THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXXII, NO. 6 JUNE 1927

"ALL waits or goes by default till a strong being appears;
A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the Universe.
When he or she appears materials are overawed,
The dispute on the soul stops,
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back or turned away."
— WALT WHITMAN

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

FEELING the value which people attach to actual personal recollections and narrative, I have asked myself to record some of my memories and experiences of H. P. Blavatsky, whom it has been my wonderful and inestimable privilege to have known personally, nearly forty years ago. But it is necessary to begin with a few remarks as to my mental outlook at that time.

Like so many people, I was an instance of two conflicting forces, calling for mutual reconciliation, and which may roughly be described as the religious and the scientific attitude: the developed brain-mind, calling for an outward and materialistic view of life; yet resisted by the innate sense of spiritual values in life, and of a larger and nobler universe than that presented to our view by a mechanistic philosophy.

Always fond of science, I had as a boy reacted from a religious upbringing towards a skeptical scientific view, and been disposed to find, with Tyndall, the promise and potency of all things in *matter*. But this did not last long. A number of different influences, tending in a contrary direction, combined to direct my thoughts to a wider sphere and to a worthier conception of the universe.

I was greatly influenced by Bulwer-Lytton's stories, *The Haunted and the Haunters*, *Zanoni*, and the *Strange Story;* by Mrs. Katherine Crowe's *The Nightside of Nature;* and other such works. These con-

firmed my idea that there was something more in life than what would be shown by a materialistic conception, and higher powers possible for man than those he is normally conscious of.

There was but little in the way of what is called 'Occultism' in those days; so that one had to dabble in a medley of whatever was available; and I recall Swedenborgianism, phrenology, and astrology, as among the number. Spiritualism, which was for not a few a stepping-stone to Theosophy, does not seem at any time to have attracted my fancy; which fact is simply recorded for what it is worth, and without any implication.

In particular what had thrilled me most was the idea presented in Lytton's *Haunted and the Haunters* (unexpurgated version), and *Zanoni*, of the possibility of *magicians*, people of extraordinary power and knowledge. But the trouble was that, in the case of the first book at any rate, the idea of power had to be connected with intense wickedness and depravity – the magician was a black magician, in short. While, in the case of *Zanoni*, we have to choose between Mejnour, whom H. P. Blavatsky herself describes as like a dessicated pansy between the leaves of a book of solemn poetry; and Zanoni, who gives up his transcendent powers in order to marry a very commonplace woman. These conceptions of the Master of Wisdom were not very satisfactory; yet the heart felt that behind them must lie something real and worth while, if one only knew what it was.

I was in early manhood a student at Cambridge University, reading for honors in science. In pursuance of the aforesaid instincts, I had been attending meetings of some society (its name I struggle in vain to remember), whose object was, as far as one could see, somewhat different from that of scientific skeptics who denied and scoffed at all apparitions and occult phenomena. The method of this society was to accept the possibility of such phenomena, but to reduce them by every possible means to the level of the commonplace. It was very learned, very documentary, very dry-as-dust and uninspiring; and I ceased to think any more about it and its doings, at the very first chance I had to find something better worth thinking about.

How vividly stand forth in one's memory the incidents — nay, perhaps, the one incident — marking a turning-point in one's life! I can see, on August 15, 1887, a young student in cap and gown walking along the King's Parade, and meeting a cousin, who was an undergraduate of Caius College, and who stopped me to say:

"Have you read that book, by Mr. Sinnett, called *Esoteric Buddhism*, all about worlds and planets and races and rounds . . . ?"

What he said, I don't recollect, but it was enough to send me straight to the University Library after that book. It was out, but another book by the same author, *The Occult World*, was in; and from that afternoon I had entered upon a new phase of my life — begun my life, one might almost say — been born again, as it were. There was a child's handful of other books on Theosophy or near-Theosophy; some of them still known, others forgotten; but no *Key to Theosophy*, no *Voice of the Silence*, no *Secret Doctrine*,— though there was *Isis Unveiled.*

I lost no time in communicating with H. P. Blavatsky's agents in London, and obtained an introduction to certain Theosophists resident near Cambridge. It was at the country-house of these members that a small band, chiefly of members of the University, constituting the Cambridge Lodge of the Theosophical Society, used to hold its meetings; and the recollection of those days is full of poetry and music to the recorder, but to the reader will be of secondary interest to my recollections (such as they are) of H. P. Blavatsky herself.

And here it must be said that the record will be more an impression than a diary, more a picture than a description. Not being gifted or hampered with a photographic memory or a passion for detail, my memory brings up a general idea, in which the salient features stand out regardless of chronological sequence, and things blend into one another to form a composite.

It must have been at the end of the term, near Christmas, 1887, that I first went to see H. P. Blavatsky. The association of ideas has hallowed the memories of the underground railway with its sulphureous smoke, and the street-names that lay along the route.

H. P. Blavatsky was then residing, with a little group of helpers, in a small semidetached house in a residential quarter of London, West — 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W. I arrived just before the evening meal, so that my first meeting with her was a social one. After the meal we adjourned to the sitting-room, where H. P. Blavatsky habitually entertained her guests and visitors in the evenings. At that time of life I was what I should describe as shy and backward, admirably formed to play the part of a silent and unobtrusive spectator.

The first impression which I got of H. P. Blavatsky was the same as that which so many others have got, and at which some of them have stopped short — namely that she was an eminently *human* person. I say 'first' advisedly, because, as will be seen, that was not the only impression.

Now, assuming H. P. Blavatsky to be a great character, what

ought one to expect to find? Experience and records of great characters, or prominent characters, might suggest one or other of two things. We might expect the person to strike us at first sight with awe, as from one who was not only great but was aware of the fact and not unwilling that you also should be aware. Or, on the other hand, perhaps he would be a person of extraordinary simplicity, a great one but not wishing to enact that part. Which of these supposed persons, if either, would be truly great? Number one would certainly be acting a part, and his self-consciousness would add an element of littleness detracting from his greatness. Number two even *might be* acting a part — affected simplicity. But in the really great person the simplicity would be no pose, but merely his natural character expressing itself naturally and without art.

It would be quite impossible to connect the idea of H. P. Blavatsky (as I saw her — and that is what I am concerned with at present) with pose or vanity or vainglory or self-consciousness. Whatever view one might take of her or her mission, at least one must conclude that here was a thorough, earnest, and sincere character; the kind that would scorn simulation or dissimulation; the kind so sure of its own sincerity as to feel no need for any attempt to impress it on people.

In short I saw simply a very vivacious and interesting Russian lady, talking on a variety of subjects and expressing each emotion as it came along, with the ease and artlessness which we all have in early childhood and so soon lose. Such people hate humbug or pretence of whatever sort. No doubt there are some who feel uncomfortable in the presence of such a person. No doubt I should have felt uncomfortable had she not been so kind.

The evening was spent in the sitting-room where H. P. Blavatsky was wont to receive her guests and visitors; and, though I can recall nothing definite, my impression was the same. Extreme versatility and a mind active enough for several persons at once, were noticeable. H. P. Blavatsky could carry on two conversations at once, in different languages, and have enough spare energy left to require occupation in a game of solitaire. And yet all this external activity might have served mainly to keep the body quiet while the *mind* was busy in activities whose nature we cannot surmise but whose existence was surely indicated by the depth of those wonderful eyes.

This lady, in an extreme condition of bodily infirmity, was writing *The Secret Doctrine*, editing *Lucifer*, doing other miscellaneous literary work, receiving visitors, and generally managing the whole of the Theosophical organization. Of the scholarship and research manifested in

The Secret Doctrine all its readers are witness. Whence, in that small house, with a shelf or two of books, did she draw that information? I believe that the human mind has faculties by which it can find out what it requires to know by quicker and surer methods than those of the bookworm. I do not think these faculties miraculous; I do not despair of finding out how to use them myself some day. I think H. P. Blavatsky was able to employ them; and that she had gained the power by sacrificing many things which most of us think valuable and refuse to give up. At all events she kept some of her learned helpers busy verifying her quotations in the British Museum library.

It has been said above that H. P. Blavatsky appealed to some people simply as a gifted and amiable woman and little more. It is as true to say that to others a very different aspect was revealed. But real teachers do not scatter gold among the crowd, so to say. It would seem to be a condition of real teaching that the disciple should *ask*. That does not mean merely putting verbal questions. One might perhaps compare such a teacher to an oracle, returning responses proportioned to the nature of the petition. An intellectual question would elicit an intellectual answer. A selfish question would arouse no answering fire; a sacrifice offered up for some personal desire would not waft its smoke very far towards the heavens.

What then was the reason why some people found in H. P. Blavatsky a fountain of wisdom and real helpfulness? How was it that they found her suddenly changing from the 'very human person' to the earnest teacher, in the twinkling of an eye? It can only have been that such people had a real question in their hearts; that, unrealized perhaps by themselves, there was in them somewhat of a desire for real knowledge.

Real knowledge! H. P. Blavatsky did not come to titillate intellectual curiosity, to found a college for the study of curious lore, to furnish food for ambition. Her purpose, as so often declared by herself, was to initiate a new age for modern civilization, wherein the things of the Spirit should take precedence over the things of the flesh, and knowledge should be indissolubly mated with service. She attracted around her people in whose hearts could be found a spark of similar aspiration; and, if they cherished any lesser and more selfish purpose, she soon showed them by contrast its unworthiness and set their feet on the right path.

Those who really desire knowledge will take it where found; but those who set prejudice above the desire for knowledge may be diverted from their quest. There were some of old who turned aside from knowledge because they felt sure it could not come out of a little village and from the lips of a son of one of the common people. And here again, in

our own time, there were many who could not persuade themselves to hear what an eccentric Russian woman might have to say. Some there were too who, though they listened, wanted to make the teaching a basis for the establishment of a comfortable coterie of clubmen, with initiations performed over a glass of wine, and all due care not to offend the tastes and feelings of any kind of intellectual orthodoxy.

How foolish it seems, even now, to have striven to accommodate the teachings of the society to the particular scientific views then current, when those views have since so greatly changed! How absurd to think that H. P. Blavatsky's message was merely for those who wear evening dress and speak a particular kind of language! Again, were there not people of old who blamed the teacher because he would not toe the line of (what was in those days) respectability, but insisted on teaching the poor and lowly and foreigners and heathen?

Others again there were, now as of old, who recognised enough of the truth to do what people so often do when they encounter the truth — try to get rid of it as quickly as possible. The best way to accomplish this is thought to be to get rid of the teacher. The cross, the hemlock, the stake, are some of the ways; but in our polished age *slander* is the weapon employed; and well we know what can be done when people band themselves together to destroy a reputation! Those people are all dead and not even their memories remain; they had mated themselves with death. But there is no death for that which is essentially immortal.

Let us ever resist the tendency to make a teacher into an idol, a unique being, to be revered and feared, but beyond the reach of imitation. Like other teachers, some of whom have been thus treated, she showed us the Path, the Way, by which *anyone* may attain to a deeper knowledge of the meaning of life and to a greater mastery of its practical problems. Her method was to help people to help themselves; to call their attention to their own divine creative power, which they themselves must freely use, as a prerogative wherewith they are entrusted and which they dare not abrogate. She was a torch, handing on light which she had received to those who would receive it from her, again to hand it on to others.

"DUTY is that which *is due* to Humanity — to our fellow-men, neighbors, family — and especially that which we owe to all those who are poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves. This is a debt which, if left unpaid during life, leaves us spiritually insolvent and moral bankrupts in our next incarnation. Theosophy is the quintessence of *duty*."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE CALL FOR LEADERSHIP: A SIGN OF THE TIMES

C. J. RYAN

A FOREIGN correspondent of a Metropolitan journal recently declared that the world is looking more anxiously than ever for spiritual leadership, for a voice speaking with the authority of the soul. He told of prominent business-men, statesmen and rulers, even military and naval officers of high rank, who all said the same thing — they were yearning for a true prophet, for a new interpreter of the eternal truths, one who can stand up and declare, "This is the Way, walk ye in it!" — an Individuality who may merge the distracted and divergent minds of men into one common purpose of good-will.

