

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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

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### LIU YU-HSI CALLS TO MIND THE DESERTED CITY OF STONES

KENNETH MORRIS

**F**OEVER the unchanging hills look down  
And see no motion, year by year,  
In that stone ghost that once was a town.  
  
Day and night the sea draws near,  
And fumbles at the gates; and then,  
Listening awhile — there's naught to hear —  
  
And muttering, stealthily ebbs again;  
And birds drift by, crying in their flight;  
But never are heard voices of men.

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And the slow moon steals, night by night,  
Up o'er Huai Stream, and slowly o'er  
The battlements, and sheds cold light  
  
Along mute streets feet pass no more;  
And slowly, in her deep mood, goes down;  
And the light dies from river and shore  
And that stone ghost that once was a town.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

G. V. PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

(Stenographic report of the fourteenth 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 25, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9)

**F**RİENDS, both far and near:  
A friend of mine whispered to me a few moments ago, when our little Râja-Yoga singers ended their two beautiful songs: "You have a stiff job to compete with that this afternoon!" and I may say, Indeed so! We see in these little Râja-Yoga children an expression of the coming to consciousness of the human soul, of its growth out of unconsciousness to self-consciousness; as the years fly by over the heads of these tots, that soul will one day blossom out into as full a manifestation of its powers as the composite vehicle through which it works will allow it to express them all. Indeed, this is, in the small, in the single life-cycle of the human being, the same rule of growth, of evolution, that we have so often spoken of in this course of lectures, for evolution is the breaking down of barriers, and coincidentally the building of the vehicle ever more fit for self-expression, that is, for expressing the interior faculties and powers of the inner entity. And it is in part this breaking down of barriers, and in part the refining and building of the vehicle, which enable that inner entity to express its faculties proportionately. Evolution is not the adding of stone to stone, of experience to

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experience — not alone that; but it is much more the building up of the vehicle, becoming constantly more fit and ready to express or manifest some part of the transcendent faculties of the human spirit. A highly evolved man has a vehicle more fit and more ready than has a man less highly evolved; and this applies not only physically, but even more strongly on the mental and psychical planes. The inferior man in evolutionary development has not so fit a vehicle, and consequently can express those powers but poorly, but ill.

Now you know, friends, we have often pointed out in this course of lectures, which the Theosophical Teacher and Leader, Katherine Tingley, has asked me to deliver here in this our Temple of Peace, that the scientists are our greatest and best friends in as much as and in so far as they search out for us and classify and place on record the secrets of recondite Nature; but it does not necessarily follow from that fact that we must accept all the theories that the men of science evolve from their own inner fora or consciousness. That we may do or we may not do, the choice in either case depending upon our sense of the accuracy and adequacy of any such hypothesis or theory; for in most cases, at least in many cases, these theories or hypotheses do not appeal to us as being actual verbally mirrored representations, mental pictures, of the proceedings of Nature, more particularly as re-

gards this much debated question of evolution. With us, evolution means an unfolding, an unwrapping.

Let us turn for a moment to the subject of ‘human immortality,’ for it is one which seems to occupy much of the thought of the people who do give to these subjects some degree of mental attention. How many times in the past must you not have heard the question, ‘When a man dies, shall he live again?’ You have looked to the scientists for some answer to this question, so momentous, apparently, to the individual; and you have received as replies only theoretical speculations; and rightly, coming from that source, because what other answer could they give? They do not know, and being honest men, they would not say.

Or you were told: ‘Go to the churches. That is their field of thought. We, scientists, search and investigate material nature only. It is to religion that belong by right the question and the theoretical explanation of the nature of the human soul and its destiny after death.’

But this antinomy between science and religion should not be, because it is without basis in Nature itself. The antinomy is a historical one in Occidental Europe and is not a natural one. If the one exist without the other, that is if either Science or Religion be considered as fundamentally divorced the one from the other, each then incomplete, theoretical answers

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given by either must of necessity be incomplete likewise and therefore insufficient. There is no need for such a contradiction, for such an opposition, for such an antagonism, for such a difference of system and of thought between these two twin sister-faculties of the human consciousness.

This conception itself, this supposed fundamental antinomy or opposition between Religion and Science, or Religion and Philosophy, or between any two of these three or among all three, makes directly for Atheism, loss of man's spiritual intuitions, and for a growing sense in the human heart of despair and discouragement. The idea is an entire folly; it is not only useless but mischievous; and in no other part of the world, that is to say in no part of the world which has possessed religious thought of another type, does this totally unnecessary antinomy exist.

Theosophy, which is Religion, not *a* religion; which is Philosophy, not *a* philosophy; which is Science, not *a* science; because of dealing with the principles, not the theories man-made, of these three fields of human thought: Theosophy says, I say, that no such antinomy exists in reality; and it has arisen only in the western world, where alone these contradictions exist, from the fact that occidental religion has long since lost the key to the teachings of its own religious Master; and in a very natural revolt from religious obscurantism and dogmatism,

the scientists turned to that which alone seemed to give some promise of an adequate answer to their questions concerning the nature of Nature herself and of the nature of man — that is to say, to the physical world surrounding us.

Yet, penetrated as they were, more or less, with the dogmatic teachings and doctrines and beliefs of preceding centuries of occidental religious thought, they answered as far as they could honestly answer such inquiries, and that answer, as just pointed out, was in substance: 'Turn to the Church if you hunger after these things. We do not know, for that is not our sphere.' You see, this was a tacit recognition of the opinion that religion and science were fundamentally antagonistic.

Then, turning to the Church, what answer did you receive from that quarter? That answer we all know; the answers given we all know; and I shall waste no time in discussing those answers this afternoon. In a future course of lectures, perhaps to be delivered in this our Temple of Peace, and probably to be entitled 'Theosophy and Religion' and 'Theosophy and Philosophy,' these shall be matters which we may investigate at further length.

I repeat that the Theosophist is disgusted when he sees this totally unnecessary antagonism between two sister-branches of human thinking, Religion and Science. To the Theosophist religion is both sci-

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tific and philosophical. It is the devotional and intuitional reachings and searchings after truth of the human spirit. Again, philosophy to him is founded on the co-ordinating and correlating faculty of the human mind, which takes up the problems presented to it and formulates them into logical categories; and to the Theosophist it likewise is both scientific and religious.

To the Theosophist, Science is that branch of human thinking which deals with the facts of the manifested Nature around us, which classifies them, which studies them, which attempts to get some understanding of the physical nature by which we are surrounded. But to him likewise Science is essentially philosophic and religious.

As we have so often said in these our lectures, these three branches of human thinking, Religion, Philosophy, and Science, are at root but one sole working of human consciousness; but because man's inner constitution is intuitive and mystical and also rational and co-ordinating and also inquisitive and formal, therefore does this working of human consciousness follow these three paths of self-expression.

The human mind inherently possesses three different ways of interpreting nature: one of them is religion, one of them is philosophy, one of them is science. But essentially, as I have just said, they are one, because they all deal with the same facts, and because the human con-

sciousness, one in essence, manifests itself in these three fields. Therefore, I repeat, is the Theosophist disgusted when he receives answers of the kind suggested above. He knows the reasons why such answers are given, and his heart is filled with pity for the hungerers for truth who receive it not.

He is disgusted when medical investigators into the mysteries of the human body search it, as they used to, for some proof of 'human immortality,' as they called it. In the name of all conscience, what did they expect to find there? An immortal body? Some little mannikin lurking somewhere in the human frame? What else could it have been that they searched for in a body of physical matter?

They were hunting for a 'soul,' which they supposed, from the religious teachings more or less still active in their minds, must be immortal. But what did they expect to find, and where did they expect to find it, in such a physical body? If there be such a soul, immortal as they supposed, did they not see that such a soul must manifest itself in the very things that they were looking at and not elsewhere? Where else could it manifest itself and how otherwise could it express itself than in the manner which Nature has provided? The proofs of the working of the inner entity were before their eyes.

As you know, it was the theory then, that the supposedly immortal soul left the body at death. Con-

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sequently, why search in a dead body for an immortal mannikin of some kind, which according to that theory had already abandoned its vehicle?

The truth is they could not see the forest on account of the trees! They could not see the working of the inner entity on account of the manifold phenomena which it expresses in the living body. A dead body, so-called, neither speaks, nor breathes, nor laughs, nor thinks, nor sighs. What then is death? What has happened when the body dies? Something did so act and manifest itself when the body was alive; that something once manifested all those powers which the living man shows, and showed faculties transcendent with spiritual aspirations. What has become of them?

You see, friends, they were looking at the things themselves and knew them not even when they saw them, because they were searching for something else, which actually does not exist. I mean that they were searching for a figment of their own imaginations, vague, inchoate, uncertain, indefinite in outline. They were hunting for something, and they knew not what they were hunting for. Consequently they passed over with unseeing eyes and uninterpreting minds the very proofs which, as I have just said, were before their eyes. Pray think about it from the angle of thought that I have suggested.

Then as regards 'immortality':

what is immortality, and to what does it pertain, pray? A man as he now exists and as we know him? The immortal gods forbid! Would you, would I, care to live as you are or as I am forever, with all our weaknesses and all our tendencies and all our conflicting passions, all weighing upon us and tearing us in divergent directions? In the name of Heaven, no! Fancy an endless eternity for beings such as we now are! I tell you truly, to me it would be an endless hell!

How did such ideas arise among western European thinkers when science began to gather to itself some knowledge of the physical world, and the mind of man found itself more free to embark upon nobler thinking? Did these extremely limited ideas arise out of the fact that pictures and teachings which in the early days of Christianity were both symbolic, finally came to be taken as literal facts — such for instance as the pictures that you may so often see in European Mediterranean countries of angels with human bodies, but possessing wings like gigantic birds; or beings with no bodies, and nothing but a head and a pair of bird's wings; or beings depicted as arising out of the corpse in the grave in the shape of a human form more or less outlined; or as sometimes shown of a mannikin issuing from the mouth of the expiring with the last breath?

These very materialistic reproductions of the so-called human

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soul were, as I have said, originally purely symbolic, and never were intended, when first used as symbolic reproductions, to be taken in their literal form. They were copied from the so-called Pagan, Greek and Roman, symbolic reproductions of the passing of the inner entity at the beginning of the long sleep which they called and we also call death.

As a matter of fact, the inner entity, as compared with its gross physical vehicle, is an energy, a force, to our eyes invisible, intangible to our touch, and manifests in the living body as such an energy or force or power, the faculties which it shows during such manifestation being its intrinsic character. Is not this exactly what takes place as shown by the phenomena of the living, conscious, thinking, aspiring, emotional, psychical, passionnal, intuitive entity as it works through the body? Strange compound of heaven and earth, a compound energy, a bundle of forces, which death separates out and lets go, each one of these along its own especial pathway.

Yet when we call the inner entity an energy, a bundle of forces, we likewise mean that it is substantially material in a nobler sense, and in this the latest discoveries of physical science fully corroborate our archaic Theosophical teachings, for the scientists today teach as strongly as we do, that force and matter, or energy and matter, are fundamentally one, matter being,

so to say, crystallized energy, or force; and energy or force being, so to say, subtil and moving matter.

The spirit-self or the soul-spirit learns its lessons in a manner far different from the usual European conception of its 'going to school' on this our plane, on earth. It follows the usual course of Nature's procedure; it lives and is awake, and then it sleeps; and the beginning of that sleep we call death; and when its period of repose is completed, then it reawakens, again to take up another physical body on earth anew. Life always!

Now, with regard to the subject of Deity. Let me reserve this for one of the themes of another series of lectures, for I have other matters that I wish first to bring to your attention for a short time this afternoon, before closing.

The Theosophist claims no monopoly of truth. No one who knows anything of Theosophy could accuse an honest adherent of our majestic religion-philosophy-science of making any such extravagant claim. But we do claim and we prove that we have in our possession, as our most sacred treasure, a formulation of the mysteries of being, which each one of us understands according to his capacities. It is the bounden duty of us all to take this formulation of the universal truths which we have and ponder over them faithfully, thereby developing an understanding which grows ever larger and deeper.

This is done by turning our

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vision inwards, not by looking without. Looking without, you see nothing but a phantasmagoria of things, countless multitudes of phenomena distracting the mind. But by turning the vision inwards, by awakening and developing the inner consciousness, you come daily ever more into union and communion with causal relations, with causes rather than with effects, and your understanding of the meaning of things grows in proportion with this union and communion with the light and life inherent in and native to your spiritual self. Your heart is then filled with an unspeakable joy, because you have the confidence of perfect knowledge that your feet are then set on the Path of Truth, and that an ever enlarging and expanding destiny of glory and splendor shall be yours.

But while the Theosophist claims no monopoly of truth, yet when we turn to the past history of the modern Theosophical Movement — now barely fifty years old — we find that our Theosophical thinkers and writers have foreseen and written of more or less recent scientific discoveries that are today considered of the first importance in modern classified knowledge.

Whence came these knowledges which our Theosophical thinkers and writers have given to the world in our age? Whence came these truths which they have enunciated? It is from a more or less proper and correct interpretation of this wondrous Philosophy-Religion-Science,

Theosophy, which has been evolved or put together by no man, but which is the formulation of the truths of Nature as put together and tested in age after age, through aeonic time, by past generations of Great Seers who have sent their spirit into the abysses of Nature and have searched out the roots of things, and have followed those roots through trunk and branch and stem and twig, until every detail of what they began to look for was found, every detail as far as our present universe goes.

I have put on paper, and hold here in my hand, a list of some fifteen of the remarkable foreshadowings of scientific discoveries as outlined by our Theosophists during the past thirty-five or forty years, and I am going to read them to you. This present course of lectures is approaching its end, and I have been reminded that I promised to draw up such a list as this when these lectures were begun. It was only this morning that it occurred to me that I had not yet fulfilled this promise. So now I will read this list to you as drawn up from a former lecture which I gave in this Temple at Katherine Tingley's request, before a private body of students, a few years ago.

1. Our Theosophists pointed out long ago that simple Materialism, comprising fortuity, chance, and dead matter, as producing life and consciousness, as an explanation of life and being, is unscientific, unphilosophical, and impossible be-

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cause contrary to Nature and reason; therefore absurd intrinsically.

As you must know, friends, the old materialistic ideas are moribund, that is dying, if not dead. With every day they are approaching their dissolution as a supposedly satisfying statement of the facts of life and being.

2. That other planets are inhabited by intelligent beings, or are not so, as the case may be; and that this fact is denied by the western world, not from knowledge but from ignorance only of such planets; the only planet that we *do* know, our earth, producing living and intelligent beings. The denial therefore is irrational, purely speculative and theoretical, and based solely on supposedly true facts concerning atmosphere, cold or heat, etc., as these are known on our planet *only*.

3. The unreal nature of the physical universe, or sphere, *i. e.*, that all that we see and know with sensational perceptions, is its purely phenomenal appearance.

Now both these latter statements, in their philosophical, scientific, and religious reaches, are more or less accepted by the greatest men of Science today, perhaps not exactly in the form that we have here set them forth in, but in principle.

When we speak of the 'unreal nature' of the physical universe, we do not mean by this statement that the physical universe is non-

existent, that is, that it does not exist. We mean first that our understanding of it is unreal, because we know it not in its essence; and also that considered in its phenomenal aspects it is not a fundamental reality, because it is temporal, changing, and effectual, not causal. We do not know yet what it is, but our knowledge of it is growing. And when I say 'we,' in these connexions, I am speaking from the standpoint of the ordinary scientific or philosophic or occidental religious researcher.

You will find an explanation of the actual and real nature of this physical universe in our majestic Theosophical philosophy; and you will also find a close approximation to that explanation in the wonderful philosophic and religious systems of the far Orient, in those, I mean, which have centuries of existence behind them.

