THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

OUR platform is a Theosophical platform. The mission of Theosophy is to break the molds of the minds of men and to bring home to them the knowledge of their essential divinity, of their possibilities, and of their responsibilities.

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The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is a nonpolitical and nonsectarian organization; its officers are all unsalaried; and its work is the outcome of the work that was begun in the seventies in New York by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, when she gave up her home and friends in Russia and brought to the western world the knowledge of the ancient wisdom.

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Theosophy is not modern; it is a restatement of the ancient Wisdom-Religion adapted to present conditions. It is as old as the ages; and if one will study Theosophy he will find that it was lived and practised in a very beautiful and altruistic way centuries before Jesus Christ.

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In the beauty and simplicity of its teachings it has a message for all; its philosophy is one of enlightenment; it gives to man the key to wisdom, to knowledge, — to each one just as far as he has evolved. By these teachings man may live his life more rationally, more hopefully, more happily.

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The one great thing needed is that the minds of the people shall be attracted to the importance of seeking that quality of knowledge which is necessary for them to know themselves. Surely we do know that unless we have a larger knowledge of our real selves than we have had in the past, we must continue to live in a state of unrest, confusion, and doubt.

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If we study the historical past and look into the different periods of time, we shall find that one of the greatest battles of the human race has been the struggle between individualism and institutionalism. Theosophy alone can span the gap between these two forces and bring about a balance in human life. Theosophical thought makes clear man's duty both to himself and to his fellows.

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Our humanity has come to a pivotal point in its history. It is not only in humanity as a whole that this conflict is taking place, but in the individual heart and life, and each man is being challenged to face himself; "Man know thyself!" It is an accentuation of the conflict between the higher and lower natures of man, and it is the mission of Theosophy to establish such habits of mind and action that the finer qualities of man's higher nature shall predominate over the animal tendencies of the lower nature,— then happiness will follow.

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Material things, in place, are right. Man should know how to use his intellect for the sustaining of his material life; but he should also have knowledge of the spiritual life; he should know how to place his feet so that they may carry him along the paths of true progress on all lines. There must be a balance in his life, a balance between individualism and institutionalism. He must employ his own thoughts, his own power, his own life, for self-directed evolution —for self-control. But this is not possible until he honors his own higher, divine nature, until he realizes its spiritual ability and power. When this moment comes, then he finds within himself new and wonderful and inspiring forces of life, the vital refinements of the real man, who is himself. Then it becomes possible to hold the lower nature in place, to exercise true self-control, and thus gain the dignity of true manhood.

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Everyone has to meet stumbling-blocks in the beginning when just starting out in an endeavor to form right habits of thought and to bring their influence into the life; but after a while he advances to better things; his own higher nature will bring him to realize that there must be a systematic line of work, of service, and of knowledge, in order that the higher and nobler principles may have free action; and that he must take his conscience not only to church, but into all business relations, into his home — into all associations with his fellows, vivifying his conscience in such a way that his mind will broaden with every experience,

bringing him into the realms of higher discernment which lead to the development of intuition.

Then will new vistas of the higher life open before him, and he will realize that he is a part of the great universal scheme of life, that he and all else are guided by and are part of the infinite laws of life and nature, all working in harmony with the finer, invisible, and powerful forces of human life. He will find himself at the midway point, the point of balance between individualism and institutionalism; freedom of thought and action will rationally follow and the power to work on lines of least resistance will be an important faculty within him.

Surely we must admit the instability of modern social life. So many things are lacking, and such differences exist in the human mind and in habits of thought and life that there cannot be, truly, the real co-operation that our hearts crave. We differ so, the one from the other; we run off into so many side-paths, hungry-hearted, taking up this idea and that idea, and get no results, because we have not understood the fundamental principles of life; we have not approached a knowledge of life, understandingly; and yet it is all so simple that a child can understand it.

If we are to correct the instability of social life, the first step we must take is to find our permanent selves, and thus discover strength and determination that will carry us through to better things. We must realize that we are essentially divine, and must wholly rely on an enlightened conscience; we must begin to live in our hearts to such a degree that we shall push on in our search for truth; and, when found, we must assert it in our own lives. Thus we may gain a discrimination that was not ours before and a determination to apply the forces of our conscience and our spiritual will to a great effort for the upliftment of humanity. In doing these things, one brings out the nobler qualities of one's nature and becomes a living example, even though one's voice may never be heard and one's hands never active in outer work (though they should be). There will be created a wonderful atmosphere of noble thought and feeling that humanity greatly needs.

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What is immediately needed is to arrive at a point where we can see that there must be the elements of morally constructive habit, or habits, introduced into human life before humanity can be brought to the full recognition of its needs. First recognition, then correction. The social system, even such as it is, would amount to very little unless there were some directive method in it, imperfect as that might be. Without method there would be no coherence in social life at all. Think of our army! We certainly can realize that without system, organization, order, regularity, and thorough discipline, the army would

become a mob. And we have great lessons to learn thereby. So in social life, and in the individual life of man, if he is to fulfil his true mission, there must be introduced the elements of constructive habit, of organization, of self-discipline, of order, and of regularity — essential refinements,— otherwise retrogression will follow.

If we study this subject well, we shall find that there can be an introduction of system and order into thought and action that will be so corrective that it will undo those false teachings that have blocked our way for ages and which have played so great a part in the disintegration of nations and peoples.

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When the war is ended and the millions of soldiers return to their countries and to their homes, they will ask many new questions, and will demand answers. They are becoming the most determined thinking force of the age; indeed, they have already become that. One does not have to talk with them, one has only to be with them, to find that they are asking new questions of the present hour — the question of Life and Death. I cannot understand how any other system of thought but Theosophy can meet these questions and give the light needed.

Theosophy can meet and can answer them; first, because it is so simple, and because in all its service it has the true spirit of good-fellowship, and because it is in fact truth, and nothing else but the truth can answer this inquiring body of thinkers.

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While the lives of the students of Theosophy are still imperfect and are yet slowly evolving to a more perfect way, nevertheless the teachings of Theosophy meet every demand. A Theosophist in good standing, no matter how great his study or how earnestly he may have applied the teachings to his life, is ever seeking for the larger knowledge that will give him a more secure foothold on the path of life, and a better basis of right living. Those who are living the most closely to the Theosophical teachings, as evidenced in the unselfish example of their lives, admit that they were at the tether end of things, so to speak, before they found the New Hope — Theosophy.

October 13, 1918 *KATHERINE TINGLEY*
EDITOR

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE COMMON SENSE OF THEOSOPHY:

by J. H. Fussell *

TODAY we are demanding more than ever before that our theories shall be in accord with common sense. We reject those ideas and those teachings which do not satisfy our reason. Theosophy would also add that it rejects those ideas which do not satisfy the deeper side, or the higher side, of our nature: that something in us which is deeper and higher than reason.

For many years past science has been more and more coming to demand common sense. I say more and more, for one who has studied and read Theosophy will have found that science is not yet entirely common-sense in all its theories. We have also been demanding in our philosophy that it shall accord with common sense. But it is not so very long ago that, in regard to religion, we were satisfied to accept ideas which were put forward solely on authority, and if you will look back to some of the religious teachings of a few decades ago, indeed to some of the religious teachings which are taught today, you will find that many of these ideas do not accord with common sense; they will not bear the searching analysis of reason.

Now, I said that in science we were coming more and more to demand common sense, so let me give just one example of how common sense has not ruled in science. I refer to the Darwinian theory which, in respect to man's ancestry — that we are the descendants of apes — is not only contrary to common sense, that is, to enlightened reason, but also is contrary to well-ascertained facts. Many of these facts were stated by Madame Blavatsky in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, and those of you who are really interested in taking up the subject and finding out the incompleteness — the more than incompleteness, the contrariness to reason — of the Darwinian theory, should, I suggest, turn to the pages of that great work, and especially of the second volume. In it Mme Blavatsky not only brings forward the teachings of Theosophy of ages and ages ago, from a time so far back that we cannot measure it, but she also quotes the conclusions of noted scientists — men who, in their day, stood in the very front rank as scientists, and who from the outset combated the degrading theory of the descent of man from the apes.

It is only quite recently, in fact published in the *New York Times* of March 1, 1918, that another distinguished scientist, Dr. Wood Jones, Professor of Anatomy in the University of London, a man whose position at least entitles him to a hearing, says that the Darwinian theory must be reconsidered. One of the most recently discovered skulls, which was

*An Address delivered at Isis Theater, June 23, 1918

discovered in 1889 in Australia, but only really examined in 1914, shows conclusively (but this is only one more evidence) that man preceded, in point of time, the existence of the anthropoid apes; and if that is so, then man certainly cannot be the descendant of the apes.

But there are many more lines of argument, which cannot be dwelt on now, and I bring this forward merely as an illustration to show that in science, where above all we expect common sense to rule, we have to a very great extent been led by *authority* — in this instance by the authority of a wonderful man, a deep researcher who, however, did not see the full implication of the discoveries which he made. And if humanity generally, and the majority of the thinking portion of humanity, so widely departed in the matter of science from common sense, it is no wonder that in regard to philosophy, which many people consider merely as speculation as to the meaning of life, there has also been in many instances a departure from common sense. And when we come to matters of faith, to matters of religion, it is still more so.

Now to turn to Theosophy, which students who have given real study to the subject claim *is common sense:* it must be something that will satisfy, as I said, not only reason, but the deepest longings of the heart. It must satisfy every part of our nature. It must open the way to real life. It must give an answer to the problems that confront us, that confront every thinking man and woman, and the *un*thinking as well. Does it do so? Does it do all this? One of the most complete and, I think, beautiful definitions of Theosophy is that given by William Quan Judge, who, as most of you know, was with Mme Blavatsky when she founded the Society, and was always recognised and often addressed by her in her letters to him, as co-founder and her greatest friend. Upon one occasion she called him her "only friend." He was the one man who, of all men living, understood her the best, who was closest to her and who succeeded her as teacher and leader in the Theosophical Movement after her death.

Mr. Judge gives this definition of Theosophy:

> "Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of sentient being. Unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child."

Now, if that be true as a definition, and of course you can only verify it for yourselves through study and through serious thinking upon the subject — you cannot take it absolutely from the lips of another — if that be true, then surely we are right in speaking of Theosophy as common sense. If it will give to the greatest minds their fullest scope, and satisfy *them*, it must indeed be glorified common sense; and if, at the other pole, and at the same time, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child,

then indeed we can say it is common sense. For, after all, where do we get some of the deepest truths? Where do we get *the test* of some of the deepest truths? Is it not in the acceptance that children give to them? Do not some of the deepest questions come from children — some of the unanswerable questions, and often the most satisfying of answers?

If that definition of Mr. Judge's is one that by search and study we find to be true, then we can indeed say that Theosophy is common sense. So let us turn to a few of the teachings of Theosophy and very briefly endeavor to see whether Theosophy appeals to our common sense. I wish to say that I do not hold that common sense is that which is accepted *universally*, but that it is that *which one day will be accepted universally*. There are many people, as we know, who do not accept certain things that to us are the very acme of common sense. So it is not that common sense is so very common, but I hold it is that which will be found to be common to all who give the deepest study to the subject, and who look at facts, and reason *rightly* upon those facts.

Let us consider then a few of the teachings of Theosophy and first the great trinity of teachings which it has been said, above all, the Theosophical Movement was established to bring again to the world: *viz.*, first, Universal Brotherhood (and there is an implication in this as I shall show); second, Karma, the teaching of law, that law rules our lives; and third, Reincarnation. I say that there is an implication in the idea or teaching of Universal Brotherhood. You might perhaps ask why do I not mention that teaching which is so often on the lips of Madame Tingley in her addresses here — the essential divinity of man? But if you analyse the idea of Universal Brotherhood, you will see that the teaching of the essential divinity of man is implied in it; that the spiritual basis of the teaching of Universal Brotherhood is the divinity of man, and that it is by the recognition of this essential divinity that alone we can come not merely to accept the idea of Universal Brotherhood, but to act upon it. So we come to the question: is the idea of Universal Brotherhood, from what we know from our own experience, common sense? Can we say that?

Outwardly, it might not appear so — not as a practice; but looking a little further, and looking back through history, and if we can accept Reincarnation and Karma (because all these three great teachings hang together), we shall be bound to see that Universal Brotherhood — the idea of Universal Brotherhood — is the most common-sense idea, expressing the true relation of man to man. Consider for instance the idea that is being put forward today perhaps more than at any other time, of the necessity for co-operation. What is the real basis of co-operation? Its immediate object or purpose is easy to see. It is the

accomplishment of something. I am not speaking of co-operation on any one line, but generally. Its object or purpose is the better, the more ready, accomplishment of some end in view; and its basis, that the real interests of humanity are common interests. Hence we see the common-sense value of Brotherhood from the standpoint of utility.

Then we find on different lines of investigation that human nature is fundamentally the same the world over. You may say that we are very different from our next-door neighbor, from the people of another race, etc., but those differences are only surface differences. If we look into the deeps of our natures, into the essential things of our natures, we shall find *there* a common meeting-ground. It is there that we come to the real basis, the spiritual basis of brotherhood, it is the essential divinity of man.

There are also many indirect proofs of Universal Brotherhood. For instance we find that religious convictions of widely-separated peoples — those convictions that are fundamental — are the same the world over; though this may not be immediately apparent to those who have not studied the subject. But if the subject be studied; if we go back to the remotest antiquity, to the earliest literature which we have, and come down through the ages, noting the essential teachings of all the great religions of the world, we shall find in all of them the same fundamental ideas and the same foundation of a common truth.

In many other ways we could prove that Universal Brotherhood is a common-sense idea. If we take, for instance, the accomplishment of the *supreme* aim that is before us: that aim which, even from the standpoint of modern science and the Darwinian theory, is the progression and ultimate perfection, as far as that appears to be possible to modern science, of the whole of humanity — if we are to reach that goal there must at least be co-operation. However much we may think our interests diverge from the interests of others, there must be a meeting-point in regard to those interests, and in accordance with which we can act.

It will be understood, of course, that I can not now consider any one of the Theosophical teachings at any length. I can merely touch upon a few. So I pass on to the teaching of Karma, which you will find expressed in the great religions of the world in different forms: expressed by Paul in the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; and by Jesus in the question: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" The same idea was presented by both. It is the teaching that is expressed in science: "For every action there is an equal and contrary reaction." Newton's laws are an expression of Karma.

Simply by scientific investigation we can prove this teaching of Karma. To give it another definition, we can say "For every cause

there is a corresponding effect." And conversely, if you find effects you have only to trace back and you will come to causes; and those causes will be found in every way correspondential to the effects, if you can get at *all* the causes. Of course, there is where the difficulty is. So that the teaching of Karma in regard to the outer physical world is certainly common sense. But Theosophy comes in and says that Karma, in this sense, *i. e.*, as the law of cause and effect, does not apply simply to the physical world; it applies also to the moral world; it applies to the mental world. We know we are continually sowing seeds in thought — we can look upon it in that way at least, that a thought in a sense is a seed — and we have only to investigate a little and look into our own lives and see that a persistent course of thinking finally results in action, and that it is possible to predict the nature of the resulting action from a persistent course of thinking. Some people think that their thoughts are their own. They say, "What does it matter what I think? No one knows about it, and no one will know about it." And so they go on thinking, and thinking and thinking, until finally and inevitably their persistent thinking dominates their lives and without their realizing it, it becomes a part of their nature, and they begin to act out what they have been thinking about.

There are many implications in all this. Above all it shows the common sense of Theosophy in laying stress upon the importance of the thought life, first of all, and upon the moral life. Because, if the thought life is along the right lines, then our moral life will be along the right lines inevitably; and our actions will also be along the right lines inevitably, according to law. So without taking up further time in regard to this teaching, we can surely say that Karma is common sense, and pass to the teaching of Reincarnation. Is that common sense?

Reincarnation is one of the subjects that attracts most readily some people to Theosophy and, strange to say, most readily repels others. It seems to be the one teaching that attracts most attention, either for or against, among those who hear of Theosophy for the first time. Does it appeal to common sense? If it can be shown that the teaching of Reincarnation solves the problems of the seeming injustices and the very evident inequalities of life, then we shall have one very strong argument in favor of Reincarnation as being common sense. If you will study what has been said in Theosophical literature in regard to Reincarnation, you will find that this is so. You will find, in the first place, that when a child is born — and you do not have to study the teachings of Theosophy for this — you simply have to turn to the experiences of every-day life, if not of your own lives then of the lives about you — you will find that children are born with characters differing from the

characters of others. You will find that while the teaching of heredity may seem to throw some light upon these differences of character and capabilities which are so marked, yet heredity does not fully answer the questions that come up in regard to them: Indeed, it hardly answers them at all. But the teaching of Reincarnation, coupled with that of Karma, does answer these questions.

You will find by taking up this idea of Reincarnation that the longings which men and women have, which practically everyone has, as they are approaching and passing middle age and getting on towards the later years of life — that these longings are themselves an indirect evidence of the common sense of Reincarnation. How often do we hear people say — perhaps we have said it ourselves, or thought it — "Oh, if I had had a little more knowledge, a little more advice, in my early years, how different life might have been — oh! if only I could have another chance." I do not need to speak about this further, for all of you have heard Mme Katherine Tingley speak of the magic of those words, "Another chance." And the magic in those words is due to the reality which is behind them: that there *is* another chance, that there is hope.

Passing on now to the teaching that above all others seems to be the teaching of Theosophy, which also is constantly on the lips of Mme Tingley, *Man, Know Thyself*, you know, of course, it is one of the teachings of the ancient Greeks. It was said to have been given out by the Delphic Oracle: MAN, KNOW THYSELF. In one of Plato's Dialogues, *Charmides*, the whole of which is upon the subject of Temperance and Wisdom, Critias, addressing Socrates, says: "I would rather withdraw certain arguments," (which he had brought forward) "and not be ashamed to confess that I was mistaken, than admit that a man can be temperate or wise who does not know himself."