"It would be less than honest journalism did I fail to report that amid the welter and discordance and turbulence of world-politics which is my present assignment, I find among thoughtful men of every creed and country a decided note of spiritual wistfulness and expectancy. We are too serious now for the mercenary and mechanical methods of a noisy evangelist uttering only safe and remunerative sensationalism; we want a man from some Patmos who can say 'Thus sayeth the Lord.' "

At this transition-time in human affairs, a period when a new mastery of natural forces has intoxicated the world with a sense of material success, but when the old forms of faith are tottering, may we not reasonably look for some response to such an appeal from those who feel that all is not well with the world? To many the breaking-up of the old devitalized dogmas is a tragedy, but the Spirit of Truth cannot be destroyed; it reimbodies itself in new and higher forms, and in Theosophy — the key to universal brotherhood in thought and action — the spiritual need of the age is satisfied.

The leadership so earnestly desired demands some degree of preparedness in those who call for it, and an appreciation of the serious problems to be solved. The suffering of the nations in the great war and since — especially in certain directions — has done something to arouse a demand for teaching based on a real understanding of the springs of right action and conduct, instead of on outworn dogmatic beliefs which are repudiated even by high church-authorities.*

During the strain of the war it was forced upon the attention of the most medieval minds that the soldiers looked askance upon the conventionalities and rituals of the churches, but heartily responded to

*In its recent revision of the Prayer Book, the Church of England is dropping the assertion in the service of baptism that infants are 'born in sin'!

any kind of help inspired by a brotherly spirit and a sense of a common humanity. One organization, outwardly identified with a narrow form of dogma, gained generous appreciation and deserved honor by the kindness, self-sacrifice, and courage with which it performed practical services. This demonstration of brotherhood roused a more real spiritual response than all the preaching that man is 'born in sin' and can escape hell-fire only by faith in some being who would bear his sins and thereby liberate him from their just consequences, or that heaven can be gained through the back-door of deathbed repentance.

Since the war there has been great searching of hearts at the revelation of the weakness of old dogmas in meeting a crisis. Men facing death daily for what they believed to be a good cause had little patience with 'safety first' in religion. Perhaps they could not formulate their need, but they felt the lack of an inspiration which put duty to others, doing the best regardless of personal consequences, as the first consideration — "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," rather than 'What shall I do to be saved?' They wanted a man's religion at least as sincere and honorable as the unwritten code of the trenches in which keeping out of danger at the expense of another is not approved.

In the political world we see the nations struggling to form some kind of a league to protect themselves against the worst evils of man's inhumanity, but it is an open question whether their representatives are inspired by disinterested principles of brotherhood and equity or whether expediency based on fear is not the motive power.

A few years ago the 'Parliament of Man' was a poet's dream, as little likely to be realized as "the airy navies grappling in the central blue." We have seen the latter, the product of man's combative instincts, prove a terrible reality: we are now watching the planting of a seed which might grow to a noble council of the nations, but only if the nations learn to obey the principles of brotherhood.

But, as if the present conditions had been foreseen by the Wise Ones who understand cyclic recurrences, a seed was planted fifty years ago which is now growing into a tree for the healing of the nations. This was the original Theosophical Society established by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, and now re-organized by Katherine Tingley into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society with Headquarters at Point Loma, California. The teaching and example given by this Movement are what the world needs for its redemption.

A bold statement; but let anyone seriously study the basic prin-

ciples of Theosophy without prejudice and then say if there is anything too bold in the claim that the world would be a very different place if Theosophy became the rule of conduct for men. The Râja-Yoga System of Education alone, as outlined by Katherine Tingley, would revolutionize conditions in a few generations, if carried out on a large scale.

And yet the Theosophical Movement brings no revolutionary ideas; it only shows a new way to put the age-old teachings of universal brotherhood into action. It gives reasons to prove that brotherhood is not merely a pretty sentiment, an ideal to be admired at a distance, but is the law of life, and that our rejection of it is the cause of our chief troubles.

Like all the other great Teachers, Jesus Christ placed universal brotherhood first and foremost, and yet his golden words were soon transmuted to baser metal, his teachings largely replaced by the lip-service which he so roundly denounced. Under the influence of the lower nature of man, always seeking to escape trouble, blind faith and the acceptance of dogmas — external forms and observances — usurped the simple teachings of love and kindness to all — even enemies.

The Theosophical Movement is not sectarian in any way; it presents the central teaching of all the ancient faiths, brotherly love, as the first step on the threshold leading to real life, spiritual life, to the revelation of the immortal, divine Self within.

The teachings of Theosophy are being spread by precept through lectures, books, and magazines in many languages and in many countries, and by the example of the practical results of Theosophical endeavor at the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Point Loma, California, and at the branch-centers throughout the world.

To direct such an enterprise requires unusual qualities of leadership. The Society makes no sensational claims, offers no short cuts to so-called 'occult' knowledge, but its three successive Leaders have displayed the rare quality of thoroughly understanding human nature and its real needs. This knowledge of human nature and its possibilities comes from *self-knowledge*, which itself arises spontaneously through impersonal devotion to and service for all that breathes. That is the principle of Universal brotherhood realized.

It is clear that many well-spent incarnations must be required to make great progress in the knowledge of the spiritual self, but once the Path is sincerely entered upon the way becomes plainer. Self-knowledge, as H. P. Blavatsky constantly enforces in her teaching, is not simply the analytical comprehension of the temporary personality

of one life but the actual realization of the immortal, spiritual Ego from which the personality sprang.

A Leader such as the world is groping for needs tremendous courage and self-abnegation inspired by pure love for humanity and trust in the Higher Law. Such a Leader must have that rare intuition which knows what to do, when to do it, and when to withhold action; who never strikes a blow amiss; who is always optimistic even when facing discouragement and realizing the difficulties in the path. Such a captain must have sailed in many seas.

Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in answer to the question as to the greatest need of the world today, declares for a higher form of education, a method which will prevent wrong tendencies getting control of the young, rather than any system which tries to eradicate them after they have become established. She says:

"Unless we begin with the children it will be impossible to bring humanity that help which it more or less consciously is longing for; a higher education is the vital power in reconstruction, and we are failing in our duty if we are satisfied with things as they are."

The spirit of true education was outlined by H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, many years ago, and although circumstances did not permit her to establish schools, her successor Katherine Tingley has been able to put into successful operation the ideal mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy:*

"What is the *real* object of modern education? Is it to cultivate and develop the mind in the right direction; to teach the disinherited and hapless people to carry with fortitude the burden of life (allotted them by Karma); to strengthen their will; to inculcate in them the love of one's neighbor and the feeling of mutual interdependence and brotherhood; and thus to train and form the character for practical life? Not a bit of it. And yet these are undeniably the objects of all true education. . . .

"Selfishness, as said over and over again, is the curse of humanity, and the prolific parent of all the evils and crimes in this life; and it is your schools which are the hotbeds of such selfishness. . . .

"If we had money we would found schools which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and, more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. . . . We would aim at creating *free* men and women — free intellectually, free morally; unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, *unselfish.* And we believe that much, if not all, of this could be obtained by *proper and truly Theosophical* education."

A system of education on these lines, now being exemplified at Point Loma and elsewhere under Katherine Tingley's direction, opens the way for the inner rebirth.

Important as an education on these lines is for the young, to

bring the principles of Theosophy to the older folk is hardly less so, because of their influence and the power of example. A beautiful home-life makes it harder for the children to become wayward. The author quoted on the first page says, further:

"I spent two hours in conversation with a staff-captain who had seen most of the problem-places in the present world unsettlement. We discussed the national perplexities, one by one, until the soldier said — and he is not a religious man — 'I tell you, this whole business will never be settled except upon the basis of religion which will make people really friendly. There has got to be some great power to bring the spirit of Brotherhood into all the world.'

"That interview was true to type. Over and over I find all sorts of men turning to religion as the solution of the present world-chaos. Some express a desire for a new religion or a new prophet, or an amalgamation of all religions. . . .

"Recently an editorial was published upon the importance of each man's having a League of Nations and of good intentions under his own hat. If the little world that lives there is reorganized, the affairs of the great world will be cared for automatically. The final problem is the state of mind of the individual. This is so obvious that its importance may be overlooked."

Its importance has not been overlooked by the Theosophical Teachers; Katherine Tingley never tires of emphasizing the fact that the only real world-progress will come through 'self-determined evolution' of each individual man and woman on spiritual lines. Woman, as she says, has an immense work to do in the home, where so much depends upon her influence and character. It is there, rather than in the political arena, that woman has the unique opportunity of molding the minds of the coming generation while plastic.

Unhappily, the psychology of many centuries has done little to fit either women or men for their duty as helpers or guides. Has there been stress laid upon the presence of the inner, divine nature in man, or on the fact that man is truly made 'in the image of God'? Generations have been taught in the West that, on the one hand, they were 'miserable sinners,' 'born in sin,' and by nature so vile that they could not possibly help themselves out of the mire; and on the other, though not for so long, that man is nothing but a slightly improved monkey or close relative, a 'fighting and cooking *animal*.'

The teaching of 'eternal damnation,' by concentrating thought on the need of looking out for one's personal safety, has developed a spiritual selfishness; and the ordinary worldly so-called 'education,' inspired by the principle of competition, has carried us farther from the soul-life.

Yet this should not be so. Jesus, in common with all the Great Teachers of universal brotherhood, taught the essential divinity of man, the beauty of co-operation in good works. All the Great Teachers em-

phasized the message that the brotherhood of man is not a sentimental fancy, a mere pious hope, but an actual fact on all planes. We may outrage it, ignore it; we cannot move away from it; and the only 'salvation' is to realize it and act accordingly. Perhaps nothing but more misery and the disastrous results of working against the Law of Compassion will arouse the world to the understanding of this, but the true Theosophist cannot sit quietly and content with his own blessings while the world remains in ignorance of the Way to Peace.

In the confusion of thought of this transition-age when the old sanctions of medievalism with its simple view of God as a super-monarch, dealing out rewards and punishments for reasons not always revealed to men, have almost disappeared before the materialistic view of implacable mechanical law, the idea that divine justice rules in the relationships of human life has been lost. No answer is given to the cry, Why should I suffer all my life while my neighbor was born with a silver spoon in his mouth? — in both cases with no apparent cause.

No answer can be given except the old, simple, and satisfying teaching of the Ancient Wisdom, the logical explanation which Theosophy has brought again to the West.

Man is not here by chance, nor does he either perish utterly or plunge into a heaven or hell from which there is no return, after a few troubled years here in which he appears to be the slave of heredity, of personal limitations born with him, of false education, and of environment. No, indeed; he has been here before and the causes of these hindrances were self-sown in former lives. The compassionate Law allows him to return time after time to earth-life in order to learn by experience, in order to reap the harvest of what he has sown, and in order to sow better seed for the future.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."— *Gal.*, vi, 7

"The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."— *Ezek.*, xviii, 20

This teaching of justice is found in all ages, though it and all it implies has been obscured by prejudice and the subtil devices of those who ought to have shown the people how it would liberate them from the bondage of the lower nature. Reincarnation is, of course, the only key to the problem of justice amid the apparent injustice of life. From this basis, and a study of the nature of man in the light of the ancient knowledge brought again to the world's attention by the Theosophical Movement, universal brotherhood can be proved to be no sentimental

illusion or pious hope, but an actual fact, which once recognised and honestly acted upon, will change the world.

Theosophy appeals both to the heart and to the head; it gives reasons for right action which satisfy the intellect, and it harmonizes with the deepest intuitions of the heart.

The Theosophical Movement, under the leadership of its illustrious Head, Katherine Tingley, is working for all mankind to realize the fact of human brotherhood, and that concerted action on that basis, and that only, will bring about the change for the better in every department of life so earnestly longed for by all men of good-will.

