THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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To THE true believer, truth, wherever it appears, is welcome, nor will any doctrine seem the less true or the less precious, because it was seen not only by Moses or Christ, but likewise by Buddha or Lao-Tse.— *Max Müller*

OUR COMPLEX PERSONALITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

WE have heard of those cases where some one's personality has become broken up into several different parts, each part ruling the body at a different time. Such cases are reported by experimenters in psychological phenomena, where a Miss X (for instance) has had several distinct personalities, which were labeled A, B, C, etc., each having its own character, and each ruling in turn. Sometimes, again, we read in the papers of people forgetting the whole of their ordinary personality, and becoming (as it were) some one else for a time, and afterwards returning to their normal personality.

But these are only special and extreme cases of what is really quite ordinary; for our character is made up of a number of such diverse elements, though in healthy individuals they do not become separated in the above way. Complex characters often experience this multiplicity of the personality so keenly that they begin to wonder "which is me," and even to think that perhaps there is no real "me" at all.

The word *persona* means a mask, used by tragic actors on a large open-air stage, to represent the character they are impersonating and to give visible size to their features. It is no accident that the word "personality" should be derived from the word that means a mask. Shakespeare, among others, has compared life to a drama, and the world to a stage.

Many of the ancient philosophers have frankly regarded the human being as a composite creature, and have considered the soul to be multiplex. This view will have to be taken again, nowadays, and made into a working theory of life.

But the most important point is — Where or what is the *real* Self, if any? Who is the actor that plays the many different parts in life?

It is possible to get to a point where we seem to consist largely of an angel and a devil, the one sober and scrupulous, the other libertine, but neither of them genuine. Yet this is by no means a complete analysis of our character; for there are fortunately times when neither of these fictitious personalities is on the stage, and when we are natural.

The subject is recognized as of the greatest importance in the bringing up of children. As things are, the child is suffered to develop several of these different personalities; and in general it may be said that he develops a side of his character that is entirely concealed from his parents.

The fond parent sketches out an ideal part for the child to enact, and yet at the same time overfeeds and over-indulges the child; so that the unfortunate being soon acquires a double personality, one half for show and the other half kept out of sight. He is not a conscious hypocrite; he merely does the inevitable and accommodates himself as best he can to the situation. It is of no use his trying to explain matters to the fond parent, for the determination of that parent *not to see* interposes an adamantine wall between parent and child. When the child grows up, the other side of his nature may come forth, and to the parent it seems as though the character had changed and the child had gone to the dogs.

There are some psychologists so confused that they would have us think that this suppressed personality is the real self (!), the voice of nature; and that we ought not to contradict it — if we do, we are guilty of hypocritical morality — and they talk of "human nature" and natural instincts and so forth. They say the passions of man ought to have vent, or else they will work dire mischief. But we see that these passions are nothing but weeds that were allowed to grow during childhood and youth. Save us from superficial psychology and fads and theories!

There must be a real self superior to these shifting personalities. Philosophy deals with attempts to find out what is the unqualified *ego* and to define it. In practice we always find the *ego* (selfhood) in combination with some quality or qualities, by which it is colored; we find the actor in one or another of his garbs. We may try to strip him of his vestments one by one, in the effort to get down to the original undressed actor — to find out what is the real Self. But such a search baffles us, because in prosecuting it we have to strip the mind of all that constitutes conscious thought. The Eastern method of

deep meditation seems more likely to succeed; and one might refer here to the *Yoga Aphorisms* of Patañjali, wherein the Eastern sage gives directions as to how the duly prepared candidate for such knowledge may proceed in his meditations, and describes the results attained by the process. In short, to attain the knowledge of Self, we must sooner or later, and in one way or another, go through such a process of profound self-analysis.

Patañjali, however, and other such works, are to be regarded as the advanced text-books of certain schools; and the rules of conduct they prescribe presuppose that the student has already passed through many earlier grades of self-study and self-mastery. This much can readily be inferred from the fact that these teachers make no mention of the numerous difficulties that would beset a Western and modern student who should attempt to follow out literally those rules without their necessary preliminaries. The question for us is how we ourselves, in this present day, may best set about finding the balance of our character and instituting a rational and effective system of education.

The key to the problem is to subordinate the *personal* to the *impersonal*. In other words — to subordinate the particular to the universal, and to make the principle of solidarity paramount over the principle of personal or class interest.

The personality of man weighs but little in the eternal scales, and if we aspire to something greater, we must look beyond the personal. The *source or fount* of the life we enjoy lies beyond the waters which we drink. A quenchless desire impels man to seek for the fount of his life and his joys, and this quest leads him towards the confines of the personal and towards the beginning of the impersonal.

Upon what firm and changeless ground can we set foot in order to find vantage wherefrom to sway the conflicting elements of our own character?

The young child has to be impressed with the indisputable truth that the great Life of which he is a part is far greater than the atom of that life in which his personality enshrines. In other words, he learns to make obeisance to the God within.

The saying of Katherine Tingley (Foundress of the Râja-Yoga education), that when a little hand is old enough to be raised in anger, it is also old enough to be raised in *giving* — gives the clue. Give a child a cake — and it may either eat it itself or hand it first to its

comrade. But what a difference between the two acts! Here surely is the parent's opportunity. Here is the point where two streams have simultaneous birth on the mountain top, to fall ultimately into opposite oceans. From *this* moment of time springs the future horoscope of that child, and the fond or watchful parent is the magician that rules the stars. No need to invent either gods or stars to explain fate when such influences as these are seen to rule so potently.

Fancy a child trained from earliest infancy to *give* rather than to receive, to think first of others, and of self afterwards! Contrast it with the way children *are* reared. Herein is the explanation of life's actual riddles and the promise of life's forthcoming possibilities.

When the kindly deed is done, the impersonal Self is the actor, and we here assert that this mode of action is the right and natural mode, such as the child's own true instincts would lead him to take, if it were not that the lesser and intrusive forces of his *animal* nature were suffered by his fond but not watchful guardians to interpose.

When this natural morality is thus allowed to grow, there is no need for an artificial and unstable morality to take its place.

Theosophy is a gospel of hope for humanity because it demonstrates that the obstacles in human nature are not insuperable and that many new powers lie ready to be evoked. Such a gospel is needed to counteract prevailing pessimism. In talking about war, for instance, people say that it is a necessary part of human nature, but they do not know what human nature is. Of what use is it to point to the evidence of history as conclusive, when the circumstances of humanity today are totally different from what they ever have been in history? And if war eliminates many evils that would otherwise have festered, so does a fever; yet if the disease germ had never been allowed to enter and grow, there never would have been need of the fever to purify the system. Is it essential to human nature that an outlet should be provided for the indulgence of strong animal propensities? Such is not the case with the animal creation, whose instincts are normal (except in some cases where domestication has modified them). And surely a well-balanced human being ought not to be troubled with inordinate lusts. The fact is that the standard human being is not normal, and what is called human nature is not human nature but disordered human nature. There are certain vices, largely fostered during unguarded school days, which get such a hold on the adult that they may *seem* irresistible. Is this human nature and should it

be provided with an outlet? And the same applies to the more natural but still inordinate forms of vice: they are not human nature but distorted human nature; they need to be checked in the start, not allowed to wax strong and then "given an outlet."

But what existing system of education, either by parents or teachers, has shown itself able to cope with the problem of youthful vice, either in secret and perverted form or in the more "natural" and open forms? The Râja-Yoga education can do it by instilling the principles of self-control and true poise from the outset, so that the vices never take root.

Genius is a flower that has but little chance to blossom amid the conditions afforded in our present age for its growth. Like a rose tree, sapped by a swarm of parasitic insects, it puts forth pitiful dwarfed blooms. So much is this the case that the word genius has become almost synonymous with instability, and people have argued that genius is a form of insanity. It is the unbalanced and neurotic conditions engendered in youth that furnish the soil upon which grows this distorted product; and the unfortunate being oscillates between the alternating states of inspiration and dire reaction.

Theosophy proclaims simple old-fashioned truths amid a turmoil of far-fetched theories. We are bid, on the one hand, to view our far ancestors naked, covered with hair, and armed with bludgeons; and the most degraded types in the animal kingdom are heralded as those who have transmitted their bestial lusts as a heritage to be squandered by our misguided intelligence. And on the other hand we have gospels of despair, wrongly called religious, which never tire of dwelling on the hopeless sinfulness of man. Theosophy comes to proclaim again the glory of man and the strength of the human soul — if only man will learn to distinguish his passions from his aspirations and follow the light of his better nature.

Whatever may have been the history of the evolution of man's physical body, it matters but little in face of the fact that our whole interest must center in the destiny of his soul. Deep within our nature is a great fount of grandeur and beauty that strives to express itself but is continually thwarted. There is a beauty on the face of the child that speaks of the soul-life; but this beauty soon fades as the grosser senses develop and the mind of the child becomes centered on the material world. But if that beauty could be preserved? Then we might know what life *is*. The inner harmony makes life beautiful.

We do not know, we cannot know, what life is and what its purposes are, until we have simplified our lives by removing those jarring distracting elements that fill us with doubt and turmoil. The purpose of life is a thing to be known by experience, as the bird knows it, and not by philosophical reasoning and theorizing. The joy of life grows in proportion as we can succeed in getting away from the personal. How gladly would many of us do this, if only we could! But we have cultivated habits of selfishness and personal thought that continually thwart our efforts to break from the prison in which we have shut ourselves.

Europe is bowed down with grief, and it would little become any people that should look upon this sorrow with an eye directed to calculating the possibilities of advantage to be derived therefrom. The quality of sympathy should make the smart of our fellow-man our own pain, and the impulse should arise in our hearts to make sacrifices that we may assuage the anguish. The strife was brought on by selfishness sowed in past years until a plentiful harvest of it was ripe; and shall we continue sowing the same harvest of appetite for private gain?

Theosophy does not propose to endow man with new powers until there is some prospect that he will not forthwith prostitute them all to the cause of internecine strife; for there is no doubt that such would at present be the fate of any higher powers that might be conferred. Theosophy strives to arouse in man those powers that cannot be abused — the Spiritual powers, the qualities of heart and of the awakened intuition.

How necessary, then, it is to study our own complex nature that we may learn to use the life that is ours. Our personality is truly an illusion, a set of habits, and a pretty dance these habits lead us! When our life nears its close — it is then that we realize that the purpose that directed it was not ours, and that we have fulfilled a destiny we had not planned. We may think we have failed; yet, though our petty ambitions have been thwarted, the purpose of the Soul may have been achieved. And it might have been possible for us to have realized better the real purpose of our life, so that, instead of trying to thwart it by chasing shadows, we might have helped it on.

And all this knowledge would become possible if a collective effort on a large scale were made by many people, all trusting in their divine nature and striving towards the light within, a never-failing guide.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE DUAL NATURE OF MAN: by H. Travers, M. A.

THE teachings of Theosophy are old truths; but these are newly presented and in a form adapted to modern needs and modern ways of thought. It is curious that among the objections that have been urged against Theosophy by captious and superficial critics, there are two which contradict each other flatly: for some of these critics have tried to disparage Theosophy by calling it "new-fangled," while others have sought to depreciate it on the alleged ground that it is merely a rehash of old and familiar ideas. Theosophy is indeed new, though it may not be "fangled"; and it can be old without being a "rehash." So we see that both objections merely lie in the particular depreciatory form of phraseology used by the objectors. Another strange thing is that the eternal truths that lie at the root of life should be at once so vital and so little heeded. This is mainly because the forms in which they have been expressed have grown stale, and the truths themselves have become incrusted with festering masses of dogma and platitude. Hence they need to be expressed in a new way, free from the old associations that have rendered them ineffectual or unpalatable; and in such form as to appeal with immediate and striking force to the understanding of the man of today.

One of these ancient truths is that of the dual nature of man. No one can say that this doctrine is old or unfamiliar; yet never was greater need for its vivid presentation. For it is the neglect of this fact that is at the root of all our troubles; and for want of attending to it we fail to find the light we are looking for. This doctrine has been so wrapped up in dogma and mystical formula, or in intricate philosophical garb, that it has floated away out of practical life into the misty regions of some ideal heaven or visionary utopia. There is urgent need that it should be presented as a simple ordinary statement, pointed out as an actual fact, and cleared of all twisted mysticism and meaningless verbiage.

Man has a personal and an impersonal nature.

This is an obvious fact, and is the basis of all our calculations in political economy and every other kind of economy. Man's life is a perpetual adjustment and compromise between the demands of his personal and impersonal nature — between his individual needs and his social needs. Selfishness and unselfishness are clearly defined by this distinction, apart from abstract philosophy of any kind.

It is equally obvious that an excessive accentuation of the personal side of man's nature results in strife, while harmony and peace are promoted by the cultivation of impersonality and mutual adaptability. Why then are these obvious truths so ineffective? Because of the hidebound formulas in which they have been incrusted. We have been bidden to be good because it will please a deity or secure us future bliss; but such an appeal misses the mark, and the result is that often an irreligious man will be more unselfish than a so-called religious one. Here one is reminded of a certain Teacher who came to save " sinners " and not " Pharisees." He saw more hope in the former than in the latter. Of course this fault of selfishness is not peculiar to religion, but is a defect of human nature, which crops up everywhere and mars whatever it enters into. Even the printed teachings of Theosophy could be made to feed self-righteousness.

The aspirant to perfection does not have to step out of life and enter a monastery, actual or mental. Goodness and the aspiration to perfection are not something artificial, painful, and unnatural. What a man should aim to do is to express whatever is best in him and to realize his true life.

The word " God " has been so much misused as to have lost its power. Everybody invokes " God " in support of his own particular cause; which looks as if the deity thus invoked were not the actual deity at all but only a personification of each man's own selfish ideal. The word " God " really means the deific essence in every man; and what higher conception of its meaning could we possibly reach? How can we reach higher than our own highest conceptions of truth, honor, justice, and mercy?

Great catastrophes in the affairs of men may be deplored; but when they have happened, the inevitable must be accepted, and then the thing to do is to set about learning the lesson they teach. The world is having a great object-lesson in the consequences of living by wrong ideals. Men are shaken out of their dreams by rude contact with reality. Might is not right, compassion is not a foolish weakness, the homely virtues are the only things that stand and fail not in the hour of need. Where preaching fails to impress this, more direct teaching is needed.

Personalism, wrongly called " individualism," is responsible for the catastrophe which is its culmination. We now see, demonstrated to the very limit, what an entirely useless and destructive thing is

personalism — worship of the personal self. Everyone who worships his personal self adds a little fuel to the great fire; adds his own little weight to the mountain of woe that is crushing the millions of his brother men. There is only one way to stop strife and inaugurate peace, and that is to dethrone the God of personalism. Dethrone it in your neighbor — in the other man? Nay, in yourself.

Those who, anxious to promote peace, neglect to make peace in their own lives, while they run about and try to make other people behave — how can they succeed? Are they not, in their very efforts for peace, making the same old mistake over again, by acting in a *personal* manner? To act thus is to run away from the field of battle, where the enemy is, and to flourish our valiant arms in places where he is not, leaving him to hold undisputed possession of the all-important throne in our own heart.

But the work of reforming our own nature ought to be welcome and natural; and would be so if we did not create imaginary difficulties. Everyone who holds high ideals and clings to them stedfastly, refusing to let them go and to settle down in humdrum resignation, has to fight hard for them — fight hard against selfishness. For it is Selfishness that is always the enemy, the obstacle. Selfishness mars the attainment of these ideals and is incompatible with them. The sacrifice of personal desires with such a motive is a willing sacrifice, a natural, healthy, true sacrifice — the abandonment of the false in order to attain the true.

The religion, the science, the philosophy of our times have all tended to inspire us with the idea that we are mere mortals, that we are hopelessly sinful and unable to help ourselves; that we have so little grace that we need some external power to save us; that we are descended from monkeys who lived in trees and came down to the ground because there were no more cocoa-nuts. Whether it is our own inherent wickedness, or the Devil, or our ape-ancestry, or our nerve-cells, that makes us act as we do, the case seems equally hopeless; and for a remedy we have to choose between embracing some creed or else going to a surgeon and getting our head trepanned. It is about time we paid more attention to our better nature. For our better nature is a solid fact, after all, deny it who may.

