents bind together every atom of life in a wonderful web of destiny.

So vital is this truth, that the Law teaches it in first one way, then another; indeed, is forced to teach it in its own workings. If easy and normal methods are not accepted, then come those difficult and disagreeable, and finally, these being disregarded, pages of horror, of anguish and unutterable torture, follow and force home the truth, which in the beginning was as plainly to be seen and as all-encompassing as the clear blue sky. Life is full of safety valves to prevent soul destruction. If need be, bodies and forms may be crushed under the inexorable wheel of destiny, but that which is their sustainer, that for which the universe exists, must be piloted safely through dangerous labyrinths, through the river of death, yea, even through hell itself.

Madame Blavatsky, when she came in 1875, in addition to the work

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mentioned, organized a body whose purpose it was to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood.

In 1889, in an article entitled 'The New Cycle,' she wrote:

"Our century must be saved from itself before the last hour strikes. This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of the neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy, we say, . . . The paths that lead to it are many; but the wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it."

In 1900 Katherine Tingley founded the Râja-Yoga System of Education. The system is new to this age, from the foundation upwards. It is based on new premisses, and it rears a structure which is firmly knit with its foundation. And indeed a new, fresh start seems necessary. Our present life is so confused, so intense, and so complex. The forces that are working through humanity, have reached such a point of power. The same individual is so good and so bad, so great and so small. The currents for and against evil are so intermingled, twisted and tangled, that before they can be used or controlled, they must be separated, marshaled into order, and understood. What potencies lie in our great cities! Their gigantic development represents such industry, brains, perseverance, talent, severe training, determination, and courage. So much has been done in every material direction and so well done. Yet, though we can find there, sending their poison into every crevice, corruption, falsehood, ambition, vice in all its horrible and hybrid forms, there is not so much that in a wholesale way can be pushed aside and condemned. For, shaken in and mixed up with it all in unexpected ways, are love and trust, aspiration, endurance, and patience. If it were unmitigated evil, we could let it all drop without a sigh, but the evil is strengthened and given vitality, covered over, even made beautiful to many by the little sprinklings of truth woven into and all through its fibers. To remodel the old systems would seem like tearing to pieces a universe. So a *new* system of education comes, the fruits of which must gradually permeate the old order, and under the workings of the higher chemistry, rearrange the elements of life into combinations which make for righteousness.

It is difficult to remold the adult mind, to break old habits of thought and shake loose from prejudice, but the fresh young mind of the child can, if wisely guided, often as easily take the right-hand path as the left. The yielding to pleasure, the search for physical comfort, have dulled the senses and paralyzed the limbs of many a full-grown man, but youth moves with the freedom of health. The intense individualism of today too often imprisons our men and women, but our children see the stars with ease. And though Theosophy has accomplished seeming marvels

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in many who have passed the half-way point, it is in the children especially that its transcendent power will be revealed.

This new system is based upon the recognition of the unity of life; upon the self-evident fact that the quality of the whole is dependent upon the quality of the parts. And it is guided by a hand which understands the complexity of human nature and its possibilities in both directions. It recognises that all that is evil in the world today has its seeds in the natures of the children which are its product; and that seeds are more easily removed than strong plants whose roots have struck deep and intertwined their fibers with the essential structure of the organism. It perceives that each unit contains within itself the potentialities of the whole, in other words that it is a microcosm in the macrocosm; and that therefore the same elements which are warring in the larger body are but a magnified reproduction of those in the individuals. No possible combination of men at peace within themselves could produce a condition of national disturbance, however great their number, however different their viewpoints, however diversified their physical interests. Prosperity growing out of such a union is not an imitation, an unstable, critical affair, but rests upon a solid foundation, is a true and living force. It is peace in action. The real government, of which all true outward governments are but the reflexion, has been set up within the units, and the Higher Law manifests therein. The individual houses have been set in order and therefore order is found in the realm, which implies that the true master of each house — the soul — has assumed control, and not some minor principle, such as the mind or the desires.

The new system, therefore, evokes the soul, which will place the various elements in their proper relation. Under the glorious radiance of its light, every possibility is stimulated. The intellect flowers, the body develops in beauty, the desires are enriched and purified. To some slight degree this has at times taken place in our recorded historical periods, and such are known as times of renaissance.

Nothing is killed, but all is transmuted. The old grotesque forms, under the divine magic, gradually merge into shapes of lordly and graceful proportions. The warrior spirit appears on the field, grown great and beautiful, no longer engaged in producing havoc and destruction, but in subduing evil passions; in slaying the dragon of selfishness, in arousing the sleeping faculties; in defending truth, exposing hypocrisy, and opposing evil wherever found. This is a warfare which awakens enthusiasm. The natural child, naturally trained, responds to it with joy, and in responding, finds the key to freedom. For he then perceives that no slavery can be compared in ignominy with the slavery to passion, ambition, and desire. The dual elements exist in all their strength in

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each unit. The pendulum of cosmic forces finds room to swing from one pole of the universe to the other, right in the heart of man, and life can never grow tame to one who begins to live it in earnest. Every foe vanquished, brings added vigor and courage. Every region subdued, leads to another outshining it in interest, and the spiritual warrior marches forward into an ever-growing glory.

The promise may seem distant to some, since the task is herculean, involving no less than a reversal of the currents of thought from intense individualism and separateness to unity and harmony. Yet we have hints daily that many are silently awaiting its fulfilment.

Bishop Gore of Oxford has recently written:

“There is no question that the whole of our conception of civilization — national, international, commercial, and to a very large extent, religious and almost more than all, educational — has been built up on a basis of selfishness, and it has collapsed.”

And this anonymous verse was found in the pocket of a Captain killed in action in the War:

“Suddenly one day
The last ill shall fall away.
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God, staring back at him.”

And so the new system may, nay must, prove a surprise to the faint-hearted. There is an incident recorded by Matthew Arnold, which is suggestive here. In writing of Celtic Literature, he speaks of the barriers which had been built up and fostered for centuries between the Saxons and Celts; the lack of sympathy felt and shown by the English, making any real adjustment of political difficulties hopeless. He says that he himself, when young, had it impressed upon him that there was an “impassable gulf” between them; that his “father, in particular, was never weary of contrasting them”; and that “Lord Lyndhurst, in words long famous, called the Irish ‘aliens in speech, in religion, in blood.’” This general attitude, he says, cultivated and so emphasized the antagonism, that “it seemed to make the estrangement immense, incurable, fatal.”

In this unhappy state of affairs, strange to say, the ethnologists, as Mr. Arnold observes cause and effect, came to the rescue. Their divisions of the human family into Indo-Europeans, Semitics, and Mongolians, began gradually to work their way into the common consciousness, and by degrees took off the edges of the barriers that had been built up, and ended finally, under the solvent influence of the idea of kinship, in bringing

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about a feeling of sympathy. And he says further in this connexion:

“Fanciful as the notion may at first seem, I am inclined to think that the march of science — science insisting that there is no such original chasm between the Celt and the Saxon as we once popularly imagined, that they are not truly, what Lord Lyndhurst called them, *aliens in blood* from us; that they are our brothers in the great Indo-European family—has had a share, an appreciable share, in producing this changed state of feeling.”

Our feelings are modified, often controlled, by our ideas. There is certainly a reciprocal action, and an interaction; but in the long run our feelings (meaning our ordinary ones, those not born of intuition) come under subjection to our ideas. The indispensability of right living, of true ideas, of a philosophy of life based on realities, thus becomes apparent. It is like a solid foundation upon which any structure or superstructure may be raised. It is like a pure soil, from which all good things can grow. Art, literature, poetry, science, can spring into a normal and not a deformed life, with a vital elixir in their veins, and bear flowers which are a worthy reflexion of their divine prototypes.

If so comparatively slight a cause as a new scientific classification of the human races, could, as Matthew Arnold believes, become a potent factor in transforming antipathy into sympathy between two rather diverse peoples, what *would* be the result if all races and beings could be shown beyond a shadow of doubt, to have a common origin, and common destiny; to be superbly poised together, so that advance, success, growth of any one was conditioned by that of all the others; if indeed Humanity could be shown to be one Mighty Being, united in every part by a sympathetic nervous system, ramifying everywhere? Rivalry would melt away, or rather be transformed into a noble emulation to perform each his part to the highest degree of perfection. Such co-operation on a grand scale has often been seen for selfish purposes (selfish meaning anything limited, anything short of the whole) which proves its possibility. What is needed is to extend and constantly extend one's horizon.

Suppose this picture of unity out of the world of reality, were suddenly developed into the world of actuality, and could be seen under whatever sky, goldened by the sun or silvered by the stars — who can imagine the magic of its influence? Under it slowly, perhaps quickly, the storms would subside; construction supplant destruction, and all the splendid qualities now so often neutralizing results would turn their energies toward fulfilling the real purpose of life, and the nations begin the orderly and dignified march toward their destiny.

It is another part, in fact the main part, of the mission of Theosophy to clear away the clouds which hide this picture; to demonstrate to the waiting world that Brotherhood *is* a fact in Nature; and not only to demonstrate it to the head by the presentation of the Ancient Wisdom,

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the basis of all philosophies and all religions, but to awaken it in the heart; to arouse the intuition latent, if not active, in all, which will clarify the mind and bring with each tomorrow a truer interpretation of life's meaning.

Things that work with nature move on wings, and those that touch causes, instead of effects, show results quickly. We have been draining our abscess of social corruption for ages, but not since the Mysteries were closed in Greece until now, have we had working openly among the people, true physicians who knew the nations' sickness and were able to apply the remedy. There is, moreover, a point often overlooked, that health is contagious, more so even than disease. And when a true system of education is born, which has the power to awaken the sleeping divinity, something is lighted whose force cannot be estimated. The fire of the elements can destroy in a night what it has taken ages to construct. Who knows but the spiritual fire may be able to redeem in a night what for long ages past the darkness of ignorance has sought to crush out?

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STUDENT

"Theosophy has to inculcate ethics; it has to purify the soul if it would relieve the physical body."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"The training of bodies and spirits is one of the express objects of Theosophy."
— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"Development, to be thorough and enduring, must proceed equally on all lines."
— *W. Q. Judge*

TO say that there is a right and a wrong way of doing things is to put the matter somewhat crudely, and probably a closer approximation to the truth would be attained by saying that there is one right way and *two* wrong ways. For the departure from rightness to wrongness is marked by a relapse from singleness or unity into duality or diverseness; or, in other words, when people depart from truth they run to extremes, and there are always at least two extremes, opposite to one another, and both wrong. Now, in the matter of healing, we find those who propose to heal by bodily treatment alone, and those who propose to heal by mental treatment alone. These are the two wrong extremes. The truth, of course, is to be looked for in an equal and proportioned treatment of both the mind and the body, and in the recognition of the fact that mind and body each has its proper place and requires each its appropriate treatment.

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To heal by mental treatment alone is possible within certain limits, but these limits are well marked; and the attempt becomes palpably absurd when it is a case of wounds, fractures, or lesions, that call for surgical aid.

But there is another grave objection to the attempt to heal the body by mental treatment alone. That is, that it makes the body more important than the mind, renders the mind a mere servant of the body, and concentrates the attention on the curing of physical ills as the prime good to be attained. Now one aspect of physical diseases is that they are evils on their way out of the system, this being their final stage. Most bodily ailments were created originally by the mind, and having been driven out of the mind, they manifest themselves as bodily ills, and are thus carried out of the system. Now the effect of trying to heal these ailments by auto-suggestion and suchlike means is frequently to drive the evil back into the system again, damming up, as it were, their channel of exit, and thus merely postponing the process of cure. The case is analogous to that of stopping a running sore or suppressing some symptom — a thing that it is often unwise to do; though here as elsewhere it is necessary to avoid absolute statements and to bear in mind that such symptoms can be treated effectively by means that will not drive the evil back into the blood, but will prevent ulterior consequences.

We should heal our mind because it is right to have a healthy mind, and not for the mere purpose of healing our body. It is true that a healthy mind will in time produce a healthy body, but nevertheless we should not make physical health our main motive. If we do, then we are indulging in the materialism of making all subservient to the needs of the body. But it is impossible to lay down absolute rules in these matters, the whole business being a question of balance and proportion and common sense, like so many other practical affairs — life being rather an art than a science.

The rule observed by those who believe in rational and harmonious development is that the ills of the mind should be cured by the will, and the ills of the body attended to by a physician. Thus, if I have a cold, I would not try to stop it by means of mental concentration or auto-suggestion; for I should feel that I was using the wrong tool for the work; and also I should be afraid that, even if I succeeded in thus stopping the cold (a very doubtful question), I should merely drive the evil somewhere else and find myself troubled with some other difficulty, perhaps a mental one; so that ultimately I should have to have the cold after all, at a later time, in order that the evil might be carried out of my system. Nor would I leave the cold alone, in the hope that it would pass away naturally and cure itself. It might do so, but there is the risk that it would de-

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velop into something worse; especially as I am not living in a state of nature but in a highly complex civilization teeming with harmful influences. No; I should go to the doctor, who would give me medicine and treatment for my cold. And meanwhile I should try to discover if there was anything in my habits, mental or otherwise, that would be likely to provoke such a physical condition, and I should set about rectifying this. This is the common-sense method; and though the first person, "I," has been used in giving it, that was only a literary convenience, for the same method is readily recognised by all reasonable people who are not extremists. In short, the above is what a reasonable person does.

The physician who treated my cold might, if a wise man, also give me some excellent advice as to my habits, mental or otherwise, and tell me that habits of thought and emotion influence the body, and advise me to attend to this. I might not find his advice very palatable, any more than his physic, but (if wise myself) I would endeavor to gulp it down, feeling sure that it was for my good, as intended.

When we said that life is an art rather than a science, we meant that it is a question of nice adjustments and balances rather than one of exact and invariable formulae. It is this distinction which makes all the difference between a walking man and a mechanical automaton that stiffly waddles. Hence we cannot lay down absolute rules. Nevertheless the broad principles are clear enough, just as are the colors of the rainbow, although these shade off imperceptibly one into the other. No one would be likely (or is it saying too much in this age of cranks?) to kneel down and pray to God, refusing all other help, for a broken leg. He would hardly even pray to God and expect by that means alone to cure a bad cold or a fit of indigestion. A dose of physic would act quicker than God in the case of indigestion; and besides it is likely that, if the deity were a respectable deity, he would bid the patient reform his eating habits or take the consequences. But there are ailments which lie so nicely between the physical and the mental that we cannot tell just where they belong, and then the question of their treatment becomes an art — whether, for instance, a fit of the blues shall be treated by an effort of will, or a dose of salts, or a judicious administration of both.

The ordinary physician would certainly seem to be at a disadvantage in that he knows how ailments depend on mental conditions, yet has little or no means of influencing the patient in the latter respect. Consequently he has to palliate and to try and cure diseases which he knows will soon be reproduced by the patient himself.

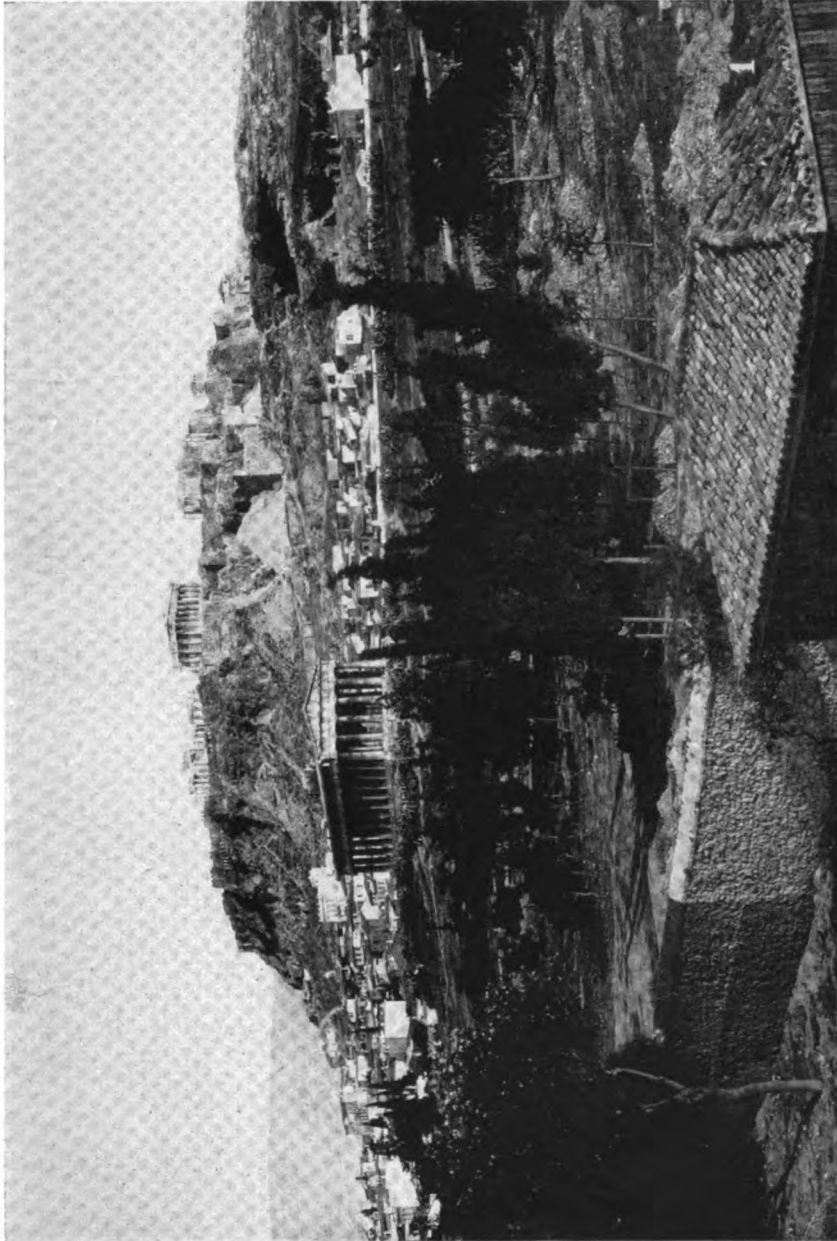
Doctors tell us that they are often obliged to give medicine when they know perfectly well that what is needed is advice; but the advice

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would not be taken; it would give umbrage; and, as fees are not given for good advice, and the doctor must live, why — .

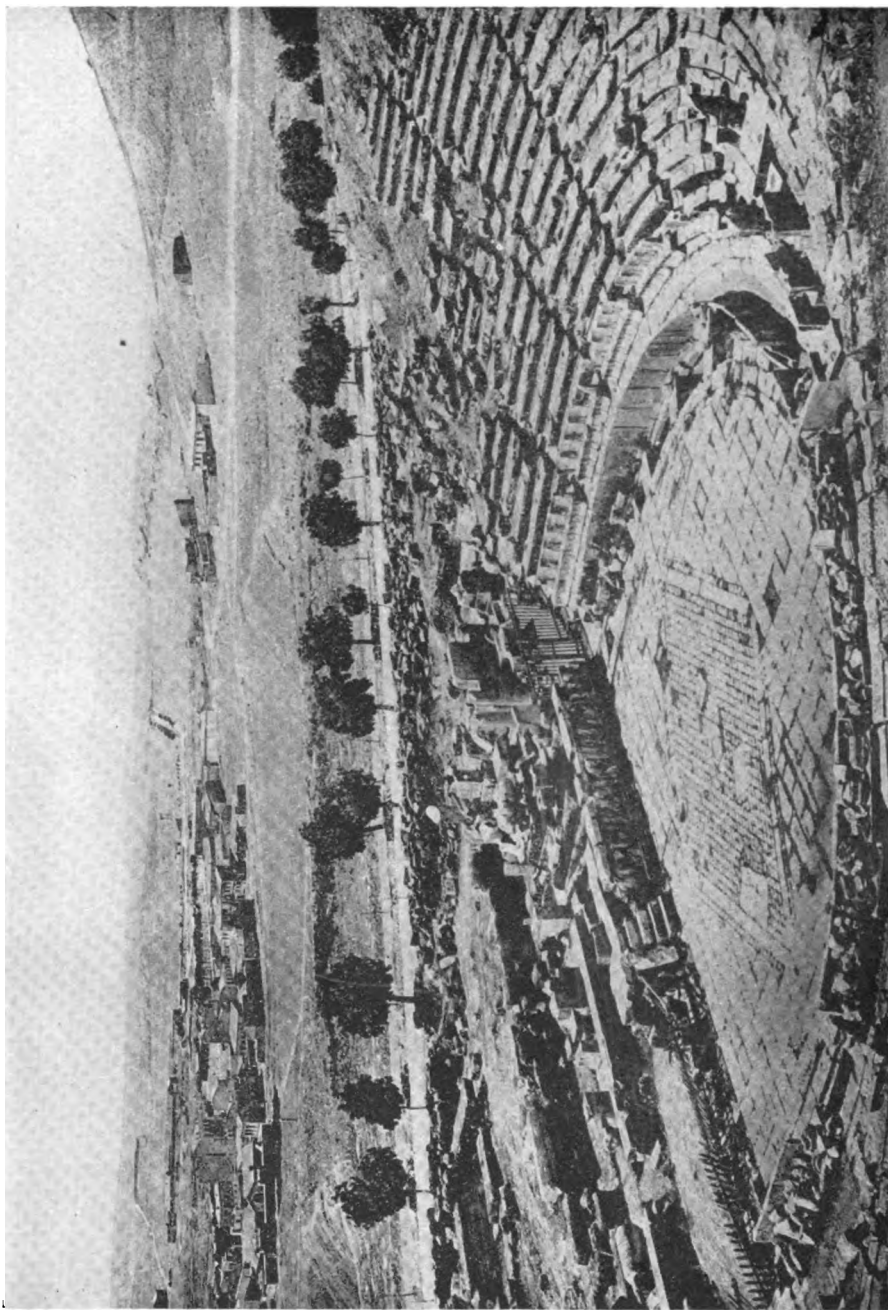
Doubtless it is this state of affairs that is largely to blame for the opposite extreme — that of attempting to cure without the doctor at all. The course of wisdom would require a physician who should be in a position to advise the patient as to his habits and state of mind, and with a reasonable chance of getting that advice attended to; and thus the phial could be handed out in company with something less palpable but not less serviceable, intended for the “reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting” of the patient. Such a state of affairs can exist where there is an organized body of people accepting the Theosophical principles as a guide in life and working together under the administration of a competent leader for the furtherance and realization of those ideals in human life. The physician himself, in common with his patients, will then recognise the same principles, and thus there will be a basis of mutual confidence and understanding; while the constant practice and experience on both sides will daily add to the stores of knowledge at the disposal of physician and patients alike. The physician will probably be aware from the symptoms, as a result of much past experience, what errors the patient is subject to in his mental attitude or habits, and will advise him accordingly, while administering the necessary medical treatment. As an example we may take the many and frequent cases of indigestion, ranging all the way from the more direct stomach troubles to the remoter symptoms that attend non-assimilation and malnutrition in all its stages. Such ailments are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of mental conditions — of anxiety and worry, of anger and discontent, of excitement, etc. The doctor knows by experience the peculiar effects of each of these states of mind; and he not only gives the appropriate medicament and regimen, but a modicum of excellent advice as well.

We have been trying to bring out the difference between sane and reasonable healing of the mind and those fanatical extremes to which people sometimes rush. For there is all the difference between giving good advice and wise counsel to a patient and trying to practise some kind of mental magic upon him or bidding him to practise it on himself. In the former case we appeal to his reason, conscience, and good sense, and induce him to exercise his own will and power of self-control. In the latter case we attempt to do by stealth and force what ought to be done by natural and harmonious means. The curing of the mind, or of diseases through the mind, is not some newly-discovered magical art, but is simply a return to common sense and an adoption of old and well-tried methods. The difference is rather like that between the naturalist who learns about animals by watching their habits and the scientific



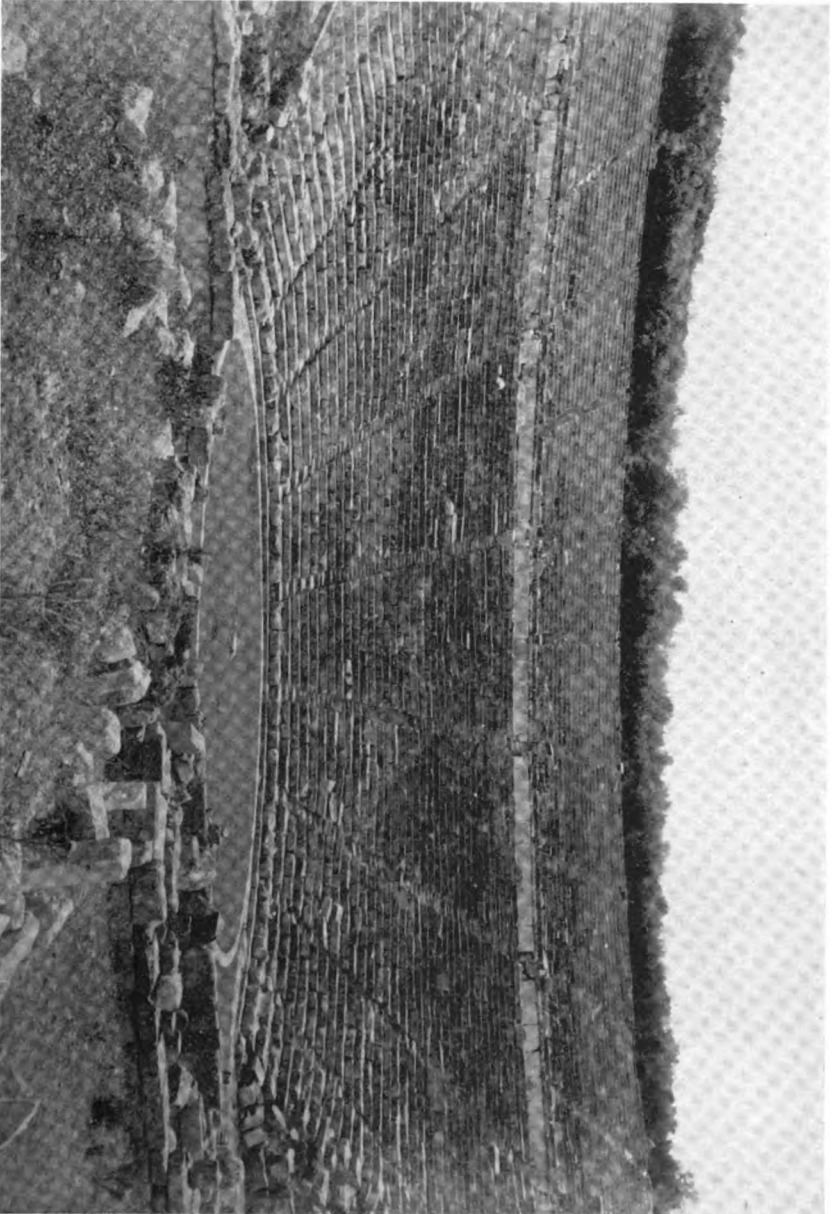
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THESEUM AND ACROPOLIS, ATHENS



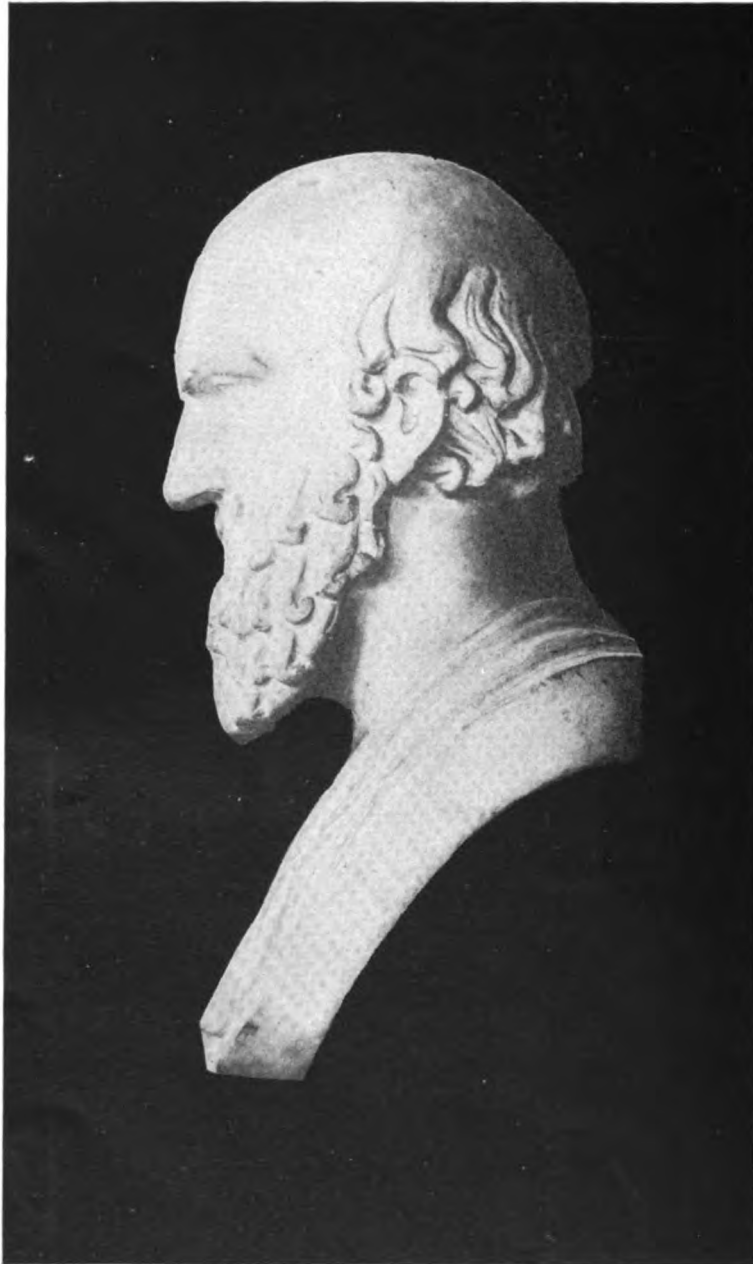
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THEATER OF DIONYSUS, ATHENS



THEATER AT EPIDAVRUS, GREECE

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BUST SUPPOSED TO BE OF AESCHYLUS

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experimenter who tries to learn about them by killing them and examining their inside with a microscope. Thus a true physician would be a physician of the mind as well as of the body, a wise counselor, full of experience of human nature, able both to diagnose a mental condition and to prescribe for it. It may be difficult to see how, in the present chaotic condition of society, such an ideal is to be realized; but Theosophy, working from within outwards, sketches out the plans for what is to be in the future and realizes them at first on the small scale.

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KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

IV — AESCHYLUS AND HIS ATHENS

GREECE holds such an eminence in history because the Crest-Wave rolled in there when it did. She was tenant of an epochal time; whoever was great then, was to be remembered forever. But the truth is, Greece served the future badly enough.

The sixth and fifth centuries B. C. were an age of transition, in which the world took a definite step downward. There had been present among men a great force to keep the life of the nations sweet: that which we call the Mysteries of Antiquity. Whether they had been active continuously since this Fifth Root Race began, who can say? Very possibly not; for in a million years cycles would repeat themselves, and I dare say conditions as desolate as our own have obtained. There may have been withdrawals, and again expansions outward. But certainly they were there at the dawn of history, and for a long time before. What their full effect may have been, we can only guess; for when the history that we know begins, they were already declining: — we get no definite news, except of the Iron Age. The Mysteries were not closed at Eleusis until late in the days of the Roman Empire; and we know that such a great man as Julian did not disdain to be initiated. But they were only a remnant then, an ever-indrawing source of inspiration; already a good century before Pericles they must have ceased to rule life. Pythagoras — born, probably, in the five-eighties — had found it necessary, to obtain

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that with which spirituality might be reawakened, to travel and learn what he could in India, Egypt, Chaldaea, and, according to Porphyry and tradition, among the Druids in Gaul — and very likely Britain, their accredited headquarters. From these countries he brought home Theosophy to Greek Italy; and all this suggests that he — and the race — needed something that Eleusis could no longer give. About the same time Buddha and the founder of Jainism in India, Laotse and Confucius in China, and as we have seen, probably also Zoroaster in Persia, all broke away from the Official Mysteries, more or less, to found Theosophical Movements of their own; — which would indicate that, at least from the Tyrrhenian to the Yellow Sea, the Mysteries had, in that sixth century, ceased to be the efficient instrument of the White Lodge. The substance of the Ancient Wisdom might remain in them; the energy was largely gone.

Pisistratus did marvels for Athens; lifting her out of obscurity to a position which should invite great souls to seek birth in her. He died in 527; two years later a son was born to the Eupatrid Euphorion at Eleusis; and I have no doubt there was some such stir over the event, on Olympus or on Parnassus, as happened over a birth at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, and one in Florence in the May of 1265. In 510, Hippias, grown cruel since the assassination of his brother, was driven out from an Athens already fomenting with the yeast of new things. About that time this young Eleusinian Eupatrid was set to watch grapes ripening for the vintage, and fell asleep. In his dream Dionysos, God of the Mysteries, appeared to him and bade him write tragedies for the Dionysian Festival. On waking, he found himself endowed with genius: beset inwardly with tremendous thoughts, and words to clothe them in; so that the work became as easy to him as if he had been trained to it for years.

He competed first in 499 — against Choerilos and Pratinas, older poets — and was defeated; and soon afterwards sailed for Sicily, where he remained for seven years. The dates of Pythagoras are surmised, not known; Plumptre, with a query, gives 497 for his death. I wonder whether, in the last years of his life, that great Teacher met this young Aeschylus from Athens; whether the years the latter spent in Sicily on this his first visit there, were the due seven years of his Pythagorean probation and initiation? “Veniat Aeschylus,” says Cicero, “non poeta solum, sed etiam Pythagoreus: sic enim accepimus”; — and we may accept it too; for that was the Theosophical Movement of the age; and he above all others, Pythagoras having died, was the great Theosophist. They had the Eleusinian Mysteries at Athens, and most of the prominent Athenians must have been initiated into them — since that was the

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State Religion; but Aeschylus alone in Athens went through life clothed in the living power of Theosophy.

Go to the life of such a man, if you want big clues as to the inner history of his age; — the life of Aeschylus, I think, can interpret for us that of Athens. There are times when the movement of the cycles is accelerated, and you can see the great Wheel turning; this was one. Aeschylus had proudly distinguished himself at Marathon; and Athens, as the highest honor she could do him for that, must have his portrait appear in the battle-picture painted for a memorial of the victory. He fought, too, at Artemisium and Salamis; with equal distinction. In 484 he won the first of thirteen annual successes in the dramatic competitions. These were the years during which Athens was really playing the hero: the years of Aristides' ascendancy. In 480 Xerxes burned the city; but the people fought on, great in faith. In 479 came Plataea, Aeschylus again fighting. Throughout this time, he, the Esotericist and Messenger of the Gods, was wholly at one with his Athens — an Athens alive enough then to the higher things to recognise the voice of the highest when it spoke to her — to award Aeschylus, year after year, the chief dramatic prize. — Then in 478 or 477 she found herself in a new position: her heroism and intelligence had won their reward, and she was set at the head of Greece. Six years later Aeschylus produced *The Persians*, the first of the seven extant out of the seventy or eighty plays he wrote; in it he is still absolutely the patriotic Athenian. In 471 came the *Seven against Thebes*; from which drama, I think, we get a main current of light on the whole future history of Athens.

Two men, representing two forces, had guided the city during those decades. On the one hand there was Aristides, called the Just — inflexible, incorruptible, impersonal and generous; on the other, Themistocles — precocious and wild as a boy; profligate as a youth and young man; ambitious, unscrupulous and cruel; a genius; a patriot; without moral sense. The policy of Aristides, despite his so-called democratic reforms, was conservative; he persuaded Greece, by sound arguments, to the side of Athens: he was for Athens doing her duty by Greece, and remaining content. That of Themistocles was that she should aim at empire by any means: should make herself a sea-power with a view to dominating the Greek world. Oh, to begin with, doubtless with a view to holding back the Persians; and so far his policy was sane enough; but his was not the kind of mind in which an ambitious idea fails to develop in ambitious and greedy directions; and that of mastery of the seas was an idea that could not help developing fatally. He had been banished for his corruption in 471; but he had set Athens on blue water, and bequeathed to her his policy. Henceforward she was to make for supremacy,

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never counting the moral cost. She attacked the islands at her pleasure, conquered them, and often treated the conquered with vile cruelty. The *Seven against Thebes* was directed by Aeschylus against the Themistoclean, and in support of the Aristidean, policy. Imperialistic ambitions, fast ripening in that third decade of the fifth century, were opposed by the Messenger of the Gods.

His valor in four battles had set him among the national heroes; he had been, in *The Persians*, the laureate of Salamis; by the sheer grandeur of his poetry he had won the prize thirteen times in succession. — And by the bye, it is to the eternal credit of Athenian intelligence that Athens, at one hearing of those obscure, lofty and tremendous poems, should have appreciated them, and with enthusiasm. Try to imagine *Samson Agonistes* put on the stage today; with no academical enthusiasts or éclat of classicism to back it; but just put on before thirty thousand sight-seers, learned and vulgar, statesman and cobbler, tinker and poet: the mob all there; the groundlings far out-numbering the élite: — and all not merely sitting out the play, but roused to a frenzy of enthusiasm; and Milton himself, present and acting, the hero of the day. That, despite Mr. Whistler and the *Ten O'Clock* — seems really to have been the kind of thing that happened in Athens. Tomides was there, with his companions — little Tomides, the mender of bad soles — and intoxicated by the grand poetry; understanding it, and never finding it tedious; — poetry they had had no opportunity to study in advance, they understood and appreciated wildly at first hearing. One cannot imagine it among moderns. — And Milton is clear as daylight beside remote and difficult Aeschylus. To catch the latter's thought, *we* need the quiet of the study, close attention, reading and re-reading; and though of course time has made him more difficult; and we should have understood him better, with no more than our present limited intelligence, had we been his countrymen and contemporaries; yet it remains a standing marvel, and witness to the far higher general intelligence of the men of Athens. The human spirit was immensely nearer this plane; they were far more civilized, in respect to mental culture, than we are. Why? — The cycles have traveled downward; our triumphs are on a more brutal plane; we are much farther from the light of the Mysteries than they were.

And yet they were going wrong: the great cycle had begun its down-trend; they were already preparing the way for our fool-headed materialism. In the *Seven against Thebes* Aeschylus protested against the current of the age. Three years later, Athens, impatient of criticism, turned on him.

— He is acting in one of his own plays — one that has been lost. He gives utterance, down there in the arena, to certain words — tre-

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mendous words, as always, we must suppose: words hurled out of the heights of an angry eternity —

“Aeschylus’ bronze-throat eagle-bark for blood,”

— and Athens, that used to thrill and go mad to such tones when they proclaimed the godlike in her own soul and encouraged her to grand aspirations — goes mad now in another sense. She has grown used to hear warning in them, and something in alliance with her own stifled conscience protesting against her wrong courses; and such habituation rarely means acquiescence or soothed complacency. Now she is smitten and stung to the quick. A yell from the mob; uproar; from the tiers above tiers they butt, lurch, lunge, pour forward and down: the tinkers and cobblers, demagogues and demagogued: intent — yes — to kill. But he, having yet something to say, takes refuge at the altar; and there even a maddened mob dare not molest him. But the prize goes to a rising star, young Sophocles; and presently the Gods’ Messenger is formally accused and tried for “Profanation of the Mysteries.”

— Revealing secrets pertaining to them, in fact. And now note this: his defense is that he did not know that his lines revealed any secret — was unaware that what he had said pertained to the Mysteries. Could he have urged such a plea, had it not been known he was uninitiated? Could he have known the teachings, had he not been instructed in a school where they were known? He, then, was an initiate of the Pythagoreans, the new Theosophical Movement upon the new method; not of orthodox Eleusis, that had grown old and comatose rather, and had ceased to count. — Well, the judges were something saner than the mob; memory turned again to what he had done at Marathon, what at Artemisium and Plataea; to his thirteen solid years of victory (national heroism on poetico-dramatic fields); and to that song of his that “saved at Salamis”:

“O Sons of Greeks, go set your country free!”

— and he was acquitted: Athens had not yet fallen so low as to prepare a hemlock cup for her teacher. But meanwhile he would do much better among his old comrades in Sicily than at home; and thither he went.

He returned in 458, to find the Age of Pericles in full swing; with all made anew, or in the making; and the time definitely set on its downward course. ‘Reform’ was busy at abolishing institutions once held sacred; imperialism was the rage; — that funeral speech of Pericles, with its tactless vaunting of Athenian superiority to all other possible men and nations, should tell us something. When folk get to feel like that, God pity and forgive them! — it is hard enough for mere men to. Aeschylus smote at imperialism in the *Agamemnon* — the first play of this last of

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his trilogies; and at the mania for reforming away sacred institutions in the *Eumenides* — where he asserts the divine origin of the threatened Areopagus. Popular feeling rose once more against him, and he returned to Sicily to die.

Like so many another of his royal line, apparently a failure. And indeed, a failure he was, so far as his Athens was concerned. True, Athenian artistic judgment triumphed presently over Athenian spite. Though it was the rule that no successful play should be performed more than once, they decreed that 'revivals' of Aeschylus should always be in order. And Aristophanes testifies to his lasting popularity — when he shows little Tomides with a bad grouch over seeing a play by Theognis, when he had gone to the theater "expecting Aeschylus"; — and when he shows Aeschylus and Euripides contending for a prize in Hades; and Euripides winning, because his poetry had died with him, and so he had it there for a weapon — whereas Aeschylus's was still alive and on earth. Yes; Athens took him again, and permanently, into favor: took the poet, but not the Messenger and his message. For she had gone on the wrong road in spite of him: she had let the divine force, the influx of the human spirit which had come to her as her priceless cyclic opportunity, flow down from the high planes proper to it, on to the plane of imperialism and vulgar ambition; and his word had been spoken to the Greeks in vain — as all Greek history and Karma since has been proclaiming. But in sooth he was not merely for an age, but for all time; and his message, unlike Pindar's whom all Greece worshiped, and far more than Homer's or that of Sophocles — is vital today. Aeschylus, and Plato, and Socrates who speaks through Plato, and Pythagoras who speaks through all of them, are the Greeks whose voices are lifted forever for the Soul.

Even the political aspect of his message — the only one I have touched on — is vital. It proclaims a truth that underlies all history: one, I suspect, that remains for our Theosophical Movement to impress on the general world-consciousness so that wars may end: namely, that the impulse of Nationalism is a holy thing, foundationed upon the human spirit: a means designed by the Law for humanity's salvation. But like all spiritual forces, it must be kept pure and spiritual, or instead of saving, it will damn. In its inception, it is vision of the Soul: of the Racial or National Soul — which is a divine light to lure us away from the plane of personality, to obliterate our distressing and private moods; to evoke the divine actor in us, and merge us in a consciousness vastly greater than our own. But add to that saving truth this damning corollary: *I am better than thou; my race than thine; we have harvests to reap at your expense, and our rights may be your wrongs:* — and you have, though

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it appear not for awhile, fouled that stream from godhood: — you have debased your nationalism and made it hellish. Upon your ambitions and your strength, now in the time of your national flowering, you may win to your desire, if you *will*; because now the spirit is quickening the whole fiber of your national self; and the national will must become, under that pressure, almost irresistibly victorious. The peoples of the earth shall kneel before your throne; you shall get your vulgar empire;— but you shall get it presently, as they say, “where the chicken got the axe”: — *Vengeance is mine, saith the Law; I will repay*. The cycle, on the plane to which you have dragged it down, will run its course; your high throne will go down with it, and yourself shall kneel to races you now sniff at for ‘inferior.’ You have brought it on to the material plane, and are now going upward on its upward trend there gaily —

“Ah, let no evil lust attack the host
Conquered by greed, to plunder what they ought not;
For yet they need return in safety home,
Doubling the goal to run their backward race”—*

the downtrend of the cycle awaits you — the other half — just as the runner in the foot-races, to win, must round the pillar at the far end of the course, and return to the starting-place. — That is among the warnings Aeschylus spoke in the *Agamemnon* to an Athens that was barefacedly conquering and enslaving the Isles of Greece to no end but her own wealth and power and glory. The obvious reference is of course to the conquerors of Troy.

I have spoken of this Oresteian Trilogy as his *Hamlet*; with the *Prometheus Bound* — another tremendous Soul-Symbol — it is what puts him in equal rank with the four supreme Masters of later Western Literature. I suppose it is pretty certain that Shakespeare knew nothing of him, and had never heard of the plot of his *Agamemnon*. But look here:—

There was one Hamlet King of Denmark, absent from control of his kingdom because sleeping within his orchard (his custom always of an afternoon). And there was one Agamemnon King of Men, absent from control of his kingdom because leading those same Men at the siege of Troy. Hamlet had a wife Gertrude; Agamemnon had a wife Clytemnestra. Hamlet had a brother Claudius, who became the lover of Gertrude. Agamemnon had a cousin Aegisthos, who became the paramour of Clytemnestra. Claudius murdered Hamlet, and thereby came by his throne and queen. Clytemnestra and Aegisthos murdered Agamemnon, and Aegisthos thereby became possessed of his throne and queen. Hamlet and Gertrude had a son Hamlet, who avenged his father’s

**Agamemnon*, (Plumptre’s translation)

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murder. Agamemnon and Clytemnestra had a son Orestes, who avenged his father's murder.

There, however, the parallel ends. Shakespeare had to paint the human soul at a certain stage of its evolution: the 'moment of choice,' the entering on the path: and brought all his genius to bear on revealing that. He had, here, to teach Karma only incidentally; in *Macbeth*, when the voice cried 'Sleep no more!' he is more Aeschylean in spirit. That dreadful voice rings through Aeschylus; who was altogether obsessed with the majesty and awfulness of Karma. It is what he cried to Athens then, and to all ages since, reiterating *Karma* with terrible sleep-forbidding insistency from dark heights. I have quoted the wonderful line in which Browning, using similes borrowed from Aeschylus himself, sums up the effect of his style:

'Aeschylus' bronze-throat eagle-bark for blood,'

which compensates for the more than Greek unintelligibility of Browning's version of the *Agamemnon*: it gives you some color, some adumbration of the being and import of the man. How shall we compare him with those others, his great compeers on the Mountain of Song? Shakespeare — as I think — throned upon a peak where are storms often, but where the sun shines mostly; surveying all this life, and with an eye to the eternal behind: Dante — a prophet, stern, proud, glad and sorrowful; ever in a great pride of pain or agony of bliss; surveying the life without, only to correlate it with and interpret it by the vaster life within that he knew better; — this Universe for him but the crust and excoriata of the Universe of the Soul. Milton — a Titan Soul hurled down from heaven, struggling with all chaos and the deep to enunciate — just to proclaim and put on everlasting record — those two profound significant words, *Titan* and *Soul*, for a memorial to Man of the real nature of Man. Aeschylus — the barking of an eagle — of Zeus the Thunderer's own eagle — out of ominous skies above the mountains: a thing unseen as Karma, mysterious and mighty as Fate, as Disaster, as the final Triumph of the Soul; sublime as death; a throat of bronze, superhumanly impersonal; a far metallic clangor of sound, hoarse or harsh, perhaps, if your delicate ears must call him so; but grand; immeasurably grand; majestically, ominously and terribly grand; — ancestral voices prophesying war, and doom, and all dark tremendous destinies; — and yet he too with serenity and the prophecy of peace and bliss for his last word to us: he will not leave his avenging Erinyes until by Pallas' wand and will they are transformed into Eumenides, bringers of good fortune.

Something like that, perhaps, is the impression Aeschylus leaves on the minds of those who know him. They bear testimony to the fact

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that, however grand his style — like a Milton Carlyzed in poetry — his thought still seems to overtop it and to be struggling for expression through a vehicle less than itself. Says Lytton, not unwisely perhaps: “His genius is so near the verge of bombast, that to approach his sublime is to rush into the ridiculous”; and he goes on to say that you might find the nearest echo of his diction in Shelley’s *Prometheus*; but of his diction alone; for “his power is in concentration — that of Shelley in diffuseness.” “The intellectuality of Shelley,” he says, “destroyed; that of Aeschylus only increased his command over the passions. . . . The interest he excites is startling, terrible, intense.” Browning tried to bring over the style; but left the thought, in an English *Double-Dutch*, far remoter than he found it from our understanding. The thought demands in English a vehicle crystal-clear; but Aeschylus in the Greek is not crystal-clear: so close-packed and vast are the ideas that there are lines on lines of which the best scholars can only conjecture the meaning. — In all this criticism, let me say, one is but saying what has been said before: echoing Professor Mahaffy; echoing Professor Gilbert Murray: but there is a need to give you the best picture possible of this man speaking from the eternal. — Unless Milton and Carlyle had co-operated to make it, I think, any translation of the *Agamemnon* — which so many have tried to translate — would be fatiguing and a great bore to read. It may not be amiss to quote three lines from George Peel’s *David and Bethsabe*, which have been often called Aeschylean in audacity:—

“At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful wings;”

— his — the thunder’s — fair spouse is the lightning. Imagine images as swift, vivid and daring as that, hurled and flashed out in language terse, sudden, lofty — and you may get an idea of what this eagle’s bark was like. And the word that came rasping and resounding on it out of storm-skies high over Olympus, for Athens then and the world since to hear, was KARMA.

He took that theme, and drove it home, and drove it home, and drove it home. Athens disregarded the rights and sufferings of others: was in fact abominably cruel. Well; she should hear about Karma; and in such a way that she should — no, but she *should* — give ear. Karma punished wrong-doing. It was wrong-doing that Karma punished. You could not do wrong with impunity. — The common thought was that any extreme of good fortune was apt to rouse the jealousy of the Gods, and so bring on disaster. This was what Pindar taught — all-worshiped prosperous Pindar, Aeschylus’ contemporary, the darling poet of the Greeks. The idea is illustrated by Herodotus’ story of the Ring

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of Polycrates. You remember how the latter, being tyrant of Samos, applied to Amasis of Egypt for an alliance. But wary Amasis, noting his invariable good luck, advised him to sacrifice something, lest the Gods should grow jealous: so Polycrates threw a ring into the sea, with the thought thus to appease Nemesis cheaply; but an obliging fish allowed itself to be caught and served up for his supper with the ring in its internal economy; on hearing of which, wary Amasis foresaw trouble, and declined the alliance with thanks. Such views or feelings had come to be Greek orthodoxy; you may take it that whatever Pindar said was not far from the orthodoxies — hence his extreme popularity: we dearly love a man who tells us grandly what we think ourselves, and think it right to think. But such a position would not do for Aeschylus. He noted this doctrine only to condemn it.

“There lives an old saw framed in ancient days
In memories of men, that high estate,
Full grown, brings forth its young, nor childless dies,
But that from good success
Springs to the race a woe insatiable.
But I, apart from all,
Hold this my creed alone:
Ill deeds alone bring forth offspring of ill
Like to their parent stock.”

Needless to say the translation — Dean Plumptre’s in the main — fails to bring out the force of the original.

We must remember that for his audiences the story he had to tell was not the important thing. They knew it in advance: it was one of their familiar legends. What they went to hear was Aeschylus’ treatment of it: his art, his poetry, his preaching. That was what was new to them: the thing for which their eyes and ears were open. We go to the theater, as we read novels, for amusement; the Athenians went for aesthetic and religious ends. So Aeschylus had ready for him an efficient pulpit; and was not suspect for using it. We like Movie Shows because they are entertaining and exciting; the Athenian would have damned them because they are inartistic.

I said, he had a pulpit ready for him; yet, as nearly as such a statement can come to truth, it was he himself who invented the drama. It was, remember, an age of transition: things were passing out from the inner planes; the Mysteries were losing their virtue. The Egyptian Mysteries had been dramatic in character; the Eleusinian, which were very likely borrowed or copied or introduced from Egypt, were no doubt dramatic too. Then there had been festivals among the rustics, chiefly in honor of Dionysos not altogether in his higher aspects, with rudimentary plays of a coarse buffoonish character. By 499, in Athens, these had

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grown to something more important; in that year the wooden scaffolding of the theater in which they were given broke down under the spectators; and this led to the building of a new theater in stone. It was in 499 Aeschylus first competed; the show was still very rudimentary in character. Then he went off to Sicily; and came back with the idea conceived of Greek Tragedy as an artistic vehicle or expression — and something more. He taught the men who had at first defeated him, how to do their later and better work; and opened the way for all who came after, from Sophocles to Racine. He took to sailing this new ship of the drama as near as he might to the shore-line of the Mysteries themselves; — indeed, he did much more than this; for he infused into his plays that wine of divine life then to be found in its purity and vigor only or chiefly in the Pythagorean Brotherhood. — And now as to this new art-form of his.

De Quincey, accepting the common idea that the Dionysian Theater was built to seat between thirty and forty thousand spectators (every free Athenian citizen), argues that the formative elements that made Greek Tragedy what it was were derived from these huge dimensions. In such a vast building (he asks) how could you produce such a play as *Hamlet*? — where the art of the actor shows itself in momentary changes of expression, small byplay that would be lost, and the like. The figures would be dwarfed by the distances; stage whispers and the common inflexions of the speaking voice would be lost. So none of these things belonged to Greek Tragedy. The mere physical scale necessitated a different theory of art. The stature of the actors had to be increased, or they would have looked like pygmies; their figures had to be draped and muffled, to hide the unnatural proportions thus given them. A mask had to be worn, if only to make the head proportionate to the body; and the mask had to contain an arrangement for multiplying the voice, that it might carry to the whole audience. That implied that the lines should be chanted, not spoken; — though in any case, chanted they would be, for they were verse, not prose; and the Greeks had not forgotten, as we have, that verse is meant to be chanted. So here, to begin with, the whole scheme implied something as unlike actual life as it well could be. And then, too, there was the solemnity of the occasion — the religious nature of the whole festival.

Thus, in substance De Quincey; who makes too little, perhaps, of the matter of that last sentence; and too much of what goes before. We may say that it was rather the grand impersonal theory of the art that created the outward condition; not the conditions that created the theory. Mahaffy went to Athens and measured the theater; and found it not so big by any means. They could have worked out our theories

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and practice in it, had they wanted to, so far as that goes. Coarse buffoonish country festivals do not of themselves evolve into grand art or solemn religious occasions; you must seek a cause for that evolution, and find it in an impulse arisen in some human mind. Or minds indeed; for such impulses are very mysterious. The Gods sow their seed in season; we do not see the sowing, but presently mark the greening of the brown earth. The method of the Mysteries — drama serious and religious — had been drifting outwards: things had been growing to a point where a great creative Soul could take hold of them and mold them to his wish. If Aeschylus was not an Initiate of Eleusis, he had learnt, with the Pythagoreans, the method of the Mysteries of all lands. He knew more, not less, than the common pillars of the Athenian Church and State. I imagine it was he, in those thirteen consecutive years of his victories, who in part created, in part drew from his Pythagorean knowledge, those conventions and circumstances for Tragedy which suited him — rather than that conventions already existing imposed formative limits on him. His genius was aloof, impersonal, severe, and of the substance of the Eternal; such as would need precisely those conventions, and must have created them had they not been there. Briefly, I believe that this is what happened. Sent by Pythagoras to do what he could for Athens and Greece, he forged this mighty bolt of tragedy to be his weapon.

The theory of modern drama is imitation of life. It has nothing else and higher to offer; so, when it fails to imitate, we call it trash. But the theory of Aeschylean Tragedy is the illumination of life. Illumination of life, through a medium quite unlike life. Art begins on a spiritual plane, and works down to realism in its decadence; then it ceases to be art at all, and becomes merely copying what we imagine to be nature, — nature, often, as seen through a diseased liver and well-atrophied pineal gland.

True art imitates nature only in a very selective and limited way. It chooses carefully what it shall imitate, and all to the end of illumination. It paints a flower, or a sunset, not to reproduce the thing seen with the eyes, but to declare and set forth that mood of the Oversoul which the flower or the sunset expressed. Flower-colors or sunset-colors cannot be reproduced in pigments; but you can do things with pigments and a brush that can tell the same story. Or it can be done in words, in a poem; or with the notes of music; — in both of which cases the medium used is still more, and totally, unlike the medium through which the Oversoul said its say in the sky or the blossom.

Nature is always expressing these moods of the Oversoul; but we get no news of them, as a rule, from our own sight and hearing: we must wait for the poets and artists to interpret them. Life is always at work to teach us life; but we miss the grand lessons, usually, until some human

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Teacher enforces them. His methods are the same as those of the artist: between whose office and his there was at first no difference; — *Bard* means only, originally, an Adept Teacher. Such a one selects experiences out of life for his pupils, and illumines them through the circumstances under which they are applied; just as the true artist selects objects from nature, and by his manner of treating them, interprets the greatness that lies beyond.

So the drama-theory of Aeschylus. He took fragments of possible experience, and let them be seen through a heightened and interpretative medium; with a light at once intense and somber-portentous thrown on them; — and this not to reproduce the externalia and appearances of life, but to illumine its inner recesses; — to enforce, in plays lasting an hour or so, the lessons life may take many incarnations to teach. This cannot be done by realism, imitation or reproduction of the actual; than which life itself is always better.

What keeps us from seeing the meanings of life? Personality. Not only our own, but in all those about us. Personality dodges and flickers always between our eyes and the solemn motions, the adumbrations of the augustness beyond. We demand lots of personality in our drama; we call it character-drawing. We want to see fellows like ourselves lounging or bustling about, and hear them chattering as we do; — fellows with motives (like our own) all springing from the personality. Human life is what interests us: we desire to drink deep of it, and drink again and again. The music that we wish to hear is the “still, sad music of humanity”; — that is, taking our theory at its best, and before you come down to sheer ‘jazz’ and ragtime. But what interested Aeschylus was that which lies beyond and within life. He said: ‘You can get life in the Agora, on the Acropolis, any day of the week; when you come to the theater you shall have something else, and greater.’

So he set his scenes, either in a vast, remote, and mysterious antiquity, or — in *The Persians* — at Susa before the palace of the Great King: a setting as remote, splendid, vast, and mysterious, to the Greek mind of the day, as the other. Things should not be as like life, but as unlike life, as possible. The plays themselves, as acted, were a combination of poetry, dance, statuesque poses and motions and groupings; there was no action. All the action was done off the scenes. They did not portray the evolution of character; they hardly portrayed character — in the personal sense — at all. The *dramatis personae* are types, symbols, the expression of natural forces, or principles in man. In our drama you have a line, an extension forward in time: a progression from this to that point in time; — in Greek Tragedy you have a cross-section of time — a cutting through the atom of time that glimpses may be caught of eternity.

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There was no unfoldment of a story; but the presentation of a single mood. In the chanted poetry and the solemn dance-movements a situation was set forth; what led up to it being explained retrospectively. The audience knew what was coming as well as the author did: that Agamemnon, for instance, was to be murdered. So all was written to play on their expectations, not on their surprise. There was a succession of perfect pictures; these and the poetry were to hold the interest, to work it up: to seize upon the people, and lead them by ever-heightening accessions of feeling into forgetfulness of their personal lives, and absorption in the impersonal harmony, the spiritual receptivity, from which the grand truths are visible. The actors' masks allowed only the facial expression of a single mood; and it was a single mood the dramatist aimed to produce: a unity; one great word. There could be no grave-diggers; no quizzing of Polonius; no clouds very like a whale. The whole drama is the unfoldment of a single moment: that, say, in which Hamlet turns on Claudius and kills him — rather, leads him out to kill him. To that you are led by a little sparse dialog, ominous enough, and pregnant with dire significance, between two or three actors; many long speeches in which the story is told in retrospect; much chanting by the chorus — Horatio multiplied by a dozen or so — to make you feel Hamlet's long indecision, and to allow you no escape from the knowledge that Claudius' crime would bring about its karmic punishment. It is a unity: one thunderbolt from Zeus; — first the growl and rumbling of the thunders; then the whirr of the dread missile,— and lo, the man dead that was to die. And through the bolt so hurled, so effective, and with it — the eagle-bark — Aeschylus crying *Karma!* to the Athenians.

So it has been said that Aeschylean Tragedy is more nearly allied to sculpture; Shakespearean Tragedy to the Epic.

Think how that unchanging mask, that frozen moment of expression, would develop the quality of tragic irony. In it Clytemnestra comes out to greet the returning Agamemnon. She has her handmaids carpet the road for him with purple tapestries; she makes her speeches of welcome; she alludes to the old sacrifice of Iphigenia; she tells him how she has waited for his return; — and all the while the audience knows she is about to kill him. They listen to her doubtful words, in which she reveals to them, who know both already, her faithlessness and dire purpose; but to her husband, seems to reveal something different altogether. With Agamemnon comes Cassandra from fallen Troy: whose fate was to foresee all woes and horror, and to forthtell what she saw — and never to be believed; so now when she raises her dreadful cry, foreseeing what is about to happen, and uttering warning — none believe her but the audience, who know it all in advance. And then there are

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the chantings of the chorus, a group of Argive elders. They know or guess how things stand between the queen and her lover; they express their misgivings, gathering as the play goes on; they recount the deeds of violence of which the House of Atreus has been the scene, and are haunted by the foreshadowings of Karma. But they may not understand or give credence to the warnings of Cassandra: Karma disallows forefending against the fall of its bolts. Troy has fallen, they say: and that was Karma; because Paris, and Troy in supporting him, had sinned against Zeus the patron of hospitality,— to whom the offense rose like vultures with rifled nest, wheeling in mid-heaven on strong oars of wings, screaming for retribution. — You may note that Aeschylus' freedom from the bonds of outer religion is like Shakespeare's own: here Zeus figures as symbol of the Lords of Karma; from him flow the severe re-adjustments of the Law; — but in the *Prometheus Bound* he stands for the lower nature that crucifies the Higher.

Troy, then, had sinned, and has fallen; but (says the Chorus) let the conquerors look to it that they do not overstep the mark; let there be no dishonoring the native Gods of Troy; (the Athenians had been very considerably overstepping the mark in some of their own conquests recently;) — let there be no plundering or useless cruelty; (the Athenians had been hideously greedy and cruel;) — or Karma would overtake its own agents, the Greeks, who were not yet out of the wood, as we say — who had not yet returned home. This was when the beacons had announced the fall of Troy, and before the entry of Agamemnon.

Clytemnestra is not like Gertrude, but a much grander and more tragical figure. Shakespeare leaves you in no doubt as to his queen's relation to Claudius; he enlarges on their guilty passion *ad lib.* Aeschylus never mentions love at all in any of his extant plays; only barely hints at it here. It may be supposed to exist; it is an accessory motive; it lends irony to Clytemnestra's welcome to Agamemnon — in which only the audience and the Chorus are aware that the lady does protest too much. But she stands forth in her own eyes as an agent of Karma-Nemesis; there is something very terrible and unhuman about her. Early in the play she reminds the Chorus how Agamemnon, in setting out for Troy, sacrificed his and her daughter Iphigenia to get a fair wind: a deed of blood whose consequences must be feared — something to add to the Chorus's misgivings, as they chant their doubtful hope that the king may safely return. In reality Artemis had saved Iphigenia; and though Clytemnestra did not know this, in assuming the position of her daughter's avenger she put herself under the karmic ban. And Agamemnon did not know it: he had intended the sacrifice: and was therefor, and for his supposed ruthlessness at Troy, under the same ban himself.

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Hence the fate that awaited him on his return; and hence — because of Clytemnestra's useless crime — when she and Aegisthos come out from murdering him, and announce what they have done, the Chorus's dark foretellings — to come true presently — of the Karma that is to follow upon it.

And here we must guard ourselves against the error — as I think it is — that Aeschylus set himself to create the perfect and final art-form as such. I think he was just intent on announcing Karma to the Athenians in the most effective way possible: bent all his energies to making that issue clear and unescapable; — and that the natural result of that high purpose was this marvelous art-form,— which Sophocles took up later, and in some external ways perhaps perfected. Then came Aristotle after a hundred years, and defining the results achieved, tried to make Shakespeare impossible. The truth is that when you put yourself to do the Soul's work, and have the great forces of the Soul to back you therein, you create an art-form; and it only remains for the Aristotelian critic to define it. Then back comes the Soul after a thousand years, makes a new one, and laughs at the Aristotles. The grand business is done by following the Soul — not by conforming to rules or imitating models. But it must be the Soul; rules and models are much better than personal whims; they are a discipline good to be followed as long as one can. — You will note how Aeschylus stood above the possibilities of actualism with which we so much concern ourselves: in the course of some sixteen hundred lines, and without interval or change of act or scene, he introduces the watchman on the house-top who first sees the beacons that announce the fall of Troy, on the very night that Troy fell,— and the return of Agamemnon in his chariot to Argos.

In the *Choephoroi* or *Libation-Pourers*, the second play of the trilogy, Orestes returns from his Wittenberg, sent by Apollo to avenge his father. The scene again is in front of the house of Atreus. Having killed Aegisthos within, Orestes comes out to the Chorus; then Clytemnestra enters; he tells her what he has done, and what he intends to do; and despite her pleadings, leads her in to die beside her paramour. He comes out again, bearing (for his justification) the blood-stained robe of Agamemnon; but he comes out distraught and with the guilt of matricide weighing on his soul. The Chorus bids him be of good cheer, reminding him upon what high suggestion he has acted; but in the background he, and he alone, sees the Furies swarming to haunt him, "like Gorgons, dark-robed, and all their tresses hang entwined with many serpents; and from their eyes is dropping loathsome blood." He must wander the world seeking purification. — In the *Eumenides* we find him in the temple of Loxias (the Apollo) at Delphi, there seeking refuge with the god who had

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prompted him to the deed. But even there the Furies haunt him — though for weariness — or really because it *is* the shrine of Loxias — they have fallen asleep. From them even Loxias may not free him; only perhaps Pallas at Athens may do that; Loxias announces this to him, and bids him go to Athens, and assures him meanwhile of his protection. — To Athens then the scene changes, where Orestes' case is tried: Apollo defends him; Pallas is the judge; the Furies the accusers; the Court of the Areopagus the jury. The votes of these are equally divided; but Athene gives her casting vote in his favor; and to compensate the Erinyes, turns them into Eumenides — from Furies to goddesses of good omen and fortune. Orestes is free, and the end is happy.

No doubt very pretty and feeble of the bronze-throated Eagle-barker to make it so. What! clap on an exit to these piled-up miseries? — he should have plunged us deeper in woe, and left us to stew in our juices; he should have shunned this detestable effeminacy, worthy only of the Dantes and Shakespeares. But unfortunately he was an Esotericist, with the business of helping, not plaguing, mankind: he must follow the grand symbolism of the story of the Soul, recording and emphasizing and showing the way to its victories, not its defeats. He had the eye to see deep into realities, and was not to be led from the path of truth eternal by the cheap effective expedients of realism. He must tell the whole truth: building up, not merely destroying; and truth, at the end, is not bitter, but bright and glorious. It is the triumph and purification of the soul; and to that happy consummation all sorrow and darkness and the dread Furies themselves, whom he paints with all the dark flame-pigments of sheerest terror, are but incidental and a means.

And the meaning of it all? Well, the meaning is as vast as the scheme of evolution itself, I suppose. It is *Hamlet* over again, and treated differently; that which wrote *Hamlet* through Shakespeare, wrote this Trilogy through Aeschylus. I imagine you are to find in the *Agamemnon* the symbol of the Spirit's fall into matter — of the incarnation (and obscuration) of the Lords of Mind — driven thereto by ancient Karma, and the results of the life of past universes. Shakespeare deals with this retrospectively, in the Ghost's words to Hamlet on the terrace. The 'death' of the Spirit is its fall into matter.

And just as the Ghost urges Hamlet to revenge, so Apollo urges Orestes; it is the influx, stir, or impingement of the Supreme Self, that rouses a man, at a certain stage in his evolution, to lift himself above his common manhood. This is the most interesting and momentous event in the long career of the soul: it takes the place, in that drama of incarnations, that the marriage does in the modern novel. Shakespeare, whose mental tendencies were the precise opposite of Aeschylus's — they ran

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to infinite multiplicity and complexity, where the other's ran to stern unity and simplicity (of plot) — made two characters of Polonius and Gertrude: Polonius,— the objective lower world, with its shallow wisdom and conventions; Gertrude,— Nature, the lower world in its subjective or inner relation to the soul incarnate in it. Aeschylus made no separate symbol for the former. Shakespeare makes the killing of Polonius a turning-point: thenceforth Hamlet must, will he nill he, in some dawdling sort sweep to his revenge. Aeschylus makes that same turning-point in the killing of Clytemnestra, whereafter the Furies are let loose on Orestes. If you think well what it means, it is that “leap,” spoken of in *Light on the Path*, by which a man raises himself “on to the path of individual accomplishment instead of mere obedience to the genii which rule our earth.” He can no longer walk secure like a sheep in the flock; he has come out, and is separate; he has chosen a captain within, and must follow the Soul, and not outer convention. That step taken, and the face set towards the Spirit-Sun — the life of the world forgone, that a way may be fought into the Life of the Soul: — all his past lives and their errors rise against him; his passions are roused to fight for their lives, and easy living is no longer possible. He must fly then for refuge to Loxias the Sun-God, the Supreme Self, who can protect him from these Erinyes — but it is Pallas, Goddess of the Inner Wisdom, of the true method of life, that can alone set him free. And it is thus that Apollo pleads before her for Orestes who killed his mother (Nature) to avenge his Father (Spirit): — a man, says he, is in reality the child of his father, not of his mother: — this lower world in which we are incarnate is not in truth our parent or originator at all, but only the seed-plot in which we, sons of the Eternal, are sown, the nursery in which we grow to the point of birth; — but we ourselves are in our essence flame of the Flame of God. So Pallas — and you must think of all she implied — Theosophy, right living, right thought and action, true wisdom — judges Orestes guiltless, sets him free, and transforms his passions into his powers.



ALLEGORY AND HISTORY — “Allegory and a mythical ornamentation around the kernel of tradition, in no wise prevent that kernel being a record of real events.” — H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 235

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

FOREWORD

MORNING and spring-time ripening into summer, the fragrance of the flowers and the flicker of green leaves, the warm soft sunshine and the shade of trees, bees and innumerable birds, and rustling branches, and the low whisper of the wind. The wanton exuberance of nature in the first flush of summer, and an inward surging of the stream of life.

Now Life makes holiday with youth, decked out with hope and faith in the eternity of joy, and in the inexhaustible resources of the heart's treasury.

Ephemeral eternity of youth, that for a moment hides the face of death, and veils the mystery of rejuvenation.

Life's masque of love goes on eternally, old as man's ignorance, which fell upon the ancestral Gods, when they came down to recreate the creatures of the earth and raise them to divinity. The tragedy of human life, and its mad carnival, and all its subtle comedies, that go to make the drama of our evolution here on earth, all these endure unendingly, ancient as Time himself, whose evanescent children mock him, flaunting the iridescence of their youth before him as he sits dreaming of Infinity.

Now summer and the scent of roses quicken the joy of Life and sharpen its inexplicable pain — pleasure and pain, inseparable as light and shade, that for a moment can beguile the Soul even from its contemplation of divinity, and draw it down to earth to share the transient rapture of the heart's revelry.

CHAPTER I

ONE thought of flowers and sunshine when one saw her pass; she brought a breath of summer with her, and her smile was welcome as the light that filters through the rain-clouds on a stormy day: for there are storms, you know, in summer, thunder-storms with lightning and sudden deluges of rain, and life was not all a summer holiday with Beatrice Cranley.

Her father said she was a paradox; her mother sighed, and thought she must have got her temper from her father's family; the Cranleys were all hot-headed; one might almost call them violent, she thought,

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but never said as much. She was not given to speculation on problems of psychology, but took things as they came, wondering a little at the sudden changes in the moral atmosphere of Comberfield, which seemed to be imbued with all the moods and elements of storm and sunshine that made up the Cranley character. Why people should be so uncertain in their temper, she could not understand, but since it was so, she accepted it, as she accepted other strange and unaccountable peculiarities of destiny, such as the ruin of their fortune, that put a stop to all that flow of hospitality which she had looked on as the natural order of her life at Comberfield, ordained by Fate, that popular lay deity, which serves as a substitute for God with people who, like Mrs. Cranley, feel that God is really too remote to be concerned with the arrangement of domestic matters; while Fate, being more impersonal, cannot resent the imputation of arbitrary interference in the existing order of affairs. In this case Fate took the blame, and Mrs. Cranley felt absolved from all responsibility.

Her brother, who was the vicar of the parish, said that the failure of the bank was without doubt a judgment, in which the finger of God was plainly visible. But then his fortune was invested otherwise and the loss did not fall on him, although his name was still associated with the bankrupt house. He was convinced that God was specially attentive to his interests; and he on his part never failed to ask for guidance in all matters of importance, such as the reinvestment of his capital. He had foreseen the ruin of the bank, and humbly placed the credit for his own prevision to the account of God, who caused him to withdraw his funds before the final crash. True, there were some who thought the bank might have been saved, if he and another had not set the example of withdrawal just at a critical moment in the history of the bank. He saw in that the hand of God, but Mrs. Cranley mildly wondered, somewhat admiring her brother for his piety and sagacity.

Her husband certainly was less fortunately endowed, and as to piety, well, the less said on that the better. The Cranleys were not temperamentally devout. Augustus Cranley was not quite polite in his expression of opinion on the matter at the time; but once the thing had forced itself upon his mind as an accomplished fact, he laughed, and set about arranging life in the old house on a new basis of economy, which naturally worked out as oddly and as unexpectedly as most of his schemes did. His methods were not business-like, but they were picturesque at times and always had in them the possibility of a surprise. The unexpected generally happened in the Cranley family; perhaps it was the will of God, as Uncle Jonas used to say; I do not know.

The comfortable assurance of divine protection specially bestowed

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on him might well have made a man of less humility appear overweeningly self-satisfied: but Jonas Marshalsea was a minister of God, to use his own description of his office, and felt himself far removed above the laity in general; and, if the truth were told, it certainly would have to be admitted that he believed no other member of the ministry, below the rank of bishop, was so particularly favored by divine protection as himself. He had a noble-hearted pity for the Cranleys generally and for Augustus in particular, who called him flippantly "the parson" or sometimes jokingly "his reverence." And Beatrice openly made fun of him, except on Sundays, when she dutifully went to church and put on her best behavior, treating her uncle with a certain dignity, that somehow made him feel uncomfortable: it was as if she looked beyond him and showed respect to an ideal. He felt as if he suddenly became aware of some discrepancy between his great pretensions and the actuality embodied in his insignificant though pompous personality.

This strange sense of his duality distressed him unaccountably. He was master in his own household, and could command at least a reasonable show of the respect he felt himself entitled to, but with Beatrice it was different, and at heart he was afraid of her, afraid lest some day she should strip him of the flimsy veil of spiritual authority he vainly wrapped around his little weaknesses. But on Sunday she never seemed disposed to mock him, and he sometimes wondered at the expression in her eyes when she sat in her usual corner of the family pew gazing up at the old stained window in the chancel during the sermon. What was she dreaming of? Not the sermon, certainly. His own family, her cousins, were entirely unlike the Cranleys, and Beatrice herself was frequently a puzzle to her own family. Her mother never sat wrapped in a day-dream in that fashion, and her father slept unconcernedly and without concealment through the sermon. He felt that he had made sufficient sacrifice of personal comfort and convenience in going to church at all, and so long as he did not snore too loudly, he thought that no one would or could object to his behavior; and in that he was quite right. Indeed, most of the older members of the congregation followed the good example of the Squire and closed their eyes as soon as the text was read and the preacher was fairly launched on his discourse.

But Beatrice sat and dreamed. There was an angel in the window opposite her seat, who had a history for her. He was an old, old friend: she found him out when she was quite a child, and used to smile at him until at last she got acquainted with him and he smiled back at her. That was the opening of the story of her life: the angel took her away with him into a world of such intense reality that she could hardly realize ordinary circumstances of actual life when she came back. No

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wonder her uncle Jonas could not understand her strange behavior to him on Sundays. The angel was her teacher as a child, a child himself, but wise and beautiful and what he taught her was kept absolutely sacred and secret in her heart. As she grew older the companionship of childhood ceased, and there were times when she could awake no answering gleam of recognition in the angel's eyes. At first she pleaded, then grew indignant at this unusual indifference, and finally she took an attitude of command towards the image in the window, demanding that he make way and let his spiritual counterpart reveal himself. The revelation came as a surprise and marked the second chapter of her life-story.

Uncle Jonas was not in the pulpit that day. He had gone to take the service at Chenstead, as he did regularly once a month, when the curate in charge of Chenstead took the vicar's place at Comberfield. He was an earnest well-meaning young man, and like all the young men of the neighborhood looked on Beatrice Cranley as a miracle of feminine grace almost beyond the dreams of an aspiring curate — almost — and yet not altogether so. George Leavenworth was well received at Comberfield: his family was old and well connected, and he was not dependent on his curate's salary, having a small income of his own; but intellectually he was a mere nonentity and knew it.

He caught a glimpse of his divinity as he went up the winding stair that led from the old-fashioned reading-desk up to the pulpit. The eyes of all the rest were fixed on him, but her's were on the stained-glass window in the chancel, and her expression was almost stern. It startled him, and, as it were, lifted him out of his own self-consciousness into a clearer atmosphere: it seemed so other-worldly that he felt ashamed of the personal vanity that had induced him to look sideways at the Cranley pew for evidences of interest in the preacher of the day. He had enjoyed his share of 'curate worship,' that cult that is accountable for such a large proportion of the feminine congregations of fashionable churches, and he was only looking for what a young man of his position was entitled by experience to expect. The disappointment did not wound his vanity, but made him ashamed of it.

Beatrice was far away already. She was a somewhat perfunctory churchwoman and followed the service with the most complete indifference. The family attendance was a tribute to respectability, regarded as a duty to the state and to society: religion was a word without significance in the Cranley family. But she was a most regular attendant and she never went to sleep; what more could any clergyman demand? Yet that set face and strangely fixed expression troubled the preacher; it made him feel as if he were an interloper intruding his profane presence on a mystic rite that was beyond his comprehension. He longed to

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turn and look at her again. He read his sermon carefully, almost laboriously, but his mind was in the chancel where something mysterious was happening. There was a strain of mysticism in his nature that had drawn him to the church, but it had lain latent since his ordination: there had been nothing hitherto for it to feed upon. Now it awoke and troubled him strangely. Several young women in the congregation noticed his evident distraction, and attributed it to the attraction of the Squire's daughter, who was, however, hidden from them by the high pew in which the family were ensconced.

Beatrice was far away indeed. The miracle had happened at her command; the angel in the window faded from her sight, and she was for a moment blinded by the light that suddenly streamed in as through an open casement. It wrapped her in a radiant mist, and in the trees beyond she heard the choir of birds chanting a celebration of the day. She passed out through the open window into a land that was familiar to her formerly, but now there was no child companion waiting for her, only a pathway stretching out beyond the trees far out beyond the fields, that lay between the churchyard, and there were mountains melting into the golden haze of an infinity unknown. But distance did not seem to count for anything; she passed, and that was all.

The mountains opened at her coming and revealed a city by a lake, a city of palaces it seemed, beautiful beyond her dreams of magic palaces, yet strangely real and absolutely mundane in its architecture, though unfamiliar to her. She stood beside the lake and waited, then grew impatient, or rather seemed to understand that she must call the guide or ferryman. The thought flashed through her mind, and instantly a boat appeared approaching leisurely as if self-propelled; it drew up to the shore and she went aboard still gazing at the City Beautiful. The water of the lake seemed musical as the boat skimmed swiftly along the rippling surface. The sun was setting as she neared the quay. She stepped ashore, and someone stood beside her: she could not see his face, but felt as if she knew him well. She followed him unquestioningly.

They passed through gardens redolent of flowers unfamiliar to her, yet somehow not unknown. The palaces too seemed to be places she had lived in, as a child perhaps, or else had visited in former lives. Nothing was altogether strange, yet all was new. And then they came to an arena filled with people in white robes; and others like herself came also accompanied by guides, and all the neophytes were, like herself, in ash-gray robes. She knew that they were neophytes and that they came, as she did, for initiation in the mysteries. She knew it all, just as it happened, but not till then. It was as if a living picture in which she took a part were being unfolded out of her memory in dramatic sequence.

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At length the ceremony ended, and she stood in a circle of white-robed figures, herself white-robed as they were, and a voice intoned the words: "And now to God the father, God the son, and God the Holy Ghost . . ." and she stood up as usual to hear the final benediction delivered from the old pulpit in the church at Comberfield.

The curate saw her then and wondered. The sunlight fell upon her from a window overhead and made a golden haze about her, and she was gazing at him with a look that was strange and far-seeing, while she herself was evidently unconscious of his presence. It did not hurt his vanity, it almost seemed as if he were admitted to a mystery, as one not yet initiated, but made aware of something hitherto unknown. . . .

That Sunday was a birthday to the curate and he fancifully thought of Beatrice Cranley as his mystic godmother unconsciously ordained.



"SINCE the metaphysics of Occult physiology and psychology postulate within mortal man an immortal entity, 'divine Mind,' or *Nous*, whose pale and distorted reflexion is that which we call 'Mind' and intellect in men — virtually an entity apart from the former during every period of incarnation — we say that the *two* sources of 'memory' are in these two 'principles.' These two we distinguish as the Higher *Manas* (Mind or Ego), and the *Kâma-Manas*, that is, the rational but earthly or physical intellect of man, incased in and bound by matter, therefore subject to the influence of the latter: the all-conscious SELF, that which reincarnates periodically — verily the WORD made flesh! — and which is always the same; and its reflected 'Double,' changing with every new incarnation and personality, and therefore conscious but for a life-period."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *Psychic and Noetic Action*



MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

F. J. DICK, EDITOR

KATHERINE TINGLEY ON LECTURE TOUR

Urges Brotherhood as Fifteenth Point of Peace Treaty

(From the San Diego *Union*, June 1, 1919)

HIGHER Education: A Vital Factor in World Reconstruction' has been the main topic of Mme Katherine Tingley on her present lecture-tour through the U. S. A. One insistent keynote that she has struck in all her addresses and which has attracted wide attention of the press and the public has been the need of a "Fifteenth Point, Brotherhood, to be added to President Wilson's Fourteen, to vitalize the Peace Treaty."

As stated in the New York *Herald* of May 12th, "the purpose of Madame Tingley's present tour will be to urge right education, to halt the possibility of war, and to spread interest in Theosophy to that end."

"'It is all beautifully simple,' she said in her rooms at the Hotel Belmont last night [as reported by the New York *Sun* in an interview published May 12th]. 'We believe in the divinity of man, and in the possibility that his better nature can be taught to prevail. This is the brotherhood of man. I have started this lecture-tour first of all because no permanent peace can ever be established without the true spirit of altruism in all men.'"

STUDENTS ACCOMPANY MME TINGLEY

Accompanying Mme Tingley are several Râja-Yoga students, nine young women students from the Râja-Yoga Academy, and three young men from the Râja-Yoga College. At all of the meetings of the tour these have been giving classical musical programs — vocal double quartets by the young women, and also instrumental music, piano, violin, and 'cello. In an interview with Mme Tingley published in the New York *Evening World*, May 15th, Marguerite Mooers Marshall writes as follows:

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“There is no question that Madame Tingley has developed a rarely harmonious and symmetrical type of young womanhood and manhood at the Râja-Yoga College and preparatory school she established nineteen years ago — a 100-per cent. personality, which is almost an anomaly in our one-sided, over-specialized world. Several of these strong, clever and interesting young students accompanied Madame Tingley during her recent visit to New York. Just before she and they went on to Boston I asked her at the Hotel Belmont to describe for me as simply as possible how she brings to flower the young person in whom all of us are so much interested — the American girl.

“‘From childhood,’ she summed up, ‘we use nature and science in giving the best possible care to the child’s physical nature, under teachers trained in the Râja-Yoga system. Morally, the child in its earliest years is taught the duality of its nature and hence gains strength to choose between right and wrong; and further it is taught the great human lesson of brotherly love and service. This is Theosophy in practice.’”

And the *Washington Times* says as follows:

“With Mme Tingley are a dozen students from her Râja-Yoga College. Had she no other tribute to her genius than this dozen boys and girls, she could feel life had been well worth living. Several of the girls are perfect examples of Mme Tingley’s theories, since they have been under her training since infancy.”

ITINERARY OF TOUR

Starting from the Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, on the night of April 25th, Mme Tingley and her party of Râja-Yoga Crusaders journeyed first to New York, and after a brief stay of two days in connexion with preliminaries, went immediately to Boston, where on May 4th her first lecture of the tour was given to a crowded house at the famous Tremont Theater. From Boston, Mme Tingley visited her old home town, Newburyport, Mass., where on the afternoon of May 9th she was tendered an enthusiastic reception by the Veterans of the G. A. R. and was elected a life-member of the Post. In the evening of the same day, at the City Hall, a large representative body of the citizens of Newburyport attended her lecture and the program given by the Râja-Yoga students.

Other meetings held have been at the Aeolian Hall, New York, May 13th; at the National Theater, Washington, May 18th; at the Oriental Consistory Hall (of Scottish Rite Freemasonry), Chicago, May 25th, and a second meeting in Chicago May 26th. Today, June 1st, Mme Tingley will speak at The Auditorium, Minneapolis, and she expects to return home about the middle of June.

The New York *Herald* in its issue of May 12th published an interview from which we quote the following:

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'15th POINT, BROTHERHOOD, PROPOSED TO 'VITALIZE' TREATY

"KATHERINE TINGLEY, LEADER OF THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
BELIEVES TREATY IS TOO COLD

" 'Whatever may be done about the Germans, whether it involves territory, future, or cash satisfaction, will be erroneous and will prove a boomerang unless it is founded upon a doctrine of brotherly love. However grave the mistakes of that country, they are to a degree the reflexion of faulty teachings through the centuries, and the hour has struck for the removal of war causes at this time of world chaos. War can be prevented by manifesting the spirit of brotherly love, and the greatest need of the present, which is vital beyond description, is for the inculcation of brotherly love into the pacts of peace.'

"Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World and Foundress of the Râja-Yoga system of education, voiced this belief yesterday at the Belmont Hotel, from which she will begin a nation-wide free lecture-tour for the extension of Theosophical teachings. Her first lecture will be at Aeolian Hall on Tuesday evening.

"Said Mme Tingley, 'I add my small voice to the great humanitarian plea for the millions of Germans who before the war were considered and treated as a part of God's great family. If they have lost their way, they are fit subjects for the great call of brotherly love which might well be uttered at this time along with the practical, material and necessary details of the Peace arrangements. I would be willing to die or spend the rest of my days in a dungeon to have the power to add one point to President Wilson's fourteen upon which Peace has been built, and that one clause would voice a trust in the spiritual elements of a nation which hears nothing but the echo of hatred throughout the world. "Forgive ye your enemies."

" 'The Peace Treaty, with its cold details of territory allotments and international agreements, could be vitalized a thousandfold if it contained an appeal to the noblest in every nation of the world to join in the communion of brotherly love and enter upon a new era which could know no failing or future halt, but which would establish an Eternal Trust among the nations of the earth. That would be a Peace built upon pure granite, and its result, even from the most selfish standpoint, would be beyond attack forever.' "

The following is from an interview published in the *New York American* of May 12th, 1919:

"HOW TO MEET WAR EVILS

"Mrs. Katherine Tingley, Theosophical Leader and Founder of the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma, Cal., arrived here yesterday with a group of her students to preach Theosophy as providing a remedy for the ills the world is suffering. She said last night:

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“ ‘Being the Official Head of the original Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky, and knowing that Theosophy meets all the demands of human life, I could not, at this time when the nations are in such a confused state and when there are so many menacing conditions surrounding us, remain contented and satisfied with the general Theosophical work I was accomplishing at Point Loma.

“ ‘I felt obliged to do something to add a new and encouraging note to human life. I am convinced that if we as Americans could spend one-half as much time in studying our responsibilities from the Diviner side of our natures, we would be sowing seeds for the coming generations that could hereafter prevent war and help humanity to forget the horrors of the past.

“ ‘We, as a people, are seeking a permanent Peace. President Wilson and his colleagues in Europe are working for that great object, and their efforts must result in a beginning of better things for the nations, but they are not enough.

“ ‘The one great note that should be added in the construction of the League of Nations is an appeal to the higher nature, not only of the German nation, but of all nations. The door of the awful past must be closed.

“ ‘Unify the minds of the people through a grand unselfish purpose for the future and all the rest will care for itself. Theosophy teaches that to accomplish good in the world we must work on lines of least resistance and in harmony with God’s laws.’ ”

SPIRITUAL PEACE

“ ‘Madame Tingley wants spiritual peace with enemy,’ declared the New York *Tribune* in the headline of its report, May 14th, of Mme Tingley’s lecture at Aeolian Hall.

“ ‘We have been anxiously awaiting results from Europe,’ she said, in speaking of the Peace terms. ‘Those bright minds in Paris no doubt are doing their best in formulating the Peace Treaty, but things are going slowly because they have to deal with the greed, the insincerity and the hypocrisy of all ages. Through their efforts we may have a temporary peace, but it will not be permanent. The reason is that the whole concentration of effort in the Treaty is on the material side. We have not yet had a proclamation touching on spiritual things.

“ ‘Let us rise in our national dignity. Let us send a message of fellowship to the other nations — even to Germany. In that spirit of encouragement we should close the door of the past and show that we are divine in nature, and that we are willing to meet half way those whom we have conquered. This is the new duty that lies before us.

“ ‘I know that every mother, father, wife and sister who has lost some loved one in the war, feels there should be a clause in the peace terms touching the spiritual side of man — a clause that will include Germany and all nations,

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no matter how great their faults. Let us not forget that the people of Germany are God's own, just as we are.' ”

Under the heading “Peace Treaty Lacks Love,” the *Brooklyn Eagle* in its report of her address spoke as follows:

“Asserting man's higher individuality and his higher quality of adjustment, Mme Katherine Tingley, in addressing a large audience at Aeolian Hall, Manhattan, last night, claimed that this individuality, if aroused from its dormant state by proper instruction, would be sufficient to check post-war evils and sufficient to cure all the ills of the world.

“The Versailles Treaty of Peace, even if willingly agreed to by all participants, could not cause a strong, permanent and lasting peace, because it was not based on the higher sense of justice, said Mme Tingley. The unfortunate conditions in Russia were also said to be the result of unbrotherliness.

“Mme Tingley in presenting her subject, ‘The Higher Education — A Vital Factor in World Reconstruction,’ dwelt in her talk for the most part upon Theosophical doctrines. These doctrines, she said, were the bases upon which the higher education would have to be built. . . .

“Mme Tingley spoke eloquently of the need of striking a new note in our National and International life. She said that she was giving a continent-wide series of lectures, of which last night's was the first in New York City, as a continuation of her society's work of keeping up the national morale during and after the war. She also said that her purpose was to clarify the principles of Theosophy so that the many interested people in the nation might not be led astray by the many small and, in many cases, false Theosophical cults which are spread throughout the world. These cults, according to the speaker, indulge in faddism and grotesque teachings utterly foreign to the real Theosophy whose chief doctrine is the brotherhood of man, based on the principles of the Wisdom-Religion.”

“PACT TOO MATERIAL”

According to the *New York Sun* in its report of May 14th, with the headline “Pact too Material, says Mme Tingley”:

“Madame Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, served fair warning on the Peace Conference at Versailles in Aeolian Hall last night that, even if the Germans signed the Treaty, permanent Peace could not really follow because the pact was based upon materialism and not founded upon a spirit of brotherly love. . . .

“‘What the treaty needs is a clause that will touch the spiritual side of man. It needs the touch of the Heart Doctrine.’ ”

“BROTHERLY LOVE ALONE CAN MAKE PEACE SECURE”

In an interview published in the *Washington Times*, May 18th, under the heading, “Brotherly Love alone can make Peace Secure, says Theosophist Head,” Gertrude Stevenson writes:

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“With the final draft of a world-peace practically ready to place before an American Congress, at least one woman in the country believes that the time has come for the people of the world to lift their voices and demand that another point be added to the League of Nations covenant that will stabilize and make permanent the whole — the point of the universal brotherhood of man. She is Mme Katherine Tingley, director of the Theosophists of the world, and just arrived in Washington with twelve students from her college at Point Loma, Cal.

“‘Not until “Brotherly Love” has been written in flaming letters into the peace-treaty and the League of Nations shall we have a peace that will endure as long as it has taken to frame it,’ Mme Tingley declared today in her suite at the Willard.

“‘Curiously enough it is the women now, as it always has been the women, who by their spirit of devotion and leadership must set the example — being willing seemingly to step back and relinquish many of the things that they have gained, in order to restore that serenity and sanctity of home and family life which we seem to have so completely lost during the war.

“‘Movement is not necessarily progress, and American women have been working zealously in the last two years, but without the full success they should have had. They rose to the emergency of war-time magnificently — what they did was urgent and essential — but meantime the most precious things in the world were being neglected.

“‘Everywhere about me I see a great unrest, a great aimlessness, a great purposelessness, as though the war and the things that came of it toppled over all our old standards, broke our faith and our belief in everything that had been and left nothing in its place.

“‘Family life in too many homes seems completely disrupted — all the simple sweet things of life seem to be swamped in a craze for excitement and new stimulation. The women of the world must check this tendency, must evolve new standards to take the places of the old, new hopes to replace the embittered cynicism and indifference of today, new aspirations to revitalize an existence that seems to cry out at every hand: ‘What is the purpose of life — what are we here for — what is it all about?’

“And when Katherine Tingley tells women that it is in the home-circle and the education of a new generation that woman’s influence is most needed, and in which she can find her greatest opportunity and render greatest service to the world, no one can accuse her of seeking to stop woman’s progress. No woman ever worked harder for the recognition of women, and no woman ever more graphically demonstrated what a crusader and leader a woman can be.

“‘How much better, perhaps, it would be,’ she declares, ‘to believe that the souls of all these dear young soldiers who left this life so prematurely, are to return in some later incarnation as great Peace Crusaders, urgent for peace and against war such as the world has never known, aiming to establish an Eternal Peace on lines of least resistance, instead of brutal force.’”

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN THE ISIS THEATER

AT the services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Isis Theater on May 11th, Mr. R. W. Machell spoke on 'The Meaning of Death,' and said in part:

**The True
Meaning of
Death**

"Birth comes to man today as the dawn of existence, and death, to the majority, is still a new and terrible catastrophe. But to those who have begun to see a little light on the problems of life, these events are but the oft-repeated and eternally-recurring modes in which life manifests itself. Why do we shrink from death? Simply because we have been taught to believe that it is the end of life. In our inner hearts we know better, but our minds have been cramped by false ideas and cannot respond to the intuitive wisdom of the inner man. If life were limited to one earth-life in one body, it would indeed be a horrible mockery; but that is absurd. Life is eternal, for while death follows birth it is also followed by rebirth. Death in due season is a friend and a deliverer. It is a doorway in the house of life, and that house has many mansions. The meaning of death is life."

Two short addresses were given at the services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Isis Theater on May 18th. Mrs. Emily Lemke spoke on 'A Theosophical Interpretation of Life, from a Woman's Standpoint,' and Mr. Frank Knoche, General Business Manager of the Point Loma Homestead, on 'Theosophy for Life's Riper Years.' Said Mrs. Lemke, in part:

**Theosophical
Interpretations
of Life**

"Woman has a special mission of her own to fulfil, one which cannot be confounded with the mission of man, the one being complementary to the other. Woman's nature and man's are not the same, and only by the recognition of this fact in nature can true harmony of life be established and maintained. Every true woman is a mother at heart, and carries with her the atmosphere of home, making her the symbol of that sacred center, whence should radiate all that is noblest and most beautiful in life. Woman is the maker of manners; it is she who creates and upholds our standards of refinement, and whatever her occupation or avocation, it is she who should carry the soul-life into daily existence. As a Theosophical student, woman does not expect less of man, but rather more than ever before; for she does not ask for herself, but for all humanity and for the children of the race."

Mr. Knoche said, in part: "The business of life is the advancement of a spiritual ideal. Life is a great school, and so long as man realizes his

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

responsibility to others and to himself and meets his daily duties wholeheartedly, life is sweet and holds a real interest. But of course one's interest is colored by one's conception of the purpose of existence. Shall man's capital at the close of three score years and ten be merely what he has accumulated in material things, or shall he be rich in honor, virtue, integrity, fidelity, understanding, and spirituality? For there are two paths before us all to follow: one, the path of the selfish and material life, which is limited, sordid, illusory, and empty, and the fruits of which turn to ashes on the lips. The other is the path of spiritual aspiration, at the end of which a man has a rich harvest in spiritual resources upon which he may draw without limit. This is the path of Theosophy."

"A new day in the life of a nation or an individual is not mere sentiment or an enthusiastic aspiration; it also imposes an obligation upon all true men and women; namely, an obligation that each shall do his part in the world's reconstruction," said Mrs. W. A. Dunn, Principal of the Râja-Yoga College,

**The New Day,
and its
Responsibilities**

in an address at Isis Theater on May 25th on the subject of 'The New Day.' Continuing, Mrs. Dunn said: "In this effort to strengthen and improve our individual lives we can gather encouragement from the pages of history — in that all great privileges and pleasures universal in the world today once had their origin in the life of some man or woman who performed his duty well. The New Day that confronts us is therefore a time of opportunity in which to engage our powers in accord with the universal ideals that are manifest to all. For hundreds of years the various races of the earth have lived as if separate from each other. Today all nations can be said to have become acquainted with each other's needs. Humanity has at last discovered itself to be a great international body.

"That a new day has dawned for the human race is no longer a question for speculation or opinion. The question before us is, how are we going to meet the problems that confront us, and do our share in the necessary work of reconstruction? It has become impossible to perpetuate the careless habits of thought and action which have well-nigh brought the world to ruin. It would seem that the watch-words for the future will be prevention of that which is evil and development of that which is good.

"It can be truly said that if we had only to consider the welfare of humanity twenty-five or thirty years from now, only one problem would engage our serious attention; namely, that of education and preparing the children of today to become noble men and women. The educational problem is the key to the future of humanity, for the educator of children is in truth the molder of the future."

SCIENCE VS. COMMON SENSE

MANY a scientific man can remember his boyhood treatment of applying a mud poultice to his sore toe, or a bee sting, or other painful spot of inflammation. The boy, of course, did not know that in this treatment of his 'stubbed' toe he had stumbled on a basic principle of treating any inflamed organ, *i. e.*, relieving it of surplus blood. Excess of blood at any point means a like lack of the vital fluid circulating elsewhere, so that the whole circulation is disturbed in proportion to the local trouble. Inflammation cannot proceed if the circulation can be kept equalized, and any internal congestion is relieved if the blood can be kept actively circulating in the skin.

Not rarely a boy's unscientific mother cures his cold or other beginning trouble with a hot foot-bath and warm drinks that bring the blood from the inner congested area out to the surface. Probably both boy and mother are innocent of trying the law of *similars*, in thus using mud and water on the human flesh, made of 'the dust of the ground' — the original cosmic mud-pie, made in the Garden of Eden. However, the point is, that they get good results with a principle which operates equally well in medical circles, if it is not overlooked in the effort to improve on Nature, and to ignore the claims of human nature in treating disease.

The current medical magazines recount new phases of nervous disorders which are without exact precedent to guide the doctor in his treatment. But pneumonia, like the poor, we have had with us always. Now a naïve report of 1400 cases of pneumonia comes from one of the military camps in the South.* The first 966 soldiers were treated, from October 5th to November 24th, by the 'open-ward, cold-air method.' Windows and doors were continuously open, regardless of rain, cold winds, and damp night air. The report says:

"Soldiers in the wards were encouraged to keep their heads close to the windows, and lie so that the cold air sweeping in from the outside could be better breathed in. If a soldier complained of a cold draft of air on his head, he was told it was good for him; that the fresh air would make him well.

"No cotton jackets or chest protectors were to be used. The patients were to be well supplied with blankets.

"Ward fires were allowed to go out at night. On cold, damp days the wards were always cold and chilly."

Result: 135 deaths, a mortality of 13.9 per cent. Then, at the height of the epidemic, a radical change was made in treatment. The patients were guarded in every way possible from cold air, chilling, and exposure. Cotton jackets were kept on the chests, and ward fires were kept going night and day. The medication, diet, etc., was similar in both groups. In the second group of 435 cases, 14 died, a mortality of 3.2 per cent. The Chief of the Medical Service at the Base Hospital, in writing up the experiment, says:

**Journal of the American Medical Association*, May 3, 1919. See 'Treatment of Pneumonia,' by George Douglass Head, B. S., M. D. (Minneapolis), Major M. C., U. S. Army; Chief of Medical Service, Base Hospital, Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia.

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“The knowledge that we possess relative to the lowered vital force created in the tissues of the body when those structures are subjected to chilling, and a consideration of the lowered cell resistance against invading organisms created by exposure to currents of cold air, make it unreasonable to accept the open ward treatment of pneumonia as the best form of management. Any physician who has walked through long wards of soldiers desperately sick with pneumonia, every man lying next to an open window through which, on cold days and nights, cold and damp winds are blowing, who has seen these men with pinched, blue faces and cold hands and feet, and has heard them again and again request that the windows and doors be closed, to keep them from feeling chilly, cannot help but be convinced that this form of management for sick patients with an acute disease like pneumonia is unwise.”

“Unwise” is a temperate verdict: nothing in the whole report smacks of sentimentality. But one wonders how the unwisdom impressed the shivering 966 men in group 1, since the *répertoire* of animal serums has not yet routed out all human sentiment in patients. Perhaps they were unscientific enough to prefer taking their chances with unclassified microorganisms, and foregoing even the finesse of a diagnosis that an autopsy could not dispute — if they could have been just plain, every-day ‘comfy’ in a warm bed at home, with some dear heart to mother them, as in boyhood.

Surely the day must come when the psychology of immortal man, sick or well, will be regarded as important as the mere mechanism of his body. A sympathetic understanding often feels the truth quickly, while the mentality is hopelessly confused with medical or moral creeds and dogmas. Intuitive common sense is a safe agent and a power in treating the sick.

In this too-brainy, materialistic age, the forces of human nature are congested in the head and in the physical senses, while the heart is chilled, benumbed, and depleted by this lack of balanced circulation. Morale is recognised as the ultimate factor in winning wars; it is as vital an aid in the weak soldier’s struggle for breath when he is “desperately sick with pneumonia.” Brave soldiers have succumbed to homesickness, without disease — being human beings, instead of mere fighting machines. Let the doctor take the case home to himself — as Karma will surely bring the results of our thoughts and acts home some day. Imagine the doubly-depressing influences, in a strange hospital, of the cold, damp, drafty air for the “pinched, blue” cases, and of the cool, scientific unconcern which dictated the experiments upon the helpless patients!

Why, Claude Bernard’s experiments showed that even the dog’s digestion was stimulated or retarded accordingly, when he was petted or abused. Man’s sensibilities are keen enough to react even more vitally than the dog’s upon his body functions. Certain it is that the imperative problems of new nervous diseases and of increasing malignancy call for a recognition of the rôle that consciousness plays in physical reactions. Drugs and wholesome medication have a power and a place in treating disease; but the physician worthy of the name must needs carry within himself a sense of wholeness, of heart and mind and hand united in serving his fellows. The microscope and the test-tube do not reveal the finer forces. Was it not the power of compassionate sympathy that even the scientist has felt in the radiant energy of his mother’s love? Is not brotherhood the only cure for a world awry? 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

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.

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.

Râja-Yoga Meteorological Station, Point Loma, California

Summary for May 1919

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	65.45	Number hours actual sunshine	159.60
Mean lowest	55.03	Number hours possible	429.00
Mean	60.24	Percentage of possible	37.00
Highest	68.00	Average number hours per day	5.15
Lowest	52.00		
Greatest daily range	15.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3530.00
Inches	0.14	Average hourly velocity	4.74
Total from July 1, 1918	9.00	Maximum velocity	15.00



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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.

HOLD FAST

James Russell Lowell

ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous club —
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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BRIDAL VEIL FALLS
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

The height of the main fall is 630 feet,
and that of the cascades about 300 feet.

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KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 2

AUGUST 1919

"One may conquer a thousand men in battle; but he who conquers himself alone is the great victor."

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

I*t is my aim in these keynotes to bring my readers as often as possible into closer touch with the noble and self-sacrificing life of our great spiritual Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky — the originator and founder of the modern Theosophical Movement; and I feel that those who read our literature must realize that Madame Blavatsky was a very remarkable character. I cannot conceive of a better proof of the doctrine of Reincarnation than is offered by her life — her knowledge, her erudition, her books. It is quite impossible to believe that one mind, in one short life of sixty years, could have acquired so much knowledge.*

*

The following is from one of her articles, 'The Esoteric Character of the Gospels,' republished in Studies in Occultism, wherein she presents her interpretation of some of the teachings of the Gospels. These few extracts will answer some of the very earnest inquiries of those who are seeking more light and a better knowledge of the laws governing human life:

"Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy presence, and of the consummation of the age?" asked the Disciples of the MASTER, on the Mount of Olives.

"The reply given by the 'Man of Sorrows,' the Chrestos, on his trial, but also on his way to triumph, as Christos, or Christ, is prophetic, and very suggestive. It is a warning indeed. The answer must be quoted in full. Jesus . . . said unto them:

"Take heed that no man lead you astray. For many shall come in my name saying, I am the Christ; and shall lead many astray. And ye shall hear of wars . . . but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places. But all these things are the beginning of travail. . . . Many false prophets shall arise, and shall lead many astray . . . then shall the end come . . . when ye see the abomination of desolation which was spoken through Daniel. . . . Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is the Christ, or there; believe him not. . . . If they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness, go not forth; behold,

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he is in the inner chambers, believe them not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the East and is seen even in the West, so shall be the presence of the Son of Man,' etc."

It is evident, as Madame Blavatsky points out, that

"this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor 'in the inner chambers,' nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR — is no man, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions, and buried deep in the 'sepulcher' of his sinful flesh; he who has the strength to roll back the stone of matter from the door of his own inner sanctuary, he has the risen Christ in him."

This is what Theosophy supports.

" . . . at no time since the Christian era have the precursor signs described in Matthew applied so graphically and forcibly to any epoch as they do to our own times. When has nation arisen against nation more than at this time? When have 'famines' — another name for destitute pauperism, . . . — been more cruel . . . ?

"Many and many a time the warning about the 'false Christs' and prophets who shall lead people astray has been interpreted by charitable Christians, the worshipers of the dead-letter of their scripture, as applying to mystics generally, and Theosophists most especially. . . . Nevertheless, it seems very evident that the words in Matthew's Gospel and others can hardly apply to Theosophists. For these were never found saying that Christ is 'Here' or 'There,' in wilderness or city, and least of all in the 'inner chamber' behind the altar of any modern church. Whether Heathen or Christian by birth, they refuse to materialize and thus degrade that which is the purest and grandest ideal — the symbol of symbols — namely, the immortal Divine Spirit in man, whether it be called Horus, Krishna, Buddha, or Christ. None of them has ever yet said: 'I am the Christ'; for those born in the West feel themselves, so far, only Chrestians, however much they may strive to become Christians in Spirit. It is to those, who in their great conceit and pride refuse to win the right to such appellation by first leading the life of Chrestos . . . that the above-quoted words of Jesus apply most forcibly."

*

I very often meet inquirers who say: "I am so anxious to know more about the teachings of Theosophy. Would it not be possible for me to have an interview with you? for I have many questions to ask." I often wonder at this, because the splendid writings of Madame Blavatsky, Isis Unveiled, The Secret Doctrine, and The Key to Theosophy, are to be found in almost every library in this country, and some of her other writings are often available as well. One can take the books and study the inspiring truths of Theosophy, even though he may be so prejudiced that he will not at the time wish to accept Madame Blavatsky as a Teacher, and may have no desire to join the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; yet once he gives serious consideration to the teachings he cannot wholly get away from them; and because his higher nature has been appealed to by these sublime thoughts, new and splendid possibilities are presented to him, and he is challenged to make them a part of his daily life, if he would find the path to happiness. He will find that Theosophy is the key.

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

It seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes that we as a people make today is, that we do not value time as we should; and therefore we grow careless in seeking the greater knowledge which is the key to many of the most serious problems of human life. We have been educated all along in the idea that we had no existence before we came here; we are very uncertain about ourselves: where we came from, and whither we are going. According to the ordinary, current teachings and doctrines one must be constantly preparing for the next condition, about which one knows nothing; and I often wonder how it is that humanity does even as well as it does, and that men can hold together sufficiently to treat one another with toleration, in view of the false and uncertain teachings and the errors that have crept into the mental constitution of man. Man limits his existence to one short earth-life; he rushes hither and thither in pursuit of material objects alone, in the endeavor to get out of life all that is possible in seventy brief years or less. Some are looking forward to the future with disappointment, fear, and despair; but a true Theosophist should live as though each moment were the most precious moment of eternity; for one thought or one act against the higher law of man's nature brings distressing results; for "as ye sow, so must ye also reap."

In speaking so earnestly of these Theosophical ideas, I am trying to bring home to each and all something substantial, something that will last every day and every moment, from Monday morning until Saturday night, as well as on Sunday; something that will give such a broad conception of life, that each will have the key to every situation, no matter what the difficulties, what the disappointments or the sorrows.

*

Through the study and application of Theosophy, man can find an entirely new viewpoint and can understand himself, to a degree at least, and begin to hope and trust. When he understands the necessity for self-directed evolution, that he must evolve through his own efforts, he will begin to find himself: he will reach that higher state of consciousness which belongs to the immortal man, which will sweep into his life, touch it with new energy, and bring an illumination to crown his efforts and his aspirations. If he be a musician, then we can imagine what grand symphonies will sweep into his life; if an inventor, we can conceive of deeper and more profound conceptions of what he is aiming to do; and ultimately he will find that the brain-mind, which the ordinary man depends upon, is but an instrument, which must be used by this higher power.

We can go into all walks of life, even down to the humblest and lowest, the most unfortunate and distressed, and realize that this great idea which Madame Blavatsky brought is true, and that the Christos Spirit is in every man. There is no monopoly of it; it belongs to each and all. Accepting this idea, intuitively

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at first and afterwards realizing it more fully, the development of the character follows, sometimes slowly, but always surely.

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I can conceive how it was that Madame Blavatsky came to do her royal work for humanity in this life. She had lived many lives before, she had suffered and had attained knowledge; for really one cannot grow in the truest sense spiritually, unless he has suffered and his heart and mind are attuned to the heartache of the world. Madame Blavatsky became conscious of a certain power, which was the result of her suffering and her persecution — not a supernatural, but a perfectly natural power. Even as a child she suffered because of the disharmonies in human life — the inconsistencies and the unbrotherliness. When only sixteen years of age she would turn away from the pressure of the social unrest, to find in silent nature some answer to her heart yearnings and questionings, — so I learned from William Q. Judge, my predecessor and Madame Blavatsky's successor in the leadership of the Theosophical Movement.

There was a great purpose in her life, even when she was a mere girl. It was then that she must have been conscious of her innate divinity. In outward appearance it made her quite different from others. She was unusually imposing, not only physically, but in her life and her manner; and she carried with her an indescribable something which we sometimes find in gentle, noble, and generous people. We get little touches of it with many, but she expressed the dignity of her character among all whom she met, even in her youthful days.

To my mind, hers was not unlike the spirit which the Nazarene possessed when talking to the unfortunate woman. His heart was so attuned to the suffering and the pleading of this woman, that he was able to comfort and help her, when in her despair and agony she touched his garment, that she might feel his blessing. He was so divine that in his great nature, by his simple act of compassion, he recognised that she also was divine. Through this compassion he poured out his sympathy — not so much in words, as in the silence of his deeper nature and good will. It was the power of the Christos Spirit which Jesus possessed in a higher degree than those whom he taught; it was the divine fire in human life; it is that which should hold each one to his highest ideals and standards; it is that part of his immortal nature that carries him through to self-conquest and ultimately to victories; it is the glory of the Christos Spirit awakened in man.

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In all that she ever wrote Madame Blavatsky never gave us anything more potent or more forceful than her interpretation of the Gospels. She presents Jesus in an entirely new aspect. She does not declare that he was specially divine; she says, and all who study Theosophy know, that no one has a monopoly of the Christos Spirit — it is in all humankind. Madame Blavatsky brings

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home to us this great fact; she lifts the veil and throws aside the rubbish and the debris of creeds and dogmas and the brain-mind conceptions in reference to Christ; she presents him as one of the most royal and superb figures in history, as a man who had lived his many lives, had passed through many schools of experience, and had been reborn again and again, conquering and reconquering, until at last, finding himself in the most unfortunate period of the age, he entered earth-life again, that he might fulfil his mission and lift the veil that humanity might glimpse the light of eternal life.

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One cannot study the life of Madame Blavatsky without realizing the potency of the Divine Laws. In her aspirations and her desire to help, she gravitated as an immortal soul into the very surroundings where she could have the opportunity she needed, not only further to round out her character, but to help those who were less fortunate than she. She willed to come into closer contact with man's inhumanity to man, with the suffering of the people, with the persecution and the hypocrisy of the age, that she might the more clearly accentuate the great contrast — the great optimistic hope of the world, Theosophy.

The most helpful lessons of her last life were in Russia, where she was born and grew up to young womanhood. It is said that even in her girlhood the spirit of unbrotherliness and misery which she witnessed every day tore her heart and compelled her to move out among the masses with her great purpose, with the fire of divine sympathy in her heart. Her desire to help her fellow-men carried her into different countries and different environments, and later, in the seventies of the last century, she came to America, unheralded and unrecognised; and here, in our country, she endured fully as much moral persecution as Jesus suffered in his time.

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If we could interpret this idea of the Christos Spirit rightly, as Madame Blavatsky endeavored to teach us, realizing that each man possesses it, how very different human life would be today! How very easy it would be to understand that in self-directed evolution, in the growth of all things, just as Nature teaches us, there must be suffering! But if one is conscious of one's Divinity, of the great urge ever dwelling in the heart, one can endure suffering patiently: for suffering sanctifies the life; it opens the mind to higher purposes, higher aspirations, more strenuous efforts, and a larger trust in the eternal verities. If there is anything that humanity needs today, it is to have a larger trust in the divine things of life, to have a royal and superb trust in oneself, in one's mission, in one's divinity.

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Mere intellect, with no touch of the divine in it, shuts out and obscures the light of truth and leads one to turn away from the inner Christos Spirit. One

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who follows the limited, negative path of life is self-sufficient, egotistic. He may read and study and work, and may have high purposes; but he is alone in a sense; he knows nothing of the companionship of the soul. But the man who is conscious of the Divine Spirit within ever guiding, ever urging him to grander efforts, is never alone. There is a companionship that is ever with him; in the desert, in the caverns of the earth, under the greatest sorrow, it will always be his.

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Accepting the idea of the Christos Spirit and the Divinity of man as the first step, working it out in the mind, in time it becomes a ladder by which man may climb to a higher state of consciousness. It opens a wonderful volume of knowledge, an understanding of death and rebirth; it establishes the doctrine of Reincarnation firmly in the mind. It shows the glory and richness of what is called death: that it is but rebirth, simply throwing off the old tired body that has worn itself out, simply the freeing of the soul from the body, that it may go forward to another school of experience, moving along the path of human perfectibility. Theosophy points to another and a higher life, to a state and condition that is man's heritage. One has only to study silent Nature to gain lessons of helpfulness. Just as Nature works in its wonderful silent processes, so does the soul of man. It seeks its own, not at a point in space, as has been taught by theologians, but in a condition wherein the soul, freed from the body, shall rest and gain strength and knowledge, where it shall re-live in the silence all the old victories; and having learned the lessons that the victories taught, it pushes on to new experiences.

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Thus the Christos Spirit is revived. It takes up a new house, a new tenement of flesh on this Earth, where it is ever seeking to establish the Kingdom of Heaven. It holds in its keeping, though perhaps not in actual memory — for these inner processes are wonderfully sacred — the impress of everything in the former life that is essential to be worked out, all the 'unfinished business,' as it were, all the unanswered aspirations; and all these will find expression in the new life. Then will come a great hope, a great optimism. All humanity under such an urge will be smiling eternally with the joy of the divine Christos Spirit expressing itself in every thought and act. Is there not a promise of a brighter day in this word-picture of mine? Is not Theosophy a panacea for the world's woe?

KATHERINE TINGLEY

COMPASSION: TRUE AND FALSE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

“To feel ‘compassion’ without an adequate practical result is not altruism.”—*H. P. Blavatsky*

THE remark might be made even more pointed by putting it: “To feel ‘compassion’ without an adequate practical result is not compassion.” For the point is that such a feeling is not compassion at all, but only “compassion” (in quotation marks). It is only a mental indulgence. There is the story of an individual who was out driving in the winter, and felt so cold that he ordered a ton of coal to be bought and distributed among the poor in his neighborhood; but when he got home and was warm and comfortable, he countermanded the order, saying that the poor were used to the cold and could get along all right. Compassion is that which expresses itself in appropriate action; that which does not so express itself is something else.

The word ‘adequate’ in the quotation seems to indicate that, not only must there be a result, but it must be of the right kind. False compassion may yield no result at all or a wrong result — as in some kinds of ‘charity.’ There was a story in one of the magazines some years ago about a poor foreign Hebrew old-clothes man, who was so dreadfully persecuted by some charitable people that he fled secretly to another quarter of the city and changed his name. His children had been taken into the country, where they had had a bad time of it, his old clothes had been taken off his back and replaced by new and inappropriate ones which made the boys tease him, and his home had been turned upside down. He had been brought up under despotic government, and he regarded this charity as some inscrutable form of police tyranny, not to be resisted or questioned, but simply to be fled from. And so the poor man fled. There was a moving-picture film showing the baneful effects of the activities of a kind of rich and idle people called ‘uplifters,’ who brought discredit on the title they had stolen and made a bad name for all useful help by acting from wrong motives, such as selfishness and vanity, and doing harm instead of good.

The world is full of amiable well-meaning people who do not accomplish anything, and who leave action in the hands of those who are not so scrupulous. Are the virtues of these people real virtues, or are they of the kind that should be written in quotation marks and classed as mental indulgences? Without wishing to be too hard on these people, we may

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surmise that the latter element is at least present in considerable proportion; for they are not impelled to action, and therefore the true test of virtue fails.

I find in myself an implanted tendency to let virtuous feelings expend themselves in thought, thus leaving my hands unbraced when the time comes for deeds. This state of affairs, it would seem to me, is quite agreeable to the selfish side of my nature, which would not wish to have things otherwise; and there are grounds for suspecting a compact between two elements of my personality, the one ugly, the other fair, but both selfish; as though I were a potentate, keeping among my retinue both ruffians to do my dark deeds and beautiful damsels to adorn my leisure. I find too that a similar policy tends to relegate all my virtuous inclinations to the dim vale of the past, where they masquerade as regrets, or to the unveiled and therefore altogether supposititious future, where, as dead-sea fruit, they are destined to turn to ashes.

From all this region of futility the only avenue of escape is into the realm of action and the domain of the present moment. And it may well be that I find myself better justified in trusting to my native impulses for good action than to my grandiose projects. For these latter serve but to alienate my attention from the little duties of the present moment, which are the stepping-stones to greater opportunities, and to place my feet instead upon a path which, however glamored, leads but to the regions of the moon.

Such considerations lead one to a realization of the truth of those sayings which tell us that the end of man is not a thought but a deed, and that, in place of casting about for great deeds to do, we should simply do what we have to do. In truth, it may be said that, as long as I bide in the realms of contemplation, I have not, as far as that particular occasion is concerned, incarnated upon earth at all, but am still only in a state of gestation, which is as likely as not to end — where it began. It is only when I have acted that I have fully incarnated.

One hardly feels qualified to address people who desire to reform the world, but these thoughts may perhaps be useful to some who feel that they have within them generous impulses which somehow fail to find due expression. It is natural for a person born in this civilization to imagine that, before he can do anything, he will have to get, to acquire, to gain something: the keynote of acquisition is strongly sounded in our civilization. But another idea is that, instead of getting, we should *lose*. In other words, may it not be that we have to *disencumber* ourselves, rather than equip ourselves anew? It is quite a familiar experience that lumber has to be cleared out before anything new can be put in; or that new liquor cannot be put into a bottle that contains the decaying remnants

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of what was there before. These illustrations help to explain why it is that high ideals, when suffered to lie in the mind, are apt to ferment and become useless. In our mind there is a creature like an octopus, with tentacles that draw in everything and turn it into food for the shapeless body of the monster. Thus it is that even virtues and good intentions may become mere food for self-satisfaction and the mere ornaments of a 'superior person.'

Life is our great teacher; and, like other teachers, it beneficently provides us with opportunities for independent self-expression. But we cannot learn unless we accept these opportunities. Hence the reason why we remain confined to a narrow sphere may be because we have some defect that prevents us from taking the first step, and that thereby causes us to miss many opportunities. If once we could get over this little defect, we could step out into a somewhat larger sphere, and would then be ready to take still further steps. But we fail to overcome the defect, and so we stay where we were, and have to seek consolation in viewing the distant prospect and traversing it in imagination only.

It would seem, then, that we should not so much seek to acquire new powers as to free ourselves from much that is superfluous in our character, so that we may be better able to use the powers which we possess. The Soul is not an extra; our nature is not complete without it. But it is usually hidden away and choked by superfluous growths. These need pruning, so that the Soul may have a chance. Compassion, among other things, is at the root of our nature, and waits but to be revealed. Self-satisfaction is a vampire that can never be glutted; and the more we realize the truth of this fact, the sooner we shall be ready to discard many things that we have hitherto thought necessary. A multitude of fears and anxieties will drop off naturally, when we begin to see that they have no solid ground. It is probably some such fear or care which is the obstacle, spoken of above, that is always getting in our way and causing us to miss opportunities.

Compassion, then, is more a motive power than a sentiment; at least it is not complete until expressed in action. Its enemy is selfishness; and if this is eliminated, compassion will come naturally into play. And selfishness is not confined to the doing of selfish deeds, but consists very largely in doing no deeds at all, and in being preoccupied with one's own feelings.

THE REALITY THAT IS BEHIND EXISTENCE*

R. MACHELL

WHAT is the Reality behind the illusions that make up what we call life? The answer to this question, a few generations ago, would probably have been God. But that word has lost its power to satisfy inquiring minds, and it has almost ceased to be used as an answer now even by those who still cling to the old forms of religion. It has lost its significance and its power to overawe the reasoning intelligence of modern men and women. And yet at one time it would have been a natural and completely satisfying solution of the problem. The word has lost its old meaning because men have lost faith in their own divine origin, and have ceased to take interest in the kind of fetish that the dying Churches had substituted for the once living ideal of a great First Cause.

The mystics of the last few thousands of years have used the word God in many senses, no doubt according to the degree of evolution achieved by their race or their religious faith; but the mystics have always held to the main idea that the semblance of external life was but a shadow cast upon the screen of time by the movement of the Soul, which in its own pure state was one and universal, and for which each school of philosophy or each religious hierarchy had a different name, exoterically rendered perhaps as God, but esoterically understood as the Supreme, the Ineffable, the Inexpressible Mystery, the One Reality.

But the mystics have lost their hold upon the world, and materialistic Science has almost obliterated the traces of their influence on human thought. In a mystical sense one might say that their God is dead, and his tomb is the edifice that we call the Church, collectively.

Science has shaken to the ground many a superstitious structure built upon the old mystical concept of the Supreme Intelligence manifested symbolically to the minds of men as God. But, in destroying these temples of imagination, Science seems to have shaken man's faith in the reality that lies behind existence. And the self-styled scientists have too often shown themselves mere men of nescience, whose intelligence had been converted into a machine for testing and measuring material phenomena, which machine by its very nature was unable to reveal or to discover reality, or to appreciate it when inadvertently stumbled upon by the way. So these materialistic investigators, who

*A paper read at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California.

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had done such good work in one direction as demolishers, failed entirely to construct any satisfying abode for the faith of man; and the result has been a state of almost universal agnosticism, or mere ignorance crystallized into a blank negation of faith, or even a profession of atheism.

Total loss of faith is a heavy price to pay for emancipation from the shackles of superstition, though the seriousness of the loss may not be immediately apparent.

Faith is a natural attempt to satisfy a natural need. Self-knowledge is necessary to man; it is the object of his evolution, and the need of it is felt long before it is at all understood.

We owe the advance of a certain kind of knowledge to the spread of popular science and to the consequent growth of popular intelligence. Old forms of belief must necessarily be left behind under such circumstances; but the need from which they sprang remains, and, if not satisfied with a new form of faith, it will create a craving for some substitute. The search for this substitute gives rise to countless sects and schools of experimental psychology; and it also invites a great variety of charlatans to exploit the public craving for a new faith to replace the old form.

The Soul of man seeks to express itself, and finds in the materialized brain-mind no mechanism delicate enough for its purpose, so that it tries to awaken the imagination and to assert itself as the true self within the personality. We may outgrow our old beliefs, but we do not outgrow our own individuality, nor can we ever satisfactorily deny our own existence. The whole world may be an illusion; but I AM. Just what I am is perhaps beyond my power to conceive or to declare; but I know that *I am*. In my egotism and vanity I may not fully realize that every other individual must be in the same state of certainty as to his own self-existence, but I *know* that I AM.

And what is Reality? What is most real to each one of us? Is it not just this one fact of our own Self-existence? Is there anything else in life of which we can be sure? Oh! I know it is easy to utter words and phrases that may express a doubt of our own reality, but when analysed, these expressions of opinion are found to refer to what we may have believed our personality to be, and that, of course, may have been altogether an illusion; but one cannot deny one's own existence without affirming it in the utterance of the denial.

So the old mystics, who sought to free themselves from the delusion of separateness from the One Reality, simply attempted to realize their oneness with the Supreme, and did not fall into the foolish error of self-denial, which is but an inverted form of self-assertion, or, as one might say, of egotism gone mad.

They felt that the one reality was Soul, or Spirit, or Supreme Intelli-

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gence, of which all else was but an image or illusive appearance. Thus to them the Supreme was that reality which lies behind all existence. This great idea is the foundation of almost all mystic philosophy that has come down to us in record or tradition. And the symbolic representation of this idea in myth or allegory is to be found in the theology of every religion, which, in its exoteric form, becomes the more or less idolatrous worship of a personal God. The gods of the nations are like the theories of scientists: they wear out, and are in time abandoned; but that from which they sprang is as much alive as ever, though the form of the image may be changed. The Supreme Reality remains from before time, being itself that from which our mind and intelligence emanate.

The old emblem of the serpent biting its own tail is a picture of man trying to grasp his own being: the serpent may bite his tail, but he cannot swallow himself. That is where we are when we try to understand our own selfhood mentally. And our failure to grasp it is the evidence of its reality, or rather of OUR reality. Though all my ideas about myself must be illusive, yet there remains unchanged the eternal fact that I AM. And it is worth thinking about, because it makes one realize the continuity of existence.

It is easy to think of dying and of being born, of coming into this world or of leaving it, but we cannot think of our own non-existence. We may profess to believe that we cease to be at death; but in reality we are only thinking of a change of state from the known to the unknown. We cannot think without asserting our existence, and we can find no change in that eternal I AM which is the one fact of existence. It is asserted again and again in the mystic books which make up the bibles of the world.

This self-assertion, this *I am*, is the mark of man — his consciousness of individual existence. And yet we see that it is universal; for it is hard to believe that any human being is *unaware* of his own existence, or that he or she can be self-conscious in any other way than this, which I call the sense of *I am*. It seems to be the very root of human consciousness; and yet we find in the Hebrew Bible that the God of Moses gave it as his own name, and instructed his disciple Moses to say that he was the messenger of I AM. What is this but a declaration that the self-consciousness of man is divine in its origin, and universal in its manifestation?

In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Krishna plays on this theme continually through all the chapters of that wonderful work. He represents the illuminated sage as the man who has found the true Self, and who knows his own identity with the Supreme Spirit. He says: "Assimilation with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who . . . are

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acquainted with the true Self." And he endeavors to make clear the difference between the false self and the true, called by Madame Blavatsky the personality and the individuality, when he says: "Self is the friend of the man who is self-conquered; so self like a foe hath enmity to him who is not self-conquered." Then later he declares that "the spiritually wise is verily myself," he, Krishna, being the Supreme Spirit. The whole work seems aimed at awakening in man a sense of his own divinity, of the divinity, that is, of the real Self of man. This seems to me to be the keynote of all mysticism, and it is familiar to those familiar with the Persian poets, though veiled in allegories and sensuous symbolism that seems quite profane to ordinary readers.

The mystics have constantly harped on this idea — the oneness of the Soul of man with the Supreme Spirit. Jesus asserted it; but the so-called Christians have lost sight of this great saving truth, and have dwelt rather in contemplation of the gulf that lies between earth and heaven. Instead of seeking to realize their own divinity, they have preferred to live in the earthly nature and to pray to a far-away Father in Heaven, not seeing that this attitude of distant adoration is a denial of the God within, the divine ray that is the savior in every man, who is truly a son of God, as well as a son of man. The reality that lies behind existence is the Soul of man, the source of his self-identifying consciousness, the I.

In attempting to speak of the underlying reality in life, one is courting misunderstanding, for it is not easy even to suggest such deep ideas by means of any form of words. Words in themselves are a limitation of thought; but by arrangement and combination they may be made to suggest ideas that are sensible in the mind, though almost beyond the power of definite words to express. The only use of such an attempt lies in the possibility of stimulating thought in the hearer: for truth cannot be given, it must be found; and it can only be found in one's own mind, by one's own efforts.

But there are forms of thought and forms of speech that are aimed at expressing finally and unchangeably some truth, which in reality they obscure and conceal. Such forms are creeds and dogmas, which can only be accepted as finalities when the mind has been completely paralysed or dulled by habitual misuse. All forms must change; it is in the nature of things: but the soul of things is formless. So the Self in man endures, while his form changes from hour to hour, from moment to moment, and from year to year. A man of fifty still is the same I; but his body is not the one he wore when he was five years old. He has had many bodies, and none of them were permanent; but he is the same individual, and will tell what he did, or thought, or felt and experienced, during the

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years that saw his body change unceasingly, just as if he were physically the same man all the way along his life.

This underlying sense of unchanging individuality is all that gives continuity to his experience of life, and without it he would be a lunatic. A man who has lost his power of memory, so as to forget what happened a few minutes ago, may still have a perfectly clear conception of his own individuality; which would seem to prove that such a man, while incapacitated perhaps for work in the world, was yet a human being, because of the presence in that deranged mind of the presiding Spirit or Soul, the *I am*. When that is gone, there remains but a shell. The body may still function in obedience to natural cravings, and may still to some extent be controlled by habit; but it will be easy to see that the supreme intelligence, the Self, has lost control, and the creature has ceased to be a man.

So it will be evident that the real value of any human being depends upon the indwelling Self, and upon its control of the external organism. So it would seem to me indisputable that in man the reality behind existence is the divine Soul, the spiritual Self, that knows itself as I, and that is constantly asserting its reality in thought, word, or deed, by the continuity of its self-expression through all the changes of life. For after all what is reality? To most people, no doubt, reality means simply a quality that can be sensed. To them, if a thing can be seen and felt, it is real. Experience will prove that sight and all the other senses can be easily deceived, but the ordinary person clings to his faith in their reliability for the simple reason that he knows no other test of reality, and fears to admit to himself that he can be mistaken so far as to attribute reality to things that are only perceived by his imagination. Experience may prove that he is doing this all the time, but he dare not admit to himself that his senses deceive him; for if he did, he would lose his faith in his own sanity. To protect himself from this calamity he allows that in any particular case he may be mistaken in his own observation, but relies then upon the testimony of others for corroboration of his own impression, not admitting that the senses are in themselves delusive. If he be more philosophical, he will admit perhaps that the senses are no final test of reality, being but a very limited means of recording some few aspects of objects, which in themselves remain eternally unknown. But this will be but a form of words, or a trick of the mind, a camouflage, that does not really conceal the fact of his practical reliance upon his senses as the ultimate test of reality in daily life.

Yet sooner or later he must come to the point where he will be forced to look for reality elsewhere than in the permanence of material objects and physical sensations. Then, when he begins to lose faith in the truth

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of life's illusions, he will try to find surer ground in some other world, some wholly imaginary region; and again he will try to reinforce his own imagination by the support of other people's faith, arguing curiously enough that though individuals may be deceived as to the reality that their faith rests upon, yet collectively they must be right. So faith finds support in credulity, and the illusive character of earthly joys finds a compensation in the imagined reality of the bliss that is to be looked for in some other world supposed to lie beyond the tomb.

When men's faith rests upon such feeble foundations, it is not surprising that members of any particular religion are always ready to fight in defense of their illusions, haunted as they are by fear of the blank despair that they anticipate if their faith should fail them.

Having lost all true self-knowledge and being now ignorant of the inner divine nature and origin of man, the civilized races of the world have no other test of reality than sensation supported by credulity. When the senses fail, then faith comes to the rescue, with the promise of a future state of bliss that shall be unending and indestructible. That such a state is contrary to reason and experience seems to be no matter; for those who accept such consolation have lost faith in their own reason, and fear to stand alone, to face the awful blank that follows the first awakening of the soul from the heavy sleep of sensuous existence. Like the drunkard, who returns to his drug for oblivion or for new dreams, the materialist seeks salvation in the intoxication of religious ecstasy from the despair that follows disillusionment in ordinary life. What have they to do with realities? In times of prosperity people do not trouble themselves with questions as to the reality of their joys and sorrows, but in their eagerness to grasp pleasure with both hands they let go of the key to knowledge; and it is only when all pleasures fail, and when misfortune falls upon them, that they begin to cry out against fate and to question the justice of natural law.

The key to wisdom is self-knowledge; when man is pursuing pleasure he finds no use for that key, and drops it. Then when he begins to examine the sources of his joys and sorrows, and tries to find a basis of reality in them, he reels in amazement to see himself surrounded by unrealities, illusions, dreams, and deceptions. In his despair he may plunge into vice, or seek forgetfulness in the slow self-destruction of drug-habits.

But the lost key of knowledge may be found again. Self-mastery is within the power of all, and it is never too late to start on the path that leads to self-redemption. That path has never been entirely lost to man, though it has often been forgotten by the masses and by their leaders on the road of self-destruction. The path has had many names, but in

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our time as in past centuries it has been best known by the old name of Theosophy, the godlike wisdom, the Secret Science, the Wisdom-Religion. Some called it the Gnosis, which means knowledge; others called it Tao, which meant something like the Path: for it is indeed the path, as well as the knowledge, and when found it is self-knowledge, or enlightenment for the Soul that sits in darkness.

Lack of self-mastery has sunk people in luxury, self-indulgence, ignorance, and misery, culminating in a frenzy of self-destruction: and now that the horror of the consequence has begun to be realized in some measure, there is a growing demand for light on the problem of life, and people are beginning to ask what is the meaning of it all; they are looking for some firm foothold of reality among the swirls of the currents of life and the fall of the bridges that imagination had built to bear them over to the haven of their faith.