SPRING

M. MACHELL

TIME'S wheel revolves: Time's mystic Wheel of Years
That brings the many-colored seasons in.
White-throated snow-birds pass. Brown buds begin
To hint at loveliness too deep for tears.
But, while Youth's heart exults, slow-moving biers
Of seasons dead, pass with funereal din
Of Lydian flute and pastoral pipings thin,
Down haunted aisles where, sad-sweet, Memory peers.

Spring comes! Why then these tears in Laughter's eyes;
Hath she *no* flower gray Death shall not recall?

O doubting Pilgrim, steeped in dark surmise,
Hast thou not rule and empire over all
The seasons, thou, whose secret Life-flower blooms
In meads no withering wind of death foredooms?

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THE LONGING TO BELONG

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

OF all desires, perhaps the most universal longing is to 'belong.' It is instinctively felt by the new-born infant, as it nestles close to the mother-heart. It shows in that far-away, intent look of dying eyes, with inner vision fixed on dawning existence otherwhere.

This innate sense of solidarity grows with the infant's growth; so that he who chooses isolation is marked as unnatural. Hence the little child, the school-boy, the youth, the adult, the middle-aged, the old, all find it natural to belong to family, to play-fellows, to work-fellows, to a mate, to church, to societies, to gangs, to institutions, to parties of adventurers or of pirates or of merry-makers, to the learned or the ignorant, to the cultured or the commonplace, to a nation, to a race, and to one's own age of world-history.

Even enmity makes a tie between enemies, active dislike making a stronger link than indifference. The link will hold until a better one is forged by them,— in one life or many. There is no escape from the primeval fact of natural Brotherhood, the practical urge back of the instinct for unity.

Next to life itself, which is everywhere and in everything, *belonging* is the most universal condition in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. All of which is as it should be, in a composite universe of law and order.

Even chemical atoms combine with unerring affinity. And extensive and minute research reveals how everything knows, in some degree, where it belongs, and instinctively does what belongs to it to do just there. Of course, Nature oversees the evolving lower kingdoms, because the embryonic and infantile degree of awareness in mineral, vegetable, and animal, needs this fostering care. Only self-conscious man *knows that he knows*, and is responsible for having the light of reason, to guide himself. And being an incarnating god, rounding out an evolutionary cycle through matter, he has free will to keep himself in place where he belongs in the Great Cosmic Scheme of things. So when he is busy playing his part, in his place, he is contented and satisfied, and, in a deep sense, is happy, even when outwardly miserable.

In a word, each one is taking his timely degree in working out

life's problems, according to the extent he is consciously active where he belongs. As fast as he works through one experience, life provides the next initiation.

This universal plan is simple — as all fundamental things are. But somehow we rarely act on the simplicity of it. Rather, we seek for happiness from some one other than our best self, and in some place other than our own. Our personal plans keep us out of alinement with the all-round trend toward human perfection. Is not a serene, contented, purposeful face rather the exception in the passing show? What animal body, other than man's, wears the protesting face of boredom, or query, or sorrow, or envy, or resentment, that is too common for comment? Do not all else accept the purpose of their being and go about fulfilling it? The lower forms of life more nearly express all that is in them than man displays of all his superior talents.

Without knowledge of the Theosophical philosophy of life, one has too few data to judge whether he is or is not where he belongs, and why. The idea of one life only, obscures the justice and purpose of it, because it gives no perspective to the human career. Then, to add the belief that man is 'born in sin,' and after a few brief years is judged as fit for an eternity of reward or punishment, further confuses all sense of logic and justice. It conflicts with the scientific law of action and reaction being equal, and also with the teaching that each one must reap what he sows. Equally confusing is the scientific half-truth that man is the highest type of reasoning animal, and the soul — 'if, indeed, there be such' — is produced by the activities of mind and body.

A universe, created on the foregoing inconsistent bases, would be resolved back into chaos by such lack of provision for its active dual forces. The duality of attraction and repulsion which keeps the planets balanced in their places, is found everywhere and in everything. This duality is notably present in man, who combines conscious spirit with inert matter.

The Ancients linked man with the stars, holding that our earth belongs to a certain chain of planets. Not only have we mineral elements in common, but we partake of their conscious life, even if it is not in familiar human guise. Moreover, the Ancients not only linked our little earth with a line of heavenly bodies, but also related our humanity to the whole hierarchy of conscious life. This unbroken chain extends up to deity and reaches down to the lower forms of life. The ancient teaching that everything in the universe was, is, or will be man, explains, with profound logic, why "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." Herein is rooted the

innate sense of *belonging*, and the endless urge to realize one's larger selfhood.

This cosmic urge is counterfeited by the lower nature's senses and sensations, expressed in never-satisfied appetites and desires of mind and body. Whereas the unselfish, aspiring higher nature, rejects counterfeits, to live more and more in the satisfying peace and unity of the great reality of continued existence. So, in this larger perspective of human destiny, each soul evolving through matter in repeated earth-lives, becomes responsible for reaping what it sows. Man's divine birthright makes him essentially a creator who, on earth or elsewhere, makes his own heaven, his own hell, and his own indifferent dreaming.

Unfortunately, this inspiring ancient knowledge has been obscured by ages of belittling creeds and mutilated fragments of the grand truth. The race-mind has been infected by the 'heresy of separateness.' Even today's marvels of organization and of interwoven, world-wide interests, go hand in hand with an intensive, self-seeking individualism. Increasing inventions and discoveries provide ideal equipment for handling all material affairs. But there is no parallel gain in noble character and ideal human unity and relations.

Belief in only one short life, with an uncertain hereafter, gives no incentive for moral growth. Rather, the desires react to get all the things and sensations that the time and the senses afford, and to take little thought about intangible futures. Even those who reject both narrow theology and the science of ape-ancestry, are at sea as to where they belong in creation, without this knowledge of their birthright of divinity.

With the Theosophical background to the drama of life, the least and meanest of men is one of the cast clothed with "the tremendous dignity of being human." There is deep meaning in the poet's words:

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

As each one is reaping what he sowed in past years or past lives, perfect justice rules his self-appointed harvesting. The issues he dreads or evades now are those he feared to face in the forgotten past. And always the debt of duty gathers interest with delay. Mr. Judge is reported to have said, in substance: "When you find yourselves at a breaking-point, that is the point where you have failed before in the cycle. Do not fail in this incarnation!"

Is it not true that our besetting weaknesses are usually simpler and smaller things to be handled than other more difficult things we do easily? Our strength and weaknesses evidently belong to us individually,

and show the wheat and the tares of past sowing. In this inevitable harvest lies the ethical logic for rounding out character, in doing the duty that belongs to us. In thus meeting what is due to our passing mortal life, we also work out what belongs to the divine inner self, which is immortal.

Duty, then, is the one common keynote in the endless contrast of conditions which make life seem so puzzling. What other clue can all alike follow: the rich and the poor, the sick and the well, the innocent and guilty, the learned and ignorant, the young and old? Character-building is the one goal with equal chances for all, in a democracy of endeavor. All other standards of attainment are for separate minorities in various social, political, professional, and industrial circles. These special fields of endeavor have no appeal and offer no success for the great majority.

Duty is too often linked in mind with a sense of the hard or the unpleasant. This, probably, because it conflicts with the desires of the lower nature, which habitually evades or only half meets it. On the other hand, every victory in self-conquest gives one a larger vision, a greater strength, and more freedom, — nothing hard or unpleasant about that! Duty done unwillingly is only half done, and the doer is neither selfishly nor unselfishly happy. He is in a continued state of siege, within and without, and neither his desires nor his devotion gain the decisive victory. Does not this inner conflict account for the vague unrest and the empty flavor in the fevered rush of modern life? May it not belong with the unreckoning pace, the strange crimes, the unaccountable suicides, the unexplained malignant, nervous, and degenerative diseases, and a world-war, that all mock at our material and intellectual progress?

Surely we are morally out of alinement with the universal trend of evolving life, manifesting more perfectly in Nature than in human nature. Self-knowledge is needed in order to know where we belong. With all our intellectual getting, we have gotten but little understanding of who man is, whence he comes, and whither he goes. But we need not be lost in the modern maze if we follow the simple, homely thread of Duty which leads to light and freedom.

As Katherine Tingley says: "Wisdom comes from the performance of duty, and in the silence, and only the silence expresses it."

"THE secret of human life in its fulness is self-directed effort."
— *Katherine Tingley*

FINALITY

R. M.

ONE of the dearest delusions of the human mind is the belief in its power to formulate a final expression of truth. It is deluded by its craving for finality, and so entertains one formula after another, only to learn the insufficiency of each new pretender to the rank of ultimate stability and permanence in the expression of truth, while still maintaining its faith in the efficacy of some as yet undiscovered formula, not questioning the ability of the human mind to find an ultimate and final form of truth.

When critically examined, each one of these finalities is easily seen to be a fraudulent impostor, so far as pretensions to finality are concerned, for the human mind is a duality; it has its lower and its higher aspects. With the lower it accumulates knowledge of symbols and formulas, it is impermanent and delusive. It is the creator of delusive formulas. But the higher mind is of a relatively spiritual nature and prides itself on its ability to perceive truth intuitively without the use of any mind-made formula. To satisfy its craving for knowledge the lower mind invents new formulas and substitutes them for those that can no longer stand the strain of critical analysis, thus substituting one impermanent for another, and calling the exchange progress.

But wisdom does not consist in adding error to delusion. There is no progress towards finality in the addition of impermanents one to another. Where, then, shall we look for a final statement, or for the last word as to truth? If the lower mind is by its nature debarred from such an utterance, and to the higher mind all formulas exist but as symbols, what is the key to the problem?

There is a key to the mystery, and it lies hid in the Theosophical doctrine of the fundamental spiritual nature of the universe and of man.

A true student of the esoteric philosophy will free himself from the control of the 'pairs of opposites'; and will find the true Self, the all-seeing eye, to which no plane or state of consciousness is impenetrable, no doctrine inscrutable however spiritual or metaphysical; for the Self of man is one with the Universal Self.

To find the master-key to this mystery we must study Theosophy. First free yourself from the delusion of the lower mind, then shake off the pride of the not less delusive higher mind, and seek the ONE.

THE PLACE OF THE DRAMA IN EDUCATION

H. A. FUSSELL

THE study of the drama and of the art of dramatic presentation have their place — and it is a very important one — in the education given in the Râja-Yoga School and College, and in Theosophical University, founded and directed by Katherine Tingley, who, in this respect, as in many others, is a pioneer in educational reform. She has always maintained that education, in addition to imparting useful knowledge, ought, in view of its function as a preparation for life, to develop in the youth of both sexes some understanding of, and a love for, music, art, and the drama. A purely utilitarian conception of education is, to say the least, a very narrow one, and leaves out of account some of the most essential factors of human nature.

The heart, as well as the head, has its demands, which cannot be ignored, unless the diviner side of our nature is to be turned away from. The greatest possible harm may be done to the growing child or youth in the most plastic period of life, unless this is borne in mind. Some knowledge of the issues of life, of ethical problems even, is necessary at an early stage of development, for the mind is an active, living organism, and demands opportunities to put into practice the knowledge it acquires. Unless these are afforded, the zest for the acquisition of further knowledge languishes. In youth we "live in eternity's sunrise" and know the joy of life. In mature age we find that it has somehow taken flight, for we are not wont to associate joy with "the light of common day," into which we are all too early ushered by our elders.

Now, dramatic art furnishes just such an avenue for action, and moreover calls into play the creative imagination, which is one of the prerogatives of youth. Wonder and admiration manifest themselves very early in life; there is then a seeking after the ideal which ought to be given an opportunity to express itself in a healthy and normal way, or it may lead to disaster; and surely the best way is to initiate our young people into some of the dramatic masterpieces of all time. In so doing, we not only provide a suitable setting for the spontaneous expression of the artistic ability which the very young undoubtedly possess, but we open up for them a perennial fountain of joy and aesthetic delight, which will help to sustain them when the time comes for them to face the confusion and the vulgarity which characterize so much of modern life.