If only people were accustomed from the earliest years of their life to dwell upon the fact of their divine nature, that fact would become a living power in their lives. It is necessary to preach every-

where this doctrine of the divine nature of man, and to keep on preaching it until it spreads and spreads and overthrows the false doctrines that teach man's animality and his hopeless sinfulness.

Instead of personalism, we must cultivate Individualism. This means Individualism in the true sense — recognition of the Individuality — not the personality — of man. The personality is a little thing, the breeder of nothing but woe to oneself and to all. But the Individuality? That is our true, our real Self — the man in us that is always striving to burst his bonds and come forth into the light.

Is not this a noble ideal and one worth striving for? Self-realization in the highest sense. Poets, musicians, painters, dreamers of nameless dreams of rapture—all fall short of the bliss of attainment, and why? Because you have not *yet* learned life's great lesson—that no soul can enter heaven garbed in an earth-stained robe. And is this a religious dogma? Nay, it but means that the atmosphere of self-love is fatal to the flowers that bloom in the paradise of our hopes. And self-love often takes attractive forms, does it not?

All one is asked to do, then, is to step out from a narrow life into a large and unfettered one. One's own true interest is identical with the interest of humanity. In overcoming personal limitations we achieve our own ideal while doing our highest duty.

And if the divine nature of man is a fact and not a fancy, the cultivation of impersonal ideals ought to mean something in the way of definite results. And in truth there never yet has been a Teacher who has not insisted that the path of duty is the path of enlightenment and that knowledge and wisdom come to those who obey the law of compassion and divine harmony.

That there is a goal in life worth striving for, and that access thereto is near and not remote — these are things that the world has forgotten. The plight of the world is easy to understand, when we reflect how far the world has wandered from the light.

EDUCATION. Education is the key; that we all feel. People say *children should be taught the truth about their own nature.* But it all depends what people mean when they say this; and what some people mean is best left unsaid. Why not teach children about their *divine* nature? The thing is a fact, and all that is needed is to continually direct the child's attention to it. When a Soul enters into this life, the claims of the senses are strong; and its parents and teachers usually do all in their power to make these claims stronger. The child is

taught to think about its own personality. Naturally, it does not think about itself; it is unconscious and artless. But unwise flattery steps in and soon spoils all this, and the child is practically made a little cripple for the rest of its life. Thus our ideas of education are directed towards bringing out the personal nature of the future man or woman — in other words, judiciously cultivating his weaknesses. And we wonder at the result!

The phrase "biological fact" is one to conjure with; and if we were to say that the divine nature of man is a biological fact, it might impress some people, while others might accuse us of being materialistic. But there must surely be something in the very atoms of a human body that bespeaks the immortal divine seed and makes man so totally different from the highest animal.

Theosophy has not invented the dual nature of man, or any of the other natural facts; but it affords rational explanations of them. It directs people's attention to the obvious. What could be more obvious than the twofold nature of a child? And people are proposing to treat the child as if its nature were onefold. They will take all manner of precaution to protect its health with blankets, drugs, etc.—they do not leave that to nature; but, when it comes to the mind, the heart, and other immaterial parts of the child's make-up, they propose to leave all that to nature. Never interfere, they say. A child needs protection, guidance, and help, morally as well as physically; his impulses are not all good — some of them are quite bad, and will ruin him if not eradicated as disease-germs might be eradicated. All this is common sense, you may say, and wofully platitudinous; and so it is. But strangely enough, Theosophy has had to point it out to make people see it. Perhaps the chief trouble is that you cannot help a child morally unless you yourself are striving in the same direction; for hypocritical advice does not catch on. Hence the absolute need for teachers who believe and practise the doctrine of the dual nature of man. And even they could not do it successfully without a Leader to advise and correct their mistakes — a Leader whose authority rests on proved competence, not on assumed qualities.

To this article one might append a table of the Seven Principles of Man, as given in Theosophical handbooks, together with quotations from Theosophical and mystical works. But the inquirer can study these for himself. The important point is that doctrine and practice should go together, for neither is of any lasting good without the other.

WHAT IS WORK?: by Percy Leonard

SINCE work has been defined as the overcoming of resistance, it follows that each moment of a good man's life is occupied in work. His lower nature gravitates unceasingly towards material life and to resist this tendency requires continual effort, or in other words—work. Perpetual positivity is the condition of all moral advance; without it man is tossed like driftwood by the conflicting currents sweeping athwart his course, the pitiful plaything of the great forces around him.

Readers of their Bibles may remember that the so-called "curse of labor" was pronounced on Adam simultaneously with the acquisition of his "coat of skin." This is explained by Theosophy as an allusion to an early stage of human evolution when as a spiritual being he was slowly descending into material life. Man's lowest vesture in those early days was of ethereal substance; but as in strict conformity with cosmic law he sank more deeply in material life, desire for pleasures of the senses became more insistent, causing actual changes for the worse in the material of which his body was composed. Desire according to Theosophy is not an airy, unsubstantial fancy; but a potent force producing definite results, one of the most disastrous being a progressive coarsening of the body-substance of the man who lets it dominate the little cosmos he is meant to rule.

As human bodies grew more dense, their physical environment, losing its former plastic quality, took on a grosser texture as the result of man's increasingly material desires. Thus the fierce craving for personal sensation in the world of matter was the first transgression, causing "the loss of Eden" or the spiritual life. The coat of skin condensed around him as he sank more deeply into the material surroundings he had made and thus the motions of his will encountered growing resistance. His body now began to cast a shadow, and its need for food, felt for the first time, forced him into sordid competition with his fellows. Thus life became more difficult under the double influence of social struggle and the *vis inertia* of matter.

Each time we re-assume a body for the purpose of another life on earth, we fall under the sway of that necessity to overcome the stubbornness and opposition of material things, which constitutes the very essence of all work.

Seeing that work consists in forcing matter to adopt the forms which we prefer and to take on such movements as shall best subserve our purposes, it follows that the interval between one life on

earth and the succeeding one must be an interval of perfect rest for that particular working entity. The mind is living then in its own sphere and has completely broken free from all relations with physical things. In this condition, known as Devachan, to cherish an ideal is to see it realized without delay. The world in which the soul in Devachan exists is formed of mental substance so fine spun and yielding in its quality that it obeys the lightest movement of the will, so that an action barely formulated in the mind becomes without an effort an objective fact. Happy the storm-tossed mortals who after life's rough voyage ride safe at anchor in that haven of the soul when evening shadows fall. And yet it must be noted that while resting and regaining hope and confidence by their late struggle with material life, the egos who repose in Devachan really perform no work.

When Jesus said "The night cometh when no man can work," he must have had this interval of peace and rest in mind. He could not possibly have meant, as is usually supposed, that death ushers the soul into a state in which all progress by its own exertions is forever impossible. Such a doctrine of eternal stagnation would be at variance with all that we know of Nature's working and the deepest intuitions of the heart of man.

The faculty of speech is looked upon as the direct antithesis of labor and not without good reason. It is almost impossible to be present where a number of men are working in company for any length of time without hearing the inquiry "why don't you work instead of talking?" The lungs and vocal organs act with such remarkable facility that the chief labor in connexion with their use is not the starting into action of a reluctant mechanism; but rather its restraint when it is judged the time has come to stop. To resist the strong impulse to verbal expression is often a matter of heroic effort and justly deserves the name of work.

People of little discernment often refuse to give a man credit for working unless his back and limbs are occupied in rapid movement; but in an ancient Hindû scripture it is said that the truly wise can see "action in inaction," a somewhat rare accomplishment.

"Masterly inactivity" is a fine phrase, and calls up the picture of a true ruler of himself who restrains the tendency of mind and body to engage in furious action under circumstances when a steady poise and quiet observation are the duties of the moment. The power by which we hold in check the lower elements we call the will, is a form of

energy but little understood. It has however been defined as "the soul in action": a definition full of suggestion. It certainly conveys the valuable hint that much of our brain action which we have fondly imagined to be of high spiritual value, is nothing but a futile effervescence of the lower mind and mainly automatic at that.

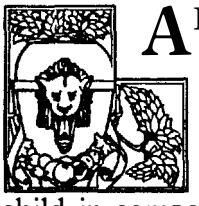
If we observe the ordinary action of our minds we shall discover that the stream of thought runs of itself without the least assistance on our part. Such action of the mind scarcely deserves the name of work. As sight and sounds are carried inward to the mental field, thought-images gallop across the mind like moving-picture films gone mad. Such so-called thought requires no effort whatsoever; but try to stem the cataract or even moderate its flow, and the resistance is terrific. A driver who is holding in a pair of restive horses is occupied in strenuous work although his movements may be of the slightest, and he who resolutely holds his mind in check may help to sweeten and to clear the atmosphere of public thought, although to all appearances he remains at perfect rest. One who considers his responsibility for thought-control, and then determines to discharge it like a man, soon comes to understand that he is under sentence of hard labor for the remainder of his life. In moments of apparent leisure he must stand eternally on guard to challenge every vagrant thought that seeks admittance at the portals of his mind. And sometimes when apparently he rests in utter idleness he may be forcing back some foul, intrusive flood of thought which surges to the threshold and which if allowed to enter might undo the work of years.

On looking back over the various items touched upon we must admit that "the curse of labor" has operated for our benefit to no small degree. The effort to impress our will upon our hard intractable surroundings has stimulated all our latent powers enormously. Shut in and segregated in our "coats of skin," the "great dire heresy of separateness" has certainly acquired enormous power; but in what other way could consciousness of self have been produced? And now from this decisive turning point, when the fallacy of separated life appears about to crystallize into the false deception of the personal self, we have the joy of feeling it expand till it includes the lives of all other selves, until we rest in conscious unity with all that breathes.

HOMOGENEOUS CIVILIZATION:

by J. O. Kinnaman, A. M., PH. D. (Editor of *The American Antiquarian*)

[Dr. Kinnaman, who is a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and whose interesting article *Whence? Whither? Interrogation Points in Anthropology,* appeared in the October, 1914, issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, contributes in the article which follows this note a series of questions which need more complete answers than have yet been given by specialists in the different fields of research mentioned. The author himself also suggests possible answers to some of them.]



ARCHAEOLOGISTS take one ruin and construct an entire civilization. Anthropologists take one footprint, or one femur, or one jaw-bone, and reconstruct a whole race. We speak of Rider Haggard as a man of rare genius as regards imagination, but he is as a child in comparison with some of our accredited scientists. There is still too much imagination, too much of the romantic among some of our writers; not all, but some give way to vivid flights. To illustrate: When, years ago, the subject of man's first appearance in America was rife, the Calaveras skull was put into our text-books as the oldest skeletal remains ever found in America. It was supposed to have been found beneath Table Mountain *in situ.* About two years ago Felix J. Koch, of Cincinnati, Ohio, proved the skull a fraud in that it is the skull of a modern Indian placed at the bottom of the mining shaft by men still living, having been intended for a *practical joke.* Whole libraries have been written about it by learned men.

The point is this: some scientists are prone to form conclusions too quickly. They have some pet theory that they wish to prove, and they proceed to bend each evidence to the support of the theory, being absolutely blind to the facts pointed out by the artifacts.

The unbiased, unprejudiced scientist must first marshal his facts, investigate the phenomena, and then when he has everything available before him, his next step is to arrange and classify; after this has been accomplished, he is at liberty to formulate his hypothesis.

But the truth is that our archaeologists and anthropologists have been working independently, professionally jealous each of the other, to the detriment of the science to which they profess to have dedicated their lives, thus retarding the proper advancement of the two sciences.

Of course, we understand perfectly that these sciences, together with geology, have had a hard and bitter fight with so-called ortho-

dox theology; not with the Bible as many suppose, but with man-made theology that has its root in medieval theology. It has been a bitter fight, and the end is not yet; but science has gained, or partially gained, at least, one concession from orthodox theology, viz.: that true science is just as much the revelation of the ὁ θεός as the Bible itself. With this concession granted, the twin sciences, archaeology and anthropology, have a chance for untrammeled development.

Anthropology has builded a wall around itself by dividing humanity into three races; this wall is an isosceles triangle, each leg of which is a race, separate and distinct from the two others; yet who can tell where one leaves off and the other begins? In central Africa we have the negro who is not like his brother of the north coast; the Hottentot is different from all; the Indian of India differs from the Englishman, yet he is Caucasian; we have the blonde Eskimo; the blonde Indian of the west coast of Mexico. Where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? It is drawn upon certain physiological characteristics; but where is the absolute line to be made?

When we come to a standstill on the above, we are compelled to ask this question: "What is Man?" Did the Psalmist formulate this as a scientific question? I believe that he so formulated it. The so-called races do not functionally differ, for they readily interbreed. So this brings us face to face with the question: Are there three races or one? If one only, how account for existing differentiation? The writer sees that again he is asking questions, a thing he is ever prone to do.

But let us turn to archaeology and put the race question to it and see the answer.

Roughly, civilization is usually divided into the following degrees: (a) Rough Stone Age; (b) Polished Stone Age; (c) Bronze Age; (d) Iron Age. This classification is based upon the notion of utensils or artifacts. Do these divisions mean evolution ascending or descending? Are so-called barbarism and savagery a reversion or a development? If savagery is development, it is a development from what? Or does civilization rise and fall like a great tidal wave? Let us, for a moment, examine known history and see what conclusion may tentatively be drawn.

Go with me to the Tigris-Euphrates valley. To-day we find there wind-swept plains, sand-choked canals, countless unnamed Tels, and a few scattered, ragged, beggarly Arabs. Some few thousands of

years ago this great valley presented an altogether different aspect. It was studded with great cities, such as Ur, Nineveh, Babylon, and many others whose names are not now even known. The plains were blooming, smiling gardens, the canals flowing with water that was the life of the country; the great river swarming with commerce, the sea flecked with white-winged vessels; the libraries contained countless volumes; the mathematician solved his problems, and the astronomer more than laid the foundation of the science as we know it today; the historian chronicled events that challenge our credulity; the cities were so beautiful that they stand in our modern literature as the symbols of luxury and magnificence. We still read the military exploits of its kings with astonishment; we study its epics, literature and language with ever-increasing amazement. Yet where are those magnificent cities, those wonderful libraries, those conquering kings, those expert mathematicians, those studious astronomers, those smiling gardens, those life-giving canals, that great and flourishing commerce?

The cities are Tels, their magnificence vanished forever; the libraries broken and buried; the canals filled with sand; the gardens gone; the kings, armies, scholars, vanished; nothing is left but the river and the sea and the Tels. That civilization, that luxury and magnificence, is represented today by what? Nothing. Not even by the wandering Arab who pitches his tent upon a Tel and stakes his horses at its foot. Where are the Sumerian, the Akkadian, the Mede, the Persian? Where are the Hittite and the Hyksos?

Persia's conquering, you say, is responsible; Greece is responsible. Responsible for what? Why were men so forgetful of the benefits of the high civilization of that era as to raze the magnificent cities, destroy invaluable libraries, render a desert what was once a flourishing garden? When the curtain of history goes up in the valley, we find it civilized as we understand civilization today, and to such a degree civilized that it had reached the stage of crystalization. In other words, it was on the crest of the wave, and from that date to the Hellenization of that vast area under Alexander the Great and its final breakup, it was slowly but gradually sliding down into the trough of oblivion.

If we study the history of nations, history as it is written, we are forced to this conclusion: (a) a period of growth and development; (b) the zenith and crystalization; (c) degeneracy and fall. If this

be true, then is savagery so-called, a development, or is it a degeneracy and fall? In other words, do we travel in a straight line of constant development, or do we move in cycles?

If man has moved forward in a straight line in his development, then all mankind should be equally advanced, all other things being equal. But this is not the condition as the student finds it.

Theoretically the human race should have advanced at equal pace through the stages above mentioned; all should have been in the Rough Stone Age at the same time, and today all should be on a par with the European peoples.