It is interesting to note that throughout this dialogue Plato uses the words *temperance* and *wisdom* as synonymous. In fact, the translator, Professor Jowett, says that the same word has been used in the Greek but that according to the context he has translated it at one time *temperance* and at another time *wisdom*. Critias continues:

"For self-knowledge would certainly be maintained by me to be the very essence of knowledge, and in this I agree with him who dedicated the inscription, 'Know Thyself!' at Delphi. That word, if I am not mistaken, is put there as a sort of salutation which the deity addresses to those who enter the temple; as much as to say that the ordinary salutation of 'Hail!' is not right, and that the exhortation, 'Be temperate!' would be a far fitter way of saluting one another. The notion of him who dedicated the inscription was, as I believe, that the deity speaks to those who enter his temple not as men speak: but, when a worshiper enters, the first word which he hears is 'Be temperate!' This, however, like a prophet, he expresses in a sort of riddle, for 'Know thyself!' and 'Be temperate!' are the same, as I maintain, and as the writing implies."

Now that gives, I think, the keynote of all the teachings of Theosophy. And it gives it in the alternative meanings which are there given by Plato: "Man, Know Thyself!" meaning thereby "Be temperate!" in the sense that temperance is an absolute essential, a *sine qua non*, to the acquirement of true knowledge.

For lack of time I must pass over other most valuable and interesting teachings of Theosophy, to show it is common sense along other most essential lines, not of teaching only but of practice. If Theosophy is common sense, as I said in the beginning, it must satisfy the whole nature: the deepest longings of the heart, as well as the reason. In order to do this, it must be something that is essentially practical. If it be not something that can be applied to daily life and to the conduct of every-day life, then certainly we should do right in rejecting Theosophy as not being common sense; but if, on the contrary, we find that it is something that we can take into our daily life, if we can take the principles of Theosophy and apply them in business, in the home, in our recreation, in our study, in whatever phase of life we may be engaged in — if we can do this, then we can certainly accept the idea that Theosophy is common sense.

Now, friends, do I have to ask whether this is possible? Most of you, I know, have attended our morning services in this Isis Theater since they were started, and our evening services before then, many, many times; and you know, from what you have heard from the lips of Mme Katherine Tingley and her expositions of Theosophy, that, above all things, Theosophy *is* applicable to all the problems of life, to every phase of life. That is always the burden of her words, and if any one of us has a problem or a difficulty, he could, if he only knew it, find in Theosophy the solution of the difficulty and the key to the problem. So it comes down to this: if Theosophy be so helpful, is it not worthy of our giving it serious attention? Is it not worthy of our taking it up as a study, and not merely as an intellectual study, not merely for the arm-chair, but something that we can search into more deeply by putting it into practice and making it a part of our every-day lives in order to find the key to that which is, for each of us, *our* great problem?

Taking simply these three teachings: Universal Brotherhood, which has to do with the relation of man to man, with our relation to our fellow beings, which may be summed up in one's duty to one's neighbor, as given in the words of Jesus, and we know what definition he gave of one's neighbor — if our difficulties be along that line, in regard to our fellow-beings, we shall find their solution in this teaching of Universal Brotherhood, especially if we couple it with that of Karma: that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. If the difficulty be in regard to our failures in life, and we have all had to face failures, and in regard

to the incompleteness of our successes, the unsatisfied feeling that we get when we seem to have achieved that which we have striven for — the realization that it does not satisfy us, that there is something lacking — if that be our problem we have but to turn to the teachings of Karma and Reincarnation, and we shall find that there is 'another chance,' that we shall come back again with the accumulated experiences of the past, ready to take up again the problems of life with added knowledge and a new courage.

If our difficulty, or the problem we have to face, be one of sorrow and the loss of friends, through death, we have but to turn to the teachings of Theosophy to find consolation, and not only consolation, but knowledge — knowledge to be gained through the teaching of Reincarnation. To give just one quotation from Mme Tingley. Speaking of death, she says:

"Be assured, my friends, that in the great Cycle of Time, under the right conditions, we shall meet our own again. No power on earth or in Heaven, so to speak, can separate those who are bound with the true tie of love, — immortal love We have not to think *how* it shall be, or *when* and *where* it shall be, — this reunion; we have only to do our duty day by day in the truest sense, to lead the Theosophical life in the Now, in the ever-present Now, in the conscious knowledge of the Higher Law; and at the right time, under the right conditions, we truly, truly shall meet our own again."

Turn, in fact, to any one of the questions that may be in your mind and you will find the key to the answer, you will find the answer itself, in the teachings of Theosophy. It does not necessarily follow that you will find any particular question or problem stated, but you will find those principles that will guide you to a solution of the problem and an answer to your question whatever it may be. That is what, above all things, we want in these days of turmoil. We are looking for that which will guide us along the right path and, above all, for a sane philosophy of life. For, whatever be our hopes, our aspirations, our aims in life, they amount to very little, they will be certain to fail us at the end, unless they are based upon a sane common-sense philosophy, a philosophy that may be inquired into with the deepest searchings of reason, and a philosophy that will also answer the longings of the heart and our deepest intuitions; and that philosophy you will discover, if you will study, is Theosophy, the once universal Wisdom-Religion of antiquity.

SPIRIT, SOUL, AND MATTER: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IT is not necessary to employ the arts of rhetoric and persuasion in factitious recommendation of anything which possesses obvious intrinsic worth; for all that is required is to direct attention to those merits, thus enabling the inquirer to convince himself as to their validity. This is eminently the case with Theosophy; and, though no panegyric is needed, the recommendation being derived from the study, yet it may be necessary to invite people to that study, which otherwise they might not perhaps undertake.

Whether a study of the world's philosophies has been precedent or subsequent to that of Theosophy, in either case it is remarked that Theosophy gathers together, completes, and sums up the results attained by the philosophers. It is often said that each philosopher seems to have hit upon some fragment of the Theosophical teachings, but to have got no further, for want of the other portions; and that, if their efforts could in some way have been combined, a far closer and ampler approximation to the truth would have been attained.

It might occur to the mind, after the above remarks, that Theosophy is an able and comprehensive *synthesis* of the various philosophical and metaphysical systems; but this hardly expresses the fact. An examination of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings does not suggest that she had undertaken such a collation of the results of these systems; on the contrary it indicates clearly that Theosophy was in her mind from the first as a complete system; and that, when she refers to the philosophies, sciences, religions, etc., it is for purposes of illustration, or to convey her teachings in terms familiar to current thought, or to show how Theosophy interprets them. Theosophy — or, to give it its wider name, the Secret Doctrine — has existed in all ages, as a definite body of knowledge, in the possession of certain people; and the achievements of the philosophers have been like the explorations of various travelers in a distant land; or else they have been the various attempts made by people possessing the knowledge (or some of it) to communicate what they could to the world at large.

But, as these remarks are only prefatory to our subject, we shall not dwell upon them, further than to express our conviction that the zealous student of life will find in Theosophy a light that he can find nowhere else; and this should be sufficient for anyone who is seeking knowledge for the help which it brings him.

Among world-views (*Weltanschauungen*), there are Idealisms which seek to represent the world as Idea, Materialisms which depict it as Matter, and systems which describe the world as the result of Idea acting upon Matter. The two former are called Monistic systems; the last, Dualistic. More comprehensive than either are those systems which

combine the Monad with the Duad by placing a Trinity at the head of creation. But the exact order of the Zero, the One, the Two, the Three, etc., in this abstruse scale of cosmic mathematics, is a very intricate question; and we refer the inquirer to the introductory parts of H. P. Blavatsky's work, *The Secret Doctrine.* To be lucid, it is necessary to speak in approximate terms and to deal in imperfect and temporary analogies. Or, to borrow an oriental figure, we must do as a man does who wishes to point out to another some insignificant star: he points first to a large star and says, 'That is it'; then, when the searcher has descried that large star, his informant points to a smaller one near it and says, 'That is it'; and so on until the required star is at last found. When we have mastered one approximation to the truth, we are ready to proceed to a nearer approximation.

A convenient way of regarding the constitution of man and of other manifestations of the universal life is under the triple form of Spirit, Soul, and Body. But it will be necessary to attempt some definition of the sense in which we intend to use these terms, before proceeding further. The words Spirit and Soul are, in common parlance, used interchangeably, and without any idea of making a distinction between them. Thus the spirit or soul of a man is usually regarded as an immortal essence of the man, which comes into independent existence after his death. Theosophy insists that, if man has an immortal essence, it ought to be an influential factor in his life *before* death — a very important point, but aside from our present purpose.

H. P. Blavatsky says, in one place in *The Secret Doctrine,* that soul is the vehicle of spirit, and matter is the vehicle of soul. Thus soul is, according to this definition, the body of the spirit (in a sense), or the embodiment of spirit; and again, soul is (so to say) the spirit of matter. Thus soul stands midway between spirit and body, being at the bottom of one and at the top of the other. Soul may be defined as the first embodiment of spirit, and matter as the second embodiment of spirit, or as the embodiment of spirit and soul together. Thus, if we represent spirit by the number One, and soul by the number Two, we obtain a triad which can be shown by three dots forming a triangle. Then, if we choose to represent matter or body by the number Four, we shall obtain the sacred symbolic number Seven; and the analogy between soul and body is shown by the analogy between Two and Four, the latter being twice the former and also its square. This arithmetical analogy will serve to make our meaning clearer, but should not be pushed too far. But the study of mathematics as a symbolic key — in the old Pythagorean way — is sufficiently fruitful to satisfy the busiest mind.

The Universal World-Soul is spoken of in *The Secret Doctrine* as

Cosmic Ideation, the Cosmic Noumenon of Matter, the basis of the intelligent operations in and of Nature; and it is stated that the Secret Doctrine teaches the fundamental identity of all souls with the Universal Oversoul; and that every soul has to go through the cycle of incarnations. In trying to give an idea of these three roots, Spirit, Soul, and Matter, one might say that Spirit is the creative energy, Soul the idea, and Matter the vehicle or material.

That which we perceive in the world with our bodily senses, and which we often call Matter, is really matter-in-motion, matter animated by spirit, matter invested with life. But what is matter itself? Men of science have often tried to dissect the materials of the universe, in search of the real unadulterated matter — as a boy might dissect a musical-box to find the music — but whenever they have sought to put their finger upon it, it has slid from under like a drop of quicksilver. They have never been able to find anything more than particles in motion, and are even in doubt as to whether the particles themselves are not made of motion. They could not find anything that would stay still and behave as pure matter ought to behave. There was always a residuum of energy left, and when this residuum was abstracted, it seemed as if nothing was left. What we *call* 'matter' is the result of our perceptions.

"The pure object apart from consciousness is unknown to us, while living on the plane of our three-dimensional World; as we know only the mental states it excites in the perceiving Ego."— *The Secret Doctrine,* I, 329

"Matter is *Eternal*. It is the *Upâdhi* (the physical basis) for the One infinite Universal Mind to build thereon its ideations." — I, 280

Thus we cannot know matter in itself, but only in combination. All the objects which we perceive are ensouled. Here we touch upon a characteristic teaching of Theosophy — that the whole universe is animate, and that the distinction between animate and inanimate is a false one. Theosophy recognises a chain of living organisms, from man down through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, to the mineral kingdom; and sees no valid reason for drawing the limits even there. The difference between these kingdoms is only in the degree and kind of their ensoulment, but all are ensouled and alive. The universal Life (or Spirit) pervades and informs all creation; and Soul is its vehicle and the means through which Spirit is manifested in Matter. Thus there are the three fundamental principles: Universal Spirit, Universal Soul, and Universal Matter.

In man the attributes of Spirit and Soul are more fully manifested than in the lower kingdoms of nature; in the mineral kingdom they are nearly latent. It may sound strange to some people to speak of a mineral having a soul. This soul is the seat of the qualities. What makes one

mineral different from another? It is not the primordial matter, for that is common to all; it is the indwelling soul of the mineral. The idea is more easily grasped when we consider the plant-kingdom; it is more obvious to us that an intelligent soul works there, building up the structure according to the idea in the soul, the same seed always producing the same plant. The plant soul is of a different order from the mineral soul; and yet, as the plant contains mineral matter, it must have the mineral soul as well; and thus each kingdom includes those below it. The animal has a soul of a still higher order, in addition to what it possesses in common with the two lower kingdoms; and in man there is the highest soul of all, the human soul, although man also has an animal soul (or is it several?)

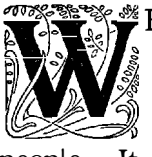
The importance of this last statement is very great; for its non-recognition constitutes a grave error, upon which has been based a false philosophy of human nature and a false interpretation of human life. Science has frequently sought to represent the human kingdom as a mere extension of the animal kingdom; it has sought to establish the existence of a continuous scale of gradations from the lowest kingdom to the highest. Now we do not deny that there is a scale of gradations, but we do deny that it is continuous. There are, as Swedenborg points out, continuous degrees and discrete degrees. For instance, in the states of matter, the solid, liquid, and gaseous are discrete degrees; and though liquids may differ from each other in the degree of their viscidity, and solids in the degree of their plasticity (these latter being continuous degrees), we cannot define a solid as a very viscid liquid, nor a liquid as a very plastic solid. When we melt a solid, there comes, as a rule, a point where it passes definitely and suddenly into the liquid condition. The scale of chemical elements furnishes another illustration of the principle: each has its own fixed atomic weight; and, though chemists can now, in some cases, transmute one element into another, they cannot find any fixed intermediate links between the elements, which would establish a *continuous* scale.

Believing then that we are applying the laws of analogy correctly in this case, and that science has too often applied them wrongly, we affirm that these four kingdoms of nature are distinct, separated from one another by discrete degrees. And, in the case of man, which we are considering particularly, he is such by virtue of the possession of a distinct faculty, which is either present or absent, and whose presence makes the lowest man entirely different from the highest animal. This is the gift of self-consciousness, the power to contemplate his own mind, that light which is seen in no eye of animal, but is never absent from the eye of any man unless entirely bereft of humanity. This constitutes a discrete degree.

THE DUALITY OF HUMAN NATURE

The trinity of Spirit, Soul, Matter, which we have described as pervading every atom, finds its analogy everywhere; and in man we find it again on a larger scale in the trinity of Divine, Human, and Animal. This cardinal Theosophical teaching makes man tripartite, his mind being the arena of conflict between the animal and spiritual natures. His destiny is to unite his human soul with the spiritual, and thus to conquer the animal; but the animal seeks to engross the powers of the human soul. The importance of the doctrine is that it makes spiritual attainment an end to be achieved during life on earth, not a visionary prospect of the after-life. The human soul is of such a nature that it cannot find lasting satisfaction in the desires of the animal soul; and is therefore obliged to seek satisfaction in the spiritual aspirations. Read great novels, and you will find the means always mistaken for the end, satisfaction sought in love or ambition, but never found; the true interpretation of this unescapable fact missed by the novelist. There has to come a time for every man when he realizes at last that something greater than self-satisfaction must be the moving power in his life.

THE DUALITY OF HUMAN NATURE ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHICAL TEACHING: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



E have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

A Sunday-by-Sunday confession with vast numbers of people. It ought to do them some good, one would think. If it doesn't, why doesn't it?

Partly because they do not say to themselves and make quite clear to themselves just *what* things they have done that they should not, and just *what* things they have left undone that they should have done.

And partly because they go on to make the fatal and self-libelous remark: "And there is no health in us."

You cannot repeat a statement like that without coming to believe it, without its sinking into character and paralysing the will.

Moreover if there *is* no health in us, it would logically follow that we are not responsible for anything we do and no blame attaches to our conduct and we cannot be 'sinners' though we may be 'miserable.'

There certainly *is* no health in us unless we bring ourselves to the bar

every day and call up into the full light what we have done that we ought not to have done, and what we have neglected that we ought to have done.

For in the quiet, steady contemplation of these things done and omitted, the will begins to stir and come forth. It gathers strength day by day, gets in among our failings, begins to wrestle with them, goes on with the wrestling during the hours when we are attending to other matters, and finally, perhaps to our astonishment, breaks their backs. Contemplation of *other* peoples' faults is usually a mischievous and fruitless waste of time; but honest contemplation and self-acknowledgment of our *own* begins to wilt them at once.

But they are very difficult to see because we are so familiar with their appearance. We do things quite calmly and accustomedly which, if we saw them done by someone else, would fill us with contempt or horror. "That's an awful old hat you wear on the streets," someone says to us one day. And we take it off and look at it in a new way. "Why, so it is," we say; "I'd never thought of it before."

We go on wearing it, but we look at it every day in the new way. And at last we can't stand it any more and throw it away. Then we find, on going to the hatter's, that all the while we were looking so disapprovingly at the old hat, a picture of the sort of hat we *ought* to have was unconsciously growing up in our minds, suited to the dignity of our citizenship. We recognise the like of it in the window of the hatter's and immediately go in and put it on and wear it in peace thereafter.

The great thing is to contemplate your hat daily as if it were someone else that was contemplating it. *As if* it were someone else; for we know, all of us, that we wear hats in the back streets and alleys of our lives that we would not like seen on any account and which we wish others never to guess that we possess at all.

If you will consider, you will find that we have a very low view of human nature. Remember the proverb *in vino veritas*, meaning that when a man is under the influence of alcohol his 'real nature' comes out unchecked. He is a lower creature under this influence, more animal, more brutal, more unrestrainedly criminal. So it is this lower creature, brutal, quarrelsome, sensual, that our proverb represents as the true man, coming out into view from under the cloak of conventional conduct.

Now Theosophy refuses the doctrine that man's real nature is of this sort, that man's heart, as the psalmist libelously asserts, is "desperately wicked." Theosophy asserts, on the contrary, that his real nature is divine and spiritual, a most splendid thing, a form of consciousness so glorious that those few who, in all ages, have found it, have almost lost grip of language in their attempts to describe it. Man's real nature is

therefore not *revealed* under the influence of alcohol, but *concealed* and silenced.

We call this higher nature the *real* one because it is eternal. The other, that which comes out in more and more unashamed nakedness under alcohol, is not eternal, for its essence is of the body.

We live, then, between two natures, and can choose with which we will gradually, more and more, ally ourselves. But we do not really know much of either. We know little in ourselves of the extremes of degradation and wickedness of which the lower nature, encouraged or left unrestrained, is capable; though the crime columns of the newspaper and the Hyde of Stevenson's story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, will help us to study what lies latent at the lower pole of our being.