The ethical value of the masterpieces we are considering is very great. They reveal the nobler side of human nature. By showing the *Nemesis* that waits upon wrongdoing, the confusion that overwhelms the pusillanimous who, heeding the call of pleasure or ambition, dally with duty, they develop the moral fiber and fix the attention on all that is good and high and noble. This is especially the case if opportunity is afforded of taking part in the presentation of these soul-dramas.

Unspoilt children are born actors, and in allowing them to take part in the presentation of a really great play, they quickly learn self-expression, and what is infinitely more important, self-discipline, subordination, and definiteness of aim.

"The creative impulse," as Katherine Tingley says, "comes from within." Every normal child possesses it and strives to use it, unless thwarted and repressed by wrong methods in education, as can be seen by anyone who will observe children at play when they feel free from the restraint to which well-meaning but often unwise people subject them. They dramatize everything, even the most insignificant events in life, giving them new meaning. The writer has listened to groups of children, who, believing themselves unobserved, dramatized in sheer delight incidents they had witnessed. Their gestures were natural and the modulation of their young voices almost perfect. They corrected one another, suggesting a better rendering; and not content with enacting the scene once, they repeated it several times. And yet these same children, in school under an inefficient or unsympathetic teacher, would have been awkward, tongue-tied, and perhaps listed as stupid.

That is one reason why Katherine Tingley insists so much upon the necessity of an adequate training of the teacher in self-knowledge and in self-discipline, so that he may thus acquire an insight into the marvelous powers latent in the human soul, and which seek expression in the child-soul no less than in the more fully awakened soul of the adult. Indeed, these may be more active in the child than in the adult, for their manifestation has not been inhibited by a course of wrong thinking and action. Above all, the teacher ought to have experienced in his own nature something of the process and the joy of 'self-directed evolution,' so as to be able to communicate his own enthusiasm and confidence to those in his charge.

As has been truly said, "there are aesthetic and spiritual values in education" which cannot be ignored if education, as an art, is to be successful. The aim of the teacher, according to Katherine Tingley, should be to develop the nature of the child integrally, but spiritual

values must be supreme. If this were indeed the case, we could bring up a generation which would speedily banish from music, from art, and from life all that demeans and serves only to inflame the passions of the lower nature. Education would then be an initiation into truth and goodness.

Now, in the hands of the great dramatists, ancient as well as modern, the drama is the mirror of the soul. In their works is portrayed the struggle between the forces of good and evil, which have their seat respectively in the higher and the lower nature; we see revealed the secret springs of the dual nature of man, ever urging him to action, now plunging him into the hell of passion, now raising him into the heaven of aspiration and high endeavor. They teach us that man determines his own destiny, according as he reacts in response to, or repulsion against, the karmic impulses which he, in common with the rest of mankind, has engendered in his previous earth-lives,— for it is impossible to understand how human nature has become what it is without the doctrine of Reincarnation.

That man need not be, as is popularly supposed, the slave of Karma, is proved by the fact that his character is constantly changing in accordance with what he *wills* to think and do. Let a man but call into action the Spiritual Will, which is his as a spiritual being, and he is lord of his Karma and his destiny. The self-controlled man is the free man, the man of character, which has been defined as 'a perfectly educated will.'

The dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Corneille, and Goethe, to mention only a few of the master-minds of ancient and modern times, are a powerful aid in the awakening and orientation of this Spiritual Will. They reveal the workings of the mind and heart, and so stimulate and direct the awakening moral perception in the period when character, the most important thing in life, is in the process of formation. Their theme is the conflict between desire and aspiration, between the natural and the spiritual will; and so great is their dramatic genius that it becomes in their hands a means for the purification of the soul — what the Greeks called *katharsis*, a 'purgation' of all the baser elements of our nature; they show us man in his relation to *Reality*, to the *All*, and in such a way that he is under the necessity of revealing his inmost nature, the bad elements along with the good, which must work themselves out to the very end, according to the ineluctable law of Karma, in order that Justice may be done.

And so the drama becomes the great awakener of sympathy,— sympathy with the sufferings of others; and our own sufferings, which are only too apt to engross our attention, fall into their proper place as

contributing elements in the evolution of a nobler humanity. It is the realization of the oneness of mankind, of the great fact that we form an organic whole, the members of which are bound together by indissoluble ties, in victory as well as in defeat.

Sympathy re-creates not only the individual but society as well, for there exists a kinship between souls which overcomes indifference and egoism, causing us to rejoice when others rejoice and to suffer when others suffer. It is the fruit of the recognition of the ONE SELF which is in all men and leads to the practice of Universal Brotherhood, one of the cardinal teachings of Theosophy. As Vergil says, "Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction."

A work of art, especially a dramatic presentation, demands something more than merely passive contemplation. Consciously, or if not, unconsciously, we relate ourselves to what we contemplate. We become what we admire for the time being; permanently, if the admiration is sincere and endures. All true art is the effort to reproduce with added perfection, and therefore a beautiful picture, a noble poem, a great drama, not only stir the imagination, but awaken thought and stimulate the creative instinct. The works of art which do this endure throughout the centuries. It is their power to do this that constitutes their immortality and raises them into the ranks of the classics. The Trilogy of Aeschylus, the *Faust* of Goethe, will never grow old. Succeeding generations may interpret them differently, but all will feel their power and truth, for they deal with the ever-recurring problems of the human mind.

When we say that great drama takes us out of ourselves, we are really living a richer, fuller, diviner life than we ordinarily do. We leave aside the petty, personal self, in order to share in the Greater Self my deeper self and yours — which manifests in humanity as a whole, and of which our true self is an individualized facet.

Amid all the vicissitudes of the great drama of human life, in which we are both spectators and actors, it is this ideal man which each bears within himself, that is seeking expression, and it is our failure to recognise this that produces the conflict and struggle which constitute this drama.

In the drama then, as has been already said, we see represented, as in a mirror, the greater drama of human life, and learn to see things according to their eternal values, or, as Spinoza puts it, "*sub specie aeternitatis.*" For, unless we have learnt to stand off, as it were, from life in order to see it from an impersonal point of view, we are apt to be

confused and overwhelmed by the details, and to lose sight of the greater issues towards which evolution is tending.

A sense of proportion is essential; 'light and shade,' 'good and evil,' are inevitable in all manifested life, whether it be that of a world or of an individual. In the time-process, to which the evolution of both is subject, the less perfect comes before the more perfect, and so conflict is inevitable. Unless the less perfect is transcended there can be no progress.

The perfectibility of man is one of the basic principles of Theosophy. It is the function of art as of life to harmonize contradictions and resolve discords. Moreover, human nature being what it is, these alternacies are inevitable, and the seemingly most insignificant act of life may be fraught with the greatest consequences.

As Theosophy teaches, "There is no escape, even through death, from the supreme necessity of self-conquest." This is the real explanation of "the dark background of necessity," which is so marked a feature in Greek drama, and is especially evident in the famous Trilogy of Aeschylus, revealing the relentless march of Karma, distributive as well as individual; for a wrong act, once done, involves others besides the perpetrator and persists until made right.

And, if it be objected that Karma is a purely Oriental conception and foreign to Western thought, I would remind the reader that we all accept the Christian teaching: "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But this is an aspect of Divine Law that is not much stressed nowadays.

Clement of Alexandria says truly: "Some souls are ill to cure, and like iron are wrought into shape with fire and hammer and anvil." It is the life-history of such souls that lends itself most readily to dramatic treatment.

All who are disheartened by their repeated failures or those of humanity to lead a more perfect life, would do well to meditate on the teaching of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, from which all the great world-religions derive their sublimest doctrines. In *The Voice of the Silence*, which contains some of its most precious truths, it is written: "Compassion is no attribute. It is the LAW of Laws . . . Alaya's SELF; a shoreless universal essence, the light of everlasting Right, and fitness of all things, the law of love eternal."

So, in Katherine Tingley's own words, "Fear nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences." Honestly retrieved, failures are but the preludes of future

victories for the soul that is consciously and resolutely advancing on the path of 'self-directed evolution.' If we will but grasp the truth of the essential divinity of Man, we cannot but see that this must be the case.

What then is our duty in the situation in which we find ourselves? It is to play well the part assigned to us in the great drama of life, to be true to the highest in us, leaving the result to the Divine 'Artist,' whose 'creation' — using the word in its artistic sense — the whole universe is. "Shakespeare was right," to quote William Q. Judge, "in saying that life is a play, for the great life of the soul is a drama, and each new life and rebirth another act in which we assume another part and put on a new dress, but all through it we are the self-same person."

AN ENTRANCING DRAMATIC SPECTACLE:

Presentation of Shakespeare's "Tempest" at the Greek Theater

LEONARD LESTER

THE spirit of Poetry was a visible presence of beauty at the Greek Theater, Point Loma, on the evening of Thursday, April 28th, when Shakespeare's *Tempest* was played by Students of Theosophical University under Katherine Tingley's personal direction. The mystic accent of solemn or joyous beauty which rings like a fairy-bell throughout the entire play was never marred nor lost amidst the varied moods of its richly embroidered fantasy.

The opening scene, overcast with the blackness of approaching storm, is intensified by an ominous lull into which the faint roar of the ocean, borne up the canyon, murmurs a prelude to the awakening storm-voices which soon hiss and bellow and boom around us in a frenzy of lightning and thunder.

Above these elemental voices, growing nearer and nearer, are heard the cries of the ship-wrecked mariners in desperate plight; and although no actual ship is before us, so perfect are the acoustics, so graphic the realism — the welter of mountainous billows, the hiss of wind-driven spray — that in imagination we see the stricken ship with her drenched, clinging crew, heaving slowly in the black trough of enormous seas — doom-driven and helpless in a welter of smothered foam.

The full dramatic value of the opening scene is thus realized by the simplest means, aided by Nature under the open sky.

Very fitting seems the elemental conflict that issues in the play, for it is with the visible and invisible agencies in Nature and being on all planes that it deals — divine, human, and elemental — the unseen denizens of earth and air — for all are in league together in our adventure tonight.

In Prospero we see enlightened intelligence in a task of readjustment, tracking the fateful strands of thought and action through their inner affinities of cause and effect in the mystic web of human destiny and restoring the harmony of compassionate justice. So this elemental voice of tragedy which opens the play strikes its keynote and issues in its calmer movement. It may be compared with the opening theme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which echoes, in those first ominous four notes, the relentless knock of Fate at the door of human life.

As the storm abates the growing light reveals Prospero's Cave — a huge rock,— within whose mysterious cavern-mouth the Magician himself is dimly seen, engrossed in his potent art. From the depths of those shadows, or from caverns below where they lie sleeping, what strange shapes of the weird, the grotesque, or the graceful and the faery, shall troop forth, summoned by that so potent art — the visualized agents of invisible forces of retribution, unerring in their appointed paths, evoked in the cause of justice and clothed in its dignity, and glad in their career of chastisement. You shall see this many-voiced chorus of apparitions hound their appointed victims in a brave turmoil of color and quaint wonder of shapes, tragic and gay and grotesque, joined to the frolicsome revels of singing fairies — some jauntily bestriding sea-horses — and all mingling and flitting in a bright motion of wild and airy grace.

Seated in this charming Greek Theater, built into a natural canyon, facing the broad Pacific, the sweet influences of surrounding Nature, of ocean, and starlit sky, enfold the glowing scene before us, blending with the atmosphere of the play; and although at first, like old Gonzalo, we "may yet taste some subtilties of the isle that will not let us believe things certain," we soon cross the barrier of the actual and look on with a relieved sense of kinship and something of Ariel's detached, carefree enjoyment.

The second scene, in its combined power and charm, holds us from the start. We are on the desert island, before Prospero's cell. Prospero and Miranda are conversing; and answering his daughter's inquiries the magician unfolds the story of his identity as the wronged Duke of Milan, of his banishment, and their perilous voyage and arrival on this desert island twelve years ago. Then Ariel enters, and in the lively colloquy that follows, we learn the import of the tempest raised by Pros-

pero's art and of the shipwrecked souls who are his old enemies now brought into his power and whom Ariel reports safely ashore, scattered in groups about the island.