4. That 'Force' is etherealized 'matter'; or, preferably, that 'matter' is equilibrated or 'crystallized' forces.

These last two items have now been fully admitted by philosophical scientific thinkers and researchers.

5. That electricity and magnetism, twins, are particular, *i. e.*, corpuscular; formed of particles or corpuscles, and therefore are 'matter.' They are the phenomenal effects of noumenal Causes — ethereal matter or rather ethereal matters.

6. That the so-called 'modes of

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motion' or forces of whilom scientists, when H. P. Blavatsky first brought her Message of Theosophy to the Western World in 1875, considered as a definition of forces, was a vain and superficial effort to explain forces and energy by ticketing them in a new manner which explained nothing at all: all forces, in fact, being simply moving and ethereal matters, or vice versa.

7. That all matter is radiant, *i. e.*, 'radio-active,' that is, it *radiates*; some forms or states of matter more than others — *cf.* the work and discoveries of Becquerel, Roentgen, the Curies, Rutherford and Soddy, etc., and the work on similar lines of other great men in other countries.

8. That light is corpuscular, because a matter, or substance; that is, light is a material radiance, in fact.

9. That the transmutation of matters, hence of metals of course, is a fact in Nature, occurring hourly, momently, instantly; and continuously throughout time.

Both these last items are now accepted.

10. That the atom is a divisible body — *i. e.*, the *chemical* or *physical* atom; it is, so to say, merely a smaller molecule.

Numbers 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, have all been admitted by Science, or practically admitted, in some cases in full; in other cases verging on full admission.

11. That the physical atom is a tiny 'solar system'; each such sys-

tem being in its turn composed of physical infinitesimals or of sub-atoms, or of infra-atoms, called electrons and protons.

This Theosophical teaching is now fully admitted by scientists.

12. That the nebular hypothesis as commonly accepted formerly was incomplete, insufficient, as a workable hypothesis, although containing certain elements of truth.

This also is now admitted by Science.

13. That the sun, in the older sense, is neither burning, nor even hot, although it is *glowing* in one sense, superficially; nor does it recuperate its heat, such as it is, and light and other forces, as formerly alleged, by mere shrinkage of volume, nor by the impact of falling meteors, nor does radium fully account for its vast and ceaseless expenditure of energy.

This is now practically admitted by the scientists, at least in principle. It would be fully admitted were there some alternative explanation that they could offer. This they have not yet discovered or evolved from their understanding of the facts before them.

14. That storms — rain, hail, snow, wind — and drouths; likewise most of the earth's heat, are not caused by or derived wholly from solar energy, but result from electro-magnetic interplay of forces between the earth's mass and the meteoric masses, or 'veil,' above our atmosphere; such phenomena or effects being accompanied, part-

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ly causally, partly effectually, by periodic expansion or dilatation of the atmospheric body, and by periodic contractions thereof; and that the 'Glacial Periods' of geology, so-called, are largely due to the same cause or causes.

Let me interpolate, friends, that a few months ago some eminent scientists in the northern part of California were investigating the upper regions of our atmosphere, and to a certain extent they have come to the same conclusion as a result of their investigations.

15 and last. That Darwinism and Haeckelism are totally inadequate to explain and account for the mass of biological phenomena, from the evolutionary point of view; and that Darwin's and Haeckel's and Huxley's and Spencer's 'Natural Selection' and 'Survival of the Fittest' are not other than secondary or minor operations of Nature, at the very best; that 'transformism' as taught by the speculative scientist is not Evolution — which is what the Ancient Wisdom, Theosophy, does teach — and is both uncertain as a theory because purely speculative, and really unscientific as a theory because based on data too few; it is, therefore, both incomplete and insufficient.

Now these foreshadowings of scientific truths, friends, came from the studies of former members of our Society, some of whom have now passed on; and, as I have said, I do not bring them before you in

order to claim a monopoly of truth, which would be an absurdity as well as entirely untheosophical; but only in order to show that all these fifteen instances have been corroborated by recent discoveries by scientific men. I could as readily produce and lay before you a hundred instances, possibly more, of foreshadowings of other facts of Nature and of Universal Being, which we have taught during the past thirty-five or forty years, and which are now on the highroad of acceptance by the scientific leaders of our time.

However, let me mention just one more, before passing on. It is a very peculiar thing, according to modern European and American methods of thought, and too difficult fully to explain in the middle of a discourse. It is a recent statement by a British scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, of a new theory of vision. As I remember Sir Oliver's statement, it was much to the effect that vision consisted of two factors: light radiating from an object, which entered the physical eye, and also a ray from within the man himself, which left the eye and centered upon the object; in other words what appears to have been in Sir Oliver Lodge's mind was the existence of a cross-current of etheric energy, both together comprising conscious vision — either one lacking, then vision failed.

Now this theory, if I remember it aright — because I saw it noticed in a magazine some months

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ago and read it very rapidly,— this is naught, I say, but the old Platonic and Aristotelean doctrine of vision which was likewise accepted by most of the other Greek and Roman philosophers; and it seems to be very largely the theory of vision as held in other parts of the ancient world.

For many years great fun was made of the ancient theory of vision by opticians and physicists. I wonder why? Of course, it is always interesting to make fun of other men, whose ideas you do not understand or whose theories you do not comprehend, and I fear that this tendency towards ironical mockery was the sole reason and nothing more. As far as I can see, there was not a thing to say against the theory itself, but it did not harmonize with what had been discovered and was known up to that time of what is called the science of optics.

It was quite common up to a few years ago to make fun of the scientific knowledge, such as it was, of the ancient philosophers; they were supposed to have known a little something, but not much, of Nature and its workings, and in consequence they have been supposed to have prattled like little children of the ideas which, according to our modern notions, they had evolved from their own inner consciousness, and had saddled upon Nature, as being the actual course of Nature's workings.

According to that ancient theory

of vision, the human soul sent forth something from the eyes, rays or something else like rays, which, leaving the eye, darted to the object looked at, and thence were reflected back into the eye on rays of light, bringing with this an image of the object which they had touched. At any rate this is the modern understanding of what these ancient philosophers taught; and yet we have today one of the most eminent living physicists declaring his belief in the old Greek theory of optics — indeed, not only Greek, but belonging likewise to the entire ancient civilized world.

I have not yet seen an acknowledgment either by Sir Oliver Lodge or by anyone else of the unquestionable indebtedness of that very eminent gentleman to his Greek and Hindū predecessors.

Before concluding this afternoon, let me turn back in order to fulfill a promise that I made to you in the beginning of this lecture — that is, to say a little something to you about the Theosophist's conception of 'God,' of the Divine. Friends, I will frankly tell you that I do not like to talk upon that subject, and I will also tell you why. In order to get even some quasi-effective understanding of the Theosophical teachings concerning the Divine, you would have to undertake a course of study of our secret teachings, of our esoteric doctrines, and that, of course, is obviously impossible here in public. Nevertheless at the request of Kath-

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erine Tingley, our Teacher and Leader, I am going to give you some faint outline of what it is permissible to teach publicly, as to the Theosophical conception of the nature of the Divine.

First, then, we do not believe in a personal God. In the western world and nowhere else — and only in the western world because the real knowledge which Jesus gave to his followers was soon forgotten after their Master's passing — there are in religious thought three or four ideas as to how teachings concerning Deity should be formulated. One is called 'Deism,' that is to say the doctrine accepted by those who believe that there is a personal God, but One who is apart from the world which He has created; that He takes no interest in it in particular; and that that universe which He created, in some very mysterious manner runs itself.

The second theory, which fundamentally is the same in principle as the Christian theory, is called 'Theism.' This is the doctrine of those who accept a personal God transcending the physical universe, yet a God who takes a most lively interest in the universe which He has created, and in the beings which He created to inhabit that universe.

The third specimen of belief or disbelief as regards Deity is what is called 'Atheism,' which is the belief held by those who say that there is no God at all.

The fourth belief, which is

misunderstood most deplorably, is called 'Pantheism,' which is the doctrine of them who say that the universe is inspirited with an impersonal life comprising universal consciousness and which exists in every particle, infinitesimal or cosmic, of that universe, and which Universal Life is the background of that universe; that this Universal Life is the source and also the ultimate destiny of every one of such infinitesimal or cosmic entities.

You may call us Theosophists 'Pantheists,' provided that you use the word 'Pantheism' as we use it. But we shall reject any misuse of that term if applied to ourselves. We are Pantheists in the sense that we recognise a Universal Life infilling, inspiriting everything, so that nothing is apart or separate or extra-vagrant, for such cannot be if this Life be universal and boundless.

If the Divine is anything, it is boundless. Nothing can exist without it. It is everywhere, but nowhere in particular; for if it were it would be a limited thing. Therefore we say that the Divine is the All, and no thing — the All, because otherwise it would be less than boundless; no thing, because it has no limitations; it is not a thing, nor a being, nor an entity, in the sense that these words usually have.

The English poet, Alexander Pope, when he says:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man,"

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uttered a most astounding fallacy from the Theosophical standpoint. "Man, know thyself," *γνῶθι σαυτόν*, was an archaic Greek motto written over the portico of one of the temples of the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi. Know thyself is the injunction, for in knowing thyself, in looking within, in marching ever inwards, in going farther and farther into the depths of your being, you come ever closer and closer,— but never can you attain it,— to the Universal Life.

The Divine can be understood by looking within, along the path of understanding, along the path of comprehension, along the path of intuition; for the very root of man's spiritual nature is that Divine itself, our spiritual origin, our impersonal parent, the source of our essence; from it we sprang in the far distant aeons of the illimitable past on our cycling journey downwards into matter; and backwards to it shall we return in the far distant cycles of the future — but then as full-grown spiritual adults, fully developed spiritual Monads.

Leaving it as unselfconscious god-sparks, we shall return to it as self-conscious divinities. It is we, and we are IT. It is the inmost Self living at the core, at the heart, of each of us; at the core and the heart of all that is, and of all entities that are, because fundamentally It is everything.

As a man thinks thoughts, which are ensouled things because they are matter and yet spring from a

spiritual being, so, speaking in symbolic form, the Divine sends forth from itself sparks of its own fire, and each one of these sparks contains in itself the root of Self, self-hood, self-consciousness, growing ever greater, ever larger, ever expanding, never reaching an ultimate, but always marching towards it in constantly growing greatness of consciousness and beauty. Man, therefore, is the temple expressing so far as he may by means of the building of the spiritual vehicle within, the vast and ineffable glories of the Divine — of the Inexpressible. In man's inmost nature is the very heart of Deity.

There is an old Sūfi tale, friends, and I quote it merely on account of its beauty and aptness of application, but not because we are Sūfi mystics. We are not. But the Theosophist recognises truth wherever he may find it; and this old Sūfi allegory sets forth the story that a soul once came to the portals of the House of God, and knocked. And the voice of God issued therefrom in tones of reverberating thunder: "Who knocks?" And the soul answered "I"; and the same thundering volume of sound again issued from the crypts of the House of God, saying "Who is I? I know thee not."

And the soul turned sadly away and wandered for ages and ages, and finally, having learned its lesson through suffering and experience, it returned to the House of God, and again knocked. Again came the

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thunderous volume of sound, "Who knocks?" And the soul answered "Thou knockest." And then a whisper, inaudible to the ears, yet filling all the spaces — the whispering of Truth issued forth from the Temple of God, and it said: "Enter into thine own."

The moral here is that there is no longer separation, no longer division, no longer the contrast between the Inmost and the outer, nor between 'I' and 'thou,' between the god within and the very imperfect vehicle which says, I, I, I; but a full recognition by the adult, by the spiritual adult, by the spiritual Monad as we Theosophists say, of its own, its own Self, its own Source, and answering in the Voice of the Silence, "Thou knockest!"

In conclusion, friends, I am going to read to you a little poem. I am not fond of reading poems in public lectures, because there are so many trashy things that pass under the name of poems, and it is an infliction upon the ears and

understanding of hearers to do so. But this is a beautiful thing, exactly along the lines of the Sūfi tale that I have outlined to you so imperfectly. It was sent to me by a friend who heard the lecture here on last Sunday. Its author is unknown to me, but as far as it goes, its application is mystically perfect. It is entitled, 'God and the Child':

God and I in space alone  
And nobody else in view:  
"And where are the people, oh Lord," I said  
The earth below and the sky o'erhead  
And the dead whom once I knew?"  
"That was a dream," the good God said,  
"A dream that seemed to be true.  
There are no people living or dead,  
There is no earth, and no sky o'erhead,  
There is only Myself — and you."  
"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,  
"Meeting you here this day;  
For I have sinned, I know full well —  
And is there heaven and is there a hell  
And is this the judgment-day?"  
"Nay, all are but dreams," the Great God  
said,  
"Dreams that have ceased to be,  
There is no such thing as fear or sin,  
There is no you — and never has been,—  
There is nothing at all but Me."

## WHERE —— LIVED

KENNETH MORRIS

THE noonflower spreads rose-amethyst rosettes  
And lushly-fingered greenness o'er the floor  
The sea-wind twisted bluegums still lean o'er;  
And sun nor wind nor soil nor sea forgets.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

T IS matter of frequent comment that we are much concerned with education; hence education can claim to be one of those topics of general and anxious interest, upon which it is incumbent on a Theosophist to shed as much light as he may be able, from the noble philosophy of life to which he claims adherence.

Considering the problem of education first under the general type of diseases and their remedies, we may be pardoned for using again an illustration which is so apt that it will bear repetition. A man wishes to recommend to the public some substitute for a certain article of diet; and, in order to do so, he gives a ghastly catalog of the evils resulting from an abuse of that food. The argument holds good, it is true, so far as the mere fact and heinousness of these evils are concerned; but is by no means conclusive as regards the value of the proposed remedy. If I use too much of a certain article of diet, it is incumbent upon me to use less or none at all; but whether or not I should buy Mr. Soanso's patent substitute is an entirely separate question.

Applying this illustration to the case under consideration — that of education — we find ourselves under the necessity of disentangling

the remedy from the disease, in order that we may (if convenient) be able to condemn the latter without necessarily commending the former. In a word, there may be grievous faults in our educational methods, but it does not follow from that that any suggested remedy is either better, equal to, or worse than the disease.

It is neither necessary nor convenient to designate any particular system of reformed educational method; for we can easily gather a general impression that there are not a few proposals which advocate *letting the child do what it likes*. Each child is to be let alone, given no directions, but simply assisted in doing whatever it may feel inclined to do. The effect of adopting this method, it is said, is that cramming with useless information will be avoided and the natural bent of the child's nature be duly provided with freedom for expression.

But does not this overlook the fact that education consists not merely, or even chiefly, in the acquisition of information and practical ability, but also, and principally, in the forming of character and the power of self-discipline? Surely it is necessary to consider the possible (the probable or the inevitable?) effect on the future character of the child, of having

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been trained in his early formative years to yield to his own caprices.

One has met with grown people, whose impulses are in the main noble and good, but who yet suffer from an inability to resist *any* impulses, and who yield to bad impulses also, besides doing a considerable amount of harm by yielding to their good impulses, which are not under the direction of caution or judgment.

### CONTROLLING THE LOWER BY THE HIGHER

THE art of life consists chiefly in the ability to 'control the lower by the higher,' to disengage our individuality from the numerous attractions which seek to draw it aside in various directions for the satisfaction of unnecessary desires, and thus dissipate our energy and prevent any real accomplishment. A child needs (nay demands) our loving and dutiful help in this, just as much as a fledgling needs to be shown how to scratch and where to drink; and it is not difficult to imagine the thoughts and feelings of some adult who, regarding his present life, and looking back on his early years, should bitterly regret that he was not more wisely and firmly dealt with in those days when he was as yet unable to help himself.

