

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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“Great Zeus, and ye other gods who haunt this place, teach us to esteem wisdom the only riches, and give us beauty in our inward souls; and may the outward and inward man be at one.”—*Socrates' Prayer*

WHO MAKES DEATH?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

GOD made not death: neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things, that they might have their being: and the generations of the world were healthful; and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor the kingdom of death upon the earth:

(For righteousness is immortal:)

But ungodly men with their works called it [death] to them: for when they thought to have it their friend, they consumed to nought, and made a covenant with it, because they are worthy to take part with it.

For the ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy: neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are all born at adventure: and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been. . . .

Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present . . . let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ornaments: and let no flower of spring pass us by. . . . Let our strength be the law of justice; for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.

Therefore let us lie in wait for the righteous; because he is not for our turn, and he is clean contrary to our doings; he upbraideth us with offending the law. . . .

He professeth to have the knowledge of God: and he calleth himself the child of the Lord. He was made to reprove our thoughts. He is grievous unto us even to behold: for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion. . . .

Let us see if his words be true: and let us prove what shall happen in the end of him. For if the just man be the son of God, he will help him and deliver him from the hand of his enemies. . . .

Such things they did imagine, and were deceived: for their own wickedness hath blinded them. As for the mysteries of God, they knew them not: neither hoped they for the wages of righteousness, nor discerned a reward for blameless souls.

For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity. Nevertheless through envy of the devil came death into the world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.— *Wisdom of Solomon*, chapters i, ii



THEOSOPHY has always been declared to be a restatement of old truths; for such truths are grounded in essential human nature, which changes not through the ages, while man remains man, however much the outer garments in which the Soul clothes itself may vary. It is the opinions and fashions of man that fluctuate; and, with their shifting, his theories and philosophies may shift; but the truths grounded on the immortal spiritual nature of man are verily the same and constitute the real basis of morality. Thus we find in this book of ancient wisdom the same teachings as Theosophy teaches today.

The dual nature of man is clearly brought out: he is an immortal Soul, temporarily invested in a perishable body. Between the

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spiritual nature on the one side and the carnal nature on the other, hovers that marvelous self-reflecting *mind*, which is the very house in which man lives; so that his career while on earth is a continual arena of conflict between his innate love of good and the attractive force of selfish desires. The mind shares the conflict; its reasoning power is called in to the aid of the passions, so that he deludes himself with false philosophies, designed to justify his destructive passions.

How masterfully the ancient sage has vignettted the arguments of such a deluded man, scorning the verbose sophistries, and painting the essential picture in a few bold strokes! The best way to refute a bad case is surely to strip off the tinsel and state it baldly; so that (if we may vary the metaphor), by removing the high hat and shiny shoes, the horns and hoofs may appear naked to view.

What is the matter with such a self-deluded man? Is he not the victim of FEAR? Is it not that he has shrunk weakly before the bluffings of his passions, and hearkened to the voice of that Devil, whose name (as our dictionary tells us) means Slanderer, and who has whispered in his ear that there is no God, no Divinity in man, no immortality, no efficacy in righteousness?

If a man has abused his body, by permitting it to become the playground of destructive ideas which prey upon his vitality; why then, he has become for the time like an unstrung lute, from which no music can be evoked. H. P. Blavatsky has compared the human frame to an instrument with two sets of strings, one of coarse gut, the other of finest silver. It is the coarse strings that respond to the violent strokes of the passions; the finer chords answer only, as in an aeolian harp, to the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom. What then, if a man should have so built up his body by his habits that the coarse fibers alone will resound, and the silver chords lie silent? Then will he say, "reasoning with himself, but not aright," "There is no God, good is only a way of speaking, might is right, *my* will be done!"

Does this ancient Sage attempt to depict immortality as a length of time tacked on to the end of a life on earth? Nay, like other Teachers, he shows us immortality as the true and real realm in which man should dwell. 'Death' is, for him, a dark cloud of doubt and fear and burning passion, not willed by eternal Wisdom, but generated by man himself. For man has the power of choice, being 'fashioned in the image of Gods.' Yet foolish man is prone to depict God as the destroyer of his own creatures, and to devise curious dogmas as an antidote to his own perverse theories.

The poison of destruction, the kingdom of death, were not upon

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earth by original decree. The story of how these things came to be is a part of the great drama of human history, to understand which fully calls for much knowledge and wisdom. Yet sacred tradition tells us how man, at one time an innocent being, without choice, acquired the divine attribute of free-will; how he was seduced by the lure of temptations, so that he lent his new powers to the service of passions. Thus was accomplished his 'Fall'; thus began the drama of his long and weary pilgrimage through the life which he had decreed for himself; destined to endure until, by the same divine free-will, he achieves his own salvation, and Paradise is regained.

Teachers and Sages fulfil their duty in keeping us reminded of the Truth, which otherwise might be utterly forgotten; as though we were the disinherited scion of a royal house, oblivious of our birth-right and heritage.

The deluded man is shown as striving to discredit the wise man, like the fox in the fable, who has lost his tail and wants to disparage tails in general. We all know from personal experience how necessary sometimes it is for us to prove that so-and-so is after all no better than we are. He seems so unselfish, yet he is 'on the make' after all. As soon as he finds out that his goodness is not 'getting him anywhere,' he will give it up and be 'wise' like ourselves.

How true it is that the simple truths about human life are ever the same; and that, however we may overlay them with complexities, or stray from them in the vainglory of an artificial cultivation, we must always go back to them again!

The wise in all ages have always known that there is a truer life which man can lead, and that its essence is in quietude and serenity. No need of hankering for an ideal state beyond the grave, if we can discover the secret here and now, find the true art of living, and learn to dwell in the clear peaceful light of our interior nature, a denizen of the world, but not led astray by it.

The real man is immortal, knows not death; for him the alternation of life and death are recurring seasons in an endless year. The man who has cultivated the finer side of his nature, grows younger as his body grows older. The veils drop from his soul, his perceptions become more refined. For him, death is an initiation, which he tranquilly awaits.

The 'ungodly' still ply us with their conundrums intended to imply that man is a machine, to be made or unmade by drugs or mechanical treatment. Where *is* the will, after all, they say; and what is the

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difference between good and evil at all? They may not say it so crudely as the Sage has depicted; but let us not be hypnotized by their learned language and quotations.

Wisdom is described by the Sage as a bright light, emanating from the Divine source, penetrating all obscurity and removing all doubt. It can have no contact with anything that is dark or impure. If we feel not its influence, let us ask ourselves if we have obeyed the conditions -- a pure life, a loving spirit, a tranquil heart.

Those who follow personal ambitions and desires are embracing death, and will have much to live down ere they can re-emerge into the light of life. Let us be wise and put on immortality here and now, where we have the will and the opportunity.

THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

R. MACHELL



WONDER how many people spend their lives in the pursuit of Beauty, and yet would scornfully repudiate the accusation as an insult to their intelligence. Why else are there so many disappointed lives, in which no trace of beauty can be found?

We are all idealists, even the most devoted slave of commonplace conventions; all of us have ideals; though their beauty may not appeal as such to others. Yet what is beauty if not the heart's desire, even though the desire of the heart should be so colorless a thing as commonplace respectability? Some will find beauty in the admiration of vulgar minds; whose commendation would disgust a more refined and cultured taste. That which to any one appears desirable is *ipso facto* to that person beautiful.

Desire, being the prime cause of life, must of necessity dominate the mind of man unless it can be mastered by the higher power of the spiritual will. Those who have undertaken so to make themselves master of their own desire for life and its experiences, are themselves following a high ideal in answer to no mere desire of the heart, but in obedience to a spiritual impulse emanating from the immortal Self. Looked at from this point of view the pursuit of beauty may be said to be the purpose of man's life on earth.

But that beauty which is the heart's desire is no mere desire for the indulgence of even a supersensual appetite, nor is it such as may be

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confined within the limits of a verbal formula. It is and must forever be quite undefinable, a spiritual state of consciousness, elusive as the breath of life itself; for it is not here nor there, and yet it permeates the universe. It is of no epoch, and so is never out of date. It is impersonal, as is the air we breathe, and more ethereal. It cannot manifest its presence to an observer, no matter how insistent his pursuit, unless he can adapt himself to its requirements, and none may tell him what they are.

He who would find Beauty must be himself the finder; and it may happen that when found at last it will escape him before he has had time to swallow his surprise at the discovery that the object of his long search is but a state of his own consciousness, the flashing of a light that fills the darkness and transmutes it into glory indescribable. Then woe to the one who thinks that beauty must be so or in such wise, or that it never could be found in certain obviously unfavorable circumstances. The sudden revelation of the truth may shake his reason from its perch and leave him in a state of mere bewilderment. Woe to the one who finds his heart's desire and fails to recognise the object of his quest when found! For such a one will have lost faith in the reality of Beauty. He will imagine that the momentary revelation was but a freak of the imagination.

But if his heart be open, and his desire be free from mental limitations and from definitions formulated in the darkness of a brain encumbered with opinions and foregone conclusions as to the essential elements of beauty: then in that momentary flash of spiritual light he will have seen a revelation of eternity; he will have penetrated to the mysterious recesses of his own heart beyond the bounds of time and the confines of space. And he will know, beyond all possibility of doubt, his oneness with Infinity. His life henceforward may be what you will; never can he entirely forget what he has seen; for that brief moment was infinity made manifest. Infinity can neither pass away nor can it grow old or die.

As to what are the essential elements of Beauty, each individual must decide the matter according to his or her own taste; and taste may vary, nay, must vary with the personality: but it is inconceivable that any one should find beauty in the undesirable, no matter how unattainable his ideal of Beauty may be, nor how far it may transcend the ordinary range of his desires.

Although the disillusioned may affect contempt for beauty, and he may seek to justify his affectation by setting his desire upon unworthy objects; yet in his heart he still will treasure some ideal, no matter how

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fantastic or debased, and this will be a substitute for beauty to the one who has lost faith in life.

Without ideal of some sort life would be inconceivable; and to the one who holds it his ideal is desirable and is therefore beautiful. Therefore it seems to me that human life is the pursuit of inner beauty.

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S "SECRET DOCTRINE"

[Republished from Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*]

FOREWORD TO THE FIRST POINT LOMA EDITION

HE *Secret Doctrine* is justly to be regarded as one of the crowning achievements of H. P. Blavatsky's life, and more and more of the best thinkers of today, scientists, deep students of life and nature, are coming to look upon it as the most marvelous work that has appeared in the English language; but while some openly speak of their indebtedness to it, many more study it in secret and draw upon its vast stores of knowledge for teachings which they give out as their own. Its ideas are permeating the thought-atmosphere of the world, and many of its teachings which at the time of the first edition called forth hostile criticism and denial, have already received ample corroboration by the scientific researches of the past twenty years.

In 1885, when beginning the writing of this great work, H. P. Blavatsky said that it would receive recognition in the Twentieth Century, "when men will begin to understand and discuss this book intelligently." No one who has watched the current of events and has kept touch with the religious and scientific thought of the past thirty years, can fail to note changes and developments, in many cases amounting to a complete revolution of ideas, that are without parallel in history.

What has been the cause of this? What new and powerful influence has entered the arena of human life, producing results in a few years such as could not have occurred, under former conditions, in centuries? The experiences of ten years, as our forefathers knew time, are crowded into one. What is it that has caused this? What has been the influence at work? It is the closing of one cycle and the opening of another, and with it came Theosophy: the teaching which H. P. Blavatsky has

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given to the world partly in *The Secret Doctrine*; in part in *Isis Unveiled*; and in part in her other writings for the public and for her students.

Amid the flickering lights of the innumerable theories of self-styled teachers of 'Occultism,' pseudo-Oriental practices, and psychism; amid the jangling of creeds and the blind groping of scientific theories, Theosophy alone stands unmoved, the Wisdom-Religion of the ages; not as a theory, not as a supposition or a mere working hypothesis, but as a body of teaching that has been handed down throughout the whole life-history of man, and whose statements have been verified by the Sages of all times. Like a great beacon it sheds its light over heartsick humanity which cries out in the darkness of its despair, asking ever Why? Why? Why all this awful suffering, why the perplexities, the injustices of life? — asking questions regarding man, his origin, his destiny, and the purpose of life: the Riddle of the Universe.

Therefore it is that the issue of the first Point Loma edition of *The Secret Doctrine* is an event of significance and importance, and marks one of the chapters in the history of the Theosophical Movement.

Originally dedicated "to all true Theosophists in every country and of every race, for they called it forth and for them it was recorded," it is in this new edition re-dedicated to all true students who by their efforts have helped to spread its teachings. Not only their faithfulness and devotion, but the heart-cry of thousands groping in the darkness, and of other thousands who have dared to break away from the bondage of creed and dogma, but yet know not where to turn for light: all these have called forth this new edition, and like the first original edition it goes out a winged messenger of hope, and as a lamp unto the feet of the searchers for truth. To them therefore is it committed; to the great Body of Theosophical workers, young and old, in all lands, and to the best, the most sincere, the most thoughtful, and reverent elements in the human race.

The present volumes are virtually a verbatim reprint of the original edition published in 1888 by H. P. Blavatsky. Great pains have been taken to make the paging agree with that original.

The only changes consist of:

(a) A careful transliteration of Sanskrit words throughout according to an accepted standard, and an occasional correction of Greek or Latin; but this has not been done in a certain few cases where ambiguity in the original Sanskrit as H. P. Blavatsky had it, allowed of more than one meaning. In these cases such words have remained

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untouched, leaving the reader to judge of H. P. Blavatsky's meaning according to his intuition. These cases are exceedingly few.

(b) Square brackets have been used instead of parentheses to mark H. P. Blavatsky's many interjections and remarks, in quotations from other works and writers. The original edition in these cases almost invariably had parentheses, and thus the average reader found it not easy to distinguish between H. P. Blavatsky's comments and the statements of the writers she quoted. Had the original edition been more carefully printed — which under all the circumstances was hardly possible — this could have been avoided.

(c) References to other works have been verified, as far as possible.

(d) Typographical errors have been corrected. No changes have been made in H. P. Blavatsky's language. Thus many singularly forceful and powerful passages, such as "a Sephiroth" for the ordinarily correct "a Sephira"; "Fires is," for the ordinarily grammatical "Fires are," have been left intact; for the context shows the esoteric sense too clearly to permit one to think it "bad grammar." A change here would demonstrate one not to have seized the subtler points of the esoteric philosophy. (See "Esoteric Catechism," at page 120 of Volume I.)

While the verification of detail has its value, it may be said at once that the comprehension of this work by its students will be found to require something more than that laborious brain-mind analysis which has in our day come to be considered the only stepping-stone to knowledge in the domains of science and theology. There is, throughout, the constant appeal to that in man which *knows*, to the intuition.

Space will not permit of more than the barest outline of H. P. Blavatsky's life, but so many garbled misrepresentations of her and her work have appeared in books and encyclopaedias from time to time, penned too frequently by people who were unable to bear the strong light of Theosophy; or who, brought face to face with their weaknesses, had not the courage to eradicate them; or by people who presumed to think they knew as much as she, that I deem it a privilege to pay tribute to her heroic sacrifice for humanity.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was born at Ekaterinoslaff, Southern Russia, on July 31 (Russian style), 1831. Her father Colonel Peter Hahn was the son of General Alexis Hahn von Rottenstern Hahn, representative of a noble family of Mecklenburg, Germany, settled in Russia. Her mother, Helena Fadeyef, was the daughter of Privy-Councillor Andrew Fadeyef and of the Princess Helena Dolgoruky.

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She had a wonderful childhood, she loved the solitude of the deepest woods, and made companions of the wild birds and animals, while from her tenderest years she had a heart of compassion which sought to relieve suffering and distress wherever she found them.

In 1848, when still but a young girl of seventeen, she was married to Councillor of State Nicephore Blavatsky, Vice-Governor of the Province of Erivan, a man old enough to be her father. Shortly after, however, this unhappy girl started on her travels, visiting Egypt, Greece and other parts of Eastern Europe, and then London, which she reached at the time of the great exhibition of 1851. It was here that she encountered for the first time in physical form the one whom she had learned in her childhood to regard as her Teacher.

Many years she spent in traveling, visiting Canada, the United States, Peru, India, Tíbet - going to Lhasa, and to the sacred lake Mânasasarovara. She returned to Russia in 1860, remaining there until 1867, except for a short visit to Italy in 1863. She again visited the East, Greece, and Palestine. She is said to have been wounded at the battle of Mentana. She reached Russia again in 1872. In the following year she went to Paris, then to New York, arriving July 7, 1873. In 1874 she met William Q. Judge, who became her pupil, and at her death in 1891 succeeded her as Leader of the Theosophical Movement.

On September 7, 1875, at her rooms in New York, William Q. Judge being also present, she openly authorized the formation of a Society. On the next day the Theosophical Society was accordingly formed, and from the seed thus planted has grown the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, the International Headquarters of which are now at Point Loma, California.