But people who have long deceived themselves, and who have often deliberately chosen the path which they knew to be wrong, cannot immediately recognise truth when they meet it: and truth lies all around us all the time. They have lived so long in deceit that they dare not trust anyone or anything, and do not know that the test of truth and reality exists in their own hearts. So they catch eagerly at the driftwood that the currents bear past them, and they find no safety from the flood that sweeps them on into the darkness of despair.

There is much driftwood floating on the surface of the flood of human ignorance, and some of it seems good enough for a safety-raft. Many such worthless planks of safety are still being constructed out of the driftwood of speculation and experimental thought, but they soon go to pieces, and the flood claims its victims as of old. Such rafts are sometimes decorated with high-sounding names that seem to suggest security. But the only way to escape the flood is to reach higher ground. The only way to rise above ignorance is to get knowledge. And the knowledge that is real is self-knowledge. It is useless to lie in the mud and to pray to the Sun to dry up the waters; the only escape is by an effort of individual will — the *will to know the truth*.

But this image of a flood, though it is familiar enough, is often misapplied. The flood of ignorance that drowns the Soul is in ourselves, as well as around us. Indeed, it is entirely in ourselves, if by that we mean also our other selves, the world of humanity around us. The passions that seethe within are the currents that flood the abode of the Soul. They must be turned back into their natural courses by obedience to the laws of Nature, which are the laws of purity and right conduct, of wisdom and service. These laws are the rules of happiness, and they are the paths of true self-knowledge, whereby alone we can reach liberation.



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THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN**

(June 23-29, 1913)

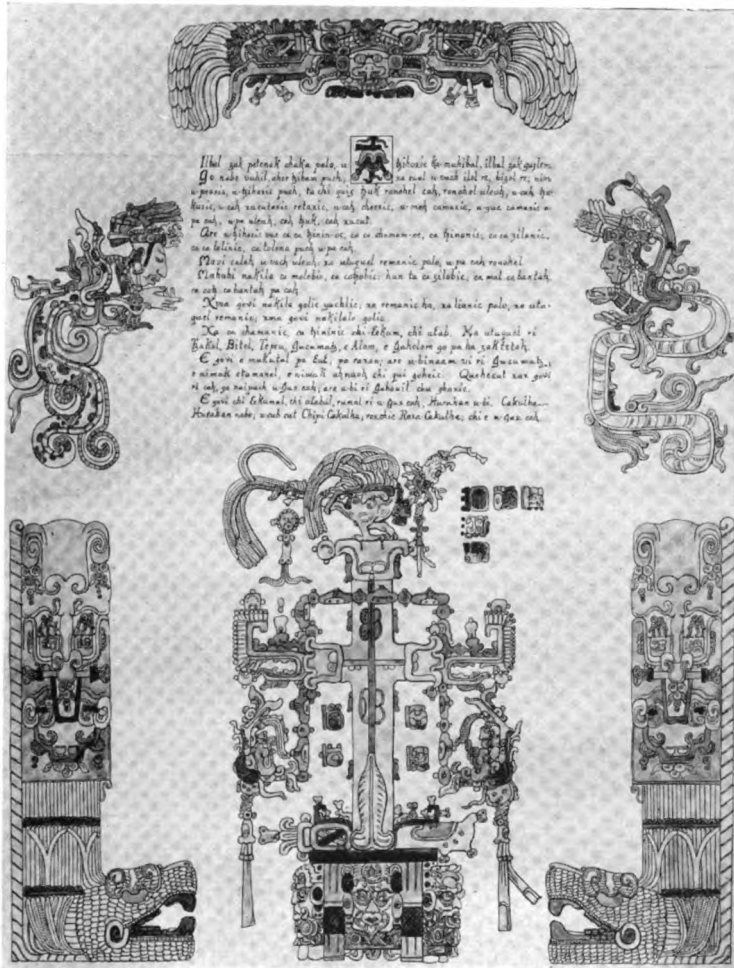
Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, joins hands with her sister nations in this great Congress of Peace and Brotherhood. In her age of glory, under the guidance of the heroic Prince Henry the Navigator, and through the splendid triumphs of the illustrious Da Gama and of the immortal Magellan, Portugal led the world along the paths of new discoveries, thus helping to free the minds of men from the shackles of prejudice and superstition which had held them back for centuries. Now, at the dawn of a new golden age, she stands ready to do her share in the still greater work for Universal Peace and the Brotherhood of Humanity.



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CUBA'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN
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Welcome! On this great occasion Cuba sends greetings. They come from her heart, for she feels that the glorious work of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley has unfurled its flag — a flag never to be lowered again. Cuba greets you therefore with enthusiasm; you the strong, noble warriors in this great march towards harmony and peace. She has her San Juan Hill, a spot beautiful, historic and sacred as Visingsö. May flowers of gratitude toward Katherine Tingley grow in both places, and may the children who there receive the inestimable benefit of her system of education, ever preserve their characters as fresh and fragrant as those flowers. GREETING!



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CENTRAL AMERICA'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN
(June 23-29, 1913)

"Out of the darkness of Time and forth from the Ocean of Life goes the manifestation of the Race of Men unto Life and Light. Written it was of old, in the most ancient of books; but the understanding of it is concealed from the eye and the brain.

"Admirable is its manifestation, and the recital of the time whence all came forth, the heavens and the earth, and the quadrature of the signs, their measures and their degrees.

"Behold the recital of when all was in suspense, in calm, and silent; when the immensity of the heavens lay void and immobile. Then no forms existed; no bodies pressed upon each other; nor had the balance come into being. The calm and un-stirred sea was without bounds, for naught existed.

"And then alone above the waters, the Creator and Former, the Ruler, the Wisdom as a Crested Dragon. Those who give Life and Being, stood as a growing light.

"In the darkness and the night lay the Word, and there was the Heart of Heaven, the Great Breath, the First of those whose sign is the Light." — From the *Popol Vuh*



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PERU'S PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

The spirit of ancient greatness which inspired the civilization of the Incas, and, in yet greater degree, the glory of that far earlier and more mysterious Empire of the Andes, greets the International Theosophical Peace Congress as an evidence of the awakening to the grandeur of the Past and the Promise of the Future.

UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Beware of false teachers, who will tell you that your vices are natural expressions of the soul seeking self-completion; when you should know well enough that they are no more than self-gratification and self-abuse, however they may be camouflaged with high-sounding terms borrowed from some misunderstood philosophy.

The path that leads to true self-knowledge is a clean path and a joyful one. Melancholy is too heavy a load for one who will tread that road. The burden of egotism must be dropped, if you would climb to the sunlight of self-knowledge and live in the Sunlight of Wisdom and Joy, which is the great reality that underlies existence.

But true self-knowledge is beyond the reach of selfish aspiration, for it comes only with the realization of the unity of the Self of man with the Soul of the Universe.

There are indeed two selves in man: the lower is wholly egotistic, the higher is altruistic; but complete enlightenment brings selflessness, which is the liberation of the Soul from the illusion of separateness. Then comes the dawn of the new day of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.

✓ I will quote from *Hertha* the words of the Soul to humanity in the throes of rebirth:

"I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night,
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light:

But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless Soul is in sight."

UPON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

MARTIN E. TEW

ALONE at night upon the mountain top!
Yet not alone, for here the soul communes
With all that ever was or ever shall be.
These granite peaks that crumble through the years
And trickle down to mingle with the sea,
And all these circling suns and whirling worlds
Shall pass to other forms; the Soul of things
Is changeless through the unending reach of time.

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Here is that mighty Presence, which we know
But cannot see, which fills and animates
All space, from farthest east to farthest west,
Higher and deeper than the utmost thought,
Eternal, infinite, immutable;
Unchanged by prayer, in justice absolute;
Fountain of every good, unfailing source
Of health and strength, of courage, joy, and love —
Called by the seers and sages of the past
Jehovah, Father, Brahm, Allah, The Law.
But what word can define the unknowable?
What line can measure the unfathomable?
The tongue is impotent: let silence speak.

Who violates the all-embracing Law
By quest of selfish joys — whose eyes are blind
To the great truth of brotherhood — becomes
A captive in a prison-house of flesh,—
Chained by false thoughts of self, slave to desire,
Tortured and racked by griefs, illusions, pains.
A vision of the truth shall make man free,
And as a bird from serpent's charm released
His soul will rise to heights where all is fair
And evil seems but shadow to the good.

Lift me above deluding thoughts of self —
Above all envies, hatreds, false desires;
And as a dewdrop mixes in the sea,
Or as a note blends in a symphony,
Blend me with the Eternal Harmony.
So shall I know and serve all living things:
Being one with all, I serve my greater self.

Alone at night upon the mountain top!
In this broad view there is no night or death,
And I am not alone. The worlds are bathed
In everlasting light; the universe
Is but a surging, shoreless sea of life
And all is one: I am the Infinite.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES AND OUR LIMITATIONS*

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

THE world in general may be divided into optimists and pessimists. The optimists are those who have an eye mainly to the opportunities which lie before them, while the pessimists are always bemoaning their limitations. The present time is surely one of the most momentous in the history of the world, and we are very fortunate, in every sense, to be concerned in it; for it is at such times of crisis that not only the world-at-large and nations, but, more particularly, individuals — who make up the world-at-large and the nations — find their great opportunity. But it is not of national opportunities, nor of international opportunities, that I am going to speak; but rather of individual opportunities and of individual limitations.

If we can know what are our individual opportunities; if also we can realize what are our limitations; if we can know whether those limitations are inevitable or removable, then we, as individuals going to make up the opinion of the world-at-large, can wield a great influence. No hope can be expected for a nation or for the whole world unless the individuals first look to putting their own houses in order, first see that the stand that they take is a right and just stand, one that is in accordance with the laws of Nature as well as with their own highest spiritual ideals, and with the spiritual purposes of existence.

There is no limitation — not even the greatest — that we can conceive of, without its opportunity; and there is no opportunity that does not involve a limitation. It is perhaps more easy to see the truth of the former of these statements than of the latter. Even a man in prison has an opportunity. It may be that he has the great opportunity of his life. A man in slavery has opportunities. The man who is in moral slavery (as many are today, though we may not call it by that name) has likewise his opportunities.

Let us consider just for a moment the man in prison. Let us take, for instance, the supposition that he is there justly — that is, in accordance with the laws of the land, because of the commission of some crime. His imprisonment is his opportunity. In a sense he is, in the eyes of the law, atoning for his crime; but that is not his great opportunity. His great opportunity is in facing himself; and it is here that is the great need — that the men and women who are not in prison shall see that

*An address given at the Isis Theater, San Diego, June 1, 1919.

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they have one of their opportunities, so that the opinion of the world shall become so strong that there shall no longer be brutal treatment of prisoners, which there still is in many of the prisons of this country. If the proper treatment were accorded to prisoners, as Madame Tingley has again and again said from this platform, the prison would become rather a hospital, a mental hospital, and the men and women within could then realize that the limitations which have been forcibly placed upon them provided their great opportunity.

But we are all in prison. No one of us is free. We can go about the city; we can, to the extent of our means, obtain what we desire; we are not confined or held in, outwardly; but every one of us is in prison, every one of us has his own self-imposed limitations, and limitations not self-imposed, due to heredity, environment, and education. But the greatest limitations that each one of us has are self-imposed. There are limitations that are in the very order of things. There are limitations even in the laws of Nature. Law implies limitation. An engineer, a builder, a musician, an artist — all find themselves hedged in by limitations; or, perhaps, they do not consider themselves hedged in, because they have come to regard their limitations as opportunities.

We may build castles in our imaginations, and there is no limit to their height; we may build bridges from here across to the Blessed Isles, and in imagination travel along them, too; but when we come to building bridges across, for instance, the North River at New York, then immediately it is found that there are natural laws that must be followed. If we wish to erect a large building, we may build it as high as the heavens in imagination; but if we wish to have it built here and for actual use, then there are certain laws which must be obeyed. There are certain limitations in the very order of things.

A musician has his limitations. When the child begins to study music, the limitations seem very severe. There is the question of time, and it is very difficult for some children to realize that note must follow note at a certain interval of time; furthermore that a certain note must be played by a certain finger, and that a great deal of time and attention must be paid to the little simple exercises and the scales. It seems as though it were a long time getting after the real music; but it is just by obeying the laws of the limitations — one might say, just by being content to accept those limitations, by making them opportunities — that finally the musician is evolved. And even when the musician is evolved, he cannot disregard time and rhythm and melody. He must pay due heed to the laws of music.

There is no advance to be made along any line of life without paying heed to the laws of that line of life. When a musician has mastered the

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rules, when he finds it possible to express some of his ideals in music, then he finds that instead of being limitations, as they seemed to be at the beginning, those very limitations are the opportunities by which he can express himself.

Now let us look at another line of limitations. It used to be often said that a child's mind, when the child was born, was, as it were, a clean slate, or a blank white sheet of paper, with nothing written on it. There are not many who say that now-a-days, and a better simile is sometimes used: namely, that the mind, the character, of a child is like a photographic plate. It appears perfectly clean and unmarked; you cannot see any picture; but each experience of life that that child has acts as a developer and brings out a little bit of the picture. Some of it comes out in early childhood; some a few years later; some just as the child is awakening to manhood or womanhood. Some comes out later still, when some unexpected, or — in the course of things — expected, event occurs, the forming of some new association perhaps, and immediately another, undeveloped, side of the character is seen.

If we can regard the mind and the character from this standpoint, then we can understand to some extent the limitations which we all have; and it is here that Theosophy throws such a wonderful light upon this question (as indeed it does upon every other question): How is it that we have these limitations? How is it that there are these unrevealed pictures on the photographic plate? If you have an actual photographic plate and you come to develop it, and you find that there is something there which you did not expect to find, you know very well that you only have to look a little further and you will find the cause for it, and it may happen that you will find blemishes in the plate.

But in the character and mind of the child — to carry on our simile — Theosophy explains how it is that there are hidden pictures which will only appear as the right developer is applied. It is in the two teachings of Reincarnation and Karma. Heredity alone will not answer the question, or solve the riddle of these hidden pictures. That has been tried by many of the philosophers for generations past, but they have never been able to get a satisfactory answer. If it were heredity alone, then the child, then we as men and women, would not be responsible wholly for this class of limitations. But, from the standpoint of the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma — Karma being an expression of the law of cause and effect — we realize that such limitations, blemishes in the 'plate,' are self-made.

To go back for a moment to our prisoner; and, as I said, we are all prisoners — he is in prison, and so are we, mentally; some, to some extent, even morally. We would like to burst some of the bonds of our intellectual

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faculties, which seem to prevent us from thinking as clearly as we would. We would like to burst the bonds of our desires that hold us back from so much that, from the highest standpoint, we know is alone worth desiring. We wish that our bodies, as we pass along the years, were not quite so unresponsive; we feel that they are becoming stiff and a little feeble perhaps. We would like to burst many of our limitations. But there is this which, from the standpoint of Theosophy, can be given to the man in prison — the fact that each is responsible for his limitations; and if this is so, by the very fact that he is or has been responsible, he is responsible now for what will come in the future. Thus, out of the greatest and most hemmed-in situation, the situation of greatest limitation, there is the greatest opportunity of the moment.

Has it ever occurred to you that the present opportunity that you and I have, the one that is ours at the present moment, is always our greatest opportunity? And if we push the thought just a little further, can we not see that as we take the opportunity of the present moment we are thereby opening the way for future opportunities as they come along? How shall we be ready to take the opportunity of next week, or of tomorrow, or of next moment, unless we take the opportunity of now. It may seem to be a very sure opportunity that we are expecting and looking for next week, but shall we be ready for it? It is the present that provides the only opportunity. The opportunity of next week is not one yet. It is only in the imagination; so that the man in prison — and I repeat it, we can all liken ourselves to him — has an opportunity at the present moment. It may seem the hardest kind of opportunity to take: to be absolutely and, in a sense, contentedly willing to obey the laws of the institution in which he is. But there is many a man who has had the courage to do this, and who has thanked his stars later that he had.

We can say exactly the same thing of ourselves. We can accept contentedly and willingly the limitations of our own environment, provided we realize that they afford our present opportunity. Even the limitations of the man who has been wounded, or who has had an accident, who has lost an arm or a leg, or has lost his sight (something which cannot be remedied — not like some of the limitations which we have, which can be remedied), give him his opportunity — an opportunity of taking a new view of life, an opportunity perhaps in developing a higher and saner philosophy of life.

But what about the limitations that should not be? For there are many limitations that probably all of us have, that we should not have and that we can remove. There are limitations which have been built up by a long course of habit — habits that seemed in a sense not wrong at

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the beginning, but which in our present state of development we find *are* wrong, which hamper us in what we know are our best interests; and yet we find a great difficulty, or we think the difficulty is too great to get rid of them. Perhaps we cannot do it all at once, but there is no habit that a man has that he cannot begin to undo, that he cannot begin to lessen, by setting into operation forces along other lines. It is not necessary to go into the limitations that each one of us has, and which each one of us knows; but it is rather the principle of the thing that I wish to refer to and to show that in the very limitations in which we find ourselves, are our present opportunities.

There have been warnings enough issued during the last few years that the tendency is, as it has been in other past ages, too much along material lines, and that we are living too much in the material world and are forgetting our spiritual birthright. In fact, the tendency of the past few years in general seems to have been to increase our limitations. If it be an actual fact, as I believe it is, to a great extent, that the temptations of the material life are greater than ever before, there also is the greater opportunity for the individual. There is the opportunity for the individual to see what is his philosophy of life, to inquire what he is here for, to ask whether the piling up of a fortune for himself, the acquiring of outward material things, is going to satisfy him, is what he really desires, or whether these things are not so many shackles, so many more limitations, which bring with them responsibilities that perhaps he cannot fulfil.

The opportunity of the present time for individuals, and if for individuals, then for the nation, is a spiritual opportunity, above everything. The very fact that there are the temptations on every hand leading away from the spiritual life, gives the greatest opportunity for the individual man and woman to claim his or her spiritual birthright.

There are many other teachings of Theosophy that bear directly upon this subject of opportunities and limitations, and, carrying on the thought of reincarnation, one cannot accept this without accepting the other teachings, that man is not merely a physical or even a mental being, that there is in him a spark of divinity itself, and that therefore (with the idea ever in mind that out of the present grows the future, that as is the source so will be the end) man's destiny is ultimately perfection — in other words, the idea of the essential divinity of man and of the perfectibility of human nature, from its spiritual side.

Would it be possible to hold out to anyone greater opportunities than these teachings give? What are the limitations which we find hemming us in, compared with such? In the light of man's true nature and destiny, the laws of Nature, which to many are so irksome, are not

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limitations but opportunities. The experiences of life, which to many are so bitter, are not limitations but opportunities. In fact, as it has been said in one of the old scriptures, "The universe itself exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation"; it exists for nothing else — speaking of the soul as one with the great collective soul. Accepting this, we can understand that the very fact that we are here in material life, which of itself is a limitation, means that we have the great opportunity of progress and of emancipation.

Have you ever thought that if we were absolutely free — and so much is said about the absolute freedom of the will — if we were absolutely free, well, we should not be here at all? We should not be in existence. There is no absolute freedom in manifested life. It was said in a recent article published in *The Hibbert Journal* that purpose in life implies limitation. You may have the highest purpose that you can conceive, or that is conceivable, and you have thereby limited yourself. You have set your mind upon attaining something, and that means that you have consciously and willingly put on one side those things which will not conform to your carrying out your purpose. It implies limitation.

Perhaps we wish to go from here to New York. We get on the train; we do not consider our limitations while we are sitting in the train and wish we might spend a short time amidst this beautiful scenery through which we are passing on the one hand, or stop in that city where we have friends. Our immediate object is to get to New York. If our immediate object were admiring the scenery and sketching and wandering around, we would not get on the train; but we have willingly accepted the limitations of those two rails, and of being in the train, which is under the governance of the conductor. We have willingly accepted restrictions, for they accord with the attainment of our purpose.

If a young man enters a business, if he gains a position in a bank, or in any other business, he immediately comes under rules and regulations, restrictions, limitations; and if he is wise, he knows that the whole of his progress depends upon his willingly and gladly conforming to those rules and regulations. You cannot go into any institution that is worthy of the name without finding rules and regulations, and you cannot live without conforming to rules and regulations. If you think you can, that you need not conform to the rules and regulations — the laws of Nature, — you will very soon be brought up sharp, at a stop.

All our troubles are due to our not recognising the just limitations with which we are hedged in. If a child could only be taught that limitation does not mean absence of opportunity, that limitation in fact means opportunity, that if one were hemmed in on every side, then there is perhaps the greatest of all opportunities, within! Think of Epictetus,

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a slave, yet one of the greatest men and thinkers in all history, a man who has put his name upon the Screen of Time, and a slave! Even if we are slaves in that sense, from something without, we also can attain the freedom which he had, a freedom that very few men of his day had, a freedom that very few men of today have — the freedom of high purpose along the lines of spiritual life.

No one can shackle our thoughts or our aspirations unless we permit it. It is only ourselves who can shackle our thoughts and aspirations. Before us all are the heights; and whatever be the limitations which are not presently removable, whether of states of mind, or environment, or due to heredity, still there are heights to be gained that we can reach. At any rate we can take the first steps towards them; and here is one of the beautiful thoughts that are given us in the teachings of Theosophy: we may love music, we may love art, and apparently we may have no gift for either; we may have no opportunities even for studying music or of hearing it. It is a thought that means a great deal to me and I have no doubt it means a great deal to others. I have sometimes thought when I have heard singing, and I cannot sing, well, after all, humanity is one — *I am singing!* I am helping that artist to paint that picture. I had a little bit to do with it myself, because I love art. He gained his inspiration from the Soul of the World, you may say. He got a little bit from the pure joy that there is in the whole of Nature, and Nature's music. We all add to them, for the Soul of the World is our soul; they come right out of our own soul, and they enter into our own soul.

We have opportunities not only of enjoying the beauties of Nature, and the beauties of art and music and architecture, and everything that is beautiful in life; we have opportunities of helping to create those things. We have an opportunity, according to our thoughts now, of helping to bring Peace to the World and without uttering a word, just through attuning our hearts to the Soul of the Universe, which desires peace and which desires that all shall be beautiful in Nature, which desires that humanity above all things shall progress, shall express its spiritual nature. By the aspirations of our hearts, though we may never have an opportunity of uttering a word, we can help to bring about Peace — or by our thoughts we can put obstacles in the way of Peace.


It comes down to this, that man is a very much more important factor in the universe than we are in the habit of thinking. He is only of importance, however, when he realizes what his true nature is; he is of no importance if he thinks this has to do with his outward position, or even with his mentality as an end; he is only of importance in the universe, and of supreme importance, if he realizes that he, in common with all other human beings, is consciously, or unconsciously, in touch with

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the Supreme Soul of the universe. And I think that it is here that lies our greatest opportunity, in realizing what and who we are. And when we do realize this, then the limitations which are inevitable, the limitations which are expressed in the laws of Nature, we shall find constitute the pathway of opportunity.

THE SOUL AND THE AMOEBIA

T. HENRY, M. A.

 IN the *Hibbert Journal* for April is an article on 'The Immortal Soul,' by Francis Stopford, in which the author accepts the existence of such a soul, and then says, relatively to the theory of evolution:

"If we accept the truth, which I understand is scientifically proved beyond question, that man has evolved from the amoeba, then it must be honestly admitted that, if a soul exists, at some stage or other this soul — this immortal essence — must have been evolved or created. . . . At what period of evolution did man put on immortality, and in what manner?"

And he answers his question by suggesting as follows:

"Accept the reality of God and faith in the soul's immortality: when did God declare himself to man, and when did the soul enter man? Is it not possible that these two realities — for so I accept them — may be distinctly traceable to man's segregation from the animal world? Is it not possible that this segregation was due to the possession by the anthropoid, *Homo sapiens*, of certain physical powers peculiar to his species? If this be not so, we continue to be faced by the riddle why the great ape, man, has so outdistanced the rest of creation."

And he states his belief that the brain of man has certain cells which enable it to communicate through the ether with other human brains; and it is this power that endues him with immortality. To be more precise, it is this power which *makes him conscious of immortality*. The idea seems to be that animal evolution proceeded from the amoeba upwards, until, when it had reached the anthropoid stage, the brain had become so refined that its owner was able to realize his oneness with creation; and this led him to break away from animal-kind and constitute the human kingdom.

In contrast with this attempt to make the ape-theory look more respectable, we have the author's ideas as to the nature of the immortal soul in man. He inveighs against the idea of personal immortality peculiar to certain familiar forms of religion. These teachings represent the personal ego as being exaggerated and glorified; which is absurd, because it would be lost in a much greater crowd than on earth. He sees that, whatever persists, it is not the mere Mr. This or Mrs. That. Yet he declines to be impaled on the dilemma of either accepting this

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crude idea of immortality or else rejecting immortality altogether. What persists is something much nobler than the mere personal ego. This, of course, is what Theosophy means by the Individuality (as opposed to the personality). The author, not actually stating the Theosophical teaching, adumbrates it sufficiently clearly. He thinks that man is immortal in this life, and that it is his acts that persist, not his animal simulacrum. These acts are those which he performs in conscious realization of his oneness with creation; and it is this consciousness of oneness which constitutes, for the writer, the true Self of man. He quotes: "He that findeth his *self* shall lose it; and he that loseth his *self* for my sake shall find it."

"Life eternal encompasses him in this world, and he has the power to partake of that life if he so wills it; in truth he does not live healthily unless he exerts this power. Living healthily, he will presently find delight in the things that appertain unto the eternal, and will scorn the dictates of his perishable nature when they are opposed to the higher impulses. . . . He shall know most surely that his life is not bounded by death."

This view of immortality is one that will commend itself to Theosophists as to many others. Immortality is not something that accrues to us at any given time or place; it is a natural and permanent condition, and needs but to be recognised. We must concentrate our attention on the nobler side of our nature, in thoughts, aspirations, and deeds. But the author's science comes as a poor aid in the interpretation of his intuitions; it interferes with them, indeed.

We should advise the author to abandon the notion that it has been scientifically proved beyond question that man has evolved from the amoeba. We suspect that few authorities of science itself would support him in this belief. The question, as we understand it, is all in the air. Professor Bateson, in his presidential address to the British Association in 1914, said:

"As we have got to recognise that there has been an evolution, that somehow or other the forms of life have arisen from fewer forms, we may as well see whether we are limited to the old view that evolutionary progress is from the simple to the complex, and whether after all it is conceivable that the process was the other way about. . . .

"We have done with the notion that Darwin came latterly to favor, that large differences can arise from the accumulation of small differences." (See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, X, 5; XI, 3)

And the question whether the anthropoid ape is a link in the supposed chain is still more in the air.

This immortal essence must have been evolved or created, says the author. Yes, but not from the amoeba or the ape. Nor indeed, as far as we can make out, is this really what the author thinks. His ideas seem confused, or perhaps it is his expression of them. But he seems to suggest that it was not the immortal soul that was evolved from the lower kingdom, but some physical capacity which enabled the creature thus

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evolved to acquire an immortal soul. And he has not made very clear the distinction between the soul itself and this physical capacity. Now what is the ancient teaching, advocated by Theosophy? That the man is the product of several distinct lines of evolution, which converge in him; the two chief lines being that of biological or physical evolution from below, and that of spiritual evolution (or 'involution,' as some prefer to call it) from above. To these must be added a third line of evolution, which produced the human self-conscious mind or middle principle. Thus man is triune or threefold.

The universal Life-Spirit pervades all creation, not only the animal kingdom, but the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. But in these lower kingdoms there is but a slight connecting link between the physical and the spiritual, and consequently they do not manifest much of the powers of the universal Life-Spirit. In other words, the Life-Spirit in the lower kingdoms is largely latent. To put the matter in other language, we may refer to the trinity of Body, Soul, and Spirit; defining Soul as the vehicle of Spirit, or that which enables Spirit to manifest itself in a Body. Each kingdom of nature has its peculiar Soul (or 'Monad'). Thus there is a mineral Soul or Monad. The mineral kingdom cannot manifest any powers or qualities higher than those which its Soul or Monad enables it to manifest. The plant kingdom has a more highly evolved monad, and can manifest more powers of the Spirit or Universal Life. So with the animal kingdom.

But when we come to man there is a break. He is not continuous with the animal kingdom. He is a distinct kingdom; and the break is even more pronounced than it is between the other kingdoms. This is the chief mistake made by scientists.

Man has *self-consciousness*, a most peculiar and distinct power, quite *sui generis*, not a product of evolution from the animal mind, incapable of being gradually evolved, and either present or absent. No animal has it; no man is without it.

This human self-conscious mind is the result of a special line of evolution. Its name in the Theosophical teachings is *Manas*, and it is a product of *Mahat* or the Universal Mind. This principle, the *Manas* or self-conscious mind, being imparted to the 'mindless' man (to the being that was to become man), enabled him to become immortal and to become capable of reflecting the highest attributes of the Universal Spirit. It is the process symbolized in religion as the endowment of man with the Divine Breath.

For further details as to the very ancient and comprehensive doctrine of evolution here outlined, we must refer to previous writings on the subject in our literature. For the moment it is enough to point out that

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

the author's highly intelligent ideas as to the nature of the immortal soul can be made quite consistent with the *facts* of evolution, though not with the very imperfect *theories* formulated by various speculators in evolution.

The whole is a good example of the difficulties of trying to explain the facts of life, as perceived by our intuition and intelligence, with the very scanty philosophical materials furnished by modern science. In a case like this a study of the Theosophical teachings as to the Seven Principles of Man would prove invaluable. This would show that a far greater clearness and precision in the use of words is needed, a much more intimate analysis of the human make-up, a much wider knowledge of what has been thought before on the subject, — before we can attain an intelligent idea on the question.

In particular the threefold division of the human soul into —

Spiritual Soul
Human Soul
Animal Soul

is of importance. The ordinary theories of evolution apply only to the last of these three. With these few remarks we must be content to wind up the subject for the present.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919*

V — SOME PERICLEAN FIGURES

YOSHIO MARKINO (that ever-delightful Japanese) makes an illuminating comparison between the modern western and the ancient eastern civilizations. What he says amounts to this: the one is of Science, the other of the Human Spirit; the one of intellect, the other of intuition; the one has learnt rules for carrying all things through in some shape that will serve — the other worked its wonders by what may be called a Transcendental Rule of Thumb. But in fact it was a reliance on the Human Spirit, which invited the presence thereof; — and hence results were attained quite unachievable by modern scientific methods. What Yoshio says of the Chinese and Japanese is also true of all the great western ages of the past. We can do a number of things, — that is, have invented machinery to do a number

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of things for us,— but with all our resources we could not build a Parthenon: could not even reproduce it, with the model there before our eyes to imitate.*

It stands as a monument of the Human Spirit: as an age-long witness to the presence and keen activity of that during the Age of Pericles in Athens. It was built at almost breakneck speed, yet remains a thing of permanent inimitable beauty, defying time and the deliberate efforts of men and gunpowder to destroy it. The work in it which no eye could see was as delicate, as exquisite, as that which was most in evidence publicly; every detail bore the deliberate impress of the Spirit, a direct spiritual creation. There is no straight line in it; no two measurements are the same; but by a divine and direct intuition, every difference is inevitable, and an essential factor in the perfection of the whole. As if the same creative force had made it, as makes of the sea and mountains an inescapable perfection of beauty.

It is one of the many mighty works wherewith Pericles and his right-hand man Pheidias, and his architects Ictinus and Callicrates, adorned Athens. It would serve no purpose to make a list of the great names of the age; which you know well enough already. The simple fact to note is this: that at a certain period in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. the Crest-Wave of Evolution was, so far as we can see, flowing through a very narrow channel. The Far Eastern seats of civilization were under pralaya; the life-forces in West Asia were running towards exhaustion, or already exhausted; India, it is true, is hidden from us; we cannot judge well what was going on there; and so was most of Europe. Any scheme of cycles that we can put forward as yet must necessarily be tentative and hypothetical; what we do not know is, to what we do know, as a million to one; I may be quite wrong in giving Europe as long a period for its manvantaras as China; possibly there were no manvantaric activities in Europe, in that period, before the rise of Greece. But whether or no, this particular time belongs, of all European countries, to Greece: the genius of the world, the energy of the human spirit, was mainly concentrated there; and of Greece, in the single not too large city of Athens. It is true I am rather enamoured of the cycle of a hundred and thirty years: prejudiced, if you like, in its favor; it is also true that genius was speaking through at least one world-important Athenian voice — that of Aeschylus — before the age of Pericles began. Still, these dates are significant: 477, in which year Athens attained the hegemony of Greece, and 347, in which Plato died. It was after 477 that Aeschylus eagle-

*I quote Prof. Mahaffy in his *Problems of Greek History*. He also points out that it is beyond the powers of modern science in naval architecture to construct a workable model of a Greek trireme.

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barked the grandest part of his message from the Soul, and that the great Periclean figures appeared; and though Athenians of genius out-lived Plato, he was the last world-figure and great Soul-Prophet; the last Athenian equal in standing to Aeschylus. When those thirteen decades had passed, the Soul had little more to say through Athens. — Aristotle? — I said, *the Soul* had little more to say. . . .

About midway through that cycle came Aegospotami, and the destruction of the Long Walls and of the Empire; but these did not put an end to Athenian significance. Mahaffy very wisely goes to work to dethrone the Peloponnesian War — as he does, too, the Persian — from the eminence it has been given in the textbooks ever since. As usual, we get a lopsided view from the historians: in this case from Thucydides, who slurred through a sort of synopsis of the far more important and world-interesting mid-fifth century, and then dealt microscopically with these twenty-five years or so of trumpery raidings, petty excursions and small alarms. That naval battle at Syracuse, which Creasy puts with Marathon in his famous fifteen, was utterly unimportant: tardy Nicias might have won all through, and still Athens would have fallen. Her political foundations were on the sand. Under Persia you stood a much better chance of enjoying good government and freedom: Persian rule was far less oppressive and cruel. The states and islands subject to Athens had no self-government, no representation; they were at the mercy of the Athenian mob, to be taxed, bullied, and pommelled about as that fickle irresponsible tyranny might elect or be swayed to pommel, tax, and bully them. Thucydides was a great master of prose style, and so could invest with an air of importance all the matter of his tale. Besides, he was the only contemporary historian, or the only one that survives. So the world ever since has been tricked into thinking this Peloponnesian War momentous; whereas really it was a petty family squabble among that most family-squabblésome of peoples, the Greeks. — In most of which I am only quoting Mahaffy; who, whether intentionally or not, deals with Greek history in such a way as to show the utter unimportance, irrelevance, futility, of war.

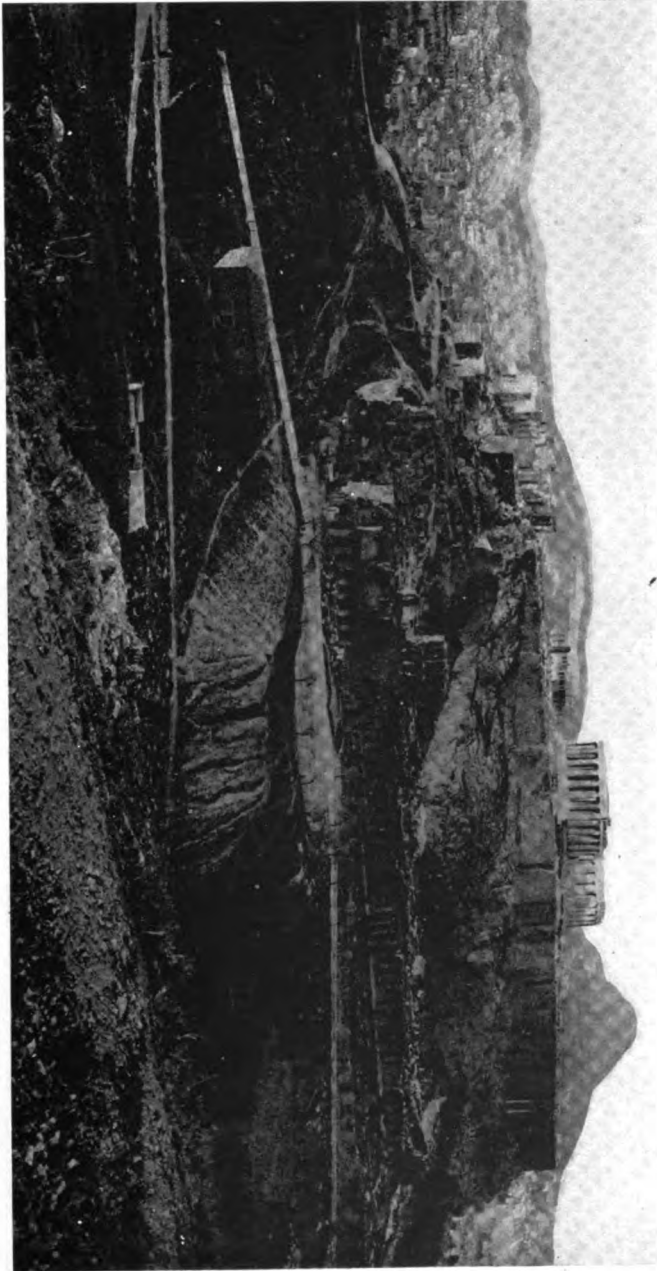
Greek history is merely a phase of human history. We have looked for its significance exclusively in political and cultural regions; but this is altogether a mistake. The Greeks did not invent culture; there had been greater cultures before, only they are forgotten. All that about the “evolution of political freedom,” of the city state, republicanism, etc., is just nonsense. As far as I can see, the importance of Greece lies in this: human history, the main part of it, flowing in that age through the narrow channel of Greece, came down from sacred to secular: from the last remnants of a state of affairs in which the Lodge, through the Mysteries,

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had controlled life and events, to the beginnings of one in which things were to muddle through under the sweet guidance of brain-minds and ordinary men. The old order had become impossible: the world had drifted too far from the Gods. So the Gods tried a new method: let loose a new great force in the world; sent Teachers to preach openly (sow broadcast, and let the seed take its chances) what had before been concealed and revealed systematically within the Established Mysteries. What Athens did with that new force has affected the whole history of Europe since: apparently mostly for weal; really, nearly altogether for woe.

Aristides, with convincing logic, had been able to persuade all Greece to act against a common danger under an Athens then morally great, and feeling this new force from the God-world as a wine in the air, a mental ozone, an inspiration from the subliminal to heroic endeavor. But his policy perished when the visible need for it subsided; it gave way to the Themistoclean, which passed into the Periclean policy; and that, says Mahaffy, "was so dangerous and difficult that no cautious and provident thinker could have called it secure." Which also was Plato's view of it; who went so far as to say that Pericles had made the Athenians lazy, sensual, and frivolous. When we find Aeschylus at the start at odds with it, and Plato at the end condemning it wholesale,— for my part I think we hardly need bother to argue about it further. Both were men who saw from a standpoint above the enlightenment of the common brain-mind.

It is not the present purpose to treat history as a matter of wars and politics: details of which you can get from any textbook; our concern is with the motions of the human spirit, and the laws that work from behind. As to these motions, and the grand influxes, there is this much we can rely on: they come by law, in their regular cycles; and we can invite their coming, and insure their stability when they do come. The more I study history, the more the significance of my present surroundings impresses me. We stand here upon a marvelous isthmus in time: behind us lies a world of dreary commonplaces called the civilization of Christendom; before us — who knows what possibilities? Nothing is certain about the future — even the near future; — except that it will be immensely unlike the past. Whatever we have learned or failed to learn, large opportunities are given us daily for discovering those inward regions whence all light shines down into the world. Genius is one method of the Soul's action; one aspect of its glory made manifest. We are given opportunities to learn what invites and what hinders its outflow. To all common thinking, it is a thing absolutely beyond control of the will: that cannot be called down, nor its coming in anywise foretold. But we know that the Divine Self would act, were the obstructions to its action removed; and that the obstructions are all in the lower nature of man. Worship



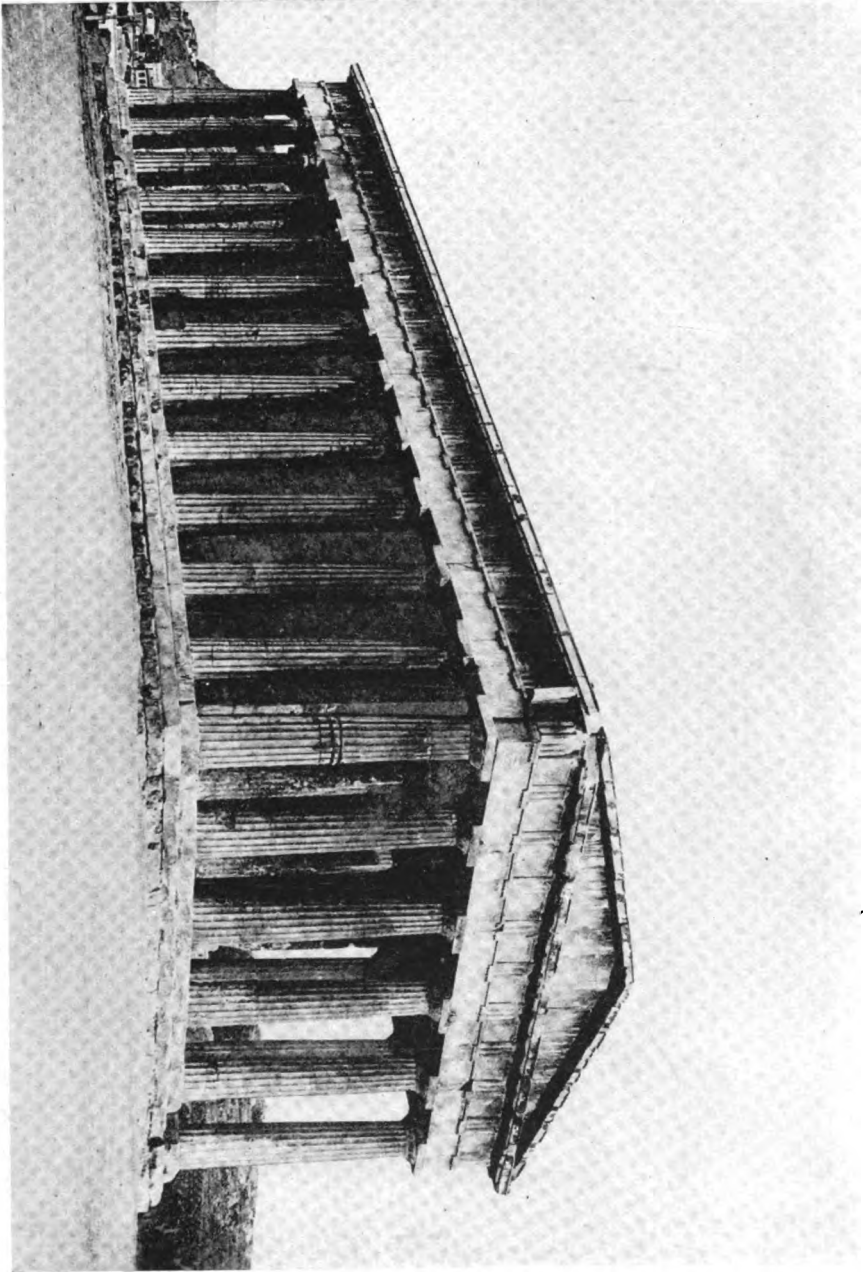
THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

Lomdand Photo & Engraving Dept.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE PARTHENON, ATHENS



THE THESEUM, ATHENS

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

BUST OF PERICLES

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the Soul in all thoughts and deeds, and sooner or later the Soul will pour down through the channel thus made for it; and its inflow will not be fitful and treacherous, but sure, stable, equable and redeeming.

This is where all past ages of brilliance have failed. Cyclically they were bound to come: the fields ripened in due season; but the wealth of the harvest depended on the reapers. The Elizabethan Age, with all its splendid quickening of the English mind, was coarse and wicked to a degree. All through the wonderful Cinquecento, when each of a dozen or more little Italian city-states was producing genius enough to furnish forth a good average century in modern Europe or America, Italy was also a hotbed of unnatural vices, lurid crimes, wickedness to stock the nine circles of Malebolge. So too Athens at the top of her glory became selfish, grasping, conscienceless and cruel; and those nameless vices grew up and grew common in her which probably account for the long dark night that has spread itself over Greece ever since. It is a strange situation, that looks like an anomaly: that wherever the Human Spirit presses in most, and raises up most splendor of genius, there and then the dark forces that undermine life are most at work. But we should have no difficulty in understanding it. At such times, by such influxes, the whole inner kingdom of man is roused and illumined; and not only the intellect and all noble qualities are quickened, but the passions also. The race, and the individual, are stirred to the deepest depths, and no part of you may have rest. What then will happen, unless you have the surest moral training for foundation? The force which rouses up the highest in you, rouses up also the lowest; and there must be battle-royal and victory at last, or surrender to hell. Through lack of training, and ignorance of the laws of the inner life, the Higher will be handicapped; the lower will have advantage through its own natural impulse downward, increased by every success it is allowed to gain. And so all these ages of creative achievement exhaust themselves; every victory of the passions drawing down the creative force from the higher planes, to waste it on the lower; till at last what had been an attempt of the Spirit to lift humanity up on to nobler lines of evolution, and to open a new order of ages, expires in debauchery, weakness, degeneracy, physical and moral death. The worst fate you could wish a man is genius without moral strength. It wrecks individuals, and it wrecks nations.

I said we stand now on an isthmus of time: fifth-century Greece stood on such another. For reasons that we have seen, there was to be a radical difference between the ages that preceded, and the ages that followed it; its influence was not to wear out, in the west, for twenty-five hundred years. It was to give a keynote, in cultural effort, to a very long future. So all western ages since have suffered because of its descent from lofty

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ideals to vulgar greed and ambition; from Aristides to Themistocles and Pericles. We shall see this Athenian descent in literature, in art, in philosophy. If Athens had gone up, not down, European history would have been a long record of the triumphs of the Spirit; — not, as it has been in the main, one of sorrow and disaster.

At the beginning of the Greek age in literature, we find the stupendous figure of Aeschylus. For any such a force as he was, there is — how shall I say? — a twofold lineage or ancestry to be traced: there are no sudden creations. Take Shakespeare, for example. There was what he found

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back to a thinnish
name of Chaucer;
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English literature before him: the Grandeur from within, the high Soul Symbol. In him suddenly that portentous thing appears, like a great broad river emerging from the earth. — Of which we do not say, however, that they have had no antecedent rills and fountain; we know that they have traveled long beneath the mountains, unseen; they sank under the earth-surface somewhere, and are not special new creations. Looking back behind Shakespeare, from this our eminence in time, we can see beyond the intervening heights this broad water shine again over the plain in Dante; and beyond him some glimmer of it in Virgil; until at last we see the far-off sheen of it in Aeschylus, very near the backward horizon of time. We can catch no glimpse of it farther, because that horizon is there.

We can trace Aeschylus' outward descent — as Shakespeare's from

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Chaucer — from the nascent Greek drama and the rudimentary plays at the rustic festivals; but the grand river of his esotericism — there it shines, as large and majestic, at least, as in Shakespeare; and it was, no more than his, a special creation or new thing. Our horizon lies there, to prevent our vision going further; but from some higher time-eminence in the future, we shall see it emerge again in the backward vastnesses of pre-history; again and again. The grandeur of Aeschylus has no parent in Greek, or in western extant literature; or if we say that it has a parent in Homer (which I doubt, because not seeing the Soul Symbols in Homer), it is only putting matters one step further back. . . . But behind Greece, there were the lost literatures of Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, of which we know nothing; aye, and for a guess, lost and mighty literatures from all parts of Europe too. If I could imagine it otherwise, I would say so.

Almost suddenly, during Aeschylus' lifetime, another Greek Art came into being. When he was a boy, sculpture was still a very crude affair; or perhaps just beginning to emerge from that condition. The images that come down to us, say from Pisistratus' time and earlier, are not greatly different from the 'primitive' carvings of many so-called savage peoples of our own day. That statement is loose and general; but near enough the mark to serve our purpose. You may characterize them as rude imitations of the human form, without any troublesome realism, and with a strong element of the grotesque. Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (from which the illustration is taken):

"The statues of the gods began either with stiff and ungainly figures roughly cut out of the trunk of a tree, or with the monstrous and symbolical representations of Oriental art. . . . In early decorations of vases and vessels one may find Greek deities represented with wings, carrying in their hands lions or griffins, bearing on their heads lofty crowns. But as Greek art progressed it grew out of this crude symbolism. . . . What the artists of Babylon and Egypt express in the character of the gods by added attribute or symbol, swiftness by wings, control of storms by the thunderbolt, traits of character by animal heads, the artists of Greece work more and more fully into the sculptural type; modifying the human subject by the constant addition of something which is above the ordinary levels of humanity, until we reach the Zeus of Pheidias or the Demeter of Cnidus. When the decay of the high ethical art of Greece sets in, the Gods become more and more warped to the merely human level. They lose their dignity, but they never lose their charm."

— In which, I think, much light is once more thrown on the inner history of the race, and the curious and fatal position Greece holds in it. For here we see Art emerging from its old position as a hand-maid to the Mysteries and recognised instrument of the Gods or the Soul: from sacred becoming secular; from impersonal, personal. There is, perhaps, little enough in pre-Pheidian Greek sculpture that belongs to the history of Art at all (I do not speak of old cycles and manvantaras, the ages of Troy and Mycenae, but of historical times; I cast no glance now behind the year 870 B. C.). For the real art that came next

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before the Pheidian Greek, we have to look to Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Take Egypt first. There the sculptor thinks of himself far less as artist than as priest and servant of the Mysteries: that is, of the great Divine Heart of Existence behind this manifested world, and the official channel which connected It with the latter. The Gods, for him, are frankly unhuman — superhuman — unlike humanity. We call them 'forces of Nature'; and think ourselves mighty wise for having camouflaged our ignorance with this perfectly meaningless term. We have dealt so wisely with our thinking organs, that do but give us a sop of words, and things in themselves we shall never bother about; — like the Grave-digger, who solved the whole problem of Ophelia's death and burial with his three branches of an act. But the Egyptian, with mental faculties unrotted by creedal fatuities like our own, would not so feed 'of the chameleon's dish,' — needed something more than words, words, and words. He knew the Gods were conscious entities; and therein like ourselves. But he knew also that there were elements in their being quite unlike any we are conscious of in ours. So he gave them purely symbolic forms: a human body, for that which he could posit as common to themselves and humanity; and an animal mask, to say that the face, the expression of their consciousness, was hidden, and not to be expressed in terms of human personality. While affirming that they were conscious entities, he stopped short of personalizing them. What was beneath the mask or symbol belonged to the Mysteries, and was not to be publicly declared.

But when he came to portraying men, especially great kings, he used a different method. The king's statue was to remain through long ages, when the king himself was dead and Osirified. The artist knew — it was the tradition of his school — what the Osirified dead looked like. Not an individual sculptor, but a traditional wisdom, was to find expression. What sculptor's name is known? Who wrought the Vocal Memnon? — Not any man; but the Soul and wisdom and genius of Egypt. The last things bothered about were realism and personality. There were a very few conventional poses; the object was not to make a portrait, but to declare the Universal Human Soul; — it was hardly artistic, in any modern acceptation of the word; but rather religious. Artistic it was, in the highest and truest sense: to create, in the medium of stone, the likeness or impression of the Human Soul in its grandeur and majesty: to make hard granite or syenite proclaim the eternal peace and aloofness of the Soul. — Plato speaks of those glimpses of "the other side of the sky" which the soul catches before it comes into the flesh; — the Egyptian artist was preoccupied with the other side of the sky. How wonderfully he succeeded, you have only to drop into the British Museum to see. There is a colossal head there, hung high on the wall facing the

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stairs at the end of the Egyptian Gallery; you may view it from the ground, or from any point on the stairs; but from whatever place you look at it, if you have any quality of the Soul in you, you go away having caught large glimpses of the other side of the sky. You are convinced; perhaps unconsciously, of the grandeur and reality of the Soul. Having watched Eternity on that face many times, I rejoiced to find this description of it in De Quincey; — if he was not speaking of this, what he says fits it admirably:

“That other object which for four and twenty years in the British Museum struck me as simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world I had seen. It was the Memnon’s head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader must suppose in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolized to me were: (1) the peace which passeth understanding. (2) The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation — the eternity which had been, the eternity which was to be. (3) The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession, an emanation, from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from those lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations of memorials of flesh.”

— Art can never reach higher than that, — if we think of it as a factor in human evolution. What else you may say of Egyptian sculpture is of minor importance: as, that it was stiff, conventional, or what not; that each figure is portrayed sitting bolt upright, hands out straight, palms down, upon the knees, and eyes gazing into eternity. Ultimately we must regard Art in this Egyptian way: as a thing sacred, a servant of the Mysteries; the revealer of the Soul and the other side of the sky. You may have enormous facility in playing with your medium; may be able to make your marble quite fluidic, and flow into innumerable graceful forms; you may be past master of every intricacy, multiplying your skill to the power of n ; — but you will still in reality have made no progress beyond that unknown carver who shaped his syenite, or his basalt, into the “peace which passeth understanding” — “the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation.”

If we turn to Assyria, we find much the same thing. This was a people far less spiritual than the Egyptians: a cruel, splendid, luxurious civilization deifying material power. But you cannot look at the great Winged Bulls without knowing that there, too, the motive was religious. There is an eternity and inexhaustible power in those huge carvings; the sculptors were bent on one end: — to make the stone speak out of superhuman heights, and proclaim the majesty of the Everlasting. — In the Babylonian sculptures we see the kings going into battle weaponless, but calm and invincible; and behind and standing over, to protect and fight for them, terrific monsters, armed and tiger-headed or leopard-headed — the ‘divinity that hedges a king’ treated symbolically. As

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always in those days, though many veils might hide from the consciousness of Assyria and later Babylon the beautiful reality of the Soul of Things, the endeavor, the *raison d'être*, of Art was to declare the Might, Power, Majesty, and Dominion which abide beyond our common levels of thought.

Now then: that great Memnon's head comes from behind the horizon of time and the sunset of the Mysteries; and in it we sample the kind of consciousness produced by the Teaching of the Mysteries. Go back step by step, from Shakespeare's

"Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more";

to Dante's

"The love that moves the Sun and the other Stars";

to Taliesin's

"My original country is the Region of the Summer Stars";

to Aeschylus' bronze-throat eagle-bark at blood; — and the next step you come to beyond (in the West) — the next expression of the Human Soul — marked with the same kind of feeling — the same spiritual and divine hauteur — is, for lack of literary remains, this Egyptian sculpture. The Grand Manner, the majestic note of Esotericism, the highest in art and literature, is a stream flowing down to us from the Sacred Mysteries of Antiquity.

It is curious that a crude primitivism in sculpture — and in architecture too — should have gone on side by side, in Greece, during the seventh and sixth centuries B. C., with the very finished art of the Lyricists from Sappho to Pindar; but apparently it did. (They had wooden temples, painted in bright reds and greens; I understand without pillared façades.) I imagine the explanation to be something like this: You are to think of an influx of the Human Spirit, proceeding downward from its own realms towards these, until it strikes some civilization — the Greek, in this case. Now poetry, because its medium is less material, lies much nearer than do the plastic arts to the Spirit on its descending course; and therefore receives the impulse of its descent much sooner. Perhaps music lies higher again; which is why music was the first of the arts to blossom at all in this nascent civilization of ours at Point Loma. Let me diverge a little, and take a glance round. — At any such time, the seeds of music may not be present in strength or in a form to be quickenable into a separately manifesting art; and this may be true of poetry too; yet where poetry is, you may say music has been; for every real poem is born out of a pre-existing music of its own, and is the *inverbation* of it. The Greek Melic

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poets (the lyricists) were all musicians first, with an intricate musical science, on the forms of which they arranged their language; I do not know whether they wrote their music apart from the words. After the Greek, the Italian illumination was the greatest in western history; there the influx, beginning in the thirteenth century, produced first its chief poetic splendor in Dante before that century had passed; not raising an equal greatness in painting and sculpture until the fifteenth. In England, the Breath that kindled Shakespeare never blew down so far as to light up a great moment in the plastic arts: there were some few figures of the second rank in painting presently; in sculpture, nothing at all (to speak of). Painting, you see, works in a little less material medium than sculpture does. Dante's Italy had not quite plunged into that orgy of vice, characteristic of the great creative ages, which we find in the Italy of the Cinquecento. But England, even in Shakespeare's day, was admiring and tending to imitate Italian wickedness. James I's reign was as corrupt as may be; and though the Puritan reaction followed, the creative force had already been largely wasted: notice had been served to the Spirit to keep off. Puritanism raised itself as a barrier against the creative force both in its higher and lower aspects: against art, and against vice; — probably the best thing that could happen under the circumstances; and the reason why England recovered so much sooner than did Italy. — On the other hand, when the influx came to Holland, it would seem to have found, then, no opportunities for action in the non-material arts: to have skipped any grand manifestation in music or poetry: and at once to have hit the Dutchman 'where he lived' (as they say), — in his paintbox. — But to return:—

Sculpture, then, came later than poetry to Greece; and in some ways it was a more sudden and astounding birth. Unluckily nothing remains — I speak on tenterhooks — of its grandest moment. Progress in architecture seems to have begun in the reign of Pisistratus; some time in the next sixty years or so the Soul first impressed its likeness on carved stone. I once saw a picture — in a lantern lecture in London — of a pre-Pheidian statue of Athene; dating, I suppose, from the end of the sixth century B. C. She is advancing with upraised arm to protect — someone or something. The figure is, perhaps, stiff and conventional; and yet you have no doubt it is the likeness of a Goddess. She is not merely a very fine and dignified woman; she is a Goddess, with something of Egyptian sublimity. The artist, if he had not attained perfect mastery of the human form — if his medium was not quite plastic to him — knew well what the Soul is like. — The Greek had no feeling, as the Egyptian had, for the *mystery* of the Gods; at his very best (once he had begun to be artistic) he personalized them; he tried to put into his representations of them, what the

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Egyptian had tried to put into his representations of men; and in that sense this Athene is, after all, only a woman; — but one in whom the Soul is quite manifest. I have never been able to trace this statue since; and my recollections are rather hazy. But it stands, for me, holding up a torch in the inner recesses of history. It was the time when Pythagoras was teaching; it was that momentous time when (as hardly since) the doors of the Spiritual were flung open, and the impulse of the Six Great Teachers was let loose on the world. Hitherto Greek carvers had been making images of the Gods, symbolic indeed — with the wings, thunderbolts and other appurtenances; — but trivially symbolic; mere imitation of the symbolism, without the dignity or religious feeling, of the Egyptians and Babylonians; as if their gods and worship had been mere conventions, about which they had felt nothing deep; — now, upon this urge from the God-world, a sense of the grandeur of the within comes on them; they seek a means of expressing it; throw off the old conventions; will carve the Gods as men; do so, their aspiration leading them on to perfect mastery; for a moment achieve Egyptian sublimity; but — have personalized the Gods; and dear knows what that may lead to presently.

Then came Pheidias, born about 496. Nothing of his work remains for us; the Elgin Marbles themselves, from the Parthenon, are pretty certainly only the work of his pupils. But there are two things that tell us something about his standing: (1) all antiquity bears witness to the prevailing quality of his conceptions: their sublimity. (2) He was thrown into prison on a charge of impiety, and died there, in 442.

Here you will note the progress downward. Aeschylus had been so charged, and tried — but acquitted. Pheidias, so charged, was imprisoned. Forty-three years later Socrates, so charged, was condemned to drink the hemlock. Of Aeschylus and Socrates we can speak with certainty: they were the Soul's elect men. Was Pheidias too? Athens certainly was turning away from the Soul; and his fate is a kind of half-way point between the fates of the others. He appears in good company. And that note of sublimity in his work bears witness somewhat.

We have the work of his pupils, and know that in their hands the marble — Pheidias himself worked mostly in gold and ivory — had become docile and obedient, to flow into whatever forms they designed for it. We know what strength, what beauty, what tremendous energy, are in those Elgin marbles. All the figures are real, but idealized: beautiful men and horses, in fullest most vigorous action, suddenly frozen into stone. The men are more beautiful than human; but they are human. They are splendid unspoiled human beings, reared for utmost bodily perfection: athletes whose whole training had been, you may say, to music: they are music expressed in terms of the human body. Yes; but already

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the beauty of the body outshone the majesty of the Soul. It was the beauty of the body the artists aimed at expressing: a perfect body — and a sound mind in it: a perfectly healthy mind in it, no doubt (because you cannot have a really sound and beautiful body without a sound healthy mind) — was the ideal they sought and saw. Very well, so far; but, you see, Art has ceased to be sacred, and the handmaid of the Mysteries; it bothers itself no longer with the other side of the sky.

In Pheidias' own work we might have seen the influx at that moment when, shining through the soul plane, its rays fell full on the physical, to impress and impregnate that with the splendor of the Soul. We might have seen that it was still the Soul that held his attention, although the body was known thoroughly and mastered: that it was the light he aimed to express, not the thing it illumined. In the work of his pupils, the preoccupation is with the latter; we see the physical grown beautiful under the illumination of the Soul; not the Soul that illumines it. The men of the Egyptian sculptors had been Gods. The Gods of these Greek sculptors were men. Perfect, glorious, beautiful men — so far as externals were concerned. But men — to excite personal feeling, not to quell it into nothingness and awe. The perfection, even at that early stage and in the work of the disciples of Pheidias, was a quality of the personality.

It was indeed marvelously near the point of equilibrium: the moment when Spirit enters conquered matter, and stands there enthroned. In Pheidias himself I cannot but think we should have found that moment — as we find it in Aeschylus. But you see, it is when that has occurred: when Spirit has entered matter, and made the form, the body, supremely beautiful: — it is precisely then that the moment of peril comes — if there is not the wisdom present that knows how to avoid the peril. The next and threatening step downward is preoccupation with, then worship of, the body.

The Age of Pericles came to worship the body: that was the danger into which it fell; that was what brought about the ruin of Greece. That huge revelation of material beauty; and that absence of control from above: the lost adequacy of the Mysteries, and the failure of the Pythagorean Movement; — the impatience of spiritual criticism, heedlessness of spiritual warning; — well, we can see what a turning-point the time was in history. On the side of politics, selfishness and ambition were growing; on the side of personal life, vice. . . . It is a thing to be pondered on, that what has kept Greece sterile these last two thousand years or so is, I believe, the malaria; which is a thing that depends for its efficacy on mosquitos. Great men simply will not incarnate in malarial territory; because they would have no chance whatever of doing anything, with that oppression and enervation sapping them. Greece has been

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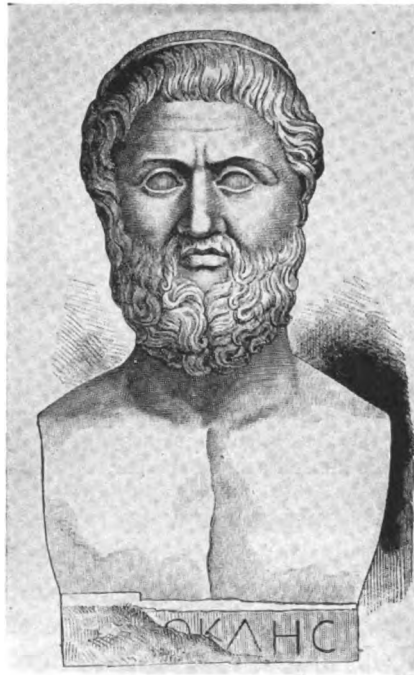
malarial; Rome, too, to some extent; the Roman Campagna terribly: as if the disease were (as no doubt it is) a Karma fallen on the sites of old-time tremendous cultural energies; where the energies were presently wrecked, drowned and sodden in vice. Here then is a pretty little problem in the workings of Karma: on what plane, through what superphysical links or channels, do the vices of an effete civilization transform themselves into that poor familiar singer in the night-time, the mosquito? Greece and Rome, in their heyday, were not malarial; if they had been, no genius and no power would have shone in them.

In the Middle Ages, before people knew much about sanitary science and antiseptics and the like, a great war quickly translated itself into a great pestilence. Then we made advances and discovered Listerian remedies and things, and said: Come now; we shall fight this one; we shall have slaughtered millions lying about as we please, and get no plague out of it; we are wise and mighty, and Karma is a fool to us; we are the children of MODERN CIVILIZATION; what have Nature and its laws to do with us? Our inventions and discoveries have certainly put them out of commission. — And sure enough, the mere foulness of the battlefield, the stench of decay, bred no pest; our Science had circumvented the old methods through which Natural Law (which is only another way of saying Karma) worked; we had cut the physical links, and blocked the material channels through which wrong-doing flowed into its own punishment. Whereupon Nature, wrathful, withdrew a little; took thought for her astral and inner planes; found new links and channels there; passed through these the causes we had provided, and emptied them out again on the physical plane in the guise of a new thing, Spanish Influenza; — and spread it over three continents, with greater scope and reach than had ever her old-fashioned stench-bred plagues that served her well enough when we were less scientific. Whereof the moral is: *He laughs loudest who laughs last*; and just now, and for some time to come, the laugh is with Karma. Say until the end of the Mahâ-Manvantara; until the end of manifested Time. When shall we stop imagining that any possible inventions or discoveries will enable us to circumvent the fundamental laws of Nature? Not the printing-press, nor steam, nor electricity, nor aerial navigation, nor *vril* itself when we come to it, will serve to keep civilizations alive that have worn themselves out by wrong-doing — or even that have come to old age and the natural time when they must die. But their passings need not be ghastly and disastrous, or anything but honorable and beneficial, if in the prime and vigor of their lifetimes they would learn decently to live.

— But to return to our muttons, which is Greece; and now to the literature again:—

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After Aeschylus, Sophocles. The former, a Messenger of the Gods, come to cry their message of *Karma* to the world; and in doing so, incidentally to create a supreme art-form; — the latter, a “good easy soul who lives and lets live, founds no anti-school, upsets no faith,” — thus Browning sums him up. A “faultless” artist enamored of his art; in which, thinks he (and most academic critics with him) he can improve something on old Aeschylus; a man bothered with no message; a beautiful youth; a genial companion, well-loved by his friends — and who is not his friend? — all through his long life; twenty times first-prize winner, and never once less than second on the strength of Athenians aptegos in the expe- mos; with the so splendidly vic- of drama, could in mere war. But upon an after- they appointed suggested to his though master of line, he had better the sordid details himself, Pericles, experience of that shall we say of charming brilliant of which, as of questionable plea- was too fond; a during his life, and a hero with semi- divine honors; — does that sound like the story of a Messenger of the Gods?



SOPHOCLES

He was born at Colonos in Attica, in 496; of his hundred or so of dramas, seven come down to us. His age saw in him the very ideal of a tragic poet; Aristotle thought so too; so did the Alexandrian critics, and most moderns with them. “Indeed,” says Mahaffy, “it is no unusual practice to exhibit the defects of both Aeschylus and Euripides by comparison with their more successful rival.” Without trying to give you conclusions of my own, I shall read you a longish passage from Gilbert Murray, who is not only a great Greek scholar, but a fine critic as well,

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and a poet with the best translations we have of Greek tragedy to his credit; he has made Euripides read like good English poetry. Comparing the *Choephoroi* of Aeschylus, the second play in the Oresteian Trilogy, with the *Electra* of Sophocles, which deals with the same matter, he says:

"Aeschylus . . . had felt vividly the horror of his plot; he carries his characters to the deed of blood on a storm of confused, torturing, half-religious emotion; the climax is, of course, the mother-murder, and Orestes falls into madness after it. In the *Electra* this element is practically ignored. Electra has no qualms; Orestes shows no signs of madness; the climax is formed, not by the culminating horror, the matricide, but by the hardest bit of work, the slaying of Aegisthos! Aeschylus has kept Electra and Clytemnestra apart; here we see them freely in the hard unloveliness of their daily wrangles. Above all, in place of the cry of bewilderment that closes the *Choephoroi* — 'What is the end of all this spilling of blood for blood?' — the *Electra* closes with an expression of entire satisfaction. . . . Aeschylus takes the old bloody saga in an earnest and troubled spirit, very different from Homer's, but quite as grand. His Orestes speaks and feels as Aeschylus himself would. . . . Sophocles . . . takes the saga exactly as he finds it. He knows that those ancient chiefs did not trouble about their consciences; they killed in the fine old ruthless way. He does not try to make them real to himself at the cost of making them false to the spirit of the epos. . . .

"The various bits of criticism ascribed to him — 'I draw men as they ought to be drawn; Euripides draws them as they are'; 'Aeschylus did the right thing, but without knowing it' — all imply the academic standpoint. . . . Even his exquisite diction, which is such a marked advance on the stiff magnificence of his predecessor, betrays the lesser man in the greater artist. Aeschylus's superhuman speech seems like natural superhuman speech. It is just the language that Prometheus would talk, that an ideal Agamemnon or Atossa might talk in their great moments. But neither Prometheus nor Oedipus nor Electra, nor anyone but an Attic poet of the highest culture, would talk as Sophocles makes them. It is this which has established Sophocles as the perfect model, not only for Aristotle, but in general for critics and grammarians; while the poets have been left to admire Aeschylus, who 'wrote in a state of intoxication,' and Euripides, who broke himself against the bars of life and poetry."

You must, of course, always allow for a personal equation in the viewpoint of any critic: you must here weigh the "natural superhuman diction" against the "stiff magnificence" Professor Murray attributes to Aeschylus; and get a wise and general view of your own. What I want you to see clearly is, the descent of the influx from plane to plane, as shown in these two tragedians. The aim of the first is to express a spiritual message, grand thought. That of the second is to produce a work of flawless beauty, without regard to its spiritual import. What was to Aeschylus a secondary object: the purely artistic — was to Sophocles the whole thing. Aeschylus was capable of wonderful psychological insight. Clytemnestra's speech to the Chorus, just before Agamemnon's return, is a perfect marvel in that way. But the tremendous movement, the august impersonal atmosphere as

"gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall comes sweeping by,"

divests it of the personal, and robes it in a universal symbolic significance: because he has built like a titan, you do not at first glance note that he

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has labored like a goldsmith, as someone has said. But in Sophocles the goldsmithy is plain to see. His character-painting is exquisite; pathetic often; just and beautiful almost always. I put in the *almost* in view of that about the "hard unloveliness" of Electra's "daily wrangles" with her mother. — The mantle of the religious Egyptians had fallen on Aeschylus; but Sophocles' garb was the true fashionable Athenian chiton of his day. He was personal, where the other had been impersonal; faultless, where the other had been sublime; conventionally orthodox, where through Aeschylus had surged the super-creedal spirit of universal prophecy.

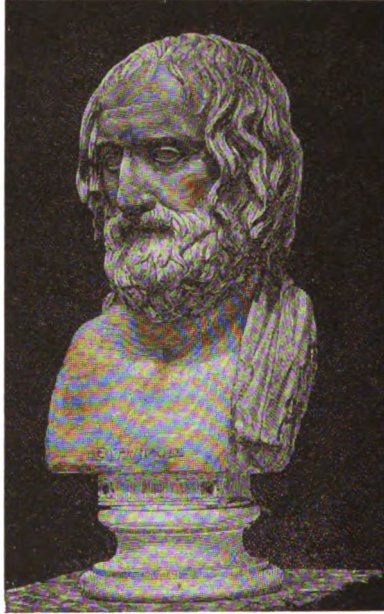
And then we come to the third of the trio: Euripides, born in 480. "He was," says Professor Murray, "essentially representative of his age, yet apparently in hostility to it; almost a failure on the stage — he won only four prizes in fifty years of production — yet far the most celebrated poet in Greece." Athens hated, jeered at, and flouted him just as much as she honored and adored Sophocles; yet you know what happened to those Athenian captives at Syracuse who could recite Euripides. Where, in later Greek writings, we come on quotations from the other two once or twice, we come on quotations from Euripides dozens of times. The very fact that eighteen of his plays survive, to seven each of Aeschylus' and Sophocles', is proof of his larger and longer popularity.

He had no certain message from the Gods, as Aeschylus had; his intensely human heart and his mighty intellect kept him from being the 'flawless artist' that Sophocles was. He questioned all conventional ideas, and would not let the people rest in comfortable fat acquiescence. He came to make men 'sit up and think.' He did not solve problems, but raised them, and flung them at the head of the world. He must stir and probe things to the bottom; and his recurrent unease, perhaps, mars the perfection of his poetry. Admetus is to die, unless someone will die for him; recollect that for the Greekish mob, death was the worst of all possible happenings. Alcestis his wife will die for him; and he accepts her sacrifice. Now, that was the old saga; and in Greek conventional eyes, it was all right. Woman was an inferior being, anyhow; there was nothing more fitting than that Alcestis should die for her lord. — Here let me make a point plain: you cannot look back through Greece to a Golden Age in Greece: it is not like Egypt, where the farther you go into the past, the greater things you come to; — although in Egypt, too, there would have been rises and falls of civilization. In Homer's days, as in Euripides', they had these barbarous ideas about women; and these foolish exoteric ideas about death; historic Greece, like modern Europe from the Middle Ages, rises from a state of comparative barbarism, lightlessness; behind which, indeed, there were rumors of a much high-

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er Past. These great Greeks, Aeschylus, Euripides, Plato, brought in ideas which were as old as the hills in Egypt, or in India; but which were new to the Greece of their time — of historic times; they were, I think, as far as their own country was concerned, innovators and revealers; not voicers of a traditional wisdom; it may have been traditional once, but that time was much too far back for memory. I think we should have to travel over long, long ages, to get to a time when Eleusis was a really effect-Lodge — to a period long before Troy turn to the story of

You might take personal plane, and Aeschylus would how; though I do Sophocles would nothing wrong in it; en it quite as a matpides saw clearly a selfish poltroon, for all he was worth. leave it at that, ei-sake must bring in to win back Alces-the play is great-and a covert lash for lousness; and some-hang together: — little uncomfortable.



EURIPIDES

Browning calls him, in *Balaustion's Adventure*,

"Euripides

The human, with his droppings of warm tears";

it is a just verdict, perhaps. Without Aeschylus' Divine Wisdom, or Sophocles' worldly wisdom, he groped perpetually after some means to stay the downward progress of things; he could not thunder like the one, nor live easily and let live, like the other. — I do not give you these scraps of criticism (which are not my own, but borrowed always I think), for the sake of criticism; but for the sake of history; — understand them, and you have the story of the age illumined. You can read the inner Athens here, in the aspirations and in the limitations of Euripides, and in the contempt in which Athens held him; as you can read it in the grandeur of Aeschylus, and the Athenian acceptance of, and then reaction against, him; and in the character of Sophocles and his easy

ive link with the long before Homer, fell. — But to re-Alcestis:—

it on some lofty im-find a symbol in it; have done so, some-not quite see how. have been aware of he would have tak-ter of course. Euri-that Admetus was and rubbed it in And he could not ther; but for pity's Hercules at the end tis from death. So hearted and tender, conventional cal-how does not quite leaves you just a

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relations with his age. When Euripides came, the light of the Gods had gone. He was blindish; he would not accept the Gods without question. Yet was he on the side of the Gods whom he could not see or understand; we must count him on their side, and loved by them. He was not panoplied, like Aeschylus or Milton, in their grim and shining armor; yet what armor he wore bore kindred proud dints from the hellions' batterings. Or perhaps mostly he wore such marks as wounds upon his own flesh. . . . Not even a total lack of humor, which I suppose must be attributed to him, can make him appear less than a most sympathetic, an heroic figure. He was the child and fruitage and outcast of his age, belonging as much to an Athens declining and inwardly hopeless, as did Aeschylus (at first) to Athens in her early glory. He was not so much bothered (like Sophocles) with no message, as bothered with the fact that he had no clear and saving message. His realism — for compared with the other two, he was a sort of realist — was the child of his despair; and his despair, of the atmosphere of his age.

He was, or had been, in close touch with Socrates (you might expect it); lived a recluse somewhat, taking no part in affairs; married twice, unfortunately both times; and his family troubles were among the points on which gentlemanly Athens sneered at him. A lovely lyricist, a restless thinker; tender-hearted; sublime in pity of all things weak and helpless and defeated: — women especially, and conquered nations. Prof. Murray says:

“In the last plays dying Athens is not mentioned, but her death-struggle and her sins are constantly haunting us; the joy of battle is mostly gone; the horror of war is left. Well might old Aeschylus pray, ‘God grant that I may sack no city!’ if the reality of conquest is what it appears in the last plays of Euripides. The conquerors there are as miserable as the conquered; only more cunning, and perhaps more wicked.”

He died the year before Aegospotami, at the court of Archelaus of Macedon. One is glad to think he found peace and honor at last. Athens heard with a laugh that some courtier there had insulted him; and with astonishment that the good barbarous Archelaus had handed said courtier over to Euripides to be scourged for his freshness. I don't imagine that Euripides scourged him though — to amount to anything.



I AM not indeed ignorant that certain overwise people will call these legends ‘old wives’ fables,’ and not worth listening to; but I think for my part it is better to believe the testimony of nations than of those witty individuals whose little soul is acute indeed, but has a clear insight into no one thing.

JULIAN: *On the Mother of the Gods*, p. 257

LORD OF THE CITIES

KENNETH MORRIS

LAST night I saw, when dusk with her crown of stars grew bright,
In the blue gloom of the mountains, over the glittering town,
As a Sphinx brooding, beautiful, rayed in somber light,
That which watched through the night
When Rome, and Thebes, and Troy went down.

Yea, over the city — the reeling, twinkling span
Aglitter in silver and orange on the ghostly rim of the bay,
I saw the Lord of the Cities, that was ere the world began,
As it were the Soul of Man,
Brood 'twixt the lights and the Milky Way.

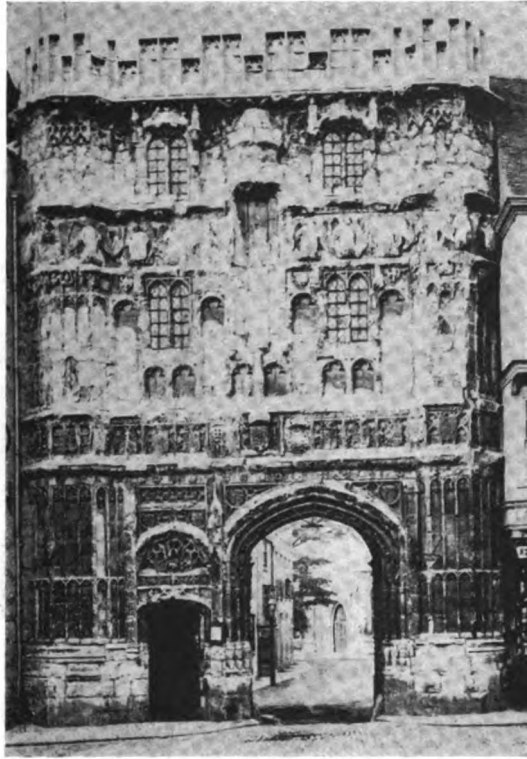
It sees put forth as a bloom the ancient cities of men —
The loud and glittering cities, splendor and pomp and crime —
To harvest unto itself the fruits of their living, and then,
In pity and pride again,
To turn — and they fall from the stem of time.

It sees as a phantom pageant the proud Republics rise,
The Empires vaunt their agelong glory and wealth and peace —
Us and Thebes and Rome and Babylon — fleeting dyes
Of gold in sunset skies
That shine, and flicker and wane and cease.

.

Only I know in my heart that the world shall be lovely again,
For I saw last night the waver and secret gleam of the wings
Of the lonely Wizard that weaves this rubiate pomp of pain
Of the nations smitten and slain
To a rainbowed robe for the Soul of Things.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



St. Augustine's Gateway to the Close, Canterbury

TWO OLD ENGLISH GATEWAYS

CAROLUS

THE fine gateway of St. Augustine forms the chief entrance to the precincts of St. Augustine's Abbey in the ancient and historic city of Canterbury, Kent, England. After being allowed to remain in a very dilapidated condition for many years it has lately been restored. It is a very picturesque and characteristic example of the late Perpendicular or early Tudor style. Its chief merit lies in the elegance and simplicity of the design combined with the delicacy of the enrichments, which are more frequently moldings than floral ornaments. Like all the buildings of the late English Gothic, straight lines prevail and curves are rare. The contrast between the lower, highly-enriched story and the simpler upper ones is well conceived. In the row of shields above the archway the Tudor emblem of the port-cullis can be seen.

St. Augustine's Abbey was established long before the famous Cathedral of Canterbury, with which it must not be confused. Henry VIII, after the dissolution of the abbeys, turned St. Augustine's into a palace, and

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Queen Elizabeth held her court there in 1573. Charles I was married there, and Charles II lodged there on his way to the Restoration in London.

The Bar Gate of Southampton is the only one remaining of several which formerly gave access to the city through formidable defenses. Southampton was once well fortified by battlemented walls, watch-towers, and double moats, because it was in constant danger from the French. Nothing exists today of these fortifications but the Bar Gate and a few remains of walls and towers.

The Gate itself had a narrow escape from destruction a few years ago, when the inconvenience it caused to traffic almost resulted in its removal. Fortunately, however, the public desire to preserve such a picturesque relic of the Middle Ages prevailed.

A tradition of Southampton tells of a knight of the 'good old times,' Sir Bevis (a real Earl of Southampton, it is believed) who had an encounter with a monstrous giant and finally slew him in single combat. An old manuscript, the *Romance of Sir Bevis*, speaks of this giant, Ascapard, in these words (modernized):

"The giant was mighty and strong,
And full thirty feet was he long,
He was bristled like a sow;
A foot he had between each brow;
His lips were great and hung aside;
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Loathly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man;
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke."

The north front of the Bar Gate was decorated by two representations of Sir Bevis and Ascapard. They are now in the room above the gateway.



The Bar Gate, Southampton

‘CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY’

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

SUCH is the striking title of an article by H. P. Blavatsky, which appeared as an editorial in her magazine, *Lucifer*, dated May 15, 1891, and therefore a week after her decease. The sub-editor announces that, owing to H. P. Blavatsky's illness, her intended editorial could not be written, and that therefore this, which was written by her as an extra article, was substituted. Consequently we do not know whether or when the author intended to publish the article, or whether she would have added anything to it.

This was twenty-eight years ago, and the mental atmosphere has somewhat changed since then. In spite of the splendid optimism of H. P. Blavatsky's message, it was her especial duty at that time to contend against a spirit of undue complacency, whose consequences she foresaw, as we ourselves, in the light of subsequent experience, see them now. It was still the Nineteenth century; and that feeling of all-sufficiency which had characterized the great outburst of materialistic scientific culture, had not yet given place to the doubts and questionings which we are now beginning to feel on that subject. Some of the consequences of materialism in religion and science have since come to a head and demonstrated themselves with undeniable emphasis; so that now, though warnings are still needed, there is more occasion to strike the note of hope and anticipation than there was in the days when, before the new could be planned, the old had first to be cleared away.

It is scarcely necessary to summarize the article, whose contents are so well indicated in its title, and whose theme is familiar since the days of Ruskin and continues to afford subject-matter for able pens. Beginning with a traveler's account of his horror at seeing the Emperor and Empress of Japan, clad, amidst their beautiful court, in European habiliments, the writer makes this incident the occasion for an appeal to lovers of the beautiful to engage in a crusade for dissuading other nations from abandoning their costumes and usages in order to ape ours. Where are the aesthetes of a few years ago? she asks. If any still exist, let them make their aspirations practical by banding together to prevent the silk hat and its ilk from spreading over the entire earth.

The defacement of scenery by manufacturing plants and other unsightly appurtenances of what we call civilization comes in for its share of protest; as do our architecture, our dress, and our custom of putting up everywhere hideous billboards. And finally, it is added, as other

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writers have done, that the death of unaffected art means the birth of affectation; which, by adding the element of insincerity, produces results even uglier than frank ugliness.

All this outward manifestation, we feel, must be the direct and inevitable outcome of an interior condition, and the form which we see outside must be the expression of the spirit which we cultivate within. Yet this consideration does not exhaust the question; for, were there an entire agreement between our feelings and their expression, we should not be conscious, as we are, of a sense of jarring and dissatisfaction. We should exist in a state of fatuous complacency with our ugly surroundings, as much in harmony therewith as a pig may be supposed to be with his sty; and the ugliness of our civilization would be visible to those only who could stand on a height and view it with detached eye. And perhaps it is to the efforts of such prophets — our Ruskins and Carlyles, our Blavatskys — that we do not actually find ourselves in that deplorable condition. At any rate, the fact is that, not only is our civilization ugly, but we are fortunately aware of that fact; wherefore we are not beyond hope. And, in addition to the ugly spirit that manifests itself in ugly forms, we must surely also be endowed with an inward grace that enables us to feel the possibilities of a beauty which we do not see, and that can serve as a seed from which may grow shapes less sordid and less calling for condemnation.

It is certainly a remarkable fact that we find ourselves compelled by an irresistible force to adopt styles of dress which we ourselves know to be neither beautiful nor convenient. We dare not go down town minus our collar, and we hate to see a man wearing his hair down his back. There is no need to add our comments on the subject of the feminine fashions, further than to urge again that the facts call for consideration as to their cause and significance. It would seem that nature knows an inviolable law decreeing that form shall accord with spirit, and that not our utmost efforts at hypocrisy will suffice to evade this law. Thus, however influential I may be in the world of fashion, I cannot, even though I be a king, make people wear blue coats instead of black. And the same must be true of other things than dress.

Why should we deplore the fact that our civilization is ugly, or why wish that it should become beautiful? Various answers might be given to that question; but, for the present, one will suffice. We deplore the ugliness without because we know it is a sign of ugliness within: we recognise it as a symptom.

What is necessary, therefore, is to identify the thing that is creating all this ugliness, and to deal with that.

For let us never be so absurd as to condemn civilization itself.

'CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY'

H. P. Blavatsky did not condemn it, but merely said, as we understand her, "if this is what you call civilization, then I condemn civilization as thus defined." Edward Carpenter, writing simultaneously with H. P. Blavatsky, has treated civilization as a disease to be got rid of. He is brilliant, but goes too far, and his argument sometimes snaps inside out like an umbrella and confutes itself. We will not petulantly cast aside civilization (or, rather, try to do so — for we cannot), and go back to a sort of pinchbeck Saturnian age. We will try to locate the disease that has been incident to our civilization, and to expunge it, so that what we call civilization may be civilization indeed.

What that disease is, is sufficiently indicated by H. P. Blavatsky in the article. It is the spirit of selfishness, materialism, and animalism, greatly accentuated by their alliance with intellectual inventiveness. Science is not to be condemned; H. P. Blavatsky herself frequently makes the distinction between science and its abuse. Yet some have made this mistake and condemned all learning and the spread of education. It may be true that uneducated peasants or tribesmen retain virtues which they lose when initiated into the arts of civilized society. But we are not for that reason to condemn knowledge. *If*, and only *if*, people cannot be taught without being corrupted, it were better to leave them untaught. But let us remember that the mistakes incident to knowledge are but temporary and due to the incompleteness of the knowledge; destined, therefore, to be overcome in the light of further knowledge.

To rescue our science, our religion, whatever we have that is valuable, from the fell clutches of the monster — is what is needed.

A battleship is very ugly. Why is it built? If for defense, for defense against what? When shall we be able to cease building them?

Among inner causes which are provocative of outer ugliness we may enumerate the infatuation for material values as opposed to spiritual; the spirit of personalism as opposed to solidarity; insincerity, complexity, as opposed to simplicity. All these have been much intensified by their alliance with inventiveness. Industrialism has developed into a system of manufacturing towns and works and coal-pits, that have turned beautiful landscapes into the most sordid-looking regions, to which might aptly be applied some of Vergil's descriptions of the infernal regions. Attempts to obviate this have been made by philanthropic manufacturers with their garden-cities and improved workmen's dwellings; and here individual taste has succeeded to some extent in triumphing over the all-dominant spirit of the age. But these hideous purlieus are the direct result of our concentration upon material values, for the motive behind them is the desire to promote large and lucrative industrial interests. Be it observed that we are not necessarily condemning industrialism,

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but merely pointing out the connexion between cause and effect. Whether industrialism is right or wrong, it cannot be denied that its visible effects have so far been ugly. It is noteworthy that, in our very efforts to achieve the beautiful in externals, we miss our mark, which illustrates the saying that we must first seek the kingdom of God, and then all these things shall be added to us; but that, if we seek these things directly and exclusively, we shall not attain them.

When there is lack of harmony between individuals, one of two other things happens — an indiscriminate diversity, or a compulsory uniformity. We see this in politics, where we oscillate between the ideals of personal freedom and imposed law; in religion, where individual experience disputes the field with ordained dogma; in fashion, where we must either conform to an invariable standard or else follow individual caprice. And similarly, in our cities and residential areas, we see on the one hand the motley and jarring effect of individual tastes, and on the other hand the monotonous result of conformity to a uniform plan. But if harmony were to prevail, instead of either discord or unison, the result would be that individual tastes might be expressed without any discordant results. If we take a united family as typical on the small scale of what humanity on the large should be, we can understand that it may be possible to achieve harmony and beauty without either giving way to unrestrained license or the imposition of irksome laws.

Simplicity is violated in every phase of our life. We have a hundred kinds of soap and a hundred kinds of door-handles, where two or three would suffice; and the reason is that so many people are engaged in inventing, either to make their living, or to get rich, or because they have the itch to invent.

The whole matter sums itself up in the conclusion that the reason why we do not achieve beauty is that we do not seek it — do not seek it where it is to be found — that is, in our lives. What we seek is material comfort, worldly fame, wealth; and these also we do not achieve, if society *as a whole* is considered. The problem is the same for the mass as for the individual: higher aspirations are felt, but starved, because the lower desires steal all the energy and intellect. Salvation is to be sought in a new ideal of life, which shall be inculcated in the very young, and in which self-seeking is not made the basis of life. A new definition is needed of 'progress'; for that word seems hitherto to have stood for something that is carrying us not up but down. And between this kind of 'progress' and personalism an unholy alliance was cemented, as expressed in that dreadful doctrine that the welfare of humanity results from the unrestricted liberty of each and all to pursue their own separate interests. We have given up that doctrine now; given it up as a philo-

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sophical maxim at any rate, though its momentum still persists. We know that unrestricted personalism leads to ever-increasing confusion and that the progress from it is not up but down. Progress, therefore, must have a new meaning.

Better and wiser ideals of education, *and* the means to apply them, constitute humanity's hope; and if such a thing is anywhere to be found, the results will show where it is. It is the eternal inspiration and consolation of Theosophists, who might well despair of the efficacy of mere preaching (in a whole world of pulpits), that they have actual results to show. And therefore we say, Goodspeed to Râja-Yoga education!

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

PART III

 HE new great reflectors at Mt. Wilson, California, and Victoria, Canada, the most powerful telescopes in the world, will be largely used in the study of conditions in the wide universe of stars and nebulae, in which our solar system, immense though it seems to us, is less than the proverbial drop in a bucket. To the present-day astronomer, the problems of greatest interest are those which relate to the structure of the universe — to the nature, distance, distribution, and movements of the stars and nebulae, their relative ages and stages of development.

It is very interesting to the student of Theosophy, who believes that the Law of Karma, or Justice in Action, rules in everything, that as the facts accumulate, the scientific world is beginning to suspect order and constructive design in the great universe of stars and nebulae. Great intellects are dimly reaching out and trying to solve the problems of the cosmos in general on physical lines. At present there seems more promise in this attempt than in trying to find the secrets of the solar system.

Slowly, a plan of the universe is looming out of the darkness of our ignorance. The mind of man is facing the problem of the awful mysteries of the material cosmos in a way not thought of, perhaps, since the philosophic days of antiquity. While our knowledge is still limited (particularly that of stellar distances, owing to the extreme difficulty of accurate data), several brilliant theories have been originated or developed in consequence of new discoveries. One of the most striking is that of

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Dr. W. W. Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory, given to the American Association of Science on December 26, 1917, in his retiring Presidential Address.

Dr. Campbell believes that, with the results before us of the use of the enormous light-grasping telescopes now in use, the powerful spectroscopes, and the highly sensitive photographic plates which record objects too faint to be seen, we can now sketch a rough outline of the plan on which the universe is built, that will not require radical alteration.

When the telescope was the only instrument for astronomical research, it was natural that the sun, moon, and planets should be the chief objects of interest, for they are comparatively near and can easily be magnified, while the stars are so far off that they cannot be magnified at all; even the largest telescopes only increase the brilliancy of the stars or bring more faint ones into view. But, owing to the magical analytical power of the spectroscope and the sensitiveness of the photographic plate, new, unthought-of fields have opened out. The study of those faint mysterious wisps of vapor called nebulae, nearly all invisible to the naked eye and most of which are inconspicuous even in large telescopes, has been revolutionized by the application of photography. By means of long exposures faint and even invisible nebulae and millions of stars too small to be seen by the eye impress their images on the plate and may be counted and compared.

By analysing the light of the stars and nebulae, the spectroscope tells us something of their constituents, an apparent impossibility in former times. The same method gives data for grouping the stars into classes; and it actually tells us the *speed at which many of the stars and nebulae are moving*. The spectroscope also reveals the existence of *dark stars*, which cannot affect the photographic plate at all.

The serious study of stellar evolution began in modern times with Sir William Herschel, about 1780, and he laid a correct foundation by saying that "nebulous matter seemed more fit to produce a star by condensation than to depend upon the star for its existence." It is generally believed now that the stars and planets have been condensed in some way from masses of primitive vapor, but how these came to be scattered about the sky is a profound mystery.

Dr. Campbell's theory of the heavens is that there exist numerous 'Island Universes' of enormous size separated from one another by vast abysses of space, some of them visible to us in the form of those nebulae which have a spiral form. These isolated universes are composed of countless myriads of stars and many comparatively small nebulae — nebulae which are preparing to become suns and planets perhaps. The Milky Way is the 'Island Universe' in which our solar system has

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a tiny place. It contains hundreds of millions of separate stars, groups or clusters of stars, and its own peculiar classes of nebulae (not the spiral nebulae, which, according to Dr. Campbell's theory, are far away from the Milky Way). We know, by careful observations begun by Sir William Herschel and continued by others, that the shape of our universe is that of a thin oval locket, roughly speaking. Our sun is not very far from the center and the Milky Way is irregularly distributed somewhat near the circumference, most probably in a spiral form. The 'planetary' nebulae (so called from their disk-like appearance) and some irregular ones are found in the Milky Way region. There are only a few hundred of these and they are certainly part of our universe.

In those parts of the sky well removed from the circle of the Milky Way, in the region where there are few stars, thousands upon thousands — 150,000 at least — of the spiral nebulae are found. These faint wisps of light, first discovered by Lord Rosse's great six-foot telescope in 1846, are shaped like a watch spring. They generally have two main streams of nebulous material, with many brighter knots or condensations upon them. They lie in every direction, so that we see some edgewise, presenting the appearance of a straight line, others are half-turned and so look oval, while a few are fully seen.

According to Dr. Campbell, these singular objects are probably 'Island Universes' far removed by oceans of 'empty' space from the one in which we live. We recognise our universe chiefly by the encircling ring of the Milky Way with its incalculable millions of stars. The Milky Way and the stars included in our universe would look, if far enough away, like one of the spiral nebulae.

It is a curious fact that few, if any, of the spiral nebulae are found in or near the Milky Way. They are seen in great numbers in those parts of the sky on each side of the Milky Way and removed from it. This provokes inquiry, and Dr. Campbell's very ingenious hypothesis is that those spiral nebulae which lie in the direction of the Milky Way are completely hidden by it and by the masses of both light and *dark* opaque material which floats in space in the direction of the Milky Way, and that those multitudes which we can easily see are visible because there is no obstruction in the regions removed from the Milky Way. This explanation depends, of course, upon the idea that the spirals are far more distant than the Milky Way.

Another striking argument advanced in favor of the spiral nebulae being external universes and not merely comparatively small and near masses of vapor and stars, is that they appear to be almost infinitely farther from us than anything else in the sky. The evidence for this has been worked out in a most ingenious manner. The spectroscope can tell

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us whether a luminous body is directly approaching or receding from us, for if so, the lines of its spectrum are slightly displaced towards one or the other end of the spectrum. By measurement of this change, the speed of the object in the line of sight can be told. The principle is simple, but the application of it requires powerful instruments and skilful manipulation. In this way it has lately been found that some of the spiral nebulae are moving directly toward or away from us at a probable average speed of 500 miles a *second*. A few travel at about 700 miles a second, a rate far exceeding that of any star or planet. The spectroscope gives no information about the speed of bodies traveling athwart the line of sight, but common sense compels us to believe that many of the spiral nebulae must be moving at right angles to the line of sight, and some of these at least must be moving at the high speeds of those that can be measured. Now if these latter were at a moderate distance — say the distance of the average star — so great is their speed that it would be easily detected by the telescope. A year or two would make a great change in their positions. But no trace of such change can be found after sixteen years' watching! The inference is, of course, that they are at a distance so enormous that every other celestial measurement is reduced to comparative insignificance, and that they are most likely to be 'Island Universes' far beyond our particular one. The mind is overwhelmed at the prospect of infinitude which this concept opens out. Yet "there is nothing great and nothing small in the Divine Economy."

Dr. Campbell closes his brilliant address, of which only a part of his argument has been outlined, and which he claims to be only a tentative explanation, by saying:

"We shall bequeath to our successors the mighty problem of finding the place of our stellar system among the host of stellar systems which stretch out through endless space."

Passing from the stupendous problems of space which Dr. Campbell's address brings up, to those of Time, we come to something which is of more personal interest, to something which has fallen upon the intellectual world like a shadow of doom. To remove this baseless scientific bogey will take time and labor.

How often we see, in both scientific and popular writings, the statement that the sun has passed the zenith of its glory; "it is cooling, it is dying." Also we have continually been told that the temperature of the earth is decreasing; it is parting with its heat into space and dying like the sun; humanity is only "a rather discreditable episode on one of the meanest of the planets," and it will soon perish of cold or hunger as the inevitable doom of the planet approaches. Also it has been preached that according to the strictest application of Newton's Law of Gravitation,

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the orbits of the planets will slowly change and the planets will inevitably fall into the sun. This fate, however, may be anticipated by a collision with some wandering sun and so the end of the solar system would come by 'accident.'

The religious world has always believed that the world would come to an end some day, and now physical science is singing the same song, but in a different key. The one speaks of the Will of God, or the Law of God or the Gods, as the final cause, the other looks to 'natural causes' or 'accident.' The religions of the world have always recognised some Divine Plan behind such things as the destruction of the world, but modern science has labeled such a thing as superstitious or teleological or something of the kind, and its exponents have taken a pleasure in depicting humanity as the sport of 'blind physical laws.' It has not yet grasped the supreme fact that Humanity — however weak the individual units — is a spiritual force, so to speak, which has actually helped to fashion the physical conditions of the earth in a greater degree than might easily be suspected. Satisfied with material forces and laws, it has left no room in its geological and astronomical theories for the dominance of higher laws; it has dared to place Chance as an important factor in such matters as the destruction of humanity.

But a remarkable change is in sight; is already here. The teachings of Theosophy are being quietly made room for in unexpected quarters. Even from the standpoint of physical laws the conclusions of science are being seriously modified and all in the direction which leads straight to the ancient esoteric teachings. We are beginning to hear that the world is not such a hopeless affair after all, and that there may be some kind of Intelligence overruling things!


In the next article we shall consider some recent revelations which have been made by science about gravitation and the 'end of the world.'

•

“WHO can believe that a thinking being, which is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, must perish at her first setting out, and be stopped short in the beginning of her inquiries? Death overtakes her while there is yet an unbounded prospect of knowledge open to her view, whilst the conquest over her passions is still incomplete, and much is still wanting of that perfect standard of virtue which she is always aiming at, but can never reach.”— *Bishop Porteus*

ARCHITECT AND CRAFTSMEN

T. HENRY, M. A.

N old story* tells of a sculptor who lavished his genius and enthusiasm upon the beautifying of his stone, until it became the darling of his heart — so much devotion had he bestowed on it, so deeply in love was he with his own beautiful creations. But when the overseer came round and examined and measured the stone, he found that it was not in accordance with the plan of the master-builder, and so it could not be used in the great work which the master was planning as an eternal monument that should defy all the changes of time. Thus the workman was reduced to solitary enjoyment of his own genius and its creations; until at last weariness and then disgust overcomes him and he nerves himself after many struggles to destroy his work. He begins it again according to the master's plan; it is accepted; he is admitted to the master's workshop. His obedience is rewarded with a greater freedom; and his genius finds far fuller scope than it ever could have won in solitary self-gratification. The restraint against which he had rebelled has proved to be his emancipation.

A story like this often proves very helpful, because it presents in a simple and natural way things that may sound unwelcome in the guise of a sermon. The artist in the tale does not make any strained effort after goodness, or perform any mortification, or strive ambitiously after any attainment; he simply endeavors to find his right place in the scheme of things. He loves his art and he tries to express that love. Finding his former sphere too cramped, he seeks a wider sphere, and thus finds his true place and rescues his art from its servitude and ennobles it by consecration to a great purpose. Thus he finds happiness. Cannot we view the problem of life in the same way?

We are all artists, though our modes of expression vary. We are endeavoring to express outwardly in act the ideals which we cherish within our souls. We are creators, by virtue of our human nature. Hence the parable applies to us all. We find ourselves cramped in the narrow sphere into which we have shut ourselves, and we must seek a larger sphere, where we can give our art ample room and satisfaction. The difference between these two spheres is the difference between personal and impersonal aims.

A certain classical sculpture represents the goddess of beauty assailed

*'The Apprentice and the Rough-Hewn Stone'; translated from the German of J. B. Kerning, *Century Path*, Oct. 6, 1907; *International Theosophical Chronicle*, Aug., 1907.

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by a satyr; and to some people this may be merely a beautiful piece of statuary, while in others it may minister to a more ignoble sentiment. But the sculptor may have intended to symbolize the opposition between Love (Divine Harmony) and Desire; and, if so, he has epitomized a leading motive in the drama of human life. For it is these importunate desires that lead us astray, ever seeking to feed themselves upon the riches and beauty of our soul, and to tempt us into sacrificing our enthusiasm, our very life, upon the altar of insatiable desires. Experience teaches us sooner or later that we can never find satisfaction in that way, any more than the artist in the story could find satisfaction by carving beautiful figures on his solitary stone for his own solitary enjoyment.

Thus the maxim, "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live," does not sound so forbidding as it does to some people who regard it in a spirit of gloomy restraint such as they have been accustomed to import into all their religious meditations. On the contrary, it takes on the aspect of a piece of wise advice. The Sermon on the Mount and many another wise teaching are to the same effect: they are all sage maxims intended to help us over the difficulties of life.

Who is there who does not feel cramped and thwarted at times, and who does not sometimes aspire to a larger sphere of expression? Who is there who does not sometimes feel out of place and desirous of finding his true place? For such there is real help in the above parable.

It is surely a great comfort to reflect that my woes may be due to the simple fact that I am trying to find happiness in a sphere that is not my true sphere; and that I may find relief in recognising that my real vocation is to take part and share in a great purpose. My real true Self has been trying to express itself, to find room and air; but I have been shutting it up into a narrow prison.

It is not that we have to strive to force ourselves into a strange kind of life; it is that we ought to recognise what is best in the life which we actually live, and to cultivate that best. As social beings, we are constantly deferring to the wishes of others; otherwise it would be impossible to live, except alone upon a desert island. Nor on the other hand should we so merge our life into that of the mass as to lose our individuality altogether. A humanity made up of persons without any individual initiative would be a stagnant communism. Individuality has its proper place and function. What is to be sought is harmony, not unison. The familiar analogy of an orchestra is always helpful, and is peculiarly appropriate when we are regarding life as an art. The divers instruments preserve their own individual qualities, yet blend in harmony, both of time and tune, with the whole. This is just what the sculptor had to do. His genius was not repressed. The master welcomed it, fostered it.

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Without his genius and the genius of the other craftsmen, the great work would have languished and failed. But again, how could the master have allowed each craftsman to indulge his own particular fad?

And really we do not realize how narrow those fads are until we have liberated ourselves from them. Look back and see where you were so many years ago. Your habits and capabilities were then much more limited than now; you have become more adaptable. You were chained to certain desires and loves, which you now see to have been slaveries that kept you from better things. Have you lost any individuality, any freedom, any power of initiative or independence? On the contrary, you have gained greatly. And at the same time you are so much more adaptable and useful. You have found so much wider scope for your powers.

We all understand how much may be done for the welfare of a child by taking it from some narrow sphere wherein it has suffered repression and found no room for expansion, and placing it in a wider sphere, where there is contact with other minds and room for growth in all directions. And the same applies to ourselves; but, in our case, having outgrown the tutelage proper to childhood, we may have to make the effort ourselves — and this is the difficulty. But then, if anything happens that gives us this opportunity for expansion, how readily we shall embrace this chance! And is not this the explanation why people are so willing to take part in the life at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, when they gain no advantage in the ordinary worldly sense of the word?

Yet, if one has not this particular opportunity, he has others; for the question is one of our mental attitude towards life, and this we can always change — it is only a question of resolve. Wherever you are, you can change your attitude towards life: the path of life forks at every point; we always stand face to face with a choice of alternatives. If your life seems prospectless to you, when you view it in the light of personal attainment, then you may find consolation in the idea that there are other prospects before you, which you had not contemplated, but which, now that you turn your eyes in that direction, will begin to dawn on the sight.

What is the world? It is largely what we make it. It may seem very narrow and contracted to a man who always has his eyes on the ground, for he does not see half what is in it. But probably there is an infinite amount in the world to be seen by him who has the vision to do so. If our thoughts were less engrossed with business, pleasure, anxieties, etc., we should have a chance to see some of these other things in the life around us.

It is possible to say much on these lines; and in doing so, one would but anticipate many thoughts that would occur to the reader. It would be more pertinent to the present occasion to add a few words special to the

ARCHITECT AND CRAFTSMEN

view which Theosophy gives of the matter. By its analysis of the constitution of human nature, Theosophy gives the philosophical basis for much that we already know by intuition and experience, but which is perhaps not confirmed, or is even contradicted, by our religious or scientific views. What has been said above finds its sanction in the teaching as to the septenary constitution of man. The *real man* is the incarnating Ego, which, in a way, loses consciousness when it incarnates, and a temporary personality is created. This temporary personality we mistake for our real self, and we try to pursue its aims. But these aims are misguided and do not bring satisfaction. All the while there is the consciousness of the real Self shining dimly through the veil from beyond; and thus we have that familiar duality in our nature, which causes so much perplexity and distress. Now the religious and scientific teachings to which we have been accustomed may very likely fail to throw any light on this perplexity, and may even serve to obscure the problem. This shows why so many people have welcomed Theosophy: it has interpreted for them their own life; it has made clear to them the reasons for so many things which they find in life, that they have not been able to understand before.

People are often discontented and aspire towards a different sphere in life. It may be quite right that they should have this different sphere. At the same time, they may be actually hindering themselves by their mental attitude from entering it. For the experiences of life are the material which the Soul needs for its purposes; and as soon as we learn the lesson which those experiences are designed to teach, so soon shall we be ready for other experiences. But discontent may imply that we have not yet sufficiently mastered these particular lessons and that we need that particular kind of experience. Does it not therefore behoove us to regard our experiences as opportunities and to see what we can make of them?

For instance, suppose a man is not satisfied with his circumstances and considers himself entitled to move in what he considers a higher sphere. It may be quite obvious to an observer that this man has failed duly to appreciate those circumstances of his, and it will perhaps seem quite reasonable that he should be kept by his destiny in that sphere until he has learnt to appreciate them better; and that then, and not till then, will he be fitted to move in a 'higher sphere' — should he any longer wish to do so.

Life is a school; and every teacher knows that some pupils never progress because they are always dissatisfied with what they are being taught at the time, and always wanting to be promoted to something more advanced. The teacher, however anxious to advance them, cannot

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do anything for them because they will not let him. Other pupils do the work in hand and thus progress naturally from step to step.

This means that we have to concentrate our powers on the work before us instead of dissipating them in futile longings, regrets, anticipations. Again referring to the teachings, it is the importunate and conflicting desires, emanating from an unequilibrated lower nature, that scatter our attention and waste our energy.

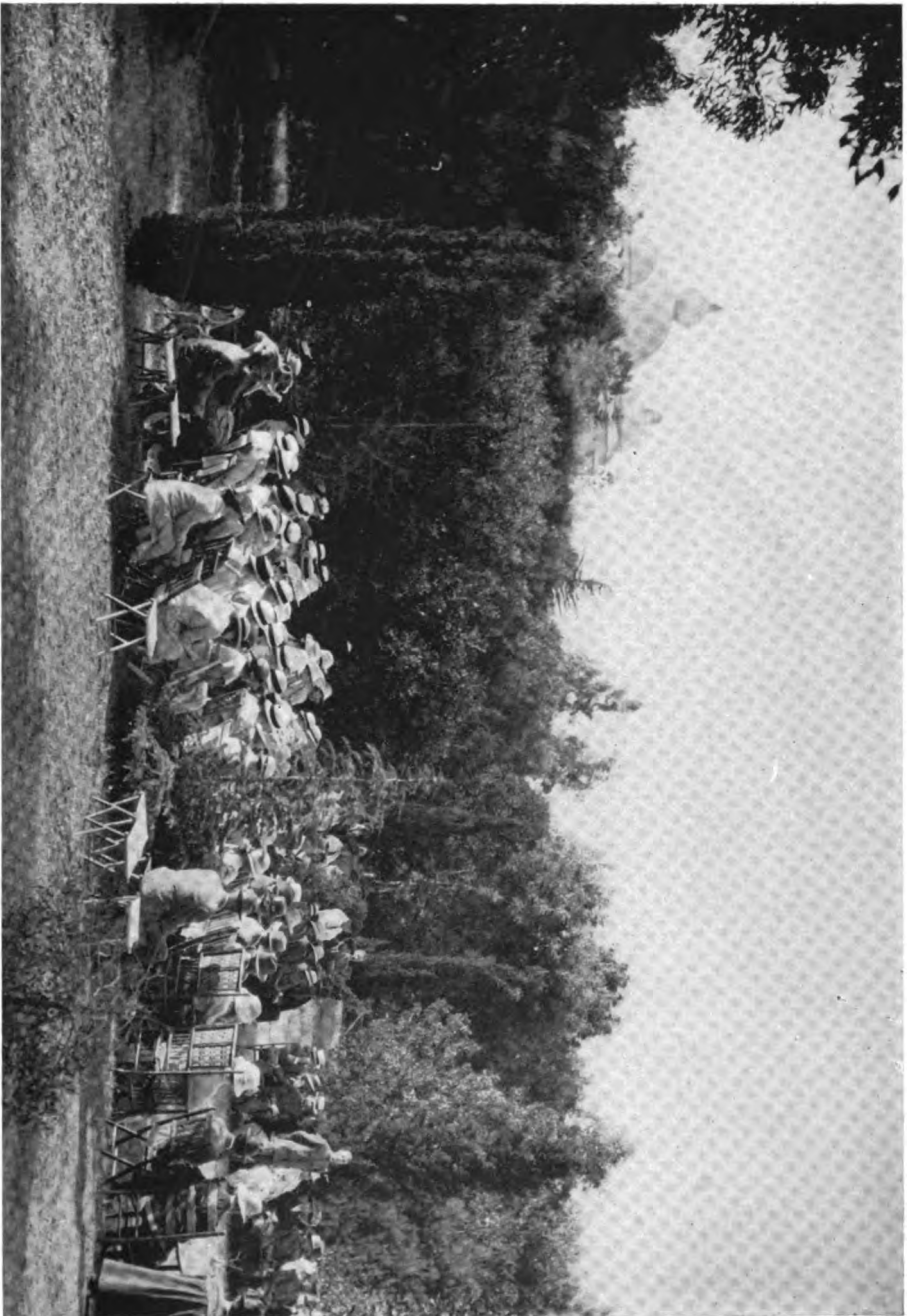
It is quite characteristic of recent years that there should be so much said about the possibility of finding joy and peace by the cultivation of our nature. There are individual writers and schools which promulgate ideas of this kind. This is all very well and a good sign as far as it goes; but it will lead to naught unless there is something to give it coherence and something to stiffen it into a practical form. History shows that periods of decadence in great civilizations are marked by a vogue for all kinds of philosophies of life. Perhaps these are inspired by a genuine desire for knowledge and the means of happiness and mental solace; but they quickly degenerate into the luxuries of the idle, and the nobility of the principles thus extolled finds no reflexion in the conduct of the devotees.

It is well, therefore, that we have teachings like those of Theosophy, which can give meaning and coherence to these vague aspirations; and a body like the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which can insure that the ideas shall not remain theoretical but shall be reduced to practice. If life is to be regarded as an art, and we as the artists, then our craftsmanship must descend into the common things of life, which are so vitally important to our welfare; and beauty must not be restricted to the studio, but invited into the home life, the marital relation, business, and all else that may at present be under the rule of inferior deities.



“To inform a people of their rights, before instructing them and making them familiar with their duties, leads naturally to the abuse of liberty and the usurpation of individuals. It is like opening a passage for the torrent before a channel has been prepared to receive, or banks to direct it.”

— BAILLY: *Memoirs*



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**OPEN-AIR CELEBRATION AND PICNIC AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, ON THE 23d ANNIVERSARY OF THE STARTING OF
THE FIRST THEOSOPHICAL CRUSADE AROUND THE WORLD**

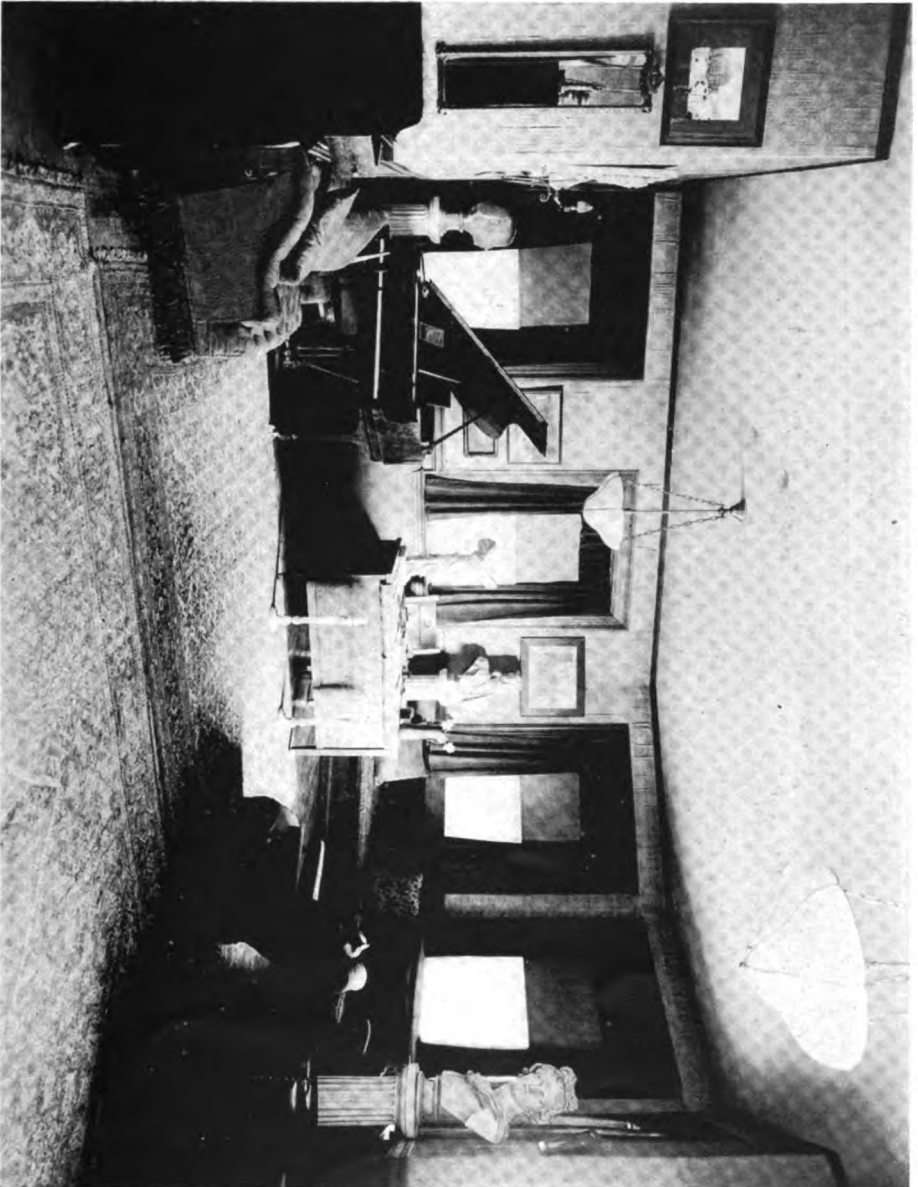
The domes of the Raja-Yoga Academy are seen above the tree-tops, and in the foreground a few of the Raja-Yoga Students and several of the adult Members residing at the International Headquarters.



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A SOCIAL INTERVAL ON THE SAME OCCASION

Among the speakers were several members of the original Theosophical party which Mme Tingley led around the world in 1896-97, as well as some of the Rája-Yoga Students who accompanied Mme Tingley on her recent Lecture-tour through the U. S. A. in May and June of this year.



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**A CORNER OF THE RECEPTION-ROOMS OF THE NEW ENGLAND HEADQUARTERS
OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
SYMPHONY CHAMBERS, 246 HUNTINGTON AVE. BOSTON, MASS.**

Here Mme Tingley and the Rāja-Yoga Students who accompanied her on her recent Theosophical
Lecture-tour met the New England Members on the evening of May 4, 1919.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW IN THE NEW ENGLAND HEADQUARTERS

MODERN JAPANESE PROBLEMS

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm, Sweden

I

FEW foreigners, no matter how long they have lived in Japan, would be able to give a complete interpretation of what is essential in the life of the Japanese nation, because that life is extremely complicated and offers a strange mixture of traditions and of modern inventions of the East and the West. It is, indeed, a melting-pot, although a very different one from that in America. Japan is a homogeneous nation, but within it are the most opposing currents of endeavor and interest. I do not make any claim to being able to give the right answer to the question that is asked so frequently regarding the attitude of the Japanese toward the great problems that are disturbing the world, but I am glad to state conclusions from one or two viewpoints which may be of interest.

In the first place, the difficulty which the Westerner has in really understanding the Japanese and appreciating their attitude, lies in the fact that the Japanese themselves feel that they are looked down upon by Westerners. Of course, this feeling does not exist in every individual in Japan. Nevertheless, it is a fact which underlies many acts and endeavors on the part of the Japanese nation. Nobody can deny that full equality has been accorded to Japan in its political dealings with Western powers in later years; but at the same time those who have observed Western business men, missionaries and others who represent special trends of Western life in the Far East, must admit that these representatives to a large extent do not look upon the Easterners as their real equals. Political treaties do not change the modes of thought within large nations, and as long as this feeling of inequality exists either on the Western or the Eastern side, it is unfair to expect those who believe themselves deemed inferiors to act in the same way as those who think they are superiors. This psychological condition must be taken into account when, for instance, the attitude of Japan in this war is discussed.

The patriotism of the Japanese is less an emotional sentiment than a vital force of growth and self-assertion. There is a tremendous vitality and power of expansion in the Japanese nation. It is an exuberance which may require territorial expansion based on natural development of

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the national vitality, but which in no sense is real hunger for conquest.

It is no secret that Japan undoubtedly is the most autocratic country in the world, a nation where the Emperor is a divine personality unfettered with human responsibility. Nevertheless, practically speaking, I think that democratic ideals and modes of thought are to be found in Japan as much as elsewhere, although in less obvious forms. This can be explained partly by the historical development of Japanese society. This has always consisted of large and small groups, homogeneous compounds which were formed on more or less of a communistic basis. Of course, the unit of the whole thing was the family, but the word 'family' in the Japanese sense does not signify simply a household, but means a group of households closely related. A group of 'families' made a village; some of the villages a clan, which perhaps controlled a whole province governed by a Daimyo. The provinces together were supposed to form the realm, at the head of which was a nominal Emperor with a shogun as *de facto* regent. Within the several small or large groups the responsibility never was individual but rather collective, with the good and bad, in both the moral and material sense, about equally divided among the members.

But of course the old social organization in Japan was stronger than any experiment of the Western world, because it was founded upon a religious conviction, and was, so to speak, a part of the spiritual life of the people. It would be necessary to go into an explanation of the Shinto traditions in Japan, the ancestral cult, and filial piety, in order fully to understand the religious background. Then it would be obvious that the Japanese are pre-eminently a religious and idealistic nation. I often have seen it stated nowadays that they are an irreligious people. The more I have studied the conditions, the more I have found that such suppositions are entirely misleading. It is true enough that the Japanese are not religious in a Christian sense; that is to say, sentimentally religious. Their religion is not based upon fear or sentimental hope of individual salvation. It is not something that is manifested on particular week-days, or in the organization of beneficent societies, but is a spirit that permeates their whole life and actually inspires their everyday thought and action. Without going further into a discussion of Japanese religious ideals and philosophical interpretations, I think we have to admit that their religious beliefs have led to social and national conditions which are by no means inferior to those of Western nations.

Religion in Japan is a much more practical matter than in the Western world. The philosophical conceptions of higher Buddhism may not be understood fully by the average native, but he gets certain broad fundamental ideas which help him to pass safely through the trials and problems

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of life. He knows that he is not an individual separated from the rest of humanity and allowed simply to assert his own selfish inclinations, but a unit in a greater whole, and a compound being who by a thousand unseen threads is connected with all that lives. This philosophical attitude of Buddhism may seem fantastic and of little practical value to foreigners, but it actually lies behind most of the aspirations and higher endeavors of the individuals in the East. Their kindness toward all that lives; their fearless attitude toward death; their great faculty of cooperation and loyalty: all can be explained by this deep comprehension of man's compound nature and spiritual unity with the world. Whatever superstitious beliefs may have been connected with Shintoism and ancestral worship, it must be admitted that they have brought a moral inspiration as well, through the fact that they give the people a feeling of close connexion with unseen worlds and higher beings who watch their secret thoughts as well as their open actions. As a whole, this naturally has inspired a sincerity and openness in the Japanese, different from the conditions in other Eastern nations.

The Japanese are as broad-minded and as unbigoted in religious matters as any nation, and I do not believe that they would easily get into fights over religious beliefs or dogmas, as so often has happened in other parts of the world. Therefore, their judgment must be taken as just as good as ours when it comes to matters of religious faith, and the least act of justice would be to welcome as many Buddhist missionaries in the Western world as Christian missionaries have been sent to Japan. The main thing is, indeed, in religious matters as well as economic or political dealings in reference to the Far Eastern countries, not to look upon them as inferiors, but to treat them, judge them and appreciate them as equals — especially if we expect them to take an equal part in our troubles and struggles.

II

DURING the last few years the Japanese nation has developed a remarkable self-consciousness and feeling of independence. Although this may be explained partly by the victories of Japan on the battlefields of Manchuria, there are other, and perhaps deeper, reasons for this new self-assurance, if one may so speak of it, which largely have modified Japan's attitude toward the Western world. The time has passed when the Japanese were dazzled with the brilliancy of the material and intellectual civilization of the West. No longer are they simply pupils in the great school of Western science and commercialism, which was studied so eagerly during a whole generation. They have reached the stage now

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when they are quite ready to compete with Europeans and Americans in practically every field, and they are well prepared to take care of their own business, their own industries, their own shipping. And their scientific standard is about as good as that of any other great nation today. Within a generation they have acquired most of that knowledge that once seemed to make the Western world so dangerously superior; and now they have reached a point where they can take a retrospective view of their accomplishments, and a view of what has been gained through their contact with Europe and America, comparing it with what they have learned from other sources.

It may have been the fault of the pupils as much as that of the masters that the Japanese assimilated comparatively little outside of the purely material and intellectual aspects of Western civilization. It may be that their emotional and spiritual life was altogether too different and too deeply rooted to be affected by Western modes of thought and sentiment. Anyhow, it is a fact that the cultured Japanese of today looks upon the contributions of Western civilization as merely belonging to the commerce, industry, and other phases of purely material life; and if he is a philosophically inclined person, he may question whether the material gains and the intellectual differentiation really are worth the price paid. He is by nature a keen observer and intuitive thinker, and when he sees that the industrial development, the growing commercialism, and the whole intellectual differentiation have brought with them a social unrest, a keen competition, and a brutal selfishness, which were unknown in old Japan, he naturally feels some doubt as to the 'blessings' of Western civilization. And he begins to understand, too, that our highly developed and patronized individualism too often is simply a mask for a kind of selfishness which, if it were left free, would result in anarchism because its tendency is greatly to accentuate the lower qualities of human nature and disregard that highest spiritual quality which unifies and forms the real basis for a civilized unit, whether it be a community, a nation, or a group of nations. Individualism is, of course, the thing farthest removed from the civilization of old Japan, which was pre-eminently communistic, being based upon mutual responsibility and mutual activities of large or small groups of individuals.

Anyone who has taken an interest in this question cannot overlook the fact that the Western influence has shaken the old moral standards of Japan and has accentuated the less desirable qualities in the people. If, nevertheless, our Japanese friends confess a gratitude toward the Western nations, they do it as they are wont to do many things — out of politeness and a traditional habit of being expertly politic. Surely there is nothing spontaneous in their gratitude, because the Western

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civilization offered them nothing that touched their hearts, and the Japanese know by their own experience that things of deeper value and more truly spiritual importance can be learned from exterior sources through contact with other nations.

For centuries they were the pupils of the Chinese and received from that ancient country the main impulses of their whole civilization. What Japan has learned from China is more than can be related within a short article. It covers practically every field of their religious and national life. It is to be found in their arts, their literature, their daily habits, and their modes of thought. It is the well-spring for that whole civilization which now appears so wholly Japanese, and the remarkable thing is that while so many of the old traditions and customs have been forgotten or have passed out of existence in China, they still are kept alive and comparatively pure in Japan. For instance, the Buddhist sects which long ago have died out or fallen into an almost unrecognisable condition of enshrouded superstition in China, are flourishing and most influential in Japan. The old buildings of the Tang or Sung times nowadays are hard to find in the older country; in Japan there are many that retain the essential features of the Chinese periods.

Any number of examples could be quoted for the purpose of illustrating Japan's complete dependence upon China in early days, and the perseverance with which the newer country has preserved the Chinese traditions. But they are hardly necessary in this connexion. The main fact to be emphasized is that the Japanese, in spite of wars and political differences, feel a deep attachment for China and recognise that wonderful country as the mother of their civilization — the source of their spiritual life and the fountain of their artistic beauty. It may be that this recognition was partly subdued during the period of political wars and intense Western assimilation, but in later years it evidently has been growing up again and has become a potent factor in the minds of the most educated Japanese. It seems almost as if their feeling of independence of their Western teachers now makes them see and appreciate more clearly what they owe their older masters. And when they compare what they have learned from these two different sources, the contrast between the leading tendencies of Western civilization and those of the East stands out most strikingly and, perhaps, not always quite justly.

No one ought to wonder then at the fact that the gratitude toward China is very different and on deeper grounds than whatever appreciation they may have for European and American contributions. After all, the heart- and soul-life of the Japanese gentleman is a product of the religion, the art, and the mode of living which were imported from China, even if his mental and material aspirations are modified by Western

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influence. Behind him stands neither the old Roman nor the Christian civilization, but the immemorial traditions of the Far East of India and China, and naturally it is ever so much easier for him to respond to these mighty powers than to the intellectual life of the West. If we fully realize this inner attitude of the thinking people in Japan, it is difficult to agree with those who believe that Japan harbors aggressive political aspirations toward China or that she has ambitions to control, at least in a commercial and industrial sense, the Chinese Empire.

III

IN order to explain the deep-rooted differences that exist between the Japanese and the nations of the West, we should have to give an account of those religious and social traditions which have molded the life of the Japanese and have crystallized into very definite modes, manners, and habits of thought. And this would be entering upon a historical discussion, whereas my present task is to set down some impressions of actual conditions. No doubt, the average Japanese who has not been abroad still looks upon the foreigner as a kind of intruder, a being who has forced his way into the country by political or economic power, and who hardly should be treated equally with Japanese, although with great politeness and consideration. The moral and emotional make-up of the foreigner is quite unlike what the Japanese are accustomed to, and his daily habits — clothing, eating, and conduct — seem very strange indeed. He requires different commodities, different houses to live in, strange food to eat, different garments, and he hardly ever condescends to take up the customs of the country. Therefore he must be treated as an entirely different being from the people of Japan, and it is only natural that he is made to pay higher prices in the hotels, shops, and amusement places. Increased attention costs more money, and the foreigner usually is supposed to have plenty of it.

But there are other reasons for this interest-money which the foreigner is made to pay. He is accustomed to settle everything according to a bill. To the Easterner, payment still has largely the character of a gift, although transferred or changed into money. It is a common experience in old-fashioned places in Japan for the buyer to be left to make his own price. The thing sold then becomes to some extent a gift which naturally the receiver is anxious to reciprocate to its full value. At the genuine Japanese hotels usually very low charges are made for lodging and food, just enough to cover the actual cost; but it is understood that the guest will show his appreciation of the hospitalities by making a gift of so-called tea money, or *chadai*, which is in proportion to the service

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he has received and to his own financial standing. As a matter of fact, the *chadai* often amounts to a good deal more than the actual bill, particularly if the guest is known to be a wealthy man who is treated with great consideration, and who is willing to keep up a good appearance. More than once I heard well-to-do Japanese gentlemen complain of the fact that the high-class Japanese inns were more expensive for them than the hotels in foreign style, where there existed no such strict rules for *noblesse oblige*.

Liberality in money matters on the whole is considered more of a virtue in Japan than in the strictly commercial countries of the West. One is not supposed to cling to money or to desire it, because it is simply a dirty and contemptible substitute for more beautiful things in life. It is a well-known fact that trade and commercial occupations were the most contemptible pursuits in old Japan. Tradesmen were classed in the very lowest social scale, below day laborers and field workers. Of course this extreme viewpoint no longer holds, but there is, nevertheless, a marked tendency among the high-class Japanese to look down upon the man who makes large profits by selling at a high price what he has bought cheap; and the old contempt for money as something unclean, which should not be handled by the noble or by the pure and innocent, still is kept up at old-fashioned places in the education of children, particularly among the religious people.

It is regarded as impolite to hand bare money to a Japanese gentleman, and to do so in a temple is an offense against the religious tone. The money must be nicely wrapped in paper and offered as a 'humble gift,' if one has nothing more expressive to write on the envelope. I tried both ways in Japan, and I invariably found that money handed in an envelope caused much more satisfaction than a bare tip, because the former method showed the respect for old Japanese customs which is appreciated almost as highly as an actual contribution, especially coming from a foreigner. And the gift was never examined in the presence of the giver. This is a rule that often is obeyed also by the waiters in Japan, who never look at the money given them, but gently slip it away. Such an attitude toward money matters, of course, never would have been possible except in a nation of warriors, priests, and artists; and whether it may be called primitive or ideal, it is certainly more beautiful and more appealing to the finer side of human nature than the Western habit of appreciating everything according to its money value. No doubt, it may be that this indifference toward money nowadays has become an affectation, but originally it was a natural expression of spiritual and religious conceptions which were among the many heritages received from ancient China.

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER II



THE world's a stage indeed; and all the dramas that are played within this wide and universal theater are built upon the mystery of the Soul's duality, and what ensues therefrom.

Of old the Wise Ones told their pupils that the Spiritual Soul came down from higher spheres to blend its essence with the natural soul, and, for a time perhaps, to veil its divinity in matter; struggling to rise again, and rising to draw upward its terrestrial counterpart, which still clings passionately to the joys of earth, while yet half-heartedly aspiring to divinity. Further, they say, the natural soul shrinks from the union that would crown it with godhood, fearing the abyss of selflessness that it must cross ere it can get release from that which holds it down. So, like a maiden yearning for companionship, she peers into the magic mirror of the visible world, searching among its phantom folk for the divine companion of her dreams, who all the while sits waiting his release within the secret chamber of the heart. There in the silence sits the heavenly prisoner singing an unearthly melody, while all the prison thrills with the magic of the song, and the heart aches with a sense of utter loneliness.

You would have said that Beatrice Cranley was the last person in the world to suffer from loneliness. Wherever she went she had a following of admiring swains. She was inevitably a central figure in every gathering; she could have spent her whole time visiting the houses of her friends and her innumerable relations; she was welcome everywhere, and was always in demand. Yet it is a fact that she was intensely lonely. It was her utter loneliness that pushed her into society and made her so eager to meet new people. There was always a vague hope in her heart that she should some day see that gleam of recognition in the eyes of a new acquaintance that is the password for admission to the hall of mystery that we call friendship.

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The 'mysteries' are somewhat out of date, no doubt, but then they always are; else they would not be mysteries: and friendship is a common word; what is there mysterious in friendship? Yes, the word friend is common, but a friend is rare, and friendship is a sacred mystery still, in spite of its apparent popularity. It has been said that there is only one thing more difficult to understand than the heart of a friend, and that is one's own heart; the mystery of friendship is almost as deep as that of Self. Words have as many shades of meaning as there are different temperaments to use them: and friendship is a word that covers many mysteries, some shallow, some profound, all difficult to read rightly, and all very easy to be misunderstood.

But Beatrice so far had looked in vain for that unmistakable evidence of comradeship, that rare and forever unforgettable sign of recognition that implies a previous association in a bond of spiritual union, a bond whose sacredness can only be in any way appreciated by those who are themselves initiated in the mystery of comradeship. Yet Beatrice had the reputation of a flirt; she seemed to live for pleasure, and to find her greatest pleasure in the admiration she so easily evoked.

Her brother Steven was to be married about this time; light-hearted, irresponsible Stevie, whose debts had been so often paid by his father before the failure of the bank, and who felt sure that Fate would find a way to satisfy his creditors now that his father had declared himself unable to give him even the allowance that he had looked upon as a natural right. And Fate did provide him with a substitute for the parental generosity. The widow of a wealthy brewer, herself the daughter of an impoverished baronet, a little past the first flush of her youth, no doubt, but still attractive, frivolous and fashionable, fell in love with the amiable and erratic Stevie and ('twas said) proposed to him. His creditors, suspecting this, soon made it clear to him that if he did not seize this opportunity he might expect no mercy from their lawyers, who were already pressing him unpleasantly for settlement of their accounts. And Uncle Jonas also made it clear to him that God had put the brewer's widow in his path to save the credit of the Cranley family. So Steven borrowed from his creditors in order to enable his parents to do the honors of the occasion suitably at Comberfield. Beatrice of course was the chief bridesmaid, and his particular friend and brother officer, Captain Carothers, was to be best man. The Bishop was to officiate and several ecclesiastical dignitaries were to take part in the celebration of the ceremony. Mrs. Cranley was in her element again, actively organizing the new servants, or languidly entertaining the houseful of visitors, while Beatrice flirted outrageously with all the men; but none could feel himself more specially favored than the rest.