There is a wide gulf between theory and the facts. Some branches of the race are in each of the stages above enumerated, and contemporaneously.

We have the Australian, the lowest type of existing man, along with the "savage" of Africa who is higher in the scale than the Australian. Thus the varying degrees up to the most "refined" and "cultured" European.

How account for this wide divergence, this great variation? Are all existing conditions continuations or resultants from former conditions? Is each branch of the race passing through a stage of evolution? If so, is the evolution ascending or descending? Or does it vary with the branch?

These are a few of the questions that confront the student who would solve the problem of man's civilization.

In the attempt to answer these questions, there have arisen several schools. The reader may choose the one that appeals to his reason or his fancy.

The writings and traditions of the Semitic people do not lend us one ray of light, for their entire body of literature is *not* original, but borrowed from the Tigris-Euphrates valley. If we follow closely the Semitic tradition, we find its central idea to be the fall of man. What is meant by the phrase? It is the hope of the writer to throw a little light upon the subject as a whole.

It seems to be the prevailing notion that man evolved from the simian, and by some means became the *anthropos erectus,* but just how no one ventures to state.

If man evolved from the simian, what sort of object was the first simian-man? How could he battle with his environments and survive? If he had to learn his environments through his five senses,

and had no knowledge excepting that which he acquired through his contact with the physical world, how was it possible for him to survive sufficiently long to reproduce his kind?

A certain school would have the first man exceeding low in mentality, so low, in fact, that he had no conception of the simplest tools; that man's first attempt to manufacture tools took the form of Eoliths. Just the use to which these Eoliths were put, the school does not attempt to state.

Whether the Eoliths were man-made or pressure-made through natural agencies is a much debated question, one which the writer will not attempt to answer. Likewise we will pass over the different degrees of stone culture.

The Egyptian, as we know, was an alien, not an aboriginal, of the Nile valley, for we find that the aboriginal inhabitant differed widely from the historic Egyptian, and his burial was interment in the sands of the desert, wrapped, perhaps, in reed matting.

The first great object that attracts the attention of the student-traveler in the Nile country is the Great Pyramid. This piece of architecture has been the cause of the writing of whole libraries in an attempt to solve its mystery. Every conceivable use has been assigned to it, but today its problem remains unsolved. There is positively not a thing *in se* to give a clue as to the date of its building nor by whom it was built, nor why, nor how. Problems of engineering enter the discussion. No modern machinery, no modern system of engineering, could lift the capstone into place. How was it placed there? I have never seen a satisfactory answer, but I offer the suggestion of S. S. Gray, a noted engineer, who has spent about eighteen years in Egypt studying ancient and modern problems. On board the steamship *Canopic,* bound from Naples to Boston, Mr. Gray, in discussing the question with the writer, suggested that the great cap-stone was cast *in situ.* Whatever the purpose of the pyramid, its form is found not only in the Nile valley, but practically over the entire world.

How account for similarity of architecture all over the known surface of the earth? In the first steps towards the solution of the problem, we must recognize the fact that the human race is far older than the wildest dreams of the romanticist. The second necessary step must lie in the hypothesis that man came into being as man and not as a so-called higher anthropoid. Third, that there is no such condition as savagery, and that civilization is of degree only.

The geologist attempts to convey to us some notion of the immense age of this planet, but does not attempt to set it forth in those terms we are pleased to designate as years, for measured time is degree only. A year of our time would scarcely constitute a month on Saturn, that far-distant member of our system. When we speak of time we mean and say absolutely nothing. If we do mean anything at all, we simply set forth a measured portion of eternity. Then, again, what do we mean by the term eternity? We can keep up this series of questions until we reach a *reductio ad absurdum*. When we have reached that point we can see how futile our discussion as to the age in years of the human race. We are in the same attitude as the philosophers who were wont to discuss the query: "How many angels can dance upon the point of a needle?" As a result, our attempt to measure human existence upon this planet by years is entirely futile and of no avail. Years really count for naught; geological epochs are all that can be used scientifically.

If the earth's surface had remained practically the same through the ages, if there had been no subsidence and no elevation, if there had been no great cataclysms in which whole continents sank beneath the waves, the problems before us would not be so difficult of solution.

On the now existing continents, and those remnants of continents we call islands, scattered in all the seas, there are monuments that speak with tongues eloquent of man's past history.

Let us trace the similarity of prehistoric monuments, and reason without bias or preconceived premise to a logical conclusion.

Perhaps the oldest form of earth-monument is the tumulus. The tumulus is found upon every existing continent, in fact, wherever man has set his foot sufficiently long to establish even a temporary residence. Tradition designates these tumuli as the tombs of chieftains, leaders of their fellow-men. What they really are is still a question.

We of America pride ourselves upon possessing the finest serpent-mound still extant. That may be true, but it is not the only one extant. This type of mound is found everywhere, typical of a civilization and a people long extinct.

Perhaps the pyramid is a special development of the tumulus; however, it is a *typical* form of monument found in different places over the entire world, regardless of what use it may have been put to. Architecture is typical. The temple-caves of India; the cliff-dwel-

lings of America; the temples of Egypt and Mexico; the palaces of the Tigris-Euphrates valley and of South America.

In language we find the similarity continued. The hieroglyphics of Egypt and Mexico (those of Egypt can be read, while those of Mexico can be partly guessed at from analogy); scattered over North America are found other hieroglyphs, also on the isles of the sea, in the midst of the African forest and on the veldt. When these can be read, what a wealth of information!

Again, closely similar burial customs seem to have been universal. The oldest form of burial appears to be that of the sitting posture, with the limbs flexed. Thus it is in the oldest graves in the Nile valley, in America, in Africa, and still common with the Bantu tribes of Africa.

With this small but powerful array of facts before us, for space denies us further enumeration, at what conclusions may we arrive.

In our consideration we have universally: (a) the tumulus; (b) the pyramid; (c) the serpent-mound; (d) architecture; (e) hieroglyphs; (f) burial customs.

This array of facts, to the thoughtful student, suggests: (1) universal religion; (2) universal language; combining 1 and 2 we have a homogeneous race; if a homogeneous race, then a like civilization. If there was a homogeneous race, a universal language and religion, where did it have its origin and development?

There has persisted through the ages the legend of a continent at present beneath the waves, which continent was the home of a far-advanced civilization. Plato calls it Atlantis; the American Indian names it Tula.

In the land of Tula a great cataclysm occurred that caused the inhabitants to flee, and the continent sank beneath the sea. Atlantis had a like history.

Investigators cannot agree that Tula and Atlantis are identical. Atlantis is placed in the midst of the Atlantic ocean, of which continent the Azores are a remnant. On the other hand, Tula is conceived as being partly sub-Antarctic, the site of which, certain islands and volcanic peaks of the Pacific, mark. The reader is at liberty to take his choice of theories; the writer does not take sides, he merely states them.

If Tula existed, then at the time of the great cataclysm that destroyed it, the race, or the individuals who escaped, fled eastward and

landed upon what are now the American continents; in the case of Atlantis, the people could have fled either eastward and arrived at the European or African continents, or westward to the Americas.

Dr. Curry finds monuments of the Tulans as far north as Washington; he finds their hieroglyphs from Canada to southern Mexico.

Whether Civilization had its origin in Atlantis or Tula, one thing seems to stand forth prominently, viz.: a homogeneous civilization spread over the now existing continents, leaving behind it monuments that testify to the high degree of its culture.

The curious reader may ask: To what race did these people belong? The answer must be, To that which is now called Caucasian. If this is not true, how account for the inherent genius of the white race? Otherwise how account for the blonde Indian on the west coast of Mexico; the blonde Eskimo; and countless other *hows?*

If we acknowledge a homogeneous race and civilization, how account for its degeneracy or fall?

Let us study by analogy. Athens, a small Deme of Greece, through her superior intellectual genius stands today as the symbol of intellectual greatness and attainment, the height to which the efforts of man can climb. For centuries she held the destiny of the civilized world in her hands. She reached her zenith. What followed? The cause of her degeneracy was internal. She forgot the hardy characteristics, the ruggedness that is necessary to buffet environment. She fell a prey and slave to the hardier Roman.

Rome struggled for existence, fought for her very life with Carthage, conquered, grew, expanded, rose higher and higher in the sphere of physical civilization until she stood without a peer, the mistress of the entire Western civilized world; but she had sown within herself, during her period of growth, development, and expansion, the seeds of her fall. The structure became so heavy that it crumbled through its own weight. Rome became effeminate, luxury-loving, thus being no longer able to grapple with the tasks with which she found herself confronted. The transformation was from within and not from external sources as once taught; the barbarian was within her body politic and social, and not from the woods of Germany. The transformation was so gradual that she herself did not realize her downward march. When she reached the nadir of her career, the more robust Germanic stock was ready to take her torch and carry forward the work of culture. But what a muddle! The torch almost went out,

and civilization was lost in the midst of barbarism for centuries, during the epoch designated as medieval.

Individuals forget their training and degenerate. Thus likewise do nations and civilizations. Rome's history ends in August, 608 A. D., with the erection in the Forum Romanum of the column of Phocas; from that time until 1453 Europe is shrouded in barbarism, so-called; then came the awakening and the ever-rapid advance to the present day.

Such, in a nutshell, is history as it is written from 490 B. C. to 1915 A. D. Suppose that we had not the history of Greece and Rome, but had the history of medieval Europe, what would be the conclusion *in re* medieval man?

If history teaches us anything at all, it certainly teaches that each nation has its epochs of origin, of development, of zenith, of degeneracy, and of fall. This seems to be an inexorable law; it is a law of nature: birth (origin), development, decay (degeneracy), death (fall). If it is a law of nature applicable to individual and nation, why should it not be applicable to the race as a whole? Individuals thrive, then utterly cease to exist; nations likewise. What is there to exclude races from so doing?

Within historic times we know of at least one "race" becoming extinct, the Tasmanian, whom anthropologists are prone to classify as a distinct race, perhaps far older than the Australian.

Then may we conclude that individuals, nations, and races, become extinct in accordance with a universal, fixed law?

What does it mean when a race has run the gamut of its career? Are the best attainments of that race perpetuated? Do these attainments serve as basic principles for the succeeding race?

Whether the Atlantis race or the Tulan race serves as a root-race in our cycle of civilization, matters very little, though exact knowledge would be gratifying; yet the fact seems to remain that monuments so nearly identical had their origin in a homogeneous civilization developed by a homogeneous race that ramified from a common center to almost every known part of the globe. Whether representatives of that race are still extant or entirely extinct, the writer will not now attempt to say; neither will he attempt to answer several other questions that he has raised, among them whether so-called savagery is an ascending or descending aspect of evolution. These we leave for future consideration.

In conclusion, allow me to say, stating my position concisely and laconically, that the evidence of homogeneous monuments points to a homogeneous civilization and race, the original cradle of which is still a matter of dispute. Homogeneous civilization and race, if proven, settles nothing, absolutely nothing *in re* the origin of man, for, back of this world-wide civilization must lie origin, development, etc., etc., indefinitely, until we are still driven to the *when, where* and *how* idea. In other words, the wings of our intellect beat in vain against the wall of the Unknown. We are lost in the deep mists of an unfathomed past. There must necessarily be a limit to our knowledge, for there must be a limit to the remains of the human race and of its activities. Only by merest chance do the skeletal remains of man survive through the geological ages; likewise only a miserable few of his monuments survive the cataclysms and the destructive hand of man himself. Speaking geologically, that which is the bottom of a sea today may be a mountain top tomorrow, and *vice versa;* in the meantime the frail artifacts of man crumble to dust in the twinkling of an eye.

Then let us not flatter ourselves that we can ever reconstruct the full history of the human race by means of the monuments left behind. It is proper for us to search for every possible atom of truth and evidence, and read our history as far as we may, but question upon question will cry for answer and will not be stilled, because the answer comes not.

To know the truth, one must have a love for the truth, and a desire to work for it. To understand the Wisdom-Religion, one must study Theosophy. This study leads to real knowledge, and the knowledge gained establishes a foundation of royal principles, which serve as guides through life. Become as little children at the feet of the Master in your thoughts and acts, and you will then quickly gain the discernment that will lead you on and on to greater achievements. You will know how to adapt yourself to human needs, and also to realize that while today you may not understand all that is taught in the name of Theosophy, tomorrow the veil may be lifted; and that what you fail to grasp today may become tomorrow a living power in your life.— *Katherine Tingley*

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER III — EVOLUTION, REINCARNATION, AND THE GODS

DYING from the inorganic we developed into the vegetable kingdom. Dying from the vegetable we rose to the animal, and leaving the animal we became men. . . . The next transition will make us angels; and thence we shall rise and become what no mind can conceive.— *Jelaluddin-Rumi*

WHOSE aim is to recruit
Auxiliar Godhood from the ranks of men.

ALL very well to say that Nature does this or that; the question is, with whose hands does she do it, and through whose eyes has she sight for the work? If you want the real reason why flowers bloom, wind blows, or rain falls, you had better reinstate the fairies. Pass the best education laws in the world; and if you have no builders to build the schools, nor teachers to teach in them, you have not much advanced the cause of learning. Our laws express the will of the nation; to make them effective, they need as agents all society and the police. First you have the Will, then the Law, then the Agents. So, too, there is conscious Will behind the Laws of Nature; and there are conscious agents on every plane to carry those Laws into effect.

We are ourselves among these agents, although we transgress so incessantly. There is that in us which is universal, and shares in universal will; it is only our lower selves that are so personal, cocksure, pushing, and eager to have their own way. In the long run we defeat our personalities, and accomplish universal ends. Even though all men be tainted with selfishness, all are in league against the selfish man; if you sin, though never so secretly, the whole universe conspires to punish you — your fellow sinners first of all. But beside these human ones, the Law has agents subhuman and superhuman; both are better for the work than we are: the first because they obey implicitly, and have no power to choose their own course; the second because they have gained the power to choose invariably aright. All these have to do with history; which is, to say the truth, vastly more than human.

Reincarnation gives a new meaning to the phrase *human family*. For "family" implies a hearth and home; and were this earth but a temporary place of probation, in what sense could we call it home? Why should we bother with its past and future? Birth would intro-

duce us to it; the deeds of its old-time inhabitants could cause us no thrill or shame. Death would rob us of all interest in it: let posterity go hang; we shall be elsewhere, or nowhere at all! Yet at our coming in, we have already a concern in the earth, not to be evaded. We take up threads which are waiting for us, and which someone must have dropped; and begin at once to reap harvests, which someone must have sown. Then, dying, we leave things in a tangle which others, apparently, must unravel. What, you are to leave this world a worse place than you found it, and incur no responsibility? You have been doing evil here for seventy years, and expect to get off with an eternity in hell? Fool, what would the poor world you injured be the better for that? Let us have none of this vicarious nonsense, but save or damn ourselves like men. The newborn child finds a harvest waiting for him to reap; the dying man leaves fields and fields sown. Very well; let us reinstate decency and justice, and say that none could have sown for the former but himself; and that only himself shall reap the latter's sowing.

The earth is far too dear and familiar for the skimpy theories to fit, which we apply to our relations with it. We have been native here during millions and millions of years, and shall be during other millions; the men of old were ourselves and our companions, and we shall be the races that are to come. We shall be comrades again with those we love now, and with many we loved of old time whom we now know not. Destiny holds for us a rich and beautiful intimacy with all that is excellent in all souls.

Of course there is no such thing as a fool-proof doctrine. The sublime is never so sublime, but that shallowpates can make it ridiculous by merely believing it. Do but mention reincarnation to some, and they fall to "remembering" being Hypatia, Caesar, Confucius, Mary of Scotland, and "all such folk as that." Best lay such spooks at once with a plain statement: you can't remember anything of the kind; if this is how you are to use the idea, you had better go back to your eternal damnation. That in you which lays to itself such flattering unction, has no element of eternity in it, and does not reincarnate; you are about as likely to have the same organ of memory in any two lives, as to wear the same hat. Personal memory, that is; for the soul has a memory of its own, which is character; in respect to which, such vanity argues a silly and commonplace status. Hypatia! — If you had claimed, now, to have been the maiden aunt of some nonentity,

or a respectable grocer's wife in the suburbs of Alexandria ——.