At this time she was engaged in writing *Isis Unveiled* amid almost insuperable difficulties, which are referred to in the Point Loma edition (Preface). This, her first great work, was published in 1877. In the following year, she was naturalized as an American citizen, and at the close of 1878 she departed for India with three others, leaving General Abner Doubleday as President *pro tem.*, with William Q. Judge as Recording Secretary. The Parent Body in America subsequently became incorporated in the Aryan Theosophical Society, of which William Q. Judge was President until his death in 1896. The "three objects" of the Theosophical Society were first defined in 1878 in a circular issued from New York.

Visiting London on her way, she reached Bombay in February, 1879, and there founded and edited *The Theosophist* Magazine. In 1880 she visited Ceylon, and in 1881 she was at Simla. Here she delivered the

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remarkable message to the Brâhmans of Allahâbâd, known as the "Prayâga Theosophical Society Letter," *severely criticising certain Brâhmanical practices, particularly child-marriage.*

From 1882 to 1884, H. P. Blavatsky resided at Adyar, Madras, the Indian Headquarters of the Society, continuing the publication of *The Theosophist* (monthly), and conducting an international correspondence. She left for Europe in 1884. It was during her absence that an outrageous plot was worked up against her by two Europeans whom she had both sheltered and fed when they were destitute.

About this time, the Psychical Research Society, recently founded, sent to India an inexperienced, incompetent young man to report upon the phenomena which were happening at Adyar. His report, which was accepted by the Psychical Research Society, condemned Madame Blavatsky unheard, and to the shame of the Psychical Research Society be it said, their mistake has never been publicly acknowledged, although it has been refuted again and again by those who were qualified to defend her.

Late in the autumn of 1884, H. P. Blavatsky went back to India. In 1885 she returned to Europe, where at Würzburg, Germany, she began writing *The Secret Doctrine*. She toiled at it for twelve to fourteen hours daily, and could hardly be induced to leave her desk. In 1886 she moved to Ostend, where under continuous persecution her health gave way, and she suffered terribly. Nevertheless she continued to labor on her great work.

In 1887 at the earnest solicitation of some of the members, she went to reside in London at 17 Lansdowne Road, where, during this and the following year, besides completing *The Secret Doctrine*, she started and edited the magazine *Lucifer*, contributing to it many brilliant articles. Fortunate indeed were those who had the opportunity of sharing with Madame Blavatsky the labor of preparing *The Secret Doctrine* for publication. At last this stupendous work was finished, and was published at the close of the year 1888.

During this year it was that according to a plan outlined by William Q. Judge, Madame Blavatsky established the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. From its inception this was the heart of the Theosophical Movement. It was under her absolute control as Teacher and Head, and included in its ranks the chief workers of the Society. Some of the greatest trials of H. P. Blavatsky's life began with the formation of this, but the fact that it was founded and that it continues in the world today as a band of earnest students, is an achieve-

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ment of greater importance to humanity, perhaps, than even the publication of *The Secret Doctrine*; for while the latter is but a record of a small part of the teachings that have been known to the Elder Brothers and Helpers of Humanity for thousands of millenniums, the living witnesses to the reality of the truths therein shadowed forth are the Institutions and educational methods which are the practical outcome of Theosophy, now established at Point Loma, to which the lives and devotion of all true students of the Esoteric Body have contributed in no small degree.

In this Esoteric Body it was also possible for H. P. Blavatsky to give out teaching to those who were faithful, which could not, on account of its sacredness, be given to the public at large. Much of this teaching was not given to the members during her life, but was left to her Successor William Q. Judge; and that and still other teaching in the possession of the present Teacher, is from time to time given to those students who are worthy and well-qualified to receive.

In 1889 H. P. Blavatsky penned her English version of "Fragments from the Book of the Golden Precepts," which she named *The Voice of the Silence*. Those who seek a clue to the mystery of her life may find it in the pages of that little volume, in teachings which come down from a past so remote, yet with a nobility so transcendent, that they stir the heart to unsuspected depths, and open out a vista of life grandiose in its infinite possibilities. Then followed *The Key to Theosophy*, in the same year, a priceless text-book for students of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which has already played a great part, and is to play a still wider part, in illumining the world with its simple, clear-cut and direct presentation of Theosophical teachings in the form of question and answer.

Truly the world was in sore need before H. P. Blavatsky came; the teachings of Jesus called the Christ had become a dead letter; materialism was rampant, and in the religious systems of the day there was nothing to stem its advance. The whole world was threatened on the one hand with a superstition and a worse slavery of the human mind to dogma than had ever threatened it in the darkest ages; and on the other, with the hopelessness of materialism and the degradation of all that is noble and pure in life. To such conditions did H. P. Blavatsky come. What then was her mission?

She herself described it as "to break the molds of mind"; it was to plow into the current thought-forms and to sow new seed, seed from the harvest of ancient Wisdom garnered ages ago and kept inviolate by the Helpers of Humanity. A few of such seeds had been sown by the noble Sage of Palestine, but the tares had grown up and choked them.

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Her mission was to restore to Humanity its lost ideals; to point out once more the pathway of true knowledge, and the gateway of a pure life; it was to sound once more the keynote of Truth to reverberate throughout the coming cycle. It was to teach once more as living realities the facts of Man's divinity, of the higher and the lower natures in him, and the eternal warfare that must go on until the lower is subjugated and controlled; to show that Karma, the law of strict Justice, of exact retribution, that we reap what we sow, is the law that governs all life, absolute, unailing; that the knowledge of it and the doctrine of Reincarnation is the great hope for humanity; and that the life of altruism, based on a true Wisdom, is the only sane life, on which all true progress depends.

If the student will accept these primary truths of Theosophy, and will seek to live according to them, every page and every line of *The Secret Doctrine* will have its message for him. But mere book-study will avail little; something more than that is required and demanded of the student of Theosophy; the full understanding of the teachings of all Theosophical works, and pre-eminently of *The Secret Doctrine*, is only possible as the life conforms to those teachings. The true doctrine is secret, hidden; not by the teacher, but in the very nature of the teaching itself, and to gain it, the student must enter by the only door which gives entrance.

William Q. Judge, speaking of this book, said that it was written in such a manner as to compel the earnest student to dig deeply and patiently in order to reach its profound truths. He said further that this present age is a transition age, and that the full revelation of the hidden teaching of the 'Secret Doctrine' which this book reveals only in part, was not for that generation.

Any sincere student, however, who will carefully peruse this work will find enough material to form a basis of study for generations to come. And if he will take a step farther, the thought will inevitably suggest itself that there must be ample sources of information and instruction beyond.

The Secret Doctrine, like the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Key to Theosophy*, the writings of William Q. Judge, and all other standard Theosophical writings, will be increasingly found to contain the answer to the heart-cry of the Soul within. The student who seeks to fashion his life according to these teachings, finds himself more than an ephemeral spark of Being; he will come to realize that in very truth he is participant in an immortal drama, dating back for millions of years and stretching forward to heights and depths beyond the wildest dreams

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of poetic imagination. Yet he must learn too that the goal cannot be gained without effort, and that it depends upon himself to take part consciously in the glorious future that awaits the human race, and that conscious co-operation in the uplifting of the race is essential.

The advances in science foreshadowed by H. P. Blavatsky in this work have taken place as she predicted they would, and both chemistry and biology now stand on the verge of accepting much that is to be found herein. Matter has now been, as it were, chased into a place so recondite, supersensual and metaphysical, that were it not for these profounder teachings of *The Secret Doctrine*, science would have found herself facing an impassable barrier.

Archaeology is being almost daily compelled to widen its horizons enormously by the new discoveries constantly being made, and we may soon see its most advanced representatives turning to *The Secret Doctrine* to remodel their hitherto wholly inadequate surmises as to the true antiquity of man.

Theology, under the stress of a wider knowledge of our fellow-races in all lands, with their grand literatures and sacred records, has also been compelled to widen its horizons; while the more advanced students are already, so to speak, at the feet of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. The day is not far distant when the lovers of the human race, and profound thinkers in all departments of thought, will acknowledge a debt of gratitude to her.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Point Loma, California.

April 13, 1909.

PREFACE TO "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

THE Author — the writer, rather — feels it necessary to apologize for the long delay which has occurred in the appearance of this work. It has been occasioned by ill-health and the magnitude of the undertaking. Even the two volumes now issued do not complete the scheme, and these do not treat exhaustively of the subjects dealt with in them. A large quantity of material has already been prepared, dealing with the history of occultism as contained in the lives of the great Adepts of the Aryan Race, and showing the bearing of occult philosophy upon the conduct of life, as it is and as it ought to be. Should the present volumes meet with a favorable reception, no effort will be

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spared to carry out the scheme of the work in its entirety. The third volume is entirely ready; the fourth almost so.*

This scheme, it must be added, was not in contemplation when the preparation of the work was first announced. As originally announced, it was intended that *The Secret Doctrine* should be an amended and enlarged version of *Isis Unveiled*. It was, however, soon found that the explanations which could be added to those already put before the world in the last-named and other works dealing with esoteric science, were such as to require a different method of treatment: and consequently the present volumes do not contain, in all, twenty pages extracted from *Isis Unveiled*.

The author does not feel it necessary to ask the indulgence of her readers and critics for the many defects of literary style, and the imperfect English which may be found in these pages. She is a foreigner, and her knowledge of the language was acquired late in life. The English tongue is employed because it offers the most widely-diffused medium for conveying the truths which it had become her duty to place before the world.

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore, now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation. The publication of many of the facts herein stated has been rendered necessary by the wild and fanciful speculations in which many Theosophists and students of mysticism have indulged, during the last few years, in their endeavor to, as they imagined, work out a complete system of thought from the few facts previously communicated to them.

It is needless to explain that this book is not the Secret Doctrine in its entirety, but a select number of fragments of its fundamental tenets, special attention being paid to some facts which have been seized upon

[*H. P. Blavatsky passed away before issuing volumes III and IV above referred to.]

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S "SECRET DOCTRINE"

by various writers, and distorted out of all resemblance to the truth.

But it is perhaps desirable to state unequivocally that the teachings, however fragmentary and incomplete, contained in these volumes, belong neither to the Hindû, the Zoroastrian, the Chaldean, nor the Egyptian religion, neither to Buddhism, Islâm, Judaism nor Christianity exclusively. The Secret Doctrine is the essence of all these. Sprung from it in their origins, the various religious schemes are now made to merge back into their original element, out of which every mystery and dogma has grown, developed, and become materialized.

It is more than probable that the book will be regarded by a large section of the public as a romance of the wildest kind; for who has ever even heard of the book of Dzyan?

The writer, therefore, is fully prepared to take all the responsibility for what is contained in this work, and even to face the charge of having invented the whole of it. That it has many shortcomings she is fully aware; all that she claims for it is that, romantic as it may seem to many, its logical coherence and consistency entitle this new Genesis to rank, at any rate, on a level with the 'working hypotheses' so freely accepted by modern science. Further, it claims consideration, not by reason of any appeal to dogmatic authority, but because it closely adheres to Nature, and follows the laws of uniformity and analogy.

The aim of this work may be thus stated: to show that Nature is not "a fortuitous concurrence of atoms," and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization.

If this is in any degree accomplished, the writer is content. It is written in the service of humanity, and by humanity and the future generations it must be judged. Its author recognises no inferior court of appeal. Abuse she is accustomed to; calumny she is daily acquainted with; at slander she smiles in silent contempt.

De minimis non curat lex.

London, October, 1888.

H. P. B.

[HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY]

A PASSING

LEONARD LESTER

ALL day a pall of gray had veiled the sky
Shrouding the sun. . . .
And now the solemn eve was closing in;
The ocean's vast expanse
Mirror'd the sky's serene monotony,
Broken alone by distant gleams of light
And the slow, rhythmic march of the sounding waves
That broke in eddying foam along the shore.
When lo! on the horizon's farthest bound,
Flushing with opal radiance sea and sky,
Touching with mellow beam the sails of ships,
Sudden a roseate flame of splendor glowed,
The sun's self, veiled through the daylight hours,
Pulsed with a molten glory and was gone,
Vanished into the underworld,
Passing to dawn again in orient skies.

So have I seen
After a life of gray monotony
Spent at some harsh, ungrateful toil
Of common duty, followed steadfastly,
In calm obscurity, unpraised by men,
The passing soul
Shoot forth the splendor of its living ray,
Its mute, imprisoned glory,
Hidden so long by earth's enfolding gray,
Burst through the woven mesh of years —
As though to signal grandly from afar
To sunless voyagers o'er life's vast ocean
Of Beauty inexpressible, and Joy,
Descried beyond the circling vastnesses.

Only a radiant smile and eyes suffused
With light, words scarce articulate,
But eloquent, ineffable, intense
With vital meaning, unforgettable
To those who silent waited that bright passing;
A healing draught from the deep fount of Beauty,
Cherished forever as a ray celestial
In the gray world that still envelops them.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE MOUNTS OF SAINT MICHAEL

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

NEAR Land's End in Cornwall, the westernmost part of England, there is a bay in which is situated a rocky islet called St. Michael's Mount. At low water one can reach it by means of a causeway, but usually a boat is needed. It has long been a feudal home and may still be visited, so far as the main part, at certain hours and days. The rock, for such it is, is surmounted by a mansion, which has been built on the site of the ancient priory, and which has its surrounding cottages and houses and church for the inhabitants of the estate, and in fact it is a self-contained example of the old feudal system.

Across the English Channel, or what our French neighbors call 'La Manche,' is another island-mount named after the same patron saint. This one, however, being close to the main European continent, has had a much more lively existence. In early days it was crowned with an ancient stone temple composed of huge boulders, which caused no end of difficulty to the new-comers who wanted to annex the place in order to build a church there.

This church was the result of a dream by the Bishop of Avranches, who in the year 708 was 'requested by St. Michael himself' to build a church on the land which had hitherto been the residence of the devil! More secure than upon the mainland from the attentions of marauders, it flourished exceedingly, and in time grew into a large citadel.

At this time it was the custom for every feudal lord of the country (and more especially every feudal lady!) to build a 'tower' or castle, not always with the approval of the church. All these towers are built in much the same style, of large blocks of worked stone, set in massive style. Mont St.-Michel is no exception to the rule. Blocks of stone are set into the mother-rock cliffs, and tier upon tier rises until the summit is reached, near where, in contrast with the bulky style of the architecture, there is a cloister composed of slender columns with delicate tracery.

In the abbey there are the usual dungeons, dark and damp, which bring a catch to the heart to think of the innocent ones who were often imprisoned there, and to think of the trial of Joan of Arc, and the treatment she received in just such a place.

Many are the legends told of this Mount, most of them of a trivial character. The idea of its isolation captured the imagination of people who wished to be pilgrims, and the spice of danger in crossing the sands,

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with the shifting quicksands all about, made what would be an ordinary journey something to brag about afterwards.

And so the power of the abbey grew until its day was done, and the building fell into decay. It is no longer an abbey but is a historic monument in charge of the French Government, and a nominal sum is charged for guidance through its halls and passages.

A causeway runs from the mainland now, with a steam tramway, and the houses within the walls are mainly occupied in catering for the numbers of tourists who come to visit this show-place of northern France.

RELIGION AND RECREATION

T. HENRY, M. A.



WITH the ancient Greeks, religion was regarded very differently from the way in which we regard it; for it included nearly the whole range of social pleasures. Consequently we find them attaching great importance to their festivals, and postponing occasions of seemingly paramount importance in order to be able to undertake the celebrations. This has been thought by some, viewing the ancient world through modern spectacles, to indicate a frivolous spirit and an addiction to pleasure. But such was not the case; for these festivals, though keenly enjoyed, were looked upon as solemn duties which could not be neglected. It was in honor of the gods that they were celebrated.

But *we* appear to have inherited a tradition which has put a chasm between social pleasures and religious observance, and between the spirit of enjoyment and that of religion. It has been seen in the contrast so strongly drawn by our historians between the Cavaliers and Puritans of seventeenth-century England. Pleasure was interdicted, as being offensive to the deity; with the natural result that pleasure became licentious. Thus a natural, well-rounded, and healthy nature was decomposed into the twin evils of sour piety and licentious mirth.

Naturally the above observations will suggest the propriety of seeking a remedy. But, in so doing, we are in danger of running into extremes; and, to avoid this, it is well to remark that we must level up, not level down: seek to raise our amusements up to the level of religion, rather than drag religion down to the level of our amusements.

To avoid vagueness, let us take a particular instance. The dance,

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as is well known, had a religious meaning in ancient times, as it does still today with certain peoples. But it can hardly be said to have any such significance with us; and by some religious sects it is even condemned. All too often it is associated with undesirable propensities, as is shown by certain special forms into which it is liable to degenerate.

