

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"HERE, likewise, the soul rests, and becomes out of the reach of evils, running back to that place which is free from ill. . . . For the present life, which is without God, is a vestige of life, and an imitation of that life which is real."

— PLOTINUS: *On the Good or the One* (Translation by Thomas Taylor)

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

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(Stenographic report of the fifteenth 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 October 2, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9)

FRIENDS, both near and far:

There is a cleansing wind sweeping over the human mind in our days, a breath, as it were, from the vast spaces within; and the minds of men are beginning to respond to the messages which this cleansing wind, emanating from the spirit within, is bringing to the understanding.

The ranks of the scientists also are as a matter of course feeling the call of these messages from the inner worlds. They sense the incoming of a new spirit over and into the understanding of men; and in consequence their theories of the cosmos, that is of the universe, are changing very greatly from what

they were some few years ago.

In the building up of the scientific theories, which in our days are more or less outworn, the great researchers into the mysteries of physical Nature did their very best to interpret, what they had discovered, in terms and formulae which might appeal to men's understanding; but, friends, without any mincing of words, I feel obliged to say that it was like a putting of new wine into old wine-skins, the old wine-skins being the prejudices and the ideas which had been inherited by all Europeans, those scientists themselves included, from preceding centuries of thought prevailing in the Occident.

This new wind, these new ideas,

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have been fermenting now for some three hundred years more or less, and are today bursting the old wine-skins in which they were confined — in other words, old prejudices and ideas, once thought to be real interpretations of Nature, are now being cast aside as totally inadequate.

There is an actual fermentation of ideas proceeding in the minds of scientific researchers today, a fermentation which is felt in the minds of mankind generally, and these ideas are the old ones as to what the cosmos or the universe is. They are undergoing a very remarkable change for the better; new ways and manners of looking out upon Nature as a subject of study are coming into the understanding of the men whose special province it is to interpret that cosmos to us in terms of physical mensuration and formulae, in other words the Scientists.

It is very good that this change is taking place, because if we are to gain some real knowledge of the things that are, some comprehension of reality, we must have a free and untrammelled understanding. Prejudices, the old and worn out wine-skins, so to say, must be cast away from us entirely; and the only things that we should hold to still, the while the outworn things are in casting away, are those things, friends, which have stood the test of time through unnumbered centuries.

What are these things that en-

dure and to which we should hold? They are the fundamental principles of ethics; the fundamental principles of thought and action which the human intellect instinctively recognises as founded on truth — these never vary. It may be that our understanding or comprehension of them, or rather our interpretation of them, may vary from age to age, but, for instance, the principle that right is right and that wrong is wrong, remains the same forever.

Similarly, the intellectual principle that what can be expressed in a logical category as based upon a fact of Nature, should be understood as an intellectual formulation, is a correct rule to follow. This is a vastly different thing from taking such a fact of Nature, or such facts of the cosmos in which we live, and forcing those facts to fit into preconceived theories or speculations such as one or more of the various researchers into physical Nature may have evolved from his own mind, in an attempt—honest doubtless, but an attempt only — that is to say a trial, at explaining the mysteries of Nature which from day to day the researchers come upon.

The scientists themselves are the first to recognise this modern change of spirit; and we may say, may we not, that this readiness to recognise and follow the new, shows expanding consciousness, a new life, a spirit of growth? It is a good thing, for when an idea becomes so fixed, so crystallized, in the mind

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that almost nothing can displace it, then indeed there is the beginning of the entrance into social circles of a new church, with some new savior, or some new scheme of salvation, or both, and a new saddling upon the human spirit of still another religious system: and it matters very little whether this system or church be a religious one or a scientific one, for the human spirit is crippled equally in either case.

We may indeed speak of a scientific church arising under such circumstances; but if such an unfortunate event had ever happened, then the scientific ideas ruling such an organized body, would have made it become a dogmatic religion of Science, and as such as perilous as any other dogmatic religion of whatever kind that the world has ever seen, perhaps even more so, because these scientists have stood to us and still stand to the mass of men, as the interpreters of the mysteries of the cosmos, and in some vague sense as high priests of truth.

So then, I say again, we may be glad that the wine of these new or old ideas is bursting the old wine-skins, that new ideas are entering into human understanding.

May we not, in sheer justice, place a large part of the noble responsibility for this changing of the outlook of the human mind where it rightly belongs, without any attempt to denigrate the work of others, or to arrogate to ourselves any meed of praise to which

we are not justly entitled? I refer particularly to the great woman, H. P. Blavatsky, who brought to the western world, as the Messenger of the Sages of whom I have so often spoken, the majestic Theosophical Philosophy, which we have been promulgating for the last fifty years.

Our ideas are now penetrating into all circles; everywhere you meet with familiar Theosophical ideas; I mean such doctrines as Reincarnation; or Karman—which is the law of consequence, that is to say of cause and effect, that what a man sows, that indeed must he reap. Ideas such as these elementary Theosophical teachings are now met with even in the scenario-presentations of the cinematograph theaters.

We spoke on last Sunday, in answer to a request to do so, at some little length of the nature of the Divine, and we called your attention to the fact that the Theosophical conception of the Divine is very different both in conception and in presentation from other ideas which are now popular and have for a long time been popular in the western world. We also pointed out that the Divine, that we likewise call Universal Life, is impersonal and not personal; personality would subject it to limitations of an impossible character. But, friends, one cannot say everything about anything in one lecture. That is an obvious impossibility; there remains always something more to say.

When we also said that there

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were some things that could not be spoken of in public, because they belong to our esoteric or secret teachings, we realized fully from past experience that some minds, who could not understand the reasons for this reticence, might not like it. We understand why they might not like it; but while we understand, we cannot on the other hand depart from the method which the experience of many ages has shown to be wise in this connexion.

As an instance of how honest minds, of how honest men or women may understand or misunderstand a very simple thing — nor are they in any wise blameworthy in our opinion for such misunderstanding — I am going to read to you the larger part of a letter which I have received from one who listened to our lecture on last Sunday; his criticism is frank and honest, and I respect it as such. This gentleman writes exactly as he felt, and for that reason we like the tone of his letter. He says:

“If a physician, inspired by Hygeian [?], found the key to perfect health and refused to impart his knowledge to his fellow-men, what would you think of him? Would you accept, as an excuse for failure to enlighten, that the wisdom obtained was esoteric? Would you rather not feel the prescription should be made public even though many might not have the understanding to grasp it?

“This is how I felt at the close of your lecture yesterday which I had the privilege of listening to over the radio.

“All my life I have had an intense interest in ‘who and why is man.’ This desire for information is not born of curiosity. Something within me thirsts for knowledge on this subject, a knowledge that so far has not been acquired. In my library are the

works of many religious writers, among the number being *The Ocean of Theosophy* by William Q. Judge.

“In all of the writings of pagan or Christian authors there are positive assertions of a dogmatic nature, but no information enabling the reader to prove all things! Why is it?

“I am not trying to get into a controversy with you, far from it. I have my own idea of what the spirit of man is (for I believe he has an undying something), where this spirit came from and where it goes when leaving the house of clay; but I could not prove I am right, not even to myself. So therefore I say: if you have a knowledge as distinct and separate from faith, you have no right to withhold it by the phrase ‘it is a secret teaching.’”

To this last sentence I say with all my heart “Amen,” so be it! In such circumstances we should have no right to withhold knowledge on the ground of a mere catchphrase of custom; but our reticence is not based on an empty custom, nor do we use the words ‘it is a secret teaching’ as a mere catchphrase. Our reticence in these respects represents a very important moral responsibility which we have, and which we recognise.

I am going to explain a little at least of our reasons, in order to give you some glimpse of the meaning of the reticence behind which the Theosophical teachers have insisted that the deeper doctrines of Theosophy must be kept.

First, you cannot tell a man a deep secret about anything, without subjecting your words to inevitable misunderstanding. And why? Because he is not trained to understand what you mean. You cannot teach a man important

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philosophic, religious, and scientific doctrines which will inevitably change the course of his life, alter the structure of his mental outlook upon life, affect his moral nature very deeply indeed, without taking upon yourself full responsibility for what may very rightly be a foolish act. Men sometimes rush into action and places where, as the saying goes, 'angels fear to tread.'

From times immemorial, and in all the cases of the great religious and philosophical schools, there have been inner circles of study, secret teachings, where the truths of Being and of the cosmos or universe were taught to disciples deliberately chosen and called out because prepared through long training better to understand those truths.

When a man dies, he takes with him a load of karma, as we say, that is, a load of causes which he has built into his inner psychological system, into his inner constitution, into his inner nature; and those causes one day will fructify as effects: it may be in this life, but more likely it will be in another life or in other future lives.

If you plant a seed, a thought, in the mind of another man or woman, and that seed, as all such mental seeds do, enters like a thief in the night into his mind and finds lodgment therein, he may be totally unprepared to combat it when it fructifies as an effect, and it may actually ruin his life when it does so fructify; because in the mean-

time it has found an appropriate ground and has grown apace, blossoms forth as a current or system of psychological force of which he becomes the unfortunate victim; for the ideas were not his own. They did not originate with him; he understands neither their origin nor the manner of controlling them, and is, as I have just said, a victim of what you have done. Who is responsible, he or you? You, certainly.

Few men have any idea of the enormous power of ideas over the understanding. The spread of religions, the ready acceptance of philosophical principles, the luxuriant growth of political fads, are examples of the manner in which men may be swept from their intellectual and moral moorings of principle by the intellectual ideas sweeping over their minds and overwhelming both will-power and sense of moral responsibility.

It is by no means a truth, as every sane man knows, that ignorant dabbling with a fact of Nature will inevitably produce nothing but things that are good. If so then, to change the figure of speech a little, a child could safely play with dynamite, an idiot could enter a chemical laboratory and safely experiment with various kinds of explosives. Nature is impersonal; as the old saying goes, the rains from heaven fall alike on the just and on the unjust; but it is in the mind and heart of man that reside the sense of moral responsi-

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bility and the understanding of what that responsibility means.

Knowledge is a sacred thing, but it should be given out guardedly to those only who are prepared to understand it. There is nothing so dangerous as a misunderstanding of a truth. A downright falsity, a lie, is in its effects nothing in comparison, because a truth has the force of the universe behind it, and its action is impersonal; while the mind and the moral sense instinctively repudiate and react against falsities, lies, and fallacies.

Are all things fit to be put into the receptive and impressionable minds of little children, for instance? Does any one of you believe in his heart that all men are not merely capable of understanding the truths of the cosmos, but are morally fit to be the recipients of them? If such imparted truth should open doors for selfish action to the detriment of the recipient or of his fellows, as would almost certainly occur: I ask you, would it be right to give him such knowledge or the key to such knowledge, all to an unprepared man, perhaps a weakling of the most pitiable character? Should knowledge of importance and danger be broadcast to all and sundry on the general principle that things take care of themselves, and that men have no moral responsibility for what they do? The merest modicum of common sense, friends, returns an emphatic Nay.

As a matter of actual fact, I

think I may state that we Theosophists feel that no man or woman should have any knowledge of importance or danger unless and until he or she has some measure of self-control, and is fit to receive it, and to keep it as a sacred possession.

Let me turn back a moment to the question of the old wine-skins containing the new wine of the spirit. It is true that these old wine-skins in time decay, and when they do so decay then must they be cast aside, but there is also an unquestionable fact that, in certain cases, these wine-skins are protective. In the case of man's psychological economy, these wine-skins are accepted ways of looking at things. Now one of these old mental containers is the following idea: that it is right and proper to give everything to everybody, or, to change the figure of speech a bit, that anyone who knocks at the temple of knowledge may and ought by right to enter and do as he pleases therein. But we say Nay.

It is the commonest knowledge we have that there are good men and women and bad men and women, and responsible men and women, men and women who have self-control, and men and women who lack self-control; men and women who have a love for their fellows, and men and women who think of naught but themselves. However, always are there men and women fit to hold, to contain secret truths, the noblest teachings about the cosmos and man's inner con-

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stitution; and these are the Sages, the Masters and Guardians, of the Theosophical Movement, Guardians of holy Truth, who give it out to the world in degree and proportion as that world shows that it is prepared to receive it and to understand it, and who would always refrain from injuring others. Mere physical injury of any kind is the least harm that might be done. It is the moral injury that could be wreaked upon others by selfish possessors of secret knowledge which is the danger.

For instance, I may tell a man a truth; that man receives that secret truth. If he is so mentally dense that he understands but little of what I tell him, and if it thus makes no particular impression on his mind, perhaps no great harm has been done; but if he be of mind keen, alert, and selfish, inevitably will he turn that knowledge to selfish uses, for himself and to the injury of his fellows, and he thus aids in their mental and moral undoing. Knowledge in such cases would be a curse not only to the recipient but to others as well.

There are some of the truths of Being which it is dangerous for all and sundry to receive without full and adequate preparation, for the reasons that I have stated; and I will tell you still more fully why, although any even average mind of normal balance should understand my meaning at a hint. You know the old Greek fable of the searcher for truth. He sought for it every-

where, and at last the Holy One, the Goddess of Truth, raised the veil from her face, and the supernal splendor emanating therefrom smote him blind. He could not bear the light. The allegory obviously means no physical blindness, but a stunning and overwhelming of human understanding.

I tell you that the deeper teachings concerning Nature and man have always been kept sacred, always been kept reserved for those, I repeat, who had proved themselves fit and ready to understand and capable of receiving them and keeping them holy and secret. No ancient teaching in these regards was ever given out indiscriminately, never indiscriminately in any age nor by any great teacher.

Knowledge was always preceded by the necessary tests of intellectual and moral capacity; and these tests were in no cases some merely theatrical or fanciful ceremony, but a real and actual test of the man or of the woman in his or in her daily life, searching out the strength of the will and understanding, and their respective methods of reacting thereto.

Knowledge is a sacred thing, as I have said; but knowledge can be abused and is abused. The facts of the recent great war show how knowledge can be prostituted to selfish and egoistic ends.

Is it right, for example, to use for the injury of one's fellows, what is to the man in the street a secret of chemistry or of any other tech-

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nical science? Is it right to use a spiritual doctrine or an intellectual theorem regarding Nature's recondite secrets, to open up new faculties and powers of the human mind, in one who is already so weak and unfit to bear the ordinary truths of life that he lives evilly and injures his fellows even as it is with small compunctions and prickings of conscience? I ask you plainly, would it be right to put further and larger power in his possession?

The Theosophist, however, has no sympathy whatsoever with the idea that knowledge should be kept in secret and limited to a particular class of men, let us say to a particular priesthood of science, and that the public should be kept in real ignorance of the truths of being. The Theosophist has combated that idea from the foundation of our Society in 1875. That is one thing.

There are certain things that men can bear, certain truths and facts which do not overwhelm their understandings; and these they most certainly should have. Now there are certain people who do not agree with us in this respect. These are the people who think, and who actually teach, that it is the prerogative of a certain caste, of certain men, to hold knowledge and to teach it by driblets to others. We Theosophists reject such an idea with our whole strength.

But, friends, you can receive nothing, unless you have the receptive faculty in yourselves. You

must have cultivated a certain power of understanding before you can understand; and thus while we say that knowledge is sacred and should be held as such and communicated only to those fit and ready to receive it, this does not mean that knowledge should be kept in the hands of a certain caste, to be communicated to one's fellows only by driblets, when the holders of that knowledge think that such communication is proper. What we ask for is guarantees of fitness, and anyone possessing these guarantees and proving them is, we say, by law and by intrinsic fitness entitled to have all that we can give. But any retention of knowledge merely from motives of individual selfish or caste egoism, we claim to be wrong and improper.

The writer of this letter complains that "in all the writings of Pagan or Christian authors there are positive assertions of a dogmatic nature, but no information enabling the reader to prove all things. Why is it?"

I venture to say that the answer to this is more simple than the querent might think. Where would he expect to find such information? Supposing that he found it, would he not immediately call it 'positive assertions of a dogmatic nature' again?

What did Paul of the Christians mean when he said to "prove all things and to hold to that which is good"? Who is the judge of the good? Is it not the inner faculty of

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judgment and understanding, or are we going to take somebody's say-so and prove all things that come to us by that somebody's say-so? If so, we are merely testing one dogmatic declaration by another dogmatic declaration, and this we positively refuse to do.

This querent is looking for the information everywhere except where he may find it. Now where may he find it? He may find it where I have so often said truth is to be found, and that is within. Anything you accept from outside you take either on trust or on faith, unless you have the faculties developed within yourselves of judgment, discrimination, intuition, and understanding, these four being fundamentally one.

Is it not therefore clear that the information "enabling the reader to prove all things" is the developing of the inner eye, so to speak? Where else on earth, or in the heavens, or in the regions under the earth, could such an infallible touchstone be found?

Hence, if you want to prove all things, then do it in the manner that Paul of the Christians said, and that all other great philosophers and thinkers have said: Cultivate within yourself your inner faculty of understanding; and this can be done by deep thinking, meditation, refusal to accept others' say-so, by the exercise of will-power in an inflexible determination to solve questions for yourself, cost you what it may.

Such mental and spiritual exer-

cise develops the faculties within you of which I speak, or to put it more truly, tears down the barriers preventing those faculties from expressing themselves; tears away the veils from before the face of the inner spiritual sun, whose rays are those inexpressibly fine things within yourself. Do this and exercise yourself in it, and as surely as the sun deluges the earth with light will you attain to what you are seeking, the faculty of proving all things by knowing them for true or for false. There is the whole thing in a nutshell.