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Captain Carothers came the day before the wedding, just as the sun was setting behind the elm trees by the pond beyond the lawns and flower garden. Beatrice was standing in the open window of the drawing-room and turned to face him as he came in. Not seeing his mistress in the room the footman advanced towards the window, and bowing to Beatrice announced the new arrival. There was a moment's pause. The setting sun that made an aureole around her head, it may be, dazzled his sight; instinctively he raised his hand as if to shield his eyes, but promptly dropped it and shook hands in the most conventional manner.

Beatrice was certainly not dazzled by the sun, yet she too seemed bewildered for a moment, hardly so much; but it was long enough to excite the jealousy of the youth who stood beside her. He backed out into the garden where tea was being served to the house party on the terrace. Beatrice explained that her mother was outside, but did not offer to escort the visitor, who on his part showed no anxiety to move in that direction. He looked at her and wondered where he had met her. Where had he seen those eyes? It was some picture he was reminded of, perhaps.

She still stood with her back towards the window, so that the low light of the setting sun shone straight in his eyes and made his whole face look like a painting in an old church window. She almost wondered if the painted window would in a moment vanish and reveal some mystery; but, as she stood there wondering, her voice flowed on uttering some simple commonplaces, and he answered coherently, but with his mind strained painfully to catch that forgotten memory which almost seemed to be revealed in the first glimpse he got of her. Another guest came in to join the party on the terrace and they all went out together.

Carothers, in accepting Steven's invitation for the wedding, had said that he only had a couple of days at his disposal, as he was pledged to join a salmon-fishing party in Scotland for the remainder of his leave: yet three weeks later he was still at Comberfield, and no one seemed to think his visit unreasonably prolonged, unless indeed the opinion of the curate counted, which it did not. He thought that Captain Carothers was a bad companion for such a girl as Beatrice, in which he was probably not far wrong, but most people would have thought, as did her father, that they were admirably suited to each other.

She made no secret of her frank and absolute acceptance of the love he offered her spontaneously and unhesitatingly; there was apparently a perfect understanding from the very first between them; indeed the understanding seemed to both of them to be the recognition of an old association sealed and cemented in past lives by irrevocable pledges and vows that neither of them dreamed of violating. And yet . . .

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She made him go with her to church on Sunday, and had him sit where he could see the angel in the window, but nothing came of it. He had no more religion in him than her father had, and seemed quite unaware of any tendency in his own character to mysticism or poetry. His early training and later his garrison experiences had stifled in him all those finer feelings that in her were vibrant with life, and which made life for her a great adventure in a magic land of mystery. To him it was a long opportunity for the indulgence of his tastes, his fancies, and ambitions. With Beatrice he was at times almost unusually respectful; she never seemed to look for or to exact the kind of reverence some women prize so highly, and yet no man had ever dared to take a liberty with her. She always seemed serenely sure both of herself and of her dignity, so that it never occurred to men to put her to the test. And now her frank acceptance of this man's love appeared to him to put her on a pedestal in his regard no other woman yet had occupied. There was no shadow of a cloud between them, no hitch in their engagement, no difficulty as to settlements, no family objections. And yet . . .

The Angel in the old window in the chancel was just a medieval relic, nothing more — and Beatrice found herself too busy now to go to church. She never asked her fiancé to go again with her; but sometimes as they sat together in the summer evenings she looked into his eyes so strangely and so earnestly that something stirred deep down in his sleeping soul and made him feel vaguely uneasy, almost irritable. Sometimes she suddenly turned upon him with some question that he frankly could not understand, but when he asked her to explain she laughed it off, and smiled with that peculiar fascination that intoxicated his imagination and set his fancy in a riot. And when he touched her hand or stroked her hair she heard strange music in the hollows of her skull, it seemed, and all the air around was palpitant with harmony. Her love-dream was an ecstasy, a poem full of rich color and forgetfulness. She hardly knew whether she was more vividly alive, or whether she was intoxicated to the point of sheer oblivion, so that her life went automatically on around her, while she sat wrapped in a trance behind some semi-transparent veil of emotion that enveloped her. She did not want to analyse her feelings or to understand herself; she only thought of him and of her love, and of some mystery that enveloped them.

So the days passed and the curate grew more grave and thoughtful as the time appointed for the marriage came nearer: and his rooms at Chenstead seemed more lonely than ever when he reluctantly went home to the old farm-house near the church which served him as a boarding-house and parsonage. He saw nothing in Captain Carothers to object to, but he felt a strange revulsion against the marriage; it seemed to

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him a profanation. He would have died rather than utter such a thought; but there it was, and he was sick at heart; nor was his misery wholly due to pity for himself or jealousy; it was some sort of a presentiment of evil that weighed him down.

Close to the farm there was a rocky field that was poor pasturage and quite unfit for cultivation; but it was higher than the hills and



woods around, and had a view over the entire neighborhood. The curate liked it for its loneliness; it seemed more home-like than the prim propriety of his well-kept rooms, in which he felt himself merely a lodger. The farmer and his wife were not much company for a man in his condition; he wandered out and up among the thorn-bushes and tufts of gorse, or sat on a stone and watched the sun go down beyond the woods of Ansleydale; and wondered why he was so utterly alone. He had no grievance against life, nor fault to find with destiny. He did not talk of resignation; but he wondered what was the meaning of it all.

One evening after tea he went out for a stroll, avoiding the farmyard, caring little for the society of his neighbors, though quite unconscious of any personal superiority to them. He merely wanted to be undisturbed; perhaps he feared his loneliness would fail him, for, like the general run of humankind, he nursed his trouble most assiduously. The people knew him, and guessed he was in love, and laughed about it pleasantly, tactfully taking care to let him think himself unobserved, leaving him to indulge what is perhaps the strangest of all delusions, the belief that no one else can know what ails one: whereas if there is one thing sure, it is that all the neighborhood, in country villages, is fully acquainted with the details of their neighbors' lives and with the motives for their general conduct, of which they themselves may well be absolutely ignorant.

The curate's adoration for Beatrice was perfectly well known to every one of the parishioners of Chenstead and Comberfield, most of whom

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agreed that he was quite unworthy of her. They thought him insignificant, and if he had known it, he would have wondered perhaps at their sagacity while fully indorsing their estimate of his character.

But as he stood there lost in a sort of mindless admiration of the evening scene, his person seemed to gain significance even while it gradually merged more and more into the landscape, as the light faded from the sky and the hillside grew homogeneous, and rocks and bushes lost their separate identity, while one black figure standing motionless loomed larger in the twilight and assumed a most unusual dignity.

He wondered why he was alone. But, as to a possible companion, he knew of none. His love for Beatrice had been more of a distant adoration than an actual aspiration to the privilege of companionship; and now she seemed to him a star that is about to set beyond some far horizon. To him there was a certain trace of tragedy involved in the sinking of the sun or setting of the stars. It was the feeling of farewell tinged with the kind of mitigated melancholy he felt when he officiated at a funeral. He had not even now begun to realize how pessimistic was his 'faith,' how utterly inadequate for the purposes of life were all the 'comforts of religion,' that he so conscientiously prescribed to those he visited in his parochial ministrations.

He was alone. God was in Heaven, no doubt, but he was here on earth and he was utterly alone. He no more looked to God for company than he did to the neighbors. Yet in his sermons he would wax eloquent about the love of God; and told his congregation, quite sincerely, that God is an ever-present help in time of trouble, a comforter and friend, and all the rest. But now he was alone. And the day darkened, and the stars came out and looked upon his solitude.

Then suddenly there came a change. Silence assumed control; it became dominant, took on authority, pervaded space, and merged him in the infinite. He lost the sense of separateness, but not of self; his own identity was not distinguishable from that in which he lived, if that was life indeed. He seemed to be in all . . . there were no longer any bounds to part him from the universe. There was a sense of perfect peace and absolute tranquillity, with yet a consciousness of intense life, in which his being was immersed as in a living ocean of inconceivable immensity. He thought that suddenly he had become one with the Soul of Nature, and knew the meaning and the purposes of evolution. That passed, and all his consciousness was centered upon a fiery vortex, in the heart of which a star hung poised in ether, and as he gazed upon it he forgot the vastness of the universe; the sense of dissolution vanished; he was himself again, watching a star that set behind the woods of Ansleydale.

(To be continued)



F. J. DICK, EDITOR

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on June 1st at the Theosophical services in the Isis Theater on 'Our Opportunities and our Limitations from a Theosophical Standpoint.' Declaring that our troubles are mainly due to a failure to recognise the spiritual opportunities hidden beneath the limitations which hedge us about, the speaker said:

"The present time is surely one of the most momentous in the history of the world, and in a sense we are very fortunate to be concerned in it. For it is at such times of crisis that not only the world at large and the nations, but more particularly the individuals who make up the world and the nations, find their great opportunities. But it is not of national and international opportunities that I am going to speak, but rather of individual opportunities, for no hope can be expected for a nation or for the world unless individuals first look to putting their own houses in order, unless they first see that the stand they take is a right and just stand, in accordance with the laws of Nature, with their own higher ideals and with the real spiritual purposes of existence.

"The tendency of the past few years seems to have been to increase our limitations; yet if it be an actual fact, as I believe it is to a great extent, that the temptations of the material life are greater than ever before, there is, in this, a greater opportunity for the individual. The opportunity of the present time is a spiritual opportunity above everything. The very fact that there are on every hand temptations along material lines shows that in these are the greatest opportunities for men and women to claim their spiritual birthright, and to claim freedom of high purposes along the lines of spiritual life. No one can shackle our thoughts and aspirations unless we permit. Before us all are the heights."

"The Secret Doctrine of Antiquity: Does it Provide a Solution for Present-Day Problems?" was the subject of an address at the Isis Theater on June 8th by Joseph H. Fussell. Said the speaker:

"Perhaps we have different views as to what present-day problems are,

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but we may all agree that they are due to lack of foundation and therefore to uncertainty. If we had certainty, a sure foundation upon which to base our action at the present time, we could solve, if not all, then at least a great many of our present-day problems. Yet the foundation, of a surety, is not

Present Problems and the Secret Doctrine of the Ages in outer things but inner. I shall endeavor to show that this sure foundation is in the secret doctrine of antiquity, and that there alone can we obtain that knowledge which will enable us to tread our path with confidence. One of the Chinese mystical writers said, 'Take the ancient reason to govern the present, and you will know the origin of all'; and Madame Blavatsky very clearly puts the same idea in other words, where she says that if we had sure knowledge of the past, the present would also be clear to us."

Giving a brief historical résumé of the rise and decline of the secret doctrine of antiquity, which was taught in the mysteries and which was taught to their disciples by all the great world-teachers, including the Nazarene, as he himself stated, Mr. Fussell outlined the three fundamental teachings of the secret doctrine as given by H. P. Blavatsky in her great work of that name. The first of these postulates God, not as a limited personal deity, but an Eternal, Absolute and Immutable Principle, the origin of all. The second is based upon the law of periodicity that rules throughout nature, governing everything in nature, the alternation of day and night, life and death, ebb and flow, and the rise and decline of nations. The third, which the speaker gave as the basis of human brotherhood, is the absolute identity of all souls with the universal Over-soul. The great central teaching of the secret doctrine of antiquity, the speaker declared to be universal brotherhood.

Madame Katherine Tingley, just returned from her lecture-tour through America, spoke on June 15th at Isis Theater on 'War's Aftermath and the Portents of the Hour.' After giving a brief résumé of her trip, she declared that a spirit of unrest was the most marked sign of the times, and that an

Mme Tingley on the Portents of the Hour and Higher Education almost complete change has taken place in the general human consciousness since the war began. "Everywhere there is inquiry," she said, "inquiry as to the meaning of life, the meaning of sorrow, and above all the meaning of death; the demand for a higher expression of religion is in the air."

Referring to the peace treaty, which she had dwelt upon particularly in the lectures given in New York and Washington, advocating the addition of brotherhood as a fifteenth point, Madame Tingley said:

"We as the American people are absolutely failing in our duty in not adding one more clause to that treaty, in not asking those who are taking part in its preparation to pause and reflect upon some of the things which, according to the Christian religion, they have been taught. For the whole race

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has been taught that they are immortal, that there is a God, and that, by the very teachings of Jesus, a sense of justice should permeate the acts and touch every mind. There is a future ahead for the human family if we as the American people, standing before the world as a representative nation, can only rise and bring to those who are preparing that treaty the fact that there are no end of things to be considered still. There must be the recognition of a basic spiritual life in efforts to deal justly with the human race. The ownership and control of territory, the power of victory, none of these things are sufficient without a cementing, binding, strong, perpetual, and spiritual link that will hold us together as one family, and forever forbid another war. That link is brotherhood, and it is that which is necessary."

Madame Tingley gave a graphic description of the review of thirty thousand returned troops witnessed by her in Chicago, with the pathos of the empty spaces in the ranks, and the cripples and the blind, and those invalided for life, while the sidewalks were filled with bereaved mothers, sisters, children, and wives of soldiers who did not return. She also described the hospital wards at Fort Douglas, where she visited the returned wounded, and declared:

"Such things are a travesty on civilization. If all could see what I saw, they would come to a realization that humanity needs spiritual reconstruction, and make a united call for more justice in all things, public and private. Perhaps we must suffer still more; perhaps every family will have to be stricken before we awaken to our higher duty, to the fact that a higher education is the real reconstructive basis of the future. We are not awake as a people; we have our bright minds, our great statesmen, and as a country many things that we ought to be proud of, but we are dead and sleeping in a spiritual sense. A higher education is the vital power in reconstruction, and since my recent experiences its meaning is broadened and deepened in every sense, and I have come home to tell you that we are failing in our duty to be satisfied with things as they are now."

Montague Machell, one of the Divinity Students of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, spoke on June 22nd at the Theosophical services at Isis Theater on 'The Râja-Yoga System of Education, a Vital Factor in the Building up of the World.' He said:

**A Vital Factor
that is needed in
World-Building**

"The question is: Are we going to rebuild the nations on the same old lines, or are we going to realize that an absolutely new note must be struck? It is unwise to draw comparisons, but this may be asked: Does modern education prepare mankind for life in the truest sense of the word? If so, then why are there problems of insanity, crime, and disease, and why these tremendous and awful wars? The general trend of civilized life today is an effort to live without a conscious spiritual basis, and yet we were never more mistaken than in the idea that any civilization can flourish and continue without a spiritual basis. It seems a little like locking

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up the stable-door after the horse has been lost, to speak of reconstruction now, and the question comes: would it not have been better to think about it earlier? I ask this because all this was anticipated. Nineteen years ago Katherine Tingley established the Râja-Yoga system of education to develop a new type of manhood and womanhood, and she then declared that this was a necessity, that something had to be done to stem the rising tide of disintegration. Before this her predecessor, William Quan Judge, worked towards the same end, and in 1875 Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Movement, stated that reconstruction must begin at once if the whole of modern civilization was not to go down in chaos."

Music was a special feature of the program, the full Râja-Yoga International Chorus rendering three selections, and Miss Olive Shurlock, the talented young violinist who accompanied Madame Tingley on her recent lecture-tour through America, played the difficult Kreisler transcription of the Dvořak 'Indian Lament.'

It was announced that a Theosophical Sunday School would be opened in Isis Theater in September, in response to many requests from parents desiring unsectarian religious instruction for their children.

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke at the Theosophical services at the Isis Theater on June 29th, her subject being 'The Dawn of a Brighter Day.' Declaring that only a comprehension on the part of humanity of the great divine laws governing human life could insure the dawn of a brighter day, the lecturer said:

**Mme Tingley on
Spiritual Laws
and Home-Life**

"These spiritual laws surround us constantly and speak to us in so many ways, outside of books, and quite away from the intellect or the human mind. They speak to us in Nature all along the way. No human being can feel the real life of the woodlands, the sea or the meadows; none can hear the song of the birds or move out into the silences of Nature and look into the great blue above us and see the stars held there by the same infinite and universal laws, but must realize that in spite of ourselves, in spite of our mistakes, our limitations and our negative qualities, these laws stand by us and would greet us with a new life if we could go out and meet them half-way. I declare that the dawn of a better day depends very largely upon the attitude of the mind of the race at this moment. Humanity does not need more intellectual development, but more intuition, which is a quality of the soul. There is a great difference between discrimination and intuition. Discrimination belongs to the intellect, and sometimes through keenness and alertness and by means of various experiences one may become intensely discriminative, and may even achieve great success in worldly things, but that is not enough. We must develop the music of our souls, that silent inner voice that will touch our minds and illuminate them. When we take up the serious subjects of the day and move out on lines of the inner potency of the spiritual man in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the strength that lies behind the intellect, in the unity of the brotherhood of man, then intuition works."

Speaking of the home as the institution which contains within itself the greatest possibilities for bringing about the brighter day, Madame Tingley said:

"There is too often lack of balance and lack of unity in the home-life, even though there is great patience, love, sacrifice and suffering. But there must be knowledge. Both the father and mother must have it; both must have a spirit of love, which is something more than we generally mean by the word. There must be divine love; there must be intuition and compassion and harmony. Harmony must be expressed in the higher sense, and it must come forth in every act and thought, from the divine inner part of the parents. When that occurs, so strong will be the force of it that the very atmosphere of that home will bespeak the lives of those two people without words. What we need today are the finer, more refined and more vital expressions of knowledge and harmony. These things are the foundation-stones, the basic pillars of the temple of a brighter day."

CALIFORNIA LEADS TOURIST STATES

"THEY say that if you spend a year in Southern California you will never be able to leave it. I don't know," Julia N. Sloane writes in *Scribner's*.

"We haven't tried. The only possible reason for going back would be that you aren't in the stirring heart of things here as you are in New York. Your friends — they all come to you if you just wait a little. What amazes them always is to find that Southern California has the most perfect summer climate in the world, if you keep near the sea. No rain — many are the umbrellas I have gently extracted from the reluctant hands of doubting visitors; no heat such as we know it in the East. We have an out-of-doors dining-room, and it is only two or three times in summer that it is not warm enough to have our meals there. In the cities or the 'back country' it is different. I have felt heat in Pasadena that made me feel in the same class with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, but never by the sea.

"One result of all this fresh air is that we won't even go indoors to be amused. Hence, the outdoor theater. Why go to a play when it's so lovely outside? But to go to a play out-of-doors in an enchanting Greek theater with a real moon rising above it — that's another matter! I shall never forget *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as given by the Theosophical Society at Point Loma. Strolling through the grounds with the mauve and amber domes of their temples dimly lit, I found myself murmuring: 'In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure-dome decree.' In a canyon by the sea we found a theater. The setting was perfect, and the performance was worthy of it. Never have I seen that play so beautifully given, so artistically set and delightfully acted, though the parts were taken by students in the Theosophical school."— *Press Clipping*

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.

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

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The Theosophical Path

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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.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

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

As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back. (33)

As a fish taken from his watery home and thrown on the dry ground, our thought trembles all over in order to escape the dominion of Māra (the tempter). (34)

It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, rushing wherever it listeth; a tamed mind brings happiness. (35)

Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list: thoughts well guarded bring happiness. (36)

Those who bridle their mind which travels far, moves about alone, is without a body, and hides in the chamber (of the heart), will be free from the bonds of Māra (the tempter). (37)

If a man's thoughts are unsteady, if he does not know the true law, if his peace of mind is troubled, his knowledge will never be perfect. (38)

Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly-directed mind will do us greater mischief. (42)

Not a mother, not a father will do so much, nor any other relative; a well-directed mind will do us greater service. (43)

— *Dhammapada*; translated by Max Müller

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NATURE IN A SUMMER MOOD

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1919

"The man who is free from credulity, but knows the uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptations, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men."

— *Dhammapada*; translation by Max Müller

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



SURELY we can all agree that in the present conditions of the world's affairs we are challenged to do more than merely announce principles; and that if we wish to serve our fellowmen and work in harmony with the best in life, we must try to meet its problems understandingly, interpret them rightly, and solve them justly.

I am convinced that every individual who is really and sincerely interested in self-improvement, self-evolution, must know that in the experience of one lifetime each accumulates a great amount of mental and physical luggage which does not belong to him, and is not necessary; and one can readily see that for centuries there has been something very much awry even in the physical development of man; that it is a rare thing to find in the world, whether in America or elsewhere, a perfect physical type — man or woman. Occasionally artists secure models that approximate something of the kind, but it is still more difficult to find even in those who approximate the real type of the wholesome, healthy man or woman, that inside touch of a harmonious mental development which should be normal. Hence we can well imagine that in a few years under the pressure and the strain of modern life the most perfect type that we know of will naturally deteriorate. Without a conception of the essential divinity of man; not knowing this as the central fact of human life; not realizing that all existence is governed by divine, immutable laws; not being assured that they are ever at hand, there naturally must come deterioration for the race.

*

If we are to rebuild physically, according to the Theosophical standpoint, we must study causes perhaps a little differently from what we have before, and we

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must realize that the power of the mind depends entirely, in the truest sense, upon the higher nature, the divine part of man. If we could become conscious of the Divinity within, arouse it into action, through the mind, then there would immediately follow a reconstruction of physical life and a throwing away of much of the physical luggage and of the mental débris that most human beings carry with them all through life.

When the physical, mental, moral and spiritual aspects of man are brought into harmony with the laws of Nature, life takes on a new aspect. With the stimulating, all-inspiring and forceful divine quality of that inner harmony which cannot fully be defined — so great is it — and with the royal urge that comes from a recognition of the divinity within, it becomes possible to build truly, to build the body as a vehicle, a temple for the soul. Then the whole being of man is lifted to a higher spiritual level. One who is imbued with this Divine Spirit, and who is seeking to eliminate all the acquired mental rubbish of even one life, will feel an impetus, a new energy and a more determined will, that he cannot stay. Working through the mind, this power will bring about a balance of the whole nature, and there will come the knowledge of how to adjust oneself physically, mentally, and morally. Simply to announce these principles would not be sufficient; it would be but a half-doing; they must be built into the life and applied to the problems that each one has to meet from day to day.

*

Of what value is it to talk about readjusting Europe, readjusting America, or our state, or our city, or our home, until we have put our own lives in order? Until we reach the point of understanding our own natures and possibilities, how can we know the significance of the word Liberty, as expressing a great principle? True Liberty is allied to Religion; it can have no fulness, no richness, no life for us till we reach the point of understanding the Liberty of the Soul, as well as of the mind and the body. The whole nature must be adjusted in consonance with the higher divine laws, with the attributes of the soul, and with the real duties of life. Reaching that point, we shall be prepared to go forth and preach to the world and permit the example of our sincere lives to be an incentive for others.

We have burdened ourselves all along the way with a heavy weight of mental luggage, because we have been timid in our efforts to reach the Truth. We have not met our daily duties unafraid. We have tried to feel satisfied with half-truths, and have accepted counterfeits. We may not have known fully that they were counterfeits, but we have leaned so much upon this false idea and that,

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

this false system and that, this useless book and that, that we are all awry on all the three planes of body, mind, and soul.

We do many things that are noble and unselfish at times, we cannot help doing them; we do them with no great effort, because the Divine is within us and will speak in spite of the obstacles that we put in its way; it will announce itself occasionally; but in general the mind is shut in by a bondage that few can understand unless they have studied Theosophy. It is weighted not only with the luggage that I have spoken of, but with the monster, as I call it, Fear. It is there, very big, very menacing: it is ever at our heels, ever before us, ever with us on every side. Why? Because we have no faith in ourselves; we cannot fall back upon, and stand secure in, the consciousness of our Divinity, of the weapons of the Soul, the spiritual forces that are ours, with which we can throw away all the luggage, overcome all the obstacles, and move out into life with our eyes eternally on the great goal of man's perfectibility.

*

We falter, we stumble, we become discouraged, we turn to this remedy and to that remedy, this teacher and that, this book and that; and we have no certainty as to the deeper meaning of life and its duties. Such is the condition of humanity today. In spite of the bright lights that we have intellectually and otherwise — taking mankind as a whole — the great surging body of humanity is awry, and the more quickly we recognise it the more quickly we shall turn to the interior forces, to the light within, to the illumination of our very Souls, our Divine Selves.

Do not look for phenomena; do not expect any strange, startling manifestation of the Law expressing itself through you or for you. The divine laws do not work that way. They work in the Silence, in the inmost part of one's being, ever seeking to manifest, to be recognised, to serve, and to bring one physically, morally and spiritually to a state of consciousness that means Peace, and a full realization of the meaning of Liberty.

*

Looking at this picture, can you not see that it is not difficult to set aside and eliminate the non-essentials from one's life — those things that one feels belong to one, as a part of one's being, even though one spends much time trying to fulfil one's duty? This is no rebuke on my part, no chiding of my readers in the ordinary sense, but — with man's limited view of life as of seventy or eighty years at the most — the mental luggage has been piled up so heavily that few indeed realize it. And yet in one's inmost nature, in the most calm and restful times

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of thought, one tries to reach out into something new; the very yearnings of the soul confirm what I say; the disappointments and heartaches of life all tell the story; because the outward things, the non-essentials in life, constitute a great psychological force that binds man in thought and act, in the home and everywhere; indeed, its mark is on all humanity.

*

As a people we live too much on the exterior line of thought and effort, and too little on the interior; we carry our weight of woe and suffering and half-truths and suspicion and misconception until we are weary. We begin to grow old when we should be young in the truest sense, because youth in all its richness and fulness can be found in life at seventy, according to the Theosophical idea. It is the grace-notes in life that we let go; we miss the deeper harmonies, the exquisite divine touches in their silent processes. Think of how often we find them in music, in superb poetry, or in some noble utterance or act! But they do not stay with us; we ourselves move away from them. On rare occasions we do reach the heights, and give out our best just for a moment; but then we fall back and find ourselves in false positions — unless indeed we determine to go forward hour by hour, and day by day, doing our best, and carrying our burdens cheerfully, because we understand the Karmic Law of life.

But there is something more asked of us; we are challenged by the Higher Law; we are challenged by suffering humanity, and by our own consciences. These mysterious problems must be met from the standpoint of our higher natures, our deepest conception of what life means; and the more quickly we reach a point of discrimination, the sooner we shall be able to recognise the non-essentials in our characters, and set them aside.

*

Can we not recall how, when we started out in life, we planned this and planned that, years ahead? Perhaps we planned too much; for the mind, being subject to the higher laws, should work with a quality of trust and far-sightedness for the expression of which there is no language — a quality of trust that in one sense takes no heed of the morrow, that is, in the sense of distrusting what may befall. We plan and keep on planning, and we meet disappointments and heartaches. One sets a date, and says that this shall be so, placing such limitations on his life that the oil of the brain is almost exhausted with the plannings. Then come the disappointments which break the life. It is pitiful, tragic!

But if every morning and every night, and indeed in all our duties, we can hold

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

the idea that the higher laws do exist, that they brought us into life and will take us out of it — more mercifully than we ourselves can do so with all our planning — out into a greater, grander life — a nobler, sweeter life: if, holding to this inspiring thought, we seek to do our duty from morning till night, trustingly and lovingly, royally and faithfully, then we can look forward to the morrow with confidence. Truly, there must be common sense and judgment about the ordinary things of life; for if a man plants the right kind of seed in his garden, it is reasonable for him to look forward to the harvest. But there will be no worrying; there will be reliance on the Higher Law.

*

As one becomes conscious of one's own higher nature, there may perhaps be no outward proof, no illumination, for it is something that comes into the very surging of one's life, the pulsation of one's heart, the circulation of one's blood; one awakens to the consciousness that life is joy; one finds more cheer in the sunshine, sweeter fragrance in the flowers, and new music in the songs of the birds; the stars are more beautiful; one feels that something has come into his life that has never been there before. It is findable, hundreds and hundreds have found it; it does not come at any definite time; it is not heralded; it is a silent force that streams into one's nature and lifts the whole being into a state of understanding! With a noble act today and a noble act tomorrow, and a larger sympathy for humanity, we retire at night with some knowledge of what sleep means, taking it as the working of one of Nature's laws, that the great unrest of the exterior, physical life and its pressures can be eliminated, and that for the time the mind may rest as a child rests on the bosom of its mother. Such are the expressions of the Divine Law.

*

Can we reap the real benefit of sleep if we enter upon it negatively, in ignorance, carrying all our frets and worries, our dislikes, our despair, our hatreds, to bed with us? Can we expect that Nature will work for the building up of our physical, mental and moral life upon this line? Surely, no! We should go to sleep trustingly, as little children do, just as we did when we were at our mothers' knees, just as we used to do in the old nursery, in the days long since gone by. We must throw aside all mental stumbling-blocks; we must bring ourselves to a point of trust in the great and wonderful mysteries of life. We can pray in the inward sense, in the silence, simply holding within ourselves the aspiration for something better tomorrow, for something more sweet and true, for opportunities for a larger service, resting in the law of that which is true, whether we yet understand it or not.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

We are all at the mercy of these laws I have spoken of, when we sleep. We are unconscious, unprotected in a sense — simply asleep in the arms of Nature, cherished by the divine laws, if we will but work in consonance with them. Holding to this idea, it is a time of reconstruction of the whole being. We must carry ourselves through the day with respect for our physical bodies, not overdoing, not overeating nor overdrinking, not permitting any excesses, but just trying in all our thoughts and actions to get a little closer to the simple realities. And when night comes, when our duties are well done, then we can go to sleep in trust. The dear little babies have this trust, and why not we? Then, when we awake in the morning we shall realize that something new and uplifting has happened to us. We may not be able to tell what it is, but the seeds will have been planted, and the reconstruction of man will begin.

*

Throw aside your mental luggage — the non-essentials — and avoid acquiring more. Cling to the essentials that go for the upbuilding of man eternal, the upbuilding of the great central force in civilization, the home, and the the different conditions of life, on a basis of harmony, strength, and clearness of vision.

The great divine mission of man is to find Liberty and Life, through service, through the religious aspects of his nature. To announce the principles of truth is of little value unless something else follows. If man is to find real Liberty, he must follow the essential line of duty and service; he must live religiously; he must find his religion, and in the true sense this lies within himself. He is the master of his destiny; he is the commander; he can array all the forces of evil and cast them aside. He can bring forward the spiritual forces of his real, divine nature and make life superb and help to lift the burdens of humanity in a new way.

*

So, according to the Higher Law, in my interpretation, each of us is challenged—not challenged by a person, but by the conditions of our present age; and it does seem to me that we are falling far back from the real duty of life if we waste one moment in hesitating, one moment in hugging and holding on to our dear old luggage and letting our ideals die from want of putting them into action.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ANTIQUITY: Does it Provide a Solution for Present-Day Problems?

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

DOES the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity provide a solution for present-day problems? Perhaps we have different views as to what present-day problems are, but many will agree that these problems are mostly due to lack of foundation and therefore to uncertainty. If we had a sure foundation on which to base our action at the present day, one that was absolutely sure, we should immediately remove, if not all, at least a great many present-day problems. If we had certainty on which to base our actions, if it were not simply guess-work or supposition or mere brain-mind reasoning, that such and such a course of action would produce such and such a result, if we had absolute certainty, then we should remove, if not all, at least many present-day problems.

Where can we get a sure foundation and where can we get certainty? I think, and I shall endeavor to show, that the sure foundation is to be found in the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, and that there alone can we obtain that certainty which will enable us to tread our path surely and with confidence.

A Chinese mystical writer said: "Take the ancient reason to govern the present and you will know the origin of all." How can we find the ancient reason? We might perhaps put it this way — that if we had knowledge of the foundation of things, we should not merely know the origin of all, but we should know how to govern ourselves in the present. Madame Blavatsky very clearly puts it in these words: "The Past shall help to realize the Present, and the latter to better appreciate the Past."

All students are aware that in ancient times, and certainly in Greece and in Egypt, there were what were called the Mysteries. There were the lesser Mysteries and the greater Mysteries. The lesser Mysteries were for all of the public who desired to enter them. The greater Mysteries were only for those who fitted themselves and possessed that quality of character that not only could they appreciate the inner teachings of the Mysteries intellectually, but their lives were of that order that was in accordance with those teachings.

Jesus said, if we accept the words as recorded, that there was one

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teaching for the people, in parables; "but to you"—he was speaking to his disciples — "it is given to know the Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven." The Buddha had one teaching for the people and another for his disciples. And the same was true, I think we should find, of every one of the great teachers of antiquity, if we were able to get at their real teachings — that they all had a general teaching for the people, and another teaching for those who were fitted to receive it — not that it was kept away from the people, not that anyone was excluded, save by himself, from receiving these inner teachings.

The Inner Wisdom has always been open to those who fitted themselves to receive it, to those who followed along the path by which they might reach the goal, and the path was open and ever has been open and is open today, for everyone who chooses to enter. There is no gate at its entrance. The path of Wisdom is an open path.

But there came a time, and we know more about it in respect to Greece and Egypt than we do perhaps in respect to other nations, when the ancient Mysteries began to be degraded; and when, in consequence, there seemed to be a withdrawal of the inner teachings. It was due very largely to the endeavor of ambitious men to assume to know and to keep their knowledge for themselves, and consequently to seek to hold all others in bondage and slavery — in mental bondage, mental slavery. And so it was that the teachings were apparently lost. In one of the most sacred books of the world, the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, we have an actual record of what happened many ages ago. In one of the chapters, Krishna, speaking to Arjuna, says:

"This exhaustless doctrine of Yoga I formerly taught unto Vivaswat; Vivaswat communicated it to Manu and Manu made it known unto Ikshwâku; and being thus transmitted from one unto another it was studied by the Râjarshis, until at length in the course of time the mighty art was lost, O harasser of thy foes! It is even the same exhaustless, *secret*, eternal doctrine I have this day communicated unto thee because thou art my devotee and my friend."

I quote this to show that there was a Secret Doctrine in Antiquity, for what I have just been referring to occurred over five thousand years ago — that there was at that time a Secret Doctrine which was again made known to the world after it had been lost.

How much do we understand of the *Book of the Dead*? Generally it is thought that it has to do with death, and yet one of the greatest of all the chapters of the *Book of the Dead* is entitled, 'The Book of the Going Forth by Day.' In reality it has nothing to do with physical death. It is a book of life. It is one of the books of the Secret Doctrine of the ages. And I could refer to many others, but I think what I have said is sufficient to show that there was a Secret Doctrine of Antiquity.

Madame Blavatsky in her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*, says some-

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thing to this effect, that when traveling in the Orient, exploring the hidden sanctuaries, this saddening and ever-recurring question came continually before her: "Who, where, what is God? Who ever saw the Immortal Spirit of man?" And she goes on to say that while engaged in this questioning and in this searching, she came across certain men who, she said, may truly be called "the sages of the Orient"; that she willingly listened to their instructions, and they taught her that "by combining science with religion the existence of God and the immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem of Euclid." We shall see presently the sense in which she uses that word 'God.' She said that by proving man-spirit, you can prove God-spirit, just the same as by a drop of water you can prove the existence of the ocean.

Madame Blavatsky named her greatest work *The Secret Doctrine*, but she said that it is by no means the whole Secret Doctrine; that though it contains much more than was given out in *Isis Unveiled*, it is yet only a fragment. She said that in *Isis Unveiled* one turn of the key was given, and much more in the two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine*. That great work is based upon certain teachings heretofore not given out to the world, at least for thousands of years. She gives some fragments from these, but I am not going to touch upon them. Then she speaks of and gives three fundamental teachings, upon which she says the whole of the Secret Doctrine is based.

Now, what we are looking for is a foundation, some certainty, which will enable us to continue our journey of life. There is not much certainty in the world today. No one knows what news he is going to find in the newspaper tomorrow; no one knows whether a new conflagration may not be started over night. We seem to be standing as it were upon a volcano. Have we any certainty? Have we any knowledge? We turn to the religious teachings of today and we find that there is a condition of chaos almost throughout. Not many years ago each one of the several hundred sects of Christianity, so-called, was absolutely sure of itself, sure that it had the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that it was much nearer the light than every one of the other several hundred sects. They are not sure today. A great deal is being said about combining the various religious efforts, so that they may make a stronger appeal to the public, but perhaps, and, as I think, in reality, that they may insure their own existence. They are not even sure that they will continue to be in existence a few years from now. They have no foundation, no certainty. If they had what Mme Blavatsky started to find — knowledge of God, of Deity — they would have a foundation which nothing could shake.

The first of the fundamental propositions of the Secret Doctrine

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(on which the whole of the Secret Doctrine, according to Madame Blavatsky, is based) has to do with this idea of God, but not in the sense of a being. If God were a being, then he would stand apart from us. Then we might put God off into some point in space. If God is a being, he is limited. The very idea contained in *being*, in something that is manifested, is limitation. To speak about personality with reference to Deity is immediately to limit, because personality is nothing more than a mask. That is what the word *persona* means. We may regard the whole of Nature, as Goethe did, as the mask, the garment, of God, but it is only a mask, a garment, — albeit permeated and sustained by the spirit of God.

The Absolute, that which is the origin of all, is something beyond, something deeper than Nature. You may go with your mind as far as ever you possibly can, but you will have to say — there is something beyond! One may form the most magnificent and glorious conception that is possible and one will have to say — there is something beyond! As is said in one of the Upanishads, all that can be declared is that “It is not this, It is not that,” no matter what one may say this or that may be. In the words of *The Secret Doctrine*, it postulates first of all “an Eternal, Absolute and Immutable Principle.” Now that word *principle* means nothing more than *first*, that which is the foundation of all, the absolute foundation.

One of the difficulties of the present day has been that people have been relying upon a limited Deity. St. Paul says, “There be gods many and lords many,” and indeed there are gods many, and we have been relying upon many gods; some have been relying upon one god — I am talking of the people generally — and other people have been relying upon other gods, and others upon others. Jesus said, quoting an old Scripture: “Ye are gods.” He actually spoke to his hearers and said, “Ye are gods.” And if we have this conception of the absolute foundation of all, that which cannot be defined, that which cannot be uttered, as is said in another of the Upanishads — “unthinkable and unspeakable”; if we can go so far that we can understand that, if That is the origin of all, then there must be something of That in you and in me, and that only by finding that something in you and in me can we get a sure foundation on which to build; — then we can get that certainty which will enable us to take the next step forward in the journey of life.

When we accept this we can build on it and go a step further, and that is that man therefore is responsible for his own life. If men had the confidence that they were responsible for their own lives, they would not be putting any of the responsibility upon an unknown deity, or upon a deity that they think they know a little about, and they would not,

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as many did at the beginning of the war, speak about the war as a visitation of God, nor would they pray therefore to God for victory or for the cessation of war. They would know that the responsibility of the war rested upon humanity and upon humanity alone; and that the cessation of the war spirit rested equally upon humanity and humanity alone. And the cessation of war has by no means come yet.

The second of the fundamental teachings or propositions on which the Secret Doctrine is based is that of the absolute universality of the law of periodicity that rules throughout Nature, the alternation of day and night, life and death, sleeping and waking, ebb and flow; that all Nature is governed by these. If we can take this as a guide, and if we study history, we can learn something that is very helpful, that will also cast some light upon the present, for the same idea runs through this second fundamental teaching that is also in the first, namely, personal responsibility. We find our own lives proceeding from childhood, through youth, manhood, old age, to death. The teaching of the Secret Doctrine is that death is not the end. You have heard it often enough from this platform, that after the period of activity which is called life, comes the period of rest, which is death; but that death is not the end of all.

None of us would be satisfied with an eternal rest. But there is an awakening. Death is followed by life. Ebb follows flow in the tides of the ocean, and flow follows ebb, and so also in the tides of life. There is a rising to one's greatest height, in our own lives of physical activity, and then a declining. There is a rising in our mental activity, and with some there seems to be no declining. And yet the period of rest must come there also. And there is ebb and flow, rise and fall, in everything in Nature. There is not only ebb and flow in the life of man, not only life and death in the experience of man, but there is ebb and flow in the lives of nations and of races. A nation is born — it is not so many years ago that the American nation did not exist. It is now in its lusty young manhood. It has by no means — so many hold — yet come to the period of full discretion. It has not yet reached its period of full manhood. It has not yet attained its majority. Other nations, as history records, have declined, passed out, and died; they have had their period of youth and strength and vigor; many of them have had their period when they ruled the world. Egypt was once practically the master of the whole world; China at one time was master of the whole world; Persia at one time mastered the whole world. No nation can hold that it is going to attain to its power and dominate the world and continue to dominate the world. It is not in the law. There is ebb and flow, rise and fall for every one. Many men think they are going to increase in power

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and that there shall be no limit to the reach of their influence; but others who look at them can quietly smile, even those who are dominated by them for a time can quietly smile, knowing that the hand of Death will put an end to their domination.

The foundation and the certainty are not to be found in the outward things. They are in the inner realms.

Now, let us turn to the third and in some respects, for us, the most important of the fundamental propositions of the Secret Doctrine, and we shall get a still further clue and a still further answer to the problems of today. The third of the fundamental teachings of the Secret Doctrine is "the fundamental identity of all souls [and that means your soul and my soul] with the Universal Over-soul" which is a ray from, or an aspect of, the Unknown, that which was spoken of in the first of the fundamental propositions; and the obligatory pilgrimage of every soul through the cycle of incarnations, or the cycle of necessity. This pilgrimage is obligatory. None of us can get out of life. Suicide does not take us out of life; suicide does not kill the soul. It kills the body only and leaves the soul for a time helpless, just as a workman is helpless when his tools are thrown away. Death does not take us out of life, but only into another sphere of life. There is no getting away from life, for we ourselves, in our inmost selves, are identical with life and consequently are subject to the laws of life, which indeed are our own laws. They are not imposed upon us. If anything, it may be said that we, the Immortal Divine Spark within ourselves, which is identical with the Over-soul, imposed what we call the laws of life upon our outer being. We, in a sense, are responsible for them. They seem otherwise to our brain-mind, because we have forgotten who and what we are. Did we know who and what we are, the laws of life would be found to be the willing of our own souls and in no way different from it.

This third fundamental proposition goes on to say that once the human stage of evolution is reached — it has to do with the sub-human stages, but this is not the time for taking up any consideration of those — that once the human stage of evolution is reached, progress is only through "self-induced and self-devised efforts, checked by Karma." In other words, that every man is absolutely responsible for the progress that he makes, responsible for the position that he now holds, responsible for his present and therefore responsible for his future, all his efforts being checked by Karma. Now, it does not mean that you and I, separate from the whole world, are solely and separately responsible for what you and I may be, for it must be borne in mind that the first statement of this great teaching is that of the identity of all souls with the Universal Over-soul. This means also the identity of all souls, that in a measure

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the whole of humanity is mirrored in the heart of each, that in a measure each one of us is identical with humanity, and that in a sense each one of us stands for humanity.

Do you not see what a responsibility is placed upon us? There was the old question that was asked of Cain, and then he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Take the ancient reason to govern the present and you will know the origin of all," and you will know the cause of all the confusion of the present. It is because we have lost sight of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity; and the central teaching of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, its most secret teaching, is the teaching of Brotherhood. I say it is the most secret teaching and I believe it. We talk about Brotherhood, and there are great organizations which exist today with Brotherhood as their foundation and central teaching. If those great organizations knew the implication of that teaching, if they had the sure foundation of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, could there not have been something said and something done, which would have prevented the war?

Humanity has forgotten the central teaching of antiquity. We have forgotten who and what we are.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, the book, Madame Blavatsky quotes from an esoteric catechism one of the old, old teachings. The Teacher asks the disciple questions and the pupil answers. The Teacher asks, ". . . dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?" And the pupil answers, "I sense one Flame . . . I see countless undetached sparks shining in it." And the Teacher says, "Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?" And the disciple replies, "It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, 'Thy Soul and my Soul.'"

Did we know this really, as this teaching declares — this central teaching, towards which all the other teachings tend and point — all the teachings of antiquity, — we should find that thy Soul and my Soul are not different, that we are no more different than are two sunbeams that come from the sun. There is in reality no separation. The light is one. As it has come down through the different planes of manifestation it has appeared to become separated; it has seemed so much separated through its different manifestations that at last we have come to accept it as separated, at last we have come to think that you and I are different; at last we have come to think that your interests are different from my interests, that you are somehow or another seeking to encroach upon

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my prerogatives, my rights, and therefore that I must fight for my rights! But, did we but know it, your rights are my rights, and your rights are the only rights that I have, and *vice versa*. Did we but know that there is in the heart of each a spark of the Absolute Divinity, that each one of us, potentially, if not actually in our conduct today, but of a truth potentially, each one of us is divine, is God, Deity, we should be able to exert such moral power in the world that war would cease.

How are we going to get this nation, the United States, of which Walt Whitman said, "The destiny of the United States is to be spiritual and heroic," — how are we going to get the United States to exert such moral power in the world that war shall cease? And I believe that some day the destiny of the United States is to take that stand. It is only by realizing what we individually have to do; and from the teachings of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity, when we do that individually, we are helping the whole of humanity to do that; and when we can realize that we are not separated from humanity, then in the truest sense what we do from the divine side of our natures is absolutely helping the whole of humanity to do the same.

When individuals begin to take that stand, then war will cease and the present-day problems will be solved. There will be no more confusion; there will be order, harmony, progress, and peace.

In *The Secret Doctrine* there is a very graphic description of present-day problems, not only of individuals but of nations. Speaking of the great teaching of Karma, that "as ye sow, so must ye reap," which is one of the teachings of Jesus and Paul, the illustration is given of a spider spinning its web, and man is compared to the spider spinning, spinning, spinning, until he finds himself completely shut in by this web that he has woven around himself, and finds himself at last, seemingly, absolutely helpless, because he has woven the web so tightly around himself. That is the position that men and women are in today. That is the position that the nations of the world are in today. And they are awakening to the fact that they are struggling in vain, apparently, against this destiny which has been self-imposed, against this confusion which has come upon the world because of the past actions of individuals and of nations. To understand this, we must realize and understand why we are here today; we must realize the teaching of reincarnation and that we had a great deal to do, if indeed we did not have the principal part in the past ages, with weaving this web around us, resulting in this confusion in which we now find ourselves.

So the foundation on which we must stand is first, that there is a ray of Divinity within us; and if we can understand this then we can face whatever comes fearlessly; we can stand even in the midst of the

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confusion of the world unmoved, in a sense, doing our duty. I believe if there were a few people in the world who could stand unmoved, their absolute confidence would spread to others around them. But what do we find among the greatest statesmen, those who set before themselves the highest ideals, who have the noblest ideals and plans as to what should be done? Often unable to stand against circumstances, not able to stand unmoved, swayed by circumstances and conditions which they have not taken into account, which they did not think they would have to meet, not able to look far enough ahead!

I know of only one who has in these days been able to look far enough ahead. It is the one whom all the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society accept as their teacher, Katherine Tingley, one who is absolutely unmoved, who stands absolutely upon principle, who will not deviate, nor compromise with principle, who will not deviate one inch from right action. And it is from her that we are receiving a new interpretation of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity. We have had the marvelous books of Mme Blavatsky, in which the Secret Doctrine has been outlined and taught, and now we are seeing the Secret Doctrine put into practice, this Secret Doctrine of Brotherhood, the realization that no man, woman or child is separated from humanity, that the whole of life, all humanity, is mirrored in the heart of each.

In conclusion I wish to quote one of the last statements in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, made by Krishna to Arjuna. The whole of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* is a dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna. In one sense the whole of the Secret Doctrine — a complete philosophy of life — is contained in that little book. It occurs at the end of the dialogue, which takes place in the midst of one of the greatest wars of history — and surely there is a great significance in this — it shows how, in the midst of war, one can find a sure place to stand upon; one can find the philosophy of life which will enable one to do what is right. Each one has Krishna in his own heart, it is the Divinity within, each one is Arjuna; and Krishna, the Divine Soul, says to Arjuna, the man, after giving him that counsel which will enable him to solve all his difficulties: "Thus have I made known unto thee this knowledge which is a mystery more secret than secrecy itself; ponder it fully in thy mind, act as seemeth best unto thee." And that doctrine, as I interpret it, that is more secret than secrecy itself, is the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, based on the essential Divinity of man. It is in this central teaching of the Secret Doctrine of Antiquity that is to be found a solution for present-day problems.

'PSYCHOLOGY' AND COMMON SENSE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

HOW often do we find that an elaborate and highly ingenious science is so only because it has missed the simple truth! The old system of astronomy, which made the earth the center, had to devise a complicated system of epicycles; but when the sun was made the center, these were seen to be needless devices to account for what was quite simple.

There is a science called 'psychology,' to which the above remark seems applicable. We have just read a wonderful article, in which the writer dissects various typical specimens of morbid character in a very elaborate and complicated way; and many of his remarks are so ponderous and naïve that their lack of humor moves us to involuntary mirth. Some patients develop a disposition which puts them out of harmony with society and makes them solitary and suspicious. Others have periodical fits of unbalanced action. All is explained on a theory of suppressed desires or instincts, which are normally prevented from expressing themselves, and which burst out in abnormal forms. And this is connected with a theory of dreams by Freud. Freud seems to have thought that, because some dreams are caused by desires that cannot be realized in waking life, therefore all dreams are so caused; and to have sought to build up a whole philosophy of character and conduct on this fragment.

And do we not know that the greater part of these morbid manifestations of character are simply the natural result of various weaknesses which the incredible blindness of parents has permitted to grow unheeded and unchecked in the child, until they have become rooted in the adult?

We repeat that the matter is simple, and has been made to seem complex by missing the truth. We have only to watch children with their parents, in order to see that self-will and temper are allowed to grow, and are even given way to and pampered. Later on the child learns to hide this with a gloss of plausible manners, but the thing is still there. This is what causes the morbid manifestations; there is nothing recondite about it; the wisdom of our grandmothers would have understood it.

There are those who even say that these suppressed impulses are natural and should be given play. Harmful repression, they say, is to blame for it all. And they evolve a philosophy of education based on the principle of non-control. Nature, they say, is all right if let alone. But a child is not an animal; and even the animals take care of their offspring and teach them. A child is an incarnating Soul, and unless cared for by the people who brought it into the world, will surely come to grief.



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SUMMERHOUSE, RANGOON, BURMA



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ENTRANCE TO SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON

(For description see pp. 261-262)



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

BURMESE ROOF-CARVING ON PLATFORM OF
SHWE DAGON PAGODA



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BUILDINGS AND SHRINES ON PLATFORM OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON, BURMA

WORSHIP

KENNETH MORRIS

LAST night, as I went forth alone,
I heard a certain stir above:
The dark heavens comrade-hearted grown,
And palpitant with joy and love.

I heard a whisper from the skies;
It said: "Thou art not bound nor poor,
For all the wealth of cosmos lies
Right at thy door, right at thy door!


"And thou art free to voyage tonight
Through bright illimitable seas,
And share thy wonder and delight
With Procyon and the Pleiades.

"Yea, now the world is crabbed and old,
No less than at the dawn of time,
Mayst squander Betelgeuse for gold,
And sing Orion's Sword for rhyme."

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

EDUCATION AND MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HE Democratic Conception of Education' is treated in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal* by Alexander Darroch, Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh. Democracy, in his sense, is not the predominance of any one class over other classes, but the rule of all for the benefit of all. The object of education is to give all the people equal opportunity. It is not to be divided into liberal and vocational, as though the former were for the leisured classes, the latter for the workers; but everybody is to have a complete education, calculated to develop both their faculties and their tastes. He insists that his democracy shall not be confounded with state socialism, and says:

"It rather is frankly individualistic, and wishes to establish a society in which as large a

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number as possible shall be morally responsible and self-reliant and self-disciplined men and women."

Yes, and before they can become morally responsible, they must start life with a better idea of what life is for.

What is life for? How shall we find out? If we only sit in an armchair and study philosophy, we may come to the conclusion that life is a hopeless puzzle, and find ourselves asking the old question, 'Why is there anything?' But that would be merely because we should be trying to leap at one bound from our armchair to Olympus, and to formulate the infinite. So we must restrict our speculations and come down to the practical point. Philosophy or no philosophy, we find that we are alive, that we have to live from day to day somehow or other, and that consequently we must have a working theory ready to hand.

Anyone with a group of children to manage, knows the difference between harmony and discord. He finds that selfishness is the destroyer of the one and the creator of the other. This is the philosophy of life in a nutshell, for practical purposes, and learnt from the nursemaid. It would seem that, if we can teach children to be unselfish, the problem is solved. The truth is always so provokingly simple.

To teach people how to use their heads and hands and cultivate their tastes is well enough, but not enough. We all know this; and it is no use evading the point, for, however often we may step around the obstacle, we shall always find it in our path again.

Moral and religious instruction may be suggested; but what of such cases as that of the good emperor Marcus Aurelius, who procured for his boy the very best moral teachers that the world could supply to its master? All this did not prevent Commodus from becoming one of the worst of all the emperors. Again, moral and religious teaching, as too often understood and applied, may produce a type of hypocrisy; not the crude Pecksniffian hypocrite, but a kind that perhaps never finds out that he is a hypocrite. We often put on a coating of conventional morality and good behavior over an unreformed 'old Adam'; and, if this suffices to enable us to walk the paths of ordinary life in security and respectability, it will not stand a severe strain. Also, what remains decently concealed in the individual comes out in the mass; and hence the discord in society is the result of a great many individual selfishnesses.

"Such is the constitution of civil society," says Gibbon, "that while a few persons are distinguished by riches, by honors, and by knowledge, the body of the people is condemned to obscurity, ignorance, and poverty." That is, such is the form which society assumes automatically when composed of individuals of the ordinary kind. The individual pursuit

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of personal interests results, by a mathematical law, in a distribution of advantages in the manner described. And by an equally inexorable law, the discord from time to time comes to a head and produces a catastrophe. The problem is to produce a different kind of individual. How are we to produce self-disciplined men and women?

Instead of touching the outside — putting on a coat of varnish — we must go to the root. People must start in life with a different ideal as to what life is, and what it is for.

Man is compound; he has a selfish nature and a larger nature. Unfortunately, the kind of teachings which we promulgate tend to accentuate the animal side of human nature. Science is preoccupied with the biological aspect of human nature, and with attempts to establish man's animal genealogy, unbalanced by any endeavor to show his mental or spiritual descent. The result is that children grow up with the idea that they are here to 'get on' and make themselves comfortable in the worldly sense. Why does not religion help them? Because of the aforesaid hypocrisy in our teachings, whereby religion does not touch actual life, but lies on the top, like oil on water, leaving the daily life unaffected by its lofty ideals. But religion ought to be an affair of daily life, influencing every smallest act.

It is but stating the truth to say that, under the present ideas of human nature, we simply cannot teach children to become self-disciplined men and women. And it is equally true to say that, with the right teachings as to human nature, we can teach them to become self-disciplined men and women. Here again is the problem in a nutshell.

Consider the Râja-Yoga method of teaching. It begins with the earliest years. For in those years, more than in any other, the character is molded for good or ill.

It is customary for our biological faddists to say that the nature of a young child is entirely selfish, like that of the animal. They also tell us that a baby will hang from its toes because it is descended from a monkey. But nevertheless they teach the baby to walk like a man. They have not the courage of their convictions sufficiently to leave the baby as a perpetual victim to that hereditary (?) arboreal habit. Then why act differently in the case of the selfish instincts? If the baby is to be taught to give up hanging by his toes, and to walk upright, why not teach him to leave off being selfish? In a word, it is as much our duty to teach the child how to behave, as it is the duty of a bird to teach its chick how to hop and fly. More than this, it is as easy. The dual nature is present in the small child. The higher nature is there, waiting to be appealed to. But we do not appeal to it; we starve it. We feed the selfish nature; we indulge selfishness and vanity. Thus we manufacture a little

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moral cripple for our own delectation. The truth is unpalatably simple.

We must teach the child that it is an immortal Soul incarnate in a body. We must show it the difference between selfish instincts and care for others. "Oh, if only I had been taught, as a child, to pass the plate around, instead of helping myself first, what a difference it would make to me now!"

Râja-Yoga children are taught to pass the plate around first. The problem in a nutshell again, and unromantically simple, as before.

We commend the solution to all educational writers. But remember: unless there is behind this moral teaching the rational intellectual teaching, the result will probably be only a subtle hypocrisy. For this hypocrisy comes from trying to make a child behave in a certain way, while all the time giving him teachings and examples that contradict the moral instruction. Naturally he soon finds out what is expected of him: he must *seem* good. He may be a very well-meaning conscientious person and may believe himself to be sincere. Nevertheless his morality does not go to the bottom. He behaves becomingly because it is becoming, or from love of approbation, or from mere automatic habit; but *not* because he believes this to be the true law of human nature. He has never been taught that. He has been taught that man is an intellectual animal. He has been taught that man is a miserable sinner. He has been taught that death ends life on earth.

Teach the child that the Soul is his real self; that he is immortal; that he lived before he was born, and will continue to live after the change called death. Teach him the perfect and benign justice of the great law of Karma. Teach him these things, and you will give him a sure basis for moral training that will make him a self-disciplined man.

And these sublime truths do not have to be taught like maxims out of a book or catechism. The intuition of the unspoilt child is able to perceive and grasp them readily. We have far more need to refrain from *unteaching* children than to teach them. All this is illustrated by the results obtained in the Râja-Yoga teaching. It is this that will solve the problem of education, by producing self-disciplined people.



"BETWEEN the *psychic* and the *noetic*, between the *Personality* and the *Individuality*, there exists the same abyss as between a 'Jack the Ripper' and a holy Buddha. Unless the physiologist accepts all this, we say, he will ever be led into a quagmire."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *Psychic and Noetic Action*

A NEW VIEW OF CAGLIOSTRO*

C. J. RYAN

IN the study of universal history there is a strange fascination in the accounts of the numberless martyrs who have been slandered and persecuted with an almost incredible ferocity because they tried to help their fellowmen to a higher ideal and practice of brotherhood. Not the least interesting of these was the extraordinary man known as Alessandro, Count di Cagliostro, who first appears in authentic history in London in 1776, and vanishes from sight in the Papal prison of San Leo in Italy in 1795. During the meteoric career of those nineteen years we see him reach dazzling heights of glory, wealth, and fame. He becomes a familiar and honored figure in the best society in Europe, establishes innumerable lodges of 'Egyptian Masonry' with the avowed object of helping humanity to greater freedom in thought and action, and of elevating and purifying the secret societies so numerous in that age. He is the lifelong friend of many of the greatest and noblest thinkers, such as Goethe and Schiller; he performs many curious psychological experiments, marvelous in the eyes of the ignorant, but now slowly becoming recognised as the result of a knowledge of obscure natural laws; he cures multitudes of sick persons of the most dangerous diseases, and is ultimately dragged into the amazing Diamond Necklace Trial in Paris. From this he is released without a stain upon his character. Though beloved and revered by thousands, an enthusiast for humanity, he suffers rancorous persecution from bigots and depraved villains, and is finally plunged into the utmost depths of misery in a subterranean dungeon where he is supposed to have perished. It is no wonder that so strange and tragical a story has never ceased to be the subject of absorbing interest, and that anything new about Cagliostro is sure to attract attention.

H. P. Blavatsky, another reformer who suffered in the cause of Brotherhood, said that the twentieth century would see a great change in the popular estimation of Cagliostro. Of the three great mystics of the eighteenth century, Mesmer has already been vindicated from the charge of quackery by recent re-discoveries in psychology and hypnotism; Count Saint-Germain is still a baffling mystery to historians. Cagliostro was so shamefully and vindictively assailed by the unscrupulous, that

**Cagliostro, the splendor and misery of a Master of Magic*: by W. H. Trowbridge: London, Chapman and Hall.

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his rehabilitation has been long delayed. The apparent circumstantiality of the accusations against him have prejudiced the minds of historians; even Carlyle, who would have revolted at the idea of knowingly slandering an innocent man, was bamboozled by them, and has stood as a serious obstacle in the way of the facts becoming known. And it must be recognised that to a certain degree Cagliostro was himself responsible for some and unfortun-

He does not stand upon the high level of Count Saint-Germain, his superior.

A writer stepped forward, some little time ago, to re-open the old question of Cagliostro's true standing. Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge is an independent researcher, and this makes his opinion all the more valuable. He says: "The object of this book is not so much an attempt to vindicate Cagliostro as to advise what I believe to be a false judgment wisely makes 'whitewash' his fine monographs; he considers that the



ALESSANDRO, COUNT DI CAGLIOSTRO

efficiently strongly in favor of that victim of prejudice and malice.

What is definitely known of the story of Cagliostro is romantic enough, but what is merely hinted at by himself is possibly far more so. According to his own account, he was left an orphan when only a few months old; his childhood was spent in Arabia, where he was luxuriously brought up in a palace. At the age of twelve he set out on his travels, during which he was received with honor by various distinguished persons in many lands, eastern and western. He declared that princes, cardinals, and the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta had helped him in various ways. With the latter he lived for some time, but he refused to remain in Malta and take orders. In his youth Cagliostro studied botany and

part of his fate

ate reputation. stand upon the Count Saint-superior. stepped for- tle time ago, old question of true standing. Trowbridge is ent researcher, brief for the Cagliostro's re- and this makes the more valu- "The object of not so much vindicate Ca- correct and re- lieve to be a of history." He no attempt to the subject of graph; he con- facts speak suf-

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chemistry under a mysterious person named Althotas, apparently an Adept in Oriental sciences; but after leaving Malta he plunged deeply into medicine and other branches of learning. At the age of twenty-two, in 1770, he married an Italian girl named Serafina (or Lorenza) Feliciani, who afterwards accompanied him in his travels. She was quite illiterate, and H. P. Blavatsky says: "The chief cause of his life's troubles was his marriage with Lorenza Feliciani . . . an unworthy woman." She was the tool of an organization bitterly opposed to his aims.

Up to the year 1776 there appears to be absolutely nothing to be gleaned about his life except from his own statements, but in that year he comes plainly into public view in London. The Count and Countess di Cagliostro, when they appeared in London, were obviously persons of wealth and some distinction, and were immediately spotted by several unscrupulous wretches as possible sources of plunder. In the goodness of his heart Cagliostro prophesied a winning number in a lottery for one of these. It was done casually, and he absolutely refused to repeat the operation. To force him to do so, he was persecuted in the most cruel ways and threatened with imprisonment for debts which he did not owe. After being subjected to extreme annoyance he was released from arrest. The history of this affair, which is fully gone into by Mr. Trowbridge, is an amazing picture of the state of the law at that period, and of human depravity on the part of the scoundrels who tried to blackmail Cagliostro. It also proves his simplicity, good-nature, and kindness of heart. His ignorance of the English language was partly responsible for the victimization he suffered. Being an honest man, instead of decamping, as he had opportunities of doing, and saving his time, money, and peace of mind, he honorably faced all the perils of 'justice' in the eighteenth century, and did not leave London till he had fulfilled all his obligations. He was defrauded of over \$15,000 in one way or another, but he declined to have recourse to the law, though he had a clear case; it is not altogether unsatisfactory to learn that all his persecutors, including the unjust magistrate, met with serious trouble before long.*

In England, Cagliostro became a Freemason in the *Espérance* Lodge of the Order of Strict Observance, a secret but not revolutionary society, of purely philanthropic and social aims. This act was to have fatal consequences in the end. He left England in 1777, unknown and impoverished, and we hear nothing more of him till 1779, when he arrived in Courland.

He was received everywhere by the lodges of the Order of Strict Observance with cordiality, and he spent his time and energy in promoting

*See THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, April 1913.

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his own system of 'Egyptian Masonry.' This had for its main object the moral regeneration of the world and the reorganization of society on the basis of universal brotherhood. Cagliostro believed that the pure teachings of religion had been consciously and unconsciously perverted in later times, and his system of Egyptian Masonry was partly designed to restore the true spirit of the primeval revelation, once the property of all mankind. He also believed he had the power to communicate with highly-advanced beings in the invisible worlds who could teach certain important truths.

Naturally such a declaration of advanced principles was bound to provoke the bitterest and most desperate opposition from vested interests and from the majority who were perfectly satisfied with things as they were, and so the slander was quickly circulated that Cagliostro's only object was to make money. Mr. Trowbridge shows that there is not a single authenticated instance in which he can be proved to have derived pecuniary profit from his so-called 'impostures.' This is sufficient to destroy the main portion of the charges against Cagliostro.

The history of Cagliostro's proceedings in Mittau, Courland, is carefully examined by our author. The unfavorable opinion which the Countess von der Recke, sister-in-law of the reigning Duke, did not feel nor express till long after she had given out different views, is responsible for much of the hostility with which historians have regarded Cagliostro. The Countess said nothing against him until he was suffering from the unjust obloquy which political partisanship had thrown over him during the Diamond Necklace Affair; and the author believes that her later opinion, given after she became a pronounced rationalist, under the influence of a man named Bode, a leading member of the 'Order of the Illuminés,' from which Cagliostro had withdrawn, has been greatly overestimated. There are plenty of accounts of Cagliostro's honorable conduct under conditions which severely tried his integrity in Courland, to offset the change of opinion expressed by the Countess five years after, when it was popular to abuse him. As a matter of fact he left Courland in a blaze of glory, loaded with handsome presents from his admirers, regretted, honored, and recommended to the highest personages in Russia.

In Russia his Egyptian Masonry was not a success, and, in order to sustain his reputation, he turned his knowledge of medicine and chemistry to account and appeared for the first time as a healer. The usual crop of slanders appeared, and it is probable that the opposition of the Court physicians was the chief cause of his leaving Russia. The stories told against him in Russia are singularly unconvincing; for instance he was charged with bearing a false name, and passing himself off as a Prussian colonel, while he actually had in his possession letters from the highest

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nobility in Courland introducing him in his own name. The rumors against him sedulously propagated in Russia, in no way influenced the opinion of his admirers in Courland, though they must have been well acquainted with them owing to their close connexion with the Russian official world. In May, 1790, he arrived in Warsaw, where society was on intimate terms with the great world of St. Petersburg, and was received with the most flattering welcome. Here he tried alchemical experiments, with apparently little success; the accounts of his doings are contradictory to the last degree. Hearsay evidence, at second or third hand — contradictory with itself also — declares that he was ignominiously exposed at the Polish Court, while direct testimony is to the opposite effect. There is considerable evidence, including a letter from Laborde, the Farmer-General, that Cagliostro showed undeniable clairvoyant faculties while in Warsaw, and that he prophesied certain events to King Stanislaus Augustus and others which afterwards came to pass to the letter. As for Cagliostro's alchemical attempts, it is possible that they did not succeed, and that the disappointed gold-seekers took their revenge upon him in calumny.

We next hear of Cagliostro in Strassburg, where he spent much time healing the sick. He undoubtedly performed remarkable cures, and not only absolutely refused any pay but actually supported many poor patients while they were unable to work. He is said by Laborde to have attended fifteen thousand sick people in three years, of whom only three died. This appears to have upset the regular physicians, to whom he gave no explanation of his marvelous success. They are said to have looked upon him "with contempt born of envy." His rapid cure of the Prince de Soubise, cousin of the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, whose case had been given up as hopeless, led to his meeting the Cardinal, who was one of the most powerful, brilliant, and intellectual men in France, though an ecclesiastic not particularly distinguished for morals. The charge has been made that Cagliostro benefited financially by his intimacy with the illustrious Cardinal, but the facts, as usual, are all the other way. The Cardinal, though possessed of fabulous revenues, was heavily in debt, and he testified that Cagliostro "has never asked or received anything from me." The obligation was on the other side, for Cagliostro's knowledge of 'chemistry' is credited with enabling him to make a diamond worth 25,000 livres as a present to the Cardinal. The fact remains that he gave the Cardinal the diamond. Still, Cagliostro's prominence was bound to attract blackmailing, slander, and persecution, the latter particularly from the doctors; and among others of the meanest charges that malice and envy could invent, it was declared that he was living riotously and intemperately at the

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Cardinal's expense. The truth was, as many of his contemporaries who were unfavorably disposed to him but not liars, frequently said in derision, that he was noted for his abstemious habits. Madame d'Oberkirch, a strong opponent, writes contemptuously that "he slept in an arm-chair and lived on cheese."

But we must pass to the Diamond Necklace Affair, during which the passions let loose were the beginning of Cagliostro's final ruin. For some time before this extraordinary and melodramatic event, his Egyptian Masonry had been steadily rising in favor in France, and it seemed as if Freemasonry in general was about to be restored to "its original Egyptian character" and to take a leading part in the peaceful revolution in conduct and principles that Cagliostro, in common with so many other noble minds of the age, was working for. Suddenly, when he was almost at the summit of fame and the idol of rich and poor, came the bolt from the blue that ruined all his plans. But for the misfortune of Cagliostro's downfall, who can say that the course of the Revolution would not have been very different, and that the rivers of blood would never have flowed in the streets of Paris!

The Necklace Affair, the Prolog of the Revolution, is so well known that it is not necessary to describe it. Cagliostro was fully exonerated from all blame or connexion with the Countess de Lamotte's swindle. Immense crowds of sympathizers greeted his appearance from the Bastille on his release. He was congratulated not only on account of his popularity but because the verdict was considered as an affront to Marie Antoinette, who had then lost the esteem of the French people. Furious at the temper of the public, Louis XVI vented his rage upon the innocent Cagliostro by ordering him to leave France immediately. From London Cagliostro made a dignified reply to this outrage in his famous 'Letter to the French People,' which was aimed, not at the King but at de Breteuil, the head of the government, whom he held to be directly responsible for his exile. Upon the publication of this Letter, which made a tremendous sensation in France, the infamous Théveneau de Morande, the editor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, a journal which circulated widely in Europe, began with almost Satanic cleverness and perhaps under orders from Versailles, to attack the writer. It was Morande, a creature of incredible baseness, who seems to have fabricated the story that Cagliostro was the notorious Giuseppe Balsamo. He collected all the facts of Balsamo's criminal career, blended them skilfully with the false reports and accusations already brought against Cagliostro, spread them broadcast in his vile paper, and then, after satisfying the French Government by his zeal, had the effrontery to ask his victim what he would give to purchase his silence! Cagliostro indignantly refused to consider such a proposition,

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and Morande then induced several other conspirators as bad as himself to swear that Cagliostro owed them money. With great difficulty did Cagliostro escape the debtors' prison. Mr. Trowbridge says:

"But in the curious mass of coincidence and circumstantial evidence on which the popular conception of Cagliostro has been based, ingenious and plausible though it is, there is one little *fact* which history has overlooked and which Morande was careful to ignore. In turning Cagliostro into Giuseppe Balsamo, the fantastic idealist-enthusiast into the vagabond forger, 'the charlatan' as the Queen's friend Besenval describes him, 'who never took a sou from a soul, but lived honorable and paid scrupulously what he owed,' into the vulgar *souteneur*, Morande, by a trick of the imagination, with all the cunning calumnies of the French Court, and the so-called 'confession' wrung from its victim by the Inquisition, to aid him, could not succeed in making the two *resemble* one another. Yet it is on the word of this journalist-bravo, hired by the French Ministry to defame an innocent man whose unanimous acquittal of a crime in which he had been unjustly implicated was believed by Marie Antoinette to be tantamount to her own conviction, that Cagliostro has been branded as one of the most contemptible blackguards in history.

"Surely it is time to challenge an opinion so fraudulently supported and so arbitrarily expressed. . . . It requires no effort of the imagination to surmise what the effect would be on a jury of today if their decision depended upon the evidence of a witness who, as Brissot says, 'regarded calumny as a trade, and moral assassination as a sport.' "

The unpleasant notoriety which Morande succeeded in inflicting upon Cagliostro, and other causes upon which it is impossible to dwell in the short space at our disposal but which Mr. Trowbridge enters into in detail, made an unfavorable impression upon the English Masons, and Cagliostro felt that it was of no use staying any longer in England. While in England he enjoyed the friendship of De Louthembourg, a prominent artist and Royal Academician, a man of high character, and greatly respected by all. This in itself speaks volumes for Cagliostro's probity.

After the terrible experiences he had passed through since the Necklace Trial, Cagliostro after various attempts, more or less successful for a while, to establish his Egyptian Masonry in Switzerland, Austria, and Northern Italy, finally, "as if driven by some irresistible force to his doom," found his way to Rome. Here, in poverty and wretchedness, he sought the assistance of the Masonic Lodge of 'Les Vrais Amis,' a secret organization, for the Order was not tolerated in the city of the Popes. The remainder of his tragical career is well known. Arrested and convicted as a Freemason, he was sentenced to a living death in the dungeons of San Leo, an isolated castle on a precipitous rock near Montefeltro. During his trial he declared all religions to be equal, and that "providing one believed in the existence of a Creator and the immortality of the soul, it mattered not whether one was Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, or Jew." He confessed to "a hatred of tyranny, especially of all forms of religious intolerance."

Mr. Trowbridge says: "when he died or how, is absolutely unknown," but he thinks that the French, when they took San Leo in 1797, would

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have released him if he had still been living, for they regarded him as a martyr in the cause of liberty, and anxiously inquired after him. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“But yet — a query! Was Cagliostro dead and buried indeed at San Leo? And if so why should the custodians at the Castle of St. Angelo of Rome show innocent tourists the little square hole in which Cagliostro is said to have been confined and ‘died’? Why such uncertainty or — imposition, and such disagreement in the legend? Some say that Cagliostro escaped in an unaccountable way from his aerial prison and thus forced his jailors to spread the news of his death and burial. Others maintain that he not only escaped, but, thanks to the Elixir of Life, still lives on, though over twice three score and ten years old!”

She also says that Cagliostro, having largely failed in the work he had to do, was “withdrawn” when he could no longer be of service.

Mr. Trowbridge examines at length the preposterous charge that Cagliostro, a person of cultivation and refinement, aristocratic and elegant in manners, the favorite of intellectual and eminent persons, was the vulgar ruffian known as Giuseppe Balsamo, who was almost certainly hanged for his crimes; and finds no scrap of plausible evidence to that effect. In referring to Carlyle’s condemnation of Cagliostro as a quack, he declares that Carlyle’s mistakes were inexcusable, for they were not due to the lack of evidence for Cagliostro, but to strong prejudice. Although Balsamo was well known to the police and to many persons in various cities in Europe, not a single individual who had ever known him personally was ever brought forward to identify Cagliostro as Balsamo. The whole Balsamo story is a pure libel. To quote H. P. Blavatsky once more:

“How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputations of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!

“So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice.”

“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; and that, even, which is historic — *i. e.*, that which is found scattered hither and thither throughout ancient classical literature — is, in almost every case, attributed by modern criticism to lack of observation in the ancient writers, or to superstition born out of the ignorance of antiquity.”— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*

SUN-RAYS

R. MACHELL

RAIND is rare in California, and consequently the spectacle of the mountains, seen under conditions of cloud and intermittent sunshine, has a peculiar fascination for the student of nature. Radiating rays from the early sun still low in the sky make strangely dramatic effects both in the clouds and on earth, where they fall as splashes of light that occasionally illuminate and accentuate some feature of the landscape, in such a way as to give it a momentary significance that we may look for in vain at other times.

When the clouds are heavy and closely packed, the illuminated patches are few and small, and the pencils of light that cause them appear like independent rays doing business on their own account. One knows of course that on the other side of the clouds these rays are not in any way distinguishable from the general blaze of light, which is so general as to be almost universal: for where there is no shadow the light appears merely as the normal condition. But below the clouds, down in the shadow-land of earth, a kind of twilight is the normal state, pierced here and there by independent shafts of light of dazzling intensity. As the clouds drift away or melt into transparency, the rays of light lose their brilliancy; and their independence becomes less aggressive as they are seen to merge in the growing volume of light that now penetrates the disappearing clouds. At last the sky is clear, and there are no more independent rays of light: there are no specially illuminated spots, nor are such spots accentuated as before. Shadows there are, but they are not cast by clouds; they do not travel at their own free will, nor at the bidding of the clouds above: they remain bound to the things that cause them by the hindering of the sunlight. By such shadows objects acquire significance.

As one watches the dramatic play of light and shadow on the mountains, one's mind inevitably associates the characteristics of the scene with the peculiarities of the drama of life, in which we play our part. One seems to see some man of momentary fame shine like a sun-ray brilliantly illuminating a small patch of favored ground, which thereby gains significance. The darker the clouds, the brighter appears the light. The greater the ignorance of the world, the more remarkable appears the 'genius,' who seems so splendidly isolated, so self-sufficient, so independent.

He is indeed isolated, but only by the obstacles that shut out the

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'rest of him' — those other rays that are the universal radiance. He is self-sufficient, for his light is himself, and he is not separate from his universal self. And he is independent, for he owes nothing to the clouds, being the radiance of the Sun.

But from the point of view of earth-born creatures, he owes his isolation and his brilliancy to the clouds that give him contrast. And for his independence, that is a mere trick played by the clouds who give him leave to pass, or shut him out, or move him around, at their convenience.

So we are told by the 'wise ones' of the shadow-land that genius is a product of the earth, and that the great ones owe their superiority to the unrewarded and unrecognised exertions of the masses. Is not the analogy quite clear?

When the clouds are reduced to mere spots and specks scattered sparsely over an evening sky, there is occasionally to be seen an interesting effect of shadows in perspective. The little cloudlets cast long shadows, if the sun is very low, and, as these pencils of shadow (only visible as such if there is a slight haze in the air) are practically parallel to one another, they will appear to the spectator to converge on the horizon in the east. Naturally, they originate with the cloudlets in the west, where they are visible, pass overhead invisible, or almost so, and reappear in the west to end in a 'vanishing-point' on the horizon. When this vanishing-point happens to coincide with the top of a conical mountain, the effect is that of a 'crown of thorns' or a halo of dark rays apparently issuing from the summit of the mountain. The effect is peculiarly impressive, and it is hard to persuade oneself that these converging shadows are not in reality coming out of the mountain, as rays displayed on a vertical screen.

Here again the independence of the rays is due to an obstruction of the light: their very direction is delusive; and it is only possible to satisfy oneself as to their origin by turning one's back on the phenomenon, and facing the source of light, where one may see that these independent gentlemen are born very near to earth, and that the radiance extends beyond their source of origin to the far-distant Sun.

Here again the analogy is apparent between Nature and human nature, which need not be wondered at, seeing that humanity is but one field of Nature.

These dark rays seem to me like prominent men, or nations, or organizations, companies, confederacies, or what not, which owe their distinctive character to some personal ambition that obstructs the light. Truth, like sunlight, is universally diffused from the 'Central Sun';

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and its radiation is checked by obstacles such as clouds and creeds; and by 'creed' I mean all limitations of Truth. The smallest obstruction to the light casts shadow, though the shadow may not be visible from certain points of view if the air is very clear.

And thus some small personality bound up with prejudice, which is like a creed, and which gives it density, may cast a long shadow, and may appear to have some importance and significance; though it is in reality but a little speck of ignorance that momentarily obstructs the light.

The cloud shines brightly where the sun's radiance illuminates it, but it casts a long dark shadow; it obstructs the light. So some religions show a bright seeming, as if they were self-luminous; whereas their brilliancy is due but to their power to turn back the sunlight of Truth from their illuminated surface, while they shut out the Truth-light from the earth below.

So too some men of learning set their own personality in the path of the sunlight of Wisdom, and shine with reflected glory; but being mere obstacles to Light they can but cast shadows, which obscure the truth for those who cannot see the sun that shines beyond the obstacle. Such are the false prophets, whom for the most part the world worships, as if they were true Suns shining by their own light. These men are not so much as lamps; they are but clouds that shut the sunlight out, no matter how brilliantly they may reflect the radiance that they obscure by their dense self-sufficiency.

Theosophy is universal radiance; it is Truth. The creeds and dogmas of religion, science, or philosophy, are clouds. When the clouds part, the Light shines through, and it is the same light, no matter on what land it falls, no matter if the patch illuminated be small or large; the sunlight is the same. When the clouds pass, as pass they will, being but clouds, then men will see no difference between rays of Light that are no longer seen as separate rays but are now merged in the universal radiance, of which they were a part, even when seeming scattered far and wide and isolated by great stretches of dark shadow-land between.

The world is in the shadows, and men are apt to think the clouds that shut them in are the true limits of the heaven for them. But those who once have seen the Sun know better; and we know that even now, beyond the darkness of its ignorance, the earth is lit by the eternal Radiance which is Theosophy. The clouds will pass and the sun be revealed.



GREEK RUINS ON THE RIVER LYCUS

CAROLUS

HISTORIANS are not agreed as to the ethnological affinities of the early inhabitants of Asia Minor, and its history is rather obscure. Greek colonies settled on its northern and western shores in very early days, but the interior remained under Persian control. When Alexander the Great overthrew the Persian rule in 333 B. C., nearly the whole of Asia Minor became Greek or rather Macedonian for a while, and after his death it fell into the hands of Seleucus, King of Syria.

The province of Pontus, however, through which the river Lycus runs, and upon whose banks the Hellenistic ruins shown in our illustrations are situated, retained the independence it had won from the Persians shortly before, and, under the famous Mithridates VI, commonly called 'the Great,' became a powerful state with largely increased territories. After his defeat by Pompey it fell into the hands of the Romans, but a portion was separated from the rest and given to the Greek Polemon, whose descendants governed it till 63 A. D., when it was annexed to the Roman Empire by Nero.

The numerous cities whose ruins are found along the Lycus and in other parts of Pontus, were of native origin and had their own form of religion, though they were strongly influenced by Greek culture. The principal city of Pontus, Amasia, on the river Iris, contains the tombs of many of the predecessors of Mithridates the Great, who made it his capital. Strabo, the historian and geographer, was born there.



PROSCENIUM OF GREEK THEATER ON THE RIVER LYCUS, ASIA MINOR

Lomdand Photo & Engraving Dep.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

GREEK RUINS ON THE RIVER LYCUS, ASIA MINOR

FUJIYAMA --- SACRED MOUNTAIN

MARTIN E. TEW

FAR beyond Biwa's blue waves I behold you, sublime Fujiyama,
Mountain of mystery, sacred, majestic, eternally snow-crowned,
With flowing purple robes, bordered in green, to the lowlands descending,—
Standing serenely alone, unapproached in your wide isolation.
There is no brother to you, no companion to share in your glory.
Round you the lightnings have flashed and the storm-clouds in fury
 have thundered;
Through the long centuries you have received the first kiss of the morning;
Ever the sunset bestows on your forehead its last benediction;
And through the ghost-haunted nights, when the valleys lie peacefully
 dreaming,
You are chief sentinel, wrapped in a silvery mantle of moonbeams.

Mothers with babes point to you and impart silent lessons in worship.
Toilers in rice-fields, and idlers beneath cherry blossoms reposing,
Priests of Confucius and followers of the compassionate Buddha,
Pilgrims and peddlers near temples and lotus ponds piously musing,
Samurai warriors, Shoguns, Mikados, disciples of Shinto,—
The poor, meek, and lowly, the proud and the mighty, through all the
 long ages,
Ever since Nippon was young, have beheld you with deep veneration.

Teach me, as you have taught these island dwellers, O great Fujiyama,
Lessons in undisturbed and serene calm amidst storms of the spirit;
Teach me to be as unshaken as you through each soul-trying tempest.
Let my feet be in the valleys, where tears, love, and laughter are mingled,
That I may share in humanity's griefs, aspirations, and longings;
But let my thoughts be on high, like your forehead, with outlook as boundless,
And all my purposes true as the lode-star that gleams o'er your summit.



'TERRE ANTIQUE,' BY RENÉ MÉNARD
From *The International Studio*

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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VI — SOCRATES AND PLATO

BY this time you should have seen, rather than any picture of Greece and Athens in their heyday, an indication of certain universal historical laws. As thus (to go back a little): an influx of the Spirit is approaching, and a cycle of high activities is about to begin. A great war has cleared off what karmic weight has been hanging over Athens; — Xerxes, you will remember, burnt the town. Hence there is a clearness in the inner atmosphere; through which a great spiritual voice may, and does, speak a great spiritual message. But human activities proceed, ever increasing their momentum, until the atmosphere is no longer clear, but heavy with the effluvia of by no means righteous thought and action. The Spirit is no more visibly present, but must manifest if at all through a thicker medium; and who speaks now, speaks as artist only,— not as poet- or artist-prophet. Time goes on, and the inner air grows still thicker; till men live in a cloud, through which truths are hardly to be seen. Then those who search for the light are apt to cry out in despair; they become realists struggling to break the terrible molds of thought: and if you can hear the Spiritual in them at all, it is not in a positive message they have for men, but in the greatness of their heart and compassion. They do not build; they seek only to destroy. There seems nothing else for them to do.

So in England, Wordsworth opened this last cycle of poetry; coming when there was a clear atmosphere, and speaking more or less clearly through it his message from the Gods. You hear a like radiant note of hope in Shelley; and something of it in Keats, who stood on the line that divides the Poet-Prophet from the Poet-Artist. Then you come to the ascendancy of Tennyson, whose business in life was to be the latter. He tried the rôle of prophet; he lived up to the highest he could: strove

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towards the light much more valiantly than did Sophocles, his Athenian paradigm. But the atmosphere of his age made him something of a failure at it: no clear light was there for him to find, such as could manifest through poetry. Then you got men like Matthew Arnold with his cry of despair, and William Morris with his longing for escape; then the influence of Realism. So many poets recently have an element of Euripides in them: a will to do well, but a despair of the light; a tendency to question everything, but little power to find answers to their questions. Then there were some few who, influenced (consciously or not) by H. P. Blavatsky, that great dawn-herald, caught glimpses of the splendor of a dawn — which yet we wait for.

Euripides, with the Soul stirring within and behind him, "broke himself on the bars of life and poetry," as Professor Murray says. He was so hemmed in by the emanations of the time that he could never clearly enunciate the Soul. Not, at any rate, in an unmixed way, and with his whole energies. Perhaps his favorite device of a *Deus ex Machina* — like Hercules in the *Alcestis* — is a symbolical enunciation of it, and intended so to be. Perhaps the cause of the unrest he makes us feel is this: he knew that the highest artistic method was the old Aeschylean symbolic one, and tried to use it; but at the same time was compelled by the gross emanations of the age, which he was not quite strong enough to rise above, to treat his matter not symbolically, but realistically. He could not help saying: 'Here is the epos you Athenians want me to treat,— that my artist soul forces me to treat; here are the ideas that make up your conventional religion; — now look at them!' And forthwith he showed them, in their exoteric side, sordid, ugly and bloody; — and then, on the top of that showing, tried to twist them round to the symbolic impersonal plane again; and so left a discord not properly solved, an imperfect harmony; a sense of loss rather than gain; of much torn down, and nothing built up to take its place. The truth was that the creative forces had flowed downward until the organs of spiritual vision were no longer open; and poetry and art, the proper vehicles of the higher teaching in any age approximately golden, could no longer act as efficient channels for the light.

To turn to England again: Tennyson was, generally speaking, most successful when most he was content to be merely the artist in words, and least so when he assumed the office of Teacher; because almost all he found to teach was brain-mind scientific stuff; which was what the age called for, and the desired diet of Mid-Victorian England. Carlyle, who was a far greater poet essentially, and a far greater teacher actually, fitted himself to an age which materialism had made unpoetic; and eschewed poetry and had no use for it; and would have had others eschew

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it also. In our own time we have realists like Mr. Masefield. They are called realists because they work on the plane which has come, in the absence of anything spiritual, to seem that of the realities: the region of outside happenings, of the passions in all their ugly nakedness; of sorrow, misery, and despair. Such men may be essentially noble; we may read in them, under all the ugliness and misery they write down, just one quality of the Soul: — its unrest in and distaste for those conditions; but the mischief of it is that they make the sordidness seem the reality; and the truth about them is that their outlook and way of writing are simply the result of the blindness of the Soul; — its temporary blindness, not its essential glory. But the true business of Poetry never changes: it is to open paths into the inner, the beautiful, the spiritual world.

Just when things were coming to this pass H. P. Blavatsky went to England; and though she did not touch the field of creative literature herself, brought back as you know a gleam of light and beauty into poetry that may yet broaden out and redeem it. She was born when the century was thirty-one years old; and, curiously enough, there was a man born in Attica about 469, or when *his* century was thirty-one years old, who, though he did not himself touch the field of literature, was the cause why that light rose to shine in it which has shone most brilliantly since all down the ages: that light which we could not afford to exchange even for the light of Aeschylus. If one of the two were about to be taken from us, and we had our choice which it should be, we should have to cry, *Take Aeschylus, but leave us this!* — Ay, and take all other Greek literature into the bargain! — But to return to the man born in 469.

He was the son of humble people; his father was a stone-cutter in a small way of business; his mother a midwife. He himself began life as a sculptor,— a calling, in its lower reaches, not so far above that of his father. A group of the Graces carved by him was still to be seen on the road to the Acropolis two hundred years after; and they did not adorn Athens with mean work, one may guess: the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias. But, successful or not, he seems soon to have given it up. Of his youth we know very little. Spintharus, one of the few that knew him then and also when he had become famous, said that he was a man of terrible passions: anger hardly to be governed, and vehement desires; “though,” he added, “he never did anything unfair.”* By ‘unfair’ you may understand ‘not fitting’ — a transgression of right action. He set out to master himself: a tremendous and difficult realm to master.

We hardly begin to know him till he was growing old; and then he was absolute monarch of that realm. We do not know when he abandoned

*Gilbert Murray: *Ancient Greek Literature*.

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his art; or how long it was before he had won some fame as a public teacher. We catch glimpses of him as a soldier: from 432 to 429 he served at the siege of Potidaea; at Delium in 424; and at Amphipolis in 422. Thus to do the hoplite, carrying a great weight of arms, at forty-seven, he needed to have some constitution; and indeed he had; — furthermore, he played the part with distinguished bravery — though wont to fall at times into inconvenient fits of abstraction. Beyond all this, for the outside of the man, we may say that he was of fascinating, extreme and satyr-like ugliness and enormous sense of humor; that he was a perpetual joke to the comic poets, and to himself: an old fellow of many and lovable eccentricities: — and that you cannot pick one little hole in his character, or find any respect in which he does not call for love.

And men did love him; and he them. He saw in the youth of Athens, whose lives so often were being wasted, Souls with all the beautiful possibilities of Souls; and loved them as such, and drew them towards their soulhood. Such love and insight is the first and strongest weapon of the Teacher: who sees divinity within the rough-hewn personalities of men as the sculptor sees the God within the marble; and calls it forth. He was wont to joke over his calling: his mother, said he, had been a midwife, assisting at the birth of men's bodies; he himself was a midwife of souls. How he drew men to him — of the power he had — let Alcibiades bear witness. "As for myself," says Alcibiades, "were I not afraid you would think me more drunk than I am, I would tell you on oath how his words have moved me — ay, and how they move me still. When I listen to him my heart beats with a more than Corybantic excitement; he has only to speak and my tears flow. Orators, such as Pericles, never moved me in this way — never roused my soul to the thought of my servile condition: but this man makes me think that life is not worth living so long as I am what I am. Even now, if I were to listen, I could not resist. So there is nothing for me but to stop my ears against this siren's song and fly for my life, that I may not grow old sitting at his feet. No one would ever think that I had shame in me; but I am ashamed in the presence of Socrates."

Poor Alcibiades! whom Socrates loved so well, and tried so hard to save; and who could only preserve his lower nature for its own and for his city's destruction by stopping his ears against his Teacher! Alcibiades, whose genius might have saved Athens . . . only Athens would not be saved . . . and he could not have saved her, because he had stopped his ears against the man who made him ashamed; and because his treacherous lower nature was always there to thwart and overturn the efficacy of his genius; — what a picture of duality it is!

Socrates gave up his art; because art was no longer useful as an

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immediate lever for the age. He knew poetry well; but insisted, as Professor Murray I think says, on always treating it as the baldest of prose. There was poetry about, galore; and men did not profit by it: something else was needed. His mission was to the Athens of his day; he was going to save Athens if he could. So he went into the marketplace, the *agora*, and loafed about (so to say), and drew groups of young men and old about him, and talked to them. The Delphic Oracle had made pronouncement: *Sophocles is wise; Euripides is wiser; but Socrates is the wisest of mankind.* Sometimes, you see, the Delphic Oracle could get off a distinctly good thing. But Socrates, with his usual sense of humor, had never considered himself in that light at all; oldish, yes; and funny, and ugly, by all means; — but wise! He thought at first, he used to say, that the Oracle must be mistaken, or joking; for Athens was full of reputed wise men, sophists and teachers of philosophy like Prodicus and Protagoras; whereas he himself, heaven knew — Well, he would go out and make a trial of it. So he went, and talked, and probed the wisdom of his fellow-citizens; and slowly came round to the belief that after all the Delphic Oracle might not have been such a fool. For he knew his ignorance; but the rest were ignorant without knowing it. This was his own way of telling the story; and you can never be sure how much camouflage was in it; — and yet, too, he was a giant humorist. Anyhow, he did show men their ignorance; and you all know his solemn way of doing it. He drew them on with sly questionings to see what idiots they were; and then drew them on with more sly questionings to perceive at least a few sound ethical truths.

He took that humble patient means of saving Athens: by breaking down false opinions and instilling true ones. It was beginning quite at the bottom of things. Where we advertise a public lecture, he button-holed a passer-by; and by the great power of his soul won a following presently. To rouse up a desire for right living in the youth of Athens: if he could do that, thought he, he might save Athens for the world. I wonder what the cycles of national glory would come to, how long they might last, if only the Teachers that invade to save them could have their way. Always we see the same picture: the tremendous effort of the Gods to redeem these nations in the times of their creative greatness; to lift them on to a spiritual plane, that the greatness may not wane and become ineffective. There is the figure that stands before the world, about whose perfection or whose qualities you may wrangle if you will; he is great; he is wonderful; he stirs up love and animosity; — but behind him are the Depths, the Hierarchies, the Pantheons. Socrates' warning Voice, the Daimon that counseled him at every crisis, has always been a hard nut for critics to crack. He was an impostor, was he? Away with you

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for a double fool! His life meets you so squarely at every point; there was no atom in his being that knew how to fear or lie. . . . Well, no; but he was deluded; he mistook —. — Man, there is more value in the light word of Socrates affirming, than in a whole world full of evidence denying, of such maunderers as you! See here; he was the most *sensible* of men; balanced; keeping his head always; — a mind no mood or circumstances could deflect from rational self-control, either towards passion or ecstasy. One explanation remains — as in the case of Joan, or of H. P. Blavatsky; — he was neither deceiving nor deceived, but what he claimed to hear, he did hear; and it was the voice of One that stood behind him, and might not appear in history at all, or in the outer world at all: a greater than he, and his Teacher; whose bodily presence might have been in Greece the while, or anywhere else. How dare we pretend, because we can do a few things with a piston or a crucible, that we know the limits of natural and spiritual law?

It is a strange figure to find in Greece; drawn thither, one would say, by the attraction of opposites. He must have owed some of his power to his being such a contrast to all things familiar. Personal beauty was extremely common, and he was comically ugly. The Athenians were one of the best-educated populations of ancient or modern times — far ahead of ourselves; and he was ill-educated, and acted as a public teacher. He was hen-pecked at home, in an age when the place of woman was a very subordinate and submissive one; and he was the butt of all joke-lovers abroad, and himself enjoyed the joke most of all. And he quietly stood alone, against the mob and his fellow-judges, for the hapless victors of Arginusae in 406; and he quietly stood alone against the Thirty Tyrants during their reign of terror in 404, disobeying them at peril of his life. But strip him of the “thing of sinews and muscles,” as he called his outer self; forget the queer old personality that appears in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, or for that matter in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon — and what kind of picture of Socrates should we see? The humor would not go, for it is a universal quality; it has been said no Adept was ever without it; could you draw aside the veil of Mother Isis herself, and draw it suddenly, I suspect you should surprise a laugh vanishing from her face. So the humor would remain; and with it there would be . . . something calm, aloof, unshakable, yet vitally affectioned towards Athens, the Athenians, humanity; something unsurprised at, far less hoping or fearing anything from, life or death; in possession of “the peace which passeth understanding”; native to “the eternity that baffles all faculty of computation”; — something that drew all sorts and conditions of Athenians to him, good and bad, Plato and Alcibiades, by “that diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such

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as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession, an emanation, from some mystery of endless dawn." — In point of fact, to get a true portrait of Socrates you have to look at the Memnon's head. The Egyptian artists carved it to be the likeness of the Perfect Man,— the Soul, always in itself sublime, absolute master of its flesh and personality. That was what Socrates was.

Well; the century ended, with that last quarter of it in which the Lodge makes always its outward effort. Socrates for the Lodge had left no stone unturned; he had made his utmost effort daily. The democracy had been reinstated, and he was understood to be a moderate in politics. And the democracy was conventional-minded in religion; and he was understood to be irreligious, a disturber and innovator. And the democracy was still smarting from the wounds imposed on it by Critias and Charmides, understood to have been his disciples; and could not forget the treacheries of Alcibiades, another. And there were vicious youths besides, whom he had tried and failed to save; they had ruined themselves, and their reputable parents blamed and hated him for the ruin, not understanding the position. And he himself had seen so many of his efforts come to nothing: Alcibiades play the traitor; Critias and Charmides, the bloody tyrant; — he had seen many he had labored for frustrate his labors; he had seen Athens fallen. He had done all he could, quietly, unflinching and without any fuss; now it was time for him to go. But going, he might yet strike one more great blow for the Light.

So with quiet zest and humor he entered upon the plans of his adversaries, accepting his trial and sentence like — *like Socrates*; for there is no simile for him, outside himself. He turned it all masterfully to the advantage of the Light he loved. You all know how he cracked his grand solemn joke when the death sentence was passed on him. By Athenian law, he might suggest an alternative sentence; as, to pay a fine, or banishment. Well, said he; death was not certainly an evil; it might be a very good thing; whereas banishment was certainly an evil, and so was paying a fine. And besides, he had no money to pay it. So the only alternative he could suggest was that Athens should support him for the rest of his life in the Prytaneum as a public benefactor. — Not a smile from him; not a tremor. . . . He elected deliberately; he chose death; knowing well that, as things stood, he could serve humanity in no other way so well. So he put aside Crito's very feasible plan for his escape, and at the last gathered his friends around him, and discoursed to them.

On Reincarnation. It was an old tradition, said he; and what could be more reasonable than that the soul, departing to Hades, should return again in its season: the living born from the dead, as the dead are from the living? Did not experience show that opposites proceed from oppo-

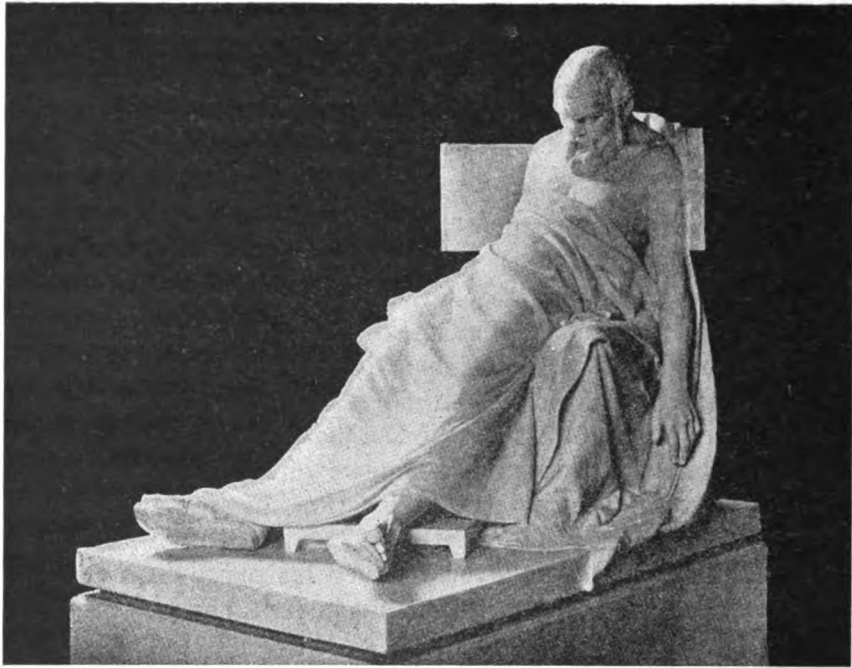
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sites? Then life must proceed from, and follow, death. If the dead came from the living, and not the living from the dead, the universe would at last be consumed in death. Then, too, there was the doctrine that knowledge comes from recollection; what is recollected must have been previously known. Our souls must have existed then, before birth. . . .

Why did he talk like that: thus *reasoning* about reincarnation, and not stating it as a positive teaching? Well; there would be nothing new and startling about it, to the Greeks. They knew of it as a teaching both of Pythagoras and of the Orphic Mysteries: that is, those did who were initiates or Pythagoreans. But it was not public teaching, known to the multitude; and except among the Pythagoreans, sophistry and speculation had impaired its vitality as a matter of faith or knowledge. (So scientific discovery and the spread of education have impaired the vitality now of Christian presentations of ethics.) So that to have announced it positively, at that time, would have served his purpose but little: men would have said, "We have heard all that before; had he nothing better to give us than stale ideas from the Mysteries or Pythagoras?" What he wanted to do was to take it out of the region of religion, where familiarity with it had bred an approach to contempt; and restate it robbed of that familiarity, and clothed anew in a garb of sweet reasonableness. So once more, and as usual, he assumed ignorance, and approached the whole subject in a quiet and rational way, thus: I do not say that this is positively so; I do not announce it as a dogma. Dogmas long since have lost their efficacy, and you must stand or fall now by the perceptions of your own souls, not by what I or any authority may tell you. But as reasoning human beings, does it not appeal to you?

And the very spirit in which he approached it and approached his death was precisely the one to engrave his last spoken ideas on the souls of his hearers as nothing else could. No excitement; no uplift or ecstasy of the martyr; quiet reasoning only; full, serene, and, for him, commonplace command of the faculties of his mind. The shadow of death made no change in Socrates; how then should they misunderstand or magnify the power of the shadow of death? — "How shall we bury you?" asks Crito. Socrates turns to the others present, and says: "I cannot persuade Crito that I here am Socrates — I who am now reasoning and ordering discourse. He imagines Socrates to be that other, whom he will see by and by, a corpse." — So the scene went on until the last moment, when "Phaedo veiled his face, and Crito started to his feet, and Apollodorus, who had never ceased weeping all the time, burst out into a loud and angry cry which broke down everyone but Socrates."

Someone has said that there is nothing in tragedy or history so moving as this death of Socrates, as Plato tells it. And yet its tragic interest,



'DEATH OF SOCRATES.' BY MARC ANTOLSKY

From *The International Studio*

its beauty, is less important, to my thinking, than the insight it gives us into the methods and mental workings of an Adept. Put yourselves into the mind of Socrates. He is going to his death; which to him is about the same as, to us, going to South Ranch or San Diego. You say I am taking the beauty and nobility out of it; but no; I am only trying to see what beauty and nobility look like from within. To him, then, his death is in itself a matter of no personal moment. But the habit of his lifetime has been to turn every moment into a blow struck for the Soul, for the Light, for the Cause of Sublime Perfection. And here now is the chance to strike the most memorable blow of all. With infinite calmness he arranges every detail, and proceeds to strike it. He continues to play the high part of Socrates,— that is all. You might go to death like a poet, in love with Death's solemn beauty; you might go to her like a martyr, forgetting the awe of her in fore-vision of the splendor that lies beyond. But this man broadly and publicly goes to her like Socrates. He will allow her no fascination, no mystery; not even, nor by any means, equality with the Soul of Man. . . . And Apollodorus might weep then, and burst into an angry cry; and Crito and Phaedo and the rest might all break down — *then*; but what were they to think afterwards? When they remembered how they had seen Death and Socrates, those two great ones, meet; and how the meeting had been as simple, as unaffected, as any meeting between themselves and Socrates,

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any morning in the past, in the Athenian *agora*? And when Death should come to them, what should they say but this: 'There is nothing about you that can impress me; formerly I conversed with one greater than you are; and I saw you pay your respects to Socrates.'

Could he, could any man, have proclaimed the Divinity in Man, its real and eternal existence, in any drama, in any poem, in any glorious splendor of rhetoric with what fervor soever of mystical ecstasy endued — with such deadly effectiveness, such inevitable success, as in this simple way he elected? There are men whose actions seem to spring from a source super-ethical: it is cheap to speak of them as good, great, beautiful or sublime: these are but the appearances they assume as we look upwards at them. What they are in themselves is: (1) Compassionate; — it is the law of their being to draw men upwards towards the Spirit; (2) Impersonal; — there is a non-being or vacuity in them where we have our passions, likings, preferences, dislikes and desires. They are, in the Chinese phrase, "the equals of Heaven and Earth";

"Earth, heaven, and time, death, life and they
Endure while they shall be to be."

So Socrates, having failed in his life-attempt to save Athens, entered with some gusto on that great *coup de main* of his death: to make it a thing which first a small group of his friends should see; then that Greece should see; then that thirty coming centuries and more should see; — he presented it royally to posterity, for what, as a manifestation of the Divine in man, it might be worth.

And look! what is the result? Scarcely is the 'thing of muscles and sinews' cold: scarcely has high Socrates forgone his queer satyrlike embodiment: when a new luminary has risen into the firmament,— one to shine through thirty centuries certainly,

"Brighter than Jupiter — a blazing star
Brighter than Hesper shining out to sea" —

one that is still to be splendid in the heavens wherever in Europe, wherever in America, wherever in the whole vast realm of the future men are to arise and make question and peer up into the beautiful skies of the Soul. A Phoenix in time has arisen from the ashes of Socrates: from the glory and solemnity of his death a Voice is mystically created that shall go on whispering *The Soul* wherever men think and strive towards spirituality. — Ah indeed, you were no failure, Socrates — you who were disappointed of your Critias, your Charmides, your Alcibiades, your whole Athens; you were not anything in the very least like a failure; for there was yet one among your disciples —

He says, that one, that he was absent through illness during that

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last scene of his Teacher's life. I do not know; it has been thought that that may have been merely a pretense, an artistic convention, to give a heightened value of impersonality to his marvelous prose; — for it was he who wrote down the account of the death of Socrates for us: that tragedy so transcendent in its beauty and lofty calm. But this much is certain: that day he was born again: became, from a gilded youth of Athens, an eternal luminary in the heavens, and that which he has remained these three-and-twenty hundred years: the Poet-Philosopher of the Soul, the Beacon of the Spirit for the western world. . . .

He had been a brilliant young aristocrat among the crowd that loved to talk with Socrates: the very best thing that Athens could produce in the way of birth, charm, talent, and attainments; — it is a marvel to see one so worshiped of Fortune in this world, turn so easily to become her best adored in the heaven of the Soul. On his father's side he was descended from Codrus, last king of Athens; on his mother's, from Solon: you could get nothing higher in the way of family and descent. In himself, he was an accomplished athlete; a brilliant writer of light prose; a poet of high promise when the mood struck him — and he had ideas of doing the great thing in tragedy presently; trained unusually well in music, and in mathematics; deeply read; with a taste for the philosophies: a man, in short, of culture as deep and balanced as his social standing was high. But it seemed as though the Law had brought all these excellencies together mainly to give the fashionable Athenian world assurance of a man; for here he was in his thirty-first year with nothing much achieved beyond — his favorite pursuit — the writing of *mimes* for the delectation of his set: "close studies of little social scenes and conversations, seen mostly in the humorous aspect."* He had consorted much with Socrates; at the trial, when it was suggested that a fine might be paid, and the hemlock evitated, it was he who had first subscribed and gone about to raise a sum. But now the death of his friend and Teacher struck him like a great gale amidships; and he was transformed, another man; and the great Star Plato rose, that shines still; the great Voice Plato was lifted to speak for the Soul — and to be unequaled in that speaking, in the west, until H. P. Blavatsky came.

But note what a change had taken place with the ending of the fifth century. Hitherto all the great Athenians had been great Athenians. Aeschylus, witness of eternity, had cried his message down to Athens and to his fellow-citizens; he had poured the waters of eternity into the vial of his own age and place. I speak not of Sophocles, who was well enough rewarded with the prizes Athens had to give him. Euripides

*Murray: *Ancient Greek Literature*; — whence all this as to Plato's youth.

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again was profoundly concerned with his Athens; and though he was contemned by and held aloof from her, it was the problems of Athens and the time that ate into his soul. Socrates came to save Athens; he did not seek political advancement, but would hold office when it came his way: was enough concerned in politics to be considered a moderate — one cause of his condemnation; but above all devoted himself to raising the moral tone of the Athenian youth and clearing their minds of falsity. Finally, he gave loyalty to his city and its laws as one reason for rejecting Crito's plan for his escape. What he hoped and lived for was, to save Athens; and he was the more content to die, when he saw that this was no longer possible.

But Plato had no part nor lot in Athens. He loathed her doctrine of democracy, as knowing it could come to no good. He had affiliations, like Aeschylus, in Sicily, whither he made certain journeys; and might have stayed there among his fellow Pythagoreans, but for the irascible temper of Dionysius. But much more, and most of all, his affiliations were in the wide Cosmos and all time: as if he foresaw that on him mainly would devolve the task of upholding spiritual ideas in Europe through the millenniums to come. He dwelt apart, and taught in the Groves of Academe outside the walls. Let Athens' foolish politics go forward as they might, or backward — he would meddle with nothing. It has been brought against him that he did nothing to help his city 'in her old age and dotage'; well, he had the business of thousands of coming years and peoples to attend to, and had no time to be accused, condemned, and executed by a parcel of obstreperous cobblers and tinkers hot-headed over the petty politics of their day. The Gods had done with Athens, and were to think now of the great age of darkness that was to come. He was mindful of a light that should arise in Egypt, after some five hundred years; and must prepare wick and oil for the Neo-Platonists. He was mindful that there should be a thing called the Renaissance in Italy; and must attend to what claims Pico di Mirandola and others should make on him for spiritual food. He must consider Holland of the seventeenth century, and England: the Platonists of Cambridge and Amsterdam: — must think of Van Helmont; and of a Vaughan who 'saw eternity the other night'; of a Traherne, who should never enjoy the world aright without some illumination from his star; of a young Milton, *penseroso*, outwatching the Bear in some high lonely tower with thrice-great Hermes, who should unsphere his spirit

"to unfold
What worlds and what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook";

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— no, but he must think of all times coming; and how, whenever there should be any restlessness against the tyranny of materialism and dogma, a cry should go up for *Plato*. — So let Isocrates, the 'old man eloquent,' — let a many-worded not unpeculant patriotic Demosthenes who knew nothing of the God-world — attend to an Athens wherein the Gods were no longer greatly interested; — the great Star Plato should rise up into mid-heaven, and shine not in, but high over Athens and quite apart from her; drawing from her indeed the external elements of his culture, but the light and substance from that which was potent in her no longer.

I said Greece served the future badly enough. Consider what might have been. The pivot of the Mediterranean world, in the sixth century, was not Athens, but in Magna Graecia: at Croton, where Pythagoras had built his school. But the mob wrecked Croton, and smashed the Pythagorean Movement as an organization; and that, I take it, and one other which we shall come to in time, were the most disastrous happenings in European history. Yes; the causes why Classical civilization went down; why the Dark Ages were dark; why the God in Man has been dethroned, and suffered all this crucifixion and ignominy these last two thousand years. Aeschylus, truly, received some needed backing from the relics of the Movement which he found still existent in Sicily; but what might he not have written, and what of his writings might not have come down to us, preserved there in the archives, had he had the peace and elevation of a Croton, organized, to retire to? Whither, too, Socrates might have gone, and not to death, when Athens became impossible; where Plato might have dwelt and taught; revealing, to disciples already well-trained, much more than ever he did reveal; and engraving, oh so deeply! on the stuff of time, the truths that make men free. And there he should have had successors and successors and successors; a line to last perhaps a thousand or two thousand years; who never should have let European humanity forget such simple facts as Karma and Reincarnation. But only at certain times are such great possibilities presented to mankind; and a seed-time once passed, there can be no sowing again until the next season comes. It is no good arguing with the Law of Cycles. Plato may not have been less than Pythagoras; yet, under the Law, he might not attempt — it would have been folly for him to have attempted — that which Pythagoras had attempted. So he had to take another line altogether; to choose another method; not to try to prevent the deluge, which was certain now to come; not even to build an ark, in which something should be saved; but, so to say, to strew the world with tokens which, when the great waters had subsided, should still remain to remind men of those things it is of most importance they should know.

This is the way he did it. He advanced no dogma, formulated no

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system; but what he gave out, he gave rather as hypotheses. His aim was to set in motion a method of thinking which should lead always back to the Spirit and Divine Truth. He started no world-religion; founded no church — not even such a quite unchurchly church as that which came to exist on the teachings of Confucius. He never had the masses practising their superstitions, nor a priesthood venting its lust of power, in his name. Instead, he arranged things so, that wherever fine minds have aspired to the light of the Spirit, Plato has been there to guide them on their way. So you are to see Star-Plato shining, you are to hear that voice from the Spheres at song, when Shelley, reaching his topmost note, sang:

“The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven’s light forever shines, Earth’s shadows fly;
Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of Eternity”; —

and when Swinburne sings of Time and Change that

“Songs they can stop that earth found meet,
But the Stars keep their ageless rhyme;
Flowers they can slay that Spring thought sweet,
But the Stars keep their Spring sublime,
Actions and agonies control,
And life and death, but not the Soul.”

In a poetic age — in the time of Aeschylus, for example — Plato would have been a poet; and then perhaps we should have had to invent another class of poets, one above the present highest; and reserve it solely for the splendor of Plato. Because Platonism is the very Theosophic Soul of Poetry. But he came, living when he did, to loathe the very name of poetry: as who should say: “God pity you! I give you the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and you make answer, ‘Charming Plato, how exquisitely poetic is your prose!’ ” So his bitterness against poetry is very natural. Poetry is the inevitable vehicle of the highest truth; spiritual truth *is* poetry. But the world in general does not know this. Like Bacon, it looks on poetry as a kind of pleasurable lying. Plato went through the skies Mercury to the Sun of Truth, its nearest attendant planet; and therefore was, and could not help being, Very-Poet of very-poets. But Homer and others had lied loudly about the Gods; and, thought Plato, the Gods forbid that the truth *he* had to declare — a vital matter — should be classed with their loud lying.

He masked the batteries of his Theosophy: camouflaged his great Theosophical guns: but fired them off no less effectively, landing his splendid shells at every ganglionic point in the history of European thought since. Let a man soak his soul in Plato; and it shall go hard but the

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fair flower Theosophy shall spring up there presently and bloom. He prepares the soil: suggesting the way to, rather than precisely formulating, the high teachings. The advantage of the grand Platonic camouflage has been twofold: on the one hand, you could hardly dwarf your soul with dogmatic acceptance of Platonism, because he gave all his teachings — even Reincarnation — as hypotheses; and men do not as a rule crucify their mental freedom on an hypothesis. On the other hand, how was any Church eager to burn out heresy and heretics to deal with him? He was not to be stamped out; because his influence depended on no continuity of discipleship, no organization; because he survived merely as a tendency of thought. No churchly fulminations might silence his batteries; because he had camouflaged them, and they were not to be seen. Of course he did not invent his ideas; they are as old as Theosophy. The Lodge sent him to proclaim them in the way he did: the best way possible, since the Pythagorean effort had failed of its greatest success. What we owe to him — his genius and inestimable gift to the world — is precisely that matchless camouflage. It has been effective, in spite of efforts —

That, for instance, of a forward youth who came to Athens and studied under him for twenty years, and whom Plato called the intellect of the school, saying that he spurned his Teacher as colts do their mothers. A youth, it is said, who revered Plato always; and only gradually grew away from thinking of himself as a Platonist. But he never could have understood the inwardness of Plato or Platonism; for his mind turned as naturally to scientific or brain-mind methods, as Plato's did to mysticism and the illumination of the Soul. He adopted much of the teaching, but gave it a twist brain-mindwards; yet not such a twist, either, but that the Neo-Platonists in their day, and certain of the Arab and Turkish philosophers after them, could re-Platonize it to a degree, and admit him thus re-Platonized into their canon. I am not going to trouble you much with Aristotle; let this from the Encyclopaedia suffice: "Philosophic differences," it says, "are best felt by their practical effects: philosophically, Platonism is a philosophy of universal forms, Aristotelianism is a philosophy of individual substances: practically, Plato makes us think first of the supernatural and the kingdom of heaven, Aristotle of the natural and the whole world."

Or briefly, Aristotle took what he could of Plato's inspiration, and turned it from the direction of the Soul to that of the Brain-mind. The most famous of Plato's disciples, he did what he could, or what he could not help doing, to spoil Plato's message. But Plato's method had guarded that, so that for mystics it should always be there, Aristotle or no. But for mere philosophers, seeming to improve on it, he had something



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'TEMPLE OF THESEUS FROM THE ACROPOLIS'

From a lithograph by Joseph Pennell
(*Reproduced from 'The Studio'*)



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SUPPOSED PORTRAIT BUST OF PLATO

In the Vatican, Rome



SUPPOSED PORTRAIT BUST OF SOCRATES

In the Capitoline Museum, Rome

SHWE DAGON PAGODA


tainted it. It descended, as said, through the Neo-Platonists — who turned it back Plato-ward — to the Moslems: through Avicenna, who Aristotelianized, to Averroës, who Platonized it again; and from him to Europe; where Bacon presently gave it another twist to out-Aristotle Aristotle — (as someone said) to stagger the Stagirite — and passed it on as the scientific method of today. According to Coleridge, every man is by nature either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; and there is some truth in it.

And meanwhile, though the huge Greek illumination could die but slowly, Greece was growing uninteresting. For Pheidias of the earlier century, we have in Plato's time Praxiteles, whose carved gods are lounging and pretty nincom- — well, mortals; “they sink,” says the Encyclopaedia, “to the human level, or indeed, sometimes almost below it. They have grace and charm in a supreme degree, but the element of awe and reverence is wanting.” — We have an Aphrodite at the bath, a ‘sweet young thing’ enough, no doubt; an Apollo Sauroctonos, “a youth leaning against a tree, and idly striking with an arrow at a lizard.” A certain natural magic has been claimed for Praxiteles and his school and contemporaries; but if they had it, they mixed unholy elements with it. — And then came Alexander, and carried the dying impetus eastward with him, to touch India with it before it quite expired; and after that Hellenism became Hellenisticism, and what remained of the Crest-Wave in Greece was nothing to lose one little wink of sleep over.

THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON, BURMA

CAROLUS

(See illustrations, pages 221-224)

 HIS marvelous building, truly one of the wonders of the world, is the finest example of Burmese Buddhist art. It is very different from the styles of architecture to which we are accustomed in Western lands. It has no large halls, but is composed of a medley of small shrines surrounding the great central dome with its tapering point. This feature is three hundred and sixty-eight feet high and is made of brick covered with gold. The upper part is overlaid with solid gold-plate, but the lower surface is only gold-leaf, which has to be frequently renewed after the annual rains. The chief shrine is said to contain a golden casket with four hairs from the head of Buddha. The summit of the pinnacle on the great dome is a mass of diamonds,

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emeralds and rubies, but it is so high that no human eye can distinguish the individual stones. Mr. Scott O'Connor writes in *The Silken East*:

"One cannot but recognise the nobility of sentiment underlying this matter. In a like spirit, one sees placed at the climbing pinnacles of some gray cathedral in Europe the fine work of the artist lavished on hidden gargoyles and saintly figures far out of reach of the thronging world below. . . . But it is only in Burma, so often accused of superficiality, that men put a great ransom of jewels where no eye can testify to their splendor."

Another great building of the Buddhist faith, the Potala at Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, has its summit crowned with glittering golden roofs, a note of brilliance added with the most perfect taste and with a sparing hand. The use of gold is infrequent in European architecture; jewels are unknown, though colored mosaic was a favorite form of decoration in Italy.

The main platform of the Shwe Dagon is about fourteen hundred feet around. Upon this stands the central pagoda, which is reached by four flights of steps facing the cardinal points. The southern is the most used by visitors; its entrance colonnade, shown in one of our illustrations, is remarkable for the elaboration of its roofs. Combinations of seven subordinate roofs forming a tall spire are the most frequent in the Shwe Dagon. The number seven is connected with royalty, and of course has many other philosophical interpretations. The entrance is flanked by two gigantic monsters of forbidding though picturesque aspect. These are guardians and not idols to be worshipped, as ignorant Europeans often fancy. They are symbolic protectors of the holy places within, to which no profane foot ought to penetrate, and there are said to be other meanings still more significant.

The mass of small shrines and chapels on the platform is bewildering. New ones are constantly being put up, so that great changes are observable in the general effect within a few years. Burmese architecture, like the Buddhist religion, is a living thing, not dead like the European Gothic; and though there is much that is grotesque to an eye accustomed to the severe purity of the Greek, the grandeur and simplicity of the Roman, and the solemn grace and perfection in constructive art of the finest Gothic, it has a nobility and beauty of its own which call forth high admiration. Mr. P. W. Sergeant says:

"In few places on earth can there be seen so curious and charming a blend of the beautiful and the grotesque as on the platform of Shwe Dagon. And in the midst rises the great golden mass which, in the words of Mr. H. Fielding" (Fielding Hall?), "seems to shake and tremble in the sunlight like a fire, white, as the wind blows, the tongues of the bells at its summit move to and fro, and the air is full of music, so faint, so clear, like 'silver stir of strings in hollow shells.'"

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

PART IV



HEOSOPHY has no quarrel with Science, but only with materialism in thought and action masquerading as Science.

How frequently we have heard the melancholy refrain: "The Sun is cooling, it is dying. Heat is being lost by all celestial bodies, dissipated into space, never to return. The Earth was once molten, now its crust is solid, soon it will be frozen through, and as the Sun loses its energy everything will perish — unless, perchance, some wandering comet strikes it first, or an erratic star approaches too near and causes a disruption of the Solar System, in which case it will either be reduced to vapor by explosions, or the planets will be forced out of their orbits and the exquisite balance of conditions which permits life to exist will be completely upset. Humanity is only a wretched parasite on an insignificant planet in a third-rate Solar System destined to be snuffed out by any chance blow. The 'Temporary Stars' which blaze up into extraordinary brilliancy for a few days and then fade almost into invisibility, show the sort of catastrophe that we may expect." And so forth.

Now all that is pure materialism, the child of a selfish and faithless age and a pseudo-science. It is not based on established facts but on admittedly imperfect information which recent researches are rectifying on lines fatal to the gloomy outlook. It is fostered by a very actual atheism, under whatever name it may shelter, a crude dogma of chance and accident, a virtual denial of Law in Nature. It is on a par with the theories of the materialistic biologists, who exhibit in the museums images of bestial monkey-men, not really man's ancestors but the degraded offshoots from the human stem, and who say, by way of encouraging high ideals in the youthful mind, "Man did not come from the skies. He came from the jungle. WE ARE CHILDREN OF THE APE. MAN IS AN ANIMAL. . . . HUMANITY IS ONLY A HABIT. . . ."*

Surely all these decadent, depressing suggestions can only be 'survivals,' in a slightly altered aspect, of the musty old dogma about being 'born in sin,' which hypnotized the 'miserable sinners' into believing they could do nothing for themselves, but had to depend on outside help to save them from the worst fate! The dogmatists, in their limi-

*Professor Moore of Chicago, an educator, in *The Open Door*.

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tation, forgot that the very Scripture which rightly warned against the evil propensities of the lower nature of man painted a very different picture of the higher. It lifted up a glorious ideal as the Gospel of hope, it taught that man was divine in his true nature and that he had the power to help himself out of the mire. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

“Man’s only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is, to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence.”

This is the teaching of the New Testament.

“The kingdom of God is within you.” (*Luke*, 17, 21)

“Know ye not . . . that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?” (*I Cor.* 3, 16)

But great changes are impending in the world of scientific theory. Many leading biologists are abandoning the anthropoid-ape genealogy of man and are taking up a more careful and less dogmatic position; ‘natural selection’ is now looked upon as a minor factor in the ‘survival of the fittest.’ What do we find in the most advanced astronomical ranks?

Progress of a remarkable kind. The pessimists are no longer in the high places, although many voices still echo the old story. New discoveries and well-founded speculations are coming out on lines which appeal to our sense of justice and, though incomplete, they are in harmony with the teachings of Theosophy. In view of the new position of the more profound thinkers we can ignore the croakers.

Caution must be used before accepting scientific deductions from incomplete data, particularly when they clash with the basic principles of Law and Reason in nature. It must puzzle the ‘general reader’ to encounter the antagonistic assertions of various authorities about the age of the Sun, its life-span, its heat, etc. One expert, in all sincerity, will define these matters with such assurance that everything seems clear — until another equally-well-informed professor, calmly ignoring the first, and even the whole school to which he belongs, lays down a flatly contradictory theory. H. P. Blavatsky showed her wisdom when she warned Theosophists not to tremble for their convictions in the presence of the negations of scientists, for, as she said, scientific opinion is quick to change and the orthodoxy of ten years ago is now on the scrap-heap, while the ancient truths of the Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, will stand as they have stood for ages. But the reign of scientific materialism is palpably weakening.

It is almost universally believed that the Earth (and of course the Sun) must be very old indeed: some say it is more than a billion years old, others are satisfied with a few hundred millions, but few geologists or biologists will admit the possibility that less than a hundred million

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years have elapsed since the Primary strata were formed. According to H. P. Blavatsky the ancient records say that the earliest rocks are not less than three hundred million years old. Recent discoveries in radioactivity, such as the enormous length of time necessary for the transmutation of uranium, etc., have been welcomed by geologists and others, for they support the long periods called for to explain the record of the rocks. It is a curious anomaly, therefore, to find in a recent article on the Sun by astronomer A. Veronnet of the Paris Observatory the statement that: "the Sun, in the form of a star, and giving forth radiations, has not been shining more than about a million years," and that it will "cool down" in about four million years, thereby giving the Earth no more than five million years for its life-period at the outside!* And this in face of a mass of incontrovertible facts in geology and terrestrial physics which demonstrate that the Earth alone must be immensely older than that.

Leaving this example, without further discussion, to stand for an illustration of the lack of unanimity in scientific theorizing, we must pass to the well-considered opinions of a representative of the most advanced thought on the subject of the End of the World. Will it come pretty soon in a haphazard manner through the cooling off of the Sun or by the too near approach of another star, or is the Solar System so organized as to resist disintegration or the destruction of its living inhabitants by any forces known to science?

Before quoting the scientist referred to let us admit that there will surely come an end to the world when its work is done and it is time for humanity — developed to a grandeur unimaginable today — to pass into another condition. But the divine ordinance of the universe has no place for a 'chance' comet, a wandering star, or a fortuitous cooling process to precipitate a premature catastrophe. The sudden flaring up of Novae — new and temporary stars previously invisible or very faint — has given color to the theory of the destruction of star systems through explosion caused by collision, and their rejuvenation by the ultimate recondensing of the resulting nebula. But there may be a very different explanation for these outbursts. It does not follow that they are the catastrophic closing scene of solar systems in the prime of life. In *Five Years of Theosophy* a remarkable statement is made which is worth

*A curious point for astronomers to settle is raised by the rapid-cooling hypothesis of Veronnet and any supporters he may have. It is generally (though not necessarily accurately) believed that Saturn and Jupiter are in a very early stage of development, and will require untold ages to settle down into solid conditions capable of bearing life as we know it in physical forms. But if the Sun becomes a dark star in a very limited period, those unfortunate planets will lose their chances!

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careful consideration, for it opens out a new vista of possibilities:—

“ . . . many of such clusters, that pass in the opinion of astro-physicists for stars and worlds already evolved, are in fact but collections of the various materials made ready for future worlds. Like bricks already baked, of various qualities, shapes and color, that are no longer formless clay but have become fit units of a future wall, each of them having a fixed and distinctly assigned space to occupy in some forthcoming building, are these seemingly adult worlds. The astronomer has no means of recognizing their relative adolescence. . . . Before an emphatic contradiction of what precedes is attempted, and ridicule offered perchance, it would not be amiss to ascertain the nature and character of those other so-called ‘temporary stars,’ whose periodicity, though never actually proven, is yet allowed to pass unquestioned. What are these stars which, appearing suddenly in matchless magnificence and splendor, disappear as mysteriously as unexpectedly, without leaving a single trace behind? Whence do they appear? Whither are they engulfed? In the great cosmic deep — we say. The bright ‘brick’ is caught by the hand of the mason — directed by that Universal Architect *which* destroys but to rebuild. It has found its place in the cosmic structure and will perform its mission to the last *Manvantaric* hour.”

Scientific information is yet very meager about temporary stars, but the theory of destruction and rejuvenation by collision has at least helped to shake the preposterous idea that the whole universe is ‘running down,’ parting with its energies into empty space without possibility of recompense, and tending to become a frozen corpse.

The doctrine of periodic or cyclic change is the only hypothesis which can stand against the materialistic notion of chance. It is a fundamental law in nature, and has been recognised for ages. In the Hindû philosophy we find the grandiose conception of the Great Year of Brahmâ, the Days and Nights of Brahmâ, major and minor periods of manifestation and rest — manvantaras and pralayas — a magnificent idea, the result of long and intimate study of the inner workings of nature. H. P. Blavatsky says:

“MATTER IS ETERNAL, becoming atomic (its aspect) only periodically. . . . nature runs down and disappears from the objective plane, only to re-emerge after a period of rest out of the subjective, and to reascend once more.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 582, 149

We find this in the Proem to *The Secret Doctrine*:

“Further, the Secret Doctrine affirms:

II. The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically the ‘play-ground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,’ called the ‘manifesting stars,’ and the ‘sparks of Eternity.’ . . . ‘*The appearance and disappearance of Worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux.*’”

It is impossible to enter into detail on this profoundly interesting subject; the student who wishes to trace the ramifications of the periodic laws will find what he needs in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. We must return to the scientist referred to above, Dr. Gustav Jaumann, Professor of Physics at Brünn Polytechnic, and his remarkable lecture

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on the enduring nature of present conditions on the Sun and Earth, the impossibility of the Earth falling into the Sun or having its orbit permanently disrupted, and other facts of great importance, all showing that there is no basis for the lugubrious 'chance' and 'accident' theories about the end of the world. The points which Professor Jaumann insists upon with the greatest force and fullest scientific evidence, are in complete harmony with the fundamental principles of the soul-saving Aryan philosophy which H. P. Blavatsky brought to the West, and for which she was condemned by a materialistic age as ignorant! Professor Jaumann's address is such an important contribution to modern thought that it has been translated and made a part of a special report of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington on the progress of science. The entire paper is worth careful study, but only a few extracts of particular interest to students of Theosophy can be given here.

After discussing the fundamental laws of Gravitation and the Conservation of Energy which, he says, "lead to essentially pessimistic results" *as they have been interpreted*, he examines the difficult problems in astronomy which they have not solved, such as the lunar acceleration of six seconds per century, the abnormalities in the orbits of Venus, Mercury, and Mars, and in terrestrial gravitation. He says:

"... generally speaking, the law of gravitation suffices to calculate celestial movements with considerable exactitude, always granting that the cosmic ether is absolutely devoid of friction. Now this is far from being admitted by physicists."

In fact, the celestial bodies do encounter friction. As the smallest and most ethereal comets — far less dense than the faintest terrestrial vapor, for a tiny star which is extinguished by the thinnest cloud will shine through thousands of miles of a comet's tail — are able to penetrate so deeply into the Sun's Corona as almost to graze the surface of the Sun at 500 kilometers a second without experiencing any appreciable resistance or retardation, "one is obliged to admit that the law of gravitation is not alone in play, and that unseen forces, as foreseen among others by Kepler, act upon celestial bodies in motion, tending to compensate the frictional effect of cosmic ether." After considering the successful efforts that have been made to find the gravitational laws which counteract the friction of the ether, which has to be seriously reckoned with, he continues:

"The new theory of gravitation is derived from this struggle; it is a victory carried by the extreme wing. . . . Now the planetary movements cause perturbations of the nature of accumulations, so to speak, in the gravitational field in front of these bodies, giving rise to gravitational forces additional to the Newtonian forces . . . the most important among them lying in the direction of the displacement of the planet whose movement it thus aids. It increases with the speed of the planet. . . . Thus all the peculiarities of gravitation are found

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integrally explained, something which the Newtonian law was incapable of doing. These new gravitational forces impart, moreover, to the planetary system a perfect physical stability of a kind that might be called illimitable. They tend to conserve the actual forms of the planetary orbits, not only in spite of the considerable frictional resistance of the cosmic ether but in spite of enormous accidental perturbations. Should such a perturbation — which might, for instance, result from the passage in the neighborhood of the Solar System of a star with a very rapid proper motion — have the effect of entirely modifying the planetary orbits, the new gravitational forces would introduce among the elements of the orbits variations such that the orbits would return exactly to their prior stable form. . . . The planetary system is established with a permanence which, estimated according to any time notions we can conceive, might be regarded as eternal.”

Dr. Jaumann’s entire lecture is a carefully reasoned demonstration of facts showing that the leaders of science of greatest insight have no grounds for further objection to the teaching that the Earth will not perish by accidental catastrophe, but will last until it has run its appointed cycle of manifestation guided by intelligent law.

Let us see if Dr. Jaumann has any comfort to give the mournful propagandists of the freezing-to-death hypothesis. Not a particle:

“No trace, however feeble, has been demonstrated regarding the cooling of the Sun. . . . It was for a long time held indisputable that the Earth was in process of cooling, but this idea has had to be abandoned. . . . Fluctuations of 10 degrees above and below mean temperature have been observed several times in Europe, thus placing those regions alternately under tropical and glacial conditions; and from that point of view the most remote ages of the geological history of the Earth do not differ at all from the present epoch. In the Palaeo-Cambrian beds extended but diffuse glacial beds have been found. Thus the temperature at that period was not higher but lower than in our epoch, and that after a hundred million years. One would have to admit, in the Sun, the existence of a store of energy able, without appreciable diminution, to withstand during so long a period the enormous waste which we infer. Thus the stability of the planetary system and the power of the Sun are found verified, so to say, from direct observation.”

He then shows, at too great length to be fully quoted, in the light of the “new differential form of the principle of the Conservation of Energy,” how the interior heat of the Earth is kept up:

“All dense bodies should therefore unceasingly and spontaneously give rise to heat, these bodies being radiators functioning spontaneously though in very different degrees, in general inappreciably to our senses. Far from being in contradiction to the principle of Energy this fact results precisely from its expression in the form of a differential law. The radium salts determine in reality a similar effect of spontaneous heating, but of an intensity so exceptional as to astonish physicists. At the time of this discovery one had doubts of the validity of the principle of Energy. But it is only the integral form of the principle which occasions these doubts, while the differential form, or the graduative effect, is thus confirmed in brilliant fashion. The increase of temperature in the deep strata of the Earth is explained by this effect of spontaneous heating without employing the hypothesis of radium deposits.”