It was at one time thought that children should learn, among other valuable and useful things, the art of *doing what they are told*. Is it possible that this ancient maxim has

been superseded in the supposed greater wisdom of today? By what monstrous perversion of the meaning of the word 'freedom' are we to understand that to do what one is told is degrading?

I for one can look back with thankfulness to that disciplinary system by which I learned how to do what I did *not* want to do, but which I soon loved to do; subordinating trumpery personal impulses to the need for orderly behavior in conjunction with many others. And when I see anyone pushing and scrambling to get ahead, instead of keeping his place in the line, I realize how much that individual has lost by not having had discipline ingrained into him as an instinct in his early years.

Conversely, I look back with regret to other phases of my childhood, when that wise guidance and firm restraint was not forthcoming, due to the weakness of those responsible for it; with the result of personal disabilities whose deeply rooted hold caused so much future trouble.

Truly, experience provides an ample argument for the need of discipline. In the last resort, it is of course *self-discipline*, the governance of all one's nature by the will under the guidance of a knowledge of the right and a loyalty to the truth. But how can a young child grasp abstract principles? Dare we neglect to give him the help for which he cannot ask, but which he so wistfully implores?

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But really, it must be greatly true that these strange theories of education are the work of people with more ideas than experience. Take a nurse with a young child: does she let it tumble around and fall and get hurt and wallow in the mud? Does she leave it to find out how to dress and undress itself? Experience compels us to observe natural laws and recognise facts. A tree may need props when young, to prevent it from growing into a monstrosity with more than half its trunk sprawling on the ground like a serpent. But this does not mean that it is to be supported on a stick all its life.

### CHAOS VERSUS ORDER

IT is said that children must not be formed into classes where all do the same work, but each one must be let do whatever work he likes. Apart from the contrast between following childish impulses and following the wise guidance of an adult, of which we have just spoken, there is the contrast between order and chaos. An old-fashioned view considered that, as the child when grown up will have to adapt itself to working with others, it might as well learn how to do that now.

Personality, self-assertion, self-love, disregard of the rights and wishes of others—these are universally recognised sources of woe for society and the individual. We must all subordinate our personality to the need for harmony; and, if

we *must* look to the animals for an example, we might learn some useful lessons even from them in this regard.

In all this we see that individualism has been carried to excess. While giving individualism its due value, we must regard it in its due proportion to united action; and here we may appropriately use the familiar analogy of the orchestra, which we consider as appropriate to the present case. In a word, we must distinguish between *harmony* and *unison*. What more exquisite art and science can there be than counterpoint, in which the skill of the composer consists in reconciling what (considered apart) seem to be contraries. All these contraries he weaves together into a beautiful harmony, making rules give way to each other, yet violating no rule.

Surely then education is an art, and, as such, not to be summed up in a rigid formula. The conflicting calls of individualism and collectivism must be woven into a harmony. And, in fact, experience compels us to do this, whatever may be our theories.

What is the most important factor in education? Few people of experience will differ as to the answer. It is the personality of the teacher. Given a teacher of fine personality, and he will succeed under any system, his fine character being reflected in his pupils, producing a marked change in them all, and that without the need of spoken words on his part. But

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take a bad teacher, and he will fail under any system. It is needless to elaborate this point.

Herein we may see why it is not possible for a Theosophist to issue any set of rules for education or to define a set system that can be transplanted and applied anywhere by anybody. Beyond some few generalities, this is not feasible. Under the Râja-Yoga method, the teachers themselves are Theosophists in earnest about their Theosophy.

It is impossible to avoid the fact that the problem of education is inseparable from the problem of life as a whole, and that it would therefore be vain to expect that it can be improved very far ahead of a general improvement. Neverthe-

less we must applaud all sincere efforts to bring about such a reformation; for, however mistaken the theories and methods, the intention will increase the sum-total of good-will.

If a Theosophist were to mention one particular thing which, more than anything else, is needful as an incentive to real educational reform, it would probably be that a better view of human nature should be taken. The disastrous hypnotic effect of the teachings about man's supposed animal ancestry impedes all our efforts; but the Theosophical teaching that man is essentially divine throws a new light upon the question, and aids instead of impeding the lessons which the teacher learns from actual experience.



"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*



## WHERE ARE THE "DEAD": HOW CAN WE KNOW?

E. A. NERESHEIMER

EATH HAS, to a large extent, lost its sting for mankind, since fear of this dreaded bugbear has been somewhat dissipated by active general inquiry into this subject during the last few decades.

It should be known that the awakening of interest in this age-old theme has primarily been due

to two causes. Firstly, the increasing experiences of natural psychical phenomena, recorded by a vast number of people all over the world, from which, however, only hasty and very inadequate conclusions as to their interpretation have been drawn. Secondly, the time being propitious, the floodgates of knowledge concerning the mysteries of

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life and death have once again been opened.

Rigid rules and wise restrictions had heretofore been maintained concerning the occult sciences. However, the cry of numberless intelligent men and women having become insistent, the custodians of this knowledge, seeing that the times were ripe, revealed such of the facts and laws of life and being as were necessary for the further advancement of humanity.

The chosen channel, through which it was made possible for this knowledge to flow, was the bold and fearless pioneer, H. P. Blavatsky, who started the modern Theosophical Movement in America, in 1875. She proclaimed these ancient truths once again, expounding them to the western world in a most lucid, masterly, and comprehensible way.

However, it should be borne in mind that no short cut exists to their apprehension, even at this day; for in order to acquire knowledge of this nature a disposition must be evidenced to apply the mind to the understanding of some real and fundamental metaphysical thought. The subject demands consideration of abstract and universal principles which, finally, are the only basis for a rational understanding of life, its continuity, and its problems.

A much wider field is opened out for investigation than that of the death of the physical body of man alone. It is shown that man is a

compound being, in himself, as also an important part of the great universal scheme of Cosmic evolution, and his existence is built up according to laws that affect everything equally, and in analogous fashion.

The Occult teachings prove that the death of the physical body of man does not greatly affect the *real* man, since it is only the lowest of the several vehicles of the human Ego. The fact that the physical body during its lifetime changes its atoms completely every seven years, according to modern scientific teachings, while individual identity remains entirely unimpaired, should go far to establish a firm conviction of the persistence of consciousness independently of the body. The body itself has no centralized consciousness of its own; and what we call the 'personality' is a compound entity of which the body is but the visible part.

The astral body, and other parts of the constitution of man, which detach themselves from his physical vesture at death, are not perceived by the eye or the other physical senses. Hence the prevailing notion that man is 'dead' with the decease of his body of flesh, is but a false and needless alarm.

The first thing that happens at the moment of death, is a flash from the Egoic consciousness in which the soul has a retrospective insight into the life it has led; when the whole panorama of the past incarnation passes, in lucid retrospect,

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before the soul, that now sees all its faults and shortcomings, as also the golden thread that passes not only from the last life, but from one to another of all its many previous lives, and links them all together.

After this, the mind becomes a blank, as in deep sleep: there is silence and calm for a brief spell. Consciousness departs altogether from the vehicle of gross matter, and the body, bereft of its master-mind, begins to disintegrate at once. However, the astral vehicle, the mold of the physical form, made of finer and more condensed substance, remains unimpaired, as the vehicle of the soul.

When consciousness presently returns to this astral entity, it finds itself in a semi-dreaming state, not in the least aware of any change having taken place, and consequently the absence of the body is not perceived. Slowly and vaguely the memory of former identity comes back to the mind with an added feeling of freedom, and everything seems to proceed in quite a regular and customary manner.

The more dominant events of the previous life marshal themselves to view, chasing one another in more or less confusion, as in a dream. These again fade away, while a second 'separation' is taking place, between the astral body with the elements and forces that pertain to it and the Soul itself, with its spiritual faculties. However, nothing at all happens in a

violent manner during this transition-stage, as the state of the surviving consciousness is too undefined for it to estimate, as yet, the great difference between its component parts.

The astral body, or 'shell,' with its accessories, is only in truth a counterfeit of the former personality. As a form it is merely a reflexion of the higher part of man. The Soul and the Ego combined constitute the real man, that persists after death, and that functioned during physical life, when the man was at his best and manifesting his highest aspects. But the two, the astral body and the Soul, are so radically different from each other that further association between them becomes impossible after death. Their dissociation, however, progresses almost imperceptibly, as both are drawn by their own particular affinities in opposite directions, so to say, and they part company; all cohesion between them having simply ceased to exist.

No fixed period of time for the completion of this process can be estimated, since that depends entirely upon the character of the previous emotional, intellectual, and spiritual life of the individual; as also upon the circumstances which were uppermost or the strongest in interest at the time of dying. Save in cases of sudden death, or violence of any kind, the process flows on smoothly, and, as it were, by natural gravity, to its completion.

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Finally, however, no further contact between the two remains. The astral 'shell' remains earth-bound, attached to that which was dear to the former personality, and finally the atoms and forces of which it is formed disintegrating, it is doomed to vanish into oblivion. The Soul, with all noble aspiration and thoughts held during the preceding life, is drawn, like the iron particles to the magnet, to its Ego. Clothed in ultra-subtil psycho-etheric matter, it passes the threshold of 'Heaven' or Devachan, where a long life of unalloyed bliss awaits it.

### DEVACHAN

THE chief consideration at present is the immediate condition and the future career of the Soul of the man that was.

In fact, we shall now call the 'man' in his new state of being and consciousness 'the Soul,' which is not to be confounded with the 'Divine Spark' which is one with Divinity Itself.

During its dreamy passage through the comparatively short stages of separation, first from the physical body, and then from the 'shell,' the Soul drifts imperceptibly into a psychic state of consciousness in which none of the former grossly material conditions prevail.

Its habitat then is 'whithersoever it listeth'; *i. e.*, its locality and associations are henceforth those to which it is drawn by the

aspirations it cherished on Earth. Its degree of consciousness is conditioned by that which it has created for itself during its past life on earth, and the ethical results of its past incarnation are now gradually gathered in and assimilated.

The period of time consumed (according to our reckonings) for the completion of this process, varies greatly, according to the strength or weakness of the ideals cultivated in the past, and which add their inspiration and beauty to the character for the next incarnation. Therefore the time required may be either nil, a short spell, or of very long duration. An idealist will have much to assimilate, while an extreme materialist may have practically nothing of an idealistic nature to make his own.

It will now be understandable that the 'Soul' is the entity that incarnates again and again, and not the 'Divine Spark,' which has no need for its own sake to pass through the crucible of cyclic earth-evolution. Its association with the Soul is purely subjective at all times; that is, from a physical point of view. In this subjective state the Soul is freed, for a short period, from the limitations of gross matter — as is, incidentally, the case during earth-life in dreamless sleep.

In Devachan the Soul enjoys a much keener intensity of self-consciousness than it does during the waking state of earth-life. It is in

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a state of being comparable to the deep-dream state; for the Soul in Devachan is free from all interference by the desires and passions, and, therefore, is much closer to the divine Egoic consciousness than on earth when ‘awake’ or dreaming.

There being thus no reactions or hindrances in Devachan, the Soul can realize in that realm of ideals, and build into its nature, all those countless unsatisfied aspirations towards perfection which it craved to realize, or worked for, on earth. Every possible kind of unsolved problem: artistic, scientific, or moral, is apparently solved, and its aroma becomes, as it were, absorbed into the character, to become the inspiration and urge towards greater perfection during the next incarnation.

But farther than its own acquired powers of discernment will allow, it cannot go during the Devachanic period.

It may be imagined how prolonged the process may be, when it is realized that the idealistic cognitions and impulses during active life, in the average person, are almost incomputable, and never fully realized in their completeness. Therefore they accumulate in the ‘aura’ or atmosphere of the individual, and remain latent there until the Soul in Devachan realizes them to the full extent of its capacity, and until every vestige of real ethical merit gained in the past life has been incorporated into

the character of the entity, the ‘wayfarer,’ before he starts out again on a fresh pilgrimage on Earth.

As said before, quite another destiny awaits the ‘spook,’ the *eidolon* or ghost, as it has been called.

### KÂMA-LOKA

BEING irrevocably cut off from its ‘parent,’ it is only an astral conscienceless vagrant, adrift on a sea of elemental forms of all sorts, disembodied entities of every kind and of every kingdom of Nature, including that of the Human Kingdom. It rambles for a while in the vicinity of the corpse, or wherever it is attracted by its desires, affinities, and old associations. If left alone to its own senseless devices, it will fade out when the force of all its passions and desires is expended.

If, however, new life is infused into it by the emotional longings of friends who are grieving for it on earth, or by necromantic practices — the most pernicious of all — its fictitious existence may be prolonged for a period much longer than the normal period allotted to it. Once the entity has been called back, and has found the way to contact living imbodying human beings, it becomes a vampire, feeding on the vitality of those who are so anxious for its company.

The astral form is somewhat analogous to the erstwhile physical body in appearance, but the

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matter of which it is composed is of semi-ethereal consistency — the 'Astral Matter' so-called; and its habitat is within the atmospheric limits of the earth; the 'Hades' of the ancient Greeks. As said before, its consciousness is a mere reflexion of the mind, the dregs of thought of the erstwhile human being.

In dealing with post-mortem states, we must realize that we have to consider states of substance different from physical matter, and different concepts of Space from those of three dimensions, as viewed by the ordinary human mind. Time, also, is no more measured as a succession of events passing in steady orderly fashion.

Hence we may see why we cannot speak of the returning of the departed to communicate with us after death. It is not a question of the 'dead' *descending* on earth; but, in a sense, of the living ascending to the pure spiritual plane of the pure spiritual Soul in Devachan. However, in actuality there is no ascending or descending, but it is a change of consciousness only which occurs.

If there is any spiritual attraction between the dead (so-called) and the living, they can communicate, under certain circumstances, as actually is the case; for instance in dreams. The departed are indeed with those they loved while in material form, and in very truth they are far nearer to them than when they were alive: for

pure divine love is not only the blossom of the heart, but it has its roots in eternity.

Spiritual, holy love is immortal. Karma — the law of Cause and Effect — sooner or later brings all those who loved each other with true spiritual affection to incarnate once more in the same family on earth, and such love, we are taught, is at all times a strong shield — not limited by Space or Time.

Viewing now the foregoing from a somewhat broad perspective, we should be able to form a fairly clear mental picture of the soul's position, and its relation to the constitution of man during earth-life, and the post-mortem state. The 'Aura' of man, his atmosphere, so to say, composed of the finest aethereal substance, is the vehicle of the overshadowing *Ego*, containing all the principles or aspects of man's nature, and thus maintaining its connexion with them. We may, perchance, by a stretch of the imagination, catch a glimpse of the grand and glorious ideal of immortality that awaits the Soul, and how very far distant this goal must be.

Meanwhile the Soul can ever depend upon the support and inspiration of the Divine Ego, throughout the many stages of its long pilgrimage towards perfection; though it is only by its own efforts in the realm of action and responsibility; *i. e.*, during earth-life, that the Soul can gain its redemption.

In response to the somewhat vague popular queries 'Where are

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the dead?' and 'How can we know?' we should say that these questions are but incompletely answered in the foregoing sketch; but for more explicit information we recommend the student to refer to *The Key to Theosophy*, a priceless exposition which will throw more light on these subjects, by H. P. Blavatsky.\*

With regard to the question as to the source of H. P. Blavatsky's, as of our, knowledge on these matters, we would give the following, paraphrased from *The Secret Doctrine*, written by the same author.

The system is no fancy of one or several isolated individuals. Uninterrupted records exist, covering thousands of generations of seers, checked, tested, and verified by men who have developed and perfected their physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual organizations

to the utmost possible degree.

For long ages the 'Wise men' of the Fifth Race, of the stock saved and rescued from the last cataclysm and shifting of continents, had passed their lives in *learning*, not *teaching*. How did they do so? It is answered: by checking, testing, and verifying in every department of Nature the traditions of old by the independent visions of great adepts. No vision of one adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions — so obtained as to stand as independent evidence — of other adepts, and by centuries of experiences.