Let me quote to you what was recently said by the Bishop of Ripon in an address given in a church at Leeds, in England, in the late summer of this year, at the time when a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was being held there. I read extracts from this clergyman's address, partly because they are very fine in ideas, in some respects, and partly because on certain points we are inevitably compelled to differ from him. He said:

"We could get on very much more happily if aviation, wireless, television, and the like were advanced no further than at present.

"Dare I even suggest, at the risk of being lynched by some of my hearers, that the sum of human happiness, outside of scientific circles, would not necessarily be reduced if for, say, ten years every physical and chemical laboratory were closed and the patient and resourceful energy displayed in them transferred to recovering the lost art of getting together and finding a formula for making the ends meet in the scale of human life?

"It would give ninety-nine per cent. of us who are non-scientific some chance of

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assimilating the revolutionary knowledge which in the first quarter of this century one per cent. of the explorers have acquired. The one per cent. would have leisure to read up on one another's work; and all of us might go meanwhile in tardy quest of that wisdom which is other than and greater than knowledge, and without which knowledge may be a curse."

"As things stand today, we could get on without further additions for the present to our knowledge of nature. We can not get on without a change of mind in man."

To which last thought, I again say with all my heart "Amen." Would that that change in the mind of man had already taken place!

But why is it that this reverend gentleman does not see that it is not knowledge itself or *per se* which is wrong; but that it is the abuse of knowledge which is wrong, an abuse which will inevitably follow when knowledge falls into weak and evil minds. It is not aviation, nor television, nor the working at full pressure of the physical and chemical laboratories of the scientific men, which is wrong; but the misuse of the knowledge which is given in the world to all and sundry, without safeguards or reticences of any kind, and such misuse will inevitably follow under such circumstances, as common experiences unfortunately show us regularly.

Why try to cripple the soaring of the human spirit, even for ten years? And then the idea that it would give ninety-nine per cent. of us who are non-scientific some chance of assimilating the scientific knowledge which in the first quarter of this century one per cent. have

acquired, seems to me to be an entirely arbitrary conclusion, because there is no guarantee of any such assimilation of the acquired knowledge so-called ever taking place; nor indeed have we any absolute certitude that it is knowledge *per se*, that is, it may be merely imperfect information based upon the facts of Nature more or less inadequately investigated.

I wish to remark also that this ten years' moratorium, as we might call it, might give the ninety-nine per cent. an unfortunate opportunity to accept as dogmatic truths the changing theories which the one per cent. have collected together or have evolved from their inner fora during the past hundred or one hundred and fifty years.

In one sense it is the salvation of science from dogmatism that it advances with gigantic strides and without interruptions of any kind, and that the theories of one day then taught as dogmas and accepted as 'religious truths,' scientifically speaking so to say, by the people, should be shown perhaps in the next five years to be merely theoretical speculations. Nothing so much as this saves Science from even greater dogmatism than it now unfortunately has in some respects, as shown by the writings of certain exponents of prevalent scientific theories.

Such was the case as regards transformist theories of biology in an attempt to explain progressive development and deriving man from

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the apes, a theory which we, during the course of earlier lectures here, have pointed out is now very largely abandoned by biologists themselves.

The idea, however, that the one per cent. would have time, during this so-called scientific moratorium of ten years, to read up, as this eminent clergyman says, 'on one another's work,' is an excellent one and is a noble idea, and it is a pity that such a reading up of each other's work does not take place, because in point of fact our scientists today are too largely separated from the work and thoughts of each other, and this is one of the reasons why scientific theories today, generally speaking, are brought before the bar of public examination — an examination conducted by the scientists themselves and echoed and re-echoed by the greater part of the public.

The fundamental principles in all lines of scientific research today are in question as to whether they represent truths or untruths or half-truths — falsehood or reality. The bases of Science itself are called in question, and as a matter of fact this questioning is an excellent thing for the avoiding of dogmatism; for nothing is so easy as to slide into dogmatism, from the feeling that we have points of information which are actual realities.

It is an unfortunate tendency of the human mind to insist upon the value of its own understanding and the reality of the theories which it propounds. Hence arise

dogmatism, impatience with the views of others, and if the time should be ripe and the mind should be uninformed, the arising of persecution of those who differ from us.

The lesson, therefore, that we should draw from it all is that we must ourselves find the key of Nature within ourselves, and of our own initiatives accept nothing that is taught to us as authoritative, except that which we inwardly find to be true. The reason of this is that we are inwardly connected with the heart of the universe, and we have but to reach out to obtain not merely perfectly exact knowledge, but relatively perfect wisdom, depending upon our degree of assimilation of that Universal Life. We thereupon enter into the realms of certitude and reality, and the consequence is that our judgments are certain, our will is purified, and our feeling for others is both altruistic and self-forgetful.

It may be that our knowledge is small and our judgment weak in our present stage of evolution, and that we may reject or pass over some truth by following the noble rule of individual initiative and judgment; but we are, in following that rule, cultivating the faculties of our will and of our discrimination and of our own understanding; and very soon these faculties will become so strengthened by this exercise that the possibilities of error or of misjudging some truth of nature, will grow with the passage of time ever more and more remote,

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until finally these possibilities of error vanish.

Yes, the Bishop of Ripon is right in saying that "Wisdom is other than and greater than knowledge and without which knowledge may be a curse." We feel sure that this wisdom of which he speaks — which we as Theosophists take to be the interior illumination to which we so often call attention — is greater than the mere accumulation of scientific facts, which he calls knowledge, or the mere evolving of scientific theories, which he calls knowledge.

How many times have we not, in this our Temple of Peace, uttered the same thoughts? How many times have we not likewise drawn attention to the facts that mere knowledge in that sense, or a blind following of theories stuffed into our minds by our modern-day methods of instruction, and also the ideas floating in the air, which enter into our minds and affect us similarly, psychological subjects as we all are, may actually be an automatic curse, not because information or vagrant ideas or any one of various theories or so-called knowledge are wrong, but because they did not originate with us, and hence are alien to our will and even to our understanding, which fact makes us unfit properly to understand them and to use them aright as masters ourselves rather than as slaves.

Let us keep our laboratories open; let work in these laboratories go ahead at high pressure; but let

there be an end of mere theory-spinning and hypothesis-forming. We do not object to the making of theories nor the forming of hypotheses, when these are useful in classifying the results of research and in attempting to deduce laws from them. We do not object to the most fervid and continuous use of the scientific imagination when that is helpful to the same ends. On the contrary we approve it very highly. What we object to is the postulating of theories and hypotheses as intrinsic parts of the cosmic process, in other words as representing the procedure of the universe itself. We feel that our attitude in this matter is that of the scientific leaders, those who are in virtually all cases great-minded and modest men.

Hence, let our scientific leaders say to us: This have I discovered, my interpretation of the fact is thus and so. I dare not call it a law of Nature, because I know not if it be such. I believe it to be such, but I dare not tell you that it *is* an irrefutable explanation of one or more of the procedures of the universe. I offer you a hypothesis, evolved from my scientific imagination, but it is a hypothesis only. Accept it as such until someone who knows more than I about the matter, or who has more experience than I, shall tell you something wider or deeper, or both, regarding these same facts which I have investigated and have attempted to formulate in the lan-

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guage of scientific hypothesis.

It is in that manner, it seems to us Theosophists, that the theories evolved in the minds of our great and often noble-minded scientific researchers should be stated for public acceptance or rejection, as the case may be. Such a truly modest and scientific attitude of mind is not only self-protective, but is beneficial to the hearers as well.

It is rather unfortunate, indeed to me a saddening thought, that our scientific men too often seem to fail to realize that their position is that of teaching, and in consequence that their expositions of hypotheses or theories should be along the lines that are followed by all minds sensitive to the inestimable value of truthful exposition.

I have often wondered how many human minds have been ruined, and how many human souls have been emotionally degraded, by the old materialistic teaching of our fathers and grandfathers, that man is nothing but a fortuitous congeries of materials and of something still more subtil, springing from this material or matter, and called forces. The idea that there is nothing within man or above man intimately connected with him than dead matter and blind force arising out of dead matter in some perfectly incomprehensible manner, is an idea which in itself is degrading and unproductive of good. If you tell a man that he is nothing at all but an aimlessly evolved product of

blindly acting forces and perfectly dead material, it will inevitably make him act accordingly. It is the old principle expressed under the common saying: "Give a dog a bad name, and he is very apt to become a bad dog."

Nay, what is needed is indeed a change in the hearts of men, a radical change in the minds of men. When this takes place, and if this change be directed by the forces of light and heart flowing from within, then the human race need have no fear of anything within or without. Knowledge may then be broadcast as widely as you will, and small danger if any at all could result from it; but alas, such a change in men's hearts, such a change in men's minds and wills, is a matter of long-time education, and comes not over night.

Yet a very great help towards its coming, and making for the breaking down of the barriers which prevent its coming in order that such a new spirit may enter into our hearts and live there and govern our conduct, is the public promulgation and acceptance by men, of the noble ideal I have just been speaking of, that is to say a spirit of reverence for truth so great that nothing will be held as of value before it; and hence all religious and scientific discoveries would be placed as an impersonal offering upon the altar of truth. What a beautiful ideal for scientists, religionists, and philosophers to follow! There would then be no more enun-

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ciations of dogmatic hypotheses or theories, but a reverent placing of a life's work on the altar of that divine ideal, everlasting truth.

I now turn from an eminent English clergyman to an eminent American scientist. In the September *American Magazine*, there is an interview with Dr. Michael Pupin, Professor of Electro-Mechanics at Columbia University, and this scientist is quoted as follows:

"[Science] finds that everything is a continuously developing and intelligent process. It reveals man as a being with a soul which is progressing more and more toward divinity in a universe of unbroken continuity. . . .

"In my opinion, all scientific evidence tends to show — not to prove, but to point toward the belief — that it is very unlikely that the soul of man is going to cease its existence when the body perishes. The law of continuity and the general scientific view of the universe tend, I think, to strengthen our belief that the human soul goes on existing, and developing, after death.

"You see science is constantly revealing divinity and man's relationship to divinity. Science is, therefore, the highest form of human theology, the highest form of reasoning about God. Science leads us straight to a belief in God, and this is the foundation of religion."

Dr. Pupin is exceedingly optimistic in the view that he takes of the visioning by science by other scientists and the religious consciousness of man. I wonder how many scientists would agree with his views. Few, I fear; though I do fancy that a great many scientific men are inwardly convinced that the old materialistic ideas of the older scientific luminaries are about

as dead as a door-nail; but this is not the same thing as believing that the higher form of reasoning about 'God' or that the higher form of human 'theology' is to be found in the teachings of Science.

As to the opinion that Science leads us straight to a 'belief in God' and that this is the 'foundation of religion,' perhaps we might say that this is a somewhat unusual statement to make, and for which I can see no actual foundation in the teachings of Science as they exist today.

Unquestionably were Science what it ought to be, and doubtless will be in the future, that is the twin-sister of Philosophy and Religion, these three forming but the three facets of the jewel of truth, as the mind of man understands truth, then might we say that Science would lead us straight to a knowledge of the Divine, which knowledge is the foundation of Religion. But likewise do I venture to say that such knowledge would be no dogmatic scientific theology of any kind, nor would it make for a mere 'belief in God.'

Turning from this thought, let me ask a question: Could a more interesting, and to many of us, a more astonishing corroboration be had of what we have so often called your attention to in our lectures here in this our Temple of Peace, a corroboration exemplified in Dr. Pupin's words that I have just quoted? I mean the following: This eminent scientist's mind is still

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so crystallized, it seems to me, in certain religious directions that he can conceive of no other possible explanation of life and death than the one which European religious thought has made familiar.

The mind of man today is still burdened with the idea, which we have so often and strongly opposed, as just stated, that there is an inherent opposition between Religion and Science. Dr. Pupin's words are clear evidence that his mind so understands the situation; and we deeply regret that a man of his honesty and undoubted capacity should not see that such an opposition is a false one, naturally false I mean.

This opposition to a Theosophist is a false teaching, and is a prolific parent of Atheism as well as of moral confusion. We declare that there is no such antinomy, no such contradiction, between Religion and Science, or between any one or both of these two and Philosophy. Why? Because Religion and Science and Philosophy are not three things in themselves, existing so to say in physical or mental spaces, nor do they represent three intrinsically separate laws of the Cosmos; but are merely three manners of manifestation of human consciousness. Unless each one of these three corroborates the other two, that is to say unless Religion is scientific and philosophic, unless Science be religious and philosophic, unless Philosophy be likewise religious and scientific, there is something wrong

somewhere. These three form, as it were, but the three facets or sides of Truth, as the human constitution visions Truth.

This union Theosophy insists upon: and it was to emphasize this most important fact that H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, gave as the subtitle to *The Secret Doctrine*, her second and greatest work, these following words: "The Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy."

Now, there is much that is very fine in Dr. Michael Pupin's words; but we must point out that it is by no means a proof of human immortality if the human soul merely survive the dissolution of the physical body for a more or less prolonged period of time. Immortality means continuous and unending self-consciousness, and, strictly speaking, has neither beginning nor end. Dr. Pupin says not a word about the beginning of the human soul. Did it, or did it not, precede its present birth into this world? If so, whence came it? If not, how can it be immortal in only one direction, the *post-mortem* direction?

The soul may survive the body for a little while, some say; others again say, it may not survive it at all. Others again say that it had no existence before 'God' created it to animate the present physical body, but that when it dies it will have an eternity of existence. How can this last be? Is there such a reality as an eternity which begins

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and has no end in the other direction? The supposition is absurd. This deep question Theosophy fully explains, but it is one which we cannot enter upon a discussion of today.

A pious aspiration and hope that the soul does survive death, and the expressed conviction by this one eminent scientific gentleman (because he is a Christian, so he says, and I respect him, by the way, for his honest declaration) is no proof that the thing is so.

What would a religionist say in answer to Dr. Pupin's very remarkable claim that it is Science which proves God? And what is such a God, anyway? Whose God? What God? These are questions themselves demanding solution before we can afford to take things for granted because theoretically they may please us, and then say in a rather dogmatic tone, no matter how fine the words may be nor how noble the accompanying thoughts are, that "My work proves God even for you who are not in that work."

What might not the philosopher retort? What might not the religionist retort, as I have already said? Nay, this is accepting almost as a natural fact the antinomy between Religion and Science which we find it utterly impossible to accept.

Unless these three, Religion, Philosophy, and Science be held as one, which they actually are, and the so-called fundamental antinomy

between any two of them be abandoned as a fallacy founded on nothing but an outworn theory, which is exactly the case, then we shall have this constant and totally unnecessary struggle between any two of these three schools of thought intrinsically one, but operatively separated by the working of the human consciousness. In fact, they are fundamentally one, as I have said, and I now repeat it.

I conclude my lecture this afternoon by reading to you an extract from an article written by H. P. Blavatsky in October, 1879, and printed in Volume I, of *The Theosophist*, four years after the Theosophical Society was founded. The article is written in the popular language which our first great Theosophist in this our age chose, in order more easily to convey to her readers the wonderful ideas that she was sent to promulgate to the western world. She says:

"For to be one [a Theosophist], one need not necessarily recognise the existence of any special God or a deity. One need but worship the spirit of living Nature, and try to identify oneself with it. To revere that *Presence*, the invisible Cause, which is yet ever manifesting itself in its incessant results; the intangible, omnipotent, and omnipresent Proteus; indivisible in its Essence, and eluding form, yet appearing under all and every form; which is here and there, and everywhere and nowhere; is ALL and NO-THING; ubiquitous yet one; the Essence filling, binding, bounding, containing everything; contained in all. . . ."

"Be what he may, once that a student abandons the old and trodden highway of routine and enters upon the solitary path of independent thought — godward — he is a Theosophist. . . ."

BRITTANY: A LAND OF MYSTICS

JOHN GRAHAM

IN PROOF of the mystical nature of the soul of the Breton, I would quote what is said by Anatole Le Braz (in *The Land of Pardons*), one of Brittany's greatest poets and authors:

"The place most renowned as the center, the special sanctuary, of the old solar worship, is on the western border of Trégor, a flowery spot, covered with golden gorse, close to the Cap du Primel. Lift your eyes to the heights around. Notice the great solemn promontories where the Sun, the Breton Héol, own brother to Helios the Greek, walks every summer morning, wrapped in the first pure shimmerings of his delicate light, and at evening leaves his long rays of sumptuous purple trailing behind him.

"Is it surprising that generations of Celts have looked upon this place as his sanctuary, an open temple dedicated to him whom still they call 'the King of Stars,' the god whose radiant presence is all the sweeter to them, from being so rarely vouchsafed in their somber climate?

"As it was quite impossible to destroy these pagan customs, Christianity tried, as we know, to turn them to her own account. She raised chapels near the fountains, placed figures of the Virgin in crannies of the sacred oak-trees, sanctified the old myths by adopting them as her own, substituting the names of saints for those of the old gods.

"But the Breton soul is rather like the soil on which it dwells. You think you have dug to the bottom, and burned out the very germs of the weeds. Let it lie fallow for a year; the following spring the roots will revive, and gorse, broom, all the original vegetation, will flower as freshly as ever."