Earthquake and other researches have recently convinced geologists that the interior of the Earth is not a liquid, molten mass, but possibly is as rigid as steel, and, according to the differential form of the principles mentioned above, the heated conditions will continue

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without fear of depletion. But what about the Sun? Is it losing its energies and receiving no compensation? "The Sun is cooling; the Sun is dying!" Not so, according to Professor Jaumann and the advanced school. Nature has been slandered by the malicious charge that she recklessly squanders her forces. Yet we must be prepared to see the old materialistic statements brought up again and again, for the popularizers of science will be slow to abandon such a grand opportunity for rhetoric. Professor Jaumann says:

"On the other hand, there is produced an enormous concentration towards the Sun arising in the field of gravitation, a concentration which by its radiation compensates the wasted energy in the Sun, and ensures the permanency of its mean temperature" [whatever that may be]. "The Sun, one sees, yields no energy to remote regions on the confines of cosmic space; whatever it radiates in the form of energy in cosmic space is recovered under the flow of energy in the field of gravitation. . . . There is no occasion to fear the cooling of the Sun, which would put an end to our existence; humanity will not perish after experiencing, like the Eskimo, a glacial climate; the radiation of the Sun becomes stabilized, the intellectual and physical evolution of humanity can, on the contrary, continue for an illimitable period, transcending all the imagination can conceive.

"Thus, with the aid of the differential theories, it becomes possible to regard the future with confidence and to bring efficacious support to a new philosophic concept of high value."

In recognising with satisfaction Dr. Jaumann's declaration that the Sun's energies are not being reduced, we must not forget that very little is known about the surface conditions of the Sun and nothing about the interior. According to the teachings of Theosophy the Sun is not in combustion; it is not even in a condition of materiality with which we are acquainted by actual contact on Earth. We are not justified in speaking of the energy of the Sun which produces the phenomenon of heat when it passes into our atmosphere as if it were the result of the intense chemical oxidation of combustion. It is now generally admitted that the Sun is not *burning*, and various guesses have been made as to the source of its energies, but none are conclusive. Veronnet, in the article quoted above, repeats the general impression about the Sun's heat: "We know the Sun has a temperature of about 6000° C.", and then goes on to discuss its rapid cooling. We *know* nothing of the kind. The temperature of the Sun has been variously estimated from 1500 to 9,000,000 degrees, and even now there is no agreement. All we *know* is that the energy of the Sun produces heat when it enters our atmosphere; no one claims that interplanetary space is heated, though it is assuredly filled with intensely active vibrations. The suggestion has been made that the solar forces are transformed, in passing through the Earth's atmosphere, into what we perceive as light and heat, precisely as resistance offered to the passage of an electric current produces light and heat. Electro-magnetic energy can be passed through your hand or a block of ice without heating it, and yet it can then be transformed

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so as to boil water, as Bachelet showed in his experiments in 1914 in connexion with his model of the high-speed electro-magnetic railroad. The following paragraph from *Current Opinion*, April 1918, is significant:

“Professor Jean Bosler’s somewhat revolutionary theory of the Sun. The French astro-physicist departs markedly from the received ideas. It seems extremely probable to him that the solar matter is electrified. He affirms in the Paris *L’Astronomie* that the corona really gives us an image of the general magnetic field of the Sun like the terrestrial magnetic field — a sphere uniformly magnetized — and also similar to that of a rotating sphere electrically charged. The importance of this theory is due to the fact that its verification would profoundly modify our conception of the Sun as a center of high temperature. It is a hot body, but not nearly so hot as we have been taught to believe.”

All doubts as to the Sun being a magnetic body have been recently dispelled by the new confirmations of Professor Hale’s spectroscopic discoveries in connexion with the ‘Zeeman Effect,’ the bending of light-rays in magnetic fields. The Sun is magnetized similarly to, though more powerfully than, the Earth, and it has magnetic poles. As it is well known that magnetic bodies, such as an ordinary steel magnet, lose their magnetism if highly heated, owing, it is generally taught, to the disorganization and loosening up of its molecular structure, the problem has naturally arisen: How can the Sun be intensely hot and yet retain its magnetism?

In view of these points, and of Professor Jaumann’s declaration as to the endurance of the solar energies in spite of its tremendous output, the following extract from *Five Years of Theosophy* is of great interest at this juncture:

“Were the Sun ‘a cooling mass’ our great life-giver would have indeed grown dim with age by this time, and found some trouble to keep his watch-fires burning for the future races to accomplish their cycles, and the planetary chains to achieve their rounds. There would remain no hope for humanity; except perhaps in what passes for science in the astronomical textbooks of Missionary Schools — namely, that ‘the sun has an orbital journey of a hundred millions of years before him, and the system yet but seven thousand years old!’ (Prize Book, *Astronomy for General Readers*.)” [We] “deny most emphatically (a) that the sun is in combustion, in any ordinary sense of the word; or (b) that he is *incandescent*, or even *burning*, though he is *glowing*; or (c) that his luminosity has already begun to weaken and his power . . . may be exhausted within a given and conceivable time. . . . No, we say; no, while there is one man left on the globe, the sun will not be extinguished. Before the hour of the ‘Solar Pralaya’ strikes on the watch-tower of Eternity, all the other worlds of our system will be gliding in their spectral shells along the silent paths of Infinite Space.”

— *Five Years of Theosophy*, ed. of 1885, pp. 252-261

H. P. Blavatsky, in her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, quoting from the Commentaries, says:

“‘The Sun is the heart of the Solar World (System) and its brain is hidden behind the (visible) Sun. From thence, sensation is radiated into every nerve-center of the great body, and the waves of the life-essence flow into each artery and vein. . . . The planets are its limbs and pulses.’

“It was stated elsewhere (in the *Theosophist*) that Occult philosophy denies that the Sun is a globe in combustion . . . there is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our system, of which the Sun is the heart — the same as the circulation of the blood in the human

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body — during the manvantaric solar period, or life; the Sun contracting as rhythmically, at every return of it, as the human heart does. Only, instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years, and a whole year to pass through its *auricles* and *ventricles* before it washes the *lungs* and passes thence to the great veins and arteries of the system.

“This, Science will not deny, since Astronomy knows of the fixed cycle of eleven years when the number of solar spots increases, *which is due to the contraction* of the Solar HEART.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 540-41.

In addition to the manifestation of the Solar pulsation shown by the sunspot openings, another effect, not discovered when H. P. Blavatsky wrote, has been observed. While the Sun was always thought to be a perfectly circular body (in profile) with no equatorial protuberance — a singular thing in a globe of such low density rotating at high speed — of late years measurements have been published tending to show that the Polar Axis of the Sun lengthens a few hundred miles as the sunspot maximum approaches, diminishing at the minimum. This curious eleven-year or so vibration is quite what should be expected when we consider the Sun's function as the pulsating heart of the System.

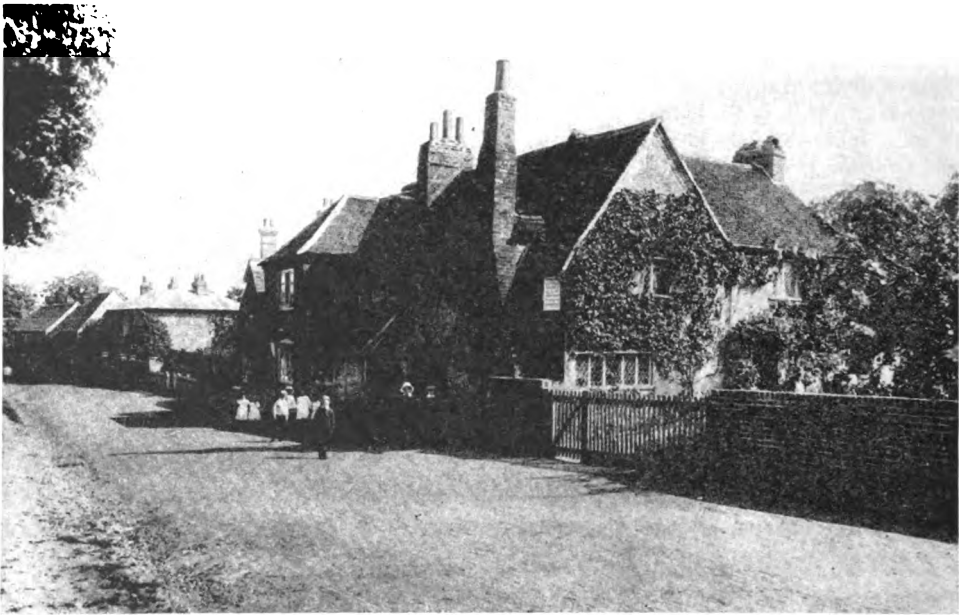
In regard to the Solar magnetism the following remarks by Flammarion at a Midsummer Day festival on the Eiffel Tower in Paris, are noteworthy:

“Among the prophetic divinations of Kepler we can admire these three words ‘Corpus Solem Magneticum.’ While Copernicus compared the Sun to a heart, his successor compared it to a magnet, causing the worlds to revolve about it and sending its vibrations through space. This idea has been confirmed by the discoveries of twentieth-century astronomers, notably by Hale in America and Deslandres in France . . . how many doubters there have been . . . who could see nothing but fortuitous coincidence between the variation of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism. . . . Now we see that the champions of the relationships between solar and magnetic phenomena were right. . . . Thus from the sun there emanates a force different from the light and heat that we perceive with our senses . . . a magnetic bond, invisible and powerful, links our earth to the central body of the solar system . . . magnetism — a force still unexplained, which beyond all doubt puts the planets into touch with one another. . . . One of the reasons that seemed to authorize a denial of solar magnetism was the high temperature of the sun. . . . As we well know, a mass of iron heated red-hot loses its magnetic properties. Hence it was formerly declared dogmatically that the sun ‘could not’ be a magnetic body. But the nature of magnetism and electricity was then unknown — as indeed it still is.”

It is interesting to note in the above passage the approving references made to the great Kepler by both Flammarion and Jaumann.



“Look nature through; 'tis revolution all,
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise.
Earth takes the example. All to reflourish fades
As in a wheel: all sinks to reascend;
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.”— YOUNG



MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES, ENGLAND

JOHN MILTON

WILLIAM HENRY VOIGT

JOHN MILTON, England's greatest epic poet, is an interesting literary personage; it would be difficult to name anyone in the whole range of poetry who is more interesting. He has become an object of actual interest now, and a few years ago we celebrated the tercentenary of his birth.

The date of his birth marks the opening of a clearly-defined period of English history; that of his death, the close of that period. In 1608 Elizabeth had been dead five years, leaving the throne to the son of her unfortunate rival. Milton lived to within nearly four years of the allotted three-score and ten.

It has been said of Milton that he may be regarded as being in many respects "the standard of dignified poetic expression; although Shakespeare alone exhibits the varied elements of copiousness, power, and brilliancy inherent in our language."

"It is easy," says Pope, "to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, and Dryden are landmarks for it."

Milton was born in London. He did not fail to feel the various disturbances of his times. A revolution was brooding, destined to burst forth in a few years; in religion new forms of belief were multiplying with a rapidity which amazed contemporaries and bewilders those who

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try to classify them today; in politics there was a breaking away from the past and a plunge into the uncertainties of untrodden ways.

When the awestruck crowds that stood around the scaffold before Whitehall saw the head of their sovereign roll beneath the headsman's axe, they turned away with a shudder; all Europe held its breath and wondered what was to come next.

Out of the chaos that followed, emerged the towering figure of Oliver Cromwell.

Milton himself was deeply moved by the mental restlessness of his time. He gives us a striking passage in his *Areopagitica* as follows:

"Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with this protection; the shop of warre hath not more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, then there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving, new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement."

At the age of sixteen he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained seven years. During his course of study there, he wrote a beautiful poem which marks a new era in English poetry, *The Ode on the Nativity*.

Lycidas, a monody on the death of a friend, Edward King, which Dr. Johnson treats with contempt, is praised by Warton and Hallam as a "good test of real poetic feeling."

Comus, a masque, the most graceful and fanciful of his poems; *L'Allegro*, an ode to mirth; *Il Penseroso*, an ode to melancholy, all follow in regular order; the last two are no less Italian in their thought and mode of treatment than in their titles.

In 1638 he went abroad, traveling in Italy and France. About 1644 appeared his *Tractate on Education*, in which he rejects the method of the school and the university, and proposes a system imitated chiefly from the gymnasia of Sparta and Athens; but of course this proved impracticable, and it remained a utopian dream.

The late Sir J. R. Seeley finds in Milton a return to classical ideals. He says:

"Greek was discovered for Englishmen by Milton. He is the founder of that school of classical revival which is represented in the present age by Mr. Matthew Arnold."

In the triumph of the Republicans, Milton was appointed Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell, in which position he toiled away, wasting the exuberance of his rare imagination and his marvelous powers of style on humdrum work which a score of others could have done as well as

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he. He is Apollo herding the sheep of Admetus, a Pegasus hitched to a cart. Never was any one more a man of his age than was Milton. To every form of the manifold greater activities of his age he gave his attention. In 1650 was published his *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, a reply to Salmasius, after Grotius the most learned man in Europe, who had defended the claims and conduct of King Charles I. Milton boasts that he made Europe ring with his defense, and glories that he lost his eyesight in the work.

"Dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day—" (*Samson Agonistes*)

He threw himself heart and soul into the welter of religious and political controversy. Among wrangling partisans who pelted one another with pamphlets, he drew attention to himself by the novelty and boldness of his views.

When the authorities of both Church and State, who themselves had gone before in setting aside the ideas by which their ancestors had lived, felt called upon to check the boldness of others, the voice that was raised in protest against any attempt at restraint was the voice of Milton.

There often appears in his works a contrast (but not a conflict) between his conviction and his sympathies — between his logic and his fancy. This is nowhere better shown than in the immortal poem, *Paradise Lost*, which all have read. He who would have destroyed monarchic institutions and the hierarchy of the Church, and who would have abolished external dignities on earth, has presented to us a graduated hierarchy of orders in heaven — "Thrones, Princedoms, Virtues, Dominations, Powers," etc.

Paradise Lost is the poem of Puritanism. The Miltonic Satan is a stupendous poetical creation, and there is a heroic grandeur in that creation which wins a human sympathy.

About four years before his death, he wrote his tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*. It was not considered a success. *Comus* was a beautiful



JOHN MILTON
Statue by Horace Montford

JOHN MILTON

reflexion of a happy youth, but *Samson Agonistes* shows the gloomy grandeur of the poet's old age.

"I feel my genial spirit droop,
My race of glory run and race of shame;
And I shall shortly be with them that rest."

Milton's poems have drawn from Dryden, the father of Classicism, the hyperbole of admiration: "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too."



JOHN MILTON
Portrait by John Krämer

The literature which has grown up around his name (and it is already vast and is growing every day, despite the statement of O. J. Jenkins who says that "since the works are nearly forgotten they can do no great harm") is characterized to a large extent by something which, for want of a better term may be called enthusiasm.

This word enthusiasm has a colorless sense today. It once referred to a state of mind which was something like inner intoxication. In some such sense we will employ it here. The poet Wordsworth suffered his intoxication to pass from the figurative to the physical. Wordsworth was habitually a waterdrinker, but water is not the element of enthusiasts. The "Evoe" of the maenads was not shouted after Neptune but after Bacchus. So when Wordsworth crossed the threshold of Milton's rooms at Christ's, he intoned his "nunc est bibendum."

This is the spirit of much of the writing about Milton. Too many admirers are carried out of themselves in the fervor of their panegyric. Not so with Dr. Johnson, the strong-minded old Tory Englishman who treats Milton with severity in his estimate of the latter's character. Milton was just the opposite, in principles and sympathies, to Johnson. The Rev. Mr. Faber called him "an execrable rebel and heretic." This writer is somewhat shocking in his plainness of speech, but what he says is perhaps true. The truth is hard to believe, sometimes. It has been

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shown that Milton lived in an age of disturbances and of course it had its effects upon the character of the poet. Many others rebelled against the order of the day.

Matthew Arnold says that the Puritans spoiled Milton.

The poet's domestic life was unhappy. He was doomed to go through life companionless. Naturally an unsociable character, he was misunderstood. On the whole, then, as Wordsworth's apostrophe puts it, his "soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Of a friendship of the 'alter ego' type, the traces are few. The solitary exception seems to have been Charles Diodati. Yet he had many admirers. But there was something in him which overawed even these, and there was little of the milk of human kindness to make them feel at ease. Others than he have shown that unapproachableness is not necessarily an attribute of exalted greatness.

Milton, like Cicero with all his self-importance, was a little too 'egotistic,' but it is a subject for discussion whether a man has the right to be egotistic or not. The classical ideal was fame: the ideal of Fabricius and Themistocles. Egotism, however understood, is a foe to companionableness. A characteristic of Milton was the predominance of self-exaltation over self-effacement.

We have dwelt thus at some little length on the unamiable aspect of Milton's character, because it was a prominent trait in him too lightly passed over by those who make him the object of indiscriminating praise.

Men of different creeds and of no creed, those who rejoice in what he did as well as those who have tried to undo his work, unite their voices in proclaiming him a glory to his age. He is a paragon of human nature for Coleridge and De Quincey. Wordsworth addresses him as one whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart. The late Professor Masson has laid at his feet an offering truly valuable, nine volumes, six of which are a biography, the most colossal that admiration ever prepared for genius.



"PERHAPS no man has ever had a mighty influence over his fellows without having the innate need to dominate, and this need usually becomes the more imperious in proportion as the complications of life make self inseparable from a purpose which is not selfish."—*George Eliot*

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER III



LED roses, passionate red roses — how they glow down there in the old rose-garden, where the wanton breezes riot and reel around among the bushes, drunk with the passionate perfume, which they heedlessly scatter as they go.

Beyond the garden is a wilderness where thistles thrive luxuriantly, and there the wayward winds play havoc, bearing the thistledown away across the weald to let it fall in well-tilled fields among the grain so diligently sown. . . . The gentle thistledown — how could the thoughtless breezes dream those delicate seeds could wreak such havoc with the farmer's crops? How could they know what emotions the perfume of the roses might engender in the hearts of innocent lovers? What do the roses and the winds know of the mystery of man? What do they know of man's divinity or destiny? A little less perhaps than man himself, who gladly lets the thistledown invade the garden of his heart, where pure white lilies ought to reign, and the blue larkspur sing its color-song of hope, echoing on earth the purity of Paradise.

THE MARRIAGE of Steven Cranley to the brewer's widow had been a great occasion in the history of Comberfield; the old parish church had been adorned and decorated past all recognition, and was crowded to suffocation, while the array of ministering ecclesiastics was unprecedented; and the general rejoicing testified to the popularity of the young bridegroom as much as to the worldly wisdom of his choice.

But with Beatrice it was another matter. She flatly refused to have her marriage made a public festival. Her mother did not press the matter, and her father was delighted to be spared another wedding on the scale of Steven's, though neither of them understood the feelings that made their daughter insist upon a ceremony of the simplest possible kind. Carothers said he hated ceremonies, and agreed to anything his fiancée suggested in connexion with the wedding.

So it fell out that Uncle Jonas and his curate were the only clergy present, the visitors were relatives, and the spectators were the servants

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and gardeners and some of the principal tenants on the estate, who would have been hurt at not being asked to see Miss Beatrice married. She had a strange hold on the affections of the people, though she had never done anything to bid for their regard. Those who loved her did so disinterestedly. The village thought it odd, this quiet wedding, so strangely in contrast with the brilliancy of her brother's: but all agreed that it would not be like her to do things as other people do, and then the captain was a stranger, a quiet retiring sort of man, an unknown quantity. So there was considerable curiosity and speculation as to the future.

The curate did not speculate. He hardly dared to hope that she would be happy; there was such ominous foreboding of misfortune in his heart. He tried to put the future out of mind and to live in the simple duties of the hour. But when the day came for the wedding, his misery seemed more than he could bear; and when he took his place within the chancel and looked up at the old stained-glass window, he was hardly surprised to see the angel's face veiled in a mist that seemed to come and go even as he stood there gazing at it. He turned his eyes away, fearing he would be taken with faintness, and attributing the clouding of his vision to his sleepless nights and general despondency.

But Beatrice never looked that way; she seemed serenely happy, almost too radiant, the curate thought. It seemed to him that there was something unnatural in the brilliance of her eyes, and in the tension of her figure, usually so lithe and supple. He thought that she was not herself: or was it perhaps another self he had not seen before? The captain was impenetrable.

The day was stormy and the clouds gathered heavily before the married couple drove away; and as the carriage vanished down the long avenue of fluted elms, the pride of Comberfield, the curate saw again the setting star; and as he drove home to Chenstead the rain and sleet came down in torrents, as if the elements appreciated his despair and offered him their sympathy in fitting terms. The storm seemed so appropriate it almost made him glad; a state of mind that shocked his sense of delicacy, and made him feel somewhat ashamed.

The winter passed, and Beatrice wrote dutifully to her parents telling them all about other people, and just precisely nothing at all about herself. They wondered a little perhaps, but then nothing surprised them that she might do or leave undone. They took it as it came. But Alice Cranley, Steven's wife, was not so easily satisfied. She had accepted Beatrice as a sister whole-heartedly, and loved her frankly as a sister; and she was not satisfied. Alice was worried about it. Most people called Mrs. Steven rattle-brained, shallow, superficial, and so on: perhaps

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they were correct as far as their observation went; but human nature is certainly complex, and Mrs. Steven Cranley had a heart, as well as a mind that certainly was lacking in profundity; and in that heart she kept the picture of her new sister very tenderly enshrined.

One day when she was staying at Comberfield the curate called, and she received him, being the only one at home. They naturally referred to the weddings, and he asked for news of the Carothers, more as a matter of form than from a wish to open up the subject. But Mrs. Steven was taken off her guard by this rather insignificant person, and answered more frankly than she would have done if there had been others present. She showed that she was worried at not having satisfactory news, and he at once caught the feeling of alarm that she most innocently betrayed. He dared not press the matter, but his manner somehow impressed his hostess with a subtle sense of sympathy that made her look at him more carefully. He had been until then no more than a mere curate, the most negligible of men in her eyes; but now he seemed to have a certain significance. She kept him chatting there until some other callers came, and then she asked if she might come and see his little church at Chenstead, affecting an interest in archaeology that was entirely insincere. And so a few days later she found herself climbing the hill behind the farm with him to "see the view," really to talk of Beatrice. She had got a letter from her and was more worried than before. She simply had to talk to someone. Stevie was no good: he absolutely refused to see a shadow in the sky until the rain came down, and then he always said it was a passing shower, no matter how long it lasted; his optimism to some seemed hardly distinguishable from egotism. He would be happy at all costs and under all circumstances. As to disturbing himself about the future, that was unthinkable; to worry over the past was obviously ridiculous; and to allow anything to spoil the pleasure of the moment was to show oneself unworthy of the goods the gods bestow. She could not talk to Stevie of her anxiety about Beatrice.

She perched herself upon a rock, turning her back to all the beauty of the scene, and looking straight at the curate said:

"There's something wrong with Beatrice. What is it? Do you know? I'm sure she is not happy, and if that is so, something will happen. She has a heart, and hearts are like volcanos: you never can tell when they will break out, only that when they do there's ruin and desolation, to say nothing of the smoke and noise. It would be horrid to have a scandal. Besides, she is too good to be unhappy. And yet her husband loves her passionately. I am sure of that, although he poses as a blasé sort of cynic. I never trust that kind of men. Stevie thinks the world of him."

She stopped and looked inquiringly at the man beside her, but got

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no answer. He stood looking down and prodding the earth with his umbrella in an absent-minded sort of way that irritated the impetuous lady.

"Well, what do you think about it? Am I making mountains out of mole-hills?"

"I hardly know what to say," he answered thoughtfully.

"You are not satisfied," she said. "I see it in your manner: what do you know?"

"Nothing," he said dejectedly. "How should I know anything? I am not in her confidence. And yet I must confess I was uneasy from the first. You see, Miss Cranley was not like other girls. She seemed to have ideals; though she never spoke to me of anything beyond the ordinary courtesies of life. But I have seen her on one or two occasions look like a saint or angel in an old stained-glass window . . ."

He broke off suddenly, as if he had said more than he intended. In reality it was the allusion that brought back to him the strange impression he had received on looking at the window in the chancel during the marriage ceremony. He could not speak of that; and what he had already said seemed suddenly to have some strange significance that had not been apparent to him before his own reference to the angel in the window.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, looking even more intently at her companion.

"Why, simply that she has a deeper side to her character than I have noticed signs of in other young ladies, and truly I could not feel that Captain Carothers was a man who could appreciate the beauty of an ideal in any way spiritual or above the ordinary, you know."

He ended lamely, almost apologetically, never having spoken to any one so openly of deeper things outside the pulpit or the sick-room, and there he spoke professionally; now he was speaking from his heart and feared he might be misunderstood.

But Alice Cranley was a woman of the world and did not often make mistakes in judging men's characters. She liked the curate and read his story as easily as if he had made a full confession. She knew that there were people who saw deeper into the mysteries of life than others do or than she herself cared to, and she suspected Beatrice was one of these. Suddenly the tragedy of the marriage flashed on her and she looked up aghast.

The curate understood the expression in her eyes, and saw his own fears verified. He saw the Crucifixion of a Soul upon the Cross of passion. In that brief moment the drama of the Soul revealed itself, and though he only caught a glimpse of but a fragment of the great tragedy, he stood appalled. The fiery sun was burning beyond the banks of clouds near

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the horizon, and he looked into that glowing furnace lost in awe before the revelation of the heart's possibilities of suffering. His usually insignificant features became so eloquent, that his companion watched him with a most unusual interest, and waited silently, she who hated silence most of all things.

At last he turned to her and said: "What can we do?"

She looked down suddenly to hide the tears that came into her eyes. She never cried: but there was something confiding in the "we" that touched her unexpectedly. They came down the hill in silence, but with a perfect sympathy between them; and if thoughts are truly messages that need no telegraphic apparatus for their conveyance, then surely Beatrice must have felt some comfort from their deep desire to help her in her trials.

Poor Beatrice! she needed all the help her friends could give. How little it is, only those know who have by their own will invoked the ordeal none can share with them. Each soul must meet its destiny alone, before it can begin to know the meaning of companionship.

CHAPTER IV



LTHOUGH the Cranleys were notoriously hot-headed and impetuous, the alliance of Augustus with the phlegmatic house of Marshalsea had somewhat modified the family characteristics in the generation deriving from that matrimonial arrangement. Steven was easy-going to the verge of lethargy, and his brothers were not much like their father; but in Beatrice the Cranley character asserted itself, successfully triumphing over the negativity that took the form of amiability in her mother and of hypocrisy in Uncle Jonas. It is perhaps unkind to speak of such a singularly conscientious man as he by such a hard name as hypocrite; and yet that word seemed to come most readily to mind when one had been brought by circumstances into close contact with the reverend gentleman. It was impossible to take him seriously, he was too unctuous; and yet I feel convinced he really thought himself sincere, at times, if not at all times. There were moments however when he must have felt his own credulity in this respect strained almost to breaking; but his faith in the excellence of his intentions carried him safely over these slippery places in the path of life. He generally sighed when he mentioned his erratic niece, spoke of her gently as "poor,

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dear Beatrice," made dark allusions to "the Cranley blood," somewhat as if their family history were to be looked for in the criminal records of the county. He frequently thanked God none of his numerous daughters were like her: they certainly were not, but no one ever thought of congratulating them on that account.

Not having been consulted in the matter of his niece's engagement, he could but feel doubtful as to the success of the marriage, and indeed hinted darkly at some possible disaster, which he foresaw. In his opinion the whole affair was sudden beyond the bounds of decency, and the wedding itself was almost scandalously quiet: if it had taken place in any church but his, he would have felt himself more free to criticise such secrecy. He particularly favored the exhortation "Let your light so shine before men . . .," and felt that such a ceremony should be performed with fitting pomp. A private wedding sometimes gives food for gossip, and gossip leads to scandal; none knew that better than the unctuous vicar.

So when he asked for news of the newly-married couple he had an air of delicately hinting that he did not wish to pry into the vagaries of his erring niece. Augustus Cranley sometimes wondered why he did not take the parson by the scruff of his neck and shake him out of his smooth disguise of meek superiority. It might have made a scandal, but it would perhaps have given the man a new point of view from which to estimate the value of his own motives. Who can say? His visits to the Hall were not unduly frequent, and for that his brother-in-law was grateful; they always left a lingering suggestion in the air of something wrong, some mystery that could only be hinted at. Her father knew that Beatrice was headstrong, idealistic, and independent; but also he knew that what she chose to do would not be done from any mean or ignoble motive; if Beatrice erred, he felt it would not be in such a way that he would ever have to be ashamed of her. But after a visit from 'the parson' he felt somewhat disturbed and wished that his daughter were a little more communicative.

One day a telegram to Mrs. Cranley announced the coming of her daughter for a few days' visit to her parents. Nothing more natural, one would say, and quite characteristic of the family, whose movements were generally sudden. Yet her father felt anxious, and when she came he looked more searchingly into her face than usual. But he could not read the closed book, and her mother did not try to. Beatrice was affectionate and cheerful in manner, and talked a great deal, asking about everybody and everything in or around her old home, but said nothing about herself or her husband. She arrived in time to dress for dinner, and, as it was Saturday, her presence in church next morning was a

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surprise to the congregation and completely staggered the poor curate, who was taking the service for the vicar; the latter being away with his uninteresting family in London.

Beatrice sat in her old corner and her manner was coldly formal, but her eyes were brighter than ever, and there was a set look in the mouth that made her seem older and almost severe in comparison with her



former vivacity. She was certainly changed. Her father saw that, though he could not say how.

As he went up to the pulpit the curate could not keep himself from looking at her, and he was pained by what he saw there. It seemed as if she had been away for many years and had come home broken by the world. His heart was heavy at the sight of her. He saw a passionate craving in her eyes and a hard, drawn look about her lips: he felt the anguish of a soul in torture. How could he help her? For the first time in his life he yearned for eloquence, for power to speak the word of comfort to the aching heart, and almost cursed his own stupidity, his helpless mediocrity. Here was a soul in danger come for help, and he the minister of God had none to give. He knew his impotence but not his possibilities. He did not know that there was power in silent sympathy: he did not know that we are all so bound together that none can tell through what strange channel help may come to one in need, nor what unlikely individual may prove an instrument of destiny. His sin was self-contempt, and his sin found him out; it made him impotent.

But Beatrice did not see him, nor did she hear a word of his poor sermon, but sat staring at the window, where the angel beamed upon her blandly and unconcernedly. At length she closed her eyes to break the

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spell, but opened them again, for that was worse. The darkness had become a horror to her, she feared to be alone, and shuddered at the coming of the night.

The curate usually dined at the vicarage when he came to take the service at Comberfield, but as the vicar and his family were away, the Cranleys asked him to come up to the Hall till it was time for afternoon service. So he walked home with them across the park, and Beatrice, after a few inquiries about some of the people she knew at Chenstead, left him to her mother, and took her father's arm and chatted as gaily as she knew how; and he fell into his old vein of humor, laughed as heartily and joked as carelessly as ever, but he felt there was a barrier now: she was still Beatrice, but it was as if some door had closed between them and he could not see her though he heard her voice.

A few days later there was a funeral at Comberfield, and the curate drove over to perform the ceremony, putting up his dogcart at the Hall and walking across the park to reach the church. There he was joined by Beatrice, who walked on with him, and sat down in the church to rest. She was not interested in the funeral, but she seemed very tired, and hid herself in the Squire's pew, where she was out of sight.

The funeral was over and the clergyman went to the vestry to unrobe and to put on his overcoat; the parish clerk accompanied him and asked if he should wait to lock the door, but the curate dismissed him, saying he would attend to it, that he had to speak a word or two to Nicholson the sexton, who was outside. That was an excuse he made to himself for not wishing to disturb the lady in the Squire's pew. The old clerk seemed to understand, because he made as if he did not know that she was there. He was by way of being 'a little hard o' hearin',' but he caught sight of a bent figure in the corner of the pew and thought he heard something like a sob, so he coughed loudly and shuffled as he walked for fear that t'parson might hear it too.

The curate's hearing was unusually acute just then, and so he too made as much noise walking up the chancel as he could, and talked more loudly than was necessary, in order to prevent that painful sound reaching the parish clerk. Also he had a long talk with the sexton, who did all the talking, wondering the while what made the curate such an attentive listener. He was forced to the conclusion that his powers of narrative were more than usually appreciated, though not beyond their merit. Gradually the sexton noticed that his listener had lost interest in his story; catching sight of a lady's dress a little way across the park, he drew his own conclusions, and turned to his neglected task of filling in the grave.

The Curate drove home very deep in thought and pulled up at the

AWAKENING

cross-roads half a mile from Chenstead. He seemed to be in doubt for some few minutes and the mare grew restless, so he came to a decision and took the road to Ausleydale. Now Ausleydale was Alice Cranley's former home; her brother lived there now, and only yesterday the curate chanced to hear that Mrs. Steven Cranley was there visiting her brother. She was always visiting somewhere or another.

The Curate had never called at Ausleydale before and felt considerably embarrassed now; but he was sure that if he could but have a talk with Mrs. Steven something would come of it. He had no plan, only a terrible conviction of his own utter insufficiency on the one hand, and on the other of the immediate need for action. He felt that Alice Cranley was the only one who could and would find means to save the unhappy Beatrice. He felt she was in danger, though he had not the smallest notion as to what the danger was, nor how it might be met; but he had as great a faith in the ability of such a woman as Alice Cranley to help another woman in distress, as he had certainty of his own incompetence. Fortunately she was at home, and, to his great relief, received him there alone.

As soon as the servant left the room she asked: "Has something happened? What is it? Tell me quick."

He told her, and she was silent for a while. Puzzled, she said: "What does it mean? I never thought that she was religious; what did she want there? She is unhappy evidently, very much so, and she is so impetuous that it may be very serious; but what took her to the church? I cannot understand. Do you suppose that she has any superstition in her? — some people have, you know, — oh yes! quite sensible people, who are not generally religious. That sort of thing is not in my line, I confess. . . . Well, I must go to Comberfield and see her at once. . . . She is quite capable of doing something rash. . . . Please ring the bell."

The curate did so and the footman came.

"John, will you tell Jenkins I want to go to Comberfield at once, — yes, the brougham — and Mr. Leavenworth's dog-cart. And tell Sir James I may be late for dinner."

The curate thanked her with such sincerity, she almost laughed; but again there was a little swelling in her throat as she shook hands with him, and her smile comforted him amazingly. He drove home feeling as if some crisis had been averted, some aid invoked that would not fail. The practical Alice Cranley seemed to him as a sort of guardian angel, and though he marveled at his own temerity in calling at a strange house on such an errand, yet the result more than justified his boldness. He had not been made to feel as if he were in any way an interloper or an alarmist, and, come what might, at least he could feel sure that

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the unhappy girl would have a friend near her whom she could trust.

There was an old pond in the park at Comberfield, where white water-lilies grew; the only piece of water in the neighborhood that was free from the common rank-growing yellow kind. This had been a favorite haunt of Beatrice and her brothers when they were children, principally perhaps because it was forbidden on account of the depth at one end and the extremely muddy nature of the shore at the shallow part where the cattle trampled it into a soft black paste, that used to ruin their clothes and testify unanswerably to their disobedience. But disobedience was the rule in this unruly family, and discipline was represented by occasional storms and threats, and new edicts that were regarded as 'ends in themselves'; certainly they bore no fruit, so far as any of the children were concerned.

There was an old well there that was the danger spot. Its depth was fabulous, and there were legends connected with it that were gruesome and probably not altogether mythical, for it was within the bounds of an old castle long since disappeared, though part of a ruined chapel still remained to mark the site and to afford a picturesque resort for visitors and occasional picnic parties in the summertime; but at this time of year it was as lonely a spot as could be found — and Beatrice sat there as the short day darkened and the clouds gathered heavily. She wished that it were summer and that the water-lilies were in bloom. It would be so natural for her to try to gather them, and if by chance she missed her footing and fell in, and no one came to help her out, why she would drown. . . .

A farmer's boy had been found drowned there only a year ago; that was in winter, and the ice had given way when he and his sister had been sliding on the other end and the boy ventured too far out under the overhanging trees that always made the ice beneath more treacherous. But there was no ice now, no excuse for her. Still she sat looking down into the water yearningly. She rose and went a little nearer, where an ash tree grew from the steep bank and arched out over the spot which was supposed to be so deep. The ash tree was a new-comer and probably knew nothing of the dark mysteries the old well had witnessed when the castle was a terror to the neighborhood.

She leaned against the tree and looked straight down into the water. The wind had dropped and there was not a ripple on the pond. Its surface had become a mirror in which she saw her own face reflected darkly against a patch of white cloud shining through the branches overhead. She gazed intently at the picture for a while, and turned away, wearily wandering to a stone that marked some part of the old walls. She leaned against it and looked out to the west, where through

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the clouds the last light was visible, and there she saw again the picture she had just been looking at so intently, but reversed, that is to say, the face was seen in light against a shadowy background. The features were not distinguishable and the colors seemed to come and go, as such things do.

But this time the image did not fade away, it changed a little, and as she looked at it seemed to be the dow that stood wondered if she face, but as the into her mind, that she was self — her other diant, luminous dark shadow of had seen down deep well. She self, and felt the head, as if she source of light own reflexion up saw the head of figure, all the in darkness, and



it intently it angel in the win- before her. She would see his thought flashed she was aware looking at her- self — her ra- self, not the herself that she there in the old, knew it was her- light shine in her were herself the looking at her there. She only the luminous rest was merged her heart was

cold; her body seemed dead, but there was life and light that streamed out of her eyes and made the whole head luminous. The eyes, that were her own, gleamed brighter, and the light that issued from them seemed to sing in her brain, but still no flicker of it reached her heart. She wondered if her heart were dead, and then the light seemed more than light, it was intelligence, there was communication between the radiant self and its reflexion; there was a message that must be recorded in her brain. What was it? . . .

She heard her name called. The picture faded. Again her name was called. She answered, and her voice seemed strange and unnatural to her, as if some other person spoke for her. Then she recognised the voice that called, and answered clearly in her own ordinary voice — and Alice Cranley came out of the ruin laughing hysterically.

(To be continued)

'LIFE IS ETERNAL, DEATH IS AN EPISODE'

'YORICK'

IHAVE just read a scholarly, closely-reasoned essay on 'The Meaning of Death,' by R. Machell in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, published by the New Century Corporation at Point Loma. Mr. Machell's conclusion should have been his premise, for he proves, as logically as is possible within the scope of a syllogism that begins with "Here!" and ends with "Where?" that "Death is a doorway in the house of life"; that "In that house are many mansions"; that "Death is a promise of rebirth"; and that "There is always another chance; for life is eternal; and while there is life there is hope"; that "Death in due season is a friend and a deliverer; and its final meaning is Life." It doesn't matter whether I subscribe to this theory or not; I cannot disprove the hypothesis by merely saying that it is untenable; for, as far as the reasoning goes, within the circumscription I have mentioned, it is unassailable. It offers nothing for granted and it begs none of the questions that so frequently obtrude like roaring lions in the pathway of the theological wayfarer. There are no guesses in Mr. Machell's scheme. He traverses firm ground in the life he knows, and when he comes to the place we call Death, he finds it as palpably a wayside inn on the eternal highway of Life; he lies down to pleasant dreams and in the morning pursues his journey. There was no beginning; there will be no end; why should there be an interval so infinitesimal as a Machell?

THE ANALOGY OF SLEEP

"How willingly," says Mr. Machell, "we let go our waking consciousness and fall asleep in the faith of a rebirth, or rather a reawakening in the morning, when day itself is reborn! And yet the self of the sleeper may during sleep be as free from all recollection of the body as if it were not to wake up again. There is of course a difference between the death that we call sleep, and the sleep that we call death; but there is also an analogy that is probably closer than is generally supposed. To understand the real difference, one would have to be able to retain one's continuity of consciousness in passing through the change of state, which demands a power of self-control that few have mastered. Yet it is certain that we all do pass through the gates of sleep thousands of times in the span of one earth-life, without a qualm, and with perfect willingness to let go the physical body for a while. Why then do we shrink from death? Simply because we have been taught to believe that it is the end of life. In our inmost hearts we know better; but our minds have been cramped by false ideas, so that some part of our

'LIFE IS ETERNAL, DEATH IS AN EPISODE'

nature is already dead, and cannot respond to the intuitive wisdom of the inner man."

A POST-MORTEM MEMORY

This philosophy appeals to me because I have had some experience of its truth. I have slept, and in that sleep dreams have come. For many years I have had a favorite dream, albeit my consciousness of my dream-world has been infrequent. I do not dream easily, nor am I prone to visions of the night. But when this special dream of mine comes, it is very vivid. In my dream I awake with the thought that I have been dreaming. I recall that I was in a strange world among the queerest people imaginable. I seem to remember that I was born, that I lived a little while fearing something which I called death, and that in due course the thing I had feared all my life actually happened. I awoke with a long sigh of relief, as from some horrid nightmare, and went on living happily ever after. I do not recall that in my dream I go on in my real life fearing death; perhaps I do, for as Mr. Machell argues there are many livings, many dyings and many re-births. It is a comfortable philosophy — as all things over on Point Loma are comfortable, satisfying and very beautiful. I am not of the Theosophical cult, but aside from the obsolete materialism of the Epicurean, I know of no better life-philosophy than that of Lomaland, and I am not concerned with any other save as a speculative amusement. My materialism, however, does not extend beyond this life. I am willing to agree that life is eternal and that it is no different beyond death from what it was before I was conscious, or thought I was conscious, of this earth-life, and that this earth-life is only a passing phase of the eternal life; but my sense of justice will not permit me to accept any theory of physical rewards and punishments beyond what we call 'the grave.' My condition hereafter, in my opinion, will be a consequence rather than a compensation; and if I cannot profit by my so-called 'life' experiences I shall be content to suffer the natural results of my foolishness until I learn the wisdom that is inevitable from constantly recurring episodes of living, sleeping, dreaming, and awakening.

From the San Diego *Evening Tribune*, July 12, 1919



"THERE is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can."

— *Henry Van Dyke*

"IF the consent of all men be the voice of nature, and all men do universally consent that something belonging to them remains after their departure from life, we cannot but adopt the general opinion." — *Cicero*



F. J. DICK, EDITOR

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY lectured upon 'New Life in the Home,' at the morning services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, on July 6th. Stating that the subject was not new, but on the contrary that it was in a certain sense outworn, since it had been the theme of many writers, ancient and modern, Madame Tingley declared that Theosophy sheds an entirely new light through linking it with the religious nature of man. She said:

**Lack of the
Religious Spirit
in the Home**

"For Theosophists accept the idea that man is religious by nature, that at the very moment when man was evolved on this plane the soul was in the ascendancy. In spite of this there has been all down the ages a lack of the religious spirit in the home. One evidence that we as a race are on the backward track in some respects, is the fact that in our homes we find so little of the true religious sentiment. We find non-essentials predominating even in the best-regulated homes — non-essentials in thought, in action, in possessions, along all the lines of man's being, from the physical and the mental to the moral. It is these forces that baffle humanity, that impede our progress all along the way, not only within the home, but outside of the home and everywhere. They are the impositions of the age and of the ages that have gone.

"History tells the story; but you will find that there are obscurations even in history, and so I hold that it must be rewritten. It must be rewritten for the coming generations, and it depends upon the people of the present day to do this, through research, through investigation, through study, and through an application of their own religious natures. So doing, they must carry that spirit into the home. And those who have homes must be imbued with the new religious touch — because it will be new to them; while those who have not homes should strive to work out in their natures, through every possible avenue of thought and action, sublime, splendid and inspiring things that will mark the time as being a revelation of a new life.

"In spite of the love of father and mother, we leave our children at the mercy of lower forces, even when these are not apparent in the home-life; because the lower forces are in the child himself — the imperfect, the un-

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developed, the unspiritual side is there with its appetites and desires. It is part of the child, brought over by heredity, by half-memories, by appetites uncorrected in former lives, and so we find this rigid, forceful tyranny of the lower nature even with the babe. The mother who allows her child to get into a paroxysm of temper and does not find the secret of overcoming it then and there, may be unconsciously nurturing something that will come back to her later in the wreckage of her child's whole life."

Referring to the Declaration of Independence, Madame Tingley said: "I think that the nobler and higher part of the religious nature of the times is to be found in the Declaration of Independence and in our wonderful Constitution. I hold that the men who wrote these were so imbued with the spirit of brotherhood and the needs of the hour, that in desiring to build up a republic they set forth in the very wording of those great documents a part of the high side of their natures, the religious side, and between the lines we can read it."

'The Essentials and the Non-Essentials of Life' was the subject of Mme Katherine Tingley's address on the morning of July 13th. The lecturer paid a tribute to what she termed "the great central force in civilization, the home," and pleaded for the getting rid of non-essentials in thought and action, that home-life might be lifted to a higher plane. She said:

**Living too much
in Externals
Obscures Soul** "It is the non-essential things of life that bind us. They bind us in our homes, in our courts, in our business and social life. The mind rests under the weight of a bondage that few can understand who have not studied Theosophy. As a people we carry all the marks of living too much in externals, in the exterior side of our natures; yet without the inside touch of our divinity, without a normal, harmonious growth in the mental life, there inevitably follows in the course of time a deterioration of the whole nature. Only when we become conscious of the divinity within, and permit it to touch and illuminate the mind, will there follow true reconstruction. We need not talk about readjusting Europe or America, or even our state or our city, until we have put ourselves in order. Not until we have done this shall we be able to understand the true meaning of the word *liberty*, because the word has no fulness, no richness, no life, until we have reached a point at which we understand the liberty of the soul. Not until then are we prepared to go forth and preach to the world and offer the example of our lives as an incentive to others. It is the great divine mission of man to find his liberty — liberty of body, of thought, and of soul — to find his true path of service through the religious aspect of his nature.

"Each of us, just to the degree of our understanding and our conception of life, is challenged, not by any person, but by the conditions of the age. We are challenged to do something more than merely announce principles; we are challenged to serve and to meet the practical problems of life and solve them, and it seems to me that we are falling far away from our real duties if

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we waste a moment in hesitation, or in hugging our dear old non-essentials and letting our ideals die."

Continuing her subject of the previous Sunday on 'The Essentials and the Non-Essentials of Life,' Madame Tingley on July 20th made a strong plea for a shelter-house in San Diego for men discharged from prison who are without home, friends, work, or means of subsistence, and especially for those who are victims of the drug-habit. Declaring that the mistakes of

**Trust, Sympathy
and Service
Needed --- to
Avert Disaster**

such men were due to their failure to discriminate between the essentials and the non-essentials of life, and that society was responsible, because of its failure, in turn, to teach them better in their childhood and youth, the Theosophical Leader said:

"It is we, the fortunate ones, who must first make the effort to draw the line between the essentials and the non-essentials, and thus make our own lives conform to a higher aspect of justice. Those whom we condemn and draw aside from and shut in prison had no knowledge in their youth of the essentials and the non-essentials in life. They were not fully aware that their future would depend upon their own will, or that they had the power within themselves to abolish fear and turn aside from temptation, and to cling to noble ideals. If we cannot meet these conditions now, we cannot meet them in ten or fifteen or a hundred years from now, and we shall find in the meantime a great sweeping multitude going down to degradation in agonies of distress, unrest, doubt and fear. Why? Simply because we are content to sit calmly, with folded hands, because we feel ourselves, in our limited knowledge, self-sufficient. It requires only a little thinking to show us how the non-essentials of life are creeping into the very heart of society, into our civil and national life, and into our homes. But when the essentials are a part of our lives, the great truths of the divinity of man, of justice to man, love for man and service for man — when these permeate our thoughts and actions, so many of our stumbling-blocks will be removed! Then will come a power of trust that will enable us to push forward and do right in spite of the criticism of the world, in spite of condemnation or persecution, and there will be evoked in our natures a quality of spiritual sympathy that will give us a larger feeling of justice towards our fellows, whatever their mistakes, and a better understanding of the teaching of Christ: 'Love ye one another.'"

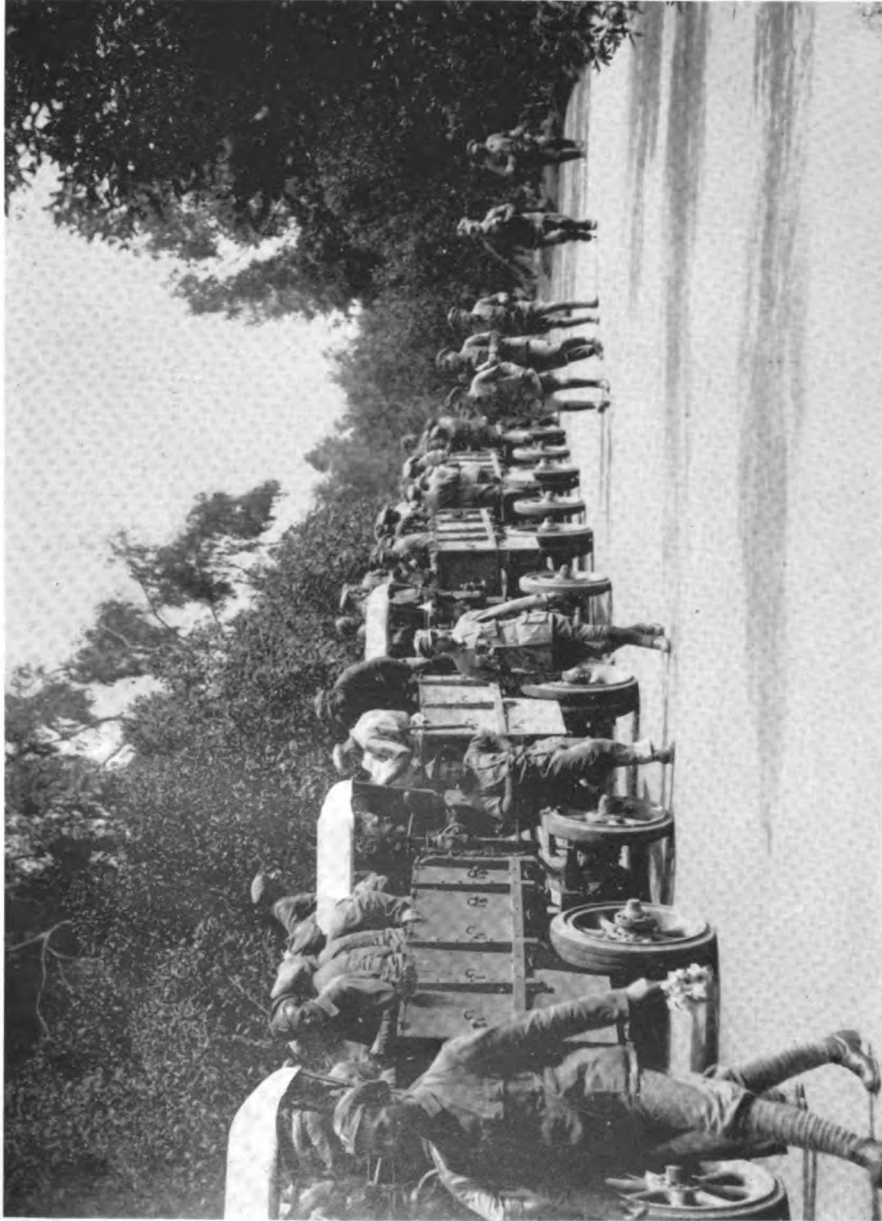
LOMALAND ACTIVITIES

JULY was marked by some delightful surprises, notably the extraordinary dramatic and musical talent revealed by the younger, down to almost the smallest, children in a new and beautiful four-act operetta which formed part of events in celebration of Mme Tingley's birthday. Except for what follows, however, we have not space for a description of this or of many other items of import in connexion with future developments of Theosophical work-



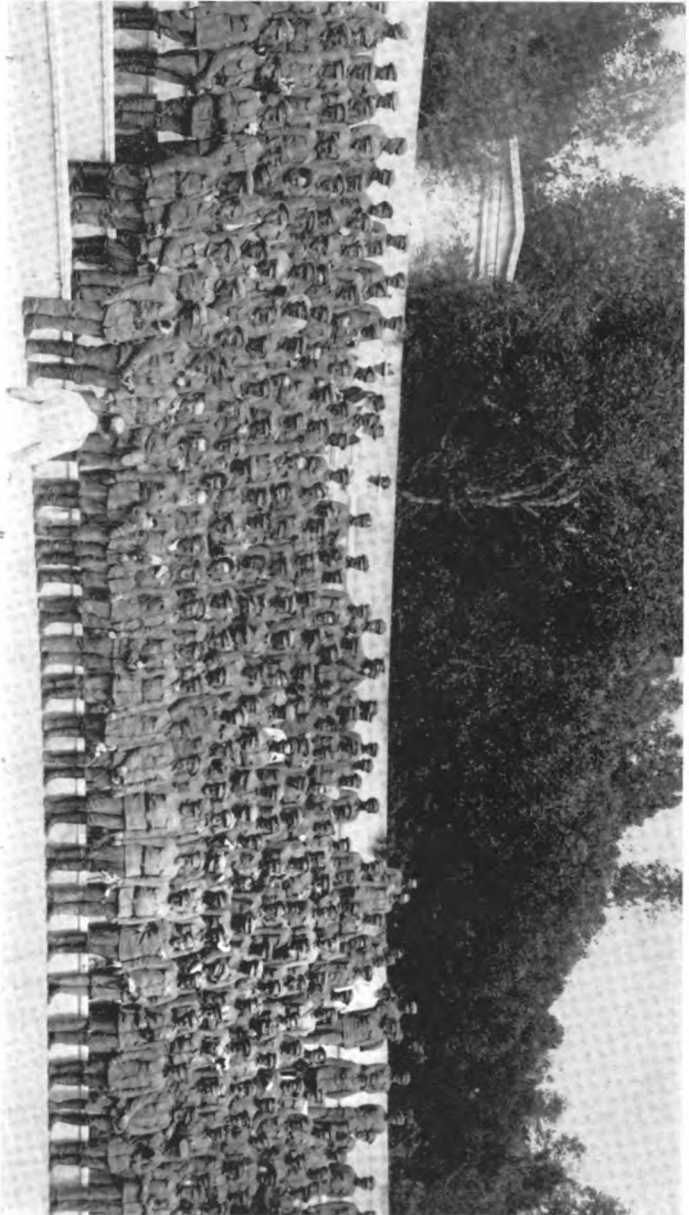
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ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE GREEK THEATER,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA
WHERE THE CZECHOSLOVAK SOLDIERS WERE ENTERTAINED



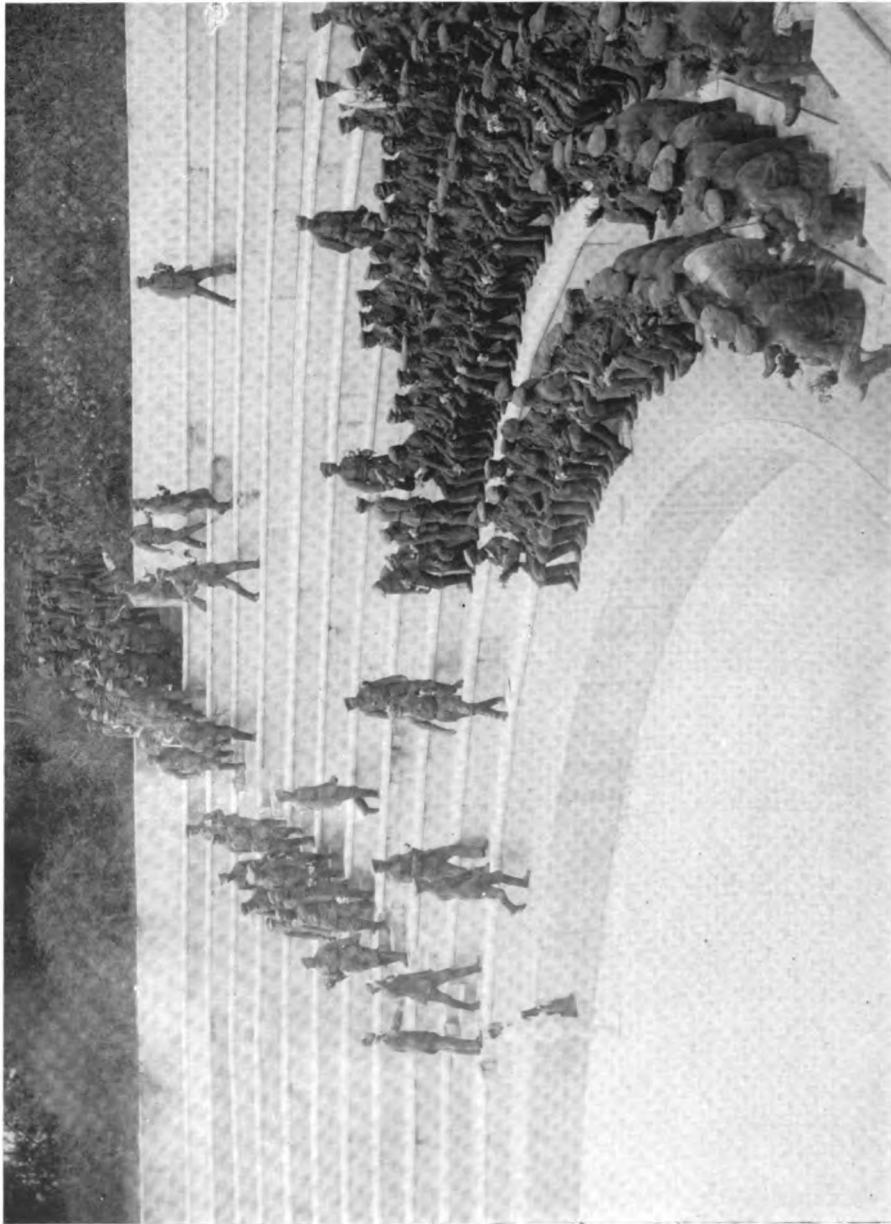
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**ČECHOSLOVAK TROOPS ARRIVING AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**



Lomalanda Photo & Engraving Dept.

CZECHOSLOVAKS, THE GUESTS OF KATHERINE TINGLEY, SINGING ONE OF THEIR NATIONAL SONGS, "HEJ SLOVANE" ('HAIL SLAVS'), IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ČECHOSLOVAK SOLDIERS IN THE GREEK THEATER

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

LOMALAND ACTIVITIES

ČECHOSLOVAK SOLDIERS GUESTS OF THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUES

THE passage of large bodies of Čechoslovak soldiers through San Diego on their way back to their native land led to some occurrences which should



FATHER AND SON WHO SERVED IN THE
ČECHOSLOVAK VOLUNTEER ARMY

prove of world-wide interest. On Tuesday, July 8th, about 400 officers and men, from the first contingent of 1000 men, were received by the Râja-Yoga students at the Temple of Peace, after which Mme Tingley, assisted by members of both the Men's and Women's International Brotherhood Leagues (some of whom, Professor Vaclav Barborka and family, were themselves Čechoslovaks long resident here), welcomed the body in the Greek Theater. Madame Tingley then said, in part:

"I feel that this hour is a sacred one. I do not look upon anything in life as chance. Back of everything there is the Divine Law. I am therefore certain that we are here for a great purpose. You have brought me something I had not met before — a quality of courage that is not spoken in words, but is told in the history of your lives and of your

sufferings and of your heartaches and of your longings. This brings to me a suggestion, a picture of the possibilities of the building up of your beloved country, Bohemia.

"I feel that the most helpful thing I can say to you is to forget the past; draw the curtain over the last few sad, horrible years; fill in your time as best you can from now on, on your journey to your loved ones, with the kind of thoughts that will build up your characters, that will make you even

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stronger and better men than you have ever been before, that will help you to eliminate any feeling of vengeance toward those who have wronged you; that the spirit of gratitude will be so great in your hearts, because the Infinite Law has brought you back to your families, that you will, in your souls, and in the depths of your hearts, feel a new life, and a great pity for all humanity, even for those who have sought to destroy you; that you will find a way to build your country on a new basis of all that is best in its traditions, and on all that is best in your hearts; that you will become a united people, loyal to the highest principles of your country; and those highest principles must naturally correspond with the highest spirit of human life."

ON July 24th a large number of a second contingent of some 2000 men were welcomed as guests in Lomaland, and on that occasion Madame Tingley said, in part:

"During all the sorrow and warfare of the last few years my heart has been with you as a people, and with your beloved country, and I rejoice that now, although far from your homes and your loved ones, you are regaining your health and strength, and building up within yourselves even a larger courage than you have had before, that you may go back to those you love and begin a new life for your people."



THREE COMRADES OF THE ČECHOSLOVAK
VOLUNTEERS

back to those you love and begin a new life for your people."

PLEADS FOR BROTHERHOOD

"To make brotherhood a living power in the hearts and lives of men is what the whole world needs. And if the nations of the world had had this heart-touch of brotherhood years ago, if they had had a soulful, concrete

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expression of brotherhood as a living power, such as we have here in Lomaland, there would have been no war, no homes destroyed, no countries laid waste, no heartaches, no suffering, and no wrongs. Everything would have moved on in accordance with the higher law, the law of Divine justice, whose workings prove to us that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. And yet, just because humanity has not had that knowledge, war has gone on all down the ages, man against man, brother against brother, nation against nation, until the world has been lost in a nightmare of horror. We in Lomaland believe in the Divine Law, and we know that lasting peace can never come until the true note of Brotherhood has been sounded in the hearts of men in all countries, and all are awakened to a great love for each other and to a higher sense of justice. You have developed a quality of courage that is not to be described in words, and I am certain that when you go back to your people you will carry them a message that will lift them out of their sorrow and help them to forget what they have suffered, and that will ingrain into their minds something hopeful and something new — a royal, splendid picture of the new Čechoslovakia, with your own superb effort behind it, your courage and your love.

WILL VISIT ČECH COUNTRY

“I have been invited by many different countries to visit them this year — Sweden, Holland, England, Ireland, and Finland, among others — and to carry them the message of Brotherhood and Theosophy. And I am coming to Čechoslovakia and shall, perhaps, clasp hands with some of you there, and it may be that you will yet see in your beloved Bohemia another institution dedicated to brotherly love as this one in Lomaland is. I feel that ere many years the whole world will hear of the reconstruction of your nation on a basis of eternal peace, universal brotherhood and everlasting love for all mankind.”

SING NATIONAL ANTHEM

After the Greek Theater program, which included songs by the children as well as the Čech national anthem, *Kde Domov Muj*, sung by the guests with a breadth and sweep of tone that showed unusual musical ability among the men, and complete rapport with their surroundings, the guests proceeded to Karnak Grove, where comfortable seats had been placed under the spreading eucalyptus trees, and where refreshments were enjoyed while a further program was given. This included numbers by the Râja-Yoga International Chorus and scenes from a humorous musical charade. Short addresses were made by Miss Kate Hanson and Iverson L. Harris, Jr., representatives of the Râja-Yoga College, interpreted for the guests by Prof. and Mrs. Barborka, old Čechoslovak residents of Lomaland. As the men left, dainty packets of Lomaland fruit were given to each, with flowers and a Lomaland souvenir, and as the autos whirled by, “Na Zdar!” and “Slava!” (“Good luck be with you,” and “Hail!”) rang out again and again.

A feature of special musical interest was the singing of a group of Slavic

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

folk-songs by a selected chorus of twenty-five of the men, there being some magnificent voices among them, not to speak of the *esprit de corps* due to the principles of brotherhood that they hold.

OPENED SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA

The personnel of the guests was remarkable. A large proportion were students or professional men, who had been in their own land lawyers, judges, physicians, bankers, authors, newspaper men and college professors, and who, while on tedious duty guarding that long strategic railway in Russia, not only learned the Russian language but opened schools there and taught the neglected Russian peasants to read and write their own tongue.

Their friends here say that San Diego has made no mistake in giving of its best to such worthy representatives of a nation that now, after three centuries of unwilling bondage, climaxed by the rapine of war, pestilence and starvation, is at last beginning to breathe the air of freedom, and it is predicted that the efforts made in their behalf by San Diego citizens will do much to strengthen the ties of good-will between America and the nations of Europe.

It was in large part through the courtesy of some of the prominent citizens of San Diego, and some of the large business houses, that a sufficient number of automobiles was secured to bring the Čechoslovak guests from Camp Kearny to Lomaland.

RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS CAPTIVATE ČECH CONTINGENT AT KEARNY

THE Čechoslovak stronghold at Camp Kearny was invaded Saturday evening, July 26th, by a company of Râja-Yoga students from the school and college at Point Loma, and its surrender was unconditional and complete. The occasion was a complimentary entertainment given by Madame Katherine Tingley to the Čechoslovak soldiers now there, in response to inquiries and requests received by her since the Čechoslovak day held at Lomaland, Thursday last. A. F. and C. M. Mack offered the use of the big Sunshine Theater, which seats 2500, and the patriotic citizens who placed their automobiles at the disposal of Mme Tingley on the previous occasion repeated the courtesy Saturday, making it possible for no less than eighty-five young students, including the famous 'Tots,' to contribute to the pleasure of these invalided men, whose love of music has given them a unique place in the history of the camp.

Before the entertainment Madame Tingley visited the camp hospital and personally presented flowers and Lomaland souvenirs to the sick and crippled Čech soldiers confined there. She was assisted by Mrs. Emily Lemke of London and Mrs. D. W. Morris of New York City, both now resident in Lomaland, and on learning that a number of the crippled could enjoy the evening's program if they could be safely carried to the hall, she at once requisitioned the automobiles necessary for them, and this was done.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

FAITH IN YOUNG NATION

The program was opened with a short address by Madame Tingley, in which she expressed her interest in and her great hopes for the new republic of Čechoslovakia, "which will require," she said, "men of superior moral courage to bring it to its highest and noblest point." She stated her conviction that through their sufferings a courage had been born in the hearts of the Čechoslovak peoples that would enable them to surmount all difficulties. This was interpreted for the audience by Mrs. Bessie Barborka, assisted by her husband, Prof. Vaclav Barborka, both Lomaland residents. It was followed by the appearance of the Lomaland 'Tots' in the guise of fairies just stepped out of the enchanted wood in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Tripping, fluttering and frolicking, bespangled and airy-winged, they sang a group of songs about flower-bells, bubbles and other fairy things, and were called back by repeated encores.

BOHEMIAN COMPOSERS HONORED

Among the musical numbers were a 'cello solo by Montague Machell, a clarinet solo with accompaniment by the Râja-Yoga College Band, by Iverson L. Harris, Jr.; the *Angel's Serenade*, by Braga, arranged for voice, violin, and harp, and rendered by Gertrude Peterson, Olive Shurlock and Susan Payson Hamilton, who were obliged to repeat the entire number, and selections by the large Râja-Yoga International Chorus, *Weary Wind of the West*, and *My Love Dwell in a Northern Land*, both by Elgar. The Râja-Yoga College Band, which played both outside and inside the theater, gave selections by the Bohemian composers, Scharwenka, Dvořak, and Smetana, and at the close of the program played the Čech national air *Kde Domov Muj* ('Where is My Home'), in which the Čechoslovak soldiers present, numbering nearly 2000, joined, singing.

Much merriment was created by the presentation of two scenes from an original musical charade by Marian Plummer, Grace Betts, Verona Franklin, Dorothy Mills, Madeline Savage, and Helen Plummer Harris, young students of the Lomaland Arts and Crafts Department. One illustrated gypsy life, with Zingara songs and choruses, and the other the home life of the typical southern darkey, with 'Heah Dem Bells,' 'Oh, Dem Golden Slippers' and other melodies familiar to Americans. It was Madame Tingley's idea to give the men some glimpses, in the latter presentation, of a people quite unfamiliar to them, and one of the Čech musicians present construed it as a delicate compliment to their great composer Dvořak, whose famous *New World Symphony* (already presented in San Diego by the Point Loma Orchestra) is based on negro melodies.

ČECHOSLOVAKS SING

Between the scenes of this charade the Čechoslovak special chorus sang

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

two Sokol songs, with the verve and spontaneity displayed by them in all their remarkable musical work.

Owing to Madame Tingley's desire to give these men, en route from the cold wastes of Siberia to the devastated regions of their native Bohemia, some glimpses of famous California scenery, the program included artistic lantern slides of Point Loma and environs. These included views of the Pacific, Silver Gate harbor and the mountains, of the grounds and buildings and canyoned hills of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Lomaland, and especially of the outlook from Point Loma heights, declared by Charles Dudley Warner to be "one of the three grandest views in the world." Many of the slides were colored in the nature tints, and a short description of each was given by Mrs. Barborka.

After the program was over and the theater had been cleared it was found that practically all of the 1900 men of the Čechoslovak contingent had formed into an immense open square in front of the hall, and as Madame Tingley came out one of their officers stepped forward and expressed to her the heartfelt appreciation of the entire body for the encouragement and the new hope that she and her fellow Theosophists had given them. They then burst into an impassioned rendition of *Hej Slované!* ('Hail, Slavs!') an ancient patriotic song that is common to all the Slavic peoples, and, forming in double column to let Madame Tingley and party pass, they stood with bared heads and at 'attention' until the automobiles had driven away, sped by their chorused *Na Zdar!*

PLAY GIVEN AS AUTHOR INTENDED, SAYS CRITIC

PRESENTATION OF 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' BY RÂJA-YOGA CAST
HIGHLY COMMENDED; MANY NOTABLES, INCLUDING NEW MEXICO
GOVERNOR, WITNESS PERFORMANCE

By Grace Thornton

WHEN I motored over to Lomaland last evening to see the Greek Theater play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as given by the Râja-Yoga Players, under the direction of the Foundress-President of their school and college, Madame Katherine Tingley, I expected something out of the usual, but I was wholly unprepared for what I saw. It is not too much to say that the place has a magic of its own, and from the moment I entered the gate in the long serpentine line of arriving cars, I felt as though I were in another and more peaceful world.

THE SHELTERED CANYON

The Greek Theater is larger than I had anticipated, and is wonderfully beautiful. Native shrubbery, in which jewel-like lamps are hung at intervals, is massed behind the topmost seats and serves to conceal the theater itself

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

until one is fully within it. It is set in a sheltered canyon, and when one suddenly comes upon it the surprise is as complete as though one had unexpectedly opened a door. I was told that it was the first Greek theater to be erected in America. I have seen them all, and in my opinion it is the most beautiful. In the center rear is a majestic structure of Doric design and on either side a tangle of young trees, while beyond the high, white columns one can see the Pacific Ocean, half a mile away, and with winding paths leading down to it over the hills.

SETTING APPROPRIATE

As the scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is laid in Athens, such a setting is, of course, ideal for this play, and it was fully taken advantage of. One fine feature was the absence of tedious waits for change of scene. Madame Tingley's method of presenting it as an unbroken whole, sans arbitrary cutting up into acts and scenes, revived my memories of college days and of that old quarto of 1600 on which it is possible, even probable, that Shakespeare himself read the proofs, and in which the play is printed as one flowing dramatic whole. In short, the play was given at Lomaland last evening as Shakespeare had intended that it should be, and as it doubtless was given in Elizabethan days; only here, without Elizabethan limitations.

CHARMING MUSIC

One later addition we must be thankful for, however, and that is the incidental music, written by Mendelssohn at his best. It is simply charming, the fairy music in particular, and it was offered unstintedly. In fact, there seemed to be music issuing from somewhere, in harmony with the scene, during the greater part of the presentation. The fairies sang several songs, difficult part-songs, too, with the musical setting wholly in keeping with the Shakespearean words. It was hard to believe that these fairies were real flesh-and-blood children when off the boards, so exquisite was their acting, so happy their songs and so gossamer-like their fairy costumes. There were dozens and dozens of them and they dominated every scene in which they appeared.

COMEDY WELL PRESENTED

All of the parts were well taken, especially those of Theseus and Hippolyta, Egeus, father of Hermia, and Hermia herself. Puck was, of course, the bright particular star, and mention should also be made of Bottom, the weaver, who, with his fellow comedians, Quince, Flute, Starveling, Snug, and Snout, kept the audience in a roar and served well to foil the eerie grace of the fairies and the splendor of the ducal court.

For one thing, the actors did not mouth their words. It is refreshing to hear the bard's immortal lines so given that they can be understood. If this be 'elocution,' it is of a new and unique kind. I understand that the young folk and children who made up the cast have been personally trained in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

dramatic work by Madame Katherine Tingley, and that such training is a special feature of the educational work of the Râja-Yoga College and School. This must explain it.

MANY NOTABLES PRESENT

A special feature was introduced by Madame Tingley, out of compliment to the distinguished guests who witnessed the presentation (among whom I noted, by the way, Gov. and Mrs. Larrazola of New Mexico, Com. Charles Belknap of the U. S. S. *New York*, Col. Charles E. Miller and family, and a large number of naval officers). This was a Greek dance by a bevy of Athenian maidens before Duke Theseus and his court. It was, in fact, a revival of an archaic dance known to Periclean days, but older than Athens itself, and it was indescribable in its beauty and in the gorgeous, sweeping rhythm of its mazy convolutions. This was particularly true of the cymbal dance. It was art consummate, the art of lecythus and frieze, a very breath out of ancient Greece itself on some old festival day, and it held the audience spellbound. Not even the burlesque of Bottom and his clumsy fellow craftsmen could dispel the atmosphere of 'the good, the beautiful and the true' that surrounded the play from the beginning, and as the fairies fluttered in to close the final scene, and I realized with regret that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was over, there came to mind some words from that quaint old dream-book from which Chaucer loved to quote: "God turne us every dreame to goode." So mote it be.— *San Diego Union*, August 9, 1919

BOOK REVIEW

NOTRE NOUVELLE AMIE L'ANGLETERRE, par John Charpentier.
Un volume in-16 broché: 3 fr. 50 (majoration temporaire 30 0/0).
Hachette et Cie., Paris.

Starting with the proposition that "there can be no lasting alliance between people (or nations) who do not understand and love one another," the author describes in a series of fascinating pictures the life, the ideals and the efforts at self-realization of "that admirable people" who live in "the mist-shrouded island" on the other side of the English Channel. That these pictures are from the pen of a talented Frenchman only adds to their charm; to this fact is due perhaps in part the perspicacity and the grace with which certain national foibles are touched upon. In reading the book we have been reminded, time and again, of the wish so piously expressed by the poet Burns, who with true mother-wit exclaims:

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' ev'n devotion!"

BOOK REVIEW

The effort to get rid of age-long prejudices, pet fancies, and foibles, and do a little honest mental stock-taking, might cost some effort and be rather painful, but would prove most salutary. Certainly a healthier intellectual and moral development would result, and many little angularities which militate so much against true social and national intercourse would disappear. Mr. Charpentier's book facilitates the task by holding up the mirror, but in no unkindly spirit, for the author has great admiration for the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, so different, in many respects, from his own.

In an illuminating chapter, 'Franco-British Sympathies,' he traces the literary influences of the two nations upon one another, and shows how much each is indebted to the other, not merely for excellencies of style, but also for a loftier and truer presentation of political and moral ideals and their realization in practical life. "In turn," says our author, "it is England who is indebted to France, and France to England."

Another chapter, 'The Race and the Sea,' is an interesting study of heredity and the 'milieu,' and contains suggestive historical viewpoints which will be new to many. And there are other studies in which Mr. Charpentier, who is gifted with keen psychological insight, portrays the English as they appear to a Frenchman in their home-life, and he seeks to penetrate their attitude to the great questions of religion and morality. And as there is constant comparison with French life and ideals, the reader has an opportunity to learn much about the French people themselves.

This delightful book will certainly do much to dispel many misunderstandings, and in their place put sympathy and mutual helpfulness. A series of such studies of the different nations of the world would show how each nation has contributed something for the betterment of the race, and how each can best co-operate to bring about that harmony which can only result from the sincere desire to promote Universal Brotherhood; and then the lasting Peace that all are longing for will come about naturally and inevitably.— H. Alexander Fussell

Râja-Yoga Meteorological Station, Point Loma, California

Summary for June 1919

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	70.43	Number hours actual sunshine	318.70
Mean lowest	58.83	Number hours possible	428.00
Mean	64.63	Percentage of possible	74.00
Highest	85.00	Average number hours per day	10.62
Lowest	57.00		
Greatest daily range	21.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3920.00
Inches	0.01	Average hourly velocity	5.44
Total from July 1, 1918	9.01	Maximum velocity	20.00

Summary for July 1919

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	72.81	Number hours actual sunshine	312.10
Mean lowest	62.55	Number hours possible	435.00
Mean	67.68	Percentage of possible	72.00
Highest	76.00	Average number hours per day	10.07
Lowest	60.00		
Greatest daily range	14.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3440.00
Inches	0.01	Average hourly velocity	4.62
Total from July 1, 1919	0.01	Maximum velocity	15.00

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.

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 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.

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

IN the beginning Brahman was all this. He was one and infinite; infinite in the East, infinite in the South, infinite in the West, infinite in the North, above and below and everywhere infinite. East and the other regions do not exist for him, nor across, nor below, nor above. The Highest Self is not to be fixed, he is unlimited, unborn, not to be reasoned about, not to be conceived. He is like the ether (everywhere), and at the destruction of the universe, he alone is awake. Thus from that ether he awakes all this world, which consists of thoughts only, and by him alone is all this meditated on, and in him it is dissolved. His is that luminous form which shines in the sun, and the manifold light in the smokeless fire, and the heat which in the stomach digests the food. Thus it is said:

“He who is in the fire, and he who is in the heart, and he who is in the sun, they are one and the same.” He who knows this becomes one with the one.

Maitrâyana-Brâhmana-Upanishad, vi, 17. Translated by Max Müller

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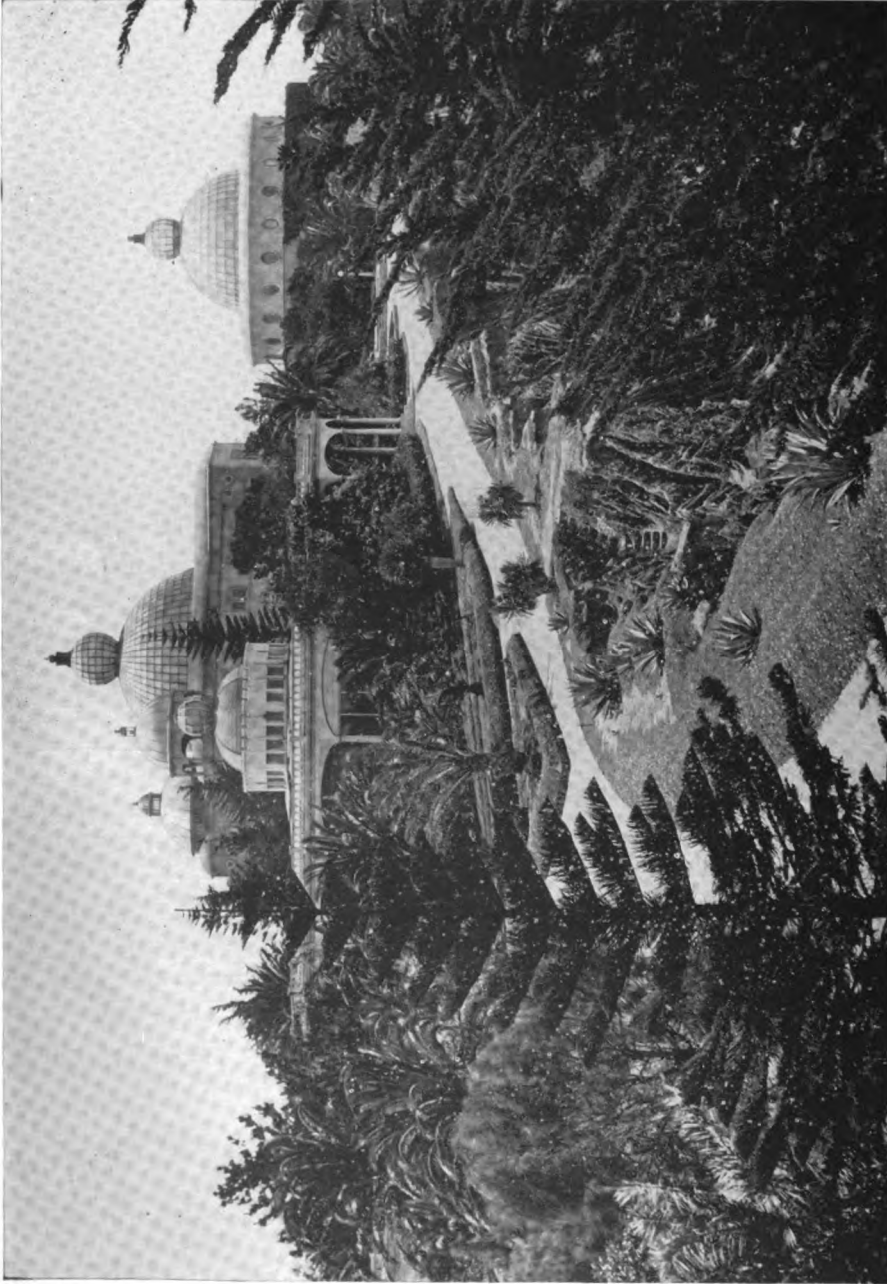
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Point Loma, California

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POINT LOMA CALIFORNIA**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH


KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 4

OCTOBER 1919

"What is without thought, though placed in the center of thought, what cannot be thought, the hidden, the highest — let a man merge his thought there: then will this living being be without attachments."— Maitrāyana-Brāhmana-Upanishad, vi, 19. Trans. by Max Müller

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

 *In these Keynotes it is not possible to do justice to the subject which I have chosen, 'The Heresy of Unbelief,' but I can at least touch upon a few points in connexion with it which may perhaps lift the veil on some of the problems of life that poor Humanity has to meet.*

If we consider this subject from a very broad standpoint, if we study history and examine all the periods as far back as the earliest times, we can see that the heresy of man's unbelief has been and is now the basis of all the problems of the past, the present, and the future. I cannot think towards this subject and do it justice even in a fragmentary way without presenting to you again our great Teacher, the Russian, Madame Blavatsky, who, in some way which none of us can fully explain, was able so thoroughly to analyse the needs of human nature and the mortal and spiritual makeup of man, that in her writings and teachings which she gave to her students she brought forward some very valuable facts. Her teachings are treasures indeed, for the reason that in her efforts, under some light — possibly the light of her own soul or some higher guidance — she discovered the way to reach the hearts of men.

*

Those who became her students were especially those who had been groping their way through life with a great desire for some definite conception of what life means, something that would answer their yearnings and aspirations and help them to know the truth, at least in part, to see it intuitively, in all its simplicity, free from creeds and dogmas and false ideas, free from false conceptions and from prejudice — to see it as it is, clean and white and pure and true.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

So in this wonderful and splendid effort of hers and in all her efforts one sees clearly that she studied life just as it was, with all its contrasts and possibilities. Even as a girl and all through her life she had, out of the very highest part of her nature, a disposition to go unafraid. She was unafraid mentally, unaffected by the pressure of the psychology of the age — the fear of a revengeful God and the fear of punishment. Her soul was not weighed down by the false teachings of centuries — that she was born in sin. As a child she knew positively that she was a soul. And this is the key to the whole situation: she realized that this Light, these Theosophical ideas which are based on the universal laws and on truth, must be presented to the minds of men in a new way; she realized, as she studied and moved along the Path, that she must prepare the ground, create a new mental atmosphere, new mental conditions for man, and open a new way for him to reach the truth.

*

The first key that she gives is to assure man of his Divinity, and that through the power of his Divinity and through the knowledge of it there comes a rift in the clouds. The ideas that burdened him before are no longer his; he is standing on his feet; he is looking forward courageously with new optimism, and all that he has questioned and many of the things that he has attributed to God, the injustices, pass away, because he has the eternal key of Life, which is the knowledge of his own Divinity.

He has it; but he cannot explain it. The moment he begins to reason about it according to the brain-mind he finds himself blocked; he must depend on something within, the deeper, immortal side that has been sleeping so long; he must love the Path as a child loves its mother; he must seek the warmth and the glow and the compassion of that Path. Then he will find a more definite and clearer explanation of the teachings of the relatively modern religion of Jesus. Working out the experience and knowledge of his own life, that great Teacher went unafraid along his way, and yet he was persecuted, as all teachers of the Truth are persecuted, and must necessarily be until the heresy of man's unbelief is removed from the world's life, until the psychology of this heresy is cleared away. It is for this purpose that Theosophy has come in modern times. Theosophy itself is not modern. It is very ancient, it has been simply revived. Madame Blavatsky did not originate Theosophy. Its ancient teachings far preceded the time of Jesus, but somehow and in some way she reached that point of understanding of the world's needs, its sorrow and heartache — and found that Theosophy alone could remove them. And perhaps some day when you have the broader enlightenment it will come to your consciousness how it was, because you will

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

have found it in yourself as a revelation. Who brought it to me? — you will ask. A book? A preacher? A sermon? No. I found it within myself. I sought the truth. I knocked at the door. I entered into the temple of those teachings which Theosophy presents and, through my own soul, through my own will, I found myself moving into a fuller realization of man's Divinity; and I cannot stop here, for as I look around and see my neighbors not following me, not pursuing the same path of happiness, then I feel the weight and the woe of man's despair.

*

The contrast is there, just as Madame Blavatsky declared; and you have the contrast in your own nature. You know, every one of you, and every human being who is sane and well-balanced knows, that every temptation is heralded in one's mind and nature; that there are no evils in life that come up and press in upon the mind of man and force him to actions that are not preceded by the reminder of the conscience as to their right or wrong. Then, you ask, if those things are so and if I am Divine in nature, and have these powers, why do I have these apparent struggles? Why do I have to make these efforts so often seemingly unsuccessful? The answer is that it is a part of the scheme of life. We often question why we were born, why we are here. It is that we may have the opportunity of asserting the higher side of the consciousness, which is really the Divinity, ever seeking to lead the soul, as a mother seeks to lead her child, when the pressing weaknesses of human nature come up and block our path. And so when the opportunity comes of taking the Path, here is the chance for the real battle, for the undoing of all that is evil, for the overcoming of the lower nature. And when we get to the point of having achieved, through many lives, through reincarnation, as Theosophy teaches, we shall have won the victory, we shall have passed through our cycles of experience. Each life will have brought us something new and, guided by the Divine Light, with these spiritual purposes in our minds, with our souls strengthened day by day through spiritual effort, we shall find the book of revelation within ourselves.

*

Then we can look back understandingly. Memory is a wonderful thing; it gives us the opportunity of looking back, of drawing contrasts and of seeing just how far, in this life at least, we have moved along the true Path. We can do this because here is the Divine Spark, the Light, coming into the mind; here is the revelation to each man, realizing that he is a soul and that the thinking, reasoning, ordinary mind is but an instrument played upon by one or the other

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the two forces of good or evil; and then, taking retrospection of the mistakes from childhood, we can get back to the causes which we must study if we are to bring the remedial forces of life into our natures and into human nature generally. We must reach the causes, for no doctor can ever perform a real cure of his patients or work understandingly with Nature unless he gets down to the basis, the causes of the disease. That is one of the difficulties, one of the stumbling-blocks that we have had all along the way, and why this heresy of unbelief has grown up through the ages: because we do not think deeply enough in the right direction. We do not reflect enough. We do not get at the basic idea of life, or of the causes of our misconceptions and false ideas of justice.

When we reach this point, then we find another teaching of Theosophy which is such a blessing, so generous and compassionate. It expresses the universal law in a most magnificent and humane way. It is Karma. Through its teachings we can see that those injustices which yesterday we complained of and for which we were blaming everybody but ourselves, really can be traced back, back, back to the first mistake, the first act of cowardice that came into our lives; back to the point when we were just entering the arena of life, when we were just on our feet, so to say, but held in bondage by false teachings and the heresy of unbelief.

*

There are lessons and lessons that can be found in that picture. With Karma and Reincarnation, backed by the consciousness of man's Divinity, we can begin to look at the causes that we find all through past history — man's ingratitude, man's inhumanity to man. We can see that the quality of man's life which precipitated present conditions, these injustices and these wars, came not from the divine side of Nature but from the lower — from the animal side, the physical, mortal side, which has no permanent place in the eternity of things. It only belongs to the one life and has to be thrown aside, shuffled off, as a man throws off his old coat.

*

With my word-pictures before you, simple as they are, do you not see that the aim of Theosophy is to bring to man the knowledge of his heritage, his divine life? This is no attempt to force upon you any creed, or to psychologize you with the consciousness of your own weaknesses. Not at all! It is an endeavor to lift the veil, unselfishly, lovingly, that you may get a glimpse of the true meaning of life. Theosophists are so happy in the knowledge of Theosophy, of its divine blessings, which are not just for them but for all humanity, even for the simplest,

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the most unlearned, the weakest; all these glorious teachings are here free and at hand — that is why we seek to pass on its message, and perhaps after a while you will look into the history of the Theosophical Society and you will see perhaps that that is why we are persecuted. Being conscious of our own love of justice, our love of humanity, we have to become absolutely indifferent to the unbrotherliness of the age as far as we ourselves are concerned, and earnestly try to put the plow-point of these universal ideas of Theosophy into the human mind and to warm the hearts of men with our serious conviction of the reasonableness, the hopefulness and optimism of these great truths. We do not presume to declare that what we say is the whole truth. We do not attempt to tell you that in the one life you will have all the knowledge of the sublime teachings of Theosophy, but you can make a beginning that will enable you to apply its principles to your lives.

*

I think Plato, great as he was, learned as he was, with his wonderful analytical mind, realized that there were truths and truths ahead, revelations and revelations, awaiting Humanity. And so with these optimistic views, can you question our enthusiasm? How can you question it? How can you, if you have even heard them only once, allow yourselves to remain under the pressure of the heresy of man's unbelief? Free yourselves from such heresy; step out into the Light and understand there are absolutely believable facts beyond. If you shut yourselves in, feeling that your whole lives must be devoted definitely to self-evolution, just for yourself, then you are right off the Path. You are fostering the idea of self-serving — that I must be saved — not I will try and save my brother — but I myself must be saved; then you are not on the Path. But if you had the spiritual eyes to see the rest of humanity suffering while you are thinking that you are saved, you would realize the injustice, nay, the impossibility of salvation for yourself alone, separate from the whole of Humanity of which you are a part.

Let me ring these glorious teachings into your lives! Let us be willing to be misunderstood in this effort to free the world from the heresy of man's unbelief. Back in the Middle Ages they crucified the body, they nailed those whom they persecuted on the cross, and burned them at the stake. Today the enemies of progress crucify the mind and persecute those who through their unsectarian teachings seek to tear down the heresy of unbelief and to lift the veil so that all humanity, even those whom we think are not quite as good as we are, can see the blue of the future and become conscious of the sustaining and directing power of the divine side of human nature, if only they will put their trust in it.

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One helpful way to get a right conception of the possibilities and the meaning of life is in the study of the contrasts which Madame Blavatsky brought out so strongly. The doubt, the insincerity, the persecution, the imposition that all have to suffer, come to many as surprises. But there is that which will open the mind to the realization that man is Divine, and that it is the divine power within him which has attracted him here, and that through self-directed evolution he will come to his own. In his study of Theosophy he will find that within him lies the strength to conquer and control his animal nature, and under the yearning and aspiration and power of the soul he will come close to something very splendid. There is no definition for it. Each one has his own experience. One must not take a yardstick to measure his spiritual advancement. The divine laws do not work in that way, but they bring each one to his own.

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Madame Blavatsky, the Russian woman, the great spiritual Teacher of the age, opened the way by resuscitating, reviving and putting into the very atmosphere of the age she lived in, the facts of these Eternal Truths. Realizing the essential teachings of all religions, she cleared the way so simply that all can follow it. Although born to luxury, having an opportunity to become famous throughout the world for her writings, she chose this Path that I have referred to; she suffered and was persecuted, and maligned to a point that is impossible to understand except through the knowledge of the heresy of man's unbelief.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

RELIGION AND THE CHURCHES

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN the July *Atlantic Monthly* is an article entitled 'Religion Now,' by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, on the state of religion in England. He limits himself to that country, and, as far as we gather, religion is taken as synonymous with Christianity, for we find no reference to other religions. He reviews the different forms of Christianity, and a few other beliefs prevalent in England; reaching the conclusion that the people are urgent for genuine religion, and that, unless the churches can satisfy the people's demand, the people will create a religion for themselves. But he does not yet see where light is to come from.

In England, he says there is now a great desire for belief, satisfied

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by no existing church or sect. The people believe that Christianity must contain the truth, but are not satisfied with existing interpretations.

"All existing forms of Christianity seem to wear fancy dress, and we are not comfortable in it. Yet we would not be cut off from the Christian tradition; for we believe, far more than our fathers did, that the truth is hidden in it; but it remains, for us, hidden."

He says that we realize, now the war is over, that not only the enemy, but ourselves, have been fools. We have believed the silly idea that man was advancing toward perfection by a mechanical process called evolution, and that all we had to do was to let it act. But the struggle for life has turned into a struggle for death. The idea of the survival of the fittest, welcome to the comfortable, has been exploded by the fact that so many, who were certainly fitter than ourselves, have not survived. Thus the idea of sacrifice has been exemplified, and sacrifice is the keynote of Christianity. We had sneered at vicarious atonement; and now we see that the universe is preserved by vicarious sacrifice.

"Our logic of justice, by which a man pays for himself alone, is not the logic of God, as Christ said long ago. The universe is better than that; it is of such a nature that men can redeem each other and die for each other. So we begin again to believe that Christ did indeed die for us."

We see that there is a surprising unfathomed wisdom in the Christian faith. We succeeded in achieving victory because we knew what we wanted; but in peace we do not know what we want to do. What is the aim of life?

"We have a thousand different answers; and many never even ask themselves the question. No nation, no parliament, asks it. No church answers it now, in terms that convince. And yet we believe that there is an answer that we can find; millions of us believe that Christ found it, if only we can understand his words and re-express them in our own. What we need is to find the aim and to agree on it; then we shall accomplish it, but with a greater joy and without the sacrifice of our best."

Then the writer considers the various forms of Christianity prevalent in England. The Roman Catholic Church is no longer catholic: among the educated, only certain peculiarly-minded people find themselves able to belong to it. It demands too much surrender of the will. The Church of England has not yet found itself; it does not really exist, it has no head; it is an inn rather than a home. The Low Church party merely maintains its existence and clings to the unvenerable past of the Reformation. It has piety, but nothing else, and even its piety is domestic rather than divine. It believes in individual salvation; but —

"All living religion knows that individual salvation is impossible. If we are to be saved, we must be saved all together. A man who would be content with his own individual salvation does not know what salvation is."

The Nonconformist churches (says he) are middle-class; they lack

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beauty, passion, intellectual conviction; they become more negative every day.

Passing to other beliefs or theories, the author considers Christian Science, which he naturally finds too personal. Though it admits the Christ within, it keeps him within. It provides a cure, but it is a self-cure.

"The Christian Scientists save, and do not spend themselves; their aim is to make beautiful works of art of themselves; but the great lovers make works of art of something else."

The author next mentions Theosophy, but obviously without knowing what it is. Those familiar, even in a slight degree, with the immense scope of Theosophy, the variety, number, and profundity of its teachings, will scarcely recognise it under the writer's description. He speaks of the "doctrine of transmigration of souls and of Karma," and says that the Theosophists profess to make their faith out of the best of all religions, and to have reached by an eclectic process the permanent religion of mankind. That is all; and the treatment of Karma shows that what the writer has encountered has been a perversion of the teaching. What he condemns is precisely what we ourselves, over and over again, in this magazine have condemned — those faulty presentations and travesties which make the doctrine of Karma mean and absurd. And in opposition to these travesties he brings many of the same arguments that we have brought in our own expositions of the genuine Theosophical teaching of Theosophy. Argument by misrepresentation is of course common enough; and even when inadvertent, as is of course the case with this writer, it bespeaks incompetence to deal with the subject. The evil is only increased when the critic, in order to obtain vantage, steps into the place whence he has dethroned his adversary.

We can scarcely take time here to go over the familiar ground again, and must be content to put the case briefly. Karma is not fatalism. It is, in fact, the antidote to fatalism. Fatalism is an attitude into which men are prone to fall when they do not understand Karma. The real doctrine teaches that men are bound in the chain of cause and effect by their own ignorance and thralldom to their selfish passions; but that they remain bound only so long as they continue in that enslavement. The recognition of man's essential divinity sets our feet upon the path that leads to progressive liberation from this bondage.

"If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

"Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to better — Best.

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"I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!"— *Light of Asia*

There are, of course, people who think of Karma as a sort of personal credit and debit account; but they are still under the shadow of that very middle-class personal-salvation bane of which the writer speaks. Such is not our own conception of this sublime doctrine; nor would we remain a Theosophist if that were what Theosophy taught.

Hence there is plenty of room for the grace, mercy, and mutual self-sacrifice for which the author calls. This doctrine of freedom is the very essence of Theosophy, as a very slight acquaintance with Theosophical writings should serve to show. The doctrine of Karma is part and parcel of it. But it is convenient for some people to misrepresent Karma in such a way as entirely to reverse the meaning; and one gets tired of controverting these misrepresentations. We can only say, 'Study a thing before you criticise it.'

Nothing whatever is said by the author about the Theosophical analysis of human nature into Seven Principles, about the duality of the mind, the teaching as to the Christos or Higher Self, and many other vital truths inculcated by Theosophy. He condemns Theosophy for not giving scope for sacrifice, when the teaching of Brotherhood is its cardinal doctrine, and all Theosophists are at one with him as to the impossibility of personal salvation and the prime necessity of losing one's care for self in the great cause of unity. Consequently we cannot take his treatment of Theosophy seriously, and are free to maintain that Theosophy does in fact answer all the questions which he propounds, and is the very thing for which men are hungering and thirsting in the way he says they are.

In commenting on the above, we must first point out some omissions on the part of the author, which considerably modify the conclusions to be arrived at. He says that people believe that Christ found the way of life and tried to communicate his knowledge to others. But why Christ alone? we ask. Here comes in the importance of width of view. Suppose that, instead of speaking of England, we were to speak of the British Empire. At once we have to include among our samples of religion the beliefs of millions of Buddhists. These believe that Buddha found the way and sought to communicate his knowledge. We must include also the countless adherents of the various branches of Hindûism, each with its sacred scripture, expounding a way of salvation and giving the teachings of a great Master, who had found the way himself and was communicating it to his disciples by his teachings. In short, we must widen our conception from the particular case of Jesus Christ, so as to

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make it include *all* Christs, all illumined Teachers and World-Saviors.

We do the writer the justice of admitting that he makes Christianity older than Christ, and thus makes Christ an expounder or reviver, and not a founder. This too we have often contended for; and we have often quoted Augustine to that effect, showing that in the days of that eminent early Christian, such a belief was advocated. But in this case, why set so much stress on Christianity? Especially if we have the millions of Asiatics in view in our consideration of a future world-policy?

Again, *the people believe that Christianity contains the truth*; yes, but does not monopolize it, we add. Does not Buddhism also contain the truth, and Brâhmanism, and Confucianism? They all contain the truth, obscured, as in the case of Christianity, by tradition and dogma.

Theosophy — the genuine original Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky — teaches faith and self-sacrifice, and all the other sublime conceptions enumerated by the author as essentials of true religion. But it is necessary to study Theosophy itself and not its counterfeits or the travesties put forth by those who have not grasped its spirit and meaning. If the writer's presentation of the people's needs and aspirations is just, then we can only say that Theosophy, as *we* understand Theosophy, is the one thing needed to satisfy those needs and aspirations. For the writer has unconsciously defined the Theosophical view quite aptly in a number of respects, though of course there remains much more to be said. We can only say that Theosophy is the garnered wisdom of long ages of the world's best thought on these subjects; and that the ideas of a single mind, however creditable, are scarcely likely to be so comprehensive that they cannot derive much assistance from a study of a system so vast as Theosophy.

What *can* the honest and candid critic say of a criticism of Theosophy which confines itself to the single subject of Karma, and which shows an almost complete ignorance of that; and to the bare statement that Theosophists claim to have gathered together what is best in all religions? Where are the other familiar and all-important teachings of Theosophy? Would it not have been pertinent, had the author's knowledge enabled him, to point out that Theosophy teaches the Divinity of Man and that the way to salvation is through the mediation of the Christ within — that is, through man's own Higher Self? Would it not have been pertinent to say that Theosophy teaches Compassion and Brotherhood as the prime law and necessity, and condemns all personal self-interest as fatal to real salvation? The Theosophical idea of salvation is quite the same as the one put forward by the writer, in that it is not personal but on the contrary implies an escape from self.

The doctrine of Karma, so far from being fatalism, is a way of escape

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therefrom. It is not a dogma invented to explain apparent injustice, or to "reconcile the ways of God to those of man"; it is a statement of fact. It is a frank and fearless recognition of the laws of life and the universe. It teaches that our destiny is not due to chance or blind cosmic laws or the arbitrary will of a Deity, but to our own choice or to our own mistakes. It teaches that man is his own savior, because he has within him the power to act independently of his personal desires, thus liberating himself from the bondage of cause and effect in which they have held him.

Again, are we to believe that man now for the first and only time has arrived at a stage where he is on the threshold of a new realization of religion and the meaning of life? A Theosophist would say that, many many times before, this has happened. The Path is always open; the Truth is never absent; but men wander from it, and again return. What humanity is trying to do is to *get back*. It has been immersed in the superficialities of life, and has trusted to strange gods that have deluded it, and now it is seeking to get back its faith in the original truths regarding the essential divinity of man and the eternal justice of universal law.

Theosophy is no mere compendium of religions; it is the Truth underlying all religions, the teachings of the world's Saviors. The world is holding out its hand for these Truths. Theosophy answers the questions the writer propounds; but it must be studied at the fountain-head, not through its travesties.

"In England now, faith means more and more faith in the Kingdom of Heaven, as a fact which can be seen, as an order to which man, by his own effort and the Grace of God, can belong. . . . There is great impatience with the churches because they have not discovered, or even tried much to discover, what those words mean. . . . In that doctrine is the missing element of Christianity."

But we must be willing to admit that people who know nothing of Christianity may yet be able to enter the kingdom of heaven without becoming Christians. We must be willing to recognise that the Path, the Way, is universal — catholic in the widest sense. Theosophy is a great champion of Christianity, and of other religions. It is certain that the influence of Theosophy is chiefly responsible for that very vivifying of the religious sense which the writer proclaims and which he exemplifies in his own writing. Theosophy has, for the last forty years, been doing its best to break down the barriers of our mental atmosphere and to turn people's thoughts to the essentials of their religion. To stand on a vantage-ground cleared by Theosophy, and therefrom to assail Theosophy, bespeaks a curious confusion of ideas. 'The kingdom of heaven' means the state of peace and emancipation attained by one who has realized the truth as regards his own nature and has overcome the delusions of the lower nature. It is the state of blessedness consequent

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upon a recognition of the spiritual and moral laws of life and an obedience thereto. This state was taught by Jesus and by many another Teacher. The people want definite beliefs, facts, reality in religion, says the writer. This is just what Theosophy gives; a more practical and real way of life could not be imagined than that which Theosophy inculcates and affords.

DAFFODILS

KENNETH MORRIS

*BEAUTY? Good lack! what need have we,
— They said — What need hath any man
Of aught so stale? Let be, let be!
A rouged and withered courtesan!
— Oh, from our druid vales and hills,
Tell them they lied, you Daffodils!*

Tell them by whom your blooms are lit
With fires of Godhood year by year;
What plumed and singing spirits flit
Earthward, and touch with flamey spear
Your pale green spears, and star the sod
With yellow avatars of God!

Tell them that through your lonely hours
Eternal Beauty wanders by:
Unknown, indescrable Powers,
Masters of earth and sea and sky —
That the dear Gods and Heroes slain
Live in your loveliness again.

Yea, live! 'Tis only we that die,
That suffer wars and dearth and shame —
In our fools' blindness that deny
The immortal beauty born in Them.
The citron hues your blossom dons
Are proof of all the Pantheons.

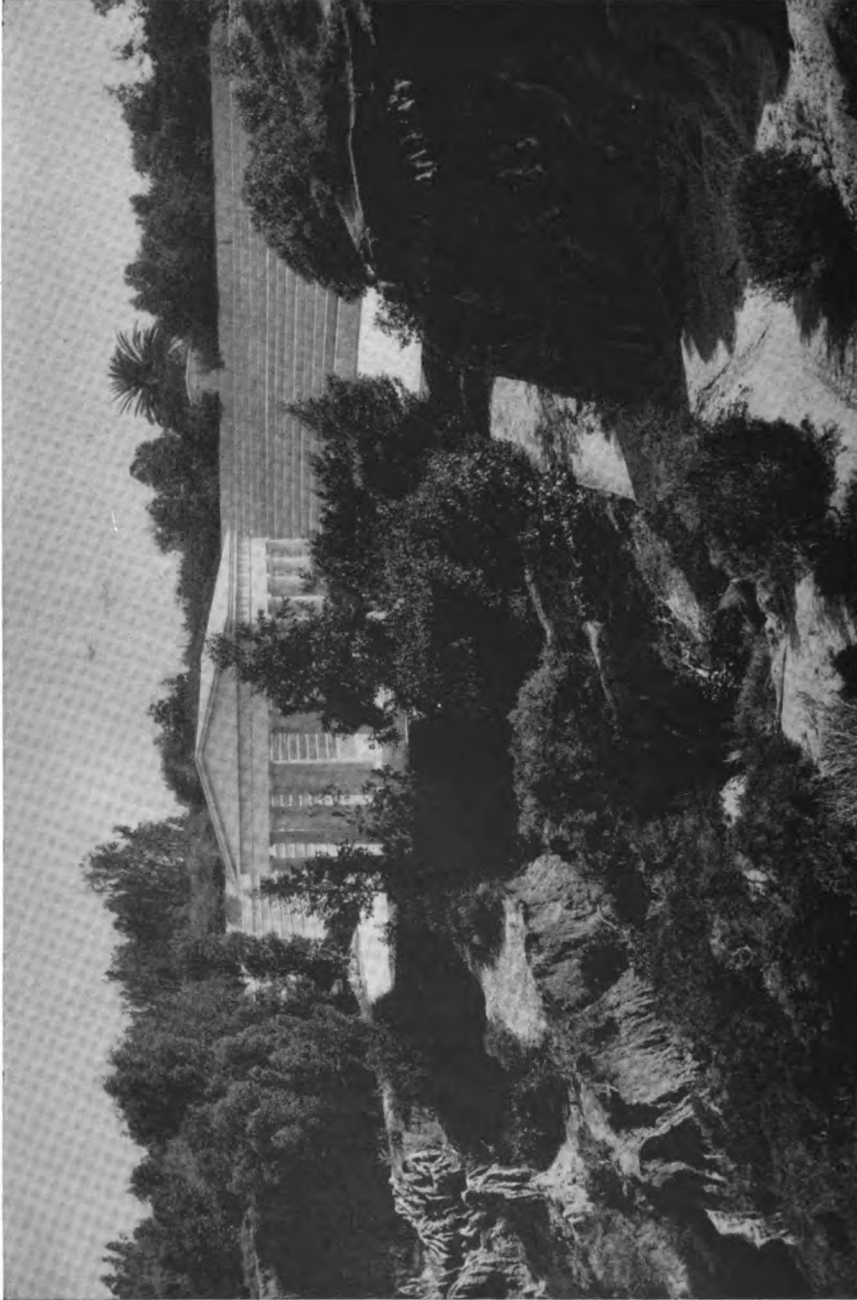
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Point Loma, California*



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**SUNSET OVER THE PACIFIC FROM THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

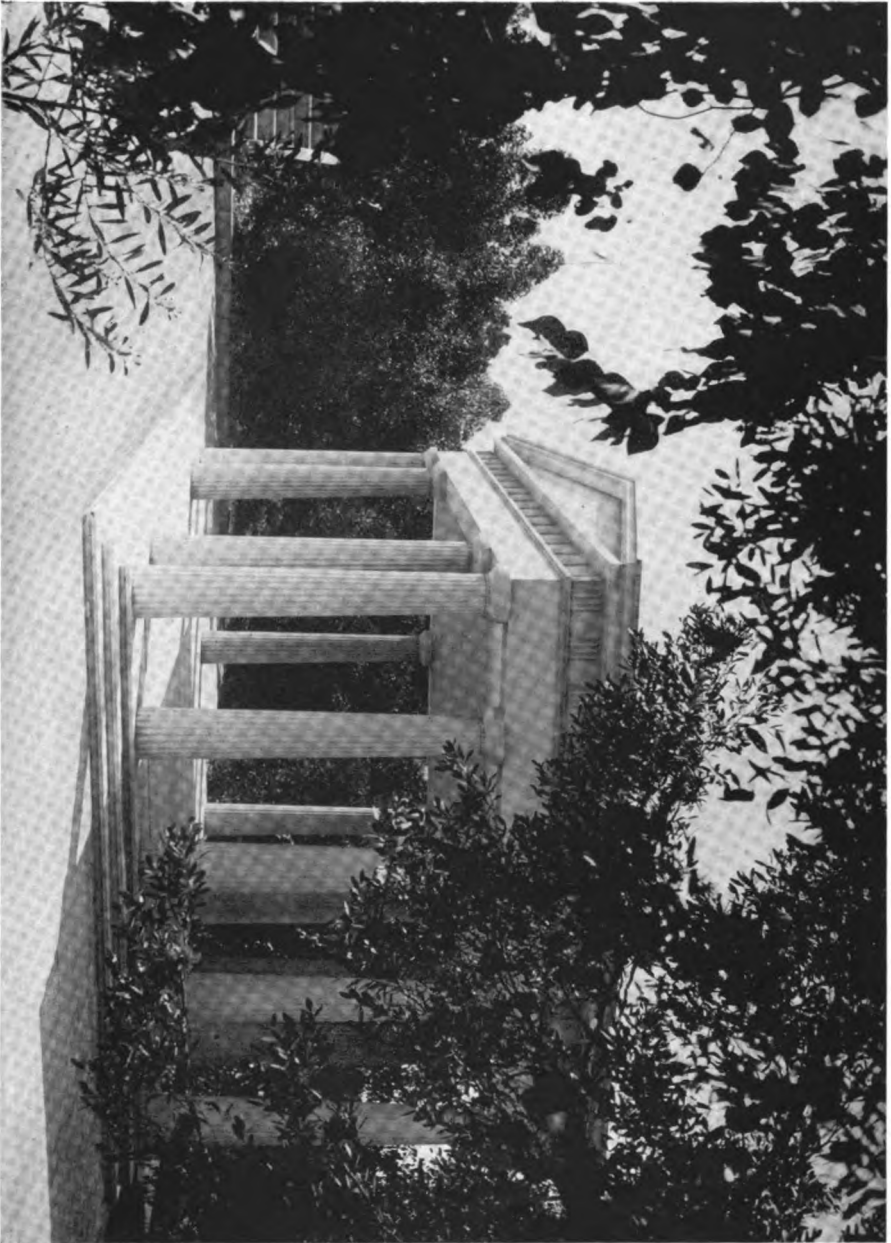
An early photograph taken soon after the theater was built in 1901, before the shrubbery was planted.



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**A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
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GLIMPSE OF THE STOA IN THE GREEK THEATER
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SHOWING THE IDEAL NATURE-SETTING OF THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CAL.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

VII — THE MAURYAS OF INDIA

SOME talk of Alexander" may be appropriate here; but not much. He was Aristotle's pupil; and apart from or beyond his terrific military genius, had ideas. Genius is sometimes, perhaps more often than we suspect, an ability to concentrate the mind into a kind of impersonality, almost non-existence, so that you have in it a channel for the great forces of nature to play through. We shall find that Mr. Judge's phrase 'the Crest-Wave of Evolution' is no empty one: words were things, with him and in fact, as he says; and it is so here. For this Crest-Wave is a force that actually rolls over the world as a wave over the face of the sea, raising up splendors in one nation after another in order *geographically*, and with no haphazard about it. Its first and largest movement is from East to West; producing (as far as I can see) the great manvantaric periods (fifteen hundred years apiece) in East Asia, West Asia, and Europe; each of these being governed by its own cycles. But it has a secondary movement as well; a smaller motion within the larger one; and this produces the brilliant days (thirteen decades long for the most part) that recur in the manvantaras. Thus: China seems to have been in manvantara from 2350 to 850 B. C.; West Asia, from 1890 to 390; Europe, from 870 B. C. to 630 A. D. So in the time of Alexander West Asia was newly dead, and China waiting to be reborn. The Crest-Wave, in so far as it concerned the European manvantara, had to roll westward from Greece (in its time) to awaken Italy; but in its universal aspect — in its strongest force — it had to roll eastward, that its impulse might touch more important China when her time for awaking should come. It is an impetus, of which sometimes we can see the physical links and lines along which it travels, and sometimes we cannot. The line from Greece to China lies through Persia and India. But Persia was dead, in pralaya; you could expect no splendor, no mark of the Crest-Wave's passing, there. So Alexander, rising by his genius and towering ideas to the plane where these great motions are felt, skips you lightly across dead Persia, knocks upon the doors of India to say that it is dawn and she must be up and doing; and subsides. I doubt he

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carried her any cultural impulse, in the ordinary sense: it is our Euro-American conceit to imagine the Greek was the highest thing in civilization in the world at that time. We may take it that Indian civilization was far higher and better in all essentials; certainly the Greeks who went there presently, and left a record, were impressed with that fact. You shall see; out of their own mouths we will convict them. It is the very burden of Megasthenes' song.

Alexander had certain larger than Greek conceptions, which one must admire in him. Though he overthrew the Persians, he never made the mistake of thinking them an inferior race. On the contrary, he respected them highly; and proposed to make of them and his Greeks and Macedonians one homogeneous people, in which the Persian qualities of aristocracy should supply a need he felt in the Europeans. The Law made use of his intention, partially, and to the furtherance of its own designs. — His method of treating the conquered was (generally) far more Persian or Asiatic than Greek; that is to say, far more humane and decent than barbarous. He took a short cut to his broad ends, and married all his captains to Persian ladies, himself setting the example; whereas most Greeks would have dealt with the captive women very differently. So that it was a kind of enlightenment he set out with, and carried across Persia, through Afghanistan, and into the Punjab,— which, we may note, was but the outskirts of the real India, into which he never penetrated; and it may yet be found that he went by no means so far as is supposed; but let that be. So now, at any rate, enough of him; he has brought us where we are to spend this evening.

For a student of history, there is something mysterious and even — to use a very vile drudge of a word — 'unique' about India. Go else where you will, and so long as you can posit certainly a high civilization, and know anything of its events, you can make some shift to arrange the history. None need boggle really at any Chinese date after about 2350 B. C.; Babylon is fairly settled back to about 4000; and if you cannot depend on assigned Egyptian dates, at least there is a reasonably known sequence of dynasties back through four or five millennia. But come to India, and alas, where are you? All out of it, chronologically speaking; there is nothing doing, as they say. Goodness knows, there is history enough; very likely, the flotsam and jetsam of several hundred thousand years. I have no doubt the Purânas are crowded with history; but how much of what is related is to be taken as plain fact; how much as 'blinds'; how much as symbolism — only the Adepts know. The three elements are mingled beyond the wit of man to unravel them; so that you can hardly tell whether any given thing happened in this or that millennium, Root-Race period, or Round of Worlds, or Day of Brahmâ.

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You are in the wild jungles of fairyland; where there are gorgeous blooms, and idylls, dreamlit, beautiful and fantastical, all in the deep midwood loneliness; and time is not, and the computations of chronology are an insult to the spirit of your surroundings. History, in India, was kept an esoteric science; and esoteric all the ancient records remain now; and I daresay any twice-born Brahmin not Oxfordized knows far more about it than the best Max Müllers of the west, and laughs at them quietly. Until someone will voluntarily lift that veil of esotericism, the speculations of western scholars will go for little. Why it should be kept esoteric, one can only guess; I think if it were known, the cycles and patterns of human history would cease to be so abstruse and hidden from us: we should know too much for our present moral or spiritual status. As usual, our own *savants* are avid to dwarf all dates, and bring everything within the scope of a few thousand years; as for the native authorities, they simply try confusions with us; if you should trust them too literally, or some of them, events such as the Moslem conquest will not take place for a few centuries yet. They do not choose that their ancient history should be known; so all things are in a hopeless muddle.

One thing to remember is this: it is a continent, like Europe; not a country, like France. The population is even more heterogeneous than that of Europe. Only one sovereign, Aurangzeb — at least for many thousands of years — was ever even nominally master of the whole of it. There are two main divisions, widely different: Hindustan or *Âryâvarta*, north of the Vindhya Mountains and the River Nerbudda; and *Dakshinâpatha* or the Deccan, the peninsular part to the south. The former is the land of the Aryans; the people of the latter are mainly non-Aryan — a race called the Dravidians whom, apparently, the Aryans conquered in Hindustan, and assimilated; but whom in the Deccan, though they have influenced them largely, and in part molded their religion, they never quite conquered or supplanted. Well; never is a long day; dear knows what may have happened in the long ages of pre-history.

The Aryans came down into India through its one open door — that in the northwest. But when? — Oh, from about 1400 to 1200 B. C., says western scholarship; — which has spent too much ingenuity altogether over discovering the original seat of the Aryans, and their primal civilization. After Sir William Jones and others had introduced Sanskrit to western notice, and its affinity had been discovered to that whole chain of languages which is sometimes called Indo-European, the theory long held that Sanskrit was the parent of all these tongues, and that all their speakers had emigrated at different times from somewhere in Central Asia. But in the scientific orthodoxies fashion reigns and changes as incontinently as in dress. Scholars rose to launch a new name for the

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race: *Indogermanic*; and to prove Middle-Europe the Eden in which it was created. Then others, to dodge that Eden about through every corner of Europe; which at least must have the honor; — it could not be conceded to *inferior* Asia. All the languages of the group were examined and worried for evidence. Men said, 'By the names of trees we shall run it to earth'; and this was the doxy that was ortho- for some time. Light on a tree-name common to all the languages, and find in what territory that tree is indigenous: that will certainly be the place.' As thus; I will work out for you a suggestion given in the Encyclopaedia, that you may see what strictly scientific methods of reasoning may lead to:—

Perhaps the two plant names most universally met with in all Aryan languages, European or Asiatic, are *potato* and *tobacco*. 'From Greenland's icy mountains To Ceylon's sunny isle, Wherever prospect pleases, And only man is vile,' — you shall nearly always hear the vile ones calling the humble tuber of their mid-day meal by some term akin to *potato*, and the subtle weed that companions their meditations, by some word like *tobacco*. *Argal*, the Aryan race used these two words before their separation; and if the two words, the two plants also. You follow the reasoning? — Now then, seek out the land where these plants are indigenous; and if haply it shall be found they both have one original habitat, why, there beyond doubt you shall find the native seat of the primitive Aryans. And, glory be to Science! they do; both come from Virginia. Virginia, then, is the Aryan Garden of Eden.

Ah but, strangely enough, we do find one great branch of the race — the Teutons — unacquainted with the word *potato*. (You may argue that the French are too; but luckily, Science has the seeing eye; Science is not to be cheated by appearances. The French say *pomme de terre*; but this is evidently only a corruption — *potater*, *pomdéter* — twisted at some late period by false analogy into *pomme de terre*, 'apple of the earth.') But the Teuton has *kartoffel*, utterly different; *argal* again, the Teutons must have separated from the parent stem before the Aryans had discovered that the thing was edible and worth naming. They, therefore, were the first to leave Virginia: paddled their own canoes off to far-away Deutschland before ever the mild Hindoo set out for Hindustan, the Greek for Greece, or the Anglo-Saxon for Anglo-Saxony. But even the Teutons have the word *tobacco*. Come now, what a light we have here thrown on the primitive civilization of our forefathers! They knew, it seems, the virtues of the weed or ever they had boiled or fried a single murphy; they smoked first, and only ate long afterwards; and the Germans who led that first expedition out from the fatherland of the race, must have gone with full tobacco-pouches and empty lunch-bags. What a life-like picture rises before our eyes! These first Aryans were a dreamy

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contemplative people: tobacco was the main item in their lives, the very basis of their civilization. — Then presently, after the Teutons had gone, someone must have let his pipe go out for a few minutes — long enough to discover that he was hungry, and that a fair green plant was growing at his door, with a succulent tuber at the root of it which one could EAT. Think of the joy, the wonder, of that momentous discovery! Did he hide it away, lest others should be as happy as himself? were detectives set to watch him, to spy out the cause of a habit of sleek rotundity that was growing upon him at last visibly? We shall never know. Or did he call in his neighbors at once and announce it? Did someone ask: 'What shall we name this God-given thing?' — and did another reply: 'It looks to me like a *potato*; let's call it that!?' That at least must have been how it came by its name. They received the suggestion with acclamations; and all future out-going expeditions took sacks of it with them; and their descendants have continued to call it *potato* to this day. For you must note that being the only food with a name common to all the languages — or almost all — it must be supposed to have been the only food they knew of before their separation. Even the words for *father*, *mother*, *fire*, *water*, and the like, have a greater number of different roots in the Aryan languages than have these blessed two.

To say the truth, a dawning perception of the possibilities of this kind of reasoning chilled the enthusiasm of the Aryan-hunters a good deal; it was the bare bodkin that did quietus make for much philological pother and rout. No; if you are to prove racial superiority or exclusiveness, you had much better avail yourself of the simplicity of a stout bludgeon, than rely upon the subtleties of brain-mind argumentation; for time past is long, and mostly hidden; and lots of things have happened to account for your proofs in ways you would never suspect. The long and short of it is, that after pursuing the primitive Aryans up hill and down dale through all parts of Europe, Science is forced to pronounce her final judgment thus: *We really know nothing about it.*

The ancestors of this Fifth Root-Race emigrated to Central Asia to escape the fate of Atlantis; whither too went several Atlantean peoples, — such as the forefathers of the Chinese, — who were not destined to be destroyed. It is a vast region, and there was room for them all. That emigration may have been as long a process as that of the Europeans in our own time to America; probably it was; or longer. But it happened, at any rate, a million years ago; and in a million years a deal of water will flow under the bridges. You may call English a universal language now; it might conceivably become so absolutely, after a few centuries. But history will go on, and time, and the cyclic changes inherent in natural law. These are not to be dodged by railways, turbines, aeroplanes;

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you cannot evitate their action by inventing printing-presses; — which, I suppose, have been invented and forgotten dozens of times 'since created man.' In a million years from now the world will have contracted and expanded often. We have seen, in our little period called historical, hardly anything but expansion; though there have been contractions too. But contractions there will be, major ones; it is quite safe to foretell that; because action and reaction are equal and opposite: it is a fundamental law. Geography will re-become, what it was in the times we call ancient, an esoteric science; the races will be isolated, and there will be no liners on the seas, and Europe and Asia will be fabulous realms of faerie for our more or less remote descendants. Then what will have become of the once universal English language? — It will have split into a thousand fragment tongues, as unlike as Dutch and Sanskrit; and philology — the great expansion having happened again — will have as much confusion to unravel in the Brito-Yankish, as it has now in the Indo-European. — In a million years? — Bless my soul, in a poor little hundred thousand!

The Aryan languages, since they began to be, have been spreading out and retreating, mixing and changing and interchanging; one imposed on another, hidden under another, and recrudescing through another: through ten or a hundred thousand years, or however long it may be: just as they have been doing in historical times. You find Persian half Arabicized; Armenian come to be almost a dialect of Persian; Latin growing up through English; Greek almost totally submerged under Latin, Slavonic, and Turkish, and now with a tendency to grow back into Greek; Celtic preserving in itself an older than Aryan syntax, and conveying that in its turn to the English spoken by Celts. Language is, to say the truth, a shifting kaleidoscopic thing: a momentary aspect of racial expression. In a thousand years it becomes unintelligible; we are modifying ours every day, upon laws whose nature can be guessed. Yet ultimately all is a symphony and ordered progression, with regular rhythms recurring; it only seems a chaos, and unmusical, because we hear no more than the fragment of a bar.

You all know the teaching of *The Secret Doctrine* about the Root-Races of Humanity, of which this present one, generally called the Aryan, is the fifth; and how each is divided into seven sub-races; each sub-race into seven family-races; and each family-race into innumerable nations and tribes. According to that work, this Fifth Root-Race has existed a million years. The period of a sub-race is said to be about 210,000 years; and that of a family-race, about 30,000. So then, four sub-races would have occupied the first 840,000 years of the Fifth Race's history; and our present fifth sub-race would have been in being during the last 160,000

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years; in which time five family-races would have flourished and passed; and this present sixth family-race would be about ten millenniums old. Now, no single branch of the Aryans: by which term I mean the sixth family-race: I shall confine it to that, and not apply it to the Fifth Root-Race as a whole,—no single race among the Aryans has been universal, or dominant, or prominent even, during the whole of the last ten thousand years. The Teutons (including Anglo-Saxons), who loom so largely now, cut a very small figure in the days when Latin was, in its world, something more universal than English is in ours; and a few centuries before that, you should have heard Celtic, and little else, almost anywhere in Europe. This shows how fleeting a thing is the sovereignty of any language: within the three thousand years we know about, three at least of the Aryan language-groups have been 'universal'; within the last ten millenniums there has been time enough, and to spare, for a 'universality' each of Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Slavonic, Latin, Teutonic, and Celtic. So evidently none of these is the language of the family-race: we may speak of the Aryan Family-Race; not of the Celtic or Slavonic.

But it does not follow that the whole sub-race is not Aryan too. Mr. Judge says somewhere that Sanskrit will be the universal language again. Supposing that there were some such scheme of evolution here, as in the World-chain? You know the diagram in *The Secret Doctrine*, with the teaching as to the seven rounds. *As above, so below*; when H. P. Blavatsky seems to be giving you a sketch of cosmic evolution, often she is at the same time, if you can read it, telling you about the laws that govern your own and the race's history. I suspect some such arrangement as this: When the sub-race began, 160,000 years ago, Sanskrit was its 'universal' language: spoken by all the Aryans that moved out over Europe and into India. An unaccountable Sanskrit inscription has been found in Asia Minor;* and there is Lithuania, a little speech-island in northeastern Central Europe, where a nearly Sanskrit language, I believe, survives. Then Sanskrit changed imperceptibly (as American is changing from English) into the parent language of the Persian group, which became the general speech of the sub-race except in India, where Sanskrit survived as a *seed-speech* for future resurrection. Then, perhaps *pari passu* with further westward expansion, Persian changed into the parent of the Slavonic group, itself living on as a seed-speech in Iran; and so on through all the groups: in each case the type-language of a group remaining, to expand again after the passage of ages and when its cycle should return, in or about its corresponding psychic center on the geographical plane. Then this evolution, having

* *Ancient India*, by E. J. Rapson

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reached its farthest limit, began to retrace its course; I would not attempt to say in what order the language groups come: which is Globe A in the chain, which Globe D, and so on; but merely suggest that a 'family race' may represent one round from Sanskrit to Sanskrit; and the whole Fifth Sub-race, seven such complete rounds.

What came before? What was the Fourth Sub-race? — Well: I imagine we may have the relic, the *sishta* or seed of it, in the Hamitic peoples and languages: the Libyans, Numidians, Egyptians, Iberians, and Pelasgians of old; the Somalis, Gallas, Copts, Berbers, and Abyssinians of today. We are almost able to discern a time — but have not guessed when it was — when this Iberian race, having perhaps its central seat in Egypt, held all or most lands as far as Ireland to the west, and Japan and New Zealand eastward; we find them surviving, mixed with, but by no means submerged under, Aryan Celts in Spain — which is Iberia; we find their name (I imagine) in that of Iverne, Ierne, Hibernia, or Ireland; we know that they gave the syntax of their language to that of the Celts of the British Isles; and that the Celtic races of today are mainly Iberian in blood — I daresay all Europe is about half Iberian in blood, as a matter of fact; — that the Greeks found them in Greece: I suspect that the main difference between Sparta and Athens lay in the fact that Sparta was pure Aryan, Athens mainly Iberian. — It seems to me then that we can almost get a glimpse of the sub-race preceding our own. Some have been puzzled by a seeming discrepancy between Katherine Tingley's statement that Egypt is older than India, and H. P. Blavatsky's, that Menes, founder of the Egyptian monarchy, went from India to Egypt to found it. But now suppose that something like this happened — would it not solve the problem? — In 158,000 B. C., or at the time this present Aryan Sub-race began, Egypt, one state in the huge Iberian series, was already a seat of civilization as old as the Iberian race. There may have been an Iberian Empire, almost world-wide; which again may have split into many kingdoms; and as the star of the whole race was declining, we may suppose Egypt in some degree of pralaya; or again, that it may have been an outlying and little-considered province *at that time*. In Central Asia the Sanskrit-speaking tribe begins to increase and multiply furiously. They pour down into Iberian Hindustan. They are strong, and the Gods are leading them; the Iberians have grown world-weary with the habit of long empire. The Iberian power goes down before them; the Iberians become a subject people. But there is one Menes among the latter, of the royal house perhaps, who will not endure subjection. He stands out as long as he may; then sails west with his followers for Iberian lands that the Aryans have not disturbed, and are not likely to. In their contests with the invaders of India, they have

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thrown off all world-weariness, and become strong; Prince Menes is hailed in Egypt (as the last of the Ommeyads, driven out from the East by the Abbasids, was hailed in Spain); he wakens Egypt, and founds a new monarchy there. — I am telling the tale of very ancient and unknown conditions in terms of historic conditions we know about and can understand; it is only the skeleton of the story I would stand for. And to put Menes back at 160,000 years ago — what an amusing idea that will seem! — But the truth is we must wage war against this mischievous foreshortening of history. I have no doubt there have been empires going, from time to time, in Egypt, since before Atlantis fell: people have the empire-building instinct, and it is an eminently convenient place for empire-building. I have no doubt there have been dozens of different Meneses — that is, founders of Egyptian monarchies, — with thousands of years between each two. But I think probably the one that came from India to do it, came about the time when the fifth sub-race rose to supplant the fourth as that section of humanity in which evolution was chiefly interested.

— Which last phrase in itself is rank heresy, and smacks of the 'white man's burden,' and all such nonsense as that. We might learn a lesson here. Think: since that time, during how many thousands of years, off and on, has not that old sub-race been the darling of evolution, the seat of the Crest-Wave, and place where all things were doing? All the Setis, the grand Rameseses and Thothmeses came since then; all the historic might and glory of Egypt. You never know rightly when to say that the life of a sub-race is ended; the two-hundred-and-ten-century period cannot, I imagine, include it from birth to death; but can only mark the time between the rise of one, and the rise of another. — But now to India.

We have no knowledge of the time when Sanskrit was spoken: it has always been, in historic or quasi-historic ages, what it is now — a literary language preserved by the high castes. In the days of the Buddha it had long given place to various vernaculars grown out of it: Pâli, and what are called the Prâkrits. — We have lost memory of what I may call the archetypal languages of Europe: the common ancestor of the Celtic group, for instance; or that Italian from which Latin and the lost Oscan and Sabellian and the rest sprang. No matter; they remain in the ideal world, and I doubt not in the course of our cyclic evolution we shall return to them, take them up, and pass through them again. But it seems to me that in the land of Esoteric History, where Manu provided in advance against the main destructiveness of war, the archetypal language of the whole sub-race has been preserved. The Aryans went down into India, and there, at that extreme end of the Aryan world,

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enjoyed some of the advantages of isolation: they were in a backwater, over which the tides of the languages did not flow. By esotericizing their history, I imagine they have really kept it intact, continuous, and within human memory; as we have not done with ours. As if that which is to be preserved forever, must be preserved in secret; and silence were the only durable casket for truth.—

The Greeks, they say, were very gifted liars; but I do not see why we should suppose them lying, when they sang the superiorities of Indian things and people; — *as they did*. The Indians, says Megasthenes, were taller than other men, and of greater distinction and prouder bearing. The air and water of their land were the purest in the world; so you would expect in the people, the finest culture and skill in the arts. Almost always they gathered two harvests in the years; and *famine had never visited India*. — You see, railways, quick communications, and all the appliances of modern science and invention cannot do as much for India in pralaya, as her own native civilization could do for her in manvantara. — Then he goes on to show how that civilization guarded against famine — and many other things; and incidentally to prove it not only much higher than the Greek, but much higher than our own. I said Manu provided in advance against the main destructiveness of war: here was the custom, which may have been dishonored in the breach sometimes, but still *was the custom*.— The whole continent was divided into any number of kingdoms; mutually antagonistic often, but with certain features of homogeneity that made the name *Âryāvarta* more than a geographical expression. I am speaking of the India Megasthenes saw, and as it had been then for dear knows how long. It had made concessions to human weakness, yes; had fallen, as I think, from an ancient unity; it had not succeeded in abolishing war. It was open to any king to make himself a Chakravartin, or world-sovereign, if he disposed of the means for doing so: which means were military. As this was a well-recognised principle, wars were by no means rare. But with them all, what a Utopia it was, compared to Christendom! There was never a draft or conscription. Of the four castes, the Kshatriya or warrior alone did the fighting. While the conches brayed, and the war-cars thundered over Kurukshetra; while the pantheons held their breath, watching Arjun and mightiest Karna at battle — the peasants in the next field went on hoeing their rice; they knew no one was making war on them. They trusted Gandiva, the goodly bow, to send no arrows their way; their caste was inviolable, and sacred to the tilling of the soil. Megasthenes notes it with wonder. War implied no ravaging of the land, no destruction of crops, no battering down of buildings, no harm whatever to non-combatants.

Kshatriya fought Kshatriya. If you were a Brahmin: which is to say,

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a theological student, or a man of letters, a teacher or what not of the kind — you were not even called up for physical examination. If you were a merchant, you went on quietly with your 'business as usual.' A mere patch of garden, or a peddler's tray, saved you from all the horrors of a questionnaire. Kshatriya fought Kshatriya, and no one else; and on the battlefield, and nowhere else. The victor became possessed of the territory of the vanquished; and there was no more fuss or botheration about it.

And the vanquished king was not dispossessed, Saint Helenaed, or beheaded. Simply, he acknowledged his conqueror as his overlord, paid him tribute; perhaps put his own Kshatriya army at his disposal; and went on reigning as before. So Porus met Alexander without the least sense of fear, distrust, or humiliation at his defeat. — "How shall I treat you?" said the Macedonian. Porus was surprised. — "I suppose," said he in effect, "as one king would treat another"; or, "like a gentleman." And Alexander rose to it; in the atmosphere of a civilization higher than anything he knew, he had the grace to conform to usage. Manu imposed his will on him. Porus acknowledged him for overlord, and received accretions of territory. — This explains why all the changes of dynasty and the many conquests and invasions have made so little difference as hardly to be worth recording. They effected no change in the life of the people. Even the British Râj has been, to a great degree, molded to the will of Manu. Each strong native state is ruled by its own Mahârâja, who acknowledges the Kaiser-i-Hind at London for his overlord, and lends him at need his Moslem or Kshatriya army. — All of which proves, I think, the extreme antiquity of the system: which is so firmly engraved in the prototypal world — the astral molds are so strong — that no outside force coming in has been able materially to change it. The Greek invasion goes wholly unnoticed in Indian literature.