What you were is decreed forgotten, and does not matter; is there nothing in this life, which you would be a braver man if you could forget? What you are is the whole past of yourself: your character, a poor thing maybe, is still your own, fashioned by yourself in many lives. We made ourselves in Rome, Egypt, Babylon, and in empires older still, whose last traces have been lost. The Andes have been upheaved over cities in which we were kings or slaves or merchants; we have gone on our ways dryshod, where now the Atlantic and the Pacific roll; we shall labor and triumph in our day in continents to emerge from the solitudes of the sea. Always we have been contacting life, learning; what we have learnt, some day we shall fashion into wisdom of proof. This earth and all its ages are our province; every soul of us must be enriched with all the experience they can provide.

To gain real knowledge of anyone, is to win a new treasure for one's own spirit; there being a peculiar light proper to every soul: a ray of diverse color and beauty, whose sun is Godhead. Each of us is potentially a supreme and original revelation; God! there is no limit to the glory and magnanimity you or I might be. That we should all inherit our own at last, and come to know and to swell the light of our souls with the splendor of all souls native to the earth — here is elixir for the mind; here are wings for the imagination; here is a wind, sweeter than with heather, blowing from the peaks immaculate! Consider it; dwell upon it; reject it, by all means, if you must; and yet if fortune so favor you that you may grasp and believe it ——

This world, in which you rioted senselessly, fought snarlingly for your own hand, or were settling down dull-eyed into torpor, becomes a great palace of Aladdin and kingdom of enchantments: nothing is so small now, but it shines with paramount interest. Life with a wizard's wand has touched things, and the common duty of your days takes on the hue of some Quest of the Golden Fleece or adventure into the realms of faerie. All the world is your El Dorado; the field you must plow, or the floor you must sweep, is Tom Tidler's Ground; you may pick up kohinoors in your workshop daily, or in your back-garden. Every day you shall ride forth golden-armored, if you will, against the Hellions; you shall be Hercules and Galahad and Cid Campeador; you shall have your commission, if you will, in the army of Michael, and go forth constantly about the high business of God.

You shall cease to marvel at human inequality: the ages of the

past explain all. What wonder if so-and-so is a poor inept fool; since he has had many lives in which to waste his soul's substance in riotous living? What wonder if to this man's coffers half the gold in the world seems fatally attracted; since he may have dreamed of of lucre and ensued it since before the Pyramids were built? That Velazquez, Milton, and Napoleon were supermen at painting, poetry, and war; since each had graduated at his science a hundred times in the school of old lives? Call out no more against injustice, but learn to see a wise justice in all things; hail reverently those stern, gray-eyed Teachers, Sorrow and Pain and Adverse Circumstance; above all, learn from their ministrations all that is to be learned. So each dawn shall bring in for you a supreme opportunity; duty shall become sword and key and magical password; you shall see in front of you the Golden Age for a goal, wheretoward you shall labor and struggle.

The world is a school of souls, in which races and civilizations are the classrooms; there are brilliant scholars and dunces; and others also that have passed all grades and are masters of life, well qualified. There is no waste anywhere: time is a garden intensively cultivated, wherein all empires and epochs bloom, for humanity to plunder them of their honey of experience. So, great ages in ancient China, though we may know nothing of them, are as important as our own Tudor or Bourbon times; in them also the Soul was riding a-quest, experience was being gained, and Godhood was winning recruits from the vanguard of humanity. Inca and Aztec culture vanished, we are apt to think, and left no sign; it is not so; their records are written in the souls of men. Then, as now, man might conquer self and attain divine status.

Perfection is the goal that awaits us; and for its sake we return and return to life; why not, when here is this delightful and wonderful earth, prepared, desirous of us, and in every way suitable? You can get all the heaven you deserve, and all the hell, in your native village. It is experience that molds and fashions us; have you won all of it that the world can offer? Man by man, we are driven to search out the secrets of existence, and to find the divinity within ourselves. Suffering is but the fruitage of our errors; and a merciful medicine to purge us of the desire to err.

Hence those countless grades among men, who may be Napoleons or village idiots, Joan of Arc or Messalina. Heredity fails to explain the grand vagaries of the Soul; the will that strikes in sometimes

into a corrupt line and redeems it, profiting by the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the child. Hence, too, the vast realms that remain to be explored inwardly, and the fact that we are so infinitely complex, inexplicable by scientific theories, immeasurable in centimeters or feet; capable of better and worse things than God or man could have expected of us.

For there are common murderers hidden in you, and breakers of all the commandments; also embryo heroes, martyrs, and flaming-souled redeemers of mankind. Heaven and hell are at conflict in you; in deeper depths than you are conscious of, they wage grand wars for possession of your soul. I am myself indifferent honest, says Hamlet; yet could unfold you such a tale — I could find within myself all the brutes that perish: here are the Gadarene herd and the devils that entered into them; here are footprints of the tiger, here the trail of the serpent. And yet, too, here the creative and exultant moods: moments when some ancestral divinity stirred, and I looked out on the world with masterly compassion. These lofty things, also, might be made the actuality of our lives. We and the Universe have our God-moods and our fiend-moods. The moods of the Universe are Gods, souls, men, intelligences of all kinds.

There are living men viler than the vilest thing you have found in your heart, even if you are a deep searcher therein; and living men more excellent than the best. Break battle upon your lower self now, and consider what victories may be awaiting you. Your warfare is not to end with life: the truce of death shall be broken, and you shall come forth into the world to wage it again and again. Sow one good deed and cultivate it; let it follow the fashion of all wilful action, and re-sow itself season by season, tenfold, twentyfold, a hundredfold; and what shall be the harvest after a dozen lives? How supremely worth while, now, is all upward effort; since it shall have scope to expand majestically; and since to whatsoever a man may aspire, unto that shall he attain. Perfection is but a method of speech: reach it, and there will still be infinities soaring beyond. So we begin to perceive the meaning of evolution; and all things journeying on a highroad from the infinite to the infinite. "The next transition shall make us angels."

Life circles and mounts through phase after phase of existence; it began in worlds lower than the mineral, and does not end with man; whose status is but a halfway stage, and not the summit of attainment.

Beyond this human kingdom there are yet realms and realms; which, too, we are destined to traverse.

We are microcosms of the vast macrocosm, and have within us all elements and possibilities. We reflect and summarize the universe. Our desires and passions have their prototype in the animal world; where the principle of desire has full sway and development. The intellect of the planet is the sum total of human minds; and as there are qualities in us higher than the intellect, must there not be kingdoms of nature higher than the human? Intuition, creative imagination, and all the divine things in the soul, are manifested but fitfully in humanity: we know they are there, and deal in them at times, but perfunctorily; but there are hierarchies and orders of being, ruled by them as completely as the animal is ruled by desire. Where and what are they, these hierarchies?

Consider that there is room for all manner of things in this big universe of ours! For everything, in fact, except waste or purposelessness; consciousness is gathering experience everywhere and always. Travel outward past Sirius and the Pleiades; lay the whole galaxy under your spiritual microscope, and you shall find no corner of it but is the throne of consciousness, singing and vibrant with life. Will there be nothing higher than man? Are we ourselves evolving towards nothing? It is boundless existence with which we are dealing: wherein must be boundless consciousness, boundlessly varying in degree and kind.

We have explored some reaches of the human mind: the littoral of a vast unknown interior. Pass those little limits, and we merely guess and boggle and are confused. What do we know of the mind of ant or spider, that, sharing this physical world with us, have their inward being — where? Of mind and passions like ours they know nothing; of their fields of consciousness, which are neither, we are as ignorant. And if they, animate like ourselves, are far and unknown, what of the grassblade, the oak, or the pebble? The cloud, the wind, and the rain? Our Mother Earth herself, and her companion planets? What of the far stars, the systems, the galaxies, the myriads upon myriads of universes? Never doubt that life is crowding in them all, consciousness singing through them all! And of that consciousness, will there be no grades superhuman? Minerals, vegetables, animals, men — then Gods — ?

A Jacob's ladder is this evolution, and humanity a few rungs of

it! Acquire the habit of stepping upward persistently, and your eyes shall get vision at last of what bright Auxiliar Figures are ascending and descending. And since you and I are capable of rising, and are seized on by compassion at times; may we not dare believe that those above us, above humanity, are all-compassionate? Nietzsche was abominably wrong as to the nature of the Superman. Give way to desire, your sub-mental self, and you are at one with the brutes, whose kingdom is the next below ours; rise up to compassion, your super-mental self, and must you not be breathing the air of the kingdom next above? If ever you stretched a helping hand downward, you made yourself for the moment one link in a chain of hands: attracting help to yourself from someone, that had been helped by some other, wiser and stronger; that had been helped by —. You should find, could you trace the whole sequence, that you had received a message from the Mighty Ones. We may entertain angels unawares, it is said; God knows who it was that you met in the street this morning! Who has put humanity through a fine sieve; or when was a census taken, that sorted out the statuses of souls?

From this mankind that we see, we may argue all the Pantheons. We know men who have taken themselves in hand seriously, and are out to conquer self; and men who have won great victories in that internal warfare. Others there are, self-conquered long since, who stand far confirmed in their divinity; others again, attained godhood in older worlds than ours, and extinct periods of evolution. Forever is a long day, and the infinite a wide field; evolution has been going forward forever, and crowding the limitless with its activities: they that were human ten billion years ago, do you suppose they have since ceased to be and to evolve?

The great heroes that championed God's cause of old time are not lost to the world, nor quite beyond possible reach of our own cognizance. Death, you see, is such a relative and partial thing: by no means the finality one supposed! So, Joan might come again in our own age; one might warm oneself at the genial humanity of Cervantes; one might hold converse with the old bards and prophets. Not knowing their identity, we should be none the less thrilled, comforted, and lifted up. There has not been a soul that we revere, but the same is in existence now; and further, note well, in touch with this quaint humanity of ours. Glory be, they still labor for mankind: the Gods, who are above them, still watch over the destinies of the

world! Proof? It is much too good not to be true! Is not the sun shining; are there no stars, no marvelous beauty of nights and days; is not the sea peerless and exultant; the mountains, are they not princely of glory, august in their lonely pride? Ah then, prove it, prove it, prove it, you who say that there are no Gods! Up and down these systems, in and out these planes of being, they must be, as we say, like blackberries on a hedge in September; like the sands of the seashore for multitude. Thirty-three crores of them, says the Hindoo — with great moderation! Do not scruple to believe in Eternal Beauty; hesitate not flauntingly to uphold this sweet Truth against the World! There are Gods whose charge may be the destinies of a nation or a planet; Gods to captain each his star through the spaces; Gods to be admirals of the constellations, or Regents of the Milky Way. Below us are innumerable grades of consciousness: the infinitesimal electron is a world: amoeba and protozoon stand at the summit of aeons of evolution. Above us, must there not be grades as infinite? And who shall say where humanity ends, and Godhood begins? It is a Jacob's ladder, is evolution. Between this and Asgard or Meru or Olympus there is no great gulf fixed.

How came civilization to be? We are wont to "guess it growed"; and in sooth, in the form in which it is, it is somewhat a topsy-turvy affair. But no such thing; in point of fact, for every revelation there has been a revealer,

Descending spirits have conversed with man
And taught him secrets of the world unknown.

— Every great cultural period, when we examine it narrowly, we find supremely in debt to one man, or to a small group of men; and the Gods have one means of manifestation, by incarnating in human bodies.

There is a deal of talk, nowadays, about one *Homo Primigenius*: a hulking hypothetical lout supposed to have swung from bough to bough in forests primeval. A poetess hymns him with unction; an enterprising sculptor has given him form and substance in stone; pictures of him galore appear in our illustrated magazines. Thus airy nothing comes by local habitation and a name. It is true they have found the remains of prehistoric degenerates in Europe; which proves that there were degenerates in Europe in prehistoric days; but not that Homer and Hector, Arthur and Tennyson, were des-

cended from arboreal baboon-men, or even that you and I are. You do not expect the Andamanese, or the homely Congo Gorilla, to be progenitor of a great civilized race. When those big-jawed gentry from the Suffolk substrata were snaring mammoths in the coverts and spearing dinosauri in the streams — and all, perhaps, in defiance of primeval game-laws — humanity was still some millions of years old; and odds and ends of bye-races had had long ages in which to decline into savagery. Your Paris apache may have the blood of Bayard in his veins; your hooligan may be descended from Plantagenets or Caesars. But colonize Tristan D'Acunha with the dregs of Paris and London, and leave them to themselves for ten thousand years; and old Neanderthal shall be a paradise to it.

There are stone-age men in the world today, as a matter of fact; plenty of men with big jaws, and plenty with practically no jaws at all. They are on the road to extinction. Their descendants will not write poems or build cities. They will do little but catch the vices of the civilized; acquire illicit liquor from their white brothers, forgo their old wars and huntings, and die off at last of drink, measles and mumps. Were there enterprising distillers in Atlantis, we wonder, who bartered fire-water for skins at Piltdown and Cromagnon? Did Poseidonian traders and missionaries contend over the supposed soul of the Heidelberg man?

We may not be much of a silk purse; but we were not made out of that sow's ear. Look now on this other picture:

Mankind a shadowy, spiritual, but mindless race wandering in dumb wonderment over the young earth, whose vaporous substance had hardly solidified yet into the rock and soil and sand we know. The form of him, and of the globe, growing more material with the passage of time as spirit draws down into matter; the untroubled consciousness waning in brightness; the spirit in him becoming in need of a means of cognizing the physical stuff it approached and informed. The moment arriving when it was time that mind should be awakened, to be such an instrument of cognizance. Lords of Mind descending then; incarnating, lighting the fire of human mentality in the mindless, as one man with a torch may give flame to thousands. Great Gods coming upon earth, who had passed through human existence aeons since; becoming Kings of the nascent race to rule and guide it: Teachers, revealing language, arts, sciences, and literature.

You must go to Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* for any in-

telligible account of those early days and stages; here we can but indicate the great facts. They explain ancient and universal tradition: the Golden Age, the Divine Dynasties that were our first kings. Space is not trackless; there are secret paths of the Spirit; who knows how far it is from here to Aldebaran, not in miles, but in thought pulsations of the Universal Mind? The Gods came down to earth from finer spheres, more spiritual planes of being, which may have their correspondent and representative globes scintillant in the night sky, but whose farness or nearness must be counted in leagues of consciousness, not of spatial distance.

Self-abnegation is the keynote of Godhood, as self-consciousness is of humanity. Spirit, circling through the worlds of being, becomes self-conscious, and is man; becomes compassionate, and is superman and God. So in their proper motion the Gods descend; and their descent is the cause of evolution. What they contact is inspired with an upward tendency; where their influence is felt, there grows the ferment of aspiration. But their world has its own orbit, which periodically touches that of ours; and it is only at the intersection of our ascending, and their descending cycles, that they may come among men. They come, make their revelations, and must go; being no less than we bound by cyclic law. The high Planetary Spirits who reigned in the Golden Age, having struck the keynotes of all future human evolution, returned to their own supernal realms; the cycle which brought them usward, shall not recur while earth is the habitation of man. But what they did on so vast a scale then, has been repeated since again and again by their deputies: Gods nearer to humanity. With the birth of every nation, at every significant and epocal time, Men have appeared who have been more than men. The greatest of these would have been conscious members of the Grand Companionship of the Gods: men who had learned long since all that earth could teach them, and but remained within her sphere out of compassion. Others again, great national heroes and saviors, would have been conscious of their origin only in part. There are many degrees; but the one concern of all is that the work of redemption should be accomplished.