Le Braz adds:

"It does not appear that in Brittany the religious orders have ever been very

popular. The memory of the people has not been kind to them."

Brittany is in France, but not of it. The French are logical, penetrating, atheistic, cynical, witty. Bretons are imaginative, mystical, religious, solemn, reserved. The social habits are different. Bretons are poorer, yet have larger families, whose equality of inheritance divides their small property until subsistence is just possible. The narrowness of the strips of land held by each cultivator gives one a pang; a single meadow may show a dozen different crops. To be below the poverty line is no disgrace; indeed, the beggars, the crippled, and blind are apt to be noisy, and consider themselves the 'clients' of their patron saint. Hospitality is extended to them liberally from long custom and genuine feeling.

Brittany is not strong in manufactures or commerce; the main industries are fishing and agriculture. Nor is it proud of modernity or fashion. Nowhere in Europe is costume, or at least headgear, so generally preserved unaltered for centuries, and each village clings to its own handiwork. The lover of the antique finds among them undying charm, and the seeker after the simple life may here find rest. It is true that if he only

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speaks French he will often be regarded as a foreigner; Breton is so different.

I knew many years ago a famous Welsh bard who lived for three years in Brittany; he was a contentious and even a rebel leader and maintained that the common vocabulary was very small. But his view is disputed. And every year delegates from Brittany attend the national Welsh Eisteddfod and make themselves understood.

The Celtic characteristics are much the same in Wales and Brittany. They were driven south two thousand years ago from Wales and Cornwall.

The Celts of old time looked before and beyond the term of this life, and some of them only valued matters concerning the soul. One of the poorest of Bretons who died not long ago was yet of an independent turn. M. Le Braz says that a few days before his death, the old man, then in his eightieth year, said, "I am looking to you to *lend* me a sheet, when the time comes to bury me." He was sure that he would be able to return it in due course.

Most characteristic of all is the devotion of the Bretons to their annual prayer-meetings called 'pardons.' They are innumerable. The attraction is not towards a great church. It may be merely the remains of an old chapel. The pilgrim crowd seems to be greater than the signs of any resident population. Mostly the people walk

the whole way but every kind of vehicle is now chartered. 'Sunday clothes,' or rather new clothes, are worn, and in a sense they are old clothes; the pattern never changes.

So it was when I attended one of the greatest of the pardons at Guingamp over thirty years ago. It was a pre-auto period, and was the time of the fashionable cycling craze which discovered for the British the beauties and the quaintness of Brittany, the 'first love' taste which has since grown to mature romance until the wedding of the English and French tongues on the coasts has become equal and united.

My companions of the wheel were three doctors and a schoolmaster. We watched the processions of the faithful with varying sympathies. Little girls wore white frocks and veils. There were parents and weary-looking and wizened grandmothers in black, each carrying a lighted candle, and fearful of the ill luck that would befall any pilgrim whose light went out.

The way led to the church, which was illuminated from roof to tower, while, inside, the thousands of small lights produced a brilliant effect. Late at night we found the church still crowded. All this was 'deliciously obsolete,' unlike the Flemish kermesses or the Paris fairs; the Pardon has been described as the last vestige of the ancient Feasts of the Dead.

Deeply religious as are these people, they must have some simple

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pleasure on their annual holy day. Gypsy traders come to the fair-ground with all the usual 'fun of the fair,' which we found too tame to endure. It was more interesting to watch how the people made pleasure for themselves. The men hurried from church to the café to drink their cider and break into folk-song. The women met their old friends and gossiped busily. For the rest, let Le Braz speak of the usual scene:

"Only towards evening, when vespers are over, do the festivities begin. And what simple pleasures they are; how innocent, how primitive! The good folk flock together on the green sward beneath the spreading elms. And there, under the eyes of the girls, seated demurely on the surrounding slopes, the youths challenge one another to wrestle, to race, to jump with the long pole, while the old men look on and applaud. Last of all the dance unfolds its mystic circles, serious yet lively, with an indescribable regularity and simplicity in its rhythm that reminds one of its sacred origin."

At these pardons, song is bound to break out. The sellers of broadsides have almost gone, at least the simple bards who wrote their own verses and went from place to place singing and selling. The flageolet-player and the small-bag-pipe man keep alive the old melodies and are indispensable at wedding or pardon.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1900, I heard several choirs sing one of the choicest of arrangements of old Breton airs in a great competition. The tune, 'Silvestrik,' was in a rugged minor mode unaltered, and the story told of a maiden mourn-

ing for 'Ivon, my delight,' for whom she waits and watches in vain; the cruel sea had seized her joy from her, and the wind and waves utter her plaintive song.

Brittany cannot be thought of without connecting it with ancient rites. The pagan survivals have in them the worship of the Sun (or of so-called miraculous Light), of Fire (invoked from heaven, yet feared), the penance of the long fasting and journeying up the mountain, the offerings to Ahès, goddess of the Sea.

Missionaries came from the sixth century onward, from Wales and Ireland. Some of them were canonized, and Welshmen's names survive in church or town-names: St. Brienc, St. Thégonnec, St. Caradec, St. Tudeval (Tydfil). Later, the people adopted as saints far more persons than Rome would canonize.

The authorities were ingenious in converting to Christian festivals the practices which they found rooted in tradition. One of these was the practice of forming a procession round a sacred object or passing along a sacred way. Material blessings were sought, such as increase of cattle or milk, motherhood, or freedom from sickness.

At Carnac, St. Cornelius was accepted as the patron saint of horned cattle. A statue of him is built above the west door of the church and on either side is a picture of a cow. Once a year, on the second Sunday in September,

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cattle are now drawn up in a semi-circle before this statue for presentation, and are afterwards driven in procession through the village.

At Ste. Anne-d'Auray, instead of praying directly to God, the people pray to the mother of the Virgin, whom they approach on their knees up a covered staircase at the top of which is the image of the saint. This imitation of the Roman Scala Santa was built about 1645. A statue (possibly a Celtic or Gallo-Roman image) was dug up on the spot where a chapel was said to have stood 924 years before. A fragment of it is still venerated.

All of the places named I visited during an automobile tour recently. M. Beaudré manages the circuit round the coasts admirably, providing 550 miles driving in six days and including in the charge all hotel and other expenses. Our chauffeur was laconic, only calling out at the stops their duration, but the Muirhead Blue Guide is an excellent and up-to-date helper. The general remark was that the churches and calvaries are too numerous for non-Catholics, though they are distinctive and the speciality of the country.

Delightful were the rambles along the beaches of the rapidly growing summer-resorts of the west and north. Rocky coasts and islands abound. And nothing could be more quaint and attractive than the fishermen's haunts, notably Concarneau and Douarnenez.

It was rather strenuous travel,

going on without a day's halt, yet there was no part of it that one would have liked to omit. The motor-boat visit to the caves at Morgat, the look-out over the forbidding and dangerous headland of the Point du Raz, the runs along the bays and creeks, the scrambles over the rocks, the wonders of thousands of menhir stones of the Druids, the legends of the past, and the antiquated cultivation-methods of the present, the wild flowers by the wayside, the antiques at every stopping-place, the high hedgerows, the unlopped trees, the scarcity of cattle, and the general lack of signs of prosperity — these were outstanding memories of a kaleidoscopic run. After all this, the fashionable Dinard, the dear, dirty St. Malo, and the steamer-journey to Southampton, were commonplace.

On my first visit long ago, I stopped cycling in a village-street where a wedding was about to take place, and I photographed the happy pair, who posed nicely.

Later, in the Square at Quimper, we saw one morning a gentleman in evening dress. He walked up to the town hall; he was the Mayor and white shirt and swallow-tail coat was the ceremonial dress.

People followed a bride and bridegroom, and so did my chum and I. The civil ceremony of a wedding proceeded in the reception-hall. The bridegroom, according to custom, went round with the hat!

The procession was reformed,

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towards the cathedral, where the religious ceremony was next held in a side chapel. Again the bridegroom, rather shamefaced, passed along requesting a financial favor or present as before. With us a ring is indispensable to fix the contract, but in Brittany the monetary present seems to be as necessary as the marriage-lines.



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



BEETHOVEN HEARD

KENNETH MORRIS

BEETHOVEN heard the new-born worlds at play,
And the first dawn of music surge along
The abyss; Beethoven heard life's nascent song
When the Elder Gods intoned the Milky Way
And anthemed silence, pealing through the array
Of flameless orbs, awoke them, and they sang;
Beethoven heard the cosmic armor-clang
Of Heaven and Hell, time's primal battle-day.

“Now wilt thou teach Us and the stars to sing,
Enthroned above the zenith midst thy peers?”
“Nay, yon dark Earth sorrows,” Beethoven said;
“Thither I go.” “Yet feel never the sting
Of Earth's discord,” said God; and touched his ears
To immortal peace; then sighed, bowing his head.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“THE HIBBERT JOURNAL”

MAGISTER ARTIUM

“IMMORTALITY does not mean a continuance of the individual self in time and space. It signifies eternal life which, once attained, reduces to unimportance the events of human existence, including death.”

“Religion all over the world and in all ages seems to have more of a universal foundation than we commonly imagine.”

“Under wholly diverging forms the great religions of the East and of the West have more of a common substratum than we here at least commonly suppose.”

HESE QUOTATIONS are from an article entitled ‘East and West,’ by the late Viscount Haldane in the *Hibbert Journal*, July. We quote them in the course of our survey of contemporary thought, as illustrating the extent to which the ideas of the world are more or less following the lines indicated by Theosophy.

As to the first quotation, it deals with a subject on which we have often written; as to which we have often cited similar utterances from contemporary leaders of thought. Popular notions of immortality in the West look to a perpetuation of the personality, to a glorification of the individual, and to an extension of duration in time. The Eastern idea, and that of certain Western philosophers, is that personality has to be transcended, in favor of a more real life; that the ‘eternal’ life has nothing to do with our present notions of time and space.

The other two quotations are of course identical in sense with many

utterances of H. P. Blavatsky, which we have often quoted. Theosophy, she declares, is the universal foundation of religion, and reconciles all religions on the basis of their common origin and their common essential nature.

The article on ‘East and West’ is an appreciation of the Indian philosophies and religions, so sympathetic and outspoken as to constitute a notable sign of the times. The author concludes that, when we have recognised the common principles which inspire our religions, we shall realize that East and West are not so wholly dis-severed as we are apt to assume. And this realization will place our relations with India upon a more sympathetic and mutually helpful basis.

He does much more justice to Buddhism than has often been done by those who have not seen beyond sectarian aspects of that great religion.

“It is striking to observe how the doctrine of the highest teachers of Buddhism is akin to that of our Christian teaching.”

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He draws the parallel in various respects, ending with the statement that —

“Both present Salvation under the guise of participation in the Divine Nature attained, and picture its realization in the adoring communion of the soul with the author of its faith.”

Thus he recognises that Christianity teaches that man can attain to union with the Divine; which, as we have so often urged, is the actual teaching of Jesus himself.

We do not propose to follow our author through his clear presentment of the teachings of the Vedas and of the Upanishads. He shows how the great goal of attainment was the finding of the real Self, which transcends the personal self. Nirvâna is not extinction, but sublimation; it is extinction of all that limits the supreme experience; but this extinction is an awakening.

“The Buddha is a name for the ultimate reality, the universal and transcendental self that is subject as distinguished from substance. Such a highest reality expresses itself in forms of individuality so high that in them the individual in the form of man attains to the nature of God.”

He deals with Yoga, as the means for liberating the soul from its bondage to delusion; but maintains that in later Indian thought—

“The method of Yoga receded in favor of that of Bhakti or devotion. . . . It is faith in the special grace of the absolute to those that have surrendered themselves to it that forms the essence of the later Hindu religion.”

Another parallel with Christi-

anity is shown by the story of Krishna, who came to be regarded as God incarnate and inspired the fervor of devotion and imitation just as Christ has done in Christianity.

The whole sense of this article is that self-forgetfulness forms the basis of true religion, whether Eastern or Western; and that this is the true and only means of attaining truth, light, and liberation. The duty of man to his fellows is identical with his own true interests.



AN article on ‘The Reassertion of the Faith,’ by Albert Mansbridge, L. L. D., gives the impression that the Churches are feeling the necessity for keeping up with the times, and raises the question whether they are leading or following. We are reminded again of a remark which we have recently quoted elsewhere, by Gibbon, to the effect that a religion, if it is to command the respect of mankind, must be agreeable to the moral dictates of the human heart. Something needs to be done: the intellect squared with faith; religion and life unified. Can the Christian churches do it? That is the question. The writer says that —

“A Church must bring forth new treasures as well as old if she is to generate power. It is not enough to look back on a past and take comfort from the fact that creative work in the social, educational and political field has been accomplished. The

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harmonizing of the individual lives and institutions of men with the teaching not merely of Christ, but of many true and pure thinkers, is still in its beginnings.”

Here we see the now familiar idea of a revelation that is in process of growing, not a static revelation made once for all in the past.

In regard to Christianity this would mean that the gospel has not yet been fully realized, that Christ has imparted something that is even now to a great extent in the germ. Yet surely this is in harmony with the teaching as to the Third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, which Christ said he would leave behind with his disciples. So the modern world is calling for new light; can the Christian Churches respond? Will they, thus urged, be able to bring forth from their treasury new inspirations, as of one consulting some Sibylline book or invoking an oracle?

We call attention also to the words, “the teaching not merely of Christ but of many true and pure thinkers.” As we have so often pointed out, it is necessary to recognise the truth-bringers of other times and places; and it seems impossible that a special and paramount case can be made out for the particular Teacher who initiated the Christian gospel.

In another place the writer says that —

“Some intellectuals feel unable to square their discoveries and consequent thoughts with the assertions of the Faith. They tend

to lose themselves either in the contemplation of the far-flung universe or in the amazing minutiae of bacillus or atom. Their deductions from the rich remains of bygone life in buried cities, let alone from their examination of the crust of the earth, forces their minds back thousands, even millions of years, and makes the Bible-story appear to them hopelessly inadequate.”

Here we must again refer to the declaration of H. P. Blavatsky (whom we quote as a representative Theosophist) that the Bible, in common with sacred scriptures in general, is an allegorical and symbolical writing, one of those which have been from prehistoric ages the receptacles of the secret teachings of the Mysteries of Initiation.

This is the only way in which we can reconcile the Bible-story with modern archaeological and scientific knowledge. That story is neither fable nor a literal account. Those who have studied comparatively religion and mythology are familiar with the resemblances between the Bible-stories and similar ones in other religions, and can separate the truth from the error, and apply the proper key to interpret the allegories.



THIS is followed by an article on ‘Hindûism and Christianity,’ by H. G. Dalway Turnbull, M. A. (*Oxon*), from which we quote the following:

“Hindûism offers in return much that the Christian faith offers the Christian, *e. g.*, (1) The idea of the incarnation of the Supreme out of love and pity for man, to free the world

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from sin. . . . (3) The hope of salvation.”

“To most Asiatics eternal consciousness is a threat rather than a promise, and the character of Christ does not particularly appeal to the Hindû.”

The writer thinks that Christianity in India is faced by a far harder task than Christianity in the Roman empire. For Paganism was moribund, whereas the faiths of India are very much alive.

“Should Christianity ever succeed in overcoming these obstacles [described by the writer], and bring two hundred million Hindûs into the Christian fold, it will have accomplished a marvel a hundred times more wonderful than the conversion of the Roman Empire.”

NEXT comes an article entitled ‘Buddhism not Negative,’ by Mrs. Rhys Davids, who writes:

“One of the pioneers of Pali Buddhism wrote over thirty years ago: ‘The more we try to remove the difficulties’ (*i. e.*, in accounting for certain doctrines), ‘the more we are driven to the suspicion that original Buddhism was not exactly that of the canonical books.’ This conclusion is still not accepted as it should be.”

Which bears out the truth that religions have a common foundation in eternal verities, but are always in danger of being modified and dogmatized by some of their followers.

THEOSOPHY IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ART O’MURNAGHAN

EVERY-DAY LIFE — a very commonplace phrase used by many people to distinguish, in some inscrutable manner, life *from* life — a phrase which, if we look at it with all our eyes, is deprived of life and sense and truth when applied in the sense intended. ‘*Every-day*’ embraces in the most positive language life as a sequence, as one thing. And yet, the every-day life of the average person is thought of as the conventional round, the balance of the time *when Sundays and holidays have been subtracted*.

But, remarks a thoughtful soul, surely you recognise a difference

between workaday, every-day life, and Sunday-life, for instance? They are quite different, are they not? It is so different to be spending our time in mechanical tasks of every kind, as compared with hours spent in congenial recreation, or in the exercises of one’s religious life.

The answer would seem to include the idea that life — every-day life — embraces all the happenings we experience in this earthly existence. And this is really where Theosophy steps in, with a new light on the subject.

Translated from old thought is a very beautiful daily thought that has influenced many in a wonderful degree to revise their attitude

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towards the workaday world. Read it slowly, and, maybe, between the lines we shall find sunshine and color unsuspected.

Listen to the Salutation of the Dawn.

Look to this day, for it is life — the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the possibilities and realities of your existence —

The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty.

For yesterday is already a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision: —

But today well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well therefore to this Day.