Which brings us back to Alexander. If he got as far as to the Indus, he got no farther. There were kingdoms up there in the northwest — perhaps no further east than Afghanistan and Baluchistan — which had formed part of the empire of Darius Hystaspes, and sent contingents to fight under Xerxes in Greece; and these now Alexander claimed as Darius Codomannus's successor. But even in these outlying regions, he found conditions very different from those in Persia: there was no "unquestionable superiority of the European to the Asiatic," nor nothing like. Had he gone further, and into the real India of the Ganges valley, his name, it is likely, would not have come down synonymous with victory: presently we will call Megasthenes to witness again as to the "unquestionable superiority of the Asiatic to the European." But thither the Macedonians refused to follow their king; and I suppose he wept rather over

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their insubordination, than for any overwhelming with a sense of terrene limits. For he knew well that there was plenty more world to conquer, could one conquer it: rich and mighty kingdoms beyond that Thar Desert his soldiers are said to have refused to cross. He knew, because there were many to tell him: exiled princes and malcontents from this realm and that, each with his plan for self-advancement, and for using the Macedonian as a catspaw. Among them one in particular: as masterful a man as Alexander, and a potential world-conqueror himself. He was (probably) a more or less illegitimate scion of the House of Nanda, then reigning in Magadha; which country, now called Behar, had been growing at the expense of its Gangetic neighbors for some centuries. King Śuddhodana, the Buddha's father, had reigned over the Śâkyas in Nepaul as a tributary under the king of Magadha; — which statement I let pass, well aware that the latest western scholarship has revolutionized the Śâkyas into a republic — perhaps with soviets,— and King Śuddhodana himself into a mere ward politician.

This Sandrakottos, as the Greeks called him, had many tales to tell of the wealth of his kinsman's kingdom, and of the extreme unpopularity of its ruler: — and therefore of the ease with which Alexander might conquer it and hand it over to him. But two of a trade seldom agree; both he and his host were born to rule empires; and presently he offended susceptibilities, and had to flee the camp. Whereupon he shortly sharked up a list of landless reprobates, Kshatriyas at a loose end, for food and diet; and the enterprise with a stomach in't was, as soon as Alexander's back was turned, to drive out the Macedonian garrisons. This done, he marched eastward as king of the Indus region, conquered Magadha, slew his old enemy the Nanda king with all male members of the family, and reigned in his stead as Chandragupta I, of the house of Maurya. That was in 321. Master then of a highly trained army of about 700,000, he spread his empire over all Hindustan. In 305, Seleucus Nicator, Alexander's successor in Asia, crossed the Indus with an army, and was defeated; and in the treaty which followed, gave up to Chandragupta all claim to the Indian provinces, together with the hand of his daughter in marriage; — and received by way of compensation 500 elephants that might come in useful in his wars elsewhere. Also he sent Megasthenes to be his ambassador at Pâtaliputra, Chandragupta's capital; and Megasthenes wrote; and in a few quotations from his lost book that remain, chiefly in Arrian,— we get a kind of window wherethrough to look into India: the first, and perhaps the only one until Chinese travelers went west discovering.

Here let me flash a green lantern. If at some future time it should be shown that the Chandragupta Maurya of the Sanskrit books was not the

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same person as the Sandacottos of Megasthenes; nor his son Bindusâra Amitraghâta, the Amitrochidas of the Greeks; nor *his* son and successor, Aśoka, the Devânâmpiya Piadasî whose rock-cut inscriptions remain scattered over India; nor the Aṁtiyako Yonarâja — the “Ionian King Antiochus” apparently,— Antiochus Theos, Seleucus Nicator’s grandson: as is supposed; nor yet the other four kings mentioned in the same inscription in a Sanskrit disguise as contemporaries, Ptolemy Philadelphos of Egypt (285-247); Magas of Cyrene (285-258); Antigonus Gonatas of Macedon (277-239), and Alexander of Epirus, who began to reign in 272; — if all these identifications should fall to the ground, let no one be surprised. There are passages in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky that seem to suggest there is nothing in them; and yet, after studying those passages, I do not find that she says so positively: her attitude seems rather one of withholding information for the time being; she supplies none of a contrary sort. The time may not have been ripe then for unveiling so much of Indian history; nor indeed, in those days, had the pictures of these kings, and particularly of Aśoka, so clearly emerged: inscriptions have been deciphered since, which have gone to fill out the outlines; and the story, as it has been pieced together now, has an air of verisimilitude, and hangs together. Without the Greek identifications, and the consequent possibility of assigning dates to Chandragupta and his son, we should know indeed that there was a great Maurya Empire, which lasted a matter of thirteen decades and a few odd years; but we should hardly know when to place it. Accepting the Greek identifications, and placing the Mauryas where we do in time — you shall see how beautifully the epoch fits into the universal cycles, and confirms the teaching as to Cyclic Law. So, provisionally, I shall accept them, and tell the tale.

First a few more items from Megasthenes as to India under Chandragupta. There was no slavery, he notes; all Indians were free, and not even were there aliens enslaved. Crime of any kind was rare; the people were thoroughly law-abiding. Thievery was so little known, that doors went unlocked at all times; there was no usury, and a general absence of litigation. They told the truth: as a Greek, he could not help noticing that. The men were exceptionally brave; the women, chaste and virtuous. But “in contrast to the general simplicity of their style, they loved finery and ornaments. Their robes were worked in gold, adorned with precious stones, and they wore flowered garments of the finest muslin. Attendants walking behind held umbrellas over them. . . .”

The system of government was very highly and minutely evolved. “Of the great officers of state, some have charge of the markets, others of the city, others of the soldiers; others superintend the canals, and

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measure the land, or collect the taxes; some construct roads and set up pillars to show the by-roads and distances from place to place. Those who have charge of the city are divided into six boards of five members apiece: The first looks after industrial art. The second attends to the entertainment of strangers, taking care of them, sound or sick, and in the event of their death, burying them and sending their property to their relatives." The third board registered births and deaths; the fourth, fifth and sixth had supervision of things commercial. Military affairs were as closely organized: there were Boards of Infantry, Cavalry, War Chariots, Elephants, Navy, and Bullock Transport. And behind all these stood Chandragupta himself, the superman, ruthless and terrifically efficient; and Chânakya, his Macchiavellian minister: a combination to hurry the world into greatness. And so indeed they did.

Under Aśoka, Chandragupta's grandson, the age culminated. H. P. Blavatsky says positively that he was born into Buddhism; this is not the general view; but one finds nothing in his edicts, really, to contradict it. His father Bindusâra, of whom we know nothing, may have been a Buddhist. But it would appear that Aśoka in his youth was the most capable, and also the most violent and passionate of Bindusâra's sons. During his father's lifetime, he held one of the great vice-royalties into which the empire was divided; he succeeded to the throne in 271. His domains at that time included all Âryâvarta, with Baluchistan, and as much of Afghanistan as lies south of the Hindoo Koosh; and how much of the Deccan it is difficult to determine. Nine years later he extended this realm still further, by the conquest of the Kalingas, whose country lay along the coast northward from Madras. At the end of that war he was master of all India north of a line drawn from Pondicherry to Cannanore in the south; while the tip of the Deccan and Ceylon lay at least within his sphere of influence.

He was easily the strongest monarch of his day. In China — between which country and India there was no communication: they had not discovered each other, or they had lost sight of each other for ages — an old order was breaking to pieces, and all was weakness and decay. In the West, Greek civilization was in decadence, with the successors of Alexander engaged in profitless squabbles. Rome, a power only in Italy, was about to begin her long struggle with Carthage; overseas nobody minded her. The Crest-Wave was in India, the strongest power and most vigorous civilization, so far as we can tell, in the world, and at the head of India stood this Chakravartin, victorious Aśoka, flushed with conquest, and a whole world tempting him out to conquer.—

He never went to war again. For twenty-nine years after that conquest of the Kalingas, until his death in 233, he reigned in unbroken peace.

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He left his heart to posterity in many edicts and inscriptions cut on rocks and pillars; thirty-five of these remain, or have so far been discovered and read. In 257, or five years after the Kalinga War, he published this:

“Devânâmpiya Piadasi” —

It means literally ‘the Beloved of the Gods, the Beautiful of Countenance’; but it is really a title equivalent to ‘His Gracious Majesty,’ and was borne by all the Maurya kings; —

“Devânâmpiya Piadasi feels remorse on account of the conquest of the Kalingas; because, during the subjugation of a previously unconquered country, slaughter, death, and taking away captives of the people necessarily occur; whereat His Majesty feels profound sorrow and regret. . . .”

It would be in keeping with the Southern Buddhist tradition as to the ungovernable violence of Aśoka’s youth, that he should have introduced into war horrors quite contrary to Manu and Indian custom; but here I must say that H. P. Blavatsky, though she does not particularize, says that there were really two Aśokas, two ‘Devânâmpiya Piadasis,’ the first of whom was Chandragupta himself, from whose life the tradition of the youthful violence may have been drawn; and there remains the possibility that this Kalinga War was waged by Chandragupta, not Aśoka; and that it was he who made this edict, felt the remorse, and became a Buddhist. However, to continue (tentatively): —

“The loss of even the hundredth or the thousandth part of the persons who were then slain, carried away captive, or done to death in Kalinga would now be a matter of deep regret to His Majesty. Although a man should do him an injury, Devânâmpiya Piadasi holds that it must patiently be borne, so far as it possibly can be borne. . . . For His Majesty desires for all animate beings security, control over the passions, peace of mind, and joyousness. And this is the chief of conquests, in His Majesty’s opinion: the Conquest of Duty.”

Some time later he took the vows of a Buddhist monk, ‘entered the Path’; and, as he says, ‘exerted himself strenuously.’

He has been called the ‘Constantine of Buddhism’; there is much talk among the western learned, about his support of that movement having contributed to its decay. They draw analogy from Constantine; even hint that Aśoka embraced Buddhism, as the latter did Christianity, from political motives. But the analogy is thoroughly false. Constantine was a bad man, a very far-gone case; and there was little in the faith he adopted, or favored, as it had come to be at that time, to make him better; — even if he had really believed in it. And it was a defined religio-political body, highly antagonistic to the old state religion of Rome, that he linked his fortunes with. But no sovereign so mighty in compassion is recorded in history as having reigned, as this Aśoka. He was the most unsectarian of men. Buddhism, as it came to him, and as he

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left it, was not a sect, but a living spiritual movement. For what is a sect? — Something *cut off* — from the rest of humanity, and the sources of inner life. But for Aśoka, as for the modern Theosophical Movement, there was no religion higher than — *Dharma* — which word may be translated, ‘the (higher) Law,’ or ‘truth,’ or ‘duty.’ He never ceased to protect the holy men of Brahminism. Edict after edict exhorts his people to honor them. He preached the Good Law; he could not insist too often that different men would have different conceptions as to this *Dharma*. Each, then, must follow his own conception, and utterly respect his neighbors’. The Good Law, the Doctrine of the Buddhas, was universal; because the objective of all religions was the conquest of the passions and of self. All religions must manifest on this plane as right action and life; and that was the evangel he proclaimed to the world. There was no such sharp antagonism of sects and creeds.

There is speculation as to how he managed, being a world-sovereign — and a highly efficient one — to carry out the vows of a Buddhist monk. As if the begging bowl would have been anything of consequence to such an one! It is a matter of the status of the soul; not of outward paraphernalia. He was a practical man; intensely so; and he showed that a Chakravartin could tread the Path of the Buddhas as well as a wandering monk. One can imagine no Tolstoyan playing at peasant in him. His business in life was momentous. “I am never satisfied with my exertions and my dispatch of business,” he says.

“Work I must for the public benefit,— and the root of the matter is in exertion and dispatch of business, than which nothing is more efficacious for the public welfare. And for what end do I toil? For no other end than that I may discharge my debt to animate beings.”

And again:

“Devânâmpiya Piadasî desires that in all places men of all religions may abide, for they all desire purity of mind and mastery over the senses.”

Well; for nine and twenty years he held that vast empire warless; even though it included within its boundaries many restless and savage tribes. Certainly only the greatest, strongest, and wisest of rulers could do that; it has not been done since (though Akbar came near it). We know nothing as to how literature may have been enriched; some think that the great epics may have come from this time. If so, it would only have been recensions of them, I imagine. But in art and architecture his reign was everything. He built splendid cities, and strewed the land with wonderful buildings and monoliths. Patna, the capital, in Megasthenes’ time nine miles long by one and a half wide, and built of wood, he rebuilt in stone with walls intricately sculptured. Education was very wide-spread or universal. His edicts are sermons preached to the masses:

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

simple ethical teachings touching on all points necessary to right living. He had them carved on rock, and set them up by the roadsides and in all much-frequented places, where the masses could read them; and this proves that the masses could read. They are all vibrant with his tender care, not alone for his human subjects, but for all sentient beings. "Work I must . . . that I may discharge my debt to all things animate." And how he did work! — without one private moment in the day or night, as his decrees show, in which he should be undisturbed by the calls of those who needed help. He specifies; he particularizes; there was no moment to be considered private, or his personal own.

And even then he was not content. There were foreign lands; and those, too, were entitled to his care. I said that the southern tip of India, with Ceylon, were within his sphere of influence: his sphere of influence was much wider than that, however. Saying that a king's sphere of influence is wherever he can get his will done, Aśoka's extended westward over the whole Greek world. Here was a king whose will was benevolence; who sought no rights but the right to do good; whose politics were the service of mankind: — it is a sign of the Brotherhood of Man, that his writ ran, as you may say — the writ of his great compassion,— to the Mediterranean shore: —


"Everywhere in the dominions of Devânâmpiya Piadasi, and likewise in the neighboring realms, such as those of the Chola, Pandya, Satiyaputra and Keralaputra, in Ceylon, in the dominions of the Greek king Antiochus, and in those of the other kings subordinate to that Antiochus — everywhere, on behalf of His Majesty, have two kinds of hospitals been founded: hospitals for men, and hospitals for beasts. Healing herbs, medicinal for man and medicinal for beasts, wherever they were lacking, have been imported and planted. On the roads, trees have been planted, and wells have been dug for the use of men and beasts."

— And everywhere, in all those foreign realms, he had his missionaries preaching the Good Law. And some of these came to Palestine, and founded there for him an order at Nazareth called the Essenes; in which, some century or two later, a man rose to teach the Good Law — by name, Jesus of Nazareth. — Now consider the prestige, the moral influence, of a king who might keep his agents, unmolested, carrying out his will, right across Asia, in Syria, Greece, Macedonia, and Egypt: the king of a great, free, and mighty people, who, if he had cared to, might have marched out world-conquering; but who preferred that his conquests should be the conquests of duty. Devânâmpiya Piadasi: the Gracious of Mien, the Beloved of the Gods: an Adept King like them of old time, strayed somehow into the scope and vision of history.

HARMONY AND ANTIPATHY

STUDENT

“A student of Wisdom must kill out all feelings of dislike and antipathy to others.”

HESE words are the words of H. P. Blavatsky, and the sentiment is that of the eternal Wisdom-Religion. Many Teachers have proclaimed it, yet no one can be called a plagiarist for repeating a truth which is the common property of the world and of all time. These words proclaim that this eternal truth is also a cardinal principle of Theosophy as taught by H. P. Blavatsky.

It seems unnecessary to say that a student of Wisdom must kill out his folly. We have merely to add that the feelings of dislike to others are a species of folly, in order to complete the argument.

To those who ask for instructions in practical Occultism, here is one answer ready. The trouble is that some people will probably consider the advice a little *too* practical. They would prefer something easier, more attractive, less exacting. This is the usual mistake made by students in search of knowledge. They ask for instructions, receive them, and then refuse to follow them. Why do they do this? Because they are not whole-hearted in their request. Intellectual curiosity desires the knowledge; ambition or pride may crave it; but there is a something in the inquirer's make-up which does *not* desire the knowledge, and which does not propose that he shall have it. It is this something that raises the objections and resents the advice. Did not Jesus Christ constantly meet with such cases?

To attain Wisdom we must cultivate sympathy. The attainment of Wisdom means an enlarging of our life, a getting beyond the narrow confines of personality. But hatred and antipathy are the deadly foes of sympathy. There is nothing which accentuates the feeling of personal separateness so much as antipathy; and the feeling of personal separateness is what we are striving to supersede.

Is it large natures or small that most harbor feelings of antipathy? The question needs no answer; it is evident that by indulging such feelings we inflict an injury upon ourselves by emphasizing the smallness and meanness of our character.

The attainment of Wisdom is inseparable from practice in conduct. A student who is all shut up in himself will have no opportunity for such practice. If anyone thinks he lacks opportunity, let him not despond; for, if his desire for knowledge is sincere, it will bring him opportunity.

HARMONY AND DISCORD

Then he will be able to test himself, and he may accept the challenge or refuse it.

When a feeling of antipathy arises, it is time for the student to ask himself what is the matter with himself; for there surely the fault lies; there at any rate lies the remedy. An inharmonious relationship between ourself and another can be easiest adjusted from our end of the line.

But this does not mean that we should tolerate the weaknesses of others. That would not be the road to Wisdom, either for them or for us. But there are ways of discouraging these weaknesses without feeling anger or personal spite.

“That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?”

Most of us find it easier to see the faults in other people than to see the light in them. Why is this? We have a keener scent for the faults perhaps. Perhaps we are more willing to find faults than virtues.

But it is not our present purpose to preach a sermon, such as might be heard in any pulpit where Christian ideals of holiness are inculcated; or such as might be read in Marcus Aurelius, where the Stoic philosophy is expounded and exemplified; or such as might be found among the items of practical wisdom wherewith such a mind as Franklin's has enriched the world. Leaving the reader to his own resources in that respect, we must put our special point of view. The cultivation of sympathy as opposed to antipathy is an essential to progress in the path of liberation and enlightenment. Not that a man shall strive for his own individual perfection, but that he shall fulfil his duties as a member of the human family and recognise his privileges as the inheritor, in common with mankind, of a divine heirloom.

I have not to try and force myself into an attitude of forbearance and toleration that shall be merely superficial and hence hypocritical. I have to meditate until I can *see* the folly of antipathy, so that the feeling may cease naturally.

This means that I must realize the truth of the Theosophical teachings as to the constitution of man. The personal human ego is not the real Self of man; and, as long as we remain under the delusion that it is, we cannot attain true Wisdom. But it is one thing to accept this teaching intellectually, and quite another to realize it. Nevertheless, this has to be done by all men sooner or later, and the intellectual acceptance of the idea is a first step.

All earnest and thoughtful natures reach the point where life seems a useless and hopeless enigma; they lose their hopes and consolations. And this is the point where so many people give up in despair and resign

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themselves to what they consider inevitable. But yet it is just this point that is the starting-point for a new progress, if only we had courage and faith enough to resist despair and push on. It is at this point that we have an opportunity to strike a new and richer chord in our nature, ridding ourselves of much that is personal and narrow, and coming to a fuller realization of the oneness of the spiritual essence in all living beings.

Personal discord is of course the great root of evil in all forms of society, from the family up to nations; it is the great problem of government. To gather together a harmonious body of people is always the problem for anyone who undertakes to teach and help. Unity is an essential for all progress in the right direction; only to a united body of students can the truth be imparted, because separate minds are unable to contain it. This union is not necessarily external and physical; it may be a union of hearts; so that physical isolation need not debar an earnest truth-seeker. But he must always bear in mind that any personal animosity or friction implies a fault in his own nature; and until this is overcome, his progress will be hindered.

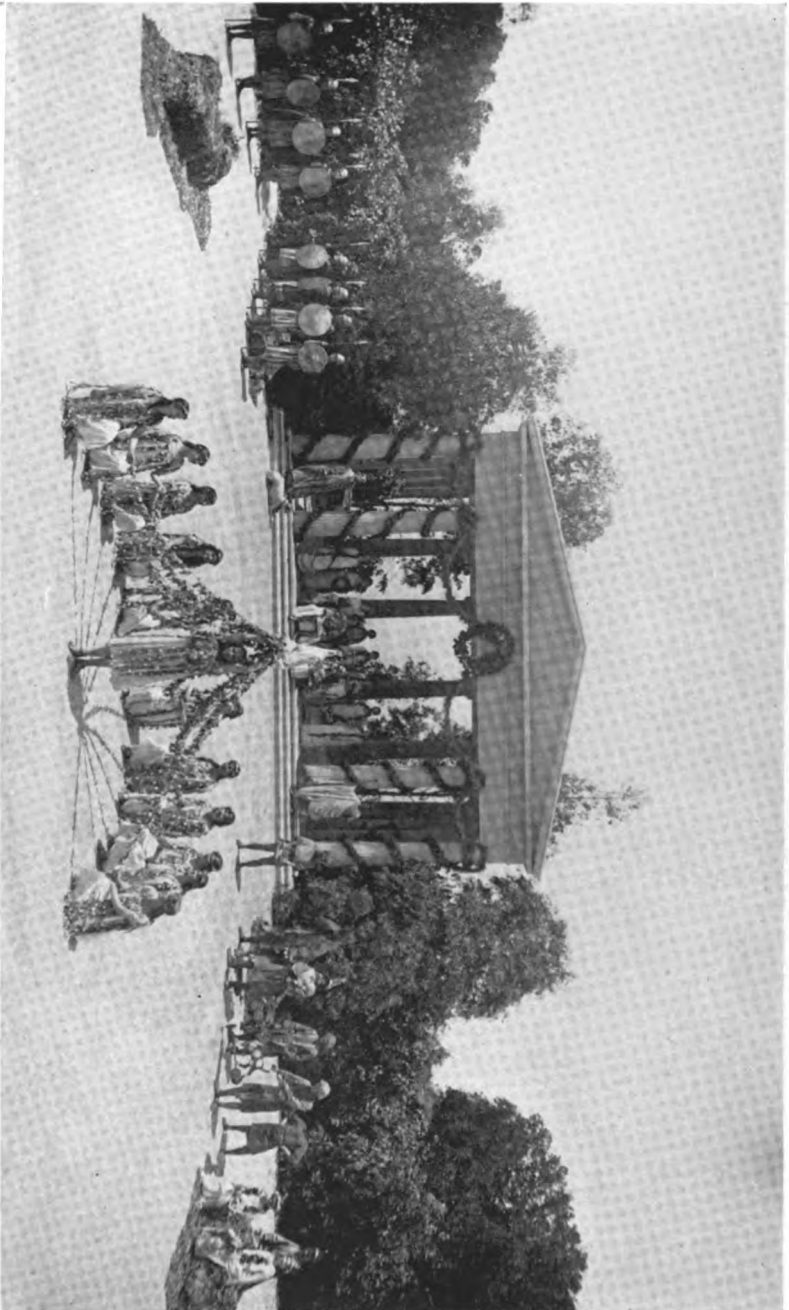
It is matter of common experience that, as we grow and expand in our own character, we take more charitable and generous views of other people; and this familiar fact illustrates the truth of what has been said. For it means that the Soul-light from within is beginning to illumine the mind and dispel the mists of personality and ignorance.

Inward harmony, therefore, is the first thing to be aimed at; for wisdom can only be reflected in the calm mirror of an ordered mind.



“It may be doubted whether the strangeness and improbability of this hypothesis [pre-existence] among ourselves arise after all from grounds on which our philosophy has reason to congratulate itself. It may be questioned whether, if we examine ourselves candidly, we shall not discover that the feeling of extravagance with which it affects us has its secret source in materialistic or semi-materialistic prejudices.”

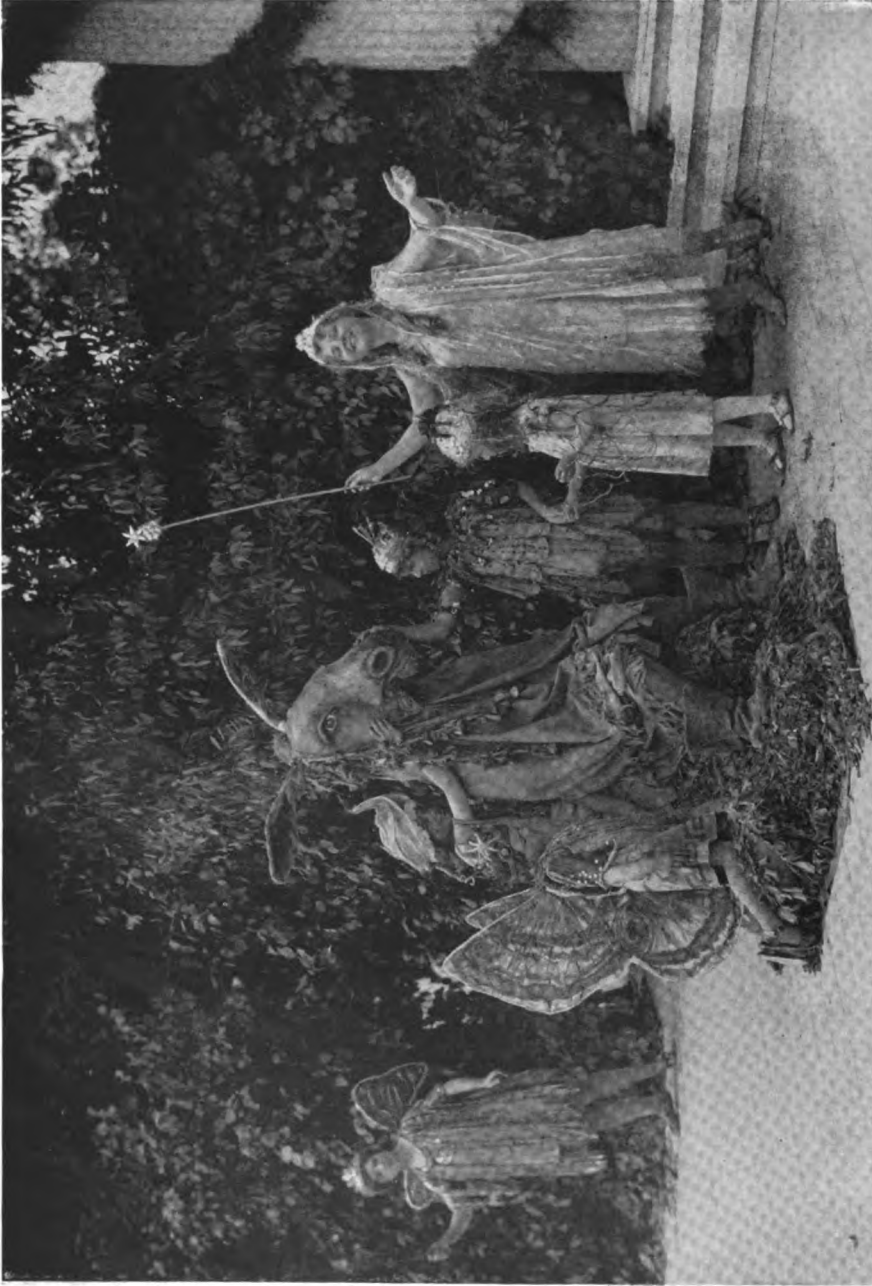
— PROFESSOR WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER'S *Lectures on Platonic Philosophy*



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GREEK MAIDENS DANCING BEFORE DUKE THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA, QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS
IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* IN
THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Theseus: "Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments."



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TITANIA AND HER FAIRIES WAITING UPON THE ASS, WHILE PUCK DRAWS NEAR

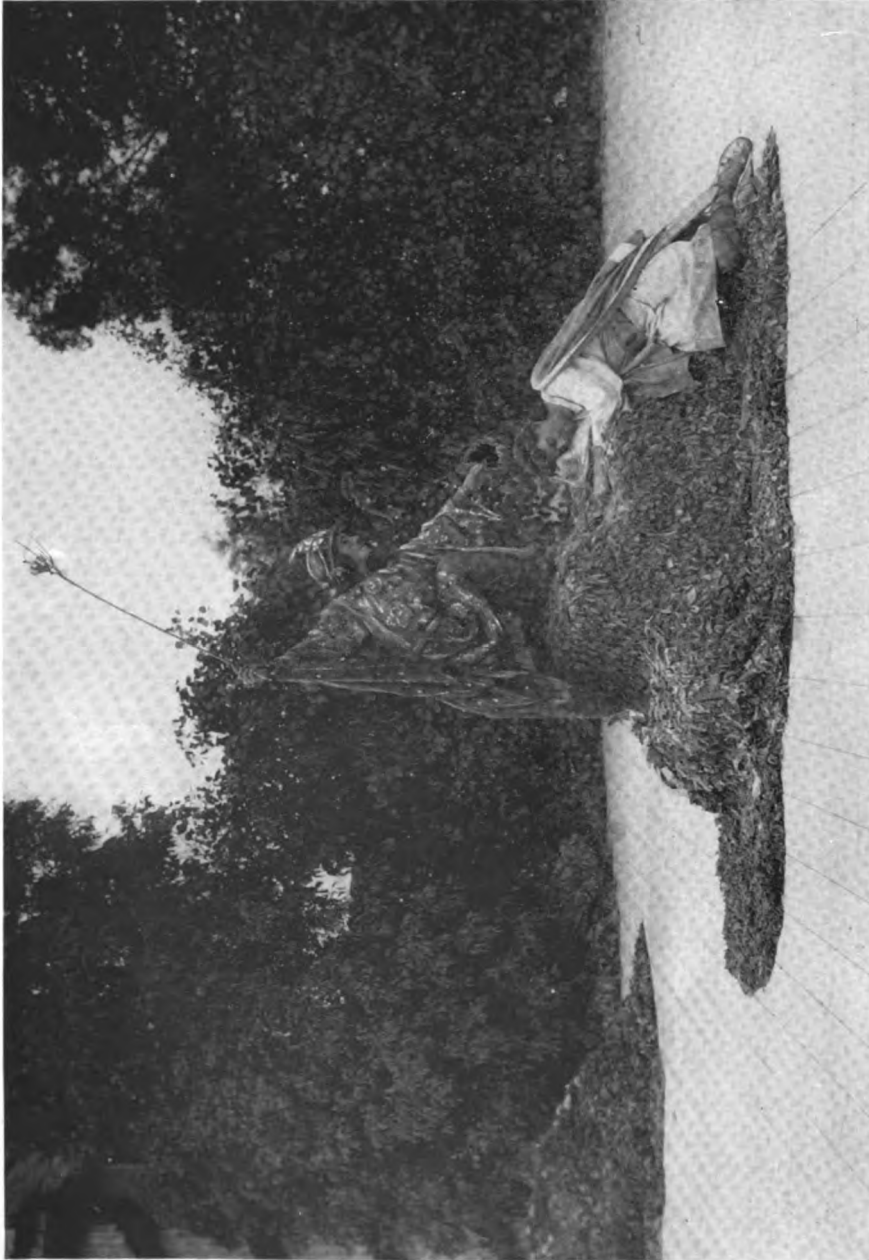
Titania: "I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts."



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OBERON SENDING PUCK FOR THE MAGIC FLOWER

Puck: "I remember."



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

OBERON CASTING THE SPELL OVER SLEEPING DEMETRIUS

Oberon: "Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye."

PREVENTION

R. MACHELL

THERE is a word of infinite virtue in education and also in government — for government and education are both concerned with ordering the forces of life in accordance with the 'fitness of things.' That word is the subject of this paper, Prevention.

The old saying that "Prevention is better than cure," is one that usually commands a certain amount of approbation but that excites very little enthusiasm; and which also arouses a certain amount of unexpressed opposition, due to alarm.

The alarm is instinctual. It is caused by an intuitive recognition of the presence of a power capable of assuming control over the liberty of the individual in the gratification of his wishes.

These wishes include all sorts of personal desires, ambitions, and appetites; the indulgence of which is politely called the 'rights of man,' or some such euphemism. A human being of average intelligence knows that all human woes spring from the uncontrolled indulgence of such desires, appetites, and ambitions. And, knowing this, the individual fears that, sooner or later, other people will want to protect themselves from the evil consequences of his indulgence or of the unrestricted exercise of his rights.

So that while all intelligent people admit that prevention is better than cure, they also in silence agree that prevention should be used on other people and cure be provided for themselves.

But, as no one can be dishonest in his own eyes, so this perversion of moral law has to be camouflaged by the theory that, while other people's troubles may be due to their transgressions, the misfortunes that afflict themselves are caused by social conditions, injustice, tyranny, etc., or perhaps by heredity. And, as the evils of the moment are those that require immediate attention, there is no need for prevention until the desired cure is effected. So, as practical philanthropists or legislators, they can honestly confine their attention to palliation or remedy of the effects, without attempting to prevent or correct the causes of the evils that all deplore.

But common sense has no pity for such quibbling, and it forces us to realize that the evils in life will continue as long as the causes remain uncontrolled. And if these causes are inherent in all individuals, they

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must be controlled by those in whom they arise. So that common sense will tell us that prevention begins at home, for it consists in self-control first, and self-governance ultimately.

Many idealists have seen a vision of a world that was entirely self-governed and have read the picture in terms of their own desires, and called it 'Freedom.' Then, being entirely ignorant of self-control, they have interpreted this picture of freedom as a state of absolute license, or the free gratification of all desires — a stupidity that would be inconceivable, if it were not so amazingly general. Some of these enthusiasts are intelligent enough to see that self-control in itself is no ultimate remedy; but, when they refuse to take that first step on the path of progress and emancipation from the ills of life, they make the next step doubly difficult if not wholly impossible. For self-control is but the first step in self-knowledge, and self-knowledge is the key to all knowledge and all power; for it leads to the identification of the will of the individual with the will of the Universe; and that state is one of harmony and understanding, that ends the sense of wrong and leads to true Liberty.

There can be little doubt that self-control is the first word in education, for education consists in DRAWING OUT the inner possibilities; and this work must be accomplished by the student. The teacher can help, can show the way, can set the example, can explain the method, can establish favorable conditions, can create an atmosphere; but the actual work must be done by the student himself. The teacher can encourage the student to believe in his own possibilities, can inspire him with self-confidence and help him to keep his mind fixed on the goal. But the student must become his own master and must assert his authority over his lower nature from the very start, or no true progress will be made.

That this view of education is not more generally accepted is perhaps the reason for the failure of the modern school systems to establish the moral character of the student on a sure basis. Boards of education have not shown themselves always capable of choosing teachers qualified to draw out the higher side of their students, or able to give the scholars any rational explanation of the problems that are met by every youth, and which must be dealt with understandingly if the pupil is to arrive at anything like self-mastery.

That education in general is not accomplishing this result at present, is proved by the increase of crime, of disease, and of insanity. Were these becoming more rare, we might safely argue that preventive work was being accomplished in our public schools and colleges. But on the contrary we find the reports of charitable organizations showing an enormous increase in donations to institutions wholly devoted to moderating evils that are not prevented and to curing diseases that should not

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have arisen; while the same institutions base their appeals for increased support upon the fact that the evils themselves are constantly increasing. Prevention is needed.

But Prevention itself is also misunderstood by some of those who are most anxious for its establishment. This misunderstanding is of course due to a false philosophy of life, and to the persistence of an old idea that force is an efficient substitute for morality, and that a well-organized police force is a proof of an enlightened civilization. A police force can only deal with evils when they have produced results, and so it is never really preventive. Prevention is the elimination of a cause of evil, or its conversion into a beneficent force. This must be done in the individual before it has produced results: and this is the work of education.

So we come back to the rule that civilization begins at home, and prevention must be practised by each individual in himself. This means self-mastery; the first step towards which is self-control — a practice that is not popular, because the nature of self is not generally understood. To remove this objection, and to show how desirable is such an achievement, right education is necessary; and this education must begin early, and must be conducted by teachers who themselves have mastered this great science in some appreciable degree, and who themselves have learned that it is a path of joy.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to the general acceptance of this ideal is to be found in the fear that it will entail a sacrifice of things desirable, a renunciation of happiness: which is an altogether mistaken view, for that which is to be renounced is that which is most undesirable and the most potent cause of unhappiness. This delusion is the root of human woe.

If this is the path of joy, we may be asked why the old books should speak of it as a path of woe. The answer may be found in the opening passage of *The Voice of the Silence*, by H. P. Blavatsky, which runs thus:

“These instructions are for those ignorant of the dangers of the lower Iddhi,” and in the notes we are told that Iddhis or Siddhis are psychic faculties or abnormal powers in man, “one group of which embraces the lower, coarse, psychic, and mental energies; the other exacts the highest training of spiritual powers.”

Thus we see that the object of these teachings is to warn the rash investigator, who would seek pleasure or excitement by forcing his way into the inner world, for which he is unqualified by lack of discipline, and in which his weaknesses would lay him open to great dangers.

So the path of renunciation is described as seen from the standpoint

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of such a one. And it is certain that so long as the things he clings to as sources of enjoyment still can deceive him, so long must the path of pure joy be to him a path of renunciation and of woe, for he has identified himself with his lower nature. When the disciple has realized that these delusive delights are the real causes of his misery, then he will rejoice to be free from his old slavery, and will look forward to liberation from his old joys as to an awakening to happiness.

An arctic explorer engaging a crew and company for a long expedition will not minimize the hardships of the voyage, nor will he accept as a companion one who is not fully prepared to find joy in the attempt and in the endurance of the greatest hardship. But to those who know all that such a journey implies, there is no question of woe or sacrifice. There is but joy and hope, and dreams of great accomplishment. The dangers are known and recognised, and carefully prepared for in advance; and those who have wasted their energies and ruined their health by past indulgences are not accepted, for the whole attempt might be a failure if the whole party were not qualified to meet the inevitable difficulties of the task.

Therefore the teachers sometimes warn disciples against hasty undertaking of great enterprises, and recommend them to follow rather the lower path of preparation. The entrance to the mysteries of old was guarded by long preparation. The disciple was told that 'discipline precedes instruction.'

The modern enthusiast too often thinks that he can dispense with discipline, and can ignore instruction, while going straight to the goal. There are times in life when a great goal appears quite close; and the enthusiast leaps forward to attain it, only to find that a chasm intervenes between the ground he stands on and the vision that allures him. Such long-sighted visionaries are dangerous leaders, for they bring their followers to inevitable disaster and shake the faith of men in the reality of the goal that is within the reach of all who follow the path of wisdom wisely.

True Teachers are more anxious to show their disciples the next step and to help them to reach it, than to dazzle them with visions of the goal that is as yet far away. Each step safely taken brings the goal nearer, but a plunge into the abyss means a fall back to depths from which the people are but now emerging.

So the most brilliant prospect may lead to retrogression, and the slow path of preparation prove the royal road to progress. This is so obvious that we ignore it, as a truism that is negligible because unavoidable. But surely this present age is a time when the world has need of common

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sense in order to test those theories of life that are the substitutes for knowledge, which the blind world has latterly accepted as the laws of life. The world must recognise that world-events are not the work of single individuals, however active they may have been in helping on disasters. It must be realized that great results flow from adequate causes, and that those causes were seeds sown by many hands in many lands and in many ages, and that the world that reaps the harvest is the same world of men that sowed the seed. Furthermore, it must be realized that the plants that sprang from that seed have been fostered by those whose share in the responsibility for the ultimate harvest may not be so easily traced; and that the quality of the crop might have been altered at any time in the past, just as the harvests of the future may be altered now, even though the seed is sown.

The evils that have torn the world so recently were of long growth and of ancient origin, but they might have been prevented. That is the point. No disaster can be called inevitable till it happens: for even when it is too late to avert the disaster, it is never too late to transmute into beneficent forces the energies let loose. New causes may be set going at any moment, and it lies with men to do it. We are the makers of the world's destiny. We can prevent the evils that we have perhaps accepted in the past as irredeemably ordained by destiny or Nature's law. We are the agents of the law and its administrators. And, though the knowledge of these laws has been forgotten by the world at large, the ancient science is not lost; and man may at any time reclaim his heritage, and know that he is a ray from the Divinity, himself divine in essence, and powerful to make or mar the happiness of his kind.

That which is needed is right education. The secret knowledge is within, and may be drawn out by education, but it cannot be attained by book-learning alone. It is a growth, an evolution of the inner man, coincident with the growth and training of the outer physical body, which must be purified and strengthened by right discipline in order that the inner wisdom, when attained, may be expressed correctly and intelligibly in right conduct as well as in right words. So right education is the most urgent need of humanity today. Even now, when the bare problem of existence seems to obscure all other considerations, it is most urgent that education be placed before all other considerations in the state, as affecting every individual today and the whole course of evolution in the future. But it must be right education, which takes note of the whole complex nature of man, and is not limited to a cultivation of the memory and brain-mind. All the faculties must be united and controlled by the higher will, according to the simple laws of life, the chief of which is Brotherhood — chief, because it is the expression

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of man's spiritual unity with the Soul of the Universe, and because it is the law of life that alone can be called Preventive. The happiness of man depends on Universal Brotherhood; the responsibility of men springs from the same great fact. The apparent simplicity of this law blinds men to its importance, while they go hunting remedies for the woes of life in palliative measures that leave the cause untouched.

Probably there is but one school actually and intelligently founded on this principle, and successfully putting this great law into practical application; and that school is the Râja-Yoga College and Academy at Point Loma, founded and directed by Katherine Tingley. In the nineteen years of its existence it has proved the possibility of establishing preventive education, which is also curative.

No one who knows the power of heredity will hope to prevent the whole results of past causes, nor completely to eradicate hereditary tendencies. But the prevention of future results by the elimination of present causes is shown to be effective in the highest degree, and curative results are accomplished that seem marvelous to those who have become pessimistic from experience of ordinary efforts in that direction.

It is true that many people are beginning to see their only hope for the future in the establishment of such a system of education, but they are often daunted by the difficulty of finding teachers qualified to obtain the desired results; that is to say, teachers who can stand as examples of the principles they profess to inculcate. This difficulty is due to the same law of Nature that makes all the 'get-rich-quick' schemes so disastrous to the society in which they are adopted.

There is a wise old saying that 'the longest way round may prove the shortest way home.' And in reform this rule seems to be an absolute law; as absolute as the axiom that 'no one can give what he has not got.' Teachers to whom the principles of 'Râja-Yoga,' as practised in this school under Katherine Tingley's direction, are but theories, will get but theoretical results; and all attempts to establish a system of true education on any 'get-results-quick' system will get precisely the results that are now being obtained from schools equipped with everything that money can buy and lacking only the one thing necessary to success.

And yet there is no need to abandon hope because the goal is far away. The first step in the right direction is the first thing necessary. This step consists in recognising the overwhelming importance of right education, and the serious responsibility that devolves upon all who have the appointment, selection, or supervision of teachers in their hands. And the fitting provision for their support must not be neglected. These points concern the public, and the public means you and me and the rest.

THE PRICE OF IMMUNITY

When the first step is taken the next will become more apparent. And this first step does not require long training or preparation. It requires the use of common sense and strong will to bring about a better condition in the schools and in the teaching body.

Some of the evils of the present system are so apparent that an improvement could be effected immediately if the public were alive to the urgent need of action in the matter. But this action must be generous and comprehensive, free from sectarianism or parochialism; it must be inspired by a conviction that humanity has rights and responsibilities, among which the right to a good education is first. This right implies responsibility. Rights and responsibilities are inseparable. The next generation will reap a bitter harvest of results from the causes that this generation has let loose; and it is the duty of those who recognise this fact to urge the necessity for preventive action now, that may modify the terrible evils that will otherwise overwhelm the human race. Preventive action means right education. Schools like the Râja-Yoga School of Katherine Tingley are preventive, and will make prisons and lunatic asylums and the like unnecessary. 'Prevention is better than Cure.'

THE PRICE OF IMMUNITY

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



CURRENT topic in medical literature is epidemic pneumonia in camps and cantonments. In an article on the subject, in *The Medical Record* of May 10, 1919, Dr. W. G. MacCallum, of Baltimore, says that everyone has realized that the disease produced an extraordinary depression or lowering of the ordinary powers of resistance. Because of this, he adds, the patients were intensely predisposed to the invasion of any bacteria that happened to be in their mouths or throats. The frequent presence of disease germs in the mouths of healthy persons is evidence that the bacteria do not flourish dangerously except in favorable soil.

This lack of ordinary resistance is a significant point in the severe epidemic, for which physicians openly say they cannot account. The cases are reported with a detailed wealth of bacterial knowledge; but physicians seem powerless to prevent the germs from rapidly overwhelming the non-resisting victims. For some unexplained reason, the vitality is notably below par. These conditions are the more noteworthy in

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military camps, where the picked, able-bodied men of the country, with hygienic conditions, and under medical supervision, theoretically present ideal power to throw off invading organisms. What influence has rendered their bodies a quality of abnormal soil, which favors the rapid multiplication of disease germs?

Instead of saying the *disease produced* the "extraordinary depression," the question is, what influence has subtly depleted the vital forces, before the ever-present germs found the case a favorable camping ground for growth? Certainly the routine preventive inoculations for typhoid, etc., usually produce so decided a reaction, that the system is evidently aroused to a distinct outgo of energy. Even the sturdy soldier is often sick after the treatment. Moreover, there is no means of analysing what is taking place, or what will result, when the system is lashed into an artificial expenditure of vital ammunition, to defeat a possible future attack from, say, typhoid quarters. Even a civilian layman can see that, if the normal reserve stores of fighting blood that can overcome disease, are depleted by this outgo against an enemy not yet within range, the supply is too exhausted to withstand a *moderate* attack from another quarter. Thus the inoculated soldier, though outwardly as invincible as ever to disease, is inwardly crippled and goes down before the attack of organisms which, normally, he is able to resist. The *principle* underlying inoculation treatment is abnormal, and the end results must be of like nature. That inoculation is not a certain preventive, the typhoid statistics in the Gallipoli campaign can attest. But, even granting a kind of abnormal power to serums, which are the attenuated potencies of disease, immunity is secured only by a forced draft upon the patient's reserve vitality.

Science is recognising that "the more matter is subdivided the greater is its radio-activity." Therefore the essence of a disease, diluted in some animal's blood, acquires a morbid power, which cannot be analysed or measured by the ordinary standards of handling matter. Inoculation treatment, in dealing with unseen realms of causes and effects, is, in principle, handling medical dynamite in the dark.

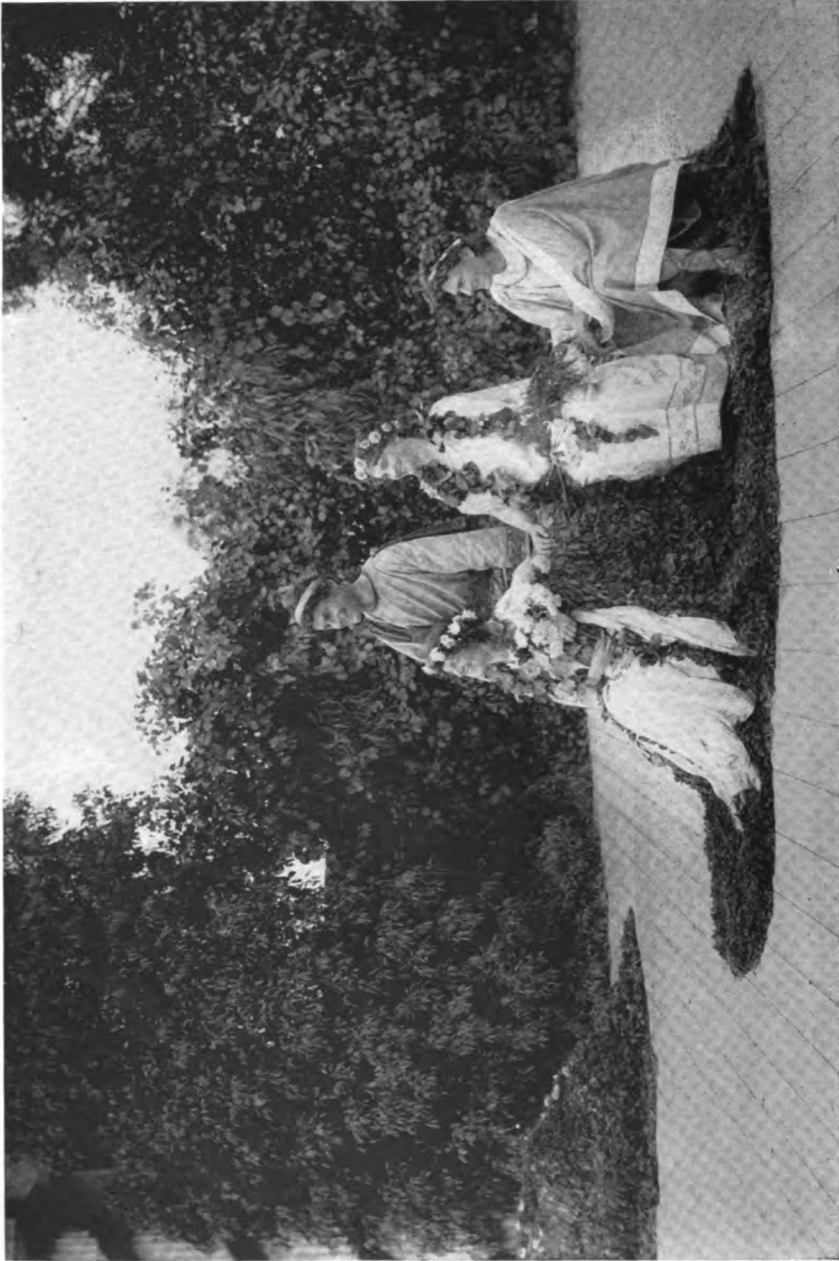
The profession, profoundly psychologized by the serum idea, regard any question of it as heresy. But the unquestioned failure to understand or even to handle empirically the serious post-war epidemics, indicates the need of a revised view of pathology and of treatment.



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THE CLOWNS' REHEARSAL
FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*, AS PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

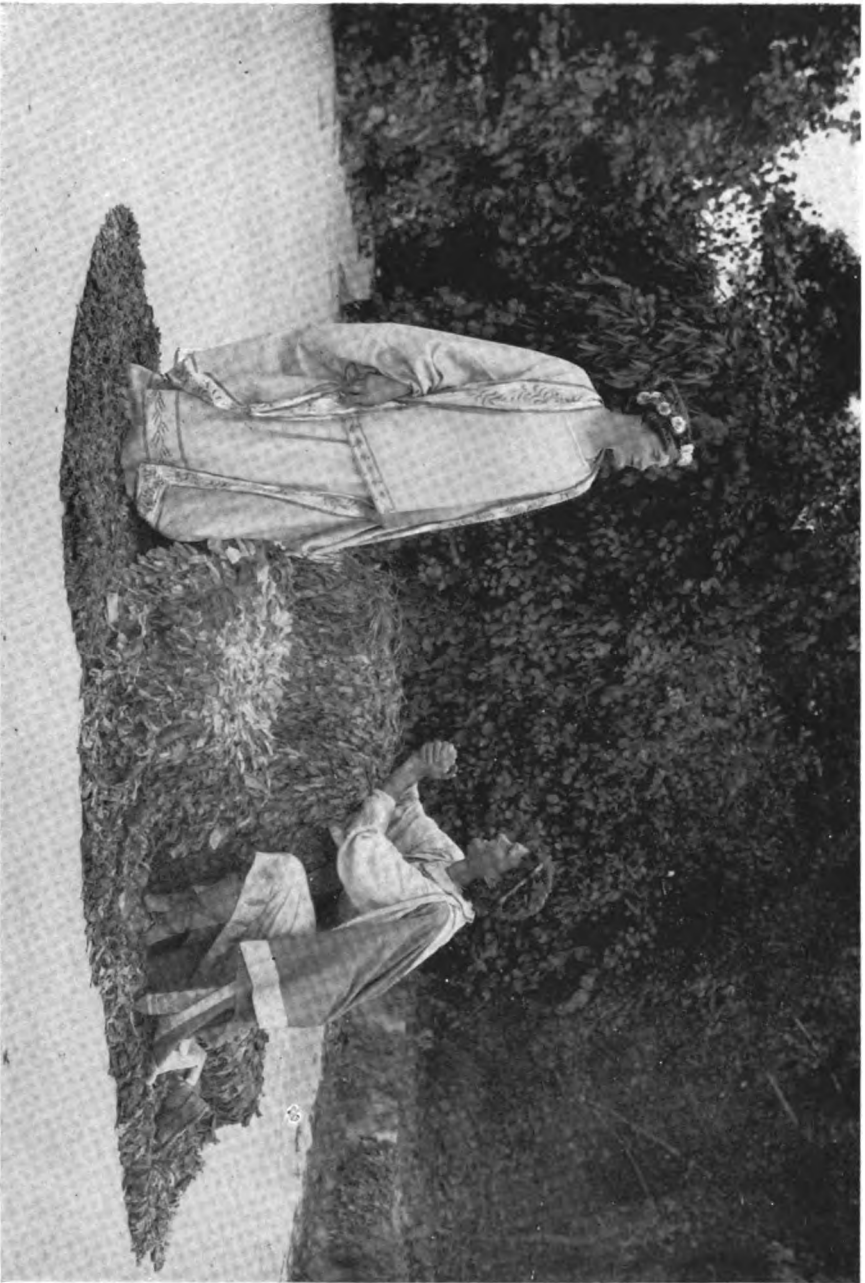
Bottom: "The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates."



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THE LOVERS WATCHING THE CLOWNS' PLAY

Lysander: "It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord."



THE SPELL-BOUND DEMETRIUS AWAKES

Demetrius: "O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!"

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PUCK

Puck: "I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

PART V

HE recently proved fact that the Sun is a magnetic body with magnetic poles near the poles of rotation, similarly to the Earth, is of great interest in view of the future possibilities of discovery in connexion with the magnetism of other heavenly bodies. It is already suspected that many of the planets are enveloped with magnetic fields of far greater strength than that of the Earth, and it is seriously being asked: Is magnetism responsible for conditions in the universe of stars and planets to a much greater degree than has been suspected? In other words, is magnetism the same thing as gravitation, and have we to reckon with repulsive forces in the field of gravity of equal strength with attractive ones? H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*:

“. . . on the question of gravity. How can Science presume to know anything certain of it? How can it maintain its position and its hypotheses against those of the Occultists, who see in gravity only sympathy and antipathy, or attraction and repulsion, caused by physical polarity on the terrestrial plane, and by spiritual causes outside its influence?”

The recent experiments of Professor F. E. Nipher on this subject have aroused great interest, and the results of further researches now in progress are eagerly awaited; for, if his conclusions are verified as completely as he expects, a most revolutionary discovery will have been made, astonishing to the world of science, though not altogether surprising to the student of Theosophy, who has been expecting scientific corroboration of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky on the subject of polarity in gravitation to be soon forthcoming.

Professor Nipher announced, in *Science* for Sept. 21, 1917, that his researches, so far as they extend — and there appears no reason to doubt their validity — demonstrate that it is possible through the influence of electricity not only to diminish the attraction of gravitation to zero, but to transform its attractive force to a *repulsive* one of twice the normal amount. He says, significantly: “If electricity can alter the gravitational attraction of the bodies used in my experiments, the same force can alter the Earth’s attraction,” and that, “if the negative electricity could be drawn from the Earth, gravitational attraction would cease and the coherence of the Earth’s surface would be disastrously affected.”

While the nature of electricity and magnetism is a tremendous mystery, many have believed that gravitation would ultimately turn out to be nothing but a form of electrical energy. We know positively that light

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and electricity are expressions of the same primal energy, and it would seem as if some subtle form of electricity were the original principle back of all the manifested forces of nature which appear in the illusionary forms of light, heat, cohesion, magnetism, chemical affinity, gravity, etc.

Professor Nipher's experiments were not complicated, but they required great care to avoid interference of extraneous forces. He suspended heavy leaden spheres and measured their attraction for small ones in the usual way; when the electric charge on the larger spheres was altered, the gravitational attraction was converted into a repulsion far greater than the normal attraction.

Very curious problems are raised by this remarkable experiment. As there is surely a very close connexion between electricity or magnetism and life, and between life and consciousness, the demonstration that *magnetic* forces of attraction and repulsion are potent in the organization of the universe of suns and planets would lend support to the Theosophical fundamental principle of universal consciousness in nature with Guiding Intelligences — the so-called 'Gods' of antiquity, if we may call them so. That the cosmos has spiritual guidance in some shape controlling the material forces is not a teaching peculiar to Theosophy, though Theosophy has made it comprehensible to the twentieth-century mind and has removed it from the domain of irrational faith or superstition. The belief in hierarchies of controlling Intelligences — call them gods, devas, angels, or what you will — was widespread in antiquity and is not extinct today. Intuitive thinkers like Dr. Russel Wallace, though well acquainted with the mechanistic theories of modern science, feel that "matter, unaided, fails," as H. P. Blavatsky says. Wallace said:

"I also think we have to recognise that between man and the Ultimate God there is an almost infinite multitude of beings, working in the Universe at tasks as definite and important as any that we have to perform on earth. I imagine that the Universe is peopled with intelligent beings with powers and duties akin to our own, but vaster, infinitely vaster. I think there is a gradual ascent from man upward and onward through an almost endless legion of those beings to the First Cause, of whom it is impossible for us to speak."

H. P. Blavatsky said that chemistry was one of the principal means by which Western thought would reach beyond the materialism of the age, and in chemical affinity we find mysterious forms of attraction and repulsion, another expression of the 'pairs of opposites' so all-pervading in Nature and so difficult to explain without the recognition of the element of consciousness.

If gravitation is finally accepted as a synonym for magnetism, unexpected solutions for many unsolved problems may be found. Magnetism always implies repulsion as well as attraction; so far 'negative gravitation' or gravitational repulsion has not been definitely found

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

in the Solar System, though some of the outstanding gravitational irregularities in the motions of the Moon, etc., are suspected by some physicists to be associated with magnetic effects. Yet it may be as plain to view as radio-activity and as widely manifested, once we can disentangle it from other forces which conceal it! Not long ago radio-activity was unsuspected, and even now the unscientific know little of its ubiquity and importance in the scheme of Nature.

Everyone is aware that similarly electrified bodies and similar magnetic poles repel one another. Is it not likely that the collision of Suns and the resulting destruction of cosmic systems, so much discussed in connexion with Temporary Stars, may be greatly modified in actual operation by the possible *repulsion* of 'similarly gravitified' bodies, if the expression may be allowed, when approaching a head-on smash? This is only a hint of the possibilities which the magneto-gravitational suggestion brings forward to modify apparently firmly established theories.

There is now no doubt that conditions on the Sun, exhibited by outbursts of sunspots, are responsible for magnetic storms on Earth, some of which are so tremendous as utterly to disorganize and render useless telegraphic instruments. This magnetic action was quite unknown till recently, and the facts have had a hard fight for recognition.

Another singular and still more unexpected discovery has been announced by Mr. J. R. Henry in connexion with the Moon and magnetic storms. According to this astronomer's exhaustive examination of the data, important magnetic storms occur when the Moon is within a certain number of degrees of four longitudes which divide the zodiac into four equal parts. No apparent reason is given by him for this curious fact, which, however, may have a deeper significance than materialistic science would be willing to admit. The longitudes he mentions are, with a very slight allowance, those of four important stars, Regulus in Leo, Fomalhaut in Pisces, Aldebaran in Taurus, and Antares in Scorpio. These stars were the four 'Royal Stars' of Persia, and the ancients attached great significance to them. What connexion there is between the Moon, these stars, and magnetic storms is quite unexplained.

Readers of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky will recollect that she attaches considerable importance to the influence of the Moon on terrestrial matters and human consciousness, although it has been considered 'unscientific' to believe in anything of the kind except the lunar tidal effects. Of late, however, there has been a change of opinion in certain scientific circles. It is now established that the Moon affects the Earth's magnetism, and that the influence varies with the continually varying distance of the Moon from the Earth. Some

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

experiments made a few years ago in South Africa showed that meat and fish decomposed more rapidly in bright moonlight, and now it is again being seriously announced that investigation in a large institution for the insane has proved that an alteration of behavior of many patients coincides with the changes of the Moon. This has been noticed before by many observers, but the subject is so difficult to harmonize with preconceived notions of its impossibility, of superstition, etc., that it has not received a fair hearing. We shall find, before long, that our forefathers were not such blockheads as we have thought in our conceit.

Since the first of these articles was written, several rival hypotheses have appeared by learned and original astronomers criticising or attempting to supersede those of other researchers on the subject of the universe of stars and nebulae. The theory of Dr. Campbell, and others, of 'Island Universes,' in which he expresses the view that the Spiral Nebulae are universes of stars and nebulae far removed from the one in which we live and which is marked by the great circle of the Milky Way, has been criticised on the basis that recent speculations and discoveries lead us to believe that our visible universe, including the Milky Way, is enormously larger than has been suspected, and is capacious enough to contain the great globular clusters of stars, the spiral nebulae and everything in sight. According to this hypothesis, we cannot see beyond our own universe, and the Milky Way is merely a kind of optical illusion produced by the great thickness of the belt of stars in that direction, not by their crowding. There is much to say for the new hypothesis, but, like all the rest, it is based upon slender foundations, and no doubt the promoters of other theories will have plenty to say for themselves in reply.

Every observer, however, agrees that the Milky Way is an aggregation of stars in a plane, and that it terminates somewhere, though it is undecided whether it is fairly evenly scattered with stars or whether it is ring-shaped or a flattened spiral. The Island-Universe theory inclines to the latter belief. But in any case there is a considerable unity of feeling that the birthplace of the stars is in the Milky Way and not in the regions away from it which are comparatively free from stars, but full of spiral nebulae. Astronomers are inclined to believe that the young stars are the slowly-moving ones and that as they grow older they increase in speed. The speed of the slowest is supposed to be about four miles per second, and the fastest so far measured approaches 258 miles per second: the average is 21. It is widely held that the younger stars have not had time to stray far from the Milky Way, but the older and faster ones have become well distributed over wide regions. Some support is given to this idea by a remarkable statement in the *Trans-*

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

actions of the Blavatsky Lodge (part II) made by H. P. Blavatsky many years ago; speaking of Solar Systems she says:

“All began life as wanderers over the face of the infinite Kosmos. They detached themselves from the common storehouse of already-prepared material, the Milky Way (which is nothing more nor less than the quite developed world-stuff, all the rest in space being the crude material, as yet invisible to us); then starting on their long journey they first settled in life where conditions were prepared for them by Fohat, and gradually became suns. . . .”

There are two points in this important statement of particular interest in view of the fact that when it was written there was no suggestion in astronomical circles that the Milky Way was the birthplace of Suns, and the existence of “crude material as yet invisible to us” in space was quite unsuspected. Today we know of the Wolf-Rayet stars, a most peculiar, and it is believed, primitive type, apparently half-way between a star and a nebula, which are nearly all found close to the central line of the Milky Way! It is believed that the Wolf-Rayet stars are just starting out on their evolutionary career, and that they have not consolidated into the Solar-System condition yet.

The second point about invisible crude material lying around in space instantly suggests the very recent declarations of some of our leading observers that the strange, dark areas in the sky, commonly called ‘coal-sacks’ from their impressive blackness and absence of stars, are caused by invisible but opaque substance — dark nebulae in fact — shutting off the light of the stars behind them. For long these black places were considered to be ‘holes’ in the sky, *i. e.*, spaces where there were no stars and behind which there was infinite vacancy. In the vicinity of the star *S. Coronae Australis* there is a patch of sky nearly as large as the Moon in which no star can be seen in a nine-inch refracting telescope. Nearby there are stars enveloped in luminous nebulae, and on the very edge of the black space there is a small star which fluctuates slightly in magnitude and which was invisible between 1899 and 1901. The explanation given of this is that the dark absorbing material that covers the black area spreads a little at times and partially or wholly hides the small star on the border. Such a thing as a mass of dark non-luminous gas, a dark nebula, was never suspected by science till lately; it was not within the bounds of possibility, so to say; and so the words of H. P. Blavatsky, “crude material, *as yet* invisible to us,” stand out as very significant.

Another proof of invisible material in the sky between us and certain stars is curious. About twenty-five double stars are known which present unusual phenomena when examined through the spectroscope. Some of the spectral lines (those of calcium), instead of partaking of the slight change of place which is caused by the orbital motion of the components

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of the double star, remain stationary or practically so. This is naturally interpreted to signify that the stationary lines are not caused by the stars but by a cloud of invisible calcium vapor between us and the stars. All but one of the stars are located in or near the Milky Way, and several are in or near the dark rifts.

Another bit of evidence showing the existence of dark matter in space comes from the Pleiades. Surrounding this remarkable asterism there is a so-called nebula, revealed lately by photography. When examined spectroscopically it was found to exhibit the dark-line spectrum of the bright stars of the Pleiades and not the usual bright-line nebular spectrum. The direct inference from this is that the nebula of the Pleiades is not self-luminous but is of a peculiar nature, dark in itself and only shining faintly because it reflects the light of the blazing suns amid which it lies. The prevailing pale yellow tint of the stars in the Pleiades is probably due to the absorption of the blue rays by the dark cosmic 'dust' surrounding them, in the same way that a fog makes the Sun look red.

JOTTINGS

THE BUSY PEN

I — INAUDIBLE SOUNDS IN NATURE



WRITER in a scientific contemporary draws attention to the fact that what we call the range of audible tones is arbitrarily limited by the capacity of the human auditory perception, and even this varies with different individuals, some being able to hear shriller sounds (such as those of the bat and some insects) than others. Hence there must be sounds that cannot be perceived by any man, and these may be perceptible to some animals. He also recalls the story of a man who constructed a whistle to give such a sound, and who was able to call his dog with this whistle, though no sound could be heard by human beings. This idea has doubtless occurred to many people; and it affords a convenient explanation of the way in which insects may be able to communicate with one another: perhaps they are shouting, but in tones so shrill that they escape human ears. Insects may often be observed to be moving their antennae in a peculiar manner, as though telegraphing with a semaphore; and we know that organs of hearing vary considerably in form, and that thin hairs form a common feature of them. It has been thought possible to regard all senses as specializations of a single sense — that of touch; and, if this be so, there would seem to be no good reason for limiting them to five.

JOTTINGS

The question arises as to the real meaning of the word 'Nature.' As far as our experience goes, Nature is a bundle of sensory impressions. Some say that these sensory impressions result from a union between something within us and something outside of us. What is that something outside? Something very prolific evidently, and capable of yielding a great variety of results according to the sense-endowment of the creature which contacts it. To the insect, with its entirely different set of senses, how different must Nature appear!

It follows that, if our own sense-endowment were to change, Nature also would change for us. If we possess senses that are as yet latent, but which may some day become active, we may find much more in the universe than we dream of at present.

Cognition arises from the interaction of subject and object; and cognition includes both perception by the senses and apprehension of ideas by the mind. Thus we already have two sets of senses: those of the periphery of the body, and those mental senses by which we grasp ideas. But it is by no means likely that these are all the means of cognition possible to man. The contrary is directly affirmed by some. To understand the causes that lie beyond phenomena, the daring explorer 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."—*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 477-478

How futile, then, to accept as fixed and final that presentment of Nature which our physical senses afford, seeing that the said physical senses are but the lowest and most external plane of our mind, and that they can unlock but the outermost portals of the great temple! This physical universe may seem very fixed and solid to us; but so must seem the water to the fish that swims therein and knows naught of earth and air.

II — THE TRUE FUNCTION OF SCIENCE

Is the following a sign of the times? G. T. W. Patrick, in *The Scientific Monthly*, February, 1919, says that Plato taught that science should not be applied to the mechanical and industrial arts, but to education, social culture, and social health; and that Rousseau held that the arts and sciences have done naught to advance happiness. Without venturing as far as this, the writer does question whether science has thus far been applied to the right things. It has surrounded us with an ever-increasing abundance of comforts and conveniences, but what will be the effect of these upon a race disciplined by so many past ages of 'hardships'?

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“Possibly science should never have been applied to making man comfortable, but to making him perfect.”

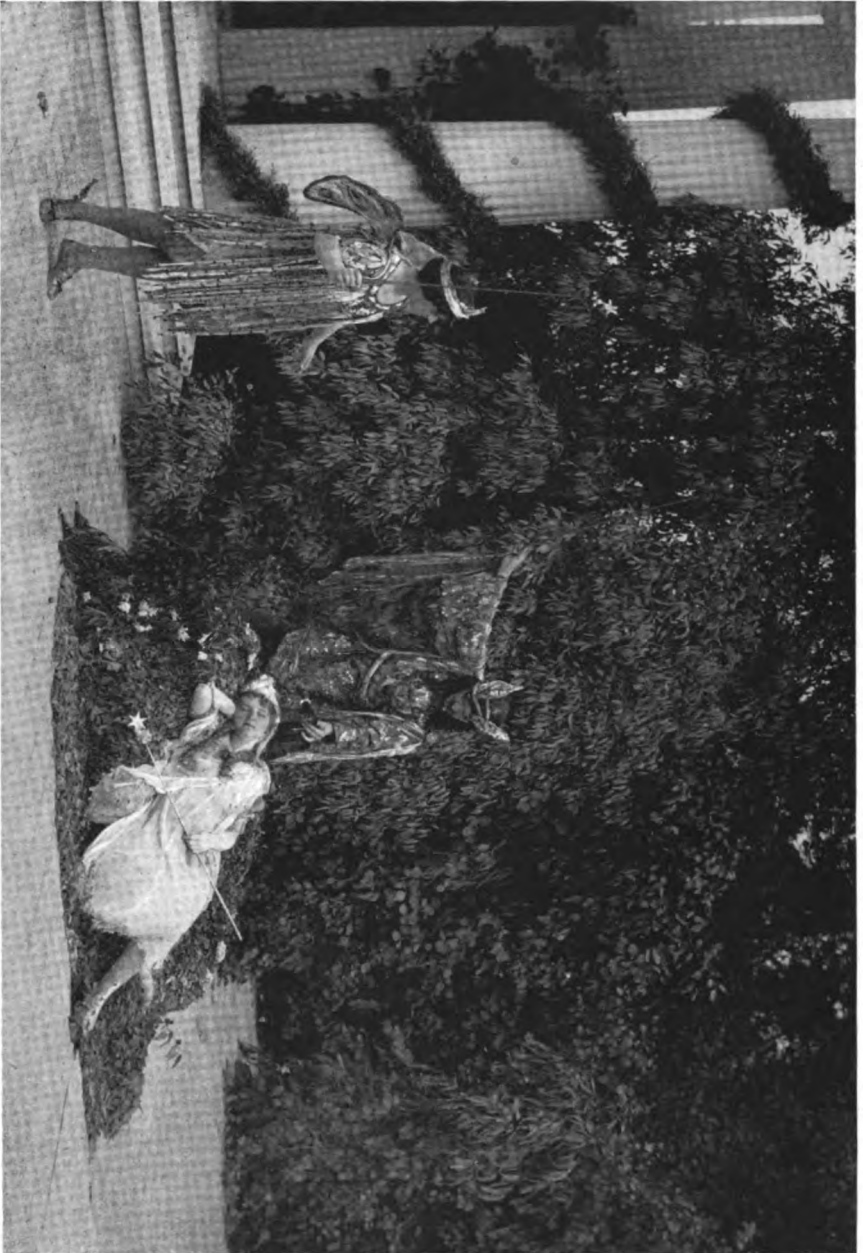
Is there danger in comfort? The biologist sees as its sequel — degeneracy. We have our time-saving devices, but yet we do not seem to have more time.

“It has been seriously questioned whether civilized man has gained enough moral and physical poise to be trusted with the immense wealth which applied science, working upon our suddenly applied store of coal and iron, has supplied.”

“Science has always been applied, and successfully, to our immediate needs as they were understood. The immediate needs of our present time are not more wealth and more luxury and more efficiency, but more social and constitutional power of resistance to every alluring immediate joy which threatens the permanent welfare of society. We need steadiness and self-control and the limitation of our desires. The centrifugal motive which has ruled the world for the last fifty years has gone far enough. The world is small and there are limits to the expansive opportunities both of the nation and the individual.”

On reading the above, one is left in some doubt whether science has made us more comfortable or not; but the sense seems to be that it has tried to make us so, but has not succeeded; also that (paradoxical as this may seem) the reason why it has not succeeded in making us more comfortable is because it has made comfort its direct aim. A man accustomed to wear little or no clothing finds our habiliments anything but a comfort; nor does he appreciate indoor life and feather-beds. Even a civilized man, moving from one country to another, finds some of the so-called comforts — and even necessities — not only useless to him but even a nuisance. “Is not the whole world leather-covered to him who wears shoes?” Hence, what boots it to spread carpets along our path in life, if thereby we take away the padding from our joints? Why put on more clothes, if it only removes the warm fat from beneath our skin? Who is the more comfortable, the man who can be happy on the floor of a cart, or the man who needs an upholstered car with ice-water and every ‘luxury’; or who is the better off, the man who finds no weariness in himself or his thoughts, hour by hour, or the man who cannot endure five minutes without a newspaper or novel? But the theme is hackneyed. Also, we sometimes forget to consider the condition of civilized society as a whole, and speak only with the voice of a member of the ‘comfortable classes.’

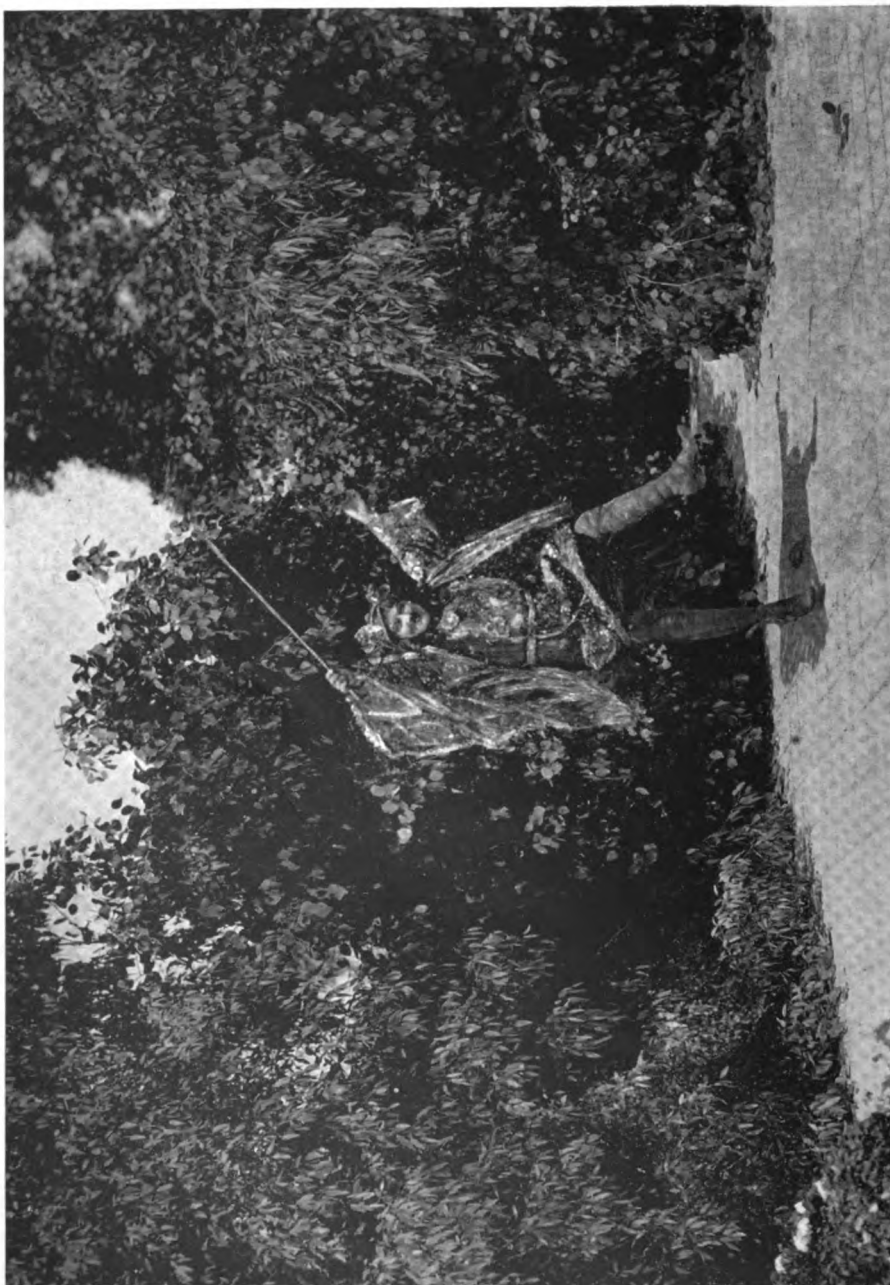
The important point is whether man has “gained enough moral and physical poise to be trusted with the immense wealth which applied science . . . has supplied.” Results prove that he has not, and that the aim of science for the future must be towards giving him that strength and poise. The meaning of the word ‘science’ must no longer be scornfully restricted to physical laws of nature, but must be taken in its real sense — that of the science of right living; and its application must likewise be extended from machinery to the means of gaining self-control.



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OBERON LAYS THE MAGIC LOVE-JUICE ON THE EYES OF SLEEPING TITANIA
A SCENE FROM THE POINT LOMA PRODUCTION OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Oberon: "What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake."



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

OBERON HAVING CAST THE SPELL LEAVES TITANIA ASLEEP

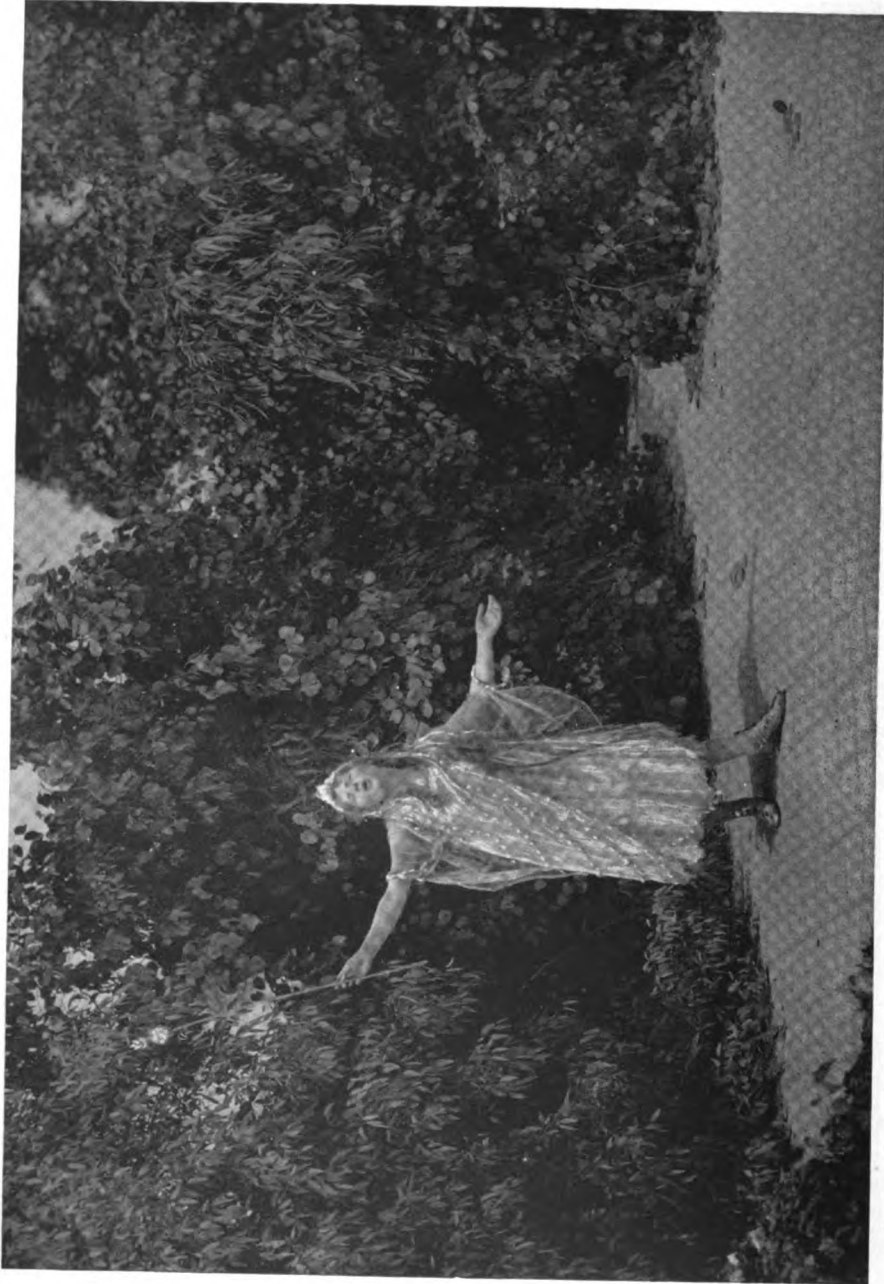
Oberon: "Wake when some vile thing is near."



OBERON WAKES TITANIA FROM THE SPELL

Oberon: "Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen."

Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.



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TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

Titania: "O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!"

A LAW SUPERIOR TO PERSONAL DESIRES

T. HENRY, M. A.

"The true cause of industrial warfare is as simple as the true cause of international warfare. It is that, if men recognise no law superior to their desires, then they must fight when their desires collide."

I. WHAT IS THE MATTER?

IN the April number of *The Hibbert Journal* we find, as usual, many able papers reflecting the crest-wave of modern thought on the serious questions of life. The first is entitled, 'The Sickness of Acquisitive Society,' by R. H. Tawney, M. A. Acquisitive society is the name which he gives to the existing order of society in civilized communities. It is, according to him, based on the following doctrine:

"The right to the free disposal of property and to the exploitation of economic opportunities is conceived by a large part of the modern world . . . to be absolute."

These alleged rights are

"Rights which stand by their own virtue, not functions to be judged by the success with which they contribute to a social purpose."

He seems to use the word "function" in the sense of 'duty,' and to draw the contrast between rights and duties. Our society is based on the idea that individuals possess certain inherent rights — economic rights, the author calls them — independently of duty. But, says he, these rights ought to be contingent upon duty. It is true that we submit to certain modifications of this doctrine in detail, as when restrictions are placed on them for special occasions, like the recent war; but we cling to the principle, resent the restrictions, and hark back to our original claims as soon as possible.

In the nineteenth century we evolved a doctrine that the best interests of social progress were served by allowing to each individual unrestricted liberty in the indulgence of these alleged inherent rights. This was the so-called Manchester school of economics. Unrestrained individualism was the key to progress; or, in the author's happy phrase, "man's self-love was God's providence." But, lo and behold, although we have now discarded this doctrine, it having failed at the test of experience and of philosophical analysis, we still cling to our original principles; thus showing that the said doctrine was merely an excuse, to be pleaded

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as long as it would pass current — a piece of cant, in fact. We do not now believe that unrestricted individualism conduces by a mysterious law to the welfare of society, but we continue nevertheless to practise the doctrine of unrestricted individualism.

The opposite to this form of society would be a form which should make the acquisition of wealth contingent upon the discharge of social obligations. This the writer would call a "functional society," but says that it nowhere exists today. Our economic doctrine

"is an invitation to men to use the powers with which they have been endowed by nature or society, by skill or energy or relentless egotism, or mere good fortune, without inquiring whether there is any principle by which their exercise should be limited."

It fixes men's minds

"not upon the discharge of social obligations . . . but upon the exercise of the right to pursue their own self-interest. . . . It assures men that there are no ends other than their ends, no law other than desires. . . . Thus it makes the individual the center of his own universe and dissolves moral principles into a choice of expediencies."

One of the results of this doctrine reminds us strongly of H. P. Blavatsky's article on 'Civilization, the Death of Art and Beauty'; for

"Men destroy religion and art and morality, which cannot exist unless they are disinterested; and having destroyed these, which are the end, for the sake of industry, which is a means, they make their industry itself what they make their cities, a desert of unnatural dreariness, which only forgetfulness can make endurable, and which only excitement can enable them to forget."

Thus we do not become religious or wise or artistic, but rich and powerful. In striving after acquisitions, we have neglected those real values which alone give to riches their meaning.

"The will to economic power, if it is sufficiently single-minded, brings riches. But if it is single-minded, it destroys the moral restraints which ought to condition the pursuit of riches, and therefore also makes the pursuit of riches meaningless."

We make many attempts to palliate the antagonism which arises from this universal pursuit of personal interests; but even these attempts are often based on self-interest, and therefore they are precarious and insincere. Mere tact and forbearance will not cure the evil as long as we retain the wrong principle.

Industrialism is defined by the writer, not as any particular method or process, but as a state of mind — that state of mind which exalts industry into an end in itself, instead of a means to higher ends. Industrialism, he thinks, has been made a fetish, just as much as militarism has been made a fetish.

"Men may use what mechanical instruments they please, and be none the worse for their use. What kills their souls is when they allow their instruments to use them."

A LAW SUPERIOR TO PERSONAL DESIRES

It is thus clear that it is not modern invention that he condemns, but the spirit which has caused that invention to be so *abused*. Nor does he condemn individualism, but only its perversion. This perversion asserts that the rights of individuals are absolute, instead of asserting that they are absolute only in their own sphere, but that their sphere itself is contingent on the part they play in the community of individuals.

We move in a vicious circle and can find no cure unless we surrender the claim to unfettered exercise of alleged personal rights.

"If society is to be healthy, men must regard themselves not as the owners of rights, but as trustees for the discharge of functions, and the instruments of a social purpose."

The crucial point of this article seems to us to lie in this quotation, which we give again in conclusion:

"The true cause of industrial warfare is as simple as the true cause of international warfare. It is that, if men recognise no law superior to their desires, then they must fight when their desires collide."

Thus we see that civilization is sick from selfishness — the cardinal sin, the great destructive force.

"The one terrible and only cause of the disturbance of harmony is selfishness."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"The individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual."

— H. P. Blavatsky

As long as selfishness remains, as a principle of conduct, as an active force, it is no use devising systems, for they will contain the same destructive germ as before; and, in reacting from individualism to communism or collectivism, we shall but rehearse a familiar and futile story. If all government proceeds in reality from the governed, then any system which strives to make them conform to a spirit which they do not feel, is a system of force and cannot succeed. So we are back again in the familiar place: *reform begins in the human heart*. It is our ideals that we must look to.

It is evident, too, what thoughtful people must always have known, that we are all involved in the blame for the recent catastrophes. For, though one nation may have one ugly fetish, which it is necessary to overthrow, other nations have also their ugly fetishes. Of what use will it be to repress the giant evil in one place or one form, merely to have it crop out in another place and form?

II — WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Having reached the inevitable conclusion that bad conditions are the outcome of bad ideals, and that the human heart needs a change, we find ourselves, as usual, left in the lurch, with only an interrogation

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mark to console us. Religion is wanted; but, if religion itself is involved in the catastrophe, whither shall we turn for aid? Where shall true Religion be found — that eternal inspiration, which, free from the deadening influence of dogma and sect, has its home in the heart of man? Fortunately we have one sure hope — Theosophy. It was for just such a case as this that Theosophy was brought to the modern world.

Theosophy is the embodiment of those eternal principles of morality that never change, because they are the laws of human nature itself. Biology attempts to define the laws of our physical nature, where we have our kinship with the animal world; but Theosophy enunciates the laws of our higher nature. These laws constitute a universal and eternal code of ethics, which is not invented or artificial or imposed, but actually existent and inevitable. Moreover, Theosophy, by its vast and luminous philosophical tenets, gives a rational basis for ethics, appeals to the understanding, and brings conviction to the mind and the inspiration of high resolve to the heart. It is certain that Theosophy can bring the help that we seek in vain elsewhere; it has the things which other resources have not.

It is evident that we cannot make men give up their selfishness and embrace those ideals of duty and service that are shown to be so necessary, as long as we are teaching men that they are nothing more than highly evolved animals. If our social ideas have been perverted, as the writer says, so have our scientific ideas; and this perverted science is responsible for a large share of the evil. It dings into our ears the story of our animal affinities. Nobody denies that we have animal affinities; but the important question is whether we, as human beings, are to gravitate towards our animal nature, or aspire towards our divine nature; and the perversion really seems anxious that we should do the former, so much does it harp upon our supposed evolution and upon the phenomena of our lower psychic nature. If we are to stick up on the walls of our schoolrooms pictures of imaginary half-human monsters, and tell the children, "These are your ancestors; behold and worship!" — we shall not be paving the way for a change of heart from selfish and sordid ideals to high and noble aspirations.

The same must be said of perversions of religion, of such as teach that man is inherently and helplessly sinful, having no power of saving himself. To what extent are such teachings responsible for the selfishness of our society? If we are to find help in an appeal to the human heart, we must look elsewhere than to influences which so discourage man.

Theosophy insists upon the essential divinity of human nature; it teaches man true self-reliance. It teaches him to rely, not on his mere vain personality, but upon that divine Individuality which constitutes

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his real Self. It bids man recognise and assert his real Rights — that is to say, his Duties, his Obligations, his Privileges. It explains to him the wonderful mysteries of his complex human nature, and shows him how by the Divine he can subdue the animal. It reminds him of the past greatness of the human race — of the heritage which promises so much for humanity's future. Theosophy is the gospel of Hope, of Courage, of Enlightenment, of true Liberation.

The Theosophical ideal of education — Râja-Yoga education — takes as first and last principle the divinity of man, and makes duty and service its keynote. Ordinary education is based on the keynote of a perverted individualism, on the idea of getting on and carving out, at almost any cost to others, one's own path amid the strife. It is this Theosophical education alone which, beginning in the tenderest years, can so mold the lives of the rising generation that the saving power shall proceed from man himself, and thus bring about a natural reform in society. Theosophy is sowing ideals broadcast. It is these seeds that we must look to for the future harvest.

Theosophy not only upholds the ideals, but it shows how they are to be realized. It points the way. The practical realization of Theosophy is the world's example, to which men are turning for help and light in their perplexities.

“If men recognise no law superior to their (personal) desires.” Then we must teach them a superior desire. Do the churches teach it, does science teach it? If not, why not? And, if so, why have they not succeeded better? It would seem as though both were involved in the catastrophe. It remains for Theosophy to teach this superior law, and to teach it in such a way that it shall yield results. To begin with, Theosophy presents its marvelous teachings, the heritage of the ages — the heirloom of times when man, not fallen into separateness and the worship of material aims, saw the truth with an undimmed eye and lived in harmony with the essential laws of his nature. Such truth needs but to be revealed, pointed out. It will convince by the inherent force of its appeal to man's intuition. But these teachings must be put into practice, otherwise even they will remain dead letters. And they are put into practice — by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at its International Headquarters, and in the Râja-Yoga College and Academy there instituted.

Then what is the superior law that men shall recognise? What is the law that is superior to their personal desires? *That they shall recognise the law of their divine nature.*

Man is compounded of the god and the animal. The strife in his nature must continue and intensify until one or the other of these masters the

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other. When the god is made servant to the animal, man becomes a demon. (This cannot happen altogether, for the divine part breaks away, as in Bulwer Lytton's *Margrave*, leaving the animal behind with a remnant of the intellect.) If, on the contrary, the god wins, then the animal becomes the servant, and man achieves his destiny. We cannot go on forever in a state of compromise. Each individual must sooner or later make the choice; and so with nations. It is inevitable that we should acknowledge the true law of humanity to be the higher law of the divine nature, not the lower law of the animal nature. This means that the man will strive to make harmony and brotherhood the principle of his life, not self-satisfaction. He will not be brought up in the idea that he has to concentrate his energies on making a place for himself, but in the idea that his business is to fit into his right sphere and become a useful member of the community. And in economics and industry, in place of the idea that each individual, each class, each nation, must grab all that it possibly can, we shall have the idea of mutual service and accommodation, just as in a harmonious and united family.

The parallel between a family and a group of nations has often been drawn, and the essential point is that the love and fellow-feeling in the family exclude all idea of selfish ambition and all need for safeguards against such ambition; and that the same conditions ought to rule within nations and between nations. Hence all depends on the *spirit* that inspires and the *ideals* that guide the members of the human family. And, as said, Theosophy, with its teachings and the spirit they inspire, is the only hope of civilization for a new order of life at this crisis.

ASTROLOGY AND THEOSOPHY

STUDENT

MANY inquirers, on hearing Theosophy mentioned, think it is occupied largely with astrology. But this is a mistake, as they soon find out if they pursue their inquiries. There are small cults and coteries, calling themselves theosophical, which dabble in astrology; but the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the only body in the world which represents the original and genuine Theosophy, does not occupy itself with astrological pursuits.

It is true that the original 'Objects' of the Theosophical Society included the study of ancient philosophies and sciences, of which astrology is one. But to study these things earnestly and seriously, as a whole, and as a subsidiary means to the forwarding of the first 'Object' — the

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formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood — is a very different thing from mere fortune-telling and dabbling in those sorry fragments of astrology which are all that the dabblers have been able to glean from medieval lore. Moreover, when the Theosophical Society was reorganized in 1898 as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, much more stress was laid on the first object, and its activities took a far more practical turn.

The objection here made to astrological pursuits as commonly understood, is not directed against astrology as such or in particular, but against vain and misleading pursuits of all kinds when indulged in by people who have undertaken to qualify themselves for the title of Theosophist. It is easy to see that such pursuits, in which we include palmistry, crystal-gazing, clairvoyance, psychometry, and the like, do not lend themselves to the promotion of the real purpose of Theosophy — the regeneration of human life on the principles of the eternal Wisdom-Religion. Considered from the viewpoint of an earnest Theosophist, such pursuits are at best a waste of time and energy; and they may indeed be worse, for they often foster a fantastic and unpractical habit of mind.

As W. Q. Judge points out, the influence of the heavens was anciently regarded as proceeding from the 'ambient' — the entire vault of heaven; but our modern astrologers deal almost exclusively with the Zodiacal belt and the planets that circle therein. A mere glance at ancient astrological treatises, such as the *Brihad-Jātaka* for instance, will suffice to show how vast and complex was that ancient science, of which we now have but the little we have derived from the Middle Ages — a fragment of a fragment indeed.

On this narrow basis is founded the system of fortune-telling, character delineation, and mundane and horary astrology, that forms the stock-in-trade of the modern astrologist. Most of them never scan the heavens at all, but merely a diagram, drawn up by rules of arithmetic adequate to the abilities of a child, from astronomical tables computed by the brains and sweat of others. Mars is represented as in the mid-heaven, though his actual position may have been anywhere from near the zenith to low down towards the horizon. In other words, ecliptic longitude only is counted, regardless of declination. The monthly predictions in astrological almanacs are ridiculous, and might be mixed up and interchanged without detriment to the triumphant self-vindication in which the astrologer indulges in next year's number. The fate of potentates who have died is predicted. We have seen the characters and lives of prominent persons delineated from figures that have afterwards been admitted to have been wrong. It is easy to point out in a horoscope (whether correct

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or incorrect) the indications of a person's character and fate; but what modern, given a horoscope, can tell whether its owner was famous or obscure, man or woman, married or single; when he died or will die; what diseases and accidents; his avocation; when and where he traveled; etc., etc.?

And if, not content with such a meager outfit of knowledge, the ambitious student should determine to investigate further the mysteries of this profound science — what then? Let him prepare to renounce the world and devote the whole of his weary days and nights to a pursuit that ever opens out in broader vistas and more numerous paths, the more one proceeds. It is the nature of such studies that each new discovery, instead of bringing us to a conclusion, merely opens out a view of further heights to be scaled. In a word, to study astrology properly, the student must be ready to sacrifice on the altar whatever the jealous god may demand. It is scarcely necessary to say that Theosophists have neither the time nor the energy to spare. This is not an age in the world's history when astrology can be made the honored pursuit of learned sages and colleges protected by kings — whatever the Chaldees and Arabs may have done. The alternative seems to be a kind of astrology that suggests the itinerant phrenologist and nostrum-seller, with his long hair and broad-brimmed hat.

Nevertheless astrology is a great and mighty science, a branch of the Mysteries. All the more pity that it should so have fallen from its high estate. It would seem that, if I set out to study the occult sciences severally, I should require a few lifetimes for each; a few for astrology, one or two for the Tarot cards; for the mysteries of numbers and magnitudes — many, many incarnations! What a lot there is to learn, and how hopeless it all seems. And I say to myself: "Behold, this also is vanity!"

Such a method of learning — by plodding through one thing at a time — can never teach us much. What we need is *wisdom*, the power to know, so that we might survey the field of knowledge from the airy height, like a bird, instead of crawling vaguely and blindly over it like the eyeless beetle.

The sincere student of Theosophy seeks to develop his nature in such ways as will best conduce to the fulfilment of the ideals he has set before himself and of the purposes he has undertaken. He will seek to *round out his character*, not to develop certain faculties disproportionately. But mark; we do not say he will abandon the pursuit of knowledge. What he will abandon is the *vain* pursuit of knowledge. For if he studies astrology or some other such vast and intricate subject, without regard to the duties and obligations incumbent on a Theosophist — on an aspirant to wisdom — he will, as aforesaid, lose himself in the maze

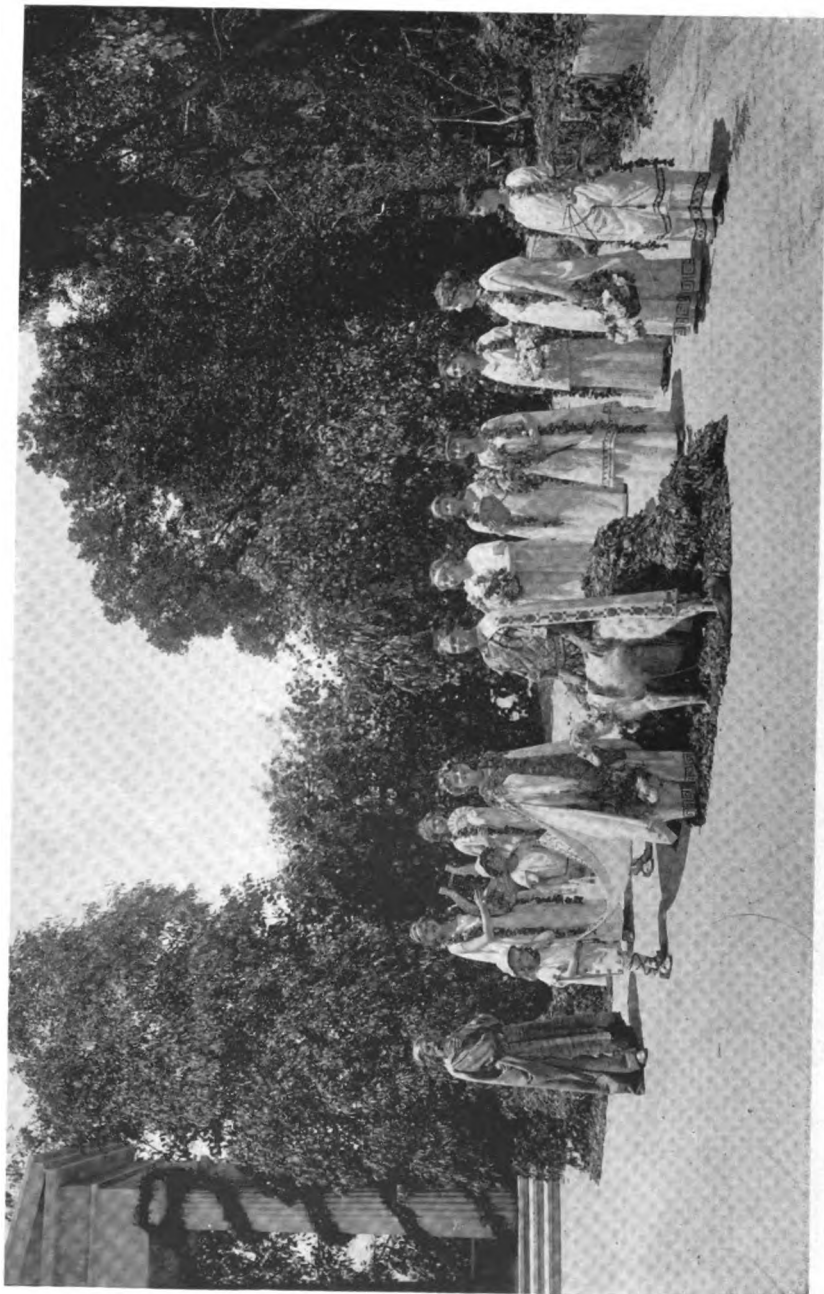


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OBERON AND TITANIA

IN THAT VERITABLE FAIRYLAND OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S
PRODUCTION OF *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* IN THE GREEK
THEATER, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

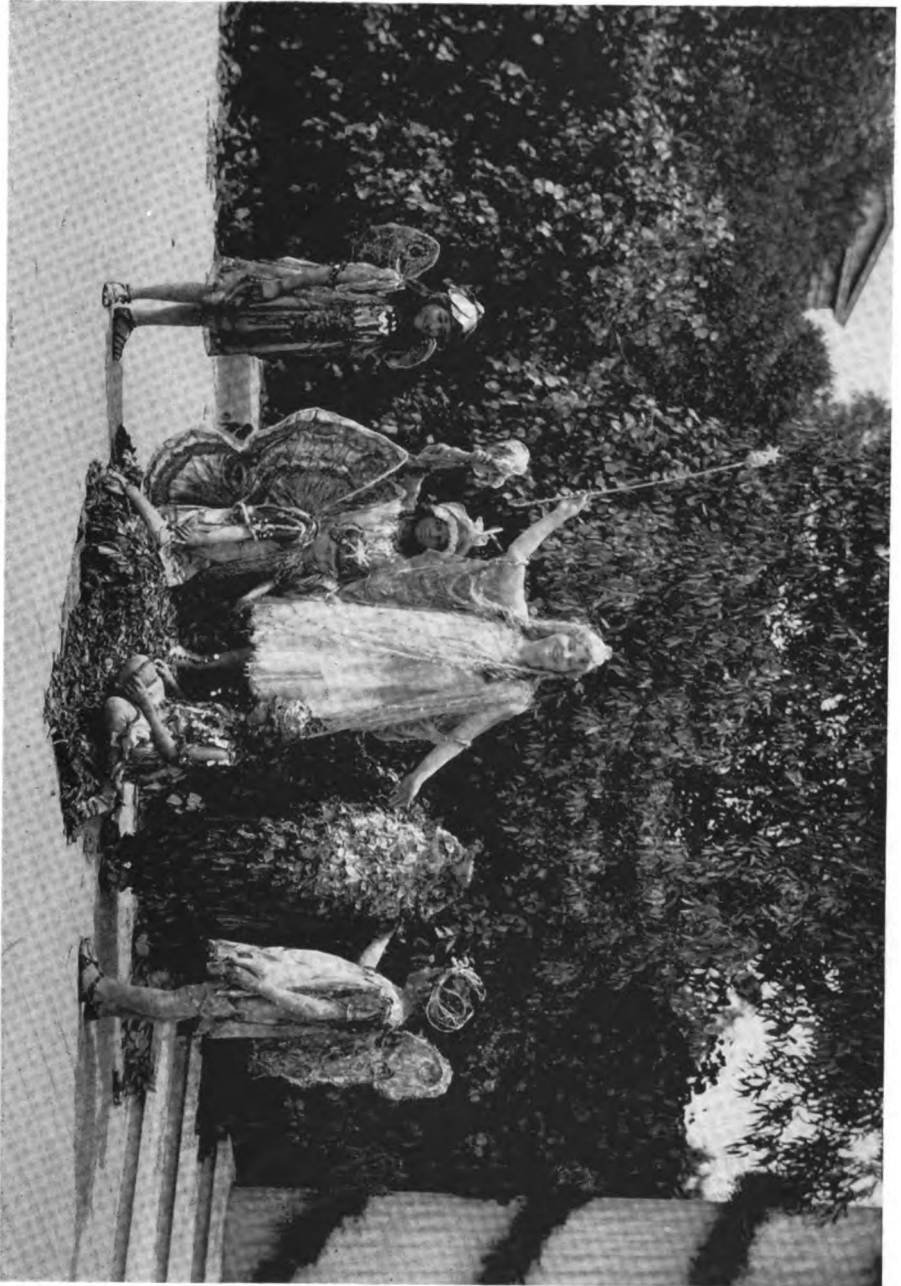
Oberon: "Sound, music! Come, my queen
Now thou and I are new in amity."



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AFTER THE NUPTIALS OF THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTA

Theseus: "A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity."



TITANIA AND HER ATTENDANT FAIRIES

Tiana: "Come, now a roundel and a fairy song."

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THE FAIRY COURT

Oberon: "... Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from briar;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

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of useless lore. On the other hand, if he pursues the right path, his faculties will open out naturally, his growth will be symmetrical, and he will acquire what is serviceable, without the incumbrance of what is useless.

The mental state which induces, and is induced by, attempts to read one's fate, is not admirable. Does an acquaintance with modern astrology really on the whole make our path easier or brighter? And if real knowledge is what we desire, let us not feed on husks and crumbs, but seek to develop the kernel — that quality of intuition which is the result of a sincere and well-balanced character, and so much needed.

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER V



It was against Sir James's principles to keep dinner waiting for anyone, but he was fond of his sister and would make a sacrifice for her. Yet when it came to putting off dinner he felt that such a violation of principle made the sacrifice almost immoral. Still on this occasion he decided to take the responsibility of offending the cook and incurring the serious displeasure of the butler by ordering dinner at 8:00 instead of 7:30. He was a simple-minded man with a great admiration for his sister, who had saved his father from bankruptcy by marrying the wealthy brewer and making her husband take over her father's liabilities and straighten out the tangle of his affairs, by which means her brother James was enabled to inherit the estate in a measure relieved of the load of debt incurred by his dissolute parent. He was a really good landlord and a most conscientious county magistrate, and having now resigned himself to waiting a half-hour for his dinner he took down several law books in the library and tried to make up his mind as to a decision he would shortly have to render on a land dispute in the court. He got so absorbed in a case similar to the one in question that he forgot the time; and when he heard his sister's voice in the hall thought she was not so very late after all, and met her in a most amiable mood. She greeted him effusively and told him she had brought Beatrice, whispering in his ear, "Be nice to her!"

Sir James admired Beatrice almost more than he did his sister and

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quite forgot to notice the time or the look of austere reproof on the face of the butler, who was really shocked at such irregularities. He did make himself nice to his guest, and indeed he thought she must be in some serious trouble, she was so changed. Poor Beatrice! She certainly was changed and made no effort to disguise her lack of gaiety. But she appreciated his kindness, all the more that she knew his little weaknesses and what it must have cost him to put off dinner for an hour. She liked the old house and felt comforted by the simple kindness of her host which made no demands on her for any effort to be amusing or entertaining. Alice was quite capable of carrying on the entire conversation all by herself; her brother was a great talker too, but was no match for his sister, and he never interrupted when once she took the field. She talked, and talked, and Beatrice never heard a word of it; but after dinner she roused herself and played a game of billiards with Alice while Sir James smoked a cigar in peace. He wondered what had happened, but, knowing the Cranleys well, he was not much surprised at any matrimonial difficulty such a girl as Beatrice might experience. He knew Carothers no better than the majority of his friends did, for he was unusually self-contained and not inclined to intimacy with men, although with women he was always popular. Still his reputation was as good (or perhaps one ought to say as bad) as that of the majority of his kind; and on the whole Sir James was of opinion that the cause of trouble was most probably to be found in the idealism and unbalanced temper of the lady. Further than that he did not care to go, and was content to let his sister manage the affair as she thought best.

Beatrice seemed so much more like herself when bed-time came that Alice was satisfied that the crisis had passed, and she might sleep in peace. Beatrice was in a room on the same corridor, and had promised to go to bed immediately. She did so, but dared not close her eyes. The darkness had grown horrible to her, she feared the night. It seemed to her as if her nature changed as night came on. She did not know herself, and yet she could not believe that it was not herself. She might have thought she was obsessed, if she had ever heard of such a thing; but such things found no favor with her parents, and the literature of spiritualism and psychism was unknown to her: her governess had kept it carefully out of reach of her young charges while reveling in it herself.

Beatrice had never tried to understand herself until her marriage had revealed to her some startling potentialities and unsuspected possibilities in her own nature that had brought her to the point of doubting her own sanity. Her passionate dream of bliss seemed to have changed into a nightmare filled with unspeakable horror. The sunlit path of love had led her to a swamp in which she seemed to sink deeper at every step, and

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yet in which the path shone brightly a little farther on: and then it vanished suddenly, and she was plunging hopelessly in the black mud; and the bright angel of her dream became a monster that seemed native to the swamp, a creature of the mud, with the peculiar fascination of a reptile, hideous, yet irresistible. She loathed it, yet had no power to shake it from her: indeed the horror of it was that her loathing seemed to bind it to her, as if her passionate hatred of the thing were love. Sometimes it seemed to her this monster was herself, and that the only way to rid herself of its pollution was to destroy the body it had invaded and desecrated. She felt herself unclean as any leper, but with the deeper dread that the contamination had already fastened on her heart and had become a part of herself: and then the doubt came as to whether death could part her from herself. When this thought suggested itself to her mind the blackness of despair came down upon her; and she thought insanity would be more welcome than the waking nightmare of her life.

So she lay there with eyes wide open, wondering — wondering. She feared the dark and left the candles lighted, so that the old panels dimly lighted made the room look warm and friendly. There was nothing uncanny for her imagination to take hold of: and her mind turned to the vision in the pond. What did it mean? There was a message from her self, her other self; which was it? Could it not be recalled? Could she not find herself, her radiant self? The angel in the church had failed her in her hour of need; she thought that she would never go to church again; and then she recalled the day-dream in which she seemed to have been admitted into some holy brotherhood. The thought of it was beautiful; but there too was disappointment, for she could not recall a word of what was said there at that ceremony of initiation, nor could she tell who were her comrades; only she was sure that she had actually seen the place, and that if ever she came there again she would recognise it most certainly.

Her education had given her no peg of philosophy on which to hang her personal experiences. Each event was a surprise. She had no thread on which to string the beads, and so the meaning of her life was blurred, and she went drifting helplessly and blindly, feeling herself no better than driftwood on the tide.

She thought of the pond and shuddered with a physical revulsion from the thought of death; her body had no wish to die. But she herself would gladly put an end to it, if that were possible. Would death put an end to it? To that she had no answer, only a fear that she might plunge into an eternity of horror. So she went round and round the 'vicious circle' of her own ignorance, weary beyond endurance, yet too afraid to sleep, until at last thought ceased, and there was peace.

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But in the old farmhouse at Chenstead the lamp still burned in the curate's sitting-room, and he paced up and down the room, thinking of that poor woman in the pew, and wondering why life was such a mystery. Why should she suffer so? What had she done to be so miserable? Married the man she loved; was that a sin? or was it a mistake? Was he a brute? He was her brother's friend, and Steven was not a man to bring a brute into his family knowingly. No! there was something deeper in the trouble, he felt sure of that. He almost touched the truth at times; but shrank away from it, as if he had been guilty of disloyalty to the one he loved. Such thoughts as sometimes came into his mind seemed as if whispered in his ear by some foul imp, some saturnine influence that sought to shake his faith in human nature. He rejected them as best he could, but they returned. He knew that there was good and evil in the world, and that at times it might be hard to say where one began and where the other ended; but he fought stubbornly against the fact that good and evil are inseparable on earth, as light and shadow, although as such eternally opposed. He could not bring himself to think that there were possibilities of good and evil latent in every human heart. He put the wicked and the good in separate compartments and tried to keep them there, but they got mixed continually. He was not a clear thinker, and his philosophy of life was not exactly based upon the orthodox religion that he preached, and that he had accepted as a matter of course as something long since established on an unquestionable base. It was so sure and safe that he felt it would take care not only of itself but also of him: and so he gave himself considerable liberty in thought, and found no inconvenience in having the most orthodox ideas of heaven and hell for company when he was writing his sermon, and then dismissing them from his mind when trying to understand the mysteries of life and death, and love and loneliness. And so his effort to solve the mystery of a woman's misery kept him walking up and down his lonely lodging until the oil burned low and the cold drove him to take refuge in his bed.

Beatrice went back to Comberfield next day and was more like herself, except for a new look of firmness in the face, which seemed to have lost its girlish light-heartedness forever. Her father suddenly realized that his daughter was a woman; it came upon him as a misfortune, but he accepted it as one more of the unaccountable eccentricities of life, that wonderful lottery, in which the prizes are so few among so many blanks. The prizes that had fallen to his share were blanks to him, some other fellow always got the prizes; as it seemed at least.

On Sunday she did not go to church, but met the curate, who came to lunch with them again as there was no one to entertain him at the

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vicarage. Mrs. Cranley thought the poor man a terrible bore, but Beatrice was very friendly to him and always made him feel at home. She took him to see the hothouses, which had once been famous. They found the old head-gardener closing the ventilators and regulating the temperature, and he entertained them with great volubility, for which Beatrice was most grateful. Her thoughts were running on a book she had found at Ausleydale and borrowed. As they left the houses and strolled along the path, she suddenly asked the curate if he believed in Reincarnation. He was staggered for a moment and then answered rather nervously:

"Well, really, I hardly know whether to say I exactly believe in the doctrine; I would scarcely like to go as far as that; but I must say it is a reasonable

were really true, for a great many ly are hard to any other way. church has not least not in re- as a clergyman disposed to say any such doc-

"Of course, she answered tol- tell' me, don't sometimes get a things that hap- a kind of vision, day-dream, or that kind? It there really must of accounting for

riness of one's own feelings. I wonder, sometimes, if two souls can get into one body and fight for possession of it. Do you think that's possible?"

"Two souls in one body? Surely one is as much as most people are willing to admit, and there are many who seem to think even one is too many."

"Oh yes, I know. That's nonsense: though after all it may be true in their case; perhaps they have no soul, or such a little one as not to be worth mentioning. But I was speaking of people like ourselves. I see no difficulty in Reincarnation; in fact it looks to me as if it must be true; but what puzzles me so often is that strange duality — as if there



theory, and, if it would account things that real- understand in But then the accepted it, at cent times; and I should not feel that I accept trine."

I understand," erantly. "But you think we glimpse of some pened long ago, you know — a something of seems to me as if be some way the contradicto-

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were two selves in me; then sometimes I think that they are not myself, but that I am a Soul and they are something else; and while I stand above them, it is they that have possession of my body, yes, and of my mind; and I myself am forced to just stand by and let them have their way; and then when they are gone I have to suffer for all that they have done. That is what seems so horrible."

She had been talking more to herself than to him and had gone much farther than she would have wished to under ordinary circumstances; but she had suffered so much lately that she felt she had to talk to someone, and George Leavenworth was a good honest fellow if not exactly the man that one would go to for explanations of such difficult questions. He was troubled to think that he had no words of wisdom fitted to the occasion. He was confronted with a problem beyond his intellectual grasp, and felt crushed by the weight of his ignorance. He answered vaguely:

"The human soul is certainly a mystery beyond man's comprehension, and the mind is easily deceived by fancies and delusions. I think the souls of all men are just like the rays of sunlight; each one is separate in a sense, each has its separate aim, and yet they all are merely rays of the same light; in fact they are the light, the sunlight, they are the children of the sun and they are all one. I cannot think of two souls in one body. There might be two or more reflexions of one ray of light, and they might seem different, but then they would not be the soul; the soul must be the ray, it must be light, pure light; the rest is all illusion."—

He took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his forehead; he was abashed at making such a speech outside the pulpit. And indeed he had not dared to formulate his thoughts in such a way before. But Beatrice seemed to think it quite natural that they should talk openly about the soul. She had practically no religion, and had no fear of heresy. She had her own experiences and she wished to understand them, that was all. She was in the shadows looking for the light. It was a relief to talk to someone who could at least listen sympathetically, and then the curate was such a nonentity that it was almost like talking to one's self to talk to him. At least that was the way that she had thought of him hitherto; today he seemed to count for more. There was something in that idea of rays of sunlight and their reflexions, but it was all too vague to be of any use to her in her perplexity.

She felt as if she were at bay and had to fight for an understanding of herself or else go down to madness or to the depths of moral degradation. If she had to live, she must be master of her own life; and how could that be unless she were herself? She thought awhile about those rays of light, and then said:

"Yes! we are rays of light perhaps lost in the darkness: that is what

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happens to the light: but if the Soul is just a ray from the one Great Light, then it cannot be separated from its source and it can reach the Light by going in upon itself up to its own origin. If that is so then each separate Soul is its own Savior.”—

The curate stopped suddenly, as if he had been hit in the face. He gasped, but could find nothing to answer. Beatrice paid no attention to his consternation, but went on quite calmly:

“Yes, now I understand. ‘The Light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not!’ The ray of soul-light loses itself here in the darkness. We are in the dark, but we ourselves are Light. It must be so. And what if the light goes out? what if the soul dies? Then one would be just a living corpse, one of the ‘dead in life’ — the ‘dead in life’ — where have I heard those words?”

She stopped now and looked at the awed face of the curate. He was no longer a nonentity; he had attained significance, and stood appalled at his own audacity. Her words were the inevitable sequence of his thought and made his own thought luminous. Those last words meant nothing to him, he was still staggering in his attempt to realize the import of the conclusion she had drawn from his simple illustration, and kept repeating to himself, “Each separate soul is its own Savior.”

But Beatrice saw again the great assembly of those white-robed candidates for initiation, and heard those words repeated over again, “the dead in life . . . the world full of the dead . . . the dead in life.”

They were standing on a rustic bridge that spanned an arm of the little lake that closed the flower-garden to the north, with its high bank of laurel bushes tall as trees; a sheltered spot. Looking down into the water; she was reminded of the picture in the old castle pond and wondered if she could recall the message she had missed or forgotten then; but nothing came to mar or to illuminate the reflexion of herself in the dark water underneath the bridge.

The curate was still lost in thought, trying to reconcile the new light with his traditional belief: and there was silence. Then slowly and almost to herself Beatrice took up the thread that he was fumbling with and said:

“I must be master of myself. I am a ray of Light from the same sun as all the rest, I cannot be separated from my source; I am eternal as the Sun itself; I am the Soul. The rest is the reflexion of the light seen in the surface of a pool. The pool is deep or shallow, clean or muddy, it may be a sparkling well or a foul swamp full of all sorts of crawling things. The sunlight has to shine everywhere, and any sort of a mudhole can reflect the light; but the ray is not the reflexion, and is not soiled by shining on a poisonous swamp. That is the point: the ray has no need

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of salvation; it is the light itself. My Soul cannot be lost — but I can lose my Soul — No! that is not true — I am my Soul, or I am nothing.”

The curate looked at her and thought his own Soul spoke to him in her voice. It was no transference of thought; his thought was in confusion, but there was a new kind of understanding revealing itself in him; he felt illuminated, as if lifted to a higher plane, where thought was but perception of the truth, and flowed calmly as a deep stream reflecting a true image of the heavens above.

The church-bells suddenly began to ring for evening service, and the curate unwillingly awoke to the routine of life. But life itself was changed; even the church-bells seemed to have gained a new significance, and the whole atmosphere was full of peace. There was a sense of dignity about him as he said good-bye: and as he slowly crossed the park he felt as if he had passed through a sacred ceremony and had been initiated into some mystery by one whom he had tried to save.

And Beatrice watched him go reluctantly, as if parting from a tried and trusted friend. She wondered if he was indeed a friend of long ago. Why not? If there is truth in the old doctrine of Reincarnation we are not altogether strangers in a strange land here on earth.

(To be continued)



“NONE sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life-depths deep
Ascends,— unless, mayhap, when free,
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race
Our multitudinous past lives trace.”

— WILLIAM SHARP: *A Record*



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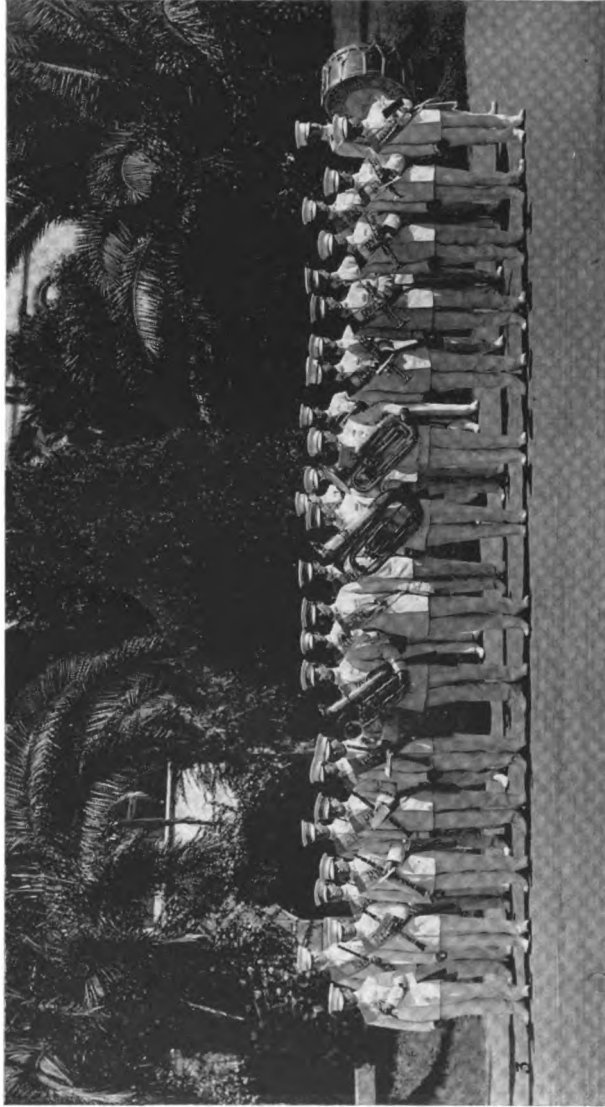
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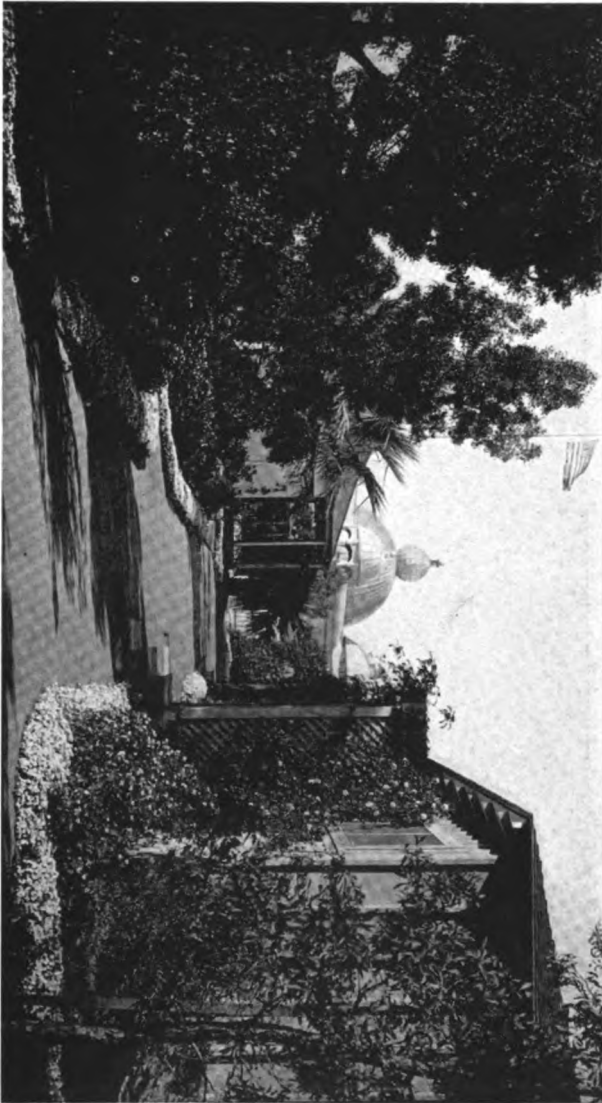
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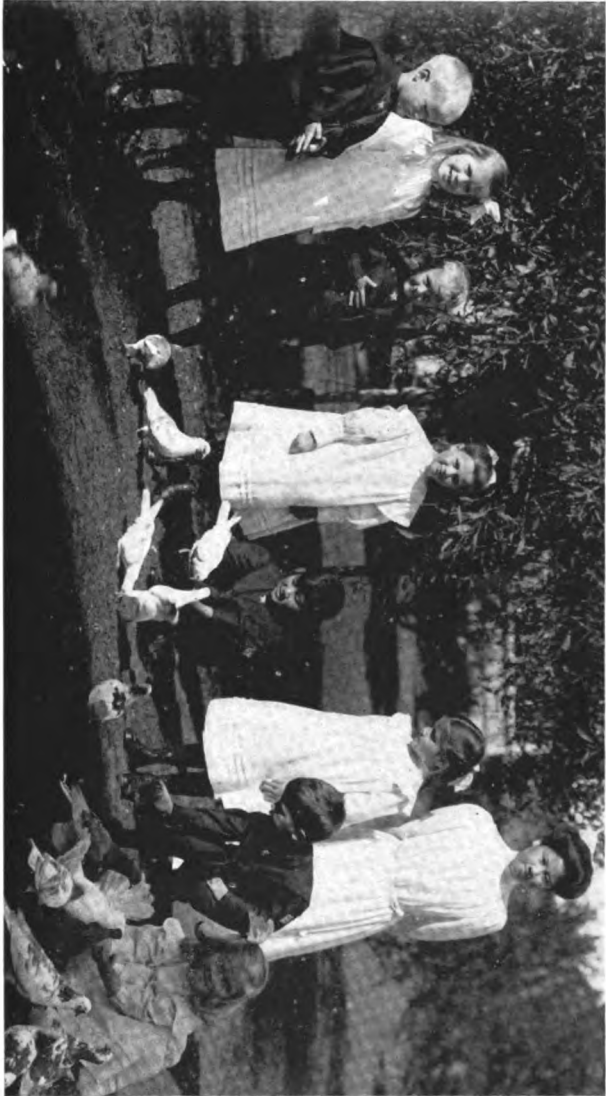
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BOYS' BUNGALOW HOMES, RAJA-YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



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GROUP OF PUPILS OF THE RÁJA-YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA



WE CHILDREN OF THE RAJA-YOGA SCHOOL LOVE OUR PETS

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GLIMPSES OF RĀJA-YOGA SCHOOL LIFE



F. J. DICK, EDITOR

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on July 27th upon 'Why is Theosophy Needed in the World Today?' Madame Tingley, who had expected to speak, was unable to do so owing to having strained her voice in an address made the evening before at a meeting of 2000 Čechoslovak and American soldiers at Camp Kearny. Said Mr. Fussell:

"We have lost something because of the recent conflict. Indeed, we had lost something before that conflict began; otherwise it would never have been. The loss is not in the direction of brain-mind knowledge. That has gone on increasing and has been added to along material lines because of the conflict. We have lost the higher knowledge; we have lost faith and a certain quality of trust that should be ours. As a result we have by no means got rid of conflict, for although it is no longer actually on the battlefield, it persists in other realms. There is a conflict of opinions and a conflict of human nature, and this brings me to the central idea that I wish to present this morning, namely, that man is essentially a warrior; that there is a warfare that he came on earth to wage — the warfare between the good and evil in his own nature. If he will not wage that, he will find that ultimately, though he may make all the efforts his brain-mind can devise to escape physical conflict between nations, he will be forced into it."

Referring to the Čechoslovak soldiers, Mr. Fussell said:

"This body of men, which has nearly encircled the globe, has come to our shores, and I verily believe has brought not only a lesson but a benediction, for they show among themselves a spirit of comradeship and true brotherhood that is almost unique in modern history. They had a common object, and, from what I can learn, they held that common object so high that they have lived their lives along sane, clean, brotherly lines of effort. What humanity needs is to have one object, and it needs to have it consciously, just as those men have it consciously. Then we should indeed have a brotherhood in fact. That is why Theosophy is so needed in the world today."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

"If man knew who and what he is in his essential nature he could not help but be an optimist," said J. H. Fussell in his address on August 3rd. Discrediting Schopenhauer's philosophy of pessimism, which he declared was not a true philosophy, although it did contain some of the ancient

**The Real Destiny
of Man is a
Glorious One**

Theosophical truths, the speaker said:
"The teachings of Theosophy show that the destiny of humanity is the most glorious of destinies. That is exactly what Jesus said, for he taught, as all the great teachers of the world have taught, that the destiny of man is perfection. If that is our destiny and if, from life to life and from age to age,— with rises and falls certainly, but ever going forward — if our destiny is perfection, then we are and must be optimists.

"We are not driftwood. We are choosing all the time, putting something of ourselves into the present moment, something that has never been expressed before. It is true that the concatenation of events in the past leading up to the present moment causes whatever happens to happen, as Schopenhauer said, of necessity. But for all that, man stands fundamentally free. I say fundamentally because in a sense he is not free: he has fettered himself. But he is free in his divine nature, and although it has taken ages for him to fetter himself as he has done, and it may take ages before he can free himself absolutely, he can ultimately do so if he will. The Theosophical teachings that man is divine, that Karma, or the law of cause and effect, governs all life, and that man has many lives before him on this earth to gain perfection — these three teachings show the way by which man can make of this earth a heaven. I think that we are individually called upon to accentuate the spirit of optimism today. If we can realize that we have a very serious responsibility in this in the midst of our prosperity, we shall be doing far more than any of us dream to help to lift the burdens of the world."

"It is the heresy of unbelief that stands ever ready to crucify humanity," said Madame Katherine Tingley in her address on August 10th upon 'The Heresy of Unbelief.' The speaker introduced her subject with a reference to her predecessor, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, "who somehow, in some way,

**To Bring to Man
Knowledge of his
Divine Heritage**

perhaps through the light of her own soul and possibly also with the help of higher guidance, discovered the way to reach the hearts of men. Reviving the eternal truths of Theosophy and putting them into the very atmosphere of the age, she cleared the way so simply for man to realize the essential teachings of all religions. She was persecuted, as all teachers of truth must necessarily be, until the heresy of man's unbelief is lifted from the world's life. I would be willing to be crucified this moment if I could tear down this heresy and lift the veil before humanity, that they might see the blue of the future.

"The aim of Theosophy is to bring to man the knowledge of his divine

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

heritage. Man may reason, but if he tries to reason out spiritual truths by his brain-mind, he will find that he is blocked. He must depend upon something within, something deeper. He must come to love the true path as a child loves its mother, and to seek, in this attitude, the warmth and glow and compassion of the teachings of a true philosophy of life. If we are to bring true remedial forces into our nature and into the natures of all humanity, we must get back to a study of causes. Doing this, we will see that the ordinary mind is but a helpless instrument in the hands of the higher and lower psychological forces in life, and yet every sane and well-balanced human being knows that temptation is always heralded; that no evils in life have the power to press in upon the mind and force one to wrong action, for always, preceding them, comes the reminder of conscience. With these divine laws surrounding us, we are close to the top-wave of victory, if we only knew it. Beyond the ordinary reasonings of the brain, outside of what one's eyes can see, lie these great truths, and we are almost touching the fringe of them. The divine laws will bring you to your own."

Madame Katherine Tingley took for her subject on August 17th 'The Tyranny of Public Opinion.' In an address filled with historical references and philosophical disquisitions, and sparkling with epigrams, she declared that public opinion in certain deplorable aspects was a monster "that has

The Baneful

Psychology of

Public Opinion

touched all periods of history with its atrocious power. And," continued the speaker, "it sways our nation today in ways that you would not tolerate, did you stop to think, in ways that you could not endorse.

It is a tyrant, a menacing, subtle force, sweeping right into the hearts of men, into our homes, our systems of education, our courts of law and all our institutions."

Referring to Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Movement, Madame Tingley said:

"Madame Blavatsky antagonized public opinion. She dared to say that black was black and white was white. She dared to bring home to the minds of men the obscured truths of man's divinity and of heaven and Hades as within man, not without. And public opinion slew her. The greatest writers, the broadest and most scientific minds of the day, flocked to her drawing-room to drink in the wonderful truths that had not reached modern civilization until she brought them. But most of these were swayed by public opinion, and when they went away they attempted to interweave some of the truths she gave them with their little brain-mind conceptions. So they forgot their teacher, denied her."

Speaking of Lomaland, the lecturer said:

"The psychology of public opinion has never entered our gates; it has never touched our literature; it has never touched the life of our students, especially not the life of our young people, because they have learned to

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

live in the divinity of their own natures; they know their spiritual rights, and they feel their responsibility to mankind.

“Public opinion, however, has a higher aspect, and it must come to be swayed by a desire for new laws, for more just laws. We must think of something more than the merely material interests of our town. With all the advantages that we have, it is really our duty to think more deeply and more spiritually, to broaden our perceptions and look at all these subjects from different angles. Let us reach that point of courage and discrimination at which we live so completely in the glory of our souls that we cannot bend to public opinion. We can never do the higher justice to ourselves, our family, our city, our country, or our race, until we are entrenched upon teachings which give man his spiritual rights and which hold before him the picture of that self-directed evolution which brings with each day added knowledge and added joy. The aim of Theosophy is to bring man to his own.”

Madame Katherine Tingley spoke on August 24th upon ‘Our Present Civilization and the Contrasts in Human Life.’ The lecture was largely reminiscent of her first trip around the world in the interests of Theosophy and Brotherhood — a trip which occupied nearly a year and included nearly

Strife due to the Intolerance in Past History all nations,— and the lecturer spoke particularly of the contrasts in human life as then observed between the poor and the rich, the selfish and the oppressed, the thoughtful and the superficial, and especially between the spirit of broad tolerance in religious matters that characterized such nations as Holland and Switzerland, and that of intolerance and dogmatism. She said:

“We are told in the Scriptures that the poor we have always with us, but that I interpret Theosophically and I hold that it means, rather, poverty of spirit, poverty of intelligence, and of true, spiritual discernment. I was impressed with the general lack of a serious view of life among people. It is difficult to reach the multitudes with even the simple truths of Theosophy, so simple that a child can understand them, because they have lost faith in themselves. I have no criticism for any nation, for we must go back in our study to causes, and we find these causes in the seeding-time of intolerance, ages and ages ago. We are today entangled in problems that require thought, study of causes, devotion and absolute forgetfulness of self in a desire to help humanity. We are still waiting for a solution of the very problems to solve which we went to war.

“The more our so-called civilization advances, the more crime increases. Statistics show it. Yet study shows us that it is due to the psychology of intolerance that long preceded these conditions and that has marked the minds of men with a spirit of apathy and of fear, and there is a cruel intolerance even in America today. For this reason we must be careful how we condemn people in power for the things they are said to have done. Let us

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

make America free in the truest sense. Let us eliminate all intolerance. Let us sanctify our lives with a study of human contrasts that will bring us into more sympathy with both classes, the rich and the poor. Let us teach the rich how to live and use their money for the benefit of humanity, but not by force; let us teach the poor to live and trust, in spite of their poverty. In doing even so much, we shall have touched the true teachings of Theosophy."

At the close of the address a group of little pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, ranging from three to ten years of age, gave by request the famous children's symposium, written for them by Mme Tingley, 'The Little Philosophers.'