What would one say is the connecting link between religion and the dance? Surely it is *harmony*.

We do not sufficiently connect the idea of harmony with religion. Music is to a great extent a thing apart, merely an adjunct to religion, and even so merely in a special form, which we call sacred music. By contrast we call the great bulk of music secular or profane. In the same way the connecting link between our sanctimoniousness and licentious gaiety is the *lack* of harmony in both. So it is evidently harmony that needs to be revived in our lives to make us once more whole and sincere.

Those who used the dance in religious ceremonies, and to evoke a religious spirit, must have realized this. They did it as a potent means of promoting harmony. It was a function in which all united in one group to execute a collective function; and they felt that, like other created beings, they were thus taking part in the sublime harmony of creation.

The harmony of the spheres and nature's hymn of praise are familiar phrases, expressing a recognition of the profound truth that harmony underlies all nature, and that the functions of nature are an expression of that harmony. What could be better calculated to promote the spirit of harmony in man's jangled life than to celebrate periodically such a function as this ancient ceremonial dance, wherein all that is personal and inharmonious is dropped, and each member becomes an integral part of a blended whole, like the tones that blend in some sublime chord?

It is characteristic of life in our age that the natural integrity or wholeness of our nature has become decomposed into sundered fragments; and the contrast between sacred and profane is only one instance of this. This all comes of living on the surface, in our ever-changing moods. True religious feeling arises when we become aware of a deep undercurrent of fuller and more real life below the surface of what we ordinarily call life. If we had this feeling, we could carry it into our games and festivals.

At the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma we are endeavoring, each to the best of his ability, to realize something

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of this ideal — under the guidance of a Leader in whose wisdom we trust. The world is full of the din of talk, and the actual demonstration of deeds is needed. Though many avocations are carried on here which are carried on elsewhere, the spirit in which they are carried on is entirely different — a circumstance for which we should be thankful rather than proud; for it is indeed a privilege to have such an opportunity.

The world is hungering and thirsting for a deeper meaning to life; if one may judge from what is being said and written today. Is it not the religious feeling — in an ancient and real sense — that it needs?

Why are young people committing suicide? They have been living on their nerves, in a panorama of flitting emotions, succeeding one another. Then comes the reaction; an epoch arrives when the nervous power is exhausted; and then, if they had any interior resources to lean upon, to anchor to, they could tide over the crisis. But there are no resources; the inner strength has not been cultivated; it is not there. And so . . . they leave a note saying they are disillusioned!

Civilized life today is so complex that there is urgent need for this interior balancing power, to offset all the pulls of our variegated emotional and sense-life. Our spiritual culture has not proceeded by equal steps with our culture in external matters; we are top-heavy, or like an engine without a fly-wheel.

People may say that they can realize this well enough at the time, but they cannot maintain a high state of consciousness; they slip back and have a reaction. Exactly; because what they call a high state of consciousness is largely an emotional state, and so is susceptible to the ebbs and flows of emotional life, or varies with the state of our nerves. What we need to do is to have faith in something *beyond* consciousness — beyond what we *call* consciousness; a background, as it were, to the scenes of our life. We cannot pull this down into our brain-mind; it would be spoilt at once, if we could. But we can come to know that it is there, a never-failing source of strength and clear-seeing, from which can flow healing influence into the life.

Religion is said to mean (etymologically) the link which binds man to his spiritual Self. In this sense, a religious man would be a man who went about with his lamp burning, carrying it with him into all his avocations. Do we not need to keep unbroken the link between the terrestrial man and the spiritual man?

The rationale of all this is to be found in the Theosophical teachings about the Seven Principles of Man — the key to all our problems, and for lack of which we find so many learned psychologists and philo-

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sophers — floundering. There we shall learn the true relations between the animal man, the self-conscious reasoning man, and the spiritual man. And these teachings are not arbitrary, for they are seen to be part and parcel of a comprehensive and self-consistent system. They prove themselves to the student by their ability to solve for him his perplexities.

BIOLOGY AND BROTHERHOOD

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

“Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organism of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, aerobes, anaerobes, and what not. But Science never yet went so far as to assert with the occult doctrine that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants, and stones, are themselves altogether built up of such beings; which, except larger species, no microscope can detect. . . . The same infinitesimal *invisible lives* compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant, and of the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle — whether you call it organic or inorganic — *is a life*. Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to that form. . . . We are taught that every physiological change, in addition to pathological phenomena; diseases — nay, life itself — or rather the objective phenomena of life, produced by certain conditions and changes in the tissues of the body which allow and force life to act in that body; that all this is due to those unseen **CREATORS** and **DESTROYERS** that are called in such a loose and general way, microbes.”— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 260-262



BROTHERHOOD is a fact in Nature,” an ancient truth forgotten in our materialistically brilliant, self-seeking era. However, this fact can no more be argued out of existence than can be a flesh-and-blood brother. One can change his relation to his brother, as to liking or disliking, honoring or disowning him; but nothing alters the fact that the relationship is imprinted on the screen of time.

Now Brotherhood as a natural fact, ignores sentimental limitations of love and hatred, etc., and relates members of the human family at all common points of their make-up — good and ill. This cosmic fellowship unites us with the faults and failings of others, as well as with their virtues and successes. And justly so. Because, as for poverty of spirit, of some kind, who can throw the first stone of perfection at spiritually poor relations?

This composite tie of good and ill not only includes all humanity, but links us with the sub-human kingdoms. Human and animal bodies of like stuff, are made of and sustained by the vegetable and mineral worlds. No analysis denies this. But modern research, engrossed with

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microscopic details, misses the larger meaning of universal relations. This scientific devotion to problems of particulars keeps step with the social trend of our day, which, highly-organized materially, is spiritually practising the 'heresy of separateness.' Current psychology teaches little of the science of the soul, but has much to say about how to succeed in business and in handling one's fellows!

Even biology ought to furnish evidence of the natural fact of Brotherhood. And it does. Take that phase of human relations finding biological expression in contagious diseases. Diseases are natural results of unnatural causes,—being visible symbols of some wrong relation to right living. These humanized symbols of earth-stuff concern both individual and social welfare,—being typical 'signs' in our fellowship of failure. If for no more altruistic reason than self-defense, modern society must needs make all-around sanitation keep pace with its evolving organization.

Civilization brings human units into closer contact at ever-increasing points of supply and demand, of and for food and shelter, clothing, travel, education, etc. Moreover, the radio tangibly reveals an interpenetrating world of vibrating thought and feeling, any wave of which may be picked up by a receiving set. The mere mechanical process of 'tuning in' must bespeak similar unconscious response of the human receptive mechanism to one or another mental and emotional waves broadcasted by the social mind and heart. How else account for alien ideas and impulses which, literally coming out of the air, often impel us to action, often against our sober judgment? What about the post-war waves which reverberate in 'jazz-maniacs,' and crimes and cruelties and suicides? Not that inspiring urges are not as easily transmitted as the lower types, but the customary personal adjustment to life picks a like vibratory *quality* out of the air.

Now, in this enveloping atmosphere of thought and feeling, each is morally his brother's keeper and is also responsible for the course of his own 'self-directed evolution.' Each is responsible for what he gives and what he gets. No vicarious salvation or evolution is consistent with the powers of the *involved soul* — the real man. So the common air of material and mental relations also includes those of ethics and morals. No specious creed or argument can alter that fact.

The human influence reflected by domestic animals proves the relation between man and beast. While the endless stream of matter flowing through man's bodies as nutrition and waste, must vibrate, also, in its turn, with every human quality. So that the *quality* of keynote struck by human kind resounds upon the lesser creatures, and, from

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time's dawn, has vibrated through the earth-matter as well. Paul, with inner vision, pictured the effect of the relation in saying that the whole of creation waits upon man and groaneth and travaileth while he keeps back the enlightenment of all. Possibly some of us were striking an unideal keynote then as now. For we are intimately related to our own past selves, being our own heirs of the times and the ties of former lives.

Universal Brotherhood operates under natural law which directs the evolutionary urge back of everything. Evidently, methods going contrary to the whole trend of natural currents must invite disaster and defeat. Nature checks up false moves to outwit her, and hands us unhappy and unhealthy notices to cease such folly. For instance, contagions are familiar reminders of some needed change, individual or social. Among her emphatic notices are contagious so-called 'social diseases.' Since these are essentially human products, is it logical to expect that the researchers' sacrifice of countless healthy animals will yield natural cures for diseases foreign to them?

A stock-argument for 'scientific' animal experiments is that opposition to it is based largely on sentimental sympathy for animals. If true, this is easily proved, since Nature is as impersonal in method as the scientists. She aims to preserve the balance and free play of evolutionary forces at all points, with super-scientific efficiency. To this end she guides the instinctive progress of the lower kingdoms, leaving incarnating man to work out his humanity. Ever ready to change disordered material — even in his diseased body — her duty ends where his begins, with wrongs in his conscious self.

Now a layman's common sense can detect any existing sentimentality in the serum- and vivisection-questions, without a microscope. Provided, he be given all the data, instead of being inoculated with ready-made opinions from laboratory-propaganda. Suppose Mr. and Mrs. Layman, looking up remedies in drug catalogs, read the biological pages, listing various bacteria-cultures, single and combined, the latter a sort of 'shot-gun' dose for germs in general. The list is said to be "now generally accepted as a definite aid to medical and surgical treatment." A point not emphasized in propaganda is that the raw material is selected from persons more or less seriously diseased, and these unwholesome potencies are intensified by attenuation in an animal's blood. Remember, this is disease-power plus, according to the scientific fact that "the more matter is sub-divided the greater is its radio-activity."

The ancients knew the blood is conscious. So the active morbid essence transmitted through living animal blood combines the virulent human quality with an essential brute-influence. Will the interested

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legion of laymen think that only sentimentalists oppose so unclean and dehumanizing a method of dealing with human disorders? The popularity of serum-therapy brings the issue closer home daily. The animalized virus is injected into the patient's flesh, for immunity from what he has not got, and for cure of present disease. Of course something happens. Nature registers a reactionary protest to the unnatural affront, as will be seen later.

Nature's laboratory is equipped with every conceivable germ — little lives for every purpose of changing matter in its eternal cyclic career of creation, preservation, and destruction. This threefold program is universal history — of a tiny cell, of a man, of a nation, of a civilization, of a race, of a planet.

Disease-germs are most active when some invading evil is to be worked out of the system. They are often found in healthy throats and elsewhere, perhaps on guard, as it were. Granted they are typical phenomena, but what of invisible noumena of which they are the signatures? Wrongs have a psychological vitality of their own and a reproductive power. The worms in a septic tank do not make the sewage of which they dispose. Nor do typical bacteria originate the wrongs which call them into action.

Any one knows that, back of words, or a casual look, or even the presence of another, is the vital fact and influence of individual thought or feeling whose *quality* affects others. Without stretch of imagination, one can see that a like invisible force must carry the typical quality of the disease and of the infected personality, along with the visible symptoms of contagion. So that, aside from physical signs of, say, social disease,— Nature's sharp reminders — there also must be carried the vital essence of human wrongs in the social and creative realm of thought and emotion. Just when the first case appeared is not known. Sensuality has come down the ages,— a profanation of creative mysteries. Might not enough moral perversion originate a case any time? Nature can answer.

One type of social disease was formerly regarded as of local catarrhal nature only. The microscope has since revealed the specific germ penetrating through the tissues to every part of the body. That one's inner sense of intuitive wholeness suffers from unclean contagions, as well as the physical cells, is logical. Recent notices of the proof of plant sensitivity to drugs and venoms, as worked out by the famous Indian scientist, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, show similar reactions of stimulation and depression in plants to the familiar effects in animals. Surely the far greater human awareness must imbibe some malign psychology

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with the virus of a contagion. So that social diseases must link its victims in unfortunate brotherhood, on inner as on outer lines. Surely, to add other links in the deplorable chain, in the guise of treatment, is unnatural and unjustified, and hence unscientific. Yet this is being done in the name of progress, as medical literature openly attests.

Thoughtful physicians note that the use of vaccines, serums, and viruses so exhausts the patients' normal resistance that they "are rendered far more susceptible to other infections." In line with this are military reports of our physically fit, variously inoculated soldiers in training-camps. When taken with current contagions, many showed unusual lack of reserve vitality, and their tissues proved suitable culture-ground for bacteria. Medical officers could not explain these conditions in the stricken men, who, uninfluenced by any treatment, rapidly succumbed in epidemics of pneumonia, meningitis, etc. With all resources of physical training, hygiene, and hospital-service, what relation did the devitalized soldiers' bodies bear to previous repeated inoculations?

Lady Layman's progressive physician might explain, if challenged as to vaccine methods, that the final cure of her kind of case was most uncertain. Hence his resort to the latest resource,— specific serum. He would hardly go into the lurking cases of supposed cures that cause countless tragedies of crippled health and mutilating operations,— being an open professional secret. As for mentioning the psychology of adding virulent essence to her already tainted physical and inner self — he would consider that idea worthy of the sentimentalists.

The laity may well think about the serum-practice of making them blood-brothers with the army of the diseased and with the brutes.

BEING POSITIVE TO CIRCUMSTANCES

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



THE attitude of complaint and grumbling is both unreasonable and unbecoming; for it means that we have assumed a negative posture towards circumstances, instead of rising superior to them. The old saw, "What can't be cured must be endured," is apposite. Those who desire betterment might often be met with the rebuke, "Take it, then!" There are so many instances where nothing else is needed than to take it. A moment's reflexion might be enough to alter our attitude towards our circumstances, thereby

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enabling us to dominate them instead of being dominated by them. The proverb just quoted might be supplemented by saying that "What can be endured can be cured"; for the enduring of difficulties is the first step towards getting rid of them.

Much is said nowadays about tapping our internal resources, but it makes a great difference what kind of internal resources we propose to tap. There are internal resources of the carnal nature, which can be tapped; but to do so is to arouse powerful forces before we are ready to deal with them. Hence the danger of heedless tampering with the mysteries of our mental and nervous make-up. The selfish man in us is already strong enough, without making him stronger; and to call in science and method to the aid of personal desire is a most foolish proceeding.

Personal desire and selfishness are the great obstacles to progress and peace of mind; an enemy which we shall have to grapple with and overthrow some day. So the internal resources to be tapped are those which quell all selfish desire. In fact, we must aim at standing aloof from our own personality and willing what is right; the attitude of true prayer. In this way we can become truly positive to surrounding circumstances.

Fate is a great mystery, but not so mysterious as we think; for we realize too little how much it is determined by our thoughts and feelings. By our thoughts and feelings we set currents to work, and these must necessarily react upon us, prompting us to actions, which in turn again react on the mind; and so the wheel turns in a vicious circle. We are negative to our circumstances, passively subservient to the tides of emotion and thought, instead of being positive towards them. Also we allow other people to affect us against our better judgment. We are all too prone to lean, rather than to support.

Speaking of freedom, it is well known that forms of government can impose but little constraint in comparison with what is imposed by our own fears and habits. There have always been some individuals, or occasionally groups of individuals, who have sought to escape from the tyranny of convention by adopting simple habits or trying to form communities. But this is not the real way of escape. We have to live where we are placed; but we can avoid being submerged and having no ideas but what prevail among the mass. We can exercise our spiritual individuality, and originate noble and unselfish ideas rather than absorb them. It is incumbent upon Theosophists especially, professing the key to a larger knowledge, to vindicate the validity of this claim by demonstrating that they are able to affect their own lives for good.

JUSTICE AND MERCY

RALF LANESDALE

IT was said of old "*let your justice be tempered with mercy.*" And the old aphorism has for ages provided moralists and philosophers with grounds of bitter strife, where no strife should be.

It may be hard to say with certainty just how the wording of the injunction originally ran: but, if it stood as above, there would be no ground for the fierce protest of the dogmatists, who read "Let justice be tempered with mercy," and ask indignantly: "Is not justice absolute? How then can it be tempered, and not lose its unqualified character; thus ceasing to be Justice?" But the question arises, Is justice a pure abstraction?

If the text stands as quoted, the injunction refers to *your* justice, not to abstract Justice, and it may well be that your justice is far removed from the perfection of even the ideal quality, let alone the pure abstraction. The highest human justice is necessarily conditioned by the degree and range of knowledge of all the causes antecedent to the crime, all those contributory causes, such as education, and prenatal conditions, which are so potent in the formation of character.

Is not your human justice already tempered, if not badly corrupted, by personal prejudice as well as by ignorance of the true nature of Justice? If human justice were even approximately free from a passion for revenge, social revenge, and retaliation, there might be some excuse for fearing that it might be perverted by the contact of such a modifying influence as mercy.

But what is mercy, that it should be able so to disturb the operation of justice? Mercy is the operation of sympathy; and sympathy is a quality of the heart. It is the power to feel the suffering of others, which power is the automatic expression of the spiritual unity that pulses through the universe; a knowledge of which distinguishes human nature from all other nature.