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

Now, retire into your little imagination-room — in the inner mind — and don't let the idea pass as a mere figure of speech, fanciful writing used for effect. We all have that little, sound-proof, restful part of our mind. Think of it as the ante-room leading into the Silence, where is always the Soul, that is the real You. You must retire there if you are to be able to listen to a salutation from the dawn.

Think of the loveliest dawn you ever remember having seen — perhaps while traveling at some time or other. Take away all the rush of travel, and all the sound of wheels, that mark the hurried passing to and fro of Man on the Earth, and recall the tenderness of light that marked the dawn. What an hour for a salutation! — on the overlapping edge of the silence of night — the half-awake silence of Day as it steals out of Night.

And what a Salutation to respond to! The Salutation of the Dawn — and what response is expected from us to the salutation? Silence! It is on the hour of wakening when the hearing is awake, but the eyes are not yet opened, Silence is Golden — so is Dawn. First it is 'Listen,' and then, open your mind's eye to the dawn. 'Look to this day': it is the salutation of the dawn, not *a* salutation for Sunday's dawn, or Monday's, but for every awakening to the dawn of every day.

On each day comes the salutation because dawn comes to herald the day, and never a day without its dawn, and never a dawn without its radiant salutation — and every day is the New Day.

Look to *this* day: forget yesterday; seek not for a hint of tomorrow's dawn — unborn tomorrow, dead yesterday with countless other yesterdays that have made today what it is for us!

Always it is This Day is our concern, all our concern, and our whole concern — and why? The salutation shines out in a thought-bathing dew of clear perception — for it *is* Life — the very Life of LIFE.

This, again, is no mere poetic elaboration of words: it is an insistence that we bear in mind that this day is the actual passing of a phase of LIFE (in capital letters), which is a continuous fabric, and which we shall beautify or mar *this day*, of everyday life as we call

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it, to distinguish it from something we have marked out as being more our idea of a day as we would like it to be.

Think of this: in its brief course lie *all* the possibilities and realities of your existence. Those who are familiar with the Eastern belief in what is called Karman, will apprehend how very much is implied in the revelation of each day, of that wonderful cable of life continuous with its myriads of threads side by side, going to form our life, and both behind and before that little piece that comes as this day, stretching away into Eternities.

“The Books say well, my Brothers! each
man's life

The outcome of his former living is; . . .

. . . That which ye sow, ye reap. . . .

So merit won winneth the happier age,

Which by demerit halteth short of end.”

So says that most helpful and inspiring book of devotion, *The Light of Asia*.

Karman has been likened to an immense continuous rope, consisting of myriad strands of many colors — colors at times stained and blurred, and strands at times twisted and tangled. The colors must be nursed back to their true tone — the harmony of Life, in other words, must be restored — and the tangles must be unraveled, the friction must be removed: and the Law says that the one who mars is the one who shall restore. And all this is the fiber that makes what we call a day to be so varied and so eventful, or so apparently colorless

and empty. And yet every moment is a part of the same one Life.

Every moment is opportunity. Obstacles in the way to be removed, climbed over, or walked around after a good search for the way. Doors appear to be closed on what we think of as our future, so we may look around and lend a hand to some comrade, or we may take the opportunity to practise waiting in silence until the chafing of the personality is stilled.

We look on Silence, too often, as a negative state of mind; and on waiting as a negation of movement: but it is not easy to reach into the Silence, and really to *wait* for anything is a wonderful occupation.

Try waiting, in the pure sense of the term, say, for a train when it is later than you are. Don't fritter your strength away by rushing down the line and through the tunnel to see if it is coming, at the same moment that you fly to the people you should be personally with and wonder if they are waiting for you, and darting back again through the last hour to shake a fist at the person who delayed you those few minutes that lost the train for you; but just wait — *wait*, and don't misuse the waiting-room by wasplike mental skyrocketing. You'll end by walking into your friend's house with a most healthful and inspiring smile.

Nothing negative about this, is there? It is good, and of the spirit of the dawn to cultivate in-

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ner repose, and you will then keep your most helpful poise, to the benefit and happiness of all those who people your day.

It is Silence and Stillness that *Were*, and afterwards came Sound: Darkness *was*, and afterwards came Light — the Night (of growth) and the Day (of action) make the whole Day: and to follow up the sequence in this Eastern salutation — the Bliss of Growth — the work of the night, precedes the Glory of Action of the day and the Splendor of Beauty that shines from action.

And this day is the only time for the glory of action. Yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision; today is for the generation of the light that shall color both yesterday's dream and tomorrow's Vision.

No moment in all time is trivial

or unimportant; and when we are tempted to feel despairing or feel what we call 'bored' by the end of a day in which 'everything has seemed to go wrong,' admit that we did not meet the difficulties with all the success we would like, but don't dissipate energy and disturb poise by going over it again, resentfully — look for our own flaws.

Look well therefore to this day, is the ancient rounding-up of the salutation, in the reversed order in which it started, concluding with the binding-cord that links end to beginning — such is the salutation of the dawn.

And to live in the heed of every line of the salutation and to try to make each day a day of sunshine is to carry the true spirit of Theosophy into every day of our life.

LIFE: WHAT IS IT?

ARTHUR A. BEALE, M. B.



ACCORDING TO the Theosophical philosophy as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, Life is a universal all-pervading creative Force with a formative consciousness inherent in it. It surrounds and penetrates all manifestations in the Cosmos, and in it is invested the plan of all that has been, is, and is to be. This is not intended to be a definition but a description. Before our world was *It* was, and from *It* our world came into exist-

ence. This sounds very much like a description of Deity, and so it is in one sense.

H. P. Blavatsky shows how this wonderful Force runs in a continuous stream through all the kingdoms of manifestation; mineral, vegetable, animal, and human, endowing each with the degree of consciousness suitable to each, marking in each the onward unwinding or evolution of its nature. She also shows how each kingdom stands out separately as a mile-

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stone; thus in the mineral kingdom is manifested one aspect only, in the vegetable two, in the animal a further endowment of two more aspects of consciousness, making four, and in the human still another, making five. These are analogous to our familiar conception of the dimensions of space, but are dimensions of consciousness. So that one could speak of the mineral consciousness, the vegetable consciousness, the animal, and the human consciousness — the last being self-consciousness.

This wonderful revelation is becoming recognised by modern science itself through its own discoveries. No longer are we able to consider the subject in the previous crude, indefinite, unsatisfactory, and mysterious way. The advanced minds in science and philosophy, probing into the mysteries of Nature, seeking the infinitely great through the telescope and the infinitely small through the microscope, the infinitely expansive through delicate electrical appliances, and the infinitely deep through the mind of man, have reached a place, though they scarcely realize it, where astronomy, biology, electricity, physics, and psychology come to the common meeting-ground, the Infinite; and nearly to that which is one of the tenets of Theosophy — Universal Unity and Causation.

This super-analysis does not stop at elements, but recognises that all the old aforesaid elements

are only *forms* taken by the units of these elements, and can be experimentally proved to be even interchangeable. So we are coming to the point, so well defined by H. P. Blavatsky, of thinking in terms of protyles.

When radium was first discovered it was supposed to be a new element, but afterwards it was found to be a substance resolvable into many simple (though complex) 'rays,' some of which cannot be distinguished from force or energy itself. In this way we come to the common meeting-place of energy and matter.

In the realm of biology, Huxley's conception of protoplasm as "the common basis of life," and a cell as the most primitive basic state of organisms, has been swamped by the realization that the cell, instead of being the last word is the *first* in a *new realm*, a new cosmos, and that beyond this there are other realms of existence. We are hardly more than at the very threshold of these realms.

The cell itself opens out existences as vast in significance as the heavens themselves. Within it are hierarchies of entities with an anatomy of their own, activities of their own, and their own forms of consciousness; with executive power to form, analyse, adjust, recreate, a power as far as one can judge, vast in extent.

In this 'simple' cell is enshrined the potentiality of all organic and

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organized things, from the lowest to man himself; and, as I venture to hint, it shows a basic constitution of lives within lives, and lives again within, that logically is traceable to an existence where the ultimates, as far as reason can go, are identical with those in the minerals themselves.

So, for the first time, it becomes possible to conceive that minerals, plants, and animals are related on one thread of evolution and that the differences are only those of differentiated consciousness. All this was portrayed by H. P. Blavatsky before science began to dream of such conceptions.

In physics, all the phenomena are now being more or less reduced to electrical formulae, and the ultimate fundamentals of electricity are no crude, indefinite raging winds of force, but *protons* and *electrons*, identified with the ultimate biological Life-fundamentals on one side and the Solar Systems on the other!

So in a very few years we have come to a pretty pass, and the student of Theosophy may well wonder what the scientists will say when they realize that before their intensive modern study began, H. P. Blavatsky knew and outlined its main conclusions.

Let us consider some recent discoveries that throw much light upon the *modus operandi* of the working of the life-force in the physiological body of man in all its departments of cell-growth, as-

similation (and mal-assimilation), cerebation, muscular action, digestion, and circulation.

Some years ago the late Arthur E. Baines, an electrical engineer employed by the British Government in South Africa, in testing time-transit of cablegrams to Aden and other places, found errors in his calculations which he was able to trace to subtil electric interferences from his own body. Investigation as to the nature of this interference resulted in a discovery of great import, *i. e.*, that all the activities of the body are conducted on an electrical basis; that, in fact, the human — and incidentally, the animal and vegetable — body was a wonderful and complicated electrical apparatus, and that the methods of the activities were identical with those already known and accepted as taking place outside the body. These experiments were further confirmed by the plant-experiments of Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose of India.

Baines was able to trace *in* the structure of the body arrangements for generating, accumulating, conducting, and utilizing this force. It is proof of the far-seeing genius of this man that he attempted to trace the generating apparatus to the lungs, though as an electrician he naturally looked for something corresponding to the mechanical generators in electric machines. Though we speak of dynamos as generators, the word is a misnomer, as these machines only catch and

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utilize the force from the air.

So it is with animals; through the wonderful constructive work of the lungs this force is 'caught' from the air and introduced into the body through the blood. The accumulators of the body are the large nerve-centers and ganglia. The distribution is carried on by means of the nerves and is closely analogous to and imitated by the wires used by electricians.

It is marvelous that the wires with their insulation should so closely resemble the physiological nerves. The peripheral terminals of the nerves are endowed with complicated arrangements suitable for directing the conscious energy into various appreciative, receptive, and executive functions. On one side we have, through the sensory nerves, the evolution of the senses which are analogous to instruments such as the telephone, etc., though far more complex. On another, there are the muscles, which are like unto the mechanical electro-motors. In these there are contrivances, arranged by the adaptation of highly organized layers of electric and dielectric materials, similar to what electricians call condensers, by which local alterations of potential are made possible; these are essential to exploit minute explosions of this neuro-electric force.

The same arrangement is traceable, in miniature, in every cell of the body, by which microscopic activities of assimilation and growth

are made possible. There are even examples of induction of currents found in certain nerve-terminals, the *synapses*, and it is stated that these have to do with certain aspects of memory. It is said that alcoholism interferes with the memory of recent events by throwing these synapses out of gear: this is interesting to students of Theosophy because it suggests a scientific basis for some connexion between the brain and the mind proper not yet dreamed of by science.

The temperature of the body has some undiscovered relation to this system of neuro-electric force, *pyrexia* or fever always being associated with some form of short circuiting. It was lately suggested in this magazine that the control of the temperature is in its nature psychological, and we have here a hint of the relation of the physical apparatus to the non-physical mind.

Local inflammation, as in abscesses, boils, and carbuncles, is clearly a case of breakdown of the dielectric (insulating) surface of the body in the skin, and, as Baines proved, it is best met by applying artificial dielectrics till the body can remedy the breakdown, just as we meet such an emergency in electric wiring by insulating tape.

In all these cases there is great depletion of the central accumulative force, and a general loss on a grand scale is produced by shock.

But I would like to draw attention to the wonderful demonstration of the *Prânic* life-force in the

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tiny cells themselves, especially in the function of assimilation, so admirably demonstrated by Major A. White-Robertson, an admirer and student of Baines's works. In order to make this clear we must consider the nature of the cell.

Each of these little entities has an existence of its own, and the whole community is represented by the components of every tissue, altered in nature and form to fulfil their special destinies in the varied functions of the body. Each cell is organized on the same principle, *i.e.*, a surrounding cell-wall, the analog of the macrocosmic skin of the whole body, insulative, and containing the substance of the cell. This is composed of the very complicated chemical and vital substance protoplasm, which is contractile, sensitive, discriminative, and responsive.

The cell has a further complicated division into the nucleus and the nucleolus, the latter being the holy of holies where live those minute psychological entities, the *chromatin rods*, so-called because they take the deepest stain. Both nucleus and nucleolus have dielectric walls, the presence of which permits the direction of the subtil electric changes taking place in the cell, and makes possible the production of different *potencies* of electric charge necessary to determine the discrete disturbances and displacements of energies culminating in the evolution and fabrication of substances that

form the essence of metabolism.

Without going into technical details, it is sufficient to say that in the process of cell-metabolism there are involved certain chemical substances called lipoids, the most important being cholesterin, phosphatides, and galactoxides. It is principally through the interchange of various elements, as the results of electric discharges issuing through the nucleus and nucleolus in different degrees of *potential*, that the substances necessary to maintain the body-corporate in health are produced.

The vitamins, so much referred to of late, are probably formed by the same process, and are electrically charged units supplied to the body through the food. It is not difficult to see how, by improper assimilation, and possibly if not probably, by the direct interference of the electrical processes by mental currents, toxins of various grades issue from the cells where they are manufactured and enter the blood-stream to the woe of the occupier of the body.

Another form of cell-activity, exhibiting an aspect of a function additional to those mentioned, is that of cell-division by the process of *karyokinesis*, which more plainly demonstrates the electrical nature of the activities which prepare for this eventuality by marked changes in the nucleus. The cell-walls of the nucleus seem to dissolve, the chromatin-rods for the time lose their individual conformation and

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blend into a confused mass, and soon two centers appear in the cytoplasm of the cell called centrosomes. The filaments are disrupted from the nucleus and form two groups around each centrosome, strongly resembling iron filings round the poles of a magnet. Attractive, repulsive (or both) forces determine this change, and the effect is exemplary of an electric process. The two camps of filaments then settle down to form two fresh nuclei, and the cell divides.

The activities of the heart have been the subject of intensive study in late years, and cardiograms have been made to express its aberrations; elaborate electric equipments have been installed in various educational institutions which, among other things, register the heart's response to every muscular display at distant parts of the body. It is generally admitted that this complicated function is carried out on an electrical plan.

The conclusion we derive from all this is that the prânic force by which we live, move, and have our being, is by nature electrical, and that its method of acting is based on electrical principles. Baines admitted that while he had solved many of the mysteries in this connexion, he had failed to discover the nature of the Generator. It is just here that the Theosophical teachings throw light on the subject.

Baines suspected that the lungs might be the active agents in the process, and it would

seem that he was not far wrong.

In the *Theosophical Glossary*, Prâna is described as "the Breath of Life." Breathing is always associated with life, and the concrete life of the new-born is considered to begin with the first breath inhaled. The atmosphere is the great residuum of electrical energy as it is also the great sump or absorber of the same.

As regards the bodies of animals and plants, it is the 'earthing' where energy is absorbed as it passes out. As the physical ingredients of the air are taken into the lungs and absorbed by the blood, go the round of the body through the tissues, and are returned by the lungs to the atmosphere, so is the subtil energy or prânic force taken into the body, absorbed, stored up, and used in the functions, ultimately to escape through the skin, lungs, alimentary canal, etc., back into the atmosphere.

Now the three important constituents of the air are oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen. Speaking of oxygen, H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*: "It is the Fire-element, and Fire is a Creator (as well as destroyer)." She also says that the ancients considered oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen the 'Holy Triad of Life,' 'the first-born.'

There are other significant considerations in this respect. Two of these, oxygen and hydrogen, combine to form water, which is

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as essential to life as air itself, and more so than food. One *can* live an almost indefinite time without food, but without water a body wilts like a plant. The third element, nitrogen, is essential to the proteid foods and so, combined with water, gives another avenue for Prâna in a solid form through the alimentary canal.

The intake of oxygen is by means of the red blood-corpuscles which are able to absorb it through the iron they contain, and the corpuscles themselves seem to be electrically-charged units. *Vide*, their natural tendency to form rouleaux when outside the body, their surfaces being attracted on a magnetic or electric principle, positive to negative.

The blood-current moreover is recognised by physicians as the most ionic medium in the body, *i.e.*, the best conductor of electricity. It is the life-stream, so much so that 'the life ran away with his blood' is axiomatic. For this reason the old practice of blood-letting had its uses, for thereby a surplus of electric or neuro-electric

energy was relieved or adjusted.

The significance of the lung-activity is shown by the fact that a *low* lung capacity is always associated with low, devitalized states as in tuberculosis. Consequently a material improvement in vital energy can be accomplished by a successful effort to increase the breathing capacity.

To sum up: Prâna is a manifestation of a spiritual force emanating from the Monad; it undergoes an evolutionary metamorphosis and permutations, proceeding by a long process of adaptation, a sort of gradual crystallization or materialization through all the astral kingdoms from the highest Spiritual downwards till it ultimately manifests in the physical triad of hydrogen (the most ethereal) nitrogen and oxygen. As such, these elements form a sheath surrounding the earth, a universal reservoir for all things. From this were born the substantial kingdoms of the world: mineral, vegetable, animal, human.