The greatest, of course, have been few; yet history does flare up now and again with the names of them. Age by age they appear: bearers of transcendental ideas, who set in motion forces that remain beneficent for ages. They are familiar with inward regions un-

known to us; their lives and teachings illumine for us the obscure caverns of the soul. Krishna, the Buddha, Laotse, Confucius, Jesus, Mohammed; note how they come always with some such message as this: My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me; I teach the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddhas, my predecessors; I bring you the Religion of all the Angels and all the Prophets; this exhaustless doctrine was formerly taught ——.

We with our common mentality guess and argue; these speak as having authority, and not as the scribes. Standing on a peak high above life, nothing is concealed from them by the clouds of birth and death that hide infinity from us. Conversing with the Mighty Ones, and having knowledge of the descending Aeons, they bring humanity again and again the Fire from Heaven. The mere white light and burning effulgence of their souls transcends all human brilliance of mind. Their genius of character is to the genius of intellect, as the brightness of the sun to the wanness of moon or planets. They have been born, they have lived; history resounds with their beauty and glory. And how should they pass from the earth-sphere, who were so compassionate, and without interest save in the salvation of men? Is there not indeed a Pantheon, a Grand Companionship on high, a Choir Invisible?

The story of mankind is the story of the Gods' warfare upon chaos and hell. Great kings and statesmen are often but marionettes, or

> *a moving row*
> *Of magic shadow shapes that come and go*
> *Round with the sun-illumined lantern held*
> *In midnight by the Masters of the show,*

who, bringing subtle influences to bear, guide history, so far as they may, upon its course. For they are not omnipotent; and we that be fools more love to ally ourselves with darkness and the demons. Thus we crucify the Masters that come to us: they foresee all that, and count their torment but a little incident, so they may accomplish the work they came to do. Yet we are not to think of them as meek, weak, or humble, but proudly compassionate and strong: they are the Mighty, they are the Wise, they are the sole great lordly exultant potentates; they have power over external forces, because internally self and passion lie mastered; they direct the growth of nations, because they have learned long since to direct evolution

within themselves. There are golden threads in the tapestry of history; it is not all vulgar flaunt and scarlet, or soul-wearying drab monotony. Golden threads of great glory appear; also deep violet of sacrifice, and the royal purple of compassion. When these are seen, and the picture glows and deepens towards divinity, look for traces of the presence of the Gods.

So humanity is not forlorn or orphaned entirely, but cared for by sun-bright Principalities and Powers. It is they who preserve that mystical Truth, by whose alchemy we can transmute life's leaden metal into gold. We call it Theosophy in these days: an appropriate name enough. It comprises all those fundamental spiritual ideas on which the religions are based; which are the spring-sap and renewal of civilization, the North Star of human progress.

Brain alone could never have evolved them; they are not to be proved in test-tube or crucible. Transcending logic, they are logical; appealing to that greater thing, the soul, they cannot be shaken by the shifty cavilings of the lower mind. Proud doctrines they are, these that the Gods have revealed and handed down to us; proud, lofty, suitable to the high divinity of Gods and Men! The non-materiality of things; the non-inevitability of this hard and sordid régime; the world, the flesh, and the devil not omnipotent, nor tyrants tamely to be endured; the Soul of Man a divine thing; an irrepressible, indomitable, glorious thing, going forward eternally, life after life, against all obstacles towards its starry goal.

MANY earnest people say, "We know that unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age. We see all these deplorable conditions. But how are the people to be awakened to the needs of the hour? How could all people be made to voice the needed heart-notes for the one great hymn of Universal Peace?"

My answer is that I can see no way to arouse the people for immediate action, unless they could come to their senses through the consciousness that possibly in twenty-four hours America was to be visited by a cataclysm, that would deal death and destruction everywhere.

Under such menacing conditions, possibly in their alarm and fear, people would throw aside all differences of creeds and dogmas, all selfish interests, and would come together for self-preservation, if for nothing else. . . .

Possibly now, ere it is too late, higher motives may move us to action.

— *Katherine Tingley*

A THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION OF EASTER:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

BEFORE speaking about the significance of Easter from a Theosophical point of view, it will be desirable to recall to our minds certain historical facts relating to that festival; although these facts should be well known to people who annually celebrate or otherwise recognize Easter, and especially to devout followers of the Christian religion who attach so much importance to the celebration. And with regard to this statement of historical facts, one should bear in mind that it is not qualified in any way by the Theosophical viewpoint, but is simply a brief summary of what is well known to all students of the Christian rites and symbols. One may also remark that it would be better if Christians knew more and thought more about these facts connected with the religion they venerate.

Easter is a curious mixture of three different sets of tradition: these are the Jewish, the Christian, and the ancient Scandinavian. Let us first take the word "Easter" itself. It is an Anglo-Saxon word, the original being *Eastre* or *Eostre,* and in German *Ostern.* It is a survival from the old Teutonic and Scandinavian cosmogony and theogony. Eostre was the goddess of Spring, and the month of April was dedicated to her. Yet undoubtedly the present festival is Christian. How, then, do we find this curious blend of ancient Scandinavian tradition? The answer is very simple and pertains to other Christian customs besides Easter, as, for instance, Christmas, with its Yule-log and Old Father Christmas or Santa Claus. The early Christian Church in England adopted many of the names, symbols, and festivals of the Scandinavian and Teutonic peoples among which it was planted; and these borrowed elements were welded and incorporated with the Christian beliefs and rites.

Another name for Easter is the Passover, and among the Latin nations of Europe it is called *pâques, pasqua,* and *pascua,* names which come through the Latin and Greek from the Hebrew. The festival of the Passover was also celebrated in the Spring. There is no trace, we are assured by learned divines, of the celebration of Easter in the New Testament or in the writings of the apostolic fathers. It was not until a later date that the Christian church deemed it advisable to adopt the universally prevalent custom of celebrating certain annual festivals at particular seasons. All the nations by whom the early Christians found themselves surrounded did so; and the church

could not permit itself to be behindhand. One of the annual festivals was that of the celebration of Spring; and this the church matched by instituting at the same season a celebration of the resurrection of Christ. It would take too long now to go into the question of how this festival became associated with that of the Jewish Passover, and subsequently with that of the Scandinavian Eostre; but these questions of scholarship have been adequately gone into and can be looked up by anyone who desires information.

It has been said that Easter is a medley of three different traditions; but this fact need cause us no concern, for in truth it sinks into insignificance beside the far more important fact that the celebration of Easter is a *universal* custom. The ancient Romans used an egg as one of the symbols in their celebration. Wherever we look we shall find in every system of symbology that the rebirth of the year was celebrated as a great festival and that the egg was used as a symbol of this rebirth.

But it is not of the rebirth of the year that Christians think when they celebrate Easter. They are thinking of the Resurrection of Christ. And is it to be thought that all the ancient civilizations, when they celebrated their Spring festivals, had nothing more in mind than the celebration of an astronomical phenomenon? Some scholars have tried to make themselves and us believe that all antiquity was so dumbfounded over the marvels of Spring and the Dawn, and so filled with thankfulness and fear over the bounties of summer and the hardships of winter, that they instituted these rites with a view to expressing their feelings and currying favor with the Gods lest these should withhold their bounties. This is what is known among the learned as the "solar myth theory." But let us try to take a worthier and more sensible view of the mentality of our ancestors of all nations. Let us at the same time try to take a loftier view of the Christian faith. What is the great fact that is really and actually celebrated and commemorated in both the pagan Spring festivals and the Christian Easter?

This is the important question and the one that concerns Theosophists, as being an eminently practical class of people, and that cannot fail to interest all who prefer practical useful truths to the dry husks of mere dogma.

The thing celebrated is *Resurrection* — Rebirth.

Rebirth or resurrection is one of the most fundamental laws of

nature. The familiar phenomena of the sun's rebirth every morning when he rises after the night, and every Spring when the cold dark mantle of Winter passes from the earth — these are but symbols of a universal truth. The nations did not worship the sun or the Spring any more than the Christian worships bread and wine. They are all symbols. One use of symbols is to impress the mind and strengthen the will by calling up in us the reality for which the symbols stand. But there is more than this. There is a fitness in times and seasons, and the best season for bringing home to our hearts the significance of the great truth of Resurrection is that season when all nature, and our own bodies with it, is filled with renewed life after a period of decline. For this reason Spring was always the time when it was felt to be appropriate to hold sacred ceremonies for the impressing on men's minds of the eternal truth of Rebirth.

And for Christians this idea of Rebirth is signified by the Resurrection of Christ. But they ought to make more of their sacred teachings than they do. Jesus' whole life was symbolic, typical, emblematic. It was meant for an example to his followers. It is the aim of all good Christians to follow in the footsteps of their Master and to strive to be Christ-like, so far as in them lies. The passion and the Resurrection, along with the other acts and events of Christ's life, are emblematic. He triumphed over death and the grave; and his resurrection typifies the triumph of the Soul over the body, of that which is eternal over that which is perishable, and of good over evil.

Now the whole of a man's life is a drama of continual death and rebirth, just as the drama of surrounding nature is full of continual decay and renewal. The Theosophical view of life is full of hope and inspiration; and so ought the Christian view to be; and so it is when they do not allow the narrowness and selfishness of the carnal nature to creep in and obscure the glorious truth handed down to them from their great Teacher. There is never any need for despair for any man or for any moment. *Every moment can be made a starting-point.* A moment is a point in time and can be made the beginning of a new line of effort and achievement. What is needed is the virtue of knowledge — knowledge of the power of that Divinity which was breathed into man when he was created, and on which Jesus taught his disciples to rely.

This Easter is the season when the Sun in his annual course through the signs of the Zodiac enters Aries, which is the beginning of

the celestial circle. At this time all nature is renewed, the flowers bloom, the trees are new-clothed, the birds are busy with their family projects. And as man himself has a physical body, he to that extent has to fall in with the customs of nature, and so he too feels the sap rising anew in his body. At this time, he is apt to find his mind filled with new hopes and energies. How important that he should see that his beginning is a good beginning. Beginnings are so very important. It makes all the difference how we begin the day — whether by springing up at the sound of the alarm, or by turning over for another weakening slumber. And all the more ought we to begin the *year* well.

This is the right time for thoughts about Rebirth. Theosophy teaches that all death is the prelude to Rebirth; and so has Christianity taught, but the teaching has been obscured. Christianity itself, indeed, may be said to have been in the tomb and to be in need of resurrection. Think of the centuries of bigotry and wrangling and hatred and persecution through which Christianity has had to live, and you will cease to wonder that its teachings have often been twisted and obscured. But the Master, when he departed, so we are told, left behind with his disciples the Holy Spirit as a Teacher and reminder; and to that Divine Spirit we may still appeal. For the real teacher of man is that Divine nature that was implanted in him. And so the death of the body does not mean the death of the Soul; and for the Soul there is a resurrection. But what is of more immediate importance to us is this — that for you and me there can be a resurrection tomorrow — tonight — if we will.

Perhaps the Divinity within us has been long in the tomb, sent there by its enemies the lusts and delusions that come from our inability to understand how to rule our nature. And perhaps tonight it may come forth from that tomb, summoned from its grave by the urgent bidding of a new resolve in our heart. We may at this Spring cycle start a new cycle in our own life, that may lead us, ere another Spring comes — who can tell whither? Why not resolve to use our Spiritual powers? That symbol of the Easter egg, which we keep up so faithfully, obeying some inner instinct, is full of meaning for us. It is an emblem of the Spiritual power of regeneration. The seed, also used in Spring festivals, is just such another emblem of regeneration. And how full of meaning! What is the use of a symbol if we are only to stick it up on a wall and hold learned discussions about it? A symbol is meant to be used. We can, if we will, use the great

powers of imagination and aspiration and resolve, with which we find ourselves endowed, and from these powers cause something new to be born at this season within ourselves.

We can create our ideal — bring our ideal into life, just as the germ in the egg or seed is brought into life. And what is our ideal? Do we not all long to be at peace with ourselves and the world, to be happy and harmonious, strong, true, generous, and beneficent forces in the world? And we can be so. But it is no use beseeching heaven to make us what we are expected to make ourselves. It is through the human will alone that God can work in man. The gift of grace cannot be poured into lazy natures as if it was so much food or money being poured in. We must ask for it, and to ask means to act. And this is the true kind of *prayer*. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

We all know today that human life is suffering from the exercise of the lower and selfish animal powers in man; and we do not see how a continual repetition of the calamity is to be averted. It can be averted, but only through the exercise of our Spiritual powers. That means that we must make human welfare, not our own personal desires, our object in life.

It may truly be said that Theosophy teaches Resurrection, for it has given renewed hope to many a weary soul that had thought there was no more to be gotten out of life. They have found that a new joy comes from a life of service to the cause of humanity; and that a new birth verily takes place in all loyal natures, even as the great Teacher said to Nicodemus. Try to reach down in your nature for something that is pure, strong, and eternal; try to find your own Soul, your own true Self. Why are you unhappy and in doubt and at variance with yourself? Is it not because you have generated all sorts of fictitious selves and imaginary beings, each with a different will, all pulling you different ways, and giving you no peace with their multitudinous demands upon you? Yet deep within your nature, beneath all this outer crust of cross-purposes and unwise desires, there is the Soul, with its own eternal purposes, full of wisdom and might, striving to make its voice heard amid the din. And you are bidden be silent and listen for that voice. For you were not born with the birth of your body. You are the eternal pilgrim. Your Soul has been buried in the tomb, but it can rise again. It awaits the summons of your lofty aspiration and your strong resolve. Then this will be a true

Easter to you; not the kind of Easter that has meant nothing but a few rites and ceremonies or the paying of debts.

Surely this must have been what Christ meant. He would have lived in vain if he had failed to enable a few at least to realize their own Divine responsibility. It is yours tonight to discover the real message of the great Teacher and what his resurrection signified.

Take that symbol of the egg again. Every thought you think is a germ, potent with the forces of germination. It will grow. And so every day and every moment you are dying and being reborn, never for two consecutive seconds the same man. The only question is, Which way will you grow? What kind of seeds will you sow?

Henceforth, you may say, I will strive to find the inner guiding Light, and it shall show me how I may live the life of grace and be a blessing to myself and to all in all my comings and goings. You do not need to wait until you know more. For knowledge comes with progress and is the reward of effort. "I do not ask to see, The distant scene, one step enough for me." Prove yourself worthy of further light by taking the step that lies nearest to you. Every moment of life is a moment of choice between two alternatives, and you will quickly find yourself at such a moment of choice; then is your time to act. You know which is right and which is wrong.

Perhaps you may think yourself too old to begin, but there is such a thing as the secret of perpetual youth. There is a part in you that never grows old, because it cannot. Seek out and find that part. Maturity is a time of balanced judgment and prudence — a fine time to begin. Every age has its duties and its peculiar powers. At your age, I do not care what it may be — you can do something that could not so well be done at any other age. Never say too old or too late. People let themselves fall back, but this is one of the delusions of life. Among certain nations old age has been considered the most honored period, the season when a man, having done with lesser matters, can enter the path of wisdom. And remember that death is only an incident in the Soul's career; also that you do not live for yourself alone, but for — and in — every Soul that lives.

Let this then be our Easter message this year. Let us join ourselves with all antiquity in celebrating once more, and in the true spirit this time, the eternal truth of regeneration and resurrection. Let there be a veritable resurrection of the Christ-spirit in our hearts, inspiring us with a new joy and a new power of action.

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR!": by R. Machell

"HITCH your wagon to a star." Such is the advice of a man who said so many wise and beautiful things, that a mere mortal is inclined to wonder whether all his sayings are safe axioms upon which an ordinary person may base his rules of life.