The intellectual philosopher, bound to his formula, indignantly asks "Will you tamper with Justice? Is it not absolute?" As a pure abstraction, it may be; but not on this plane. Human justice is for human beings, and not for mere abstractions.

True mercy is spiritual wisdom, and is most akin to justice, urging that true justice must give to all its victims another chance. Let human justice listen to the voice of mercy; so will it find its own essential divinity, and human justice rise to true authority, as Justice absolute.

SELF-REALIZATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM



SELF-REALIZATION is a word to conjure with nowadays. But it needs a little definition, does it not? If you met anyone wearing that badge, how could you tell whether he was a prophet or a profiteer; whether he yearned to find his place in the universe, like a circling, light-giving globe; or to destroy everything and everybody until he stood alone and self-admired amid the interminable abysses of space-time?

We take as text a quotation from the commonplace book of the late eminent surgeon, Dame Louisa Aldrich-Blake — whether the aphorism is her own or quoted, is not stated.

“Suppression of self is always the condition of true self-realization.”

Here in a nutshell we have the whole philosophy of the distinction between true selfhood and what falsely appears as such; the theory formally stated, and its practical application indicated, all in one aphorism.

This is of course the teaching of religions, to be found in the Sermon on the Mount, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, and many other sacred scriptures. It is expressed in paradoxes like, “He who loseth his life for my sake shall find it”; “Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live.” The meaning is that that which we must suppress, or lose, or give up, is not the self, but only something which we mistake for the self. So the saying is equivalent to, “Give up the false and find the true.” To find the Self, we must eliminate from our character all that serves to hide and mask that Self. The lust for gain, advantage, pleasure; ambition; vanity: such things as these lead us away from true self-realization. But these are the very things which are run after by so many people who think they are treading the path of Occultism; and in the very name of self-realization they advocate and practise the methods most hostile to it.

Souls rich in experience have ever found that the fruits of personal desire turn to gall and bitterness; and thus they have learnt the great lesson of life — that man is far greater than his own petty and beloved personality.

It is said in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* that Self is the friend of man, and that self is the enemy of man: an apparent contradiction arising from the use of one word in two senses. That self, as the word is ordinarily understood, is the enemy of man is apparent. Study the life of some per-

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son familiar to you, and see how there was a continual conflict between his attempt to realize the finer side of his character, and his clinging to self. You, viewing the drama from a detached position, can see it all clearly enough; and very likely he is now on a plane where he can see it too. Or perhaps you are detached enough in your moments of self-examination to see the same conflict in your own life. Perhaps you have lately succeeded in letting in the light upon some delusion of selfishness that has been misleading you, and are rejoicing in the freedom.

After we are dead, the Soul will be freed from the delusions of the lower mind and the passions, and we shall know what was the true purpose of our life. But is it necessary to wait until we are dead? Cannot we now — today — arrive at a conviction that the real purpose of our life is far greater than what is sketched out for us by our plans and wishes; and that a willing consent to this greater purpose brings a satisfaction that no pursuit of personal aims can bring?

If so, we may begin to realize that no life is futile; and even the lower self may appear in the guise of a friend, in so far as, under the light of discernment, it becomes our teacher.

Sometimes we ask ourselves what is the meaning of life and are perplexed to find an answer and take refuge in the policy of just living on from day to day. The trouble comes from trying to find an answer in terms of our mental power of conceiving; the actual purpose of life must be greater than we can define. If it were not so, would it be worth while? So we must endeavor to glimpse that purpose, not as a defined idea, but as a motive felt deep in the heart, or a light beckoning us on to prospects not yet in view.

In short, our real inner and divine Self stands as a Deity, able, if trusted, to inspire us with right motives for the guidance of our conduct all the time. To that guidance we can resort when the counsels of our mind are perplexed. So long as we are following desires and schemes, ignorant of the real purpose of our life, we shall seem to be at the mercy of an inscrutable power that continually thwarts us. But this conflict will cease when we come to realize that the power which is guiding us is the wisdom from within — our own real Self, which we long to realize.



“A VERY truism, when uttered by a Teacher, has a deeper meaning for which the student should seek, but which he will lose if he stops to criticize and weigh the words in mere ordinary scales.”— *William Q. Judge*

INDIAN SIGN-LANGUAGE

WILLIAM TOMKINS

HEN I first began to study the Indian Sign-Language, I had great difficulty in obtaining any information from the Indians regarding the language, and had to be content with learning a word at a time with often many days between. Gradually, as I proved my sincere friendship for the Dakotas, I learned some of their vocal language and thenceforth made greater progress in the silent language that had so aroused my interest. During times of trouble between the whites and the Indians, I have often gone among strange tribes and because of my knowledge of sign-talk have always found friends among them. On a great many occasions I have been able to help them in some difficulty arising through mutual misunderstanding between them and the whites.

Gestures, man's early mode of communication, like tone of voice, indicate clearly and directly not only literal meanings, but also various moods and finer shades of meaning impossible for words or mechanical gestures alone to suggest. We use spoken words as a framework upon which to spread, by tone and inflexion, subtil shades of meaning. One person may understand the literal words; another — as a child or an animal — may understand chiefly the tone of voice; and yet a third may understand both, thus receiving the full meaning of the communication.

Similarly, the gestured sign-language may consist either of a spiritless succession of set signs or of a fully expressive pantomime of eloquent gestures, according to the amount of grace and feeling used. It appears likely that, as with good acting, the more one can feel and become that which he seeks to express, the more beautiful and full of meaning the sign-language will become.

Moreover, a drawn line is the visible trace of one or more gestures, and records in permanent form much that a gesture suggests, a fact that was recognised by the artists of the Orient in their canon of art stating that an artist should endeavor to feel the spirit of whatever he tried to depict. Many old plainsmen have stated that to see skilled Indians converse in sign was indeed a beautiful and instructive sight.

In no other portion of the world has there been found so great a number or diversity of languages and dialects as in North America. Often many wholly distinct tongues have for an infinitely long time

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been confined to groups composed of often not over a few score persons verbally incomprehensible to their neighboring tribes.

The number of known stocks or families of Indian languages within the territory of the United States amounts to about sixty-five, which differ among themselves as radically as Hebrew, Chinese, and English. In each of these linguistic families there are often a number of separate dialects which also differ from each other as much as do the English, French, German, and Persian divisions of the Aryan linguistic stock.

Many of these Indians in a variety of tribes have stated that in former times the sign-language was the one common and universal means of communication between all the tribes of American Indians speaking different vocal languages. As they expressed it, "All the old people in all the tribes used it."

Little Raven, the former head-chief of the Southern Arapahoes, said in regard to the use of gestures: "I have met Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Caddos, Snakes, Crows, Pawnees, Osages, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, Nez Percés, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Sacs and Foxes, Pottawattamies, and other tribes whose vocal languages we did not understand, but we communicated freely in sign-language.

"The summer after President Lincoln was killed, we had a grand gathering of all the tribes to the east and south of us. Twenty-five different tribes met near old Fort Abercrombie on the Wishita River. The Caddos made a different sign for horse, and also for moving, but the rest were made the same way by all the tribes."

Nichelle, chief of the Pende Oreilles, said: "All the tribes talk in signs when they meet if they cannot understand each other's vocal language. The Blackfeet, Crows, Flatheads, Kootenays, Pelcuses, Cayuses, Pende Oreilles, Cœur d'Alenes, Spokanes, Nez Percés, Yakimas and others all make the same signs. When I was a young boy my grandfather told me that a long time ago, when two tribes met who did not speak the same vocal language, they always talked in signs."

Any dictionary will show that most of our words are derived from Greek, Latin, or Anglo-Saxon roots, which roots — or basic words — may be directly comparable to and in many cases are derived from pictographic symbols or descriptive gestures. In sign-language, the meaning of the basic idea-signs is understood, and signs are combined, forming compound signs to express more elaborate ideas, in identically the same way as we take the Greek word *autos*, meaning self, and add to it the Latin word *mobile*, meaning movable, in order, to form 'automobile.'

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In our modern language the derivation and construction of our words is rather vague to the majority, as the words are merely memorized. The study of sign-language will be well worth while if it does no more than direct the attention to the fact that our words are not the arbitrary affairs they have often seemed, but are themselves constructed part by part in the same way as in the sign-language, and that very likely the basic words of which they are constructed were originally represented by signs and pictographs.

A deeper study of even our more common words shows that they themselves are composed of elements which, taken together, form what one might almost consider an ideograph, and it is only when the derivation of our words is forgotten, the words finally becoming in the minds of those who use them mere arbitrary symbols, that the common origin of both forms of writing is forgotten.

A child employs intelligent gestures long in advance of speech, although very early and persistent attempts are made to give it instruction in the latter but none in the former. It learns language only through the medium of signs; and, long after familiarity with speech, consults the gestures and facial expressions of its parents and nurses as if to translate or explain their words. These facts are important in reference to the biologic law that the order of development of the individual is the same as that of the species.

Further evidence of the unconscious survival of gesture-language is afforded by the ready and involuntary response made in signs when a man with the speech and habits of civilization is brought into close contact with Indians or deaf-mutes. Without having ever before seen or made one of their signs, he will soon not only catch the meaning of theirs, but produce his own, which they will likewise comprehend, the power seemingly remaining latent in him until called forth by necessity.

The difference between the idea to think or know as conceived by the Indian and by his white conqueror shows an almost impassable gulf to exist between the mentality of the two races. The Indian thinks with his heart, and makes the sign 'drawn from the heart' to express that idea. His sign for 'good,' also, is the flat hand swept outward and 'level with the heart.' The deaf-mute, on the other hand, touches the fingers of the right hand to the forehead to express the idea 'to know.' The Dakotas say that wars and troubles come from the head.

Thus the sign-language goes down to basic meanings; as in the word 'angry,' where the right hand is placed against the forehead and turned around to illustrate a twisted brain. A poetic illustration may be

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found in the sign for 'autumn.' The right hand is extended upward with fingers spread, from which the left hand, indicating leaves, drops down with a waving motion. Autumn is 'Falling-leaf time.' I know of no better way of arriving at a sympathetic understanding of the Indian than by a study of this language. Every gesture is full of significance and poetic feeling.

In the early days on the reservation it was not an uncommon sight to see a group of children playing council, sitting in a circle and conversing in sign, and the writer has heard of the little three-year-old child of a deaf-mute Indian who held up its tiny hands and carried on a conversation (without any attempt at vocal speech) which would have done credit to an adult.

When one considers the clumsiness and impracticability of Volapük and Esperanto and other so-called universal languages (some of which make use of sounds in their alphabets which fully one-half the human family can by no means pronounce) and then becomes acquainted with sign-language, he can plainly see that its completeness, its adaptability to the expression of complex ideas, and the ease with which it can be understood, are nothing short of remarkable.

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M. G. GOWSELL

STAR-DUSTED night: waves pound yon distant shore;
Anear, a-dream, the dew-drenched, sleeping trees.
All, all is silent as the stars and these,
Save where the waters on their margined floor
Rave through the dark, one loud, tumultuous roar.
Afar this side the stark-mad shouting seas,
I hear but murmurs, as of myriad bees,
And deem the tempest gods abroad no more.

Sun-shaded day: the virgin forest now.
Huge trees; crowns crowded far against the sky.
Below, stillness: no stir of leaf or bough,
Yet, overhead, the storm-winds rend and cry;
While here, about this eerie forest throne,
I hear that old, old universal drone.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“HAVE ANIMALS SOULS? FRENCH ACADEMY SO DECIDES”

GRACE KNOCHE

THUS the headlines of an Associated Press despatch from Paris, anent the recent affirmative vote of the French Academy on this question, at a meeting of thirteen members. The official report of this meeting is not before us, but several press-despatches are. From these it appears that the question came up rather unexpectedly in the course of the Academy's classic (and never finished) task of revising the French dictionary. *Mémoire* became the crucial word, its consideration eliciting the remark from Minister of Justice Barthou that (as translated in the despatches) “human beings alone possess memory (*mémoire*), therefore the word itself applies to the human race alone.”

Among those present were Marshals Joffre and Foch. Both protested against the statement because of personal experiences with various animals during the war, and cited instances in proof. Another member, M. Henri Robert, the noted criminal lawyer, provoked further discussion by remarking that “while he had met many soulless men, he had never yet appeared for a soulless animal!” The discussion finally reached so amicable and dignified a conclusion that M. Regnier, the Academy's permanent secretary, called for a vote upon the question: “Do animals have memory (*mémoire*) and, incidentally, souls?” The thirteen Immortals, voting 8 to 5, decided affirmatively.

The placement of soul as incidental or secondary to memory is a little bewildering to a Theosophist, but considering the materialistic bias of most intellectual pursuits (the revision of a dictionary is presumably such) one can only be grateful and surprised. Reflexions are stirred, naturally. What immense good must result from the decision of disputants whose good judgment could not be questioned, and whose opinion commands respect!

For the moment there is only room to be grateful that men in places of power have dignified an urgent call for justice by a consideration that is sane and compassionate both; grateful too that public interest in animals is considered so compelling that reports of this decision were immediately telegraphed to America, and possibly all over the world!

The subject of a better understanding of our dumb friends is one upon which members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical

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Society can write with burning pens. Their simple creed was never better stated than by Katherine Tingley herself: "Universal Brotherhood includes all. No one, no living creature, can be left out." She is known the world over as a lover of animals and a courageous defender of their rights. California knows her particularly through her protest against vivisection, a protest firmly planted as one of the objects of the Woman's International Theosophical League at its foundation by her in 1906.

William Quan Judge, her Predecessor, in his "Moral Law of Compensation" and in other articles, made a passionate plea for a better knowledge of our real duty to animals, and warned of the Karma in store for those who neglect that duty.

Earlier still, H. P. Blavatsky took up the cudgels in their behalf in both of the magazines founded by her -- in *The Theosophist*, founded in India in 1879, about four years later than when the Theosophical Society itself was founded in America; and in *Lucifer*, a magazine founded by her in London some years later.

Because H. P. Blavatsky did not put her articles on this subject into book-form, but into these magazines, the earlier copies of which are becoming very rare, we believe space could not be better used than to quote from some of them. The first quotations are from a serial in *The Theosophist*, Vol. VII, January to March 1886, which happens to have the same heading as the press-despatch quoted above, "Have Animals Souls?" The italics are her own. She says in part:

"Many are the 'antiquated religious superstitions' of the East which Western nations often and unwisely deride; but none is so laughed at and practically set at defiance as the great respect of Oriental people for animal life. . . .

"It is only natural that those who hold human life so cheaply in their frequent and often iniquitous wars, should entirely disregard the death-agonies of the brute creation. . . . All this is only as it should be in our era of Krupp cannons and scientific vivisectors. . . .

. . . "In ancient Sparta -- than whose stern citizens none were ever less sensitive to the delicate feelings of the human heart -- a boy, when convicted of torturing an animal for amusement, was put to death as one whose nature was so thoroughly villainous that he could not be permitted to live. But in civilized Europe -- rapidly progressing in all things save Christian virtues -- *might* remains unto this day the synonym of *right*. The entirely useless, cruel practice of shooting for mere sport countless hosts of birds and animals is nowhere carried on with more fervor than in Protestant England, where the merciful teachings of Christ have hardly made human hearts softer than they were in the days of Nimrod, 'the mighty hunter before the Lord.' Christian ethics are as conveniently turned into orthodox syllogisms as those of the 'heathen.' The writer was told one

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day by a sportsman that since 'not a sparrow falls on the ground without the will of the Father,' he who kills for sport — say, one hundred sparrows — does thereby one hundred times over — his Father's will!

"A wretched lot is that of poor brute creatures, hardened as it is into implacable fatality by the hand of man. The *rational* soul of the human being seems born to become the murderer of the *irrational* soul of the animal — in the full sense of the word, since the Christian doctrine teaches *that the soul of the animal dies with its body*.

". . . If the Bible is to be our authority upon this delicate question, there is not the slightest proof in it that man's birth-place is in heaven any more than that of the last of creeping things — quite the contrary; for we find in *Genesis* that if God created 'man' and blessed 'them,' (ch. i, 27-28) so he created 'great whales' and 'blessed them' (21-22).

"Moreover, 'the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground' (ii, 7): and 'dust' is surely earth pulverized! Solomon, the king and preacher, is most decidedly an authority and admitted on all hands to have been the wisest of the Biblical sages; and he gives utterance to a series of truths in *Ecclesiastes* (ch. iii) which ought to have settled by this time every dispute upon the subject. 'The sons of men . . . might see that they themselves are beasts' (verse 18) . . . 'that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth the beasts . . . a man has no pre-eminence above a beast,' (19) 'all go into one place; all are of the dust and all turn to dust again' (20). . . .'