In this paper we have considered the adaptation of Prâna to the needs of the physiological body.

THEOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING

MARJORIE M. TYBERG



THE CELEBRATION of Thanksgiving, like almost every other human institution at the present time, is in need of a bap-

tism of the spirit. It requires a new interpretation in the light of all the changes that have taken place in people's ideas during the last ten years. The intense ex-

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periences, the expansion of mind that has perforce resulted from them, the sudden downfall after centuries of gradual decay of long-accepted beliefs concerning most vital subjects, have all left people bewildered. They continue to use the old forms, they seek inspiration in the old customs; but there is an ache at the heart that was not there before, there is a sense of the inadequacy of the old forms to express the deeper feeling, the closer ties, those binding the whole of humanity; and there is a desire to draw near in a new way to the divine laws governing the unfolding of human destiny.

Many find it impossible to address a Supreme Being with utter thankfulness for what, presumably in accordance with His will, has befallen Humanity. If we feel gratitude because war is ended, we still suffer its results and still dread its recurrence. We have no sense of security, no belief that a Supreme Being can or will avert this terrible evil. We have more faith in man's power to do it, if only he would use it in the right way. But what are the indications we perceive almost everywhere?

Scientific advance has led to a different conception of effects as seen in human life, though it has brought us no nearer to any acceptable explanation of why things are as they are and people are no longer willing to adore and submit to the will of a Being who cannot control events better than they are

controlled in this world. The sense of nearness, of gratitude to a Creator, is difficult to feel when the subject of creation is so conjectural as at present, and many who have no settled beliefs have a growing conviction that it is no use longer to make a supposed Supreme Being shoulder responsibility that is really — man's.

Then too, this ache we have on account of the sufferings of others. We cannot feel thankful for immunity from worst ills when the misery of others is so poignant. We *care* more for the rest of the human family than previous generations did. The blindly and brutally selfish may feast gluttonously while millions starve; they may glory in wealth acquired through war; they may form monstrous combinations for the purpose of staying Humanity's progress toward the realization of brotherhood; but they cannot hold up so firmly the walls of separateness between man and man as before; they cannot kill the fellow-feeling, the sensibility to the suffering of others, that has awakened in countless hearts.

While there is a promise of better things in the existence of these heart-stirrings, there is still a lack of vitality in the observance of some of our festivals. The celebration of Thanksgiving is as a general thing quite on the material plane. I will wager that the first thought that enters the average mind when this season approaches

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is "What is the price of turkey?"

It is a far cry to the days when men and women, feeling their hearts full of joy in the bounty of the harvest, feeling a warm and loving dependence upon the creative forces, Gods or Goddesses maybe, spontaneously heaped fruits on a rude altar, and sang their song of gratitude convinced that it brought them into close touch with the Divine. When for all the bright beings, the Divinities, a salvation-principle was introduced to take the place of an unfolding of the Divine Plan, man's whole relation to the creative forces of the universe was changed.

One can feel sympathy for the great Emperor Julian who would have brought back the old régime of the Gods. So much that was inspiring, so much that kept man close to urgent truths and principles, was hidden from him henceforth.

Hidden securely until the Wisdom-Religion was restored to the West by H. P. Blavatsky. By showing human evolution as part of the Divine Plan, with countless hierarchies of helpers assisting in the unfolding of it, by revealing that human intelligence is part of Divine Intelligence and that man's destiny is to expand and develop until his consciousness embraces the universe, Theosophy places man once more in touch with the creative forces, conscious of his power, conscious of the vast brotherhood that works for the progress of the race

with knowledge of the laws that govern that progress.

Karma and Reincarnation enable us to see the true relation of cause and effect and restore justice to the combination. Knowing ourselves as lords of destiny we lose fear. We need no longer assume resignation to a so-called divine will, we can sincerely feel joy in co-operating with laws which we are learning to understand. What we cannot yet grasp we can look forward to comprehending fully in other lives. What responsible alert human being asks anything better than the chance to go on learning until all the rules are mastered? Tennyson wrote a true line when he said ---

"Give her the wages of going on and not to die."

There can be no gratitude, no real thanksgiving, without the spirit of devotion. Devotion to what or whom? Theosophy teaches us of Those who have learned the lessons of life, Helpers, Elder Brothers, Advanced Souls, who labor for Humanity, whether behind the scenes or amid the turmoil of the world. Our devotion to Them opens wide the gates of the larger life to us.

A student of Theosophy *can* feel a new spirit of thanksgiving — gratitude for the knowledge of his divine origin, and of the Divinity within, for knowledge of unlimited opportunity to obtain mastery over the lower elements of his nature, gratitude for the unveiling

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of the mystery of death, for the heightened sensibility that enables him to feel his brother's joy and sorrow as his own, gratitude for the restoration of the Gods and for greater ideals which demand greater efforts on his part in the cycle of the Soul's pilgrimage from life to life.

THE ROMANCE OF MATTER

JESSE L. GREENBAUM

N *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky quotes a paragraph from Professor Bain's *Logic*, which, though simple in its inference, is quite apt to be overlooked by the student who digests his text-book with perfunctory interest. The quotation follows:

“Very familiar facts seem to stand in no need of explanation themselves and to be the means of explaining whatever can be assimilated to them. Thus, the boiling and evaporation of a liquid is supposed to be a very simple phenomenon requiring no explanation, and a satisfactory explanation of rarer phenomena. That water should dry up is, to the uninstructed mind, a thing wholly intelligible; whereas to the man acquainted with physical science the liquid state is anomalous and inexplicable. The lighting of a fire by a flame is a GREAT SCIENTIFIC DIFFICULTY, yet few people think so.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 121

Professor Bain might have continued by calling attention to our attitude relative to other states of matter, which we view with the same matter-of-fact complacency, namely, the *solids*. For one who, like Professor Bain, sees in the ordinary affections of Matter and the ‘Correlation of Forces’ a mystery far beyond the mere words constituting a chemical or physical ex-

planation of these phenomena, there *must be* a reverential delight in the pursuit and contemplation of such study and which must of necessity lead one to accept the *underlying causes* as existing on super-sensuous planes. No other alternative seems possible.

Now a solid such as iron, stone, or wood must of necessity make its occult appeal arousing fully as much wonder and warranted speculation as the drying up of water, the lighting of a fire by a flame, or the boiling of a liquid.

In the field of terrestrial phenomena all states of matter function designedly to the end that physical existence be realized or carried out *pari passu* with the progress of man's evolution. In other words, the potentialities of Matter conform to man's evolutionary needs — a *Divine Arrangement*. In this sense, contemplating those states of matter called Solids, it is certainly a hopeless mystery to think of them in their molecular or atomic aggregations, when solely viewed from the standpoint of modern science with its mechanical explanations of Matter and Force.

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The Theosophical student will recall that *The Secret Doctrine* points out that —

“There is a *vital principle* without which no molecular combinations could ever have resulted in a living organism, least of all in the so-called ‘inorganic’ matter of our plane of consciousness.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, 1, 603

Of course we do not deny the broad theory of atomic and molecular vibrations. However, we feel like Professor Bain: the ‘explanation’ needs *explanation*. When we say that the molecular oscillations of a body produce a certain chemical and physical integrity that enables us to distinguish one solid from another, or one type of rock from another, or one metal from another, we really are uttering an occult statement. The materialistic mind might ‘explain’ with a phrase and by the very nature of such a viewpoint will ever remain unable to visualize anything beyond the mere mechanics of the terrestrial plane. On the other hand, the Theosophical student believes that “an antecedent or transcendental set of *causes* must be postulated in order to understand all such phenomena on our plane.” (*The Secret Doctrine*, volume I)

The significance of our attitude toward so-called material phenomena is, in reality, a subjective one, and Professor Bain was far from error when he emphasized the fact that, strangely enough these phenomena, to the uninstructed mind, were entirely intelligible; while, to

the educated and the intuitive mind, they were ‘anomalous and inexplicable.’

Thus, there is really and truly a certain romance in the contemplation of *Matter*, *Force* or *Energy* — a Romance of molecular arrangements, producing their effects on our present plane of consciousness. How can one help but marvel at the infinite and endless associations which the atoms assume, making possible the pursuits of man? How can one leave out the *Gods* — the *Intelligences* behind it all? We cannot escape this ‘arrangement’ on the Noumenal Plane, which thus becomes correspondingly effective on the physical plane through the avenue of our senses. It is this testimony that registers on our gross plane as vibrations, ‘modes of motion,’ etc. To some, this means a great deal; to others, who do not know Theosophy, it incites no further thought beyond the ordinary limits of sense-perception and cognition.

The attitude of modern science, has been, unfortunately, one crystallized in the mere intellectual search for physical facts. Now the physical aspect of what we ordinarily term the ‘Laws of Nature’ tends to lead the unimaginative and material mind toward a ‘blind alley,’ an *impasse*.

Let the reader contemplate the well-known phenomenon of sound, by which the particles of air, organized as a vibratory impact, reach the tympanum, then the

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otoliths, etc., until, finally, the vibratory tremor passes along the auditory nerve. Up to this point, all is objective — taking place on the plane of gross matter. From the auditory nerve — the last outpost — we leave the world of concrete matter, for the *sensation of sound* now takes place and we find ourselves on the subjective side of things: physical science is finished, so to speak.

We are unable to see with developed spiritual faculties beyond the world of effects, yet it is possible to enjoy a certain delight and spiritual anticipation that come from a sincere regard for the marvels of those divine potentialities locked up in matter, and which we refer to as the 'Laws of Nature.'

That by parting my lips, by a more or less automatic effort, I can give voice to a series of definite sounds, so that speech flows freely from myself to another — though explained in the realm of physics by the word 'vibration' — nevertheless remains as great a mystery as ever; for the attempt to explain this phenomenon solely by the word 'vibrations,' is to miss the deeper secrets of Nature.

Thus, if sound, as one of the Forces of Nature and largely viewed, like other forces, as the result of a fortuitous arrangement of molecules working strangely enough, by *fixed* and *definite* vibratory waves, produces corresponding effects which *resolve themselves into*

mental states, then we shall be hard put to find an answer to the question how a blind force can produce an intelligent effect.

But there is something else to note and it is this: that matter in a certain form should have the capacity to organize itself into a distinctive wave of constituted dimensions and vibrations, thereby resulting in those phenomena well known in the realms of physics and chemistry, is, in itself, a monumental mystery; for, in this particular phenomenon we describe here, when we are about to utter a word — a sound — we have called upon the inherent and potential dynamics of matter to complete a phenomenon.

But the intuitive reader will have occasion to pause here again and ask: "Whence the 'capacity' of matter to function to a definite end?" 'Capacity' is simply a word meaning 'ability to receive or contain.' *Receive or contain what?* To explain by resorting to the phrase a 'property of matter' is no help; for the word 'property' conceals the same mystery — disguised under another word.

Therefore it is evident that the closer materialistic science and philosophy approach the borderland of their own realms — particularly in physics and chemistry — the more confused and helpless becomes their position, unless the Theosophical and ancient teachings are accepted, to wit:

"The mystical signification, alchemical

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and transcendental, of the many *imponderable* substances that fill interplanetary space, and which, interpenetrating each, are the direct cause, at the lower end, of the production of natural phenomena manifesting through *vibration* (so-called).”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 587

A further guide and helpful hint is to hold fast to the cardinal thought that Spiritual Intelligences at their source constitute the ultimate *cause* of Nature's energies.

THE MOCKINGBIRD

KENNETH MORRIS

DREAMING on an afternoon
In the woods of middle May,
I heard
A mockingbird
Pattern through the woof of day
With the wonder of his tune.
Little-headed linnet-trilling
Vaguely glossed the silence o'er,
And the air
Drowsed somewhere
With a mourningdove, before
My bird set the forest thrilling
And me wondering in what fashion
The song came: if he was singing —
Throat and bill
At his will
Minting, fountaining, and flinging
Forestwide his joy and passion,—
Or perhaps if by some art
Magical, he pierced the blue
Beyond thought,
And so wrought
Eternal Music might shine through
From the Universe's heart?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



"THE THREE LEADERS"

QUESTION: I HAVE often heard Theosophists speak of 'the three Leaders'; I have some acquaintance with their writings, and what I have read makes me wish to know more about them. Could you tell me definitely what their aims and purposes are, in short, what they stand for personally?

ANSWER: Your desire is shared by very many people, especially at the present time when the pressing need for real Leadership is so generally felt. But it would be better to omit the word 'personally' from your question, seeing that H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley are each characterized by an immense 'impersonal love' for humanity. Their lives exemplify the great truth that the purely personal or egoistical side of our nature must be transcended if effective work is to be done for human betterment.

It is the personal element which lies in the way of individual and especially of corporate effort on all lines of thought and activity, and has wrecked many an honest and sincere attempt to lead society out of its present chaotic condition. Egoism, in any form, separates a man from his fellows, lessens his

influence, and impoverishes his being.

The original Theosophical Society was founded in the interests of humanity, and the work that its three Leaders have successively carried on springs from Compassion and a profound Knowledge of man's nature and needs.

One of their aims — perhaps the most important from an ethical point of view — is to prepare the way for the realization of the Brotherhood of all men and nations, not in theory, but in practice. For Brotherhood is the great basic fact of human life, and not merely a Utopian ideal entirely inapplicable to this hard matter-of-fact world of ours, in which the clash of personal and national interests and ambitions is apparently the ruling factor.

If any man or nation act contrary to this law of their being,— for Universal Brotherhood is such a law,— they do so at their own risk and peril. The results of *unbrotherliness* have surely been made sufficiently apparent in the recent World-War and its consequences.

It is now generally recognised that if civilization is to continue and progress, man must learn not

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to put his increasing knowledge of the powers of Nature to destructive uses. All the three Theosophical Leaders have insisted on this, and have worked unceasingly to bring about such a change in the hearts and minds of men as shall make this misuse impossible.

No one has worked harder for the abolition of war than Katherine Tingley, and her heroic efforts in this direction are at last meeting with something like due recognition. In every country of Europe which she has visited on her recent 'Theosophical Crusade' (just ended), men of light and leading have begged her to publish her message of Justice, Peace, and Good-will to all the nations of the earth.

A marked characteristic of the present age is its dissatisfaction with inherited dogmas and forms of religion. This dissatisfaction is *not* due to a spirit of disbelief or denial. On the contrary, it is the effect of a deeper realization and consequent affirmation of Truth. In a very real sense people are more religiously inclined today than they ever were before. But they demand truth above all things. In the past, religion, so-called, has been a fertile source of discord and strife, and even of persecution.

Theosophy, while teaching us how to discriminate between truth and falsehood, is the great Reconciler, for it shows that all religions, if rightly interpreted, teach the same essential truths, despite the fact that these have been obscured

and sometimes disfigured almost out of all recognition by man-made dogmas and ceremonies.

The right interpretation is to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky's great work, which starting with the premise that *Truth is One*, proves conclusively that Religion, Philosophy, and Science are pathways to Truth, and that we cannot follow any one of the three to the exclusion of the others, without doing violence to some part of our nature.

H. P. Blavatsky — whom we may call the 'Light-Bringer,' because she brought to light old long-forgotten truths essential to man's spiritual development, — lived and worked in a material age in which the true light shone but dimly. Consequently she had great difficulties to overcome. To use her own words, she came to "break the molds of mind," and so everywhere she met with opposition, even vituperation. Often all she could do was to suggest needed reforms, leaving their realization to her successors. Thus she wished to establish schools in which the principles of pure Theosophy should be applied to education.

But circumstances were against her, and it was left for Katherine Tingley to carry out her wish by founding at Point Loma, California — the International Headquarters of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY — the Râja-Yoga School, to which has now been added a College and

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University. In this great institution of learning not only children of all countries, but older students as well, receive an education for life — their physical, intellectual, and spiritual needs being properly provided for. "A higher spirit of patriotism, a deeper spirituality, a greater spirit of brotherly love," are the keynotes.

H. P. Blavatsky sowed the good seed of the Gospel of Humanity. William Q. Judge, under whose leadership Theosophy became widely known in America, tended it through a period of crisis, when its destruction was threatened by the intellectualism of the age, and even by the personal ambition of some of the members of the Theosophical Society itself. And Katherine Tingley has preserved intact the purity of the original teachings and made their influence world-wide. Through the work carried on under her direction at the International Center at Point Loma she has demon-

strated that they are perfectly practical and applicable to daily life.

The new knowledge — the new light that is dawning — is making pretense and sham impossible. The pressure of the times is revealing man's true disposition. The moment of choice has come. He will inevitably be compelled to take one of two paths: the path of Compassion, of Self-sacrifice, and Service, or that of self-seeking and self-aggrandisement leading to destruction. The future of humanity depends upon the issue of the conflict between his Higher and his lower nature.

The lives and teachings of the three Theosophical Leaders show us that there is infinity in every one of us, and we may learn from them how to make lofty ideals effective. All who feel the urge of the God within them will give heed to their message, and do all in their power to advance the Great Cause they represent. — H. A. F.

