

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"DEATH, so called, is but old matter dressed
In some new form. And in a varied vest
From tenement to tenement, though tossed,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And, as the softened wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves,
Now called by one, now by another name,
The form is only changed, the wax is still the same.
Then, to be born is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly.
That forms are changed, I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began."— OVID, *Metam.*, xv. Dryden's Trans

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

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(Stenographic report of the eleventh of a series of Lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley the Theosophical Leader and Teacher, in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following was delivered on September 4, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9)

RIENDS, both far and near: We have promised on various occasions during the course of our recent studies in this Temple, to take up the question of the evolution of animate beings on this earth more definitely from the Theosophical standpoint than we have hitherto done; and we are going this afternoon to begin that line of

thought, after a few necessary preliminary observations.

There is one point that I must call to your attention in order that you may have some adequate understanding of the manner in which we shall be obliged to treat this question of Evolution from the Theosophical standpoint. There is much of the Theosophical teaching that cannot be given to the public,

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for the reason that it belongs to the secret or esoteric or occult side of our philosophy, which under no circumstances is ever given out publicly.

You will readily understand that this rule or principle of action is one, dictated not by Theosophical selfishness (as some loose thinkers might suppose), which supposition would be absurd, but it is dictated by the necessities of the case: first, because these deeper teachings could not be understood by those whose minds have not been trained to understand them; and second, because they form the reward, a priceless treasure, of those who have given their lives or a large portion of their lives, to the Theosophical Cause and Work, and who have pledged their most sacred word of honor that under no circumstances whatsoever shall these holy teachings be publicly or indiscriminately given out, either by broadcasting them, which would be obviously a violation of that principle, or less publicly by word of mouth, be it even to one's nearest and dearest friend.

We regard these deeper, these more sacred, teachings as very holy indeed; but lest there be some misunderstanding regarding this reticence, please do not imagine for a moment that these teachings are held secret in any sense because they are sectarian or that they are such as good men and women would disapprove of, or because they are in the slightest degree or manner

tinged with any political color — absolutely not in any of these cases.

First, then, taking up the course of our study today, you will remember that we have pointed out what evolution, from the Theosophical standpoint, truly is. We use the word strictly in its etymological sense, as an unwrapping, an unrolling, or a coming out of that which previously had been inwrapped or inrolled; nor do we mean by evolution the mere adding of physiological or morphological detail to other similar details, or of variation to variation, or, on the mental plane, of more experiences to other mere experiences; which would be, as it were, naught but a putting of bricks upon an inchoate, formless, and shapeless pile of other bricks previously so placed together.

Nay, evolution to us and to our Teachers, is the manifestation of the inherent powers and forces of the evolving entity, be that entity what it may be — man, or the human race, or those other races of animate entities below the human. It is a coming forth of that which previously had been involved or inwrapped; and this we call evolution. It is the striving of the innate, of the inherent, of the invisible, to express itself in the manifested world commonly called the visible world. It is the drive, the urge, of the inner entity to express itself outwardly. It is rather a breaking down of barriers in order

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to permit that self-expression; the opening of doors, as it were, into temples still more vast of knowledge and wisdom than those in which the entity previously had learned certain lessons; than any mere adding of detail to detail, of variation to variation, be such morphological or physiological.

I feel it incumbent upon me to add in this connexion, that while evolution is usually used, and correctly used, of progressive advancement from the less to the more perfect, yet the term evolution likewise includes all orders of manifestation which bring out merely that which is inwrought; consequently, there is in one sense an order of inverse evolution which the word itself fully covers.

This may seem a little irrelevant, perhaps, at the present moment, but it actually is important as being an explanation of why certain animate stocks persist in life, from generation to generation, without showing any obvious or indeed actual advancement of type. The cause of this is what we Theosophists call the Law of Acceleration and of Retardation.

An entity in accelerated evolution, which is the usual case, proceeds steadily, serially, step by step, from the less to the more perfect; but a stock under the action of the Law of Retardation, may remain for ages more or less stationary. This is a very interesting and indeed important side-issue of our subject, which I may have occa-

sion, at a later date, more fully to explain.

Evolution proceeds on three general lines: the spiritual, the mental-emotional, and the astral-vital; and the physical body is the channel through which all these inwrapped capacities, tendencies, and powers, express themselves, if the environment at any particular moment or at any particular passage of time be appropriate and fit for that expression. The combination of these two — the inner urge, the drive, and a fit and appropriate environment — means the evolving, the coming out into manifestation, the expression, of those inner forces or powers.

As is evident, this includes a far wider and vaster conception of evolution than any that has hitherto been entertained in the ranks of the scientific researchers — the Darwinists for instance.

We have paid our compliments to that class of men, who are doubtless very earnest and honest men; and we need not here recapitulate what has been said, nor go over the ground which we have formerly covered in that connexion.

But while the particular method or theory called Darwinism, is, to a certain extent, as said last Sunday, now moribund or dying, nevertheless, as said before, there are a number of eminent men, whom I venture to call 'die-hards' — and I call them so with no intention of disrespect: for I do feel that they are men who are so imbued with the

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ideas that they have held for many years past that they cannot easily renounce them or exchange them for a newer method or theory; and every new discovery, every new insight and oversight that they have gained or made, seems to act merely as an occasion for another exercise of ingenuity in attempting to bulwark the old ideas to which they so strongly cling.

Some great men still hold to the Darwinian and neo-Darwinian theories. But the number of the protestants, that is, those who protest against these theories, is growing greater with the passage of every year. Greater men in ever larger numbers, are steadily coming into the ranks of the more modern theorists, leaving behind them, as being outworn, the theories of the old-fashioned thinkers.

Let me remind you, please, that there is in science, as was indeed the case in western religion for the last fourteen or fifteen hundred years, the same human tendency towards divergent beliefs; there are schools of thought in science which would be called sects, if we were speaking of religion. But being science, we politely call them schools of thought. We are perhaps more courteous to the scientists than the scientists and other religionists are to each other!

However, these schools of thought are veritable scientific sects. They have certain teachings to which their proponents cling with fervor; they have certain methods

or theories which they are prone to set forth as 'nature's laws,' to which they cling with equal fervor, and in some cases they have scant courtesy and small sympathy for the ideas and methods and theories of those who differ from them.

But, as I have already pointed out, every new fact discovered, instead of being taken as perhaps a new pathway leading to something still greater, is subjected to an attempt to build it into the old wall of thought, thus helping as it were to fill the breaches that have been made in those older walls of theory by newer men, more modern thinkers.

I have read in the newspapers during the last few days of a recent speech made by the eminent English professor, Sir Arthur Keith, Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons in England. I was extremely interested in the remarks which the newspaper report contained, yet not so much in what this eminent gentleman said about Darwinism, because that was but a rehashing of the old Darwinian story, which we all know in every particular, more or less; but in the manner in which it was said — in the obvious apology, in the attempt to show good cause and reason why the old ideas should not be abandoned; and likewise (nor do I cast any derogatory reflexions upon Professor Keith), in noticing his conservative clinging to the old evolutionary ideas.

I shall read to you a few

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passages reported from Professor Keith's address, that I have copied from a despatch of the Associated Press, as printed in the daily newspapers. Let me add that I have taken those extracts which struck me as being the most significant, the most important, from Sir Arthur's point of view. He is reported to have said:

"The evidence of man's evolution from an apelike being, obtained from a study of fossil remains, is definite and irrefutable, but the process has been infinitely more complex than was suspected in Darwin's time. Our older and discharged conception of man's transformation was depicted in the well-known diagram which showed a single file of skeletons, the gibbons at one end and man at the other."

I interrupt a moment in order to make a comment or two. Yes, we all know that picture: it is still in many of our museums, and is still taught in many of our biological books. These also show intermediate stages of bestial or sub-human creatures, which are announced as having actually been the intermediate steps or stages of man's evolution from the ape; yet in no case, please mark you well, are these creatures announced to the trusting reader as being mere offsprings of the scientific imagination of their reconstructors, reconstructed perhaps from a portion of a fossil skull, or perhaps from a portion of a jaw or from a tooth or two, or one or two or three of these together; from and around these scanty fossil remains have been built up the various pictures of

more or less manlike creatures, growing gradually more beastly and apelike as they descend the scale towards the gibbon or the chimpanzee or the gorilla, as they go down the file towards the apes and monkeys; yet they are in very large part imaginary reconstructions in almost all cases, as I have said.

I may point out here that the mistakes and faults of these imaginary reconstructions are rarely, or never perhaps, obvious to the trusting student or reader; and yet a striking instance of such false reconstructions may be very well shown with regard to Neanderthal man, who has always been pictured, in those supposed reproductions of former men, as having had no human nose, perhaps pictured as a being with a flat, squat nose, somewhat like those of the Catarrhine apes of the old world. But we now know that this was not true, as is well illustrated in the case of the fossil skeleton or individual discovered in France in 1908, at La Chapelle-aux-Saints; for the skull of this skeleton had prominent nose-bones, and so far as I know the skeleton belonged by unanimous consent, to a Neanderthal man.

Professor Wilder has recently shown that this individual must have had an eminent nose, a very pronounced nose; and yet for a long, long time we were taught that the physiognomy of this former living man comprised a nose — if a nose at all — which approximated to the nasal apparatus of the ape.

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These reconstructions, friends, are, by the necessities of the case, in very large part imaginary; and it is an unfortunate thing that they should still be exhibited as representations in the direct line of man's ancestry; that our children should see them and be taught the falsehood that these imaginary reconstructions represent man as he formerly appeared at different stages of his alleged ascent from the anthropoid.

Sir Arthur continues:

"In our original simplicity we expected, as we traced man backwards, that we should encounter a graded series of fossil forms — a series which would carry him in a straight line towards an anthropoid ancestor. We should never have made this initial mistake if we had remembered that the guide to the world of the past is the world of the present."

I interrupt again for a short comment. This last and very prudent remark is precisely something to which the Theosophist has been calling attention and reiterating it for nearly fifty years. As I have said before, there is no such end-on, uniserial, rectilinear evolution of man from the protozoan upwards, as the Darwinists have stated it. Yet evolution is indeed an end-on progress; it is indeed a uniserial path; but it is not rectilinear or in a straight line, and it does not proceed along the pathway which the Darwinists and the neo-Darwinists have claimed and still claim for it.

In this assertion we Theosophists stand not alone any more, for we have a large and growing and important school now teaching

the same thing with ourselves.

I continue quoting from Professor Keith's reported remarks:

"In our time man is represented not by one but by many and divers races — black, brown, yellow, and white; some of these are rapidly expanding, others are as rapidly disappearing.

"Our searches have shown that in remote times the world was peopled, sparsely, it is true, with races showing an even greater diversity than those of today, and that already the same process of replacement was at work. To unravel man's pedigree we have to thread our way, not along the links of a chain, but through the meshes of a complicated network."

Just so! How pleasant it is to read the apologetic acknowledgements of the mistakes formerly so enthusiastically and positively affirmed as facts of Nature, especially when these come from an honest antagonist!

A few years ago it was a scientific heresy of the deepest dye to suppose that man had evolved in any other manner than in that outlined in scientific books, and supposedly along the line of ascent set forth in reconstructive work on skeleton and muscle in our museums. Such evolution, we were taught as an axiom, yea, as a scientific dogma, had proceeded along that certain and particular pathway from the protozoan to man which Professor Keith now very rightly and aptly calls a 'discharged conception.'

It is very good! We welcome the frank and open acknowledgment of error, and we render due meed of admiration for his honesty to the brave gentleman who here

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speaks, and we are willing to recognise in him his own sincerity of conviction when he sets forth what he, I doubt not, honestly believes to be a truth, however much we may differ from him. Keith is a Darwinist, remember that, please, and belongs to that particular scientific school.

I continue with my quotation:

“We have made another mistake. Seeing that in our search for man’s ancestry we expected to reach an age when the beings we should have to deal with would be simian rather than human, we ought to have marked the condition which prevails among living anthropoid apes. We ought to have been prepared to find, as we approached a distant point in the geological horizon, that the forms encountered would be as widely different as are the gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang, and confined, as these great anthropoids now are, to limited parts of the earth’s surface.”

Have we not been making much the same objections for the last fifty years? Have we not been pointing out that a theory *per se* is not a fact of Nature, and that inevitably it would in good time be replaced by a theory more closely approximating to natural truth? We have indeed. But here again we render our due meed of admiration for the open recognition of a mistake.

We Theosophists, let it be said in passing, in no circumstances whatsoever, would ever hinder the exercise of the utmost liberty of thought and investigation. On the contrary, we stand for such liberty; we have always stood for it; and always will we stand for it.

Yet we draw the sharpest kind of distinction between a theory evolved from some man’s mind and the facts of Nature. These latter are the ultimate tests in any proof of a system; not theories and hypotheses, although our scientists tell us that the use of the ‘scientific imagination,’ which, by the way, is their own term and much used by them, is a most excellent help in their work.

We admit it; we acknowledge it; and we say further: Go to it with all your strength of imaginative power; let us have more of that exercise of the imagination; only pray do not announce theories and imaginative exercises as being in themselves facts of Nature. Say rather: This is what we believe to be the truth. This is our interpretation of the facts of Nature. Then will we applaud!

I continue citing from Professor Keith’s words:

“That is what we are now realizing; as we go backwards in time we discover that mankind becomes broken up, not into separate races as in the world of today, but into numerous and separate species. When we go into a still more remote past, they become so unlike that we have to regard them not as belonging to separate species, but different genera. It is amongst this welter of extinct fossil forms which strew the ancient world that we have to trace the zig-zag line of man’s descent. Do you wonder we sometimes falter and follow false clues?

“There are other difficulties,” etc., etc.

This is likewise good, exceedingly good. We Theosophists have taught for a half century past that the various types of mankind in

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past geologic ages, were more widely separated from each other, not only as regards contemporaneity and succession, but likewise as regards type in frequent instances, than are the races of today. Please understand that different 'races of men' means men much more alike each other than does different 'species of men'; and that different 'species of men' are more like each other than are different 'genera of men.'

The farther back we go in time, the more distinctive and different do we find these older stocks up to a certain period, which we call the Fourth Great Race. At about this time the world was teeming with a large number of evolutionary strains, because at that period material evolution in various directions had reached the acme of its power.

But in times preceding this great Fourth Race, the farther back we go in geologic time, the more closely do the stocks begin to approximate towards each other, so far as type is concerned; in other words they become more and more generalized the nearer we approach their origin at the common point of departure in ages far preceding that of the great Fourth Root Race, the reason being that they were more generalized than are the later and more modern races which are more specialized in type.

This is exactly what we have been trying to point out, among other things, for the last three months, in this our Temple of Peace.

As we have already stated, it is in those more generalized and far earlier types, having ancient or modern representatives as the case may be, that we find a greater kinship among the various stocks; biologically speaking, they approach each other more nearly in type than do the much more highly specialized races of men and other animate entities of later times and of today. For these latter do indeed compose a true 'welter,' as Professor Keith truly says, of forms, being far more distant from their points of origin, as obviously is the case, than were the forms which, as we trace them farther back in geologic time, approach more and more nearly to the common point of convergence.

Please remember, in this connexion, that 'evolved' or 'specialized' does not necessarily mean higher or superior, if we use the technical term of scientific books. As I have already stated, evolution means the bringing out of that which is seeking expression, a larger degree of 'specialization.' Such multitudes of forms, diverging ever more from the primitive or root-stock, are always instances of type-specializations. Hence, as we have pointed out in other lectures, if we desire to find the basal primitive types, we must seek them in the more generalized forms.

As Professor Wood-Jones has also said, it is not the highest of the lower which merges into the lowest of the higher of any two great groups; but the biologic kin-

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ship is shown in the lowest of each of any two such groups, for the simple reason that both are nearer the original point of departure. Specialization in any case and in all cases, is always a mark of a greater distance from the origin of any such stock.

Evolution and specialization are, in one sense, almost synonymous. If evolution means the unwrapping of that which is dormant or latent or sleeping, so does specialization mean the same thing; and one great group, as is well known in zoology, or in botany for the matter of that, may take on the specialized forms or variations which are typical or type-forms of another great group, frequently lower. A mammal for instance, may take on variations of a bird-type or of a fish-type, and yet remain a mammal in both cases.

For instance, the bat is an extreme degree of specialization. It is a mammal and not a bird, yet it is, perhaps, the best flier on earth today. Birds have legs, sometimes strong legs, and can walk; but a bat moves with difficulty unless it be in flight, and its flight is so swift and silent, so rapid and so direct, that it very probably may be called the most wonderful flier we know. Yet it is a mammal and not a bird.

The whale likewise is not a fish but a mammal. This is another instance of a high degree of specialization away from the original type in order to fit a particular environment. Such cases obviously do not

possess the primitive, basal, generalized simplicity which we discover the farther back we can trace mammalian (or indeed any other) forms in geologic time.

As I have already stated several times, it is the more generalized types which approximate more to each other, which are more alike, in other words which converge; therefore pointing clearly to the inevitable conclusion that such converging types must have sprung in some far distant past from some one dominating stock or class of beings living in those far past geologic times.

We have given good reasons in former lectures in this our Temple of Peace, to persuade any thinking man, that that original primitive animate stock was man himself, the most primitive, the oldest, of all the classes of animate entities, although by no means was he in those far-gone days of the same type-structure in all respects that he now represents. He is the ancient repertory, the magazine, the storehouse, which threw off in various ways at different times the forms of the other classes of animate entities below him.

In the report which I saw in the newspaper as giving Professor Arthur Keith's words, he ends thusly:

"Was Darwin right when he said that man, under the action of biological forces which can be observed and measured, has been raised from a place among anthropoid apes to that which he now occupies? The answer is yes! And in returning this verdict I speak but as a foreman of the jury — a jury which

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has been empaneled from men who have devoted a life-time to weighing the evidence."