"Were the object of these lines to preach vegetarianism on the authority of the Bible or Veda, it would be a very easy task to do so. . . . We nowhere find that the 'Lord God' commanded Adam . . . to devour animal creation or destroy it for sport. Quite the reverse. For pointing to the vegetable kingdom and the 'fruit of a tree yielding seed' — God says very plainly: 'to you (men) it shall be *for meat*.' (*Gen.*, i, 29). . . .

"But the writer does not preach vegetarianism, simply defending 'animal rights' and attempting to show the fallacy of disregarding such rights on Biblical authority. Moreover, to argue with those who would reason upon the lines of erroneous interpretations would be quite useless.

"One who rejects the doctrine of evolution will ever find his way paved with difficulties; hence, he will never admit that it is far more consistent with fact and logic to regard physical man merely as the recognised paragon of animals, and the spiritual Ego that informs him as a principle midway between the soul of the animal and the deity. It would be vain to tell him that unless he accepts not only the verses quoted for his justification but the whole Bible in the light of esoteric philosophy, which reconciles the whole mass of contradictions and *seeming* absurdities in it — he will never obtain the key to the truth; — for he will not believe it.

"Yet the whole Bible teems with charity to men and with mercy and love to animals. The original Hebrew text of chapter xxiv of *Leviticus* is full of it. Instead of the verses 17 and 18 as translated in the Bible: 'And he that killeth a beast shall make it good, beast for beast' in the original it

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stands: 'life for life,' or rather 'soul for soul,' *nephesh tachath nephesh*.* And if the rigor of the law did not go to the extent of killing, as in Sparta, a man's 'soul' for a beast's 'soul' — still, even though he replaced the slaughtered soul by a living one, a heavy additional punishment was inflicted on the culprit.

"But this was not all. In *Exodus* (ch. xx, 10, and ch. xxiii, 2 *et seq.*) rest on the Sabbath-day is extended to cattle and every other animal. 'The seventh day is the sabbath . . . thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy . . . cattle'; and the Sabbath-year . . . 'the seventh year thou shalt let it (the land) rest and lie still . . . that thine ox and thine ass may rest' — which commandment, if it means anything, shows that even the brute creation was not excluded by the ancient Hebrews from a participation in the worship of their deity, and that it was placed upon many occasions upon a par with man himself.

"The whole question rests upon the misconception that 'soul,' *nephesh*, is entirely distinct from 'spirit' — *ruach*. And yet it is clearly stated that 'God breathed into the nostrils (of man) the *breath of life* and man became a living soul,' *nephesh*, neither more nor less than an animal, for the soul of an animal is also called *nephesh*. It is by development that the soul becomes *spirit*, both being the higher and the lower rungs of one and the same ladder whose basis is the UNIVERSAL SOUL or spirit.

"This statement will startle those good men and women who, however much they may love their cats and dogs, are yet too much devoted to the teachings of their respective churches ever to admit such a heresy. 'The *irrational* soul of a dog or a frog, divine and immortal as our own souls are?' — they are sure to exclaim: but so they are. It is not the humble writer of the present article who says so, but no less an authority for every good Christian than that king of preachers — St. Paul.

"Our opponents who so indignantly refuse to listen to the arguments of either modern or esoteric science may perhaps lend a more willing ear to what their own saint and apostle has to say upon the matter; the true interpretation of whose words, moreover, shall be given neither by a Theosophist nor an opponent, but by one who was as good and pious a Christian as any, namely, another saint — John Chrysostom — he who explained and commented upon the Pauline Epistles, and who is held in the highest reverence by the divines of both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches.

"Christians have already found that experimental science is not on their side; they may be still more disagreeably surprised upon finding that no Hindû could plead more earnestly for animal life than did St. Paul in writing to the Romans. . . . He shows the animal *hoping for*, and *living in the expectation of the same 'deliverance from the bonds of corruption'* as any good Christian. The precise expressions of that great apostle and philo-

*Footnote by H. P. Blavatsky: "Compare also the difference between the translation of the same verses in the Vulgate and the texts of Luther and De Wette."

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sopher will be quoted later on in the present Essay and their true meaning shown.*

“The fact that so many interpreters — Fathers of the Church and Scholastics — tried to evade the real meaning of St. Paul is no proof against its inner sense, but rather against the fairness of the theologians. . . .

“But if these humble lines could make a few readers realize the real value of St. Paul’s noble words, and thereby seriously turn their thoughts to all the horrors of vivisection — then the writer would be content. For verily when the world feels convinced — and it cannot avoid coming one day to such a conviction — that animals are creatures as eternal as we ourselves, vivisection and other permanent tortures, daily inflicted on the poor brutes, will, after calling forth an outbreak of maledictions and threats from society generally, force all Governments to put an end to those barbarous and shameful practices.”

So much for the Western point of view — or rather what it should and would be were the Christian Bible correctly translated, and Theosophically understood. In *Lucifer*, two years later, issue of May, 1888, H. P. Blavatsky gave the Eastern point of view, at least in part, in answer to the following:

“*Question.*— Why do the noblest animals suffer so much at the hands of men? I need not enlarge or try to explain this question. Cities are torture-placés for the animals who can be turned to any account for use or amusement by man! and these are always the most noble.

“*Answer.*— In the *Sûtras*, or the Aphorisms of the *Karma-pa*, a sect which is an offshoot of the great Gelukpa (yellow caps) sect in Tibet, and whose name bespeaks its tenets — ‘the believers in the efficacy of Karma,’ (action, or good works) — an Upâsaka inquires of his Master, why the fate of the poor animals had so changed of late? Never was an animal killed or treated unkindly in the vicinity of Buddhist or other temples in China, in days of old, while now, they are slaughtered and freely sold at the markets of various cities, etc. The answer is suggestive:

“‘. . . Lay not nature under the accusation of this unparalleled injustice. Do not seek in vain for Karmic effects to explain the cruelty, for the *Tenbrel Chugnyi* (causal connexion, *Nidâna*) shall teach thee none. It is the unwelcome advent of the Peling (Christian foreigner) whose three fierce gods refused to provide for the protection of the weak and *little ones* (animals), that is answerable for the ceaseless and heartrending sufferings of our dumb companions. . . .’

“The answer to the above query is here in a nutshell. . . . Every philosophical Eastern system, every religion and sect in antiquity — the Brâhmanical, Egyptian, Chinese, and finally, Buddhism — inculcates kind-

[*These, together with comments on this question, are omitted here, though reluctantly, on account of their great length.]

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ness and protection to every living creature, from animal and bird down to the creeping thing and even the reptile. . . .

“Sport [in the Occident] has become one of the *noblest* amusements of the upper ten. Hence — poor innocent birds wounded, tortured, and killed every autumn by the million . . . for man’s recreation. Hence also, unkindness, often cold-blooded cruelty, during the youth of horse and bullock, brutal indifference to its fate when age has rendered it unfit for work, and ingratitude after years of hard labor for, and in the service of, man. In whatever country the European steps in, there begins the slaughter of the animals and their useless decimation.

“‘Has the prisoner ever killed *for his pleasure*, animals?’ inquired a Buddhist Judge at a border-town in China . . . of a man accused of having murdered his sister. And having been answered in the affirmative, as the prisoner had been a servant in the employ of a Russian colonel, ‘a mighty hunter before the Lord,’ the Judge had no need of any other evidence and the murderer was found ‘guilty’ — justly, as his subsequent confession proved. . . .

“What *can* we do?”

Answering the last interrogation, we can say what could not have been said in H. P. Blavatsky’s day: Found Râja-Yoga Colleges and Schools, and through them spread the teachings of Theosophy, so practically applied that cruelty to animals is absolutely unheard of among children who have been touched by these sublime truths. And if you cannot found Râja-Yoga Schools in every state and country — a large task, undertaking as they do the entire education of the child — then found Lotus-Groups, as the unsectarian Theosophical Sunday-Schools are called, and which, under the supervision of Katherine Tingley, are with encouraging rapidity dotting the surface of the globe. So potent are the truths of Theosophy to build character on the broadest and most humane lines, that even where children have but a single hour a week of Râja-Yoga teaching, cruelty is absolutely unknown.

Humane societies and humanitarians undoubtedly will make splendid use of this news of the French Academy’s decision. We call their attention, however, to the fact that the foundation for it, *in Theosophy itself*, was laid by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and this over fifty years ago.

Theosophy places the question of the humane treatment of animals on a philosophic, and therefore impregnable, foundation, and in the present age of inquiry, analysis, and doubt, you had better look to your foundation! Without a foundation in philosophy, the house a-building may fall like a house of cards, for while spiritual facts *are spiritual facts*, the proponent who cannot prove *why* they are will be sent scurrying to cover at the first onslaught of some astute or conscienceless brain-mind. Theosophy reveals the *why*, gives the power inseparable from knowledge.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUTH

ROSE WINKLER, M. D.

OUR LADY PROTOPLASM HARDENS

TANDING in rêverie at the edge of a silent pool, I felt that here the mysteries of life were unfolded as in a sacred ceremony for me, calling for more knowledge of the spiritual essence manifested everywhere.

Here under the calm, lovely sea-water, myriads of creatures feed and vegetate under water-plants and rocks; and as they rose to the surface and floated by, I became conscious of my previous thoughts on protoplasm, and the word 'amplify' occurred to me.

Yes, I must amplify. *Protoplasm*, from the Greek *protos*, first or simplest; and *plasma*, mold or matrix: first substance.

Let us turn back to the first known attempts of Nature at forming a living being, namely those already mentioned: the amoeba, and its relative the paramecium as belonging to the one-celled animals. What are they? Slime-specks. Sometimes a little spot of whitish slime or mucus floating on the glassy surface of the still pond contains thousands of them. The largest specimen will be found to be smaller than the smallest pin's head, and yet it is a living animal in search of food. Only a cell, yet a life — a living animal!

When it grows too large to be comfortable, it splits into two, and each half goes on its way as a living animal, each once more repeating the process. I must intrude a thought here. In my previous Note I spoke of analogous functions in the tissue-cells and the amoeba. They function similarly, but the tissue-cells of the body are minus pseudopodia; but the leucocytes, minute masses of protoplasm found in white corpuscles, have pseudopods and it is they which prey upon bacteria in the blood.

Were the little slime-specks broken into very small bits, each bit would be as much a living being as the whole drop. Likewise, should we break a precious stone into many pieces, each piece would flash and sparkle, and its light-rays like adoring arms would reach out to the divine parent in its sense of unity with the Eternal Life and Light of the universe.

Now, on further inquiry, we find that a living speck of slime develops two different modes of life. In the one case, the amoeba, it remains the unprotected, soft-bodied animal; in the other, it has learned to build a solid covering of the most exquisite delicacy; a microscopic

“YOU CANNOT CHANGE HUMAN NATURE”

shell which forms chalk, becoming later a constituent of the chalk-cliffs. “Nothing is lost in the divine economy.”

Here again we know that chalk consists of a chemical element — a lime-compound called carbonate of lime; and the little creature builds out of its secretion, and possibly with the aid of traces of chemical elements in the water, a transparent case, a truly exquisite shell-armor, about itself. Here we are confronted with the fact that the slimy, protoplasmic substance saturated with chemical essences, has become the hard outer shell-case.

This case is called lorica and is used as a shelter for the soft and otherwise defenseless animal. When frightened, it withdraws itself to the bottom of the lorica and remains there in a little shapeless mass until the danger is past. There are some who carry their houses about with them, and some even carry a little piece of hard substance on the front of the body with which they plug up the entrance, and so make all secure; for their enemies in search of a delicate morsel would suck them out of their shells.

In reverence we must stand, when contemplating the boundless working of the great central Source of Life and Light, which finds not even an atom of matter too lowly or unfit for its manifestation; for, look you, these unit-cells are little animal lives, embodying the divine spark, performing the functions of motion and construction, as well as digestion, assimilation, respiration, excretion, reproduction, without visible organs, muscles, or limbs. These are Life’s simplest children.

“YOU CANNOT CHANGE HUMAN NATURE”

R. MACHELL



THIS is a magic formula invented by the lethargic lower nature of man in order to discourage the reformers, who would lift humanity to a higher level than that which satisfies the multitude. The lower nature does not want to be lifted, not any more than a hog wants to be washed clean. And it, the lower nature, is quite sincere in its attempt to persuade itself that its own level is high enough to meet all reasonable requirements.

Of course, our modern men of science have disposed of magic by the old device of giving it another name, and calling it psychology. So the trick is turned, and every one is satisfied, for a little while. But the magic power of the formula remains, and the modern business man

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has made a study of the art of carrying his point and over-riding opposition by the use of some such formula, which depends for its effect not upon reason, or an appeal to the heart, but upon a psychological force akin to fear, or upon an exaggerated respect for some supposed authority. This compelling force is mainly the power of suggestion, backed by the will of the hypnotist, which can make a mere bluff appear as an unanswerable argument not to be questioned or ignored.

If you doubt the magic power of the formula in question you have but to listen to a discussion on the value of some proposed reform, or on the abolition of capital punishment. You may hear good reasons advanced both for and against the proposed reform, but the inevitable climax is invariably marked by the firing of the big gun - or perhaps I should call it a gas-bomb,—to wit, this deadly formula: “You can’t change human nature.” The gas does its work; the discussion ends: for the formula is unanswerable on its own plane. It has a finality that is overpowering to a mind that does not recognise its own duality; as the reason for any effort to uplift humanity is the, as yet, unrecognised fact that man in his higher nature is a spiritual being, and it is this spiritual part of his nature that seeks to uplift the lower man to a standard that is above what seems reasonable to him.

There is in man a duality which alone can explain the paradox of human nature. There is the higher spiritual Self, with its pure and lofty ethics, its altruistic standard of morality, its aspirations, and ideals—which to that spiritual self appear normal, and right, and reasonable, but which to the unenlightened lower mind seem unreal, fantastic, and entirely unpractical. The spiritual man may realize and know of his own knowledge that “Brotherhood is a fact in nature,” while to his lower mind the fundamental law of life is incontestably contained in the materialistic dogma of the ‘struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest.’ In this materialistic age the truth about human nature is veiled by ignorance of the great fact of this duality, and of the spiritual origin of man and of the universe.

So to the materialist it may be ridiculous to talk of the establishment of Universal Brotherhood here on this earth and in our own age, while human nature is unchanged. Unchanged! . . . But then he says no change is possible in human nature and dogmatically asserts the same. He speaks in ignorance of the redemptive power inherent in his own higher nature, and of his power to invoke that saving grace.

Let him arouse the slumbering energy that lies latent in his soul; and he will find the face of nature changed by the revelation of the hid truth. Then he will understand that whether you can or cannot change

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human nature, you can most assuredly transform your misconception as to your own human nature.

There is no need to change human nature: study it in yourself! Unveil in your own heart the hidden mystery of duality, and invoke your higher and true Self! Then you will know that in your own soul there sleeps a power that can redeem humanity and restore the true Self to the throne, from which that divine ruler has been excluded by the usurping intellect.

When man has found the Self he will not be the victim of any formula, magical or otherwise; no bluff will overrule his intuition or pervert his reason; for he will know the Truth and realize his own essential divinity.

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OBSERVER

 NOT only Egypt but Northern Africa generally has lately become the field of intensive research and many interesting discoveries have been made. The results of Count Byron K. de Prorok's exploration among the Tuaregs in the Hoggar district of the Sahara Desert are specially noteworthy. When this Franco-American expedition set out for the Sahara it was laughed at as a wild-goose chase; nothing would be found but dangerous savages and barren deserts. But the result has been otherwise, and the Count has definitely proved that civilized men of the white race were living in the interior of Africa more than three thousand years ago and carrying on a lively trade with the Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, and later with the Romans. Their descendants are the Hoggar people, the Tuaregs, a white but very wild people noted for the strange custom of the men never being seen without veils over their faces. The women wear no veils!

More or less successful attempts had been made to visit the Hoggar people before the Count went there, but, owing to their former wildness and unapproachableness, very little was known about them or their country; his courage was rewarded by many brilliant discoveries, especially that of a number of ancient tombs, including the magnificent burial-place of a woman of great importance, almost certainly Queen Tin Hinan, reputed 'Mother of the Tuareg race,' and their principal goddess, probably the ancestress of the ancient reigning dynasty. This tomb is a very large but low burial-pyramid surrounded by fifteen small

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circular tombs. It cannot be compared for richness of its contents with that of Tutankhamen, and it is probably not so old by perhaps a thousand years (its age is still problematical though it is certainly very ancient), but its contents are remarkable and valuable. Count de Prorok says:

“We were not prepared for the richness of Tin Hinan’s tomb at Abalessa, which was the second one we opened. One chamber alone, out of possibly eight or nine, which exist there, was opened, yet the resulting revelations were as complete as they were astonishing. . . . In the antechamber of her tomb lay her clothing, neatly piled and ready for her use beyond the shadows. Here were garments of leather, painted red and yellow, as well as clothing of cotton and other fabrics, in various colors, ornamented by intricate fringes. No weapons were found, but food for her journey was beside her. . . .