CHARACTER VS. HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT

QUESTION. CAN you throw any light on this difficulty? I am told by a scientific friend that a man's character depends entirely on heredity and environment, and there can be no other influence. I find that religious people meet this with a general denial, but do not seem to have anything positive to offer in its place. In fact, they do not meet

science on its own ground, but leave the question in suspense.

ANSWER. Heredity and environment are only two out of many factors which combine to determine a man's character.

The birth of a child provides a physical organism for the use of a Soul which is reincarnating and has existed before. Consequently this Soul enters earth-life with the seeds

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of a character generated in its past lives. If the entering Soul is not very far advanced in its evolution, its influence over heredity and environment may not be very marked. Nevertheless that influence is present, and counts, in however small a degree.

In the case of many people, however, the independent influence of the Soul — the real Man, that is — is very marked; and the individual begins early to strike out his own line, resisting, modifying, and setting aside the forces of heredity. This is but matter of common observation; and science should try to make its theories fit the facts, rather than seek to bend the facts to fit its theories.

Theosophy gives a reasonable explanation of the well-known fact that man has an independent determining power, which enables him to overcome the weight of inherited propensities, and to follow out ideals which he has proposed to himself.

If there were not such independent power, then humanity would never change or progress, but would repeat itself continually; but this we know is not the fact.

The human organism has been evolved to the point where it is able to manifest and express the principle which we call *Manas*, or self-conscious mind and intelligence. This is in essence a cosmic principle. What the parents do is to provide us with the organism, the brain, nervous system, etc., so won-

derfully adapted to receive the light of Intelligence. They provide the soil, as it were, and the seed floats in from the air and develops in that soil.

Along with the organism which we inherit, we inherit a great many tendencies, both from our parents and remoter ancestors and from our nation or community. But these influences are in the nature of habits, and can be modified or overcome by the self-directing Intelligence and Will which we have.

I think we must always begin arguments on heredity by *assuming* that man's intelligence and will actually have this determining power over all extraneous influences, whether from heredity or environment; for it is surely one of the facts of experience. And then, having accepted this as a fact, we must try to explain it. This is what Theosophy does; and, successfully, though what I have here been able to give is but a bare outline.

It is important to bear in mind that the power of overcoming heredity and environment exists in very different degrees in different individuals; and that it can be greatly increased. For, so long as a man has no faith in his own power, and continues to drift in the currents, he will naturally become the victim of influences hereditary and otherwise. But, as soon as he recognises that his real being and power of action is centered in his Spiritual nature, he will inevitably begin to act on that belief, and

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will thus acquire a new power of dominating his circumstances.

It should also be remembered that science is in a state of rapid change and growth, so that its

statements must not be accepted too readily. Let us wait and see; for science is every day tending more to confirm the truth of Theosophical teachings. --- H. T. E.

THE OLD-NEW TRUTHS OF THEOSOPHY

QUESTION: WHAT new idea has Theosophy brought to the world? What explanation do you offer for starting a new religious or philosophical society in a country so full of 'isms' as is America?

ANSWER: The aim of the Theosophical Movement was condensed into a few words by H. P. Blavatsky, its Founder:

"We have no new church, but only an old truth to commend to the world If we can only set a good example and stimulate to a better way of living, it is enough."

The 'old truth' which Theosophy emphasizes is old, very old, and yet it has been so badly neglected, ignored, and obscured, as to be practically a new idea to millions. The body of teaching included in the expression the 'old truth' is, in a sense, new because it has been presented in a new form suitable to this age and adapted to its psychology.

The old-new truth presented by the Theosophical Leaders and their students is startling to many because of its simplicity and entire absence of any teaching about the need of faith in externals. You are thrown back upon yourself;

all the help you receive is that (and it is valuable indeed) which enables you to find the Path for yourself, the Path which is within. This is an astonishing idea to many who have never dared to conceive they possess the possibility of doing such a thing for themselves. To quote H. P. Blavatsky again:

"Man's best guide, religious, moral, and philosophical, is his own inner sense. Instead of clinging to the skirts of any leader in passive inertia, he should lean upon that better self, his own prophet, priest, king, and savior. No matter what his religion, he will find within his own nature the holiest of temples, the divinest of revelations."

Do we find this glorious idea placed before the discouraged by the self-appointed leaders of thought and conduct of the age? Hardly ever, if at all, and yet it is found in all the world-religions when the words of their founders are studied; it is the heart of their teachings; and Theosophy is simply repeating it in a new way.

Every high spiritual Teacher has explicitly set forth the reality of this inner light, this divine companion, and nearly always the followers have deliberately ignored this essential teaching. Now it is

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being again brought to attention; this time by the efforts of the Theosophical Movement. Not as a pious hope or a dogma to be accepted on faith, but as the truth of the ages, known to all earnest seekers, upon which all agree, a glorious reality which becomes more than conviction—realization. However discouraged or degraded the outer form, the overshadowing spiritual self is standing there 'like a star apart.' In the expressive Eastern text, *Thou art That*.

There is no dogmatism in Theosophy; nor does the Theosophical Society require the acceptance of any formal creed as a condition of membership. A strong desire and positive will to promote the principle of universal brotherhood are the evidences of fitness. The teachings of Theosophy are founded on a deeper knowledge of what man is and what he really needs for his higher evolution than even the most advanced leaders of thought have discovered who have not studied the Ancient Wisdom.

Two of the most important teachings of Theosophy — Reincarnation or the rebirth of the soul in successive bodily forms on earth, and Karman, the unavoidable law of cause and effect by which these incarnations are controlled and through which the inner self comes into its full powers,— have not been discussed here for want of space, and because the question asked called for information on the 'new idea' of Theosophy which

made a new society necessary.

Those who wish to learn more will find what they need in the extensive Theosophical literature now available. Most public libraries provide Theosophical books and magazines, and full information can always be obtained at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Point Loma, upon application; and regular lectures upon the subject are broadcasted by remote control from the Temple of Peace on Sunday afternoons through Station KFSD, San Diego (680-440.9).

Theosophy presents the subject in a manner free from the technical difficulties which beset the beginner who is unable to devote the time and labor required to dig out the real meaning from the great philosophies of the East, which are so often veiled in symbolism of an unfamiliar nature to the Western student.

In bringing forward the ideas of Reincarnation and Karman as the most logical explanation of the long process of the evolution of the soul, Theosophy necessarily repudiates the two contradictory notions about the nature of man which, as far as anything definite is believed, are held by the majority of Western people. Man is not simply an animal whose supremacy depends on the possession of a superior brain, and who perishes with the death of the body, the notion held by a certain section, especially by those who think superficially or who are carried away by the

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arguments of materialistic scientists with their limited view of life. Nor, as another class fancies, is each human soul specially created at birth, and, after an ephemeral existence on earth, whisked off to celestial or infernal realms for ever to reap the rewards of its beliefs, a strange notion inculcated in the West for nearly two thousand years.

These two conflicting theories are superficial and depend upon appearances misread or authority misunderstood. Eastern philosophy, the result of ages of profound research, has penetrated the veil of *Mâyâ* (illusion) and approached the source of knowledge.

Rather more than half a century ago an effort was initiated by great Sages, the natural Guides of mankind, to help the Western world to a higher spirituality and a deeper understanding of the brotherhood of man, and H. P. Blavatsky was sent to New York to organize a society through which the first rudiments of the higher teaching might be spread. The rudiments, the outline, we say, for how could the fullness of this wisdom be revealed in ordinary language to the unprepared when, to understand it, the opening of an impersonal, spiritual consciousness is needed, something beyond and above ordinary brain-mind activity, however brilliant.

The true mystics throughout the ages have all spoken of the possession of knowledge which it was impossible or 'unlawful' to discuss

with the uninitiated. Jesus made some very pointed remarks on this subject in connexion with pearls and swine, and Paul only speaks "wisdom among them that are perfect" "in a mystery." (*1 Cor.*, ii)

We have neither the words to express nor the understanding to comprehend Reality. No *man* has lifted the veil of Isis and lived, for only those who have transcended the human brain-consciousness by liberation from the bonds of personality and selfishness may see Truth unveiled.

Theosophy, therefore, does not pretend to offer a 'short cut' to Wisdom and Power. It presents a broad outline of spiritual and physical Nature, including at times illustrative detail, and declares that age-long experience has proved its accuracy, but each student has to find his own way to the deeper wisdom, in the words of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, "by doing service, by strong search, by questions, and by humility."

'Doing service,' is the first and essential requirement, and the service most needed is to stimulate this discouraged world by word and example to find the beauty and joy which come through the understanding and practice of brotherhood.

Surely there must be many who have not heard of Theosophy but who would rejoice to co-operate in such a great cause. We cannot rest till they have had their opportunity.

— C. J. R.

A STRONG PEACE

PERCY LEONARD

"SET about difficult things while they are still easy; do great things while they are still small. . . . The sage ever anticipates difficulties, and thus he never encounters them."—LAO-TSE

"Serene and resolute and still
And calm and self-possessed."—LONGFELLOW

PEACE IS often taken to mean the state of passive repose which follows active strife, a kind of lethargy which supervenes on the cessation of hostility. Such peace may be compared to the condition of a boa-constrictor which having satisfied its hunger lies in a state of placid indolence until returning hunger forces it to seek for a fresh victim.

But there is another and a more heroic peace, the tranquil equipoise of the man who never relaxes his vigilance and moment by moment holds the lower elements of his nature in resolute control. This is a finer quality of peace, a peace including dignity, resolution, and balance and which also yields the added satisfaction of the conscious exercise of spiritual power. It operates in secret, undiscoverable ways; but its beneficent effects are felt in far-off places and by unknown men, and traveling down the corridors of time affects for good the lives of millions yet unborn.

A peace like this is not to be obtained by ignoble compromise,

but is the sure reward of those who cultivate unceasingly a noble positivity of soul. The man who rests in this unchanging peace often avoids the shock of actual conflict by a wise foresight in advance. Preventive measures are employed whose subtil force is such that victories are often won before a single blow is struck. This warfare of a higher order is waged with finer forces on the unseen battlefield of human thought. It is a soundless, invisible conflict, and the combatants are men whose wills are so impersonal and pure that in their solidarity they harmonize with universal cosmic powers, and linked with these impose the sway of peace and order on the opposing cohorts of disorder and the dark.

But when an issue must be joined and force is matched with force in discord and in strife, it is only the outer man who is exposed to the shock of battle. "The thunder of the captains and the shouting" can never penetrate the stillness of his calm retreat, and though the din of conflict shake the air, unbroken peace broods in the secret places of his soul like some white

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ocean bird upon the quiet waters of an inland lake.

A character of settled and established peace acquired through all the valiant struggles of the past, ensures the victory by the sheer compulsion of its overmastering presence. A character of such a kind exists as a center of energy in the present, because it has a

cumulative power acquired along the line of all its past appearances in human form. Such inborn strength is an enduring legacy from many a forgotten, vanished self which still lives on, although unseen, surviving as a present potency in daily life and passing onward to remote futurity to help the generations which are yet to come.

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B. Z.



WITHIN EACH man there dwells a *being* which is absolutely and irretrievably opposed to all enlightenment and to all progress. Its cherished occupation is to shut out the light of the Spirit and to prevent it from reaching the mind and illuminating it. Its favorite game is to place innumerable and most unexpected obstacles in the way of our spiritual and intellectual advancement; and its greatest pleasure is to throttle our loftiest aspirations and to defeat our boldest plans at the precise moment when the victory we expected in our nature is all but won.

In our everyday life, listening to the deceiving voice of desire and forgetful of the yearnings of the real man within, we have identified to such an extent the impulses, the interests, the propensities, and the inclinations of this being with those of our inner Self, that in the

general confusion of our natures the inextricable jumble created by our own volition makes us utterly unable to determine for ourselves where ends the domain of the mysterious being, and where begins the sphere of action of the indwelling god.

When on some rare occasion we succeed in drawing for a short moment the line of demarcation between the real man within us and the fiend that would usurp its place, we try naturally enough to find out the precise location of the disturbing enemy in our physical, mental, and moral make-up. In this undertaking most of us fail miserably. Each part of our physical constitution, each layer of our mental sphere, each unexplored nook of our moral nature, seems to contain the *being* in its entirety; and at the same time we feel that it is spread all over our organization. Our senses are used by it as

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so many obedient instruments; our brain is under its partial control; and our thoughts are impelled but too often by its selfish motives.

When, after prolonged searching, we have finally discovered that *one of its main seats is located in the brain-mind*, then we try to get hold of the opposing foe, to seize it firmly and to imprison it within its self-created barriers. But it eludes our grasp, and, snake-like, slips out of our hands at the very last moment.

When, later on, if our efforts have been repeated and tenacious, we succeed in taking hold of it, and are just about to stamp the pernicious foe out of existence, its serpent-hiss changes into a most sweet and melodious song which lures our senses, baffles our mind, and disarms us. Once more we loose our grip on the cunning thing which we thought had become our prey at last, and we see it now retreat in order to avoid our repeated attacks — retreat this time to some invisible and utterly intangible plane of our being, where we know that our previous weapons will be of no avail against its own.

Every earnest man who has had the courage and the determination to pause for a while and impartially to consider life itself — not the life which is described in romantic novels or the one dissected in the ambiguous and paradoxical disquisitions of modern philosophers, let alone the oracular sayings of Sunday-schools — but *life* as it *actu-*

ally takes place within his own nature and around him, knows about the existence of the mysterious being through personal, repeated, and mostly painful contact with its selfish will.

It is only the indifferent, who cares not for progress through the study of the laws of life, satisfied as he is in plowing for the thousandth time the barren field of commonplace thought; it is only the deliberately blind, who is unable to see the interplay of forces within his own organization, and the seemingly deaf, who pretends not to hear the voice of his better Self crying out for recognition,— it is only these who are absolutely ignorant of the opposing influence exercised by the mysterious and terrible foe within themselves. Such a subject as this one will not interest them in the slightest, and it is not for them that these words are intended.

But the man who has, at some time or other of his life, got a glimpse, however fleeting, of the real state of things within himself, knows that the mysterious being is the greatest and perhaps the only obstacle to his further advancement, as it plays the rôle of the most obstinate skeptic with regard to everything that pertains to spiritual enlightenment, and the most vehement denier of all that transcends the narrow limits of his familiar groove.

For it is especially when we are challenged — in action, word, or

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thought — to realize the invisible which surrounds us on all sides, to believe in the intangible, and to arouse within our own nature the conviction in the reality of forces, powers, or possibilities far beyond the cramped barriers of earthly material life, that the insidious and subtil tyranny of the disrupting element is most apparent, and the hideous hiss of the serpent has reached its highest pitch.

Most of us, if we but study intelligently our past and watch attentively over our present, will be able to draw upon the resources of our memory and remember the precise occasions when we have met face to face the mysterious power of the low being that dwells in us. Where is the man who has never had this sort of experience?

Some day it was life itself that seemed to test our strength, in order to teach us *a lesson in living*. Auspicious circumstances for helping others were placed before us; opportunities for compassionate assistance of our fellow-men were given to us most unexpectedly. From the very first contact with them a certain part — the highest — of our nature *knew* what *ought* to have been done, what road *ought* to have been followed, what influence brought to bear upon the surroundings; and we also knew beforehand the result which would have followed upon our helpful action or compassionate deed. Yet, contrary to our inmost conviction, in perfect disagreement with our

inner voice, we deliberately took the wrong course of action, and while contemplating in theory all the time the beautiful plan that we *might have* put into practice, we accomplished the direct reverse of it, by letting loose the selfish side of our nature and acting on lines of egoism and self-complacency.

At some other time we came across a wonderfully inspiring piece of writing and felt for an instant the surging power of spiritual wisdom rising within our breast. We were just on the verge of entering into profound meditation upon the subject we had contacted, with the idea of applying it to our own life; but at this very moment, for some unexpected reason totally inexplicable on lines of our everyday thought or brain-mind logic, we began to doubt the wisdom of the passage just read, and to convince ourselves that, after all, it could not have any special importance either for our own life, or for the benefit of others, and, finally, came to the bewildering conclusion that the passage under consideration was not worth the half of what we had attributed to it but a few moments ago, and that the truth lay in a totally different direction.

With *that* direction we have been familiar for a very long time already; it is the same old rut of selfish desire and personal benefit, along which flows the stagnant waters of our every-day existence. We are accustomed to it; in fact, we love it, and, upon those thoughts,

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we close our book and go to attend to the petty things of commonplace existence, perfectly satisfied, it seems, for the time being, with our independence and self-sufficiency.

At still another occasion,— and this is perhaps the most often recurring one,— we met a person, friend or acquaintance, who, at the most unexpected moment, began talking to us about a subject which for a long time had occupied our mind. In fact, while thinking about it, we had even come to a pretty well established theory concerning it; we had found that, after due investigation, the subject or idea under consideration had crystallized more or less into some kind of shape, and that we had now arrived with regard to it at a conviction, which, we thought, no person could influence in any appreciable degree. Or perhaps if we did not have as yet any definite conviction concerning the subject treated of, we knew at least that our intuition told us repeatedly about the manner in which we ought to discuss the point, and had even suggested to our mind the solution of it.

Yet, when now for the first time we had the opportunity given us to listen to the exposition of that same subject on the part of *another* person, with arguments, expressions, facts, and proofs not only analogous but even identical with our own, we began to reply to the contrary, and were soon going at top speed to subvert the argumentation of our

friend and to show him that not only had we different opinions from his, but that we were totally and irretrievably opposed to all he had said so far to sustain his point.