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\*In this book as well as in other writings by the same author the student will find a fuller explanation of what is called the 'four-fold' as also the 'sevenfold' constitution of man.



"THE Secret Doctrine is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time. . . . It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions — that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source from which they started. What was this source? . . . There must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 794

## “WHERE ARE THE DEAD?” A TALK ABOUT REINCARNATION AND KARMA

C. J. RYAN



THE PLAIN MAN (throwing down his newspaper): “What a stir has been made by this correspondence about survival in a future life which was started by Sir Arthur Keith’s assertion that the mind perishes with the body! I suppose most of those biologists and physiologists disbelieve in anything they can’t see or touch. Well, that is all right so far as it goes, but it does not go very far.”

THE STUDENT: “Is it worth reading?”

THE PLAIN MAN: “Most of it is poor stuff, but a few notables took part, such as Arnold Bennett, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, and Bernard Shaw, who made fun in characteristic form but with a serious meaning. The whole thing is quite a picture of the age, when everybody disagrees with everybody else and so many things are breaking up and going into the melting-pot.

“Don’t you think that lots of the old-timers had something we have lost, some settled principles on which they could act in harmony in spite of their ignorance and superstition? For instance, look at that queer notion of Reincarnation that satisfied nearly everyone in old times. Nonsensical, of

course, but a working hypothesis which worked as well as any other, I suppose.”

THE STUDENT: “Not so nonsensical perhaps, for the believers included most of the greatest thinkers. But what made you think of that?”

THE PLAIN MAN: “Oh! Arnold Bennett mentioned it in his letter, and though he thought it was not absolutely inconceivable, he threw cold water on the idea by saying that the recognised principles of heredity practically rule it out. He preferred Keith’s position that body and soul being indivisible, both must lose their organized vitality at the same time.

“Bennett made a strong point by saying that it is best that we should never know what death involves or signifies, for if we did the scheme of evolution would be disorganized as the importance of what we call living would diminish to nothing in our eyes.”

THE CRITIC (looking up sharply at the last remark): “That is all right, but there is more. What would be the value of endurance of difficulties, self-sacrifice in some great cause or irksome duty, even to the loss of life, *if we knew for certain* that after a few years at most we should be rewarded by

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harps and crowns and all that? It would be simply getting something at bargain prices. No sir, the fact that we do not actually *know* anything about a future life keeps things sweet and wholesome; the man who sacrifices himself for right or duty risks his personal ease for the satisfaction of his better self. He is not looking hungrily for reward, but would be disgraced in his own eyes if he took the easy way. Lots of such people do not believe in a future life, and it strikes me that the survival-theory is just a refuge for weak minds who dare not face facts."

THE PLAIN MAN: "Can't call Lodge or Doyle exactly weakminded, my friend, and yet their contribution to the discussion is that our form, character, and knowledge in the after-life are pretty much the same as now, though with improvements. But my experience is that there are tremendous possibilities of quite unconscious self-deception in this survival-business, not to mention the mass of fraud."

THE STUDENT: "I have come across a logical way out of the difficulty, but before I open fire, tell us what Bernard Shaw says; it is sure to be witty and perhaps wise."

THE PLAIN MAN: "Shaw, in his practical way, brushes aside generalities about whether 'we' shall survive and forces the essential question which is whether *Bernard Shaw* will. Here is his letter.

Let me read you a few lines:

"‘Am I going to persist to all eternity in a universe utterly unable to get rid of me no matter how desperately tired it may be of the Shavianismus or how intolerably bored I may be of myself. . . .

"‘An eternity of G. B. S. Imagine it if you can. Millions upon millions of Shaw plays. Billions upon billions of letters to the press, intensely irritating to many worthy citizens. . . .

"‘When I use the word “I” (as I frequently do) I mean the celebrated G. B. S. almost unbearably individualized with his consciousness and his memories, his tricks and his manners complete and exact in his G. B. essence. Otherwise this controversy is about nothing and had better be dropped.’ ”

THE STUDENT: "Very good. Now let me put in a word for the sane and natural process of Reincarnation which clears up the logical difficulties about survival, including even those arising out of the so-called laws of heredity. In fact, it provides the missing factor to explain the bewildering inconsistencies in heredity which meet the investigator.

"Nature has provided that we return to earth-life many times in order to learn the lessons we need and which cannot be done in the few years of a single incarnation. We are here, and we have to work out our salvation, so to speak, in the terrestrial field before we can

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be qualified to leave it for a higher sphere."

THE PLAIN MAN: "If I ever lived before, I remember nothing about it, and if I am likely to become someone else that I don't know in another incarnation and forget everything, I prefer to be excused. Survival of that sort is no better than annihilation."

THE CRITIC: "Same here. But I've been told that some people claim to remember their past lives and brag about being Julius Caesar or Mary Queen of Scots. I wonder if Bernard Shaw would consider himself more tolerable to the universe with all his peculiarities ('if any') if, instead of surviving in a spiritual world, he reincarnated as the selfsame Shaw, with all his memories, a million times on this earth? And if I were as sure of Reincarnation as you seem to be, it would take half the zest out of life. I am already pretty tired of myself and it would be too much to have to put up with myself for ever!"

THE STUDENT: "My dear fellow, you have delivered yourself into my hands. I agree with you so far as to believe the certain knowledge that we should be the same personalities after death would be no boon. The tragic opportunity of existence consists in the fact that each human life in our present stage of evolution is a unique experience, complete in itself, never to be exactly repeated, and if it is risked for some high purpose the

sacrifice involved in it is a real one.

"But Reincarnation covers all that. It does not imply that your personal peculiarities are going to worry the universe for ever, but it means that the part of you which is of real value to the enrichment of the Soul of the Universe will continue, for it is not of perishable nature.

"But notice the implication when you say 'you' are pretty tired of 'yourself.' Dwell on this and you will find that you have opened the door to Reincarnation, which depends, broadly speaking, upon the presence in man of a dual nature, a higher and enduring individuality, moving on its evolutionary path to heights undreamed of, and a lower personality, changing constantly, *a part and yet not a part* of the higher self, to use an unavoidable paradox."

THE CRITIC: "I must admit it is hard to ignore that instinctive feeling which insists that death of the body is not the end of man, and your notion of a dual nature — an immortal and a perishable — would explain a good deal. I never looked upon the subject in that light till now. It suggests the possibility that we may shed our undesirable propensities and at the same time preserve the good results of the experiences gained even through our own mistakes. I have never been satisfied that we are only a 'bundle of qualities' with no unifying principle, a sort of psychological onion, all scales and

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no core! But what *proof* is there that Reincarnation is more than a plausible theory?"

THE STUDENT: "What kind of proof would you expect? If I were foolish enough to tell you that I could look into the past and recognise the line of incarnations through which my inner self has traveled, you would very properly decline to accept my statement as proof."

THE CRITIC: "Quite so. I should require the kind of evidence that science demands in cases where direct personal investigation is impossible, such as in astronomy. We cannot try experiments with the celestial bodies, and yet after many failures we have discovered a broad theory of their general nature and movements which logically covers the facts and against which no rival theory can stand. Does Reincarnation explain life better than any other theory?"

THE STUDENT: "That is my claim. It affords fewer logical difficulties to anyone with a gleam of spiritual intelligence who takes into consideration *all* the factors in the case, ethical as well as psycho-physical. Eastern philosophers and others who have adopted certain methods of training tell us that absolute proof is obtainable, but Reincarnation seems to me so rational an explanation of the meaning of life that I could hardly be more satisfied if I had the power to look down the vista of my past incarnations."

THE PLAIN MAN: "What do

you mean by 'ethical factors'? I should indeed be interested to find that the reincarnation-hypothesis implies more than a mere scientific method to explain survival. Scientists of Sir Arthur Keith's persuasion do not believe in reward or retribution after death; to them eternal sleep is the fate of all. The churches have mostly lost faith in the old-fashioned hell and eternal damnation and are very uncertain about 'reward.' If your theory offers a workable plan of even-handed justice for saints and sinners and the rest of us, let us hear more of it."

THE STUDENT: "Here is a question for you; see if Reincarnation is not the only rational answer. We are considering the idea of justice which is intimately bound up with the fundamental natural law that every effect has a cause. According to the one-life-on-earth theory — for it is only a theory after all — what becomes of the law of cause and effect in a world in which one child is born 'with a silver spoon in his mouth,' with the best moral and intellectual advantages, while another comes into revolting conditions of disease and degradation?

"Science says 'Chance,' theology 'the Will of God,' both meaningless assertions used to cover ignorance. I, and those who agree with me, believe that the conditions of one's life are the results of previous action and are traceable to former incarnations. To use a convenient Oriental term we are meet-

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ing our own Karma, or, in other words, reaping the harvest we have sown. What objection have you?

THE CRITIC: "I can see fifty objections! The subject appears to me to be bristling with difficulties."

(*To be continued*)

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.

### CYCLES

HE WORD *cycle* is Greek for a circle; and, as applied to time, corresponds to the Latin *orbit*. That time does run in cycles is evident. The seasons succeed one another, both by gradual change and by comparatively sudden transition; Day and night succeed each other, each enduring for a while without much change; while the passage of the one into the other is comparatively sudden, producing definite epochs of dawn and sunset. Years succeed each other, and each is marked by the solstitial and equinoctial points. The course of the moon is marked into quarters. The effects of these natural cycles are also well marked and recognised, especially those of the day and the year. The effect of the lunar cycles is now being better recognised by science, though long known to the world at large.

As an instance of another cycle, there comes conveniently to our notice an article on the 'seventeen-year locust,' which the writer says is properly a cicada: a creature which passes through all its changes

in exactly seventeen years, always precisely to date, and never taking eighteen years or sixteen, but always exactly seventeen. What astronomical cycle, if any, is connected with this, the present writer is not prepared to say.

There are various larger cycles well known to astronomers, but too large to admit of any verification of their influence by modern science. But these are stated by the Ancient Wisdom to mark profound changes in the history of the world and its inhabitants. The sun's node makes a complete circle in 25,868 years, a period which is divided into twelve parts corresponding with the twelve zodiacal divisions, each part being therefore of about 2,156 years.

It is stated that a point near the end of the last century and the beginning of this coincided with the change between two of these periods of 2,156 years; and H. P. Blavatsky used to assure us, and has left it on record, that great changes were impending. Though there seemed to the ordinary eye but little evidence at the time, it is

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now recognised by everybody that such changes are in progress. The entire outlook of modern thought is being very rapidly changed in all its departments.

At every great cyclic change some keynote is struck for a guide to coming generations. H. P. Blavatsky came at the cyclic moment to sound once again the keynote, ever the same in essence, though varying in details to suit particular times. The essence of Theosophy is the purest morality, based on eternal verities. How important it was to strike the moral note at a time when intellectual knowledge was so rapidly expanding! The keynote of Duty, as contrasted with Acquisition, is unmistakably heard today.

The reign of dead matter and mechanism is over, and those who still adhere to it are now considered freaks. Though we are not yet free from the obsession of regarding man as an evolved animal, yet it cannot be long before the idea of man as a spiritual being will have relegated that obsession to its proper place.

### LUCK VERSUS LAW

WE have been laboring to attach some meaning to certain remarks attributed in a Chicago newspaper (unidentified) to Dr. D. W. Swann of Philadelphia. He is reported to have said:

"Science always has felt that everything that happened could be traced to some cause, which in turn always had a definite effect. But now we know that the results of many purely physical phenomena, such as the transmission of heat, depend upon what science

inadequately calls 'laws of probability,' which is just another name for chance or luck."

The only sense which we have ever been able to attach to the words chance and luck is that they stand for causes which have not been identified. If this is not the case, then we have to face the proposition that some events are due to causes and some not. Hence the remark quoted means for us that science has found that certain effects, instead of being due to certain causes, are due to other causes; and these other causes, not having been identified, are classed as chance or luck.

The speaker further illustrates his view by stating that, when the atmosphere is electrically charged, it is only one molecule in 100,000,000 that bears the electric charge; and that there is no apparent reason why one molecule rather than another should be thus favored. Hence he deems the said favor as 'f ortuitous.' Having thus established in some degree the claims of fortuity as an agent, he speculates that life-processes may have started by pure chance.

What we have just said about chance being a name for unknown causes does not find favor with him; for he says that —

"even the subconscious belief prevalent among physicists that laws of chance . . . were merely misfits for something more fundamental, has in the past year received a severe blow. . . . No longer do we say that if an electron finds itself in an electric field a certain consequence will follow definitely. We only say that there is a probability that such and such will take place."

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So then we find Luck taking the place of Law, and Cause and Effect giving room to Fortuity; and we may get a new name for the supreme Deity. A universe governed by Chance, who may be beneficent, ruthless, or merely indifferent, rises before our prophetic eye. But how to interpret his decrees? Will it be necessary to fall back on the calculus of probabilities? We should find this an uncertain guide through life and but a wan lamp for anxious footsteps.

The workings of physical nature even are not bound by an endless chain of cause producing effect, but scope must be allowed for the intervention of agencies from without. And provisionally these agencies have to be lumped together as chance and probability. We commend the study of chance and probability to those desirous of penetrating secrets.

### ENLIGHTENED MEDICINE

WE note with gladness that important investigations are being carried on by means of X-ray photography, in investigating the growth of diseases from their early stages in childhood to their consummation in the adult. It is already found that some diseases in the adult are developments from morbid conditions in the child, the connexion not having hitherto been suspected. In this way it is confidently hoped that we may be able to forestall the growth of these dangerous diseases by applying the

remedy where it belongs — at the origin.

This fulfills our hopes that certain undesirable methods in medicine would eventually be supplanted by means more refined and intelligent. The undesirable means to which we here refer are of course those which involve cruelty to animals and the use of nasty and unclean materials. For such means we have, on the one side, condemnation; on the other side what can only be called excuses. In defense of them we see doubtful logic and rather nauseating cant, the need for which will now, we hope, be spared.

It has always seemed to us strange that medicine, which professes to be far above sorcery and witchcraft, should nevertheless have been so often concerned with medicaments which bear no inconsiderable likeness to the hell-broths and witch's potions of bygone days; and that a science whose aim is the benefit of the human race should think that this object can be promoted by heartless cruelty to our younger brothers the animals. It is good to think that this fell partnership, nothing else than a form of black magic, may soon be dissolved; and that methods at once wiser and more beneficent will achieve a more real success.

No one can deny that to study the living human body is better than to scrutinize the bodies of tortured or dead animals; or that to head off a disease in its early

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stages is better than to try and obviate it by dubious and revolting means after it has become rooted.

And apart from the rights and wrongs of the question when its physical side alone is considered, there is the great moral question; the steeling of the heart against the feelings of mercy — the very discipline to which aspirants to the Black Art had to submit themselves.

### THE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES

"VANITY feeds on applause, but if it cannot get applause feeds quite as greedily on censure. The one thing the vain man cannot bear is to be ignored."— GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM, in the *Manchester Guardian*

A pregnant thought, neatly expressed. It is a principle in practical Occultism (which means the right conduct of life), when confronted by an evil, to seek out its polar opposite, and then ask yourself what is the unity whereof these two are the double manifestation. In this case it is self-consciousness, whose dual manifestation is love of approbation and fear of censure. Only the writer whom we quote has used the same word — vanity — in two senses. To say that vanity feeds on censure is stretching the meaning of the word, and we would prefer to say that self-consciousness feeds on praise and blame, while vanity feeds on praise. But this is a trifling point.