And of the higher, with its vast possibilities of power and joy and knowledge, we know as little. We may perhaps speak of *conscience* as the higher nature, and so it is. But that is the mere entering wedge-point, with infinitely more to follow if we would let it. We stand on the rungs of a ladder of which one end is up among the highest heights of eternal light, and the other down in the abysses of matter. The heights are; the depths are. Of which of them shall we finally say, as evolution draws to its climax: I am this?

That we do not know our possibilities at either end is very obvious. Two average-seeming men are confronted with an emergency. There is perhaps a shipwreck. In the peril one suddenly becomes a coward, is swept by the thought of his personal danger and rushes for a place in the first boat. The other, hitherto seeming, perhaps, just the same sort of man, suddenly becomes a self-forgetting hero and thinks only of the rest.

The musician, in his ordinary outwardness, may be a commonplace-enough seeming person. But we know from what he composes that at times when he is alone the power of his higher nature comes upon him and that for a while his heaven is opened and audible to him.

A character in one of Dostoevsky's stories is represented as having from time to time some elevated experiences like this, probably in reality the great novelist's own, "when suddenly," says the story,

> "in the midst of sadness, spiritual darkness and oppression, there seemed at moments a light within him, and with extraordinary impetus all his vital forces suddenly began working at their highest tension. The sense of life, the consciousness of self, were multiplied ten times at these moments. . . . His mind and his heart were flooded with extraordinary light; all his uneasiness, all his doubts, all his anxieties were relieved at once; they were all merged in a lofty calm, full of serene, harmonious joy and hope."

Dostoevsky was the occasional victim of epilepsy and is doubtless describing his own brief periods of spiritual clearness that came to him

just before one of his attacks. He makes his hero describe the consciousness that filled these moments as "the acme of harmony and beauty, a feeling of completeness, of proportion, of reconciliation, and of ecstatic devotion merging in the highest synthesis of life. It was not as though he saw abnormal and unreal visions of any sort," he says, "as from wine or drugs. These moments were only an extraordinary quickening of self-consciousness, and at the same time of the direct sense of existence in the most intense degree."

Paul spoke of man as compound of body, soul, and spirit. Theosophy shows us how to fill out our ideas of all the three. We will say, *Divine* nature, *animal-material* nature, and between the two, the *mind-self* nature, what we mean when we say *I*. It is this middle one that passes up and down the ladder, now nearing the Divine and getting inspiration of all sorts from it, now coming down into the power of the animal. When it comes down altogether, once and for all, breaking connexion with the Divine, then you get something so depraved and degenerate or so coldly criminal in its self-seeking that it has no further real right to the title of man. But when it goes steadily upward by conquering the animal, achieving at last the final victory, you have one of the great figures that shine as lights over human history, the great teachers and world-reformers.

So we must make man *three*fold in his completeness, recognising ourselves, as we know ourselves, to be the middle of the three, with the power to go up or down, the thinking self, the mind-self. We go up or down according to what we do with our minds, what we let into our minds, what we are careful and constant to exclude. We may let what is from above come in and take root and grow, or what is from below. The field may bloom with flowers or nourish weeds and fungi and vermin.

The mind in most of us is mostly prisoner. Not so much prisoner *in* the body, for that is its present proper place; but prisoner *of* the body. The joy of full mental freedom is a state we have never begun to reach. The mind is manifestly not free when something from the lower nature can summon or occupy it at any moment. Perhaps the nearest state to freedom that we can readily imagine is that of the mind of the musician or poet when the intense light and power of their inspiration is upon them and they forget all else than the message they are preparing. But it is short-lived, and when you meet them on the street or at dinner, and especially at breakfast, you are not likely to notice anything remarkable. Indeed, except at these loftier moments, they may be decidedly small and commonplace and now and then even contemptible personalities. They have let in the divine light of their higher natures only in respect of their art, only at special seasons for the special purpose, not into their

whole lives and thoughts. They unconsciously say to their lower natures, many of them: "If you will just loan me my mind for a little while you shall have it again at once. It will earn fame for us."

And the lower nature consents. For *ambition* is part of the lower nature, and it knows it will get this gratified by the results of the very light that will come in from above. Human nature is very complex and subtle, and there is always the duality to be reckoned with. The lower can often use the upper for its own ends.

So now we have translated Paul's "body, soul, and spirit," into body, mind or personal thinking self, and the *light.* And of course, by *body* Paul did not mean, and Theosophy does not mean, that much weight of flesh and bone, but the effect of the body on the mind, the demand of the body for the gratification of its impulses. These demands are primarily very simple. They are demands for all kinds of bodily sensation, and you see them in their simplest form in any animal. Nor are they, in their essentials, evil. In the animal they arise, are satisfied, and pass out of sight till the natural time for their recurrence.

But in man there is memory, imagination, and thought such as no animal has. The mind keeps the memory of past animal pleasures, body-pleasures, sensations, and so develops sensation into sensualism; it throws the memory forward into anticipation of more; it develops everything to an unnatural degree of vividness, and may end in entire slavery to the appetites it has thus encouraged. Almost the whole of the thought-power may be spent in devising means of gratification, and the whole of imagination spent in enjoying the gratifications obtained.

Selfishness has here its sole root. For the demand of the bodily appetites is for *themselves* to be gratified. In their very nature they begin and end with the individual that has them. No stomach was ever yet anxious that *some other stomach* should have the pleasure of an ice-cream. And so when the mind identifies itself with all these and takes them into itself and is dominated by them, it takes on the keynote of their selfishness, their pure and unmixed self-seeking. When this has gone to a certain length, the mind, the personal man, becomes as incapable of any thought of or wish for the good of others as the palate is of wishing that some other may have the pleasure of an ice-cream.

Moreover to the extent that the mind is dominated by these things, to that extent is it incapable of higher work. And inasmuch as selfishness, as we have seen, roots in these things, it likewise renders the mind incapable of its higher and highest workings and of its reception of the light. The mind is tied down by its fetters even though at any given moment they do not happen to be pulling upon it. You do not expect

high flights of thought or imagination from the visibly gross man, even at the odd times when he is not indulging his grossness. And so in all lesser degrees of the same. No one ever attains the glory of his full possibilities while the mind is anywhere dominated from below or while any selfishness remains. For again, selfishness is domination from below. It is man's enemy, the enemy of his possibilities.

We are not all going to be musicians or poets. "There be gifts many." But we *are* all going to be crowned sometime, in this or some future incarnation, with the light that belongs to us, as, for a few moments now and then, the musician and poet are crowned with the light that belongs to them. Each of us has a gift waiting latent in him, a gift, a message special to him, for humanity. And humanity, human life, will never attain its splendor till all have reached and are giving their gifts, their messages. There is much in Whitman's poetry we may not like, but no one can read him without becoming aware that he saw or felt the splendor of human life to come, though the words in which he put his vision and tried to picture it for us, are derived from and therefore limited by the life and language and thought of today. And Shelley too had the vision in *his* own way.

I travail, wrote Paul to his pupils, I have no rest, till the Christos be born in you. The Christos, for each of us, is *himself united with his light*, the mind-man illuminated from his upper nature, the opposite to that darkening and tethering of the mind-man which comes of union with his *lower* nature, the animal and selfish. A man can gradually displace thoughts that connect him with his lower nature, by thoughts that connect him with his higher, thus mounting the ladder. As he displaces the lower, day by day, the light comes in, little by little, and takes their place, and at last floods him all through. The keynote of his mind, so to speak, is raised, till at last it suddenly reaches that of his higher nature and there is unison. Then he thinks the thoughts that correspond with his higher nature, has its knowledge, has its power, does its deeds. And as his lower nature is the energy of the material world, the consciousness of or in *matter*, so his higher is the energy and creative consciousness of the *spiritual* world, the sustaining reality of which the other is the show. He feels in himself the pulse of the heart of the universe. The limitations of his mind are broken down. He lives the common life with his fellows, but another has opened to him beyond it, a life continuous behind birth and death.

Of course there are all degrees of this inner, richer life, ranging from that touch of it which we all have, to its utmost realization. We get the touch of it, just the touch of its peace and joy, its spiritual invigoration, whenever we have done a kindly and unselfish act, or an act of self-

sacrifice; or have scored any kind of victory over one of the lower impulses; whenever some duty has been well and fully done, and at the close of a day of such duties — especially such as concern the welfare of others; and whenever in meditation and aspiration we have sought the diviner side of our natures and in its light reviewed our failings and strengthened our will to surmount them.

We all know of the touch of the fuller life that we can thus get, the sense of some inner approval or benediction. Some have gone so far on this path that in their eyes as they look at you, you can see that glow and depth which tells you that the new flower is opening.

But as we mostly do not know what is the significance of this feeling that comes of duty well done, of kindly deed and thought, of self-sacrifice, of aspiration to ennoble our lives, so we do not follow it up to the great victory, the great transformation. We are content to oscillate from one part of our nature to another and perhaps to tolerate some gross failing which makes progress impossible. There lies the secret of the strange duality of human conduct, of what we sometimes see when the private life of someone whom we had hitherto utterly respected is opened up. Such a man may have been no hypocrite. The good he showed in his words and actions may have been sincere and real. But he was content to oscillate between the two poles of his nature, the Jekyll and the Hyde, and suddenly the Hyde gets the searchlight upon it.

Action is begotten of thinking. What a man thinks, as he thinks, so finally he does and becomes. While there is a fine thought there cannot be a bad one; while the heart glows there cannot be an evil deed; if we love enough the sense of duty done, we shall not neglect a duty. If we are thinking of the light the heart will not darken, and while the heart is full of light there will be no clouds in the mind. Mind and heart work each upon the other and you can begin with either. You cannot think brotherhood in the mind without stirring something in the heart. Hence the teaching of Katherine Tingley:

"A pure, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the moment and the day. In this life, the petty follies of everyday friction disappear. The higher consciousness is aroused, and the heart acts in unison with the mind, and man walks as a living Power among his fellows."

"In this life": — that means that we constantly try to keep the mind full of light, full of such thoughts as have the light about them, full of the thought of light, of the intention to ennoble and purify life and more and more completely to serve both the light and humanity. Then the lower impulses begin to find the door of the mind closed to them,

and when they get in there is less room and gradually less and less welcome. We feel that they jar on the new conditions.

So the key to this transformation of character lies in thought, in constructing an ideal of oneself, an ideal of one's conduct and character. Indeed if from time to time, at quiet moments in the day or at night, one withdraws as it were from one's acting self and contemplates what it has recently done, calmly, critically, in the light of what one would *like* to have done, in the light of our ideal of noble manhood; if one searches one's thought and conduct,— then in this retrospect the will awakens and begins then and there to effect the transformation. That it has done so we know later from our increased and increasing power to surmount those failings upon which we turned our searchlight. By so much as we are taking from the lower nature, we are adding to the upper. By so much as we are weakening the self of matter, we are strengthening the Christos self. The very life of man's lower nature, the impulse nature, the sensual nature, depends on his accepting it as himself and going with it. But when he stands back from it and contemplates it, by that act he is becoming another self, higher, the self of his ideals.

Let us note how different is this *creative* sort of self-examination from that which is usually called 'examination of conscience,' the reckoning over of one's sins — which some, in special religious systems of training, are taught to do even every hour. "What sins have *I* committed?" Thus looked at with a microscope, the sins that 'I' commit show up as very numerous and heinous. 'I' am a creature sinful to the core and irredeemable by any effort I unaided can make. The process, this self-humiliation, may perhaps result in the disappearance of fleshly and passional failings. But all the time, it may be hour by hour, the aspirant has been creating in his imagination a picture of himself as a creature who can know nothing and, of himself, achieve nothing. He has negated the dignity and power of his higher nature.

But if, in examining his own deeds and thoughts, one does not say, "I *did* this or that that I know was wrong and unworthy, but, I *permitted* this or that, I *let* myself be overborne by impulse from below": then he is already finding and asserting himself as a self that *need not* be overborne, that need not yield, that can take up its own power and remodel its own life and conduct and thought. The human thinking self is a ray of the Great Light, the Great Self that sustains and fills the world, the one divine energy. *That* is our common higher nature. We grow by assimilation of more and more of that into our thinking nature, which thus slowly becomes the Christos self and is no more under the dominion of the forces below. We raise the mind little by little by finding and creating thoughts that glow and radiate, the "pure, strong, unselfish

thought" of which Katherine Tingley has spoken, "that raise the whole being to the heights of light," transforming the mind little by little, day by day, till at last it reaches re-union with the Great Light, and the alchemy is accomplished.

Katherine Tingley has been teaching us of this possibility throughout the twenty-five years of her leadership of the Theosophical Movement, and those who know most of her life know that she has the right to teach it because she is an example of its accomplishment. It was taught by her predecessor in that leadership, William Quan Judge. And it was taught by his teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, the foundress of the Movement. She wrote:

"If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical illusion, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow."

TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke (London, Eng.)

III — Theosophy and Social Problems

"I UNDERSTAND that your Society is 'Unsectarian and non-political,' " said I to my Theosophic friend, as we chatted together over a cup of coffee. "But surely you must think it important to have some concern in the affairs of the country or state to which you belong."

"The Society," replied my friend, "is unattached to any religious or political body simply because it is composed of members who are at perfect liberty to hold whatever religious or political views they may choose, providing they exercise that tolerance and consideration for other members' views which they can claim for their own. The fact that it is an international body makes this imperative. But you must distinguish," he added, "between those who are members of the Society and that body of teaching and philosophy which is called Theosophy. Members of the Society are invited to study Theosophy and compare its teachings with those of all other schools of thought. Only thus can they realize the value of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, and appreciate the degree to which it has entered into the constitution and faiths of the different religions, no one of which can claim to be either as ancient or as all-embracing as this, its *mother*. For just as the seven rays of the

spectrum are each related to the one beam of white light which shines upon it, and none of them can fully express its all-inclusive radiance, so the different religions established at different epochs in different parts of the world, and suited to the capacity for faith and action of their different peoples, are none of them sufficiently inclusive to meet the needs of all humanity. But Theosophy like the glorious sunlight gives a vivifying influence to all and is applicable to every circumstance and condition of human life."

"Well, that is a big claim," I said, "but let us see how it is applicable to present-day conditions. What do you make of the great gulf that lies between the very rich and the very poor? How does Theosophy ameliorate these conditions and harmonize the present contending and conflicting interests of mankind?"

"In the first place," replied my friend, "Theosophy puts riches and comfort in their proper places. The man who sacrifices principles for wealth does himself the greatest harm, for he grasps after a 'bauble' which can give him no peace of mind. The one who gains an unfair advantage at the expense of his neighbor is a robber in a double sense. He deprives his fellow of his just due and he deprives himself of a real gain which he might otherwise secure by right dealing. According to the universal law of Karma, he must one day, whether in this life or a later one, render to the injured one that which has been stolen with its full meed of interest, and in doing that he will have to expend energy and opportunity which he could better apply to increasing his own store of rightful wealth — those riches which 'neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.'"

"But," I said, "this sort of penalty does not appeal to the notice of the average man of today; it is no hindrance to him that the immediate gain of pleasure or dominion will in some remote and hazy future (in another world possibly, as he has been taught) have to be redeemed."

"That is the distressing feature of all our modern moralities, but it does not lessen the penalty to be exacted by the Law by one jot. Let a man wrong his fellow and shut off from his mind all thought of the consequences, and he is like a fool who chooses to live over an open cesspool, ignorant of the threatened typhoid, and smiles in a fancied security until the germ of disease manifests in his own frame and he is stricken down with the exhausting fever.

"In the latter case we can judge of the results and trace them to their preceding causes, but in the former — because results do not show themselves at once, in immediate sequence — are we to suppose there will be none? Consider the state of those inmates of an insane asylum where idiots and lunatics are cared for. There you will find results of

a terrible past, every one of which could be traced to its preceding cause if our physicians and scientists only knew enough of their business properly to investigate it. The madness of lust, the madness of miserliness, of vanity, ambition, and rage — all find their examples in such a sorry company of mankind, and who would willingly become a resident among them to participate in their mad, distorted views of life! The greatest libertine would shudder and turn away in dread, did he realize that one day his condition would be as one of these stricken creatures. The scheming politician, the avaricious merchant, or the sweater-employer would tremble at the prospect of a lifetime of misery he will have to face as in a vain struggle to lift his head above the degrading conditions his present unrighteousness is establishing in the world, could he be brought to understand the stern judgment of eternal law which he is now setting in motion.

"The rich man and Lazarus have been preached about for some two thousand years, but with what little effect may be gaged by the present-day race for wealth and pleasure, which is intensified rather than abated. Theology has clouded the issue by establishing an impossible hell in a remote futurity modified by a vague conception of a merciful deity whose anger may be appeased fully by a sort of death-bed repentance! Theologians themselves do not believe in the awfulness of Dives' state. H. P. Blavatsky has said that there is no hell so hellish in its own way, as this man-bearing planet! Truly it is high time that all sensible men faced the facts of life!"

"Then," I said, "you hold that if the true working of this law of Karma could only be understood, there would soon be an end of the present distresses?"

"Undoubtedly," responded my friend, "it is ignorance which blinds men to the cause of their present ills — ignorance and an unwillingness to look beyond the stupid traditions of their time — and an indifference to anything but the gratification of their present appetites and desires. Let a man strive to understand Nature and her workings and he will very soon begin to feel that there is a universal law of harmony in operation which, at his peril, he will disobey."

"So you would make suffering, poverty, misery, all handmaidens in this work of bringing men to know the truth?"

"Yes, they are all means to an end which kind Mother Nature is all the time using to awaken men to a true knowledge of their condition and possibilities."

"But you don't mean to say that poverty and misery are necessary portals through which alone man may attain to an understanding of higher and nobler things and arrive at a knowledge of the truth?"