All the time we knew perfectly well that our friend was absolutely right, was in dead earnest, was on the same lines of thought as we were but a few moments ago while considering the subject in our own mind, and that, when the conversation was over, we would still have *in ourselves, deep in our soul*, our own — and hence *his* present — ideas on that debated question.

But notwithstanding all this, there was a force — an evil force — which impelled us to subversion, to destruction, argumentation, denial of self-evident facts, and obstinate upholding of a long-lost and perfectly useless cause. The precise location of that force was unknown to us, and the nature of its power was still more foreign to our understanding.

The discussion over, we were surprised, nay, amazed at finding that we had fought an idea with which we were in perfect sympathy, and which, answering to the deepest yearnings of our heart, satisfying our best and loftiest aspirations, proved thereby to be in essential unity with our better Self. Puzzled if not angry at ourselves we wait for the next occasion when, as we think, we shall be better fit to defend the interests of the real man within; we become even more deeply convinced in the truth of our

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— and our friend's — belief; and when the new opportunity is at hand, and we are challenged once again, we catch ourselves flatly denying and sneering with some kind of paradoxical contentment at the deepest feeling of our inmost soul. The lesson has not yet been learned.

And yet, strange as it may sound, it is precisely at this very moment that we stand closer than ever to the Gate which leads to the realities of universal life, out into the boundless fields of primeval wisdom and the broader vision of endless hope. For at the very instant when we realize with more or less of lucidity that our brain-mind was denying and ridiculing something which to some other part of our nature was the bread of life itself, at that very instant, were we to pause and earnestly to consider the situation created by our own volition, we would grasp the real secret of man's inner constitution and understand the complex relation which exists between his Soul and the mysterious being which prevents it from arising in its strength.

The very fact alone that we are conscious of having opposed an idea which at the same time we knew to be akin to a certain part of our nature, is proof enough that within our inmost being there is an *impartial Spectator* which is neither identical with the disruptive element that fought against the lofty ideal, nor is under con-

trol of that other part to which the ideal is foreign. We are free, it seems, to identify ourselves at one occasion with the mysterious power of evil and yield to its insidious requests, and at another to throw ourselves back upon the luminous Essence which stands for eternal advancement and constant progress.

The whole secret of right living consists in the profound and complete recognition of our essential identity with the Powers of Light, and in the unshakable conviction that under any circumstances whatsoever the Spiritual Soul has the power to assert itself and to illumine the lower mind in subduing the desires of the elemental self.

As long as man looks upon himself as upon a homogeneous whole, he contracts his mental sphere into one dense mass in slow vibratory motion. The picture of himself as being absolutely uniform — in contradistinction to the one which pictures him as being composed of several units in complex relation to each other — fetters the soul and intimidates it. It finds itself imprisoned in the image that the brain-mind has created under the influence of the mysterious being or elemental self.

And Man, the thinker, identifying himself with man, the instrument through which he works, is deluded into believing that the manifold desires, the numerous ambitions, and the various notions he finds within the limits of his mental sphere, have their origin in the

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center of his life and are an essential part of his organization,—while, in truth, most of them belong but to the evanescent shadow which is born at such and such a time and disintegrates sooner or later under the progressional impulse of the Man Within.

On the other hand, as soon as man pauses and considers intelligently the various currents which have their interplay on the field of his mental, psychic, moral, or physical life, as an impartial Spectator would witness the action of innumerable armies on a distant battle-field, he comes to the realization that none of them, after all, constitutes an essential part of Himself, let alone being identical with that Heart-Center which alone he is able to identify with his Consciousness. He perceives that at the very root of the great majority of his actions, of his thoughts, of his words, lies the deadly foe of selfish *desire*, under whatever aspect it may appear.

He begins to understand that whenever and wherever he pursued an equivocal course of action, trying either to pose before others, or to delude them in this or another way, either to convince them in his perfect independence of their own beliefs or to show them how ignorant and unprogressed he is himself (for all these states of mind can be met with in our nature at every moment we breathe), believing all the while in the power of wisdom and the ultimate victory of all

that is spiritual and true, he was only obeying like a slave the impulses of the mysterious being within himself, and without knowing it convincing others, not as blind as *he* was at the moment, of the reality of the dual nature in man.

The more he understands the complex structure of the different units which compose his nature, the more he becomes able to ascribe each act to its parent-principle, to its mother-source. He sees in *this* impulse the urge of the physical body crying out for personal gratification; he perceives in *that* particular stimulus the voice of the lower nature begging for new satisfaction and further complacency. In one thought he discovers the influence of the lower mind; and in another the flash of intuitive knowledge coming from the real center of life.

Each action, each word, each thought, is for him now the result of special activities going on in special and well determined organs, whether physical, mental, or spiritual; they are no longer *himself*, but only circumstances, conditions, situations in which he feels his real Self prevailing, victorious in every *test* on whatever plane of his nature the latter may occur. His self-analysis has destroyed the identification of his Soul with the elemental self, and desire ceases little by little to have its sway over the better part of him. *For desire ceases to attract us when we no longer identify it with ourself.*

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“But why is it,” we may ask, “that so many earnest, unselfish, thoughtful men and women, aware to a certain degree of the duality of their nature, convinced in theory of the inherent power of their soul, yield to the deceiving suggestions of the mysterious being, and, after a more or less serious inward fight, accomplish its requests by sacrificing their best aspirations and yearnings to the momentary pleasure of the unpleasant opponent?”

Few are able to answer that question satisfactorily, and fewer still are those who can stem from the very first the disruptive tide arising from the unknown depths of their earthly nature and tear away the veil that hides the eternal light of the soul.

Yet a certain amount of thought on this subject may show to every open-minded man or woman that *there seems to be an occult law prevailing in our life, a law by which every one of us is so placed in this world as usually to exhibit his or her worst qualities.* And therein lies the profound wisdom of Universal Life, and the perfect justice of the Great Law on which that Life is founded.

The whole purpose of earthly life, if we come down to its essentials, is to strengthen the weak places of the man through repeated tests of his resistibility; and as his external life takes place mainly for this important object, whether he knows it or not, every man and woman is seen at a disadvantage.

To the man who has realized strongly enough this purpose of his earthly existence, life becomes joyful, no matter how much sorrow, disappointment, or heartache he may experience, for he *knows* that every one of them is a *test* in which and through which he can find out the weak spots of his entire make-up, strengthen them by will and aspiration, and win through personal merit and courage a worthy place among the Hosts of Light.

Why listen to the treacherous voice of the mysterious being which dwells in darkness? Why yield to the suggestions arising from that elemental and shadowy form? Dismiss its insidious requests! Face its disruptive power and conquer it! Realize that with each effort you make to step out into a larger field of action, invisible forces sustain you, intangible agencies lend you their own luminous weapons! Realize it!

Where starts the path of spiritual endeavor, there waits the deadly foe — our own lower self; it tries to overthrow the sovereignty of the conquering soul and hurl it back to the plane of materiality and the prison-house of selfish desires. That foe is a part of material existence, and its life is confined to the narrow limits of the fleeting personality. Hence its determination to shut out the light of the spirit and to keep matter from a knowledge of the realities of the universe. “In darkness and sin is its safety, for it is a child of these

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conditions and will cease to exist when the lamp that is lighted from within is turned upon the world."

Why feed the low being with the bread of your best aspirations, and quench its everlasting thirst with the wine of your purest hopes?

Three conditions must be realized within our own nature before we can with success fight the mysterious being and subdue it. They are the corner-stones on which the building of our future grandeur will be erected with the help of our own hands.

The first is CONVICTION — profound and absolute Conviction — in the reality of our *spiritual ideal*. It is the starting-point whence issue all our efforts and all our activities, and it is also the goal towards which tend the manifold lines of thought and feeling along which our Higher Mind travels from day to day.

The second is SINCERITY — unshakable and complete Sincerity — to express and voice our inmost conviction, without regard to the hiss of the elemental snake, which tries to stem the tide of spiritual effort and fill the mind with its rattling noise.

The third is COURAGE — indomitable and unflinching Courage — with which to *dare to be sincere* and step boldly over the barrier that rises in front of us. That barrier is a ghost; it is illusion, and its power over our nature melts away when the warm rays of soul-wisdom fall upon and dispel it.

These three conditions, realized and lived, lead man and woman to victories untold!

Out into the endless vistas of life eternal there is a path that winds through the heart of man. Hidden by the screen of the senses is its entrance; barred by the iron grip of the mysterious being is its Gate. Yet beyond this screen of the senses, and behind the mysterious being, travels on the soul of man — an undying factor, concealed from the casual observer. Intuition is the means by which it perceives the realities of Spiritual realms and delves into the inmost mysteries of universal life. The language it speaks has words that no man can utter, as they express truths which transcend his intellectual perception and well forth from the abysmal depths of inward light.

For in the breast of every man there is a Great Deep. In silence if he lends his ear — it speaks to him. Its voice interprets the fleeting phantasmagoria of existence and solves the riddle of earthly life, the problem of earthly death. It rends the veil of miseries and sorrows, and weaves both life and death into a song — the song which is universal and enduring.

That voice which rises from the Deeps of Silence is heard in the very heart of man; it is no human speech; it is akin to it, yet more than human speech can ever utter. Compared with it, the voice of man is but a jarring scream, and the

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chant of the fairest of singers but the distant echo in a secluded mountain-gorge. Its sayings are profound and hard to understand, yet man *can* know their meaning, for there is that part in him which knows how to interpret the least of messages that come from the Heart of the Universe.

When the voice has spoken no proof is required to sustain the truth of its oracular sayings. *The intuition of man is all that is needed to demonstrate the reality of the invisible, and the power of the intangible, around him.* For to him who is determined to catch the fugitive glimpses of spiritual forces and fix them on the screen of his mental sphere, the perception of the Inner Self is even clearer than the vision of the natural eye.

Great is the mystery of Being. Endless are the secrets which pertain to the constitution of human nature and to the ultimate destinies of the Soul. And yet who can better divulge those secrets, who can better solve the great riddle of existence, than Man himself? In everyday life he is unable to achieve in fullness the task of his self-unfolding, but in moments

of enthusiasm and aspiration, when Time, the great deluder, seems to have vanished for a while and Space to have been conquered through the supreme effort of the 'spaceless' Soul, he can hear the voice of the Inmost Essence, murmuring in the silences of Being about the Greatness that lies beyond.

As the rays of the sun permeate the world and enter into the smallest corners of its vast empire, so there are rays of the Spiritual Sun which on higher planes permeate every being and every atom of the Cosmos, informing its invisible and subtil nature.

Luminous spark from the flaming altar of the Unknowable, mirror of the Infinite, man has in him all the forces of Nature, and the potencies of all the spheres. His body may live and die, may appear and vanish. His Spiritual Soul is immortal and no human words can define it. For "the Lord of this body is nameless"; dwelling in various earthly forms, it appears to come and go. But neither life nor death can touch it, nor even Time claim it, for it is deathless, immutable, and everlasting, beyond Time itself, universal and boundless.



"THE first step to be taken in occultism is the practice of unselfishness."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"SYMPATHY and toleration are required in every direction, for both are necessary to progress." — *Katherine Tingley*

A DREAM

A. R.

I DREAMT. — I saw myself standing outside the gates to Lomaland. They opened, and I entered through the ‘Sungate’— I called it thus in my dream — and walked slowly up the beautiful avenue of palms. It was not the usual warm sunny air; it seemed to me that the light came from another sun that made the air clear as crystal, and that it was a milder light. Yet all colors were intensified and I could see every little thing at any distance.

It was so easy to walk, my feet scarcely touched the ground and my heart was full of joy and peace.

The air was filled with a rhythmic song — it seemed to me that some Great Beings were singing while they were active with a great work: it sounded like somebody weaving on a big loom and rhythmically using the warp-beam. I could see over the world; I could see the great work that came to me like a song. A veil was woven and the material used was men’s thoughts.

In some places the veil was dark and heavy and in these places the men wandered in great darkness; the veil hid everything and only now and then I heard a wondering “Why and whither?”

In other places the veil was thinner, and there poets, artists,

authors, musicians, saw visions and in their works told of the beauty of the inner world, the world invisible to others.

But in some places the veil was scarcely visible; it was as if sunbeams were taken as threads, and there it did not hide anything but instead embellished the pattern. The people there were so happy; their hearts were filled with a great love; they sent out their loving thoughts to the places on the Earth where there was darkness, and tried to lift the veil from mind and heart of those who lived there.

Wondering at this great mystery I came to the Temple of Peace and looked at the stairway that leads to the temple door. I thought: “The Temple is like a mother opening her arms and welcoming home her children.”

While I was looking at the beautiful violet dome, an inner urge made me look at the temple stairs again, and then I saw on the first step a little girl.

The picture changed, and I saw a big garden and happy brothers and sisters playing. They lived in an atmosphere of truth and in the sunshine of the heart of their mother. I smiled when I heard their joyous, healthy laughter. Now and again I saw a little girl stop in the play and go a little aside, and I heard her whisper: “What is

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it that I shall remember? There is something that I shall remember."

Without a shadow the years passed in innocent joy and play, and again the picture changed.

I saw a young woman looking around with bewildered eyes; she began to see life as it was; she had left the Eden of her childhood. I saw her heart filled with compassion and she said: "Oh, I wish so much to help!"

It may be that she thought that if she took her unfortunate sisters by the hand and asked them to go with her out into the deep forests and listen to the songs of the birds, to walk on the soft moss and drink of the spring's clear water, to look at the flowers and see how they opened their hearts to the sun, to lie on the beach and play with the waves, and in the evening to let the mind follow the eye and look at the stars — it may be that something might touch their hearts to see how beautiful life could be, how the simple life close to Mother Nature's heart gave peace and clean conscience.

I heard the young woman in the woods tell about her longing to help; I heard the answer she got. I saw her understand that she was ignorant about human nature, without life-experience, and that she had not gone through the school of suffering.

It may be that the gods read in her heart that it was sincere and wanted to try her.

I saw a dark cloud come near;

it lowered, and soon it enveloped the young woman. She could not see the way and I trembled when the picture changed and I saw her standing on a cliff and look down to the running water. I read her thoughts: "A few minutes and all is over." But it was as if she heard a little child cry: she turned and went away.

The years passed and she said to herself: "There must be something that explains things." She read and thought. She felt that she was an Eternal Being and believed that she had lived before, believed in cause and effect.

I saw in my dream how one day the cloud lifted and her heart was filled with a great joy. A voice came to her: "You have saved a soul." An inner light shone in her eyes and she thought: "For those words I could live these years once more." Was it an answer?

I saw again the dark cloud around her, but I saw also how she took up her duties in another way and how she said to herself: If I cannot do anything else, I will try to educate my sons in such a way that no woman shall be made unhappy through them. Theosophy had come into her life and it was its teachings that helped her to see the way she had to follow.

But there were many stumbling-blocks in her way; it may be that the worst were in her own nature. She fell and rose, fell and rose. At times she was lying still so long that I wondered if she was dead,

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and at last when she did not rise for a long time, I said in my dream: "Surely, now she is dead." Then it was as if a strong hand lifted her from the darkness, out from the poisonous air where she was lying, up where the atmosphere was clean and it was easy to breathe.

It took quite a time before she rose, before the tired heart and mind were rested. But when she rose, it seemed to me that her eyes glittered like laughing water — she looked at her life from above; she remembered. She saw her mistakes and failures lift her up

on to the plane of education, her sufferings as means to purify her heart. The God in her recognised the God in her fellow-men, and heart repeated to heart: "In the Divine we live and move and have our being."

I saw that her heart was filled with love and compassion, and once more there came from her deeper heart the same longing of years ago: "I wish so much to help; may I help?"

I heard soft music. Somebody touched with tender hands the strings on a harp. Then I awoke.



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



NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.



COMMANDER DYOTT and his party have returned from the Brazilian wilds to civilization in safety after going through extraordinary adventures and very nearly losing their lives. It was ascertained beyond doubt that the Fawcett expedition, in search of the mysterious 'city of the perpetual light' and other rumored remains of ancient high civilizations, perished at the hands of the Indians soon after entering the dangerous territory three years ago.

The adventure was extremely

risky, but Colonel Fawcett thought he had a good chance of success because of his extensive personal knowledge of the Amazonian jungle and his experience in handling Indian tribes.

The loss of such heroic and truly scientific explorers as Colonel Fawcett, his son, and their companion, is deeply to be regretted, and it does not seem probable that another archaeological expedition will soon venture into those terrible regions where man and nature conspire to throw every difficulty in the way of success.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

PROFESSOR V. G. CHILDE, of Edinburgh University, Scotland, announces what is said to be a most important discovery of a prehistoric alphabet during the excavation of a Pictish village in the Orkney Islands. A grave containing two skeletons was found built into the walls of a hut in such a way as to suggest that the remains were those of human beings sacrificed to give stability to the house. The upper edge of a large stone forming part of the enclosure containing the grave is carved with markings said to be too regular and deep to be accidental, and yet obviously not decorative, nor do they belong to any known runic alphabet.