The practical point is that, unless we recognise the twin nature of the love of praise and the fear of blame, we are likely to oscillate

perpetually from the one to the other, and thus, instead of getting rid of the evil, we shall intensify it. What we have to achieve, supposing we are thus afflicted, is a state of superior indifference to both praise and blame. But we need not necessarily become callous or thick-skinned: it is easy to imagine a person being grateful for praise and annoyed at censure, and yet not seriously discomposed by either; just as a man may have his likes and dislikes in the matter of food or dress, without being a gourmand or a dandy.

Passing from the particular case to the general, we may observe that evils run in pairs and are susceptible to the same treatment as we have just outlined. Some people, for instance, oscillate between fits of energy and fits of depression; but if they try to increase their energy, or to render the fits of energy continuous, they are merely intensifying their state of nervous instability. What they need to do is to seek nervous stability, and then they will not have fits of any kind.

The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, a wise old book of instruction, tells us not to identify ourself with the 'pairs of opposites.' We must be the same in praise and blame, in heat and cold, and so forth. What does this mean but that we must fix our attention on the stable and permanent, instead of letting it be carried away by the swirling currents on the surface?

## QUOTES AND COMMENTS

T. HENRY, M. A.

"EVERY mode of religion, to make a deep and lasting impression on the human mind, . . . must acquire our esteem, by inculcating moral duties analogous to the dictates of our own hearts."—GIBBON

 IBBON is usually represented as skeptical and cynical in regard to religion; but, whether this is so or not, we do not feel disposed to quarrel with the above remark. He places the human heart above religion. He places man above 'God,' even; for not even 'God' could (by this rule) achieve success in a religion, unless it agreed with the dictates of our own hearts.

This seems quite a large admission on the part of its author: for it amounts to saying that the dictates of the human heart are the supreme guide for humanity. The other observations and reflexions of this writer, when considering humanity, forbid us to think that he refers to human notions or ambitions or desires: he takes quite a depreciatory view of these. So it is clear that he recognises in man a power far superior to the ordinary human nature, and that this is what he means when he speaks of the dictates of our own hearts.

The love of wisdom, beauty, and goodness is implanted in the human heart; there to serve as a touchstone for estimating the worth of any doctrine. A real Teacher is one in whom this inner light shines forth, for others to see; and who can therefore serve as a guide to

others, showing them how to find the same light in themselves. This is what is called Mysticism, according to a good definition of that word: the belief that man is able to apprehend higher values than those which he can apprehend through his senses. We have seen it lately stated by a critic that Mysticism in this its better sense should be distinguished from all dabbling in the mysterious, trance-states, and abnormal conditions generally. True Mysticism is healthy and sane.

Simply the belief that we have this higher nature, which brings us in contact with the Divine or Universal Harmony. Here again we must beware of a certain insidious temptation — and of those who flatter it and profess to cater for it

— the temptation to add stature to our own personality. We often see advertisements offering to show us how to attain certain attractive states or gain various alluring powers; but what a snare is this! To tread the path of Wisdom, it is needful to get away from the sticky birdlime of personal desire, and enter the free air above.

The author quoted says that a religion must satisfy the dictates of our heart, *in order to make a lasting appeal*. This is tantamount to saying that the permanent wishes

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of man are for moral perfection. It is not in the mere personality — a shadow — that we are to seek for man's real aspirations; but in Man, the eternal being. This does not refer to an abstraction, in which individual men have no part or lot. It refers to that greater Self, which even now is our inspirer and the best part of our being.

Religion, then, is what teaches a man about his higher nature; it is knowledge of the Divine — Theosophy. It should show us how to live *in this life*, here and now; not merely put us off with hopes and promises about a dim future. We must find out what the human Heart really is; a source or channel of Wisdom far above the brain, or rather the brain-mind with its doubts and questionings. How our recent culture has starved our better nature, telling us much about our bodies and about the physical aspect of nature, but leaving us in poverty as to what most deeply concerns and interests us!

Religion, as we know it, surely needs reforming in accordance with the 'dictates of the human heart.' People are deeply religious — more so than ever; the fermentation now going on shows that something is brewing; religion is in the throes of a new birth.



"Most men dislike immortality because they cannot conceive it except as an infinite stretch of tedium." — ROBERT LYND, quoted in the *Observer*

This reminds us of a conundrum:

What is the difference between temptation and eternity? One is the wile of a devil, and the other is the devil of a while. The attempt to conceive the devil of a while, be it of bliss or be it of anguish, is in itself calculated to make the brain reel and the heart sicken. If Time is our enemy, then why should we regard the state of supreme blessedness as being simply an unlimited amount of enemy?

Immortality is an *escape* from time; eternity is not infinite time, but timelessness. We cannot conceive this; the element of time is a necessary part of our thinking process; we think in time, just as we see in space. We should have to stop thinking. Would that mean unconsciousness? Unconsciousness means the stoppage of thinking, but it does not follow that the stoppage of thinking means unconsciousness.

Ancient books of wisdom agree in saying that thought (as we know it in our present state) is a hindrance to real knowledge. It means that a higher light, far superior to thought, dawns upon the man who has succeeded in mastering his thoughts.

We could not endure the pain of existence if we did not have a background of higher consciousness behind our ordinary self-consciousness. The burden would be too terrible. It has driven people to madness, dope, suicide. We all have to seek distraction from ourself in some way or other. Every

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night wipes the slate and gives us a comparatively clean surface for the new day.

Immortality is not a state that we gain at any time in exchange for our mortality; but it is a state in which a great part of us exists now. What is needed is *recognition* that we *are* immortal — that the mortal part is not the essential part.



"The survival of matter without mind, not of mind without matter, is the unthinkable thing." — REV. E. S. WATERHOUSE, quoted in the *Observer*

When we speak of mind and matter, do we not mean two poles of the same thing, or reality conceived under two aspects? If we observe the distinction of *subject* and *object*, that which perceives and that which is perceived, we may use the word matter to express the latter, and the word mind to express the former. But in that case, so soon as we begin to philosophize, mind itself becomes a form of matter; for it is an object of contemplation. By our definition, mind is that which contemplates and which cannot be contemplated. Hence there can be no real and ultimate *subject* except the Supreme; everything else becomes *object* — a form of matter.

Here, however, we can bring in the principle of relativity, by stating that a thing may stand as subject to what is below it, and as object to what is above it.

Dividing man into spirit, soul,

and body, soul is the body of spirit, and soul is the spirit of the body.

Taking a scientific illustration: a candle-flame will illuminate a screen and cast thereon a shadow of some opaque object. But a more powerful light behind the candle will throw upon the screen a shadow of the candle-flame. Thus the candle may be taken to represent soul in our threefold list just mentioned; the opaque object represents body, and the bright light represents spirit. From the point of view of the bright light, the candle-flame is an opaque body and casts a shadow. When we contemplate our own mind, it means that one faculty in us is contemplating another faculty.

All this may serve to show how uncertain are the meanings of such words as mind and matter; but the general sense of the quotation is clear enough. Nothing in the universe is dead or inanimate or mindless. Science has surely demonstrated this forcibly enough in the case of physical matter; which can no longer be regarded as an inert material, for it is seen to consist of moving points of fire, instinct with titanic energy and speed.

Matter must now be regarded rather as the negative pole of spirit. *Life* is what we find everywhere; and life is a manifestation of intelligence. If this be true, then the universe is a society of Beings, of many grades and orders.

## ALBRECHT DÜRER AND THE NÜRNBERG QUATERCENTENARY

GRACE KNOCHE

ROCEEDING almost pari passu with Katherine Tingley's lecture-tour in Europe the past summer, the Nürnberg celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Albrecht Dürer, has just closed. This is of more than passing interest to Theosophists, for Dürer, who lived and worked in Nürnberg, was a true Theosophist, though not so named. The city itself, for something like two generations, has had an active Theosophical center.

The 'Dürer year,' as it has been widely called, began on April 12th last (the quatercentenary of the artist's death), with a torchlight procession of artists and singers, proceeding first to the Dürer statue and thence to the artist's old home, now the city's Dürer Museum. It was given a beautiful and symbolic touch by the huge bonfire built of the torches at the end, for Dürer's work is as living, his power as illuminating, as when he himself was alive.

Indeed, as we pore over some of the drawings that he left us, as we try to explain the exquisite pleasure they give, thrilling us with their fresh simplicity, their tender, patient searching for the ultimate truth of things, we know that this

man's light is of that kind which is forever unquenched. It is burning still, and will burn.

The city struck a silver medal in Dürer's honor, and during the summer, in order to recreate the atmosphere of the earlier day, a series of pageants and masques was given, and a revival of some of the old plays written by Hans Sachs the Meistersinger (of Nürnberg also).

Berlin, distant and more modern, has held her own celebration by means of a Dürer exhibition in her Academy of Fine Arts; Leipzig has held another; there were Dürer exhibitions in New York, Boston, and other American cities, and in art-magazines and books in many countries a fresh resurgence of interest in that rare discovery: an artist who is also a rounded man.

This is why Theosophical interest could hardly pass Dürer by. He seems, indeed, to have been one of those rare souls who incarnate infrequently as yet, and who are never exponents of art only, but seem to be universal in their genius, wholesome, spiritually healthy combinations of the artist, the researcher, the devotee, and the practical man of affairs.

Their work is colored, of course, by the theological tincture of their

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age. We must expect endless altarpieces, endless paintings on ecclesiastical subjects of various kinds, and Dürer, in common with his great Flemish and Italian contemporaries, left us many. These men

altar-piece; that one, symbolic designs; this Pope must have a portrait or a sculptured tomb; that one, frescoes, while wood-block or copper-plate prints of religious subjects were eagerly purchased by the common folk who frequented festivals and fairs.

Indeed, the prints which Frau Agnes Dürer so skilfully vended at fairs and markets, often at long distances from Nürnberg, assured an income without which she and her artist-husband could hardly, at times, have lived.

This was the Karma of the age, but certain artists such as Dürer and his great contemporaries, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and the rest, are greater than theology, greater than any purely national expression. That is why they live, and will live through the ages, forever modern because forever sincere.

A German of Germans, the greatest and most representative artist of his nation still, Albrecht



ALBRECHT DÜRER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF AS A YOUNG MAN

breathed a theological atmosphere even before their birth, and the bread-and-butter struggle never became so pitiless as often in a later age, for religious paintings, carvings, or prints, were always in demand. This church needed an

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Dürer touched all nations with the wand of his wide interests. In a peculiar way he bridged and helped to steady the period of transition between the Middle Ages, then at their twilight hour, and the dawning Renaissance. But not as an artist merely. He was a profound and liberal thinker, unweariedly stable in his moral ideals, and his opinions on religious, civic, and literary questions were valued and widely sought. But more than this, in character he measured up to the stature of a Real Man.

Of Dürer paintings, drawings, designs, copper-plate and wood-block prints, something like twelve hundred are still extant. His greatest painting was destroyed by fire; another, perhaps as great, has suffered irreparably from the work of ignorant repairers; priceless sketches and smaller works have doubtless perished without leaving a trace.

But what we do possess show him to have been a draftsman who seemed to have nothing more to learn. His work in line approaches the marvelous. Chalk, the pen, the pencil, the graver's burin, the tyrannical merciless silver-point — he used them all with equal skill, and with unplumbed depths of knowledge and of love. *Muy simpático*, Velásquez would have called him, and we have no term that is better or as good.

Dürer was a draftsman first of all, and in his hands even the painter's brush often became an-

other point. Because of this his brush-work has been a debatable topic for centuries. Some of his portraits, and notably his last work, the panels of the 'Four Apostles,' show that he was perfectly able to use a brush in brush-fashion when he wished to do so. May not one safely assume, then, that when he did not do so it was because he did not so choose? In any event he knew enough to teach us all.

In these days of painters who cannot draw (we have no schools of literature yet in which you write epics and five-act plays if you like before you learn to spell; but art, alas, is not so fortunate) we stand before the poorest reproductions of his greater works with bated breath. For knowledge of form is in them. The living spirit is there. They bring to mind the remark that is variously credited — Michelangelo and da Vinci are equally probable names — to the effect that to become an artist one must study three things: first, drawing; second, drawing; and third and last, *drawing*. Whoever said it, knew — and that is all that matters. Dürer had studied faithfully, carefully, those three things.

We may pass by without comment Dürer's ecclesiastical and symbolic prints and drawings. Some of them, including 'The Four Riders of the Apocalypse,' 'Death and the Old Man,' and various scenes from the life of the Nazarene, are comparatively well known, but as a whole they are of interest mainly to

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students of design. Illustrators have long drawn upon their inexhaustible fertility, and what modern book-plate designers would do without them it is difficult to surmise.

His legacy of portraits — not large, for he looked to his engravings mainly for the wherewithal to live — includes some, however, that rank with the great portraits of the world. One is tempted to digress and drag in Holbein here, but there is not space.

One dignified work, his last and in its special field his greatest, stands alone — the 'Four Apostles,' which Dürer painted and presented to the Nürnberg City Council as public acknowledgment and defense of the new ideas that were sweeping into the religious atmosphere of the time and which made tremendous appeal to him.

Dürer sympathized warmly with the ideals of the Reformation, though this turned many close friends from him and cost him much. Both Luther and Philip Melanchthon were his intimate friends.

This picture, in two panels, stands really, then, as Dürer's confession of faith. It had been long in contemplation, and his characterization of Paul had been in his mind for nearly twenty years. His great aim in painting it was to help men free their minds of opinions and ecclesiastical interpretations by arousing in them such a living interest in the fountain or source of

these ideas that they would want to be their own interpreters.

This is noteworthy, for it has been the great Theosophical effort in every age, and is particularly accentuated in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley today. "Away with opinions," said Katherine Tingley only recently, "and seek truth at its source." The source is different in every differing age, true, but the principle remains the same, and in grasping it Dürer set a new fashion in the painting of religious themes.

The panels are of added interest also, because they have been the usually unacknowledged model or prototype of similar paintings ever since. A familiar example is the 'Prophets'-frieze in the Boston Public Library, reproductions of which were literally broadcast through American public school-rooms a few decades ago. Yet no artist has approached these old panels yet.

Dürer, painting four hundred years earlier and pioneering largely his own path, can teach us still, every one. Note the sweep of the long lines, the fine balance of the whole, the quietude and yet the superb energy shown even when looked at simply as a pattern, the artist's daring in the left panel in dispensing with that indispensable feature in such works, the glance of at least one opened eye.

Note the fine characterization of the figures, especially the heads.

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Nothing finer than these heads exists: Peter with his worn and puzzled old face; John in unwonted maturity and strength; Mark, excited and disputant; and beside

however awakened to spiritual things, were simple men among men.

The fine head of John in the lefthand panel is of interest because it is undoubtedly a somewhat idealized portrait of Melanchthon, whom Dürer admired and loved and whose portrait he painted in the same year.

Below these panels the artist caused the following inscription to be placed:

"All secular rulers in these dangerous times should take good heed that they accept not the seductive teaching of men for the Word of God. Therefore, hear these excellent men, Peter, John, Paul, and Mark."

And below this he added the following words from their writings: "*There are false prophets; beware of them!*"

But portraits and altar-pieces and engravings and ecclesiastical prints by no means made up the sum. Dürer's interest seemed to include every created

thing: flowers, trees, insects, birds, fishes, animals of every kind (two of the world's great drawings are his spirited 'Little Horse' and his 'Hare'), while hills and valleys, mountains and streams, houses and



ALBRECHT DÜRER'S "LITTLE HORSE"

him Paul, the organizer, the warrior, the robust pioneer. No halos, no churchly insignia or crowns, no myriad cluttering symbols — only dignity, poise, the manliness you would hope to find in those who,

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structures of whatever kind — all appealed to him and his pencil was always ready to search out the soul and form.

He is sneeringly criticized by certain schools of art for the meticulous regard for form he shows, for his ‘painstaking study of single objects.’ But is it not exactly in this habit of ‘painstaking study of single objects’ that we find the secret of his power and steady growth?