That declaration sounds extremely convincing, friends; but why do not these enthusiastic Darwinists tell us the whole truth? Should a scientist, loving truth above all else, as he is supposed to do, utter merely that which is in accordance with his own theories, and neglect to give the other side of the case? Are our scientists teachers of truth, of the facts of Nature and being, or are they theoretical specialists only, special pleaders? Alas! too often are they the latter.

But let us point out that other juries, empaneled from other men who likewise have spent a life-time in the study of the evidence, tell us a different tale; and, as I have said, the ranks of these latter are growing daily greater, mostly as defections from the ranks of the Darwinists and neo-Darwinists and Lamarckians and neo-Lamarckians.

I have read to you already at a former study, what Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Professor of Zoology in Columbia University, New York, and President of the American Museum of Natural History — a man fully as eminent as Professor Keith, but evidently more intuitive — said as regards man's alleged ape-ancestry.

At an address given before the American philosophical Society in Philadelphia, early this year, Dr. Osborn is reported to have spoken as hereafter follows:

"The ape-man theory should be banished

from our speculations and from our literature, not on sentimental grounds, but on purely scientific grounds, and we should now resolutely set our faces towards the discovery of our actual pre-human ancestors.

"Those ancestors were neither human nor ape, but a distinct family, enacting the prolog and opening acts of the human drama sixteen million years ago. . . ."

"It is our recent studies of behaviorism of the anthropoid ape as contrasted with the behaviorism of the progenitors of man, which compel us to separate the entire ape-stock very widely from the human stock. . . ."

Could the contradiction between two eminent biologists be more absolute? Of course, while Professor Osborn speaks of the ancestors of man as having been neither human nor ape, he gives utterance merely to the common biologic theory that these two stocks were derived from some animal neither human nor anthropoid; but this, of course, the Theosophist does not admit.

The Theosophist knows of no proof that the idea is anything else than a theory elaborated in an attempt to find a common ancestor for the two classes of the Primates most closely resembling each other, man and ape; but our Theosophical teachings tell us very clearly, and the facts of anthropology and biology seem to us to prove our case fully, that that common ancestor was man himself — not man as he now is, of course, but man as he then was; less evolved than present mankind, as is to be expected, but yet no animal as we understand that word, and no ape in any sense, but original, primitive man himself.

We have referred to this before;

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and before we close this series of lectures, as we have already promised, we shall make a number of observations more directly to the point.

It is likewise very remarkable that Professor Osborn gives almost the exact length of time stretching backwards into the past — sixteen million years ago — required to reach primitive man, that Theosophy teaches as having been the period of the first appearance of truly physical man, who, as many of you know, who are acquainted with our Theosophical teachings, had been preceded by semi-astral man, and before that by astral man.

Oddly enough, Dr. Osborn speaks of the studies of behaviorism of the anthropoid as contrasted with the behaviorism of the progenitors of man, which is also one of the points that Professor Keith attempts to make as showing a kinship between apes and monkeys and man; Professor Osborn draws diametrically opposite conclusions from the same set of ideas and facts.

As I have pointed out in former studies, Theosophy as much as the most enthusiastic Darwinist, fully admits the many and varied resemblances between man and anthropoid; but where the Darwinist cites these in proof of man's derivation from the anthropoid stock, Theosophy with equal and indeed greater force cites these resemblances as proof of the derivation of the anthropoid stock from man. I have

given these details before, and on next Sunday I hope to be more specific, both as regards geologic periods and methods of derivation.

Where doctors disagree, what can the layman conclude? This perhaps: that we must do our own thinking for ourselves, take the facts of Nature and be grateful to those scientific men who have given us those facts; but think for ourselves we must, if we wish to have any real convictions.

I wish to point out, before leaving Professor Keith's remarks, that he says that it is only about one million years since man diverged from the ape-stock, or perhaps, rather, from that common ancestor of man and the ape about which so much is said and so exceedingly little is known; and that this separation of the two stocks occurred, as alleged, in the beginning of the Miocene Period of the Tertiary Age of geology.

Professor Keith is very modest indeed in his biologic computations of geologic time! Other authorities equally great, differ widely from him.

For instance, we quote from a book called *Organic Evolution* by Richard Swan Lull, 1921, in which various dates are given as estimates of the duration of these various geologic periods; and the Tertiary, to which belongs the Miocene Period, is given by Matthew as of nine million years in duration — about six or seven times as long as Keith's figure; while Barrell is not satisfied

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with less than sixty million — forty or fifty times Keith's figure, more or less!

So there you are. Think for yourselves.

I may say that Theosophy, with its age-old teachings, is dogmatically dependent upon no one's say-so, but is derived from the teachings of Great Men, true Seers, who have penetrated behind the veil of physical matter and who, in addition, have received by descent from Master to Master, certain teachings which were given to the primitive thinking human stock scores of millions of years ago, when man first, from a mindless being, became a thinking human entity. Please bear in mind, however, that when we call the man of that period a mindless being, we do not mean that he was a beast; we mean only that the latent mind had not yet been aroused to function, through the partial incarnation in the waiting human individual of godlike beings perfected in a preceding evolutionary time-period, billions of years before. The man of that period, though mindless, possessed consciousness of a kind; he was, in a sense, like a man in a daze or in a day-dream, deep, complete.

That awakening of mind occurred at about the middle point of the Mesozoic Age of geology, which we may perhaps put at the beginning of the Jurassic Period, when, according to science, the kings of the earth were the gigantic reptilian monsters whose fossilized

skeletons are so frequently found in the rocks of that Age.

Our time has now come to close for this afternoon, but we have not yet been able to touch upon the more particular Theosophical explanations which we have been promising to give you for three or four Sundays past. There is so much necessary detail to speak of, in any adequate treatment of our present subject; so much important matter that we dare not leave untouched for fear of being misunderstood from lack of sufficient elaboration; that we have been compelled to follow these apparently divergent paths, returning, however, always to our main theme at as early a moment as we could.

Before closing, let me point out once more, in an emphatic manner, that according to the teachings of Theosophy, to which we shall now turn more fully, that is, to nobler and higher themes, the entities below the human stock originated from the oldest and highest of the animate stocks on earth: I mean the human and pre-human stock, using the word 'pre-human' here to signify our far distant ancestors, before man became a mind-filled, thinking entity. When we say 'pre-human,' however, we do not mean animal: we mean merely that the man of that early period was, as I have just attempted to point out, not man as he now is.

If we limit the word human to man as he now is, necessarily the mindless races of the earliest ages

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of Geology would be 'pre-human.' On the other hand, the inferior or subordinate stocks, they below man, were originated as the vital off-thrownings of man, these off-thrownings being composed of cells of man's body and occurring in the manner to which I have already hinted before. It was these buds, these cellular off-thrownings from his body, which originated all the stocks below the Mammalia, in the preceding Globe-Round or great Tidal Wave of Life, hundreds of millions of years ago. Those particular classes were the Birds, the Reptiles, the Amphibians, the Fishes, and the vast range of biologic life included under the general term of the Invertebrates.

The mammalia, however, were the off-thrownings from man in the present great Globe-Round or great Tidal Wave of Life, and had their origin from pre-human man in the very early part of the Mesozoic Age, and very probably in the last part of the preceding or Palaeozoic Age of Geology. Man himself then had become a physical from a semi-astral being.

So far as the apes and the monkeys are concerned, the wonderful teachings of Theosophy state that these creatures were all likewise derived from man as a half-parent; but in a different manner from that which had caused the previous origination of the mammalia in this present Globe-Round, and different from the manner of origination of the Birds, Reptiles, Amphibians,

Fishes, and all the Invertebrates who came into being likewise from the then man in the Globe-Round or Great Tidal Wave of Life preceding the present or Fourth Globe-Round.

I desire to call your attention now to a promise that I made to you on last Sunday, and that is a brief explanation of the teaching of a very famous German Professor, Dr. August Weismann, quondam of the University of Freiburg. Weismann's theories had great vogue for some thirty or thirty-five years more or less, and they so closely approximate to what the Theosophical teachings are on the same subject, that I call your special attention to them. They have been called by a recent writer, Dr. Peter Chalmers Mitchell, of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, "as ranking among the most luminous and fertile contributions to biologic thought of the nineteenth century."

Weismann taught that man's body is composed of two kinds or varieties of living plasm: a somatic plasm or body-plasm, and a germ-plasm. The somatic plasm derives from the germ-plasm in a manner which, according to his theory, he sets forth at some length. He says that the cell, the nucleated cell out of which every animate entity springs, is composed of two main parts, the protoplasm or somatic plasm and the nucleus or germ-plasm.

The nucleus, he says, is composed of an aggregate of *idants*,

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which he identifies with the chromosomes, formed of the chromatin, the essential material of the nucleus, or perhaps from bodies still more minute than the chromosomes, existing in the chromatin, which he calls chromomeres. These *idants* again, he says, are a collection or aggregate of what he calls *ids*; and each one of these *ids* again is a veritable microcosm, determining the characters both specific and generic, as well as individual, of the entity to be.

Each one of these *ids* or microcosms has a historic biologic architecture back of it, that is to say, its powers or functions have been built into the form and type that they possess by the vast numbers of generations preceding the individual cell of the present day in which these *ids* live.

Each *id* or microcosm is in its turn composed of a number, more or less large, of what he calls *determinants*, these *determinants* determining, or perhaps evolving, or governing the evolution of, the specific organs of the future body, in other words of all the organs which in their turn are subject to variation, such as the heart, liver, spleen, and what not.

Dr. Weismann further taught that these determinants in their turn again are the carriers of still smaller hypothetical units which he calls *biophores* or 'life-carriers.'

Now, as is well known, each individual to be begins its career as a nucleated cell, a portion of the

germ-plasm of one parent, or of the two parents in the case of the present method of reproduction among men and most of the lower creatures. The nucleus of this cell contains the essential germ-plasm, composed, as I have said, of the *idants*, which are in their turn composed of the *ids*, which are in their turn composed of the *determinants*, which in their turn carry the *biophores*. Such a cell grows into the individual to be, by the absorption of food, and by division, and by cell-specializations as that division proceeds: one cell becomes two, two cells become four, four become eight, and eight become sixteen, and so forth, until the body is built up to the type form and size of its class.

As the body grows, it is the determinants that from the beginning outline and finally form the various organs, each such determinant as the growth proceeds assembling or marshaling to its appropriate organ or organs, of the entity into which the cell is growing, the appropriate portion of the germ-plasm which is itself.

As regards that part of Weismann's theory which has always attracted so much attention, I mean the so-called immortality of the 'germ-plasm' or the transmission from parent to offspring of an identical reproductive plasm through the generations, it is to be noted that this reproductive plasm — in just the same manner that the determinants distribute their particular

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part of the plasm to the various organs is assembled or marshaled to the reproductive organs of the new individual.

So far we have been speaking of the nucleus or the germ-plasm; but the protoplasm of the other part of the cell, which Weismann calls the somatic plasm, is used in part as food by the reproductive germ and in part is used for the building up of the general body. This constructive work of the somatic plasm proceeds coincidentally with the disintegration of the *ids* which are left over and are not used in the manner aforesaid; but when we say disintegration of the *ids* we do not use the word in the sense of decay or of death, but rather in that of the breaking up of their unity; which prevents all aberrant or monstrous forms being produced in the body through what would be otherwise the uninhibited action of the germ-plasm if such disintegration did not take place.

Some of the lower creatures can reproduce a limb which has been lost or broken, and this is because the reproductive plasm of the *ids* in its body has not been 'disintegrated.' This explains why the 'reproduction of lost parts,' as the scientists call it, cannot take place in man and in most of the vertebrate creatures when a limb is injured or lost, because here the particular *ids* are 'disintegrated.'

This carrying on of the germ-plasm from parent to offspring through numberless generations is

a most interesting and fertile subject of thought. It means that in our bodies exists the very germ-plasm that existed in the most distant of our progenitors; so that, for instance, our First Race, physically speaking, even yet lives in us, because the plasm of its body has come down through the vast multitudes of our progenitors to our own bodies.

We carry in our bodies today the very germ-plasm which first came into being from the astral realms, and which lived in that First Race, and which has been transmitted down to our own time through the First and Second and Third and Fourth and Fifth Race, which last we now are.

We hope that this somewhat difficult subject may be a little clearer from the foregoing explanation.

This germ-plasm passes from parent to offspring, the determinants in each generation marshaling to each appropriate organ of the body that part of the living plasm which goes to form it. The germinal or reproductive part of the germ-plasm, except for the portion marshaled to the reproductive organs of the new individual, is in these cases disintegrated, in the sense of falling apart and losing its unity, becoming a simpler protoplasm, which Weismann calls the somatic plasm, as I have said.

As another eminent German biologist points out, we should not believe that it is the mere aggrega-

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tion or collection of cells which, through their absorption of food, and by their division and growth and multiplication, originate and make the body. It is rather the individual body which forms and makes the cells, and this is precisely the teaching of Theosophy.

The first or originating cell is the root of the body. As it grows, the latent powers and potencies of the entity seeking incarnation begin to work upon the plasmic substances, and it is that inner entity which governs and controls the growth of the cells which form its body to be.

This teaching of Weismann is in some sense a partial reversion to the biological thought of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is so much more comprehensive, it appeals so much more to our logical faculties, that we see it as a truly constructive theory of growth; and, as Theosophy says, it approaches very nearly to the ancient teaching, although we cannot accept all the details that Weismann's theory calls for. Yet the general principles that he enunciated are singularly close to our own.

Finally, let me point out further that while Weismann's theory is a returning, in some respects, to the biologic thought of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, this does not mean that the extravagances which those earlier theories involved and which were taught by Charles Bonnet and Robinet, otherwise

great men, are endorsed in any manner, either by Weismann or by ourselves.

These men taught the doctrine of encasement or incapsulation, meaning that all future offspring were carried in the reproductive plasm of man's earliest ancestor or ancestors; those who taught that all future generations were carried in the substance of the ovum of the mother were called Ovulists; while those who thought on the contrary that all the future generations were carried in the cells of the male parent, called themselves Animalculists. These theories are more or less extravagant, and in some instances took rather curious forms.

Hartsoeker taught that there was a mannikin seated in the head of the male cell, and that when it fertilized the ovum, the mannikin gradually grew to human size. This of course is wrong, and in some respects may be called truly grotesque; but the Theosophists, in sheer justice, will point out, however, that incorrect as the conception is, it is a very remarkable intuition of the fact of the inner incarnating being striving to incarnate through its overshadowing of the cellular potencies, striving to express itself; not a mannikin sitting in the head of the cell, and growing to human size, which is absurd, but the outward flowing of the inner life-forces derived from the reincarnating entity, through the cell-substance.

FOREST PRAYERS

KENNETH MORRIS

I

IN this green stillness let me be
God-sib with every shrub and tree!
Let me, roam I where I will,
Be confidant and lover still
Of mountain-glimpse and herb-grown glade,
And gray, trunk-pillared, sun-flecked shade;
And, nursing thought nor will apart
From green Earth's heart and white Sun's heart,
Be pure of strained and human mood
As treetops in a lonely wood!

II

Pittosporums golden green —
Cherries of Saint Cataline —
Red-gums over-clumped with bloom —
Coned-and-needled pinewood gloom,
And fountained rose-rich blossom on
The gum-tree *Sideroxylon*:
Were your faery grace to rise,
Though star-alooft, in human guise,
Oh to be one to whom she would
Yet turn in instant brotherhood!

III

Mist-dim trees the sight speeds through
To skyish fields and isles of blue —
Yellow acacias stirred by a wind,
Like poetry rising in the mind —
Dark trees shining specked with sky:
Sweet 's to live and sweet 's to die;
Since Life grants us eyes to see
Sky and sun and tree and tree,
And Death the sluggish mind refines
To peership with the forest pines!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE SANENESS OF THEOSOPHY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



BOOK advertisement announces that somebody has 'discovered' that the universe contains no real God, that man has no soul, and that death ends mind, life, and consciousness forever. Moreover, the proprietor of these 'wonderful new discovered truths of nature' has founded a Church as the organ for the expression of the truths and for the association of believers therein.

One would certainly like to know how such a negative discovery has been made: it is much easier to discover something that exists than to prove by discovery that some thing does not exist. How can we be sure that the discoverer has sifted the entire universe in search of a real God, without missing any part of it; or that his analysis has been carried far enough? Moreover, what is the universe? But it is futile thus to juggle with undefined and utterly indefinite terms; and the same remark applies to 'man' and his 'soul.'

The real inspiring motive of such a system might, at best, be the desire to come down to realities and away from vague metaphysical conceptions; and, at worst, the motive might be to square one's mental life with one's desires.

But let us quit juggling with vague words and try to come down to facts. By facts we mean the facts of experience, such as everyone knows by contacting them. No amount of sophistry and brain-mind argumentation can do away with the fact that man is endowed with certain ideals and with an irresistible urge to realize them. This is his very nature, as much an essential part of his nature as it is a bird's nature to hunt for grubs or a tree's nature to put forth blossoms and fruit.

What we need, what every one of us is crying out for, is an interpretation of the facts of life and of experience, a guide that can pilot us through the circumstances we have to encounter. And the very first thing necessary is to have an understanding of our own nature. Let us consider man's place among the orders of living beings.

We find ourself to be an atom of consciousness or mind — a soul, if you like — in the midst of a vast sea of something that apparently is not ourself. This latter we call the Universe or Nature or God; but whatever we may call it, it is a vast ocean of living conscious mind, working out some purpose too great for our little mind to grasp. There are living creatures of various orders: in some there is very little

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expression of mind, so far as we can discern; in others there is more expression of mind.