It was just such an ordinary man that lit upon this excellent precept and adopted it for his own use. He argued that it was surely well for man to aspire, and, if so, the higher the better. From a wagon to a star may seem a "far call," but he understood that poets speak in metaphors, and as he owned no wagon and knew of no hitching-post among the stars, he interpreted the saying, adapting it to the needs of the case. Why not? What else was there to do? And yet! well . . . the adaptation of poetic philosophy to practical life is a work requiring the rare faculty of perception. That this power of perception is the fine flower of human evolution did not trouble this very ordinary man, for two reasons, one of which was cogent, while the other was merely potential. The first was that he knew nothing of such a faculty nor of his own lack of it; the other was that he never doubted but that he, as man, was himself the finest flower that evolution had produced. You see by this how very ordinary a man he was.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" That was a figure of speech, an allegory, that could have but one interpretation to a man brought up under the shadow of the "fear of God," which he, like many other ordinary men, thought he had quite outgrown. He was very modern. It obviously meant that there were guardian agencies (he was too modern to think of them as angels) ready to take charge of men's affairs, and to relieve them personally of all responsibility or allegiance to the moral law, that rules or seems to rule the vulgar herd. The ordinary man with aspirations has a fine contempt for those he classes with the "vulgar herd." Scorn is the hall-mark of vulgarity, the small man's substitute for self-respect, a parody of pride, as one might say; for even vices may be liable to imitation.

Ambition in the very ordinary man develops pride of a particularly vulgar kind; and this small vice he looks upon as the unfailing indication of superiority. 'Tis very common and extremely modern: I think the ancient Chinese sages said so some five thousand years ago; modernity is nothing new.

And so this very foolish person reasoned that, if his wagon were

securely hitched to a star, he could himself feel free to follow where his star should lead him, without a thought of how such conduct might affect the world he lived in. There was some difficulty in deciding which star he should select, but on considering deeply he saw that in such matters he possessed a guide he could rely upon, to wit, his own desire, (he called it intuition, being really very ignorant).

His own desires he felt were Nature's indications of the path that he must follow, and he knew no other guide so constant and so clear in all its promptings.

He was ambitious and he longed for power, but he hated work. He had a noble scorn for all who worked. Gold was too ordinary an object of desire for him to covet its possession; besides, he saw that, as the multitude was almost wholly occupied in its pursuit, he would be badly handicapped in such a race by his sincere dislike of ordinary occupations and of even necessary exertions. What he wanted was the power to dominate the minds of other men, to make them serve his purposes, and obey his will, unconsciously at first, but ultimately recognizing him as their superior: how much superior he hardly ventured to decide; the limits of ambition are not known, nor are the depths of human imbecility.

His faith in occult powers was vague and ill-defined but it was well supported by his vanity, that assured him he was not one of the vulgar herd, but one who stood apart already poised upon a pinnacle of mysterious superiority, as yet unrecognized, his natural greatness hid behind the veil of mediocrity. He felt that he must have help to lift the veil in order that his light might shine and dazzle the beholders. He must find his star. Clearly his star must be incarnate in some human form. How should he find her? How recognize her in that form when found? He thought of his star as feminine, and, if he had but known it, his wagon was already hitched to a star of the first magnitude, but it was one that shines from out the nether world of passion, that the wise call "hell" symbolically.

The star he sought was just an incarnation of the force that urged him towards the path, on which he was already well advanced, the path of self-indulgence: such incarnations are not difficult to find; they are abundant everywhere on earth. So much so, that it has been wisely said, "There is no hell except upon a man-bearing planet"; (H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*) or words to that effect.

And so the search began; and Nature aided him, as Nature does,

showing him various paths, but leaving the choice to him. So first he met a woman wise beyond his conception of the range of wisdom, a woman selfless in action, impersonal in her determination to assist humanity "the great orphan," and inflexible in her obedience to her mission. She seemed to welcome all who came to her for teaching in the mysteries of life, regardless of their social status or their reported piety. Indeed the promiscuity of her social intercourse was somewhat of a shock to one, who felt he was not of the generality. He thought his latent greatness should be visible to her who was to be his teacher. But this woman showed him little preference. She seemed to fling the pearls of wisdom freely at the feet of those he scornfully regarded as "the swine;" and, seeing this, he prudently selected here and there some of these gems of wisdom that took his fancy, pocketed them in his memory for future use, and finally abandoned his great opportunity, when he discovered that, for all her seeming prodigality, she carefully concealed from him the keys, without which her teachings could not well be made to serve his selfish purposes. She took his measure at a glance, and gave him all he was entitled to. But he, incapable of measuring her greatness, thought he had exhausted her small stock of really valuable information; and, following the impulse of his own desire, he refused submission to the discipline, that she declared imperative for those who sought admission to the secret stores of wisdom hidden in the ancient mysteries. The path of discipline was not for him; he looked for a short cut, a secret path, by which he might avoid the difficulties, that the teachers seem to place deliberately in the way of aspirants to knowledge. His vanity persuaded him he was exempt from the necessity of discipline and purifying exercises, which might detain him for a life-time and leave him still unrecognized, uncrowned, and even unenlightened, a mere probationer, and even a disciple, he, whose ambition was to rule.

And so the door closed on him, as he turned and left unrecognized the opportunity of a life-time. And so from door to door he wandered searching the various temples of occult learning that he found profusely scattered through the world; and came to look upon them all as traps for the credulous. But everywhere he gathered specimens of mystic jewelry such as he thought worth adding to his store of knowledge; a sparkling collection, calculated to astonish and impress, but powerless to instruct or aid a seeker for the light.

As his experience ripened he found his favorite maxim capable of

a wider and more mystical interpretation. The star he sought was not perhaps incarnate in a single individual, but might be shedding rays of occult wisdom variously through many human forms of femininity; so it was obviously unwise for him to pin his faith to one, or let a woman fetter him with bonds of any kind; he must have freedom to follow his star wherever it might lead: and he had no reason to complain of any lack of leading: his star shone brightly there where his passion lit. The wagon of his life hitched to his guiding star made wheel-tracks so erratic, that some were scandalized, and others, following his lead were lost, and many were bewildered by the extraordinary vagaries of this very ordinary person, for a while raised by an unquenchable desire for power above the mediocrity he loathed, but which clung to him like the black mud of a swamp, in which he floundered on from one small slippery foothold to the next. The mud of mediocrity was what he struggled most of all to free himself from, but it clung: he tried to hide it, he turned the soiled garments inside out, and wore them so that he was constantly reminded of their filth, which others could not see so easily; but even so the odor of the mud hung round him like an aura of offensive emanations, warning the pure to shun his company, but contaminating many with its foul infection. He became a center of infection spreading impurity and moral pestilence around, attracting to himself a heterogeneous following of doubtful elements. So he attained some prominence, and was hailed by a coterie of interested ones as a great teacher.

It seemed as if the wagon he had hitched to his particular star were sinking in the swamp, above whose treacherous surface floated waveringly the deceptive gleam of marsh-fires only visible at night, when the true stars were hid by clouds, so that not even a reflection of their brilliance could be noticed on the uncertain surface of the slimy pools dotted about among the rank luxuriance of the vegetation rooted in the mud.

Some say the swamp is haunted by strange creatures, with weird powers of fascination and delusion, capable of taking human shapes to hide their elemental formlessness; and that the marsh-fires are the flames they wear for crowns in place of stars, in imitation of the heavenly host. And those, that follow where they lead, sink out of sight beneath the level of mere mediocrity into insanity, and an underworld, where human failures gradually disintegrate.

"Hitch your wagon to a star!" Aye! but beware of self-deception. If your wagon seems to travel slowly or to be halted by the roughness of the road, there is another maxim, that may stand you in good stead, and that, some say, is actually a practical interpretation of the other. It is "Put your shoulder to the wheel!" If you would travel on the hard road of evolution you must be willing to "get out and push behind:" for the ethereal hitching rope, that connects your wagon with your star, cannot be used to save you from the necessary hardship of the road. Far from it: the higher the aim the longer the trajectory: the loftier the ideal the harder will the journey be. But hardship is a joy to all but "shirkers;" and difficulties are not obstacles, but aids, as steps are means by which we rise, if we surmount them. And the traveler who seeks to hitch his wagon to a star must be prepared to climb as high as heaven to reach that hitching post.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XVI

Count Saint-Germain's First Visit to England

N the Sloane collection of manuscripts in the British Museum there is a letter signed by P. M. de St.-Germain, dated November 22, 1735, and written from the Hague. It is about an extremely rare book of great value, offering it for sale. If this is the well-known Count Saint-Germain the date is interesting, and more interesting still is this glimpse of the collector of rare books taken in connexion with the explanation suggested in *The Secret Doctrine* of Madame Blavatsky (and now published at Point Loma), of the "disappearance" of certain works from circulation. Such organized withdrawals would need the services of "collectors" who might snap up rare editions of other works, useless to them, but valuable from a market point of view. Was this man such a "collector"?

Doubtless he would have offered the book to the British Museum if that institution had existed at the time, but as it was he had to offer it to a private collector.

In any case, if this was the same Saint-Germain, it shows that he already had communication with England at that early date. The

initials P. M. may or may not mean anything. Dr. Oettinger, who studied his life, gives his initial name as Joseph. There was some talk of his being the son of Prince Francis Rágótsky of Transylvania; but the elder son Joseph was well known and the younger son also seems well accounted for. Some suggestion that there was a third son, not legitimate, is baseless, except for the remark that someone supposed there was such a son, and in any case this man's name was not Joseph. Since, however, Saint-Germain was a real title and not a family name, the initials might have been anything.

The first authentic information we have of Saint-Germain's adventures in England commences with the year 1745, the period of the last invasion by the Pretender. We give Horace Walpole's letters describing the incident, and it is hardly necessary to add much comment. The Prince of Wales was a "bad lot" and there was the whole explanation.

At this time Saint-Germain was in his usual concentrated way of being one thing at a time par excellence, the musician, the marvelous violinist, the composer. When he wished he could make his violin do anything with his audience. As H. P. Blavatsky tells us, he was compared to Paganini by those who had heard both. He was said to play behind a screen and then produce the effect of half a dozen instruments at once. Elsewhere we hear of an extra quality which Paganini possessed over and above the average musician, which Saint-Germain doubtless also had. When he wished, he could play indifferently enough and then it was reported that he was just an ordinary player. But he would gain his end of not attracting that particular hearer to seek a closer acquaintance.

He composed much at this time and we still have two or three of his drawing-room songs and some of his violin music, preserved in the (British) national library.

A note should be made that he knew Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz in London at this time. This friend enters the story again, later on.

A Letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann,
British Envoy at Florence

Arlington Street, Nov. 29, 1745

. . . . . .

A small ship has taken the Soleil privateer from Dunkirk, going to Montrose, with twenty French officers, sixty others, and the brother of the beheaded Lord Derwentwater and his son who at first was believed to be the second boy. (Charles Radcliffe, brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed

for the share he took in the rebellion of 1715. Charles was executed in 1746, upon the sentence pronounced against him in 1716, which he had then evaded, by escaping from Newgate. His son was Bartholomew, third Earl of Newburgh, a Scotch title he inherited from his mother.— *Dover*)

. . . . . .

For bravery, His Royal Highness, (the Duke of Newcastle) is certainly no Stuart, but literally loves to be in the act of fighting. His brother (the Prince of Wales) has so far the same taste, that the night of his new son's christening, he had the citadel of Carlisle in sugar at supper, and the company besieged it with sugar plums. It was well imagined, considering the time and the circumstances. One thing was very proper; old Marshal Stair was there, who is grown child enough to be fit to war only with such artillery. Another piece of ingenuity of that Court was the report of Pitt being named Secretary of War. The Prince hates him, since the fall of Lord Granville. He said Miss Chudleigh, one of the Maids, was fitter for the employment; and dictated a letter, which he made her write to Lord Harrington, to desire he would draw the warrant for her. There were fourteen people at table, and all were to sign it: the Duke of Queensberry would not, as being a friend of Pitt, nor Mrs. Layton, one of the dressers: however it was actually sent, and the footman ordered not to deliver it till Sir William Yonge was at Lord Harrington's — alas! it would be endless to tell of all his Caligulisms!

There never was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company. Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money or for their friends in the army; of this number am I deeply; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of the first in my list, are aid-de-camps to the Duke, and another Mr. Cornwallis, is in the same army, and my nephew Lord Malpas — so I still fear the rebels beyond my reason. Good night.

A Letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann

Arlington Street, Dec. 9, 1745.

I am glad I did not write to you last post as I intended; I should have sent you an account which would have alarmed you, and the danger would have been over before the letter crossed the sea. The Duke from some strange want of intelligence, lay last week for four and twenty hours under arms at Stone, in Staffordshire; expecting the rebels every moment, while they were marching in all haste to Derby. The news of this threw the town into great consternation, (the consternation was so great as to occasion that day being called Black Friday) but his Royal Highness repaired his mistake, and got to Northampton, between the Highlanders and London. They got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged everybody to give them what they had subscribed against them. Then they retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got ten thousand pounds more, plundered the town and burnt the house of the Countess of Exeter.

They are gone again and got back to Leake in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed, and, it is said, have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty

wagons of sick. The Duke has sent General Hawley with the dragoons to harass them in their retreat, and dispatched Mr. Conway to Marshal Wade to hasten his march upon the back of them. They must either go to North Wales where they will probably all perish, or to Scotland, with great loss. We dread them no longer. We are threatened with great preparations for a French invasion, but the coast is exceedingly guarded, and for the people the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. They have got no recruits since their first entry into England, excepting one gentleman in Lancashire, one hundred and fifty common men, and two parsons, at Manchester, and a physician from York. But here in London, the aversion to them is amazing: on some thoughts of the King going to an encampment at Finchley, the weavers not only offered him a thousand men, but the whole body of the Law formed themselves into a little army, under the command of Lord Chief Justice Willis, and were to have done duty at St. James's, to guard the royal family in the King's absence.

But the greatest demonstration of Loyalty appeared in the prisoners being brought to town from the *Soleil* prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son; but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road and at his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen where he had been engaged. The father, whom they call Lord Derwentwater, said, on entering the Tower, that he had never expected to arrive there alive. For the young man he must only be treated as a French captive; for the father, it is sufficient to produce him at the Old Bailey, and prove that he is the individual person condemned for last Rebellion, and so to Tyburn.

We begin to take up people, but it is with as much caution and timidity as women of quality begin to pawn their jewels; we have not ventured upon any great stone yet! The Provost of Edinburgh is in custody of a messenger; and the other day they seized an odd man who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years and will not tell who he is, or whence, but professes two very wonderful things, the first, that he does not go by his right name, and the second, that he never had any dealings with any woman. . . .

(In the beginning of the year 1755, on rumors of a great armament at Brest, one Virrette, a Swiss, who had been a kind of toad-eater to this St. Germain, was denounced to Lord Holdernesse for a spy; but Mr. Stanley going pretty surlily to his Lordship on his suspecting a friend of his, Virrette was declared innocent, and the penitent Secretary of State made him the *amende honorable* of a dinner in form. About the same time a spy of ours was seized at Brest, but not being acquainted with Mr. Stanley, was broken upon the wheel.)

He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity

about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released; and what convinces us that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy.

I think these accounts upon which you may depend, must raise your spirits and figure in Mr. Chute's loyal journal.— But you don't get my letters: I have sent you eleven since I came to town; how many of these have you received? Adieu!

No further light is thrown upon this episode until 1760, some fifteen years later. In Read's *Weekly Journal* or *British Gazetteer* for May 17th of that year, there is a note which says:

The author of the Brussels' *Gazette* tells us that the person who styles himself the Comte de St. Germain, who lately arrived here from Holland, was born in Italy in 1712. He speaks German and French as fluently as Italian, and expresses himself pretty well in English. He has a smattering of all the arts and sciences, is a good chemist, a virtuoso in musick, and a very agreeable companion. In 1746 he was on the point of being ruined in England. One who was jealous of him with a lady, slipt a letter into his pocket as from the young Pretender (thanking him for his services and desiring him to continue them), and immediately had him taken up by a messenger. His innocence being fully proved on his examination, he was discharged out of the custody of the messenger and asked to dinner by Lord H. Those who know him will be sorry (says M. Maubert) to hear that he has incurred the Christian King's displeasure.

We have seen what a sensation he caused at this time in England and at the Hague by his diplomatic relations. At present we are concerned only with the incident of '45.