So that when the second act shows us the group of shipwrecked courtiers, half-dazed by their battle with the elements, alternately charmed and bewildered by the invisible Ariel, we possess the key to the situation; and the villainies and plottings of Antonio and Sebastian, the simple integrity of Gonzalo, the moods and manners of all the varied characters —all take shape and blend naturally into the strange new world, and from this point onward we see all the events converging surely toward a destined end.

Much of the spiritual import that ensouls this drama was brought out in broad direct strokes. Its essential spirit was unerringly touched into flame in many scenes of unsullied beauty and power. At the very heart of the play is its conception of the pervading unity of Nature; the underlying idea of man's responsible co-operation with Nature recurs again and again throughout its entire action and comprehends all its kingdoms and planes, visible and invisible.

Man is seen to wield creative forces which react upon him according to the impress given them by him, divine or brutal. He is seen linked in an alliance of eternal responsibility even with the wild elements themselves, and the tempest which names the play and opens its action takes on a deeper significance in the powerful scene of the *spectral banquet* which closes the third act, in which Ariel, harpy-winged and lustrous in dark plumage of silver, flashes in a vision of terror upon the guilty conspirators, now nerveless in Prospero's power, and confronted by their own 'foul deeds,' for which

> "The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
> Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
> Against your peace."

So that the whole of outraged Nature is here made to voice its reproach against that red-handed cruelty which, in men called civilized, is more savage than the elements themselves. "Though the seas threaten they are merciful," says Ferdinand; it is the boisterous Antonio alone who "feels not this deity in his bosom." And the noble old Gonzalo, gazing amazed at those 'strange shapes' of the spectral banquet, just described, is moved to exclaim of these weird "people of the Island,"—

> ". . . Though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
> Their manners are more gentle kind, than of
> Our human generation you shall find
> Many, nay, almost any."

This burden of Earth's invisible, elemental children, forced to

take the impress of man's brutalities, is also voiced by Aeschylus in *The Eumenides,* in which the Furies, unwittingly impelled to become the scourges of avenging justice, are seen as agents in the restoration of that divine harmony which, through Athena's wisdom — as by Prospero's beneficent magic (for the two sound the same keynote of Justice) — transmutes or resolves the harsh discords of hate into a symphony of Peace.

But through these more solemn notes of *The Tempest* sound the pure strains of its Ariel-music; its shadowy fantasy is relieved by pictures, bright, comic, or festive with the glow of rustic mirth. In Ariel, whose sun-rayed heart throbs to the joyous ecstasy of freedom, zephyr-like, it springs into words: "I drink the air before me"; and yet it is not by the vulgar sense of size that Ariel's domain is measured, for "in a cowslip's bell I lie" hints at an infinitude within the finite. And with what prophetic significance does the bright idyll of Ferdinand and Miranda prefigure a new humanity yet to be reborn!

Carlyle hails Shakespeare's "joyful tranquillity and overflowing love of laughter"—"a laughter like sunshine on the deep sea,"— and indeed, in nearly all his plays is a living scroll of entertainment for the jolly-hearted ones; and so Trinculo and Stephano, confirmed optimists as they are drunkards, regale us with rollicking drolleries copious as that butt of sack which so bravely bore the water-proof butler shoreward. And together, with their new-found ally Caliban, they make as strange a picture as ever dramatist fitted with perfect accord into his fantasy.

These, also, have their ambitious dream, their crude conspiracy, and seem, on a lower level, to reflect, in a kind of humorous burlesque, the villainies of Antonio and Sebastian.

Of Caliban, a strange mystery of dumb stagnation overshadows him; symbolic he is, truly, in the contrasting extremes of the brutal and the human, and his heritage of the 'ancient' and the 'fish-like' may hint at some far-off tragedy of human disgrace — behind the outer veil of comedy.

The frantic stampede of these three when hounded by those fantastic shapes is a quaint note of humor; one suspects that the gentle persuasions of these strangely fanged and horned creatures of rueful visage are already no strangers to Caliban's scaly hide.

The memory lingers with delight over this gracious company of creatures whose visible vestures have been designed with such prodigality of invention and ingenuity of craftsmanship; and together with the costumes of the actors, particularly those of Ariel and Prospero, did so much to enhance the striking effectiveness of the spectacle. In the

variations and color-harmony of the stage-groupings, dances and rhythmic movement, there was a strange fascination.

This sketch would be incomplete without special mention of Prospero, for it is he who dominates the play, and, together with his Ariel, is its controlling spirit. Symbolizing the sovereignty of the soul-powers in man, his character is expressive of grandeur and power. This ideal was finely conceived and realized by the actor whose able rendering of the lines and simple dignity of presence and bearing gave distinction to the whole play.

To the actors generally no higher compliment can be paid than that you felt through their admirably concerted acting the ideal they strove to express. You felt it in the sincerity of manner, the distinction and clear reading of the lines, in the sense of reserve power and poise, and in the gestures — confined to the significant and essential.

Whether their ideal was fully attained is not the point, they were beyond a doubt imbued with it — and so far expressed it. And something far greater than the credit of personal mention must reward all who contributed to a production which touched the heart with a beauty so caressing yet so stately; and graced with something of that 'heavenly music' which Prospero invoked —

> "To work mine end upon their senses, that
> This airy charm is for."

[NOTE: For additional critical comments concerning Katherine Tingley's production of *The Tempest*, see last month's issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. See also that of May, 1926, Volume XXX, No. 5, which contains twenty-seven half-tone engravings of this great drama, as presented in the Greek Theater, on April 16 and 17, 1926, as well as an illuminating analysis of the play by Kenneth Morris, Professor of Literature at Theosophical University, Point Loma; and reprints of excellent newspaper reviews.]

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES"

RALF LANESDALE

SO runs an ancient maxim: and its worldly wisdom is honored in general observance. Yet there is a deeper wisdom hidden in the witty paraphrase of this old proverb put into the mouth of one of the characters in *Alice in Wonderland.* "*Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.*"

The reason for this is that the sense is the inward quality, the spiritual significance; while the sound is the expression of the outer

character, the formative principle. For all expression of ideas is creation, and the expression of form is a function of the creative spirit.

We hear much at present about the duty of self-expression, but of what self? The mind of man is a duality, and consequently the conception of the self is dual, and it is necessary to watch carefully lest one be deceived into accepting the lower, instinctual self for the true, the spiritual, the impersonal, universal Self.

And how may the truth be known? How may the wisdom of the lower self be distinguished from that of the pure spiritual principle? By finding the true self there where it belongs, in the depths of one's own heart.

There is in the heart of man a ray from the pure spirit which expresses itself as a sense of the eternal fitness of things. This principle is best expressed as love; if we can conceive of love as an impersonal radiation, which seeks no return, but which identifies itself with that essential fitness which is the eternal test of truth.

The value of proverbs lies in the indication they provide of the conception of the meaning and purpose of life, current among the users of these words of wisdom. The maxim that here serves as point of departure, is based upon the idea of acquisition, whether of wealth or of knowledge, the ideal of getting, which involves separateness and growth by more and more getting. But the wisdom of the fool is deeper; *Take care of the sense,* that is to say, attune your mind to the abstract sense of the eternal fitness of the never-changing now; which is the spiritual creative principle in operation.

Every work of art is a creative operation, a manifestation in form of the formless energy of pure spirit, through the creative power of the Logos, the word, or sound. All creative work is of the nature of an act of giving. It is not based upon the idea of cumulative getting; for life is true self-expression: it is an utterance, the first act of which, and the last, is of the nature of free giving, and that is love; and only possible to love; which saying, to the worldly wise, is an uttered foolishness. Whereas the witicism contains a true expression of the deepest wisdom: "*Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.*"

"THE gradual assimilation by mankind of great spiritual truths will alone revolutionize the face of civilization and ultimately result in a far more effective panacea for evil than the mere tinkering of superficial misery. Prevention is better than cure."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

UNIVERSAL SERVICE

HUGH PERCY LEONARD

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step."— *The Voice of the Silence*

MANY who are attracted to Theosophy imagine that a course of reading, both extensive and intensive, is a necessary condition for success; and certainly a knowledge of the general outlines of Theosophy is of great value. By a knowledge of the basic principles we can regulate our conduct with assurance and understanding, and becoming convinced of their truth we also feel the urge of compulsion to fortify our resolution. But a theoretical knowledge of Theosophy may coexist with careless living and callous indifference to the sufferings of others, so that it becomes plain that something more than the mere theory is required.

True progress in Theosophy consists in such a widening of the mind's horizon that self-regarding aims and personal ambitions are quietly dropped in favor of interests of a more enduring kind. As impersonal motives gain the upper hand and become habitual, there follows a realinement of all the forces of our nature, and we find ourselves taking part in a conflict where powers and essences impersonal and vast, wage war on issues which transcend our power to comprehend.

The study of books is good, and yet what is it but the study of life's reflexions in the mirror of an author's temperament? Far better surely is the first-hand observation of life itself as it unrolls its intricately woven web unceasingly before our eyes so that, in the intimate struggle with stubborn circumstance in our effort to carry out our principles, we may test the truth of our theories.

The basic principle of Theosophy is the common origin of all things, from which it follows that solidarity is the law of life; and thus we realize that in our dealings with others we must recognise the fact that our interests and responsibilities are identical. Real separation is a thing impossible, for though our bodies are systems complete in themselves, in our essential being we blend, and the advance of one along the line of higher development inevitably helps on the progress of humanity as a whole.

Once convinced of our essential unity, it is seen to be but logical that the individual must exert himself for the betterment of the whole of which he forms a part, and thus the first step on the Path is the realiza-

tion that the only method for success is effort for others in every act and thought in life. Ambition for a personal success dissolves and reappears transformed and glorified as quenchless enthusiasm for the welfare of the race as a whole.

When we have once accepted it, the idea of solidarity is found to justify itself in every relation in life, and as we live our lives from day to day in the light of this truth, we find fresh proofs on every hand. Thoughts and feelings supposed to be peculiar to ourselves are found to be the common property of all, and cyclic waves of soul-refreshing, imagined as exclusively our own, reveal their influence in those around: as when the tide comes flooding in it makes high water in a thousand individual bays and inlets up and down the coast.

If any one finds himself through misunderstanding repelled by aims so universal in their scope, let him reflect on the alternative — a narrow life devoted to the interests of his microscopic perishable self. What lasting satisfaction can be found in heaping up a fortune in a world where moth and rust and thieves are active all the time? And even if our wealth may be invested in securities beyond the reach of loss, the lifeless hand of the investor must very soon relax its grasp.

We stand between two infinities, one stretching back to a past with no conceivable beginning, the other reaching forward to a future with no imaginable end; and what enduring advantage can there be in building up a great reputation, in achieving social success, or winning renown as the leader of an influential party through the stormy seas of political strife?

Whatever we accumulate, Time gnaws with its relentless tooth, and then turns on the owner grinding his bones to use in building other perishable forms for other men during their temporary stay among material things. Where are the towering reputations of old Atlantis? Their very names are less substantial than this morning's dew, and lofty halls and splendid palaces where lived a race of godlike power who held the key to many a secret nature-force, are now the haunts of deep-sea fishes; while, as they glide far overhead, Atlantic liners bear their human freight wholly unmindful of the relics of past glories in the depths below.

And yet the human race lives on by virtue, which leads us back to reimbodiment on earth. Our vestures turn to dust and disappear, the soul defies the tooth of time and while the ages come and go it still endures. If we want to produce lasting results we must concentrate on the never-ending stream of human lives and not on fleeting personalities.

Our evanescent selves have been poetically compared by Robert Herrick to fading daffodils whom he addresses as follows:

"We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

And yet although the dew dissolves in vapor very soon, the drops re-form and glitter on the blades of grass anew with every morning's light.

