

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII, NO. 6

JUNE 1920


“The Buddha said: A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me to him.”
— Translated by Samuel Beal from the Chinese Buddhist work (taken from the Sanskrit) called ‘The Sūtra of Forty-two Sections.’

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

OREVER hiding futurity, the Screen of Time hangs before us, impenetrable. Nor can it be lifted. Its other side may have pictures and words upon it which we would like to read. There is such a desire in the human heart to know what the coming days may hold, that if there be pictures on the hidden side of the Screen we long to see them. But fortunately for us in our present weak condition we may not look behind. Standing in front, all we are privileged to perceive are the reflexions from human life thrown upon this side known as the present, while the pictures that have been there in the past turn themselves into background and distance, sometimes bright, but oftener gloomy and gray.

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A very pernicious doctrine is again making an appearance. It is weak, truly, but now is the time to deal with and destroy it if possible. It is the theory that the best way to overcome a tendency — of any sort — of the physical nature, is to give way to it. This is the dreadful doctrine of Satiation: that the only way to deal with lust and other things of the lower plane is to satisfy all cravings. By argument this may be shown to

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be an evil doctrine; but fact overcomes all argument, and it is easy to discern the truth to be that satiation of a craving does not remove its cause. If we eat, and dissipate hunger, the need for food will soon be felt again. And so with all cravings and tendencies which are classified as bad or low, or those which we wish to get rid of. They must be opposed. To satisfy and give way to them will produce but a temporary dulness. The real cause of them all is in the inner man, on the plane of desire whether mental or physical. So long as no effort is made to remove them they remain there. The *Voice of the Silence* is against the doctrine of satiation most clearly, and so are the voices of all the sages. We must all wish that this pernicious idea may never obtain a hold in Theosophical ranks.

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At the present time one of the most urgent needs is for a simplification of Theosophical teachings. Theosophy is simple enough; it is the fault of its exponents if it is made complicated, abstruse or vague. Yet inquiring people are always complaining that it is too difficult a subject for them, and that their education has not been deep enough to enable them to understand it. This is greatly the fault of the members who have put it in such a manner that the people sadly turn away. At public meetings or when trying to interest an inquirer it is absolutely useless to use Sanskrit, Greek or other foreign words. Nine times out of ten the habit of doing so is due to laziness or conceit. Sometimes it is due to having merely learned certain terms without knowing and assimilating the ideas underneath. The ideas of Theosophy should be mastered, and once that is done it will be easy to express these in the simplest possible terms. And discussions about the Absolute, the Hierarchies, and so forth, are worse than useless. Such ideas as Karma, Reincarnation, the Perfectibility of Man, the Dual Nature, are the subjects to put forward. These can be expounded — if you have grasped the ideas and made them part of your thought — from a thousand different points of view. At all meetings the strongest effort should be made to simplify by using the words of our own language in expressing that which we believe.— From THE PATH, February, 1896

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is without a creed, but any society devoting itself to a definite object must at last accumulate within its ranks a number of members who all think more or less alike, and that is just what has happened in the Theosophical Society. A great many of us, the majority I will frankly say, think about alike, but not because we have forced belief into each other. We have come together and said to each other, "Here are these ideas," and it has resulted in the majority having come to one conclusion. But the Society is always free and open.

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It has no dogmas. The doctrines we have put principally forward among a great many others for investigation cover everything. We are so presumptuous as to say that Theosophy is large enough to cover all Science and all Religion, to make indeed Science religious, and Religion scientific. But among all these doctrines we think there is a truth of the highest importance to humanity, because sorrow prevails everywhere, and we are attempting by our Society's work to find a cure for sorrow. We think that evils will never be cured by legislation. You have been legislating all these long years and have not succeeded. We have still our strikes, our sorrows, our poverty. We began without anything against us in America, and today there is the same thing there as here. As one of our great investigators of criminal records says, crime in America is worse than in England in proportion. With all your legislation here is the same evil, and so we bring principally forward three doctrines which we think of the highest importance.

The first is Justice; we call it Karma; you can call it Justice, but the old Sanskrit word is *Karma*. It is that you will reap the result of what you do. If you do good you will get good; if you do evil you will get evil. But it is said that man does not get his deserts in many cases. That is true under the old theory. But the next step is that we bring forward out of Christianity, Buddhism, Brahmanism, that doctrine under which it becomes true, and that is Reincarnation. This means we are all spiritually immortal beings, and in order to receive our deserts we must all come to the place where we have done the good or evil, so that today you have come to this life from some other life. If you have been good you are happy, if you have been evil you are unhappy, just because you lived in a corresponding way in that life. And if you are not caught up within this life you will be caught up within the next one which is coming. For after you die you have a slight period of rest, and then return to this civilization which you have made, and for which you are responsible, and for which you will suffer if its evils are not eliminated.