"That is not quite what I mean," said my friend; "if man could learn his lesson of life without blundering, without being carried off the right track by the illusions of happiness which so constantly mislead him, he would not suffer in such ways. But the universal law cannot be evaded. He must reap the effects of his past acts done in ignorance or wilfulness, and it is in the reaping that he may gain wisdom and learn to avoid transgression in the future. The wise teacher of Nazareth has shown that it is the fool who builds his house on the shifting sands, while Paul writes that every man's work will be tried as by fire, whether it be of wood, hay, stubble, or more durable stuff. And we further read that Jesus said, 'It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than one tittle of the Law to fail.' So you will understand that neither poverty nor misery nor evil in any form is the visitation of Providence, as the old ecclesiastics would have it, but they are just the effects of ignorance or wrongdoing, which can be only nullified on the part of present sufferers by learning the lesson life is intended to teach them and thereby rising superior to such sad resultant effects."

"Then you hold that there is a chance for improvement for the vilest and most miserable malefactor?" I asked.

"Absolutely," replied he, "and for that reason the sooner this doctrine of harmony and justice is preached along common-sense lines throughout the world, and urged upon men's attention, the sooner will happiness begin to be attained by all. The rich man will cease to pile up his so-called wealth, the proud man to strive for his ambitions, the careless man will awaken to his responsibilities, and the selfish man will discover in altruism that 'pearl of great price' which he has so far endeavored in vain to clutch. It is certainly something of this kind of consummation which the apostle Paul had in mind when he wrote of the great day of the Lord, when it would not be necessary to say one to another 'Know the Lord [Law], for all shall know me [it] from the least to the greatest.'"

"It must be admitted," said my friend, "that if universal wealth and comfort established by parliamentary enactment could bring happiness, we should find all persons, now enjoying wealth and what it brings, as radiant centers of joy and happiness. But life teaches us that the very opposite is the result in a majority of cases. Even where there is a harmonious life, combined with wealth and good social surroundings, the reason for it must be looked for not in the conditions where we find it but rather in the quality of the life that is being lived. Such a prince would be happy and content in any other circumstances, for the well of his happiness springs within himself and is independent of the surroundings whatever they may be."

(To be continued)

THE PASSING OF MERLIN:

by Kenneth Morris

THE tale of Merlin and Vivien, as we find it in Malory or in Tennyson, has no extant Welsh original; at least none that has been discovered; yet all the Arthurian tales are probably derived from some remotely or nearly-akin Celtic story; and there may well have been something. If there was, it must have been widely unlike the version we know. The latter is unmythological; the hand of the troubadour, the romanticist, the debaser of ancient tales, has been meddling with it: the trail of the serpent is over it all.

But I thought there might be an indication of the original story in that great old poem, *Afallenau*, The Appletrees, that comes down to us from the sixth century, or, as our playful scholars love to say, from the thirteenth. The poem is ascribed by tradition to Myrddin (Merlin); though strewn with prophecies that would have been inserted in after times: when they came true, or when it was important that their coming true should be expected. But there is still a great deal of it which is mythological.

It tells of the Orchard in Celyddon (the Hidden Land: 'Occult-dom,' the word might well be translated); of the "seven Sweet Appletrees and seven-score," and the one upon the mound by the stream, the "sweet and beautiful Tree of trees" which Myrddin, old and last left of his "white-robed companions," had especially to guard against the Woodmen, the "black-robed"; and of Gloywedd, the "half-appearing maid" that predicts the future. It is to be hidden, this tree (he says) through many ages, until Arthur comes again, and Camlan is fought again; "in vain shall they seek it on the banks of its stream, until Cadwaladr comes to the Conference of Rhyd Rheon, with Cynan opposing the tumult of Saxons. Then the Darter of Rays shall vanquish the profane; before the Child of the Sun, bold in his courses, evil shall be rooted out, Bards shall triumph." There is really a great peal of triumphant prophecy in it; prophecy of the restoration of a secret and forgotten wisdom to the world, it seems to be. — I have thought that this Gloywedd might have been the original of Vivien; and that the troubadours who conducted the Arthurian legend out from its native land into Europe, may have rather characteristically mistaken or manipulated her motives and methods.

I: How Merlin dwelt among his Druids in a secret Orchard in Celyddon, in the Emperor Arthur's Time

THERE was a garth in deep Celyddon Wood
Whereto of old no wandering footstep strayed,
So girt around it was with solitude.
Who sought, must journey seven years undismayed,
By steep and deep, by pathless grove and glade,
Long leagues and leagues of lonely terrors crude —

Phantasmal hosts, and demon shafts and brands
Midst haunted mountains, valleys wild and drear,
Dim precipices, desolate wastes of sands
Where all things are that melt the heart to fear:
These must he pass, or ere he came anear
That secret heart of all the Druid lands.

It was a spot whereo'er the moon would rise,
Dreaming of all the beauty that had been
Since first Night watched this world with wondering eyes;
And over it the large white stars would lean,
To speak their silvery benedictions keen
As they went riding nightly round the skies.

Therein seven score and seven Druidic Peers
Did dwell, well versed in that most holiest lore
Which was Earth's chiefest glory in those glad years
Ere there were prayers and lies and creeds and war.
And there in peace they held dominion o'er
Each one his proper realm amidst the spheres;

And by their song and shining silences
Maintained the glory of life and time; maintained
Beauty to brood o'er all these shores and seas,
Fleeting as foam, weightless as twilight waned,
Frail as the orchard petal-rim rose-stained,
Perishless as the starry eternities. . . .

Seven-score and seven most fruitful Appletrees,
E'en since the very dawn of the ages, there
Had made spring murmurous with small bright bees

Crooning their tune i' the white bloom-laden air;
And 'neath the flaunting skies of midsummer
Had swayed green plumy jewel-luminous seas;

And steeped October's wanness deep in wine
Elixiral and mysterious, to run
Through the moist air, and set the mists ashine
Dreamy-inebriate 'neath the paling sun;
(For these were graffed of old time, every one,
From wizard trees, in Faery Isles divine).

And when white winter came, with ghostly glow
Of moonlit snow in lonely drive and glade,
And dim blue shadows thrown along the snow,
And network of twig-tracery, faint and frayed,
Etched on the windless skies, or bare boughs swayed
By slow cold winds of evening, to and fro —

They did pervade and hallow winter's cold
With their aloof enchanted grace severe;
As who should bid the storms their pinions fold,
Nor come unhushed such holy precincts near,
Saying: *"Of old the Gods foregathered here;*
Go tiptoe o'er the grave of the Age of Gold."

Midmost of that green orchard rose a hill,
Wide compassed with a grassy smooth demesne
Where in her yellow grace the daffodil
With faery constellations strewed the green;
And from the hill-top welling crystal-clean,
Mint-fringed and kingcup-fringed, a little rill

Made lisping lyrics all the summer long,
And wakened blue forgetmenots to bloom,
And wandered through the Orchard with low song,
And tinkled down by dingle deep and combe,
And shadowy places of green beech-tree gloom,
And sun-rich glades where tufty rushes throng;

And wandering through the wilds, at last it whirled
Glimmer and scent of magic fruit and bloom
Thorough the island twilights mystery-pearled,

With twinkling glamours to bedew the gloom;
And thrilled the island noons with strange perfume,
And drifted wonder up and down the world.

For by that spring, one queenly Tree of trees,
Prouder than all the rest, and far more fair,
Stood, rumorous as the drone of sleepy seas
With old oracular voices. It did bear
Unearthly fruit, whose taste should banish care
And quell desire, and all heart-longings ease.

Through all the days of Arthur, 'neath its boughs
None came, but only Merlin; all the rest
Circled afar at dawn to chant their vows
And watch; or when the sky took fire to west,
Facing the Tree, their bardic hymns addressed
To Them that wear the stars upon their brows.

And often, when the winds of nightfall stirred,
They saw as 'twere a moon-large pearl of fire
Glimmer amidst its leaves, and therewith heard
Out of the Tree, such song as if the choir
Of stars were singing low their white desire,
Or as if God had made himself a bird

To flute and fountain forth the beauty and awe
That fill the dragon-wandered fields of blue;
And therewithal mysterious things they saw,
And cool heaven dropping down in druid dew,
And the whole twilight thrilled and burgeoned through
With Ministrants of the Everlasting Law.

But Merlin, being Archdruid, Seer of seers,
And gifted from of old with power to see
Thorough the dim opacity of years
Out into limitless eternity,
And to know all that had been or should be,
And the remotest dreamings of the spheres,

Came daily fearless to that hallowed place,
And to who dwelt therein: one Goddess-born:
A princess of that proud and lonely race

That rules the sequences of night and morn,
And but for whom the Flames of Heaven, forlorn,
Would drift away and drown in nether space.

Gloywedd her name was; latest left was she
Of the great Dragon Gods that reigned of old
In the three-kingdomed sea-girt Realm of Hu,
Or ere its ancient loveliness grew cold,
And mists blown in from Jordan, alien-souled,
Covered away their antique sovranty.

And there she did instruct him, day by day,
In what should fill the world with high renown;
(This was before the grand Arthurian Day,
And all the symmetry of time, went down);
And for her sake, and his, in field and town
The little children went secure and gay,

And old men went light-hearted, yet most wise,
And women sang by cradle-side or loom;
There was no furtive shadow in any eyes,
No brow encumbered o'er with fear or gloom;
There were no Springs irredolent of bloom,
No hearts with greed, no lips at truce with lies.

For, wielding prophecy and secret lore,
He from her sacred presence oftentimes,
Invisibly upborne the green leagues o'er,
Forth-journeying, would appear in distant climes;
With gramarye and high druidic rhymes,
By ferny mountainside or sandy shore

Some sore-bestead Arthurian to defend
From dark assay of necromantic spite.
And oft in high Caerleon he would wend
To the King's hall, upon a feasting-night;
Then, when the bugles sang, the hirlas bright
Flashed in the light, would sudden awe descend

And silence on the feast; Arthur would rise,
Sword held on high, and all the Table Round
Rose with him; and them-seemed the utmost skies

Opened above, and there in light profound
Splendors unspeakable shone, with rumored sound
Of deathless wars, discarnate dynasties;

And deep within their souls they all were ware
Of their high kinship with the Gods, to wage
Dispassioned wars on Chaos everywhere;
And every man grew shent with holiest rage,
Passionless aspiration, which to assuage
He must do all things, all things suffer and dare. . . .

So well by reason of the lore he learned
From Gloywedd Queen beneath the Sacred Tree,
Men did him deem the fairest light that burned
In Arthur's Realms, or o'er the raging sea.
"Lo," they said, "lit with Merlin's druidry,
The golden old heroic age returned!"

II: How Merlin and his Druids guarded Celyddon, after the Passing of Arthur Emperor

Came the three Battle-days on Camlan Plain;
Came the Nine Queens sad from the dying day,
In their dark barge, and bore Arthur away
Midst lamentations o'er the mist-hid main:
Spectral voices mourning o'er Ynys Wên
By the lone shore, 'neath the huge headlands gray.

And Merlin now, passing to the inward things,
Dwelt in Celyddon always, midst the trees
And the wise serious monodies of bees,
And the small Gorsedd choirs that go on wings:
The esotericism of forest Springs,
The forest Autumns' flamey mysteries.

There where the light of the ages last should wane,
He with his seven and seven-score peers did dwell,
On guard against the uprising hordes of Hell
Whereby without the pride of life lay slain.
And ever round about their forest fane,
Forth-journeying far, they wrought with chant and spell

THE PASSING OF MERLIN

To render flood and fell, moorland and mere,
Impregnable: abysms and deserts vast
With mystic incantations overcast
Anew and yet anew, year after year;
Lest all-victorious Night and Death and Fear
Round their last Hold of Light should camp at last,

All else o'erpassed. And to watch night and day,
By the wan waters dark and fathomless —
From cloudy pass, sheer peak and jutting ness
To search the dim horizons far away —
Lest aught of evil from the world should stray,
They strewed their outposts through the wilderness.

But all within the Orchard timeless peace
Fulfilled the hours; came nothing alien there;
Earth grew not coarse, nor heaven less sweet and fair;
It seemed the Arthurian Age should never cease.
Year by calm year with golden rich increase
The trees their wisdom-nourishing fruit did bear

On low-hung beautiful boughs; year by calm year,
Day by most hallowed silent day full-brimmed
Of insight and of peace, the Druids hymned
Them whose flame cars the heavenly planisphere
Sweep round and round; nowise outworn nor sere
Their wisdom grew; nowise their vision dimmed.

Their life sustained with apples from those trees,
Mead of the bees, with holiest heal-all brewed,
They dwelt immune from all invasions rude
Of passion, anguish, greed, decay, disease.
Nurtured they were with skyish mysteries,
And sun and wind and rain, and solitude.

Albeit no more came Gloywedd Opal-wan
At dusk or dawn, to instruct the Seer of seers;—
There were huge warfares waging midst the spheres;
She too, they knew, her battle-robes must don;
All things from change to hurrying change sweep on;
There is no stillness midst these restless years.

She came not. Yet no less they did maintain
Her doctrine perishless for times to be;
For all their hope was that the night should flee,
And the day dawn, and Arthur, born again
Strew far the emblems of his golden reign
O'er sinless land and sunlit stormless sea.

And what should be to ensoul and light that day
Unless on earth the Druid Wisdom still
Somewhere might find its own and hallowed hill,
Its smirchless spot, its unrestricted sway?
What should there be, were memory waned away
Who ride the stars, who lights the daffodil?

III: How Merlin alone among the Druids, because of a Spell that he knew, was Immortal

Long years and years went by. No whit the flame
Burned in Celyddon less divinely pure;
Albeit with slow invisible footsteps came
That which alone for mortal men is sure.
And these, save one, were mortal men, to endure
A space, than pass to dream where blooms the Rose
Of Beauty; where Peace, singing, dwells secure
Midst starlight on calm waters, and repose.

And Merlin saw the far horizons dim
And darken down towards night, and knew that soon
The Spirit-sun should sink beneath the rim
Of time, and all life sicken down and swoon;
And none be left had known the Druid Noon
Of the ages: none be left, but he, that knew
What things had passed of old under the moon,
What tides of time this world hath drifted through.

Man after man he saw his compeers die;
This he foreknew should be; yet not for this
Deemed the whole trailing glory of time gone by,
Irredeemably gone, wandered amiss;
For he had been of old in Gwydion Lys

THE PASSING OF MERLIN

That is upreared beyond the Milky Way,
And heard a whispering in the bright abyss,
A little word the constellations say —

A little word — that yet may not be spoken,
But all the stars, that do rehearse it, know
The tyranny of slaying time is broken;
And Earth is full of laughter, long and low,
Knowing that somewhere, midst her isles aglow,
Her continents and headlands, roameth one
'Gainst whom mortality no shaft may throw
Whilst the seas flow, whilst there be rain and sun.

Who knows, and speaks it not, no perils come
To him: he goes unknown a king through all
The pomp and beggary of the world; is dumb
Yet speaketh louder than the thunders call;
Contemned, he holdeth empires proud in thrall;
Ill-clad, perchance, yet wears aloof the crown
Of timeless sovranties undoomed to fall;
Spurned, yet to him the mountains bow them down.

Death hath no power to harm him; yet may he,
Of his own will, choose a long age of sleep:
May speak, and quit this world where mortals be,
To dwell enwrapped in lonely silence deep,
And near the Innermost his vigils keep
Inward and inward, to behold upthrown
The first imagining of the suns that sweep
Out of that Deep, through Time, into the Unknown.

But while that Word unuttered fills his soul,
He may not die, albeit encompassed round
With hostile armies; or though seas should roll
World-deep about him wrathful; or the ground
Beneath him, rent by tremors, yawn profound
Down to Earth's inmost antres; — all unharmed
He passeth thence, on high adventures bound,
Unshaken, unastounded, unalarmed.

(To be concluded)

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PYTHAGORAS AND HIS MATHEMATICS: by H. Travers, M. A.

PYTHAGOREAN geometry was the subject of a book by Dr. H. A. Naber, of Hoorn, Holland, which we had occasion to review in this magazine, VI, 4; April, 1914. The author describes how, at a lecture, he saw the well-known diagram of the 47th proposition of Euclid flashed on the screen in brilliant colors; and how he suddenly received therefrom a flash of intuition, which was for him the starting-point of an entire intellectual reawakening as to the meaning of the geometrical symbols of the Pythagoreans. The proposition, as usually understood, enunciates that, if a square be drawn on each of the sides of a right triangle, the square on the hypotenuse will be found equal in area to the sum of the other two squares: a proposition that is not obvious and that requires a somewhat elaborate proof. Further, this proposition is usually regarded merely as the statement of a dry fact in abstract geometry, having no relation to any other kind of interest; or else as a principle to be applied in mensuration and practical physics.

But our author both simplified the proposition itself and extended its application.* By slightly modifying the form of the enunciation, he renders its truth *obvious*, and in no need of proof. We have Euclid's own authority, further on in his work, for replacing the word 'square' by the words 'similar rectilineal figure'; and thus we can divide our right triangle into two, by dropping a perpendicular from the right angle; when it becomes *obvious* that each side of the original triangle now bears a similar triangle, and that the area of the largest is the sum of the areas of the other two. Thus Pythagoras, instead of enunciating an obscure proposition, to be laboriously proved, was merely stating an obvious fact. Next, the writer shows that this fact was the starting-point of a series of principles which define a vast system of evolution, whose application is seen in the architecture and design of antiquity, and also in the shapes of many natural objects, such as leaves, shells, and horns.

The author reached the conviction that the Pythagoreans were much more enlightened and profound than they are usually credited with being; and that subsequent geometricians have missed the point and degraded the science either to a mere abstract pedantry or to an exclusive application to the physical sciences. Thus the theorem of Pythagoras was seen to involve principles underlying the structure of the universe and the evolution of organic forms. Says the author:

"If I interpret rightly the scanty remains of Pythagorism, there was, according to him, originally only one point, of atomic smallness. It had the form of a triply isosceles triangle

*Proclus says the theorem was not originally proved as it is by Euclid.

[an isosceles triangle with a vertex angle of 36, divisible into two isosceles triangles, the areas and sides being in the ratio of the golden mean.] *It was an ensouled point.* It drew Space magnetically to itself, and a surface was built, like an ice-sheet on tranquil water. On the analogy of the formation of the icosahedron from the pentagonal figures, this surface absorbed into itself matter; took on, like a kind of bubble, a third dimension."