Animals seem compact of instincts and physical desires, and a modicum of intelligent mind hovers over them, as it were, but is not expressed; and we call it instinct. It suffices to guide the animal on its path through life, but the animal is not self-conscious, it does not reason things out.

In man we find the mind has become self-conscious, so that he reasons things out and reflects and invents. But yet we feel that even man seems a very incomplete and imperfect creature. We feel convinced that there belongs to us a great deal which we have not yet been able to get at or to bring down.

Just as, in the animal, the mind is not expressed but hovers above; so, in man, there is some power or faculty that is not expressed, but which yet we know is there, hovering over us, waiting to be brought down. In short, man has not yet fully awakened, he has not yet fully realized himself; he is laboring to do so. This surely is a solid fact, known to us all; and it could surely be expressed by saying that man has a soul — or, more correctly, that man *is* a soul.

This simply means that man is something much deeper and grander and larger than he has yet been able to realize. Scoffers may say that man has no soul, in some vague theological sense; but that does not affect our point.

One often hears people say they wish some great teacher could come to point out the way for humanity and help it out of its perplexities. Well, would they recognise the teacher if he did come? We answer that if people are in earnest and sincere in what they say about wanting a teacher, they will recognise and profit by any such teachings as they may be fortunate enough to find.

And we declare that H. P. Blavatsky was such a teacher, who was actuated solely by the desire to bring the help and light that people were calling for; and who brought to the knowledge of the world the old and simple truths of Theosophy.

To a world which had been fubbed off with the idea that man was helplessly 'born in sin,' and with materialistic views of science, H. P. Blavatsky taught the ancient truth that man *is a Soul*, that his intellectual self is not all there is of him by a great deal. She interpreted for Occidentals their own religion — Christianity — by showing that Jesus Christ taught that man has a divine Self by means of which he can come into communion with the Divine and rise to be something more than he has ever been before.

This is surely the first step in the path of knowledge — to regain our lost faith in our own human nature; for no man can ever do anything in life — not even in business or science or adventure — un-

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less he first has self-confidence, the sense that he *can* succeed. Without that, he will always be a piece of drift-wood, driven hither and thither by the currents and always under the dictatorship and hypnotic influence of more forceful people.

And look at this: there are always plenty of schemes afloat to encourage man to take up a passive attitude; and this leads to the domination of a crowd of inferior minds by a minority of forceful ones.

Ask yourself: How much longer am I going to be floundering about, waiting for help to come from the clouds and grumbling at the 'sorry scheme of things,' and perhaps sinking into an attitude of cynical unbelief and resignation? When am I going to begin to *act* and to *be somebody*? Whether I say that I have a Soul or not, this does not prevent my using the powers which I have; and my actions may settle the question by the test of experiment.

Do we not all desire to be honest and sincere and just and kindly? Do we not all know what is meant by a clean life, and desire to lead it? Do we not all wish to be master of our own thoughts and emotions, instead of their slave; and to be helpful to other people instead of leaning upon them? Would we not like to have that real knowledge of sympathy which would enable us to understand people's secret sorrows and thus to give them real help?

All of this is within our grasp, upon a condition which is quite indispensable and yet perfectly simple: we must go to work and do the thing for ourselves — not wait for some supernal power to do it for us. We must accept literally the words of the Christian Master, and of all his predecessors and followers in the Universal Religion — we must believe that in man there is a power above the unaided intellect, and that this power is *within* him, not outside of him.

Let us pray, by all means; but let not our prayer be the assumption of a passive attitude, as though we were praying to Hercules to lift our wheels out of the rut. Let our prayer be an aspiration to realize all that is best and purest in our own nature; and by so aspiring we shall surely bring down to our aid something of the latent divinity that is within us.

There are various counterfeits of Theosophy, trading on its name and reputation for their own purposes; but genuine Theosophy, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky and her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, can be known by its atmosphere. Its atmosphere is that of cleanness and health and sanity and naturalness. It inculcates no strange and weird doctrines and unwholesome practices, such as disgust the minds of decent and reasonable people. It does not seek its disciples among the excitable and neurotic; but its message is pre-eminently to the sane and sound, the

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healthy normal people, while showing to the others how to become healthy and normal.

Theosophy has never been opposed to the teachings of Christ, but on the contrary has always pointed to those teachings as illustrating and confirming its own teachings. And Jesus Christ has taught us that the real Path or Way is simple — so simple (says W. Q. Judge) that people are apt to miss it from not believing that it could be so simple.

Who was more insistent than Jesus in declaring that the folly of listening to those who go about preaching Messiahs and talking big words? To such he said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." He surely meant the same as all the great Teachers of the Way — that man must look for help and light to the glorious spark of Divine Wisdom which is implanted in his own heart.

To those whose lot it has been to have contacted Theosophy when

it was first promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky, no duty can be more urgent than to maintain, to the extent of their power, the original purity of those sublime teachings, and to defend them against all influences that seek or tend to pervert them and degrade them. It must always be their life-purpose to diffuse as widely as possible the light which they themselves have received, and to which they owe so much.

All who are sincere in their desire for the truth will find in Theosophy (as promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky, and under the present Leadership of Katherine Tingley) all that they can wish. But let them remember that, if their wishes include the wish to master their own weaknesses, then one of the things they will find in Theosophy is the opportunity to do so. This will of course call for serious endeavors — a circumstance that will discourage nobody but those who are seeking for 'an easy time.'



"IN that Inner Consciousness in which we all share there is an un-silenceable voice calling to us to render help; and though it may not make itself heard in our minds and our hearts, because the shadows overcloud us; and though we may think we are satisfied, because our eyes are on the objective world: yet in truth it is utterly impossible for any fragment of humanity to be secure and in peace and untroubled while any other fragment is in peril or oppressed: because inwardly and in reality we are one."

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

WHY I AM A THEOSOPHIST

BY ONE WHO IS TRYING TO BE A THEOSOPHIST



BECAUSE I cannot help being one,—have always been one, even when I called myself by some other name. For whether a man belong to any one of the religions current in the world to-day, or to none of them, and be a free-thinker, a secularist, or an agnostic, he has only to explore his own nature and be sincere with himself, and he will find that his true self is Godlike, that Theosophy is the law of his being and bids him live as befits a God.

* * *

Were I not a Theosophist at heart, did I not attempt, as far as my present condition and degree of evolution permit, to show forth the God in me, I should be faithless to the highest in me and belie my divine origin, for all men are sons of God, though few live as such. And there is nothing more painful than the feeling of a task unfulfilled, an ideal unrealized, a life that has been wasted.

* * *

The evil that I do and yet would not, the ignorance and error which fetter me and cause me to make mistakes, do not originate in my true Self, but in the fact that I am as yet part animal and part God,

for everything in the manifested universe is dual. My task, therefore, in each earth-life is to transmute the base lead of my lower nature into the pure gold of the Higher.

* * *

This process of transmutation is an inner one and can only be accomplished in the heart and mind. On that battle-field we are all called to fight, and never against our fellow-men. They and we are brothers-in-arms, enlisted in the same warfare: to subdue the lower self and enthrone the Higher, which “is ever striving to bring the whole nature into a state of perfection.” There is enough of evil in each of us to test our manhood and valor.

Self-conquest is the noblest of tasks a man can undertake, and the most difficult. But as Katherine Tingley truly says: “The knowledge that we are divine gives us the power to overcome all obstacles and to dare to do right.”

* * *

To be successful in this warfare I must learn to know myself, my powers and possibilities, my relations to others, my duties and responsibilities. This knowledge, which is essential to victory, comes

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through the application of Theosophy to conduct and life.

Theosophy gives us a new and truer standard of valuation. By revealing the *real* man within the personality, which is ours for one earth-life only, it enables us to judge between appearance and reality, and to discover not only the good that is in ourselves, but also the good that exists even in the worst of men.

Moreover, by manifesting as far as I am able, the God that is in me, I am helping others to discover and manifest the God that is in them, "for in Him we live and move and have our being."

* * *

The deeper I go into my own nature, the more clearly do I see that my present self is but a fragment,— a very imperfect reflexion, — of what I am destined to be. My deepest instincts tell me that this is so. Viewed in this light, difficulties become opportunities, failures lessons, trials and experiences means to spiritual growth, for by them I am being molded into the Divine image.

As an individual I am incomplete. But I do not stand alone. A thousand ties bind me to my fellows and to the Divine.

* * *

Shall I lose heart because the way is long and arduous, because the material in which I work is sometimes so intractable? How

can I, when each step forward is joy and exultation!

In proportion as I outgrow my limiting egoistical personality, which separates me from others and from the All, my sphere of consciousness, of thought, and action enlarges, my heart beats in unison with the Great Heart of Humanity, and my whole being is enriched and ennobled thereby. Egoism contracts, sympathy expands.

* * *

My life has been one long education and it is not yet finished. The experiences of many, many earth-lives will be necessary to complete it. But the endeavor to live Theosophy gives me the assurance that at least a firm foundation has been laid, for Theosophy fits a man not for this life only, but for the lives to come. All in me that is worthy of immortality will endure; each life rightly lived adds something to the store of spiritual knowledge that the soul assimilates.

* * *

"The upward progress of the soul is a series of awakenings," says H. P. Blavatsky. We sleep; we die. Every morning we awaken with renewed vigor; every reincarnation is a promise of better things. Dawns innumerable await us. And just as we seek to make each day better than yesterday, so each reincarnation should find us striving more earnestly towards perfection. If we will only use well our oppor-

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tunities for spiritual growth,— and everything that happens *is* such an opportunity,— we shall go through each new life on earth knowing more, loving more, accomplishing more.

* * *

The tragic element in human life comes mainly from the opposition and the conflict between aspiration and desire, self-sacrificing love and personal ambition; and in a less degree from the fact that we all respond differently to the stimuli of material existence.

Man learns but slowly that pleasures that have nothing impersonal in them are not durable. He often mistakes his own good. It is only after much suffering and disappointment that he realizes that “the highest good is common to all and may be equally shared by all.” The knowledge and practice of Theosophy will spare us many bitter experiences and preserve us from failure and self-deception. “Feel humanity as part of yourself and act accordingly,” is the advice given by H. P. Blavatsky. It is only by living *in* and *for* others that true happiness can be found.

* * *

Theosophy provides a rational basis for ethics. It teaches the highest morality. It was this which first led me to study Theosophy. Here, I said, is something which a man may, without any misgivings, make his life's star, following which

he may hope to attain to the fullness of the perfect man.

Theosophy is the most potent force for good in the world today and is of universal application. It gives balance, and demands that we cultivate *all* our faculties in order that we may the better serve humanity. The worth of the individual, we must remember, is measured by the value of his contributions to the general life of the whole of which he is a part.

* * *

It was only later that I realized the scope and magnificence of its philosophy, and learned man's place in the manifested universe, the meaning and purpose of evolution. I then saw that science, philosophy, and religion, which we moderns try to keep in watertight compartments, are alike avenues to truth, to knowledge, and to life, each equally necessary, but leading into, and needing to be completed by, the other two, as was the case in the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity, of which Theosophy is the latest presentation.

* * *

The founding of the Theosophical Society — now called THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, — in New York in 1875, provided a new focus for the intensification of the spiritual forces which make for human progress, at one of those critical periods of history, when mankind has

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special need of being guided aright. As a consequence there has been a quickening of human thought and endeavor on all lines, and a sincere desire to rise to higher levels.

This is the secret of the phenomenal awakening of the world-conscience which we are witnessing. There is a profounder sense of national as well as of individual responsibility. Men and women everywhere are beginning to see in Universal Brotherhood the only practical solution of the tangle of difficulties into which humanity has got itself. It is no longer regarded as a Utopian ideal impossible of realization, to be dismissed with a few fine phrases.

The changed attitude towards Universal Brotherhood is largely due to the efforts of H. P. Blavatsky, of William Q. Judge, and of Katherine Tingley, the three successive Leaders of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, who have never ceased urging men to unite to work for its realization, and so help to usher in the golden age which lies, not behind us, but ahead of us. Theosophy has rightly been called "the most

serious movement of the age."

Since Theosophy is the essential truth underlying all religions, there must be many splendid men and women outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society who are living a truly Theosophic life and are earnestly seeking the light. So it is no wonder that Katherine Tingley finds such a ready response on her lecture-trips in America and in Europe, and that the demand for her books is steadily increasing.

* * *

In conclusion, a Theosophist is nowise different from other men. He is merely a little more awake than they are to life's glorious possibilities, and has, in consequence, a truer perception of his duties and responsibilities. They and he have the same spiritual faculties, only in his case they are more highly developed, and so he finds a great joy in life, and his heart's desire is that all men might do the same.

Theosophy appeals to all, but the appeal contains a note of warning: "He who would be a true Theosophist must bring himself to live as one."



"BEAUTY, I suspect, is our dim perception of the harmony that underlies the movement of the spheres, our glimpses of the co-ordinating Principle."— JOHN GALSWORTHY

THEOSOPHY AND ATHEISM

R. MACHELL



THEOSOPHISTS ARE sometimes charged with atheism, and again when the wind of accusation blows from another quarter they are said to worship human gods; both are absurd. An explanation of these incongruous charges may perhaps be found in the loose thinking, which is all too common, and which instinctively avoids the definition of terms. It would be well before making a charge of atheism to know just what the word means, and in what sense it is used; for words have many meanings, and sometimes are used by the same speaker in more than one sense almost unconsciously.

Atheism is an ugly word suggestive of insensibility and lack of imagination. It may mean negation of the existence of any kind of god or of a personal deity endowed with certain human or super-human attributes. In the latter sense the term may be accepted by a devout worshiper of a Deity too great to be confined within the bounds of personality. But in the mouth of a professing Christian it is a term of utmost scorn.

Profession of atheism is rare because a thinking man will see at once that the assertion of a negative is unphilosophical and amounts to

nothing more than a confession of agnosticism, which is a state of mind familiar to all who endeavor to find the true foundation of their faith and who seek to free themselves from the fetters of conventional religion: a temporary shelter for the soul that is struggling for freedom, or a battle-cry for the unwise who wage unprofitable war against illusive creeds and superstitious dogmas. So for a time this word may serve as a cry of defiance; but as a declaration of faith it is absurd; for faith is positive, and atheism is negation savoring of bluff.

When a man's natural faith in deity has perished in the deadly grip of formalism there comes a period of doubt and deep despondency, in which the mind thrown back upon itself tries to content itself by a flat denial of all that it had once held true. It is at this stage of his evolution that the doubter, conscious of the weakness of his position, tries to find firmer ground in declaration of his atheism which is, however, no more than mere agnosticism; a temporary state of mind that all must have experienced but which need not detain the seeker after truth.

There can be no permanency for a true student of philosophy in atheism; it is a desert that must

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be traversed by those who *choose* to pass that way; but it is no fit resting-place for pilgrim-souls.

The fatalist declares that man is but drift-wood on the stream of life: if so, the atheist is like a log caught in an eddy circling around a pool beyond the reach of the main current of the river, or stranded on a sand-bar while the flood sweeps by unheeding.

Then comes a man and hauls the log to shore, and carves it into a canoe in which he navigates the waters of the river, tracing it from its source down to its resting-place, the ocean. He knows the power of the current and how to use it in the navigation of the flood. Under the intelligent direction of the man the log becomes a boat, the river of life a navigable stream, the man himself a pilot and a master-mariner.

All this he can accomplish by the effort of his will directed by spiritual imagination. He is no atheist because he is not daunted by the power of the flood; he loves the river as a friend, studies its moods, explores its tributaries, maps out its course, and learns how to foretell its rise and fall. He neither fears nor worships the great torrent, but loves and studies it, learning to co-operate with it, adapting himself to all its varied moods while using its energy for his purposes.

Theosophy is not compatible with fear, and for worship substitutes aspiration. Both fear and worship presuppose a separateness

that Theosophy denies. One of the fundamentals of the Wisdom-Religion is the essential divinity of man; and surely knowing himself essentially divine man cannot fear Deity: nor can he bow himself in worship of his Higher Self; but rather will he seek to realize his own identity with the God within who is that Self. How can the word atheist apply to such a man?

The accusation which has recently been made against H. P. Blavatsky of creating human gods for Theosophists to worship is even more ridiculous; for it is categorically denied by her own teachings. Her Masters, she repeatedly declared, were men, not gods in any sense.

Worship is one thing, aspiration is another. The disciple may aspire ardently to become more like his venerated teacher; but the worship of a god is quite another attitude of mind. The difference between the two lies in the sense of separateness between the worshiper and the one who is the object of his adoration, on the one hand, and on the other the conviction of the essential unity of all beings, and the possibility of its realization in the heart of the aspirant, who is uplifted by the ideal of man's perfectibility, to be alone attained by sacrifice of that sense of separateness which is called 'great heresy' in the ancient Theosophic scriptures.

Theosophy is not concerned with the creation of new gods, nor with

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the forging of new fetters for the minds of men: it formulates no creed, but offers to the waiting world Truth, Light, and Liberation from the dead hands of decaying faiths.

Theosophy, the mother of religions, is not one of these; but like the sun gives light and life to all its satellites. He who aspires to be

a true Theosophist must find the light of the true sun reflected in his heart and realize the spiritual unity of all within this universe, worshiping no man-made gods, fearing no man-made fiends, calling no saints to his aid, invoking in himself the radiance of the deity from which he springs, obedient to the old injunction: 'Man, *know thyself*.'

ENCHANTMENTS OF FIONN MACCUMHAIL

ARTHUR KELLS

I

IN A former article dealing with the great mythological and popular hero of Ireland, Fionn MacCool, which appeared in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH (Vol. XXXII, p. 45), it was stated that —

“he and his companions lived in and out of the physical and the astral planes, and as a consequence many dire happenings had to be faced, and many losses were incurred.”