And the next doctrine is that all these spiritual beings in these bodies are united together in fact, not in theory, that you are all made of one substance; that our souls vibrate together, feel for each other, suffer for each other, and enjoy for each other, so that in far China people are suffering for the evils of the people in London, and people in London are suffering for the evils of people in China, and in New York the same. We are all bound together with a bond we cannot break, and that is the essential unity of the human family, it is the basis of the Universal Brotherhood.

We bring these three doctrines prominently forward because ethics must have a basis not in fear, not in command, not in statute laws, but

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in the man himself. And when he knows that he is united with everyone else, and is responsible for the progress of his brother, he will then come to act according to right ethics. And until he so believes he will not, and our sorrows will increase and revolutions will come on, blood will be shed, and you will only rise then out of the ruins of that civilization which you hoped to make the grandest that the world has ever seen.

We hope that the day will soon come when these doctrines will be believed and practised, which this movement, called the Theosophical Movement, has thus brought prominently forward.

—*From a public address, London, 1892*

THE object before our eyes when we agreed to carry on this project was to hold Truth as something for which no sacrifice could be too great, and to admit no dogma to be more binding than the motto of the Theosophical Society,—“There is no religion higher than Truth.”

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The only true Science must also be a religion, and that is The Wisdom-Religion. A religion which ignores patent facts and laws that govern our lives, our deaths, and our sad or happy hereafter, is no religion; and so last March we wrote,—“The true religion is that one which will find the basic ideas common to all philosophies and religions.”

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For these reasons we think it a wise thing for a person to join this body, and a wiser yet to work heart and soul for it. And we would have no one misunderstand how we look upon H. P. Blavatsky. She is the greatest woman in this world in our opinion, and greater than any man now moving among men. Disputes and slanders about what she has said and done move us not, for we know by personal experience her real virtues and powers. Since 1875 she has stood as the champion and helper of every Theosophist; each member of the Society has to thank her for the store of knowledge and spiritual help that has lifted so many of us from doubt to certainty of where and how Truth might be found; lovers of truth and seekers after occultism will know her worth only when she has passed from earth; had she had more help and less captious criticism from those who called themselves co-laborers, our Society would today be better and more able to inform its separate units while it resisted its foes. During all these years, upon her devoted head has concentrated the weighty Karma accumulated in every direction by the unthinking body of Theosophists; and, whether they will believe it or not, the Society had died long ago, were it not for her.

—*From THE PATH, March, 1888*

PSYCHIC RESEARCH VS. IMMORTALITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IF this subject seems somewhat trite and hackneyed, we must remember that the function of a periodical review is to treat live topics; and as the present topic is very much to the fore just now, its frequent recurrence in public print will supply sufficient reason for its repetition in these pages.

The mystery of death, the sorrows of bereavement, affect in different ways different minds. There are some who seek consolation and surety in the attempt to convince themselves of a perpetuation of the personality of the deceased, accompanied by actual verbal communications with the living, achieved through the practices of psychic research and spiritism, and by the aid of mediums. There are others to whom this idea is altogether repugnant, who feel that the evidence thus obtained is not evidence of immortality but rather of mortality, and who regard the communications, when not due to mental phenomena such as telepathy, as proceeding, not from the immortal soul, but from the astral remnants of the deceased personality.

Our present occasion is to present instances of these two views, occurring by remarkable contrast and coincidence in the same number of *The Hibbert Journal*, January, 1920, the one from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge, the other by J. R. Mozley.

Professor Lodge says:

“They and we together have been blessed by links of affection, which are not earthly alone, or temporary, but divinely ordained and permanent. We feel unable to live out our life here, in its fulness, without some friendly intercourse with those on the other side; neither can they be made perfect apart from us, *et non sine nobis consummarentur.*”

This closes an article wherein he replies to the criticisms leveled at him by certain divines in a recent Church Congress, and containing somewhat detailed instances of the communications which he claims to have received, and still to be receiving, from his deceased son.

Mr. Mozley says:

“Eternal life, as I have described it in the above pages, is the manifestation of a continually increasing power of love among those who obtain a part in it. Through what channels that love will show itself we, with our imperfect faculties, cannot imagine at present; nor can we fully imagine the regions in which it will show itself. But we may fairly believe that some part of it, in those who are departed, is directed towards those whom they have left behind them, and who still live in bodies of flesh. . . . Can human society exist and flourish with ever-progressive energy and happiness without a spiritual alliance between those who are

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still in the flesh and the good and brave souls who have departed out of the fleshly life through the gate of death?"

His idea of communion is lifted wholly beyond the sphere of personality and all terrestrial ideas; it depends on the recognition of pure love as an undying power which can persist beyond the grave and influence for good the lives of those yet on earth. Let us examine his views a little further.