He therefore received the idea that Pythagoras, by his geometry, was simply teaching his disciples the mysteries of the universe; and that we, his successors, have applied his *symbols* to the elaboration of an abstract science, or to merely physical uses, and absolutely ignored the profound truths which those symbols stood for. On the principle of

> "I'm the master of this college,
> And what I don't know isn't knowledge,"

we have denied knowledge to Pythagoras because we do not possess it ourselves; and have accused him of mixing a regrettable superstition with genuine science. We are like a man who should take a map and hang it up on the wall as a pretty picture, or cut it up into a jig-saw puzzle, while scoffing at the notion that it had any useful meaning whatever; we have been little children, using our alphabet blocks to build houses with, or to suck the paint off, totally ignorant of the fact that they embodied principles leading direct to a mastery of the whole field of universal literature.

A writer on the ancient geometers comments on the extraordinary reverence with which they regarded the regular polyhedra, which he says were "discoveries" that had to be kept secret. The veneration of Pythagoras for certain numbers is often sagely dilated on. The *naïveté* of such remarks strikes us forcibly when we consider that the reason why the ancient teachers so venerated these things was because *they* were aware of what the things represented. What is sawdust to us was dynamite to them. Our attitude in this matter is that of the early missionaries and the idols over again; but we do not nowadays accuse the whole of cultured 'heathendom' of worshiping unsightly stone images, because we know something of the profound philosophies of which those images were but symbols. In the same way, we ought not, out of respect to our own understanding, to accuse ancient teachers of going wild over geometrical figures traced in the dust, or of setting up secret temples for the worship of an interminable decimal. These were their symbols, their keys; for us perhaps the keys do not unlock anything, and so we use them as playthings or tools.

Let us take an illustration. It is possible to study theoretically the principles of musical harmony as expressed in the harmonic chord, a series of tones whose vibration-rates are in the ratios 1:2:3:4:5:6. Now we may spend any amount of time in gloating over the beauty of this

as a theory, and no doubt the exercise will afford us intellectual indulgence. But now let us go to a piano and strike the chord. At once we have an initiation. A power of the human soul has been evoked by the application of the mathematical principle. Who, without the piano, could ever have achieved the faintest notion of the effect produced by the sounding of that chord? As well expect a blind cave-fish to achieve a notion of the glories of a sunset. This surely illustrates the immeasurable difference that is made when a theoretical science is applied to the evocation of a power of the soul. For the power is certainly in the soul; the presence of a human soul is requisite for its evocation; the same effect could not be produced on a cow; and even on a dull man the effect would be vastly inferior. How then does the case stand with regard to those other mathematical principles which we are considering?

The flashing out of a diagram on a screen was able to evoke in the soul of one of the spectators an entirely new world of thought and feeling; but the same vision fell fruitless on the eyes of the other witnesses. What does this mean?

It means that knowledge is from within, and cannot be given to a man from outside. All that can be done from outside is to supply him with such materials and help as he may be capable of using; to attempt to give him more is to hammer on a granite door. And now what is the great difference between a disciple of Pythagoras and ourselves? It is that Pythagoras made his disciples undergo a long and arduous training before he began to teach them anything at all. They had to observe absolute silence for several years. This means that they had first to learn to control their mind. The teacher knew that his symbols would fall unheeded on blind eyes, unless he first prepared his pupils by this long course of discipline.

What actually happens to us when we receive a flash of intuition? We make it the starting-point of a train of ratiocinative thought; and the further we pursue that train, the further we depart from the source of light; until before long our intuition is a remote and unreal memory, and we are left with an insoluble problem and a headache. This means that the mind, unless specially trained, will make a sorry hash of anything that it can lay hold of. And it illustrates another most important point.

Discipline must precede knowledge. This is not an arbitrary rule; it is a dry fact. For, unless discipline does precede the attempt to know, the result is a hopeless failure. Even so profound and luminous a system of teachings as those of Theosophy cannot carry us very far, *unless* we begin to apply some of them in our conduct. This fact has been abundantly illustrated by the case of those who have thought they could profit

by the mere intellectual study of Theosophy without making any change in their habits or principles of conduct or personal aims. No man can learn to play a musical instrument without going through much painful drudgery. He may buy a trumpet and hang it up in his room as an ornament, but he will never make any music until he learns to play it. It is exactly the same with Theosophy; practice is indispensable. And what is said of Theosophy is said of knowledge in general. Pythagoras would not undertake to teach anybody anything unless he would take the trouble to learn.

Often we hear people say of Theosophy that some truth, which they had known of intellectually for years, suddenly flashed upon them as a ray of intuitive knowledge, so that they now realized for the first time what it really meant. This was because they had reached the point in their own development when such an intuition was for the first time possible. They could not receive it before; they were not ready.

The vast importance attributed by ancient philosophers to mathematics and geometry has forced upon some minds the conviction that these sciences meant more for those philosophers than they do for us. But attempts to explore the mysteries, to find the lost secrets, have not been very successful; and we believe that the reason we have indicated is the right one. The necessary discipline and preparation was lacking. For the want of this we find that individuals who have discovered some clue, chanced upon some hint, have not been able to profit by it; but, instead, have involved themselves in intellectual complexities that have led them into outer darkness rather than towards the center of light. These people constitute the genus of 'paradoxists,' graded from brilliant but solitary geniuses down to tiresome cranks; unable to interpret their own findings to themselves — much less to interest anybody else in them.

And what is the moral for us students of today? That development must be equal and even. Setting aside the fact that it evinces no little presumption for me, with my all too obvious defects of character and constitution, to aspire to profound illumination, — setting aside the presumption of this ambition, the *impossibility* of my doing so confronts me. I cannot produce my fruits till I have developed some leaves. If I try to grow a gigantic head on an immature body, I shall be but a deformed dwarf. If we were to attempt to wrest the secrets out of the ancient science, without having in our hands the keys, we should meet and deserve the fate of burglars; we should find ourselves involved in a pursuit that would merely waste our time and energy. We must draw up one foot to the level of the other before we can advance further. But on the other hand, if I have sufficient respect for the truth to be willing to make it a rule of practice, then I am certainly headed for the light.

All who are anxious to arrive at truth and information, rather than to buttress fixed opinion, will be disposed to weigh the testimony about Pythagoras in a juster balance than is used by most of the accessible modern authorities. These latter seem ready, on the slightest evidence, to accept a ridiculous or disparaging tale, so long as it is conducive to the opinion they wish to form about Pythagoras; while they reject at once the far more dignified, reasonable, and probable stories, which happen to conflict with those opinions. Why, we may ask, are we to believe the absurd anecdotes bandied about by ignorant or scurrilous outsiders, and often based on a stupid literalization of figurative language; and yet reject the statements about Pythagoras' powers and his journeys for instruction to Egypt and the Druids? The story of his life, as given by the ancient writers, is consistent — all of a piece. Here was a man of such profound knowledge that he impressed the whole of antiquity. He is said to have gone to Egypt and also to have studied under the Phoenicians, Chaldaeans, Druids, Brâhmans, and Persian Magi. His mode of life was pure and abstinent, as was that he required from his pupils. The powers attributed to him are only such as would ensue from great knowledge won by self-mastery. Any other interpretation of his life leaves him an insoluble mystery, but this is simple and natural.*

With regard to his mathematics, shall we apply the same rule of interpretation throughout, or devise different interpretations for different occasions to suit our temporary convenience? Take his teaching about the Tetraktys, a diagram consisting of ten points arranged in a triangle of 1, 2, 3, and 4: did he *discover* this? Did he go wild with hilarity over the discovery? Did he *discover* the dodecahedron by piecing together pieces of cardboard cut into pentagons, and finding out accidentally that they made the dodecahedron? Or did he simply use the figures as

*After writing the above, we chanced upon the following, in *Science*, August 23. The writer is protesting against certain historical statements made in mathematical text-books. He says: "Many of our elementary geometries state that according to tradition Pythagoras was so jubilant over his discovery of the Pythagorean theorem that he sacrificed 100 oxen to the gods. . . . It is probably not true that such a sacrifice was made, and if it were true, it could only lessen our respect for him. Just imagine now a man in the act of sacrificing 100 oxen because he had made a mathematical discovery. Would you not conclude that he ought to be in an asylum for the insane?" But is not the point rather missed? A man who sacrificed 100 oxen to the gods today, *on any occasion*, would be considered insane. We also have ways of jubilating over discoveries, but we do not jubilate in the same way as the ancients. As to the truth of the story, Plutarch, after Apollodorus, says that Pythagoras sacrificed *an ox* after discovering this diagram, or else a diagram relating to another proposition; Lemprière gives it as a hecatomb, but thinks the oxen were little waxen images. But, however this may be, we suspect that the cause of the master's thankoffering was weightier than the 'discovery' of a simple fact in pure geometry. Those who can see a figurative meaning in that other story — that he once persuaded an ox not to eat beans — may surmise that there is a meaning other than literal in the story of the hecatomb.

mathematical keys to his esoteric teachings about the laws of evolution?

"Pythagoras appears, in all accounts, more as a moral reformer than a speculative thinker or scientific teacher," admits one modern authority; adding that the aim of his brotherhood was the moral elevation of the community. As to his doctrine of numbers, it is clear in that case at any rate that he used the numbers as symbols; he gives the meanings of them. Why not then with his geometrical figures also?

We cannot go here at length into the numerous details of his teaching that have come down to us, but must leave that to the individual student and emphasize our main points. Nothing can be surer than that the Pythagorean mathematics were studied, not alone for themselves, nor solely for application in physical science, but as keys interpretative of the mysteries of the universe. What Pythagoras established was a School of the Mysteries, whose paramount object was to elevate society. He assimilated the teachings of all the sages accessible, and wove them into a system adapted to the Greeks.

The curiously uneven view taken of Pythagoras by the usual modern authorities strikes one forcibly. On the one hand it is admitted, as perforce it must be, that his numerals were symbols of cosmic principles. His Monad and Duad were not mere numbers or digits, but stood for the primary creative principles, the One Self and abstract Space; and by these symbols he taught the principles of cosmogony which he had brought from India. It is admitted that his one great object was the moral betterment of society. And yet, when we come to the Pythagorean geometry, we hear such absurd remarks as those alluded to above. Pythagoras is now no longer a great sage, teaching the Mysteries in symbolic language, but a fresh young tyro, discovering interesting theorems in pure geometry and jubilating in an undignified manner over them.

'This transcendental application of geometry to Cosmic and divine theogony . . . became dwarfed after Pythagoras by Aristotle." — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 615

Porphyry in his life of Pythagoras states that the numerals were hieroglyphic symbols to explain ideas concerning the nature of things.

Undoubtedly a study of the work of people calling themselves Pythagoreans, or so called by other people, shows that they *were* much preoccupied with the study of mere geometry as an intellectual pursuit. Much information and opinion has come down to us from the later classical writers whose remarks are extant. But it is pertinent to ask to what extent all this mass of speculation represents the original teachings and purposes of the originator whose name it bears. It is inevitable that a great originator is followed by a horde of mere imitators, who seize upon the husks of his teachings, and, neglecting the all-important disciplinary part, turn the material into mere intellectualisms or sophisms. We have

to distinguish therefore between Pythagoras himself and his original teachings on the one hand, and all the motley array of so-called Pythagorean geometers who followed him (chronologically). Probably it is the neglect to observe this distinction that is the cause of the inconsistencies in the general view taken of Pythagoras. We are not concerned at present with the geometrical studies of these later Pythagoreans, recognising that with them the original spirit had departed; it is the Master himself and his lofty moral teachings that concern us.

Knowledge is One in its essence; as soon as we attempt to pursue a branch of it to any length, in disregard of the whole, we begin to wander from truth and profit. And in seeking to achieve a synthesis of science, we must not make the fatal mistake of confining ourselves to the intellectual; for practice, experience, and realization are all-important. Our illustration, used above, of the vast difference between a purely mathematical conception of harmony and a realization of harmony by the effects it produces in our soul, is very much to the point here. It must surely apply to the pursuit of knowledge generally. What is the theoretical statement of brotherhood in comparison with the actual sentiment aroused in the heart? One realizes that there is no progress in real knowledge except in so far as the student *assimilates* his knowledge by the test of experience. Consequently one would expect that an advance in intellectual knowledge would conduct the earnest disciple to a point in his daily life where such a test would confront him, and that he would either succeed or fail at this test; thus determining his subsequent progress or retardation. He would be called on to 'make good.'

All this makes the policy of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society as clear as day. If any unwary critic should presume to say that the intellectual side of Theosophy is insufficiently emphasized, he can be most effectually countered by the statement that, in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky alone, there is enough of such teaching to overwhelm the most capacious and ravenous intellect; only the trouble is that the ground is not prepared for the harvest. But this trouble is also provided for; for besides her intellectual teachings, H. P. Blavatsky has left those manuals of instruction in conduct and duty which point out the only method — and that a sure one — by which we can till the soil for the harvest. If mankind is to be taught, the intuition must be aroused; and that is sleeping under a mass of coverings. Life itself has to be reformed. But if we really are zealous in our desire for knowledge, the strength of our faith and devotion thereto ought to carry us through all the obstacles and cause us to accept with thankfulness all the reverses we may encounter, knowing that these reverses serve to rescue us from error and set our feet sure on the path which we have chosen to follow.

THE POWER OF RELIGION: A LIVING PICTURE: by Gertrude van Pelt, M. D., B. Sc.

IT has often been said that no one can estimate the virtue of the Christian religion, for it has never been tried; that the name has been used, but the teachings judged impractical. Such is a popular verdict, and true; for afar off, in a little corner of the world, are to be found a people who *are* a living demonstration of the effect of following a great Teacher's precepts, and of their practicability. The pattern of their lives shows no such ugly spots as does ours.

Their teacher was the Buddha, but all the world Teachers have taught the same lessons, as Theosophy makes very clear. Customs, forms, symbols must differ with races, with surroundings, temperament and other things, but fundamental principles do not. It is also very clear, by comparison with the Wisdom Religion — the source from which all others have sprung, and given out now under the name of Theosophy — to what a remarkable degree the purity of these teachings has been preserved by them.

Their picture has been painted by Fielding Hall in a book entitled, *The Soul of a People.* It is a wonderful story, told with wonderful sympathy and insight. Although it was first published twenty years ago, has run through many editions, and is known to many, to many more it is unfamiliar. Yet it is a picture worthy of a careful, lingering gaze, ere it fade from the screen of time. For fade it will and must, as do all things here on earth, however luminous or pure in color. The glories of the great civilizations of ancient days seem like a dream. Even their history has been transformed into legends of like airy unreality. Great souls who have appeared and cleansed the world in spots, pass on in the moving pageant, and in time even their names are buried by the oncoming tide of events. Yet comfort lies in the instinct that all these glories are withdrawn, not dead; that somewhere they have planted imperishable records; and that sometime, somehow, they will re-emerge yet more resplendent, not only as a *promise* but as a fulfilment of the destiny of man.

It is a rest and benediction to turn from the picture of horror now covering half the globe, to that of the heart of these little people in Burmah, so modest in material needs, so poor in intellectual attainments, but so rich in wisdom and happiness. It is an obligation to ourselves to fix it in the mind while yet it is glowing with life, and before the blight of these evil days touches its center as it is even now eating at its borders.

Mr. Hall lived with the Burmese for many years, and, although an

official of the British Government, in a peculiarly intimate way. He was there before, during, and after the four years' war following the forcible occupation of the British, and came in close touch with every phase of their life. And he found it a life full of freedom, childlike sweetness, and natural joyousness.

The whole fabric of their society is simple. They have few laws, because each one looks after himself and has at heart the general interest. A headman with a small salary oversees the affairs of each village, and frictions seem to be conspicuous by their absence. There was a very poor central government before the English assumed the authority, but it left the people so entirely to themselves, that it seemed hardly to count as a factor in their lives. The keynote to everything relating to them is to be found in their religion. Their laws, their habits, their ideas and ideals, are born out of it. They seem themselves to be its natural extension. The pure children of a pure faith. It overshadows and surrounds them, and flows through their lives in joy, gentleness, and wisdom.

A Westerner will imagine, perhaps, a well-defined creed with clear-cut rules for guidance. But creeds bind and dwarf. *They* are free like the birds, only taught by their religion how to find and hold such freedom. There is a body among them who devote themselves to the religious life. Mr. Hall calls them 'monks' for want of a better name, though that name does not describe them. Unlike priests in other countries, they have no authority; officiate at no religious rites; are without power to accept or reject any from the faith; or any other power not shared by the whole community. Even marriage or burial services they do not conduct, nor are they called to visit the dying. They are simply men who are trying to purify their lives, to live in chastity, and find the Great Peace. They have strict rules, and rigid discipline, but self-enforced. There are no vows for life. All are free to enter the order for any chosen period, at the end of which they may extend the vow, or leave, without the attachment of any stigma therefor. In fact, almost all of the men have at some time in their lives been members of the brotherhood, for a few months or years. Just as in some countries all enter an order to train for war, they enter to train for the Great Peace. During the time they are a part of it, they are under four vows: "to abstain from lust; from desire of property; from the taking of life; and the assumption of any supernatural powers." In regard to the latter vow, this is the teaching:

"No member of our community may ever arrogate to himself extraordinary gifts or supernatural perfection, or through vainglory give himself out to be a holy man: such, for instance, as to withdraw into solitary places on pretense of enjoying ecstasies like the Ariahs, and afterwards to presume to teach others the way to uncommon attainments. Sooner may the lofty palm-tree that has been cut down become green again, than an elect guilty of such pride be restored to his holy station. Take care for yourself that you do not give way to such an excess."

A monk must beg his food daily in the streets, eat twice daily but never after noon. The rules are: "he must eat, not to satisfy his appetite, but to keep his body alive; he must wear clothes, not from vanity, but from decency; he must live under a roof, not because of vainglory, but because the weather renders it necessary." But there must be no austerities of any kind. The golden mean and temperance in all things must be observed. The body must be kept healthy, that the soul may grow. He must study the sacred books and try to absorb their meaning, and he must guard carefully his thoughts.