Fionn and his Companions were so mingled with the Immortals (the *Sidhe* [Shee]) in their lives that, as W. B. Yeats wrote:

“There was not a king’s son, or a prince, or a leader of the Fianna of Ireland, without having a wife, or a mother, or a foster-mother, or a sweetheart from among them.”

Even the two close companions of Fionn, Bran and Sceolan, his faithful hounds, were born of enchantment and brought to him by a woman of the Shee. The story

of these two is full of the old color of an ancient forest — tangled arms of bushes and trees — and, seen through these, elusive figures flitting here and there in the blue-gray mist and silence — for loneliness like a far corner of the world, where cities never had been.

And it is real antiquity and greatness of birth that threads all these stories, and their real worth and meaning must be won from their dignified reserve by sympathy and calm contemplation. That they are worthy of the most intensive study, the writer is quietly convinced. They are full of enchantment and joy to the mind, while at the back of mind is That which recognises long-fashioned occult signs, lying for ages in abeyance, by reason of the wrong turnings that were heedlessly taken, and the evil dreams belonging to the coun-

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tries the false tracks led to, which enchanted the dreamers into forgetfulness.

Dreams pass and dreamers awake. The true message of Ireland for western humanity can only be worthily delivered when her ancient, locked-up wisdom has been sought for and found and freed from the clay and moss that have so long hidden and at the same time preserved it.

The importance attaching to Fionn, in the mind of the writer, lies in the accounts of his constant contact with the people of the Gods, the Tuatha de Danann.

The stories, most of them, are handed down in the memories of country-people, whose reading is nothing in regard either to volume or importance. Patrick, we are told by himself, collected all he could find, wrote them down, and then destroyed two out of every three (because he deemed them important). Dr. Evans-Wentz in his valuable book on *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries* underlines their importance by the following:

“Superior beings whom men called gods — be they of the Tuatha de Danann, or greater — actually incarnated among the earliest and most primitive as well as among later and more civilized races, including the Celts, to teach them arts, sciences, and the nature of the universe and of man, and to institute the Mysteries, out of which seem to have grown many of the ancient religions.”

So we shall attach ourselves to these old Fionn stories with the object of giving opportunity to any reader interested in folk-lore to dis-

cover, concealed in ancient phraseology, fragments of ancient teachings that belong to the whole race of humanity.

The writer believes that the time is surely approaching when critics and authorities will be forced to remove the petty, puny dates from their well-stocked library pigeon-holes. When this shall have been done, and the contents examined, sorted, pruned and freed from the self-evident incongruities of the eleventh century and thereabouts, inserted by the unscrupulous anti-paganism of the monkish scribes, the world will be well on the road to the solution of the problem of Atlantis, and much light will be thrown on cromlechs, round towers, New Grange, etc., etc.

Just as the ancient manuscript books of Ireland quote from and tell us of far more ancient books, then existent, but now not to be found, so, it is probable, Ireland in her stories of Heroes and Champions is chanting to the men of today the remains of Atlantean sagas mingled with the doings of later days.

HOW BRAN AND SCEOLAN CAME TO FIONN

MUIRNE the Beautiful, mother of Fionn, had come to the dún (doon) of Fionn to pay him a visit and she had brought with her Tuirean, her sister, to Almhuin (Awl-oon, now the Hill of Allen — you can see its tree-studded ridge from the window of your railway-

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carriage between Dublin and Mullingar).

Staying with Fionn were two princes of the Fianna of Ulster, and one of them, by name Iollan (Ull-an) fell in love with the charming Tuireann.

The story will gain by being given in an ancient form of it, wherein Fionn himself is the narrator. The voice of the Initiate-Hero we will imagine as we find congenial to ourselves — to some it may be as that Voice which sometimes speaks in dreams at night — full and round, even in tone, free of all harshness and weakness, and suggesting a face, dispassionate, watchful — wise.

And here, it will be good to explain that the story is taken from one of those many-chaptered stories in which a question from a listener will necessitate a fresh start, another tale,*—‘The Hospitality of Conan at Ceann (K-yan) Slieve’ is its title. It is one of the many attempts of the Hero to settle down with a wife in his home — always fated to fail: even Grania, who was his wife at the end of his days, brought him little happiness. When she and Fionn came out before the Fianna, “like any new wife with her husband, they gave a great shout of laughter and of mockery, and Grania bowed down her head with shame,” and if he had her company, yet the fellowship of the Fianna was broken up, and it was

the beginning of the end of this period.

Conan had asked an explanation of the two hounds, Bran and Sceolan, being known as kindred of Fionn. Said Fionn:

“Iollan was paying his addresses to Tuireann and was deeply in love with her, and I gave her to him in marriage upon certain conditions, namely, that she should be returned safely to me whenever I demanded her. . . .

“The reason I demanded that was, Iollan was attended by a familiar female spirit, Fair Bosom (daughter of a Tuatha de Danann king), and being apprehensive she might destroy Tuireann I therefore gave her into the hand of Oisín; Oisín gave her into the hand of Cailte; Cailte gave her into the hand of MacLughaidh [Loo-ee]; MacLughaidh gave her into the hand of Diarmaid o’Duidhne [Deena]; Diarmaid gave her into the hand of Lughaidh Lamha [Loo-ee Lauva]; and Lughaidh gave her into the hand of Iollan saying: I deliver to you this young woman upon the condition that when Fionn thinks proper to demand her, you shall return her safe, as in duty bound.”

Evidently there is here a mystical ceremony performed with the intention of safeguarding the characters, having regard to the psychic connexions in which one of them was involved.

Regard the passing through seven hands of this bride from Fionn to her accepted husband — a chain of strong links, and as proof of the dire necessity for it you shall read of the deadly peril she went through. This is the reason for quoting it in full with the names, and the action of each one fully recorded, instead of a

*Such as, for instance, ‘The Thousand and One Nights’ or ‘Arabian Nights Entertainment.’

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passing mention of the ceremony.

We give too much heed in these days of crowded happenings, to abridgments; we pretend to be satisfied with a summary, and yet, not so do we take our meals. It would be possible to boil down a half-hour's repast into a half-minute's drink, but it would not hold the idea of a meal. Rest the body while we feed it; give the mind a full record of the ceremony or happening it is required to assimilate, and it will hold it by many points, it will not have to make a grab at the shorthand note, but may sit back and absorb the whole event. Besides, why read in haste the story of a ceremonial happening in dignity and significant movement?

Not much reliance can be placed on the names of the Seven — Oisín, for instance, is made to appear as a full chief of the Fianna, whereas his mother belongs to a later period than the birth of Bran and Sceolan.

The dark and jealous immortal waited and watched until the full time for effective vengeance, and, one night, when the newly-wed wife had merged into an expectant mother, there was a knocking at the door of Iollan's dún.

There is a great respect for conditions in these stories. It would have been easy for a story-teller to tell of the magical appearance of one of the Shee inside the rooms of a dún; but we are shown the necessity for consent in the big

moments of psychic visitations.

Outside the door, in the night, stood a dim figure that was apparently one of Fionn's woman-messengers.

"O Princess," was the salutation, "Fionn wishes you long life and health, and desires you to give a great feast of hospitality. Come out with me until I speak a few words with you, as I am in a hurry."

Quite an innocent message from Fionn, and a personal invitation to listen to a short message — and a true thing it was that the messenger was in a hurry — grimly suggestive too, as haste in the darkness must always be, and yet, to think of it, Tuirean was perhaps a little insensitive, taken off her guard: she could have refused to go out! But she moved, when she should have stood and considered.

As soon as she was a little way from the protection of the dún, outside the circle of safety, the sorceress drew from under her garments a dark druidical wand, and having struck her with it, gave her thereby the form of a hound — the graceful deer-hound — the handsomest that the human eye ever beheld.

She brought her westward over the great plain of Ireland — which is part of the world's great plain over the steppes of Russia, to Gobi in the East — until they arrived at the dún of the King of Galway Harbor (Bay).

And here we have a taste of the grim humor of the Shee. The en-

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chanted hound was being brought to the ultimate western edge of Ireland to the care of a man who hated dogs of any kind. As the old chronicler says:

“And this was the character of this man — he was the most unsociable individual in the world, and he would not permit a hound to remain in the same house along with him.”

This was the man to whom the pair were hurrying through the night — a night of terror for poor bewitched Tuirean — and the dark lady Fair Bosom played a practical joke of the grimmest kind on these people. Said she:

“Fionn wishes you life and health, Fergus”—

My readers, pardon — you have not been properly presented to the King! My comrades and friends, the writer wants you to meet Fergus Fionn-laith (Finlay for short) King of the district of the harbor of Galway. His Majesty cannot abide dogs of any kind, but this is merely prejudice, and he is being fixed to learn something.

“Said the Woman of the Sidhe, Fionn wishes you life and health, Fergus, and he says to you to take good care of his hound till he comes himself, and mind her well, for she is with young, and do not let her go hunting when her time is near, or Fionn will be no way thankful to you.

“I wonder at that message, said Fergus, for Fionn knows well there is not in the world a man who has less liking for dogs than myself. But for all that I will not refuse Fionn, the first time he sent a hound to me.”

When the Great Day of Recog-

nition comes, can we not imagine the day of Laughter it must surely be! This Fair-Bosom had put the lie on Fionn, as we would say. It was his rule of life ‘*Never to ask a man, and never to refuse any man,*’ and here he is asking a man who hates dogs to mind one for him who never asked a favor. However, it was to be the means of ridding his Majesty of a pernicious and paltry prejudice. When he brought out the hound to try her, she was the best he ever knew and she never saw the wild creature she would not overtake, and the story relates that Fergus took a great liking for hounds from that time.

But Iollan’s secret could not be hid. Fionn sent and called for his mother’s sister to be brought to him as promised. The unhappy husband asked for time that he might go seeking for her, and pledged himself to Fionn as surety for finding her. But he went to the Hill of the Sidhe (the first time, we may be sure, since his marriage); sought out his faery sweetheart and showed to her the danger and the trouble he was in. He then had to pledge himself that she should be his sweetheart until the end of his life, and this done, *she* went to the King of Galway harbor, *she* brought away the hound, and at a short distance from *Fionn’s* dún gave her back her human shape. And *she* brought Tuirean into Fionn’s presence and handed her to him. Iollan does not appear in the reparation; perhaps Fair Bosom made him her

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captive in the Hill of the Sidhe before she started out.

The old story as from the mouth of Fionn says:

“Fair Bosom brought the young woman to me and informed me that in her metamorphosis as a hound she gave birth to two puppies, a male and a female. She told me also that whichever I chose them to be, either human beings or dogs, they should accordingly be such. I replied that if they were to be given to me I would prefer that they should remain hounds.”

Fionn afterwards gave Tuirean

as wife to the seventh of the guardians present at her first wedding, and, according to ancient custom, she remained his wife until she had borne him three sons, which was one of the Irish forms of marriage.

And Fionn called the female hound Bran, and the male Sceolan.

And that is the relation of the kinship between Fionn and his two hounds.

II

BRAN AND SCEOLAN AND THE ENCHANTED FAWN

ON a day when Fionn had gone out with the Fianna, on the chase, accompanied by the two hounds, Bran and Sceolan, a beautiful fawn started up before the company and led them in chase, all throughout the day, until at the close of it, Fionn only, and his two hounds, had kept with her. Then the wearied fawn lay down on the grass, and the subtilly-perceptive hounds did her no harm, but played with her as with a companion, licking and caressing her neck and face.

Fionn with wonder in his heart returned homewards, and the fawn followed until they came to Fionn's dún, and she came into the dún with them.

And when Fionn was sitting alone before his fire of logs, that night, a beautiful young woman having a richly wrought dress came and stood before him, and told him that she was the fawn he had

hunted that day. For refusing the love of a dark Druid of the Tuatha de Danann she had been put into that shape, and for three long years had been hunted as a deer. A friendly serving-man of these folk told her that if she could once get into the dún of Fionn MacCumhail and remain there, the dark enchanter would have no more power over her.

“So, said she, I made away and never stopped till there was no one after me, but only Bran and Sceolan, that have human wits, and I was safe with them, for they know my nature to be like their own.”

Then Fionn gave her his love, and took her as his wife, and so great was his love for her that he gave up his hunting and all the things he used to take pleasure in, AND GAVE HIS MIND TO NO THING ONLY HERSELF.

This sentence is most significant. And here we may see a reason for what followed: Fionn did not find

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the occasion one of doubt — he had not to divine the correct action by biting his thumb; he was not as cautious as he became later, through experience. It was not open to him to please himself on personal lines. The man who sets his face away from 'home' to work in the eternal for the gods, cannot thereafter, without reactions being suffered, turn aside. He may set his face away from home, and still be left at home, but if he take his gaze off that moving point that by its forward progress is really the Path, it may take much time and effort to recover a position thereon, and he will find that what he had learnt is a beautifully fine line to be traveling on, is a terribly fine line to pick up again in the dark.

The great Law defines one of the marks of Wisdom to be freedom from self-identifying attachment to children and wife and household. So the Gods took counsel, and moved up their pieces around this king of theirs. Much is required of this man — this country is the Sacred Island at the west of the world, one of the spiritual poles, the West pole spiritual of things, as has been stated in the columns of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*— a holy mountain, if you will, from which flows spiritual energy along the ancient lines of the progress of Humanity adown

the ages, and into which flows the ebbing, returning wave.

It can only be hinted now, but the days are coming when many eyes will be drawn hopefully and with joy to the gleaming again of ancient lights — signals of 'all's well' from the ancient never-dying Gods to the vagrant sons of men.

The work of the gods, through men for mankind, could not be hung up while Fionn took a few years' holiday; he was not more than part alive for the time being, likely enough, so another side of his nature must be rung up — the Warrior must be awakened; so they let down their cloud-mists of invisibility on their council and brought in the Dark Fomors into the Bay of Dublin and anchored them beneath the rocky gray cliffs of Ben Eadair.

The tram-car conductor will nowadays give you a return ticket from Dublin city for a few pence, and he calls it Howth. The illustration is taken looking towards the south coast of the promontory, which is shown stretching into the sea, running from west to east.

And in passing, you shall hear that under this headland is a Sidh (Shee), a palace of the immortals. 'Twas one time known as that of Aedh (Ayh) White Breast, and 'twas here that Oscar, Hero, son of Oisín married Etain of the Fair

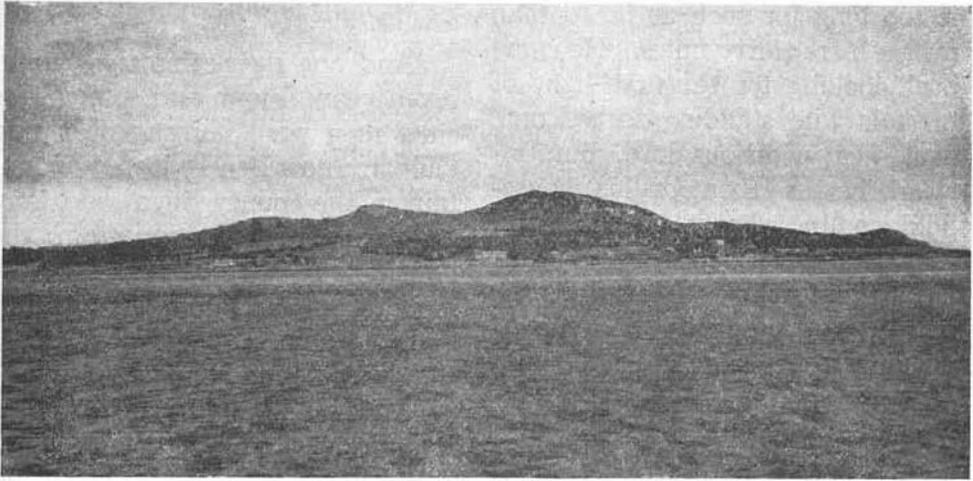
*See 'The Crest-Wave of Evolution,' THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Vol. XX, p. 545.

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Hair, and here she died of a broken heart at the sight of her man — all his beauty of form battered out of him, and he, she feared dead. They buried her on Howth — Ben Eadair, — and her grave-stone is standing tall even today. She lived again, after leaving this body; she

would react on others in a most potent way.

It was to be an ordeal of renunciation, and the gods were gentle to their man; they leaned down to this craving for care and a home: so strong in the heart of the solitary Hero. They sent him on a



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HOWTH, FROM THE SOUTH, AT LOW-TIDE. THE WHITE LINE IS THE ARM OF THE SEA.

is an immortal; so the fact of her burial is as real as you like to think it.

Well, the enemy was in the Bay, and Fionn gathered together the Fianna to drive them off — and they were driven off; it was forgone knowledge that they would be driven off, but the essential reality of the event was happening in the dún of Fionn at Allen. He must not turn aside — once having commenced to live with an occult perception, it would be no half-hearted desertion, and its effects

duty which he would never question or hold back from, and then they set the board afresh for him, when his back was turned.

At the end of seven days, Fionn came back to his dún, which he had left a man's home. Naturally his thoughts had flown before him to the wife whose personality had become his star for the time being.

We have heard many times that THOUGHTS ARE THINGS, and the air is full of these entities, and in those planes in which they move are beings interested in man who can and

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do use these forms. In whatever way it happened, phantom thought-forms of Fionn played a leading part in the ordeal — and in the ordeal, as usual in the case of the Hero, the woman went through terror and anguish.

He took seven days to come from Ben Eadair to Allen, and that is too long for such as he to take over a mere thirty miles. He came back looking for the first sight of his fair wife standing to welcome back her victorious lord, but, instead, he saw them of his household coming slowly to meet him with heads cast down.

The old telling of tragedy is the true way — simplicity and directness are to be sought. Said Fionn:

“Where is the flower of Almhuin [Allen] beautiful, gentle Sadbh [Sah-eev]?”