What was this love affair, and why was it smoothed over? Evidently the testimony brought out the declaration that he had never had anything to do with a woman. Someone was jealous of him and obviously supposed that he had supplanted him in some lady's good graces. We read that the Prince of Wales was mightily curious to know more about him without obtaining satisfaction. Putting two and two together we are not likely to go far wrong if we suggest that the Prince of Wales was the offender and perpetrator of the mean trick that might well have cost the Count his life. Having due regard to the Prince's position, the Count seems to have done just the right thing by pretending to be "mad, and not very sensible," also in talking with apparent tastelessness, of being "taken up for a spy," to mislead gossip by keeping it busy in another direction. It shows also his lack of resentment.

This view is not unsupported, for we have evidence of its accuracy

in the Records of Hardenbroeck, published in Holland in 1901 by the Historical Society of Utrecht.

I have been told that . . . by the late Prince of Wales (who was a bad character) he was treated very meanly, but that not being guilty, he was again set free and accorded due satisfaction.

This Prince of Wales died a few years later, and the Count used to tell a story of his travels in India in 1755 and 1756 when he went out with Clive and was entertained by Admiral Watson in the flagship *Kent* during his stay in those waters. He was received everywhere as Watson's equal by the nabobs. One of these had such an admiration for the English that he gave his children English names and titles. Quite pathetically he tells how "the Prince of Wales is dead." Saint-Germain had his son with him on this occasion and the nabob gave him the name of "Lord Bute." It is an odd little picture, and knowing the real "Prince of Wales" to his cost, Saint-Germain must have thought more than he cared to say when he heard of this hero-worship expressed in just that way!

THE GREAT TONE

By M. G. Gowsell

I HEARD it in Niagara's sound
Of tumbling waters seaward bound;
And like a thousand harpings borne
Upon the golden wings of Morn
I heard the distant city's din
Assuaged and re-intoned therein.

I heard it in the storm-tossed trees;
The trafficking of murmurous bees;
The lofty mountain's sundered snow
Loud rushing to the gorge below:
And near the lonely surf-bound shore
I heard it chanted, o'er and o'er.

A sovereign tone croons o'er the deep,
And every desert place asleep,
And is the world's eternal song
That aids the weak but leads the strong:
For those who know, and do, and dare,
It stirs the heart and singeth there.

THE WHITE BIRD INN: by Quintus Reynolds

A Chinese Story. Illustrations by R. Machell

CHAO Shih-hsiung was going up into the mountains; where, if anywhere, he had been told, one might learn to write poetry. He was exemplary in diligence and filial conduct; a youth against whom no ill was spoken, kindly and gentle to all. But above everything he desired to be a poet.

It was coming to be evening; he had left the flat rice-fields at midday, and now was among the rocks and pines. Behind, and far below, lay the fields, and beyond them, the city; beyond that again, gleaming in faint pearl and turquoise and silver, the southern sea. On either side rose the steep mountain-side: great, friendly rocks and immemorial wizard pines. The road was not too rough for study, and Chao Shih-hsiung went forward reading the poems of the great Tao Yuen-ming. He heard not the wind intoning the *Kung* among the forked and elbowed pine-branches above him; he saw no wizardry in the tufts of the pine-needles; he neglected to feel a reciprocal friendliness for the immense boulders and for the gently darkening blueness of the sky.

"The world acclaims Tao Yuen-ming the first poet of the age," said Chao; "yet even from him I learn not the secret.

I perceive his method of arranging the four tones, and have succeeded in arranging them in like manner in my own efforts. I take note of the subjects he writes upon, and have written on them often myself. Further, I have studied carefully the *Book of Odes* and the poetry of the period of Han; and I have practised benevolence, and made some progress. Yet my effusions cause no enthusiasm, even in myself."

Although young, his attainments were very great: all that study could make them. He had obtained his *chin-shih* degree, and was employed as lecturer on poetry at the college in his native city. His dissertations were marked by subtleness and extreme learning; yet none of his pupils became poets. He preserved his modesty, realizing his own deficiencies.

One day he noticed a stranger in the lecture hall: an old man, dressed uncouthly, with a very long beard, very bright eyes, and a dignified and mysterious demeanor. Chao Shih-hsiung was expounding, that morning, the Elegies of Chu Yuan; a certain inspiration and unwonted eloquence came upon him, and he felt he was nearer to the secret of poetry than ever he had been before. The bright eyes of the stranger seemed to awaken wonderful but dim memories within him, so that he was filled with new hope. At the close of the lecture, the stranger came to him. Chao Shih-hsiung smiled and bowed, feeling that he owed much to this old man's friendly encouragement.

"Sir," said the stranger, "why do you waste your life in these idle strivings? Following this path, you will never become a poet."

"I have studied diligently," said Chao. "Unfortunately genius is lacking."

"Genius is not lacking, but unawakened," said the other. "Forgo your flashy methods, and seek quietude. Quit your book-learning, sir; follow the gulls into cloudland, and do not bury your ethereal self beneath the dust of the world. Take the empyrean for your roof, the sun and the moon for your constant companions, and the four seas for your inseparable friends. Study the magic of the mountains, sir; and your laudable ambitions will be fulfilled." *

So now Chao Shih-hsiung was endeavoring to take his advice.

* This is almost an exact quotation of a saying of Chang Chih-ho, "the Old Fisherman of the Mists and Waters," a sage of the 8th century — who lived two hundred years after Chao Shih-hsiung, however.

He came to the head of the pass; the world was all behind him now, and before and on all sides, the realm of mountain-magic. Beyond the valley, in front, rose dim and darkly glowing mountains, forest-clad; and afar, like faint petals of a lily against the sapphire sky, the snow-peaks, shadowed with the sunset in pale rose and salmon and blue. In the depths of the valley the river sang and gleamed, a narrow, winding thread of silver, broken here and there where it was hidden by trees. The road ran on among the pines; the stars were beginning to shine: the Spinning-Maiden and the Cowherd shone out bright, watching each other across the impassable River of Stars. It became too dark to read, and Chao Shih-hsiung closed his book, and looked out over the mountain world; and then at last forgot his old strivings and desires. All at once he heard lute music, and singing lovelier than any singing he had heard in his life.

"It will be from some inn," thought he; and remembered that he was tired and hungry, and that an inn where he might sup and sleep would be the most desirable thing he could come upon.

In a little while he came to it. The hostess bade him welcome, and fetched him warm wine and food. While she waited on him, she went on singing. He watched her by the light of the lanterns that hung from the rafters. She was clad in gleaming white; pale blue flowers were in her black hair, and her long sleeves were rimmed with blue. Her eyes were bright and quick like a bird's; and her motions as she ran and tripped, he thought, were bird-like. And her singing was sweet, sweet, sweet: rising and trilling and flowing now, and now soft cooing, deep and mysterious. At one moment she was in the room, serving him; at the next, she had run out, sleeves rustling and fluttering, and her singing came from the right, from the left, from above. Peace

and delight and mountain-sweetness flowed over his soul, and he sat and listened, listened.

The night deepened; the moon rose over the snow-peaks. The waters of the river below, the wind among the pine-branches, the murmur of the pine-needles overhead, seemed a part of her song. He listened, and all the music became one: he heard the mountain voices intone the great *Kung*. "This is wonderful," thought he. Then remembrance of the poems of Tao Yuen-ming came upon him; partly through his old habit of study, partly through an unwonted wakening in his soul. He opened his book, and began reading; and at that moment he heard that the hostess was singing the very poem on which his eyes rested.

He read and listened as she sang. But now the characters on the page were alive; they were moving and shining; the mountain-magic had possessed them. They sang themselves with her singing. The poem was glowing, ensouled. In every ideogram he heard the hostess' voice, he beheld a light like a diamond, like a pearl, like a twinkling opal; and from each he heard the call of the far waters, the voice of the night birds in the valley, the long sough and whisper of the wind among the pines. The printed poem itself was intoning with them the *Kung*. Chao Shih-hsiung marveled quietly, half dreaming. "This is poetry," said he.

The hostess sang on; the wind came wandering up out of the valley, bearing the scents of the southern night. Chao Shih-hsiung heard the wheel of the Spinning-Maiden in the sky, far and sweet; and he heard her song, and the answering song of the Cowherd from beyond the River of Stars that neither of them may pass. He heard the River of Stars sing as it flowed through the blue plains of infinity; and the stars and the wind and the pines, and the faintly glistening petals of the snowpeaks, and the hostess with her lute, and the waters of the valley below, had one voice, it seemed, between them; they were chanting the poems of Tao Yuen-ming; they were all intoning the *Kung*.

All night long Chao Shih-hsiung listened, forgetting everything; in deep oblivion of desires, for the wonder of the great *Kung* that he heard. All night long the hostess of the White Bird Inn was singing.

. . . . . .

It was getting cold, cold, it seemed to him. . . . Was it the poems of Tao Yuen-ming she was singing now . . . or was she

imitating, marvelously, the voice of a bird . . . ? Surging in rich trills, gurgling like deep, lonely waters, flowing forth, rising and falling, sweet, sweet, sweet — could ever human voice be so bird-like? It was cold, and his limbs and body were stiff.

He opened his eyes. The rafters overhead were strangely like the living branches of a pine, forked and twisted and with many elbows. He sat up. The inn ——

There was no inn. He had been lying on the ground, beneath a pine-tree just off the road; and no bed under him but the fallen dry needles. The snow-peaks afar were beginning to grow pale and saffron, faint blue and silver and salmon-color, with the rising of the sun. The song came from the branches above him; decidedly there were no human words to it; not even the magical words of Tao Yuen-ming. He looked up, and there, on a twig above his head, a white bird was singing. She had a little blue tuft of feathers on her head, and the white, gleaming wings of her were blue-tipped. And she was singing, singing, singing; and in her song, Chao Shih-hsiung heard all joy and all sorrow, and that which is beyond sorrow and joy. He heard the deep, far murmur, the eternal mystery of the *Kung*.

Then he went on his way, chanting the poems of Tao Yuen-ming; and poems—yes, *poems* — of his own. Into all of them, he chanted the same, lonely, solemn, joyous, infinite wonder and tone. The pines rustling above, seemed to have human expression; the boulders looked at him kindly and humanwise, and he reciprocated their friendliness.

He was a great poet after that, it is said.

WE must relinquish the notion of a unique revelation. No longer is it narrowed to one little corner of the earth called Palestine, or to a time long past; but in all lands and in all ages God has made himself known and has permitted pure souls to find him when they sought him with earnestness and reverence.

— *Prof. Pfleiderer*

NEW SCIENTIFIC VIEWS ABOUT HEREDITY:

by Magister Artium

THE following is an instance of the way in which ideas long contended for by Theosophists, against the opposition of contemporary schools of opinion, gradually influence the mind of humanity until we find those same ideas reappearing in the scientific world. Though these ideas, as thus presented by science, are not clothed in Theosophical language, yet their similarity with the original ideas promulgated by Theosophists can readily be seen by a comparison. This is one of the ways in which the work of Theosophy influences the world, stemming the tide of materialism and pessimism, and directing the attention of men upon the spiritual side of human nature.

How often have Theosophists, in this magazine and elsewhere, examined the current theories of heredity and shown how inadequate these are to explain the facts of human life. And now we find that much of what they have contended for is advocated in the scientific world, though not in the same language. In *Current Opinion* for February we find a review of an article wherein a man of science pleads for the recognition of a new force in human heredity. This force he calls by the name of " Social Heredity," thus distinguishing it from " Organic Heredity." To quote from the magazine:

> Humans differ most from animals by possessing the moral sense. This moral sense is an ethical instinct developed by the force of social heredity. That is to say, the moral sense is both innate and acquired, but more acquired than innate. . . . Eugenists are apt to overlook this important consideration in their emphasis upon the only kind of heredity they have in mind. Professor Conn maintains that the ethical side of man's nature is the foundation of social evolution, and that social evolution is due to a set of forces which have little or no influence in developing the animal kingdom. In other words, the social inheritance of the human social unit has more to do with determining human progress than the laws of inheritance found in the lower orders of nature upon which eugenics is based. To distinguish between these two forces Professor Conn uses the terms social heredity and organic heredity. . . . His declared purpose is to show that the laws of evolution in animals and plants apply to human evolution up to a certain point, beyond which man has been under the influence of distinct laws of his own.

It may perhaps be thought that some of the above is a little obscure and that it abounds in vague verbal formulas such as are dear to some theorists. To define the moral sense as " an ethical instinct developed by the force of social heredity," is a case in point; and leaves us hungering for a definition of the " force of social heredity."

Still it is evident that the writer intends to say that physical transmission cannot account alone for the facts of human heredity, and that there is another and higher force operative in the case of man. The trouble is that in denominating this new force, "social heredity," one fears that instead of identifying the new force, he will be found to be merely describing it by its effects — thus inventing a new scientific abstraction or verbal formula, as is so often the case. We must call particular attention to the admission that organic evolution applies to man *up to a certain point only,* after which other forces are necessary; as this is exactly what the followers of H. P. Blavatsky have been urging, in the face of opposition, ever since that great teacher taught.

The Professor continues that man's real advance over animals has been in developing his social attributes, and not in becoming a better animal; and among other of these attributes he mentions especially the willingness to sacrifice self-interests.

At this point we must enter a caution against the possible confusion of the social instinct with the moral sense, a danger by no means imaginary. Some writers have tried to prove that morality is merely the result of the collective will, which overrides the various personal wills, and which has its operative centers in every human organism, thus inspiring each individual man with a social will that is higher than his personal will. The fallacy involved here can be shown both deductively from principles and inductively from observation. It is obvious that the social will may be of a destructive and malign nature. The present war shows that there are all kinds of social wills, and that these often inspire men to rush in hordes at one another for mutual destruction, and fill the minds of millions with preposterous hallucinations about the characters of their fellow-men. Apart from this particular instance, it is well known that collective hallucinations, crazes, moral epidemics, and such-like, may enter into and overrule the mind of individuals; and this phenomenon, though certainly a manifestation of the collective will and the collective mind, cannot by any means be described as a manifestation of moral power. Crowd-psychology is admittedly depraved, and nations as such are in a lower stage of moral evolution than the individuals that compose them. We are too prone to put our faith in abstractions like the "collective will" or the "interests of the race"; but all progress comes from effort. Social evolution is an effect, not a cause; and

it will not do for us to neglect our duty and wait for "social evolution" to lift our wagon out of the mud.

Whence comes the impulse to self-sacrifice? Does man sacrifice himself because of a calculated theory as to the social need for self-sacrifice? Does he do it on the give-and-take principle? Or is it not rather a primary instinct, based on innate knowledge? Ethics and morality are simply the laws of man's higher nature — they rise from the fount of his spiritual life. What is it that rules in the organic part of our nature and in the animal kingdom? It is a certain vital force, whose effects can be studied by science, but whose essence and origin are unknown thereto. The operation of this universal agent results in health and harmony. It must be so with morality, which is a higher law of health pertaining to the human kingdom. Man obeys this law instinctively; though in his present half-way stage of evolution he hovers between this law and the demands of his "organic" nature.

The Professor says that organic evolution has produced for man his body and brain with mental powers in which the amount of fixed heredity is slight, while the plasticity is great. Thus the human organism is peculiarly susceptible to influences brought to bear on it after birth; and this is what he means by the force of social evolution. He thinks the evolution of man has resulted in a gradual lessening of the fixed hereditaments, and an increase in the susceptibility to subsequent influences. It is gratifying to find that a man of science should attach so little importance to innate characteristics and so much importance to the possibilities of acquiring novel and independent qualities; as this admission militates altogether against the familiar idea that poor man is hopelessly bound down to his animal development.

All attempts to compare social development with animal development, thinks Professor Conn, are vitiated by the radical differences in the phenomena to be explained. Some might think that the Professor's "social heredity" is simply the familiar influence of environment" under a new name; but he guards against this suggestion. He seems to imply that social evolution is a force that enables man to utilize his environment, and determines how he will use his environment. Thus "social evolution" begins to look very like the Theosophical "Karma"— the heritage of individual character from past incarnations.