Professor Childe assigns them provisionally to an unknown script and believes they relate to the so-called victims buried in the grave. The floor of the hut (one of six) was covered with a litter of pots, tools, bones, and shells. Limpets were evidently a staple food.



AN ancient Slavic temple dating from about the sixth century A. D., has been excavated near the town of Garz, in the island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea. Saxo-Grammaticus, in the twelfth century, describes two Slavic temples on Rugen, and Professor Schuchardt excavated one of these some time ago. He has now found the other which corresponds with the description. It

contains statues of the old Slavic gods, and there is a possibility of finding hoards of gold and jewels. Rugen contained the most important Baltic harbor on the trade-route between Constantinople and Northern Europe, over which silk and perfume were carried.

To some it may seem strange to learn that silk and perfume were freely used in Northern Europe in old times. It is unfortunate that so many common school histories give a false impression of the early ancestors of the northern peoples. Many people never get over the impression that the British were the wildest barbarians 'painted blue with woad' when the Romans arrived, and had no culture or refinement, utterly wrong as this is. The colleges of the Druids were real seats of learning. A recent writer, speaking on this subject, says:

"None could enter their schools unless he was freeborn and could trace his descent for nine generations; unless he had already qualified himself in the art of self-restraint and had shown himself worthy to be taught the greater learning which the Druids possessed. Even to the kings and potentates of Europe it was an honor that their sons should be taught in the Druidical schools of Britain, and one never yet found the seat of learning geographically placed in the midst of darkness, in a land of savages. . . ."

"The students at these universities numbered at times 60,000 souls, which included the young nobility of Britain and Gaul. The curriculum included natural philosophy, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, jurisprudence, medicine, poetry, and oratory, the first two named being taught with a severe exactitude."

It is not generally realized, but

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is perfectly established, that long before Galileo's telescope showed him the moons of Jupiter, the 'horns' of Venus, etc., the principal facts of astronomy were known. We do not know how far back such knowledge was taught in Ireland, but in the library of the Royal Irish Academy there is an Irish manuscript written about the year 1400 (two hundred years before Galileo) which gives a very fair account of the solar system, and specially mentions the gradual appearance of the crescent form in Venus and Mercury as they travel round the sun. The crescent form in these planets cannot be seen *without a telescope*.

Again, in the ancient historical legends of Ireland we constantly hear of the elegant silk garments embroidered with gold, worn by the upper classes, long before the coming of Christianity and the fall of Druidism.



ALTHOUGH Roy Chapman Andrews and his Mongolian Gobi expedition have not brought back an animal "as large as the Woolworth Building, New York," as reported by some journalist with more imagination than accuracy, their courage and determination have been rewarded by many valuable discoveries. Eastward of Erhlien thousands of relics of a densely populated stone-age culture were found, perhaps dating back twenty thousand years or more. The cli-

mate was far wetter than it is today and the people hunted in the dense forests and fished in the numerous lakes and streams.

Mr. Andrews hoped to prove that Mongolia was the 'cradle of the human race,' the place where mankind is supposed to have evolved from the so-called 'Dawn Man' and developed true human intelligence, but in this he was disappointed. In this region, as far back as research has extended, man is still man, even though he may be using very primitive tools.

The same story is repeated in Europe, Africa, America, and wherever else we may look. The 'cradle of the race' is attributed to Western Europe, Northern India, South Africa, Mongolia, and perhaps elsewhere, according to the school to which you belong. Even America has some supporters, but so far very few.

The fact is that biology and archaeology *know* nothing certain about the origin, evolution, and early distribution of the human race, and, according to the Theosophical teachings, for the good reason that mankind has been nearly twenty times as long on earth in bodily form as science is inclined to admit, and that during that immense period such vast changes in geography, climate, and other conditions have taken place that the records of events of the earlier developments have been practically obliterated. The few that survive have been ignored or misinterpreted,

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such as the utterly incomprehensible *ahus* or cut stone platforms of Easter Island, which have been frequently referred to in these columns.

Another reason why science is astray in regard to human evolution is its ignorance of the real nature of man. Regarded as nothing but a more highly organized animal, nothing is more natural than to trace him to a lower type of mammal and so forth, but the truth is infinitely more complex than this would suggest.

The subtil and complex constitution of man is only fully known to the great Teachers of the East, and they have given the world a small part of their knowledge through the agency of H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society. The little that has been divulged so vividly illuminates the situation that no one who seriously studies the hints given can regard the theories of modern science on human evolution as more than the first gropings toward the real facts. The point of view has to be changed, and man has to be looked upon as a soul, not a mere intellectual animal.

And so the student of Theosophy

is not surprised that the Andrews expedition has not demonstrated the Cradle of the Race!

It has done some fine things, though, not the least being the discovery of the fossil bones of a really immense mammal, supposed to have been twenty-five to thirty feet high and to have weighed fourteen tons, a truly formidable beast and probably the largest warm-blooded land animal that ever existed! It was, however, a vegetarian, living on the smaller branches of trees. The humerus alone is four feet long and the collarbone a full load for a strong coolie.

Owing to the immense labor in handling the fossil bones, some had to be left behind in the desert, but Mr. Andrews plans to retrieve the remainder later on.

Many of the specimens collected are now being studied in Peking by scientists, but Mr. Pond, the archaeologist to the expedition, has already arrived at San Francisco with thousands of prehistoric implements of ancient man. He says it is finally established that a cultured race lived in the Desert of Gobi and other parts of Mongolia at a probable date of at least ten to twenty thousand years ago.



“I PRODUCED the golden key of Pre-existence only at a dead lift, when no other method could satisfy me touching the ways of God, that by this hypothesis I might keep my heart from sinking.”— *Henry More*

THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the October issue)



ROBERT STYLES had money enough to be considered a rich man in a small way, and he had a most lucrative business, but he was only a land-agent and not one of the new kind of gentleman land-agents that had begun to enter the field, and who served to make such men as himself appear even lower down the social scale than before. He was not a gentleman, and had never pretended to be one, and for the first time he really regretted not having been more ambitious in that way. He was not a young man either, but then Mrs. Maynell was herself no child and a widow into the bargain.

He knew she had been a governess and had married an old man for his money, and rather admired her for it; he would have done the same in her place. He saw that she was not received or visited by the county-families, and that she seemed to have no women-friends; but he had made some private inquiries and could hear nothing against her reputation except her love of gambling, and he felt sure that she was far too clever to be a dangerous or reckless gambler; his own moral code only put the ban upon unsuccessful gambling. Personally she was the most desirable mistress of a house that his imagination could conceive, and his imagination had been given a free rein lately.

Tonight he was in an atmosphere of home-life such as he had never experienced. And now that he had seen what his own home might be with such a woman to manage it, he felt that he could not be satisfied any longer with his old life. His decision was made, and, if she had given him a chance, he would have told her so then and there: but she had no intention of taking any such step as either to accept or to refuse his offer till she was forced by fate to make the choice. So she managed to make it difficult for him to approach the subject, while still letting him feel that the way was open.

At last he found himself on his way home without any clear idea of how he had got away without compromising himself; that was how he put it to himself. A little later, after a few glasses of hot whisky, he wondered at his folly in not clinching matters then and there.

But his hostess smiled as she saw him go, and knew that she had a strong card in Robert Styles, whenever she decided to play that card.

Her eye fell on the birthday-book; she picked it up and searched the pages, her mind flitting from picture to picture of the past recalled by the names that filled the pages; many were names only and recalled nothing. Suddenly she stopped as the name of Richard Coulter caught her eye. So that was how Frank

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had got his signature for that bill! And Styles had seen it here in this book in her house.

Styles was no fool and had not lent all that money to Arthur Coulter for love of his family assuredly, nor for the mere profit; he was looking for revenge on the man who had disgraced him, and it was more than likely that he had pushed Arthur to the brink of the precipice in the hope that he would do as so many young men have done before him, and would perhaps forge the name of the security rather than face him and ask for it.

Styles would take it to be Arthur's doing, and, even if he did suspect Barker, or even if he suspected her, he would undoubtedly throw the blame where he wished it to hang, and where it would seem most likely to belong, that is, on the man who wanted the money, Arthur Coulter. The plan was simple, and Arthur had walked into the trap in the usual way.

She felt that she had made a false step in leaving that book there without examining it. She had taken Barker's story of the ladies he wished to impress by the use of his niece's birthday-book as true and had not given it a thought when he sent it back. Well, that must wait: she had to see what use she could make of what the voluble parson had told her.

It was not late yet and she stepped out into the garden, where all was still; voices came from the stable-yard, where the groom, who lived in the village, was locking up before going home for the night. She did not at first recognise the other voice,

then caught a few words and the name of Captain Barker and knew that it was Jenkins, the horse-breaker, who was there. She called across the hedge to the groom to ask who was there, and hearing it was Jenkins, she said she wanted to speak to him, and he came round by the garden-gate eagerly, for he had come on the chance of seeing her and had been told it was too late; as the servants wanted to go to bed early whenever it was possible, they made it a rule to refuse admittance to such late callers, out of consideration for their mistress of course. The groom felt that he was not wanted and went before he could be called back; the house-maid, however, sat up in order to speak to her mistress before going to bed.

Mrs. Maynell called Jenkins in and told him to sit down as she wanted to ask him about a horse. She told him about the colt she had seen and professed a great desire to have his opinion about it; started him to talk, and gradually led him round to the subject of Richardson, with whom Jenkins had had dealings.

Being known and trusted by all the horse-owners in the neighborhood, he was naturally a man whom the money-lender wanted to use, as a sort of private information-bureau, in order to learn the rather fluctuating condition of the securities offered to him, such as horses and other collateral.

So Jenkins knew the habits of the man and his way of doing business. He was certainly a sharp man to deal with, but then he admitted that the men who went to borrow from him would generally

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feel they were quite justified in 'letting him in' if they could do it without danger to themselves, and he got let in heavily sometimes. For himself he said, he thought the man was not unreasonable; if one man cheated him he would try to make another man pay for it, that was all; though he was bound to say the man took care to be beforehand with them, if he could, and generally got the profit before he risked a loss, though he opined that only a Jew could do that.

He was careful and regular in his office, and kept well inside the law, or at least kept outside its clutches; he was not careless in his habits like Styles, whom he had seen asleep and half drunk in his room at Kentham with the safe open and all his papers lying about without any one to look after them, and the servant as deaf as a post. It was a wonder he had not been robbed before now. The reason was, he thought, that Styles never kept cash in the house, and had no silver or jewelry, and papers were no use to a thief.

Once started, it was easy to keep him talking, and he told of Richardson's private office where he did his real business, leaving his sons to manage the land and estate office in the town; his own house was up near the race-course and had a small brass plate on the door with the name on just like a lawyer or a doctor. "But they find it easy enough," he said, "and a good few of them wish they hadn't.

"And that brings to mind, ma'am, that folks are saying that Mr. Arthur Coulter has been backing Roanoak

heavily and that now he will be finding his way there, and then the Lowthorpe estate will soon be as heavily mortgaged as it was when Sir John came of age, and started to economize and pay off the debts. I thought, ma'am, that perhaps you could put in a word of warning like, for Mr. Arthur is a fine young gentleman, and laughs at me if I advise him to be more careful.

"And then they are saying that Captain Barker has gone to London suddenly, and some think he is playing a deep game and has put Mr. Arthur on to this horse while he was backing the favorite himself. I know better, but folks will talk, and some say he has run away, and left Richardson to sell up his stable and get what he can out of it for himself."

"What does Richardson say himself? He ought to know," broke in Mrs. Maynell.

"Why, ma'am, he's a pretty close man is Richardson and careful, but he asked me when I expected the Captain back; and that means that he's scared. Of course he knows what is doing in the betting, at least here at Rowton; the bookies are all clients of his at times and they give him the straight tip if a man is going to bolt; they know who's hit, when anything happens like this accident to Roanoak, and that made me think that he must know something to make him ask me like that, if I knew when the Captain was coming back."

He paused as if for an answer, but got no encouragement; his listener seemed to have lost interest in that subject and suddenly asked:

"Do you know Jane Heathcote?"

THE DRUID STONES

"Do I know Jane? Well, I should say I do, ma'am. I knowed her from a little lass, and her mother before her; a decent body she was. Jane broke her heart for her, they say. Well, I'm not going to blame any woman for I know the men are hard on them from the start and then the other women finish them if they go wrong, and never give them a chance to get up again. There's a deal of cruelty in the world, it seems to me, ma'am."

"Is Jane in the village now?" asked Mrs. Maynell.

"Why yes, ma'am; I seen her yesterday and she looked a deal older, though she is but a lass still. She told me she had tried to get a place, and wanted to live respectable, but folks want characters with servants, and that makes it hard to get a start, though some of the bold ones they write their own characters, I'm told. Jane's not one of that sort."

"I would like to help her, Jenkins. I hate to see a girl like that pushed out into a bad life when she wants to go straight. Will you ask her to come and see me?"

"With pleasure, ma'am."

"Well, then, tomorrow morning; can you let her know that I will be at home all morning and would like to see her?"

"I'll do that with pleasure, ma'am; first thing in the morning."

Jenkins rose to go evidently delighted with his commission and not less pleased with his reception.

Mrs. Maynell also rose, then added casually:

"If you hear anything about Captain Barker will you let me know? He was kind enough to help me with

my stable, but I can wait till he comes back. I know he has business in London though he is not talkative about his private affairs."

She spoke as if she knew his position was too well secured to need any defense and also as if it was not a matter of any consequence, hoping it would be repeated and would reach Richardson's ears so as to stop any hasty move on his part.

Left to herself, she again sought counsel from the cards and was quietly playing 'patience,' when Mary, the parlor-maid, came to ask if there was anything more needed; she was told she could go to bed; but she hesitated to go, evidently wishing to say something, so her mistress asked kindly if she had something to say. Mary closed the door and said mysteriously:

"There's been a man hanging round the house all day, ma'am, and I think he's out there now. I thought you ought to know about it, ma'am."

"Has any one else seen him?"

"Not that I know of, ma'am. He doesn't look quite like a tramp or a beggar but more like a bailiff."

"Why, what could a bailiff want here? I think it must be one of these racing-touts, who has mistaken the house for Bircham Cottage, where all those race-horses are kept. Don't bother your head about it; just go to bed and say nothing about it; it might upset the others who are not as sensible as you, Mary."

Mary retired comforted, for her faith in her mistress was great. Mrs. Maynell, however, was not comforted; on the contrary, she felt that she must act quickly if she

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would prevent those bills being presented to Arthur before they were due. It might be done on pretense of giving him notice that they would be due in a few days, and that would draw from him something that would serve as a hint to Richardson, who evidently knew that Barker had gone, and who wanted to know if Arthur was likely to meet the call promptly or not. If this happened then Barker would be declared a forger, and the police would be on his track with a warrant before he had time to go to a country where he would be safe from extradition, for Arthur would promptly repudiate his signature.

She could not redeem the bills herself. She could raise no more on her own securities and could not appear openly in the matter without being uselessly compromised, but she had pledged herself to save him from becoming a criminal, before the law at least, and she would do it. She had carried this man and his weaknesses so long that it seemed to be her own destiny, and she never thought of repudiating the trust, though it was going almost beyond her now.

She had made so many sacrifices for the boy, that the man had grown up dependent upon her; she felt that she had herself helped to sow the seed of this crop of difficulties that had sprung up so richly now. But she must reap what she had sown, and she saw nothing at all heroic about it; it was necessary, because it was her fate. The cards told her that; they told her so much that she already knew, and so little that she urgently needed to know.

VII

NEXT morning early came a groom with a note from Willie Barnet enclosing his check and a request that the man might bring the horse back, to save Mrs. Maynell the trouble of sending him.

She hesitated a moment, after giving orders about the horse and writing an answer and acknowledgment for the groom to carry back; then she endorsed the check and sent it to the Bank at Rowton, and drew a post-dated check for the amount due to Arthur for purchase of the horse, and sent her own groom with the note to Lowthorpe.

Then she called for Jane Heathcote, who had been waiting for some time in the kitchen where the cook had made her at home, and given her breakfast, as she thought the girl looked delicate.

When Jane came in, Mrs. Maynell was bending over her writing, and asked her to sit down, saying she would be finished in a minute.

As soon as Mary was gone and the door was closed, she turned and smiled, saying: "Well, Jane, don't you know me again?"

The girl looked at her a moment, then impetuously clasped the offered hand and kissed it with an expression of devotion that brought a glow to the heart of the woman of the world, the adventuress, the gambler, who had seemed such a monster of iniquity in the jaundiced eyes of the pious Mr. Chawley — that is, before she asked him to tea.

"Oh Miss Mapleson! I never dreamed I would see you here! Fancy meeting you here and you sending for me and my never guess-

THE DRUID STONES

ing who Mrs. Maynell was, and it's you! Oh! I have blessed you for what you did for me, and indeed I have tried to do as I promised you.

"I have tried to get a place, but they always found out about me and turned me out without a character; if I had not had your help, yes, the money and the letters, but most of all the letters, I would have gone the wrong road for sure. The world is all against you when you have once

got the stamp of the jail on you, and if I hadn't remembered my promise to you, and if I hadn't thought that maybe some day I should meet you again and you would ask me what I had done, then I must have given up the fight. It is a fight, miss, that's the word for it; but I can look you in the face, and take your hand, and bless you for all you've done for me, miss."

(To be continued)