“While you were away fighting, your likeness — said they — and the likeness of Bran and Sceolan, appeared before the dún, and we thought we heard the sweet call of the Dord Finn (Fionn’s hunting-horn), and Sadbh that was so good and so beautiful, came out of the house, and she went out of the gates, and she would not listen to us, and we could not stop her. Let me go meet my love, she said, my husband, the father of the child that is not born.

“And with that, she went running out towards the likeness of yourself that was before her, and that had its arms stretched out to her. But no sooner did she touch it than she gave a great cry, and the shadow lifted up a hazel rod, and on the moment it was a fawn standing on the grass. Three times she turned and made for the gate of the dún, but the two hounds the shadow had with him went after her and took her by the throat, and dragged her back to him.”

They told Fionn that they went out on the plain to try and follow them, but the two had vanished,

and all they heard was the sound of the howling of dogs.

“When Fionn heard that, he said no word at all, but he struck his breast over and over again with his clenched fists, and he went into his own inside room, and his people saw him no more till the sun rose on the morrow.

“And for seven years after that, whenever he was not fighting against the enemies of Ireland, he was ever searching for his beautiful wife.”

And one day after the end of seven years, Fionn and some of his chief men were hunting near Ben Gulbain (now Ben Bulben, a mountain in the county Sligo) and they heard a great outcry from the hounds. And on the side of the mountain they found the five hounds of Fionn in a circle, keeping the other hounds back.

And in the middle of this circle was a young boy, with high looks, naked, and having long hair, and he was more interested in the men he saw than put out by the noise of the dogs. And Fionn and the others put their hands on his head and made much of him, and they brought him back to their hunting-lodge, where the two hounds made as much ado over him as if he had been their master.

And Fionn’s hungry eyes thought there was some look of the lost Sadbh about the child, and he kept him always with him.

“When the boy had learned to talk, he told them little memories he had of a deer he loved very much that cared for him. They were shut in in the bottom of a glen out of which there was no way. In the winter they lived in a cave, and a dark man used to visit the cave, and sometimes he spoke in anger

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to the deer because she always shrank from him. And in the end he drove her away while she looked back in tears, and he had tried to follow her, but could not, and then he did not know more until he found himself on the side of the hill, where the hounds had found him.

"And the Fianna gave the child the name of Oisín [Usheen], and he was the maker of their poems, and their good fighter."

Towards the end of his life he went at the invitation of a princess of that country to Tir-nan-ogue — the Land of the Ever Young, the country of the Immortals — and the story of that visit is referred to a little more fully in Vol. XXXII of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, p. 49.

With regard to these stories of Fionn it will be useful to quote the words of Nicholas O'Kearney, a member of the Council of the Ossianic Society in 1854:

"There is no period in Irish history so neglected by archaeologists and unknown to the historians, though there is none so important in the pages of our Annals, as that in which the Fenians [the Fianna] flourished. It has been the custom to decry the Fenian poems as silly and fictitious compositions, better calculated to amuse than instruct. . . . Popular tradition never should be totally overlooked by writers of the early history of any country.

"Fenian terms innumerable associated with Irish topography, and poems as ancient — many of them, at least — as those universally considered as genuine history, should warn them of their mistake, and induce them to pay more attention to the numerous Fenian poems scattered over our island."

The story-cycle of the 'Hospitality of Conan at Ceann Slieve,' is the result of a demand made by Fionn that a daughter of the said Conan had been promised to him, and let us note that the Hero is

accompanied by Diorraing alone. It commences by giving the locality as Torc Mountain, which is among the Lakes of Killarney; and at the outset Fionn tells Diorraing to watch while he sleeps, and he sleeps from the rising of the morning until the sun shone in his golden luster in the evening. Although they two were alone, the rest of the Fianna gave over the chase after having left Fionn asleep:

"And they knew not into what unexplored wilds they had been led in course of the pursuit.

"When Diorraing was tired of Fionn's long sleep he awoke him. . . ."

— and told him that there was no sound of the Fianna, who must have given up the chase. Fionn sends him to the wood for materials to make a hut for the night and an enclosure, and said he: "I will go to seek provisions for the night for us both."

Diorraing finds a large well-lighted guest-house on the edge of the wood and brought the news to Fionn.

"Let us proceed to it, said Fionn, for we ought to undertake no labor or building in this place, since strangers dwell near."

They go and knock at the door. The porter asks who they are.

Full of caution and with the vaguest answering of the query, Diorraing replies for his master: "We are two of Fionn MacCumhail's men."

Consternation and indignation of the porter and complete absence of the courtesy due to the stranger,

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though the reason soon came to the surface:

"May poison and a crushing into pulp be your portion, exclaimed the porter. Your visit to this place is unfortunate; because it was Fionn who killed the father, mother, and four brothers of the owner of this place, as also the father and mother of his wife; and he who lives here is Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe [Slieve]; because it was Fionn that first brought him to Eire from Sumaire of the Red Sea, on the margin of Lake Lurg, when he (Fionn) was in search of his sword Mac-an-loin."

The porter returns to Conan and gives a description of the two men and he immediately recognises them and orders the porter to hasten to admit them. My readers will surely like to hear the old description of the appearance of the Hero:

"A young, courteous, fair-haired, manly, puissant, truly handsome hero, powerful in action, whose shape and countenance is formed in beauty's mold; he is the largest of heroes, the most powerful of champions, and the most beautiful of the human race."

His manner of negotiating for a wife is somewhat overbearing on the surface, but it reveals a mind made up, resolution, and self-reliance. Here were two men sitting within the enclosed dún of a man whose family and whose wife's family appear to have been swept out of physical existence by one of them. The courtesy that holds good in the ordinary relations of life and in combats is at times quite absent and it is high-handed commands that are given and no compliment about it at all. Fionn introduces himself and gives his reason for calling, quite baldly.

"O Conan, said he, it is very true that the malice you entertain towards me is great indeed; nevertheless, you may remember the time when I saved yourself and your wife from death."

Presumably Conan and his wife were the sole survivors of this early campaign of Fionn searching for his sword.

Curiosity wants to know, was there an outburst of energy obtained with the sword called Mac-an-Loin (Lo-in), that had to expend itself on this family or was it the work of the last hours of the Hero's old sword? We are concerned with Fionn's attempts at home-making for the present, but shall make a note of any reference to Mac-an-Loin when met with in our journeyings.

Fionn reminds Conan that it was agreed that the child they were expecting at the time of this slaughter was promised to him -- if a boy, to become one of the Fianna, if a girl, to be educated in a befitting manner so that if she proved duly qualified she should become his wife; if not, she was to be wedded to some chief of the Fianna.

"I now perceive she is quite befitting myself, and, therefore, it is to claim her I am come, and not to seek hospitality from you."

And now you shall listen to some high negotiations; whatever may be the inner meaning of the episode, it is entertaining and edifying.

"Cease, O Fionn, said Conan, for you do not esteem your worth more than does the man to whom that maid is betrothed."

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Fionn does not reply. It is Diorraing his companion, asking, Who is the man? The answer is the name of one of the Immortals, a de Danann King, and Diorraing explodes at the audacity of setting a Tuatha de Danann King against his master. He concludes his invectives and threats with the words:

“. . . were all the worth of the Tuatha de Dananns concentrated in the body of one man, Fionn would prove a better man than he.

“(Then the Master), Be silent, Diorraing, for we have not come here to commit a carnage, but to get a wife, and we shall have her, no matter whether the Tuatha de Danann like or dislike it.”

For the present we shall leave the long story of the Festivities at the house of Conan, as it is hoped to give it at some future date, but you shall be given a glimpse of the stage as the curtain falls. The scene is after the formal wedding-feast given a month later than the marriage itself. Needless to say, the Tuatha de Danann had some part in it.

“Oisín wondered greatly at the large number of the Fianna who fell in that battle; for ten hundred heroes accompanied Fionn to the house of Conan of Cenn Sleibhe, and they were all slain by the Tuatha de Danann, with the exception of only one hundred! And even these were maimed, wounded, or weak from loss of blood; not enumerating the loss of the people of Conan of Cenn Sleibhe. With regard to Fionn; he was carried to the house of Conan where he remained a month, and a fortnight, under cure.

“When he was able to remove, he, and the few Fianna who survived, went to the great extensive Almhuin [Allen] of Leinster; and they remained a long time in Almhuin before their wounds were perfectly healed.”

Surely a strong hand taken against the Hero's course of action in taking a wife. All those linked with him and with the other actors in the incident, are called to pay a price immediately on demand, and he himself gains from the episode the fruit of that which he put into it, in the way of a greater knowledge and a greater freedom from attachment to the temporary and personal.

(To be continued)



“IF this generation fails to devise means for preventing war, it will deserve the disaster which surely will be visited upon it. Later generations will not be likely to act if we fail.”— *Calvin Coolidge*

“TAKE my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never again see even an hour of war.”
— *Wellington*

“THOUGH I have been trained a soldier and have taken part in many battles, there never has been a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found to prevent the drawing of the sword.”— *U. S. Grant*

“LAWS are commanded to hold their tongues among men; and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.”
— *Burke*

TO CERTAIN PANSIES

KENNETH MORRIS

WHEN all the world has sung your hues
(Which are delight and loveliness!)
Your purples, wine-reds, bronzes, blues
And yellows sweet and sorrowless,
Listen now, and you shall hear
The truth about you, Pansies dear!

Between this garden and the sky
Are myriad flamey hierarchies
That fashion, whilst we fuss and die,
Heaven's fleeting beauty, and the sea's,
And all the changing majesty on
The mountains, and the dawn-light wan,

And evening dusk, of moods of ours
Transmuted through the vast of time;
Making the meadow and mountain flowers,
And rendering the high crags sublime,
And of our pity fashioning
Great musics for the Sun to sing.

And how were these to see or know
What hearts have dreamed here, or hands done,
When no pansies were aglow
In gardens 'twixt the shade and sun?
They needed eyes here, to see through
Into this world beneath the blue.

So they devised you: every one
Brooding through ten million years
On wisdom, laughter, beauty, fun,
Compassion, valor, joy and tears;
And their intense thought turned to hue
And form . . . and vision . . . and were You.

And they ordained none should behold
These eyes of theirs, but very deep
Within him, where God dreams from of old,
Some Star of God should wake from sleep —
Some Golden Luminary rise
In those blue-purple inward skies.

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THE AEONIAN LIFE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



WE ARE glad to see echoed in the recent sayings of eminent divines, certain views for which we have often contended in these pages. We allude to remarks by Dean Inge, not at the moment handy for direct quotation, but to the effect that 'eternity has nothing to do with death,' but is rather a condition of the higher life, which we can reach to a degree even now. We can refer our readers to back numbers in proof of the closeness of the resemblance between these ideas, even to the very words, with those which we have expressed.

This goes to show how Theosophical thought is permeating the world; and how such progress has been made in the widening of public opinion that thoughtful ministers of religion may venture on a candor which formerly they would have thought it expedient to avoid.

The difference is that the divine is able to make these views consistent with an advocacy of Christianity as the supreme religion; whereas Theosophists, while second to none in recognising and championing the noble truths of Jesus Christ's teachings, can but regard these truths as essential tenets of the archaic and universal Wisdom-Religion, taught by Jesus the Christ in common with other great Teachers both before and after him.

We agree with the Dean and with ourself that, in thinking of death and immortality, people should reflect that the truth cannot be figured in any picture that our mere mind can understand. Would it please us, indeed, to believe that the truth were so small that it *could* be so figured in our mortal minds? While thinking with our finite minds we have to use finite terms; but that should not hinder us from understanding how inadequate those terms must be for the expression of the mighty truth.

For simple minds, faith is enough — faith in 'God' or in any supernal power in which they may believe. In other natures the intellect is strong and clamors for satisfaction; so it is good to know that it can be satisfied. It is only a misuse of the intellect that lends itself to skeptical views.

Ancient Greek philosophers advised the seeker for wisdom to study mathematics. Mathematics has somehow acquired a name for narrowness and mechanicalism — most unjust, as those know who know anything of mathematics. But many people's ideas are limited to two-and-two-makes-four; whereas mathematics in its higher branches is transcendental, if anything ever was; and deals with infinitudes and incommensurables. It lends wings to the imagination and puts

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in our hands the clue that may guide us through the labyrinth.

Let us remember that immortality and eternity encompass us all about, and are not tacked on to the end of mortality and time. Let our conduct be guided by the reflexion that our minds are chained to illusion by all thoughts and desires that are gross and personal and pessimistic and cynical; and liberated by all that is pure and aspiring and impersonal.

We are but stating a truth when we say that every man must in the last resort find his strength and light within himself. Whatever help he may obtain from other people is only secondary. Teachers can point to the way and advise and direct; but they cannot use the man's own will for him. If they could go inside the man and work his faculties for him, then he would not be a man at all, but a machine, a dummy. Also, knowledge is not knowledge until realized by the man for himself; till then it is merely belief. Hence, to say that God is within, is merely to state a doctrine in accord with experience.

Man has to look forward to developing a higher story to his edifice (if we may put it in that way): as a mental animal, he does not suffice unto himself. He feels there is something more; but, as long as he does not *realize* this feeling, that power will seem to be external to him. Man has to become

consciously a spiritual being.

We have used the word 'spiritual,' but it needs a little defining, owing to the misuse to which it has been subjected. Let us refer to the well-known definition given in the Bible with reference to Charity. Spiritual powers do not puff up the individual, do not vaunt themselves. They are not personal acquisitions, feeding vanity and the lust for domination. They are the powers which enable us to understand the true needs of other people and thus to give them true help; the powers which enable us to see our true path through life and to do our duty. Who can deny that such powers are needed?

We have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge; and yet it is we ourselves who put the obstacles in our own way, and we alone who can remove them. To attain the higher, we must relinquish our attachment to the lower: "None but the brave deserves the fair." No doubt every man will liberate himself whenever he wants to badly enough. Many people have achieved this, and some have tried to tell us about it — they have our sympathy(!). It is small wonder that silence should always have been a requisite condition of attainment; and doubtless people of knowledge help us more by their actual presence in the world than by anything they can tell us.

As a Theosophist I am inclined to agree with those who say that

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Christianity has never yet been properly tried. It seems as though a great spiritual force had been introduced into the world, and had been ever since fermenting in the mass, producing many strange and violent upheavals. Is not the present a time when we are seeing our way to stripping off some of the excrescences on Christianity and discovering its real nature?

Nothing could be worse than the spirit which sects have manifested towards each other — there is not a pin to choose between one sect or another in the matter of cruel intolerance. The sun shining on noisome swamps raises deadly miasmas, but we must not blame the sun for this.

Even today, in England, we see how fierce are the passions aroused between conflicting sects within a church; and how all true religious feeling vanishes in the smoke of war. This is however evidence of the leaven working beneath — it is a sign of life, not of stagnation.

Such a state of affairs can only result in people insisting on obtaining what is vital in religion and discarding all the

contentious accidents of religion.

All signs point to the belief that people are deeply religious and are groping their way to some personal expression of their convictions, independently of established creeds and churches. One's sympathy goes out rather towards those practical men of affairs who are trying to do their duty as directors of a church, and who seem to realize the value and necessity of tolerance and comprehension; than to the squabbling sectarians who are striving to have things all their own particular way.

Meanwhile, every sincere and earnest individual has always his own path clear before him — to realize to the best of his power, in his own life, his own highest ideals of what he esteems to be the religious virtues. Let him remember the cardinal tenet of universal religion and of all religions, that man is essentially divine by virtue of the Christos within him; and that he has the power to enter (to some degree at least) the 'eternal life,' or 'aeonian life,' without waiting until his body has been consigned to the tomb.



“Yüan Jang awaited the Master squatting on the ground. The Master said: Unruly when young, unmentioned as a man, undying when old, spells good-for-nothing! and hit him on the leg with his staff.”

“TSE-KUNG would compare one man with another. The Master said: What talents Tse has. Now I have no time for this.”

— *From the Chinese Classics*



WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

QUESTION: I have been a subscriber to THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for a long time, and I have heard a great deal about Theosophical doctrines, all of which interests me deeply; but all these doctrines seem more or less detached and I do not yet know — and I speak with entire frankness — just what Theosophy itself is. Is it a religion? Is it a philosophy? Is it a science?

ANSWER: This querent asks a question which undoubtedly must occur to everybody when first hearing of Theosophy. What, in fact, is it, he probably asks himself; and because, in our occidental world and civilization, religion, philosophy, and science are considered to be three radically different and separate things, therefore the latter part of this question is also a natural one.

To tell the truth, Theosophy is no one of these things; but is all of them. As H. P. Blavatsky puts the matter on the title-page of her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, Theosophy is the synthesis of science, religion, and philosophy; and I do not think a description of Theosophy could be condensed into fewer words; and please note this too, that it is a description intended

for Occidental readers who are psychologized with the idea that these three things are naturally and intrinsically separate.

As a matter of fact, Theosophy is not a mere synthesizing of religion, philosophy, and science, in the sense of these three being naturally distinct and separate things welded together by some unifying current of thought; but is a fully comprehensive formulation of age-old doctrines explaining Nature: the nature of the Universe, and the nature of Man the child of that Universe.

We see immediately from this that religion and philosophy and science are three sides or facets of the same Reality, and are merely three fashions or manners of the human soul in expressing that Reality in formulated terms. In other words, science deals with the *How* of things; philosophy deals with the *Why* of things; and religion deals with the efforts of the human soul to achieve reunion with the Root of things — that same Reality.

This natural synthesis is what Theosophy is; and it is a little difficult for Occidental students to believe that so beautiful, so noble, so satisfying a conception can have basic reality and be something more

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than a mere framework of speculation of optimistic philosophers.