Human evolution has been a double one, we read, with astonish-

ment at the novelty of the admission, true though it is. Truly Theosophic thought is influencing the world. The ethical nature has become the most important characteristic that separates man from the animals, we read again. "Organic heredity gives us certain powers, while social heredity determines what we shall do with those powers."

> It is not what we are born, but what we become after birth, that makes us men. . . . The future is full of hope.

This new gospel appears to us to be simply common knowledge stated in somewhat vague scientific language. Man's intelligence masquerades under the name of the "force of social evolution." Scientific sanction is vouchsafed to the idea that man is better than the animals, in kind as well as degree. What will be the practical outcome of such a doctrine? If it helps to dispel certain nightmares about evolution as applied to man, much good will be done. But if the "hope for the future" is to be realized, we must not rely too much on abstractions to do the work for us. The laws of health alone will not save humanity; somebody always has to get busy and do something.

To be brief, we may suggest that the "force of social evolution" is no other than man himself, who, by the exercise of his own intelligence and executive powers, modifies the hereditary and other conditions by which he finds himself encompassed. And the foundations of the ethical sense are probably man's own discernment, whereby he is enabled to see the real laws of his nature and follow them — when not misled by following the laws of his organic propensities. The future of humanity depends on the efforts of men who recognize what are the *real* laws of human life, and work to fulfil these laws. A mass of scientific and philosophical verbiage serves but to obscure plain issues, though doubtless it has its value in adding a certain seal of authority to those truths which we are willing to accept.

Organic evolution and social evolution are both abstractions — names for effects. The real agent in organic evolution is the "souls" or "monads" of various orders — animal, vegetable, mineral, etc.— that are living in the world and fulfilling their purposes. And in human evolution the paramount force is the Divine-human Monad, the human Soul, which also is living in the world and fulfilling its purposes. It is a universe full of living Beings.

In this explanation of the writer's views we fail to find that definiteness that characterizes the Theosophical teachings. To begin with, there is no adequate analysis of man's constitution. But Theo-

sophy says definitely that Man is primarily a *Mind,* and that this human *Mind* has an evolution of its own, quite apart from that organic evolution which pertains to man's organic or animal nature. When a man has been born, then this Mind begins to come into operation and modify the hereditary tendencies, thus building up a peculiar character. But our theorist speaks of "social evolution" or "social heredity" as the force which thus operates. In his scheme there are many details to be filled in. We should like to know *how* his force of social heredity brings itself to bear on the growing organism; and wherein this force, before it thus comes into operation, is inherent. It seems to be equivalent to education and the influence of other people. In fact, the real evolution of man is accomplished by inspiration, example, and precept — that is, by teaching; which is what Theosophists have always contended for. And much of the teaching comes from the man's own Ego, which is the heir of many experiences accumulated in the course of many incarnations.

A FORWARD LOOK: by P. L.

Let the dead past bury its dead.— *Longfellow*

THE past is gone, and try as we may we cannot change a single letter of the record. The present is slipping by more quickly than the lightning-flash. Before we realize the passing moment, it too has become the irrevocable past. But futurity, like a boundless plain, lies stretching before us. Can we foresee what it contains?

The Universal Power that rears the towering elm tree from a tiny seed and fashions sparkling diamonds out of lumps of formless charcoal, lives in our hearts, as it pervades the whole of Nature. The living power that urges every creature up the slope of progress is far more able to help us than the lower forms of life because of our intelligent co-operation. A plant or animal is slowly pushed and has no power to hasten or retard the process; but thinking man can use his will to help the universal upward urge.

Forget the dead past. Live in the active present, and thus enter into a new way, which, starting from our present standing-ground, stretches far out of sight and loses itself in a shining glory which surpasses our highest imagining.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VIII

The Execution

LANE had seen Joe Barty in his cell the evening before the execution. They had talked in friendly fashion and Lane had given him a cigar. He had also offered him his pocket flask, but this Joe had declined.

"Better take some," said Lane. "It helps to keep up a fellow's grit."

"No," replied the other, "I'll try and be man enough to do without it now. If I'd always let it alone I'd never have been here."

"Yes, that's the way with most of 'em," assented Lane, taking another sip.

"Why don't you let it alone, then?"

"Well, you see, Joe, I have to take it to keep my nerves steady. Yes, I have to."

"It won't always do that. Say, Lane, don't you kind of hate to hang me after bein' so kind and friendly all this long time?"

"Yes, I swear I do, Joe. It's a bad job; it sure is. But doesn't it make it a little easier for you to have a kind, good-feelin' fellow do it than some one that doesn't care a rap for you? You know somebody has got to do it."

"Why?" asked Joe simply.

"Why!" repeated Lane blankly. "Why you know you killed Billy; you never denied it."

"But I didn't know what I was doin'; I never intended to kill him or anybody else. But you will know it and mean it when you hang me."

"For goodness' sake, Joe, don't talk that way. Why it's not me that's caused you to be hung! Talk about the lawyers and the judge and the men that make the laws — they're the ones to blame."

"Yes, but you're goin' to do the job for 'em. What makes you do it? If everybody would refuse to do such a job they'd *have* to stop hangin' people. They're all worse than I am, for they're takin' my life in cold blood; and I never *wanted* to kill anybody."

"But you know you did kill Billy," said Lane.

"I was drunk when I did; I didn't know it."

"Well, that don't make any difference with the law, you know," argued Lane.

"It ought to then," insisted the condemned man. "The law al-

lows a man to get drunk; and then he isn't a man but just a brute, and liable to do anything a brute would. What right has the law to give one man a license to sell stuff that makes other men crazy and turns 'em into brutes? And then when they act like the brutes the law has made 'em the law hangs 'em for it. I say its the law that's to blame! It's all wrong."

"Well, it don't seem fair," admitted Lane, "but the lawyers and judges and legislatures say it's right. The people must think so, too, or else they'd vote it down, wouldn't they? The Constitution says the people shall make the laws and rule the public officers. Say, Joe, you've been thinkin' some."

"I've had time to think shut up here for nearly a year. If I could go out now I'd do things a lot different. I see things in such a different way. I'd never stop fighting against these things that drive people into doin' wrong when they want to be decent and right. God! do you suppose I wanted to kill Billy? Why Billy an' me — we'd always been just like brothers! And his wife my own sister, and them little kids —. We never had a quarrel in our lives. But we mixed in that crowd, and just had to drink with 'em. Yes, and now poor Billy is dead, Molly left alone with the kids, and I've got to be hung.

"No, it isn't right. Who's goin' to care for Molly and her babies? It won't help any to hang her brother, the only friend she has in the world. And what'll the law do for her? Why, it'll let her starve, or steal and then jail her for it. My God, when I think of her and the kids! If it would only bring Billy back I'd go willingly; but it won't; and I'd work like a slave for her and the babies if I could only be let live to do it."

Lane turned away and walked slowly down the corridor. Once he paused and muttered: "It's tough, it is." Then he took out his flask and drank again. But his hand shook and some was spilled. "I wonder," he said, "if I'm takin' too much of this dope. But I've just got to, not to lose my nerve."

It was ten o'clock. A sabbath-day stillness reigned throughout the great prison. Joe Barty stood in his cell, the center of a rather solemn but composed group. He was decently clad in a black suit, low shoes, and black hose. His face was pale but he appeared calm. He had expressed no religious preferences, so the chaplain was there with open prayer book. He stood close to Joe reading in low tones the

office prescribed by his church for the dying. Lane stood back of them, the warden and several officials in front.

At an almost imperceptible nod, Lane approached to pinion the arms of the condemned. Silently he again proffered his flask, but it was again refused.

"It is time to move," said the warden, looking at his watch. They all passed from the cell, the chaplain walking beside Joe and still reading prayers; while Lane brought up the rear. Through the long silent corridors they moved, across the yard, and up to the fatal stairs which Jimmy Hewit had climbed but a month before. Now Joe Barty stood upon the trap. His friend adjusted the noose and pulled the black cap over the pallid face; then stooping, he buckled a strap around the condemned man's ankles. When he arose he staggered slightly and wiped the perspiration from his face, although the day was rather chill.

Then the warden nodded to Lane, who stood and stared stupidly at him. Moving a little nearer the warden touched his arm.

"Why don't you touch the spring?" he whispered.

"I can't!" said Lane dully.

"You must!" whispered the warden.

"Oh, for God's sake hurry up!" came in a muffled groan from under the black cap.

"Spring the trap!" commanded the warden. "What's the matter with you anyway?"

"I — I just can't — do it," muttered Lane.

"Do it, I tell you. It's your job — you're paid for it."

At this Lane turned with a sort of desperation and touched the spring.

Then the horror that the company assembled were waiting so curiously to see did not take place as scheduled; for something even more horrible had happened.

The form of the strong, heavily built man shot downward through the trap with terrific momentum. There was a sharp snap, distinct as a pistol shot, and more than half the strands of the rope were broken. When the horribly gyrating figure drew up his pinioned limbs and straightened them out with the force of a trained athlete the remaining strands gave way.

At the dull thud of the body striking the earth an involuntary groan rose from the spectators.

Lane had fallen down across the stairs. "—— you!" cried the warden, trampling over him to reach the ground. "You're drunk and it's all your fault."

Two physicians were already bending over the huddled and bleeding form, and one of them had cut away the strangling noose. An arm was broken, and from cuts and gashes a pool of blood was already forming.

"Let him alone!" ordered the warden sharply. "The execution has got to be carried out; if he should be unconscious so much the better."

Calling two or three trusties, Joe was carried back to the platform, another rope was adjusted by one of the convicts, accompanied by hoarse groans from the muffled figure. When the warden looked around for Lane he had disappeared.

"You must spring the trap," he said to the man who had put on the noose.

"No, by God!" replied the convict.

"Then you," he said turning to the other.

But he drew back, shaking his head. "No," he said, "I'm here for killing a man. But I can't kill a man in cold blood; that's murder."

The warden hesitated a moment; then he said:

"Go and fetch 1728. Tell him he shall be rewarded."

After an interval which seemed interminable, the convict came slouching up the stairs. Though short of stature, his arms were long, and his broad shoulders indicated great physical strength. His small ill-shaped head, massive jaws, and thick necked showed how the animal predominated over the human in his nature.

He was shown what was required and with stolid indifference obeyed the order to spring the trap. The tortured and dying man was again precipitated through the door of death and this time remained dangling at the rope's end. The execution was accomplished.

"Well," said one of the physicians to the other as they gained the street, "this is the most brutal and inhuman spectacle I ever witnessed. Can there be any legal warrant for such torture and butchery of a fellow human being?"

"From what we have seen there seems to be. A public that will permit such things need not say anything about vivisection."

(To be continued)

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

THEOSOPHY, THE ONLY WAY: by E.

OW often do we ponder over the difficulties which beset our civilization, and try to see a possible way out of them; amusing ourselves, perhaps, by imagining what we would do if we were a king or a president. And how often do we reach the final conclusion that there *is* no way out of them — except through the efforts of individuals who will act unselfishly in the interests of humanity, and not in their own (imagined) interests. Yet how can we find such people? It would seem necessary that they should be brought up from earliest childhood to regard DUTY, and not inclination, as their watchword; so that they may grow up with every instinct and faculty trained to the willing performance of helpful service. And in reflecting on the seeming impossibility of establishing such a school under the conditions which prevail, one is always brought back in thought to the Râja-Yoga system of education founded by Katherine Tingley, as the actual and only solution of the problem.

Self-interest is not the law of human life; it is not even the law of animal life. It is nothing better than a delusion. Animals follow their instincts and are obedient to the laws of their nature; and so should man. But man has a harder lesson to learn, a harder task to perform. He has the gift of Mind and can make mistakes. If man is to follow the law of his nature, he must know what that law is; but this is just what he does not know, for his mind is under delusion. And even if he did know, he would find that habit forces him, against his will, to do things contrary to the law; because he was not trained properly from the start.

One reads elaborate and varied articles on political and social problems, suggesting all sorts of schemes and measures for betterment. But they all either seem impossible to adopt, or else break down when tried. The one reason — always the same — is lack of the right men. Character is always the weak link. And so all these schemes lead the thoughtful man back to the same point — how to develop character.

To develop character, it is necessary to bring up children in the knowledge of the true laws of human life and in the power of self-discipline. If inclination is a misleading guide, then the lodestar must be DUTY. It should be needless to point out that Duty will in the end

become the same as inclination; both will point in the same direction. But because our inclinations are not always right, therefore they as often point away from Duty, and so there is an antagonism, and Duty seems stern and forbidding.

Duty is that which a man *ought* to do; it is that which his higher nature impels him to do. If properly constituted, the man would feel an urge to do the right thing, and a joy in following the urge. As it is, he finds his mind and his will are bound by a number of other urges, pulling him hither and thither.

Unless the people of our civilization have honor, the sense of duty, and fellow-feeling, character will decay at the roots and nothing can save the organism. Fortunately they have enough of these essential life-forces to prevent catastrophe. These qualities denote that human beings have a life in common, and that this common life has its own inviolable laws of health. Life is a question of give-and-take, as we all learn.

If we realized better the unity there is between us, we would not do anything, even in thought, that might sully the fount of our common life. Our thoughts may be secret in that they are hidden from the minds of other people; but our so-called secret thoughts pass out to work weal or woe to our fellow-man. Honor is the recognition of this mutual obligation. Dishonor — which is more than mere disgrace — means disloyalty to the Self which is in all men.

Children can be brought up to recognize these vital truths; for these are not dogmas but facts in nature. Children can be taught to summon the aid of their higher nature for the overcoming of temper, selfishness, and perversity; and it is a benediction to see them do it. It makes one realize the possibilities in human nature. We say that children are beautiful, but we do not know what that means until we have seen the light and strength of the higher nature shining through their eyes in the conquest of some foe from the lower nature. Such a sight is a lesson to older folk, and this is what Râja-Yoga education means. This is what humanity needs.

It is no wonder that Theosophists are devoted to their work, for the right chord has been touched in their hearts and they are all working for a cause which is their own cause. This is what makes the work such a power. No Leader could hold such a body of workers together by personal influence or by appealing to self-interest; it can only be done by upholding the standards of Right, Duty, and

Honor. And these qualities are demonstrated to be realities. The workers have found that which is worth fighting for in life.

And all this has been rendered possible by Theosophy — the work of H. P. Blavatsky. Her great principles were the same: the Heart-Life lived in her and gave her both the courage and the wisdom to do her Duty — to do what was needed. Such work as hers is never understood publicly at the time it is done; and it is easy to see why. To gain immediate recognition and appreciation, it is necessary for the worker to court popularity, to preach doctrines that will not disturb the smooth running of our lives nor introduce unwelcome ideas. But the real reformers must do otherwise. But the future must vindicate the truth, and there will surely come a day when H. P. Blavatsky's work will be recognized and appreciated. Some of those who recognized her at the time are still carrying on her work under her successor in the Leadership of the Theosophical Society — Katherine Tingley; and many who did not know H. P. Blavatsky have recognized her work in later years.

The world may safely be challenged to produce anything which can reach the foundations of human character as Theosophy can; or to show any method of education comparable in its results to the Râja-Yoga system. In the first place, Theosophy is essential as a foundation for this education. Next the teachers must be real Theosophists, earnestly striving to realize Theosophical ideals in their own lives. And last, the guidance of a Leader is indispensable.

All the above is spoken from the heart and with an earnest wish to extend the sphere of the influence of true Theosophy and Râja-Yoga education. For, all said and done, one's real interests are inseparably bound up with those of the human family; and all deep inward joy has the quality of sympathy. It is a consolation to know that one cannot even write down one's thoughts on paper without an invisible message going forth on wings of kindly feeling.

Theosophy is the gospel of harmony, and can resolve the discords of our lives. Its teachings, being true, speak to the intuition. Its appeal is so many-sided that all can find something in it to apply to their several cases. It may appeal intellectually, artistically, morally, and in many other ways. It is a great synthesis of knowledge. It is a mistake to think that Theosophy was ever absent from the world; but there are times when it is in abeyance, and times when its light shines forth anew as at a dawning. We stand now at a dawning.