“A careful examination of the mold that covered the body revealed scores of carnelian and turquoise beads and the golden stars of a necklace that contained a hundred or more pieces. Mixed with these were beads in amazonite, garnet, gold, and silver, and two of glass, painted in the semblance of a trinity of eyes. . . .

“Proceeding carefully, we uncovered the most striking sight of all. Each arm was laden with massive bracelets, decorated with beads and circles. In all, there were fifteen bracelets -- seven apparently of silver, on the left arm, and eight of gold, on the right.”

It is suggested that this tomb may open our eyes to hitherto unknown facts in history, and fill wide gaps in the record of western civilization. One discovery was made in the antechamber to the tomb which is very surprising; it is a small statuette of white limestone, which is not found in that region; a crudely carved figure of a woman typical of the period of the Old Stone-Age and possibly 100,000 years old, possibly rather less, but undoubtedly of enormous antiquity.

How did this carving come there? Was it a family heirloom, handed down from remote antiquity? Was it supposed to possess occult powers or to be a talisman? We might be able to answer if we knew why the ancient Stone-Age people of the Aurignacian period made such things; they are believed to have been of religious or magical significance.

In relation to the Tuareg discovery it is interesting to learn that it offers a new confirmation of the honesty of Herodotus. Count de Prorok says:

“A striking feature of our discoveries in the tomb of Tin Hinan is the very near manner in which they confirm the tales of that famous old traveler, Herodotus, as reliable. He was much less of a fabricator than some captious modern critics have supposed.

“Herodotus knew of the Hoggar, which he described, perhaps too optimistically as ten days’ journey from the coast. There, he said, were oases of fresh water, around which the inhabitants lived. . . . He speaks also of the custom of burying the dead with legs bent and the heels drawn up; of the use of leather clothing, heavily fringed; of their employment of ostrich feathers as means of adornment, and of their fondness for vermilion and ocher paints.

“All these details are confirmed by the tomb of Tin Hinan.”

The most remarkable thing about the Tuaregs is, perhaps, that from being a great trading people, evidently prosperous and civilized, communicating freely with the outer world, they gradually became

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almost completely isolated, until they finally took refuge in the mountains of Hoggar and remained there practically unknown until the last few decades. In 1881 an exploring expedition of ninety men was attacked and destroyed by the Tuaregs. It is only quite recently that they have been pacified and their country thrown open. The Prorok expedition is satisfied that the high civilization of Hoggar antiquity corresponded with that of Egypt and Carthage.

Count Prorok refers to a question of great interest to students of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky on the ancient connexion between Northern Africa and the lost continent of Atlantis; he says:

“Has the Hoggar country any relation to the lost Atlantis of Plato? This is a question which would be easier to answer if we were certain there had ever been an Atlantis. Yet nothing is more certain than that the sea and the land have risen and subsided many times in geological history. Human relics have been found in the mountains of Northern Africa and of Madeira and the Canary Islands so similar as at least to hint at a former land connexion.

“One is permitted to speculate, perhaps, even when it is too soon for a conclusion to be arrived at. That is one of the fascinations of Africa — its mysteries, its endless opportunities for conjecture.”

In connexion with the Atlantean link between Africa and America, H. P. Blavatsky quotes from Professor Retzius (*Smithsonian Report*, 1859) as follows:

“With regard to the *primitive dolichocephali of America*, I entertain a hypothesis still more bold, namely, that they are *nearly related to the Guanches of the Canary Islands, and to the Atlantic populations of Africa*, the Moors, Tuaricks [Tuaregs], Copts, which Latham comprises under the name of Egyptian-Atlantidae. We find *one and the same form of skull in the Canary Islands, in front of the African coast, and in the Carib islands, on the opposite coast which faces Africa*. The color of the skin on both sides of the Atlantic is represented in these populations as being of a reddish brown.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 792

Count de Prorok has also spent a long time in other parts of Northern Africa, especially Carthage, of which he says:

“We can reconstruct, from our specimens and from the verbal records of the historians, the life of Carthage almost as exactly as though we had a motion-picture taken at the time on the spot.”

The most remarkable discovery in Carthage is that of the site of the Temple of Tanit, which was found by two amateur archaeologists, and has been partially excavated by the Count de Prorok, and other archaeologists from France, America, and England. The site of the temple was purchased with a donation from Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Brady, of New York.

As Carthage was entirely destroyed by Scipio in the year 146 B. C., and plowed over by the revengeful Romans after the conflagration which lasted seventeen days, little or nothing of the Punic age remains above ground, and all that is to be discovered has to be dug for. The Romans

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rebuilt Carthage about a hundred years after its destruction, and it became the second city of the empire.

The lowest 'floor' discovered in the area of the Temple of Tanis is about twenty feet beneath the ground; above it are several other levels showing different kinds of pottery, altars and inscriptions. Count de Prorok says:

"Floor A (the lowest) contains many rough stones placed in the form of small megalithic menhirs, and one wonders if a link with the mystery of the dolmens may also be solved by this excavation. North Africa is a rich field of megalithic remains, certainly one of the richest known, for in the plateau-region of the Tell in Central Tunisia, I have visited 40 megalithic sites. At Roknia there are 1400 dolmens to be seen on one site alone."

The discoveries made consist chiefly of hundreds of strange votive altars hitherto unknown to archaeology, some with fine carvings and inscriptions, innumerable urns and vases of graceful shape and beautifully painted, gold ornaments and jewelry, coins, ivory masks, rare and precious amulets and trinkets, and even babies' milk-bottles. Many amulets bore Egyptian symbols such as the Eye of Osiris, the god Bes, jackals, etc.

The mystery hanging around the history of the Carthaginian empire has never been cleared up; until lately the very site of the capital city — which contained at least a million people — was doubtful. But much is expected from the inscriptions already discovered and from the results of future excavations, for, as Count de Prorok says: "Everything is yet to be achieved in Carthage, as regards the scientific exploration of the vast antique metropolis of Africa."

One Punic inscription bears a genealogy of fifteen generations, or about five hundred years, of one family, and goes back to the foundation of this colony of Tyre. The Romans did their utmost to eradicate the memory of Carthage from the minds of men, but there may be enough found to enable scholars to reconstruct an accurate skeleton-outline of the history of the empire that once nearly became the ruler of the western world.

There has always been a tradition that Carthage had a very dark and sinister reverse to its superficially joyous and civilized aspect, and the new excavations have yielded unhappily convincing proofs that the stories of frightful human sacrifices by burning alive are true, and that there was good reason for the Punic empire being regarded with hatred and abhorrence by the more humane nations around it.

Diodorus Siculus speaks of one ceremony in 311, B. C., in which three hundred human beings were sacrificed, and the sacrifices continued for hundreds of years after that date. Tiberius is said to have had the

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priests who performed these abominations crucified in their own gardens, but that severe measure did not permanently stop the horrible fire-sacrifices to the demon-gods who succeeded the earlier Moloch.

The excavations have already revealed thousands of urns filled with the ashes and bones of young children and small animals. (It is suggested that animals were sometimes substituted secretly in place of the children.) Anyway, it is clear that Carthage can no longer be given the benefit of any doubt as to its degeneracy, and it is hardly any wonder that Rome never rested till its great rival was utterly destroyed.



Reports of Colonel Peter Kosloff's explorations in northern Tibet are slowly appearing in the newspapers, but it will be advisable to put little credence in them until his own scientific accounts are published, as they contain such singular remarks as that "monkeys, gorillas, and mandrills outnumber the human inhabitants of Tibet, says Colonel Kosloff"!! We have always understood that mandrills and gorillas were found only in Africa, and it seems improbable that they should now be just discovered to be so plentiful in the bleak plateau of Tibet!

Colonel Kosloff is said to have found enormous statues of 'women' (possibly Bodhisattvas?) in the region of the dead city of Kharakota, discovered by him on a previous expedition. We shall be interested to hear more about these statues.

He is said to have explored a Sacred Island in Lake Koko-Nor whose sole inhabitants are three Buddhist guardian monks who had never before seen a European, and fled from the alarming sight. This is not a new discovery; a good description is given of the island and its Buddhist guardians by the Abbé Huc in his famous *Travels in Tartary and Tibet*, volume II, where he says the island is inaccessible, except when the water is frozen, because there are no boats on the lake. It is not impossible that the guardian monks seen by Colonel Kosloff were not so alarmed as they appeared, but had their own reasons for not wishing to make his acquaintance.

The explorer is on the lookout for archaeological treasures of all kinds, and he announces, according to the report, that he intends soon to excavate a well said to contain 240 carloads of rich treasures buried by the Kharakotians when the Chinese desolated their city.



Reports of the discovery of mysterious ancient treasures are always appearing but are seldom authentic; however, there seems some

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probability that an expedition now being organized by an eminent archaeologist of the British Museum may find something of great interest in the ruins of the ancient, abandoned city of Petra, near the Red Sea. A wandering Bedouin claims to have stepped on a moving stone which let him drop into a long subterranean passage from which he had great difficulty in escaping. Within an urn standing in a large chamber at the end of the passage, he found a quantity of gems and gold. To prove the truth of his romantic story he has shown samples of the treasure, such as exquisite golden ornaments and engraved jewels and a Cretan gold buckle of prehistoric origin.

The British Museum takes the matter quite seriously as it has long been suspected that strange secrets and hidden treasures are hid in the ruins of the mysterious city shut into its valley by precipitous cliffs, and whose only entrance is through a gorge about twelve feet wide. Tombs, temples, and other buildings are carved out of the rose-red sandstone rock, and are almost as perfect today as when they were abandoned after some unrecorded and mysterious event which depopulated the entire neighborhood at some unknown date. It is extremely inaccessible and was not discovered until 1812. The British party is going there under military protection, and no difficulty is expected from robbers.

BIRDS OF LOMALAND AND VICINITY

VREDENBURGH MINOT



BESTRIDE the Bird of Life, if thou wouldst know," we are told in H. P. Blavatsky's *The Voice of the Silence*. This parable cannot be understood at first hand without recourse to the footnote at the bottom of the page where it is explained that the Bird of Life symbolizes the Eternal Spirit in the universe. The same writer says in her monumental work *The Secret Doctrine*:

"In the *Book of Concealed Mystery* it is said of the tree, which is the tree of knowledge of good and evil: 'In its branches [of the tree] the birds lodge and build their nests,' or *the Souls* and the Angels have their place! Therefore, with the Kabalists it was a like symbol. 'Bird' was a Chaldaean, and has become a Hebrew synonym and symbol for Angel, a Soul, a Spirit, or Deva. . . ."— II, 292

The wild birds of the field, meadow, and woods have from time immemorial suggested to human minds the ideas of aerial spirituality, of soaring aspiration towards heaven or the realm of divinity. Furthermore, birds, with more or less beauty of melody, give utterance to Na-

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ture's music; and music is a very uplifting factor — as Katherine Tingley says — in the psychology of the human soul.

Among many other poems written in eulogy of the divine influence of birds, Shelley's *To a Skylark* stands as one of the most beautiful, of which the two first verses are:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert —
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

In this article I wish to tell some facts and stories about birds of Lomaland and its environs. More than seventy-five different species are observable at Lomaland, which borders to the west on the Pacific Ocean, and thus gives harborage to shore- and sea-birds as well as to land-birds. In giving names to the birds mentioned in this article I have had recourse to cabinets of stuffed birds of San Diego County in the Balboa Park (San Diego) Natural History Museum, and thus believe these names are accurate.

Of the different families of birds known as Finch family, Wren family, Warbler family, and so forth, the latter presents at Lomaland the second most numerous species; the Finch family heads the list in this regard.

Many of the rarer kinds of Warblers I have caught a glimpse of while they were bathing in, or drinking from, a flat dish of water near my house; my journal records the following different kinds of warblers seen here by me since 1908: Audubon, Dusky, Pacific Yellowthroat, Yellow, Pileolated, Hermit, Black-throated Gray, and Townsend Warblers.

Warblers as a family are shy and retiring birds, moving about in food-getting with a delicate, feminine grace all their own; although not seen much by the ordinary person they are almost all of them marked with striking colors such as yellows, reds, whites, blacks, and bright olives. Daintiness, grace, and sweetness are typified to the human mind by the Warblers, but I am sorry to say that only two of the above-mentioned species are common at Lomaland, the Dusky and the Audubon Warblers. The latter, one of our most abundant Lomaland birds during the colder months of the year, often catches small moths and similar insects on the wing; during his daily duties his friendly little cry, *chic*,

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is often heard. The yellow on his rump and the white of outer tail-feathers make him easily discoverable when in flight.

The Finch family — which includes among others the Sparrows, Towhees, and Grosbeaks — forms, as said above, the most numerous family of Lomaland birds, as regards variety of species; several different species of finches will be given a hearing in this article later on.

This year I suspended from the ceiling of my bungalow-porch a wooden dish, high enough up to be out of the way of the cat, and in this dish I put from time to time bread-stuffs, cracked corn, and similar food. The birds about the home would not come near the dish for several days, for it was within about six feet from my front door. But finally a very refined and fairy-like Song-Sparrow dared to come to the dish, and had the food all to himself for several days thereafter. Other birds would watch him eating at a distance, and seemed a little fretful at not being able to get the same fare as the Song-Sparrow. The latter, being the pioneer at this sort of bird's dinner-table, was very nervous while eating on the suspended dish, looking up and around about after each mouthful; but a few days after his initial boldness, one bird after another essayed the venture — House-finches, Thrashers, Towhees, and Gamble Sparrows, in addition to the Song-Sparrow.

It could not have been more than two weeks after I had first set out the dish that birds were squatting on it with perfect composure, taking their grains of food with very little fear, in most cases, of the proximity of man's abode. After watching the table-manners of birds when eating off a common dish, one is sorry to have to admit that the larger bird on the dish too often keeps off with his beak the smaller bird from a share in the food, until the larger one has had his fill!

I have had some interesting experiences with birds' nests at Lomaland. We have here a special variety of Wren, called San Diego Wren, which often nests in and about houses, barns, and sheds. For several weeks, one nesting season, I was doing work in a Lomaland shop while a pair of these Wrens, who had their nest on a shelf inside this shop, passed in and out of the same with food for their young. Their entrance and exit were made possible by a small ventilating hole which had been cut in the side of the shed. I had observed the mother wren sitting on her nest before the young ones were hatched out; even while I was hammering and sawing eight or ten feet away from her, she still would continue to sit on her nest. Thus she evidently had considerable confidence in my honest friendship to herself and brood.

Another season a pair of Towhees nested in a large pot of ferns on the porch of a relative of mine. The nest was almost hidden from the

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casual passer-by by the masses of potted plants standing on the porch; going in and out of the house across the porch one could often pass within two feet of the sitting mother without driving her off the nest. Here was another case of great confidence in mankind on the part of a bird.

Last summer I was cutting down tall shrubby weeds in a garden area, when suddenly to my chagrin I laid bare to view the nest of a Quail (called in books Valley Partridge). I thought to myself, now that the nest is no longer hidden from enemies of the Quail, there is little chance of the brood being reared with success; but the next day when I came to the same place, what was my surprise to find that the Quail had moved all her eggs a few inches down the slope on which the nest was resting, and into a new nest quickly constructed. The reason for this home-moving was that in its new position the nest was again hidden from view of the outside world by another clump of weeds which I had left in a pile.

Our Oriole is called the Arizona Hooded Oriole, and to the casual observer looks much like Orioles in other parts of the country; they come to Lomaland every spring in considerable numbers and stay until early autumn. It would seem that this Oriole of ours has aspirations towards religion, for he often hangs his baggy nest down from the ceiling of the portico surrounding our Temple of Peace, or from the ceiling of the arch of our Roman and Egyptian entrance-gates (*i. e.*, entrance-gates into our grounds). Perhaps he thinks his young will behave better with spiritual influences close about!

There are plenty of humming-birds at Lomaland; they build dainty little nests often within a few feet of a pathway where people are passing at all times. These nests are covered on the outside with grayish moss, and generally hidden from direct view by a few leaves which hang from branches of trees, so that it is only the genuine bird-lover who can locate them. We have at Lomaland at least two species of these, the Anna Hummingbird, and the so-called Rufous Hummingbird because of a coat of tan over most of its body.

Our California Bush-tit — a sort of miniature Chicadee — builds a large deep basket-nest, something on the same style as that of the Oriole; it is a marvel of workmanship, being six inches or more deep.

On the other hand, the Mourning Dove, of which a few are to be seen at Lomaland during the breeding season, shows the utmost indifference in regard to the workmanship exhibited by his nest; he merely lays a few twigs at the junction-point of two large horizontal branches, often so low that a human being can reach the nest from the ground.

I have nothing special to relate about nests of any other birds of Lomaland, so will pass on to the subject of birds as vocalists.