Further, a part of our Theosophical teachings is this: that not one of the body of doctrines which in their aggregate form the Theosophical system, is dependent upon the say-so of any human being of the past, or of the present; they can be proved by each student individually for himself if he follows the necessary rules of study and inner development; and these rules themselves are set forth and explained as a part of the Theosophical system.

Some people may think that this throws a door wide open to the entrance into that system of all kinds of faddisms and individual idiosyncrasies, whether they be of a religious, philosophic, or scientific nature, and hence ultimately might make of *Theosophy* a mere hodge-podge of notional vagaries emanating from speculative folk; but if any one thinks this, he wanders widely from the facts.

It is customary among us Theosophists to liken our majestic and beautiful Theosophical philosophy to mathematics, and such likeness is justified. But I would like here to enter a caveat in the sense that mathematics itself — or rather the essential quantitative relations between things which mathematics explains — may on the contrary very properly be considered a branch of the Theosophical system of study; and because it is such, it bears those logical relations of

parts among themselves which characterize Theosophy.

Mathematics is a faithful reflexion of Nature's elementary quantitative procedures; and because Theosophy is a faithful reflexion in human formulation of Nature's procedures and processes, therefore essential mathematics are a part of Theosophy.

The student's proficiency in Theosophy, on the one hand, and the spiritual and intellectual advance that he makes by the study of it, depend each of them and both of them, solely upon the fidelity with which he follows the laws intrinsic and inherent in Theosophy itself.

As long as we students can keep our wonderful system, as it was given to us by H. P. Blavatsky from the Great Sages, her own Teachers, free from and unpolluted by human phantasy or the attempts of cranks to distort it, just so long will it be a system of incalculable benefit to our human kind.

To speak plain language, the gods gave it as a systematic formulation of the principles of Nature to the first consciously thinking human beings; and it has descended to us from far distant antiquity in the guardianship of those great Sages and their Successors whose Messenger in our age was H. P. Blavatsky. It was periodically given out to the world in the greatest systems of spiritual thinking, for human guidance and consolation, in the times that the great Greek

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Plato called "periods of spiritual barrenness," or in those periods of time to which Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* alludes when he says that he "incarnates from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."

But while all of this is true, every word of it, this in no wise prevents another side of the case from being equally true: to wit, that the average man understands and interprets Theosophy averagely; while the man of more penetrating insight and of greater heart understands and interprets it better; and the great man understands and interprets it still better. And so we can rise along the rungs of the ladder of scalar evolution until we reach the spiritual standpoint of the great Sages of whom I have spoken, whose understanding and therefore interpretation of this majestic system is periodically given to the world as the basis of all the great religious and philosophic systems.

Theosophy is neither local nor limited in its natural scope. It is as true to the inhabitants of some to us unknown planet circling around some distant sun, as it is to us men of earth — for as is obvious from all that I have said, it is no human invention, but is a formulation in systematic form of Nature's truths.

One great difficulty that we encounter in our modern world, in our endeavors to make Theosophy

understood by men, is the combination of mis-education and mis-training that most children in the Occident receive, due largely to faulty religious ideals and to a very changeable — but for that reason fortunately progressive — materialistic science. These children grow up to be young men and women, and finally to full-grown adults, afflicted, indeed cursed, with the most unscientific notion that there is no truth — no full truth — anywhere, and that the best and closest approximation that human beings can make to the Reality in Nature is the sole and painful advance in human understanding slowly achieved as mankind rises out of beast-hood into human-hood, following the formerly popular but now dying teachings of Darwinism.

This state of mind is simply pitiable, because it is entirely unnecessary and is founded upon a pessimistic and purely false outlook on life.

Theosophy does not teach Darwinism. In fact, while there are certain minor points of agreement between it and Theosophy, the latter holds views diametrically opposed in most essentials to the speculative theory of progressive development as first taught by Charles Darwin and later developed by his followers.

Contrast this pessimistic view of life with the simply splendid vision that Theosophy gives to the human understanding with its sublime treasury of acquired know-

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ledge and the keen instrument of rich if rigid logic concerning natural events and history on the one hand, and its unspeakably noble and beautiful teachings of the divine ancestry of animate entities on the other hand.

Answering a question in these columns implies an obligation to keep to our points of response and not to enter into fields of thought, however true they may be, wide of those points of study. Otherwise I would be glad to set forth just what Theosophy does teach with regard to man's nature: his constitution, his origin, and his destiny, with necessary sidelights on certain important things as regards the Universe.

Summarizing, therefore, what has preceded, Theosophy may be described somewhat as follows: A systematic formulation of natural law and of natural principles and truths, which formulation is based solely upon Nature, and which is provable by every honest and serious student for himself, and indeed can be proved in no other manner, because another man's proof is by no means necessarily proof to him; it is a formulation setting forth both in general and in detail the nature, origin, and destiny of the Universe and of all other entities which belong to and in it, which means every entity and every thing everywhere; for as the Universe is all-inclusive, obviously there can be nothing outside of it; it is a systematic formulation of natural laws

and truths, as I have before said, handed down to the first consciously thinking human beings by superior entities from preceding periods of evolution — to speak in plain language, communicated to the first human protoplasts by Beings coming from other spheres.

While it is admitted that a proof of this far by-gone event in the history of the Earth would be exceedingly difficult to a casuistical and more or less unreasoning age, such as ours is; nevertheless one who studies Theosophy may see for himself its extreme strength as a series of logical postulates and as a consistent and comprehensive statement of natural facts.

It goes without saying that our Universe being one subject to what is popularly called 'natural law' and under the guidance or urge, whichever you may prefer, of certain Divine Powers, must in itself be an inherently logical and consistent Universe, a self-contained Universe; in other words, this is equivalent to saying that there can be an explanation, both wholly logical and consistent, of it all. And this formulated explanation is precisely what we claim Theosophy to be. Truth is, all truth is, but Nature itself, and in proportion as we understand Nature we understand the same proportion of truth.

As I have often said, and written also, man has everything in him that the Universe has, because he is an inseparable part thereof: all Nature's powers, forces, energies,

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substances: which, as they occur and appear in man, manifest themselves as human faculties, human powers; and this is why man can understand Nature, because he is

a part of it; if he were radically different from Nature he could understand nothing of it. But that position is absurd because contrary to obvious fact. — G. DE P.

JESUS CHRIST

QUESTION: DO Theosophists believe in Jesus Christ as the only Son of God? Please pardon me for asking this question, but some Theosophists seem to be Christians and some very evidently are not Christians.

ANSWER: The answer to this question is an emphatic negative: No, Theosophists do not believe that Jesus Christ was the 'only son of God'; and I am very doubtful if any person who realizes the import of this query could believe it either.

Theosophy teaches that at different times in the history of the human race very pure human beings, great of character, with illuminated understanding and powerful intellect, and with a heart filled to overflowing with an impersonal love for all that is — and such men we Theosophists call the Fine Flowers of the human race — incarnate among men, and that many such have appeared on earth.

Jesus Christ was one of them, but was not the unique instance in the history of the globe. Such men are all 'Sons of God,' in the sense that they are far nearer in spiritual relationship to our Divine Source than are ordinary men; but they

are such solely by their own evolutionary development, and not by the fiat or dictum of an extra-cosmic Deity.

From such Great Souls to the lowest degrees of human beings in any age there is a regular scale of descending development; or, putting the case in converse fashion, from the lowest to those highest minds, a regular scale of ascending degrees of men exists: the less, the greater, the still more great, and the greatest; and this is common knowledge which no sane man can deny.

We all know of human beings who seem to have but slightly developed these inner faculties, and we have met others who are greater men than these inferior men whom we know, and our instinct tells us that there is no logical or sensible reason why still greater men could not live or have not lived; we know that they have. There must have been others greater than the greatest whom we happen to have heard of, and we know and have proof that there have been such.

I may mention a few names as illustrations: Gautama-Buddha; Lao-Tse and Confucius of China;

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Śankarâchârya of India; Apollonius of Tyana, Pythagoras, Empedocles, and Plato among the Greeks; Jesus the Syrian sage; and many more in other lands and in different ages. These have existed in the past, and it would be absurd to suppose that such others can never exist again. In fact, as time passes by into the vast ocean of by-gone duration, the human race as it progresses will produce such Fine Flowers of the human race in greater profusion than in the past and in a gradually increasing numerical ratio.

For those who think and believe

sincerely that Jesus the Syrian sage, with his great sympathy for suffering mankind, was the only human being in whom divine reasons and forces invested themselves: to such sincere believers as these, I have no word to say; but while I respect their sincerity, such respect is not the extension of one iota of sympathy for what I believe to be their greatly mistaken belief.

Theosophy, and therefore the true Theosophist, never denigrates or ridicules the religion of any other man, even if the religion be unacceptable.

G. DE P.

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

R. MACHELL



THAT IS a saying that will hardly be accepted by those who confuse thought with ideation, which is a faculty of the higher mind. Thoughts are the bodies of ideas. Ideas are like souls that seek expression in the world of form, but must wander bodiless until the soul of man takes pity on them and opens to them the sanctuary of his mind. There the idea must germinate and take form, consolidating its ethereal body till it is ready to be born as a full-fledged thought with qualities and character of its own, a living thing; invisible, perhaps, to the physical eye of ordinary men but recognisable by the inner sight of those whose na-

tural faculties are more developed.

Meanwhile the power of thought is coming to be recognised by educated people everywhere, even by some who still would hesitate to admit that thoughts are things.

The plain fact is that the atmosphere we breathe is teeming with these living things, broadcasted by humanity, and recorded in the thought-sphere of our world. Even conservative men of science are now almost ready to admit that the human mind is probably the most perfect 'wireless' broadcasting apparatus existing, although it is so little under control.

In former times the power of thought-control was regarded as a magical art, and was banned by

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the church in Europe; but modern science has found new names for ancient arts, and has discredited both miracles and magic, while practising experimental necromancy under a new name.

And yet the scientist is right perhaps in differentiating between his speculations and the knowledge (*never* necromancy) that was of old considered sacred and secret and which was part of the equipment of the magician or the sage. If he would differentiate as conscientiously between the facts discovered and his theories about those facts, he would be standing upon surer ground.

So too the student of Theosophy should draw a line between ideas and thoughts, between the living and the dead, as one might say. For though all thoughts are things, not all are living things. Indeed, I think that a great part of the world's thought-sphere is little better than a psychic mortuary filled with the spooks of decomposing thoughts which vampirize the living, hastening their decay.

A living thought must be ensouled by an idea, and that requires the intervention of creative man. All men are not creators. For the most part, men and women do not think but are content to use their minds as lodging-houses for all sorts of wandering ideas or vagrant thoughts of doubtful parentage and questionable character, which tramp the thought-sphere of the world in search of hospitality,

and thus live out a miserable and unprofitable existence. This exercise of reckless hospitality defiles the mind and renders it unfit to serve as incubator for true newborn thoughts. It is small wonder that so many minds are sterile and incapable of nurturing a true original idea or clothing it in suitable apparel.

Meanwhile, the psychic atmosphere is teeming with a brood of veritable vampires that suck the life and mental energies of those who entertain them; and of this brood are some of the constituent elements of what is spoken of as the 'herd-mind' or more politely 'public opinion': thoughts discarded by the thinkers who originally gave them birth and turned them out of doors to live, if they are able, at the public cost, or die of sheer inanition. From which it would appear that thoughts are not only things but living things in various stages of decay, perhaps maintaining a vicarious existence at the public cost.

The psychic atmosphere of so-called civilized society has need of mental sanitation: for, as the Pythoness in *The Eumenides* declares: "neither may region boast such brood to rear scathless, unvisited by penance-throes. . . ." Better it is to purify the thought-sphere of the world by the creation of pure thought-forms for pure ideas, than wait for violent revolution to purge the earth with war, that leaves behind a legacy of evils worse

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than those it claimed to cure.

If the danger to the world from bad or decomposing thought is great, the benefit to be derived from strong, pure thinking must be proportionate: such thinking is creative, and demands above all else faith in the essential divinity of man, a sublime optimism which knows no fear, and thinks no scorn of those who cannot see so far nor dare so much: but loves humanity and yearns to help the race.

An ambitious program, you may say. And yet it is no more than

our experience will justify. See how the greatest ages and most glorious have been created by a few great minds insouled by great ideas! What has been done shall be again accomplished and more gloriously; for it is man who molds the destiny of men.

Truly the tide of evolution has its ebb and flow, and man may profit by the knowledge of it; but the pilot does not count upon the tide to navigate the ship. He knows that he must do his part if he would bring the ship to port.

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T. HENRY, M. A.



THE LONDON *Times* *Literary Supplement*, in reviewing a book called *The Arunta: A Study of a Stone-Age People*, by Sir Baldwin Spencer and the late F. J. Gillen, says:

"One of the most striking novelties contributed by this latest version of the beliefs of the Arunta is the account given of the two-fold nature or two-souledness of the human individual. He is partly *arumburinga*, partly *kuruna*, the one being the transpersonal soul, eternal and changeless, the other the personal soul, subject to birth and decay, though so far persistent that it is continually subject to reincarnation."

And after further description, adds:

"Surely no Platonic myth could render more convincingly that interplay of universal and particular, of identity and difference, which causes every thinking man to realize

that, though he owns his individual soul, it in turn owns him by being in touch with something larger and more abiding."

This may stand as a striking illustration of the fact that the truths of Theosophy are primordial and universal. It also shows that the truth is not necessarily revealed to the 'wise and prudent,' but sometimes to 'babes.' Perhaps the mind often serves to hide the obvious.

The rebirth-doctrine is perhaps inadequately stated: it should seem that it is the transpersonal soul that is reincarnated, becoming by incarnation the personal soul. The true teaching, as nearly as may be stated, is that reincarnation causes the manifestation of a personal soul, peculiar to the one incarnation, another personal soul being

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generated in the next incarnation, and so on.

The recognition (1) of the existence of a universal soul, superior to man's individual soul; and (2) of man's being able to commune or partake in this universal soul; this constitutes the essence of *religion*, in whatever form. To this we may add the doctrine that man has a transpersonal soul, which is his link with the universal soul. This is what is meant in the teachings of Jesus Christ by the 'Son,' which is man's mediator with the 'Father.'

A reading of current literature shows, to an increasing degree, how the leaven of Theosophical thought, set at work by H. P. Blavatsky, is changing people's ideas. It is considered by almost everybody that the recent international cataclysm hastened the process very much. This cataclysm certainly served to show up the faults in our philosophy of life and our ideals and habits of conduct. And so now we are all searching for what is variously called 'God,' 'Reality,' 'Truth,' etc.

And is it strange, or not, that people should find themselves arriving at the very place where these 'primitive savages' already stand? Can it be that, ascending from a valley towards the crest of the hill, our elevation has enabled us to see farther behind? At any rate, this analogy of the journey over hill and vale may serve to show how we can be at once in advance of our predecessors and lower than they.

See what is explained in *The*

Key to Theosophy about the three souls in man: the Spiritual Soul, the Human Soul, the Animal Soul — mysterious trinity which explains so many problems that vex the philosopher, but not the savage. Sublime and everlasting truth, enshrined in many an allegory, symbol, or myth!

How keenly many of our modern psychologists analyse the animal soul and trace out its influence on the human soul; while ignoring the Spiritual Soul and its equally powerful and far more important influence. These philosophers, seemingly, would have us believe that man is fatally ruled by his animal soul. Such a doctrine is tantamount to a *Lie* — not a lie of mere statement, but a potent hypnotic lie.

An old belief tells us about the 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' unpardonable: what can this sin be but that of denying the existence of our own Divine nature? And it is unpardonable (so long as we continue to be guilty of it) because we thereby commit spiritual suicide.

How the selfish man cuts himself off from his root! How he shuts himself up in a prison! True, it is necessary, for our evolution, that we develop individuality strongly; but the process must not be carried too far.

As an instance of how people can fool themselves, we note an argument by a scientific writer to the following effect (we have heard it before). That, whereas man in his

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ignorance used to think the universe was made for him, and used to judge everything with reference to his own personality; now science has demonstrated the insignificance of man and the vastness of the universe; thus teaching man to lower himself in his own estimation to the proper level of insignificance. Extraordinary, hardly credible, that it should not occur to the writer that the science to which he refers is itself the creation of the utterly insignificant being whom he so depreciates!

However great science may be, man is obviously greater. But mere size has little to do with the estimate of comparative greatness. A horse is much bigger and stronger than a man. My body may weigh 150 lbs., but how much weighs the atom which controls the whole machine? There is good reason for thinking that, as in the days of Gideon, might rests with the small band rather than with the host; and that the voice of the Supreme is heard in the stillness rather than in the roar of tempest.

What we have to bear in mind, then, as a practical question, is that there are in man, as it were, two centers of action. The more obvious and familiar one seems to be located in our nerves and senses, with perhaps some reflected light from the brain; it constitutes the personal intelligent animal which passes muster as 'Me.'

But beyond that there is an-

other center, which is our portal opening into the greater world of conscious life. Its center is within the recesses of the Heart. It is the 'Silent Angel' that 'hovers near,' ready to lead our steps into paths of light — not probably by definite injunctions or appeals to the mind, but through those mysterious channels that determine what we call 'chance.'

How many of our actions and experiences during the day are determined by influences unknown, which we call 'casual,' 'accidental'! The sudden unreflecting word that works so much ill or so much good; what determines it? The infinite opportunities to do either the right thing or the wrong thing; what determines which we shall do? The upshot is determined by whether we have most cultivated the higher or the lower centers in our nature. Truly, man gets what he prays for.