It does not follow that the man who decides to work for the race at large will throw himself into the various kinds of social service and reform-movements which are the usual outlets for the energies of those who are impersonally minded. Fully embued with the idea of solidarity, he will realize that by controlling the lower tendencies in himself, he is in reality helping every other man in his struggle with the selfsame forces. As we keep the light burning in our own hearts, its genial warmth and cheering rays diffuse themselves on those around. As was pointed out some years ago by one pledged to the age-long and unrecognised service of his fellows:

"You forget, you who let your animal live on, merely checked and held within certain bounds, that it is a great force, an integral portion of the animal life of the world you live in. With it you can sway men, and influence the very world itself more or less perceptibly according to your strength."

Such workers care not at all to catch the public eye by showy gestures of philanthropy; but all unnoticed by the world address themselves to the less conspicuous enterprise of self-conquest. As they proceed with efforts towards self-mastery, the finer forces of their nature vibrate through the impalpable world of human thought and feeling and without spoken word they make their challenge to the god who wakes in but a very few, but slumbers in the heart of almost every one. All unperceived by outer sense they call on us to live the larger life that lies beyond the confines of the personality, and louder than the market's busy din or roar of city-street, tones of titanic import shake the ether, potent to temper and to rareify the very texture of the minds of men.

"No man has a right to say he can do nothing for others."

— *Katherine Tingley*

NEWTON

T. HENRY, M. A.

NEAR the close of the eighteenth century, England was suffering under an evil of which Macaulay says that, though little noticed by historians, "it may well be doubted whether all the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad Kings, bad Ministers, bad Parliaments, and bad Judges, was equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings."

These are strong words, yet well justified. That evil was the debasement of the coinage. Recent experience, especially in Germany, has reminded us of the misery of not knowing from day to day how much bread you may be able to buy with your hard-earned money; of discovering that your wealth, garnered through a lifetime of toil, has mysteriously evaporated, and condensed again into the pockets of those who have known how to profit by the general loss.

The old coinage had been clipped until it was a derision; it had been imitated until the false could not be told from the true. Circulating along with it was the new, milled, and good coinage, which was exported and hoarded, leaving the base pieces to circulate among the people. Nobody, were he hand-laborer, or brain-worker, could tell what might be the actual buying power in bread and meat of the handful of base money he might receive. So great, so rapidly increasing was the suffering, that, unless a speedy remedy were found, revolution would overwhelm the country, bringing in its train worse misery than ever. Yet, as in the case of the victim of some drug habit, the cure seemed as hard to bear as the disease.

Fortunately, England had at her command statesmen of transcendent practical wisdom, philosophers of surpassing speculative ability, and a people willing to trust them. Somers and Montague, the statesmen, called to their aid two men of surpassing speculative ability, to devise the remedies which were destined to retrieve England from this frightful dilemma. The name of one was John Locke; of the other, Isaac Newton.

We have spoken of Newton as a man of great speculative ability. But he was more. He was one of those rarer minds in whom speculative power is combined with practical ability. A little later we find him made Master of the Mint. The coinage of money had lapsed into in-

competent and venal hands. By the utmost efforts not enough new coin could be made to satisfy the demands of the new scheme of reformed currency. It was imperative to place the business in the hands of one competent individual. The name of the individual selected was Isaac Newton.

We have spoken of him as a man in whom were blended great speculative genius and great practical ability. But he was yet more: he was a man of fine character. He was one of those individuals whose appearance is as influential as it is rare; and the mark he has made continues ineffaceable in our memories, who celebrate in this year the centenary of his death. And well it is that we should thus commemorate; for what has more power to inspire than a fine example, or what surer proof can we have of the reality of excellence than a living instance of excellence incarnate?

A man must be judged in relation to the times in which he lived. This was the age in which Puritan sects forbade people to attend bear-baiting spectacles, not, says Macaulay, "because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." Yet we hear that Newton, in advance of his age, hated blood-sports and refused to call a man his friend because that man "loveth killing of birds."

We quote Hume's summary of Newton's character as follows:

"In Newton this island may boast of having produced the greatest and rarest genius that ever rose for the ornament and instruction of the species. Cautious in admitting no principles but such as were founded on experiment, but resolute to adopt every such principle, however new or unusual; from modesty, ignorant of his superiority above the rest of mankind, and thence less careful to accommodate his reasonings to common apprehensions; more anxious to merit than acquire fame; he was, from these causes, long unknown to the world. But his reputation at last broke out with a luster which scarcely any writer, during his own lifetime, had ever before attained. While Newton seemed to draw the veil from some of the mysteries of nature, he showed at the same time the imperfections of the mechanical philosophy, and thereby restored her ultimate secrets to that obscurity in which they ever did and ever will remain."

The mechanical philosophy was Hume's bugbear; but, though we may think him somewhat pessimistic, and a bit dogmatic on his own account, in his last remark, we can follow him in seeing no reason for making Newton responsible for any scientific mechanicalism that may have mined in his quarry. In well-known passages from his writings he speaks of his vivid sense of the littleness of his attainments — of how he seemed to be a child playing with toys amid the vastness of Nature's works.

No attempt is made here even to summarize Newton's work as a natural philosopher. A mathematician, introducing new methods; a

physicist, exploring and systematizing the mysteries of light and color; it is by his mighty generalization regarding the ordered motions of the worlds that he is ever memorable even to the most ignorant. He proved that one great law extends throughout the universe as far as our utmost vision can penetrate. But he did not dogmatize as to the cause of that law. With too clear a mind to erect an abstraction into an entity, he created no vice-god, to be christened 'Gravitation,' and to be endowed with the power of pushing or pulling the orbs in their eternal circlings. He was content to discover the How; he sought not to probe with his mere intellect the ultimate mysteries. A sincerely religious man, his discoveries only enhanced his reverence for powers whose comprehension lies beyond the scope of the mere mentality.

The advance of science has rendered requisite the adoption of new frameworks for our thoughts. But, so far as we have accomplished anything in this direction, it is by embroidering upon, not by replacing or upsetting Newton. The more new discoveries are made in science, the more it becomes necessary to teach the fundamentals of science.

The age of mechanical philosophy is rapidly waning. And our progress takes us nearer to the great pioneer. Already Light is being reinstated as a substance, which is how Newton regarded it. But a substance is merely one of the vestures of — what? The most jealous scrutinies of science only suffice the more to reveal a universe filled with, made of, Life, omnipresent Life. And behind Life stands Mind.

A PLEASING PLATITUDE

R. MACHELL

"This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

WHY NOT? Is not this a rather large assumption? Is a man's own self so necessarily wise and true that he has but to follow its dictates to be safeguarded against all temptation to misconduct? What is a man's own self, anyway? If it is himself how can he be false to it? If his 'own self' is other than himself, what is it? and what is he? and which is which?

I have so often heard this windy aphorism quoted as the last word of worldly wisdom that at last I set myself to seek some explanation

of what seemed to me no better than a jingling platitude designed to catch the ear with an affectation of philosophy.

I asked myself how many of us are there in me. How many selves am I? Can I be other than I? Can I be other than mine own self? Assuredly the old Polonius was a babbler, and yet his platitudes are strangely plausible. I can hold converse with a something, or a some-one in me, that I call myself, and that can answer me as if I were another than myself. How many are we? Which of us is the true self? Is the sense of self a mere delusion? What, and who, and where, is the reality?

The one thing that is sure to me is this, that 'I am I.' Yet in that very statement there are two of us, two I's. This is the mystery of Self, the mystery of human consciousness; for I imagine that we all share this same experience, the assurance of our own egoity, the ineradicable certainty that I am I. The trouble is that our egoity does not rest satisfied with this assertion but proceeds to an assumption of more questionable quality declaring our individual separateness from one another and the rest, which separateness is apparently denied by the identity of our individual declaration of egoity; for we all say 'I am I.'

In what way do they differ, all these I's? The egoistic formula for the expression of our individual identity stands, in reality, as a positive assertion of unity, not of collective but of essential unity. There is no 'I' but I.

There is no separateness in the supreme Self-consciousness. There is no God but God, there is no Ego that is not a manifestation of the universal consciousness, the great 'I am.' Therefore the ancient wise ones spoke of "the great dire heresy of separateness." They spoke also of "the many in the One, and the One in the many." They said that man was the microcosm and the universe the macrocosm, both the expression of the universal Self, or the Divine Will.

Self is a mystery, not a delusion; for all selves are reflexions of the One Reality, the universal SELF. The great delusion lies not in the sense of self, but in the sense of separateness of selves from one another and from the supreme or universal Self. From this 'dire heresy,' this sense of separateness, spring all the sin and sorrow in the world. Man's pride is but the natural error of mistaking the reflexion for the original, the personal ego for the divine SELF. His degradation comes from his loss of contact with the divine part, or spiritual essence, of his complex nature.

Granted the knowledge of this duality in man, then is much wisdom in the advice of old Polonius to his son: "to thine own self be true."

But lacking this understanding of the complexity of human nature, the advice is either meaningless or it is misleading.

The worship of the lower self is madness but it is so general that it is often taken for 'common sense,' and is admired as evidence of strength of mind. The masses of mankind know nothing of their own duality. Their minds are mirrors which reflect the motions of the 'herd-mind' which stands to them for conscience. Such men would of necessity regard the 'herd-mind' as the self and they would look to it as the highest source of inspiration for good conduct and general morality. So to be true to their own self would be to act conformably to the dictates of the herd-mind, and so ensure approval of the common voice of public opinion. This would be quite in accord with the worldly wisdom of such philosophy as would find favor with an old court-chamberlain.

Theosophy is very old as well as new; for Truth is eternal, and eternity includes all time — the past, the present, and the future. So Shakespeare may have been quite familiar with the duality in human nature, and may have made old Polonius speak wiser than he was aware of. For if the words 'thine own self' refer to the Higher Self, then it must truly follow that the one so guided could not stray from the path of honor: for the guide in that case being the Universal Spirit would be identical with Truth.

Interpreted in this fashion the advice is valuable, for it is tantamount to a declaration of the union of mortal man with the immortal Spirit through his own self. Assured of this divinity within, man has in his own self the key to all the mysteries of life, let him but use the key. Experience interpreted by intuition will teach him to distinguish between the promptings of the lower and the guidance of the higher self; and he will see a new meaning in the formula: "Look within for everything."

LEARNING AND DOING

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

A STUDENT of Theosophy finds, what students in other things find, that learning consists largely in doing. It is often remarked that the best way to teach a pupil anything is to set him doing it. It would be absurd to try to teach chemistry effectively without letting the students do practical work. When you study mathematics, it is always easier to study the example first and the rule afterwards. But study of the theory must not be neglected: theory and practice are both essential to knowledge.

Theory alone, without practice, gives a formal cut-and-dried view, which is apt to be found wanting when we try to apply it practically. This is why people who have never done a thing seem often to know more about how it should be done than those who *have* done it: their knowledge is merely theoretical; the other people have discovered the practical difficulties. On the other hand, practice without theory must necessarily waste much time in rediscovering things that were known before.

A study of books gives us the advantage of employing the brains and experience of people who have gone before us. I am not a carpenter; but, if I had to build a house, I could build a much better one by studying up the subject in a book first, than if I went to work on my own ideas. The same with cookery: if you had to eat what I cooked, would you not prefer that I should be furnished with a cookery-book? It would tell me when to put in the onions.

Let us apply these principles to the case of Theosophy. To begin with, the purpose of Theosophy was always the very practical one of bringing light and help to mankind. But, even on the supposition that our object is to study Theosophy and to master it, we shall find that this cannot be done without practice.

Book-study alone will never let in the light about the real meaning of any teaching. You can get a considerable amount of understanding, of a kind, about the law of Karma by reading about it; but this is very slight compared with what you can discover by watching the workings of Karma in your life. When it comes to such a doctrine as those relating to the duty and blessedness of being unselfish and altruistic, then the theoretical knowledge sinks into utter insignificance beside the knowledge that comes from experience. Compassion that does not result in a corresponding action is a mere idle sentiment, as H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out somewhere.