Continuing, in her address on August 31st, the subject of the previous Sunday, Madame Katherine Tingley also continued her description of the trip taken by her around the world in 1896 in the interests of Theosophy and Brotherhood. She took the audience with her through Italy, Egypt,

**Lessons of a
Theosophical
Crusade around
the World**

India, and Burma, "in all of which, side by side with the magnificent temples and tombs, the glory of art and the atmosphere of an imperishable and spiritual past," she said, "there was the mark of the same degraded and lamentable conditions in human life. There were these pitiable contrasts, due to the tyranny of errors in religion, errors that have come from a forgetfulness of spiritual law. It was because I saw these contrasts, due to error, that I became more determined than ever to push forward in my efforts to bring out the teachings of Brotherhood and toleration in the Râja-Yoga system of education, that these might in time filter through and affect all people. It matters not how much book-knowledge one may acquire, for unless there is an understanding of the divine laws of life, books will not in any sense facilitate our happiness or our progress.

"We are all weighed down in some degree by the errors of the ages, errors that have not come from the teachings of Christ but from those things that have crept in and obscured them and that are really responsible for the spirit of revolution, force, and antagonism that I found in so many countries on this trip and that I realized must necessarily, if left unchecked, kill out the heart-life of man. However progressive we may be, we have not yet begun to touch the remedial power that alone can redeem the victims of these errors and give them the real key to the situation and a new life. We can never reach an advanced state of civilization or prosperity, we can never build our homes or fashion the lives of our children, until we know the law governing our own lives. We must find ourselves, get into the deeper chambers of our natures, seek for the truth and turn our back upon errors. We must cast out false ideas of rights and give more heed to the principles of real justice and love to our fellow-men. The mission of Theosophy is to drive the hypocrites out of the temple of life, that the souls of men may manifest and serve and love."

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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.

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 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.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

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

All those who have spoken concerning what is called matter, and who have arrived at a conception of its nature, unanimously assert, that it is a certain subject and receptacle of forms. They dissent, however, from each other, in investigating what this subject nature is; and after what manner, and of what things, it is a recipient. And those, indeed, who alone admit bodies to be beings, and who contend that essence is in these, say, that there is one matter, which is spread under the elements, and that it is essence; but that all other things are, as it were, the passions of matter, and are matter subsisting in a certain way, and thus also are the elements. They, likewise, dare to extend matter as far as to the Gods. And, lastly, they make even their highest God to be this matter, subsisting in a certain way. They, likewise, give a body to matter, calling it, *body void of quality*; and attribute to it magnitude. But others say, that matter is incorporeal; and some of these do not admit that there is only this one matter, but assert that this is the subject of bodies, and that there is another matter prior to this in intelligibles, which is spread under the forms that are there, and under incorporeal essences.

Plotinus: *On Matter*, i. Translated by Thomas Taylor

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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JAPANS' PRONOUNCEMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

(June 23-29, 1913)

The Members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Japan send greetings to Comrades and Representatives at the International Peace Congress to be held in Sweden, and heartiest good wishes for the success of this conference and of the Râja-Yoga School which is to be founded at Visingsö.

"The real nature of man is good."—Confucius

"To follow good is to take the course of least resistance."—Confucius

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 5

NOVEMBER 1919

"But matter being indefinite, and never at rest with itself, and being borne along to every form, in every direction, and easily led everywhere, becomes multitudinous by its generation and transition to all things. And after this manner it possesses the nature of bulk."

— PLOTINUS: *On Matter*: xi. Translation by Thomas Taylor

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

PROBABLY in my words I give but little, but I hope that in my enthusiasm, in my earnestness, with the pictures that I present, I may bring my readers to a realization that Humanity is close to the top wave of victory; that just beyond, where the eyes cannot see, where the ordinary reason cannot follow, one is almost touching the fringe of the universal truths that are waiting for all. One can find them in Nature and in the deeper side of one's own being; there are touches of them here and there, so that when the mind is clear and the vision made broader and larger by unselfish thought, there comes that which, in the mortal aspect of things, one sometimes sees in the faces of little children.

I think the smile of a little child is one of the most beautiful and superb things that can come to us. Behind it sleeps the spiritual nature; the soul has passed through its former experiences; it has just entered a new life and under the pressure of taking control of its body it has no memory of its old sufferings, its disappointments and its heartache; it is feeling all the splendid divine things of life, the infinite forces that are so fine that, so long as our minds are fettered, we cannot touch them. But somehow one finds a little child, without any attention or recognition, smiling, always looking outward and outward: and if one gets a glimpse of those eyes they will preach a sermon to one, if one understands Theosophy; they will bring home to one the consciousness of the soul, which is awaking in that life, seeking to find the sweeter expressions of human experience, that it may grow and serve. Then as the child grows older, he contacts the psychological outer influences of the world, and these hold him down.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There are the limitations in the human family: father goes one way, believes in the dogmas of one sect; mother goes another, belongs perhaps to another sect; and the letter of the law is laid down to that child and fear is inculcated by the constant repetition of: "you must not do that, it is wrong"; and when they explain the wrong, the child grows timid and fearful, and the Divinity which is seeking expression in that young life falls back awaiting another opportunity to find itself and to become.

The heresy of man's unbelief stands ever ready to crucify the life of humanity, ever seeking to hold in bondage the souls of men that are a part of the great divine life, imposing limitations and presuming to touch young souls just coming into the arena of life through Reincarnation, by laying down the law and saying, "My father taught this and I teach it and so must you!" Think of the home with a young life in it, and the inharmony and dissension that come into that life.

*

In my opinion, if in a home there is anything that does not express the divine part of man, if there is one note of disharmony, it is not a home in the truest sense, and those who live in it and take part in its life must some day realize that there must be a re-arrangement, a readjustment, to bring it to that point of harmony that it should have. To do this there must be knowledge of the self. How is the poor mother who is weighed down with the heresy of unbelief, though she has the determination to do right and is ready to offer her life for her child—how is she going to lift the veil and give her child the best instruction, with the limitations of the one life, and a one-sided, one-angled view of truth? She yearns to do it, and the soul is ever fanning that yearning. Even the father, burdened with business cares, may love his family and be ready to work to the point of suffering, in order to keep the home, pay the rent, take care of the house, supply the food and everything needed; but as two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, the spiritual laws that he is seeking by the power of his heart cannot express themselves. Their meaning cannot be found by reason alone. There is not sufficient understanding of the divine life in those two — the father and the mother — to bring them to the point of harmony with the spiritual laws. They are part of the universe, but the inner life cannot express itself because their minds are weighed down by all the outer desires, the competition of the world, compelling the use of every effort to bring success to the personal self on the outer plane.

*

When I have seen the great intellectual lights of the age — and intellectuality truly has its place — I have often thought that men cannot become that which

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

they desire until there is the light of the soul to show them the way. They move to a certain point of success and then can go no farther. There remains to them only the memory of what they have done, which is so very little in comparison with what they might have done. Yet there can be no question that those who have arisen to a certain point of success (I do not mean under any camouflage of fame or show or popularity) and done wonders, so to say, could not have done even what they did, if they had not had manifestations here and there of the Divine Light that comes from the soul.

*

Humanity is weighed down by doubt and unbelief, and even the brightest minds fall short of their possibilities. We see the lives of little children cut off before they have had any chance, and we do not know what to do. We question about it: How could it happen? Is it from a personal God who blesses and punishes? We are in hell, surely, with these problems before us, and certainly we have had evidence enough in the past few years that the lower side of human nature can carry man to his destruction. We have observed this quite recently in the race-war in Chicago and other cities.

We have all these pictures before us, but it is not enough merely to note the general conditions: we must get down to the causes; we must trace the errors analytically. I have no question that there are thinkers and workers who are seeking the remedy for these conditions; but not on that line that I am speaking of, with a knowledge and a conception of the spiritual laws. I have seen the working of these laws in human life—in the jails, in the prisons, with the condemned man who is to be hanged by our human law, legalized murder. I have seen all these things. I have seen the street women and have traced the causes of their downfall and hopelessness; and when I found the causes I had the key to save them just as far as the law of Karma would permit.

*

The law of Karma declares that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and when one has worked and worked and worked and done everything possible and then results outwardly do not come, we can only wait patiently for the harvest. We may find ourselves blocked by our reasoning and our weaknesses, and the one we are seeking to help we may have to leave, in the outward sense, alone; but the seeds of truth will have been planted and the harvest will be reaped in time. The records tell of wonderful changes in human life, that have come from the inspiration of the teachings of Theosophy, from the great doctrine of Reincarnation, with the words 'Another Chance' implanted in the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

mind; from realizing the justice of the law of Karma, and the beauty and grandeur and uplift of the teaching that man is essentially divine.

In the teachings of Theosophy there is a glorified inspiration which, once it touches the heart, can lift man — even the fallen and the outcast — to the knowledge of himself and his divine heritage.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

EDITOR

ALMIGHTY PROTOPLASM

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

TURNING over some old papers, we chance upon a scientific article, containing among other things an account of Protoplasm. This is defined as the essential substance common to plants and animals alike; it has certain general and primitive properties, and numerous special properties which it acquires in response to various conditions. But we come upon the somewhat dogmatic statement that some time within the last hundred million years — or, to be exact, about sixty million years ago — Protoplasm came into existence on the earth in a manner wholly unknown. We find ourselves somewhat in doubt as to what is known and what is not; and the statement would seem to imply that it *is* known that this substance came into existence on the earth sixty million years ago, but that it is *not* known how it came into existence.

Protoplasm was probably in the form of small specks of a jelly-like substance, of structure complicated indeed but not so complicated as the Protoplasm of our day. As it was extremely liable to injury, it became necessary for it to make continual adjustments to the natural forces that impinged upon it; and it was this admirable power of harmonizing itself with its surroundings that has enabled it to survive until today.

Now this Protoplasm, having tried to achieve many things, but having also achieved many failures, was finally successful in two lines of effort, whereby it produced (1) the vegetable, and (2) the animal kingdom.

What was the primal quality that enabled Protoplasm to harmonize itself with its surroundings? The orthodox moralist will be somewhat aghast at the reply: it was *irritability*. This amiable and efficient quality, combined with a power of perceiving changes in the intensity of light, heat, moisture, etc., enabled Protoplasm to harmonize itself with its surroundings. Thus the long-continued play of evolutionary forces gradually led to its development into forms which would serve the organ-

ALMIGHTY PROTOPLASM

ism better and better, until finally the process culminated in Man.

From an encyclopaedia we learn that the primal qualities of undifferentiated vital matter are contractility, irritability and automatism, reception and assimilation of food, metabolism with secretion and excretion, respiration, and reproduction. A very fair list of attributes with which to endow a primal rudiment; a very liberal set of postulates with which to start out on a chain of deduction.

Those who claim for science a rigorous adherence to ascertained facts, and an avoidance of all speculation and romance; and who are disposed to hold it up to Theosophists as a model for them to copy, while imputing to the said Theosophists the very faults repudiated in Science; these will find their faith shaken by such pronouncements as the above. A more highly speculative and romantic cosmogonical scheme it would be hard to imagine; and one may be pardoned for exclaiming: 'Verily, Protoplasm is God.' For it does all that God has been required to do, arriving on earth in the full plenitude of an almighty power, omniscient and self-create. Thus endowed, it produces the entire universe of creatures, of its own unaided will, including Man himself; and, like God, it —

'Moves in a mysterious way,
Its wonders to perform.'

Well may we say, with H. P. Blavatsky, that unless more rational views are adopted, there is no alternative but to admit special creation by an anthropomorphic deity in the old-fashioned way. For to start our system at the point where this mysterious jelly appears, fully endowed with all the potentiality of those marvelous creative powers which it subsequently manifests, is to assume practically the whole problem; nor would it be more wonderful should Man himself, with all his powers fully developed, have descended sixty million years ago, from an unknown source, upon earth, instead of that omnipotent if unpicturesque primeval slime. Nay, is not the slime more wonderful than Man, since it has produced Man, together with all the other kingdoms of Nature — a thing that Man himself cannot achieve?

Thus is brought forcibly home the inevitable truth that any attempt to derive mind from matter ends in a total reversal of the purpose proposed; inasmuch as we cannot set out on the argument without first postulating the whole of what we intend to prove. Give me the egg, and I will give you the bird; show me first your seed, and I will show you my tree. Ay, but there's the rub. The egg presupposes the bird; the seed, the plant. What is this Protoplasm but the entire scheme of animate creation done up in a small parcel, to be subsequently unrolled and spread out in detail? Or what change have we made from the old-

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fashioned ideas, but to remove God from his celestial hovering over the waters of chaos, and his divine breathing on the lifeless clay, in order to shut him up, like a chick in an egg, within that very clay? Sixty million years ago God descended on earth in the form of minute specks of muci-lage! Why not Jupiter in the form of a snake? Why not an egg dropped into the waters of space by a great bird? In a word, where does mythology end and science begin?

Now, far as we are from accepting wholesale and without examination this drama of the earth and its primeval slime, let us for a moment assume it and see where we are even then. We find ourselves confronted with an ideal spectacle far more marvelous and inexplicable than any which mythology or theology has devised; for we find the entire animate universe arising spontaneously from a sort of chemical mud, which mud is endowed (as necessarily it must be) with all the powers of the mind, will, imagination, etc., etc., which, by racking our imaginations, we can possibly attribute to the most highest of all deities.

This is the result of materialism, which, for the present purpose, may be defined as an attempt to philosophize under the form of concepts derived from the five physical senses. We live in a world of the physical senses, and also in a world of the imagination which we have constructed out of the materials which those senses supply. Into our imagination we have projected an ideal three-dimensional space, together with a system of dynamical principles, which we have derived from the experience of the physical senses. And we try to conceive the universe and its origin and development under that form. The ancient Atomic Theory has accordingly assumed quite a different guise from what it had in antiquity. For us, the atom is a speck of dirt; and we are compelled to commit the logical absurdity of endowing it primarily with the very attributes to explain which it was postulated. We say that matter is composed of atoms, and owes its various properties to its atomic structure, of which those properties are functions; and then we say that the atoms themselves have these same properties. Absurd as this may seem, we feel bound to do it, because the only alternative is to suppose that atoms are *not* matter (which is obvious); and then what becomes of our materialism?

The same thing has found its way into biology; for here we are seeking a rudiment corresponding to the atom of so-called inorganic matter. Hence this Protoplasm, which, however, is a fact, so far as its mere existence goes, for we can see and study it. Some have sought to go beyond Protoplasm into specks within the cell, to which various names have been given. But the fact remains the same, that, unless we are to derive matter from itself, thus making it equivalent to the Causeless

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Cause, the God Uncreate, we must derive it from something which is not matter.

For ancient philosophers, then, the atom was not a mere particle of earth, but a Soul (if we may employ so inadequate and ambiguous a word). A materialist, unable to make his philosophy serve every need of his soul, may find no alternative but to jump at one bound from dead matter to the Supreme Deity, and to imagine that Deity as performing a special act of creation in every cell and every particle in his entire universe. But a more philosophical and less restricted mind will be willing to allow the Deity some mediate agencies. Finding mind within our own body, it is not unreasonable to infer that other bodies are also endowed with mind; and that the results which the lower kingdoms of Nature manifest are produced in the same way as our own actions are produced — by the operation of mind and will. The physical forces of Nature, such as heat and all the various manifestations of energy, must be either self-produced, in which case they are spiritual powers; or else they must be the visible manifestations of something that is invisible and immaterial. In short, they must be manifestations of mind.

Thus the ancient idea that the universe is animate in each and every part is seen to be the only reasonable and logical one. Since something must be assumed for a beginning, the only logical thing to assume is mind — the faculty with which we think — and from this as a postulate we must seek to derive everything visible and material.

To consider by way of illustration one particular case — if you are in the habit of pouring out water anywhere, you will find that all the trees in the neighborhood have discovered the fact and have sent out roots for many yards to fetch that water. How is this to be explained? If we wish to devise a materialistic explanation, we must resort to electrons, thrown off by the water, impinging on the trees, exciting reflex actions — and so forth in the usual way; all of which is surely more wonderful than Jupiter and Pan. But if we say that the tree has a consciousness of its own, which enables it to perceive the water and to do what is necessary to secure it, we have an explanation in harmony with the facts of our own experience as animate beings. If more explanation is sought, then how do we ourselves perceive things and act upon our perceptions? The one thing is not more mysterious than the other. We have to study Mind and its properties, if we would learn more about the mysteries of that universe which is the manifestation of Cosmic Mind. What are the primal properties of Mind? Are they more mysterious than those assigned to Protoplasm? If anyone says that we are too venturesome in our ideas as to the powers of Mind, we can only refer them to the powers attributed to Protoplasm, and say, 'What's sauce

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for the goose is sauce for the gander.' Mind, it would seem, has a primitive power of knowing where it is, what it wants, and how to get it. It is able to develop for itself senses and organs. It has a self-reproductive power, which it transmits to the organisms which it creates, so that they too are self-reproductive.

To understand evolution, we have to familiarize ourselves with a conception somewhat strange to the modern world — the idea of Monads, or Jivas, or Souls (to give them some of the names that have been applied). These are atoms or germs in the true sense; they are alive and conscious (though not with our consciousness). They are not material, not on the physical plane. With our physical means of research we can track them up to a certain point and no further: we can detect some speck or cell, and there come to the jumping-off place. Our authority could not get beyond his primeval jelly.

"The bud must be traced through its parent-plant to the seed, and the egg to the animal or bird that laid it; or at any rate to the speck of protoplasm from which it expanded and grew. And both the *seed* and the *speck* must have the latent potentialities in them for the reproduction and gradual development, the unfolding of the thousand and one forms or phases of evolution, through which they must pass before the flower or the animal are fully developed. Hence, the future plan, if not a DESIGN, *must be there*. Moreover, that *seed has to be traced*, and its nature ascertained."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 653

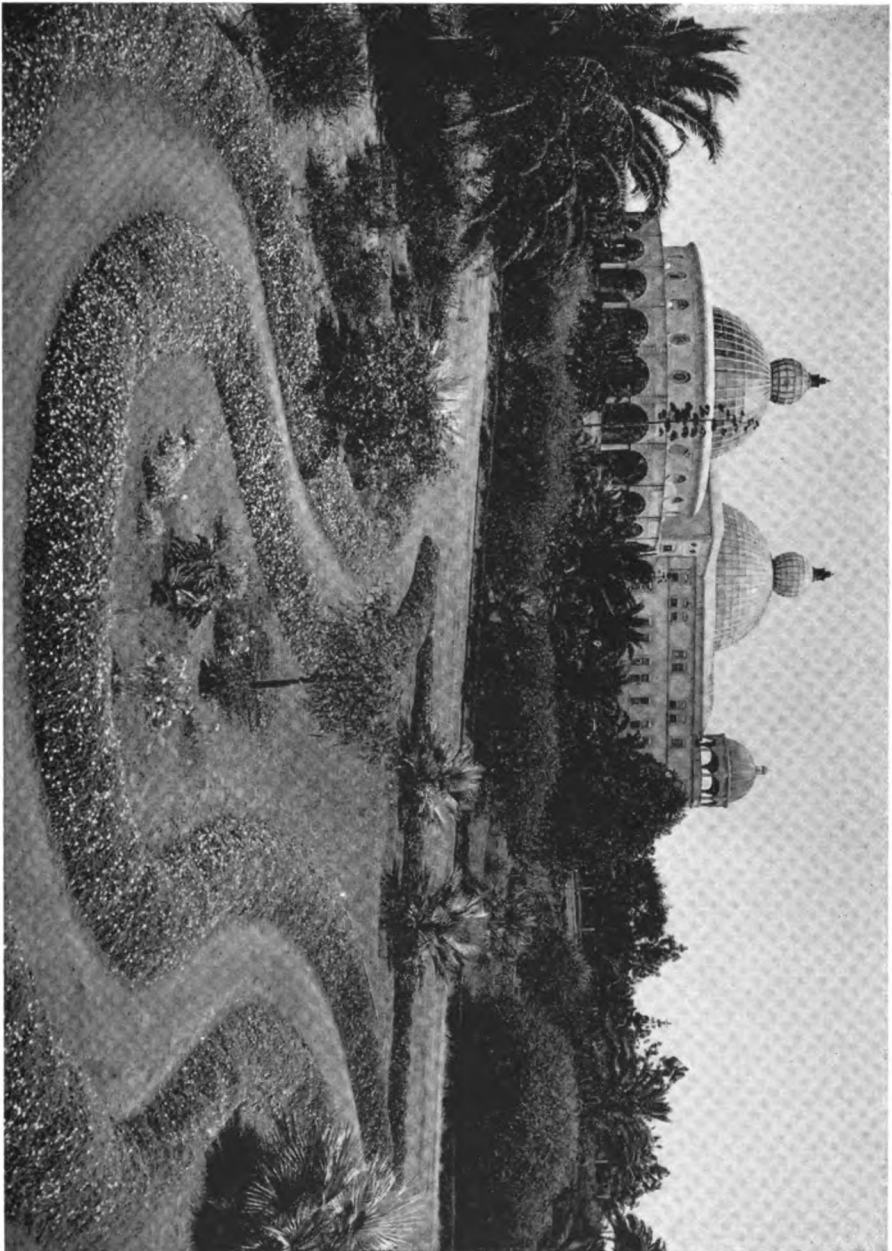
That all Nature is ensouled is an ancient and universal belief, from which, in times of mental obscuration, humanity departs for awhile. But humanity soon grows hungry and yearns to return to the truth. Is a poet or an artist a man who tries to delude himself with the fancy that Nature is sentient, and are the beliefs of children idle fancies which we encourage from policy? Or is it the scientists that have gone astray and deluded themselves with fairytales?

"I love indeed to regard the dark valleys, and the gray rocks, and the waters that silently smile, and the forests that sigh in uneasy slumbers, and the proud watchful mountains that look down upon all — I love to regard these as themselves but the colossal members of one vast animate and sentient whole — a whole whose form (that of the sphere) is the most perfect and most inclusive of all; whose path is among associate planets; whose meek handmaiden is the moon; whose mediate sovereign is the sun; whose life is eternity; whose thought is that of a God; whose enjoyment is knowledge; whose destinies are lost in immensity. . . ."

— E. A. POE, *The Island of the Fay*

Is not the poet — the artist — then, one who *feels* that he is in the presence of such a soul, and who tries to give expression to that which he feels?

It will be more conducive to man's self-respect, as well as to his happiness, to conceive himself as a member of a sentient whole, than as a hapless and irresponsible wight stranded on a dead and unfeeling clod of earth. If, instead of viewing the plants and animals as legitimate plunder, he can learn to feel towards them as an elder brother amid



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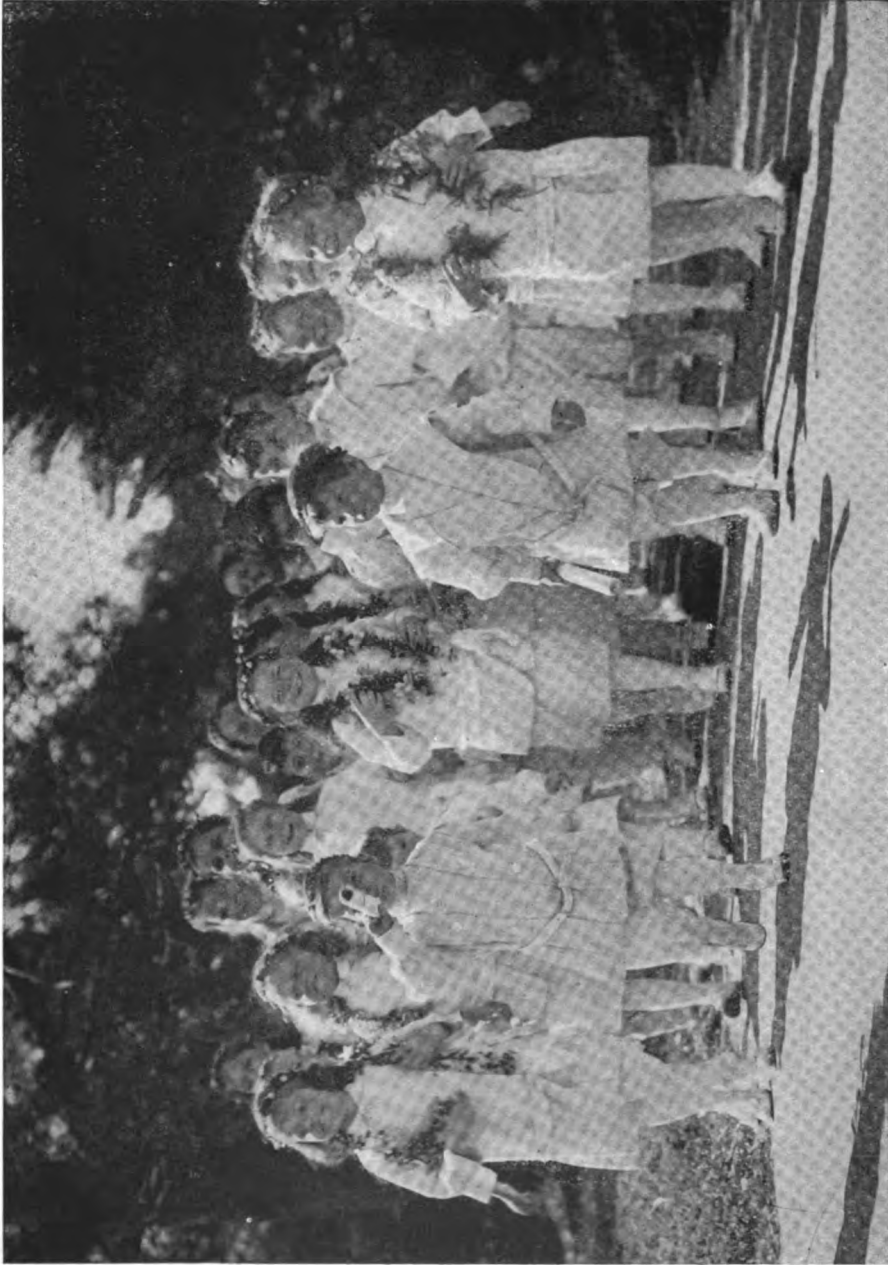
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**'THE TOTS' OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL
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children, he will find more joy both in himself and in them. If unfortunate circumstances, due to the imperfections of humanity, constrain him to actions which are repellent to his sense of justice and mercy towards humbler creatures, he will submit to that necessity with a genuine reluctance that will free him from the need for sophistical attempts to justify cruelty, and will seek the merciful and harmonious road wherever possible. And instead of flying to art and music as one who tries to console himself with make-believes, he will find in them the true interpreters of Nature, and the inseparable partners of a science that deals, not with phantoms, but with realities; not with dead matter but living souls.

SPEECH

R. MACHELL

IT is generally accepted that speech is one of the powers that most clearly distinguish man from the animals, and yet there are creatures that talk; and indeed it is open to question whether speech is not universal — speech of a kind. There is no question as to its being characteristically human, for we spend almost as much time in talking as we do in sleeping, while some people seem to talk unceasingly. But, when one listens to such a flow of talk, one is tempted to ask oneself: "Is this babble really speech?"

Is not speech something more than the utterance of articulated sounds? Does it not imply expression of thoughts previously formulated in the mind? The parrot talks; but has it truly the faculty of speech? Sometimes one is inclined to think it has as much right to claim that power, as have the mindless babblers who repeat the gossip of the day without any effort to think a thought, or to formulate an idea.

But then it is quite open to question whether the majority of men and women are really human yet. They have human bodies and brains, and many human faculties, which they occasionally try to use. But how many have begun to realize in themselves the full power of the human being? No need to look for the super-man till we have at least begun to realize our immediate possibilities as human beings. The first step in that direction is the effort to attain to wisdom, or spiritual enlightenment, which implies a recognition of the essential divinity of man. And one of the first steps in that direction is the control of speech. It was said of old that if speech was of silver, silence was of gold.

But if speech is a characteristic faculty of man, how can he progress

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to a full realization of his humanity without the use of this important faculty? The answer would probably be that before a faculty can be rightly used, its abuse must be stopped. Silence therefore has always been demanded from a candidate for wisdom. But if silence is expected from the disciple, speech is required from the teacher, who has achieved sufficient wisdom to be able to use rightly this great power. It is safe to say that nine-tenths of the general public have no idea of what that power really is, and that ninety-nine hundredths of them habitually misuse the faculty of speech.

There are times when the most thoughtless, if not entirely heartless, must have yearned for the power of true speech, in order to give help to some soul that is looking for the light, or to cheer one who is discouraged, or to tell the truth-seeker where to turn for clues. Who has not at some time realized his (or her) utter inability to express the emotions of his own heart? And who has not been reduced to silence by feelings that seem to demand expression beyond the power of ordinary speech? At such times people impatiently declare that language is incapable of serving the needs of the soul. But it would be more reasonable to admit that they have not yet acquired the faculty of true speech: for true speech is the power to express ideas; and ideas are motions of the soul, as thoughts are motions of the mind. Whereas words, as generally used, are but symbols for dead thoughts. The power of language to express ideas is measured by the power of the mind to formulate a symbol for the motions of the soul. The power of speech is infinite because it is united to and supported by the power of silence, which may be called spiritual speech. Between the sounds are the silences; and while the mind catches the spoken words the soul goes out in the silence; and the ideas that transcend thought find their expression in that medium in which the soul dwells.

The soulless speech of a cultured mind may interest and charm the minds of other cultured men and women; but also it may leave them with an unsatisfied feeling that baffles their analysis; because human beings are souls, whether they know it or not; and the soul seeks expression, and calls for Light. But a mind may be highly cultured and may yet be almost dead in a spiritual sense, and so the silences that pervade its speech are barren. Such a speaker is as one who has no message. It is just this message, which the true speaker carries, that makes his speech able to hold an audience spellbound, while the cultured intellectualist can do no more than soothe their senses or excite some interest in his mental agility and oratorical elegance. And it is thus that a Teacher may give help to hungry souls, and light to wanderers in the shadows of life, while affording no material for the delight of the intellectual dilettanti. The spoken words may be poorly chosen and faultily put together, while

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the silences may be vibrant with Light and Life; for the soul speaks in the silence, and the silence may be most intense in the midst of sound; sound being intermittent, and silence infinite.

Thus silence may permeate sound as the ether permeates matter, and this silence may be more eloquent than sound, for it is capable of acting as a vibrating medium in response to an appropriate impulse, thus conveying ideas of a higher order than those expressed in the words. Thus the old expression to 'read between the lines' is seen to have a practical meaning. This seems to suggest that besides the silences occurring between the phrases or words, there are silences within the words, which can be read intuitionally, and be interpreted by the soul, as readily as the meaning of the spoken or written words can be grasped by the mind. For man is a complex being, whose intelligence can function in many ways.

Poets and orators of the higher sort are constantly engaged in attempts to awake the mysterious powers that reside in the secret places, the caves of the silence, hidden within the vast mountains of sound. Sounds can be so organized and intensified as to awaken the Voice of the Silence, which is the song of the soul. But it must be obvious that souls are not all pure and bright, and that the powers of the silence may not all be beneficent. Therefore the Teachers of all ages have warned their disciples that 'discipline precedes instruction,' for they know that a man who has not mastered his own passions is powerless in face of the dark forces of Nature that function on the inner planes, and that a man who cannot control the workings of his own mind will inevitably be deceived, and will probably be destroyed, should he succeed in entering the state of consciousness in which the silence becomes audible and the darkness visible. And, as these forces exist whether we know them or not, so too there are powers in every man which he may occasionally employ unconsciously, thereby doing harm, or good, far beyond his intention. Knowing this, a wise Teacher has said: "Use with care those living messengers called words." (W. Q. Judge)

The misuse of speech is almost universal, and the woes of life are innumerable in consequence. For speech is probably the direct agent in the production, if not the cause, of the greater part of our woes. Evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are sins against humanity, so common as to be hardly looked upon as unusual or reprehensible. And the easy indifference we affect towards these evils is largely due to our ignorance of the power of speech. Of course we all know that evil talking may cause trouble; but few realize that the evil speech is in itself a power of evil; while the wrong caused by what is said is merely an evidence of the real disease, which was communicated by a direct contact established

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between speaker and hearer. Evil thought is more contagious than a physical disease, and speech establishes a contact between minds.

In the same way, kind words can heal by establishing a contact between a sick mind and a sane, or healthy, one: for health also is contagious.

If loose talkers could realize that their speech made contact between themselves and the object of their words, they might hesitate before thus connecting themselves with a hated person or thing. Patañjali says that the mind takes on the form of that which it contemplates; thus a slanderer shapes his own mind on the pattern of that which he denounces, and his speech makes a bridge between himself and the hearer, along which can travel the evil of his own mind molded to the shape of the slander.

In all magical operations, tradition attaches great power to speech, by means of which thought is formulated and made potent on the physical plane. In religious exercises, again, the use of speech is general: but only where the object of prayer is the establishing of connexion between the devotee and the divinity. The realization of union comes only in the silence. So we find the Teacher instructing his disciples to avoid the vocal exercises of the temple-worshippers and advising them to retire to their inner chamber, there to adore the Father which is in secret.

Of course the loudest prayers are generally those that implore material aid or benefits, or that call for victory over enemies, or that demand vengeance. The silent prayer is an act of adoration or of aspiration, a losing of self in the Divine. The personal self is fond of noise. This self-forgetting aspiration is the awakening of the true impersonal self of All, reflected in the individual soul of the devotee. And one who has attained to such true self-consciousness, has also attained to true speech, the speech that is carried in the silence permeating the audible utterance of the speaker. When this state has once been attained the speaker can be understood by those that do not know the language in which his words are spoken. This is probably what was meant by the story of the apostles who received the gift of tongues: they had attained to the speech that is silent, the utterance of the soul.

The power of a speaker to hold an audience unfamiliar with the language employed is not so strange, when one considers how often a great orator uses language that is wholly beyond the comprehension of his audience and yet manages to make them feel his purpose and sympathize with his ideals. How is it done? if not by some such direct contact of mind with mind and soul with soul, as I have tried to suggest. How little does it seem to matter that the words of a song are more or less indistinguishable if only the music has the power of appeal! A

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popular audience will catch a melody and make words for it; but the converse rarely happens. So too a speaker may pour forth a torrent of unintelligible 'blatherums' and may yet stir his audience to wild excitement. Assuredly he does not owe his power to a right use of language, but to the contagion of his inflamed mind carried to his hearers along the vibrations of his vocal utterance. The sound of his voice may establish and maintain the contact of his mind with theirs; but the message passes in the silence that pervades the sound: for silence is inseparable from sound, and is unaffected by it.

Cessation of sound is not really silence; for when external sounds are not distinguishable, then the rushing of the blood makes a roaring in our ears worse than the loudest motor. Silence is usually understood as the space between sounds: but it is rather that in which sound occurs.

When a man tries to reach a higher state of consciousness he instinctively seeks a place where no sound will disturb him: but some students have found that the most intense silence could be reached by plunging into a condition of extreme activity, amid conflicting sounds, that seem to create vortices or centers of silence more profound than that produced by suppression of particular noises.

So too we find that the two schools of 'yoga,' that of action and that of inaction, were means of attaining the same goal; which was a spiritual state that transcended ordinary experience.

It was said that "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts." And this is quite in keeping with the Biblical allegory of the 'coats of skin' adopted by Adam and Eve in order to hide the nakedness of humanity fallen from its spiritual state. In that state thought must have been directly perceptible as the objective formulation of ideas. But when the spiritual body was enveloped in its physical envelope, allegorically and literally, its 'coat of skin,' then speech was probably invented to conceal thoughts, all men being then aware of their separateness and of their conflicting desires: for union exists only in the spiritual world, from which the early races, known as Adam and Eve, had fallen.

But be this as it may, it certainly is difficult for anyone to express his thoughts by speech in such a way as to avoid being misunderstood on almost every point by some one or other of his audience, and I attribute this to the lack of that soul-speech which should pervade the spoken words. The fact is that, while we can all talk, we have, few of us, acquired the art of true speech. How then can we hope to attain it? Surely by the intense desire of the soul to find expression, that is to say, to establish contact with the soul of humanity of which it is a part, and from which it feels itself separated by the prison-walls of personality. The Soul of Humanity is one, and, as said in the Persian poem, "there

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is no room in the tent for thee and me." In union there is no me nor thee: there is One.

When we talk we use words one to another, feeling that we are apart; but when the soul sings in the silence, other souls respond, and know that they are one.

When we attain to wisdom we shall attain to speech — we are told in *Light on the Path*. In the meantime we must so use the powers we have, that we may help one another to realize the object of our evolution, and make no more such grave misuses of our faculties as those that have resulted in the loss of our heritage, the knowledge of our own divinity and the power to communicate that knowledge, which is the faculty of true speech. We have become spiritually dumb, as well as blind and deaf: but we may regain the use of these functions, when we have mastered those forces that make a playground of the human mind.

Humanity lost the power of true speech when it plunged into the whirlpool of sensuous experience and sought the joy of life in the delusive region of sensation. The return to our rightful place in Nature is the path of evolution that leads up out of the intoxication of sensuous life and the gratification of desires, to the pure state of spiritual enlightenment and true joy. In that state we shall know that we are all rays of light from one Central Sun of Life; we shall not have any need to talk as we do now, but shall use that speech which at present seems like the breath of inspiration, the rhythm in the music, the essence of beauty that is undefinable, the soul of art, the language of genius that is the soul of poetry. That which we may call esoteric speech, must, in a higher state of evolution, become exoteric.

But this esoteric speech is not unattainable now: on the contrary, it is used by all who speak truly from the heart. And it can be understood by those who have hearts capable of responding to the appeal of a generous heart. It is of many kinds, and it may be heard in unexpected places. Sometimes we hear it in the voice of some ordinary individual, and again we may listen for it in vain while admiring the brilliant eloquence of some famous speaker or singer.

We instinctively listen for it in music; but how often do we hear it? We seek it in the verses of our poets, but too often we cannot find it. Nor does it ring out from the pulpit. But it may be heard even there, perhaps. For "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and none can say where the sweet sound will be heard. It may be that we ourselves are using it sometimes, when we are trying to express the deeper feelings of the heart in words that seem too poor to carry all we feel. And it may be that we can only hear it now when the whirl of thought is stilled, our ears are not deafened by the tumult of the senses, and there is Silence.

THE SOUL OF SOCRATES

MARTIN E. TEW

SOCRATES, gentlest of spirits and wisest, delightfully human;
Boyishly curious, seeking adventures in knowledge and wisdom;
Striving to rouse in the youth of your time a desire for virtue;
Modest exemplar of fortitude, temperance, justice, and reason,—
Well did you say that the searcher for Truth finds the noblest of music.
Truth has its opposite — falsehood, and music its opposite — discord;
Falsehood is discord and perishes; Truth is unchanging and deathless.

Clearly you saw through the low-lying fogs of the senses' delusions —
Through the false shows of material splendors and selfish indulgence —
That the Great Harmony dwells in the unclouded realms of the Spirit,
And that the soul when distracted by sense-born desires and sorrows
Must find its solace in truths that are changeless in goodness and beauty.
Pleasures and pains of the body are transient, but Good is eternal.
Poverty, calumny, death could not shake your firm faith in the vision.

Zeus and all the great gods of your day are now only a legend.
Gods are like players who have their brief hour on the stage of illusion;
Temples decay; even mighty Olympus is bare and plebeian;
But the free Truth which your reason illumined is one through all ages.
Twenty-four centuries have come and gone, yet the lamp that you lighted
Throws o'er the waves of men's stormy ambitions its rays undiminished.
In the clear light of your reasoning dogmas and creeds cannot flourish;
Bigotry shuns those bright beams, and intolerance slinks to the shadows.

O blinded multitudes! Why do you murder your teachers and saviors,
Who with clear vision, compassionate hearts, and unselfish devotion,
Toil to release you from bondage that you may possess your rich birthrights?
Why do you crown and enthrone cruel tyrants who bind and enslave you —
Who in their selfishness plunder, or worse, in their blindness debase you?
You are joint heirs to all good in eternity's boundless dominions.
Rise o'er your weaknesses; conquer the flesh-born desires that chain you;
Mount to the heights and possess your inheritance: **YOU ARE IMMORTAL!**

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

THE Ancients well knew that the Great Adventure is the quest of the true self — of the eternal man. They recognised human life as a sacred drama of the embodied soul, ever seeking to find itself in the winding maze of many incarnations. The primeval truth is that the world is, solely to stage the adventure of spirit into blind and unknown matter. Life in all its phases was regarded as some part of the dual play between the spiritual and the material. Man's dual nature explained why he was 'half dust, half deity.'

The Ancients knew that Justice was a basic motive in the great drama, and that each soul was free to choose both the parts it would play, and just how it would play them. Moreover, each was to be the final critic of its own performance. The primeval teaching was that the curtain of creation, which rose in the dawn of time, would fall only when the souls could play any part, consciously and perfectly, as became a soul. The original conception of human destiny presented a superb vista, linking life after life. A majestic purpose was seen back of even poor, mean, and depraved human nature, since the real man began his incarnations with a birthright of divinity. Then, descending gradually to the depths of materiality, he must fight his way back again, up the ascending arc of the great cycle of evolution to the goal of perfection. At every step of the way, the higher law notes every victory and defeat, and, sooner or later, returns to each one his just due of strength or weakness, of passion or peace, of joy or suffering. Human character was recognised originally as the result of the continued contest between the overshadowing god and its animal body.

One of the old devotional books says: "Light and darkness are the world's eternal ways." And man, a world in himself, is the epitome of cosmic light and darkness. Each life is a shifting scene in a majestic drama staged for the soul — the divine spark — to find its illumined self, in spite of mental and material darkness. "Man, know thyself," was the Greek key to the primeval source of power and wisdom. Self-conquest was, and is, equally the final task for all men and for all times, and it is a struggle of ages. To find the real self, in the silence and darkness of the inner life, *that* was, and is, and ever will be, the supreme achievement — the great adventure.

It is the ancient truth that man is a soul, ingrained from the first

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into the very fabric of humanity, which vitalizes the universal seeking for an exact justice, an ideal beauty, the finer forces, the illumined knowledge, the final liberation, and the perfect peace. It is the actual existence of a perfected reality which provides the patterns for all its mutilated imitations and counterfeits. If truth did not exist and attract humanity, there would be no opposing disguise of falsehood to beguile it by the way.

It is the soul's strength and skill which would make visible signs in the perfect work of the artist, and no less in the handiwork of the artisan. It is the inner power and beauty and freedom which ever seek expression through hand and brain and heart, in the effort to manifest themselves in matter. Each soul, able to create its own human character, and to dictate its own destiny, is called upon to show its creative skill in the ways of a practical world. To dignify the duties of the common day with noble purpose is to work upon the higher creative lines of character-building. And character makes or mars the victory in the contest between the incarnating god and its animal body.

The servant who gives perfect service is a worthy example for the careless teacher. Each, in his own place, has equal chance to succeed in finding himself by serving the law of his own being. In the quest of self there is a cosmic equality of opportunity, however much perverted human nature may try to cheat others. And no one can evade or escape from the equalizing power of the just law, which, unwritten, is nevertheless stamped upon the face of all nature.

It is a long cry from the modern conception of life back to the ancient knowledge that the great adventure is the quest of the real self. Life, today, has become an adventurous whirl around the material levels, instead of a progression upward and onward. Earth and sea and air are ransacked in a reckless passion of seeking for the added force and freedom of a larger personal selfhood. We have become lost in a mental and physical maze of selfish ambitions and sensations. Having lost knowledge of Reincarnation — that connecting-link of life after life — and being indifferent or skeptical as to a hereafter, we fill the passing moment with exciting experiences that make us forget to look within, and make us afraid of the silence. The natural instinct of devotion, which even the savages try to express, is crowded out by our devotion to material power and possessions and sensations.

Undeniably the restless brain-mind is producing marvels of achievement, and the hand has acquired a cunning and skill that are uncanny. The world-war showed the modern flower of efficiency in full bloom — an unnatural growth watered with blood and tears. If humanity's fragrant, natural heart-life had been cultivated with a fraction of the same care, the nations, instead of coming together in war, would have been united

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in devotion to the common welfare. Would not an adventure into a new era of human solidarity be a most unique and splendid attainment for a race that had evolved for millions of years in a spirit of competition and separateness? It would be a miracle to most minds, for the world has been so long out of tune with itself that it is psychologized with discord, and has forgotten that harmony is the natural, healthy condition of civilized humanity.

Even the modern lines of travel and communication which make the antipodes our neighbors, are the visible signs of common interests which spring from the primal root of brotherhood. And the first step toward finding his brothers is for man to find himself — that self whose pulse is timed to the common heart-beat. The age has gone by for arguing with tooth and claw: the time is ripe for the world to realize that there is everything to gain by unity and everything to lose by conflict. Though man may have been a fighting animal once, he now has evolved a degree of mental power, which, used selfishly, makes for conflicting fiends. The impetus of life-forces impel him to action, and he must go on toward a godlike human perfection, or degenerate below the natural brute, into a being of fiendish cleverness and will-power. Katherine Tingley has said:

“We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world’s history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.”

Though the war has been the most destructive and cruel one in history, the spiritual warrior in humanity has also been aroused to take a heroic hand in the eternal contest between light and darkness. Behind the suffering which seems to mock at faith and hope, there is a wide-spread seeking for the reality. Like headstrong children, who have wandered astray, there are many in the present confused, doubtful, and despairing world who are longing to find the way back home. The present generation has gone far afield, absorbed in a wild and unreckoning search of externals for means to make life *seem* freer, larger, and more intense. They have failed to look for the inner self who is ever conscious of *being* serenely strong, courageous, and full of light and buoyant life. The materialistic language of the times has few words in which to voice their cry for sorely-needed help. There is a hesitancy, a reticence, a shyness about spiritual inquirers today, as if they feared that their wants could not be understood in such a matter-of-fact world.

The heart-cry of humanity for light and liberation is largely inarticulate. But the great and growing need of a sound basis for faith and hope and courage is written large in the faces of every class and condition of men. Nor is it only the poor, the ignorant, and the deprived who

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stand sorely in need of help. There are few faces that, closely scanned, do not show a pitiful lack of the inner resources which alone can make life satisfying and worth while. Countless men and women of affairs, with every worldly advantage, and with a surfeit of all that can be bought with a price, are yet weary of it all and heart-sick and heart-hungry. Many of them have followed popular metaphysical fads, looking for a satisfactory philosophy of life and finding no inspiration to *make of themselves living examples* of the reality. They have been energetic and resourceful enough in supplying their many *wants*; but they forget that they must raise the quality of their efforts to find the higher level where their real *needs* can be satisfied. The world as a whole is in a state of spiritual devastation, and the crying need of the time is for a reconstruction of faith — faith of humanity in its better self. It is a crucial time, when every move counts for the side of light or of darkness. The brain-mind has been found wanting: only the heart can light the way to the safe path. It is the opportunity of ages to go forward and to help others. No soul is so humbly placed that its faith in itself, justified by the work of self-conquest, does not class such a helper with the saviors of discouraged humanity. There has never been a lack of printed and written and spoken philosophy in the world; but our practical age is calling for demonstrations of the *living* truth that man is something more than his body.

No one who has felt the touch of his mother's love can question the vital power and sweetness and liberation of the finer forces. No one who has felt the intangible comfort and warmth of a dear friend's hospitality, can doubt that the soul is sustained by something other than meat and drink. Pure love and true comradeship, compassion and devotion, and all the higher sentiments, take hold on the mysteries of vital force and speak the language of the inner life. It is the failure to provide a place for the silent soul in our every-day life, which leaves so many educated, well-to-do, traveled, capable men and women so pitifully poor and weak and lack-luster in the best phases of human nature. Surely

“the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.”

That the soul's task is to find itself fully in the changing guise of many bodies, is written even upon the face of the new-born. Earth-life, at best, is a dreary change from the soul's native light and joy and freedom. But the babe, as if sustained by memory of its recent home in the reality, meets the change undaunted, and nestles content in the home-like warmth of mother-love. There is an ethereal courage in the way the sensitive

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babe takes up the strange burden of human life. Before the tiny animal-body has time to dominate its companion soul, the little one's smile is like sunshine. It is as if this were but the beginning of a merry joust with solid matter, in which the finer forces were destined to be victorious.

The scientist who tries to tell in hard-and-fast terms that the child knows nothing before its brain and senses develop, is himself a child in knowledge of the inner life and of the finer faculties. Even a humble, devoted mother can tell him that the new-born, all ignorant of earthly things, is vitally aware of her brooding love. Its tender flesh is aglow with an inner something, so keyed to ideal conditions that it radiates an atmosphere of pure joy and satisfying peace. The mother-heart feels a magic touch of finer courage and larger patience and a greater love. She dreams dreams for her dear one who has brought into the workaday world the imprint of the ideal that is close at hand for those who believe in it.

The true mother gets touches of the unseen realities, which are beyond the ken of the scientist's brain-mind, and which elude the skill of his finest technique. In her travail of suffering, she goes beyond the reaches of cold reason and mere matter, so near to the curtain between life and death through which the incoming soul must pass, that some rays of the inner light seem to fall upon her also. Physiology has no words to describe the natural mystery of motherhood. It transcends the language of the physical nature. Certain it is, that only the sacred science of life can explain the universal instinct that feels the sacredness of motherhood and the refreshing touch of the incoming soul, ready for another expedition in the great adventure.

Since human life is ever a paradox, it is fitting that the weak and tender babe should show the high courage, the smiling trust, and responsive love, such as become a spiritual warrior. Mencius said:

"The great man is he who does not lose his child heart."

The Râja-Yoga system of education established by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma, mindful of human duality, makes continued appeal to the child's higher nature. In a simple, natural way, the daily routine of the young warriors prepares them, through self-conquest, for the subtler temptations and fiercer fights of adult years. The little ones show that they can win some large victories. Their enlistment in the great tourney of self-conquest makes a closer and more sacred comradeship between them and the parents, and the tender tie becomes a strong bond of mutual helpfulness. A child is sometimes an older, wiser soul who has come to pay a karmic debt of gratitude, by showing parents how

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to find the kingdom of heaven 'within.' Did not a Teacher say: "A little child shall lead them"?

In the soul's venture to bring to earth its own native sense of beauty and harmony, man is moved to express himself ideally in all the arts and sciences, in all the industries and economies, in social relations and in devotions. The soul is no inert ascetic. It is aglow with the joy of real life and would have us worship 'in the beauty of holiness.' It would unite men in the finer and more sympathetic relations of mutual understanding, of perfect work of voice and tongue and pen, of head and hand and heart. And so true art conveys a message of inner truth and beauty to all, even to those ignorant of art technique. The best music, in some degree, voices harmonies of the real life, and hints at the unifying power of perfect sound. The drama holds us with absorbing interest, as it pictures in miniature the passing scenes in the great cosmic play in which we are all engaged to learn the leading part in every cast. The responsive ease with which we live out the little plots with the actor on the stage, is suggestive of our latent power to be 'equal to the event' whenever the petty personality is forgotten and the real self is free to play the part. The best literature is vitalized with the soul's effort to find the words that will make the innately familiar story of its ventures here seem a part of the reader's experience, in sympathy, at least. In mathematics and architecture, the principles and working rules which govern their use are symbolic of the self-discipline by which the soul equalizes and adjusts its complex nature, and aims to build its changing body of perfected form and strength and flexibility. The real physician would find the healing touch of nature that can put in order the disordered forces of the body. But the physician who has equalized the forces of his own nature, brings into the sick-room the living formula of a faith that makes for wholeness. True science is not the cold, mechanical thing which the intellectual materialists have built around themselves, like a prison-wall shutting out the spiritual world of reality. The Ancients recognised Spirit as the primal cause of the existence of all things and creatures. In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* Krishna says:

"Among that which is evolved, O Arjuna, I am the beginning, the middle, and the end; of all sciences I am the knowledge of the Adhyâtma [the highest spiritual knowledge] and of uttered sounds the human speech. . . . Among the wise of secret knowledge I am their silence."

The ancient Wisdom-Religion is presented today under the name of Theosophy. Eminently practical, as it must needs be to fit the times, it touches life at every point. It finds common ground for the separate and confusing theories of the leading political and social economists, by going back to the economics of nature and of human nature. The original plan provided for clean, strong, healthy bodies to costume the

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incarnating souls. The resources of the earth which staged the great play provided food and clothing and shelter for all the bodies; there was truth enough to inform all the minds, and there was peace and joy and love enough to fill every heart. The present chaotic state of things everywhere proves that something more than brain-mind is needed to maintain the balance of forces in man's make-up of body, mind, and soul. In the divine economy, nothing is lost; but when our overcrowded jails and reformatories and hospitals and insane asylums outweigh all other institutions, it looks as if the legitimate business of human life had degenerated into a huge salvage department-store. We are very absorbed and ingenious in vainly trying to save the pieces, when, by self-discipline, we might easily grow wise enough to control the destructive forces which, unconsciously, we now invoke.

According to Nature's reckoning, it is poor economy to be weak or diseased or ignorant or unclean or hungry or hopeless or vicious — all of which discounts our usefulness. But the soul is courageous enough to work through all our self-imposed handicaps, if only it is given a fair chance to find itself. Our management or rather mismanagement of both our individual and social affairs has brought us face to face with serious problems of all kinds. The results of our ignorant mistakes must be met, and to meet them rightly calls for the higher courage, lest 'a worse thing befall' us if we do not mend our ways. It is never too late to work for better results in the future, for the future is the direct continuation of the present, and we are living always in 'the eternal now.' While our own Karma may prevent us from changing conditions around us quickly, we can at once begin our individual betterment by changing our poverty of nature, our weak will, our diseased imagination, our pessimistic, or sordid, or unclean, or petty tendencies. Our opportunities cannot be measured by any conventional standard of measurement; sometimes a soul ventures to choose a life of hardships, in order to test and increase its power, just as an athlete trains for victory.

Katherine Tingley once said to her students:

"Fear nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times. Try slowly to make it your motive for fidelity that others may be faithful. Fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for *them*, not yourself. Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain neutral; if you think you can and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The cry has gone out to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity."

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Among the few souls who, lives ago, attained to wisdom in the great adventure of self-conquest, *is* the lion-hearted H. P. Blavatsky. We do not say that she *was* alive, because though her body is dust and ashes, the compassionate Self of this noble woman always was and is and will be. That she consciously brought the light of the ancient truth to a world when its blind and unreckoning materialism was directing its progress toward unsuspected catastrophe, is proven by comparing her many writings with all the significant events of history in the last forty years. In 1889 she wrote these prophetic words:

"We are face to face with all the glorious possibilities of the future. This is again the hour of the great cyclic return of the tide of mystical thought in Europe. On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science — the science of Life Eternal — bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses, from the depths where lie the prehistoric learning and arts swallowed up with the antediluvian Giants — demigods, though with but little of mortality — that current strikes us in the face and murmurs: 'That which has been, exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata, may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves.' . . .

"We must prepare ourselves and study truth under every aspect, endeavoring to ignore nothing, if we do not wish to fall into the abyss of the unknown when the hour shall strike. . . . The strife will be terrible in any case between brutal materialism and blind fanaticism on the one hand, and philosophy and mysticism on the other — mysticism, that veil of more or less translucency which hides the eternal Truth.

"But it is not materialism that will gain the upper hand. . . .

"The spirit of truth is passing over the face of the waters, and in dividing them is compelling them to disgorge their spiritual treasures. This spirit is a force that can neither be hindered nor stopped. Those who recognise it, and feel that this is the supreme moment of their salvation, will be uplifted by it and carried beyond the illusions of the great astral serpent. The joy they will experience will be so poignant and intense that if they were not mentally isolated from their body of flesh, the beatitude would pierce them like sharp steel. It is not pleasure they will experience, but a bliss which is a foretaste of the wisdom of the gods, the knowledge of good and evil, of the fruits of the tree of life.

"The whole world at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary, and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can remain neutral between the two contending forces. . . .

"This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of the neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy, we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it."


What other pen hinted at the coming struggle of the world which, today, is trying to find itself in the conflict? Every human soul is engaged in the Great Adventure, "and there is no discharge in that war."

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

VIII — THE BLACK-HAIRED PEOPLE

REECE shone between 478 and 348,— to give the thirteen decades of her greatest spiritual brightness. Then came India in 321; we lose sight of her after the death of Aśoka in the two-thirties, but know the Maurya Empire lasted its thirteen decades (and six years) until 185. Then China flamed up brilliantly under the Western House of Han from 194 to 64; — at which time, however, we shall not arrive for a few weeks yet.

Between these three national epochs there is this difference: the Greek Age came late in its manvantara; which opened (as I guess), roughly speaking, some three hundred and ninety years before: — three times thirteen decades, with room for three national flowerings in Europe — among what peoples, who can say? — We cannot tell where in its manvantara the Indian Age may have come: whether near the beginning, or at the middle. But in China we are on firm ground, and the firmest of all. A manvantara, a fifteen-century cycle, began in the two-forties B. c.; this Age of Han was its first blossom and splendid epoch; and we need feel no surprise that it was not followed by a night immediately, but only by a twilight and slight dimming of the glories for about thirteen decades again, and then the full brilliance of another day. Such things are proper to peoples new-born after their long pralaya; and can hardly happen, one would say, after the morning of the manvantara has passed. Thus in our own European cycle, Italy the first-born was in full creative energy from about 1240 to 1500: twenty-six decades; — whereas the nations that have held hegemony since have had to be content each with its thirteen.

— And now to take bird's-eye views of China as a whole; and to be at pains to discover what relation she bears, historically, to ourselves and the rest of the globe.

Do you remember how Abraham haggled with the Lord over the Cities of the Plain? Yahveh was for destroying them off hand for their manifold sins and iniquities; but Abraham argued and bargained and brought him down till if peradventure there should be found ten righteous

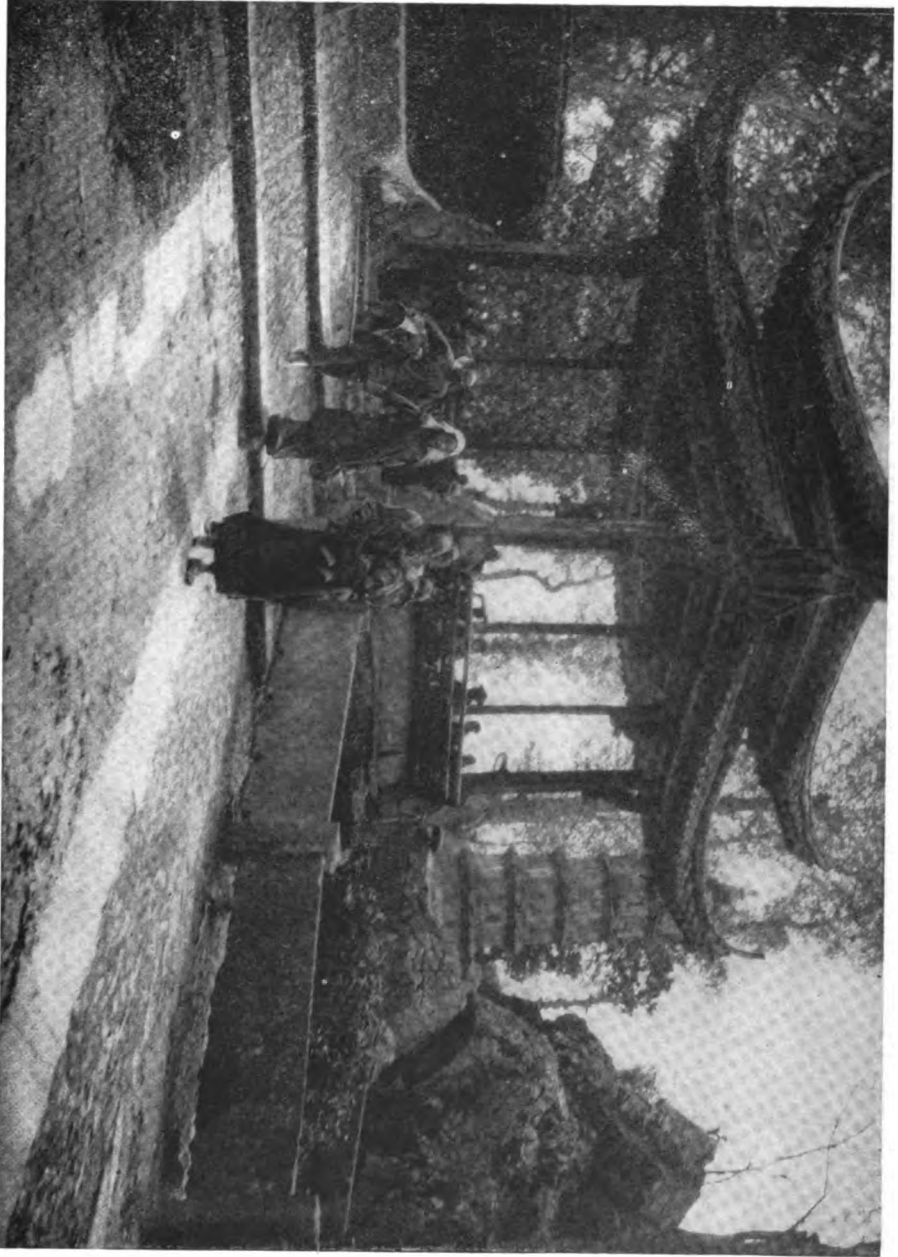


Photo. by D. Menzies

IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS, LING YING

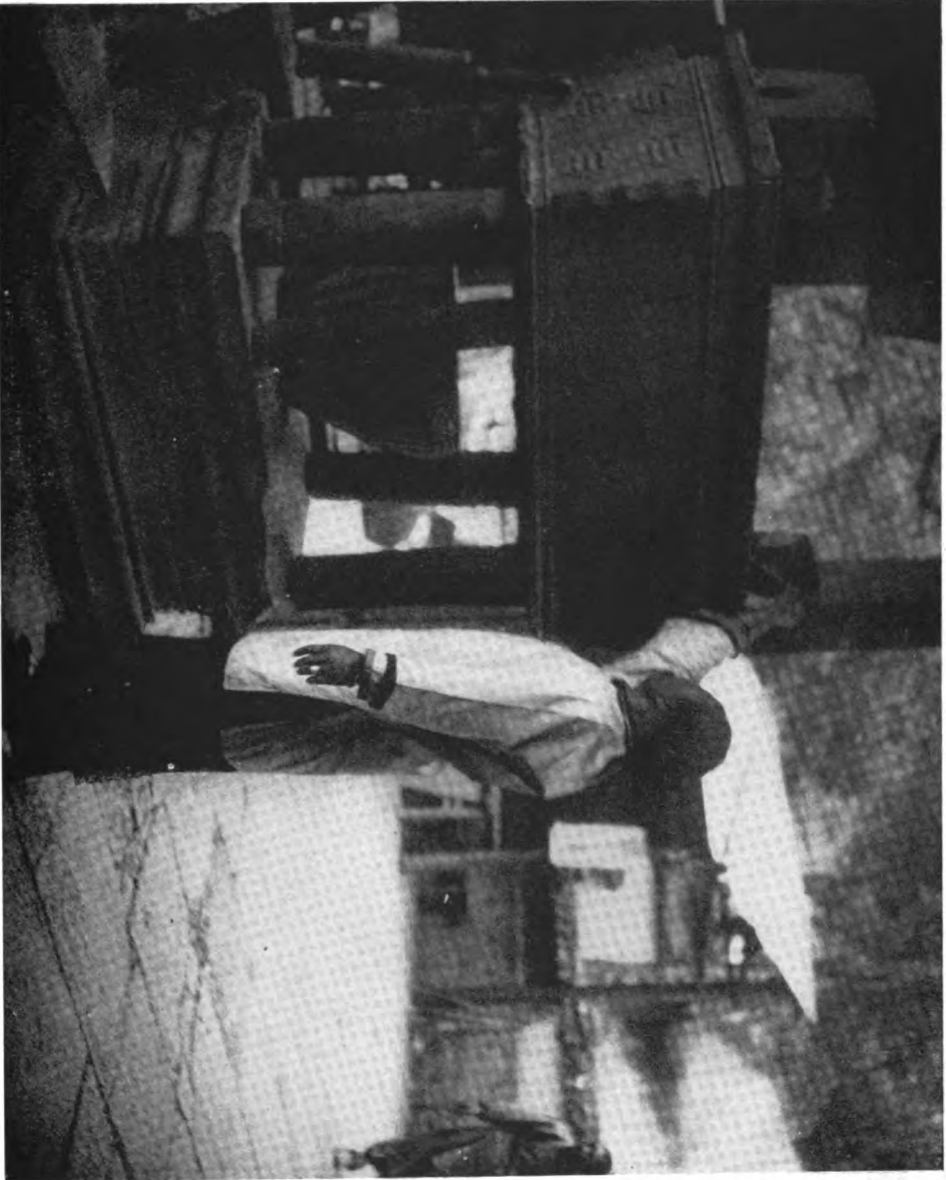
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THE CENSER TENDER

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OFFERING INCENSE

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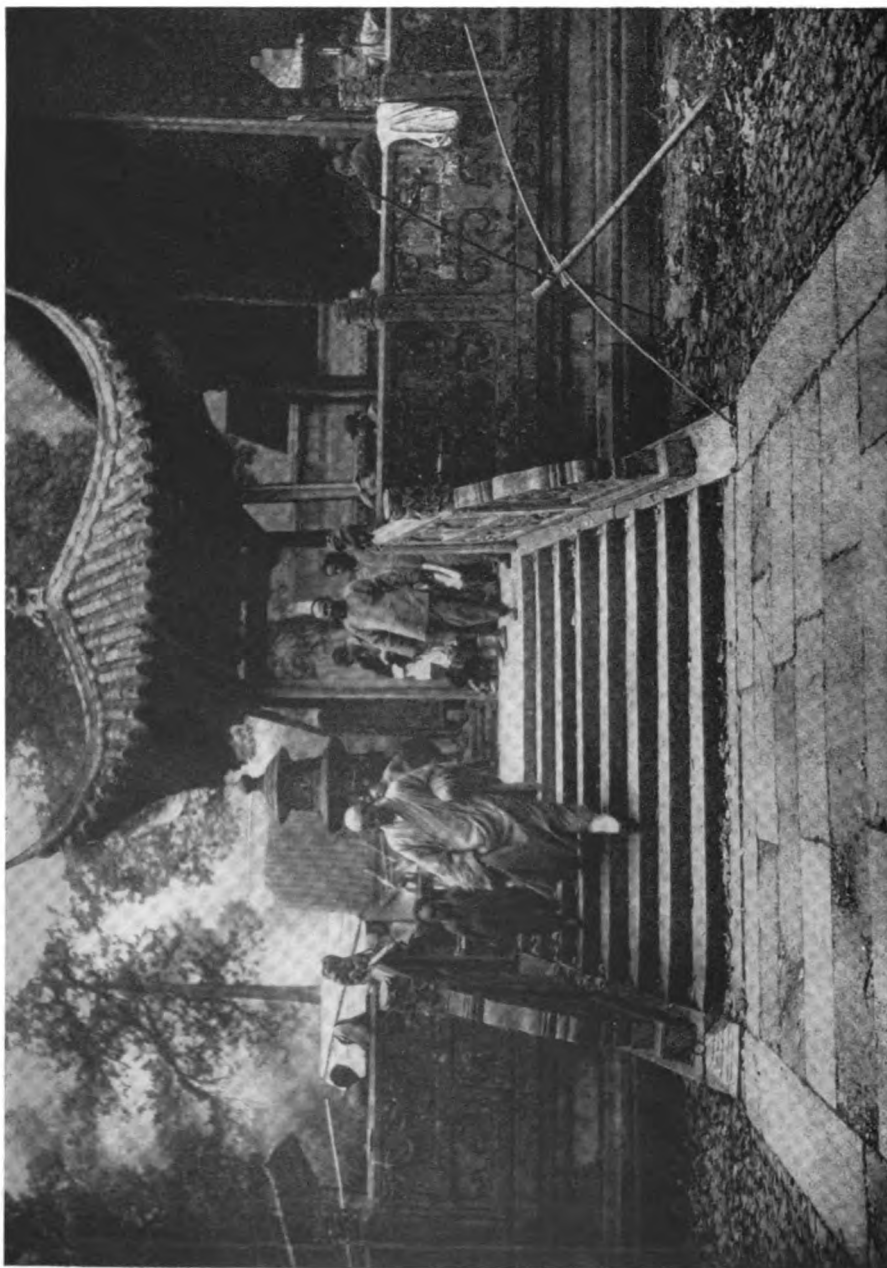


Photo. by D. Mennie

THE TEMPLE COURTYARD

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THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

in Sodom and Gomorrah, the Lord promised he would spare them. But ten righteous there were not, nor nothing near; so the Cities of the Plain went down.

I suppose the Crest-Wave rarely passes from a race without leaving a wide trail of insanity in its wake. The life forces are strong; the human organisms through which they play are but — as we know them. Commonly these organisms are not directed by the Divine Soul, which has all too little of the direction of life in its hands; so the life-currents drift downward, instead of fountaining up; and exhaust these their vehicles, and leave them played out and mentally — because long since morally — deficient. So come the cataclysmic wars and reigns of terror that mark the end of racial manvantaras: it is a humanity gone collectively mad. On the other hand, none can tell what immense safeguarding work may be done by the smallest sane co-ordinated effort upwards. If peradventure the ten righteous shall be found — but they must be righteous, and know what they are doing — I will spare, and not destroy, saith the Lord.

(He said nothing about respectabilities. I dare say there was quite a percentage of respectable chapel-going Sabbath-observing folk in the Cities of the Plain.)

And yet there must be always that dreadful possibility — which perhaps has never become actual since the fall of Atlantis — that a whole large section of mankind should go quite mad, and become unfit to carry on the work of evolution. It is a matter of corrupting the streams of heredity; which is done by vice, excess, wrong living; and these come of ignorance. Heaven knows how near it we may be today: I do not think Christendom stands, or has stood, so very far from the brink. And yet it is from the white race, we have supposed, that the coming races will be born: this is the main channel through which human evolution is intended to flow. — We are in kali-yuga; the Mysteries are dead, and the religions have taken their place: there has been no sure and certain link, organized on this plane, between the world and its Higher Self. Each succeeding civilization, under these circumstances, has run a greater risk.

Of what race are we? I say, of no race at all, but can view the matter as Human Souls, reincarnating egos, prepared to go where the Law bids us. Races are only temporary institutions set up for the convenience of the Host of Souls.

We see, I suppose, the results of such a breakdown in Africa. Atlanteans were segregated there; isolated; and for a million years degenerated in that isolation to what they are. But their ancestors, before that segregation began, had better airships than we have; were largely giants,

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in more respects than the physical, where we are pygmies. Now they are — whatever may be their potentialities, whatever they may become — actually an inferior race. And it is a racial stock that shows no signs of dying out. What then? — I suppose indeed there must be backward races, to house backward egos; — though for that matter you would think that our Londons and Chicagos and the rest, with their slums, would provide a good deal of accommodation.

Or consider the Redskins, here and in South America: whether Atlanteans, or of some former sub-race of the Fifth, at least not Aryans. Take the finest tribes among them, such as the Navajos. Here is a very small hereditary stream, kept pure and apart: of fine physique; potentially of fine mentality; unsullied with vices of any sort: a people as much nearer than the white man to natural spirituality, as to natural physical health. It is no use saying they are so few. Two millenniums ago, how many were the Anglo-Saxons? Three millenniums ago, how many were the Latins? Supposing the white race in America failed. The statistics of lunacy — of that alone — are a fearful *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* written on our walls, for any Daniel with vision to read. I think Nature must also take into account these possibilities. Does she keep in reserve hereditary streams and racial stocks other than her great and main ones, *in case of accidents?* Are the Redskins among these?

The Secret Doctrine seems to hint sometimes that the founders of our Fifth Root Race were of Lemurian rather than Atlantean descent. Nowhere is it actually said so; but there are a number of passages that read, to me, as if they were written with that idea, or theory, or fact, in mind. Is it, possibly, that a small pure stream of Lemurian heredity had been kept aloof through all the years of Atlantis, in reserve; — some stream that may have been, at one time, as narrow as the tribe of Navajos? — This may be a very bold conclusion to draw from what is said in *The Secret Doctrine*; it may have no truth in it whatever; other passages are to be found, perhaps, that would at least appear to contradict it. But if it is true, it would account for what seems like a racial anomaly — or more than one. Science leans to the conclusion that the Australian aborigines are Aryan: they are liker Aryans than anything else. But we know from *The Secret Doctrine* that they are among the few last remnants of the Lemurians. Again, the Ainos of Japan are very like Europeans: they have many physical features in common with the Caucasians, and none in common with the peoples of East Asia. Yet they are very low down in the scale of evolution; — not so low as the Australian Blackfellow, but without much occasion for giving themselves airs. A thousand years of contact with the much-washing Japanese have never suggested to them why God made soap and water. Like many

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other people, they have the legend of the flood: remember, as you may say, the fall of Atlantis; but unlike us upstarts of the Fourth and Fifth Races, they have also a legend of a destruction of the world by fire and earthquake — a cataclysm that lasted, they say, a hundred days. Is it a memory of the fate of Lemuria?

Is a new Root-Race developed, not from the one immediately preceding it, but from the one before? Is Mercury's caduceus, here too, a symbol of the way evolution is done? Did the Law keep in reserve a *Śishta* or Seed-Race from Lemuria, holding it back from Atlantean development during the whole period of the Atlanteans; — holding it, all that while, in seclusion and purity — and therefore in a kind of pralaya; — at the right moment, to push its development, almost suddenly, along a new line, not parallel to the Atlantean, but *sui generis*, and to be Aryan Fifth presently? — Is the Law keeping in reserve a *Śishta* or Seed-Race of Atlantean stock, holding that in reserve and apart all through our Aryan time, to develop from it at last the beginnings of the Sixth, on the new continent that will appear? Or to do so, at any rate, should the main Aryan stock fail at one of the grand crises in its evolution, and become of too corrupt heredity to produce fitting vehicles for the egos of the Sixth to inhabit?

When we have evolved back to Sanskrit for the last time: when the forces of civilization have played through and exhausted for the last time the possibilities of each of the groups of Aryan languages, so that it would be impossible to do anything more with them — for languages do become exhausted: we cannot write English now as they could in the days of Milton and Jeremy Taylor; not necessarily because we are smaller men, but because the fabric of our speech is worn much thinner, and will no longer take the splendid dyes; — and when that final flowering of Sanskrit is exhausted too — will the new Sixth Race language, as a type, be a derivation from the Aryan? Then how? — Or will it, possibly, be as it were a new growth sprung out of the grave of Fourth Race Chinese, or of one of that Atlantean group through which, during all these millions of years, such great and main brain-energies have not on the whole been playing as they have been through the Aryans; and which might therefore, having lain so long fallow, then be fit for new strange developments and uses?

— All of which may be, and very likely is, extremely wide of the mark. Such ideas may be merest wild speculation, and have no truth in them at all. And yet I think that if they were true, they would explain a thing to me otherwise inexplicable: China.

We are in the Fifth Root-Race, and the fifth sub-race thereof: that is, beyond the middle point. And yet one in every four of the inhabitants

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of the glöbe is a Fourth Race Chinaman; and I suppose that if you took all the races that are not Caucasian, or Fifth Race, you would find that about half the population of the world is Atlantean still.

Take the languages. A Sanskrit word, or a Greek, or Old Gothic, or Latin, is a living organism, a little articulate being. There is his spine, the root; his body, the stem; his limbs and head, the formative elements, prefixes and suffixes, case-endings and what not. Let him loose in the sentence, and see how he wriggles gaily from state to state: with a flick of the tail from nominative to genitive, from singular to plural: declaring his meaning, not by means of what surroundings you put about him, but by motions, changes, volitions so to say, of his own. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm *pater*, and the subject; set me where you will, and I am still the subject, and you can make nothing else of me.' Or, 'Now,' says he, 'I'm *patrem*, and the object; go look for my lord the verb, and you shall know what's done to me; be he next door, or ten pages away, I am faithful to him.' *Patrem filius amat*, or *filius amat patrem*, or in whatever order it may be, there is no doubt who does, and who (as they say) *suffers* the loving. — But now take a word in English. You can still recognise him for the same creature that was once so gay and jumpy-jumpy: *father* is no such far cry from *pater*: — but oh what a change in sprightliness of habits is here! Time has worn away his head and limbs to almost unrecognisable blunt excrescences. Bid him move off into the oblique cases, and if he can help it, he will not budge; you must shove him with a verb; you must goad him with a little sharp preposition behind; and then he just *lumps* backward or forward, and there is no change for the better in him, as you may say. No longer will he declare his meaning of himself; it must depend on where you choose to put him in the sentence. — Among the mountains of Europe, the grand Alps are the parvenus; the Pyrenees look down on them; and the Vosges on the Pyrenees; and — pardon me! — the little old time-rounded tiny Welsh mountains look down on them all from the heights of a much greater antiquity. They are the smallest of all, the least jagged and dramatic of all; time and the weather have done most to them. The storm, like the eagle of Gwern Abwy in the story, has lighted on their proud peaks so often, that that from which once she could peck at the stars in the evening, rises now but a few thousand feet from the level of the sea. Time and springs and summers have silenced and soothed away the start-ling crags and chasms, the threatening gestures of the earth at infinity, and clothed them over with a mantle of quietness and green fern and heather and dreams. When the Fifth Race was younger, its language was Alpine: in Gothic, in Sanskrit, in Latin, you can see the crags and chasms. French, Spanish and Italian are Pyrenean, much worn down.

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English is the Vosges. — Chinese is hardly even the Welsh mountains.

Every word is worn perfectly smooth and round. There is no sign left at all of prefix or suffix, root or stem. There are no parts of speech: any word without change can do duty for any part of speech. There is no sign of case or number: all has been reduced to an absolute simplicity, beyond which there is no going. Words can end with no consonant but the most rounded of all, the nasal liquids *n* and *ng*. There is about as much likeness to the Aryan and Semitic languages — you can trace about as much analogy between them — as you can between a centipede and a billiard-ball.

There are definite laws governing the changes of language. You know how the Latin *castrum* became in English *ciaster* and then *chester*; the change was governed by law. The same law makes our present-day vulgar say *cyar* for *car*; that word, in the American of the future, will be something like *chair*. The same law makes the same kind of people say *donchyer* for *don't you*; some day, alas! even that will be classical and refined American. Well; we know that that law has been at work in historic times even on the Chinese billiard-ball: where Confucius said *Ts'in* like a gentleman, the late Yuan Shi Kai used to say *Ch'in*. So did the Dowager Empress; it was eminently the refined thing to do. So we ourselves have turned *Ts'in* into *China*. — And that is the one little fact — or perhaps one of the two or three little facts — that remain to convince us that Chinese and its group of kindred languages grew up on the same planet, and among the same humankind, that produced Sanskrit and Latin.

But does not that suggest also the possibility that Alpine Aryan might some day — after millions of years — wear down or evolve back even into billiard-ball Chinese? That human language is *one thing*; and all the differences, the changes rung on that according to the stages of evolution?

In the Aryan group of languages, the bond of affinity is easily recognisable: the roots of the words are the same: *pitri*, *pater*, *vater*, are clearly but varying pronunciations of the same word. In the Turanic group, however — Finnish, Hungarian, Turkish, Tatar, Mongol and Manchu — you must expect no such well-advertised first-cousinship. They are grouped together, not because of any likeness of roots: not because you could find one single consonant the same in the Lappish or Hungarian, say, and in the Mongol or Manchu words for *father* — you probably could not; — but because there may be syntactical likenesses, or the changes and assimilations of sounds may be governed by the same laws. Thus in Turkic — I draw upon the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* — there is a suffix *z*, preceded by a vowel, to mean *your*: *pederin* is 'father'; 'your

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father' becomes *pederiniz*; *dostun* means 'friend'; 'your friend' becomes, not *dostuniz*, but *dostunuz*; and this trick of assimilating the vowel of the suffix to the last one in the stem is an example of the kind of similarities which establish the relationship of the group. As for likeness of roots, here is a specimen: *gyordünüz* is the Turkish for the Finnish *näkke*. — So here you see a degree of kinship much more remote than that you find in the Aryan. Where, say, Dutch and Gaelic are brothers — at least near relations and bosom friends, — Turkish and Mongol are about fifteenth cousins by marriage twice removed, and hardly even nod to each other in passing. And yet Turks and Mongols both claim descent from the sons of a common father: according to the legends of both peoples, the ancestor of the Turks was the brother of the ancestor of the Mongols. (Always remember that in speaking of *Turks* thus scientifically, one does not mean the Ottomans, who inherit their language, but are almost purely Caucasian or even Aryan, in blood.)

Now take the Monosyllabic or South-Eastern Asiatic Group: Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, Annamese, and Tibetan. Here there are only negatives, you might say, to prove a relationship. They do not meet on the street; they pass by on the other side, noses high in the air; each sublimely unaware of the other's existence. They suppose they are akin — through Adam; but would tell you that much has happened since then. Their kinship consists in this: the words of each are billiard-balls: isolated monosyllables, unchangeable, structureless, without formative elements, sung to a tone to give them meaning: — billiard-balls — and yet, if you will allow the paradox, of quite different shapes. Thus I should call a Tibetan name like *nGamri-srong-btsan* a good jagged angular sort of billiard-ball; and a Chinese one like *T'ang Tai-tsong* a perfectly round smooth one of the kind we know. — The languages are akin, because each says, where we should say 'the horse kicked the man,' *horse agent man kicking completion*, or words to that effect, — dapped out neatly in spherical or angular disconnected monosyllables. But the words for *horse* and *man*, in Chinese and Tibetan, have respectively as much phonetic likeness as *geegee* and *equus*, and *Smith* and *Jones*. As to the value and possibilities of such languages, I will quote you two pronouncements, both from writers in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. One says: "Chinese has the greatest capacity of any language ever invented"; the other, "the Chinese tongue is of unsurpassed jejuneness."

In the whole language there are only about four or five hundred sounds you could differentiate by spelling, as to say, *s h i h*, pronounced like the first three letters in the word *shirt* in English. That vocable may mean: *history*, or *to employ*, or *a corpse*, *a market*, *a lion*, *to wait on*, *to rely upon*, *time*, *poetry*, *to bestow*, *to proclaim*, *a stone*, *a generation*, *to eat*,

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a house, and all such things as that; — I mention a few out of the list by way of example.* Now of course, were that all to be said about it, Chinamen would no doubt sometimes get confused: would think you meant a corpse, when you were really talking about poetry, and so on. But there is a way of throwing a little breathing in, a kind of hiatus: thus *Ts'in* meant one country, and *Tsin* another one altogether; and you ought not to mix them, for they were generally at war, and did not mix at all well. That would potentially extend the number of sounds, or words, or billiard-balls, from the four hundred and twenty in modern polite Pekinese, or the twelve hundred or so in the older and less cultured Cantonese, to twice as many in each case. Still that would be but a poor vocabulary for the language with the vastest literature in the world, as I suppose the Chinese is. Then you come to the four tones, as a further means of extending it. You pronounce *shih* with one tone — you sing it on the right note, so to say, and it means *poetry*; you take that tone away, and give it another, the dead tone, and very naturally it becomes *a corpse*: — as, one way and another I have often tried to impress on you it really does. — Of course the hieroglyphs, the written words, run into hundreds of thousands: for the literature, you have a vast vocabulary indeed. But you see that the spoken language depends, to express its meaning, upon a different kind of elements from those all our languages depend on. We have solid words that you can spell: articles built up with the bricks of sound-stuff we call letters: *cat* cat, *dog* dog, and so on; — but their words, no; nothing so tangible: all depends on little silences, small hiatuses in the vocalization,— and above all, *musical tones*. Now then, which is the more primitive? Which is nearer the material or intellectual, and which the spiritual, pole?

More primitive — I do not know. Only I think when the Stars of Morning sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy: when primeval humanity first felt stirring within it the divine fire and essence of the Lords of Mind: when the Sons of the Fire Mist came down, and found habitation for themselves in the bodies of our ancestors: when they saw the sky, how beautiful and kindly it was; and the wonder of the earth, and that blue jewel the sea; and felt the winds of heaven caress them, and were aware of the Spirit, the Great Dragon, immanent in the sunlight, quivering and scintillant in the dim blue diamond day; when

“They prayed, but their worship was only
The wonder of nights and of days,”

— when they opened their lips to speak, and the first of all the poems of the earth was made: — it was song, it was tone, it was music they uttered,

**Encyclopaedia Britannica*: article, China: Language.

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and not brute speech such as we use; it was intoned vowels, as I imagine, that composed their language: seven little vowels, and seven tones or notes to them perhaps: and with these they could sing and tell forth the whole of the Glory of God. And then — was it like this? — they grew material, and intellectual, and away from the child-state of the Spirit; and their tones grew into words; and consonants grew on to the vowels, to make the vast and varied distinctions the evolving intellect needed for its uses; and presently you had Atlantis with its complex civilization — its infinitely more complex civilization even than our own; and grammar came ever more into being, ever more wonderful and complex, to correspond with the growing curves and involutions of the ever more complex-growing human brain; and a thousand languages were formed — many of them to be found still among wild tribes in mid-Africa or America — as much more complex than Sanskrit, as Sanskrit is than Chinese: highly declensional, minutely syntactical, involved and worked up and filigreed beyond telling; — and that was at the midmost point and highest material civilization of Atlantis. And then the Fourth Race went on, and its languages evolved; back, in the seventh sub-race, to the tonalism, the chanted simplicity of the first sub-race; — till you had something in character not intellectual, but spiritual: — Chinese. And meanwhile — I am throwing out the ideas as they come, careless if the second appears to contradict the first: presently a unity may come of them; — meanwhile, for the purposes of the Fifth Root-Race, then nascent, a language-type had grown up, intellectual as any in Atlantis, because this Fifth Race was to be intellectual too,— but also spiritual: not without tonalistic elements: a thing to be chanted, and not dully spoken: — and there, when the time came for it to be born, you had the Sanskrit.

But now for the Sixth Root-Race: is that to figure mainly on the plane of intellect? Or shall we then take intellectual things somewhat for granted, as having learnt them and passed on to something higher? Look at those diagrams of the planes and globes in *The Secret Doctrine*, and see how the last ones, the sixth and seventh, come to be on the same level as the first and second. Shall we be passing, then, to a time when, in the seventh, our languages will have no need for complexity; when our ideas, no longer personal but universal and creative, will flow easily from mind to mind, from heart to heart, on a little tone, a chanted breath of music; when mere billiard-balls of syllables will serve us, so they be rightly sung: — until presently with but seven pure vowel sounds, and seven tones to sing them to, we shall be able to tell forth once more the whole of the Glory of God?

Now then, is Chinese primitive, or is it an evolution far away and

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ahead of us? Were there first of all billiard-balls; and did they acquire a trick of coalescing and running together; this one and that one, in the combination, becoming subordinate to another; until soon you had a little wriggling creature of a word, with his head of prefix, and his tail of suffix, to look or flicker this way or that according to the direction in which he wished to steer himself, the meaning to be expressed; — from monosyllabic becoming agglutinative, synthetic, declensional, complex — Alpine and super-Sanskrit in complexity; — then Pyrenean by the wearing down of the storms and seasons; then Vosges, with crags forest-covered; then green soft round Welsh mountains; and then, still more and more worn down by time and the phonetic laws which decree that men shall (in certain stages of their growth) be always molding their languages to an easier and easier pronunciation,—stem assimilating prefix and suffix, and growing intolerant of changes within itself; — fitting itself to the weather, rounding off its angles, coquetting with euphony; — dropping harsh consonants; tending to end words with a vowel, or with only the nasal liquids *n* and *ng*, softest and roundest sounds there are; — till what had evolved from a billiard-ball to an Alpine crag, had evolved back to a billiard-ball again, and was Chinese? Is it primitive, or ultimate? I am almost certain of this, at any rate: that as a language-type, it stands somewhere midway between ours and spiritual speech.

How should that be; when we are told that this people is of the Fourth, the most material of the Races; while we are on the proud upward arc of the Fifth? And how is it that H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the Chinese civilization as being younger than that of the Aryans of India, the Sanskrit speakers,—Fifth certainly? Is this, possibly, the explanation: that the ancestors of the Chinese, a colony from Atlantis some time perhaps long before the Atlantean degeneration and fall, were held under major pralaya apart from the world-currents for hundreds of thousands of years, until some time later than 160,000 years ago — the time of the beginning of our sub-race? A pralaya, like sleep, is a period of refreshment, spiritual and physical; it depends upon your mood as you enter it, to what degree you shall reap its benefits: whether it shall regenerate you; whether you shall arise from it spiritually cleansed and invigorated by contact with the bright Immortal Self within. Africa entered such a rest-period from an orgy of black magic, and her night was filled with evil dreams and sorceries, and her people became what they are. But if China entered it guided by white Atlantean Adepts, it would have been for her Fairyland; it would have been the Fortunate Islands; it would have been the Garden of Si-wang Mu, the Paradise of the West; and when she came forth it would have been — it might

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have been — with a bent not towards intellectual, but towards spiritual achievements.

Compare her civilization, in historic times, with that of the West. Historic times are very little to go by, but they are all we have at present. — She attained marvelous heights; but they were not the same kind of heights the West has attained. Through her most troublous, stirring, and perilous times, she carried whole provinces of Devachan with her. It was while she was falling to pieces, that Ssu-k'ung T'u wrote his divinely delicate meditations. When the iron most entered her soul, she would weep, but not tear her hair or rage and grow passionate; she would condescend to be heart-broken, but never vulgar. In her gayest moments, wine-flushed and Spring-flushed, she never forgot herself to give utterance to the unseemly. There is no line in her poetry to be excused or regretted on that score. She worshiped Beauty, as perhaps only Greece and France in the West have done; but unlike Greece or France, she sought her Divinity only in the impersonal and dispassionate: never mistook for *its* voice, the voices of the flesh. She sinned much, no doubt; but not in her pursuit of the Beautiful; not in her worship of Art and Poetry. She was faithful to the high Gods there. She never produced a figure comparable to, nor in the least like, our Homers and Aeschyluses, Dantes and Miltons and Shakespeares. But then, the West has never, I imagine, produced a figure comparable to her Li Pos, Tu Fus, Po Chü-is or Ssu-k'ung T'us: giants in lyricism — one might name a hundred of them — beside whom our Hugos and Sapphos and Keatses were pygmies. Nor have we had any to compare with her masters of landscape-painting: even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* comes down flat-footed with the statement that Chinese landscape-painting is the highest the world has seen. — And why? — Because it is based on a knowledge of the God-world; because her eyes were focused for the things 'on the other side of the sky'; because this world, for her, was a mere reflexion and thin concealment of the other, and the mists between her and the Divine 'defecate' constantly, in Coleridge's curious phrase, 'to a clear transparency.' Things seen were an open window into the Infinite; but with us, heaven knows, that window is so thick filthy with selfhood, so cobwebbed and begrimed with passion and egotism and individualism and all the smoke and soot of the brain-mind, that given an artist with a natural tendency to see through, he has to waste half his life first in cleaning it with picks and mattocks and charges of dynamite. So it becomes almost inevitable that when once you know Chinese painting, all western painting grows to look rather coarse and brutal and materialistic to you.

But, you say, no Aeschylus or Shakespeare? No Dante or Homer?

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No epic — no great drama! Pooh! you say, where is the great creative energy? Where is the sheer brain force? —

It is to us a matter of course that the type of our great ones is the highest possible type. Well; it may be: but the deeper you go into thinking it over, the less certain you are likely to become as to the absoluteness of standards. The time to award the prizes is not yet; all we can do is to look into the nature of the differences. Warily let us go to work here!

Where, you asked, are the great creative energies? Well; in the West, certainly, they have flowed most where they can most be seen *as energies*. I think, through channels nearer this material plane: nearer the plane of intellect, at any rate. — No: there is no question where the sheer *brain* force has been: it has been in the West. But then, where was it more manifest, in Pope or in Keats? In Pope most emphatically. But off with your head if you say he gave the greater gift. — Or I will leave Pope, and go to his betters; and say that Keats, when he caught in his net of words the fleeting beauty of the world, was far nearer the Spirit than was Bacon when with tremendous intellectual energy he devised his philosophy: there was a much longer evolution behind the ease and effortless attainment of the one, than behind the other's titanic brain-effort. Yet, so far as the putting forth of brain energies is concerned, there is no question: Bacon was much the greater man.

So in all creative work, in all thought, we must call the West incomparably greater in brain energy. And I am not making such a foolish comparison as between modern or recent conditions in the two races. You see it if you set the greatest Eastern ages, the Han, the T'ang, the Sung, or the Fujiwara, against the Periclean, Augustan, Medicean, Elizabethan, or Louis Quatorze. In the West, the spiritual creative force has come down and mingled itself more forcefully with the human intellect: has had a much more vigorous basis in that, I think, to work in and upon. It has reached lower into the material, and played on matter more powerfully — and, be it said, on thought and intellection too.

We are so accustomed to thinking of spirituality as something that, outside the plane of conduct, can only play through thought and intellection, or perhaps religious emotion, that to speak of the high spirituality of China will sound, to most, absurd. On the whole, you must not go to China for thought or intellection. Least of all you must go there for what we commonly understand by religious emotion; — they don't readily gush over a personal god. It will seem entirely far-fetched to say that in China the creative forces have retained much more of their spirituality: have manifested perhaps not less greatly than in the West, but on planes less material, nearer their spiritual source. It will seem so

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the more because until very recently China has been constantly misrepresented to us. And yet I think it is pretty much the truth.

In all their creative art the Spirit has been busy suggesting itself, not through ideas, or the forms of intellection, but through the more subtle perceptions and emotions that lie behind. It gives us, if we are at all gifted or educated to see, pure vistas of Itself. Compare Michelangelo's Moses with the Dai Butsu at Kamakura: — as I think Dr. Sirén does in one of his lectures. The former is a thing of titanic, even majestic energies; but they are energies physical and mental: a grand triumph on what is called in Sanskrit philosophy the Rajasic plane. The second suggests, not energy and struggle, but repose and infinite calm. In the Moses, we sense warfare, with victory, to attain and to hold its attainment; in the Dai Butsu, something that has passed through all that aeons ago. In which is the greater sum of energies included? In the Dai Butsu certainly; wherein we see no sign of what we commonly call energies at all. The one is human struggling up towards Godhood; the other, Godhood looking down with calm limitless compassion upon man. Such need no engines and dynamics to remove the mountains: they bid them rise up, and be cast into the sea; and are obeyed.

Or take a great Chinese landscape and a great Western one: a Ma Yuan, say, and a — whom you please. To the uninstructed it seems ridiculous to compare them. This took a whole year to paint; it is large; there is an enormous amount of hard work in it; huge creative effort, force, exertion, went to make it. That — it was done perhaps in an hour. That mountain is but a flick of the brush; yonder lake but a wash and a ripple. It is painted on a little trumpery fan — a mere square foot of silk. Yes; but on that square foot, by the grace of the Everlasting Spirit, are 'a thousand miles of space': much more — there is Infinity itself. Watch; and that faint gray or sepia shall become the boundless blue; and you shall see dim dragons wandering; you shall see Eternal Mystery brooding within her own limitless home. Far, far more than in the western work, there is an open window into the Infinite: that which shall remind us that we are not the poor clay and dying embers we seem, but a part of the infinite Mystery. The Spirit is here; not involved in human flesh and intellection, but impersonal and universal. What do you want: — to be a great towering personality; or to remember that you are a flame of the Fire which is God? Oh, out upon these personal deities, and most ungodly personalities of the West! I thank China for reminding me that they are cheap and nasty nothingnesses at the best!

We rather demand of our art, at its highest, that it shall be a stimulant, and call to our minds the warfare in which we are engaged: the hopeless-

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heroic gay and ever mournful warfare of the Soul against the senses. Well; that battle has to be fought; there is nothing better than fighting it — until it is won. Let us by all means hear the snarling of the trumpets; let us heed the battle-cries of the Soul. But let us not forget that somewhere also the Spirit is at peace: let us remember that there is Peace, beyond the victory. In Chinese art and poetry we do not hear the war-shouts and the trumpets: broken, there, are the arrow and the bow; the shield, the sword, the sword and the battle. — But — *the Day-Spring from on high hath visited us.*

What element from the Divine is in it, does not concern itself with this earth-life; tells you nothing in criticism of life. There is naught in it of the Soul as Thinker, nor of the Soul as Warrior. But surely it is something for us, immersed here in these turbid Rajasika regions, to be reminded sometimes that the Sattvic planes exist; it is something for us to be given glimpses of the pure quietudes of the Spirit in its own place. I am the better, if I have been shown for an instant the delicate imperishable beauty of the Eternal.

“We are tired who follow after
Truth, a phantasy that flies;
You with only look and laughter
Stain our hearts with richest dyes” —

They do indeed; with look and laughter — or it may be tears.

Now, what does it all mean? Simply this, I think: that the West brings down what it can of the Spirit into the world of thought and passion; brings it down right here upon this bank and shoal of time; but China rises with you into the world of the Spirit. We do not as a rule allow the validity of the Chinese method. We sometimes dub Keats, at his best a thorough Chinaman, ‘merely beautiful.’

I have rather put the case for China; because all our hereditary instincts will rise with a brief for the West. But the truth is that the Spirit elects its own methods and its own agents, and does this through the one, that through the other. When I read *Hamlet*, I have no doubt Shakespeare was the greatest poet that ever lived. When I read Li Po, I forget Shakespeare, and think that among those who sing none was ever so wonderful as this Banished Angel of the Hills of T’ang. I forget the Voice that cried ‘Sleep no more!’ and Poetry seems to me to have spoken her final word in what you would perhaps call trivialities about the Cold Clear Spring or the White Foam Rapids: she seems to me to have accomplished all she can in such bits of childlike detachment and wonder as this:

“The song-birds, the pleasure-seekers, have flown long since; but this lonely cloud floats on, drifting round in a circle. He and Ching-ting Mountain gaze and gaze at each other, and never grow weary of gazing”; —

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the 'lonely cloud' being, of course, Li Po himself. He has shown me Man the brother of the Mountains, and I ask no more of him. The mountains can speak for themselves.

He had no moral purpose, this Banished Angel for whose sake the Hills of T'ang are a realm in the Spirit, inerasible, and a beautiful dream while the world endures. Po Chü-i, says Mr. Arthur Waley, blamed him for being deficient in *feng* and *ya*,— by which we may understand, for present purposes, much what Matthew Arnold meant by 'criticism of life.' But does it not serve a spiritual purpose, that our consciousness should be lifted on to those levels where personality is forgotten: that we should be made to regain, while reading, the child-state we have lost? Li Po died a child at sixty: a magical child: always more or less naughty, if we are to believe all accounts, especially his own; but somehow never paying the penalty we pay for our naughtiness,— exile from the wonder-world, and submersion in these intolerable personalities. You read Milton, and are cleaned of your personality by the fierce exaltation of the Spirit beating through. You read Li Po — type of hundreds of others his compatriots — and you are also cleaned of your personality; but by gentle dews, by wonderment, by being carried up out of it into the diamond ether. It seems to me that both affirmed the Divine Spirit. Milton waged grand warfare in his affirmation. Li Po merely said what he saw.

So I think that among the Aryans the Spirit has been fighting in and into the great turbid current of evolution; and that among the Chinese it has not been so much concerned with that stream, but rather to sing its own untrammelled expression. A great drama or epic comes of the presence and energy of the Spirit working in a human mind. A great lyric comes of the escape of the consciousness from the mind, and into the Spirit. The West has produced all the great dramas and epics, and will persist in the view that the Spirit can have no other expression so high as in these forms. Very likely the West is right; but I shall not think so next time I am reading Li Po or Ssu-k'ung T'u — or Keats.

— And I have seen small mild Japanese jujitsu men 'put it all over,' as they say, big burly English wrestlers without seeming to exert themselves in any way, or forgoing their gentle methods and manner; and if you think of jujitsu rightly, it is, to our wrestling and boxing, much what Wu Taotse and Ku Kai-chih are to Rembrandt and Michelangelo, or the Chinese poets to ours.

If we go into the field of philosophy, we find much the same thing. Take Confucianism. It is inappropriate, in some ways, to call Confucius a great thinker (but we shall see that he was something very much more than that). He taught no religion; illuminated in nowise the world of

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mind; — though he enabled millions to illumine it for themselves. He made hardly a ripple in his own day; and yet, so far as I can see, only the Buddha and Mohammed, of the men whose names we know, have marshaled future ages as greatly as he did. *Flow this way!* said he to history; and, in the main, it did. He created an astral mold for about a quarter of humanity, which for twenty-four centuries has endured. He did it by formulating a series of rules for the conduct of personal and national life; or rather, by showing what kind of rules they should be, and leaving others to formulate them; — and so infused his doctrine with his will and example, that century after century flowed into the matrix he had made for them. To create such a stable matrix, the Aryan mind, in India, worked through long spiritual-intellectual exploration of the world of metaphysics: an intensive culture of all the possibilities of thought. We in the West have boggled towards the same end through centuries of crass political experiment. Confucius, following his ancient models, ignored metaphysics altogether: jumped the life to come, and made his be-all and his end-all here: — in what was necessary, in deeds and thought and speech, to make individual, social, and political life staid, sincere, orderly, quiet, decent, and happy. He died a broken-hearted failure; than whom perhaps no man except the Lord Buddha ever succeeded more highly.

Laotse is his complement. Laotse's aim is not the activity, but the quiescence of mind, self, intellect: "in the NO THING seeking the lonely Way." You forgo everything — especially selfhood; — you give up everything; you enter upon the heritage of No Thing; — and you find yourself heir to the Universe, to wonder, to magic. You do with all your complicated egoity as the camel did with his cameltiness before he could enter the needle's eye; then — heigh presto! — it is the Elixir of Life you have drunk; it is freedom you have attained of the roaming-place of Dragons! — It amounts, truly, to the same thing as Aryan Theosophy; but where the latter travels through and illuminates immense realms of thought and metaphysic, Taoism slides gently into the Absolute; as who should laugh and say, *You see how easy it is!* And you do not hear of the Path of Sorrow, as with the Aryans; Tao is a path of sly laughter and delight.

Then from Japan we get Shinto; still less a system of metaphysics or dogma. The Shinto temple, empty but for air, is symbolic of the creed whose keynotes are purity and simplicity. Taoism, Confucianism, and Shinto are the three great native creations, in religion, of what I shall call the Altaic mind. There have been, indeed, profound thinkers and metaphysicians both in Japan and China; but their mental activities have been for the most part fruitage from the Aryan seed of Buddhism.

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A word here as to that phrase 'Altaic mind.' What business has one to class the Chinese and Japanese together, and to speak of them (as I shall) as 'Altaic' — the *Altaic Race*? In the first place this term, like 'Latin' or 'Anglo-Saxon,' has the virtue of being quite meaningless. It is utterly silly and inappropriate from every standpoint; but as I need a term to include China and all the peoples that have derived their historic culture from her, I shall beg leave to use it. Neither Japanese nor Corean belong to the billiard-ball group of languages. There is a syntactical likeness between these two, but none in vocabulary; where the Japanese vocabulary came from, Omniscience perhaps may know. — A syntax outlasts a vocabulary by many ages: you may hear Celts now talk English with a syntax that comes from the sub-race before our own: Iberian, and not Aryan. So we may guess here a race akin to the Coreans conquered at some time by a race whose vocables were Japanese — whence they came, God knows. Only one hears that in South America the Japanese pick up the Indian languages a deal more easily than white folk do, or than they do Spanish or English. But this is a divergence; we should be a little more forward, perhaps, if we knew who were the Coreans, or whence *they* came. But we do not. They are not Turanic — of the Finno-Turko-Mongol stock (by language); they are not speakers of billiard-balls, allied to the Chinese, Burmese, and Tibetans. But the fact is that neither blood-affinity nor speech-affinity is much to the purpose here; we have to do with affinities of culture. During the period 240 B. C. - 1260 A. D. a great civilization rose, flowered, and waned in the Far East; it had its origin in China, and spread out to include in its scope Japan, Corea, and Tibet; probably also Annam and Tonquin, though we hear less of them; — while Burma, Assam, and Siam, and those southerly regions, though akin to China in language, seem to have been always more satellite to India. Mongols and Manchus, though they look rather like Chinese, and have lived rather near China, belong by language and traditionally by race to another group altogether — to that, in fact, which includes the very Caucasian-looking Turks and Hungarians; as to what culture they have had, they got it from China after the Chinese manvantara had passed.

The Chinese themselves are only homogeneous in race in the sense that Europe might be if the Romans had conquered it all, and imposed their culture and language on the whole continent. The staid, grave, dignified, and rather stolid northern Chinaman differs from the restless and imaginative Cantonese not much less than the Japanese does from either. This much you can say: Chinese, Japanese, and Coreans have been molded into a kind of loose unity by a common culture; the peoples of China into a closer homogeneity by a common culture-language,

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written and spoken,— and by the fact that they have been, off and on during the last two thousand years, but most of the time, under the same government. As to Corea, though in the days of Confucius it was unknown to the Chinese, the legends of both countries ascribe the founding of its civilization and monarchy to a Chinese minister exiled there during the twelfth century B. C. — Japanese legendary history goes back to 600 B. C.; — that is, to the closing of the Age of the Mysteries, and the opening of that of the Religions: — I imagine that means that about that time a break with history occurred, and the past was abolished: a thing we shall see happen in ancient China presently. But I suppose we may call Shotoku Daishi the Father of historical Japan; — he who, about the end of the sixth century A. D., brought in the culture impetus from the continent. About that time, too, Siam rose to power; and soon afterwards T'ang Taitsong imposed civilization on Tibet. — So there you have the 'Altaic' *Race*; Altaic, as Mr. Dooley is Anglo-Saxon. To speak of them as 'Mongolian' or 'Mongoloid,' as is often done, is about as sensible as to speak of Europeans and Americans as 'Hunnoid,' because the Huns once conquered part of Europe. It conveys derogation — which *Altaic* does not.

I have compared their achievement with that of the West: we have one whole manvantara and a pralaya of theirs to judge by, as against two fragments of western manvantaras with the pralaya intervening. It is not much; and we should remember that there are cycles and epicycles; and that Japan, or old China herself, within our own lifetime, may give the lie to everything. But from the evidence at hand one is inclined to draw this conclusion: That in the Far East you have a great section of humanity in reserve; — in a sense, in a backwater of evolution: nearer the Spirit, farther from the hot press and conflict of the material world; — even in its times of highest activity, not in the van of the down-rush of Spirit into matter, as the western races have been in theirs; — but held apart to perform a different function. As if the Crest-Wave of Evolution needed what we might call Devachanic cycles of incarnation, and found them there during the Altaic manvantaras of manifestation. Not that their history has been empty of tragedies; it has been very full of them; and wars — some eight or nine Napoleons in their day have sat on the Dragon Throne. But still, the worlds of poetry, delight, wonder, have been nearer and more accessible to the Chinaman, in his great ages, than to us in ours; as they have been, and probably are now, nearer to the Japanese. And I do not know how that should be, unless the Law had taken those Atlanteans away, kept them apart from the main stream — not fighting the main battle, but in reserve — for purposes that the long millenniums of the future are to declare.

AFTER THE STORM

R. LANESDALE

AFTER the storm there comes a calm that seems as if it were intended to wipe out all memory of the fury that raged so recently. It is quite different from the false calm that comes at intervals in the course of a long tempest. In such moments there is no peace, nor hope of peace, but just a temporary lull — a moment of preparation for a fiercer outbreak, or perhaps a collapse of the elemental machinery; a failure of nature to respond to the stimulus of the storm — in fact, a spasm of satiety. Such a pause in the middle of a storm is sometimes more appalling than the frenzy itself, for the imagination released from mere facts creates in the mind even more horrible pictures of what may follow when the storm begins again. There is no satisfaction in satiety. There may be in it a sense of hopelessness that is paralysing in its effects, but no satisfaction; there is no sense of finality in it, but a dull despair and an insufferable sense of impotence.

The end of the storm is a moment of triumph, full of hope, and pregnant with possibilities; the lull that comes during the course of the tempest is full of menace and imminent horror. It inspires fear. At first sight it might seem that the calm that follows the storm is but a temporary lull on a larger scale. But I think there is a real difference in kind as well as in degree. The storm is an epoch, an event, a complete expression of force, and its climax is triumphant. There is no sense of failure in it. It is an accomplishment of purpose: and as such it opens a door on to another plane of Nature, or of consciousness, and something happens. It is like striking a match: when light comes, the marvel is wrought.

After the storm there is a strange sense of finality, coupled with infinite hope. It seems for a moment as if all storms have ceased forever, and as if a new age had dawned more beautiful than any that went before. It is a moment of Realization mistranslated by the mind into terms of permanence, that are not appropriate to this plane of existence, where change is the law of life. In that moment of recognition there comes to the mind a gleam of Peace from the inmost heart of Nature (which is the heart of man), and the imagination makes of it a picture of perpetual Peace, such as belongs alone to that spiritual state in which the soul of man has its true home. The vision may be true and its interpretation false. The heart seems to tell us that there is Peace and Love in the heart of the Universe; while experience tells us that all things change on earth, and that storms are to be looked upon as part of the terrestrial program.

Without the deep insight of the soul, that illuminates the heart of

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man and fills it with the hope of an eternal Peace, the mind would learn pessimism from experience; and the truth of the world of matter would falsely express the greater truth of the spiritual life within. The anticipated recurrence of the storm would blot out the interior perception of eternal Peace, or make it imperceptible.

The ancient teachings of Theosophy, which in old times were called the Secret Doctrine or the Sacred Science, show the student the complexity of human nature, and reconcile the apparent contradictions that breed pessimism in the unilluminated mind of the materialist. The storms of life are not upon the same plane as that where reigns the Universal Peace to which the soul aspires. This truth alone would make men optimistic as to the future and pessimistic as to the present, if it were grasped unintelligently by the lower mind. And this is seen in the confused mentality of the ordinary religionist, who has no grasp upon the true philosophy of life; while others more selfishly intelligent would, and do, strive to escape their share of the storm and seek refuge in the inner Peace.

But the teaching of Theosophy is that the inner peace can only be attained by one who can realize his own identity with the universal soul of all, and who, in that realization, sees the impossibility of escaping permanently from the woes of life in any other manner than by accepting them fully as the price of his illumination. The task of a slave may be in fact less onerous than the labor of a voluntary worker who finds joy in the work that breaks the poor slave's heart. And this because the volunteer has seen beyond the labor to the purpose; and feels the joy of high achievement more keenly than the pain or labor of the task. His heart illuminates his mind and thus transmutes the struggle of material life into the glad experience of spontaneous expression, which is creation.

When facts like this are realized, men cease to struggle violently for peace, and look within to find in their own hearts the secret of order and the fitness of things. Then they become centers of force, but of the high force of order, that ordains and organizes all conflicting energies.

The man of science studies the wild forces of Nature and seeks to adapt them to his purposes, and to conform his conduct to conditions, so as to avoid disaster and to make use of opportunity. But when he approaches the higher science of Life, and learns more of the true nature of the Universe, in which he lives, and his own relation to it, he becomes aware of a great Purpose that is behind all forces and all conflicts, and he perceives a prevailing harmony that seems to surround a place of Peace which is the source of Light and Life, and to which he seems to be traveling through aeons of experience, and through eternities of toil. Then it may be that he will bend all his energies to the attempt to realize his place in the Great Work, and become a worker for Brotherhood.

FOR THE MEN KILLED IN WAR

KENNETH MORRIS

I

I COULD not but be shaken when I saw
Death ravening far and forth, his arrows shed
Broadcast a stricken world discomfited,
And his unfathomed and appalling maw
Glut with whole nations. Full of pity and awe,
I sought the Innermost, and with bowed head
To that deep-hidden Heart Dodona sped
Whenceforth we sense the splendors of the Law.

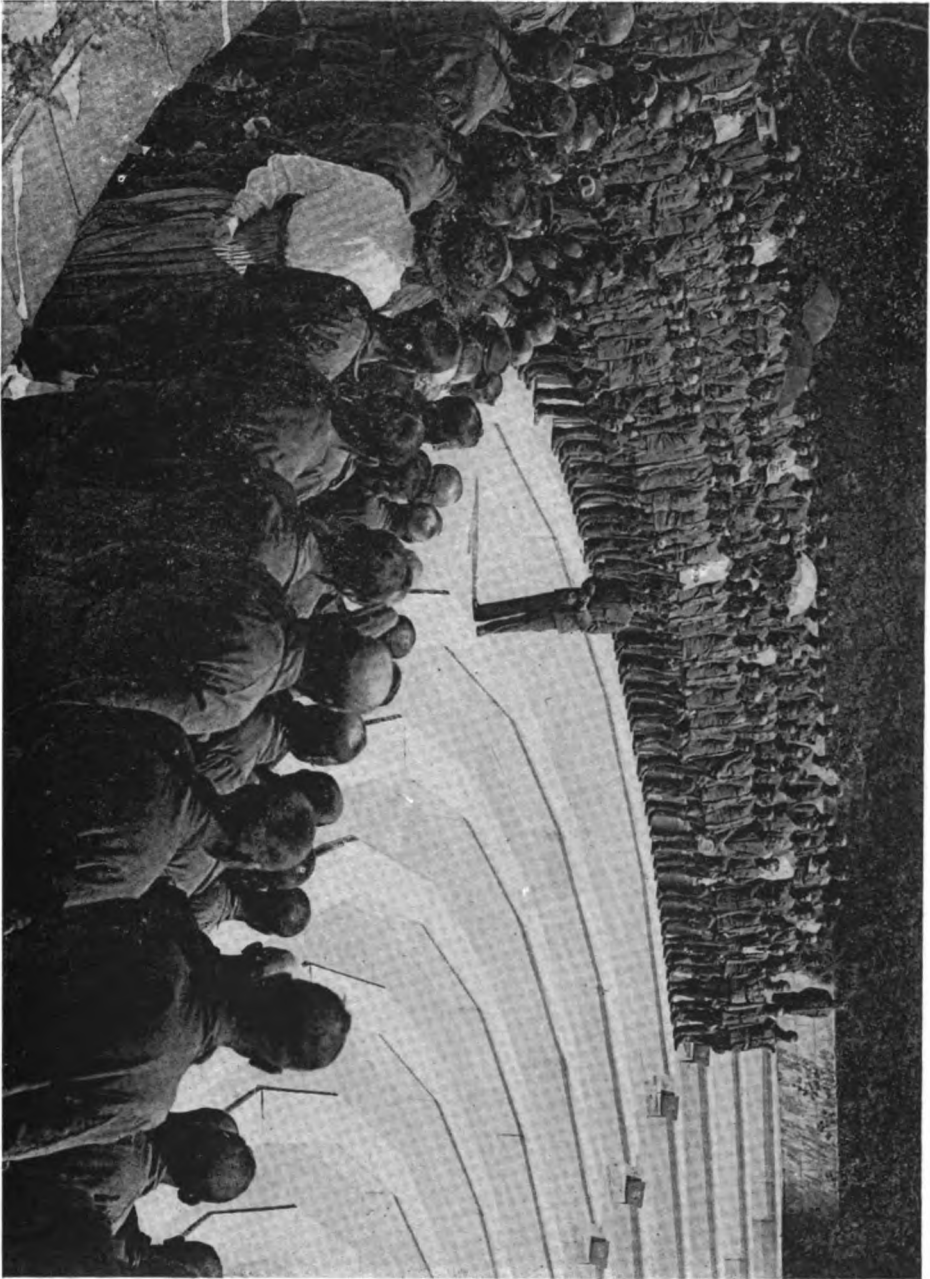
Then was I made aware that nothing dies.
Through all the bounds of being, starry-wrought,
From Regulus that rules the eastern skies
Westward to fiery-foaming Fomalhaut,
There is no exit out of being: naught
Goes down, but in its hour shall re-arise.

II

A Mercy mightier than the creeds have guessed
Governs the sequences of mortal birth:
All that we mourned of valor, ardor, mirth —
The martyrdoms, the genius unexpressed
Cut off at Death's immutable behest
Where the Seas weep betrayed, where tettered Earth
Lies anguished, yet shall bloom and burgeon forth,
Out of Death's tenderness re-manifest.

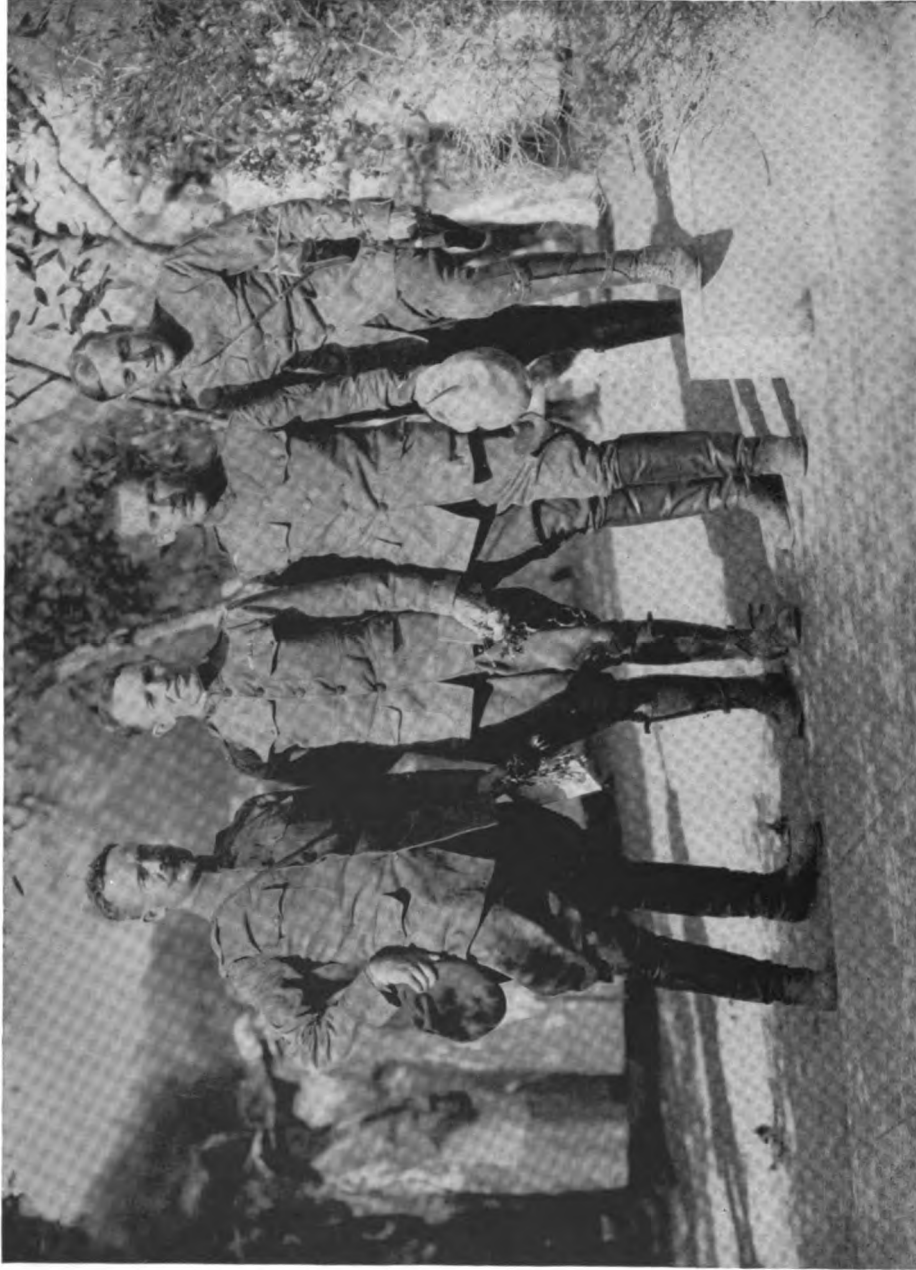
A Janus-headed Angel at the Gate,
He keeps that sanctuary from pain and strife;
His other face is birth; indeseccrate,
His silent temple chambers all are rife
With being and becoming. Hidden life
Bides there in peace its reflorescence. Wait!

*International Theosophical Headquarters.
Point Loma, California*



**CZECHOSLOVAKS OF THE VOLUNTEER ARMY OF SIBERIA IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

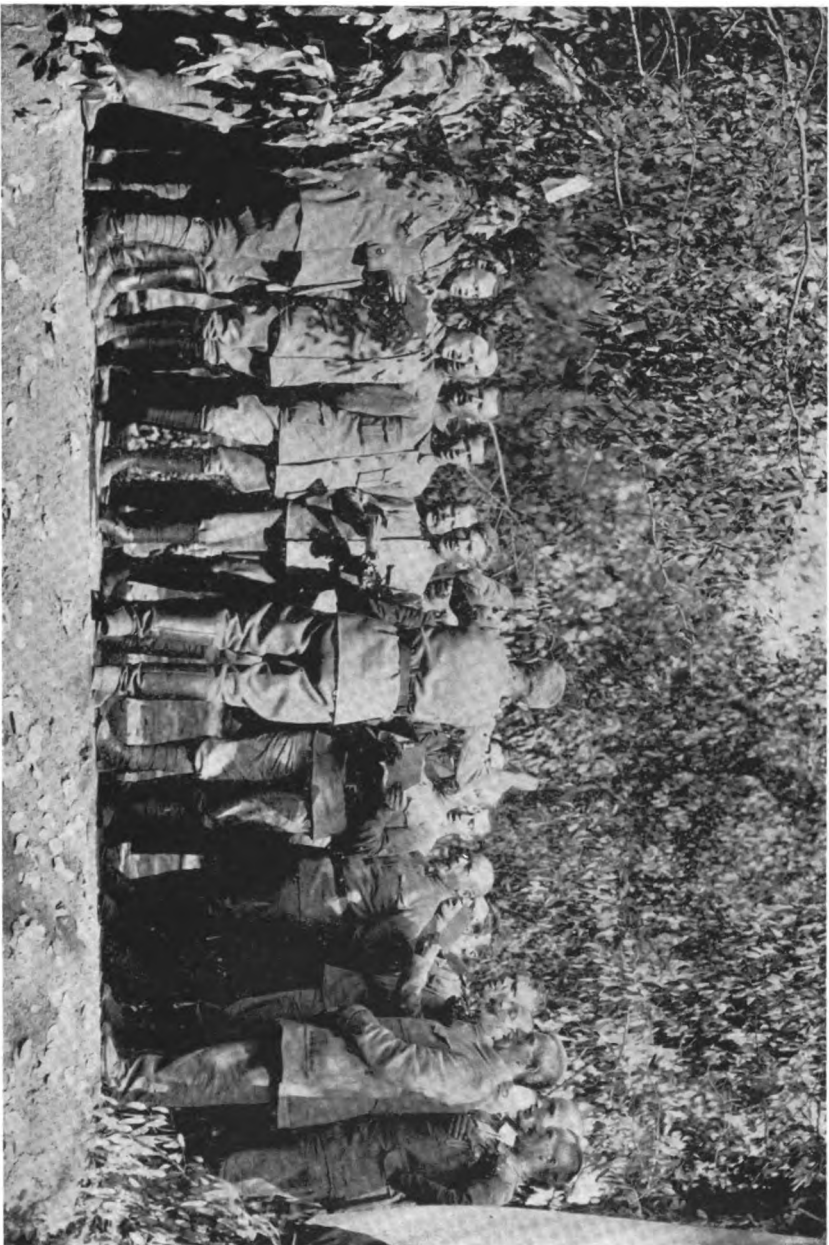
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THEIR LAST GLIMPSE OF THE GREEK THEATER

(From left to right) Major Josef Kučera, Captain Malinka of the U. S. A., Captain Dr. Theodor Novák and one of his Aides.



Lanaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**ČECHOSLOVAK VETERANS VOICING THEIR LOVE OF COUNTRY
AT THE CLOSE OF THE PROGRAM IN THE PICNIC GROVE**

The important part that music has played in the lives of these stalwart men was evidenced in the unity and sincerity of their splendid rendering of homeland folk-songs.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(ABOVE) ČECHOSLOVAK TROOPS ENTERING THE PICNIC GROVE, WHERE THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY STUDENTS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE

(BELOW) AN INTERMISSION FOR REFRESHMENTS

THE QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THE question of survival continues to be discussed energetically by writers in *The Hibbert Journal*. In the July number C. D. Broad concludes that "in the long run, neither science nor common sense has anything to tell us that is logically relevant either for or against the probability of survival." He rejects ethical arguments as in principle vicious, metaphysical arguments as futile, and the evidence from psychical research as being susceptible of other explanations (telepathy from the living, the action of non-human spirits, etc.).

He says we find bodies without minds; never minds without bodies. This is one important point, to which we shall recur.

The most illuminating part of his discourse is where he suggests that a 'mind' is the result of the interaction of two factors, neither of which (therefore) is itself 'mind.' One factor is bodily and consists of a brain and nervous system; the other factor he is content to call simply "immaterial conditions." Denoting the bodily by C, and the immaterial by γ , he takes $C\gamma$ as the symbol for the mind. Thus, if C is destroyed, the mind is destroyed, but it does not follow that γ is destroyed. Survival may be represented by imagining a new combination of γ with another set of bodily functions, thus making $\gamma C'$. This second mind has a new brain, but yet it has a factor in common with the first mind. This leads us to consider the possibility of two minds in which, not the γ factor, but the C factor would be common — γC and $\gamma' C$. This possibility he illustrates by reference to the case of Miss Beauchamp. Sally Beauchamp claimed to be co-conscious with B₁; and this can be explained by supposing that Sally was γC and B₁ was $\gamma' C$. In other words, there were two immaterial souls using the same body at different times; and their community of memory is explained by the fact of their having the same brain. It may be remarked that, if reincarnation is the case of one soul with two different bodies, then the fact of loss of memory is similarly accounted for.

The whole question, as usual, seems to be one as to the meaning of personality or individuality or identity — not sufficiently considered, as a rule, we think. No one doubts that *humanity* survives; the important point is whether there is continuity of existence for me or for you. If we grant that my real Ego survives and takes to itself a new brain, the question is whether the new creature thus formed can be called *me*, or whether it should be considered as somebody else. It is all a question

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of the analysis of consciousness and human nature. And, as the writer says, we can approach the question on lines of metaphysical argument or on lines of evidence. The former method may well land us in infinite mazes of debate and raise more difficulties than it solves. As to the latter, we must ask, Where are we to look for the evidence? Where can we find evidence for the existence of a mind without a body?

“A knowledge of the occurrences experienced in former incarnations arises in the ascetic from holding before his mind the trains of self-reproductive thought and concentrating himself upon them.” — *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*.

These Yoga Aphorisms calmly and scientifically set out a method of arriving at the very kind of evidence which our case demands. They are an ancient manual of instructions for ascetics desirous of attaining knowledge. The teachings are those of an adept, who gives the rules just as a chemical professor might give the rules for performing a chemical operation. Roughly expressed in modern language, the method is one for disentangling the soul from the mind. The mind is treated as an obstacle to the soul, preventing its vision. The body is carefully described, and the various means that are to be used for overcoming the obstacles it creates. The mind is described, and the means to be used for stopping its eternal restlessness, so that the soul may be able to act. And the various powers that are acquired, stage by stage, as the disciple succeeds, are described; and the above-quoted is but one out of many.

What a new light this throws on the subject! If evidence seems lacking for the existence of a mind without a body, or for the continuity of identity, here is where we may point for its acquisition. “We have no evidence,” says the critic. “Why not?” we ask. And we direct attention to the eminently reasonable contention of H. P. Blavatsky, in the introduction to Part III of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, that, in order to acquire evidence of *facts* which transcend the limitations of the bodily senses, we must first acquire the use of superior senses.

Parts of this article remind us of H. P. Blavatsky’s famous essay on ‘Psychic and Noetic Action,’ wherein she discriminates between the mind of the brain, senses, and organs, and the mind that is superior to these; and shows what connexion each one of these minds respectively has with the body. It is most important to make this distinction, if we are to avoid endless confusion.

Evidence has to be sought within; we must study our own nature. For a creature, human or not, who lives in outer sensations, it does not seem to matter whether the question of survival is settled in the affirmative or negative.

Patañjali says that the ascetic, having reached a certain stage of

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his development, can understand the minds of other persons; and also:

“By concentrating his mind upon the true nature of the soul as being entirely distinct from any experiences, and disconnected from all material things, and dissociated from the understanding, a knowledge of the true nature of the soul itself arises in the ascetic.”

“The inner self of the ascetic may be transferred to any other body . . . because he has ceased to be mentally attached to objects of sense, and through his acquisition of the knowledge of the manner in and means by which the mind and body are connected.”

The problem had no insuperable difficulties for the adherents of this school, at any rate. The means of direct positive evidence were available. The soul's independence of the body is taken for granted, as being matter of common knowledge. Not only are past and future incarnations of the soul taken for granted, but it is allowed that the soul is not confined even now to any one particular body. Eastern philosophy and religion in general seem much more concerned about how to avoid reincarnation than about whether there *is* any reincarnation.

The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* has summed up a great deal in the simple and pregnant words: “There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists.” In other words, the mere personality disappears, but the Individuality remains.

Our author suggests the Theosophical teaching as to the triune human soul, in his ideas about the mind being a composite of two factors. That teaching is that the human soul results from the interaction of the immortal Ego with the bodily soul. Hence it disappears at death, for the union is then dissolved. But this is not all; indeed we must do the writer the justice to say that he admits it is not all. The reincarnating Ego takes to itself the gleanings of its earth-lives, so that it is not the same as it was before reincarnation, but more. The formula of $A+B=C$, denoting that the mind results from two factors, neither of which alone is mind, just as water results from hydrogen and oxygen, must therefore be changed for another. One analogy would be to compare the real mind to a light, and the bodily mechanism of brain, etc., to a ground-glass globe. Then the terrestrial mind would be the dim diffused light from this globe, which would disappear if the globe were removed. Or, taking the analogy of water, is it not pertinent to ask where was the water before the union of the oxygen and hydrogen made it manifest, and where does it go after it has been decomposed? Or where do the flame and light go when the candle is blown out? The invisible cause ever lurks behind the visible manifestation; life can only be known by its relation to that which is beyond it.

In the same number of *The Hibbert Journal* follows an article quoting largely from Isaac Taylor (1787-1865), whose ‘Physical Theory of Another

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Life' attempts to infer the conditions of that life from the conditions of this life. He finds that the constitution of man contains the promise and potency of a future life of infinite growth and active endeavor; and thinks that the soul will be able to create for itself a body perfectly adapted to its needs and free from the hindrances of its present natural body. Here he seems to have been unconsciously limited by the idea that the supernal life must necessarily be located in the future, and tacked on temporally to the end of the present life. But why not suppose that man can achieve all this while still living in the present body? Why, in order to achieve freedom, must he wait until the dissolution of his corporal elements? Has not his soul even now those creative powers that would enable it to build itself a vehicle for its own better expression and self-realization? Such is indeed the teaching of Theosophy, and it agrees with the Yoga philosophy as quoted above.

And this connects again with still another article in this Journal on Freedom and Necessity, where it is shown that freedom is relative, and that, by loyalty to a higher law, we can achieve freedom as regards lesser restraints.

"The heart of the Universe is the fountain-head of freedom. What follows with regard to man? In what sense and to what extent is he free? He is free, with the full freedom of unfettered Nature, so long as he can draw life into himself from the heart of the Universe, so far as he can live in the infinite and the eternal, so far as he can make the soul of Nature his own. . . . If necessity is the law of the world without us, freedom is the law of the inner life of man. Compulsion from within, spiritual compulsion, the pressure on one exerted by one's own highest and widest self, is freedom."

To sum up the whole question. The more one thinks over it, the more one loses interest in the question of a life *after* death, and gains interest in the eternal life of the soul (or real Self), which is independent of time. The important point is to indue man with a conviction of his own present and actual immortality; to convince him of the imperfect condition of his ordinary brain-mind, and at the same time of his power to transcend the limitations of that brain-mind. In other words, we must learn to live less in our personalities and in temporal interests, and enlarge our prospect by broad impersonal ideals and work. By identifying ourselves with humanity, which is immortal, we partake of that immortality.

And finally, it is not true that the dissociation of the immortal soul from the bodily mind at death destroys for ever all identity. For the Individuality of man is perpetuated, and it is only the delusions of bodily life — the mistaken identities, as it were — that disappear.

But, though we may not care much about the question of our own survival, we may be deeply concerned when it is a case of bereavement. Yet it is a fact that the healing hand of time removes this obstacle;

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and however intensely we might long for reunion with one recently departed, the lapse of fifty years, with all its changes, would entirely alter the matter. Which shows the extent to which feelings that are but temporal enter into our faiths. But there may be bonds that are not severed by death; so that the only bonds which death has power to loosen are those that are essentially impermanent.


In summing up the sense of these reflexions, we find ourselves arrived once more at a very familiar result — namely, that questions that seem insoluble in theory are solved readily enough in practice. Questions reduce themselves to matters of conduct. It is not so much what we are to *believe* about survival, as what we are to *do* about it. And it seems clear enough that what we have to do is to live more in the infinite and eternal, identifying ourselves with Nature, as the last writer says; so that thus we may strengthen the permanent parts of our nature, and actually achieve immortality without waiting for a future life.

“How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, and rendering, in short, to Caesar what is Caesar’s, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes, not even during those periods which are the halting-places of the long pilgrimage of purely spiritual life. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of the noumenal, the one reality.”— *H. P. Blavatsky*

Curious contrast! Here we are today debating whether there is any immortality at all; and the ancient philosophies accepted it as an obvious fact, and gave instructions relative to the means for realizing it.

WHY SHOULD WE LIVE AGAIN? *

R. MACHELL

HEOSOPHISTS, who accept the teaching of Reincarnation as the statement of a self-evident verity, as well as those who regard it as the declaration of a fact in nature, not perhaps self-evident, but as a truth revealed to them by teachers whom they respect, are sometimes puzzled to explain why this doctrine should be accepted by others, to whom it is not an obvious verity, or to whom it may appear as an unnecessary and even an objectionable theory.

Why should we live again? The question suggests another: Why

*An Address delivered at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, on September 14, 1919.

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do we live at all? To this the answer is simple, though it may not be accepted as final. We live because we wish to live. When desire for life is quite gone, we die; that is to say, we cease living. Many people will deny this, particularly those who believe that they no longer have any desire to live, but who yet take their meals with considerable regularity. If they have no further use for life, why not stop eating? why breathe? why live? No! They have not lost the desire to live. That desire is not dependent on happiness: it is inherent in the body, and in all parts and particles of the body. Those particles go on living, in their own way, long after the body has lost its individual consciousness, when the ego has departed, leaving its discarded body to break up by reason of the intense desire for life in the disorganized millions of lives that collectively make up a human body.