If you want a practical hint, one answer is that it will surely make a great difference to you if you merely adopt the idea that you have this greater Self, in place of your previous notions, whatever they may have been. For it is a truth; and, once recognised, it will begin to demonstrate itself to you. When impulses come to us, we can watch where they come from, whether from the higher source or from one of the lower centers. A mere turning on of the light goes a long way towards conquering those things which dwell in the shadows.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

OBSERVER



R. BREASTED, distinguished Egyptologist of the University of Chicago, recently returned from Egypt and Syria where he has been directing explorations. Important discoveries of chipped stone arrowheads and spearheads were made in the banks of the Nile, and, according to Dr. Breasted:

“The discovery of these implements was most important. Heretofore, scientists have met only with surface-indications in this region. Now we have geological evidence. These men must have lived in the Pleistocene Age, which corresponded with the Ice Age in Europe.”

The Hittite expedition found thirty-one skeletons, probably dating from the thirteenth century B. C., the first skeletons from pre-Greek days found in Asia Minor. Dr. Breasted spoke well of the cooperation given by the Turks, saying that if given fair and honest treatment they are as fair and honest as anybody. “Hitherto they have not received that kind of treatment.”

THE new excavations at Herculaneum, sister-city to Pompeii, but of which little has been known, are beginning to produce highly interesting results. Herculaneum was largely buried under tuff which har-

dened into solid stone, while Pompeii was covered with much lighter ash, easy to handle.

Buried under 150 feet of tuff the explorers have found a large house in almost perfect condition. It is said to be of pure Greek style with marble colonnades and a balcony overlooking the ancient Herculanean Main Street. Magnificent works of art, including a bronze Mercury and a marble Venus, were found within the house.



PROFESSOR Arturo Posnansky, a Bolivian archaeologist, will represent the Bolivian Geographical Society at the Americanist Congress to be held at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, in September, and will present what promises to be an unusually important report of his studies of the ancient ruins of Tiahuanaco near Lake Titicaca in Bolivia on the borders of Peru.

The special interest in this announcement lies in his claim to having proof that the great lost civilization to which the Tiahuanaco ruins belong, existed at least *thirteen thousand* years ago! He also speaks of having found descendants of a prehistoric people called ‘Urus’ who have preserved ancient customs. They live on an

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island in Lake Poopo into which the waters of Lake Titicaca drain, but which itself has no visible outlet. Professor Posnansky hopes to decipher inscriptions of unknown script on some of the prehistoric monuments of the Tiahuanaco district.

The statement that some of the ruins at Tiahuanaco can be proved to be thirteen thousand years old goes far to support H. P. Blavatsky's teachings on the subject of the enormous antiquity of certain South American civilizations, though she gives reasons to believe that many more millenniums should be added to that number before we could reach the earliest date from which tangible records have remained.

Lake Titicaca, 250 miles south of Cuzco, is 12,500 feet above the sea, and hardly anything eatable will grow in that region. In *The Incas of Peru*, Sir Clements Markham says of Tiahuanaco:

"Such a region is only capable of sustaining a scanty population of hardy mountaineers and laborers. The mystery consists in the existence of ruins of a great city on the southern side of the lake, the builders being entirely unknown.

"The city covered a large area, was built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One weighs thirty-seven tons (another carefully dressed stone weighs 108 tons). . . .

"The moving and placing of such monoliths point to a dense population, to an organized government, and consequently to a large area under cultivation with arrangements for the conveyance of supplies. . . .

"The point next in interest to the enormous size of the stones is the excellence of the workmanship. . . .

"There is ample proof of the very advanced stage reached by the builders in architectural art."

Geology shows that the Andes have risen to their present height in comparatively recent times, but no one suggests that a couple of thousand years have made any noticeable difference.

To build a great city at the height of 12,500 feet would be an absurdity which no organized government would dream of. It is possible that at the date (13,000 years ago) mentioned by Professor Posnansky the Andes were considerably less elevated than they are today, and that a great city such as Tiahuanaco would not find itself surrounded, as it is today, for great distances by what is practically a cold, treeless desert, but by fertile lands in a temperate climate.

The problem is fascinating as it offers the possibility, when solved, of providing science with a new and revolutionary perspective of a far longer occupation of this planet by civilized man than western thinkers have dared to envisage. We shall look forward with much interest to Professor Posnansky's report to the Americanist Congress.



WE are accustomed to see in our museums fossilized footprints of animals of early geological ages, dating from periods calculable by hundreds of millions of years; in fact, several species are only known

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by their footprints, no bones having been found. But in regard to man the case is different, and so the report of the discovery of an immensely ancient human footprint in Cyprus, if authentic, may prove of great significance.

The report comes from that British possession in the Mediterranean and states that during the making of an official series of pictures for the 'British Instructional Films' a fragment of rock was found on the top of Mount Hilariou, showing an impression exactly resembling the cavity such as would be made by withdrawing a man's foot from soft material, and the age of the rock is so great that geologists of the Natural History Museum, London, are reported to be of the opinion that the impression, if produced by man, would prove that humanity is many millions of years older than the most ancient human relic so far discovered, for the strata in question belong to the early part of the Tertiary Period, the Eocene, the beginning of the so-called 'Age of Mammals but not of Man.'

This is not the first puzzling object of somewhat similar nature that has come to light in recent years. Six years ago what appeared to be the petrified sole of a carefully made shoe with what looks like a double line of regular stitches round it was shown to several eminent scientists at Columbia University, etc. It was found in limestone of the Triassic period

in the Humboldt range, Nevada, and was therefore many millions of years older than the Tertiary, and came from the Secondary or 'Age of Reptiles.'

The authorities declared that it could not possibly be of human manufacture because of its age, which might be two or three hundred million years, though "it was the most surprising imitation by nature of the workmanship of man which had ever come to their attention."

Others thought differently, and microscopic examination was made, but no satisfactory conclusion was reached. The reasonable suggestion was offered by those who saw the fossil as a product of human handiwork that there may be some serious miscalculation about the age of the rock in which it was found, and that it is really not so enormously ancient, though far older than any other trace of advanced humanity.

Another singular shoe-story was reported from Hawaii about the same time. The imprint of "a practically perfect Spanish shoe, with narrow toe, waist of the foot and heel being clearly defined" was found in the surface of an ancient lava flow near the ancient city of Refuge, Honaunau.

The city of Refuge was built in the eleventh century and there is no record of a lava flow from Mauna Loa in that direction since that date, yet the first tradition of Spaniards visiting the island does not go back farther than 1575.

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There is some mystery in this, not yet solved.

This account does not compare in interest, of course, with the others, which may lead to new lines of proof as to the antiquity of intelligent humanity. According to the Eastern Wisdom, recorded in more ways than one, mankind has been on earth, imbodyed in really human form and possessing a human mind, for about eighteen million years — from perhaps the time of the Cyprus footprint in the Eocene or earlier.

Lands and seas have changed places more than once since humanity incarnated in physical form, and we cannot expect to discover more than the rarest vestiges, if any, of the earlier races who lived before the long ages of degradation known to science through the finding of a few bones and stone implements that have withstood the destructive activities of nature. Footprints in clay, subsequently hardened to rock, would be the most likely evidences of the greatest antiquity of these early human races,

as they are practically imperishable.

How strange it would have seemed a few years ago to be told that in no long time flying-machines would prove of great service in archaeological discovery! And yet this has come to pass. An aerial photograph of an important hill seven miles north of Jerusalem in Palestine was found to show a depression hardly noticeable from the ground. Excavation was started and an ancient temple with the remains of five different towns, one above the other, were found. The temple was built about 900 B. C., but the oldest town was at least five thousand years old, perhaps from the Canaanite period.

In England slight differences in color of the grass, invisible from the ground but quite clear from the air, have enabled archaeologists to distinguish traces of early agricultural systems which are found to be quite different from the later Roman and Saxon field-arrangements, and which are now being studied with great care.

“THE fact is that we are essentially divine,— born to evolve, born to evolve! That is what we are here for; and not to sit negative under a burden of errors.”

“IF we would all stand for even a short time face to face with our own souls, we should realize that the sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame, and that we have a great responsibility in righting it.”

— *Katherine Tingley*

THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

I



HERE IS a beautiful valley just there with a small river falling over rocks into deep pools, or flowing smoothly along between low banks, with flowering rushes and water-lilies growing in the soft mud, where the cattle love to stand when the sun is hot.

The trout love the river, and even the salmon try to mount its steep falls, but the water is often so shallow that they find no pool deep enough to shelter in, and then there is joy in the home of the family, whose luck it is to find the stranded fish and carry it home; for there is no river-warden or water-watcher there, to interfere with the young poachers who catch the fish where and when they can.

The children never tire of the river, though the mothers do sometimes tire of mending and drying clothes that have been soaked in wet mud and torn on the rocks, but then it is something to know where to look for the children when they are missing; they seldom go anywhere else to play: the farmers do not trouble them there, and farmers, you know, are troublesome people, who make a fuss if you find a hole in a hedge and just make it large enough to go through without tearing your clothes, and then they grumble about boys swinging on gates, as if gates were not made for that, though most of them are so badly hung that they

stick fast if more than three or four boys mount it at once.

But the river is always good-natured except when it is too full after the heavy rains; well, boys too are sometimes cross if they have eaten too much; so I suppose the river is the same; but then it can't help eating too much, because its food is water, and it has to take all that comes to it, and that must be hard work at times. I know what it is like when there are such a lot of blackberries that you can't possibly eat them all, and if you try, you become too full, like the river, and then people say you are greedy. It does seem as if a boy could not do what he likes without someone being disagreeable about it. It isn't so much the medicine they give you, as the scolding; that's what makes all the trouble, and then they say you are cross, because you eat too much.

Why can't we do just what we want without falling into trouble? Why should I want to eat if it is bad for me? Why should I go to school in a hot ugly room and be scolded and punished, when I could be happy out in the sun, playing by the river? Is it wrong to be happy? And how can you be happy if people keep finding fault? I wish I were dead!

When farmer Jones's baby died they said it had gone to heaven, and then they all cried, and it made me

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so miserable I had to go and cry too. I suppose they know best; heaven must be an awfully bad place to go to; but then the baby was cross and ugly, so perhaps she was wicked and had to go to heaven because she wasn't good enough to live. Hope I won't go to heaven; not yet anyway. I suppose one has to go there some day, they all do, at least all the tombstones say so. But if it is so bad there that everyone cries and wears black clothes when anyone goes to heaven, why do they pretend it's only for good people, and why do they all pray to God to take them?

I suppose they want to keep God in a good temper and not hurt his feelings; at least I know that's what Mama says when she gets invitations from people to go to parties; she is always cross when she is making ready to go and is so glad to come back; but people do not come back from heaven. I suppose that's why they cry at a funeral.

The sun played on his golden bronze hair, and the water rippled round his feet as he dangled them in the pool, till suddenly his attention was drawn to a flat rock that he had not visited lately, and which at times was a favorite resting-place for big trout.

He crept forward and gently lay down flat on the rock, softly plunged both hands down into the pool, and drew them in under the overhanging ledge of rock till he felt the smooth form of a big trout; gently and soothingly he stroked the belly of the fish till he got his hands round it, and, grasping it by head and tail so that it could not slip out either way, he drew it up and threw on the shore,

a prize, that would not bring a scolding, for there were not just there any ardent anglers or keepers to preserve the fish and punish with the penalties of the law the heinous offense of poaching, and the most heinous of all forms of poaching, to wit, 'tickling trout.'

Some of the men who were not true sportsmen used a big hammer, and, striking the stones that seemed likely to shelter fish, they could stun the fish and just pick them out as if they were dead; but that was not sport, it takes some skill to tickle a trout, but when you know how, you can get them every time.

As the boy marched home with his prize he was watched with much admiration and envy by groups of smaller children who had not yet arrived at an age when such adventures were possible. Poor little beggars! They were to be pitied for being so young; but it was not their fault; they were born so young; probably that is why.

Just then the path turned into the road and all speculations as to the nature of the very young were diverted by an unusual sight. The boy stood still and stared, not as the mere village-children stare, with the wide-eyed fixity of utterly unconscious absorption in the wonder of a strange sight, that is so embarrassing to visitors from the city, but still he stared, for a moment forgetting his manners.

The strange sight was a man on a pony, without a saddle but with sacks thrown over his back, one partly filled, and a very old bridle; not an uncommon sight, but the man was a rare visitor to the valley, for he

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seldom left his mountain home, a few miles higher up, 'above the gates,' as they say; that is where the fences end and the wild moorland begins.

That is where the river comes from, and where the ponies run wild and get such thick coats in winter that they look as fat as sheep, and then it all comes off in spring-time, and you may see a pony dragging part of his cast-off clothing like a blanket behind him; — I should say his rubbed-off clothing, for they rub it off against the rocks and gateposts, if there are no trees around.

There are lots of rocks up there, and some of them are stuck up on end, and people say they are magic stones, where the witches go to talk to the devil.

There is one just near old Thomas house, and they say he is a wizard, and that is why he never comes down to the valley: sometimes the children throw stones at him, but only when they are safe out of sight where he can't reach them with his fierce eyes.

But now he sat there quite still on his little pony, with his legs nearly reaching to the ground, and his old straw hat with the bulging crown and the lining sticking out; he was looking straight at the boy, and the boy was not afraid; he had never seen old Thomas's eyes before, and it was that which made him forget his manners and stare so rudely.

Somehow he could not look away from those wonderful eyes; there was something in them that he had never seen before, except — yes — well, it certainly seemed strange — but it was when he was looking into a dark pool to try and see the bottom, and all at once he saw eyes like that

looking up at him, and he was so startled that he slipped right into the pool, and the eyes were gone of course; and now he saw the same eyes, but deeper and stronger, looking straight at him. Of course he was not afraid, why should he be? He knew those eyes, and began to laugh.

Then he thought old Thomas might be hurt, and he ran up to him and held up his prize to show him, and, before he knew what he was about, he had given the trout to the old man, who just took it and put it into one of the sacks, and thanking him with a smile that the boy thought was just like the sun coming out between the clouds, he swung his long legs against the pony's ribs and set off at a canter up the hill, the diminutive pony making no more of his load than if he were carrying an empty sack.

The small boy stood rooted in the middle of the stony lane, watching the vanishing figure of the wizard on his pony, and wondering when he should see him again; and the setting sun made a glory round the man, gilding his white hair and his tattered clothes, and if you could have stood lower down you would have seen a similar glory round the small boy, and far up the mountain against the sky one of those magic stones pointing up into the glow of the sunset.

II

ARTHUR had not gone to Byham Cottage, as both his father and the butler imagined, but to Kentham, and now he sat smoking cigarettes in Robert Styles's dining-room, while his host sat at a desk near the fire

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with papers about him and a glass of hot drink at his side; the decanters were on the table as usual, and Arthur helped himself as if he were quite at home in the house.

Styles was holding in his hand an acceptance for two thousand pounds bearing the signatures of Arthur and of his uncle Richard Coulter, who spent most of his time abroad, but who was now at Lowthorpe for a few days. Styles looked first at the bill and then at the young man, and said slowly:

“This is a rather large sum for your uncle to make himself responsible for.”

“Oh! but there is no real responsibility, it is only just a matter of convenience. I shall have the money long before that is due; of course he understood that; that was made quite clear to him; besides the bill is not going through the bank but is merely to be held as security by a friend; as you suggested.”

“No! not as I suggested. What I suggested was that you should go to your father, and ask him to help you; that was my suggestion, but since your uncle has endorsed this bill I suppose you have told him how you came to be in need of so much money? I don't want to interfere in family matters; if your uncle likes to take the responsibility that is his affair; he is not a boy and it is not my business, but you are young. You know that I have warned you constantly against gambling.”

“Yes, I know, you have talked to me like a grandfather, and I mean to give up betting; but I must get square first. I can easily do that.

I have a sure thing for the Rowton meeting next week; and then I have money coming in from other sources, and can redeem this bill before it is due; then I will take your advice and stop betting, at least for a time, until the governor increases my allowance.”

Styles unlocked a drawer in his safe and took out a bundle of bills and notes, and held them up.

“These are what your racing has brought you; I have helped you out of difficulties often enough, I think, to have the right to give you good advice; but if you won't take it, well, I am not responsible. But you must understand that I go no farther; you shall have this two hundred pounds you ask for, in addition to the renewal of these bills. This one I hold will cover the whole amount; so I return you these; but mind! this must be redeemed in one month; do not forget it. I must have the money by them. I am not a banker, or a money-lender, and I need the money in my own business.”

“Oh, that's all right! You shall have it before then. I can promise that.”

Arthur took the check for two hundred pounds, put it in his pocket and threw the bills in the fire with an expression of relief, as if he had rid himself of all further responsibility; and, thanking Styles, he excused himself, saying he must go home or he would be missed.

This was true, for his uncle Richard was to leave in the morning, and Arthur should have been at home that evening above all others; but this business with Styles was urgent, not only because former bills were

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overdue, though they could be renewed no doubt, but the new loan was absolutely needed at once in order to pay a gambling debt, a 'debt of honor,' incurred the day before at a little card-party at Mrs. Maynell's. She had begged him not to play, and had warned him that some of the party were old gamblers, but Arthur could never say no, and this was the result.

He could have paid it himself, if he had not lent so much to his friend Captain Barker, who had introduced him to Mrs. Maynell, and who had persuaded him to endorse the lease of Byham Cottage in order to satisfy Robert Styles. "Just a matter of form, you know." But Barker had promised to repay his borrowings, and further had put him on to the 'sure thing for the Rowton meeting' that Arthur had spoken of, and on which he stood to win heavily.

Then he had bought a horse for Mrs. Maynell, because he was such a good judge of a lady's horse, and had paid for it himself, because her quarterly dividends were not yet paid up: she had promised to send him a check in the following week, so that with his own allowance, which was due in a few days, he would be afloat again.