In the pioneer-days of Theosophy, emphasis was laid on making known its teachings; but as soon as a sufficient body of students had been gathered together, it became possible as well as necessary to lay more stress on the practical application of those teachings. Had this not been done, Theosophy would have become a purely intellectual pursuit, and to a great extent a form of moral self-indulgence; like some other beliefs and causes, it would have been without vigor or efficacy as a reforming influence, on account of the halfheartedness of its adherents.

And so nowadays we find that those who profess a belief in the teachings of Theosophy are expected to do their best to make these teach-

ings a real influence in their lives. Let us say rather that the students are given the opportunity of doing so; for, as just said, this is the only real way of learning at all, and it constitutes a privilege.

The art of doing does not consist in going forth to achieve great things, but in doing in the right way that which you have to do. It is not so easy to understand that practical Occultism consists chiefly in knowing how to do rightly the ordinary actions that come in our way; and in assuming the right attitude of mind towards our circumstances, whatever these may be. Yet this is the point to which experience brings us. We relinquish the vainglorious attempt to achieve mighty things; realizing that there are so many smaller things that must be done first; and that foundations must be laid true and firm ere anything can be erected.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUTH

ROSE WINKLER, M. D.

THE CELL AND THE AMOEBA

ACCORDING to the ancient teachings we understand that it has taken many millions of years for the overshadowing intelligence to shape the unwieldy vehicle or body into the human form we are familiar with today, and I truly believe that in time to come, as the man within thinks, lives, and serves nobly, the human body will gradually become still more refined and beautiful, reflecting the inner grace, so that the inner and outer man will act as one.

I feel that in my previous talk there was a need of saying more about the cell which reminds one very much of one of the lowest animals in the scale of life, called the amoeba. Scarcely more than a drop of jelly-like protoplasm, this creature lives, moves, eats, and multiplies, by dividing itself in the course of a day into two, and this process continuing constantly, can you not see why, as in the case of its close relative — the paramoecium or slipper-animal,— Biology teaches that it may be responsible for the production of 268,000,000 offspring in one month?

A brief sketch of this little animal may give you a picture of how the cells within the body function. This class of animal captures its food by means of pseudopods, or false feet. It and its kind have no distinct mouth or stomach. The mouth is wherever the creature chooses to open itself and take in the food-particle. The stomach is, so to say, in every

part of the internal substance; the food is digested wherever it may happen to enter and remain.

They have no eyes, yet they seem to direct their course intelligently. They have no visible nerves, yet when disturbed they contract into a small mass, and others of a different species withdraw into their shell. They also appear to feel some sort of sensation of hunger, for they select what they like. They are invisible; very soft and changeable in shape, and extending themselves in numerous long, blunt finger-like pseudopodia or false feet, which are lengthened or shortened at the creature's will.

This little sketch may enable you to see that there is an analogy between the human cell and the amoeba or a one-celled animal, that the laws governing both are the same, and that there is an alliance between man and Nature, and both are ever in a state of becoming.

When we think of the ages that it has taken to build up the human body, the highest form of evolution, it would be natural to suppose that one should wish to preserve the health, the purity, and beauty of this sacred temple, the vehicle of the reasoning and aspiring power within.

IF . . .

R. MACHELL

IF I were a millionnaire . . . if I were President, or King, or anything but what I am; what I would do; what generosity I would display; what deeds of heroism I would perform; what acts of mercy; what benevolence! How men should marvel at my wisdom and all the world rejoice, if only I could have the opportunity! *If* I were . . . !

Such thoughts are common enough. There is no lack of such ideals with an *If*. But why are the results so barren? Why do so many of our ideals make default when tested? The insincerity of man accounts for but a small part of this bankruptcy of our ideals. There is a deeper cause, much more far-reaching and disastrous. It lies in a total misconception of the meaning of the word 'opportunity.'

Most people assume that their ideals are real motive-powers to action; or that they will become so, if only a favorable opportunity should present itself. Let them search their actual experience in order to learn how far that expectation is justified by their own conduct. Do they

actually and habitually live up to the ideals that they hold; or do they look forward to the coming of a compelling opportunity, under the influence of which their high ideals will suddenly spring into activity?

If such is the habit of their life at the present time, why should that habit change? Has the practice of benevolence, for instance, become so habitual that under any unexpected circumstances they will feel, and respond to, that mental habit inevitably, under any circumstances? Will they, in fact, be able to recognise the opportunity? How can they do so? As they may have sown the seeds of habit in themselves, so shall they reap their harvest of lost opportunity, or find golden opportunity in every circumstance in life.

Are we not indeed the makers of our destiny? Nay, more; are we not truly the makers of all opportunity, since we are the sowers of the seed from which that harvest springs? Do we not, most of us, regard the golden harvest as our right, while utterly neglectful of the sowing of the seed? We cannot do so with impunity. We cannot reap the harvest unless we sow the seed. That is what most of us attempt to do, complaining then of lack of opportunity.

If only I were rich, how generous I would be; how practically benevolent; what sums of money I would be able to bestow upon the poor! — meanwhile I must devote myself to getting wealth; that is the seed that I must sow. But from such seed of practical avarice what golden harvest of benevolence can spring? Man cannot learn the art of giving by practising the art of getting. When, as he thinks, the time has come to give, he has forgotten how: the opportunity was forfeited long since. There remains only that monstrous IF, to mock his impotence!

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

OBSERVER

WHILE attention has been largely focused on the wonders of the Tutankhamen Tomb during the last four years or so, many other surprising and unexpected discoveries have been made in Egypt, such as the splendid white marble colonnade at the entrance to the sacred enclosure of the Stepped Pyramid of Sakkara, which is among the oldest stone buildings still existing according to the archaeologists; and the rich contents of the tomb of Queen Hetepheres, mother of King Cheops, the alleged builder of the Great Pyramid.

Hardly less interesting, though not so sensational as these, have been the results of the excavations in the western part of ancient Thebes, which have laid bare the quarter of the great metropolis where the sculptors and painters lived who carved and decorated the famous tombs of the Pharaohs in the neighboring Valley of the Kings.

Buried in the sand in the ruins of the houses were found painters' and sculptors' materials, chisels, colors, sketches, and other technical paraphernalia. Personal letters and account-books and registers were lying beside children's toys, toilet necessaries, and other articles of domestic life.

Not far from the artists' quarter stood their special cemetery, consisting of subterranean tombs, beautifully carved and painted. On reading the funerary inscriptions the names were revealed of the chief painters and sculptors, hitherto quite unknown, of the XVIII, XIX, and XX Dynasties (about B. C. 1600 to B. C. 1100) the period of the development of the New Empire, one of the greatest in Egyptian history.

The works of the painters Apui, Nakhtu-Amon, and Nefer-Renpit, and the architect Neferhotep, have long been admired, but nothing whatever was known of these names or personalities. It was not customary for artists to put their names on the great public monuments, and in one case in which this was surreptitiously done, as recently came to light, the sculptor seems to have made considerable trouble for himself. Now, a flash of light has illuminated the darkness of the ages, the anonymity of those craftsmen has been dissipated, and we get a momentary but vivid glimpse of the existence of some of the brilliant intelligences who so actively helped to make the glory and grandeur of the New Empire.

Much nonsense has been talked about the want of appreciation of color in ancient times; it has even been said by learned men that a sensitive color-sense must be quite a comparatively recent achievement in mankind. The Greeks are said to have confused black with blue, and Homer is taken to task for speaking of the 'wine-colored sea.' The argument is very shakily balanced on the limited number of words for colors, but it is entirely upset by Egyptian records dating from far earlier than the Homeric age. In Egypt many quiet as well as brilliant colors were used for thousands of years, as we find from the tomb-pictures, enamels, jewelry, painted mummy-cases, etc. The newly discovered artists' tombs at Thebes provide a complete vindication of the refined color-sense of the Egyptians.

These craftsmen lived at least as early as the generally accepted date of the Trojan War, afterwards celebrated by Homer, yet the following

is reported concerning the discoveries of the French Institute of Oriental Archaeology at Cairo in regard to the artists' ability as colorists:

"The decorators either copied their designs on to the wall with the help of a squared surface (the squares can still be traced in some of the slightly damaged frescoes), or, if they were better artists, produced original designs as they worked. In either case they obtained effects of perfect harmony and surprising softness.

"Thanks to the dryness of the air and the soil, the freshness of the coloring has been preserved. Certain yellow golds, pale greens, and soft blues, produce effects which we are often apt to believe belong to modern art. The inscriptions in the chapels are as instructive as the frescoes. They reveal the names of the chief painters and sculptors in Egypt, who will now be known as well as Pheidias and Praxiteles in Greece."

According to the teachings of Theosophy, the color-sense was certainly a matter of slow development in man, the red coming perhaps first, followed by orange, and so on up the spectrum; no doubt the next octave will become visible to a more advanced mankind in the future. But this development of the color-sense took place ages untold before the Greeks or Egyptians, who were, to all intents and purposes, identical in physical capacity with the peoples of our day.

The subject of the delicacy of the coloring on the interiors of the Theban tombs suggests a problem that still awaits an answer: what kind of artificial illumination had the Egyptians so as to distinguish these delicate colors while painting in the dark subterranean cave-tombs far removed from the white light of day? Smoky torches or dim, flickering little olive-oil lamps do not seem to meet the case. The secrets of the ancient and learned land of Khem are not by any means all unraveled yet.

Another singularly inapposite reflexion is frequently made by writers who frequently comment on the incomprehensible Egyptian practice of burying the most beautiful works of art and craftsmanship, portrait-statues of the finest workmanship, elaborate wall-paintings, articles in gold, alabaster, ivory, etc., of exceedingly great value not only for their intrinsic worth but for the skill and labor lavished on them. It is said, how strange and sad that all these lovely things should be hidden away where no mortal eye could ever see them, and where, but for the robbers and the archaeologists, they would have remained for ever inviolate.

But the Egyptians did not look upon this question from our position at all. The popular and probably almost universal belief — and only a small proportion of even the learned, the higher initiates in the Temples, knew that this was merely a crude and easily comprehended way of putting forth a few facts about the *post-mortem* states between incarnations — was that the treasures buried with the deceased were by no means 'wasting their sweetness on the desert air,' but were effectually performing the functions for which they were designed. The lower principle or

principles of the defunct were supposed to need the pictures, the statues, the furniture, the mummified food, and the rest, for the preservation of his identity in some kind of dreamy existence.

We cannot cross-examine the ancient Egyptians to learn their true objects, and the inscriptions are very unsatisfactory, but it is clear that there was an element of superstition about their exoteric funerary customs, which increased in later ages.

Numerous texts and symbols exist showing that the Egyptians thoroughly understood the 'seven principles' or aspects of man's consciousness which are found so widely spread throughout the world's philosophies, and they clearly distinguished between the higher and the lower nature. The former, according to the *Book of the Dead*, after being purified from earthly attractions, passed onward to higher spiritual regions in union with the divine Osiris. This, the true spiritual man, was not the Ka or kâma-manasic double which was supposed to need the support of the material mummy and other relics for the preservation of its semi-intelligent consciousness.

The subject is very complex, and the majority of Egyptologists, who are consciously or unconsciously biased by the superficial materialism of our age, are not safe guides to the interpretation of a subject such as the Egyptian conception of the results of the death of the body upon the more subtile and spiritual principles of man.

A curious report has come from South Africa, saying that Egyptian paintings have recently been found on the roof of a shallow cave near Salisbury in Rhodesia. The discovery was not made by an organized expedition but accidentally by two men searching for cattle. Photographs were sent to Dr. S. P. Impey, an authority on South-African rock-paintings, and he is reported as saying that the pictures are undoubtedly Egyptian and cannot be fakes. The Associated Press on March 6, quotes Dr. Impey:

> "There are hundreds of crude bushmen-paintings in caves all over South Africa; but these are clearly of a different technique from anything discovered before.
>
> "There are eleven figures, apparently minstrels, playing stringed instruments unknown to bushmen. In the cave is a large rock where the artist must have rested, using a long brush to reach the roof. The painted figures wear Egyptian costumes, while bushmen's figures are always unclothed."