It seems certain that we live because the desire for life is stronger than the desire for release from material existence. And it is probable that death is due to the same cause, though it may seem paradoxical to say so. When experience has brought its harvest of disappointments, when foolish hopes have been fulfilled, to the despair of the eager soul, that knew not what to hope for and so followed desire to its inevitable result — satiety, and realized the bitterness of answered prayers; when all the pleasures of life pall, and life itself seems but a weary burden: then the passionate soul demands release, not from life, but from those conditions of life that have proved so disappointing.

Death may be prayed for; but only in the hope of thus attaining to a promised state of endless bliss — another wild hope, as certain to end in disappointment as the rest; for no bliss is endless, except that which knows no beginning. Death is regarded, in these cases, as an entrance to a new state of experience, not as an end to life.

Being alive we cannot desire anything but a change of conditions. We may call it death; but it is only another phase of life that we seek, another opportunity to carry on the hunt for happiness, or to pursue the quest of self-knowledge. Whether we cling to life, or yearn for death and oblivion, it is the life-principle of desire which drives us on, to seek new experience in this world or in some other. We are life incarnate: and for that reason we live. But why live again? We do not. We never stop living; and so our new experiment in life is not really living again. It is merely another day in the greater life-time of the Soul. We live eternally; and even when we persuade ourselves that we have no faith in a future life, even when we profess to believe that our future state will be one of complete annihilation; we may observe that such terms as annihilation, being applied to our future state, merely express a conception of passivity, in which we expect to be at rest: but, however

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passive this state may be, it is a state or condition of existence, OUR future state. We cannot think of it as pure non-existence: for the human mind is a mirror, and a mirror cannot reflect nothing. We cannot really think of our own non-existence: for our consciousness rests upon the simple fact of self, or existence, which is the manifestation of consciousness. Consciousness in itself is eternally present. That which begins or ends is a particular *state* of consciousness.

We may speak of a life as having end and beginning, because by *a* life we mean a defined period of existence, a state of life, and not life itself. So I say that we really cannot actually believe that there will ever be a time when we cease to live. Truly, "End and beginning are dreams; birthless, and deathless, and changeless, remaineth the spirit for ever; Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems." (*Song Celestial*)

But in ordinary parlance our life is generally said to end with the death of the body, and to begin with its birth: and the continuity of existence is generally understood to consist in a continuation of these same experiences of birth and death, either in this world or in some other: and this recurrence of birth and death is spoken of loosely as living again, simply because the ordinary person has been taught to believe that he or she was created at the birth of the body, and will be destroyed at its death, unless miraculously saved by the intercession of some higher power. This superstition is based on ignorance and misconception, as much as on dogmas in which ignorance played but a small part: for many dogmas are veils, invented to hide truths, for which the people were, at some time, considered unprepared. So the allegories of creation, which are to be found in many ancient religions, were veils, that served to hide from the people the philosophical truths that were considered fit to be revealed only to the elect. This plan of teaching by allegories is one that is inevitable; but also one that easily becomes a veil for ignorance, rather than a guide to hidden truths.

The elect tend to fall from the high state of wisdom to one of mere pride, which blinds the soul and deceives the mind; and so the history of past religions records a constant veiling of truth behind allegories that tend to become materialized into stories of personal achievement, which in turn form the foundation for religious history and for the creation of false dogmas, which completely conceal the truth they may once have been supposed to veil.

To one who has accepted the common idea that life on earth is limited to one term that begins with birth and ends with death, the question of a future life is of real importance: and while many minds immediately accept the idea of Reincarnation, which, roughly speaking, is the doc-

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trine that the soul or real self of man lives through many lifetimes, and is born on earth in many bodies, that die and are forgotten, while the soul goes on acquiring experience and gaining higher knowledge of the meaning of life, there are also many people who do not see any need for a repetition of the bitter experiences of life on this globe, and who ask, "Why should we live again?"

To some it would be useless to answer, as I have already done, that, as we live eternally, our future life is as certain as the present: for they would not accept the continuity of existence as anything more than a mere speculation, however obvious and inevitable it may appear to others.

To answer the question, one must accept the terms in which it is put, and we must take life to mean life in a body here on earth, which begins at birth and ends at death. Then we are forced to ask, what purpose would that single life serve?

Taking the most reasonable explanations of life, one must regard it either as a means of gaining experience, or as a preparation for a future life. Either of which theories requires continued life here or elsewhere. For how can we suppose that the narrow limits of one earth-life can satisfy the need of experience of a soul that hardly succeeds, once in a lifetime, in making itself momentarily master of its bodily instrument? Looked at from the standpoint of the soul, how utterly futile must be nine-tenths of the lives lived by the ordinary run of people; how useless must be these lives devoted wholly to the work of providing for the needs of the body and mind without a thought of the needs of the indwelling immortal soul! What gain of experience for the soul can there be in a lifetime spent in repeated gratifications of the senses? And how many lives are spent in any higher way? If such lives as the majority of men and women live can be said to offer any experiences that can possibly be of value to the soul, it can only be collectively and in the mass.

If indeed there be no individual soul, then it may be argued that the sum-total of human experience may be attained by the universal spirit without the repetition of individual lives here on earth. But this can only be maintained on the supposition that each person is an incarnation of the Universal Spirit, which gathers to itself the essence of the experience gained by each of its individual incarnations, which otherwise would be lost. This is the Theosophical doctrine of incarnation, which, when regarded from the standpoint of the personal man, becomes known as Reincarnation.

The idea that it is the personal entity that reincarnates, is contradicted most emphatically by Madame Blavatsky and by all true Theosophists. Again and again she explains that the personal 'John Jones' or 'Mary Smith' has but one life, being merely the temporary appearance on earth

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of an immortal individual soul; and that the real spiritual Self is eternal and universal. The connecting link between this Universal Spirit and the personal man or woman, is the individual soul, whose relative immortality causes it to be mistaken by the personal man for the supreme Spirit, which is universal, and superior to the limitations of individualization.

The full explanation of this would entail an explanation of the seven-fold nature of man; and that I will not attempt; merely confining myself here to the three-fold division of body, soul, and spirit, which is familiar to every educated person, though frequently forgotten and generally misunderstood; for most people mix up soul and spirit, and many use the word spirit for the gross astral body or spook. So that it is necessary to insist upon a clear understanding of the fact that in Theosophy the word Spirit is used solely for the supreme eternal Spirit, that is as much beyond the individual human soul, as the soul is above the body.

And while there is a personal self, that lasts as long as the period of one incarnation, and which links up all the experiences of the entity from its first inception to its final disintegration, and which comes into visible existence with the birth of the body and disappears usually with the death of that instrument, and while this personality survives many apparent deaths, which we call sleep, and resumes, on waking, the thread of its personal experiences, undisturbed by the night of oblivion or of unaccountable dreams: so too there is an individual soul, which is not eternal, but which is relatively immortal; that is to say, it does not die with the body, but is like the actor, who, having played one part, puts it aside and plays another, and then another, and so on, temporarily merging his own individuality in the personality he for the moment identifies himself with; gaining from each such impersonation a new experience in the art of dramatic representation. Yet this soul, ancient though it may seem to the mind of personal man, is not eternal, any more than is the actor, who survives innumerable impersonations, and who has died innumerable stage-deaths, besides the figurative death of a forgotten part.

But beyond the individual soul is the eternal Spirit, the Supreme, in which resides the origin of all individualities and into which all pass; the universal source of all, which is apostrophized in the *Gâyatri* as, “. . . Thou from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return . . .” and which has been materialized in various religious systems into a personal God, or monster man; but which the Theosophist declares to be superior to the brain-mind of man, and consequently beyond all attempts of the brain to express, except in symbol and allegory. For; being the source and sustainer of man in all his aspects, it must permeate in some sort even the mind of personal man, and so may inspire the

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dullest human being occasionally with a consciousness of his own divine nature, yet can never be grasped by the mind nor expressed, except in words that must be meaningless in their literal reading.

So the Theosophist refrains from any attempt to analyse the mystery of spirit by the aid of his intellect, and only seeks to reach upward through his own soul to a perception of his own individual identity with the Supreme. Feeling this spiritual identity with the Supreme, the Theosophist is one who lives his personal earth-life as if it were indeed a service to the Divine Spirit, which is his only true Self. To him all life is sacred, all life is beautiful, all life is noble. To him Life is Joy — and that is the motto of the little children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma — Life is Joy! What a mockery that sounds, in view of the pandemonium that is now raging in the world, and which marks the climax of our civilization! And yet it is but a statement of fact. Life, true life, rightly lived, is in itself joy.

Why should we call that horrible thing LIFE, which is but a nightmare, in which the soul has no part but as a horrified spectator of a cosmic tragedy, or perhaps as the victim of a disaster prepared long since by mistakes, in which it shared? For the universe is a display of Karma; and Karma is action; or it may be called cause and effect, the drama of life in all its aspects. But though the soul has a wider vision than the personal man, and may grasp some measure of the meaning of the world-tragedy, yet the solution of the whole vast problem must lie in the Spiritual Intelligence of the Supreme, and so can only be dimly perceived by the mind of man in moments of spiritual illumination when the mind becomes a mirror in which the spiritual world can be reflected.

When this is realized, one is not so willing to heed the speculations of political exponents who undertake to explain the causes of all human ills, and who do not hesitate to apportion the blame for world-disasters, distributing responsibility among a few selected victims who know no more of the real causes of human woes than do the critics themselves.

A Theosophist must look deeper; he must quickly realize that the first step in the direction of an intelligent reading of the riddle of life lies in the doctrine of Reincarnation. Without it all is confusion or caprice; without it justice has no place on earth; and man is forced to console himself with fabulous superstitions discredited by his own reason and contradicted by his own observation and experience. With the key of Reincarnation in his hand he can unlock the door of his mental prison and step out into a path that may lead him to a true understanding of his duty and the purpose of his individual life. He will see himself as a personality gathering experience and gaining knowledge that will fit him to respond more readily to the promptings of his inner man, the soul.

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Gradually he will cease to look upon that soul as another being, and will realize that it is himself.

Then he will no longer ask why he should live again. He will know that one life-time is no more than one life-day; and though each such day, as it comes, is of great importance, yet it is but one of many, all of them necessary for the accomplishment of the great work. And that work will reveal itself to him as a great triumph to be achieved, no less a victory than the finding of the true Self, and the identification of his individual self with the Universal. For the accomplishment of such a task the little span of one earth-life will seem ridiculously inadequate; and yet each moment of it will become more precious as the days pass, and the years, and life follows life, while the magic mystery of Time eternally reveals the secret of the infinite which lies in the Present Moment.

There is no other moment in which man can act. There is but one present moment, but it never ceases while Time endures. There is no other life in which a man can live but the one in which he now is; for when the next one comes it too will be the present, and then be past. Life is eternal. Nor are such thoughts too metaphysical for practical use.

We need to realize the importance of the present moment and our own individual responsibility. We need to feel that we share the wrongs done in the world, and must do our share of thinking now, if we would find the world better when we come to it again for our next spell upon the wheel of Life.

It is an old symbol, that wheel of life, and full of suggestion. It may be pictured in a thousand ways; for life itself is lived a thousand ways, and more. The treadmill is not a more true emblem than the turning wheel in a squirrel's cage. Ixion's wheel is more dramatic; but in whatever way it may be represented, it will surely convey some image of the various ways in which men live. Some of them find themselves bound to a great wheel that raises them to fortune and sinks them in despair, while others turn the wheel themselves by their own efforts, but against their will, in order to save themselves from being crushed by its revolution, which they induce by their involuntary labor but which they cannot stop.

To most people the wheel of life suggests fatalism of the darkest kind, inducing pessimism; but this is because the symbol has been accepted as literal expression of truth, instead of being understood as an allegory, intended to suggest the recurrence of events produced by the constant flow of eternal life. What is needed in the understanding of this allegory, as of all others, is the realization that the true Self of all selves, the inner Spiritual Self, is universal as well as particular, and that the wheel of life, on which the particular personal selves seem bound helplessly to revolve, moves by the will of the Universal Self, which is the true self of All.

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In this Spiritual Unity lies the only true basis of that Universal Brotherhood which seems to most people a hopeless dream, but which is only an intelligent realization by man of his true position in life. The degree of his separation from his fellows is the measure of his ignorance of the meaning of Self. The strength of his belief in Brotherhood as a fact in Nature is the test of his intuitive perception of the identity of all selves in the one Universal Self. When one realizes that the real center of one's own selfhood is in the spiritual heart of the Universe, one can hardly be a pessimist; and one is not disposed then to rail against destiny, knowing that humanity reaps what it has sown, and will continue to do so in the future, when that future has become the present.

When one gets this wider view of one's own individual value in life, one must smile at the idea of life being limited to the little span of experiences gathered in one earth-life. And when one realizes one's own position in life as an expression of the Supreme Self, one must surely feel eager to make each day a stepping-stone to fuller knowledge of the purpose of life, to make each act worthy of the divine Self within.

As we realize more intelligently our own position in life, we shall inevitably raise our own standard of living, we shall adopt a purer code of morality, and higher ideals for the life of the community of which we temporarily form a part: for we shall become our own judge, and we shall know that we can blame no one else for our failure to live up to what we know to be right. We shall understand that duty is simply that which is due, that which is right and proper; and our standard of duty will be the measure of our perception of our own responsibility to our own true Self, the Self of All Beings. When this great truth dawns upon the mind the continuity of life becomes apparent, as an obvious reality, and one has no need to ask the question, "Why should we live again?"

CLASSICAL EDUCATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

N the *Atlantic Monthly* a writer pleads for the study of Greek and Latin on the ground that it teaches us English. In support of his argument he gives a long list of egregious mistakes as to the meaning of English words, made by students in schools, who have not been taught Greek and Latin; and says that those who have been taught these languages do not make these mistakes. The following are examples of the kind of mistakes made:

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- Pomp* — a dancing slipper
Genealogical — gentle, kind
Chronic — a record
Phosphorescent — gaseous, bubbling
Stamina — an excuse
Cynical — circular
Diaphanous — strong-headed
Hieroglyphic — a hereditary gift
- Chronic* — A malignant illness
A disease
Cranky
Sudden or sporadic
Growlsome or quarrelsome
A skeptic
Severe, acute
A chronic person is a grouchy person
Some kind of a disease

These mistakes he considers due to an ignorance of the Greek and Latin roots, on which our language is so largely founded; an error which, he conceives, is avoided by those who have studied Greek and Latin. But, while accepting the facts, we doubt the explanation. Do classical students actually determine the meaning of English words by a reference to their derivations? If so, they must often be misled. In such words as *hypocrite* and *sycophant* — to borrow from the writer's own list — the derivation does not suggest the meaning. In others the derivation suggests a great latitude of meaning, as for instance in *chronic*, *dynamo*, and *paregoric*. In such cases as *cynical* and *symposium* it is necessary to know more than the mere derivation. And even in those words where the derivation does suggest the meaning, we may well question to what extent that fact is responsible for the accuracy with which the scholar defines their meaning. The real explanation seems to us to be otherwise. We would suggest that the study of ancient languages imparts a general accuracy, a power of abstraction as regards language, and an intimate sense of the relation between language and thought.

In seeking to simplify education, and to prune from it certain things which we deem unessential, we have perhaps unwittingly deprived it of elements which a truer wisdom would have regarded as essential. Curiously enough, some of the reasons given for abandoning classics are the same as those advanced for retaining them. We give them up because they are dead languages, and for the same reason we may wish to retain them. Because they have no *direct* bearing on our career, we eschew the classics; and their advocates recommend them for that very reason.

The materialism of the age has led us to worship the form rather than

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the spirit; the particular application rather than the general principle; the visible superstructure rather than the hidden foundations. We see it in those mathematical school-books which lay more stress on the performance of actual measurements of fields and houses, and actual commercial transactions, than on the acquisition of the abstract and fundamental principles of mensuration and computation. It is possible for a man ignorant of these general principles to acquire a rule-of-thumb and memorized method of working the formulæ needed in a particular avocation; but his knowledge is precarious. On the other hand, one with a modest but sufficient knowledge of the principles of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, can apply that masterkey to any lock which he may be called on to open. And the same with other studies. Now it may be contended that the study of ancient languages is a study of language in the abstract — of the general principles of language — and that it renders the student competent in his own language and in any other modern language he may wish to take up. The study of Greek and Latin brings out and trains many invaluable mental qualities lacking in those deprived of this study; and this is undoubtedly the real reason for the difference between the two classes of students.

The argument that Greek and Latin are dropped and often forgotten in after years will seem to have little force in view of the fact that we successively abandon, as we advance in life, the use of the feeding-bottle, the popgun, and the skipping-rope. Yet all of these articles had their use and have contributed in their several necessary ways to our present enjoyment of life. If my study of Greek and Latin have trained my mind, that is surely enough; and I may enjoy the result while abandoning the means.

If education is to be limited to those things which, in our short-sighted wisdom, we may conceive to be practical, it will become necessary for private enterprise to establish schools wherein the love of knowledge and the desire for culture may be satisfied. In such schools the favored subjects would naturally be those deemed unpractical; and in all probability the idea of practicalness, as thus understood, would acquire an unwelcome sound.

It is perhaps advisable, in these days of universal education, to make some distinction between those who are naturally students and scholars and those who are not thus specially qualified by nature. One's experience in teaching convinces one, however enthusiastic for classical education, that there is a certain proportion of cases where the attempt to impart it is fraught with so much difficulty as to constitute a waste of time and energy. This distinction is recognised in colleges where there is a classical side and a 'modern side,' each adapted to the requirements of the differ-

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ent types of pupils. The choice had doubtless better be left to the teacher than to the pupil.

The 'inductive' method of teaching, now so popular, doubtless has its advantages, but, like other innovations, has been overdone. For older students the usefulness of this method is more apparent than for younger; for one's experience tends to the conclusion that young children do not understand induction and have an appetite for dogmas and hard facts and things to be memorized. They would much rather be told that a thing is so than be told why it is so. This is a natural characteristic of the mind at that stage of growth. It is engaged in storing up and acquiring. Synthesis is then the great process; analysis will come later. In the old days we used to begin Latin by learning every single declension and conjugation before doing any exercises; but now we get a snippet of accidence, and then a snippet of syntax, and an exercise in composition, and an exercise in translation — all constituting one lesson. Students who have been through several years' course in this method have usually to be taken right back to the beginning again, for they are in the position of one who can read and write without being able to spell — the result of similar methods applied to the teaching of English.

In short it is still true that hard work, without visible results, precedes all proficiency; while impatience for results means inaccuracy, superficiality, and failure. There have been mistakes made in the way of cramming pupils with useless knowledge, but they can be remedied without plunging into worse mistakes in the contrary direction.

The necessity for a general education to precede all special instruction is recognised, and we consider that there is the best of reason for including a study of Greek and Latin in that general education. Many people who have been denied this study have since realized that it is competent to endow the mind with faculties not to be attained in any other way. It is to be observed, too, that we sometimes miss our mark by aiming too directly at it.

Classical education has been blamed for many evils that are due to other causes, and is thus in the position of a scapegoat. There is much indigestion in the world, but it is not quite all due to our indulgence in a particular food or drink; nor is it all curable by taking somebody's patent substitute. If our educational results are shallow in proportion to their width, there may be more potent causes for this than classical teaching. Thus we approach the question of education in general, on which much has been said in these pages. An application of the principle that good foundations must underlie every superstructure leads us inevitably back to the matter of *character*. Thus we arrive at the principle

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of the Râja-Yoga education, which lays the groundwork for every attainment. Discipline is essential, and the only true discipline is self-discipline, based on an understanding of one's own nature, whereby the will is set free from bondage to the weaknesses and caprices.

Just now, of course, after the war, people's minds are in a state of violent seesaw, due to the violent oscillations set up by the great shock. Thus we find, on the one hand, frantic appeals to strike out from the curriculum everything that does not seem calculated to fit the student immediately for a life of service in the cause of industrial maintenance and supremacy; while, on the other hand, we hear appeals as urgent in behalf of a cultivation of the higher values of life. Classical education, we suppose, would have no charms for the advocates of the first of these two policies; while, for the last, it would seem to be quite in order. The human mind, however, will certainly not consent to be chained down to material concerns, and will insist on having its predilections for knowledge attended to. So that, as said before, it will be necessary to cater for such as desire to study the *litterae humaniores*. The same controversy is noticeable in the scientific press, when it debates the relative merits of pure and applied science; and the advocates of the former are never tired of cataloging the instances wherein the devotion to pure science has administered to the expansion of knowledge. On the whole, it seems evident that a generous policy, a liberal ideal of education, and a desire to round out the whole nature of man, must influence us in favor of retaining classical studies, not only in our advanced curriculum, but even to some extent in the scheme of general education intended for all.

THE NEW TYPE OF MAN THAT THE WORLD NEEDS*

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.



WHAT the world needs is a new type of man who willingly, consistently, and earnestly strives to express in his own daily life that perfect balance of all the faculties — physical, mental, and spiritual — which it is the aim of Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga education to achieve. The world is challenged to offer a broader, saner, or better platform.

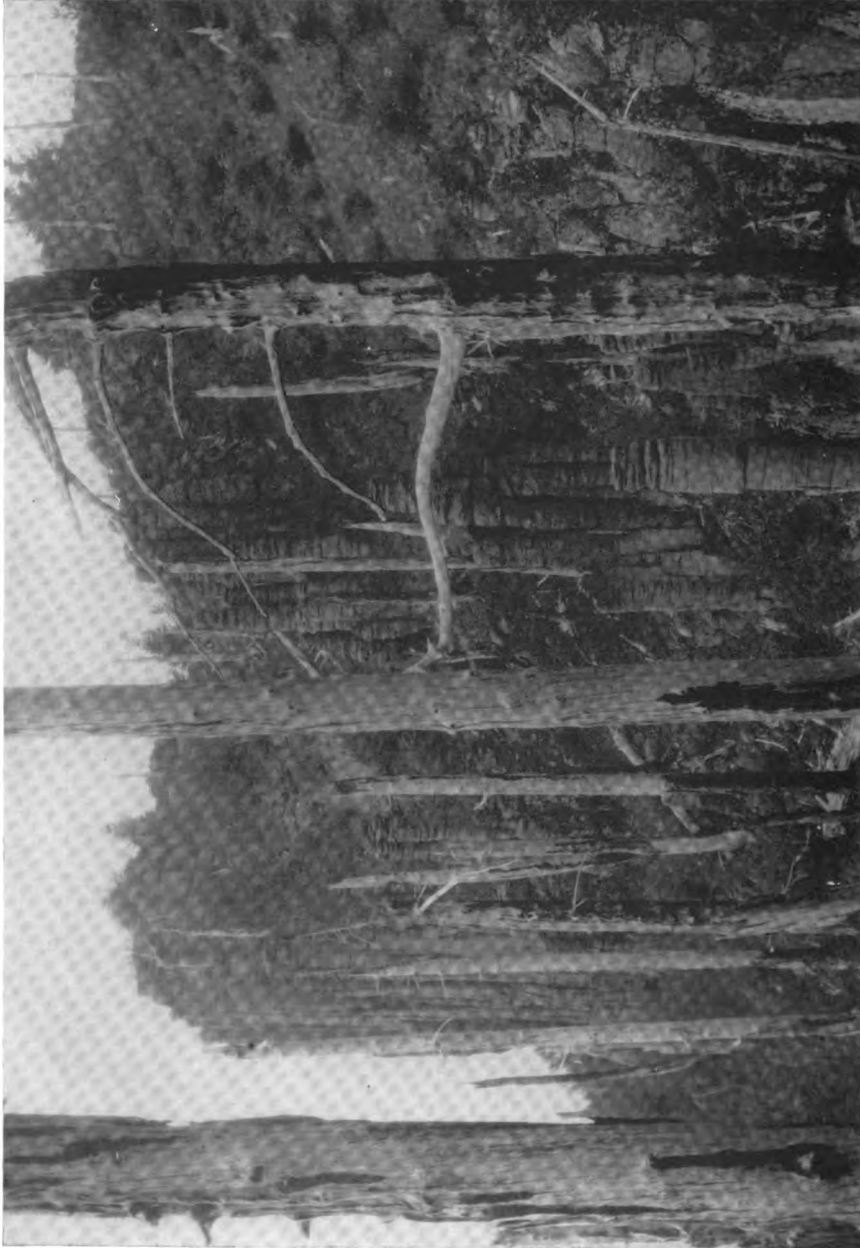
How is this balance to be attained? Those of us who have been privileged to live and learn in Lomaland since our tender years, have

*An address delivered at the Isis Theater, San Diego, March 23, 1919.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LUKEN CREEK, OREGON



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

DOODLE ROCK, OREGON

The unusual rock formations in the background have weathered until some stand separate and independent; their diameters average thirty inches, and some are more than twenty feet in height.

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had exceptional opportunities afforded us under Katherine Tingley's personal direction. It is the greatest aim of our lives so to uphold her hands and make secure her efforts for all time, that thousands may share our privileges, where now only hundreds are directly benefited.

But until such time as the Râja-Yoga principles shall have become foundation-stones in the character-structures fashioned for our children in every home and in every school in every land under the sun, each of us may do his own little part in the right performance of the simple duties at hand. More than that none can do. We must so live, so strive, so serve, and so love, that we shall prove to those in our immediate environment that the effort to reach this Râja-Yoga ideal brings with it health, joy, wisdom, and compassion.

Then will our friends inquire of us the secret; our enemies will be silenced and converted into friends — if not from principle, then from policy. Our immediate friends will tell their friends, and so on and on, until the whole world shall be either our friends or the friends of our friends, and shall be asking the secret. Visionary, do you say? Perhaps. But believe me, it is the only way; and the process has already begun. It rests with all Theosophists to see that it is allowed to take its legitimate course and not interfered with by anything that is opposed to progress — least of all by any failure on our own part to fulfil our highest responsibilities.

What is the Râja-Yoga secret for attaining this perfect balance of all the faculties — physical, mental, and spiritual? Here are some of the things that the Râja-Yoga students are taught from childhood. You will be surprised at their simplicity, but if you are honest with yourselves, you will admit that, save in isolated instances, the world makes little effort to carry them out, and the effort is attended by even less success. But it is an effort which every parent and teacher can profitably help the young folk to make.

I will speak first of the proper physical development, though it will be impossible to confine myself to this one phase of our Râja-Yoga motto, for the reason that a proper physical unfoldment is unobtainable unless the mind is occupied with the right kind of thoughts, and the mind cannot be rightly occupied unless the thoughts are perfumed with the aroma of spiritual aspirations.

The Râja-Yoga children are taught from babyhood that cleanliness is next to godliness. Thus they learn at an early age to keep their bodies clean, and this includes brushing their teeth after each meal and on arising and retiring. The result is that most of our children have nearly perfect teeth. Several of the leading dentists in this city will bear me out in this. Ours is a school of prevention. The children do not eat between

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meals. This habit, acquired early, in time becomes second-nature to them, so that they lose any desire to eat between meals.

They have regular fortnightly inspections by a very successful physician of some forty years' practice, the Dean of our Medical Department. This, whether there are any visible symptoms or not. Of course, if any child develops symptoms between his fortnightly visits to the doctor, he has immediate attention. The students' diet is carefully looked after, and there is a proper balance between the proteids, the carbo-hydrates, the fats, and the salts. Much of the food is produced right on our own farm. It is all prepared under the most sanitary conditions by volunteer workers, who give their services as a noble, untiring, daily offering on the altar of humanity. And the same may be said of every other department in our wonderful institution. It is no small boast that, during the terrible influenza epidemic last winter, we lost not a single child or member.

The young folks are segregated into small groups and constantly watched over by competent, conscientious, volunteer teachers, who see to it that no bad habits are allowed to go unchecked. How few parents there are who realize that their children — yes, even *their* darlings, — unless very carefully watched and guided, are often undermining their health and laying the foundations of a life of unhappiness and possibly of viciousness, by indulging in secret habits which foolish pride, at times amounting almost to criminal negligence, refuses to see, or seeing, is ignorant how to remedy.

Keep the children's minds occupied with their studies, with their games, with their music, with their gardens, with any useful or innocent hobby, with Nature — the flowers, the birds, and the ways of the wood-folk. It is not a simple matter to bring up a child right, even from the physical standpoint. Most men take more pains in studying up the best way of caring for their prize dogs and horses than they do in guiding their own children aright. But unless humanity is ready to meet the enormous responsibilities involved in bringing children into this world, what chance have the children? The thoughtless and impulsive will take little heed of such warnings. All the more reason why the thoughtful should have right conceptions of their sacred duties.

It is in the formative period of a child's life that must be built the new type of manhood which the world needs, or our youth will drift into the old ruts, which lead to disease, to unhappiness, and often to crime and degradation.

Man is religious by nature, and we must satisfy the religious yearnings of our youth with knowledge that gives the joy which Epicurus promised, the courage and *self-control* which Zeno and Marcus Aurelius

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exemplified, the idealism which Plato expounded, the common sense which Aristotle preached, and the altruism and compassion which Buddha and Jesus glorified. And I make bold to say that Theosophy offers him these.

And what is Theosophy? William Quan Judge says:

“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. It is wisdom about God for those who believe that He is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who accepts the statement found in the Christian Bible that God cannot be measured or discovered, and that darkness is around his pavilion. Although it contains by derivation the name God and thus may seem at first sight to embrace religion alone, it does not neglect science, for it is the science of sciences and therefore has been called the Wisdom-Religion. For no science is complete which leaves out any department of nature, whether visible or invisible, and that religion which, depending solely on an assumed revelation, turns away from things and the laws which govern them is nothing but a delusion, a foe to progress, an obstacle in the way of man's advancement toward happiness. Embracing both the scientific and the religious, Theosophy is a scientific religion and a religious science.”

I venture to say that the new type of man whom the world needs is the Theosophical type, though he may not go under that name. What is a Theosophist? H. P. Blavatsky has thus defined him:

“Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning toward the meta-physical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer — is a Theosophist.”


How may one become a Theosophist? Not alone by merely joining our Organization, though this is a valuable means of aiding him in his progress, because it affords him, first, the guidance of a TEACHER; and secondly, association with fellow-aspirants. But the progress achieved really depends very largely upon one's own efforts. We must climb step by step. A Teacher, in the following quotation, has indicated to us some of the essential rungs of the ladder, which no one can mount without helping to make of himself the new type of man whom the world needs:

“Behold the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in, and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principle, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom.”

THE FEATHERED PENSIONERS OF LOMALAND

PERCY LEONARD

"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."— *Thomas Gray*

 HE student of Nature with a watchful eye for the humors of bird life can very well dispense with the comic papers. The little, unassuming, drab-colored Anthony Towhee is one of the first to press his claims upon the newly-arrived resident in Lomaland. 'His' of course includes his spouse, for he is never happy unless there is at hand some meek, submissive hen over whom he may act the part of an affectionate despot.

Tony, as I have named him, is a bird of infinite leisure, but he occupies his time with such a multitude of futile trivialities that unless you are very careful he will succeed in passing himself off as a bird who is simply overwhelmed with responsibilities. The whole duty of a towhee may be summed up as follows: to chirp plaintively from time to time, to hop first this way and then that, to preen his feathers, to peck a little among the dead leaves, to take a bath and reprimand his wife; and yet he spins his occupations out so artfully, and does everything with such a serious purpose, that he often succeeds in acquiring a massive reputation for industry. He carries out the idea of always working at high pressure so persistently that he will not put up with the least delay in having his wants attended to; and if his crumbs are not scattered at the proper time he flies up to the window and, pressing his breast against the pane, utters insistent calls for immediate attention. In order to humor his ridiculous whim, I once made a practice of serving his crumbs immediately upon receipt of the recognised signal, so that in time he came to regard it as a sort of magical 'Open sesame.'

We have heard so much about the wonderful doings of the birds, that we are apt to overlook *the things they do not do*, and it is worth noting that although his wife and a flock of about thirty white-crowned sparrows repeatedly saw him work his little trick successfully, not one of them ever made the slightest effort to imitate him. They would stand around expectant of crumbs, waiting patiently for Tony's arrival, and when it suited his convenience to appear he always gave the signal with a most amusing air of fussy importance, as if conscious of being the sole possessor of the magical formula.

Certainly during the nesting season the towhees were really very busy, and as soon as building had fairly begun they ceased to frequent

THE FEATHERED PENSIONERS OF LOMALAND

my free-lunch counter, so that I was quite hurt at their open slight of my hospitality. They were as much absorbed in their plans as if the welfare of an empire were at stake, instead of the rearing of a nestful of young towhees who would grow up perfect duplicates of their parents in form and character. As soon as the young were hatched, my saucer of soaked bread was liberally patronized, and had I cared to pry into their domestic secrets, I might easily have found their nest among the brush by following the line of flight of the parent birds; but as I knew that they would be brought to the saucer as soon as they could fly, I deferred the pleasure of making their acquaintance.

In due course the young birds, which equaled their parents in size though not in mentality, came clamoring to my doorstep for food, and although almost from the first they were perfectly able to help themselves, their overworked parents considered it to be their duty to fill their beaks for them. One unusually hot day I saw Tony sitting on the rim of the saucer in a state of utter collapse. His head was resting on his shoulder, his wings hung listlessly at his side, and he had all the appearance of one who, having been worsted in the battle of life, had decided to surrender without conditions. Suddenly the thought of his hungry brood broke in upon his consciousness. He gallantly stiffened his back, braced his shoulders, and stuffing his bill to its utmost capacity, he rapidly flew to the bush where his young ones awaited him. His love for his young overcame his sense of exhaustion, and I have always felt inclined to salute the little hero ever since.

On another occasion, in response to the usual peremptory luncheon order, I had set out a saucerful of soaked bread of the finest quality and was proceeding with my other duties, when I was surprised by the familiar 'flop' of a feathered breast against the window and the 'scrattling' of claws upon the sill. That the signal for food should be given just after the serving of a bountiful meal seemed altogether preposterous, but on rising to investigate I found that a piebald cat was sniffing at the saucer. Of course I was expected to drive her away, although in so doing I was fully conscious that I was straining my hitherto friendly relations with the cat to the breaking-point. Tony's suspicions of the cat were about to be abundantly justified, for shortly afterwards I saw him scratching among the dead leaves in very low spirits, while at a little distance the cat was standing with one of his offspring in her mouth. It has been calculated that only five per cent. of the eggs laid ever reach maturity, and by this time Tony has doubtless realized that he is expected to furnish his quota to fill out the statistical tables of towhee mortality. In other seasons other nestlings will chirp and open wide their mouths for food, for the mold in which towhees are made is not

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

yet broken and "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." You cannot blame the cat, for her regular vocation is that of bird-catcher, and we have it on the authority of Jack Falstaff that it is no sin for a man (or for a cat either) to labor at his lawful calling. The towhees themselves prey upon weaker lives, and in the nesting season they may often be seen with their bills packed full of inoffensive moths 'collected' (we will use no harsher term) on the banks of iceplant. It is appointed unto all that lives to die, and it may be that a sudden, unexpected death is preferable to the gradual failure of the faculties which would be the final fate of all the wild creatures, if it were not for the provision of the predatory animals and birds of prey.

The towhee is not so much absorbed in his own affairs as to be altogether unmindful of the welfare of others. A student working in the gardens one day was interrupted by an excited towhee, who insisted on his following him without delay. The eager bird conducted him to one of the common tragedies of out-of-door life — a snake devouring a rabbit. The interests of the towhee were in no way threatened; but he had sufficient public spirit to utter his protest when he saw what he considered a wrong being committed, and yet

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

Such cases of pure, disinterested conduct are rare in the animal world, and when found deserve to be put on record.

The family-tie among birds is a very loose one, and although their devotion to their young while in their helpless condition is almost limitless, as soon as they reach maturity they not only cease to give them any assistance, but actually force them into independent habits by driving them away.

Although the labor of feeding their young is excessive, I believe that it never becomes irksome or is ever regarded as a painful duty. The strength of their affection entirely drives out the idea of external compulsion, even as among ourselves the most arduous exertions are cheerfully undertaken from pure choice in the pursuit of sports of various kinds. It is probable that the humblest duties in the way of so-called menial services would become pleasant and interesting to one who really loved humanity; but so long as one's fellow-creatures are regarded with feelings no more genial than the barest toleration, the duty of ministering to human needs will continue to be a distasteful task.

And so borne down the flowing stream of life the towhees pass their happy days. They live in perfect harmony with Nature's laws and never have to face the terrors of offended conscience or the biting tooth of

THE FEATHERED PENSIONERS OF LOMALAND

pitiless remorse. Illumined by the lamp of instinct, which is merely intuition burning low, they never make an error in the practical affairs of life, nor meet a problem which they cannot solve.

By our opening quotation we have implied that the towhees are to be classed among the poor; but perhaps they are really better off than many millionaires. True — the towhee has no property; but he has the free and unrestricted enjoyment of all the sources of happiness of which bird-life is capable. His nightly roosting perch is exempt from rent and taxes. Free from all charge he may enjoy a bath at any time of day; without the slightest exertion he produces a new suit of clothes every year; fresh food in the best possible condition may be picked up for nothing in the nearest heap of dead leaves, and he could not enjoy a freer use of woodland lot or garden ground if he had the title deeds in his strong-box. Whatever desires are natural, he can gratify without asking leave of anyone, and should his mate be struck down by a hawk, he can procure an almost identical substitute at the shortest notice. The petty trifles which fill his happy hours are of the most absorbing interest to him, and death when it comes will summon him in the full tide of his affairs.

Child of the Universal Life, you are the ward of all-embracing law, and as you pass from life to life in the ascending spiral of a limitless advance, the tie that binds us both can never be dissolved. Spark from the Primal Flame, I will not say goodbye, for space and time dissolve in Here and Now, and you and I are fellow-travelers till the far-distant twilight of the gods.



“THERE is the synchronistic table of Abydos, which, thanks to the genius of Champollion, has now vindicated the good faith of the priests of Egypt (Manetho's above all), and that of Ptolemy. In the Turin papyrus, the most remarkable of all, in the words of the Egyptologist, de Rougé:—

“... Champollion, struck with amazement, found that he had under his own eyes the whole truth. . . . It was the remains of a list of dynasties embracing the furthest mythic times, or the REIGN OF THE GODS AND HEROES. . . . At the very outset of this curious papyrus we have to arrive at the conviction that so far back already as the period of Rameses, those mythic and heroic traditions were just as Manetho had transmitted them to us; we see figuring in them, as Kings of Egypt, the gods Seb, Osiris, Horus, Thoth-Hermes, and the goddess Ma, a long period of centuries being assigned to the reign of each of these.’”—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 367

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER VI



S Beatrice crossed the hall to reach the staircase the butler met her and pleasantly announced, "Captain Carothers is in the library, ma'am."

She stared at him vacantly, and he repeated, "Captain Carothers has just arrived, and he is in the library, ma'am."

She recovered herself and thanked him, and he opened the library door for her.

Carothers stood before the fire alone warming his hands. He turned his head as the door opened and started to meet his wife, but something in her manner checked him and he uttered a formal greeting for the benefit of the butler, who discreetly closed the door, and went about his duties.

"Why have you come?" she asked in a low voice. "You promised me —"

"I know: but when you did not write, I grew uneasy. I could not keep away." He came close up to her and said: "You're glad to see me, now I'm here?"

It had the inflexion of a question, but seemed almost a command. She felt his eyes take hold of her, and shuddered slightly; the day grew darker.

"You promised to wait —"

"Oh yes, I promised. What of that? a promise will not put out a fire."

His breath was on her cheek and seemed to burn her very soul. He meant to take her in his arms, but there was a new power in her that held him back, and chilled him with a kind of awe, such as he had not known before in all his wide experience of women. He hesitated and turned to the fireplace; his wife stood looking at him coldly, almost curiously. He grew impatient and broke out into a reproach, but, facing her again, he seemed to be suddenly struck by a change in her, and asked more gently:

"Have you been ill? — What has happened here? — Is someone dead in the house? Why don't you speak? —"

Again he took a step or two as if to touch her, and she did not move. She was amazed to find that she no longer trembled when he came near her.

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It seemed as if an incarnation must have intervened since last she met this man who once had been her husband. Calmly she answered him, pointing to a chair. "Sit down," she said, and he obeyed.

She slowly went over to the window and looked out, then turning faced him and said quite deliberately:

"This is the end. Yes, I am glad you came, although you broke your word to do it. —Have I been ill? Yes, dangerously ill; but no one knew it; now I am well, most wonderfully well. Yes! This is the end."

"Beatrice! Are you mad?"

He leaned toward her trying to see her face, which was but a shadow against the sky, as she still stood by the window facing him.

"I have been mad," she answered, "but that is past. And what is past can never be recalled, although its consequences may follow us till death and after. This is the end: and you are free once more. Our marriage was but an incident in your life, one among many; now it is ended and the incident is closed—"

Carothers sat back in his chair, speechless. Who was this woman who spoke to him as from another world? No woman had ever looked like that or spoken like that to him. He stood up as if to assure himself he was awake, looked round him, faced her again and then put up his hand to his forehead to clear away a cloud that seemed to be gathering over him, and sat down again, with his head in his hands.

Beatrice spoke quietly with a peculiar tone of absolute certainty in all she said, that silenced him.

"It could not possibly continue. Our marriage was madness . . . it was worse . . . I see that now. I am not blaming you. You are just what you are. I did not understand. I did not know myself, but now my eyes are open and I see the truth. We are as far apart as human beings can be. There is nothing more to say. We have to recognise the fact."

With his head still in his hands he answered:

"You are my wife, that is the fact you ought to recognise."

She looked at him and answered calmly:

"As to the legal situation, I leave it to you; it does not interest me. Do as you will about it. I shall take no action. I go my way, and you are free to follow your own ideas of life, without the least reference to me. I shall not trouble you in any way. If you apply for a divorce, I shall not oppose it. You are free."

He rose and struggled with his indignation, trying to speak quietly.

"You think you can dismiss your husband as if he were a servant. You would be free, and are not ashamed to say so. You are tired of me, and offer me my liberty. Have you no shame at all? You can stand

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there and speak as calmly as if you really believed that I too forget. No, I do not forget."

Moving swiftly to her side he laid his hand upon her arm and almost whispered:

"Have you forgotten?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and answered thoughtfully:

"No. I have not forgotten. Some things have fallen from me as if they never had been; but there are others that you know nothing of, and that I scarcely seemed to know myself, which now are clear to me. These I have not forgotten, nor shall do till I die: but you have nothing to do with that. My marriage was madness — yes, I was mad then. Now I am well again. There is no need for me to hold the memory of a hallucination. We do not remind a convalescent of things said or done in the delirium of fever. We allow him to forget. Let me forget. My frankness wounds you; but I think that the wound goes no deeper than your vanity. I must speak plainly, that there may be no more misunderstanding."

"You call our love misunderstanding?"

"Yes! Misunderstanding."

A gong sounded in the hall. She turned and gathered up her gloves, and said quite naturally:

"That means that tea is in the drawing-room. You will find my mother there. Good-bye."

She swept out of the room calmly, and he stood staring at her in utter bewilderment. The door stood open, and he saw her pass slowly up the old staircase, as calmly as if she had but parted from a casual visitor.

The butler, seeing him, entered and said that tea was in the drawing-room, and went before to open the door for him. Merely from force of habit Carothers followed, and greeted his hostess politely, almost as if indeed he were no more than a mere casual visitor.

His mind was shaken from its base of natural self-confidence. Ever since he was a child he had been allowed to have his own way: as he grew up he became more exacting, claiming as a natural right the admiration of women generally, and in particular the adoration of those on whom his own choice fell. He never felt that their love gave them any claim on him; and he had never allowed consideration for their feelings to hold him when his interest was attracted by some new aspirant for the doubtful honor of his preference. He was entirely unconscious of his own absolute selfishness, and believed himself free from any such ridiculous weakness as vanity. He was too wholly self-absorbed to be self-conscious.

Now, for the first time in his life, his power of fascination failed him, and his authority was set aside; and the woman who thus humiliated

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him was his wife. He could not grasp the situation; the whole thing seemed incredible.

His power over women was nothing extraordinary in his eyes; it was merely a part of his life. Not that he thought of it as power and authority: he called it love; and, until now, nothing had ever given him reason to doubt that the love of women followed naturally upon the declaration of a man's choice.

The very foundations of his life seemed shaken beneath him, even his vanity was momentarily paralysed, and Mrs. Cranley plainly saw that something had happened, although the force of habit enabled him to behave easily and with perfect courtesy. She hated anything like a 'scene,' but feared some sort of explanation would be inevitable and resigned herself to meet it as she met all her difficulties. The result was that nothing happened. Her husband arrived, fidgetted around a little while, and took his son-in-law off to the billiard room to smoke a cigar.

He, also, feared the inevitable and prepared himself as well as he knew how. He liked Carothers, but Beatrice must be supported, right or wrong, there was no doubt about that in his mind; and Carothers perhaps felt something of the sort: but in truth no one more carefully avoided the unpleasant things in life than he did; he was an adept at escaping embarrassing explanations: but this was a situation that would have to be faced sooner or later. His father-in-law gave him an opportunity by saying cordially:

"You're going to stay a week or so I hope, now you are here. I know it's hard to get leave just when you want it, but there are plenty of partridges; none of the boys have been at home lately to shoot them."

Carothers answered in the same strain, but said he could not get leave for more than a couple of days just now, so many men were off for the shooting.

"I suppose you will take Beatrice back with you. We miss her terribly when she is away."

"Well, that is just the point. Of course I wanted her to come back, but she seems set on staying a little longer, and of course your claim has precedence, in this case. I mean, it is quite natural she should want to be with her parents. . . ."

Carothers felt that he was blundering towards an explanation; and the nearer he got to it the more he was tempted to put it off at any cost. He laughed a little nervously, perhaps, and went on rather apologetically:

"In fact, to tell the truth, I did not mean to trouble her at all. I was on my way to Abbot's Lane for a day's shooting with Jack Ribblesdale, but missed the train at Trentham, and decided to run down here and see if Beatrice would not come on there with me. I wired Jack that I would be

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there in the morning and would stay tomorrow night, so that this is merely a flying visit. I would have let you know I was coming if I had known it myself earlier, but I just saw the train coming in and made up my mind then and there to run down here, pick up my wife, and take her along with me. But of course if she wants to stay here longer, I have nothing to say. A husband is not supposed to have any authority over his wife in these progressive days."

Augustus Cranley admired the readiness of the invention, but was not in the least deceived by it. Evidently things were in a bad way between them, and Beatrice had refused to go back to her husband. Well; she should stay as long as she saw fit, and not be bothered by anyone if he could prevent it. He took the story at its face value, expressed regrets that the visit was to be so short, proposed a game of billiards to occupy them until it was time to dress for dinner, and did his best to make his guest feel quite at ease.

Beatrice astonished everyone by coming down to dinner as if nothing had happened or were about to happen. She was by far the most self-possessed of the small party and merely appeared rather more grave and dignified than usual.

Her self-possession made her husband furious; it galled his pride, and made him feel small and mean. He almost hated her, and yet the thought of losing her was intolerable. She seemed already to be beyond his reach, but he could not yet believe that any woman was entirely beyond his influence, if he were bent on holding her — and yet there was a gulf between them, a gulf he almost feared to fathom. At times his feeling would flame up and he would swear internally never to let her go; and then he saw her where she sat at the same table, and knew that he had no hold upon her even now. She had escaped him in some mysterious way, and now stood calmly on the shore while he was struggling in the torrent, which would soon sweep him from her sight for ever.

The evening passed most uncomfortably for all concerned, but most of all for the unfortunate man, who had to begin to learn the alphabet of moral discipline at an age at which his education should have been well advanced. His wounded vanity, his thwarted emotion, and his unconscious love of power, made a veritable whirlpool of the current of his thought, and as the ladies rose to retire he was almost beside himself with rage; nothing but the presence of the butler kept him from letting fall some biting sarcasm directed against his wife, who took her mother's arm and passed slowly up the stairway out of sight.

His host invited him to the billiard room, which served for a smoking-room generally, and almost hoped his son-in-law would excuse himself: but he was disappointed. Carothers was raging internally, and wanted

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to vent his rage on someone if he could get an opportunity for doing so.

They spoke of general matters and mentioned a scandal that had just occurred. It was a most unfortunate subject, and the older man tried to turn it aside, making some rather lame excuse for the poor woman.

"The poor woman!" Carothers ejaculated. "Oh yes, the poor dear woman, think we are mental about man in such not pity the just for a

"Because always on the

"Where it longs. . . ."

viciously, and felt the vent-tort. He was

for a quar-

it, but the in his veins

scornfully:— great deal than usually

Men are not very chivalrous to women nowadays."

"Men would be chivalrous enough if women were what they should be. How can a man be chivalrous to a woman who plays fast and loose with him, and rather more loose than fast? Bah! Women are all alike —"

"Do you remember, sir, that you are speaking to your wife's father?"

"I do remember it, sir, very well, and very much regret that it is so."

"This is outrageous. You forget yourself. If I could forget that you are her husband and my guest, I would — well, let that pass. You know the way to your bedroom, and the coachman has orders for the morning. I trust, if it should be necessary for you to visit Comberfield again, that you will let me know in order that I may be absent at the time. I wish you good-night."

The old man rather unsteadily lighted a candle and went to his dressing-room, with the blood surging in his brain as if his head would burst. The effort to control himself had been the greatest struggle of his life, and was the last. He sank into an arm-chair by the fire, where an hour later he was found in an unconscious state, from which he never rallied.

(To be concluded)



of course. I all too senti- the poor wo- a case. Why poor man, change?"

the blame is woman."

usually be-

This was said Mr. Cranley om of the re-

not looking rel, far from blood tingled

and he said "Where a

more falls belongs. —



F. J. DICK, EDITOR

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

ON September 7th Madame Katherine Tingley gave the concluding lecture of a series dealing with her experiences on two Theosophical journeys around the world, one in 1896 and the other in 1903, under the general theme of 'The Tyranny of Errors and the Contrasts in Human Life.' China, Japan, Egypt, Greece, Australia and the Maori nation were touched upon in the lecture, "the general aim of which is to show," said the speaker, "how all nations have been affected by the intolerance of the

Crusades for those ages, and that the lack of brotherhood, and the spirit
Living in the of bigotry and persecution that have been ingrained
Shadows of Life into the lives of communities and nations, have been, to a very large degree, the principal causes of the disruption of nations. My aim on these journeys was not to find those who were living in the sunshine of life, but those who lived in the shadows and on the seamy side of things. There was a strong desire in my heart to lift the burdens of the people, but not in such a way that the help would be merely temporary."

Speaking of Greece, the lecturer said:

"The love of liberty was so beautiful that it reminded me of the old patriotism. Our modern patriotism, in certain aspects, has never quite suited me, perhaps because I have studied our glorious Constitution and perhaps because the old Puritan blood flows in my veins. We ought to read the Constitution as we read our Bibles; if we did we should find ourselves so imbued with a new quality of understanding that we would know what to do to break down the tyranny of errors in our own and other lands. If we propose to deal justly with our fellowmen we must begin to think in a new way; we must attain to a broader understanding. It is for this that the Theosophical Society was organized by H. P. Blavatsky, and this is why I am here. . . .

"Today, in spite of our boasted civilization and the promises that we feel in our American liberty, there is still much to learn, for in spite of all that is splendid in our country and in our government and in spite of our great sacrifices, we still have all these unexpected and startling things facing us on lines of injustice. The real liberty of man, the absolute freedom of the soul, depends upon knowledge of the Higher Self and upon self-directed

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evolution, and that evolution cannot be worked out on the lines of the brain-mind. It is the spirit of true brotherhood that we must put into our lives, and this can be made so strong and so forceful that it cannot help but bring about restoration.”

‘Why Should We Live Again?’ was the subject of an address on September 14th by Mr. Reginald Machell, one of the directors of the Râja-Yoga Art Academy. Mr. Machell said in part:

“We never stop living, and so each new experiment in life is really not living again. It is merely another day in the greater lifetime of the soul.

“ . . . end and beginning are dreams.

Birthless, deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever,

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems.’

“The first step in the direction of an intelligent reading of the riddle of life lies in the doctrine of Reincarnation. Without it all is confusion; justice has no place on earth; and man is forced to console himself with fatuous superstitions discredited by his reason and contradicted by observation and experience. With the key of Reincarnation he can unlock the door of his mental prison and step out upon a path that will lead him to a true understanding of his duty and the purpose of his individual life. And when one realizes one’s own position in life as an expression of Deity, the Supreme, one must surely feel eager to make each day a stepping-stone to fuller knowledge and each act worthy of the Divine Self within. Our standard of duty will be the measure of our perception of our responsibility. To one who feels his spiritual identity with the Supreme, all life is sacred and beautiful and noble. In this spiritual unity lies the true basis of Universal Brotherhood. The degree of one’s separation from his fellows is the measure of his ignorance; the strength of his belief in Brotherhood is the test of his intuitive perception.”

‘The Eternal Now’ was the subject of an address on September 21st by Mrs. Grace Knoche of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. The speaker said, in part:

“The great aim of Theosophy is to prevent the catastrophes that come from ignoring the eternal now. When Katherine Tingley founded the Râja-Yoga School she called it a ‘school of prevention.’ It was born of many years’ experience with the derelicts of life, pitiable human failures who had suffered through their ignorance of the laws of human life.

“It was born of her conviction that the methods ordinarily employed for the redemption of such souls were futile, a mere patching up or plastering over of effects, while the causes were left undisturbed, festering centers of disease, and ready, whenever conditions would permit, to infect the whole social organism with the virus of disintegration and decay. So that in working

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out her system of education, Mme Tingley gave a new meaning to the old adage 'prevention is better than cure,' for she took the little children with her right into the magic kingdom of the eternal now. One of the magic words in the Râja-Yoga School is 'now.'

"Now is the time for self-control, not tomorrow; now is the time to be strong and true and honest, not next month or next year. The result of this teaching is a group of children and young folk who are positively living a new order of life. The eternal now may not be the only key to conduct, but it is a tremendously important one. Without it, life is bound to be disordered and chaotic; with it, life is ordered and filled with joy."

'The Trinity of Human Nature' was the subject chosen on September 28th by Dr. Herbert Coryn of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. Dr. Coryn is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, where he was a member of the Theosophical Society during

Brotherhood the lifetime of Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress, and was one of her students. He has resided in Lomaland since 1901. Dr. Coryn said, in part:
the Deepest
Fact in Nature "The trinity of human nature is body, mind, and soul, and the combining or harmonizing power is the spirit of Brotherhood. That is why we say that brotherhood is the deepest fact in nature. One of the rewards of cultivating it is joy. However we may fall from our conviction in practice, there is no one without the conviction that a life or a day spent in the spirit of brotherhood would be the happiest kind of life or the happiest of all days. No one doubts that friendship is the happiest of all relationships between men, or that if all humanity were in a state of mutual friendship or brotherhood, the earth would be heaven at once and all man's highest powers be unchained. Brotherhood is the state or atmosphere in which alone all the powers of man can come to perfection. It is the glow of the spiritual sun, and the center of life and of brotherhood is the heart. By that fire alone can the keyboards of the brain be made to respond to the great ideas which reflect the spiritual essences of things. The ambitious man dwindles and hardens; the man in whom brotherhood is a living power grows, expands, mellows; and if you will think in terms of Reincarnation you can see how wide the difference will become through the stretch of successive lives. We must have brotherhood, or our light will go out."

MME TINGLEY HOSTESS TO SAN DIEGO MEMBERS OF THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

SAN DIEGO members of the H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were the guests of Madame Katherine Tingley and students at Lomaland on the afternoon of July 20th at an outdoor conference and assembly. Karnak Grove, north



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A LOMALAND OUTING

Groups of Members of the H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge Branch of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of San Diego, California, who were entertained at the International Theosophical Headquarters on the afternoon of July 20th, 1919.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**SAN DIEGO MEMBERS ENJOYING THE RESTFUL VIEW OF THE
PACIFIC AND THE INVIGORATING OCEAN BREEZE**

After the assembly and lunch in the Picnic Grove the visiting Members and the Reception Committee adjourned for a walk by the sea.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

of the Greek Theater, was decorated with flags of all nations, and music was an important feature of the program, selections being given by the Râja-Yoga Chorus, the Junior Girls' Chorus, the Râja-Yoga Band and the well known tenor, George L. Davenport. The Tiny Tots contributed action songs accompanied by the birds.

After greetings by Clark Thurston, Dr. Gertrude van Pelt spoke on 'Optimism, the Supreme Need,' Professor Ryan on 'Signs of the Times,' Professor Iverson L. Harris of the College of Law on 'The Opportunities of the Present,' Frank Knoche on 'The Spirit of the Hour,' and Madame Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, on 'The Glory of Effort and Service.'

Responses were made by R. O. R. Bergath, a veteran of the Civil War, by Mrs. Charles L. Hoopes, and by Miss Lucy Brittain, representing the local branch. The meeting closed with lunch under the trees, followed by a walk to the forestry grounds and Lomaland gardens.

— *San Diego Union*, July 21, 1919

RÂJA-YOGA BAND PLAYS FOR ČECHOSLOVAKS

DEPARTING SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED BY MME TINGLEY
AND MUSICIANS AS TRAINS LEAVE

AN unexpected pleasure was afforded the members of the Čechoslovak contingent stationed at Camp Kearny, who entrained yesterday for Newport News, Virginia, enroute to Europe. Feeling that some bright music would make the time pass more quickly for the convalescent and other soldiers, who were scheduled to leave the camp on four trains starting two hours apart, Mme Tingley and a party of students, including the Râja-Yoga College Band, went to Camp Kearny early yesterday morning in time for the first entrainment.

The hospital was visited by the Theosophical Leader and her party first of all, the Râja-Yoga Band playing the patriotic and folk music of the Čechoslovak people. This was enjoyed by all, even those who were confined to their beds. The soldiers expressed their appreciation by frequent applause and grateful words. Madame Tingley's party distributed flowers and souvenirs.

Later, when the seriously wounded were carried out to the train in ambulances, and from these lifted into the car windows on stretchers, the Theosophical Leader was present to give to each a parting word of encouragement and hope. The whole entrainment proceeded to the inspiring music of the Râja-Yoga Band, which played practically all day. The departing soldiers cheered and applauded continuously, and Maj. Gen. Joseph E. Kuhn, in command at Camp Kearny, personally sought Mme Tingley and thanked her for her consideration in giving this farewell hospitality to these brave men.

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An impressive feature was the presentation to them of a large Czecho-slovak flag by six-year-old Julian Underwood, one of the youngest pupils at the Râja-Yoga School. Mme Tingley requested the convalescent soldiers to act as a guard of honor to convey the flag to their native land, which had held a prominent place in the International Peace Congress convoked by Mme Tingley at Visingsö, Sweden, in 1913. The flag was accepted in behalf of the contingent and of their nation, with expressions of profound gratitude. Mme Tingley was assured that it would be placed in the national museum, where it would remain forever, in token of the gratitude of Czechoslovakia to her for the new hope she has given and the assurances of her confidence in and esteem for the new-born nation.

After the last train had pulled out of Camp Kearny at about four o'clock, Mme Tingley and party returned to the city and visited the Agnew Hospital, where the Râja-Yoga Band played several selections for the entertainment of the patients therein. This attention evoked expressions of appreciation from the invalids as well as the doctors, nurses and attendants at the hospital.

— *San Diego Union*, July 29, 1919

'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM' REALIZED

The *Journal*, being prevented at the last hour of arrangement, from being present, personally and officially, at the performance of Shakespeare's great comedy as presented in honor of the visit of the Pacific Fleet, by the pupils of the Theosophical School at Point Loma, and trained under the personal direction of Madame Tingley, spread its mantle of critical reviewer upon the young and sturdy shoulders of its next-door neighbor, Dr. Forman, newly selected assistant to Dr. Parker and fresh from the effete East, believing that the critical viewpoint of the newcomer would be especially worth while.

In the review which follows, the *Journal* has the pleasure of presenting what it believes to be a complete justification in the case. The *Journal* honestly believes that it could not have done better itself:

DR. FORMAN'S REVIEW OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

In these days of standardized efficiency when we are prone to measure the accomplishments of our civilization by the tallness of our building and by our ability to break the speedometer, it is something of a shock that we see our artistic efforts culminate in the Jazz and the Tango. Not to make light of our marvelous advancement in science, our great effort in life appears to be in the direction of measuring that which must be immeasurable and in standardizing that which cannot be brought within mathematical limits.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

What if we do weigh the sun, manufacture life in a test-tube, calculate the number of spooks that can sit upon the point of a needle, or what not, if we forget that the greatest accomplishment of man is art? Art represents that which animates the soul, that which stimulates higher vision, that which will — if such be possible — bring heaven nearer to earth. Without it we are merely animals immersed in the great struggle for existence which is perhaps the great fundamental effort of life. To leave all this and to come into intimate contact with that great master of human emotions, Shakespeare, is, in these days, a rare treat. To see him in his purity, apart from all those ingenious mechanical contrivances of the modern age, is rarer still. To such, however, were those who attended *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by the Râja-Yoga Players at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma last Friday night, presented.

After a delightful walk in the dark of the evening through a park that bespoke of more enticing beauties, delightful vistas, and, above all, mystery supreme, we were suddenly ushered into an amphitheater resurrected from ancient Greece. It was like returning to our youth — our dreams of academic days. History again rolled before us, with Latin, algebra, and geometry in the hazy background. Shortly the unseen orchestra further wove the spell with real music. Then, with that rare mastery of Shakespeare, the comedy unrolled, and with a succession of nobles, lovers, plebeians, and fairies which, together with poetry, music, colors, and that intoxicating atmosphere for which Southern California is noted the world over, we were lifted from our material selves and raised to a state of almost esthetic intoxication. The costumes were designed with rarely good taste, true to period, and the fairies were all that we supposed fairies should be in our old childish fancies. The dancing was excellent, pronunciation singularly pure, and the comedy upon the whole excellently rendered.

Montague Machell as Bottom was particularly well adapted to his part. Lilah Roberts as Puck also rendered the part well. But they were all good, and the critic who tried to pick flaws must have spent a very busy evening.

Those fortunate ones who were present will undoubtedly carry with them a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Such an excellent rendition of this comedy will enable us to visualize what perhaps we were never before able to do. Should this performance be given again in the near future, we unreservedly recommend all those who failed to attend this one to go, and feel that the time spent will more than repay them.

— *La Jolla Journal*, Aug. 15, 1919

[Sixteen full-page illustrations of the above-mentioned performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be found in the October issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.]

THE SUPREME THINKER OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE

“IN a brilliant lecture on History by Kenneth Morris of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, published in the August number of *The Theosophical Path*, I find this strange and suggestive position of deductive philosophy:

“In the Middle Ages, before people knew much about sanitary science and antiseptics and the like, a great war quickly translated itself into a great pestilence. Then we made advances and discovered Listerian remedies and things, and said: Come now; we shall fight this one; we shall have slaughtered millions lying about as we please, and get no plague out of it; we are wise and mighty, and Karma is a fool to us; we are the children of MODERN CIVILIZATION; what have Nature and its laws to do with us? Our inventions and discoveries have certainly put them out of commission. — And sure enough, the mere foulness of the battlefield, the stench of decay, bred no pest; our Science had circumvented the old methods through which Natural Law (which is only another way of saying Karma) worked; we had cut the physical links, and blocked the material channels through which wrong-doing flowed into its own punishment. Whereupon Nature, wrathful, withdrew a little; took thought for her astral and inner planes; found new links and channels there; passed through these the causes we had provided, and emptied them out again on the physical plane in the guise of a new thing, Spanish Influenza; — and spread it over three continents, with greater scope and reach than had ever her old-fashioned stench-bred plagues that served her well enough when we were less scientific. Whereof the moral is: *He laughs loudest who laughs last*; and just now, and for some time to come, the laugh is with Karma. Say until the end of the Mahâ-Manvantara; until the end of manifested Time. When shall we stop imagining that any possible inventions or discoveries will enable us to circumvent the fundamental laws of Nature? Not the printing-press, nor steam, nor electricity, nor aerial navigation, nor *vril* itself when we come to it, will serve to keep civilizations alive that have worn themselves out by wrong-doing — or even that have come to old age and the natural time when they must die. But their passings need not be ghastly and disastrous, or anything but honorable and beneficial, if in the prime and vigor of their lifetimes they would learn decently to live.’

WHY I PREFER KARMA

“This is the Law of Compensation in another form than that to which we are accustomed in our more material philosophies. Professor Morris says that ‘Nature, wrathful, withdrew a little; TOOK THOUGHT’ . . . and emptied the causes which we had provided on the physical plane ‘in the guise of a new thing, Spanish Influenza.’ Can it be true? Does Nature ‘take thought’? Science guesses otherwise. Science says that the laws of nature are immutable, irresistible, relentless; and that death is the penalty of their violation. But Science does not ascribe intelligence to the Law. Certainly Science does not vision Nature deliberating upon her best method of revenge upon her creatures for the audacity of their Promethean rebellion against her laws. Yet why not? The creature has intelligence; the creature THINKS; the creature, deriving all it has of being from the laws of nature, is able by its knowledge of these laws to circumvent some of them, defying the judgment of Nature upon the creature’s wrong-doing. Why then, should not Nature herself, knowing that her laws are not inviolable if immutable, in wrath at her own discomfiture in one direction, pour that wrath from

THE SUPREME THINKER OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE

other vials upon her too intelligent and utterly unsubmitive creatures? I like this notion of Karma as it is expounded by Professor Morris. It gives me a nobler opinion of the Scheme of which I am an infinitesimal part. It is better than the slavery of theology — the ignorance and superstition of 'revealed religion' in which Man, puny Man, with his little intellect can pick a thousand flaws, knowing that Man himself has made it out of whole cloth — of mortal quality and poor at that. It is not religion but philosophy which declares, 'As ye sow ye shall reap.' It is not philosophy but religion that says, Sow as ye would, ye shall reap forgiveness in repentance and faith. Nature is not so crude as that. Nature works to a higher purpose. Nature THINKS; Religion gropes; theology drivels."

— 'Yorick,' in San Diego *Evening Tribune*, Aug. 9, 1919

Râja-Yoga Meteorological Station, Point Loma, California

Summary for August 1919

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	71.71	Number hours actual sunshine	232.60
Mean lowest	61.52	Number hours possible	413.00
Mean	66.61	Percentage of possible	56.00
Highest	75.00	Average number hours per day	7.50
Lowest	59.00		
Greatest daily range	14.00	WIND	
		Movement in miles	3990.00
PRECIPITATION		Average hourly velocity	5.26
Inches	0.00	Maximum velocity	18.00
Total from July 1, 1919	0.01		

Summary for September 1919

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	70.00	Number hours actual sunshine	235.50
Mean lowest	60.30	Number hours possible	371.00
Mean	65.15	Percentage of possible	63.00
Highest	73.00	Average number hours per day	7.85
Lowest	56.00		
Greatest daily range	15.00	WIND	
		Movement in miles	3950.00
PRECIPITATION		Average hourly velocity	5.48
Inches	0.35	Maximum velocity	20.00
Total from July 1 1919	0.36		

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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.

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 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.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

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

Reverend Sir, it happened to me, as I was just now in seclusion and plunged in meditation, that a consideration presented itself to my mind, as follows: "Who are those who love themselves? and who do not love themselves?" And, Reverend Sir, it occurred to me as follows: "All they who do evil with their body, who do evil with their voice, who do evil with their mind, they do not love themselves." And although they should say thus: "We love ourselves," nevertheless, they do not love themselves. And why do I say so? Because, whatever a man would do to one whom he did not love, that they do to themselves. Therefore they do not love themselves.

But all they who do good with their body, who do good with their voice, who do good with their mind, they love themselves. And although they should say thus: "We do not love ourselves," nevertheless, they do love themselves. And why do I say so? Because, whatever a man would do to one he loved, that they do to themselves. Therefore, they love themselves. —*Translated from the Buddhist work, 'Samyutta-Nikâya,' by Warren*

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Point Loma, California

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ANY-SIKAN FALL, NEAR MAYMYO, UPPER BURMA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVII, NO. 6

DECEMBER 1919

"What is wisdom? Wisdom is manifold and various, and an answer that attempted to be exhaustive would both fail of its purpose and tend to still greater confusion. Therefore we will confine ourselves to the meaning here intended. — Wisdom is knowledge consisting in insight and conjoined with meritorious thoughts."

— Translated from *Viśuddhi-Magga*, a Buddhist work, by Warren

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES



THEOSOPHY makes its appeal only to those who are deeply and truly interested in the problems of human life, who are dissatisfied with other forms of teaching, whose hearts are yearning for the truths which reveal the meaning of life. Such as these will realize that simply a few hints are given here of these great truths; and that it is really the duty of each, at this crucial time of the world's history, to pay more attention to spiritual things and to the inner meaning of life. There should be more effort to study the great mysteries of life which each one has to meet and is meeting from time to time; and there is no solution to these problems except in the ancient truths, those truths that were taught ages ago, ages and ages before Christ's time, and which have been lost sight of, time after time, through the selfishness of man and the blinding inconsistencies promulgated in the name of religion.

*

To know Theosophy one must study it. No one could expect to be a master-musician by simply reading the theory of music and without practice — constant practice and hard work; and no one would attempt to put forward the teachings of science or art or any other study without a deep and profound effort on his part to get at the deeper truths and find out how they could be applied to human life: and so it is with Theosophy. Theosophy is an open book to the sincere student; it is as simple as A-B-C to one who studies it in the right way and seeks to apply it to his life; but first of all the student must free his mind from the obscurations which have so long impeded human progress.

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One cannot start in to investigate these new truths — old, as they are, yet new in this age — without realizing that he must unburden himself, as it were; that he must begin at the very inception of his study to take a different view of life. Surely, by the very atmosphere of the work here at the International Theosophical Headquarters, by the earnestness and enthusiasm which are manifested by the students, one must know that there has been a compelling and an impelling force in the lives of those who have come here, arousing in them an enthusiasm to work devotedly and unselfishly for this Cause, asking nothing in return, no salaries, no public recognition — simply to have the privilege of doing and serving, of working out these problems of life in accordance with the principles of Theosophy, which have come to be a living power in the lives of each of the real members of the Theosophical Society, so that their hearts and minds have been stirred into action — into service for their fellow-men.

*

Everywhere in the world today, what do we find? So many who have lost faith; so many who are side-tracked, running into all sorts of extremes, into faddism and uncanny and grotesque things — some even in the name of 'Theosophy.' They are discouraged and disconsolate, and you must certainly know that a supreme and superb effort is needed on the part of every human being to do something to lift the burdens of humanity. That is the object of Theosophy: not only to bring home to man the consciousness of his Divinity, but to have him realize that in making these spiritual efforts he must necessarily throw away a great deal of the rubbish which has been crowded into his mind and life — even into his very blood, all down the ages, — the result of teachings that are not founded on Truth, not based on knowledge, but on blind faith, on man-made dogmas and creeds. We know, if we look out in the world today, we can ask some very serious questions of those who have been professing to carry on the teachings of the Nazarene and the Christian religion. This is no reflexion on those who have done their best, for they could do no more; but now that Theosophy has been reinstated, so to speak, brought down to the modern times and placed within the reach of all, certainly there is no excuse for any mortal in this life to lose his opportunity of serving in the great cause of Humanity.

*

The call for help is everywhere: you will hear it from the streets of our cities, from the most degraded quarters, from the poverty-stricken districts, from the city jails, from the penitentiaries, from our insane asylums, from our hospitals; if you listen, you will hear a cry going out all the time, from the home-life, from

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

civil life, all along the way. The world is imperfect; human life is imperfect; happiness is not to be found in the truest sense; consequently there is a great call, there is a great urge for all the people to awaken and to find within themselves the power to give to humanity that solution of the problems that it has not found for ages. Every human being must have that solution; each of you, in your attempt to reach out a helping hand and give the truth to the world, must find in Theosophy not only the solution of life's problems, but the key to real happiness. That is what Theosophy is aiming to give. Some call it modern Theosophy; but it is not. It is the Ancient Wisdom presented again in these modern times as a complete philosophy of life.

*

Nearly all of humanity, except materialists, believe in the immortality of the soul; but Theosophy declares that the soul is the man, the real man. Science has not yet opened to us the wonderful possibilities of human life. It stands timidly outside the door of the great revelations of Truth, and presents only the outer side of human life; and the scientists up to date ignore the invisible forces that are in man, his potential divine qualities and faculties of spiritual perception. These are unknown to science; and so Theosophy carries on its shoulders the burden of this great philosophy and is pushing its way through the universe, out towards the great multitudes and into the very hearts of the people, that it may bring to them the message of Brotherhood and make known the noble purposes of Theosophy.

*

Now, first, bear strictly in mind that Theosophy and the Theosophical Society — and this is an old story, which has been told you many times — are non-political. Any body of people who call themselves 'Theosophists' and who participate in political agitation are not Theosophists. And Theosophy and the Theosophical Society are also unsectarian. Theosophists believe in the essential teachings of all religions; but have no part in dogmas and creeds and the forms and the rituals that have been formulated and presented from time to time in the different systems of faith which have so obscured the Truth, and blinded the understanding of man.

The Theosophical Movement, in its work, carries with it an inner body of study, and that study is for those who are ready for it; those who fit themselves for it by their life, who can utilize and love it so truly that they cannot do without it. It is an Inner School. Christ had the same form in his simple way. He took it from the ancient system. He was a great soul, a great Initiate, and he

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had lived along through many different schools of experience through reincarnation, and had brought back with him many old memories and teachings; and he received many teachings from the Egyptians — modern Egyptians in comparison with the ancient Egyptians who lived long before the time of the Shepherd Kings, when they had the same Theosophical truths that are now again being given out. And you will find, if you will turn to the Bible, that Jesus gave one teaching to the multitude and another to his disciples. Even to his disciples he said: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He came at a time of great ignorance and of great incredulity in one sense, and of great credulity in another — belief in things that should not have been believed in.

*

Today we have our scholastic life, our intellectual life, and on the outer plane many wonderful signs of progress and civilization; and if we could depend upon the outer life, if we could be satisfied with the one life of seventy or a hundred years, according to all other systems of teachings except Theosophy — why, then we could go on, and perhaps we could find some happiness; but up to date we have not found it: have we? Our ancestors did not find it. There is now in our very blood and in our very lives the result of the teachings of the dogmas and creeds that have been forced upon humanity through the ages; and naturally our ancestors had a share in bringing about this result. In some ways our intellects have broadened a little; we are, to a degree, breaking away from the idea that there is a special place called Hades for the punishment of man, and that there is another special point in space where some may go and be happy while others go to Hades! Quite outside of the teachings of Theosophy, we are beginning to do away with these limited conceptions and with the idea of a personal God. And those who have moved out from the bondage of the old beliefs can ascribe their freedom to the teachings of Theosophy; for from the beginning it has taught no creeds or dogmas, no personal God, but a Power Supreme that governs all, and the Universal Law that holds all within its keeping.

*

And so when we reach a point of study when we begin to understand the meaning of Theosophy, we can see in part what its mission is; but before we can do so fully we must have an explanation in order to know why it is so attacked. Why are there so many obstacles put in the way of the Theosophical Society and its supporters? In the first place, most of my readers will admit that they are not satisfied with the condition of society today. Most of you, if you think well,

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are not satisfied with our systems of education, and you do know that, much as we have advanced as a people, there must necessarily be in the course of time, as man evolves, higher and better expressions of national and international life. You do know that it is so.

On the other hand there are those who are so devoted to their own systems of religion, their creeds and dogmas, that they have no room and can make no room for Theosophy; in their egotism they are sufficient unto themselves, and so nothing else can come into their lives. One of the first experiences that Madame Blavatsky had was with such people. That great Teacher, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, came to the Western world as to a land of opportunity, a place where, she felt, the great broad ideas of Brotherhood could be put into practice and sent out to the whole world, without that opposition which was so marked in Europe. She came to this 'Land of Liberty,' inspired with the mission of Brotherhood, to bring the light of Theosophy and to help all classes and all nations—and was met with misrepresentation and calumny and persecution.

*

The persecution that began then has never ceased. It was supposed by those who were attacking Mme Blavatsky that she would go away, be driven out of the country; back to Russia where she had come from. Instead, she stayed, she worked and served and suffered and taught and wrote. Her principal supporter was a young law student, William Q. Judge, who stood by her and remained ever faithful to her and to the principles of Theosophy, becoming her trusted Colleague and afterwards her Successor. After a while the Society grew and grew and grew. It attracted thousands of people, of all kinds, people who had suffered and were searching for the Light. Some intellectual egotists also became members of the Society. Some of them never had had an opportunity to shine anywhere else, and thought that this new work might bring their intellection to the front. Some entered seeking public recognition, and there were some cranks, some very eccentric people; but there were also those — the great majority — who were hungering for the Truth, seeking more Light, more Understanding.

So the Theosophical Society was built, and in the course of time, holding to and carrying out the great teachings of Theosophy, it went through its sifting processes. It had its traitors just the same as Christ had. You know how some of the disciples failed him; and the Theosophical Society also had its delinquents; and today some of those very failures claim to unfurl the banner of Theosophy and pretend to preach Theosophy, when they were not able to keep up with the original Society beside the humblest of its faithful members. That is why you find more than one so-called 'Theosophical' Society in this country and other

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

countries, which are in no way connected with the original Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky.

*

The great purpose of the Theosophical Society, as originated by Mme Blavatsky, was to teach Brotherhood. She brought from the storehouse of the past these great teachings, and they have been preserved by those faithful members who stood by her and her successors, and who have sustained the original Theosophical Society, which is now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

The purpose of the reorganization of the Society in 1898 was not to change the teachings in any way — not one of the principles has been changed — but to give to Theosophy a larger shelter-house, as it were, in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — a larger vehicle, through which Theosophy could be more faithfully and fully expressed; and also to place the whole system of teaching on such a basis that no parliamentary tactics could ever interfere with its progress. A further purpose was so to safeguard the Society that it should forever be free from politics and sectarianism; for Theosophy being the truth underlying all religions and all faiths cannot be sectarian, nor can it be identified with any form of politics, or political agitation.

After I had seen Mme Blavatsky and Mr. Judge persecuted even unto death, not in a personal sense, but morally; after I had witnessed the attempts to destroy the Theosophical Society that was founded on these great inspiring truths, I knew that as long as I lived and perhaps afterwards there would be constant efforts to undo the Society unless it was safeguarded and protected. So, with the support of members all over the world, it was my pleasure to organize, or rather to re-organize, the Theosophical Society and merge it into the greater organization of the Universal Brotherhood. It is now 'The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society'; and the teachings sent out from the International Headquarters at Point Loma, through print and speech and example, are the same basic teachings of Theosophy which have been preserved through the ages and which were restated in this present age by Mme Blavatsky.

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Now, in trying to show the purpose of Theosophy and its great mission, let us pause a moment. Why was it that Mme Blavatsky brought these teachings to America? How did it happen? Was it not a very odd and eccentric thing this Russian woman did — brought up as she was in affluence, in the best society in Russia, gifted beyond the ordinary standards of literary ability, so that no matter where she lived she might have acquired fame and wealth through

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her writings? Why was it that she brought these teachings to America, I ask? That is one of the questions that possibly may come up in your thoughts. Her teachings were not mind-made nor originated by her; for she declares, in beautiful language that I will not attempt to quote, that none of these teachings were hers, that she had gathered them out of the mighty past. How was it that Mme Blavatsky, then, out of all the people in the world, undertook such a task? Is there any possible explanation except through accepting the teaching of Reincarnation?

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There is no question that her remarkable erudition, as shown in her wonderful books — read them, and judge for yourselves! — is proof that she had lived before, and had had experiences and gained knowledge in many lives, and that the immortal, divine spark in her soul had brought her along the pathway of life until she became conscious of the basic spiritual foundation of her nature. And when she found herself in poor depressed Russia with all its discouraging aspects; when in her travels she saw the unbrotherliness, the disintegrating forces that were everywhere in the world among all races of men on account of differences in belief — this belief and that belief, and hundreds of sects, even in the name of Christ — she must have been moved by something more than just her emotions, something more than her individual intellectual life and hopes. There must have been something more than these. It was knowledge — knowledge of man's possibilities. We cannot explain her in any other way; and so when her heart was touched by the sufferings of the world's children, when she found Russia in its terrible state of ignorance and unrest, when she saw the marked contrast between the rich and the poor, she felt what I call 'a divine urge,' something came to her. Out of the past? Yes! Out of her former lives? Yes! And what is more, she had that conviction and that quality of courage that all human beings must have when they undertake to overcome evil.

She knew her mission. Nothing could throw her aside; no one could discourage her; the more she was persecuted, the more she worked, and the same is true of William Q. Judge, her successor, with the result that the Society is today established on a basis of honor and dignity and integrity that is unassailable.

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And so Theosophy has plowed its way against all the opposition and the incredulity and the selfishness of the age. There is no power on earth that can stem the tide of Truth, and that is what Theosophy is — it is Truth.

We Theosophists are ready to say, as Madame Blavatsky herself said, that there will be a time when there will be no mysteries, if Theosophy is carried out in practice in everyday life. Theosophists are studying the inner teachings,

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and that is why they are so optimistic when the whole world is in a state of pessimism. That is why we are working for the establishment of brotherly love. What a great broad spirit of charity it throws over all! A Theosophist, more quickly than any other human being in the world, can forgive his enemy. Why? Because he knows that it is the ignorance of the age that has brought him to the point where he is, and because he is conscious that the immortal soul lives and progresses through different lives; he realizes that he is a soul. He knows that if he is to help on the progress of the human soul there must be no retaliation; there must be the spirit of forgiveness. Yet Theosophy teaches that we must defend the Truth, we must protest against evil. We do not impose Theosophy upon anyone, not even upon our enemies; for in Theosophy there is a superb charity, and that is what we need. We must learn to love our fellows better.

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Even the best of us know so little about love; the real Heart Doctrine is love and was taught by the ancients and taught by Mme Blavatsky. We all have much to learn, even those who do their best; we have yet to reach those deeper tones in human nature which proclaim compassion in all its greatness, in all its essential life, its spirituality. But we shall never know the true meaning of love and compassion, of self-forgetfulness and service to others, until we understand the mysteries in our own natures, those potential qualities that prove that man is verily immortal and that his soul is marching on through experience after experience in life after life.

We shall find that these great schools of experience are all open books of revelation, so that we shall learn in time to throw away our preconceived notions; to forgive the weaknesses of human nature and to stand for the greater things; to get away from unrest and incredulity, and come out open-minded, strong and pure, in the Light of the Divine Life.

This can only be done by carrying out the purposes of Theosophy and bringing home to discouraged humanity the message of brotherly love, and the knowledge that man is dual in nature. To know the truth, man must find the Inner Self and enter into the inner chambers of his Soul. He never can find his power until he has reached that point.

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All this takes time. As the child first begins to walk a few steps, and on and on, and afterwards can take great strides in the manly course of life, so it is with students of Theosophy. They must not only study, they must practise; they must profess less and work more and they must realize the preciousness of time. Every moment is so precious, so sacred. These opportunities will

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never come again. Today we must help man to find his own, to find his heritage; we must arouse in him that great courage of the soul which will enable him to face himself and his weaknesses. Through the power and the knowledge of Theosophy he can establish in his nature factors of self-conquest that will bring him to victories and victories along each life, until he reaches Perfection, which Theosophy teaches is within the reach of all men and is the goal of all Humanity.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

MAN'S ANCESTRY: SCIENCE COMES ROUND TO THEOSOPHICAL VIEWS

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

NO 'END-ON' EVOLUTION



USEFUL summary of the present state of theories of human evolution, from the viewpoint of a particular writer, is afforded by a pamphlet entitled, 'The Problem of Man's Ancestry: by Professor F. Wood-Jones; published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, 1918.' The author points out the antiquity of the idea of evolution, Darwin's connexion therewith, and the public misconception on these points.

"Charles Darwin did not, of course, discover, found, or invent evolution, he did not introduce it as a theory; but for the intellectual world of 1859 he explained a method by which it might have come about; and for all men he made it a real living factor which underlay every problem of biology."

Thus, while for the lay public Darwin's books produced opposed factions for and against evolution, for scientific men these books merely produced opposed schools of evolutionists — those who believed that natural selection was the means, and those who did not accept natural selection as the means of evolution.

"The expression 'end-on evolution' is applied to the theory that any animal represents a definite stage of progress along the scale of life, that it has evolved through the successive stages placed below it, and that its immediate ancestors are to be looked for in those types immediately beneath it in classification."

As a result of much subsequent research, however, it may be affirmed with safety of the biologist that,

"wherever his patient investigations into the ancestry and development of the lower types of animal life have been pushed home, he has *not* confirmed a belief in the existence of end-on evolution. Animal progress is far more complex than any procession climbing a long ladder.

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There are many ladders, and many climbing processions. The dictum that the highest member of the rank below develops into the lowest member of the rank above is the very reverse of truth, for the lowest member of the rank below and the lowest member of the rank above are more likely to prove akin."

As an instance of this, he considers the three great groups: Coelenterates (corals, anemone, hydra, etc.), Invertebrate Coelomates (worms, insects, spiders, etc.), and Vertebrate Coelomates (the great higher classes of backboned animals). In quite recent times it was believed that the highest of the Invertebrates were the immediate ancestors of the lowest of the Vertebrates, and that there was a real end-on evolution between these great groups. But the belief is now held by most biologists to be fallacious, and opinion has tended to turn lower and lower in the invertebrate scale in search of the ancestors of the vertebrates. Still more recent researches have rendered it practically certain that the Vertebrates do not arise from any of the Invertebrate Coelomates, and that a common origin for both great groups must be sought among the basal Coelenterates. To make this as clear as possible, we will call the three great groups A, B, and C; then, instead of C being descended from B, and B from A, the present conclusion is that C and B are both descended from A. Instead of a single stem running through A, B, and C successively, we have a root A with two branches, B and C. To quote from the author:

"Here we seem to have two old-established scales running side by side, each being wonderfully adapted and modified, but always retaining its definitely established structural bias. The one that leads to higher things does not arise from the blind-alley one, but both arise together from an extremely early form of life. One progresses so as to embrace within its phylum [stem] the highest forms of life, while the other led no farther than the spider, the lobster, and the scorpion."

In dealing with the great groups in general, we find that there is no single-line progress, and that it is not the highest member of the group below that leads to the lowest member of the group above. The affinities are between the lowest and most generalized members of all the groups. (Here we pause to ask if this last statement is not somewhat of a truism: things which are but little differentiated are more like each other than are things which are more differentiated; my father and I resembled each other much more closely when we were babies than when we were grown up.) Thus we get the analogy of a tree, in which the great groups of animals are represented by the branches, the subdivisions of those great groups by the smaller branches and twigs, and the main line of evolution by the trunk. The outbranching groups are linked by their most primitive members.

WHAT OF THE MAMMALS?

HAVING thus laid down a principle for the middle part of the scale of life, the author proceeds to ask, What of its upper end? What of the

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mammalian series and its termination in the group of the Primates? And what of the culmination of the last group in Man?

Haeckel's work he stigmatizes as perhaps without parallel for its blind dogmatism, and as likely to be soon relegated to the 'Curiosa' in booksellers' lists.

"In 'The Last Link' . . . Haeckel traced the evolution of Man in twenty-six stages. In the twentieth stage Man had advanced to the level of a placental mammal, and the type of animal which marked his ancestry was a member of the '*Lemuravida*.' What the '*Lemuravida*' were no man knows, since they were a purely hypothetical group, invented by Haeckel for the purpose of filling in a gap. In the twenty-first stage advance was made to the '*Lemures*,' in the twenty-second to the '*Simiae*,' in the twenty-third to the typical Old-World monkeys. In the twenty-fourth stage the Anthropoid Apes were reached, in the twenty-fifth Pithecanthropus, the Javan fossil, develops; and typical man is easily arrived at in the twenty-sixth."

Huxley, though a more subtle thinker, led people to think that Man's origin along the final stages of the scale of life had been scientifically proved. Adopting a saying of Buffon's, in which Buffon said of the orang-outang that "as regards his body, he differs less from man than he does from other animals which are still called apes," Huxley said that "The structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes." He came to the conclusion that a true end-on evolution was shown by man, the anthropoid apes, the monkeys, the lemurs, and the pronograde quadrupedal mammals.

It is thus seen that, according to this view of Haeckel and Huxley, and of others who support them, the latter end of the life-scale is on a different principle from the middle: it has end-on evolution, whereas this was shown to have broken down in the case of the middle part of the life-scale.

As to the belief that the ancestors of man were once four-footed creatures supporting their weight equally on all four members, and carrying their body parallel with the ground, the author says that no attentive student of human anatomy can possibly believe this to be true; and quotes Klaatsch to the effect that "Man and his ancestors were never quadrupeds as the dog or the elephant or the horse."

"It is enough to study the hand and forearm of man to note the astonishingly primitive arrangement of bones, muscles, and joints, to compare them with those of a primitive type of reptile, and to contrast them with those of a quadrupedal mammal, to be certain that at no period has man or his ancestors supported the body weight upon the fore-limb resting upon the surface of the earth. One thing is certain concerning the anatomy of man, and that is that he has retained a fore-limb practically unaltered from the dawn period of mammalian history, and that this fore-limb has never been a supporting structure as has the corresponding member in such an animal as a horse."

As it is therefore hopeless to expect light on man's origin from a search among the quadrupeds, the author rules them out and tries the quadru-

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mana, or, to use the now-preferred term, the Primates. This Order includes (1) Lemurs or Strepsirrhini, (2) New-World Monkeys or Platyrrhini, (3) Old-World Monkeys or Catarrhini, (4) Anthropoid Apes (also Catarrhini), (5) Man. To this list of groups the author adds Tarsius, to provide a place for a curious little animal of that name which lives in the Malayan Islands, and which, though at present classed with the Lemurs, is not a Lemur, but a true monkey, the most primitive (though specialized) of all the non-lemurine Primates. Thus we are left with the following conjectural sequence of groups leading to Man: Lemurs, Tarsius, New-World Monkeys, Old-World Monkeys, Anthropoid Apes.

From this list the author rules out the Lemurs; they cannot be regarded either as belonging to the monkey group or as ancestral of it; they do not belong to the Primate stem. This leaves Tarsius, the monkeys, and the anthropoid apes as possible ancestors of man. Before proceeding to consider the relations between these groups and man, the author issues a caution against mistakes that may arise from false analogies. We must not merely look for likenesses, but must also ask the significance of such likenesses. Likenesses may be due to the fact that both animals are primitive, a circumstance which admitted the lemurs to Primate rank. Animals leading similar lives, subject to similar influences, tend to grow alike by a process of adaptation, a tendency expressed by the term 'convergence.' In fishes, types of the same general appearance and habit have been developed repeatedly from utterly different groups in widely separated geological periods. In Molluscs, the same shell may be made over and over again in geological history and by animals utterly unrelated by time or by affinity. These phenomena were overlooked in Huxley's day, says the author. We must be careful how we use likeness as tests for affinity and ancestry. The mere fact that the anthropoids are big like man is not enough; and if both have been arboreal, they may have converged in certain features owing to this circumstance.

HOW MAN DIFFERS FROM APES

MAN differs from all the anthropoid apes and monkeys in three general directions: (1) He does not possess certain features which may be termed simian or pithecoïd specializations; (2) he retains a large number of very primitive features which have been lost by the monkeys and anthropoid apes; (3) he has developed some distinctly human specializations, some of which are dependent on his upright posture, but some quite independent of this fact. Among the simian features which man has avoided must be ranked that type of brain development which expresses itself in the 'Simian sulcus' and is so distinctive of all Old-World monkeys

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and apes. Many simian types of muscle, artery, etc. are absent in man; and the loss of the thumb, the development of cheek pouches and laryngeal sacs, and the presence of ischial callosities may also be mentioned. As to number 2:

“The human skull shows a great number of features in which a condition of basal mammalian primitiveness is retained and which offer a marked contrast to the same parts in all monkeys and apes. In the base of the human skull, and upon the sides of the brain-case, the bones articulate in an order which is that characteristic of the primitive mammal. In these regions the human skull shows a condition exactly like that of the lemurs. But all the monkeys and anthropoid apes (with one exception) have lost this primitive arrangement and follow an utterly different plan. No monkey or anthropoid ape approaches near to man in the primitive simplicity of the nasal bones.

“The structure of the back wall of the orbit, the ‘metopic’ suture, the form of the jugal bone, the condition of the internal pterygoid plate, the teeth, etc., all tell the same story — that the human skull is built upon remarkably primitive mammalian lines, which have been departed from in some degree by all monkeys and apes.”

In speaking of muscles, he mentions the pectoralis minor, which passes from the ribs to the fore-limb. In man it is attached to the fore-limb at the coracoid process of the shoulder-girdle; in the anthropoid apes it is attached in part to the process, and in part to a ligament which passes downwards to the humerus. In many quadrupedal mammals it is attached altogether to the humerus. Now, if we follow the sequence of quadrupeds, lemurs, monkeys, apes, man, we shall say that in evolution this muscle has crept up from the humerus to the coracoid process; whereas the reverse is the truth. The coracoid process is the primitive attachment of this muscle, and this attachment is retained by man and some other exceedingly primitive animals. But by stages this primitive arrangement is lost in monkeys and apes, and is most widely departed from in the so-called lower quadrupedal mammals. And this story is only an instance, typical of many morphological facts. We cannot spare space to follow the author in his other instances, but they lead to the conclusion that *the search for man's ancestors must be pushed a very long way back.*

“It is difficult to imagine how a being whose body is replete with features of basal mammalian simplicity can have sprung from any of those animals in which so much of this simplicity has been lost. It becomes impossible to picture man as being descended from any form at all like the recent monkeys or anthropoid apes, or from their fossil representatives. Man must have come from the Primate stem at an extraordinarily early period. He must have started an independent line of his own, long before the anthropoid apes and the monkeys developed those specializations which shaped their definite evolutionary destinies.”

From an examination of the skeleton of the early individual discovered at Chapelle-aux-Saints, Professor Boule of Paris concluded that

“‘Man has been derived neither from the Anthropoid stem nor from any other known group. But from a very ancient Primate stock that separated from the main line even before the giving off of the Lemuroids.’”

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Reverting now to Tarsius, the author seeks a place for it, and says:

“The pre-human member of the human stock would probably be a small animal, and we would not venture on a nearer guess than that which anyone is free to make as to the identity of an animal intermediate between a Tarsius-like form and man.”

Tarsius, like man, shows primitive cranial architecture, his kidney is formed on human lines, his aortic arch is arranged as in man, and he shares with man the basal mammalian simplicity of the Primate group. He remains today a specialized primitive Primate, nearer akin to man than any known animal. He dates back, as *Anaptomorphus*, to the base of the Eocene, when he has already gained his own peculiar specializations. But as regards man, fossil evidence is lacking; and we therefore apply another test — that of the doctrine which states that every organism, in its development from the egg, runs through a series of forms through which in like succession its ancestors have passed in history. We seek to determine whether those characters which are distinctive of man as a species are acquired early or late in the development of the human embryo. Haeckel had taught that a human embryo could not be distinguished from that of an anthropoid ape until the fourth or fifth month; but this has been given up. One specific human character is that the premaxilla has ceased to exist as a separate bone in the human face, whereas in apes and monkeys it is mapped out by suture lines marking its juncture with the maxillary bones. Does this feature appear very late in the development of the human embryo? On the contrary, it is established as soon as the future bones are first represented as cartilaginous nuclei. Hence this feature, so early acquired in foetal growth, must have been acquired early in history, and the human species must be very old indeed. Man must be a very primitive animal, originating at the base of the Primate stem and acquiring his specific characters at a very remote date.

Again, in the human foot the great toe is the largest, while the monkeys and apes have the toes arranged like fingers, with the longest in the middle. The human foot, as soon as formed in the embryo, has the human type. Man has walked upright for an astonishingly long period.

ARE APES DESCENDED FROM MAN?

WE here call special attention to the following, as interesting to Theosophists:

“If man is a more primitive mammal than are the monkeys and apes, and if he undoubtedly belongs to their phylum, then it follows that far from being a descendant of the apes, *he may be looked on as their ancestor.*”

And Klaatsch is quoted to the effect that

“When the whole evidence is reviewed, the monkeys and apes are found to be best regarded ‘as degenerated branches of the pre-human stock.’”

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Not less welcome, in our opinion, will be found the following:

"Our hypothesis also demands that any so-called missing link would be very unlike the popular picture of a *brutish slouching creature made more horrible than any gorilla by a dawning touch of humanity*. This missing-link picture must be deleted from our minds, and I find no occupation less worthy of the science of anthropology than the not unfashionable business of modelling, painting, or drawing these nightmare products of imagination, and lending them in the process an utterly false value of apparent reality."

From the Eocene deposits of Egypt are two types, *Parapithecus* and *Propliopithecus*, which hold promise of revealing the ancestral forms which begat the human stock. In the Miocene occur the remains of real anthropoid apes. This suggests the idea that many stocks may have departed from the primitive pre-human lines, and that many may have become extinct.

If we discover missing links, they may be *missing links in the ancestry of the anthropoids*, not lost ancestors of man.

It is possible that not all human races arose from one common point of departure, thinks the author.

Enormous demands on time are made by these views, and indeed we are getting more and more liberal in our allowances. At Talgai in Queensland in 1884 a skull was unearthed, highly fossilized; and though we cannot assign it to any geological age definable in Europe, we know that this and other human beings were contemporary in Australia with huge species of pouched mammals which are now extinct. Remains of the dog have been found at the same early period. Now the fauna of Australia consists of pouched animals, which have existed in isolation on the island continent. The author supposes the man and his dog to have come in a boat, which implies an advanced degree of culture. Moreover he was already racially differentiated — an "Australian native"; and when his fellow-men from outside visited his descendants with Cook and La Pérouse, they found them after this enormous interval but little, if any, advanced.

We need not therefore be surprised that man should have chipped flints during the Miocene period when so many anthropoid apes were flourishing. The human origin of these 'eoliths' is now very generally admitted.

In concluding, the author thinks the time has come for a restatement of the problem of human evolution; that the knowledge scattered broadcast in 1859 has not benefited humanity, because of the unfortunate impression that man has originated after an *acute and bloody struggle for existence*, and by a process of survival of the fittest, from an existing anthropoid ape; that the times through which we are now passing owe something of their making to these beliefs. The evidence for an alterna-

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tive theory is at hand, and upon this evidence he urges a reconsideration of the teaching of the immediate post-Darwinian school.

“Man is no new-begot child of the ape, born of a chance variation, bred of a bloody struggle for existence upon pure brutish lines. Such an idea must be dismissed by humanity, and such an idea must cease to exert any influence upon conduct. We did not reach our present level by these means; certainly we shall never attain a higher level by intensifying them. Were man to regard himself as being an extremized ancient type, distinguished now, and differentiated in the past, purely by the qualities of his mind, and were he to regard existing Primates as misguided and degenerated failures of his ancient stock, I think it would be something gained for the ethical outlook of humanity — and it would be a belief consistent with present knowledge.”

WHAT THEOSOPHY TEACHES

THUS far we have followed the author of the pamphlet, and we now proceed to comment. It is well known that Theosophists, since H. P. Blavatsky, have contended with might and main for a nobler view of human nature and origin, and have contended that such a view alone is consistent with the facts and with their just interpretation — the two points with which the author concludes.

The idea that the Anthropoids are from man, rather than man from the Anthropoids — an idea advocated above and which is cropping up more frequently elsewhere of late — is also strenuously insisted on by H. P. Blavatsky.

“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. The ancestry of this semi-human monster is explained in the Stanzas as originating in the sin of the ‘Mind-less’ races of the middle Third-Race period.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 683

It is thus definitely stated, as an integral part of the body of ancient teachings known as the Secret Doctrine, that these anthropoids have *descended* from the human stem; and that this took place at a very remote epoch. We must bear in mind that the present Root-Race is the Fifth, which is stated to have been in existence as an independent race for 850,000 years; so that the sin of those Fourth-Race men must have taken place at least a million years ago. Notice too that the process was in two stages, the first of these being of still older date; for the Lemurians were Third-Race. Still such figures should cause no stumbling-block to geologists, calculating by estimated rate of deposition and thickness of strata.

Other quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* to the same effect are:

“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. . . . Nowhere in the older de-

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posits is an ape to be found that approximates more closely to man, or a man that approximates more closely to an ape. . . . 'The same gulf which is found today between Man and Ape, goes back with undiminished breadth and depth to the Tertiary period.' (Pfaff.)"
—*Ibid.*, II, 87

Professor Pfaff, of the University of Erlangen, is again cited to the effect that

" '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.'"
—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 681-2

De Quatrefages said that it is rather the apes that can claim descent from man than vice versa. As proven by Gratiolet, the development of the skull and brain, and of the intelligence, in apes during their lifetime, is in the opposite direction from what it is in man; for whereas man's brain and mind improve with the years of his age, those of the ape deteriorate as he grows older. This indicates, according to biological law, that the ape is a descending product, not an ascending one.

But we cannot encumber the page with quotations from the ample discussions which H. P. Blavatsky gives to the question of the alleged analogies between Man and Anthropoid. Let us pass to another point.

In the pamphlet we have been reviewing, the scheme of evolution has been compared to a tree with many branches representing the various Orders and their Groups. Each of these leads back to the trunk of the tree, from which they all diverge. We have been asked to consider at what point the branch corresponding to Man was given off from the trunk; and we have been shown that it is necessary to go very far back to find the junction. In short, the scale of animal life seems to consist mostly of side-lines, and we begin to wonder if there are any animals at all which we can claim as our ancestors, seeing that so many of them rank as cousins of the *n*th degree. To what is all this tending?

MAN PRECEDES ANIMALS IN THIS ROUND

WE answer our own question by saying that it is tending to the truth — that is, to the ancient teachings outlined by H. P. Blavatsky. For she says:

"When it is borne in mind that all forms which now people the earth are so many variations on *basic types* originally thrown off by the MAN of the Third and Fourth Round, such an evolutionist argument as that insisting on the 'unity of structural plan' characterizing all vertebrates, loses its edge. . . . The human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate."
—*Ibid.*, II, 683

"So far as our present *Fourth-Round* terrestrial period is concerned, the mammalian fauna

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are alone to be regarded as traceable to prototypes shed by Man. The amphibia, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc., are the resultants of the Third Round.” —*Ibid.*, II, 684

In short, the teaching is that, in this Round of evolution (which includes the four Root-Races mentioned) *Man preceded the mammals*; they were a later stage of evolution. This does not mean that they are descended from man by propagation. It means that man furnishes the astral models or prototypes for them. Man is indeed the most ancient type of all. And here it becomes essential to recognise that evolution is necessarily a twofold process.

“Man is the *alpha and the omega of objective creation*. As said in *Isis Unveiled*, ‘all things had their origin in spirit — evolution having originally begun from above and proceeding downwards.’ . . . There has been a gradual materialization of forms until a fixed ultimate of debasement is reached. This point is that at which the doctrine of modern evolution enters into the arena of speculative hypothesis.’” —*Ibid.*, II, 170, 190

Thus we have the type of the ‘Heavenly Man,’ descending into Matter and causing an upward evolution of visible forms. But the process is far more complex than can be explained in a brief article.

MAN’S DIVINE ANCESTRY

THUS the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky in her writings are being day by day vindicated; and as long as science is faithful to truth and fact, they are bound to be vindicated. It is comforting to know that scientific men are coming round to the view that man is not of degraded ancestry, and that the theories which said he was are erroneous. Nothing more outrageous can be imagined than those pictures and images of man’s supposed semi-animal ancestors — beasts with a horrible gleam of human intelligence in their eyes — that are set up in museums and even shown to children in schools as object-lessons. And the result of such hypnotic suggestions is seen in the outbreak of violence and reliance on brute force.

Man himself knows better than that. He knows that his Mind is not from the animals; and he demands that science shall demonstrate this by appeal to the facts. This has already been done by Theosophy, and science is inevitably following the lead. If we trace back the history of man (in *this* Round) we shall never come upon a time when he was not a fully developed being, a complete man, inseparably differentiated from the animals, as he is now; a distinct species, complete in himself. We shall find civilization preceding civilization back into the remotest past. And even though science were right as to the origin of man’s body, the problem as to the origin of his Mind would still remain as unsolved as ever.

It is truly a nightmare of the mind that *science* should ever be regarded as the prophet of a soulless animalism; and it will be a great relief to many that the theories which support that gospel are false. To have one’s

LARKSPURS

intellect and one's conscience arrayed against each other on opposing sides is a terrible predicament; and glad we shall therefore be to find that this is not necessary. There do seem to be some people, whether rightly claiming the name of scientific men or not, interested in having us believe that we are more or less helpless victims of our animal nature. We are not; for whatever may be the origin and descent of our animal nature, we have, as men, our *divine nature*. The divine spark in man renders his mind entirely *sui generis* — of its own kind. He is the child of spiritual beings who existed before there was any physical man at all. And whatever we may believe as to this, we have our own nature to study; searching into which we may find abundantly the evidences of man's divinity.

LARKSPURS

By K. N., a Râja-Yoga Student

WHEN God made you, he must have stood
In silent, meditative mood
An aeon or eternity,
Pond'ring spring-delights to be;
And all the blueness of his eyes
Came streaming through the sun-lit skies,
And he made you; but first he stood
An age in some sweet mystic mood:

And wandering the garden through,
I came upon your bed of blue,
I saw you through the bamboo trees —
And oh, the world was filled with peace,
And deep sweet blueness — and I knew
God's secret thoughts when he made you.

DUSK

KENNETH MORRIS

IT is impossible to be alone here, even in this little
cabin room,

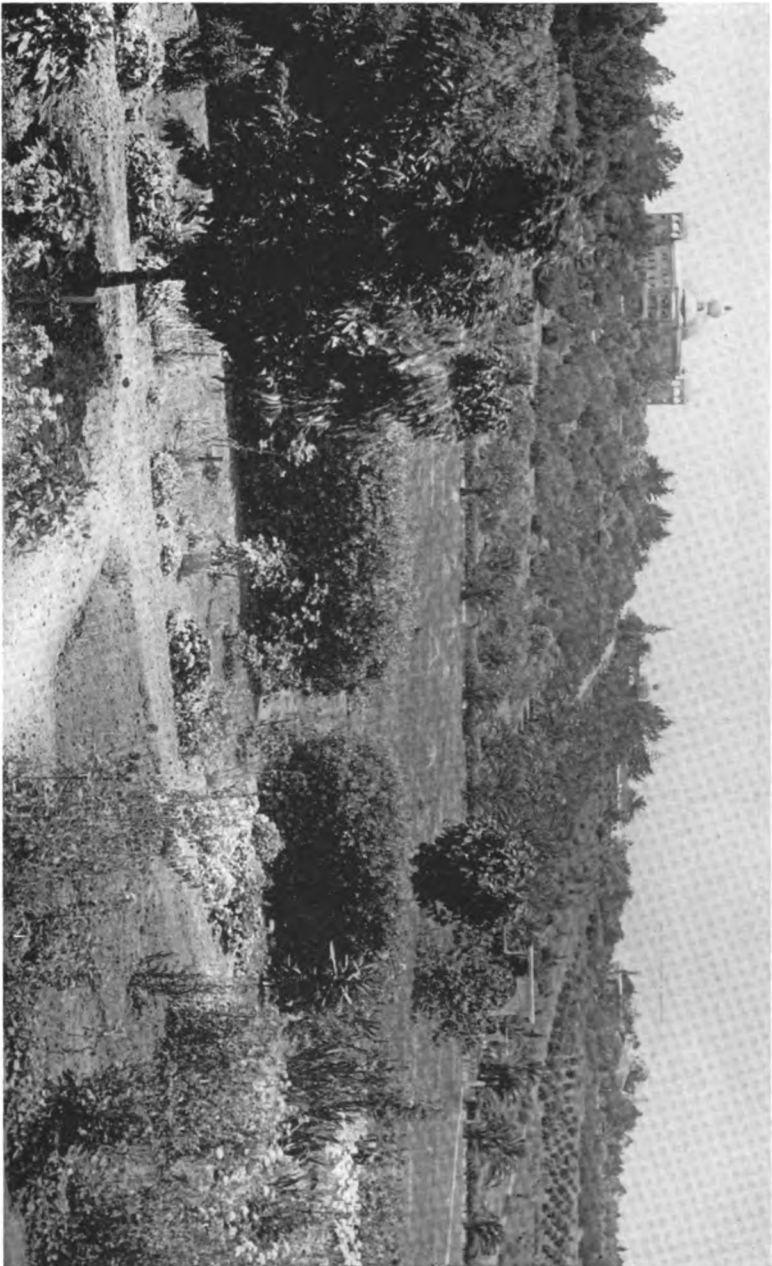
After beholding the Glory of God through the somber
splendor of twilight loom,
And the violet dusk of the mountains quiver, and the
Holy of holies glow through the gloom.

Dusk as a brooding spirit whispered over the face of
the harrowed field;
Dusk as a dim-winged dragon darkened over the bay
where the flame-points reeled;
As an angel, veiled and flaming-sworded, watched at
the gates of the Unrevealed.

Over the bay the lights of the city, a thousand blossoms
of yellow flame,
Gleamed and twinkled out of the blue and ash-gray
darkness, and there came
A slow wind thence: a murmurous rumor: human passion,
sadness, shame.

And I beheld God in the mountains; God in the iris
glow of the sky;
And I beheld in the throbbing lights of the city, God
in his agony —
A heart-beat: a lamentation: an impassioned, low,
insatiate cry.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

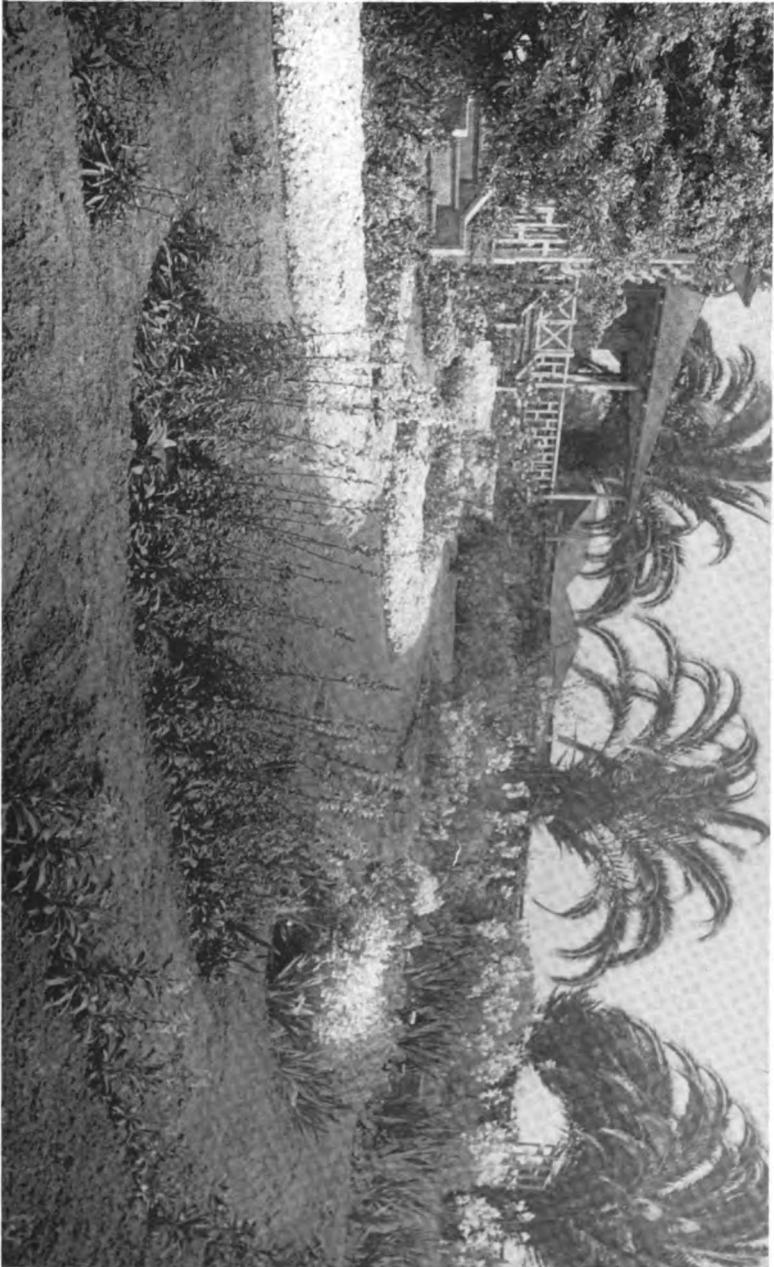
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Looking west from a point nearly opposite the main entrance.



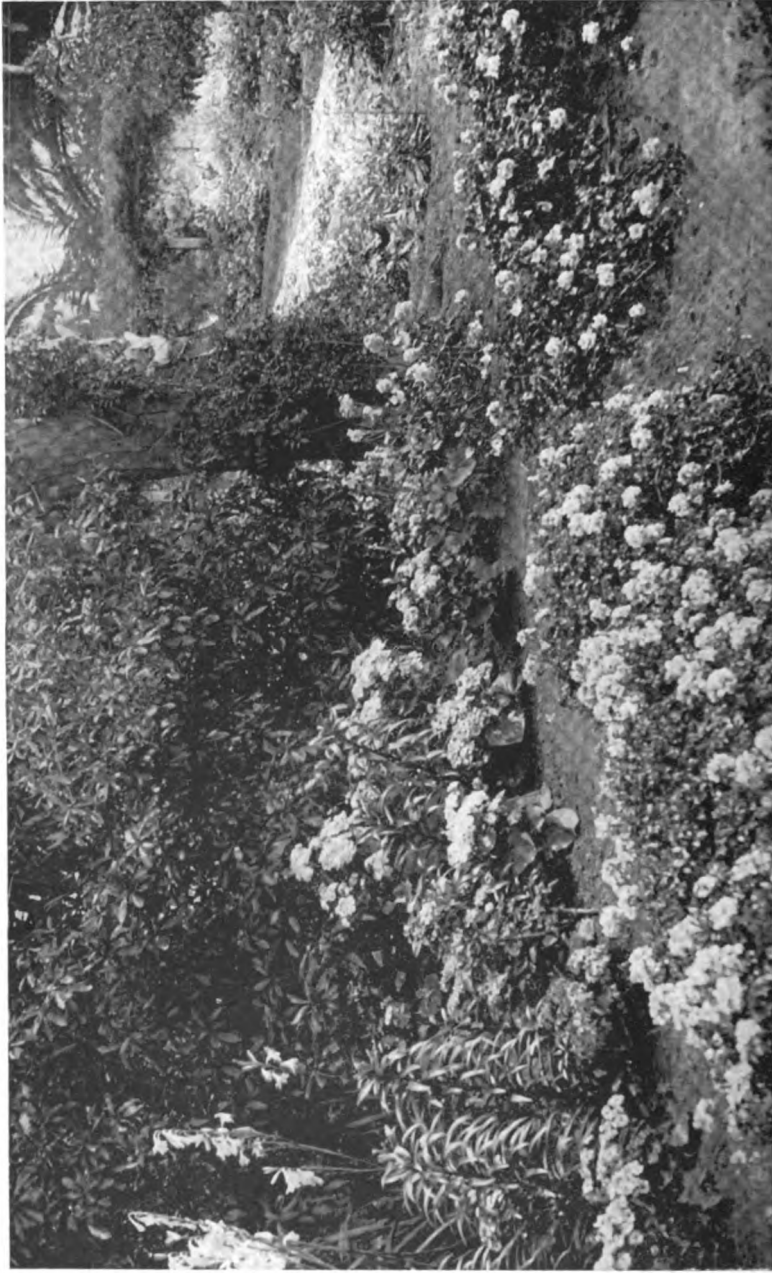
Lomalind Photo & Engraving Dept.

CORNER OF A STUDENT'S BUNGALOW
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA



GLIMPSE OF THE EAST BUNGALOW GROUNDS

Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.



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GARDEN ABOUT A STUDENT'S BUNGALOW IN LOMALAND

DUTY AND DESIRE

R. MACHELL

TO most people, I suppose, Duty and Desire appear to be eternally opposed. Everyone knows the meaning of Desire; but it is probable that many would express their idea of Duty in ways that might imply a very vague understanding of the word; yet all would probably agree that Duty is a sense of obligation: a compelling force, that constantly urges people to resist and to oppose the prompting impulse of Desire.

Desire would seem to be inseparable from life; but that is looking on it as a universal principle, whereas the ordinary man naturally thinks of it as a purely personal impulse, which is so closely bound up with his life as to appear natural and unavoidable. Yet under the urge of Duty he will endeavor to conquer his desires, in detail, if not in general. But in doing so he will probably feel that he is sacrificing a personal right at the call of a higher power, not clearly understood, though recognised as good and very powerful. But, as this higher power is opposed to what he may well consider his natural right to indulge his natural desires, it will certainly have in it, for him, a quality of arbitrary compulsion, that will inevitably excite a certain degree of resentful opposition, as to the interference of a superior will.

It seems to be generally supposed that a sense of duty is acquired by education, and is distinctly an addition to the mental equipment of the ordinary man; but few would hesitate to declare that their desires are their own natural and inherent tendencies. But these popular ideas are not very firmly based on fact, nor well supported by philosophy: for while Desire is assuredly a universal principle from which none are exempt, particular desires may be acquired by imitation, association, or education. And it may be said that Duty is no more than a sense of the eternal fitness of things, a conviction that there is a right and a wrong in everything; and an inherent natural recognition of fitness, that enables a man to do right without being taught how to do it.

It is undeniable that some people are so highly evolved that their desires do not clash with their sense of duty; and that consequently in their case Duty and Desire may seem to coincide. But it is probable that in most cases of this kind the agreement between the two opposing forces consists in a judicious compromise that would hardly bear closer examination.

It is self-evident that life, as we know it here on earth, is inseparable

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from desire; but it is conceivable that life of a kind might continue, for a time at least, without the controlling influence of a sense of duty. But it is doubtful if HUMAN life could so continue; for man is not merely an animal, and even in a state of degraded savagery, human beings show a ruling sense of right and wrong, and a recognition of the fitness of things, that might be fitly called a sense of duty.

All men who attempt to live in association with their fellows recognise the obligation of the individual to the community. In some way or other the individual is expected to subordinate his personal desires to consideration for the welfare of the whole group. And this is Duty: the recognition of a higher power, with its right to control the individual's inherent and natural right to gratify his own desire in his own way.

Looked at from this point of view Duty and Desire would seem to be opposing forces; for while Duty might seem to be a unifying force; Desire, being apparently personal, must be considered as a disintegrating force, which, uncontrolled, would make each individual the servant of his own elemental nature, through which Desire acts, if indeed it does not, as some think, arise in that individual elemental self or personality.

A philosopher may say that all actions spring from Desire, and that there are no such things as involuntary acts: but the ordinary man is not willing to accept so much responsibility. He prefers to believe that many of his acts are not done by his own will, but are forced upon him by nature, or custom, or tradition, or the superior will of some person or group of persons, that he is not strong enough to oppose. So the average person would not understand how it could be that Desire was the cause of all action. Yet it is obviously so: for no matter how strong the pressure of will brought to bear upon an individual may be, when he finally consents to act, it is in accordance with his desire to escape the pain of further resistance, or the fear of possible consequences if the resistance be maintained. His body may be moved by a superior force indeed, and that motion might be involuntary, but it would not be action. There may be involuntary motion, but not involuntary action. Action is voluntary, because it is accomplished by the will of the actor, whatever may be the influences bearing upon his will.

But the ordinary man does not care to reason closely, and finds it simpler to renounce responsibility for acts that he thinks discreditable, by saying they were done under compulsion.

In the same way we must distinguish between Duty as a general principle and any particular set of duties: for while the former is Man's sense of the fitness of things, which is felt rather than reasoned; which is intuitively perceived rather than learned or acquired; the latter may be wholly the result of education and environment; and is often no

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more than a keen sense of the conduct that will prove most advantageous. Duty in itself is that which is right, fitting to the occasion, and conformable to Nature's law, or the eternal fitness of things.

The question of its desirability is merely a question of the power of a man's intelligence to perceive its fitness, for it is hardly possible that an intelligent person could say that what is right, fitting, and proper can be undesirable to the one who knows its fitness. And yet Duty most generally appears to be opposed to our desires. A man may perform acts that are distasteful to him in obedience to his sense of duty, but he will generally do so to gratify his desire for the reward of virtue, which is self-satisfaction. This is of course merely the triumph of the stronger desire. But the duty might be done simply because it was felt to be right; in which case personal desire would be over-stepped by a higher law, the law of the eternal fitness of things, which is the law of the spiritual world in which the higher self of man dwells.

The virtuous man does not necessarily act according to that law. He does not act 'because right is right' but because it is more pleasant to him to do right. He may have so purified his desires as to bring them almost into line with Duty, and he may persuade himself that he is acting from a sense of Duty, when in reality he is still the slave of Desire.

"The wise man," it is said, "does good as naturally as he breathes." What then is Virtue?

Virtue would seem to be the submission of the lower mind to the will of the higher self, which acts naturally in accord with the spiritual law, the law of its own being, and which might appear as the law of necessity.

It is said that the animals, and creatures other than man, do act according to natural laws, and so are mostly free from the ills that man brings upon himself by his constant resistance to Nature's laws, while attempting to gratify his unnatural desires — *unnatural* because perverted by his imagination and changed from natural functions serving a legitimate purpose to means of satisfying the mere craving for sensation intensified beyond the natural condition by the misuse of the mind. In this sense the animals are sinless: their personal desires are really almost impersonal, being but the natural propensities of their species. They live according to the Law, but man has revolted against Nature, and must suffer accordingly.

When we contemplate man's vices, we are inclined to say that he is lower than the brutes; but when we meditate upon his possibilities we wonder if indeed he is not near akin to the Gods. He at least is able to set his will against that of Nature and to defy the law of his own being. Man is indeed a paradox.

But Theosophy explains the apparent contradiction of his nature by

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showing that man is a complex being, whose various principles have evolved more or less independently in their own proper spheres of life, until the general plan of the universe brings them together, to continue their evolution united in the strange sevenfold creature known as man; whose physical body, dwelling on this earth, serves as the temporary instrument of those various psychic and spiritual forces that make up his inner nature.

Thus while man's visible body has developed on this earth subject to laws similar to, if not identical with, those that rule the animal world, his inner nature comes to this earth as a stranger, descending into contact with a grosser element, and making the mind of man a place of experiment and of experience, through which to gain knowledge of the new instrument that is to be its future vehicle. The lower man, having up to that time been subject to the laws of physical nature, is not able at once to recognise the fitness of the new régime, and resists the attempts of this higher and more ethereal being to raise his gross nature to a purer and more spiritual condition. Hence the conflict between Duty and Desire.

This conflict, with which we are all familiar in ourselves, though we may not all have explained it in the same manner, disturbs the balance of forces in the body and mind, and produces sickness and mental discord: this means disease, which is always with us in our present stage; insanity, which is at present so alarmingly on the increase; and crime, which is rapidly becoming epidemic. These things writ large spell War, or the disturbance of national health, which latter is Peace.

Periodically the lower nature rises in revolt, and tries to throw off the control of the intruding higher Self, proclaiming its right to return to its former quasi-animal state, which is impossible: evolution leads upward and onward; there are doorways that, once passed, cannot be reopened: the chicken cannot get back into the egg from which it has emerged; Man cannot rebecome an animal.

"The mind is like a mirror"; it reflects both the higher and the lower worlds, so that a man may well wonder which is his true self, as he alternately seeks to identify himself with one or other of these selves.

Through all the confusion, however, he can recognise two great forces, between which he oscillates: Duty, and Desire — the impulse proceeding from the higher and the lower groups of elemental principles in his complex being. Sometimes indeed he may think of himself as the victim of these two opposing forces. Then he is in a bad way, unless he can rise above them both into his Supreme Self and look down on the conflict from above. If he fail in this he will find himself the battlefield, in which the opposing forces will fight out the endless conflict. The attainment of the Place of Peace is the object of true Yoga. It is the finding of

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the Self. One who can reach this Place of Peace has attained Self-knowledge.

But such a state implies the centering of his whole consciousness for the time in his higher or spiritual self: the lower man remaining in a relatively unconscious condition may be unable to give any clear account of the interior experience or of its effects upon his normal mind. He would probably be unable to speak of those experiences except in terms of symbol and allegory, even if he should try to do so.

If, therefore, you should find so-called Yogis collecting fees for lessons in Yoga, you may be quite certain their science is not of the true kind. Spiritual instruction is never sold. The Path to Self-knowledge lies through your own heart.

The attainment of spiritual illumination means the identification of the Self with the Spiritual Soul, that usually only overshadows the human being, and is perhaps by him regarded as a Guardian Spirit, a guide, a Master, or a God. Theosophy calls it the true Self. Therefore such experiences must always be secret, or sacred: and the penalty for profanation of these mysteries is the inevitable confusion of mind that ensues, with all its consequences.

Mystics who try to express these things are naturally unintelligible to the multitude, and frequently fall victim themselves to the confusion of mind naturally caused by their violation of natural law.

But there are psychic and astral experiences which are not spiritual in the true sense, being in fact little more than pictures of that vast border-land that lies between the normal plane of material life and the pure altitudes of the spiritual world. And those who delight to wander, in imagination, in these regions of delusion, are generally quite ready to narrate their experiences and their dreams to all who will listen to them. But this world of delusion is as unhealthy as the regions to be entered by the use of drugs; and "that way madness lies" —

The path of spiritual evolution is the path of Duty. The gratification of curiosity is the path of Desire.

When we speak of Duty and Desire as opposed to one another, we imply that there is a Self that can choose between these two paths. And when we try to state clearly what we mean by the two terms, we find that our position is fluctuating between them. The confusion of mind that follows is fully explained by the teachings of Theosophy as to the sevenfold constitution of man. But for all ordinary purposes it is enough to recognise that the Self is the middle principle, with a higher nature above it, appealing to the Self by ideals of Duty, Right, fitness of things: and below a lower nature pulling downwards in the direction of the animal world and the subhuman kingdoms of nature, with impulses that are

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generally called Desires. The Self may rise to the higher or sink to the lower, while still the Self.

The word Desire is used in higher philosophical discussion for the Elemental Spirit of Life; that which impels Nature to create or to manifest itself. But when talking of Man, in relation to Duty and Desire, we must confine the meaning of our terms within narrower bounds; and so we may say that Desire in regard to man is the craving for experience or for sensation (in the broadest sense of the word).

It is the expression of the Ego, it is egotism, which in its narrowest form is called selfishness, and in its highest may be called aspiration, or a glorified ambition, scarcely to be distinguished from the selfless aspiration of the true Yogi: though the difference is immense; for in the one case the Egoism has been enlarged till it has reached the bursting point — that is to say, vanity gone mad; while in the other the sense of Self has disappeared, being merged in the Universal; and spiritual law has taken the place of individual desire as the ruling power in life. In this case there would be no question of conflict between Duty and Desire, because in the higher light of Truth those opposites would appear as two modes of one force, which is that which causes Life.

The reconciliation of these apparent opposites or their transmutation is going on all the time in daily life, for the most profound truths are expressed in the most commonplace events of life, and may be recognised there by those who have intuition enough to know the truth when they see it. Their name is not Legion, however.

“The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.” And how does he breathe? How do we breathe? Is it done as a duty, or is it from a desire for the experience? Is it not generally done unconsciously, because it is necessary to bodily life, as the body is at present constituted? And are not certain acts of benevolence frequently done in the same way, by those who have developed benevolence in their nature until to some extent it has become natural to them?

Do we not all know that education generally presents itself to us as an attempt to conquer desires, and to perform duties, by efforts of will, which in time become habitual and are forgotten, leaving only the acquired habit, which soon becomes an unconscious action involving neither duty nor desire? Had we been able to feel the fitness of such conduct from the first, there would have been no need for an appeal to the sense of Duty, nor for a struggle with the demon of Desire. It would have been sufficient to know the right to do it.

In some rare cases this occurs; while in others there is an instinctual revolt against Duty — a revolt that is obviously a survival of vicious habits, and of a complete surrender to the lower nature, and that has come

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over from a previous incarnation, helped perhaps by heredity; but which is not natural to man, nor is it incurable. The self may be aroused to assert itself; the soul may be enabled to make its guidance felt; and evolution may again become possible to such a castaway soul.

Old-fashioned ideas of Duty were harsh, and the old methods of education were rude and violent; but there was discipline of a kind, and there was recognition of Duty as necessary to man: and Desire was a thing to be purified, at least. But with an age of so-called liberty, the old harsh methods gave way; and nothing at all adequate took their place: the bars were let down, and discipline was almost forgotten. The results are evident today. The world has lost its way once more in the long pilgrimage of earth-life, and it is trying strenuously to find the path again.

The path is not lost, though the human race may be: for the path is everywhere and cannot lose itself. It is for man to find it, and he must find it first in himself. He must learn that Duty is self-discipline, and the object of discipline is conformance to natural law. Compulsory discipline is a temporary expedient, and violence is a poor substitute for authority.

Authority itself is misunderstood, for it should be the natural expression of a superior nature, fulfilling its mission as leader or teacher to less evolved beings. All discipline is merely preparatory for true education, which is the awakening of the inner man or soul.

True education is what the world needs, and true education is impossible without faith in the inner possibilities that may be called out; for education is the *calling out* of that which is hidden within.

Faith of this kind, faith in the inherent divinity of man, is what is most needed today. Faith; and discrimination, to know the truth when we see it; to recognise truth by the light of one's own soul, which would be impossible if man were not inherently divine.

The world has lost this faith, or has been robbed of it, and has been supplied with a poor substitute that fails in the great trial of life. Faith in one's own divinity implies faith in the divinity of all other human beings; and that means the spiritual union of humanity on the spiritual plane, and Universal Brotherhood on the mental and physical plane. Brotherhood is a fact in nature; and it must be recognised, if the world is to find the lost path, and to recover the lost word, to unlock the temple of the mysteries of life.

Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, alone can supply the key to the ancient mysteries, which are no more than the problems of life that face us today as they faced the ancients of old. The ancient Wisdom has often been forgotten or perverted by men in the past, and many are

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the nations that have gone to ruin for lack of the light of Truth to guide them. Shall it be so again? The world seems bent on self-destruction now; and yet we hear optimists declare that all will come right in time, that the discord and fury of destruction is merely a passing symptom, and so on. Yes, a raging delirium may be only a symptom of a passing fever; yes, the fever may burn itself out, but also the patient may die in the process. So it has been with many past civilizations. Shall it be so again?

The shallow optimist says "Time will set everything right!" But what is Time? Is it a god who will come among us and right the wrongs of men? Is not time merely another name for opportunity?

We may say that Time brings us opportunities; but it is we human beings who must use them. Time cannot set our feet upon the path of progress: we must do it ourselves.

Men sow seeds of wrong, of hate, of war, of violence, of greed, and of injustice, and then expect Time to make those seeds bring forth a crop of Peace, Prosperity, and Love in the world. No! It is not so that Nature works; the Law of Life is stated plainly in the words: "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

Man has sown war and is still sowing the same seeds; what can Time do but mature the crop, and bring in the inevitable harvest of destruction? "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. . . ." The Law is eternal; and so is Life; but man's civilization is temporary and ephemeral. The question is, whether it shall be of such a kind as to prepare the way for a higher state, or shall it be a mere repetition of past failures. Man must decide; and as he acts so shall it be. For man is the maker of man's destiny — "As he sows, so shall he reap."

The trouble in the world comes from man's slavish obedience to his own desires, and to his neglect of Duty — and these errors are the result of his loss of intuition, which is the prompting of his own soul, the guidance of his own higher nature, in which he has lost faith. His only hope now lies in his power to reawaken his own soul, and to recover faith in his own divinity. This can be done only by an effort of Will. No one can do it for him. Time will not do it. Self-mastery is the key to faith, and faith releases the will, which is the creative power, the maker of destiny.

The evolution of humanity depends upon the will of humanity to evolve. Time is not will, and cannot perform the miracles expected by some optimistic shirkers, who hope to get evolution vicariously without effort of their own. These are the shirkers, who do not realize their true position in life as molders of destiny.

The making of destiny is man's work; for man has the power to evoke the creative will in himself, and to raise himself to his full height

THE TRINITY OF HUMAN NATURE

as a Soul incarnate. Self-knowledge is the aim of evolution; and therefore man's duty is to rouse the soul in him, and to feel the responsibility that is his by virtue of his inherent divinity.

As soon as a man begins to assert his own will in the control of his desires, he becomes aware of power at his command that he had not dreamed of; and with consciousness of power comes self-respect, and a sense of solidarity with the higher powers of Nature. Then Duty will appear as an inspiration rather than an obligation.

Duty, being that which is due, fitting, right, and necessary, can never be escaped, but it may be assimilated by one who has freed himself from even the consciousness of desire, fulfilling every duty spontaneously, so attaining self-mastery, and identifying his will with the Divine Will. Thus only can he be free from both Duty and Desire, and thus alone can he reach "the peace that passeth all understanding."

Until this is accomplished, it is a mere delusion to claim exemption from Duty on the plea of submission to a Higher Law. The only exemption from Duty comes with its fulfilment; only so can a man claim the protection of the Higher Law.

Those who are under the Higher Law have accepted higher duties and heavier responsibilities: they are free perhaps from the smaller duties, but only in appearance; for the higher include the lower, even if they be changed in form. The sense of freedom, that all men desire, is, paradoxically, only to be attained by mastering desire; the first step towards the mastering of desire is the right performance of Duty.

THE TRINITY OF HUMAN NATURE*

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.



WHO has not been in a mood he does not like, wishes were away, tries to shake off and cannot: a cloud, of which the shaking off, if we could but do it, would allow our true nature to be seen? We all say 'shake off,' knowing and so expressing in the words that it is something outside us, not ourselves.

With the mood there are thoughts that we do not want, either; not at all such thoughts as we would encourage; thoughts that jar on us as much as they might surprise anyone who could see them in our minds. Yet they persist, will not be stopped or ousted, dig and gnaw and fret

*An address given at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California.

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till we may be half frantic. Underneath, we know very well what mood and what sort of thoughts we ought to have, that really belong to us; and in the presence of someone we respect we forcibly assume them for the time and speak accordingly so long as he is present. A man may sometimes come home from his business to his wife and children in one of these moods. And it may be so strong and dominant that it drowns his own inner protest against it. He lets himself go with it, reinforces it, says out whole-heartedly and consentingly the harsh and pain-giving things that come up into his mind; *is, in fact*, for the time the mood. But then comes supper and his smoke afterwards and comfort generally; and behold, he is a different man, genial, no longer snarling and criticising. Alcohol often effects this change, though of course at a subsequent cost to mind and body that far outweighs its artificial temporary help. Or the unpleasant mood may turn out to be the liver and a pill clear the horizon.

But then again the mood in which we find ourselves may be one that we approve, that anyone would approve, cheerful, hopeful, genial, giving rise to healthy activity, to kindly deeds, and to a flow of corresponding thoughts. Or, perhaps in the late evening, the mood may be one of great calm and peace, favorable to our highest thoughts and aspirations, to our search for spiritual light, to prayer or communion with the Divine. This is when the interior bodily functions have eased down preparatory to sleep and are no longer making their usual disturbing appeal to sub-conscious attention.