He did not face his position quite squarely, for he knew that, even so, he would not be able to pay up that two thousand pounds in full unless he went to his father for help.

It worried him to think that his little loans should have mounted up to such a sum, and he had been rather hurt when old Styles declared that he could not incur any further responsibility unless he had the signature of some more responsible person along

with Arthur's; for he pointed out that Arthur might die unexpectedly, and then Styles would be at the mercy of Sir John, who was not at all friendly to him.

Arthur had talked it over with Captain Barker, who had suggested that the signature of Major Richard Coulter would surely satisfy Styles, and that it was only a matter of form, a mere question of convenience, for a few days; in fact, he undertook to get Major Coulter's signature himself, but Arthur must make no allusion to the matter to his uncle, but just leave it to him, and he would arrange it so that his uncle should not know that Arthur was in any way concerned in the matter.

So Barker got the bill with the signature of Major Richard Coulter, and all Arthur had to do was to add his own name, and settle it with Styles, not mentioning Barker's name to him. In this way Arthur would be rid of those old bills and would incur no loss himself, "just a matter of form you know."

This seemed simple enough to Arthur; but the two thousand pounds still staggered him; so he dismissed the thought with the gratifying conclusion that he had been useful to his friends, and that he was going to give up gambling very soon.

He hurried across the park, letting himself in by the smoking-room as usual; changed his coat, and sauntered into the drawing-room, where his uncle, seated at the piano, was singing Italian love-songs in a charming light tenor voice, with much grace and fluency.

Arthur at once forgot all un-

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pleasant thoughts and made himself agreeable to everyone, as he could not help doing; it was his pet indulgence, to please. He simply could not bring himself to give pain to any human being, for he dreaded to feel himself disliked; he feared unpopularity above all else. He loved his family and they loved him; it seemed as if all the harsh qualities of the family were held by the father for his own use, leaving nothing but amiability to the rest.

One of the girls, a visitor, had produced a birthday-book and was asking for signatures. Major Richard signed and then laughed as he said:

“Who do you suppose asked me for my signature yesterday? The last man in the world I should have expected to be collecting autographs! He said it was his niece made him do it; I was fairly staggered, but he was in my regiment, and though I don't like the man, I could not refuse, and he offered me a blank page all to myself so I was forced to do it. There!”

He handed back the book to the young lady with his autograph, and she read out the quotation that headed the page: “He that is surety for another shall smart for it.”

“Well,” he answered, “that won't apply to me. I'm pretty careful whom I go surety for. If all you young fellows were as careful you would keep out of a lot of trouble.”

“But who was the man?” asked the young lady.

“Why that Captain Barker you were dancing with the other night; I saw you laughing as if you found him amusing.”

“Oh yes! I like him; he says such

pretty things, and then he has such an awful reputation.”

“Ah yes! that is a great recommendation; but in this case I think the reputation might act as a warning to young ladies. A romantic villain is all right in a play, but in real life it is just as well to be careful about choosing your friends.”

The Major spoke rather more seriously than seemed necessary, and Arthur felt distinctly uneasy; he had taken a dislike to Barker from the first, but had put it aside, because it was unpleasant to dislike a man who was so bent on being friendly; and then he had felt flattered by the attention of this man of the world, who certainly had an imposing manner and who gave him such good advice.

At the moment he recalled rather unpleasantly that Barker had won a good deal of money from him, at those little card-parties at Mrs. Maynell's, but then Barker always tried to persuade him to play for lower stakes; so again he dismissed the thought and devoted himself to entertaining the party generally, and every one liked to be entertained by this highly favored youth who was so genial and so frankly boyish in his enjoyment of life.

He arranged to drive his uncle to the station in the morning, though it meant getting up in the middle of the night, as he expressed it, for breakfast at 7.30. His usual hour was somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock, which was a subject of much snorting and grumbling on the part of his father, who was out of doors before six every day, and breakfasted at eight to the minute, as

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he had done right along all his life.

The Major was going to join a yachting-party and would be away for some months.

Sir John was not seen that night; he did not want to spoil his night's rest by an interview with Arthur. He hated explanations, and when his wrath was cool he was apt to let such things drop, until some new occasion stirred him up to the point of irritation necessary for action. He could act strongly only when the steam was up, and if he did not act promptly the steam exhausted itself in storms of inarticulate complaint; like that celebrated Mississippi steamer, that had such a big siren that when she blew a blast on approaching a wharf, she had to stop and get up a fresh head of steam before starting the engines again.

So Headlam waited till all were gone to bed except Arthur, who always was the last to leave the smoking-room, and on pretense of seeing if he had any orders for the morning, told him of the visit of Mr. Chawley, and that Sir John had sent for Arthur directly after but that he was out at the time, and how Sir John had asked at what time he usually came in at night, but that he, Headlam, could not tell him because Mr. Arthur always locked up himself.

Arthur smiled at his discretion, for he knew that Headlam also sat up in his own quarters even later than he did, because he had seen the light, and he knew the butler's habits; but he never betrayed his knowledge, and expected and received the same consideration as to his own hours.

This visit of Chawley's did not trouble him; what was there to

trouble about? It never dawned on him that his intimacy with Mrs. Maynell could bear an evil appearance to any one, it being free from any such suggestion to his own mind.

He never saw evil even where it was evident to others; and was besides much interested at present in the beauty and intelligence of another lady, one of his own age, Beatrice Masters of Shareham, whose father was dead. She lived on his estate with her mother, a selfish hypochondriac, who kept the girl in constant attendance on her. This attraction was no secret, so no one took any notice of it.

Nothing is so securely hidden as that which is open for all to see; and for this reason, Arthur's character was a profound mystery to Mr. Chawley; because in it nothing was ever concealed; he had never kept his acts or thoughts secret from anyone until Captain Barker persuaded him to say nothing about getting money from Styles; and about that last bill.

Arthur would have gone straight to his uncle, but Barker assured him he would be refused, and the whole matter be repeated to his father, if he did so; whereas he, Barker, could put it in such a light that Major Coulter would understand that it was only a temporary accommodation, and not really a loan, strictly speaking.

As to his visits to Mrs. Maynell, he said nothing about that, because he knew his father would disapprove of her, and that his mother had ignored her; but then they never pretended to interfere with him if he liked to make acquaintances with

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people who were not on the visiting-list of Lowthorpe.

Arthur was too popular and too easy-going to be able to refuse any kind of invitation, and of course knew all the people who annually rented houses in the neighborhood, just for the hunting-season, and who were never received at Lowthorpe unless they happened to be well recommended or introduced by some of the county-people.

When the hounds met at Lowthorpe, it was different; then the grounds were open to all, and there were refreshments for all, served outside to the general crowd of 'the field,' while a few only were invited into the house, besides the regular intimates, who were always welcome at any time.

Mrs. Maynell, however, had not even come to the meets at Lowthorpe, knowing she would not be invited into the house, and not wishing to make it awkward for Arthur whom she really liked.

Then the card-parties had seemed so natural that he never thought of concealment, for he played cards everywhere; they played every night at home; only he certainly had dropped a lot of money since he knew Barker.

But then on the other hand Barker had put him on to some good things at certain race-meetings, where Arthur had won enough to balance his losses at cards, until lately, and now he was well on to a 'sure thing' for the Rowton meeting and would even up his accounts before the month was up.

So he went to bed with a clear conscience, while Mr. Chawley also

retired with a conviction that he had done his duty, in warning Sir John of the intrigue which he saw concealed in Arthur's intimacy with Mrs. Maynell. The man's ignorance of the world made him suspicious, and his own extreme innocence made him imagine things that a more experienced man would have understood were not probable; for innocence and inexperience are not the same as a clean mind and a pure heart; Mr. Chawley had the former, but Arthur had the latter; that is why the church had the latter; that is why the churchman failed to understand the man of the world, though he was old enough to have learned something of human nature.

He still thought that suspicion was a sign of clear sight in that mysterious art of reading character. Yet he was in the habit of reading the Bible, and ought to have heard of the wisdom of the child; and even without a Bible, one may see that the child is an almost infallible judge of character. But even piety added to innocence and inexperience will not make up for lack of sympathy, which is the basis of intuition.

As to the man Jenkins, he certainly might be considered an undesirable associate for a young man, for he was wholly wrapped up in horses and all that pertained thereto, including betting, of course, but if he was a tool of Styles he never suspected it himself. And the dark hints, thrown out by the alarmed parson, about his former alliance with Styles in some nefarious schemes, were based upon the services that he had rendered to the bibulous land-agent in making private reparation

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for certain deeds of violence and disorder, committed by the latter, when in his most hilarious condition.

Jenkins was a man of tact and knew how to smooth matters over, and had been a peacemaker in the village all his life, in a quiet sort of way. He had no high-flown ideals of morality certainly, and a complete contempt for both church and parson, but he had an instinctive sense of justice and a general wish to see people friendly together, and so he rather enjoyed the task of peacemaker. To tell the truth, he was kept pretty busy in that line in his most quarrelsome village.

Now Jenkins knew Captain Barker and read him fairly well, but did not know that the man was on the downhill road, and going fast. He knew the captain was unscrupulous, but also he thought he was generous and that he was a gentleman. Jenkins was right so far, but Barker, in spite of an imposing appearance and a rather commanding manner, was a weak man, who would fail when a crisis came demanding moral force.

Such a crisis had come; he faced ruin and disgrace; and Arthur was there, with his open generous nature and his free-and-easy manner of throwing his money away, and Barker grasped at his last chance to recover himself. He would not hurt his friend Arthur, but he must use him now and find a way to make it up to him later. He had been more fortunate in his racing-advice to Arthur than in his own speculations, because he could not get the money or the credit necessary to back the best chances.

He was sure that all would come

right; he would see that Arthur should redeem that bill before it fell due, and he promised himself the pleasure of burning it with his own hands when Arthur got it back.

In the meantime he grew cold whenever he thought of what would happen if his ventures did not come out right; the time was short and he knew he was standing on a very thin plank over a very deep chasm.

That bill was not the only one that caused him uneasiness; he felt that he had put poisoned weapons into the hands of fate in giving those bills, and at such moments he wished he had boldly faced bankruptcy, which now seemed a trifling fall, compared with the plunge into the abyss which he saw gaping before him and which he had himself opened.

III

MAJOR COULTER was pleased with the attention of Arthur, who was usually a little indifferent to his uncle, a man who demanded and who appreciated attention particularly from younger men. He was a highly cultivated man with just enough talent to be a society genius of the second or third degree, a dilettante artist, musician, writer, and man of science, of the superficial kind; and above all he was devoted to the cultivation of his own sensibilities and to the admiration of his own undeveloped possibilities.

Attention and admiration were the breath of life to him, while the care of his person and the indulgence of his aesthetic tastes, filled what time he could spare from his social duties as a man about town, who was expected to know all the latest

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gossip in the world of taste and culture.

Arthur, who had a real love of art and music, though too lazy or too spoiled by fortune to cultivate seriously any talent he might have, had rather a contempt for his egoistical uncle, but he was grateful to him for signing that bill, and, as he could not thank him openly, he tried to express his gratitude by a little extra attention.

Having said good-bye to him at the station, he decided to drive round by Shareham, explaining to the groom that the road was better that way, an explanation which the groom received with becoming gravity, displaying a complete lack of curiosity or surprise also when his young master decided to walk home across the fields in order to look at a new covert that was being laid down.

The groom promised to take the horse home slowly and let him cool, for Arthur had driven at a spanking pace so far. It was not more than two miles across the fields and Arthur said he wanted a walk, and would be home almost as soon as the dog-cart going round by the road, which was perfectly true; but then fate is so strange, that, when he was passing by the paddock in which Miss Beatrice's favorite mare was turned out occasionally, he happened to be seen by that young lady and invited to come in and call on her mother, who was never out of her own room at this time of day.

Arthur expressed delight at the prospect, knowing the habits of the mother, though even if he had thought she was likely to be visible to visitors his expression of delight would not

have been at all insincere, for he liked the witty and amusing mother as well as any of his elderly acquaintance.

She certainly was a most pleasant companion for a short time, but to live with, no! Witty people are generally sarcastic, and usually malicious at heart; true geniality, that is free from all trace of malice, does not usually have the point that penetrates, and pierces, and delicately wounds under cover of a laugh, so can seldom rank as wit.

Beatrice, accustomed to the keen edge and penetrating power of her mother's sarcasm, simply basked in the sunshine of Arthur's generous geniality that was like the breath of summer to the flowers. She laughed when she saw him, he seemed so simply radiant with good humor and good health. He certainly was no hypochondriac.

The old manor-house was a place that delighted Arthur. There was a certain drowsy charm about it all, everything was old and quiet and comfortable, and everyone about the house seemed imbued with the same spirit of repose; hurry was unknown there apparently.

Old Mr. Masters had managed his property with quiet unpretending good sense; he had no passion for economy, nor indeed any passion for anything else. He seemed to enjoy life quietly, doing all that was necessary and much that he was not obliged to do, as if he enjoyed it all, just as he enjoyed working in his garden.

Servants grew old in their places at Shareham, but were never dismissed. They were not more indus-

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trious, nor more grateful than other people, but they were comfortable, and had just sense enough to know that they might not find another place as easy and as comfortable, so they stayed, and did enough work to fill in the time pleasantly between the hours of serious occupation devoted to meals, which were full and frequent in the servant's hall, though slender enough in the dining-room.

Mrs. Masters suffered from lack of appetite, which might perhaps be due to the fact that her digestion was kept at work constantly by small doses of special foods, which were called by various names meant to disguise the fact that they were food requiring digestion. The labor of digesting these aids to digestion made her continually fatigued, and prevented her taking any exercise worth speaking of, and that prevented her sleeping at night, which multiplied the opportunities for taking doses of disguised food to add to her chronic dyspepsia.

Her temper suffered in consequence, and Beatrice suffered also; for Mrs. Masters disliked to have servants about her; she found them inclined to show resentment at her exactions and want of sympathy with her fragile health; but Beatrice never betrayed any sign of impatience, accepting her mother as her fate, just as people have to accept a snub nose, and, on the whole, she felt that it would be worse to have a snub nose than to have to put up with her mother's exactions; it was all in the day's work, and she took it as it came. That was her father's way, and it made life pleasant enough for everyone around, so that the at-

mosphere of Shareham was pleasant at all times.

Arthur found it so pleasant that he stayed to luncheon, and amused Mrs. Masters with accounts of a ball he had been at last week, and by letting her say witty things, at which he laughed unrestrainedly; she never hurt him by her sarcasm, and Beatrice enjoyed the way in which he took her most cutting jokes, as if he did not dream that anybody could want to hurt him; why should they indeed? No! the desire to wound is often quite impersonal; it is as if a quantity of venom had accumulated and must be discharged without regard to any other consideration than the relief obtained by means of the discharge, and the opportunity to secrete a fresh supply of the poison.

Beatrice watched the scene with interest; her life made her inclined to think and reason for herself, and to keep silence about her thoughts; for now that her father was gone, she had no one to talk to about such things. She simply took his place, managed the house and the estate, through the housekeeper and the bailiff, and acted as a buffer between her mother and the servants. So there was peace and order at Shareham, and everyone accepted it as the natural order of creation, nor ever dreamed that the quiet girl was in any way the cause of the peace they enjoyed.

In the course of the talk, the name of Captain Barker came up and Mrs. Masters asked why he had not been to see her lately, at which the face of her daughter grew cold and hard. She had seen as much of him as she cared for, and had let him

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understand it, so his devotion to Mrs. Masters had waned, and she was injured, for he was a good listener, and if he never said clever things, he could always look as if he were able to and that was almost better, for it did not throw anyone else's wit into the background; he never capped another man's story, for two reasons: one was that he knew it made enemies, and the other was that he had sense enough to know that he was not as brilliant as he appeared; his silence was his strong point.

Beatrice suspected that he admired her property as much as her person and she had no great opinion of the man's character. She remembered that she had seen him coming out of Byham cottage as she passed in the carriage one day; she asked Arthur who was the present tenant of the cottage, and was told it was Mrs. Maynell, a widow, whom Arthur had met at a race-meeting some time ago, and who was fond of horses and a good rider, he explained disinterestedly. Barker had introduced him, but really he knew very little about her.

Mrs. Masters cut in with the query: "Is that the woman that old Maynell the banker married and left his money to, I wonder? She was his daughter's governess, and young enough to be his daughter; he went to live abroad, and died there; and I was told she was one of the most regular attendants at the tables at Monte Carlo for a time, then disappeared suddenly, not alone, it was said. Well, all sorts of people come to this part of the world now, for the hunting of course, but there are other creatures to hunt besides

foxes, and gambling is not limited to Monte Carlo. I hope you don't gamble, Arthur!"

"Gamble! Oh no! that is of course I play cards and bet at the races; everyone does that; but that is not gambling, exactly."

"Not if you keep within reasonable limits, but I hear the play is rather high in some houses, particularly among these strangers who come for the hunting-season, though Captain Barker assured me it was exaggerated, and he ought to know for he is in the thick of that kind of society.

"I wonder how he manages to keep so many horses, for I am told he had no income to speak of when he was in the army, and now he lives as if he were pretty well off. He wanted to sell Beatrice a horse, but then everybody sells and buys horses, and, as far as I can see, they all say they lose by the exchange, so that a man could not keep up a stable in that way, could he?"

While talking she watched Arthur narrowly, and noticed that he seemed a little less at his ease than before, so she added:

"If I were you, Arthur, I would keep clear of Captain Barker, and of such people as this Mrs. Maynell; and don't play in company where you don't know who the people are. I am an old woman" - she sighed and waited for someone to contradict her, but Arthur forgot his manners and thought about that stupid bill, and the coming race-meeting; so Mrs. Masters continued: "And I have seen so many young men ruined by coming under the influence of people like that."

(To be continued)