Dürer was peculiarly sensitive to home-ties and domestic associations. His portrait of his wife shows a mood of the utmost tenderness and delicacy, while the portraits of his father and mother are classics in what they disclose of the artist himself. His feeling for his parents was akin to adoration, and from what he tells us of them, this could not have done him any harm.

He describes his father as “a skilful, pure man” whose chief concern was that his children should “love God and act honestly towards their neighbors.” When he died, Dürer took his mother into his own home, and when she passed away he wrote, “I cannot express the grief I feel at her death, for it is too great.” A little later he recorded, with touching simplicity, “I buried her with the honor which my means allowed. In death she

looked more beautiful than she had done in life.”

One longs for time to reflect upon the qualities, moral and intellectual, that made Albrecht Dürer so much more than an average artist or an average man. The strange and almost enigmatic power in many of his works suggests Michelangelo; the remarkable treatises he left on such diverse subjects as Fortifications, Proportions of the Human Figure, Geometry, Perspective, and so on, recall Leonardo da Vinci. He was indeed of their august company, whose merest line proclaims that art, to rise to its proper heights, must have a masonried foundation to rest upon, and that this foundation has to be — study and work, work and study, in a word: *discipline*.

Nürnberg was Dürer’s home. He refused a large annuity offered him while in Venice on condition that he remain, declaring that he would rather live in want in his own loved city than in opulence, even in the Italy that he also loved.

Again the question comes, thinking of this strange old city, so reminiscent of Dürer still in its architecture and its atmosphere of older days: may it not be one of those rare old centers, scattered here and there over the earth, which have power to draw things Theosophical to themselves?



“Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!”— *Katherine Tingley*



## KARMAN AND PENANCE

**Q**UESTION: CAN the Karman of a bad act be mitigated by penance?

**A**NWER: In the Human Kingdom, by reason of the fact that man is a self-conscious thinker, and therefore responsible for his every act and thought, he must learn consciously to face the results of his actions. He cannot choose the nature of their results and himself decide what the 'penance' shall be by means of which the wrong he has done shall be 'wiped out' or, as he might say, 'forgiven.'

The law of Karman, or Cause and Effect, is universal. It acts in the Great Cosmos similarly, we may observe, as in the smallest details of life, as the inexorable adjuster which unfailingly re-establishes equilibrium, wheresoever it has been disturbed. Wherefore the sternly just application of the Law in everything.

Although penance done cannot obviate Karmic results, it may be

of value as an expression of regret, and the more sincere the regret, the more likely the penance done will be to serve as a reminder to abstain from similar error in the future. But prolonged regrets for a past act, when once it has been recognised as wrong, and the necessary lesson has been realized, is a mere waste of time and energy, paralysing constructive action. Moreover, to dwell morbidly on past wrong-doing easily sets up a tendency towards repetition of similar errors, or worse.

Let us therefore acknowledge our mistakes, and courageously face their results without flinching. Life is a school of experience, and the just consequences of our mistakes teach us the lessons we should learn. Thus, by a series of awakenings, we shall in due time understand the wondrous consistency between the laws by which Life, Nature, and Existence operate, and the benignity of our interrelation with them.

— E. A. N.

## 'PRAYER' AND PRAYER

**Q**UESTION: AS a Christian I have always set great store by prayer. Can you tell me whether Theosophists be-

lieve in prayer, or whether they pray; or in fact what Theosophy has to say on the subject of prayer?

**A**NNWER: The Founder of Theo-

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sophy in modern times, H. P. Blavatsky, has a chapter on this subject in her text-book, *The Key to Theosophy*; and to this I may refer you. It is a noteworthy fact that many Christian clergymen today, not to mention laymen, are publicly declaring views as to prayer which are greatly in agreement with those of Theosophy as explained in the chapter referred to. There is prayer *and* prayer, so to say: meaning that the same word may stand for very different things. So it is needful to distinguish these things before we dare say whether or not we stand for prayer.

Prayer may be anything from sheer selfish petition up to a sacred communion with the highest and purest we can reach in our thoughts and aspirations. In other words, it may be purely or mainly selfish; or it may be an impersonal unselfish aspiration. The former is a form of 'black magic.'

What do I mean by 'black magic'? I mean when anyone attempts to draw down hidden powers in the service of his personal desires. H. P. Blavatsky instances the case of two hostile armies, each striving to enlist the Almighty as accomplice in a work of destruction against his own creatures; and of course the same reflexion has often occurred to people.

To avoid anything like the misuse of prayer, we should avoid praying for anything definite; for if we pray for any such thing, we are simply using will

and imagination for the purpose of bringing about our own selfish wishes. And as we are the last person, probably, to know what is good for us, we are more likely to injure than benefit ourselves. This kind of prayer Theosophy does not countenance. "Not my will, but thine, be done!" is the right state of mind for one who prays.

If by 'prayer' we are to understand a meditation on our own highest ideal of good and right, an aspiration to rise from out the prison of selfishness and to breathe the air of noble unselfish ideals, then Theosophy can be said to recommend it--nay, to enjoin it. The keynote should be sincerity.

Too many people lack the sincerity and courage to face themselves and to analyse frankly their own nature. To avoid this, they seek distraction. The chief source of our trouble is that we suffer ourselves to become entangled in a network of desires and fears and delusions, which grows denser from day to day, until we are led utterly astray. Whereas, if we could form the habit, every night, of balancing up our accounts (so to speak), examining our motives, and setting ourselves anew upon a right foundation, we should prevent this accumulation of error, and be able to make a fresh start with every day.

In short, we should, by this kind of prayer, keep up our communion with the Light within; making Duty, and not desire, the delight and inspiration of our life.

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Many customs of Occidental religion are survivals from Paganism, as is freely admitted nowadays by a number of creditable Christian writers. And in certain prevalent notions of prayer we can trace a connexion with old ideas of propitiating a minor deity — a sort of incantation, in fact.

In conclusion, I will say that the earnest and enlightened Christian can find common ground with the Theosophist in the true conception of the nature of prayer.

For, as long as they both aim at the same ideals of duty and nobility of character, they are surely at one in their recognition of the importance of meditation or communion with one's Higher Self. And let us remember that Jesus condemned all wrong conceptions of prayer and recommended that we should commune with the 'Father' through the mediation of the 'Son' — that is, that we should *seek within ourself for the channel which connects us with the Divine.* — H. T. E.

## SELF-CONTROL AND SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

**Q**UESTION: In Theosophical literature I read a great deal about self-control and the elimination of weaknesses. This is necessary, of course, but what then? Getting rid of the more glaring faults is only weeding; how can it develop the flowers of the soul?

**A**NSWER: By itself, this would only be a negative process, and would not lead very far; what we need is a positive method by which we may bring out the higher qualities, may become greater in devotion to the welfare of humanity, more intelligent, more intuitive.

Theosophy plainly teaches that the student must be positive, and that the weeding-out process is not a negative thing; it is part of a most strenuous activity. In *The Voice of the Silence*, H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Think not when the sins of thy gross

form are conquered, O Victim of thy Shadows (physical bodies) thy duty is accomplished by nature and by man."

The weaknesses which we must eliminate are hindrances preventing the manifestation of the soul-powers. These powers are there all the time, waiting their opportunity. As the faults and vices are taken in hand by the action of a firm will, and strangled, new light begins to shine; new opportunities arise in unexpected ways for the soul to exercise its growing strength. Each event in life, as it offers itself, then becomes a chance for growth; troubles, pleasures, the most ordinary affairs also, take on a new aspect when the student begins to realize that "Nature energizes for the soul's experience."

The entire subject in question depends upon the existence of the dual nature of man — the higher

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or soul-existence, and the lower brain-mind mostly dominated by selfishness and the senses. The purification of the lower, personal nature is a positive action of the awakening soul, and yet the lower must co-operate in order to approach nearer the mystic union with the Immortal Self which is the object of all evolution. The conscious and willing elimination of the lower desires by will *releases* the powers of the soul.

William Q. Judge, in 'The Culture of Concentration,' gives many illustrations of the way by which anger, jealousy, vanity, etc., destroy the growing powers of the

soul. Vanity, for instance, brings up erroneous or evil pictures which entirely warp the judgment; fear is a contracting emotion; we all know the destructive effect of anger. As these hindrances are controlled by *the cultivation of their opposites*, not merely by their temporary suppression for prudence sake, spiritual knowledge increases. To quote from the above:

"The kingdom of heaven is not to be had for the asking; it must *be taken by violence*. And the only way in which we can gain the will and the power thus to seize and to hold is by acquiring the virtues on the one hand, and minutely understanding ourselves on the other. . . . This we can perceive is no simple task." — C. J. R.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL BENEFIT

**QUESTION:** WHAT benefit should I get by studying Theosophy or by joining the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society?

**ANSWER:** A difficult question to answer unless we had fuller information about your motives, especially in regard to the meaning of the word 'benefit,' but we will make an effort to clear up some points which are raised.

Theosophy or membership in the Society offers nothing to one who is working for self, who would still buy or sell for personal gain, so to speak. Such a one, who is intoxicated with the heady wine of the world's desires, has no thirst

for the nectar of the gods, and does not desire to learn the way to Truth if the path leads through rough and thorny places.

The expression 'What should *I* get, etc.,' suggests that the inquirer has only a vague idea of the objects of the Theosophical Society and the spirit in which they are carried out by the members, because the first object of this Movement is expressed by the idea 'What opportunity does membership in the Society or the study of Theosophy in itself give me to help others and the world to a higher and nobler life?'

The world is progressing materially, but spiritually it sorely

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needs all the help possible to be given by those who have had a glimpse of what a real civilization might be.

Katherine Tingley has said, "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age," and Theosophy is the only thing capable of breaking down the enemy so strongly entrenched in the hearts of men. Strong words, but true, as all who make a study of Theosophy agree.

'The first test of apprenticeship to the Theosophic life is devotion to the interests of others.' In joining the Theosophical Movement you get an opportunity to pull an oar in a boat which is headed for spiritual freedom.

But what about instruction in the interesting philosophies of the East and of antiquity, of 'occult study,' and the opportunity of meeting advanced Teachers? Do you wish these 'benefits'?

Well, superficially it would seem as if there was some contradiction in the Theosophic position; self-denial, renunciation of personal gain, and work for universal brotherhood on one side; and personal instruction and help in penetrating more deeply into the inner and real side of things on the other. But this discrepancy disappears when one begins to work seriously.

While the Theosophic life does not depend upon wide and profound study of all the philosophies, a certain proportion of students find real help in character-building by means of philosophic study.

As to the occult, there are indeed mysteries to be unfolded, but the discovery of the wonders of one's own spiritual nature does not come from book-learning or other more dubious external methods, least of all from psychic practises. It comes from the rhythm of the soul, and must be sought by spiritual methods. The words of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* are most appropriate here:

"Every action without exception is comprehended in spiritual knowledge. . . .

"Seek this wisdom by doing service, by strong search, by questions, and by humility. . . .

"There is no purifier in this world to be compared to spiritual knowledge; and he who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time."

As for meeting advanced Teachers, the Theosophical position has always been that the greatest teacher is the Higher Self within, and that no external teacher can do more than say 'Find the Path; it is there.' It is to be found by freeing oneself from the entanglements of the personal selfish desires; and the test of whether your purpose is pure, your desire sincere, and your wish for help impersonal is whether your love to be a world-helper is stronger and more ardent than your desire for personal 'benefits' and the desires of ordinary life. If so, Theosophy and the opportunities offered by the practical work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, will indeed give you benefits and an ever-increasing joy. —C.J.R.

## WHAT THEOSOPHY MEANS TO ME

MAURICE BRAUN

N TRYING to give expression to 'what Theosophy means to me' my mind wanders back to the time when I was without this marvelous 'Religion, Philosophy, Science,' that so by contrast I may realize to some extent what it really does mean to me.

It would be impossible to describe accurately my condition at that time, except to say that a sort of general hopelessness pervaded my thought-life, shot through perhaps with occasional gleams of a hope that some day an inkling of truth about life might come to me.

So it is perhaps the fact that Theosophy has given me a rock to stand upon, a certainty of what life is about, a sound and certain basis of knowledge and way of living, that cause me to feel most grateful for it. There is no need merely to have faith. Faith founded on positive knowledge, a knowledge that appeals to the heart and the mind as well as to our sense of justice, fills me with a satisfaction too deep to describe.

It seems to me that there can be nothing more desirable than this: the knowledge of one's own essential divinity; the conviction that all things in their root-essence are divine, immortal; and a perception, however far off and vague,

of the all in All, the Great Unity. To be conscious of oneself as part and parcel of all Creation brings a feeling of higher comradeship, which does away with that of loneliness, of emptiness, which so many complain of and because of which they go to such extremes of indulgence and vain and devastating pleasure.

To have Theosophy as a constant companion is never to be alone again, for it fills all the gaps in one's life, making it rich in purpose and killing all doubts. Not only does it make the present entirely worth the living, calling forth one's best efforts, teaching as it does the importance and sacredness of every passing moment, but it also gives one a sublime optimistic picture of the future. A contemplation of the heights of attainment in future aeons, and an assurance that there is no end to such attainments, thus eliminating the possibility of inactivity or stagnation, is certainly a thrilling and inspiring experience.

It is not easy to maintain an attitude of optimism when one views the condition of the world, with all the selfishness, crime, and indifference — indifference to suffering on every hand, and indifference to the fine things in life. It is no wonder that we contact so much pessimism.

Yet even a little understanding

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of Theosophy has given me the key to this situation. "Life," Theosophy says, "is a great school of experience." The divine side of life, which is the only part of it that is permanent, will not permit such conditions to exist forever. No matter how discouraging the picture, there is this other side, the divine, permanent side awaiting its time. It only remains for those who have a little more light to hold on to it and to see that it shines more and more brightly in the hope that it may help to illuminate the way.

And this is a marvelous privilege, this opportunity to add one's mite to, and to be associated with, a concerted movement for the enlightenment of the world at a time like this, when the need is so great.

The understanding of the seven principles of man's constitution has given me the key to a problem that people generally are not even aware exists, yet it is of such importance that one might say that it is practically impossible to be content or happy unless it is solved — at least to some extent.

It is the understanding of the difference between the permanent and the impermanent, between the individual, or, as we call it, the individuality, and the personality. When we realize the part which the individuality plays in acquiring poise of mind and character, that is, the method of meeting the ordinary experiences of everyday life, its unpleasant as well as the more

pleasing experiences, it makes all the difference in the world.

To drop personalities out of one's life is like a release from a prison. To meet all things without personal concern, to meet them merely as necessary experiences, robs even the worst events of their sting. To be without this poise invites constant disappointment, a general feeling that all is not well with oneself and the world, — confusion.

The feeding of the personality with the kind of food it likes, bolstering it up with vanity, pampering its every weakness, bring nothing but empty pleasures at best and in the end leave us wondering what is the use of it all!

With all that Theosophy in itself means to me, I doubt if it would mean quite so much if I had no association with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and its members, and particularly with its beloved Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley.

One has but to review one's life since the advent of Theosophy into it to realize its power and its beneficence. One's outlook upon life generally, its effect even upon one's professional or vocational activities, is enhanced and glorified. With it as the motive power life is indeed a joy. After all, what greater joy can there be than the consciousness that we are being trained for service. Any other motive than service is not worth the effort.

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.

T IS with great regret, though with little surprise, that we learn of the destruction of the expedition of Colonel P. H. Fawcett, the celebrated British explorer, which took place in July 1925 at the hands of hostile Indians near the Xingu River, Brazil. Nearly four years ago Colonel Fawcett, with his son and R. Rimell of Los Angeles, started out to uncover the secrets of a lost 'white' civilization which has long been reported to have existed in unknown territory lying between the Xingu and Tapajos rivers in Brazil.