The monks are the schoolmasters of the village. It is a voluntary service, but habitually performed, as no other schools exist, the education of the boys being entirely in their hands. Girls usually do not attend school, but are taught by their mothers. For though the women in some ways are the chief supporters of the religious order, they rarely enter it. They are too devoted to their homes and families, for these people have warm human attachments, and the women feel that it devolves upon them to keep the homes. They say they will have to incarnate as men before they undertake it.

But the boys live their early years with the monks. Their learning is limited to a few elementary secular subjects, and memorizing of the sacred books. The day opens and closes with intoning of the sacred words of the Buddha. Mr. Hall writes:

"Several times a day, at about nine o'clock at night, and again before dawn, you will hear the lads intoning clearly and loudly some of the sacred teachings. I have been awakened many a time in the early morning, before the dawn, before even the promise of dawn in the eastern sky, by the children's voices intoning. And I have put aside my curtain and looked out from my resthouse, and seen them in the dim starlight kneeling before the pagoda the tomb of the great Teacher, saying his laws. The light comes rapidly in this country; the sky reddens, the stars die quickly overhead, the first long beams of sunrise are trembling on the dewy bamboo feathers ere they have finished. It is one of the most beautiful sights imaginable to see monks and children kneeling on the bare ground, singing while the dawn comes."

Not long after sunrise follows another ceremony. The monks, dressed in their yellow robes, leave their monasteries on the edge of the village and walk in procession through its streets, headed by two boys with a gong slung on a bamboo, carrying their bowls to beg their daily bread. This is to teach them humility and to teach the people the blessedness of giving. Women and children run out from the houses, as the procession passes, and place their offering in the bowls. The monk meanwhile walks with downcast eyes, never acknowledging the gifts. It does not follow that this is their dependence for food. Often in the larger towns, rich men send them daily a well-cooked hot meal, but the form of begging is never omitted, and someone who needs it receives the food.

The monasteries are beautiful, made of dark brown teak wood, deco-

rated exteriorly by carvings, picturing stories of fairies or quaint tales, and are nestled among a grove of trees, for it is one of the commands that the monks must live under the shade of lofty trees. Within, however, all is austere, furnished only with the barest necessities. Quite different from customs elsewhere, these monasteries are open to anyone. No locked doors or secrecies. Any stranger may enter and will be hospitably received. These favors are often abused. Foreigners, at times, make use of their resthouses; break their rules; talk loudly, and have noisy manners among these men who love quiet and peace; often deride their customs and religion, but never are they treated otherwise than with courtesy and kindness. The Burmese feel that each one is responsible to himself; that those who are rude or unfeeling can only injure themselves; and that it does not devolve upon them to enforce upon others respect for their sacred things.

The monks have undertaken this life purely for self-discipline, self-mastery, to find the Great Peace for themselves and thus for others. They touch nothing which can bring them power over men. If advice is sought, they simply refer to an appropriate teaching of Buddha, leaving the application to be made. Their influence must come, they believe, through their example. Nothing is more settled than their conviction that it is hopeless to think of leading others to virtue, without being oneself a living expression of it. The rule to keep absolutely free from any interference with the political life, is very rigid. Even through all the terrible temptations of the period following the entrance of the British, they stood the test and observed the rule. And yet they do not shut themselves away from the common life. It is remarkable how the balance is kept in everything. Sympathy with all life was inculcated by the Buddha, and their warm, genuine sympathy keeps them young, healthy, and happy. They have no attraction for a martyr's life or death. One should *live* for truth, not die for it; and one should live *happy*, not *sorrowful.*

Where is the mysterious power which accomplishes this miracle? What is it that holds this body together? How is it that in all these years since the Buddha came, they have dropped so little from their lofty standard, as human nature, as known to us, always does? The Buddha is not always with them, in the body at least. And there is no higher authority, no Lama continually reminding them. For convenience' sake, there is a head to every community, but he has no power over the others. A monk cannot even be tried for any suspected offense except by his own consent. How then do they remain uniformly pure and unspoiled? This is perhaps the most wonderful part of the whole wonderful story. *It is the people themselves who are their guardians.*

The monks are not bodies apart, they are the flower, the crowning glory of the people. It seems as if one soul overshadowed and lived through them. The religious and secular orders cannot be separated. They are one and the same. The people love, worship the holy life. Almost all have tried to lead it themselves, and know what it means. Ordinary human feelings are strong in the whole nation, and only a high development of will, sincerity, and self-control make it possible. The moment one enters the order, he is reverenced because he represents it. Humble, unassuming of power though he be, all the nation, even the king (when they had one) will kneel before a monk. Their greatest pleasure is to make offerings to him. No holiday, no festival, no occasion of rejoicing, but has this as the central feature of the ceremony. But let a monk break his vows; let him prove himself unworthy, though ever so little, and the people rise against him in scorn. He has abused the emblem of their dearest, most sacred treasure; he has polluted their glory. Mr. Hall says that during his ten years' experience with criminal law, the monks were involved in but five cases. Three times a monk was connected with a rebellion, once in a divorce case, and once in another offense. The latter happened before the English had established their courts. "But he was detected by the villagers, stripped of his robes, beaten, and hunted out of the place with every ignominy possible." The order can be entered for a few months only if desired, but while with it, the vows must be kept. The people ask no favors from their monks but only this one thing, that they live as a follower of the great Teacher, and they will tolerate nothing else.

It is plain that the monkhood is but the effloresence of the common life. The same thread of devotion, purity, and fresh sweetness runs through it all. Over the whole country are little pagodas or resthouses, which one may enter for meditation, at any time. On Sundays these are crowded. Perhaps a monk from a monastery near by reads a portion of the sacred books and the worshipers come for a long or short time, as they wish. Often a man or woman will come, bringing a simple meal to be eaten before noon, and with the monk as witness, will take a vow to remain all day; for that day to keep evil from the heart and live the holy life. Thus they sit in silence, till the sun has bid them 'good night,' then quietly retire to their homes. The idea of prayer as Christians understand it, is foreign to them. They ask nothing for themselves or for others of any higher power, being convinced that each one must reach happiness through his own exertions. If one sins, he must suffer for it, and learn better. Any idea of pardon or favor would seem to them foolishness. How, they say, can eternal, righteous law be set aside? They are seeking only to find the Light, to attain to the Great Peace.

The Buddha was a man like them. *He* found the Light and helped others, why should not they after many lives do what he has done?

The belief that every man is the creator of his own destiny, is very strong with them. Whatever one is today, is due to his past actions and thoughts in this and other lives. Firmly convinced that they have only themselves to thank or blame for the good or evil they find in their own natures, and that they must depend absolutely upon themselves for happiness and deliverance from evil, they are remarkably strong, sturdy, wholesome, self-dependent. There can be no whining or rebelling against fate for those who so clearly see the Law. They know too that it takes time to grow into righteousness, just as it takes time for their beautiful teak trees to come to their perfect glory. And this gives them patience with themselves and others. Also, it makes them most careful as to the habits they form, for they say that whatever you follow becomes a habit of your soul, and all evil habits carry you farther away from the Great Peace.

This living belief in personal responsibility endows them with a tolerance which Western nations might well study. A stranger may settle in their land, eat, dress, and worship as he pleases, but never will he by word, look, or action be made to feel peculiar. He may outrage their most sacred customs, as he generally does, but that is his own affair. No one will correct him, or in any way make him uncomfortable. They stand for freedom of thought and action, and are consistent in according to others that which they demand for themselves. There is no *desire* to proselyte. They simply say; "One *cannot* save another. Each one must do that for himself. Nothing is real that does not come from the heart, and to interfere with another's belief can only do harm"; and further that "volunteered advice comes from pure self-conceit, and is intolerable." But if one *asks* for help of any sort, no people are more willing to give. They are even ready to offer a kindness to one who has just done them an injury, should that one be in need. And thus they bear to all they meet a gentle dignity.

Yet notwithstanding this remarkable personal tolerance, they show the strongest sense of their duty to each other in whatever concerns their life in common. Every village has its own laws. A man who married at thirty-two years was interrogated by an Englishman as to why he waited so long. He replied that in *his* village no man was allowed to marry before thirty, as great harm comes of allowing boys and girls to make foolish marriages when young. On being asked what happened if a man fell in love with a maiden, he said he would be told to leave her alone. If he disobeyed, he would be put in the stocks for a day or so, and this failing, he would be banished from the village. This was not

the will of the people of all villages, but nowhere was a marriage considered valid if contracted under age, and without the consent of the parents. Since the English occupancy the village laws cannot always be enforced. A monk was complaining once of some young men, saying they used shameful words, were noisy, and disturbed the lads at their lessons and the girls at the wells. In Burmese time, he added, they would have been punished for this, but now the headman was afraid to do anything, fearing the great Government.

It is said their laws are very stringent against intoxicants and suicide, and that the influence of the women is a force here. Women are as free as men. Living just on the edge of India, the Burmese are not outdone if equaled by any modern nation in the freedom of their women.

As is the case in all Buddhist countries, all life is sacred. Hunters are outcasts. Nothing could better illustrate their kindness to animals than an incident which occurred at the headquarters of the civil administration of a district. Being stationed some distance from a railway, a native of India undertook a contract for the Post Office to convey the mail by coach daily, counting on enough passenger traffic to make it pay. At the end of the first year he refused to renew, as no Burmese would ride in his coach. On inquiry, it was learned that they would not ride behind ponies which were half-fed, over-driven, and whipped. They said it was a misery to see them. And so they had walked this long distance, or paid much more to go more slowly in another way. All this is due to the compassion they feel for those weaker than themselves, and not at all to the fantastic beliefs which have sometimes been attributed to Easterners as to the souls of animals. This compassion extends to everything. It is considered a crime for a boy to disturb bird-nests or worry animals. For the Burmese "believes that all that is beautiful in life is founded on compassion and sympathy; that nothing of great value can exist without them."

"It seems to them an unconscious confession of weakness to be scornful, revengeful, inconsiderate. Courtesy, they say, is the mark of a great man, discourtesy of a little one. No one who feels his position secure, will lose his temper. Their word for a fool and a hasty-tempered man is the same."

So their attitude toward animals is but an extension of their attitude toward each other.

There is a remarkable aversion to the raising of artificial distinctions. The love of freedom is so strong that they will not be bound, even by the faintest shadow of caste, and their feeling of brotherhood so large that they do not even form guilds of trade. Whatever one discovers is laid open for the use of all. They are generous to a degree which would seem to western people improvident. They trust in the Law and are not

afraid of rainy days. There is a universal ambition to do or give something for the general good. Even the poorest will find some way of expressing this desire of his heart. A man who is relatively rich, is likely to have a very modest personal dwelling, but he will erect public buildings, monasteries or pagodas. These latter are everywhere, of all sizes, and are built with special pleasure, so eager are all to contribute something in connexion with the religious life.

There is one more beautiful custom out of the many to be told of this beautiful people, which must be touched upon to show how truly their life is the outgrowth of their religion. The relation is that of the leaves of a tree to its roots. From the full moon of July to the full moon of October is the rainy season in Burmah. No marriages, no entertainments, and no *mi-carême*. It is a special time for the soul to grow. It is also a time to plough and sow. Every man, woman, and child works hard, as indeed they always do, but particularly now. It is a serious and strenuous time, but when it is over, then joy bursts forth. Light-hearted happiness, as fresh as the tender green garment which nature begins to wear, fills the air, and then is held the greatest festival of all the year. It is anticipated by young and old, and this is how they express their deep, exuberant gladness. From far and near the people gather to the various great pagodas, and there for seven days, three of greater and four of minor importance, make merry, worship, and drink to their fullness of pure joy distilled from the sweet, fresh earth; from every leaf and bud; from the soft breezes; the light and color; from human sympathy; and at night, under the silver rays of the moon, from the odorous trees, filling the air with incense.

Of all the great pagodas, the greatest is probably the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon. It is placed upon a small hill, a tall tapering cone reaching up into the air for three hundred feet, all covered with pure gold-leaf, which flames in the sun, ornamented on high with glittering jewels, and as befits a holy place protected by the sheltering trees. The base of the hill is guarded by dragons, and up the long flight of red-roofed steps leading to the Great Peace, pilgrims are ever ascending and descending. Happy pilgrims, in gay, bright colors, filled with a quiet joy, come to do reverence to the Teacher who found the Light. All are there together as one family, the rich and poor, little children and the aged, in holiday attire, with their offerings gathered through all the quiet weeks of rain, and warmed with all the love of these days of preparation; money saved by small self-denials for gold-leaf to spread over any marred spot of their sacred shrine, or little tapers, emblems, or gifts to place at its base. Within the shrine is an alabaster statue of the Buddha, and covering its platform are kneeling pilgrims, repeating to themselves the great precepts of the Teacher,

and trying to realize them in their hearts. For there are no general religious services. It is all individual, spontaneous, and voluntary.

At the base of the hill and outside the sacred gate are various amusements, plays, dances, or marionette shows. Dotted here and there are temporary stalls for necessities or refreshments for the festival days. And simple, innocent pleasures, meeting of old friends, fill the hours between the offerings with irresistible good-will and humor. Thus at the spring-tide, when nature reveals her treasures, so do the Burmese reveal their reverence for the sacredness of life and their joy in being a part of it.

These are some of the outlines of the Living Picture. Let us fix them well on the recording tablets of time, for already he who tells their story, perceives crime, corruption, and degeneracy staining the areas of fusion with western civilization. Must these children of nature leave their Eden? Must they too lose what they already have and what the world has been seeking in vain for ages, only to find it again after having passed through the valley of the dark shadow of materialism; through the maelstrom of passion, their holy memories sucked into its infinite depths and they sent forth upon the ocean of life without compass or chart? Must they become wanderers in darkness, darkness so thick that even mind-light will burn low, ere they win their way again into a sunlight yet more luminous than that they now love so well?

Or is there some other way? Can the vital currents now so strong and pure, guide them around or over the routes traveled by the other nations; or the Light they now hold so illumine the whole surface of the globe that they may learn by simply observing from their Eden stronghold? Or, perchance, have they in cycles long past, through bitterness and anguish, already learned so well this one thing — to guard the Light — that the future holds for them the possibility of exploring the world of intellect by its help and of conquering rather than being conquered by it? This would be the realization of a hope; but time will give the answer.

THE ORIGIN OF SPEECH: by T. Henry, M. A.

SUCH is the heading of a scientific article in a newspaper, in which article the writer deals with a question from an inquirer. His answer is tantamount to giving the question up as unsolved; he admits the ignorance of science on the subject. This is, of course, one of the difficulties in the way of ordinary evolutionary theories of human derivation; it is virtually the same as the difficulty as to the origin of the human mind. We cannot imagine either human mind or human language as developing by degrees from animal mind and animal noises; nor have we any facts to support such a con-

jecture. In *The Secret Doctrine* we find H. P. Blavatsky quoting Haeckel's opinion that speech did arise from animal sounds; and also citing Max Müller against Haeckel, to the effect that no plausible explanation has yet been given of the origin of the *roots* of language; and that a human brain is necessary for human speech. A Hindû scripture, the *Anugîtâ* is referred to as giving an allegory, wherein Speech and Mind go to the Self of Being and ask which of them was superior to the other. They are told that Mind is superior; and, later on, that there are two minds, the movable and the immovable, and that speech is superior to the movable mind. In fact, we can think without words, but yet words are of immense assistance to clarify and co-ordinate our thoughts. Though mind gives rise to language, language creates a new order of mind.

The development of language during the earlier Root-Races of mankind is also given in *The Secret Doctrine.*

"The Commentaries explain that the first Race [a non-physical race] . . . was, in our sense, speechless, as it was devoid of mind on our plane. The Second race [also non-physical] had a 'Sound-language,' to wit, chant-like sounds composed of vowels alone. The Third Race developed in the beginning a kind of language which was only a slight improvement on the various sounds in Nature." — II, 208

This Race, in the second half of its period, acquired the method of reproduction now existing; and then only was speech developed. The subsequent development of speech is given in the following order: (1) monosyllabic, (2) agglutinative, (3) inflexional. From this it would appear that language is one of the consequences of the union between the divine and the animal; it is a kind of materialization of thought, a crystallizing of ideas. Ideas can be transmitted without speech, and speech was not necessary to those earliest Races. But speech is more than a mere means of communication; for sound is a creative power, and the force of the spoken word has always been recognised. This leads to the subject of incantations, mantrams, and other things connected with sound.

ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGI: by C. J. Ryan

EVEN now very little is known of the great civilization which once existed in Etruria, Italy. We know from the scanty relics which have escaped destruction that the Etruscans were skilled in most of the arts and practical sciences of an advanced culture. They had a large literature, which included history, poetry, drama, and scientific and religious writings, but not a scrap has come down to us. We have possibly lost many valuable treasures of thought by the utter destruction of the Etruscan civilization and the triumph of the more materialistic Roman empire. But we may find them.

ETRUSCAN SARCOPHAGI

In many things the Etruscans show affinities with the Greeks and the Egyptians, and, of course, in later times they blended with the Romans, but the origin and the age of their mysterious civilization is still an unsolved problem. The Roman historians tell very little, which is not surprising when we recollect that it was not to their interest to encourage the admiration of a rival state.

The Etruscan language, so far as it is known, offers peculiar difficulties when called upon to solve the problem of the origin of the Etruscans. Certain characteristics of its construction would lead us to Japan, early China, or even America!

In their methods of building there is evidence that the earlier and quite prehistoric masonry was far more carefully hewn than the more recent, and that the extraordinary pains taken to fit massive stones together so exquisitely that the joints could hardly be detected were abandoned in later times in favor of much less skilful stone-cutting. For instance at Saturnia and Cosa the cyclopean stones are so closely dressed and fitted that a knife cannot be inserted between the joints. These enormous stones are extremely irregular in shape, polygonal, and yet each one fits its neighbor perfectly. The usual explanation of this kind of masonry — which we also find in Peru — is that the walls were built of rocks which naturally split into irregular forms by people not capable of cutting and trimming regular horizontal courses of stone. That this was not the case among the early, prehistoric Etruscans is proved, not only by the excellence of the stone-cutting but by the fact that the travertine rock of which the earlier cyclopean walls are made *splits longitudinally* so that the builders of these time-defying walls did *not* hew their stones in polygonal forms because that was the most convenient method, but for some other reason. Later generations, having apparently lost the skill of their predecessors, added plain horizontal courses of travertine above the cyclopean construction.