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As singers, birds are a delight to all people who enjoy Nature-music. Many a time, when a boy, I have felt cheered for the coming day's work by listening to the joyful songs of the birds in the early hours of the morning. H. van Dyke, the well-known poet, speaks as follows of the power over him of the Veery's (or Wilson Thrush's) song:

"But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is singing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the veery."

Of course the most prominent and able singer of Lomaland is the Mocking-Bird, for we have no extensive forest wherein are to be heard the more mystical and profound notes of the woodland Thrushes. The Mocking-Bird, according to his name, has great power of imitating sounds he hears about him, and of all birds I have ever heard, he has the most variety in his melodious compositions. He sings not only at day, but often at the latest hours of night, and his notes are a clear, robust, and invigorating challenge to mankind to be alert and progressive.

A near cousin to the Mocking-Bird is the California Thrasher, which has many vocal similarities to the Thrasher and Catbird of the Atlantic Coast; or, in other words, the singing of the California Thrasher of Lomaland is a subdued Mocking-Bird's song, with much of the same variety, but softer.

The voice of the Western Meadowlark is renowned far and wide, but he is not heard so much as many other birds because he seldom comes near human habitations. To quote Wheelock's *Birds of California* his

"wild sweet notes have a carrying quality, and at the same time a liquid mellowness that is peculiarly in harmony with the wind-swept prairies of the West."

We of Lomaland are very fond of him and his liquid notes.

Our San Diego Wren perhaps comes third or fourth on the list of Lomaland bird-voices, because of his clear, enthusiastic, and spontaneous melodies; belonging to the same family as the Mocking-Bird, our Wren has variety of thematic material. Each of his themes lasts several bars, and not only has power of penetration but beauty of tone. We also, as stated above, have our Song-Sparrows, but their singing, known so well all over North America, needs no description.

The Pallid Wren-tit of California is local to the region west of the Rocky Mountains; in the utterance of its song, the tuneful *tweet* pours out in rhythmic beats at progressively more rapid intervals, dying off in a diminuendo towards the end.

The Black-headed Grosbeak appears to a certain extent at Loma-

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land, during the nesting season, and has a melodious warbling song which awakens attention. Our little Dusky Warbler gives forth a soft liquid warble with no variations, but full of sweetness.

We have at Lomaland a sparrow called the Gambel Sparrow, which except for a few little markings looks very similar to the White-crowned Sparrow; his usual song, *dee, dee, dee-dee-dee* given out in a slightly wheezy whistle, is full of good cheer.

The Goldfinches of Southern California, nearly similar to the Goldfinch which roams over Eastern United States, have a song with variations so much resembling that of the Canary that they are often called, as elsewhere in this country, Wild Canaries. Their song is heard not only in the summer, but, like that of the Gambel Sparrow, at times during the autumn to the end of November.

The Linnet, or House-Finch, of California has rosy markings over head, back, and breast, much like those of the Purple Finch of the Eastern States, but unlike the latter bird he lives very close to mankind, building his nest in nooks and corners under the house-roof; in his addiction to human habitations he imitates closely the habits of the English Sparrow, now so numerous in our American towns and cities. However, the Linnet is superior to the English Sparrow in that he has a good singing voice which gives out a song something like that of the Goldfinch but more simple.

Robins do appear in San Diego County and in Lomaland, but rather as migratory birds of spring and autumn than as regular summer residents. Hence, not being here during nesting-time, their cheerful thrush-like song is not often heard. However, I can remember several times at Lomaland that I have been entranced at hearing, from the top of some tall tree, soothing and harmonious strains of the Robin singing very softly to himself; his full rich tones of nesting-time are almost never heard at Lomaland.

Let us now consider Lomaland birds from the viewpoint of beautiful plumage.

To those who are fond of gardens, a bit of striking color moving about among the flowers and shrubs adds very much to the general color-effects of Nature's outdoor paintings. The most brilliantly colored birds of Lomaland are the Oriole and the Goldfinch, though this may be said only of the adult males at nesting-season; females and young of almost all kinds of birds are much duller in general coloring, and it is only at the nesting-season that birds attain their highest pinnacle of rich and bright coloring. Our Arizona Hooded Oriole often comes close to human

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dwellings in search of caterpillars and other insects, so that his golden colors flash through the windows to those inside.

Another bird of rather striking appearance at Lomaland is the so-called San Diego Towhee, not so common as the very tame gray Towhees about the house, but to be found in the chapparal -- strong whites, blacks, and bay colors are very conspicuous as the former flutters from bush to bush.

The Mocking-Bird has a distinguished appearance in grays and whites, and the little Audubon Warbler is very pretty to watch as it catches moths on the wing; then it is that the yellow of its rump and the white of its tail and wings flash out in relief. Occasionally a small warbler with bright colorings, as the Yellow Warbler, glides through the shrubbery about the home; the adult male Linnet has a rosy blush all about his head and neck; the pure whites and grays of the Gulls that soar along the Lomaland shores are chastening to the vision.

But, with the exception of the above-mentioned, few birds of Point Loma have any very striking colors -- mostly dull browns, grays, greens, and so forth. In order to find the greatest brilliance of color among birds of North America one must, I believe, live inland in a river-valley, full of pastures and dense patches of shrubbery and woodland, where the number and variety of wild birds are much greater; the summer droughts of Southern California deprive the flora of much richness of foliage to be found elsewhere at the same season of the year.

The consensus of opinion in this and many other countries today is in favor of preserving the singing and ornamental birds as a valuable asset for the preservation of plant-life from the ravages of insects and rodents. In one of her latest publications, beautifully illustrated with colored paintings of birds, Neltje Blanchan says that the United States government inspection of the stomachs of many different kinds of singing and other birds has proved that in most cases they all do much more good than harm to the farmer's crops and orchards, and to the plant-life of landscape gardens.

Of course the brunt of the successful effort on behalf of bird-life in the United States has been borne by the National Association of Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals. Recourse to a good encyclopaedia will tell the great amount of good along this line that has been accomplished by this Association, in educating the public to provide reservations guarded by wardens for birds during nesting-season, and in having enacted by the legislatures of thirty-eight or more states of the Union, laws making it a misdemeanor to trap, snare,

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or kill non-game birds; there is not space in this article to treat of the Association of Audubon Societies' good work in more detail.

Modern scientific researches have shown that there are only three or four kinds of Hawk, like the Cooper's and Sharp Shinned Hawk, that do much killing of smaller birds; together with Owls, Hawks feed much on small animals in the fields, such as mice, rats, small rabbits, gophers, grasshoppers, and the like. Consider for instance the Marsh Hawk, a large hawk easily distinguishable even on the wing by the large white patch on his rump (just above the tail on the back); he keeps sailing about not far over the chapparal and underbrush, hunting for small animals, but does not go after birds.

In the latter half of the last century Longfellow did much to assist the cause of song-bird protection in this country by the publication of his poem 'The Birds of Killingworth' (the poet's tale among the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*). Both the poetic and the utilitarian value of birds is brought out in this old tale: in the same the town council, firmly believing that birds are a mere trouble and nuisance, decides to hold a general slaughter of them. Against this decision a citizen of poetic insight thus spoke:

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings there?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of men e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!"

The next summer, after the wild birds had been killed, there was a great inrush of insects over tree, bush, and field-crop, which left "the land a desert without leaf or shade." Consequently, at the end of the summer, the law which had caused the killing of the singing and other wild birds was repealed; as a result the insects were held in check and the crops and gardens flourished once more. The value of such a poem for the protection of song-birds is obvious.

Our Leader, Katherine Tingley, has said a number of things in her various speeches and writings about the beneficent influences of birds. There are, for instance, several passages in her book *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic*, which acclaim birds as the very good friends of mankind:

"I never went into the woods but the birds sang better while I was there. Not that I gave them the power, but that they, in their simplicity, being part of the great Law, felt the longing of my soul for a touch of sweet Nature, and they sang to me."

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Many a 'tired business-man,' or over-worked woman from the factory and the social whirl of the big cities, comes to the suburban home at night, and is much refreshed by a ramble among flowers, shrubs, and trees; here numerous birds sing out in happy strains, and all the more happily, because being part of great Nature, they react against the depressing moods of men and women, enlivening their spirits just when it is most needed. Katherine Tingley writes thus about Nature's assistance to us:

"When I look out over the world and see humanity with its sin, unbrotherliness, and despair, if it were not for the birds and flowers, the trees and the blue overhead, I could not bear the picture: I should lose heart. . . . But between mankind and Nature a mystic alliance exists, and this, once recognised and acknowledged, becomes a redemptive power."

Here again our Leader calls our attention to the fact that man and Nature form a great mystic Brotherhood; if a person is not unkind to Nature, she will come to his assistance at the time of greatest need, through the agency of bird, flower, landscape, animal pet, or what not.

There are other passages in Katherine Tingley's book, *The Wine of Life*, where she speaks of deep impressions the birds and other elements of Nature made upon her in her childhood-days at Newburyport: "I learned to love nature, the flowers, the birds, the blue sky, and all."

It is very noticeable to one tracing the history of human thought and religion through the centuries, that mankind rushes out into the tender and kindly embraces of Mother Nature most often just at those periods when it loses hold of the spiritual world, and is staggering about in the labyrinths of agnosticism and skepticism. Then arise the Bacons, the Rousseaus, and the Thoreaus, who urge men to study Nature.

The great influence that birds have exerted on the imagination of mankind from time immemorial is shown by the legend of the Phoenix. With the masses of the ancient Egyptians this Phoenix was a symbol of the sun springing from the glow of the dawn; it was the sacred bird of the sun-god Ra.

The pre-eminent Sûfi poet of ancient Persia, Hafiz, wrote a poem wherein the human soul is represented as the Phoenix alighting on Tuba, the Tree of Life; the poem contains among others these two soulful stanzas:

"If over this world of ours
His wings my phoenix spread,
How gracious falls on land and sea,
The soul-refreshing shade!

"Either world inhabits he,
Sees oft below him planets roll;
His body is all of air compact,
Of Allah's love his soul."

LOMALAND DRAMATIC NOTES

“THE EUMENIDES” AND “THE TEMPEST” REVIVED AT POINT LOMA

[EDITORIAL NOTE: THE Theosophical Items of Interest have been omitted from this issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in order to make room for the publication of reviews of the recent revivals of *The Eumenides* and of *The Tempest* in the Greek Theater here at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma. In the June issue an extra instalment of the ‘Items’ will be forthcoming of unusual interest.

Both daily and weekly newspapers of San Diego have unanimously expressed enthusiastic commendation of the dramatic work carried on by the Point Loma students under my direction.

For many years, ever since the days when the late lamented ‘Yorick’ (E. H. Clough), adorned the pages of *The San Diego Union* and *The Evening Tribune* with his brilliant editorials, these two daily papers have shown a disposition to call the attention of the people of San Diego to the high artistic standard of the classical dramatic productions of our Greek Theater.

Recently the other long established daily of the city, *The San Diego Sun*, has also shown a disposition to do likewise. The attached reviews from the recently founded daily *Independent*, the weekly *Coronado Journal*, and *The Beach News* speak for themselves.

— KATHERINE TINGLEY]

“The Eumenides”

[Editorial in *The San Diego Union*,
Thursday morning, April 21, 1927]

AN Ageless Beauty — something which is neither ancient Greek nor modern American, but eternal — this is the essence of the drama which is to be given tonight in the Greek Theater of the Theosophical Institute on Point Loma. Some have commended the institute’s performance of *The Eumenides* as true to the spirit of classic Greece. Some have seen it as a pageant uniquely possible under the Southern California night sky, bringing up to date in an appropriate setting a fragment of old poetry from a vanished civilization. But the spectator needs no knowledge of the Greek spirit — whatever that may mean — no sensitiveness of modern nuances, in order to respond to this playing of *The Eumenides*.

We commend this performance to those who have never seen it; and those who have, need no urging of ours.

“Greek Drama is Real Hit”

[From *The San Diego Sun*, April 22, 1927]

MID surroundings that rival in beauty the verses of the ancient drama, *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus was presented by students of the Theosophical University, under Madame Katherine Tingley’s direction, in the Greek Theater at Point Loma last night.

In such an environment no presentation could be less than beautiful, but even the magnificent naturalness of the theater fades into insignificance before the splendid acting of the players.

The portrayal of Athena, who establishes a tribunal to pass judgment upon Orestes who has avenged his father’s death by slaying his mother, is particularly good, as is the action of the characters in the ensuing scenes.

In their rôles of the persecutors who demand Orestes’ punishment, and later, when they are reborn as ‘The Eumenides’ (beneficent beings), a group of dancers add greatly to the effect. — B. A. A.

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Greek Drama Scores Again on Point Loma. Vivid Por- trayal Given in Open-air Theater

[*The San Diego Independent*, April 22, 1927]

“THE EUMENIDES” of Aeschylus was given another triumphant production last night by the Isis League of Music and Drama, under the direction of Katherine Tingley in the Greek Theater at Point Loma.

Facing the white Doric pillars of the theater, on the tree-crowned hillside, one seemed rather in the midst of Greece itself than our own sunny land.

Surely the same clear sky and the same brilliant starlight canopied the scene that witnessed the first production of this great drama 2300 years ago.

The drama is the story of Orestes, who, having murdered his mother to avenge the death of his father, is pursued relentlessly by the avenging furies until pardoned by Athena.

From the first lovely apparition of the Pythian prophetess before the gleaming shrine, until the final chorus of the transformed Eumenides, the drama moves with the simplicity and directness of destiny to its joyful consummation.

HIGH STANDARD

The prophetess at the outset sets a high standard in her difficult rôle; and the finely modulated voices and splendid diction of each speaker added special charm. Though each part was distinctive, each individual actor submerged himself so completely into the movement of the drama as to form a finely wrought ensemble, as the figures on a sculptured façade group to a single form.

The Furies, the relentless pursuers of Orestes, vividly express in the restless movements, the tides of emotion that overwhelm the remorseful spirit. The drama climaxes in a colorful pageant of flower-garlanded

maidens. The transformed and now joyous Eumenides, live only to bless mankind.

CONCENTRATED BEAUTY

The classic presentation is a concentration of interest and beauty — the loveliness of costume, the splendor of pageantry, the high sweep and nobility of the lines, the cumulative emotional appeal, the breathless interest of the auditors, the high silences of the stars — divinities shining from an invisible world.

The haunting power of *The Eumenides*, through Katherine Tingley's interpretation, will always be something more than the aesthetic appeal, however — something more than the dramatic interest as a classic production. To those who witnessed the production, *The Eumenides* of Point Loma has become a spiritual experience.

Greek Drama Revived by Râja- Yoga Students at Point Loma Theater

[*The Evening Tribune*, San Diego, Calif.,
April 22, 1927]

BY DON SHORT

FROM the time the Furies, traditioned by Aeschylus, seek vengeance at the trial of Orestes, until they are transformed into the lovely goddesses, Eumenides, interested spectators who filled the Greek Theater at Point Loma last night were held spellbound by the magic coordination of surroundings that contributed much grandeur to a most remarkable scenic and classical production of Greek drama. The performance of *The Eumenides* by students of the Râja-Yoga School of Katherine Tingley's was even better than former productions, which heretofore have been classed among the wonders of modern efforts to revive Greek plays.

The outdoors at Point Loma in the early part of night is delightful. The balmy air and stillness from wind are a

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source of added pleasure to the beautiful setting of the Greek Theater. There could be no other like it, and conditions are so ideal, that every comfort of indoor entertainment is apparent and prevails.

To describe intelligently the scenes of the drama as presented to the audience would be a stroke of genius for an artist or word-painter. The first scene is before a temple at Delphi, which is set directly before the audience on an elevation higher than the floor of the theater. Effective lighting is one of the greatest assets of the highly successful presentations of this outdoor theater, and with this in use the effect is beautiful and entrancing.

The stillness of the night makes clear to all every syllable uttered by those participating in the drama. The rimed passages, the singing and the weird cries of the Furies, are so unlike anything heard in other theaters of today, that they create an impression on spectators for the first time that is a lasting remembrance of Madame Tingley's crowning efforts to bestir in the minds of modernists all that is beautiful, educational and elevating.

Participating as the Furies, the students who clothed themselves in costumes of most hideous character, carry the brunt of the work in the dramatic presentation. They occupy the center of the arena the greater part of the time and they never are still. Swishing, groveling and dancing about, they are ever busy supporting the ghost of Clytemnestra, who pleads before the tribunal for the conviction of Orestes.

Those familiar with the Greek play know that Orestes is accused of murdering his mother, after she had done away with his father, and that when the tribunal ties in its verdict, he is freed by Pallas Athena.

Madame Tingley never makes public the names of students impersonating the characters. The part of Orestes and that of Athena, were carried by distinguished, carefully trained and highly cultured students. Their diction and manner of ad-

dress made this apparent. Every part was spoken with distinctness and the sound of voices was clear and as perfect outdoors as though the play was being given indoors — perhaps better.