The reasons for believing that there are important prehistoric remains — some possibly still in use — in the wilds of Brazil have been given in these columns, and Colonel Fawcett, who had a profound knowledge of the Indians and their customs, seemed the most likely man to discover the facts. Strange and consistent rumors have come out of the inaccessible region about a city 'of an ever-burning light' and other matters, and it is far from unlikely that there is some important archaeological and cultural secret hidden there.

Colonel Fawcett was a student of Theosophy and was well acquainted with the fact that more than one great age of civilization

has preceded the condition prevailing now on earth.

Aroused by the failure to hear anything from Colonel Fawcett for more than three years, Commander Dyott set out with a rescue-expedition some time ago, and after many adventures succeeded in finding the trail and establishing the fact that the Fawcett party had perished. The Dyott party was well equipped, but suffered greatly from the perils and difficulties which beset every white man who ventures into these dangerous regions. Insects, venomous snakes, and above all the jaguars and the Indians, combined with the great heat and innumerable difficulties of travel in the jungle, made the Dyott expedition far from being a picnic.

Communication was kept up by radio until August 18, when the last message was sent. The apparatus had to be abandoned because of its weight. The expedition was in great danger of being caught by hostile Indians, and had no time to send more than a few words to say that it was descending the Xingu River as rapidly as possible and under critical conditions.

It would almost seem as if nothing but a small army could make headway in this region, and so we may have to wait a long time

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before learning the real truth about the ruined cities there.



AUTHENTIC word has at last been heard from Professor Nicholas Roerich, head of the Roerich American Expedition to Tibet. He writes about the conditions of Buddhism in Tibet and other Buddhist countries. In Tibet he declares there has been a great decline in spirituality since the departure of the Tashi Lama in 1923: and that the country is sinking into a depraved form of Shamanism:

"Instead of the former dedication to the spiritual commune, instead of the former serious studies of the literature, teaching and knowledge of natural forces, one can perceive the mechanical repetition, and primitive demonstration of hypnotism, occasional clairvoyance and materialization, levitation and radiation, but all this is not in a high form."

He claims that the business of Tibet is falling into ruin and that uprisings against the Lamaistic government are becoming frequent. Taxation is excessive, many of the Lamas are dishonest and drunken, and many monasteries are falling into ruins. Conscientious reverence for the true principles of Buddhism is felt by comparatively few persons, who *live in seclusion*, at a distance from the official Lhassan Lamaism, which they cannot tolerate.

During his journey in Tibet, Professor Roerich claims to have found proof of the former existence of a widespread -- almost universal

— religion, extending from Europe to eastern Asia. This is, of course, the teaching of Theosophy, and we shall look forward with interest to the detailed reasons which have brought Professor Roerich to this conclusion.

Professor Roerich had some unpleasant experiences at the hands of the Tibetans who are obviously impressed with the necessity of preserving their seclusion in view of the possibilities of their country being overpowered by some of the greater Powers, and it is possible that his picture of the distressing conditions in Tibet is slightly colored by the way he was treated.

A distinctly different account of the life and mind of the people is given in a new book *We Tibetans*, written by a Tibetan lady, Rin-Chen Lha-Mo, known also as Mrs. Louis King, wife of the former British Consul at Tachienlu, on the Chinese frontier of Tibet. She says:

"We believe in our religion. . . . We have not the incessant strain and struggle and stress, your race after wealth and your fear of poverty. . . . Wealth with you becomes the goal of endeavor, and men's minds are taken off other things we consider more important. And some people in their struggle for wealth or fear of poverty set aside the principles of right-living, even of humanity, sacrificing their souls to this strange god whom we have not."

She gives excellent reasons for the efforts being made in Tibet to keep out the materializing influence of our Western so-called civilization, even though the people there have to continue to live a simple

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though, she says, not uncomfortable nor barbarous life.

It is worth remembering that William Q. Judge, the pupil and successor of H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, made the significant remark that it would be necessary, some

day, to take the Theosophical teachings to Tibet for the benefit of the general mass of the people. One of H. P. Blavatsky's Teachers, in speaking of the ethnic position of the inhabitants of Eastern Asia, refers to the Tibetans as fallen representatives of a former very high civilization.



"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*



## AS TO ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS AND AS TO LIFE IN GENERAL

W. EMMETT SMALL, JR.

[A Paper read at the Meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club of August 5, 1928]

**E**VENTUALLY MAN comes to realize that he is living on this earth for the experience of the soul. Through suffering, pain, joy, hope, and despair, experiences of the Equator's heat and the cold of the Poles, through many lifetimes perhaps, he comes to know this; but the eventual understanding comes to all.

From that moment — not that it is sudden or to be regulated by human time: for rather is it like the dawning of day when there is always the wonder upon us as to when the darkness goes and the light comes, though when the Sun has risen we know it is Day — from that moment, he is of discerning mind; he studies himself more carefully and analyses the qualities

of his make-up; he studies his fellows; his eyes are opened with new perspective to things about him; what he learns of sea and sun and sky and stars have meanings in realms within himself; he sees in all outer happenings, inner revelations; within the transient and fleeting he perceives the everlasting and eternal.

And all this has come without much book-study. Should he then, however, start searching in books, as would be natural having this truth-hunger upon him, he would of necessity find keys that would guide him to the books concerning the Wisdom-Religion, and he would find its modern expression, Theosophy.

This I believe to be so; and no matter how long it may take,

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granting the major premiss with which this paper starts, that eventually man comes to realize that he is living on this earth for the experience of the soul, the finding of Theosophy in actual written form I believe to be eventual.

One learns then of the doctrines: of Reincarnation, of Karmen — in themselves enough for lives of pondering; of the nature and constitution of man; and more than ever before one's understanding of life changes. One is now eager to get at basic things in life. One's thoughts turn more and more inwards, seeking for an understanding of riddles and paradoxes which have long puzzled him. What is at the bottom of it all? What are those things that will ever live, that indeed are the realities of Life? What are the Essentials, what the Non-Essentials of Life?

And each one must think and answer in his own way. And to myself I have said:

These are not Essentials of Life: objects we love to have about us of sight and touch; success in all undertakings; even the respect of one's neighbor; comfort; fame; the conventions of so-called society which put the travel of man's feet in prepared ditch-ways so that they become unaware of the beauty and freeness of untrod fields and virgin woods; nor a home with all its connotes of family and friends, whatever the heartache and anguish of separation be. These are not essentials of Life; these, nor all

things brother to them in quality and meaning, are not essential to Man, the Pilgrim, the Initiant, the Soul.

And to myself I have said further:

These are Essentials of Life: the understanding that is always a growing understanding of the simpler principles of a philosophy that is ever one step ahead of our own most aspiring out-stretching along spiritual and intellectual lines; truth to one's ideals, to one's Supreme Inner Self: Truth and Sincerity. These are essential to Man, the Pilgrim, the Initiant, the Soul; these are Essentials of Life.

Now, viewing thus Essentials and Non-Essentials, I mean to abet no vainglorious sacrifice of all we love and deem proper and natural for an asceticism, which to picture, is to see cadaverous bodies in various postures practising the various etceteras notoriously advertised for the swift advancement of the soul. Such is not my meaning.

We must take life as it comes and sensibly. I think we need seek no self-scourging. To the aspiring it will come; and we shall then know how to meet it. A man gets as much as he can stand, as a rule; and it is a man's business to stand what he gets bravely and cheerfully. Why should he go out of his way to sit on a bunch of thorns?

But there are times that come to all when ideals topple, friends fail, hopes are shattered; and one

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must hang on — to what? To some this may come as a terrific blow; it may have been the sudden death of a friend, perhaps a suicide, or some but-thinkable tragedy, and he, maybe not of deep-thinking mind before and perhaps unused to lashing experiences, is overwhelmed by the shock. When the impact of such an onslaught has been somewhat absorbed and the brain is keen again, the man's whole being cries out for some explanation.

It is at such times that to sift the chaff from the wheat, to know essentials from non-essentials, is to find something basic; to weigh correctly and rightly value them is to have understanding; and to have understanding is to find the Middle Way; and the Middle Way is no excessive puritanism, no stagy sacrifice hid behind the narrow girth of a loin-cloth and a face showing years of ascetic indulgence; but a trueness to the Undying Things, an unfolding along noble lines; and no more a sacrifice than is the blooming of flowers, which is a sweet and noble and natural thing.

Happiness, such as we with our western-seeing eyes have horizoned it, is not a requirement of life; but Truth and Sincerity to one's ideals, to one's Self is, or a man's a coward to himself. Success is not requisite to life; but pure motive and rightly conceived thought are. To lose friends is a sorrow and a hurt to the heart; to lose that which keeps us true to ideals is wellnigh an-

nihilation, and a sickness to the soul; for Truth and Sincerity are the basic principles of evolution.

And if you are looking for a single word to express hierarchies of ideas, Truth and Sincerity are Love; for Love, of ideals, of a Cause of Humanity, even of a person, cannot exist on foundings not of Truth and Sincerity.

Care comes and Sorrow and Misfortune and strip the traveler of his loved, of his roof, his comforts, his fortune, even of gifts and talents that were birth-given. Yet, having understanding, the worn are not wearied, the misfortuned are not unfortunate; and there is a happiness which is indeed the understanding of life, of what we call joys and sorrows, of sunrises and sunsets (so infilled as they both are with the same heart-essence, the same wealth of sky-bloom) — a happiness that comes to such whose feet have found the Middle Way.

Of that Middle Way our Lomaland life is an exposition. Our work here at this Theosophical Center is in many outer aspects very similar to the work of the general lot of people in the world. We grow our own vegetables, our own fruit; we cook, print, construct houses; in business and finance meet the merchants and financiers of the city; along all practical lines vie with the bustle and objectivity of the world: we too must keep 'up to date,' as the saying goes, if we are to serve.

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But behind it all we are taking part in a greater and grander work. Of its grandness and its destiny I think I need not speak, save to say that under the guidance of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, a work is in operation dealing in the Essentials of life, that is for the forward evolution of every human being on this sphere.

Whether I am garbage-gatherer or choir-conductor, street-sweeper or what not, matters not a tithe: pledged to a work which has been existent through the ages, pledged to the fulfilment and furtherance of its ideals, pledged in the same manner as the rose is pledged to bloom — as a natural and beautiful thing expressing and unfolding the simple longings of the heart and soul — whatever form it takes in outer expression, its fulfilment is right and beautiful and a joy. It is our thoughts that are potent, our motives, our ideals, our spiritual energies; these are Essentials of life.

If we are to be true and worthy members of our Club, it is to these Essentials that we must be unfaltering: these must be the undercurrents to all our actions, all our thoughts. Though we are in the world we are yet not of it: it is the Middle Way we must tread.

Life then becomes a beautiful and a noble thing, the human destiny a thing sublime in its ever inward-wending unendingness.

And as I have thought of Life it is this way: that it is a pattern. We work the loom, we hold the

shuttle; but the pattern, due to many previous lives and causes set in motion in them, at least to a great degree is already conceived.

And this I firmly believe: that naught in this world counts but as to the way we weave our web as the pattern unfolds. That is all that matters: it is the manner in which we meet the experiences that come to us that counts, not the experiences themselves. They must come. The pattern must unroll; and in our method of weaving, in the way we face whatever comes we make new Karma, effect the quality of the woven fabric, and either build up stronger and more beautiful character, perfecting the pattern, or we falter, and the pattern becomes imperfect.

Whatever comes to us, if met with self-honesty, self-sincerity, with manliness and high resolve — that is what counts; not the seeming success, not the seeming failure. It is only slowly that the pattern can be changed and necessarily so; but it is the fashioning of it that should always be a joy. It represents the onward journey of That within us ever searching for the Divinity at the Heart of All, which is Itself. Why should it be otherwise than a joyful weaving? Having some understanding of Essentials, can we not see that it must be so?

In Lomaland we have unique and exceptional opportunities and experiences for weighing essentials with non-essentials and of finding

## THE REAL LEADERS OF HUMAN PROGRESS

and treading the Middle Way. And let us not forget in our moments of trial (when flies blot out

mountains) that we have this rare opportunity, this privilege, this karman, this joy, of knowing Real Life.

## THE REAL LEADERS OF HUMAN PROGRESS

RALPH WALKER

[A Paper read at the Meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club on August 5, 1928]



NE'S LIFE is like a road stretching farther than the eye can see, in which there are dangerous crossings, ruts, and obstructions. Parts of it are paved, but the greater part of it is rough, and in places it is even very rough. Each person has a different road to travel, and on no one's road are there more obstacles, in view, than the traveler of it has the power to overcome. These roads form a great network, and the object of life is to keep moving forward, avoiding as much as possible blind alleys and other places that waste our time and lead nowhere.

Many people cross our paths and everyone of them is of some use in the world, though he serve only as a rough stone, on which other people can grind away their faults. This 'rough stone' sort of fellow is helping human progress — but in a passive way. We could not call him a leader, for real leaders of human progress are active.

There are real leaders in every self-respecting community, but just how are we to find out who they all

are? It seems more than we can do to agree on the true worth of only one man, or even of ourselves. If you or I, for instance, were everything anyone ever thought we were, what a hopeless mass of contradiction we would be! Fortunately, however, no one is worse than he is, and opinions do not change the reality.

Regardless of personalities, the real leaders of human progress are those who have made the most progress in their own lives. It is the progress of individuals taken together that makes up the progress of humanity, and it is not enough to sit back and think nice things about good people, while we allow them to do all the work.

Life is everyone's business and everyone must do his share of work. The best people are not only those who can accomplish a great deal. A grain of gold can be just as real and pure as a nugget of gold.

Seeing that the whole purpose of our existence is to become something better than we are, we might as well take a good look at our-

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selves, pull out our weaknesses, and fight them. To obtain the best results we must be positive, sincere, and self-reliant. Not so self-reliant that we will not heed the advice of a leader, or gain by the experiences of others, but self-reliant enough to be able to stand on our own feet. There are too many feeble-footed people who will lean on anything --- much to their discomfort when an old support gives way. The man who is accustomed to standing will find it comparatively easy to get up after a fall, because the exercise that he has had has strengthened him.

It is a terrible thing to undervalue oneself and depend entirely on others, but of course there are those obtrusive individuals who overvalue themselves and that fault is even worse, and then again there are those living beings who are so lifeless that they are not even good enough to be bad, and who pride themselves on being O. K. There are extremes in both ways and we must find the Middle Way.

A phrase which is not so very

choice, but which if taken symbolically has a deep meaning, is, 'Lean on your own breakfast.' Taking breakfast to mean spiritual food, which is Truth, we might say that, as the cook prepares breakfast, there are those who can take Truth and prepare it in such a way as to make it easily digestible by others. And Truth digested, is Knowledge.

Life is not too hard to live. The trouble with so many people is that they take it too seriously; so many give up because they lack a sense of humor. Humor is the human shock-absorber. When installed it makes life worth living.

It is true that there are times when existence becomes almost unbearable, and it takes a mighty and powerful shock-absorber to lessen our troubles; but life is not so terrible if we can remember that if we do not succeed in this life, there are other lives in which success may come, and that as long as there is any life at all in us there is hope, and that when we die we shall find peace!

## THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the September issue)

RS. MAYNELL was more interested in the man than in the horse, however, and watched him intently. "Is Johnnie your son?" she asked.

"Nay, nay! he's no son of mine:

he's my daughter's son; aye! an orphan, but he's a good lad, and I'll mak' a man of him yet, if I'm spared, as the saying is."

"Why you look as if you would outlive all of us!" said the lady, putting herself and Johnnie in the

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same class, which gently flattered the old man's pride and made her feel younger herself.

The story continued, and he told how he had bought the mare at auction when a young feller from London was sold up; he lost his money on the races, some said, but he thought it was cards and money-lenders, for it was one of them that sold him up; a hard man was Richardson.