The religion of the Etruscans is not definitely known but it appears to have resembled the Roman in many respects, which is not strange in view of the probability that the Romans derived many of their deities from Etruria. They had definite and hopeful ideas about the future life, and believed in the survival of the soul with quite as much or more confidence as their Christian successors in Tuscany. The pictures in the rock-cut tombs depict either the joys of the heaven-world or else ideal future incarnations on earth. It is an unsolved question which is the true explanation.

Owing to the custom of wealthy Etruscans of placing large portrait-statues of husband and wife, singly or in groups, upon the lids of their sarcophagi, we have a very clear idea how they looked 'in their habit

as they lived.' The earlier statues and groups are especially interesting. They are bold and well posed and are, in spite of a few conventionalities, evidently excellent portraits. The later semi-Roman ones are not so striking, but appear to be clumsy efforts to imitate the commoner kind of Roman sculpture.

The sarcophagi shown in the accompanying plates are from Volterra and are not of the ancient type. The subjects of the reliefs on the sides are from Greek literature. One is 'The Sacrifice of Iphigenia,' from the popular legend of the Trojan War. Agamemnon, the leader of the expedition against Troy, offended the goddess Artemis by killing a hind sacred to the goddess, and the departure of the expedition was delayed by continuous calms, until, at length, at the command of the priest Calchas, Agamemnon determined to appease the wrath of Artemis by sacrificing his daughter, Iphigenia, on her altar. At the fatal moment the goddess rescued the maiden, and, after substituting a hind in her stead, carried Iphigenia to Tauris in Scythia, where she became a priestess in the temple of the goddess. Eventually she is said to have returned to Greece, bringing the statue of Artemis with her.

The second sarcophagus displays a relief of 'Priam receiving the Amazons.' After the death of Hector, the bulwark of Troy, at the hands of Achilles, Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons came to the assistance of the Trojans, and fought so valiantly at the head of her army of women that the Greeks were hard pressed, but Achilles finally overcame the heroic queen.

Sarcophagi in Etruria are usually found in wonderfully interesting tomb-chambers, hewn out of the solid rock, and closely resembling Etruscan houses with atrium and various chambers. On the walls are painted festive or heroic scenes, and within were placed the implements of daily life in profusion, vases, candelabra, ornaments and useful articles of every kind. To the Etruscan death was not a break in life — only a doorway to another room.

Some writers have called the Etruscan religion Oriental, gloomy, mystical, a dominant religion and not a natural outcome of national character, "like the free creed of the Greeks." Yet the same writers acknowledge that it was "an all-pervading principle of life" and that it bound the confederated cities of ancient Etruria in harmony and made civil strife unknown. This cannot be said of their medieval successors, as exemplified by the continual rivalry between Florence and Pisa and the rest. But the fact remains that we have only a vague idea of the religion of the Etruscans and it is not wise to criticize learnedly in the absence of real knowledge, or in forgetfulness of our own shortcomings.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY IN THE KINGDOM OF ONESELF: by Kenneth Morris

NO one ought to give up hope, or indulge in pessimism, while there is so infinitely much that we do not know. I mean about Man himself; about you, me, everyone of us. There is more in this sea than ever was taken out of it; there are hidden splendors we guess not, and always the possibility of their coming to light. With all that man has accomplished, in deeds and art and literature, we have never yet sounded the depths or soared to the heights of human nature; we cannot tell what we may become. And yet, what astonishing summits have been climbed!

Supposing you found, in some little remote village, an old fellow of eighty or so, who should tell you that in all his long life he had never been twenty miles from his native place; had never seen a railway train, much less an auto or an aeroplane. You would think him pretty rustic and unprogressive; his claim to know the world, on the strength of having been once or twice to the next village, would make you laugh. And yet the fact is that perhaps most of us are rather like him — in another way.

Our world and all that we possess are within us. One may have visited all the capitals of the earth, and remain an uninstructed boor and provincial; one may never have left his native hamlet, and yet be a more daring voyager than any in Hakluyt. One's true possessions are the things no one and no circumstance can take away from one. But of course anything outside of oneself: anything that money can buy: may be taken away. The right kind of books are, in a way, a great treasure; but one may easily be separated from one's books. — Here let me digress a little, and consider what books are for.

I said we are like the old fellow in the village. We live in an enormous world; I cannot tell how many continents and oceans it may contain. There are no geographies to give the information; because, in this world of human consciousness, however far one may travel, there are always regions beyond. It is like voyaging among the stars; not sailing round the globe. If you set out, and press on, you will not presently find yourself back in the port from which you started; the way is infinite, and there are infinite riches and wonders to be found. But how many of us can boast, like that old rustic, that we have been as far as twenty miles from here? We are like people dwelling on a barren shore, who venture not, or rarely, and on but short excursions, into the vast continent within. We are content with the sterility we are used to; the petty increment of small thought and feeling that serves here for the commodities of life. We think and feel as we have been brought up to think and feel; just

about as our neighbors think and feel; just about what our newspapers tell us to. These reiterate and reiterate the stale old tidings of the narrow coast. We feed on the blubber and poor fish we can catch, on the poor crops we can grow under the sea-winds; our wealth is the poor pebbles we can pick up on the beach. And all the while we brag ourselves wondrous rich and cultured, and call these unsavory cabins a high civilization.

But now and again someone looks up into the hills, and says: "I am going up into them, to find what is beyond." He goes; fights his way up and through; conquers wild beasts and demons; braves a million perils; and presently discovers gold mines; discovers rich pastures and a marvel of harvests; regions where sapphires and diamonds are strewn. He comes into the domains of great and civilized kings; whereas we on the coast are about as great and civilized as Eskimos. He enters the Palace wherein reigns that monarch whose name is the Human Soul; and still his journey is not done, for the empire of the Soul is infinite. No famine shall trouble him further; the dearth and dismay that visit the coast periodically shall not affect him. He leaves a record of his journeyings; and these records are the great books. Shakespeare was such a discoverer; and Dante; and all the great prophet-poets and mystics. The value of the records they leave us lies just in this: they are incitements to us to travel and discover for ourselves.

Of course there are all sorts of shanties on the near foot-hills: where are those who tell us: "Thus far thou shalt go, and no further"; who tell us there is nothing beyond; and that what offerings we may have brought with us for some possible potentate in the Interior, had best be left with them. But they do not know, not having traveled. They too, like the lave of us, go upon tradition, and know nothing for themselves; they have not the keys, the clues, the charts. So we remain here, and age by age, generation by generation, perish; starve; live beggarly lives and know no purple and royal hours; while all the great Golcondas and the Wheatfields of Wonderland wait us, within, beyond. . . . Oh, Man, Man! is it not time you rose up and sought and found yourself, your treasure?

We are not the poor things we seem. There is a way to the Fountain of Life, to the Center of Things. All Beauty, all Wonder, all Mightiness lies within us. Think! Think! Think! Only not with the mere intellect; not with the brainmind; — find the deeper organs of thought, which lie within the human heart also — what we call metaphorically the heart. It is not escape from this world that is commended; it is not the selfish peace of the anchorite; this refuge may go with us right through the battles of life. It is not to save our own souls that is our proud destiny as human beings; it is to change the world, to bring the Kingdom "on

Earth, as it is in Heaven." This barren coast too we must make fertile, and build with palaces and temples, and people with a progeny of Gods. But we must find ourselves before we can do it — the selves in us that are divine. There is little to be done with patching and tinkering; we must find the Gods in ourselves, and build life on a new and firm foundation. We have tried the quicksands of passion; we have tried the low beaches of intellect, over which the tides of time wash. They will not serve us; we cannot set up a true world, a firm civilization on these. We must have stable truth, or we can do nothing. Are we content that the future shall be no better than the past, or than the present? Yet how is it to be better, unless we find the true means of making it so?

That means lies within us. Hell lies within us; but heaven lies within us also. It is our own greatness that we miss, when we go about living petty lives such as we live now. Our own greatness: — there have been, there are, those who have proved and do prove how magnificent Man may be. All the potentialities of a Shakespeare, of a Joan of Arc, lie deeply hidden in the least and worst of us. All the potentialities of a Buddha, of a Christ. It is because we have left enormous fields untilled, enormous continents undiscovered in our own beings, that we are so small and weak, so unsuccessful in the things that concern the greater life. But if we bestir ourselves, there is a way.

We are cribbed, cabined and confined between the cradle and the grave; there seems so little we can do in this short sorrow-strewn time we call our lives. What if internal research and discovery might rid us of the limiting walls of birth and death; might make known to us what lies beyond? What if we should discover ourselves at last to be Gods, immortal essences, that were never born and shall never die? Indeed we might; men have been, that have done so. The Human Soul stands beyond the bounds of mortality; death frightens us, birth obstructs our vision, only because we have not discovered that Central Fact of ourselves. Sink thought deep enough into your own being, and you come to regions where time is not; where birth begins nothing, death is no end. Here and now is the Kingdom of Heaven; what is there in death to fear or heed? Sink thought deep enough, and you shall find that this consciousness you call 'I', immersed in a realm of passions and desires, tinged with selfishness, concerning itself with the small motions and concepts of the common-day mind, is not yourself. Would you call your clothes yourself? They are important, certainly; they make a great factor in the distinctions we set up between man and man. But — to think along this line is to land soon in absurdity. No; the clothes are not the man; he is still there when you have stripped him of his clothes; as he is still there when you have stripped him of his body. Your body

is not much nearer to you than your clothes are; like them, you take it off o'nights to go to bed. Only the days during which you wear it are longer — a matter of seventy years or so; and the nights during which it is not worn are longer. Ah, *then*, you say, you come to yourself; the next layer inwards after the clothes and the body. But it is not so. There is your personality: the mixture of passions, small thoughts and concepts, the characteristics by which the world knows you. These still are only clothes; there is something deeper within. A crisis comes, and your true character is revealed: a man that went unsuspected by the world before; very likely unsuspected by yourself. But note: it is your character; not yourself. What then is yourself? — The outer man, the personality, began when you were born, and went growing and modifying itself as you grew up; it will die presently. It lives in this confined coast strip; it stares and struts and shams as if it were the Business of Life. Behind it, latent mostly, is that more fundamental character revealed by the crisis; when it shows itself, you say: *This is the real I.* But it is only something that the real 'I' acquired sometime.

We cannot creep at truth, but must soar to it; not Aristotle's, but Plato's method, must serve us, if we are to get at any reality as to the greatness of our inner selves. From these poor huts here, these desolate banks and shoals of time, we cannot argue to the grandeur of the empires of the Inland. We are born; live out our few years; die; and leave the results of our living behind us. In the midst of all this: in the midst of the pleasures that turn to ashes and bitterness, of the sorrows that spring up so thickly: what evidence can we find of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within, of the Glory of God which is concealed? How can we argue from this to that? No; we must look deep; we must go upon the grand voyage of discovery; we must search. But sometimes thoughts like great white birds are wafted down to us from beyond the wall of mountains; sometimes a wind from the Soul Land blows down, laden with the odor of flowers and spices; then we are touched into the remembrance, the intuition, that we are banished angels, gods immersed in oblivion. I will mention one such idea: it is that of Reincarnation. By the light of it, all the facts of our lives become changed in aspect: sorrow loses her frown; Death unveils, and we see the grandeur and loveliness of his face; Life, whose laughter seemed so laden with hideous mockery, reveals herself to us as the Teacher, stern, but infinitely tender. We that seemed so poor and helpless, are immortal. We are here in the world for a grand purpose; we are not the sport of cynical gods or fate or chance. This life is a splendid field of adventure, wherein we have a splendid function to perform. It is one of an infinite series of lives; and the whole series is for a grand heroic purpose. I will give you the story of Creation, as it

was taught by the ancient Druids in Wales; it is to be taken as allegoric, as symbolical; because that high story cannot be expressed in any other way; you cannot put the vast facts of the life of the Soul in any other language than that of symbol or parable.

They taught that at the dawn of time and the Universe, the Lonely, the Spirit, God, awoke from Its sleep of ages in what is called Ceugant, the Cycle of Infinity. The Universal Night had ended; the Universal Day was to begin; there had been an endless series of Universal Days and Nights before. To call things out of latency into manifestation, out of be-ness into being, That Lonely One chanted Its own name; whereupon, as it says, these worlds and systems "flashed into being more swiftly than the lightning reaches its home." Then the Blessed Ones, that we call in Welsh the Gwynfydolion, the Host of Souls, that had slept throughout the Night, awoke in Cylch y Gwynfyd, the Cycle of Bliss. And they looked out over the spaces, and beheld that there was a height they had not attained. They saw far off the Lonely in Ceugant; and it appeared to them that the bliss of their own cycle of existence could be nothing to them but worthlessness and bitter deprivement, while they were not in union with That. So they took council together, and were for riding forth, and taking Infinity by storm. In their winged and flaming cars they rode: Dragons of Beauty; their bugles sounding the Grand Hai Atton, the war-cry of the Soul. The depths of space lay before and below them: the infinite darkness of the material world — Inchoation, the Cycle of Necessity; little they heeded its perils in their heroic pride, and with that Light shining above them. They declared war on God, not of hostility, but of compelling love.

But it was infinite darkness they had to traverse. Crossing that abysm, oblivion took hold on them; they were sloughed in the vast mires of matter; they forgot their origin and high purpose, and fell into incarnation. Through long cycles of time they climbed through the lower worlds: elemental, mineral, vegetable, and animal: till they reached the state of humanity. Then it became always possible for them to remember: to don the grand armor again, and fight their way upwards. It became always possible for them, listening deeply, to hear in the silence within their own being the Grand Hai Atton that called them forth at first. And at last all shall hear it and remember, and rise up; and the war shall be carried to the Gates of Infinity; and triumphant at last we shall enter in. In every life some upward step may be taken.

This much of it at any rate is plain truth: We are divine in our origin; we are immersed in the material world, forgetful of our divinity; the purpose of all life is to reinstate ourselves divine, with the added wisdom gained through these many lives of our exile. We are in fact as great as

those old Druids deemed we were: flames out of Heaven — flames lit from the Flame of God; but dimmed and encumbered here with the clay of the lower world. But the flame is to find; it is deep in our being; the clay we are incarnate in may be so transfused with it, so purified, that its light shall shine visible; we may know ourselves for divine beings. What hinders? Ignorance; passion; selfishness. Brotherhood is indeed a fact in nature; because all that is real and permanent in us is that blissful Flame which is God. The sense of separate selfhood is but the aroma of the clay. It stupefies us; it conceals from us our true being; we confound ourselves with it; but it is not ourselves. Only the clay dies or is born; the clay, and this lower personal consciousness which is the aroma of the clay. But find the flame, and death becomes for you a most trivial — aye, but also a most gracious — incident.

How then of misfortunes, disease, all the grimnesses that haunt our lives? Find the Flame; discover those grand empires of the Interior; and you shall understand well enough. Life, the ruling of this universe, is a most gracious and a most tender thing. Misfortunes do not attend our real selves; they are but incident to the outer and unreal. We must realize sometime that Justice is the only Mercy. I speak not of what we call human justice; which is imperfect always, because we never can know all the facts on which we presume to sit in judgment. But the Divine, the Universal Justice — that is another thing altogether.

You have some weakness, some failing. The imperative thing — the one thing that counts — is that you shall rid yourself of it: be strong instead of weak; upright instead of failing. How shall you learn that? Will it teach you, that someone shall tell you so? Are you to be cured of a cancer, by hearing a lecture or sermon? No; you must learn in a real sense; there is no playing tricks with the Laws of God. You yourself must substitute the strength for the weakness; you must do it by hard work; and you must have the will to put that hard work through. And you must see a reason for it before you can call up that will; and the reason must be of a vital, an absolute nature; it must be inevitable, utterly valid. It must be fundamental truth; which you must learn and know. It is in fact ignorance which lies at the root of all wrong doing.

What is weakness? What is what we call sin? Simply this: working not with, but against, Universal Law. The Soul in us calls us upward to where bright Infinity waits to be taken heroically by storm. To that end we and time and the universe exist. But the lower nature calls us with a thousand lures to remain where we are, or to become further immersed. 'Sin' is to ignore the higher voice, to follow the lower. To waste time and the substance of our being; not to be "about our Father's business." How should we learn this, unless there were sure stability

in things? Unless there were sure stability in the ruling of the Universe: an absolutely Just Law? There is. Injustice only seems to be, because, taken up with the concerns of this present life, which we imagine to be the only one, we do not see the grand sweep and purpose of things. We came into the world, not a clean slate or an empty vessel; but there was writing already; there were contents. Our life is a palimpsest; time has scribbled trivialities over the grand blurred hieroglyphs of eternity. We brought with us out of the unknown a treasure or a difficult burden: our character. We have gone on modifying it since we came; but it was there already when we came. Where is God's Justice, if this character was something we did not make for ourselves? Do not blaspheme; Justice *is;* or there is nothing divine, and we ourselves are no better than the Gadarene herd on its last and memorable journey.

We brought many other things with us too; or rather, found many other things awaiting us: fate; our parents, with what heredity they provided for us; our wealth or poverty; our chances of any kind of success, or apparent total absence of chances. And all these came to us haphazard, did they? Did they indeed! — And you, who have done something today, which you feel secure will never in this life be found out or punished: you who — very wisely — do not believe in hell (because the very idea of hell, the old orthodox hell, is in itself a shocking piece of blasphemy) — do you think you are to retire from this Universe, from existence, and leave an entry against your name on the debit side of the account? Who then shall pay that debt? or how shall there be peace in things until it is paid? — Oh, but we have a firm and stable Universe to deal with; there is no chance about it at all; there is LAW!