When the Furies are reborn as Eumenides they appear in a series of graceful dances, and for the spectator, these contribute a scene of brilliant splendor and an action that bespeaks the perfection of production so prominently in force at the Râja-Yoga School.

The San Diego public and the visitors in the city owe Madame Tingley a great blessing for the pleasure to be derived from such a wonderful outdoor production. It will be repeated at 8.15 o'clock tonight.

Inspiration of "The Eumenides"

{The following article from "The Coronado Journal," April 26, 1927, was written by the well-known English artist, Leonard Lester, who has for many years lived in San Diego}

WHEN, nearly thirty years ago, *The Eumenides* was presented by Katherine Tingley at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York, it marked the first presentation of ancient Greek drama in the English language at a public theater in America. Since then there have been several presentations of this masterpiece at the Greek Theater under Katherine Tingley's direction combining conditions of natural environment, trained artistic talent and equipment incomparably more perfect in every essential than was possible at that earlier, pioneer stage of development.

With each succeeding performance of this profoundly impressive allegory of the soul's evolution some new note or fresh aspect has been presented, marking a sustained advance towards a more full and perfect realization of its inner meaning.

And it was just this diviner touch, as of a solemn yet joyous vision of man's

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greater spiritual Destiny, that gave to last Thursday evening's performance an impressive eloquence of appeal that stamped this latest presentation of *The Eumenides* with a supreme distinction.

It was felt in the classic grandeur of the admirably spoken lines,— the clearly enunciated dialog of actors and chorus; it shone through the vital, expressive action; — the rhythmic grace of motion and harmony of color, reaching its culmination in the supreme moment when the avenging Furies, yielding at last to Athena's persuasions, are transformed, as by magic, springing into life as beneficent creatures of light, and weaving their new-born joy and harmony into rhythmic dances of exquisite grace and beauty.

Much has been written of the natural beauty and setting which invest the Greek Theater at Point Loma with a quality all its own. And truly, the classic beauty of the architecture, the spacious vistas of hill and ocean, under the over-arching, starlit sky, evoke an atmosphere of calm aspiration in which great ideas become more vital and intimate. But the essential keynote of the drama, for which all this outer beauty of environment and enchantment of spectacle existed was probably more intensely realized in last Thursday's performance than ever before.

Râja-Yoga Students Display Superior Skill in Presentation of "The Eumenides" at Greek Theater

Performance to be Repeated Tonight under Direction of Katherine Tingley

[*The San Diego Union*, April 22, 1927]

BY J. F. LOBA

WITH the benign co-operation of the elements, Katherine Tingley and the students of the Theosophical University revived once more last evening

the stately third part of the Oresteian trilogy, *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus. It is only natural that each revival of this sounding classic should improve the presentation, and it was so last night. The starlit Greek Theater on Point Loma never saw a better presentation of this drama, rich in gleaming pageantry, chaste tableaux, and graceful dance rhythms.

It is the stage-pictures created in that lovely theater that make the ancient drama alive. There is a somnolence at times in the measured beat of the sounding and sometimes almost pedantic lines that even their metric beauty cannot stimulate. It is here that the stage pictures weave their spell, creating an atmosphere of classic dignity in which the unhurried sonorous phrases gain their end.

With one exception the personnel of the performance last evening seemed superior to that which presented the play two years ago. He who played Orestes endowed the part with more authority and greater significance, reading the somewhat repetitious lines with a fine discrimination and beautiful diction. The portrayal of Athena is likewise deserving of commendation for regal carriage, musical and finely carrying voice, and purity of diction. . . .

The somewhat static and oratorical form of the dialog was well relieved by the weaving, ever-changing pattern made by the sinister band of Furies, who were never still, but gave a graceful picture of restless dissatisfaction, relentless persecution. When they were reborn as lovely Eumenides, they gave pleasure, with the grace and bright freshness of their flower and cymbal dances.

[*The following review was published in German in "Süd-California Deutsche Zeitung," San Diego, April 29th, and in English in "The Beach News," Ocean Beach, Calif., April 30, 1927*]

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The Grandeur of Ancient Greece

A Superb Production of "The Eumenides," the Great Mystery-Drama of Aeschylus, at the Greek Theater, Point Loma

BY SIR HERBERT VON KRUMHAAR

THE presentation of *The Eumenides*, Aeschylus' great mystery-drama, on Thursday evening, April 21st, by Katherine Tingley and her group of actor-students at the Greek Theater, Point Loma, was a dramatic event of wondrous beauty. It was a rare achievement as a production, staged with full modern equipment, with consummate artistry, splendid diction, in a setting of natural enchantment that immediately captivated the imagination of the audience preparing the mind for the unfoldment of its deeper reality.

But it was not the beauty of its external garb alone, for the indwelling power and inspiration of its symbolism as a sublime allegory of the soul were expressed in a masterly way.

This symbolism which runs through the whole drama, is vividly realized in the opening scene. Here we see Orestes the central figure of the play as a suppliant at the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, whither he has been pursued by the vengeful Furies, who have tracked him even into the precincts of the temple, but lurk in the shadows, asleep, overpowered by its atmosphere of Light. Beside the suppliant Orestes stands the shining figure of Apollo, who promises him divine protection, and bids him seek the Temple of Athena at Athens for final purification.

Here we have a picture of the higher and lower elements of man — Apollo and the Furies as the two extremes of the powers of Light and darkness, and Orestes, who stands for humanity, whose heart is the battle-ground of these contending forces of Good and Evil.

It is noteworthy, also, that the aspiration of Orestes to resort to the bright goddess, Athena, the light of Divine Wisdom, awakens the direful ghost of the guilty Clytemnestra, who in turn arouses the torpid Furies to their relentless, blood-thirsty pursuit. In this may be seen figured the reaction of man's lower nature, which inevitably follows all heroic aspiration.

Very impressive in its stately grace was the entrance of Athena and her escort,— a scene of bright presences arrayed within the gleaming white columns of the temple. And again, almost poignant in its loveliness and radiant energy was the rhythmic grace of the Greek dances, when the Furies, prevailed upon by the magical wisdom of Athena to cast off their heritage of vengeance, "spring into light," transformed into lovers of truth and justice — the gracious Eumenides, 'Bestowers of Blessing.'

It is in scenes like these, in all their luxurious bloom of life and color, enjoyed amidst the enfolding presence of Nature, that one feels the full charm of this delectable place, in which Nature's voices — the whispering groves, the distant surge of ocean, and overhead, the silence of starlit sky,— all join in an accompaniment of natural pervading harmony, adding its undertone to a picture which comprehends in scope the whole of Nature, human and divine.

Much might be said of the excellent acting, the admirably rendered lines of Orestes, of Apollo, of Athena, of the splendidly sustained unity of the Chorus of Furies — symbolic of the remorseless stings of Conscience; of the imposingly beautiful procession of crimson-robed torch-bearers, of the original and appropriate music from a hidden orchestra, and not least, the exquisite and original costumes, rich in harmonious coloring and classic grace of form.

The atmosphere of realism was enhanced by the skilful management of the lighting — suggesting the phases of day or night appropriate to the scenes, and varied

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with exquisitely delicate coloring — all of which, as every other detail of this wonderful presentation, being charged with significance.

The grand finale in which the assembled array of the whole cast is grouped in song in front of the white-columned temple, is a spectacle of thrilling beauty — a harmony of light and color. In this glowing assemblage of beings one sees the visualized hierarchy of the divine, the human, and the elemental, typifying the ancient principles of Justice and Law—guardians and ministrants of the Good, Beautiful and True,—of the moral virtues which uphold the State and link nation with nation in bonds of Eternal Peace.

Greek Theater

[*The San Diego Independent*, April 29, 1927]

“THE TEMPEST” of Shakespeare — that beautiful and enchanting drama, — was given a notable production last night at the Greek Theater of Point Loma, by the Râja-Yoga Players acting under the direction of Katherine Tingley.

The spectacle staged out of doors was like a dream come true. About the great theater were the groves of trees, the wide sky overhead, the rocky palm-girt cave of Prospero, and the hushed overtones of the breakers tossing at the cliffs far below. An island scene it was, imbued with all the romantic interest that enchanted islands “ringed round with mysterious seas,” have brought to the mind of man.

Such was the setting. Over this quiet scene suddenly broke the storm and tempest with which the drama opens, and which was most realistically enacted as lightning flashed and thunder roared and the cries of the sailors were heard — in the distance.

Prospero appeared and Miranda, his daughter companion, on the lonely island, and the audience was made aware of the

strange history of the erstwhile Duke of Milan, while Miranda, in her concern for the shipwrecked sailors revealed the imaginative sympathy that is her splendid virtue.

The difficult rôle of Caliban was effectively carried by the person chosen for this strange creation of Shakespeare's brute slave, of the earth earthy, never rising to the level of gratitude to his benefactor.

Miranda was interpreted by a young woman whose musical voice will long be remembered by those who were present. She is the highest type of Shakespeare's women — her charm unspoiled by the conventions or limitations of artificial society.

Ariel, delicate fairy Ariel, was enchanting in her loveliness as she darted in and out of all the play. Trinculo and Stephano furnished a merry scene, their spontaneous wit and frolicking even through their drunken foolishness being excellently portrayed.

Prospero was splendidly sustained. His reading of unforgettable lines was made memorable by voice and diction.

The costuming was well done, color-harmonies and ensemble being most artistically carried out.

This drama of Shakespeare preserves the unities in the highest degree of his dramas; but the continuous scene such as is used in the Point Loma presentation, serves to heighten the effect in the greatest degree, and preserves the enchantment of the drama.

The public is not permitted to know the names of the individuals who take the various parts. For the Râja-Yoga Players, the play's the thing, but the distinction of each individual's sincere interpretation is felt in every character delineation and the entire devotion to the expression of the main theme by the united efforts of the players results in a marvelous representation that perhaps could not be duplicated elsewhere.

This great drama expresses the high-

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ist of Shakespearian philosophy. It is a drama of purification by suffering; its consummation is not the achievement of revenge for a great wrong, but a great forgiveness.

Prospero, who had been robbed of all, has learned through loss and suffering the higher wisdom. He has won an understanding heart, and forgiveness replaces resentment and revenge.

As Brandes says: "Prospero is the master-mind — he is the man of the Future, understanding and controlling nature's forces."

If the place was ideal for the presentation of *The Tempest*, surely also the time was ideal. *The Tempest* today speaks to an age whose understanding is prepared for its message — an age awakening to the resources in a man's own soul.

Give Excellent Interpretation of "The Tempest"

[*The San Diego Union*, Friday
morning, April 29, 1927]

"THE TEMPEST," presented by the students of the Theosophical University last night in superb scenic setting, stressed the Shakespearian genius of expression and character portrayal.

This play has been presented in past years by the Râja-Yoga Players and has attracted much favorable criticism, but never has it more warranted the involuntary bursts of applause given its presentation than last night before an audience which filled the beautiful Greek Theater on Point Loma.

Under the direction of Katherine Tingley *The Tempest* attained last night the full charm and magic quality it must have had when presented first under its great author-director, Shakespeare.

To pass over the threshold of the steps leading down into the beautiful stage last

night gave one the impression of being transported from mundane things into a world created by dreams. It was to step from a cosmopolitan world to a desert island, so completely was the setting prepared.

Each scene of the play had something of beauty in it even when there was no character upon the stage but the malformed, half-minded Caliban. Few other plays presented here have given an audience greater beauty in dance scenes and musical accompaniment. These two factors were of vital importance in making *The Tempest* a joy to witness.

Students Give "The Tempest" at Point Loma

[*The San Diego Evening Tribune*,
Friday, April 29, 1927]

BY DON SHORT

"THE TEMPEST," so artistically produced last year by the students of the Râja-Yoga Academy in the Point Loma Greek Theater, was repeated last night when an especially large and enthusiastic audience sat throughout two hours or more of fairy-like enchantment and watched with deep-seated interest the capers and dramatic interpretations of Shakespeare's familiar characters.

Character portrayal of such proficiency that the spectator is carried away into a dream of ecstasy, — the mind being whetted to a keen satisfaction or appreciation, perhaps, of that Shakespearian satire or word-pictures that have made lovers of Shakespeare throughout the world, — was prominently apparent to all who witnessed last night's performance.

The natural beauty of the Greek Theater surroundings give to *The Tempest* the nearest approach to realism that could possibly be produced. Shakespeare's imaginary storm, its effects, and the droll humor

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the survivors are wont to resort to at times, were in such evidence as to be realistic in spectacle and most eloquent in word and action.

The students were cast for every Shakespearean rôle so ably that there was no chance whatever for any passage of the play to be lost, especially to those who are familiar with the lines. The comedy, the pathos and the dramatics are brought out so well by the cast that nothing more pleasing to the Shakespearean mind could be forthcoming, even though something greater might be anticipated.

Mme. Katherine Tingley gives her audiences every detail that is so essential to an artistic production. Those who saw *The Tempest* last night attest this statement and to her many thanks for an evening of rare enjoyment is voted, especially by those who come here to enjoy the rarities of this matchless location and beauties of Point Loma.

Point Loma Players Give "The Tempest"

[*The San Diego Sun*, Friday, April 29, 1927]

STUDENTS of the Theosophical University presented Shakespeare's fantasy *The Tempest*, under the direction of Katherine Tingley in the Greek Theater on Point Loma last night.

Although there was no break in the action from the time the first wild swelling of the storm was heard until the banished Prospero had triumphed over his usurping brother and his friends, the audience several times interrupted to give well-merited applause.

Ariel, an airy spirit and chief aide to Prospero in attaining his triumph, was particularly good. Caliban, deformed slave, filled a difficult rôle well, both as to makeup and acting. In fact, each of the principals deserves special mention and it is to be regretted that names of individuals filling

the rôles were not on the program so credit could be given where credit is due.

Music by the Isis Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, and dances by the children of the Râja-Yoga School and Academy, added much to the beauty of the production.

— L. W. R.



AMONG the many words of appreciation received by Katherine Tingley for the dramatic work of the students under her direction, the following from the wife of a prominent California attorney is characteristic and summarizes their general tone:

"Of course everyone tells you how wonderful the plays are; but it seems to me it is the lovely spirit back of it all that makes your plays quite unique, for truly there is nothing like them anywhere in the world."

Notice

BELOW, several issues of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH are recommended to those who wish to obtain pictures of *The Eumenides*, as presented in the open-air Greek Theater, Theosophical University, Point Loma, California, and to those who desire to make a closer study of the symbolism of the drama, or to read reviews of the same by eminent scholars, writers, and critics. The magazines (price per copy 30c.; Special Price for 8 numbers \$1.80) may be obtained from "THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California":

Vol. XXIII, No. 5, November, 1922—containing 10 half-tone engravings of the first presentation in the Greek Theater, Point Loma, September, 1922; also a masterly interpretation of the symbolism of the drama by Joseph H. Fussell, Secretary, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; and critical comments by Havrah Hubbard, Kenneth Morris, Pete W. Ross, Irving E. Outcalt, and others.

Vol. XXIII, No. 4, October, 1922 — containing reviews and comments by Austin Adams, Katherine Tingley, and Charles Rollison, from *The San Diego Union*.

Vol. XXV, No. 1, July, 1923 — New Review by Charles Rollison, in *The San Diego Union*.

Vol. XXVI, No. 5, May, 1924 — New Reviews by Austin Adams and Talbot Mundy.

Vol. XXVII, No. 1, July, 1924 — New Review by Talbot Mundy, in *The San Diego Union*.

Vol. XXVII, No. 3, September, 1924 — "The Eumenides" at the Greek Theater; poem by Kenneth Morris.

Vol. XXVIII, No. 6, June, 1925 — containing 13 new half-tone engravings of the revival of *The Eumenides* of May 7, 1925; Reviews and Comments by Leonard Lester, J. F. Loba, in *The San Diego Union*; 'M. D.' (in the *San Diego Sun*); *The Coronado Journal*; Otto Wolf in *The U. S. Navy*; F. Archibald in *The Beach News*.

Vol. XVII, No. 1, July, 1919 — "Aeschylus and his Athens": Chapter IV, from "The Crest-Wave of Evolution" by Kenneth Morris; portrait bust of Aeschylus and 3 illustrations of ancient Greek Theaters.

"THE TEMPEST"

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Vol. XXX, No. 5, May, 1926, contains 27 beautiful half-tone engravings of scenes from Katherine Tingley's production of *The Tempest*, here in the Greek Theater, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California; also a masterly interpretation of the drama by Leonard Lester, noted English artist, residing at Point Loma; an illuminating literary criticism by Kenneth Morris, Professor of Literature at Theosophical University; and reprints of excellent newspaper reviews of the performance of April 16 and 17, 1926.

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