So we have a whole scale of moods, ranging from this highest — permitted by a certain sort of bodily quiescence — down through those in which the body prompts all kinds of healthy activity and plan-making, through the actively ill-tempered and surly states, into those of animal sluggishness and mental stagnation.

Perhaps most of us allow ourselves to be conditioned by these bodily states, to accept the mood prompted by the body, to be run by it, to go altogether with it, to *be* the mood, making no judgment about it at all but just taking it as it comes and living it as long as it lasts. To *look at it*, to say to oneself "This is a good mood" or "This is a hateful state of feeling" or "Why am I like this today?" — would be really a standing back from it, an inspection and judgment of it, and a half-conscious perception and assertion of oneself as distinct from it: rather *clothed* with it and looking at it from inside and through it at passing circumstances, than *being* it. A more consciously self-separating attitude would be expressed by saying consciously to oneself that one does not like this mood and will not permit it. And then, if one changed it by an act of will for the better, one would have asserted his *humanity* as distinct from

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and rising up out of his animalism. An animal cannot criticise his own mood, imagine and create a better one and will *that* to be the mood he will now have. An animal must be, and is, just the flow of his moods. There is nothing in a dog that can stand back and inspect them and will one away in favor of another. But there *is* a something in a man that can do this: to wit, the man himself; the man himself exercising critical judgment on himself and enforcing his judgment by an act of will. He is the triad in his body, of self, judgment, and will. And the highest kind of man, always constantly seeking his true home in the highest and noblest state of himself, habitually selects among his possible moods those which will be most favorable to his search for his path upward. These he uses as his ladder to mount on. When there is work to be done, bodily or mental, he will create the pulse of active impulse in body and brain. With others, he will have geniality and kindness, and a child's heart with children. And when his day is closing he will encourage that quiescence of bodily activity which permits the mind to go up to its highest in the silence of common thought.

Most of the details of our bodily life we know nothing about and do not need to. In a cubic inch of blood, for instance, there are seventy thousand million blood corpuscles, each leading an intensely active life on its own account but also in the service of the body as a whole. The amount of active intelligent life in the body as a whole is beyond all imagination. But there is an ever-changing general tone or color in this conscious animal life which is what we call mood, the mood we are *in*, as we correctly say. Man as respects his body is an animal, but an animal so very much at the top of the animal tree that no other animal has anything approaching the range of mood or feeling that *our* animal has; no other animal has more than a mere representative rudiment of some of the conscious mood-states of our animal. And, as we have said, no other animal has that in it which can stand back from some mood, look at it, judge it as good or not good, quash it if then undesirable or altogether noxious, and call up another. We are souls incarnated in animal life, too often knowing nothing of ourselves except as living this highly evolved and intelligent animalism, knowing nothing of our power to deal with it, thinking it to be ourselves, feeling that we were born with it, grew with it, and must finally sicken and die with it — in a word, overpowered by it and drowned in it. And even those who make right and fine efforts to deal with it properly and take it under control, usually lack that clear sense of what they are in relation to it and what they are doing, which alone can bring complete and splendid victory and self-redemption. For the children are not taught that they *are* souls (in bodies and bodily moods), but at best that they *have* souls. And this not

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only leaves 'soul' unexplained but means or suggests by implication that they *are* bodies and the moods of body. So they never learn to raise themselves fully into their own natures, *human* natures with the power of full divinization of their humanity.

The body, then, from our present point of view, considered as a member of the human Trinity, is not the so-many pounds of living matter, but the *consciousness* side of that, its changeful mood-driven intelligence — *animal* consciousness, truly, but so far above that of any other animal, even the elephant, that the word animal seems out of place for the best of its workings. Modern psychology mostly denies that man is anything else than an assemblage of highly-evolved animal powers and qualities, all of which are supposed to be represented in lower degree in the lower animals. In other words modern psychology denies the soul. Consequently it has to leave unexplained the purely human or 'soul-ar' powers of creative imagination, that most brilliant servant of the will; of self-analysis and self-criticism; of exchanging at will one state of mind for another and better, or of voluntarily accentuating a state that is felt to be a good one; of having an ideal and consciously working towards it; and finally, of will itself. All these have to be slurred over somehow, juggled with, or altogether left alone.

These are the marks and workings of soul, the second or middle member of our Trinity, that which is incarnated in the animal — partly; which has one pole down here in animal intelligent life and the other in the upper sea of spiritual being. It is the mediator between earth and heaven, the ladder of being and that which moves up and down the ladder. Its incarnation begins at birth; death is its disincarnation, its regained illumination and self-recognition. If while in the body we would take and follow to the end the path that leads to recognising who and what we are, we should be gods. That means full incarnation, taking full charge. The foreman of a great workshop is not in full charge, or in charge at all, while he is absorbed in delighted interest in the working of the machines and forgets himself and his rightful position in enjoyment of the jokes, chat, and personal ways of the men under him. He must remember who he is, preserve the dignity of his position, and see that his men keep to and within the lines of their duty. So full incarnation, in one sense, means getting absorbed in and one with the moods and desires of the body, forgetting one's rightful position; in another it means taking full charge in full self-consciousness. And as soon as one begins to do that, one's degree of incarnation becomes fuller and fuller.

More incarnation of ourselves, fuller incarnation — that is what we must aim at. There is no emergent danger of life, fire, shipwreck, or the like, and no battlefield, in which you do not find previously common-

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place men suddenly becoming heroes, readily and instantly sacrificing limb and life in the interests of others or of the cause. It is a case of more incarnation, of more of the soul suddenly coming into the body; *feeling* perhaps the body's inclination to shrink, the body's instinctive mood of cowardice — but utterly overriding and disregarding it. Every time one resists a sensual impulse or a tendency to 'hit back' in word or deed, or a pressure of selfishness, one has incarnated a little more fully. The orator fired by a great cause incarnates for the period of his speech more fully. The writer who for the time forgets himself in some great thought that is pressing through his pen, is incarnated more fully. And so he may be no hypocrite in that, even though at other times his life may be far below the spiritual level of that hour. He cannot or does not maintain that degree of incarnation. And so with the poet and musician when their inspiration is as we say upon them. In reality it is they themselves, the souls, that have come as inspiration into their ordinary consciousness. The more, the fuller, we incarnate, whether for a time or in permanence, the more do we show the grander possibilities previously latent in us. But even then this higher consciousness has to work through the lower, the ordinary; through the brain; and it may become strangely distorted and mixed with lower elements and with limited preconceptions as it comes through. The gleam of real gold within it has often led to the acceptance of much base metal. It is only in humanity's greatest teachers and reformers, the permanent Lights of the ages, that we find examples of full and perfect and enduring incarnation. Lower than these summits of human attainment are the ranges of men of genius, the real leaders, the great thinkers, of all those who have self-forgettingly sacrificed themselves for a cause or for human welfare, and of all those who have consistently tried to live at their highest, to live by principle, to round out every duty as they saw it. Humble and inconspicuous are the lives of many who are really far up on this path.

In one of the ancient symbols this self-realization in and against the resistance of the body was pictured as rolling away the stone that closes in the tomb of the buried divinity so that it could come forth and manifest itself and be seen. We take up body after body, reincarnate, that in each successively we may take fuller and fuller charge. For it is only by the friction of resistance that the soul-self comes to full self-knowledge and develops its latent powers into manifesting actuality.

Since, in body and soul, we have two members of the human Trinity, where shall we look for the third, the crown, the apex of the triangle? *Spirit* is a word which usually arouses very vague ideas in our minds, but as we have no better one to use, we must give it as clear a meaning as we can. The word *religion* — and of course religion is concerned with

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the spiritual — is from a Latin verb meaning *to bind together*. And spirit is that which binds all things together. Spirit, the underlying binding and causative essence of all that lives, is only to be reached and known, say the Teachers, by him who cultivates in himself the unity feeling, the sense of oneness, the bound-together-in-one feeling, and acts accordingly. For that feeling corresponds to the fact of things. It is the uttermost Truth. It is the way to spirit and it is spirit itself. "Brotherhood is a fact in nature" is the first tenet of Theosophy. The countless millions of living units that make up our bodies are bound together into a living unity, and by that harmonious binding are enabled to reach a delicacy and richness and elaboration of life that could not otherwise be attained, that would be utterly impossible to any of those units or cells alone. And each cell is in its turn a binding together of multitudes of yet smaller, microscopic, lives; and, as science now knows, they in their turn, of others. How much further inward yet this compounding goes we do not know. But wherever we are looking in nature we see the same spirit of compounding and unifying, again and again, higher and higher; and at every stage of compounding the reward comes at once — an organism with richer life. If we think of spirit as the same as life, then the more harmonious co-operative compounding there is, and, with that, the more life, the more spirit; spirit as the cause of the compounding and spirit manifesting as the outcome — namely conscious life and intelligence.

Now comes man, so high in his consciousness that he can feel and recognise in himself the workings of this combining and harmonizing power, and he calls it the spirit of brotherhood. That is why we say that brotherhood is the deepest fact in nature. One of the rewards of cultivating it is joy. However we may fall from our conviction in practice, there is no one without the conviction that a life or a day spent in the spirit and conduct of brotherhood would be the happiest kind of life and the happiest of all days. No one doubts that friendship is the happiest of all relationships between men, or that if all humanity were in a state of mutual friendship or brotherhood the earth would be heaven at once and all men's highest powers unchained. That their powers *would* be unchained may not at first seem so obvious. But could an inventor get the inspiration of new ideas, a composer of new melodies and successions of harmony, a poet of new vision, after a jarring wrangle in his family or a heated quarrel with some acquaintance? More: why does a musician or poet or great thinker write at all save for this deepest of all instincts, to have others with them in the place to which they have been elevated? Why does a man who gets hold of *any* idea at once want to talk of it, to have others with him in it, perhaps combine with him

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into a society for its propagation, however abstract it may be? It is this eternal instinct of combination, showing itself even when a man rushes out to tell of a bit of good fortune that has come to him. What else has actuated the great Teachers, the Buddhas, the Christs, when they gave all the years of their lives to the laborious spreading of their gospel, unstayed by hatred, persecution, ingratitude? The mere casual chat of two friends evidences the same, the getting into pleasant unity with each other through the nothings they are communicating. A most perfect example of the spirit of unity or of brotherhood is found between two in perfect married life. The pleasures of books, music, recreation and the rest, are no pleasures to either except with the companionship of the other. All the pleasures, all the aims, stand rooted in that, have that for the background and setting, grow under that sky. "Everything has lost its interest," you will hear one of them say after the death of the other.

Brotherhood is indeed the one state or atmosphere in which alone all the powers and life of man can come to perfection. It is the glow of the spiritual sun; it is the secret thrill of space and sky. Having it and looking downward to those in need, it takes the form of compassion; in ourselves, it is the mother of every kind of growth, of richness of life and consciousness; having it and looking upward to those spiritually in advance of us, it becomes reverence and devotion; and it is likewise loyalty to every great cause. Compassion, reverence, loyalty, life — are one thing, brotherhood.

Some may think that a man's powers could equally be called out by ambition. A moment's thought will show that that is not so. Could you not in a moment detect the difference between the false ring of the orator who is trying to shine, to impress us with his power, and the one whose speech has the fire of self-forgetting devotion to the cause he is enlisted in? The heart of one has the divine magnetic fire; the other's is cold. And the center of life and of brotherhood is the heart. By that fire alone can the keyboards of the brain be set into responsive vibration to the great ideas which reflect the spiritual essences of things. The ambitious man dwindles and hardens; the other grows, expands, mellows. And if you once think in terms of reincarnation you can see how wide will the difference become through the stretch of successive lives. We must have brotherhood, loyalty, reverence, or our light will ultimately go out; we are not wanted, are no part of things, are not in the stream of nature and of evolution at all.

Science considers evolution as a set of progressive changes in living being. The impelling cause, the inwardness of the vast process, it has not got at. It is in the position of a man who should study compassion

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as a series of donations, here of a dime to a blind man, there of a dollar to a hungry beggar, and again of a hospital to a city, considering himself unable to penetrate the cause of these gifts, the conscious motive-glow in the heart of the giver. *Mind* could only understand and classify and measure the gifts in their outwardness. To get at the real cause of them our man would have to find the like of it within himself, in his own heart.

It is not with brain-mind that we can understand and open up communion with spirit or Deity. *That* mind will only make a great *man* of it, a large *person* of some sort sitting up in Sirius or Alcyone. There is an all-embracing, all-penetrating, all-sustaining divine consciousness, known and present in the heart of all of us as compassion, brotherhood, yearning for unity, loyalty, reverence, aspiration. Let us begin at that center of warmth and glow and work upward to the measureless Light whose reflexion is in us; but let us not let the mind come in and personalize and limit that 'ideal of ideals.' Some of its simpler workings and effects mind can appreciate; it can make some sort of *symbol* of this Presence as light all-permeant; but the divine consciousness *in* that light must be felt and known in a part of our nature that we can only call into perceptive action by the silencing of the common mind-workings. What is real prayer but this, the stilling of the mind with its ceaseless flow of inward talk, and in the silence reaching after that Presence of divine consciousness which has no form? All the divergencies and quarrels of sects have come from insisting upon forcing this into mind-made forms. And in proportion as they have done so they have lost the reality. H. P. Blavatsky in her *Key to Theosophy* says:

"We call our 'Father in heaven' that deific essence of which we are cognizant within us, in our heart and spiritual consciousness, and which has nothing to do with the anthropomorphic conception we may form of it in our physical brain or its fancy: 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?'"

Our souls are the first and highest emanations of the all-formative divine essence, Lights born in and from the infinite Light, and incarnating thence for the salvation and spiritualization and intellectualization of animal man below. Animal *man*, we say, though it was not man but highest animal only, till thus humanized. And we, souls, Lights from the Light, have forgotten our divinity in this lower life and have to recover it again with the added wisdom, the deepened consciousness, of all the struggle and pain and experience.

So our task is to awaken ourselves to our own real nature, and all the great Teachers of all ages have been giving us instruction how to do it. Since we feel ourselves as thinking beings, it is through the right molding of thought, through the filling of thought with the light, that



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ON THE WAY TO THE GOTTHARD, SWITZERLAND

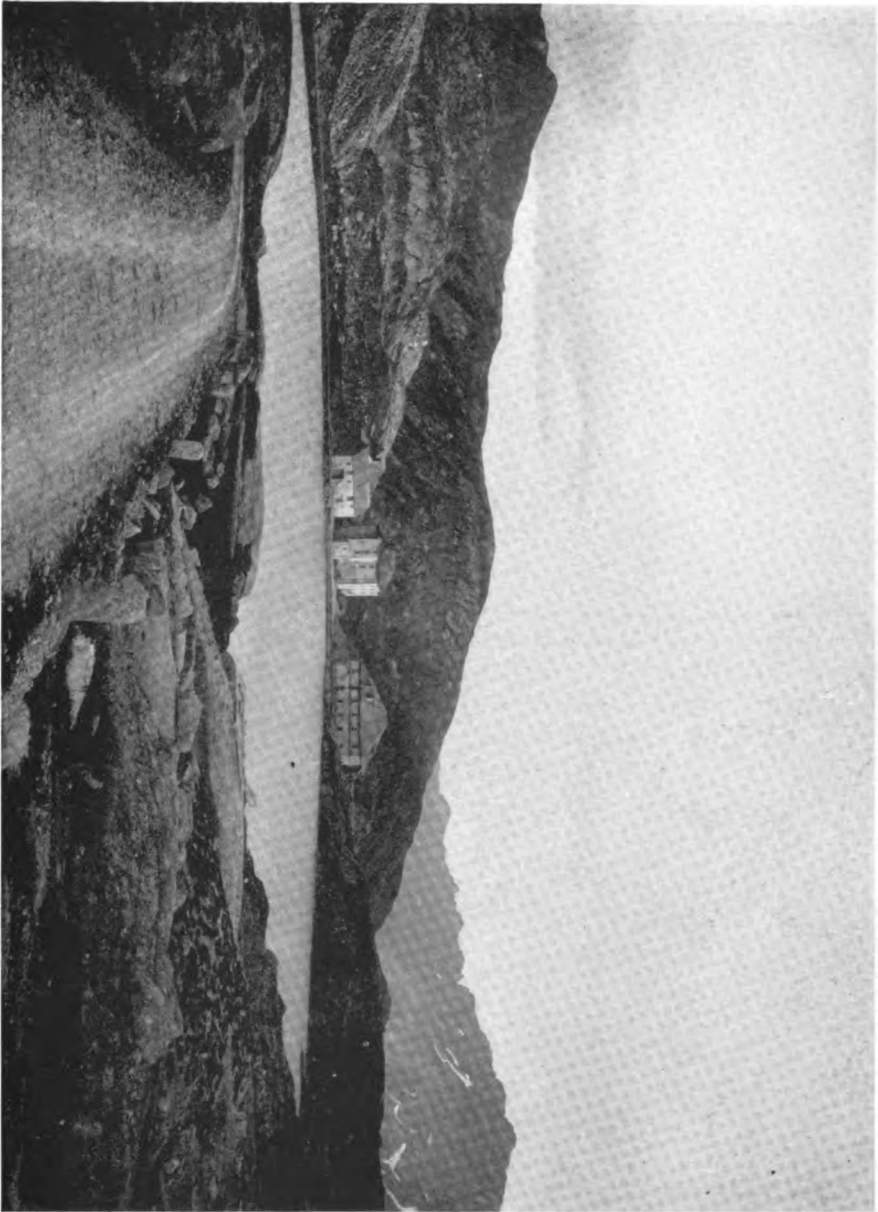
The celebrated St. Gotthard Pass leads from Fluelen in Switzerland up the valley of the Reuss, across the St. Gotthard group, and down the valley of the Ticino to Bellinzona.

A carriage road was constructed through it in 1820-23.



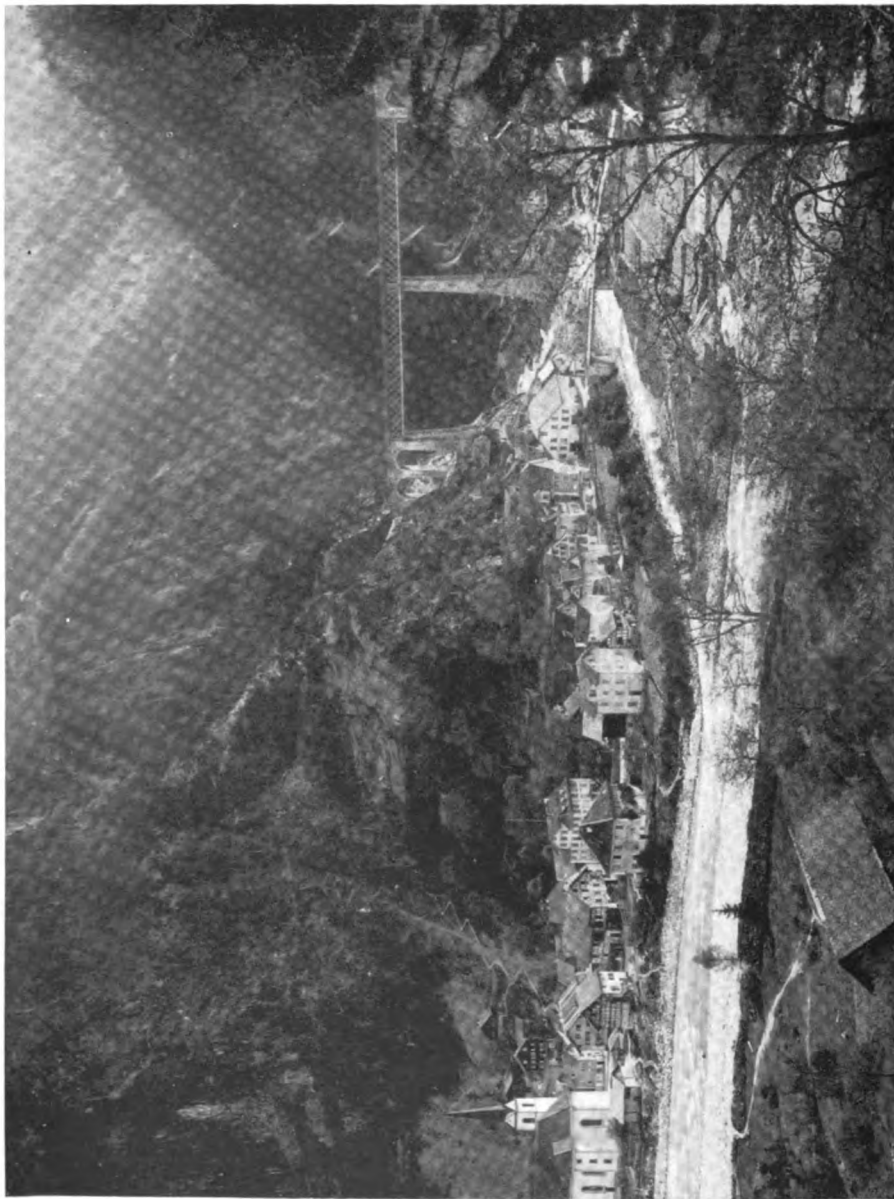
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HIGHROAD TO THE ST. GOTTHARD HOSPICE, SWITZERLAND



ST. GOTTHARD HOSPICE, SWITZERLAND

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AMSTEG, SWITZERLAND, ON THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY

The St. Gotthard Tunnel, extending from Göschenen to Airolo, is the longest tunnel in the world (9¼ miles); commenced in 1872, opened in 1882; highest point, 3,786 feet.

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we accomplish the awakening. That is not filling thought with reasonings and speculations. They have their place, but not here. The way of this highest work, of this awakening, has been given from this platform by Katherine Tingley again and again and again, from every point of view, in every aspect, in the hope that each hearer may find that step which is for him the next. She does it month by month in the opening pages of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, and in a paper once issued to her students she thus put the practical essence of her teaching:

"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 one's self, 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."

We try to carry that Light in our thought all day; our first conscious act of the day as it opens is to establish it in our imaginations, with the will that it shall shine on through the hours; and our last conscious endeavor as we retire shall be to seek communion with the infinite Light that is the inspiration and may be made the sustainment of our endeavors.

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



ALL our capacity for happiness and usefulness depends on the view we take of ourselves. We have our moods of dejection and self-depreciation, when we say, "What's the use?" and sink into apathy, seeking consolation in the doctrine, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." We know the terrible strength of such moods and what harm they work. Is this the voice of the animal nature in us? Nay, it is worse than that, for what animal indulges in self-depreciation? It is an abuse of our gift of Mind, a perversion of our human nature. We actually use our divine prerogative for the purpose of denying our divine freedom and power. The very power to enunciate such a doctrine of despair confutes that doctrine; for it is only in virtue of our intellect that we can enunciate it. Hence the preposterous inconsistency of the attitude, and hence therefore the self-deception we must practise in order to maintain it.

"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," says the Psalmist; and more recent voices have declared, "Thou hast made him a little

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higher than the apes." The "angels" are, in the Hebrew original, the *Elohim*, which means the creative powers that built cosmos out of chaos and were the Divine Instructors of Man.

Theosophy came at a time when the doctrine that man is a little higher than the apes was fastening itself upon our mental and moral atmosphere and threatening strangulation. It came to restore the old teaching, the forgotten truth, that man was made a little lower than the *Elohim*. It came to emphasize the dual nature of man.

The true key to human evolution is given, as far as possible, in H. P. Blavatsky's writings; and it is most important to bear it in mind, as a counteractive of the doctrines of despair bred by materialism in science and in religion. But, even if man *has* evolved upwards from the animal kingdom, the thoughtful mind will ask what is the nature, the origin, of that power by which he has so evolved. And, though science may choose to ignore anything beyond the material aspect of evolution, it cannot justifiably deny other inquirers the right to consider the other aspects. Of what nature and whence the self-conscious Mind of man and all its marvelous attributes of freewill and self-determination? The practical person will conclude that, whether the power of evolution resides in the original cell or atom, or whether it came from elsewhere, it is a most wonderful power, and its origin and nature demands inquiry.

"Our 'Progenitors' had, in the course of eternal evolution, to become *gods* before they became men."
—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 349

"Universal tradition shows primitive man living for ages together with his Creators and first instructors — the *Elohim* — in the World's 'Garden of Eden,' or 'Delight.'"—*Ibid.*

Man is dual. He is compounded of a rudiment that sprang from the lower orders of creation, and a rudiment that is Divine and from above.

This is one key, and quite enough to go for a long way. And it is but a reinstatement of familiar truths that have been preserved, but obscured, in religion. The dual creation of man is found in confused form in the biblical *Genesis*, where it is stated that the *Elohim* breathed into the "living soul" of man their Divine essence, thus making him intelligent and immortal. The words 'living soul,' in the above, it should be stated, are better rendered 'animal soul,' being the Hebrew *nephesh*. This man was formed out of the dust of the ground. But the other account describes how the *Elohim* made man in their own image. And this is of course the basis of ordinary Christian doctrine, though all the life has been taken out of it, and we now find even preachers of high degree *speculating*, and that openly, whether there is or is not any truth in what they have been teaching all this time from their pulpits!

Another key of evolution is that history moves forward in cycles. The ancient Greeks intended the zodiacal sign *Libra* or the *Balance* —

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"To imply that when the course of evolution had taken the worlds to the lowest point of grossness, where the earths and their products were coarsest, and their inhabitants most brutish, the turning-point had been reached — the forces were at an even balance. At the lowest point, the still lingering divine spark of spirit within began to convey the upward impulse."
— *Isis Unveiled*, II 457

The history of human races shows them gradually descending from spirituality to materiality, and then reascending. This is also the story of man the individual.

"Our Higher Self is a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

Hence the history of humanity is epitomized in each man. However it may amuse us to study our biological and zoölogical affinities, it is more practical to remember our Divine parentage and ancestry. The Eternal Pilgrim is there, seeking to express himself through the earthly instrument. The Light within the shrine still burns, however much obscured by the veils and colored windows of the mind and senses.

It was the aim of H. P. Blavatsky, by her writings and teachings, to show that universal tradition as to man's Divine and heroic ancestors is not mere childish fancy, but fact, faithfully preserved, though often obscured; and that it refers to events that have actually taken place on this earth. The cycles of time are indicated by the geological record. Thus modern geologists have unearthed an important item of knowledge. They have discovered the periodical changes of upheaval, depression, etc., that mark off the earth's history into larger and smaller cycles. They have mapped out the history of the lower forms of life during these ages. They have not yet done the same for human history, but we must give them time. The period covered by what is generally accepted as human history is absurdly small and insignificant in comparison, and is an altogether too slender basis on which to build conclusions as to human origin and destiny. Once rid ourselves of the preconceived dogma that humanity gets more primitive and savage as we go back, and we shall be able to estimate at their proper value the *facts*. These show that the beginnings of civilization can nowhere be discovered, but instead of them the ruins of empires and cultures. To buttress their preconceived theories as to the 'primitive man,' theorists point to the unburied remains of degraded specimens, and say that these represent the humanity of the past.

People talk of immortality as though it concerned the mysterious after-life alone, and consent to remain *dead* all through their present lifetime, in the hope that they will come to life after their decease! But the important point is that we should be alive here and now; and that

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is just what most of us are not. Eternity is usually conceived of as being a very great deal of time, tacked on to the end of the time we spend on earth. But eternity is not time at all. It is a state we enter when we transcend the illusions of time. Immortality is a condition we can and should endue while on earth; for the Higher Self, the God within, knows neither birth nor death.

Oh, it is important that man should preserve the center of his vitality and not allow himself to decay like a rotten tree. Living, as he does, in his petty personality, he makes for himself a prison. In this prison he chafes and frets, cursing the powers that be, and yielding to despondency and indifference. Yet he has the key to the door of his prison within his possession. The way of escape is in recognising that that personality is an illusion, a dream, a dogma, to which he has chained himself.

The 'Heart-Life' is a word often used with force by Theosophists, to denote that real deep full life that lies beyond the small life of the senses and personal desires. The Heart-Life must be kept alive in humanity. For want of it, humanity has come to a pretty pass. Humanity is longing to find again what it has lost.

With this in mind, we can better understand the inspiration of H. P. Blavatsky, a Messenger who had tasted of these waters of immortality, who knew of her own experience what Life really is, and who dared all in order to come forth into the world and prepare the way for a coming regeneration. We can better appreciate the difficulties of her task and the constancy with which she confronted them. Through this constancy, and that of others who lit their torch at hers, the Theosophical Society was preserved through many dangers, and still lives to carry out the plans which its Founder devised. In the life at Lomaland, and in the Râja-Yoga education established there, we see the foundations being laid for a future state of humanity wherein the Heart-Life shall reign again.

Faith is the great power that is needed to keep alive our hopes and our efforts; for the world and the weakness of human nature offer many discouragements. But those students of Theosophy who have stood faithful through the years to its lofty principles, and whose intuition has been grounded on loyalty to those principles, are still working in deep inward joy for the cause which they know must triumph so long as there are faithful souls to support it. To them the Divine nature of man is no mere speculation, but a reality. They have lived to see the Divine Spark triumphant over many and terrible snares laid for it by mountains of selfishness that past Karma has accumulated for them.

Reincarnation is an invaluable truth, but we must not let it become

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a dead letter and a mere dogma of a vague futurity. It must be, and can be, a thing of daily life, of the present moment. For I die and am born again every time I achieve a victory of the Spirit over the dark pessimism and despondency of the passion-agitated mind. Hence I can always take a new lease of life, and have in truth discovered the secret of *perpetual youth*. And all this because I have faith in the real teachings about the nature of Man, and have sought to make those teachings a reality in my life and a basis of conduct.

This realizing of the true nature of man does not mean a vain puffing up of the personality. If that were so, how could the workers at Lomaland get along together at all? Would there not be continual personal frictions and factions? No; the enlargement of the personality does not make for unity, but quite the reverse. To realize the true self-respect, it is necessary to subordinate the personality. This is of course a painful task, but the pain is undertaken willingly and as a necessary process in the self-purification for which the student is striving.

It is wonderful to see people striving to get knowledge by reading a great many books, while all the time neglecting the means by which knowledge could be made to pour in upon them in measure as much as they could bear. By opening the channels of intuition, we can broach the sources of infinite knowledge, for we live in an ocean of it. But that can only be done by paring away the cataracts from our eyes and loosening the bonds that fetter our faculties. To know the ultimate mysteries of the universe would be of little use to us, if we could not apply any of that knowledge. What does concern us is to see the signposts of conduct, to know how to steer our way through the life that is before us and all around us. And it is here that the intuition comes in.

For man, having once been a God — being *now* a God in the clay — has an unlimited fount of knowledge accessible. To approach it, he has to arouse that mysterious power of *Insight*.

What is Man? The answer depends on the point of view. Man may look small on the dissecting table, under the microscope. He may look small if we are scrutinizing his defects or criticising his clothes. We look very small to ourselves when we candidly consider our weaknesses and foibles. But that is not Man, that is not ourself. Look deeper, and you will fail to find any end to the possibilities of Man. He is an infinite being. What belittles him is the delusion of personality. Let him therefore realize that he is here to take his share in a stupendous and glorious work, and then the burden of personality will lighten, and he will place his feet on a spot whence he can deal with his limitations.

PERSONALITY VERSUS INDIVIDUALITY

F. SAVAGE

THE Ancient Wisdom teaches that in essence all men are one — that each has within himself a spark of the one Divine Light. Yet experience, that many-sided prism through which we look at life, has shown us that we can point to no two men, and say: “These are exactly alike.” In short, on the present outward plane on which the world at large is living today all men are different. But wherein lies the difference?

If I want a thing, I shall probably set about getting it in a very different way from what you would do if you wanted it; but the actions resultant from the wanting are both expressive of the selfish side of the nature — what is known in Theosophical parlance as the personality.

In studying current literature we shall find that many of our modern writers use these two terms — *personality*, which is the expression of the lower or mortal side of the nature, and *individuality*, the expression of the higher side — interchangeably, which is very misleading, and causes confusion in the mind of the student or the seeker after Truth; and it is for this reason that an explanation of the difference between them is attempted here.

It is a cowardly fellow, this that we know of as our personality, all too much aware of its own importance and cognisant of its rights and privileges; it is in a constantly querulous mood because, forsooth, it was not invited to this or that social function, or was not chosen for this or that special service, for which it felt sure it was pre-eminently fitted. But, alas for the shortsightedness of these personal brainmind bickerings; it is probable that Karma, beneficent schoolmistress, is doing her best to teach us that social functions and special preferment are not the essentials of soul-life, and in fact are often a hindrance to it.

This little personality, for it is niggardly small, though at times seemingly of great strength and proportions, surveys the world at large through a dulled and streaked mirror, which reflects only a part of life — that part which affects itself. With every coming event it lifts up an anxious eye, and scans the horizon, as who should say: “What benefits will accrue to me from this? How can I best turn it to my own advantage?” Having once become assured of the true nature of the event, it settles back in its easy chair with a sigh of relief, to enjoy the comfortable situation. Poor Brown, next door, may be overwhelmed by the very circumstance that has brought us good-luck. No matter, “let

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Brown shift for himself. — I'd have to do so, if I were in his place. As I'm not, let me eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow —."

There are not many of us who would be willing to admit that we have such a monster as a bed-fellow. Theoretically, we believe in the Brotherhood of man, that we are our brother's keeper, and the like praiseworthy tenets, but, "Man, know thyself." We need to apply a searching self-analysis to that which we call *ourselves*, to make sure that it is that which we would have endure, that we are developing with each daily act.

But enough of the personality. All men *are* different, but it is *Individuality* which differentiates them from one another, as much as it is personality. To take a concrete example; two people may study a piece of music, and perform it equally well, with nothing to be desired technically and so forth, but with an entirely different interpretation. That is an expression of the Individuality in each. Two others may read a book on philosophy with equal concentration, and yet these two, in retelling what they had read, would retell it quite differently, and would perhaps choose quite opposite points as being salient. Among a large number of people all may be great lovers of Nature, but its beauties may appeal to them all in various ways, and the verbal or written expression of each, resulting from an attempt to share with others what has appealed to him, would be quite distinctive, apart from all personal considerations.

This quality that we call Individuality may be expressed in the commonest occurrences of daily life. We are all taught approximately the same conventional forms of etiquette, but do any two express them in exactly the same way? A gentleman may take off his hat to a lady. It is the same action which countless others perform daily, but there is a difference, if he puts his Individuality into the doing of it. A woman may put her Individuality into her duties as hostess, so that she offers the courtesies of the home and the table to her friends with a charm quite apart from the mere outward forms of etiquette.

These two opposite phases of what a man calls himself are suggestive, to the musician, of two kinds of musical tones—the one, not only in perfect accord, but struck so deeply and vibrantly as to bring into play a series of overtones or partials, adding a marvelous richness to the ensemble; the other, struck strongly and positively also, but fundamentally out of tune, so as to pull away from the general harmony. Between these two is the tone which is seemingly in tune, but played so negatively as to have no life of its own, so that its vibrations tell for nothing in the general musical scheme; in short, the tone that is virtually dead. Like the first, we have some rare natures, who, while rich in depth of Individuality, are so attuned to the needs of others as to make

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it impossible for a false or jarring note to be struck in their lives. Answering to the second, how frequently do we meet those whose natures are distinct from those about them, but who, impressed with their own importance, and being out of tune with the throbbing heart of humanity, are making their whole lives an expression but of the lower personality. As a third instance, there are those whose natures seem to be absolutely devoid of distinctiveness. Absorbed in the bread-and-butter question, the struggle for existence seems to be the be-all and end-all of life. They stumble blindly on, taking what comes their way with a dogged sort of idea that it is their lot, seeing no vaster horizon-line than that which is in front of their very noses. It is to such as these that Theosophy comes with its message of the glory of self-directed evolution. For the Kingdom of God is in every man — the Individuality is its expression, and each man has it in his power to develop this Individuality himself; but not for himself alone, nor to the detriment of others. For, "Never, never desire knowledge or power for any other purpose than to lay it on the altar, for thus alone can it be saved to you," said Mr. Judge. So in pursuing this path of self-directed evolution, the true Theosophist is working not for self but for the race, in order that Humanity, of which he is a part, may be lifted.

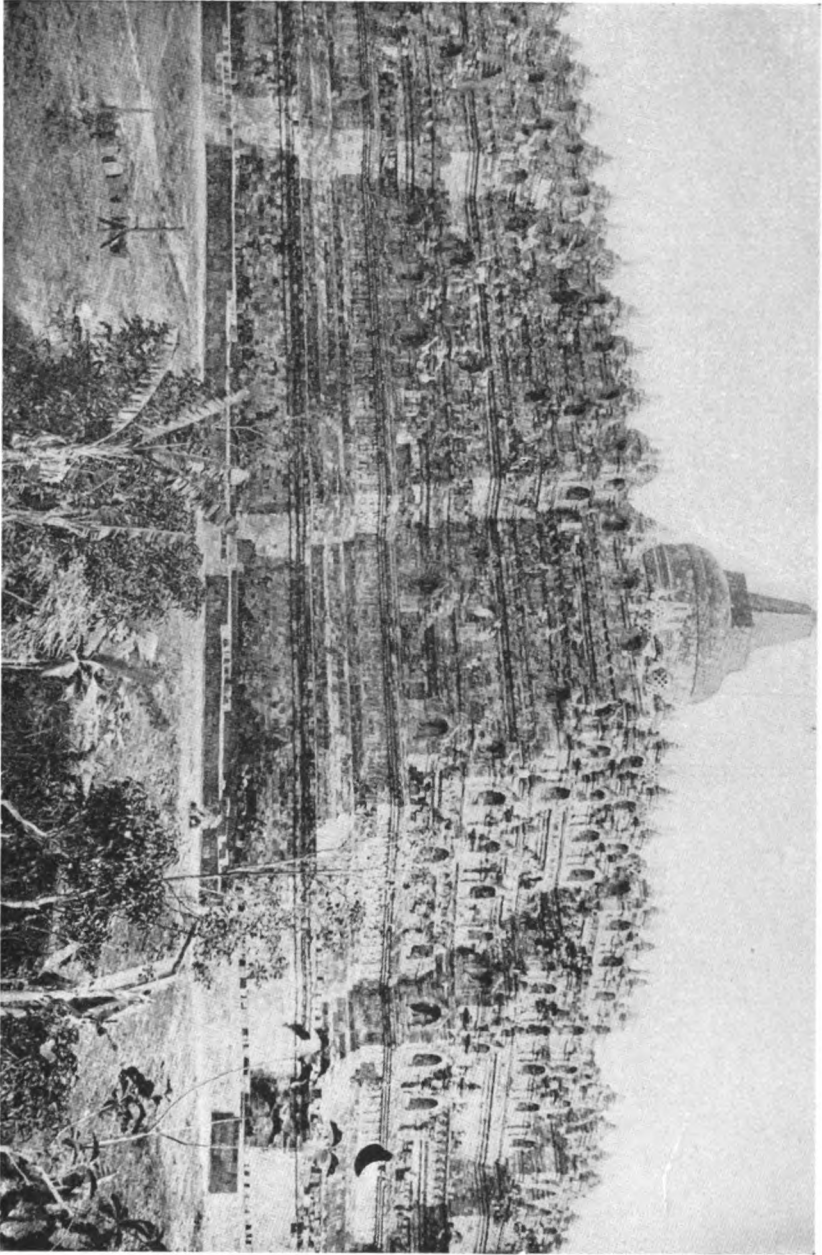
We are told in an ancient book: "The way to final freedom is within thy Self. That way begins and ends outside of self." The attainment of this freedom from the bonds of personality was spoken of in Eastern symbology as the opening of a pure and lovely flower. But we are bidden to

"Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm: not till then.

"It shall grow, it will shoot up, it will make branches and leaves and form buds, while the storm continues, while the battle lasts. But not till the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted — not until it is held by the divine fragment which has created it, as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience — not until the whole nature has yielded and become subject unto its higher self, can the bloom open. Then will come a calm such as comes in a tropical country after the heavy rain, when nature works so swiftly that one may see her action. Such a calm will come to the harrassed spirit. And in the deep silence the mysterious event will occur which will prove that the way has been found."

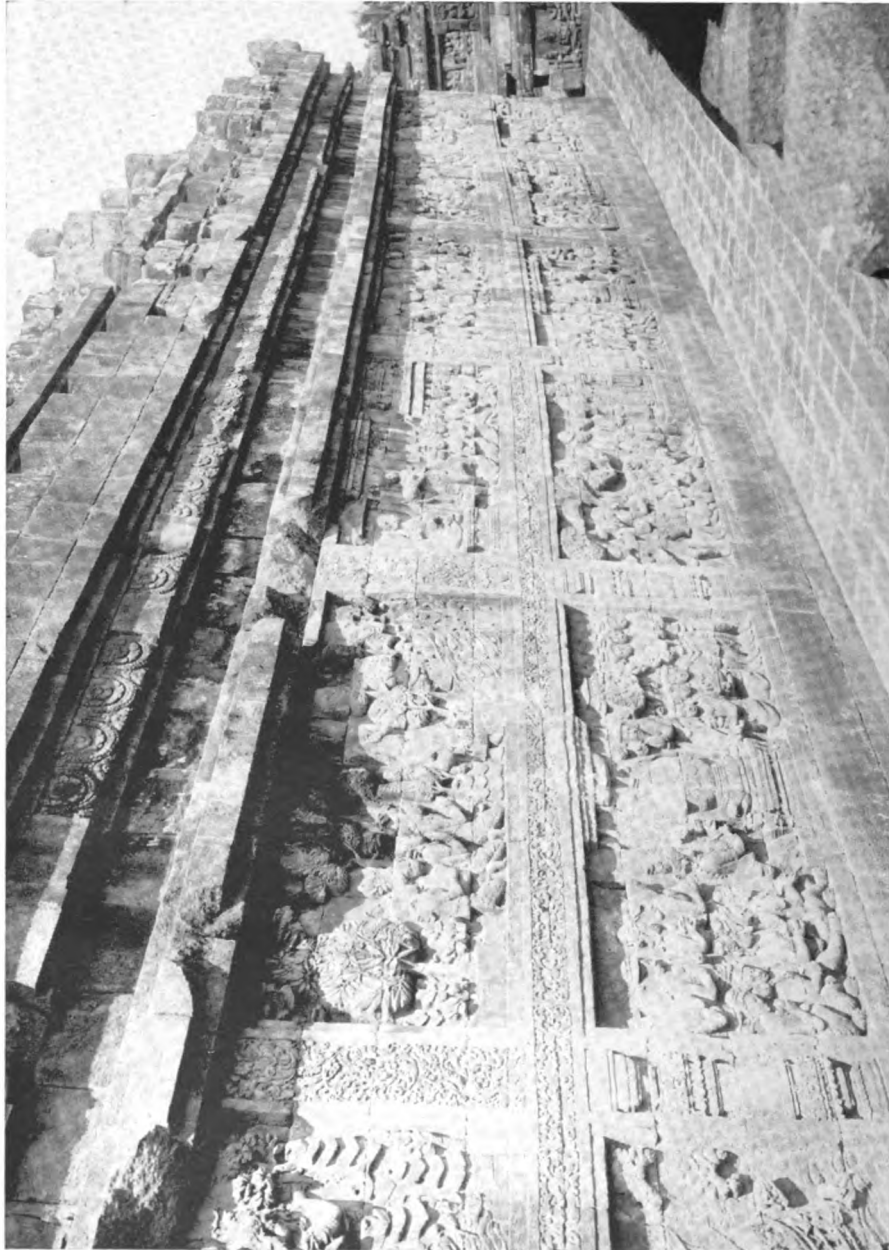
That the development of his own Individuality, which is within the power of every man, is one step toward the finding of that Way, is beautifully shown in the following:

"Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is only so when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognises this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality. When he knows that for this his wonderful complex separated life exists, then, indeed, and then only, he is upon the way."



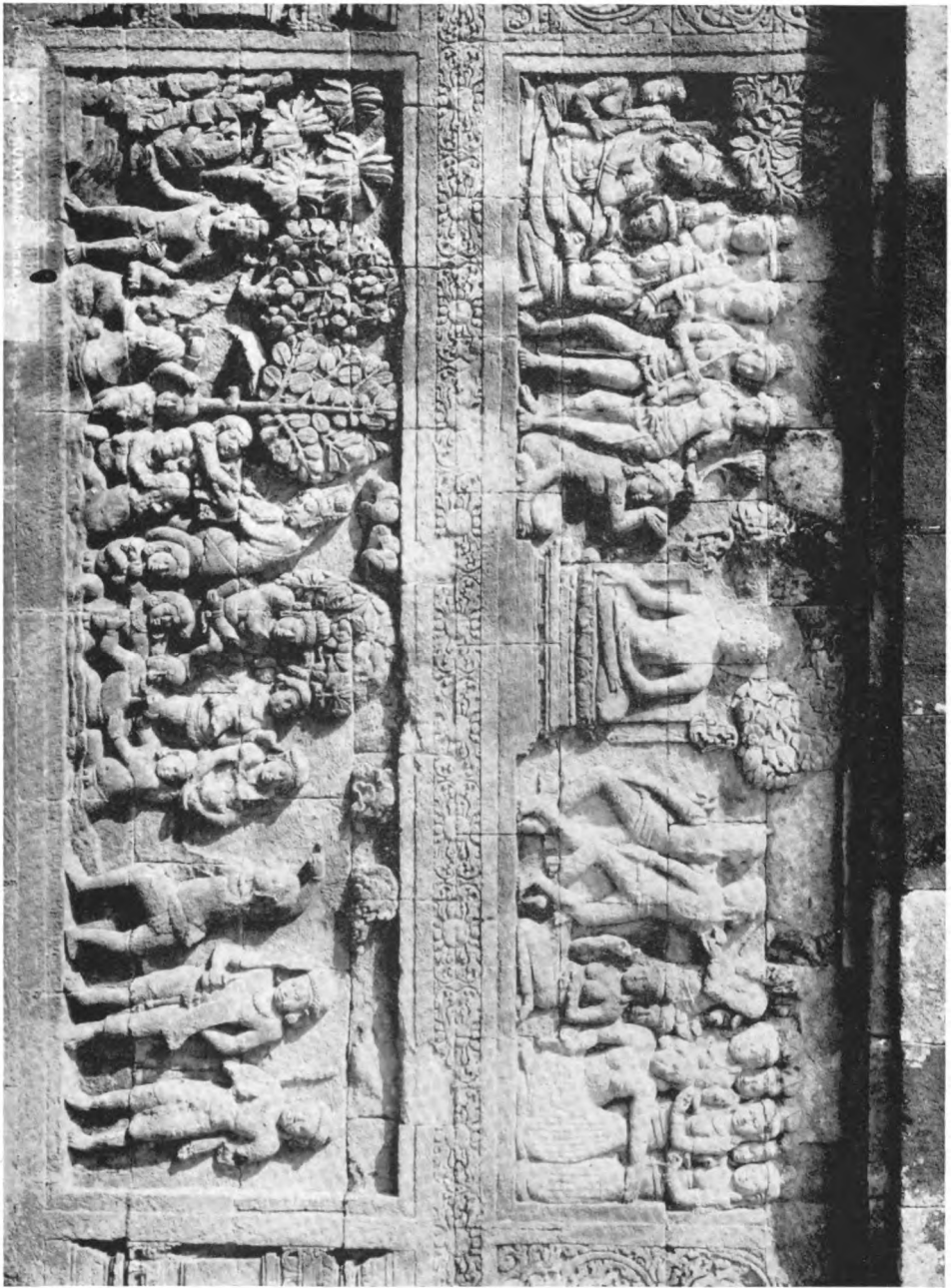
SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE BORO-BOEDOER STŪPA, JAVA

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TERRACE, WITH SCULPTURES; BUDDHIST TEMPLE, BORO-BOEDOER, JAVA



CLOSER VIEW OF SCULPTURES ON TEMPLE AT BORO-BOEDOER

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A 'GUARDIAN OF THE THRESHOLD' (BUDDHIST), FROM JAVA

SCULPTURE IN JAVANESE TEMPLES

This, then, the dissolving of the personality and the firm grasping of the Individuality, is a part of the bounden duty of every man; but when impelled, as it were by some mighty inner force, to action, how shall a man know which one of these two he is following? There is one sure test, a test that will never fail him who is in doubt how to act, if he will but have faith in it. "Am I urged on to act out of consideration for the needs of others, or is my own well-being the motive of the action, however subtly concealed? If a man can answer these two questions, he can be quite sure whether he is on the right path or not. With a steady application of this test to each daily act, the hankerings of the personality will grow fainter and fainter to him who is sincerely desirous of living the real life, till after repeated efforts they are effectually stilled, and in proportion as they are stilled, there comes the development of that rare quality of intuition, which, beyond all reach of doubt, tells a man when to act and when not to act. Then there comes to the aspirant an inner Peace that is beyond all dreaming and expectation.

SCULPTURE IN JAVANESE TEMPLES

C. J. RYAN

 HE Island of Java contains several temples that may veritably be called some of the greatest surviving wonders of the ancient world. How they can have lasted in such good preservation is a marvel, when we learn that they are situated in the heart of the steaming tropics, in a region where active volcanoes cluster more thickly than in any other place on earth and where earthquakes are almost perpetual, where the most luxuriant vegetation is irrigated by deluges of rain for half the year, and where most of them have served as quarries for centuries!

Boro-Boedoer and the Brambanan temples are now well known to travelers as well as to archaeologists, though until the British Governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, during his five years of control after 1811, excavated and explored them, they were absolutely unknown, even to the native Javanese. And yet, as he said: "The interior of Java contains temples that, as works of labor and art, dwarf to nothing all our wonder and admiration at the pyramids of Egypt." Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace said: "The number and beauty of the architectural remains in Java . . . far surpass those of Central America, and perhaps even those of India. . . . The amount of human labor and skill expended on the Great Pyramid of

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Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill-temple (Boro-Boedoer) in the interior of Java." These estimates are rather exaggerated, at least in regard to the *skill* required, for probably nothing in Java or elsewhere approaches in extraordinary perfection of stonecutting the shaping of the gigantic blocks found in some of the more important chambers of the Great Pyramid. The Greeks, with all their skill, never handled such immense stones. Some of the cyclopean remains in Peru bear a closer comparison with the best Egyptian work than anything else. The Javan temples, however, are covered with the richest decoration, and in that respect they display an aesthetic wealth of interest not present in the Pyramids.

The temple of Boro-Boedoer is really a small hill or a large mound covered with masonry consisting chiefly of terraces and galleries whose walls are covered with sculptures in high relief, which, if placed in a line, would extend for three miles. The date of the erection of the temple is not exactly known; history is vague, and no inscriptions are visible, though there may be some concealed behind the broad platform which hides the lower walls of the structure. The temple was probably built in the seventh century A. D., for it is known that a great Buddhist Empire succeeded a Brâhmanical one at that period, and mention is made in an inscription found in the neighboring island of Sumatra that a king of Java erected, about that time, a great seven-storied Vihâra in honor of the Five Dhyâni-Buddhas. The Mohammedan conquest in the fifteenth century overthrew the Brâhmanical religion, which had again become popular upon the decline of Buddhism.

Our illustrations represent some of the sculpture from Boro-Boedoer. The subjects are largely taken from the life of Gautama-Buddha. The aim of the designer seems to have been to wean the mind of the devotee from earthly to heavenly things as the ascent is made to the dome on the summit. The lowest carvings represent landscapes, scenes of outdoor and domestic life, fishing, archery, and playing the bagpipes; but as you ascend, the religious motive increases, until the mysterious and concealed image of Buddha is reached, surrounded by more than five hundred minor Buddhas enshrined in niches and latticed dagobas. The highest one was left unfinished, hidden from view under a solid cupola, fifty feet in diameter. This figure, brooding alone in silence and darkness, high above the common things of earth, is a highly symbolic and poetical conception. Its incomplete state implies that no human chisel could fitly represent the majesty of a great soul that had reached the supreme state, Nirvâna. The statue was found when English engineers broke a hole in the highest dome.

The gigantic figure with staring eyes is not intended to be an object

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of beauty; it is one of those protecting monsters usually found outside Buddhist temples, a 'Guardian of the Threshold,' and it has a symbolic meaning plainly evident to students of Theosophy. Notwithstanding its threatening appearance, its club and coiled snake, it holds a hand in the attitude of blessing.

One of the most astonishing things about the Brâhmanical and Buddhist temples of Java is their resemblance to those of Yucatan and Guatemala in America. M. de Charnay has summed up the resemblances between them as consisting in the same order of bold statues of deities; the pyramidal form of temple with staircases up the middle of the sides; the small chapels with subterranean vaults below; the same interior construction; the general effect of the details of ornamentation, terraces and esplanades, etc. And yet we do not suspect any connexion between America and the East Indies at the date usually assigned to the Javanese buildings. There is some mystery here, and it is deepened by the existence of another group of temples near Solo (Soerakarta) in middle Java, which are the most puzzling and the least known of all such remains in that country. Mrs. Scidmore, in *Java: the Garden of the East*, says:

"They are of severe form and massive construction, without traces of any carved ornament, and the solid pylons, truncated pyramids, and great obelisks, standing on successive platforms or terraces, bear such surprising resemblances to the monuments of ancient Egypt and Central America that speculation is offered a wide range and free field. The images found there are ruder than any other island sculptures, and everything points to these strange temples having been the shrines of an earlier, simpler faith than any now observed or of which there is any record. These Suku temples were discovered in 1814 by Major Johnson, the British officer residing at the native court of Solo. They were unknown to the natives; there were no inscriptions found, nothing in the native records or traditions to lead to any solution of their mysteries; and no further attempts have been made toward discovering the origin of these vast constructions since Sir Stamford Raffles's day."

It may be that the link between ancient America and the East Indies will be found in these mysterious buildings, and that their style inspired Boro-Boedoer and other comparatively recent Buddhist and Brâhmanical temples. This seems more probable than that the latter were derived directly from America. De Charnay, who failed to see them, consoled himself with a report that the visible ruins at Solo were only restorations dating from the fourteenth century. However this may be, he was sufficiently impressed by what he had seen elsewhere and by what he heard about Solo to consider it incredible that the extraordinary resemblance between so many Javanese buildings and those of Yucatan and Guatemala should be merely a coincidence; if so, it would be absolutely unique in the history of art.


(See the illustrated article, 'Boro-Boedoer, the Great Pyramid of Java,' in the November, 1917, issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.)

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

IX — THE DRAGON AND THE BLUE PEARL

 HE horizon of Chinese history lies near the middle of the third millennium B. C. The first date sinologists dare swear to is 776; in which year an eclipse of the sun is recorded, that actually did happen: it is set down, not as a thing interesting in itself, but as ominous of the fall of wicked kings. Here, then, in the one place where there is any testing the annals, it appears they are sound enough; which might be thought to speak well for them. But our scholars are so demnebly logical, as Mr. Mantalini would say, that to them it only proves this: you are to accept no date earlier. One general solar indorsement will not do; you must have an eclipse for everything you believe, and trust nothing unless the stars in their courses bear witness.

Well; we have fortunately Halley's Comet in the Bayeux Tapestry for our familiar 1066; but beware! everything before that is to be taken as pure fudge!

The fact is there is no special reason for doubting either chronology or sequence of events up to about 2357 B. C., in which year the Patriarch Yao came to the throne. He was the first of those three, Yao, Shun, and Yü, who have been ever since the patterns for all Chinese rulers who have aspired to be Confucianly good. "Be like Yao, Shun, and Yü; do as they did"; — there you have the word of Confucius to all emperors and governors of states.

Yao, it is true, is said to have reigned a full century, or but one year short of it. This is perhaps the first improbability we come to; and even of this we may say that some people do live a long time. None of his successors repeated the indiscretion. Before him came a line of six sovereigns with little historic verisimilitude: they must be called faint memories of epochs, not actual men. The first of them, Fo-hi (2852-2738), was half man, half dragon; which is being interpreted, of course, an Adept King; — or say a line of Adept Kings. As for the dates given him, I suppose there is nothing exact about them; that was all too far back for memory; it belongs to reminiscence. Before Fo-hi came the periods of the Nest-Builders, of the Man-Kings, the Earth-Kings, and the Heaven-

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Kings; then P'an K'u, who built the worlds; then, at about two and a quarter million years before Confucius, the emanation of Duality from the Primal One. All this, of course, is merely the exoteric account; but it shows at least that the Chinese never fell into such fatuity as we of the West, with our creation six trumpety millenniums ago.

This much we may say: about the time when Yao is said to have come to the throne a manvantara began, which would have finished its course of fifteen centuries in 850 or so B. C. It is a period we see only as through a glass darkly: what is told about it is, to recent and defined history, as a ghost to a living man. There is no reason why it should not have been an age of high civilization and cultural activities; but all is too shadowy to say what they were. To its first centuries are accredited works of engineering that would make our greatest modern achievements look small: common sense would say, probably the reminiscence of something actual. Certainly the Chinese emerged from it, and into daylight history, not primitive but effete: senile, not childlike. That may be only a racial peculiarity, a national prejudice, of course.

And where should you look, back of 850 B. C., to find actual history — human motives, speech and passions — or what to our eyes should appear such? As things near the time-horizon, they lose their keen outlines and grow blurred and dim. The Setis and Thothmeses are names to us, with no personality attaching; though we have discovered their mummies, and know the semblance of their features, our imagination cannot clothe them with life. We can hear a near Napoleon joking, but not a far-off Rameses. We can call Justinian from his grave, and traverse the desert with Mohammed; but can hold no converse with Manu or Hammurabi; — because these two dwell well this side of the time-horizon, but the epochs of those are far beyond it. The stars set: the summer evenings forget Orion, and the nights of winter the beauty of Fomalhaut: though there is a long slope between the zenith *Now* and the sea-rim, what has once gone down beyond the west of time we cannot recall or refashion. So that old Chinese manvantara is gone after the Dragon Fo-hi and the Yellow Emperor, after the Man-Kings and the Earth-Kings and the Heaven-Kings; and Yao, Shun, and Yü the Great, and the kings of Hia, and Shang, and even Chow, are but names and shadows

Quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,

— we cannot make them interestingly alive. But it does not follow that they did not live when they are supposed to have lived, or do the things attributed to them. Their architecture was ephemeral, and bears no witness to them; they built no pyramids to flout time; they raised no monument — but a people, a culture, an idea that still endures.

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Then, too, we shall see that at the beginning of the last Chinese manvantara a conscious attempt was made to break wholly with the past,— to wipe it from human memory, and begin all anew. Such a thing happened in Babylon once: there had been a Sargon in remote antiquity with great deeds to his credit; thousands of years after, another Sargon arose, who envied his fame; and, being a king, and absolute, decreed that all the years intervening should never have existed — merged his own in the personality of his remote predecessor, and so provided a good deal of muddlement for archaeologists to come. Indeed, such a thing almost happened in France at the Revolution. It is said that in some French schools now you find children with a vague idea that things more or less began with the taking of the Bastille: that there was a misty indefinable period between the 12th of October (or on whatever day it was Eve's apple ripened) and the glorious 14th of July; — an age of prehistory, wandered through by unimportant legendary figures such as Jeanne Darc, Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, which we may leave to the superstitious — and come quickly to the real flesh and blood of M. de Mirabeau and Citizen Danton. — Even so, in our own time, China herself, wearied with the astral molds and inner burdens of two millenniums, has been writhing in a fever of destruction: has burnt down the Hanlin College, symbol and center of a thousand years of culture; destroyed old and famous cities; sent up priceless encyclopaedias in smoke; replaced the Empire with a republic, and the Dragon of Wisdom with five meaningless stripes; — breaking with all she was in her brilliant greatness, and all she has been since in her weakness and squalid decline. — We ask why history is not continuous; why there are these strange hiatuses and droppings out?— the answer is simple enough. It is because Karma, long piled up, must sometime break out upon the world. The inner realms become clogged with the detritus of ages of activity, till all power to think and do is gone: there is no room nor scope left for it. The weight of what has been thought and done, of old habit, presses down on men, obstructs and torments them, till they go mad and riot and destroy. The manvantara opens: the Crest-Wave, the great tide of life, rushes in. It finds the world of mind cluttered up and encumbered; there is an acute disparity between the future and the past, which produces a kind of psychic maelström. Blessed is that nation then, which has a man at its head who can guide things, so that the good may not go with the bad, the useful with the useless! The very facts that Ts'in Shi Hwangti, when the manvantara opened at the beginning of the third century B. C., was driven (you may say) to do what ruthless drastic things he did,— and that his action was followed by such wonderful results — are proof enough that a long manvantara crowded with cultural and national activities

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had run its course in the past, and clogged the astral, and made progress impossible. But what he did do, throws the whole of that past manvantara, and to some extent the pralaya that followed it, into the realm of shadows. — He burnt the literature.

In a few paragraphs let me summarize the history of that past age whose remnants Ts'in Shi Hwangti thus sought to sweep away. — Yao adopted Shun for his successor; in whose reign for nine years China's Sorrow, that mad bull of waters, the Hoangho, raged incessantly, carrying the world down towards the sea. Then Ta Yü, who succeeded Shun on the throne presently, devised and carried through those great engineering works referred to above: — cut through mountains, yoked the mad bull, and saved the world from drowning. He was, says H. P. Blavatsky, an Adept; and had learnt his wisdom from the Teachers in the Snowy Range of Si-Dzang or Tibet. His dynasty, called the Hia, kept the throne until 1766; ending with the downfall of a cruel weakling. Followed then the House of Shang until 1122: set up by a wise and merciful Tang the Completer, brought to ruin by a vicious tyrant Chousin. It was Ki-tse, a minister of this last, and a great sage himself, who, fleeing from the persecutions of his royal master, established monarchy, civilization, and social order in Corea.

Another great man of the time was Wön Wang, Duke of the Palatinate of Chow, a state on the western frontier whose business was to protect China from the Huns. Really, those Huns were a thing to marvel at: we first hear of them in the reign of the Yellow Emperor, two or three centuries before Yao; they were giving trouble then, a good three millenniums before Attila. Wön Wang, fighting on the frontier, withstood these kindly souls; and all China looked to him with a love he deserved. Which of course roused King Chousin's jealousy; and when a protest came from the great soldier against the debaucheries and misgovernment at the capital, the king roused himself and did what he could: imprisoned the protestant, as he dared not kill him. During the three years of his imprisonment Wön Wang compiled the mysterious I-King, or Book of Changes; of which Confucius said, that were another half century added to his life, he would spend them all in studying it. No western scholar, one may safely say, has ever found a glimmer of meaning in it; but all the ages of China have held it profounder than the profound.

His two sons avenged Wön Wang; they roused the people, recruited an army in their palatinate — perhaps enlisted Huns too — and swept away Chousin and his dynasty. They called their new royal house after their native land, Chow: Wu Wang, the elder of the two, becoming its first king, and his brother the Duke of Chow, his prime minister. I say *king*; for the title was now *Wang* merely; though there had been *Hwangtis*

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or Emperors of old. Wön Wang and his two sons are the second Holy Trinity of China; Yao, Shun, and Ta Yü being the first. They figure enormously in the literature: are stars in the far past, to which all eyes, following the august example of Confucius, are turned. There is little to be said about them: they are either too near the horizon, or too little of their history has been Englished, for us to see them in their habit as they lived; yet some luster of real greatness still seems to shine about them. It was the Duke of Chow, apparently, who devised or restored that whole Chinese religio-political system which Confucius revived and impressed so strongly on the stuff of the ideal world — for he could get no ruler of his day to establish it in the actualities — that it lasted until the beginning of a new manvantara is shattering it now. That it was based on deep knowledge of the hidden laws of life there is this (among a host of other things) to prove: Music was an essential part of it. When, a few years ago, the tiny last of the Manchu emperors came to the throne, an edict was published decreeing that, to fit him to govern the empire, the greatest care should be taken with his education in music. A wisdom, truly, that the West has forgotten!

When William of Normandy conquered England, he rewarded his followers with fiefs: in England, while English land remained so to be parceled out; afterwards (he and his successors) with unconquered lands in Wales, and then in Ireland. They were to carve out baronies and earldoms for themselves; and the Celtic lands thus stolen became known as the Marches: their rulers, more or less independent, but doing homage to the king, as Lords Marchers. The kings of Chow adopted the same plan. Their old Duchy Palatinate became the model for scores of others. China itself — a very small country then — southern Shansi, northern Honan, western Shantung — was first divided up under the feudal system; the king retaining a domain, known as Chow, in Honan, for his own. Then princes and nobles — some of the blood royal, some of the old Shang family, some risen from the ranks — were given warrant to conquer lands for themselves from the barbarians beyond the frontier: so you got rid of the ambitious, and provided Chow with comfortable buffers. They went out, taking a measure of Chinese civilization with them, and conquered or cajoled Huns, Turks, Tatars, Laos, Shans, Annamese, and all that kind of people, into accepting them for their rulers. It was a work, as you may imagine, of centuries; with as much history going forward as during any centuries you might name. The states thus formed were young, compared to China; and as China grew old and weak, they grew into their vigorous prime. The infinity of human activities that has been! These Chow ages seem like the winking of an eye; but they were crowded with great men and small, great deeds and trivialities, like our own.

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The time will come when our 'Anglo-Saxon' history will be written thus: England sent out colonies, and presently the colonies grew stronger and more populous than England; — and it will be enough, without mention of the Pitts and Lincolns, the Washingtons and Gladstones, that now make it seem so full and important.

By 850 the balance of power had left or was leaving the Chow king at Honanfu. His own subjects had grown unwarlike, and he could hardly command even their allegiance; for each man's feudal duty was first to his own duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron; — strangely enough, there were those five degrees of nobility in ancient China as in modern England. Of these nobles, each with his court and feudal dominion, there were in what we may call China Proper some unascertainable number between thirteen and a hundred and fifty: mostly small and insignificant, but mostly, too, full of schemes and ambitions.

But it was the Lords Marchers that counted. One after another of them had wrested from the Chow the title of *Wang* or King; it was not enough for them to be dukes and marquises. Then came a time when a sort of Bretwalda-ship was established; to be wielded by whichever of them happened to be strongest — and generally to be fought for between whiles: a glorious and perpetual bone of contention. International law went by the board. The Chow domain, the duchies and marquisates, lay right in the path of the contestants — midmost of all, and most to be trampled. Was Tsin to march all round the world, when a mere scurry across neutral (and helpless) Chow would bring it at the desired throat of Ts'u? — A question not to be asked! — There at Honanfu sat the Chow king, head of the national religion, head of the state with its feudatories, receiving (when it suited them to pay it) the annual homage of all those loud and greedy potentates, who for the rest kicked him about as they pleased, and ordered each other to obey him,— for was he not still the Son of Heaven, possessor of the Nine Tripods of Sovereignty, the tripods of Ta Yü? — So the centuries passed, growing worse and worse ever, from the ninth to the sixth: an age of anarchy, bad government, disorder, crime and the clash of ambitions: when there was a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; — and we know what manner of incarnation, at such times, is likely to happen.

Conditions had outgrown the astral molds made for them in the last manvantara: the molds that had been made for a small homogeneous China. The world had expanded, and was no longer homogeneous: China herself was not homogeneous; and she found on all sides of her very heterogeneous Ts'ins, Tsins, Ts'is, Ts'us, Wus and Yuehs; each of whom, like so many Great Powers of our own times, had the best of intentions to partake of her sacramental body when God's will so should

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be. — Indeed, the situation was very much as we have seen it.

Then, as now (or recently), China was old, inert, tired, and unwarlike; must depend on her cunning, and chiefly on their divisions, for what protection she might get against the rapacious and strong. She was dull, sleepy and unimaginative, and wanted only to be left alone; yet teemed, too, with ambitious politicians, each with his sly wires to pull. Her culture, ancient and decrepit, was removed by aeons from all glamor of beginnings. — For a good European parallel, in this respect, you might go to Constantinople in the Middle Ages, when it hung ripe on the bough, so to say, and waiting to fall into Latin, Turkish, Bulgar, or even Russian jaws, whichever at the psychic moment should be gaping and ready beneath. There too was the sense of old age and sterility; of disillusionment; of all fountains and inspirations run dry. — In ancient Greece, it was no such far cry back from the essential modernity of Pericles' or of Plato's time to the antiquity of Homer's. In India, the faery light of an immemorial dawn mingles so with the facts of history that there is no disentangling myth from matter-of-fact; if you should prove almost any king to have reigned quite recently, his throne would still be somehow set in the mellow past and near the fountains of time. Augustan Rome, modern in all its phases, stands not so far in front of a background peopled with nymphs and Sibyls: a past in which the Great Twin Brothers might fight at Lake Regillus, and stern heroes make fantastic sacrifices for Rome. Even modern Europe is much less modern than Medieval Constantinople or Chow China. We can breathe still the mysterious atmosphere of the Middle Ages; you shall find still, and that not in remote countries only, fairy-haunted valleys; a few hours out from London, and you shall be in the heart of druidry, and among peoples whose life is very near to Poetry. But China, in those first pre-Confucian centuries, was desperately prosaic: not so much modern, as pertaining to an ugly not impossible future. Antiquity was far, far away. The dawn with its glow and graciousness; noon and the prime with their splendor, were as distant and unimaginable as from our American selves the day when Charlemain with all his peers went down. If you can imagine an America several hundred years from now — one in which Point Loma had never been; several hundred years more unromantic than this one; an America fallen and grown haggard and toothless; with all impulse to progress and invention gone; with centrifugal tendencies always loosening the bond of union; advancing, and having steadily advanced, further from all religious sanctions, from anything she may retain of the atmosphere of mystery and folk-lore and the poetry of racial childhood; — you may get a picture of the mental state of that China. A material civilization, with (except in war areas) reasonable security of life and goods, remained

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to her. Her people lived in good houses, wore good clothes, used chairs and tables, chopsticks, plates and dishes of pottery; had for transit boats, carts and chariots,* wheelbarrows I suppose, and "cany wagons light." They had a system of writing, the origin of which was lost in remote antiquity; a large literature, of which fragments remain. They were home-loving, war-hating, quiet, stagnant, cunning perhaps, quite unenterprising; they lived in the valley of the Hoangho, and had not discovered, or had forgotten, the Yangtse to the south of them, and the sea to the east. They might have their local loyalties and patriotism of the pork-barrel, and a certain arrogance of race: belief in the essential superiority of the Black-haired People to the barbarians on their borders; but no high feeling for Chu Hia — All the Chinas; — no dream of a possible national union and greatness. Some three hundred of their folk-ballads come down to us, which are as unlike the folk-ballads of Europe as may be. They do not touch on the supernatural; display no imagination; there are no ghosts or fairies; there is no glory or delight in war; there is no glory in anything; — but only an intense desirability in *home*,—in staying at home with your family, and doing your work in the fields. And nothing of what we should call romance even in this home-love: the chief tie is that between parents and children, not that between husband and wife, and still less that between lovers. There is much moralizing and wistful sadness. — Such was the life of the peasants; at the other pole was the life of the courts: intrigue and cunning, and what always goes with cunning — ineptitude; a good measure of debauchery; some finicking unimportant refinement; each man for self and party, and none for Gods and Men. We have to do, not with the bright colors of the childhood of a race, but with the grayness of its extreme old age. Those who will may argue that you can have old age with never a prime, youth, or childhood behind it. Some say that Laotse was born at sixty-one, or seventy, or eighty-two years old — a few decades more or less are not worth bothering about — whence his name *lao tse*, the *old son* (but *tse* may also mean *Teacher* or *Philosopher*). But I misdoubt the accuracy of such accounts, myself. I think it likely he was a baby to begin with, like the majority of us. And I imagine his country had been young, too, before she grew old; — as young as America, and as vigorous.

— Among such a people, how much should you expect to find of the Sacred Mysteries? — There were the Nine Tripods of Ta Yü with the king at Honanfu, to say that his kingdom had behind it symbolic sanctions; there was the Book of Changes; there was the system of the

**Chinese Literature*: Giles; — whence also much else in these articles.

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Duke of Chow, more dishonored in the breach than honored in the observance. . . . For the rest, you might as well look for the Eleusinia in Chicago. Who could believe in religion, those days? — Well; it was the pride of some of the little duchies and marquisates to keep up a reputation for orthodoxy: there was Lu in Shantung, for example,— very strict.* (As strictness went, we may say.) And if you wished to study ritual, you went up to Honanfu to do so; where, too, was the National or Royal Library, where profitable years might be spent. But who, except enthusiasts, was to treat religion seriously? — when one saw the doddering Head of Religion yearly flouted, kicked about and hustled in his own capital by his Barbarian Highness the 'King' — so he must now style himself and be styled, where in better days 'Count Palatine' or 'Lord Marcher' would have served his turn well enough — of Ts'in or Tsin or Ts'i or Ts'u, who would come thundering down with his chariots when he pleased, and without with-your-leave or by-your-leave, march past the very gates of Honanfu; — and lucky if he did march past, and not come in and stay awhile; — on his way to attacking his Barbarian Highness the 'King' of somewhere else. The God that is to be sincerely worshiped must, as this world goes, be able now and then to do some little thing for his vicegerent on earth; and Heaven did precious little in those days for the weakling King-pontiff puppets at Honanfu. A mad world, my masters!

— Wherein, too, we had our symbols: — the Dragon, the Sky-wanderer, with something heavenly to say; but alas! the Dragon had been little visible in our skies of Chu Hia these many years or centuries; — the Tiger, brute muscularity, lithe terrible limbs, fearful claws and teeth,— we knew him much better! This, heaven knew, was the day of the Tiger — of earthly strength and passions; were there not those three great tigers up north, Ts'in, Tsin, and Ts'i; and as many more southward; and all hungry and strong? — And also, some little less thought of perhaps, the Phoenix, Secular Bird, that burns itself at the end of each cycle, and arises from its ashes young and dazzling again: the Phoenix — but little thought of, these days; for was not the world old and outworn, and toppling down towards a final crash? The days of Chu Hia were gone, its future all in the long past; no one dared dream of a time when there should be something better than Yen diddling Lu, or Ts'u beating Ts'i at a good set-to with these new sixty-warrior-holding chariots. Who should think of the Phoenix — and of a new age to come when there should be no more Yen and Lu and Chow and Tsin and Ts'in, but one broad and mighty realm, a Middle, a Celestial Kingdom,— such a Chu Hia

**Ancient China Simplified*: E. Harper Parker; — also much drawn on.

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as time had no memory of; — to whose throne the Hun himself should bow, or whose hosts should drive him out of Asia; — a Chu Hia to whom tribute should come from the uttermost ends of the earth? Who should dream of the Secular Bird now,— as improbable a creature, in these dark days of the Tiger, as that old long-lost Sky-wanderer the Dragon himself?

— Let be; let three little centuries pass; let the funeral pyre but be kindled, and quite burn itself out; and let the ashes grow cold —

And behold you now, this Phoenix of the World, bright and dazzling, rising up from them! Behold you now this same Black-haired People, young, strong, vigorous, gleaming with all the rainbow hues of romance and imagination; conquering and creative, and soon to strew the jewels of faërie over all the Eastern World. . . .

But this is to anticipate: to take you on to the second century B. C.; whereas I want you now in the sixth. — I said that you should find better chances for study in the Royal Library at Honanfu, could you get together the means for journeying thither, than anywhere else in Chu Hia. That was particularly true in the latter part of that sixth century; because there was a man by the name of Li Urh, chief librarian there, from whom, if you cared to, you might hear better things than were to be found in the books in his charge. His fame, it appears, has gone abroad through the world; although his chief aim seems to be to keep in the shadows and not be talked about. Scholars resort to him from far and near; one of them, the greatest of all, who came to him in the year 517 and was (if we are to believe accounts) treated without too much mercy, came out awestruck, and said: "Today I have seen the Dragon."— What! that little old man with the bald head and straggly lank Chinese beard? — Like enough, like enough! — they are not all, as you look at them with these physical eyes, to be seen winged and wandering the heavens. . . .

But wandering the heavens, this one, yes! He has the blue ether about him, even there in the Library among the books. — He has a way of putting things in little old quiet paradoxes that seem to solve all the problems,— to take you out of the dust and clatter of this world, into the serenity of the Dragon-world where all problems are solved, or non-existent. Chu Hia is all a fuss and turmoil, and running the headlong Gadarene road; but the Old Philosopher — as he has come to be called — has anchorage right outside of and above it, and speaks from the calmness of the peaks of heaven. A kind of school forms itself around him; his wisdom keeps provincials from returning home, and the young men of the capital from commonplace courses. Though he has been accredited with much authorship, I think he wrote nothing; living among books, he had rather a contempt for them,— as things at the best for patching up

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and cossetting life, new windings and wrappings for its cocoon; — whereas he would have had the whole cocoon stripped away, and the butterfly beautifully airing its wings. Be that as it may, there are, shall we say, stenographers among his disciples, and his sayings come down to us. They have to do with the Way, the Truth, and the Life; which things, and much else, are included in Chinese in the one word *Tao*.

“The main purpose of his studies,” says Ssema Tsien (the ‘Father of Chinese History’), “was to keep himself concealed and unknown.” In this he succeeded admirably, so far as all future ages were to be concerned; for Ssema himself, writing in the reign of Han Wuti some four centuries later, could be by no means sure of his identity. He tells us all we know, or think we know, about Laotse: — that he was born in a village in southern Honan; kept the Royal Library at Honanfu; met Confucius there in 517; and at last rode away on his ox into the west, leaving the *Tao Teh King* with the Keeper of the Pass on the frontier; — and then goes on to say that there were two other men “whom many regarded as having been the real Laotse”: one of them Lao Lai, a contemporary of Confucius, who wrote fifteen treatises on the practices of the school of Tao; the other, a “Grand Historiographer of Chow,” Tan by name, who lived some century and a quarter later. To me this is chiefly interesting as a suggestion that the ‘School of Tao’ was a thing existent and well-established at that time, and with more than one man writing about it.

It may well have been. Taoists ascribe the foundation of their religion to the Yellow Emperor, twenty-eight centuries B. C.; but there never was time Tao was not; nor, I suppose, when there was quite no knowledge of it, even in China. In the old manvantara, past now these three hundred years, the Black-haired People had wandered far enough from such knowledge; — with the accumulation of complexities, with the piling up of encumberments of thought and deed during fifteen hundred busy years of intensive civilization. As long as that piling up had not entirely covered away Tao, the Supreme Simplicity, the Clear Air; — as long as men could find scope to think and act and accomplish things; — so long the manvantara lasted; when nothing more that was useful could be accomplished, and action could no longer bring about its expectable results (because all that old dead weight was there to interpose itself between new causes set in motion and their natural outcome) — then the pralaya set in. You see, that is why pralayas do set in; why they must; — why no nation can possibly go on at a pitch of greatness and high activity beyond a certain length of time. — And all that activity of the manvantara — all that fuss and bustle to achieve greatness and fortune—it had all been an obscuration of and moving away from Tao.

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The Great Teachers come into this world out of the Unknown, bringing the essence of their Truth with them. We know well what they will teach: in some form or another it will be Theosophy; it will be the old self-evident truths about Karma and the two natures of man. But how they will teach it: what kind of sugar-coating or bitter aloes they will prescribe along with it: — that, I think, depends on reactions from the age they come in and the people whom they are to teach. It is almost certain, as I said, that Li Urh the Old Philosopher left no writings. “Who knows, does not tell,” said he; and Po Chu-i quotes this, and pertinently adds: “what then of his own five thousand words and more?” — the *Tao Teh King*. That book was proved centuries ago, in China, not to have come, as it stands, even from Laotse’s age; because there are characters in it that were invented long afterwards. The wisest thing to believe is that it is made up mostly of his sayings, taken down by his disciples in the Pitman of the time; and surviving, with accretions and losses perhaps, through the disquiet of the next two centuries, and the burning of the books, and everything. Because whatever vicissitudes may have befallen it, one does hear in its maxims the tones of a real voice: one man’s voice, with a timbre in it that belongs to the Lords of Wisdom. And to me, despite Lao Lai and Tan the Grand Historiographer, it is the voice of an old man in the seclusion of the Royal Library: a happy little bald-headed straggly-bearded old man anxious to keep himself unknown and unapplauded; it is a voice attuned to quietness, and to mental reactions from the thunder of the armies, the drums and tramlings and fuss and insolence of his day. I thoroughly believe in the old man in the Royal Library, and the riding away an-oxback at last into the west, — where was Si Wang Mu’s Faery Garden, and the Gobi Desert, with sundry oases therein whereof we have heard. I can hear that voice, with childlike wonder in it, and Adept-like seriousness, and childlike and Adept-like laughter not far behind, in such sayings as these: “Tao is like the emptiness of a vessel; and the use of it, we may say, must be free from all self-sufficiency. How deep and mysterious it is, as if it were the author of all things! We should make our sharpness blunt, and unravel the complications of things. . . . How still and clear is Tao, a phantasm with the semblance of permanence! I do not know whose son it is. It might appear to have been before God.”

We see in Christendom the effects of belief in a personal God, and also the inefficacy of mere ethics. Believers make their God in their own image, and nourish their personalities imitating an imitation of themselves. At the best of times they take their New Testament ethics, distil from these every virtue and excellent quality, and posit the result as the characteristics of their Deity: — the result, plus a selfhood; and

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therefore the great delusion and heresy, Separateness, is the link that binds the whole together. It is after all but a swollen personality; and whether you swell your personality with virtues or vices, the result is an offense. There is a bridge, razor-edged, between earth and heaven; and you can never carry that load across it. Laotse, supremely ethical in effect, had a cordial detestation — take this gingerly! — of un-reinforced ethics. “When the great Tao is lost,” says he, “men follow after charity and duty to one’s neighbor.” Again: “When Tao is lost, virtue takes its place. When virtue is lost, benevolence succeeds to it. When benevolence is lost, justice ensues. When justice is lost, then we have expediency.” He does not mean, of course, that these things are bad; but simply that they are the successive stages of best things left when Tao is lost sight of; none of them in itself a high enough aim. They are all included in Tao, as the less in the greater. He describes to you the character of the man of Tao; but your conduct is to be the effect of following Tao; and you do not attain Tao by mere practice of virtue; though you naturally practise virtue, without being aware of it, while following Tao. It all throws wonderful light on the nature of the Adept; about whom you have said nothing at all when you have accredited him with all the virtues. Joan was blemishless; but not thereby did she save France; — she could do that because, as Laotse would have said, being one with Tao, she flowed out into her surroundings, accomplishing absolutely her part in the universal plan. No compilation of virtues would make a Teacher (such as we know): it is a case of the total absence of everything that should prevent the natural Divine Part of man from functioning in this world as freely and naturally as the sun shines or the winds blow. The sun and the stars and the tides and the wind and the rain — there is that perfect glowing simplicity in them all: the Original, the Root of all things, Tao. *Be like them*, says Laotse, *impersonal and simple*. “I hold fast to and cherish Three Precious Things,” he says: “Gentleness, Economy, Humility.” Why? So, you would say, do the ethics of the New Testament; such is the preaching of the Christian Churches. But (in the latter case) for reasons quite unlike Laotse’s. For we make of them too often virtues to be attained, that shall render us meek and godly, acceptable in the eyes of the Lord, and I know not what else: riches laid up in heaven; a pamperment of satisfaction; easily to become a cloak for self-righteousness and, if worse can be, worse. But *tut!* Laotse will not be bothered with riches here or elsewhere. With him these precious things are simply absences that come to be when obstructive presences are thrown off. No sanctimoniousness for the little Old Man in the Royal Library!

He would draw minds away to the silence of the Great Mystery,

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which is the fountain of laughter, of life, the unmarred; and he would have them abide there in absolute harmony. Understand him, and you understand what he did for China. It is from that Inner Thing, that Tao, that all nourishment comes and all greatness. You must go out with your eyes open to search for it: watch for Dragons in the sky; for the Laugher, the Golden Person, in the Sun: watch for Tao, ineffably sparkling and joyous — and quiet — in the trees; listen for it in the winds and in the sea-roar; and have nothing in your own heart but its presence and omnipresence and wonder-working joy. How can you flow out to the moments, and capture the treasure in them; how can you flow out to Tao, and inherit the stars, and have the sea itself flowing in your veins; — if you are blocked with a desire, or a passion for things mortal, or a grudge against someone, or a dislike? Beauty is Tao: it is Tao that shines in the flowers: the rose, the bluebell, the daffodil — the wistaria, the chrysanthemum, the peony — they are little avatars of Tao; they are little gateways into the Kingdom of God. How can you know them, how can you go in through them, how can you participate in the laughter of the planets and the angelic clans, through their ministration, if you are preoccupied with the interests or the wants of contemptible you, the personality? Laotse went lighting little stars for the Black-haired People: went pricking the opacity of heaven, that the Light of lights might filter through. If you call him a philosopher, you credit him with an intellectualism that really he did not bother to possess. Rather he stood by the Wells of Poetry, and was spiritual progenitor of thousands of poets. There is no way to Poetry but Laotse's Way. You think you must go abroad and see the world; you must not; that is only a hindrance: a giving the eyes too many new externals, to hinder them from looking for that which you may see, as he says, 'through your own window.' If you traverse the whole world seeking, you will never come nearer to the only thing that counts, which is Here, and Now. Seek to feed your imagination on outward things, on doings and events, and you will perhaps excite, but surely soon starve it. But at the other pole, the inner — "How deep and mysterious is Tao, as if it were the author of all things!" — And then I hear someone ask him whence it originated — someone fishing for a little metaphysics, some dose of philosophy. What! catch Laotse? "I know," said Confucius, "how birds fly, beasts run, fishes swim. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, the flyer shot with an arrow. But there is the Dragon; I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds and rises into heaven." No; you cannot hook, snare, or shoot the Dragon. "I do not know whose son Tao is," says Laotse. "It might appear to have been before God."

So I adhere to the tale of the old man in the Royal Library, holding

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wonderful quiet conversations there; that "it might appear to have been before God" is enough to convince me. There was a man once* — I forget his name, but we may call him Cho Kung for our purposes; he was of affable demeanor, and an excellent flautist; and had an enormous disbelief in ghosts, bogies, goblins, and 'supernatural' beings of every kind. It seized him with the force of a narrow creed; and he went forth to missionarize, seeking disputants. He found one in the Chief Librarian of some provincial library: who confessed to a credulousness along that line, and seemed willing to talk. Here then were grand opportunities — for a day's real enjoyment, with perchance a creditable convert to be won at the end of it. Behold them sitting down to the fray, in the shadows among the books: the young Cho Kung, affable (I like the word well), voluble and earnest; the old Librarian, mild, with little to say but *buts* and *ifs*, and courteous even beyond the wont in that "last refuge of good manners," China. All day long they sat; and affable Cho, like Sir Macklin in the poem,

"Argued high and argued low,
And likewise argued round about him";

until by fall of dusk the Librarian was fairly beaten. So cogent were Cho's arguments, so loud and warm his eloquence, so entirely convincing his facts adduced — his modern instances, as you may say — that there really was nothing for the old man to answer. Ghosts were not; genii were ridiculously unthinkable; supernatural beings could not exist, and it was absurd to think they could. The Librarian had not a leg to stand on; that was flat. Accordingly he rose to his feet — and bowed. — "Sir," said he, with all prescribed honorifics, "undoubtedly you are victorious. The contemptible present speaker sees the error of his miserable ways. He is convinced. It remains for him only to add" — and here something occurred to make Cho rub his eyes — "that *he is himself a supernatural being.*" — And with that his form and limbs distend, grow misty — and he vanishes in a cloud up through the ceiling. — You see, those old librarians in China had a way of doing things which was all their own.

So Li Urh responded to the confusions of his day. Arguments? — You could hardly call them so; there is very little arguing, where Tao is concerned. The Tiger was abroad, straining all those lithe tendons, — a tense fearful symmetry of destruction burning bright through the night-forests of that pralaya: grossest and wariest energies put forth to their utmost in a race between the cunning for existence, a struggle of the strong for power. — "It is the way of Tao to do difficult things when they are easy; to benefit and not to injure; to do and not to strive." Come out, says Laotse, from all this moil and topsey-turveydom; stop

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all this striving and botheration; give things a chance to right themselves. There is nothing flashy or to make a show about in Tao; it vies with no one. Let go; let be; find rest of the mind and senses; let us have no more of these fooleries, war, capital punishment, ambition; let us have self-emptiness. Just be quiet, and this great Chu Hia will come right without aid of governing, without politics and voting and canvassing and such. — *Here and Now and What comes by* were his prescriptions. He was an advocate of the Small State. Aristotle would have had no government ruling more than ten thousand people; Laotse would have had his State of such a size that the inhabitants could all hear the cocks crowing in foreign lands; and he would have had them quite uneager to travel abroad. What he taught was a total *bouleversement* of the methods of his age. "It is the way of Tao not to act from personal motives, to conduct affairs without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without being aware of the flavor, to account the great as the small and the small as the great, to recompense injury with kindness."

The argument went all against him. Their majesties of Ts'in and Tsin and Ts'i and Ts'u were there with their drums and tramlings; the sixty-warrior-carrying chariots were thundering past; — who should hear the voice of an old quiet man in the Royal Library? Minister This and Secretary That of Lu and Chao and Cheng were at it with their wire-pullings and lobbyings and petty diddlings and political cheateries — (it is all beautifully modern); what had the world to do with self-emptiness and Tao? The argument was all against him; he hadn't a leg to stand on. There was no Tao; no simplicity; no magic; no Garden of Si Wang Mu in the West; no Azure Birds of Compassion to fly out from it into the world of men. Very well then; he, being one with that non-existent Tao, would ride away to that imaginary Garden; would go, and leave —

A strand torn out of the rainbow to be woven into the stuff of Chinese life. You could not tell it at the time; you never would have guessed it — but this old dull tired squalid China, cowering in her rice-fields and stopping her ears against the drums and tramlings, had had something — some seed of divinity, thrown down into her mind, that should grow there and be brooded on for three centuries or so, and then —

There is a Blue Pearl, Immortality; and the Dragon, wandering the heavens, is forever in pursuit or quest of it. You will see that on the old flag of China, that a foolish republicanism cast away as savoring too much of the Manchu. (But it was Laotse and Confucius, Han Wuti and Tang Taitson, and Wu Taotse and the Banished Angel that it savored of really.) Well, it was this Blue Pearl that the Old Philosopher, riding up

*The story is told in Dr. H. H. Giles' *Dictionary of Chinese Biography*.



LAOTSE

(From LaoTse's *Tao-Teh-King*: Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago)

through the pass to the Western Gate of the world, there to vanish from the knowledge of men; — it was this Blue Pearl that, stopping and turning a moment there so high up and near heaven, he tossed back and out into the fields of China; — and the Dragon would come to seek it in his time. — You perhaps know the picture of Laotse riding away on his ox. I do not wonder that the beast is smiling.

For it really was the Blue Pearl: and the Lord knew what it was to do in China in its day. It fell down, you may say, from the clear ether of heaven into the thick atmosphere of this world; and amidst the mists of human personality took on all sorts of iridescences; lit up strange rain-

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bow tints and fires to glow and glisten more and more wonderfully as the centuries should pass; and kindle the Chinese imagination into all sorts of opal glowings and divine bewilderments and wonderments; — and by and by the wonder-dyed mist-ripples floated out to Japan, and brought to pass there all sorts of nice Japanese cherry-blossomy and plum-blossomy and peonyish things, and Urashima-stories and Bushido-ish and Lafcadio-ish and badger-teakettle things: — reawakened, in fact, the whole of the faery glow of the Eastern World.

It is not to be thought that here among the mists and personalities the Pearl could quite retain all its pure blueness of the ether. It is not to be thought that Taoism, spread broadcast among the people, could remain, what it was at the beginning, an undiluted Theosophy. The lower the stratum of thought into which it fell, the less it could be Thought-Spiritual, the stuff unalloyed of Manas-Taijasi. Nevertheless it was the Pearl Immortality, with a vigor and virtue of its own, and a competence for ages, on whatever plane it might be, to work wonders. Among thinking and spiritual minds it remained a true Way of Salvation. Among the masses it came to be thought of presently as personal immortality and the elixir of life. Regrettable, you may say; but this is the point: nothing was ever intended to last forever. You must judge Taoism by what it was in its day, not by what it may be now. Laotse had somehow flashed down into human consciousness a vision of Infinity: had confronted the Chinese mind with a conviction of the Great Mystery, the Divine Silence. It is simply a fact that that is the fountain whose waters feed the imagination and make it grow and bloom. Search for the Secret in chatter and outward sights and deeds, and you soon run to waste and nothingness; but seek here, and you shall find what seemed a void, teeming with lovely forms. He set the Chinese imagination, staggered and stupefied by the so long ages of manvantara, and then of ruin, into a glow of activity, of grace, of wonder; men became aware of the vast world of the Within; as if a thousand Americas had been discovered. It supplied the seed of creation for all the poets and artists to come. It made a new folk-lore; revived the inner atmosphere of mountains and forests; set the fairies dancing; raised Yellow Crane Pagodas to mark the spot where Wang Tzu-chiao flew on the Crane to heaven in broad daylight. It sent out the ships of Ts'in Shi Hwangti presently to seek the Golden Islands of Peng-lai, where the Immortals give cups of the elixir to their votaries; in some degree it sent the armies of Han Wuti in search of the Garden of Si Wang Mu. The ships found (perhaps) only the Golden Islands of Japan; the armies found certainly Persia, India, and even the borders of Rome; — and withal, new currents, awakening and international, to flow into China and make splendid the Golden Age of Han.

AERIAL EXHILARATION

H. T. PATTERSON

ON timbered wings I fly —
I ride above the loud-voiced thunder —
I battle — yea! — I! — I! —
At mine own joy I wonder — wonder.

I circle in my airy glee —
I've crossed — ah-ha! — a mountain top —
It was twelve thousand feet — can you conceive how free
My flight as towards the plains I drop?

I cannot be content below —
I love the gay elation —
The Gods of air, they never will bestow
On us a madder sense of joy and fear in intermixed mutation.

There'll come a dreary time — perhaps? —
Ridiculous the notion! —
When nerve and brain will both collapse
Through overwrought emotion.

Till then on timbered wings I fly —
The dun, gray clouds roll slowly under —
I battle — yea! — I! — I! —
A freeman of the air, above the rumbling thunder.

AWAKENING

R. MACHELL

CHAPTER VII



CAPTAIN CAROTHERS, left to himself, stood for a long time where his indignant host had left him. He was sorry to have so hurt a man with whom he had no quarrel. Sobered by the sight of the old man's effort to control himself, and also ashamed of his own outbreak, he stood leaning against the mantelpiece, looking down vacantly into the fire. His own anger had subsided; he wished that it was morning and that he was away from the scene of his humiliation.

He heard a sound of hurrying steps, and wondered, for it was getting late; and then he heard voices in the stable-yard and a horse's hoofs on the paved court below. It suddenly occurred to him that someone was ill and that a groom was going for the doctor. He thought it must be Beatrice, who, in spite of all her apparent self-control, had broken down, overcome no doubt with grief at parting from the man whom she had loved so passionately, and with remorse perhaps for her unnatural conduct to her husband. His anxiety was blended with a sense of triumph, that came as a sort of balm to his sorely wounded vanity.

He took his candlestick, as if about to go to bed, and rang the bell to let the footman know the billiard room was no longer occupied. In the corridor he met the butler in a state of perturbation, who told him Mr. Cranley had had a stroke and was lying unconscious in his dressing-room, where he had been found by Mrs. Cranley. They had sent for the doctor, and he was coming to inform the Captain when he met him.

Hepburn himself was really upset. He was a part of the family, or at least a part of the establishment, and honestly loved his master in his own undemonstrative way.

He said that Mrs. Cranley and Miss Beatrice were with him, though there was nothing to be done until the doctor came and that would not be long; he probably would not have gone to bed yet, and he lived just across the park, less than a mile away.

Carothers noticed the butler offered no suggestion as to the cause of such a sudden seizure, but he wondered what would be the doctor's first question, and what would be the answer. He cursed himself in-

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wardly, and, as the butler seemed to assume that he would not think of intruding on the ladies, he turned back to the billiard-room, uttering some natural expressions of regret and hope that the groom would catch the doctor at home, and mentally adding a hope the doctor would be sober in spite of the late hour and the fact that it was Sunday. He longed to question Hepburn as to the probable causes of the attack, but had not the face to do it, knowing what he did. He wondered if the butler by chance had overheard a part of what had passed, or if he had seen his master as he left the billiard-room, and whether Beatrice knew anything. He felt as if he were a suspected murderer, with Hepburn standing looking reproachfully at him, waiting for the sound of horses' hoofs and wheels on the gravel of the drive.

It came at last, and Hepburn hurried down to let the doctor in, but the footman was there before him.

Carothers waited, and wondered what she would think, knowing that he was the last person her father had spoken to before they found him lying unconscious in his dressing-room. She would guess there had been some sort of quarrel in the billiard-room. Then Steven would come and he would want to know all that had passed between them. He could feel his wife's eyes fastened upon him, as she read his heart, not listening to his words; and then he could feel the withering scorn of her unspoken condemnation: for he could not tell them what had really passed, and she would know that he was lying. He was afraid of her. Steven would take his word for anything, no doubt, but Steven's wife probably would come with him and she would read him like an open book. — All this and more went seething through his brain, and he half muttered to himself: "Why did I come to this accursed house?"

The doctor thought the sick man might recover consciousness, but more probably would pass away quietly before the dawn. Hearing that Steven was staying at Ausleydale, he suggested that the groom who fetched him should be sent at once with the sad news that Mr. Cranley was at the point of death, but that he might last till morning. There was little to be done except to wait and watch.

Mrs. Cranley had suggested that Captain Carothers should be asked to come and help move the sick man from the dressing-room, but Beatrice negatived the proposition so decidedly that Hepburn, who was present, felt his suspicion justified that there was trouble between 'Miss Beatrice' and her husband, and he had no doubt as to where the blame lay: he was a loyal soul. He had seen his master as he passed through the hall on his way to his dressing-room, and he made no secret of his opinion that he must have had 'some words' with the Captain, for his face was flushed and his hands trembled as he took the candlestick that Hepburn

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offered him. Also, he failed to say good-night, a most unusual omission.

It was not difficult for Beatrice to guess what must have taken place between her father and her husband, and the lines about her mouth grew rigid. In such a moment it was hardly to be expected that she would judge her husband very leniently, although she felt the real fault lay with her. She never spared herself, nor blamed her parents for her imperfect education or for the character she had inherited from them. She was instinctively loyal to her family.

The hours dragged on, and Beatrice comforted her mother as best she could, having dismissed the women servants, who were inclined to be hysterical, all except Hepburn, who was a comfort to her with his unostentatious sympathy and common sense. After a while the doctor went to the billiard-room to see if Captain Carothers could throw any light upon the seizure of his patient, which however was no more than he had expected long ago, knowing as he did the excitable temperament of the old gentleman. The Captain received him cordially and kept him plied with questions, gave him a cigar, and listened so sympathetically to the doctor's reminiscences that the time passed rapidly; and, when the sound of wheels was heard at last, the doctor had not obtained much information from his charming host, who hurried down to meet his friend. Hepburn however was at the door before the dog-cart arrived, and led his young master up at once to where his father lay.

The old gentleman was still alive and that was all.

Steven was very gentle to his mother and sister, and listened to what the doctor had to say, then took his place beside the bed to wait and watch for any sign of a return of consciousness, having insisted that the others should go and lie down, while he and Hepburn and the doctor watched by the dying man.

The room was very quiet and no change came to mark the passage of life from the body. It was as if the soul had gone already and left the abandoned body to run down like a clock in which the pendulum continues to oscillate more and more feebly for some time after the wheels have ceased their motion. Before dawn appeared their watch was ended.

Feeling his presence something less than welcome, Carothers made no attempt to alter the arrangements for his departure at eight o'clock. Hepburn attended to him and gave him a message of apology from Steven, who excused himself from leaving his mother and sister at such a moment. There was something chilling to him in that simple message; it seemed to set the seal of finality upon the rupture with his wife. After the night's events he felt his ties with Comberfield were severed, and as if his marriage were, as Beatrice said, an incident which now was closed.

Scarcely had he left the house before a carriage came from Ausley-

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dale with Mrs. Steven and her maid. Beatrice received her more than cordially; indeed, it seemed as if her self-control had reached its limit, and that now her natural emotion might have its way. Alice was such a practical person and so willing to relieve her of responsibility, and seemed to understand the crisis she had been passing through so perfectly that no word of explanation was necessary between them.

The doctor certified that the cause of death was apoplexy, and no one considered it necessary to inquire further into the circumstances that immediately preceded the attack. Steven and Alice had a long talk with Hepburn and drew their own conclusions, as Beatrice had done. There was no need of any explanation. Steven resigned his commission to take his father's place at Comberfield and Captain Carothers went with the regiment to India, while Beatrice accompanied her mother to the old manor-house at Chenstead, that was settled upon her for life, declining her brother Jonas's somewhat perfunctory offer of a home in the vicarage, which he had enlarged to what land-agents call 'a mansion.'

The reverend gentleman was not sorry that his offer had been declined, for he had heard enough to make him fear that there would be a scandal in the family unless his niece could be persuaded to return to what he called "her duty": and of this he was forced to confess there was small hope. He knew the Cranley character too well, and shook his head sadly when he spoke of "poor dear Beatrice."

The case indeed was hopeless from his point of view; but from her own it seemed to her as if a new hope had arisen, and that the tomb had closed upon the dead body of her former self. She had passed through the fire of life, the Death in Life, and now a new day dawned, a new sun seemed to flood the heavens with a new radiance, unknown to her before. She saw her life before her as a path that led through a great gateway far out over unknown lands, up to the mountains, beyond which the sun shone on another world as yet invisible. She felt as if reborn, and wondered if the doctrine of Reincarnation might not conceal a deeper mystery — that of the Death in Life, and the Rebirth of the Soul in the same body, purified by pain, freed from the tyranny of passion, and made conscious of its destiny.

THE END





F. J. DICK, EDITOR

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM A RĀJA-YOGA STUDENT — SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT OF THE TOUR — ACCOMPANYING MME TINGLEY

Lake City, Minnesota, September 22, 1919

AT the City Hall last evening, before a fine audience, Mme Tingley delivered her first address of this tour, and it was a magnificent and auspicious inauguration. The place was full and the audience thoroughly attentive and appreciative.

She began her address with the story of her childhood days and told of her dreams of building a school, her, of her dream of the Gold Land. Then she took up the story of General Fremont and of his following the flight of the bee which led him to Point Loma. This story she carried right up to the time of her meeting Mr. Judge during the strike in New York, of her taking hold of the work and of her final realization of her hope, in the Rāja-Yoga School at Point Loma.

From this point she went on to speak of the Theosophical teachings of Divinity, Immortality, Karma, etc. She built up and supported all her statements by liberal quotations from the Bible. She told of her work among the fallen women of New York. She hit Capital Punishment hard, and congratulated Minnesota on having abolished the death penalty, at the same time warning the people to beware lest something else should creep into their record. She spoke of Jesus as the great Theosophist giving to his life and teachings their Theosophical interpretation, so far removed from sectarianism, creeds and dogmas. She referred to his words, "Thou shalt not kill," which was a natural introduction to the question of war. This brought her to the question of the League of Nations, and on this point I refer you to the full report of her lecture published in the Lake City (Minn.) *Graphic-Republican*, of Sept. 26, 1919, extracts from which follow:

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ADDRESS BY MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY

Delivered at the City Hall, Lake City, Sunday Evening, September 21, 1919

PRINCIPLES OF THEOSOPHY ARE EXPOUNDED
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEADER TO ESTABLISH RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL
IN LAKE CITY

“I cannot help but feel an increased interest in your city, and the interest is so great that I shall do my part to establish here a Râja-Yoga School as closely after the pattern of the one at Point Loma, California, as environment and conditions will permit.

“I know it will not take you very long to realize that your city has received a general benefit from the very fact that such a work is to be initiated; for the object of my system of education is to round out the character of the youth and to prepare them on all lines to meet the world’s conditions under all circumstances.

“This privilege would never have come to me, if I had been living for worldly interests alone; but being without children and having plenty of time in New York City years ago, I worked among the slums on the East Side, and in the prisons, and with the unfortunate women and inebriates; and I realized that while the unsectarian philanthropic society which I organized at that time was doing a great deal of good (I was not identified with the Theosophical Society — I had never used the word Theosophy, though I did believe in Brotherhood) I felt there was an aching need for a new system of education for the youth.

“I had so many interesting cases among the children and the poor families where the little ones were packed into dirty unsanitary tenement houses under most undesirable conditions. It was plain to see that little could be done to help these unfortunate ones permanently; that there simply must be established a new system of education for the prevention of the conditions, that I met. I was content in a sense, and yet, if you can accept the paradox I was very restless; because I was not satisfied with the results. To try to apply remedies and work out a system to reorganize and readjust human nature, when it was all awry and twisted and had become skeptical and cynical and had lost faith, was a very difficult task. But to mold the minds of children in their tender years, in the plastic age from one to seven, and then on in another degree from seven to fourteen, was the only way. So I carried in my heart a determined wish, that there should be such a system of prevention. I do not believe that there was ever a day that I started out to do any of my daily duties that I did not ever keep in mind that idea. The question was whether I should ever reach a point of finding an opportunity to introduce my remedial system; the question was, how was it to be done?

“At that time I had no way, and I could not see any way. But in my childhood I was given to wandering in the woods on my father’s estate at

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Newburyport, Massachusetts, telling fairy-stories and giving my parents a great deal of anxiety because I seemed to them very unpractical, constantly talking about the flowers and the stars and the birds, and unbelievable possibilities, when I should have been practising my music. I had my fairy pictures, my dreams and my hopes; and I used to talk, as a mere child, of how some day I should go to 'Gold Land.' One day I sat beside my grandfather under a big tree in the woods. This grandfather was the only one who understood me and was patient with me. I was telling him of a place in 'Gold Land' where there would be established on a high hill near a great body of water a school for little children of all countries. I had not begun to study geography and my view of life from just the brain-mind was very small; but I somehow felt the needs of the world's children even then. I got it somewhere; perhaps in some past incarnation my heart had ached to do some of these things I was trying to do. How it came I cannot tell, but there it was, and it was an urge that I never lost sight of. All my duties from day to day took me in the opposite direction—there was not an outward sign of any possibility of my ever developing my childish plan of education. I did not talk of it except to my grandfather, because it seemed so far-fetched and a wild dream; but I kept my great hope buried in my heart for years.

"Many years intervened until I found myself living in New York. One day my husband entertained at dinner General Fremont, who had just been in Washington finishing up his military business there. You all know what wonderful work he did in California during the Mexican War, in that part of the state that was annexed to the United States. In our conversation at dinner that day I said: 'I have read about you, General, and heard a great deal about your campaigns, and I am very much interested, so after dinner I hope it will be agreeable to you to tell me about that far land. Do you know, General, that in my girlhood, I had a mind-picture, and it has become a living reality to me, that some day, away out in Gold Land, I should establish a school for children.' And then I told him how it seemed to me that the site was on a promontory near a large body of water; but that I had never been able to confirm this. General Fremont listened and then said, 'Do you remember anything else? Can you give me any more details?' I answered, 'I know there was a beautiful bay and a little town opposite. All this may have been my imagination,' I said, 'but somehow I felt that I had walked up over these hills. There were ravines.' (He corrected me and said 'Canyons.') 'I went along a winding road through the canyons up to the crest of the hill.' He said, 'Madame, I have seen the place you speak of.'

"Can you imagine my surprise? We spent an evening together, and I said to General Fremont: 'I am convinced that if we have true ideals, if we have the desire to be unselfish and are determined to do something for the uplift of humanity, if we faithfully do our smallest duty all along the way, some day the opportunity will come for the fulfilment of our hopes. This I know because I believe in the great universal scheme of life. I believe that the soul of man has opportunities all along the way; but very often he

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loses sight of his divinity, he loses sight of his soul qualities, he forgets that he is a part of the great scheme of life. So he simply drifts and half lives and vegetates and goes out of the world disappointed and hopeless, unacquainted with himself and the divine laws.'

"Then General Fremont told me that during one of his battles he had with the Mexicans in California, he was encamped with his men for the night at the foot of a mountain. They had been attacked the day before by the Mexicans and when pitching their camp they found that the commissariat had not arrived. He said, 'Madame, we were confronting the fact that in less than a day we should be facing the ordeal of starvation. Two days passed, and the supply of food did not come.' Then the General said he became desperate; for his men were beginning to fall down. In his despair he left camp and began to climb a nearby mountain. He said, 'My only thought was to get away from the sight of those sick and starving men. I knew that if the supplies did not come in twenty-four hours many of the men must die, myself included. I continued to climb, hoping I might get a glimpse of the supply-train, and when I reached a certain point, with my glasses I looked over the trail that we had followed, and through the ravines and canyons, to see if there was not a sign of the presence of the supplies nearing our camp. But in vain. At last a big buzzing bee commenced to hum around my head, and in the silence and anxiety of that hour I was attracted to its movements. I watched it and watched it. After a while I saw it moving off in another direction from the trail that my soldiers and myself had taken to our present camp. Again I picked up my glasses and looked over the hills, and to my surprise I saw a cloud of dust rising. I waited and watched with bated breath. I could plainly see the slow movement of the men on horseback winding in and up the sides of the canyons. I hurried down to camp and gave the sick men the good news, and soon a body of my soldiers went down on horseback to meet the coming relief. When they arrived one of the officers said they had been waylaid by the Mexicans, who had tried to trap them, and a large part of their food had been taken from them. That was a happy hour for us when our food came in sight.'

"General Fremont said that afterward, when he had completed his campaign, he with his body-servant followed that trail of the bee till it brought him near the Pacific coast down through Mission Valley into San Diego. The next day after his arrival there he went out to a certain point jutting out into the water that had attracted his attention. And there he found what he said was the place I had described, and he called it Point Loma, about eight miles from San Diego.

" 'It is a promontory,' he said, 'projecting into the Pacific Ocean. There is the ocean on the west; there is a little town and the mountains on the east, there are also the canyons that you described; but there is not a particle of vegetation; there are no trees, no water, and the land is unimproved, with only a sort of tow-path that leads up to the old lighthouse that was used by the Spaniards before California was annexed to the United States.'

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"I well remember when General Fremont had finished his story, that I was dazed, even bewildered by the interesting proof that he had given me that there was such a place as I had described. My soul was aroused. I knew as well as if it had been written on the wall that this dream of my life, of an educational institution for the youth in the Far West, would be realized. I was sure that I should before I closed my eyes see it in activity, and that it would have its branches in different parts of the world. There was nothing on the outward plane to convince me that I was right. But it was an inner conviction — a something that I couldn't get away from.

"After General Fremont left my home that night, I was facing the sad realities of life again in New York. I had my work among the poor and unfortunate on the East Side, and I worked on with a larger trust in the Divine Law and in humanity than I ever had before, and I cultivated the spirit of patience in a new way. A few years intervened from the time that I have described to an experience I had one bitter winter's day on the East Side among the poor, when that section was seriously affected by a continuous strike. The New York papers had for several days been filled with descriptions of the persistence with which the strikers held out. There was a danger that the children would starve. Under the pressure of this possibility I called a meeting of the ladies of the Emergency Society of which I was president, and immediately set to work with them to render what assistance we could with food and clothing. We went to the homes of those strikers, and to our surprise, their wives said I was insulting them and their principles and their ideals by trying to help them. They felt justified in their actions and they were willing to starve for the sake of their belief and refused food.

"Two days after this experience came a terrible blizzard; it was one of the worst in the history of New York. It was my custom to work at the headquarters of our emergency society every day. It was simply an ordinary snow-storm early that morning, with some menacing aspects; but I went and found there was something unusual happening in front of our headquarters. We counted six hundred women and children standing in the storm, the force of which was increasing every moment. These people were half dressed, because they had pawned nearly all their clothing. They were crying for bread, for soup, for help. Our headquarters were on the first floor of a tenement house. It was the best place we could get; but to have brought in those six hundred would have meant certain death, because the house was so old, and the landlord told me that it would not bear the weight of over one hundred people at one time, without collapsing and falling through into the cellar. The cry of the anxious mothers was distressing, and one child died in the arms of its mother at that time.

"I am coming to an interesting story that shows how our lives are directed, if we work in harmony with the higher laws of life, and do our smallest duty faithfully day by day. I rushed out in the storm and pleaded with these people. There was nothing else to do. I said, 'If you come in, it means death; if you go to your homes, you will starve. The soup is here being

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cooked, but it is not yet ready to eat; and the bread has not yet arrived.' I stood on a big grocery box and spoke to the people and begged them to cultivate patience for a short time. And that impatient crowd waited in the disagreeable and frightful storm for fully half an hour.

"Looking at this great crowd, which was constantly increasing in numbers, I saw a man a little distance from the others, with his coat-collar turned up and his hat down over his face, looking at the people from under an umbrella. His face showed suffering, and he seemed not to be associated with the strikers; he was very modest and did not ask for anything. I sent my cook to ask him if he would come in, because he looked ill; but he declined. I had fancied the sadness in his face told of his hunger. Two days afterwards a gentleman called at my house in New York City, and I recognised the face of the man who stood there as I have described. This man was William Quan Judge, the successor of Madame Blavatsky, who founded this great International Theosophical Society. He said that he had heard of my work among the poor, and that he wished to interview me.

"It was through meeting Mr. Judge that I found myself at last so situated that there was a possibility that I might some day realize the great hope of my life in founding a school for the right education of the youth in the Far West. I had been just a few weeks leader of this Theosophical Society, when there came back to my memory my experience with General Fremont at my home, when he told me the story which I have related.

"Some months later I started on a trip around the world, accompanied by a party of Theosophical students. Before leaving, I instructed one of our members in California to go to Point Loma, which General Fremont had so clearly defined and confirmed in my mind as the site of the school of my childhood dreams, and purchase if possible a certain tract of the land. The land was purchased, and on my return from the trip, crossing the Pacific to America, I laid the cornerstone for one of the buildings of my school. So today after twenty-two years of continuous service, we have established a Râja-Yoga School for children, an Academy for girls, and a Râja-Yoga College for boys. Altogether there are some twenty-six nations represented at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma.

"I often think of these simple Theosophical teachings touching the heart of the world with such force that a quick response would come from all classes. There would be fewer prisons, fewer lunatic asylums, fewer crimes, better homes, better children, everything better in human life; for if we build the home rightly on a spiritual basis, the influence of the home ultimately touches all civilization; it helps round out the character of the parents; it brings the children up to a higher standard of living; there is indeed then a new optimism born; acquainted with the laws of so-called death, which means rebirth, with nothing to fear, man consciously works on lines of least resistance with nature and the laws of life, understanding his own

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nature in a new way, accepting duty sacredly and conscientiously, and cultivating the spirit of brotherhood.

"Ah, indeed, if we had that spirit of brotherhood exemplified in the very smallest way in our present civilization, we should have had no war. We should have remembered that Jesus said 'Thou shalt not kill.' How was it possible that those who believed in Jesus could have taken part in promoting this slaughter of human life, which forced us to send our boys across the water never to return? Is it not time that we looked to some of these higher principles of life and studied the word 'patriotism' from a new standpoint? Is it not time that we began to teach our youth and our men of the present civilization that they must live for their country rather than die for it? Is it not believable that it was possible when this war commenced that there was innately in the minds and hearts of men throughout the world enough of that higher ability to have adjusted these international affairs without the sacrifice of human life, if they had been permitted?

"Now permit me to ask you, is it not possible for us NOW to arouse ourselves to a higher interpretation of patriotism, to avoid becoming involved in that danger which is right at our doors? Can we endorse the League of Nations? It has not yet been fully explained to us; I have looked at this subject from all sides, and I know it must bring war upon us. Is it not possible that we have imposed so much upon the German people, in the settlement with the nations, that they will not be able to fulfil the obligation? And if they cannot meet the demands, they may turn from the higher progressive course of becoming better men and women on all lines, commercially, morally, and spiritually, and ultimately there will be another war? Is it not time that we began to realize that our acts affect the world's interest? Is it not time that we studied our Constitution even more conscientiously than before, from a true standpoint of justice? The dear old Constitution! It was America's best safeguard in the past, and it should be ours now. Is it not time we should realize that America has a great future in the world that depends on its not being deluded now?

"A few nights ago I attended a wonderfully enthusiastic meeting where 12,000 were gathered to hear an address delivered by Senator Hiram Johnson of California. Our Society is unsectarian and non-political, and I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Johnson; but he gave us solid facts and his points were logically sustained. No matter what political party we belong to, are we justified in supporting any system in connexion with this League that is not clear and made plain? Must we follow the demands of other countries and serve them before we serve our own? Shall we permit the great ideals of our forefathers to be lost? It seems to me that, though I may antagonize some of you, this is surely the time for all Americans to show that true spirit of brotherhood which justice demands. If we have conquered our enemies, let us be Christianlike to them; if we cultivate the spirit of justice, if we are to build up our civilization for our youth and for coming posterity, let us build so wisely, so strenuously and so justly, that we can hereafter avoid

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the horrors of war. Let us think for ourselves, and move on for better things unafraid. 'Love ye one another.' That is the spirit that we must exemplify to the people of the world; but we must first have it in our hearts."

Mme Tingley rounded out her address with a beautiful account of Mme Blavatsky's life and mission, and closed with a forecast of what the establishment of the Râja-Yoga School must mean to Lake City in view of what it has meant to San Diego and California.

Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., September 29, 1919

DESPITE a rainy night there was a very fine audience at the Auditorium. The Leader's address covered a large amount of ground and was repeatedly interrupted with applause. The moment she touched the League of Nations she had the house in applause. Again as she went on to tell of the after-effects of the war and the loss of godhood, soul, and everything spiritual in that brutal carnage, she was interrupted with loud expressions of approval. She declared that we might expect new forms of insanity as a result of these extremes of brutality. She brought out the esoteric side of Religion, referring to the teachings of Jesus and Paul and the errors of the early church Fathers. She referred at length to man's ignorance of his own nature and the need of self-knowledge — the limitations of the intellectual nature; and to Jesus' message, "Thou shalt not kill." And in touching on these words she confronted her audience with the picture of Jesus himself appearing in the course of the recent struggle, asking them whether in their opinion he would not have called a halt when America, instead of doing so, joined in the conflict.

She declared that had America done her whole duty at the beginning of this crisis and called a halt, greater honor and glory would have come to the country than the much-lauded glory of so-called victory and the fruits of conquest. This statement called forth an immediate burst of applause. She held up for their contemplation the picture of this twentieth-century civilization, which in the height of its much-boasted progress can find no better or higher means to defend its rights and maintain its existence than that of taking human life. She declared a fuller interpretation of Patriotism is needed and a deeper understanding of the Constitution of the United States.

Other points she brought out with great power were the fallacy and injustice of the one-life doctrine, the inadequacy of the Personal God idea, etc.

In bringing out the teaching of Reincarnation, the Leader made very telling use of the illustration of nature — the winter and the spring with its rebirth from apparent death. She dwelt on the power of Imagination, which she defined as the bridge between the Intellect and the Soul; she brought out the idea of Self-Introspection and of finding in one's own heart the Book of Revelation. From this she went on to speak of the Home-Life and the responsibilities of parenthood.

It was a remarkable speech in that it covered an immensely large area,

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and must have given everyone in that audience matter for deep thought along one line or another. I am willing to guarantee that many a man and woman in that audience went away with new currents of thought and new keynotes in their lives destined to change their course materially and beneficently. The musical numbers were very warmly received, all being recalled by continued applause, and the harp solo being encored. It was a splendid meeting indeed, and, as you have heard in the telegram, the sale of literature was phenomenal.

Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., September 30, 1919

MONDAY morning the first proceeding was to get all 'properties' over to St. Paul by a transfer company, the younger members of the party following in the afternoon. The Masonic Hall here, like the Consistory in Chicago, is a very beautiful place and nicely fitted up. The stage-manager selected a very nice forest drop with three or four sets of wings and green carpet to match, and with the altar set up in the front the whole effect was very beautiful. This hall also has a fine organ, and the Leader having engaged an organist both here and in Minneapolis, we were able to have the organ music at the beginning, middle and end of the meeting. As at the Auditorium the program opened with the Harp Trio, which was very well received. Then came our Leader's address. She spoke with great power throughout.

This being her first appearance in St. Paul she took occasion to introduce her listeners to Madame Blavatsky, giving an outline of her life and work. She brought out the magnificent fundamental teachings contained in Madame Blavatsky's books and showed the absolute correspondence of these with the teachings of Jesus. "Study your Bible, generously and unflinchingly, from a Theosophical standpoint," she said, "and you will find that Jesus was ten times greater than you ever thought before, in his divine humanism."

Speaking of the League of Nations, she said, "Do not allow others to think for you in this League of Nations. It is our duty to save the old spirit of America and to guard that sacred Constitution of ours."

It was a powerful speech throughout and held the attention of the audience every moment of the time. Here, as in Minneapolis, every musical number on the program brought a recall, and had there been time, several encores could have been given, but owing to the length of these meetings it is an understood thing now that as a rule no encores be given.

Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., October 1, 1919

As a matter of fact, yesterday was one of the most important days of this Tour, for the meeting held by the Leader for inquirers, in the Gold Room of the Radisson Hotel, last evening, was decidedly the most successful that has been held so far. There was a spirit about that gathering that bespoke genuine interest and a desire to know more of our work. After the opening music, Mme Tingley stepped on the platform and invited the guests to ask

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

any questions they wished about Theosophy or the Râja-Yoga School. Within a very short time it became evident that we had to do with a decidedly intellectual and intelligent gathering, and one moreover which, besides being interested in the Leader's work, had some appreciation of her position as a Teacher and was willing to approach her in the spirit of the pupil.

The questions began to come in immediately and covered a wide range of thought. There were questions concerning the methods used by the Leader in the school, questions about Reincarnation, about Duality, about the diet of Theosophists, about taking life in any form, about the existence of pseudo-Theosophy, which the questioner, a keenly intellectual man and one evidently deeply interested, argued was an evidence of the efforts of the forces of darkness to obstruct the work of the forces of light. In her reply to the question of Duality the Leader referred to her experiences with prisoners and told that wonderful story of Chris Evans, and told it with intense vividness and dramatic power, so that it was as good as a bit of real dramatic presentation. In her reply to the question of taking life, she hit warfare hard, and in her protest against war was greeted with unanimous applause. One old lady was anxious to know if in the Leader's opinion there was any possibility of being so deeply and truly attached to some loved one who had been taken away that that one could influence one's life so as to lead one to find the solution or answer to some vital problem. The Leader's answer to this was masterly. She pointed out that the love which binds us to those we have lost is of such a nature that we are nearest to them when we are most impersonal.

In connexion with another interesting question on evolution, the Leader took occasion to hit the idea of transmigration, which, funnily enough, immediately brought a supporter of the doctrine to his feet with the statement that this doctrine was taught by certain ancient races. The Leader replied: "Certainly, so were many doctrines taught by certain ancient races — but they were not all necessarily true doctrines!" And after about an hour and a half of questions and answers three of the Râja-Yoga students spoke, the first on 'Karma,' the second on 'The Divinity of Man,' the third on 'Duality' — these subjects being given by the audience. Then followed the lantern slides with additions from the slides from Boston, the pictures showing even better here than at Lake City.

The program closed with a musical number by the trio, after which the Leader was besieged for a long time with friends, inquirers about the school, applications for membership, and those who wished to express gratitude and appreciation for what they had received. It was a sort of first-rate Branch Meeting with everybody full of interest and enthusiasm.

The Copley-Plaza, Boston, Mass., October 12, 1919

TELEGRAMS will have apprised you of the great success of the meetings in New York. On the evening of the meeting at the Aeolian Hall unfortunately it rained, which fact affected in some degree our attendance. Nevertheless

KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR NO. 2, 1919

we had a very large audience and one which gave very close attention to every feature of the program. The Leader was received with applause, and followed by loud and sustained applause on leaving the platform. She made a strong speech and covered a great deal of ground, holding the close attention of her audience throughout. She dwelt at length on the subject of death and reincarnation, bringing out the necessity of more than one life for the soul's unfoldment. She introduced the simile of nature and the falling of the flower and the leaves and their rebirth in the springtime. She strengthened her argument for reincarnation by bringing up the case of Blind Tom the musician. She then went on to speak of H. P. Blavatsky and brought out the splendor of her life of self-sacrifice, her childhood in Russia, and of how she had been so deeply affected and pained by the terrible contrasts of life in her country, that she was spurred on to devote her whole life to the benefit of her fellows, knowing, as she did, that despite all apparent contrasts, still Brotherhood is a fact in nature.

Our Leader declared that Madame Blavatsky came to show the beauty of the essential teachings of all religions, to bring to humanity spiritual teachings without the dollar interest. After treating of the Râja-Yoga training, the elimination of fear, the elimination of the personal God idea and the awakening of the human conscience, she referred to the recent war, and with wonderful effect reminded her listeners that the human family, after preaching and listening to the preaching of Christ crucified, entirely forgot his great message, "Thou shalt not kill," and so the whole world was plunged into a war that could and should have been avoided. She declared that we have to go back for the causes of these wars, and the present separateness of the human family, to the time of the early Fathers when they fashioned the Eternal Truths of the ancient Wisdom-Religion to fit their own ends. She spoke very plainly on the subject of the Peace Treaty, declaring that were H. P. Blavatsky with us today she would say that a subject such as that of the Peace Treaty required something more than mere mind and intellect for its successful handling, and that the American people must go slow in accepting that Treaty. She declared that America today is so carried away with worldly success and prosperity that it has lost touch with the spirit of the old Constitution and all that it contains. She then went on to speak of the consolation Theosophy brings to those whose loved ones have fallen in the recent strife, teaching, as it does, the immortality of true love and, hence, that there must be ultimate reunion with our loved ones.

The greatest tribute to the success of the Leader's address was the perfect and uninterrupted quiet and rapt attention given by the audience to her words, and the immediate, spontaneous and sustained applause which marked the close of her speech and followed her as she left the stage. The musical numbers were enthusiastically received and encored; and had all the encores been given which were demanded by the audience, it would have been well into the morning before we got home.

The second meeting, specially for inquirers, was held at the Ansonia Hotel,

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which is located on Broadway and 73rd St. As you know, these second meetings are always especially interesting because they attract the people who really want to know more about Theosophy and the work that is being done. There was a fine audience. The program opened with a musical number, after which Mme Tingley began answering the questions, of which there were a number of good and interesting ones. These covered the subjects of, what to study, the consolation offered by Theosophy to the bereaved, the reason for the name Râja-Yoga selected by Mme Tingley in connexion with her educational system, Theosophy and Spiritualism, etc., etc.

After answering the questions, Mme Tingley called upon the Râja-Yoga students to speak. We were fortunate in receiving very interesting subjects, one as to 'The light in which Theosophists regard Jesus,' another, 'Theosophy and Shakespeare,' and another, 'Theosophy and Râja-Yoga.' Then came the lantern slides, which were received with great attention as always, and carried the meeting on until about 10:30 or after.

(To be concluded)

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

'THEOSOPHY, the Natural and Universal Religion' was the subject of an address on October 5th by Dr. Lydia Ross. The speaker said, in part:

"Madame Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Movement, said that Theosophy is not *a* Religion, but is Religion itself. Her writings are unique in proving that man is by nature a religious being because he is essentially divine. She knew, from the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, that the direction of modern progress was neither right nor wise, and she continually protested that without a better knowledge of man himself and of his relation to the natural world around him, the results would be disastrous.

**Modern
Civilization
Chaotic**

"The chaotic state of civilization today proves only too well the truth of her words of warning. Are not the educators frankly admitting that the educational systems in vogue are a failure in character-building? While the churches are bewildered with the problem of how to effect church unity and to teach Christianity in its simple purity. The consensus of opinion now is that Brotherhood is the only basis upon which people can unite. It has taken the horrors of a world war to make the modern teachers and leaders realize the natural necessity of unity and brotherhood among men. But Theosophy says that 'Brotherhood is a fact in nature,' and it was to restore this and other teachings of the Ancients that Madame Blavatsky organized the Theosophical Society, as a nucleus for a universal brotherhood, forty-four years ago. It is, as Katherine Tingley has said, a pivotal point

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

in history, a crucial time. But Theosophy is equal to the crisis, and shows the wise and only way by which the world may arrest its downward progress and recover itself. It is vital with hope for those who will heed its message."

Professor Kenneth Morris, of the faculty of the School of Antiquity and widely known as a poet and historian, gave an address on Oct. 12th upon the theme, 'There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men.' He said, in part:

**Present Conditions
Threaten Wreckage
of Civilization**

"The motto of the Râja-Yoga system of education is NOW; and this little word or motto is something that should be rung into the hearts of humanity, with interpretation, in these current years more than in any time we know of. Because we are at a peculiar point in history. Not before, for at least five thousand years, has there been such a time as this; not before has humanity had the opportunity to take the step forward in civilization that it might take now.

" 'There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.'

That tide, in the affairs of mankind, is NOW.

"Here are one or two things we know: it is utterly and forever impossible for one nation to impose its will on all others, and form a world-empire by conquest; and it is utterly impossible for things to remain as they are; change is the law of manifested life. Now then, our present conditions must change. We have seen war nearly wreck the civilization of the western world. It does not take much of a prophet to see that another dose of it, with armies as much huger than the ones that have been fighting, as those were than Napoleon's, would certainly leave civilization a wreck.

"But against this possibility we have certain assets. There is the saving idea of Human Brotherhood; there is the warning we have received from stern Nature — kind in her sternness — that Brotherhood is the remedy. If we are in a time of peril, when all things hang in the balance, we are also in a time of immense opportunity. It was not for nothing that, with this present time looming ahead, such a great soul as Madame Blavatsky came into the world to remind mankind of the inner truths which had been forgotten. Our fate is the fate of humanity; our future is bound up with it."

On Oct. 19th Mrs. E. M. S. Fite of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, spoke on 'True Theosophy and its Shadows.' The speaker has had considerable experience in meeting inquirers as to Theosophy as well as the grotesque shadows and pseudo-philosophies that masquerade under the Theosophic label, and said, in part:

"Shadows are usually grotesque, and the shadows of Theosophy are no exception to this rule. The essentials of true Theosophy are so perfect in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

their simplicity and withal so practical, that for this very reason they carry little or no weight with the many minds which prefer phenomena and complicated theories that make appeal to the highly wrought nervous organism of man at this stage of his evolution; for true it is that the mind of man today plays him fantastic tricks in this respect, and leads him into highways and byways after strange gods indeed. So it is only the sincerely earnest seeker

Right Thought for the truth who welcomes true Theosophy, one
and Action the who wants the substance and not the shadow.
Greatest Need "If experience has taught man any one thing it is surely this: that without clean, straight thinking and living, namely, Right Thought and Right Action on this plane of endeavor, he cannot get very far on any path except the downward path; and if he wants to solve the eternal riddle of life, knowledge of the eternal laws governing life is to be gained only through Right Thought and Action. Hence I would say that Right Thought and Right Action are certainly essentials of true Theosophy. True Theosophy is the Science of Life, which teaches us how to use our higher powers for the benefit of humanity. The misuse of these powers for private and selfish purposes can only give us shadows. Hence, true Theosophy does not countenance practices which lead us to attain a 'memory of past lives,' to spiritism or ghostology, hypnotism, the development of clairvoyance or similar psychic fads. Our duty is to live in the highest sense the life of Brotherhood, a life of love and service."

'Self-Preservation the First Law of Nature' was the subject, on Oct. 26th, of an address by J. H. Fussell. Giving the word 'self' a wider than the current interpretation, and with direct reference to it as a factor in present world problems, the speaker said:

Two Selves — "There are two selves in man, the higher or the divine
the Divine self and the lower or animal. 'Self-preservation as
and the Lower the first law of nature' is usually interpreted as applying to the preservation of the outer self. I want to put before you a higher aspect, a higher presentation of the self, that self which is of the very essence of divinity, which has not evolved in the ordinary sense, for it is the root and the cause of all evolution. We have now greater opportunities than we have had before, for it is a time of crisis, and times of crisis are always times of opportunity. We can decide that the higher self, the spiritual self of humanity, must be preserved; or we can decide that we care only for the appetites, passions and ambitions of the lower and seek to preserve that. It will take no courage to decide rightly if we realize that we are not just creatures of today but that we have lived throughout the ages, that there never has been a time that we were not and there never will be a time when we shall cease to be.

"Our good and the world's good can never come through slaughter. It is the highest law of all laws that the divine self of the world shall be pre-

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

served. The world is swayed not by the masses. The opinions of the world are framed by a few people, sometimes by one, and perhaps it is because we have been permitting our better self to go to sleep that there have been so many opinions swaying the world which do not accord with its spiritual destiny. By deciding rightly ourselves we are helping to make the great decision for the whole of humanity, as to whether the future of humanity shall be along lines of spiritual progress or along lines of domination, slaughter, and aggrandizement.

“ ‘This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’ ”

‘Life, the Great Teacher,’ was the subject of an address by Mrs. Estelle Chestney Hanson on Nov. 2nd. Mrs. Hanson has been a resident of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma for nearly twenty years and prominent in Theosophical activities. She said in part:

**Birth, Death and
Rebirth, as Laws
of Nature**

“Life is the great teacher, for books are made up of the facts or theories that men have gathered from actual experience or from observation of life. This greatest of teachers, Life, lays before us her map of the world, so to speak, that each may study it for himself and from it learn the past, present and much of the future from the three aspects of the physical, mental and spiritual life of man. The annual change of seasons teaches us rebirth or reincarnation in the physical world. In the spring we have the fresh, young dancing leaves upon the tree; in the summer comes maturity; when winter appears the leaves fall away to enrich the roots of the tree that now withdraws its sap and is to all appearances dead. But when the appointed season again comes round, the life-force once more ascends and another set of leaves appears on the same trunk. It is the same tree but with a different garment. But man is something more than a physical being. He brings back each time the results of previous lives, which are shown in character and in circumstances. It is only when we study life from the standpoint of the Theosophical teachings of Karma and Reincarnation that the seeming injustices are explained. Then there can no longer be room for envy and jealousy or for the bitter sense of suffering without cause that is eating out the heart of so many of the world’s children today. One can see in the upheaval in each country the results of seeds sown generations ago, seeds of selfishness and unbrotherliness bringing about a harvest of hate and disorder of every kind. We have been for so long such listless non-observing scholars that Life sometimes has to give us a rude awakening to bring us to a realization that we are something more than thinking animals. We read in one of the Theosophical devotional books: ‘Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry; it is a song. Learn from it that you are a part of the harmony; learn from it to obey the laws of the harmony.’ ”

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in 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.

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.

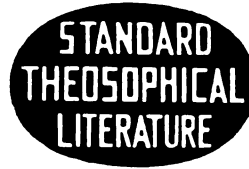
The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

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

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ABBREVIATED



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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."

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PROFESSOR W. A. DUNN

MRS. W. A. DUNN

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