The lady showed no particular interest, but she thought "it is the end of the thread" and waited, but that passed and other points followed in the endless history.

The visitor was shown the famous mare and gave her sugar, which she always had in the pocket of her riding habit, for she sardonically used to say (to herself) "they all like sugar, two-legged, or four-footed beasts," and she always kept a supply ready for emergencies. The four-footed sugar-eaters like to have it offered openly, but for the two-legged ones it must be judiciously disguised, or not even offered at all, but just dropped in a handy place, as if accidentally.

She was learned in the subtleties of the human mind, and seldom made the mistake of offering her sugar to the two-legged species so openly as to offend the conscious virtue of those who scorn flattery, but like to feel that they are appreciated at their true value.

The mare of course suggested the sale, and that story was repeated, at length, and with some additions and hints that this feller Richardson was over-sharp and was very like to cut hisself badly before he finished.

Then came a story of another case, in which he had overreached a man that was a'most as hard a man as himself; maybe the lady would know him, Robert Styles of Kentham, the land-agent, who let a many houses to the gentry that came for the hunting. Here his curiosity seemed to awake, and he looked at the lady to see if she was one of those who had rented a house from Styles; but she appeared interested in Johnnie and the mare, so he continued the story, winding up with the hope that Styles would get even with him yet; for though folks said hard things of Styles, and he had been in trouble himself, that was all along of the drink, and no one could say as Styles robbed a poor man, or turned out an honest tenant because he was a bit in arrears of rent. Styles had a heart, he had, but that there Richardson was that hungry for money he'd sell his soul if he had one, which he hadn't, being as he was a Jew by birth and by natur'.

The lady was very innocent in such matters, and asked why people should go to such men to borrow money, when there were the banks for that.

This simplicity tickled the old man, and he started to tell her how the gentry got into debt, and how the bank would not lend 'without good security, while these men trusted to be able to rob those who could be made to pay up and so make up for loss in other cases.

Oh yes! they lost sometimes, but the others paid for it, and that was what riled Styles. Richardson got him to sign a bill when he thought he was signing a receipt, being in

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drink, as you might say, at the time, and being a younger man then, for it was some years ago. That was a favorite trick of his, to get folks to sign what they never intended to do, and then frighten them into paying up by telling them their credit would be ruined if it was known that they had had dealings with him, and he would take care that it should be known. For you see, Miss, nobody goes to borrow money from such a man till he has been refused everywhere else.

"But I thought Styles was a successful man himself."

"Aye, aye! so he is. I'm not saying that Styles went for to borrow money from a Jew — no! Miss. He was acting as agent for a gentleman who was buying property that this here Richardson was selling, just as he sold this here mare, as I was telling you. Styles is a solid man and owns a deal of property himself.

"I heard tell that Sir John Coulter was mad when Styles bought Kentham and that house that goes with it, for Sir John meant to buy that himself, and turn Styles out as he was only tenant then, and was disgracing the village by his drinking habits, which was scandalous, at that time, though they tell me he's sobered down of late years: but Styles got in before Sir John knew that the property was for sale and paid a good price for it too, just to spite the baronet for sending him to jail. You've maybe heard tell of that, Miss, though it was some years ago; and folks said Sir John was over-hard on a man; being a man as doesn't drink himself, he has no pity on a poor man as gets a drop too

much and forgets hisself, as you might say."

Seeing that this vein of gossip was running into unprofitable regions, Mrs. Maynell bade the old man goodbye, smiled at Johnnie in a way that made him feel he would like to serve a lady like that, which was precisely what she wanted, and continued her ride, turning now in the direction of Catthorpe, where young Barnet was living, in the certainty of being seen on the road and invited to inspect the horses if the owner were at home, as she expected.

She cantered past his paddocks as if rather anxious to get by unnoticed and succeeded in attracting his attention, with the result that he was soon galloping after her on his hack, and calling her to stop, which she graciously did.

Willie Barnet was very red and very apologetic, but he was so anxious to know if she had not changed her mind about keeping that horse, he wanted it badly, and he could tell her of another that would suit her really better, and in fact he excused himself so satisfactorily that she consented to turn back and look at his string of hunters; and then she was invited to come in to the house and give her opinion about the garden, or the new curtains in the drawing-room. In fact, he seemed most anxious to have her opinion on everything, and pressed her so eagerly to sell the horse that finally she consented to accept about double what Arthur Coulter had paid for him on her behalf.

She gave him excellent advice on everything, for she had good taste and good judgment, and liked the

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boy, but kept wondering how he was to help her in this other matter. No hint of any help seemed forthcoming, and she was preparing to go, but her host seemed hurt at the idea that she should not stay to luncheon; he had a most dignified housekeeper who made her appearance on the occasions of lady's visits and gave an air of propriety to the establishment, and Mrs. Maynell felt that her reputation could stand the strain of a tête-à-tête luncheon with a young man so long as there was such a paragon of respectability within call; besides, Willie Barnet had mentioned a friend who was staying with him and who would be in directly. This was John, plain John apparently, spoken of as one speaks of Gladstone or Shakespeare or Fred Archer (the famous jockey).

So Mrs. Maynell accepted, and when she did things like that she did them so unaffectedly that there could be no thought of impropriety in the situation, and when John Marchmont arrived, he did not feel the least surprised to find her there; nor had he the slightest hesitation in treating her with the utmost respect; for it never entered his head to associate her with that class of lady-visitors who were not infrequently guests of Barnet's, and who announced their character by their self-conscious efforts to impress him with the idea that it was most unusual for them to visit a young man in his own house without a chaperone.

Mrs. Maynell showed no more interest in him than in any ordinary young man, but she thought this was just about the last kind of man to be here a guest of this feather-

brained boy, whose highest ambition was to be thought a 'devil of a fellow.' She was amazed: what was the tie between two such men? and what could he be doing here. Somewhat similar thoughts passed through his mind in regard to her, with the result that they both talked to their host, or rather encouraged him to talk, while they studied each other.

Mrs. Maynell wanted to ask Willie to a card-party at Byham that she had planned for tomorrow, but for once she hesitated. She would not care to have John there, and could not well omit him. This was where Barker came in handy; he could always bring an uninvited guest on his own responsibility. It was understood that he had been her adviser in business-matters, and no one ever thought of him as a possible admirer of the lady, nor suspected any relationship between them. Mrs. Maynell's ideal of a partner was one who never showed himself unless it was necessary, and who was never out of reach when needed. Now she had to act single-handed, just too in a most critical situation, for she was walking in the dark and knew that she might make or mar her success by just such a slip as was possible now.

She waited, and Willie prattled ceaselessly, drinking a good deal of champagne, which Mrs. Maynell scarcely touched. John Marchmont drank little, talked hardly at all, laughed freely, and seemed to enjoy his friend's nonsense; but he never dropped his guard and remained a masked figure to the woman who was so anxiously waiting for a clue to his character, and to his part in the play.

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Willie was chattering about some people he had met at Monte Carlo, and turned to John with a "you remember them, they sat near you at the tables," for which his fair guest felt she could have blessed him.

His friend said: "I never remember who sits near me at the tables," and turning to Mrs. Maynell explained apologetically:

"You see I am a confirmed gambler and when my attention is on the game I become indifferent to the company; most people do, don't you think so?"

"I do," she answered naturally: "you know women are all gamblers at heart — or nearly all."

Willie now did what she had hoped, and begged her to invite them to one of her card-parties at Byham; of course she could not refuse, but she felt that John Marchmont was still an unknown quantity and she must be careful. Still she had done pretty well for a start, and now decided to go; the two men promising to come tomorrow evening to Byham.

On her way home she called at the telegraph-office, and wired to two other men to come for a little party and bring friends; she would send her groom with a note to another reliable man, who never missed the chance of a game at her house, and would tell him to bring friends if he liked; she knew he would bring only the right kind of men, men who would play high, and not make scenes if they lost heavily, men who would behave themselves decently and treat her courteously. She was exacting in such things, and would not tolerate the slightest breach of conven-

tional propriety; she gave invitations of an inclusive kind only to men who would be careful as to whom they should bring with them.

On the way home she reviewed what she had learned from the old man with the colt and felt that it was like a thread, a possible clue, that was floating in the air, and which seemed to need other strands twisted with it before it would be strong enough to handle. No more was to be expected, yet the time was so short that she must be ready to catch the floating thread at any moment and weave it into a line that would bear her touch and guide her along this dark path to the lair of the monster Richardson. She knew his kind, and was sure that he had many vulnerable spots, but that was not enough. She must get those papers, or make him fear to use them — better to destroy them. There would be no safety for Frank so long as those incriminating signatures remained on paper.

Tonight she must meet Styles, whom she had invited to dinner, and that demanded considerable tact; for she was determined that, even if Arthur failed to redeem that bill, it should never be presented. To make a man like Styles forego his revenge was a big thing to attempt; to get possession of the document was not much easier; one or the other must be done in all probability; but that could wait; in the meantime she must try to find out if there was any possibility of making use of Styles's grudge against Richardson in order to help her own scheme.

Turning these things over in her mind she became oblivious to what

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lay before her, and woke up with a start and an expression of regret as she realized that she had nearly ridden over a man who was coming out of a cottage garden-gate which was set in thick high hedges, so that a person coming out could not well see up and down the road till the gate was passed, and then the horse was on the top of him, and shied violently across the road.

The man was also apologetic, for he was badly scared and expected to be blamed for frightening the horse, the horse being a sacred animal in this fox-hunting country, and parsons of small account to the population of sporting men and women who occupied every available house during the hunting-season. True, there were one or two of the old kind of fox-hunting parsons still left, who rode to hounds and even attended race-meetings, but he was not of that kind, and he thanked God for it, being a pious man, who had too much respect for the Bible to think of the story of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men, as a lesson meant for daily use.

The Reverend James Chawley was rather a misfit in such a country; he was not popular with his parishioners, and would gladly have exchanged his living for a better one in a district that would have given him an opportunity to shine as a lamp of virtue and piety in the darkness of ignorance and respectful poverty, and in which there were not so many rich men with no appreciation for his special graces; but such livings were usually poorly endowed, or badly equipped in the matter of vicarage

or rectory; and he knew when he was well off in these respects; so he still remained in his snug vicarage, ministering to the spiritual needs of such few as were driven by habit or conventional propriety to frequent his church.

His alarm at his narrow escape was changed into embarrassment on recognising Mrs. Maynell, who apologized so good-humoredly that he was forced to repeat his own excuses, and to add a compliment on her horsemanship, which she received graciously, asking if he was visiting the sick, which he said was the case, and went on to explain that the poor woman was in a bad way and he feared she would not live.

Mrs. Maynell expressed her pity for the poor woman and asked if there was anything needed that she could supply.

Mr. Chawley thanked her, but assured her that the woman was well cared for. He said this in such a superior manner that it would have been an insult if it had not been so absurd.

It amused Mrs. Maynell, for she knew the parson had a bad opinion of her; his occasional remarks on the habits of the tenant of Byham Cottage had reached her ears. She thought it would be fun to captivate this austere person, so she rode alongside and questioned him about the people in the parish, gently leading him into a string of gossip and scandal that would have disgusted her under ordinary circumstances, but which now claimed her sympathetic attention for he had mentioned a name that was familiar to her from the days when she was a governess in London.

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Her attention was so flattering to his vanity that he completely changed his unfavorable opinion of the gambler, as he usually called her. He prided himself on his gift of conversation and more particularly on his powers as a narrator; her close attention to his stories confirmed him in this opinion, and reacted upon his judgment of the character of his listener.

They remained for some time at the corner of his own turning in full view of the vicarage, while he finished his story, or rather until he felt forced to stop, owing to the painful sensation in his back that made him aware of the fact that his wife's eyes were riveted upon him from the window of the vicarage. But he lingered long enough to accept an invitation to tea at Byham Cottage on the day after tomorrow.

When he said good-bye, his face was wreathed in smiles, but when he passed his own gate and stood in presence of his wife, his expression was haughty and austere.

Mrs. Chawley asked who was the lady who was talking to him; and he told her coldly, and indifferently, adding that it was his duty to show consideration for all who even temporarily resided in his parish, if they allowed him to do so. Indeed, he said, he had lately felt that he was to blame for not going to call on the tenant of the cottage, who, though she did not come to church, yet resided in the parish, and, though people spoke of her as a gambler, yet gave no open grounds for complaint. Of course, he added, he would not ask his wife to accompany him to such a house: an assur-

ance which she received with a sniff and a curt: "I should think not, indeed!"

### VI

ROBERT STYLES was not a man who usually dressed for dinner, but he possessed a dress-suit and seriously thought of putting it on for the occasion of his dinner with Mrs. Maynell, but he had a shrewd fear of making himself ridiculous when he was not drunk, and he was strictly sober now, so decided to wear a black morning coat and patent-leather shoes; it was only a few minutes walk to the cottage and the road was clean. But he was not at ease; he was almost nervous as he rang the bell, and became quite positively so as he entered the little drawing-room that opened out on to the pretty garden, with Lowthorpe park beyond.

The room was empty, and as he looked out he felt a slight glow of satisfaction to think that he had beaten Sir John Coulter and got possession of this property that seemed so naturally to belong to the big house that it must be a constant thorn in the side of the Coulters to know that he, the despised Styles, was owner of these two desirable houses — Kentham and Byham.

Though this had been but a cottage originally, successive rich tenants had made it a charming little house for a single man or woman; he looked round the room, and saw books that had no interest for him, but one caught his eye, a birthday-book.

He was surprised that Mrs. Maynell should have such a childish thing about, and picked it up, turn-

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ing over the pages with little interest till he caught sight of the name of Coulter; then he looked puzzled; he would have expected to find the name of that young fool Arthur, but not that of his uncle Richard. He was looking intently at this when the door opened and his hostess appeared. Styles put down the book as if he had been caught doing something indelicate at least, and his hostess noticed the look and the book.

It flashed upon her that Barker had borrowed the book to show to some ladies in order to impress them with the fact that he was a man of domestic habits and fond of his (imaginary) relatives, even consenting to collect autographs for a favorite niece. The idea amused her at the time, for she had herself used the book with a similar object of impressing people with her own simplicity, which was sometimes unpleasantly difficult, she was so obviously a strong character.

She determined to examine the book and see what could have interested Styles so much. She was so much alive to the necessity of observing every trifle just now that she feared to miss some link in the chain of events that go to make up an 'opportunity.' She knew that the gods themselves cannot help those who neglect their opportunities.

But of all this her face revealed nothing as she welcomed her guest in her most dignified manner, that was so gracious that it made Styles even more nervous than before.

He began to regret not having fortified himself with a stiff glass of his particular remedy for such weak-

ness, but dinner was announced and he was soon more at ease, and the dinner was excellent. His admiration for his hostess was much increased by this display of her housekeeping abilities. She certainly was fit to be mistress of a fine house and could evidently manage a house as well as she managed a horse.

During dinner she talked, and Styles had time to recover his usual self-satisfaction, which was greatly assisted by the dinner and the wine, but when the coffee was served in the drawing-room, and the servants were gone, she began to draw him out, gradually working round to her point, the man Richardson, whom she managed to draw into the field without appearing to have heard of him before.

Styles talked freely and confirmed what she already knew, but gave her no fresh light upon her doubtful course. He certainly spoke of getting even with the man, but seemed to have no plan, and the evening seemed to be barren so far as that was concerned; but for Styles it was full of interest, for his purpose was confirmed by all that he saw. He had never before had a chance really to see this remarkable woman at home, and alone as now, and he had almost feared to trust his own judgment; but now he felt that he had seen her, as it were, without a mask, and that she was even more fitted for the position that he could offer her than he had suspected; indeed, it was becoming a question in his mind whether she was not fit for a very much higher one than it was in his power to offer.

*(To be continued)*