As Rhodesia is not less than two thousand miles from Egypt, this discovery is remarkable and unexpected, and new possibilities of research and information may be expected.

We have lately received excellent colored reproductions of the three superb 'anthropoid' (man-shaped) mummy-cases enclosing the

remains of Tut-Ankh-Amen, of his portrait-mask, his diadem, and other jeweled and golden treasures found in his tomb. Aside from the intrinsic value of these treasures, which is estimated at millions, their exquisite beauty as works of the highest art makes the discovery a really 'epoch-making event,' far more so than the ephemeral political changes which loom so large for a moment but are quickly forgotten.

The actual value of the gold and gems in a great royal tomb is an obvious reason why the Pharaohs took such elaborate precautions to preserve the secret of the burial-places, but the supreme desire for secrecy was the safety of the mummy. Rarely were they successful in concealing their tombs, nearly all of which were rifled by robbers, many even during the reigns of the great kings. Precautions of every kind, guards, cunning devices to conceal the entrances and to mislead any intruder if he got in, were tried, and in some cases the maledictions of the gods were threatened upon the impious disturber of the sacred peace of the dead.

The question of the possible efficacy of the curses fulminated against the violators of the tombs has been aroused lately by the large number of deaths which have occurred among archaeologists who have been more or less closely connected with the excavation of tombs in the Valley of the Kings in recent years.

Responsible archaeologists in general naturally hesitate to admit that such fatalities can be connected with any malefic power surrounding the tombs, though at least one has gone a long way in hinting that there may be some truth in the accounts of strange knowledge possessed by the ancient Egyptians, some of which has not perhaps entirely disappeared under the onslaught of modern skepticism and fashionable incredulity. Dr. J. C. Mardrus, one of the most distinguished Oriental scholars, speaking of the death of M. Georges Bénédite, director of Egyptian antiquities at the Louvre Museum, Paris, who assisted at the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, says:

"The death of Bénédite did not surprise me at all. There occurred at the same time the death of another Egyptologist, M. Casanova, of the Collège de France. Both of these men had taken part in the excavations in the Valley of the Kings. Since Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was opened there have been a succession of dramatic events which I had foreseen and announced a month in advance.

"I am convinced that the Egyptians for 7000 years possessed the secret of surrounding their mummies with some dynamic force, of which we have only the faintest idea.

Dr. Mardrus has been discussing his theory in the French paper *Œuvre*, and the editor says he was one of the seven authors and journalists who were invited some years ago to visit the tombs in the Valley of the Kings; all except Dr. Mardrus are now dead. He was recalled to Paris

from Cairo before he reached the Valley. The first death in connexion with Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was, of course, that of Lord Carnarvon, who died of blood-poisoning supposed to have been caused by the bite of a mosquito.

One writer suggests that the tombs may contain some poisonous powder mixed with the paint on the walls or shrines and that constant breathing of the effluvium may be fatal. In this way the ancient Pharaohs might have added a physical curse to their psychical methods of protection. No evidence has been offered to support this unlikely theory, which, if true, would surely have been discovered long ago in connexion with the numerous empty and robbed tombs of the kings and priests with their many subterranean chambers covered with fresco-paintings in brilliant colors. Shut off from connexion with the external atmosphere for thousands of years the air in those rooms (some of them hundreds of feet within the living rock) would have been charged with poison to such a degree that no one could have failed to notice its presence on first entering them.

Without committing himself to any definite opinion, Mr. Arthur Weigall, former Inspector-General of Antiquities in Upper Egypt, in his books *The Treasury of Ancient Egypt* and *Tut-Ankh-Amen and other Essays*, and elsewhere, gives some remarkable accounts of unexplained incidents that happened to him and also of stories related to him by responsible and educated persons which, while not all having reference to tomb-protection by unknown forces, forcibly suggest that the ancient Egyptian knowledge of certain sciences unknown to Western scholars today, is not extinct but only dormant. He says:

"I have heard the most absurd nonsense talked in Egypt by those who believe in the malevolence of the ancient dead, but, at the same time, I try to keep an open mind on the subject."

MADAME BLAVATSKY

[Reprinted from *Overseas*, London, England, February, 1927]

WE have received the following letter from a Member in British Columbia with reference to the article in the November number of *Overseas* on Krishnamurti:

"I am not, and have never been, a member of the Theosophical Society, nor of any organization bearing the name of Theosophy, but I have for many years studied the Eastern philosophy and

doctrine of which Madame Blavatsky was the original exponent in the West. Having found in her work answers to many problems not soluble for me elsewhere, I must protest against the quotation from a book on sleight-of-hand with which the writer on Krishnamurti disposes of the head and heart of the Theosophical Movement. It not only assumes that the views of a trickster upon psychic phenomena are correct, but far more misleading is the assumption that the validity and ethical value of H. P. Blavatsky's work could depend, under any circumstances, upon an exhibition of psychic phenomena. As one of the founders of the Theosophical Movement has written: 'If our philosophy is wrong a wonder will not set it right.'

"The impression that Madame Blavatsky was a charlatan was created by a report by the London Society for Psychical Research in 1885 concerning certain psychic phenomena which took place in India several years previously. Every type of force illustrated in these discredited phenomena has long since been recognised, even by popular opinion, *e.g.*, telepathy, radiant matter, inter-atomic energy. Wireless and the radio discoveries all demonstrate the possibility of manipulating forces hidden in Nature. Even in the region of Spiritualism similar phenomena have been accepted as genuine, not only by modern psychic science, but also by the S. P. R., but they have never retracted or revised their report of 1885.

"In any case these phenomena had nothing to do with Madame Blavatsky's real life-work, which was quite unique and forms a contribution of immense value to the study of comparative religion, science, and philosophy. The most wonderful 'phenomena' she produced were, and are, her books. A high tribute is paid to these in a new book on Madame Blavatsky by an impartial observer, Mr. G. Basedon Butt, author of *Modern Psychism.* After carefully reviewing all the theories of fraud, etc., connected with the phenomena, he comes to the final and crucial test, namely, her wonderful books. He declares she 'must have possessed the intellectual resources of at least three ordinary geniuses,' and adds: 'If it be true that a tree is known by its fruits, that men gather not figs off thistles, neither doth a good tree bring forth evil fruit, then is Madame Blavatsky justified for ever in the works which follow her.' (*Madame Blavatsky*, by G. Basedon Butt, London: Rider & Co., 1926)

"H. P. Blavatsky headed a great regenerating movement for the better understanding of the essential One-ness of spiritual life as a basis for the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, removing the plea from mere sentiment to logical deductions of its reality. Men were shown their common origin and the unity of their true interests. How far these broad

principles have been departed from in what now goes under the name of Theosophy is shown in the Star of the East campaign, replete with prophecies, bishops, elaborate ceremonial, and foisting a new 'World Teacher' upon its followers." [In 'The Overseas Forum', pp 62-63]

EVENING IN THE TYROL

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

IN the northeastern corner of Italy, that was so recently Austrian territory, is a fantastic group of mountains called the Dolomites. The rock is of a character that gradually dissolves away under the influence of wind and rain, to form rugged and columned precipices as the weathering progresses. People are attracted from all parts to the grand and beautiful scenery thus produced: *rücksackers* tramp over the passes with their heavy packs, to sleep and eat cheaply at the wayside inns; hotel-frequenters — people who play lawn-tennis day after day all through the summer — and motorists with powerful autos, travel over the difficult roads.

The air is hot in the surrounding towns, but it is cooler in the hills. The little public motor rattles its way along gorges and round twists without coughing too much; the scenery consists of perpendicular rocks on each side of a brawling stream, while the road climbs between the natural walls as in a narrow passage. The coach is a rickety old affair, with an engine with the temper of an imp and the heart of a lion. It is as if the mountain mule has been supplanted by a sort of mechanical brother with a similar temper.

Away from the busy hotel-village of Carezza one can cross the sward to the hill-tracks, and lo! one is at home with Nature. A stillness that can be felt is in the air, emphasized, as it were, at rare intervals, by a distant yodel. The trees rise up to the sheer vertical rocks, black and dark and mysterious as the evening sun slants across, lighting up the castellated formations with purple and gold.

The shadows creep higher and higher and the outlines soften and grow less distinct until at length twilight falls, and one wends one's way down from the quiet and peace of the wild to the mundane affairs of life.

THE GODS AWAIT

SVEN EEK

[A Paper read at a meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club]

THE great German philosopher and sage, Immanuel Kant, whose depth of thought still remains a puzzle to his thousands of commentators, once uttered the following: "There are two things I cannot explain, the starry firmament above, and the sense of moral responsibility in man." It is, in fact, very much the same thing that Thomas ab Aquino, one of the leaders of medieval scholasticism, said. He had collected and systematized the dogmas of the Roman church, at that time strongly under the influence of Aristotelian philosophy.

Man's place in the universe, his duties and ultimate destiny, will forever remain a mystery sealed from science divorced from religion — mysteries to the human brain, and a matter of faith to the religious devotee. But any thinking man must admit that a world like ours, part of a system of innumerable suns and stars, must be governed by intelligences of some kind.

The religious history of most great civilizations tells of the worship and adoration of the Sun, personified or not, as the case may be. The sun was the great architect of the universe; it gives life to everything and everybody; were it suddenly to disappear the earth and other planets would inevitably be destroyed.

In the dawn of 'time,' however, the human race had a more accurate knowledge of existence and its meaning. Unsullied by the desires that have wrought so much havoc in our present era, man knew his divine origin, felt the companionship of the Great Ones, and with mind unclouded he could perceive the inner mysteries of nature.

The more engrossed, however, that man became in the merely material world, the more his perception of things spiritual became dulled, until there finally remained in his mind only a vague reminiscence, an echo from a bygone past. But the Knowledge was not lost, it was only hidden, screened from the eyes of the profane. Great souls, whose lives have been so many moral crucifixions, because of misunderstanding on the part of those they wished to help, and the pity they have had for humanity struggling in the mire of sense and matter, have preserved the records of a glorious past to be used to inaugurate a still more glorious

future, a future that we shall visualize as soon as we rend the veil that clouds our minds.

It is the duty of all those who have had the inestimable privilege of learning some of the teachings of the Archaic Wisdom given out to the Western world by the great Messenger H. P. Blavatsky, to work for the enlightenment of their brethren, serving them as they have been served, loving them as they have been loved.

Let us evoke the power within us that has been waiting for ages to come forth and lead us onward to a golden future, to truly spiritual knowledge. Let us put ourselves under the guidance of our Higher Self, of the God within us, in order to go where other Gods await.

REINCARNATION

"A CONTEMPORARY, with admirable judgment, is staging a series of articles on the subject 'Have We Lived Before?' and featuring a number of people that do not wilt at the spotlight of publicity.

"It is truly a fascinating subject, and I am looking forward to reading the recollections of the worthy folk who in previous incarnations were Cleopatra, Julius Caesar, Joan of Arc, and other great ones of the past.

"At the same time there are a couple of points on which I am not quite clear.

"For example, half a dozen charming ladies have claimed to be the reincarnation of Helen of Troy, and each of their statements has brought conviction to me, at least.

"Now, in addition, I am sure that there are many hundreds of other ladies whose claims are equally justified.

"From this I have come to the conclusion that the owner of

> 'The face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilion'

was a syndicate, incorporated in Sparta, with powers to fascinate and-or subdue, to be kidnapped and-or not, to make war and-or peace, etc.

"Again, all the people who have vivid recollections of their previous existence were 'high-steppers' — princes, princesses, heroes, poets and what not. Never have I read of a man who recalled that he was once a Theban dust-man or a groom in the Augean stables.

"Can this be due to snobbishness? Are there people who are ashamed to admit the humble position they held in the distant past?

"I crave to know."— CHANTECLER, in *The Daily Chronicle*