We know that Law. Our scientists have discovered it; our chemists are there to swear by its existence. Action and reaction, they say, are equal and opposite: there you have the scientific statement of it. A religious statement you shall find in your Testament; it is:

"Brethren, be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Now then, with that text in the Testament; presumably therefore to be taken, by all who profess and call themselves Christians, as a truth — where shall we find room to complain of the sternness of fate and the ugliness of things? Look round upon this suffering and ugly world, and realize that it is the harvest we have sowed — we, that is humanity. Look at your own life, with all there is in it you wish, or ought to wish, were not there; and realize that it is the harvest you yourself have sowed. Whatsoever a man reapeth, that also hath he sowed. And when? When? — since he began to reap it the morning he was born. You transgress — sin — do wrong: and what is it you do? Disturb the harmony of the

Universe; that is all. Put some cog in the endless machinery — and also I apologize for calling it machinery — out of gear. What is the reaction for, but to restore the harmony — to bring the scheme of things entire into adjustment again? We are so divine: so mighty in our power, that we can upset the whole Universe; for that is what it means when we do wrong. But the Universe is divine, and will readjust itself; and that readjustment, in its action or effect upon us, is what we call punishment: sorrow and what not that hurts. You see, we are free agents: we are free; there is free will. Free even to sin; the limitation of our freedom comes in, in this: — we are not free to escape the results of our sin. As much force or energy as we put out in our transgression, that much must come back against us in the readjustment. How else should we learn? Our fallen state is in itself the proof of our godhood; when you see men behaving like devils, remember that devils are fallen angels: the depth of their degradation argues the height from which they fell. I heard men say: "We are poor miserable worms"; and laughed, wondering how worms could turn a beautiful blue-skied world into a raving hell. They have not the power to do it; only devils could do it; only fallen angels,

> "Princely Dignities,
> And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones."

The very might they used to do it can also be used to change this hell again into a beautiful heaven; because it is, in its essence, the might of Gods. And

> "who can yet believe, though after loss
> That all these puissant legions, whose exile
> Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
> Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?"

So there is abounding hope for humanity: we have the power of Gods in our hands, and must learn to use it for good. The one thing we cannot do, is forever to avoid this learning. The divine Law of Justice will not let us alone till we have learned. It is at work on us with its merciful and patient inflictions of suffering; its incessant adjustment; its omnipatient restoration of the harmony we almost omnipotently elect to disturb. Eternity is before us; it has taken eternity to bring us to our present condition. Today has been strewn with failures; we have not lived up to our resolves. Very well then; tomorrow is a new day; we can seize the first opening moments of it, and launch the day aright — set its prow towards the sun. This present life has been strewn with failures; very well then; there is a tomorrow life. Learn the lessons of today; tomorrow you shall have a new chance; you need not repeat the failures. Is not the Mercy of the Law evident?

SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

IV — Amphibious Fairies, (continued)

THE Scottish sirens were quite different from the Greek sea-nymphs of that name. In Scotland they were found chiefly along the seashore, about the mouths of rivers, or in harbors. Their ordinary form appears to have been based upon that of the Manatee, or the Dugong, known to zoologists as *Sirenia;* but, like other fairies, they had the magic power of accommodating their forms to their environment, and often appeared quite like human beings. They were among the most malevolent of all the fairy brood, and have often been known to lure mariners to destruction upon the rocky shores, for, as Pope has said:

"Their song is death, and makes destruction please."

The Doane Shee, or Daoine Shie, are also said to have loved the water, but they were not true amphibians. Though not wholly malevolent, they are said to have been a peevish, repining, and envious race, who preferred subterranean recesses and a kind of shadowy splendor. The Highlanders were very unwilling to speak of them at all times, but especially so on Fridays, when their influence was particularly extensive. They were supposed to be invisibly present at all times, and had to be spoken of with respect.

A long time ago a pious clergyman, after administering spiritual consolation to a dying member of his flock, at a late hour of the night was returning to his home. On his way there lay a lake for a considerable distance along the road. Near the end of the lake he was much surprised to hear the melodious strains of music coming over the waters. Filled with pleasure and curiosity he sat down to listen to the beautiful and harmonious raptures of the minstrelsy.

Being a conscientious minister of the Gospel, he feared neither spirits blessed, nor goblins damned. As the sound of the music approached, he could discern a dim light gliding across the lake towards him, but instead of taking to his heels, as any faithless wight with a troubled conscience would have done, he calmly awaited the issue.

Presently the light and music drew near, and the pastor was able to distinguish an object resembling a human being, walking upon the surface of the water, attended by a group of miniature musicians, some with lights, and others with musical instruments, from which came the celestial melody. When they reached the beach the leader of the band dismissed his attendants, and walked up to the minister, saluted him gracefully, and apologized for his intrusion. The pastor returned the compliments and invited him to be seated by his side, to which the mysterious stranger

complied with thanks. Without further ceremony the parson asked:

"Who art thou, stranger, and from whence?"

The fairy replied, with downcast eye, that he was one of the Doane Shee, or men of peace; and further explained that he was originally angelic in his nature and attributes, and was once a sharer of the indescribable joys of the regions of light and love, but that he had been seduced by Satan to join him in his conspiracies and ambitions, and, as a punishment for his transgressions, he had been cast down from the realms of the blest, and doomed, along with millions of his fellow transgressors, to wander over the face of the Earth and through seas and mountains, until the coming of the Great Day. Their greatest tribulation, he continued, was in the uncertainty of their fate, for they feared the worst; and, with great anxiety, he appealed to the learned minister of the Gospel, saying: "The object of my present intrusion is to learn your opinion, as a competent Divine, as to our final destiny."

Here the Scottish minister entered upon a long and hair-splitting disquisition, touching the essential principles of faith and repentance, but getting no very satisfactory responses he asked the Doane to follow him in repeating the *Pater noster*. In attempting to do this, it was a little remarkable that the fairy could not repeat the word 'art,' but said 'wert' in heaven. This gave the holy man an ominous clue, and being an honest, sincere, and outspoken minister of the Gospel, and perceiving the precarious condition of the anxious inquirer, he resolved not to puff up the seditious brood with presumptuous and perhaps groundless expectations, and communicated to the fairy the precise nature of his sentiments. He told the unhappy being that their crime was of so deep a hue that he could not take it upon himself to hold out any hopes that it would admit of pardon. On hearing this the condemned sith uttered a shriek of despair, and plunged headlong into the loch, and the pious minister resumed his homeward way.

The Dracae also were an amphibious species of malicious fairy people. Their chief mode of attack upon mankind was to inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabited beneath the lakes and rivers, by alluring them with treasures and trinkets, such as gold rings, or cups, which they caused to float temptingly on the surface of shallow waters, and the women and children who saw these attractive objects, apparently within easy reach, were caught in their efforts to appropriate them. The women thus seized were employed as nurses, and after seven years, were allowed to return again to Earth.

Grevase mentions one woman in particular, who had been allured by seeing a wooden dish float past her as she was washing clothes in the

river. Just as she attempted to grasp it, she was seized and conducted to a cavern beneath the river, which she described as magnificent. Here she was employed as the nurse of one of the brood of the hag who had allured her. During her service in this capacity, she accidentally touched her right eye with an ointment made from *serpent's* grease. This magic ointment opened her inner vision, so that she could see the Dracae in their invisible form which they assumed when they intermingled among men. After having completed her seven years' term of servitude, she returned to her former earthly habitation, where she could see all the machinations of the Dracae, invisible to other people. By her own indiscretion, however, she soon lost her mystic power. She incautiously addressed her ghostly mistress while in her invisible form, who, by a touch of her finger, instantly deprived her of her exalted vision.

It is noteworthy that this story is current in every part of Scotland, Lowland and Highland alike, with no other substitute but that of fairies for Dracae, and the cavern of a hill for that of a river.

Dr. Johnson, who admitted the existence of standard fairies, is cited as disputing the authenticity of an apparition merely because it assumed the shape of a teapot and a shoulder of mutton. It may be his incredulity would have been removed if he had known of the antics of the Dracae.

V — Elves and Gnomes

The Elves inhabited the mountains, hills, and woods of Scotland; they were very small and mischievous, but not malicious; naturally, their garments were green. They were always grateful to their friends and benefactors, and never forgot them.

On one occasion a poor man from Jedburg, when going to the market to purchase a sheep, suddenly heard an unaccountable noise which seemed to proceed from a number of female voices, but no woman was visible. Amid howling and wailing there were sounds of mirth, but nothing articulate could he gather, except that occasionally he could distinguish above the din the cry: "O there's a bairn born, but there's no clothing for it." The astonished rustic was no longer in doubt that the occasion of this elfish concert was no other than the birth of a fairy child, at which the elves, with the exception of two or three who were distressed because there was nothing to cover the little innocent with, were giving vent to their joy in the approved manner well known to characterize such events. On hearing the distressful wail again and again, he at length bethought himself of his plaid, which he stripped off and cast upon the ground. It was immediately snatched by an invisible hand, and the wailing instantly ceased, but the mirth continued with increased

vigor. Satisfied that what he had done had pleased his invisible friends, he resumed his journey to the market. The sheep which he purchased turned out to be a remarkably good bargain, and he found that he had no cause to regret his generosity in bestowing his plaid on the needy fairies, for every day after that his wealth multiplied surprisingly, and he finally became a rich and prosperous man.

The Gnomes loved the subterranean recesses and caverns of the hills and mountains. Like the Brownies, they were very friendly to human folk, and were the guardians of mines and quarries, and often performed useful services in such places.

The Rev. Robert Kirk tells us that in the year 1676, when there was a scarcity of grain, there happened in the next parish to that of his residence

"a marvellous illapse of vision which struck the imagination of two women in one night, living at a good distance from one another, about a treasure hid in a mount called 'Fairy-hill.' In each case the appearance of a treasure was first represented to the fancy, and then an audible voice named the place where it was to their waking senses. Whereupon both rose, and meeting accidentally at the place, discovered their design; and jointly digging, found a vessel as large as a Scottish peck full of small pieces of good money, of ancient coin; and halving betwixt them, they sold in dishfuls for dishfuls of meal, which they gave to the country people. Very many, of undoubted credit, saw and had of the coin to this day."

The revelation of the coin was attributed to the trusty Gnomes, who lived in the fairy-hill.

As further proof of the beneficence, industry, and faithfulness of these subterranean people, he tells us that Welsh authors

"relate of Barry Island, in Glamorganshire, that laying your ear into a cleft in the rocks, blowing of bellows, striking of hammers, clashing of armour, filing of iron, will be heard distinctly, ever since Merlin enchanted those subterranean wights to a solid manual forging of arms to Aurelius Ambrosius and his Britons, till he returned, which Merlin being killed in battle, and not coming to loose the knot, these active vulcans are there tied to perpetual labor."

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN AND ELFLAND

THOMAS THE RIMER is a high authority on Elfland, for he had a wide experience. He flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century, during the reign of Alexander III. When he was not among the Elves he lived on his estate of Ercildoun, in Lauderdale, Berwickshire. Thomas Learmount was called 'The Rimer' on account of having composed a poetical romance on the subject of 'Tristram and Isolde,' which is the earliest specimen of English poetry known to exist, having preceded Chaucer by about a century.

Like all other men of talent of that period, Thomas Learmount was suspected of Magic; he was also said to have the gift of prophecy, due to

his Elfin relations, which had their inception one fine summer afternoon as Thomas lay on Huntley Bank, at the foot of the Eildon Hills, which raise their *triple* crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose.

Here he met a lady so extremely beautiful that he thought she must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her equipments, however, were rather those of an amazon, or goddess of the woods. She was mounted on a steed of surpassing beauty, and at its mane there hung thirty silver bells and nine, which sent forth enchanting music on the winds as she paced along. Her saddle was of ivory, overlaid with gold, and her stirrups and dress, and the whole magnificence of her array, were in perfect harmony with her celestial beauty. She had her bow in her hand, and her arrows in her belt, and led three greyhounds in a leash, while she was closely followed by three scenting hounds.

The raptured Thomas immediately desired to pay her homage, but this she disclaimed and rejected. Passing from one extreme to another, Thomas became a bold and fervent suitor; but the lady warned him that he must become her slave if he persisted in pressing his suit. But, for the moment, such slavery appeared to the enchanted Thomas as perfect bliss.

Before their interview terminated, however, he had good reasons to modify his sentiments. The beautiful lady was soon changed into the most hideous hag imaginable. An old witch from an ogre's den would have appeared a goddess in comparison. Hideous as she seemed, Thomas felt that he had placed himself in her power, and resolved to risk her sway; and when she bade him take leave of the sun, the flowers, and the forest, he felt it necessary to obey.

He followed his dreadful guide into a cavern, which hitherto had escaped his observation, though he knew the spot well. As they advanced into the subterranean passage, it soon became dark and dismal as Stygian night. On they traveled through this awful inferno, for three days on end, without stop for sleep or refreshment; sometimes walking through rivers of blood, while terrifying sounds, like the rolling of thunder or the booming of a distant ocean, fell upon their ears.

At length they emerged into a perfect paradise, where the light shone from an unseen source, but it was more glorious than that of the noonday sun. They entered a most beautiful and luxuriant orchard, and Thomas, exhausted for want of rest and almost fainting for want of food, stretched out his hand towards the tempting fruit which hung in great abundance and variety on all sides; but his conductress warned him that these were the fatal apples which lured man to his fall, and forbade him as much as to touch a single one of them. Ravenous as

he was, Thomas gave heed to her advice and restrained himself. But to his amazement and delight, when he turned to look at his guide, he again beheld her not merely in her former splendor, but far fairer and more beautiful in every way than he had seen her at the foot of the mountain; and she began to explain to him the character of the country.

"Yonder," said she, "is the Right-Hand Path which conveys the spirits of the blest to Paradise; and yon downward, well-worn way leads sinful souls to perdition. The third road to yonder brake conducts to the milder place of purgatorial redemption. But see a fourth road sweeping along the plain towards yon splendid castle! Yonder is the road to Elfland, whither we are now bound. The Lord of the castle is the King of this country, and I am his Queen. When you enter there you must observe absolute silence. I will answer for you by saying that I took your speech from you in middle Earth."

They then proceeded to the castle, and, on entering the kitchen, they found themselves in the midst of such a scene of festivities as might well become the palace of a king, which can be easier imagined than told. After regaling themselves, they entered the royal hall, where stately knights and fair ladies, dancing by threes, occupied the floor of the gorgeous place; and Thomas, forgetting his fatigue, went forward and joined the revelry.

After a period which seemed very short to him, the Queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country.

"Now," said the Queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"

"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above seven days."

"You are deceived," replied the Queen, "you have been in this castle just seven years, and it is full time that you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the Archfiend will come to the castle tomorrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you could not escape his eye. For all the world I would not suffer you to be betrayed to such a fate; up therefore, and let us be going."

This terrible news reconciled Thomas to the prospect of his departure from Elfland. There was no long and fearsome return journey. In less time than it takes to tell it the Queen had placed him again on Huntley Bank, where the larks were singing in the dawn of a beautiful summer morning.

To ensure his reputation, she bestowed upon him the tongue that *could not lie*, before leaving him. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which, as he protested, would make him unfit for church or market, for king's court, or lady's bower. But the Elfish Queen disregarded all his remonstrances, and Thomas the Rimer, *could lie no more.* Whatever he said thereafter

was certain to come to pass, and it was no wonder that he gained credit as a prophet.

For many years afterwards he lived in his own tower at Ercildoun, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, many of which are current to this day.

At length, as the prophet was entertaining the Earl of March, there appeared a hart and a hind, which, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onwards through the village towards the tower of the prophet. Thomas quietly arose from the festive board, and acknowledging that fate had summoned him, he accompanied the hart and the hind to the forest, and though he may be occasionally seen by his favored friends, he has never again since that day mixed familiarly with mankind.

ENGINEERING FEATS OF THE ANCIENTS: by Magister Artium

THE engineering feats of the ancients was the subject of an address by Mr. George H. Pegram, President of the American Society of Engineers, from which the following is quoted in the *Scientific American Supplement:*

"No works of modern times compare in magnitude with those of the ancients. Consider a reservoir, to impound the waters of the Nile, covering an area of 150 square miles. with a dam 30 feet high and 13 miles long. The pyramids of Gizeh . . . had granite blocks which were 5 feet square and 30 feet long, and were transported 500 miles. One of the temples of Memphis was built of stones which were 13 feet square and 65 feet long, and laid with close joints. The Appian Way from Rome to Capua was so well built that after a thousand years its roadway was in perfect condition, and even now, after two thousand years, with slight repairs, is in use. The modern engineer would question the possibility of such work, without these great examples. If one could imagine cessation of life on this continent, and our works subjected to the destructive forces of time and nature for a thousand years, what evidences of civilization would remain? . . .

"We look in vain for the application of mechanical power by the ancients, whose works seem almost impossible without its assumption, but the stone reliefs showing the movement of large weights by manual power indicate that probably the other did not exist."

The subject is of frequent mention in Theosophical writing.

At the ruins of Baalbek in Syria lies a stone 71 feet long, and 13 by 14 feet in its other dimensions. Other stones, nearly as large, are found hoisted into their places in the walls. The pre-Incan ruins of Peru contain an incredible amount of masonry, vast in size and perfectly hewn, including about 250,000 miles of stone walls. But it is necessary to take a comprehensive view of the whole field of ancient masonry in order to do full justice to the subject.

We are not satisfied with the lecturer's argument that the feats are

impossible by manual labor, but that the reliefs show that nevertheless they were thus accomplished. But it suggests the idea that the stones were lightened in some way not now known. If the ancient builders were able to counteract the action of gravity, the puzzle would be explained. And we ourselves might find out how to do this tomorrow! Surely it is not impossible that this is among the secrets of science that are discoverable, and that it may have been known and lost. This is merely a suggestion. It may be that, before the knowledge was lost, the ability to use it was first lost. We do know that races of mankind, once chaste, have given way to sensuality; this would mean a loss of power. Also we know that disunion and strife have been characteristic of historical times; and this means disintegration. If, previous to the intrusion of these disruptive and debilitating influences, mankind could wield powers which it afterwards lost, there would be no cause for wonder.

Some will perhaps suggest that these engineering feats were accomplished by supernatural means; but that is only an hypothesis resorted to by materialists, who do not believe in any natural forces except those with which they are familiar. It is better to think the feats were done by perfectly natural means, but with which we are not now acquainted.