He holds that the conception of a future life, while differing much in expression throughout the ages, has always been the same at bottom. The expression has changed and evolved with our changing methods of thought. What is cloudy in our conceptions today may be cleared up by the light of future knowledge.

"It will appear, I think, that future life is adequately interpreted as eternal life, and not otherwise. . . ."

This is a view for which we have often contended in these pages. See, for instance, 'The Question of Survival,' November 1919, p. 472. What might be called the 'end-on' theory of immortality, which makes it a state tacked on to the end of the period of mortal life, is crude; for what has eternity to do with our mortal ideas of time? The writer, continuing the above remark, adds:

". . . and that the universe has as its heart an eternally expansive life."

Going over the field of history, in review of the various forms of belief in immortality, in an attempt to find the common and essential factor in these beliefs, he rejects the crude theories of a survival of the *mere* personality, accompanied by a machinery of reward and punishment, and finds that common factor in an intuition of the perpetuity of the spiritual essence in man. He attaches more importance to the particular case of Jesus Christ than we should consider due; for Theosophy regards Jesus as but one out of many Teachers who have achieved enlightenment and found their mission in helping mankind to follow in their steps. And, with this reservation in view, we may quote the following. The teachings of Jesus are important —

"Because they reveal to us the form and character of a spiritual world transcending our sensuous world, because they exhibit to us love and faith as the moving forces in that spiritual world, because they show us this love and faith operating in Jesus himself, and give us the initial ground for thinking (what experience has, I believe, ratified) that that love and that faith continued in him after his physical death, and still form the channel by which the spiritual world, which eternally exists, can be appropriated, known, and understood by ourselves."

This particularizing in favor of Jesus is modified by the expression, in our first quotation from Mr. Mozley, "we may fairly believe that some part of it, *in those who are departed*, is directed towards those whom they

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have left behind them.” In short, subject to his limitations as regards Christianity, he holds that the *essential* life of man is a spiritual life, which has nothing to do with the times and changes of mortal life; so that the best and most real influence of man continues to operate among men independently of the death of the body. This is a very different thing from the supposed survival of a mortal personality, with all its temporal limitations, visiting its old haunts and communicating verbal messages through a medium or a ouija board. It will seem to many that, if the Church Congress could issue some such declaration of faith as that given in this article of Mr. Mozley’s, adding a definite repudiation of psychic research and spiritism as practices irrelevant at best, at worst dangerous, the Church Congress would thereby acquit itself with all due satisfaction.

Theosophists do not believe that Jesus especially is the channel of approach for man to the supreme; for they believe that there have been many such great Souls. They believe — and here, as said, Mr. Mozley concurs — that the spiritual essence of all good people who have passed away, continues operative as a power of good in the world. But they do not believe that forms and personalities return to hover over us or to deliver personal messages or influences. This, they feel, would be delusion. The imagination, fired by emotions, is prolific in the breeding of illusions. We must feel that the immortal dead *are* immortal; that they have shed their mortality; that they *are* spiritual — not material and personal. And, for further enlightenment as to their state, we must await the growth of knowledge, which will surely come, if only we can keep our ideas refined and our aspirations elevated.



THE School for Oriental Studies in London has issued a bulletin which discusses the fundamental identity of the Kolarian and Basque declensions. We have not heard that much attention has yet been directed to the fundamental identity of Maori and Sanskrit nouns. Such studies would no doubt lead us considerably farther into the past than ten or twelve centuries ago. As to the Basques, there is a Smithsonian report of 1859 in which Professor Retzius held them nearly related, not only to the Guanches of the Canaries, but also to the aborigines of the Carib Islands. Virchow and de Quatrefages agreed, referring the Basques, Cro-Magnon cave-men and American aborigines to one and the same type, so that, as H. P. Blavatsky wrote, the “*Atlantean affinities* of these three types become patent.” (Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 792-3.) The Basques are mainly light-hearted, musical, and industrious.

F. J. D.

THE TREASURE-CHAMBERS OF THE MORNING

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

IN the inner fastnesses and treasure-chambers of the Day are all the wealth and all the weapons that we need. Beauty is there, and the power to create beauty: rather, that power, rightly understood, is ability to command entrance into those secret places.

I do not altogether mean places within the individual soul. We are quite too much wrapped up in our individual souls; we do not see that the Temple is much larger. This Temple, that is, whose pavement is the colored sea and earth, and near whose beautiful ceiling are the stars.

It is thronged with the Everlasting Silence, which is the Mother of all things, and the Father,— the Richness, the Foundation, and the Peace. The hush that comes over the eastern mountains at dawn and in the morning; the clear blue beauty of the noon; the mystery of evening over the western sea: — in all these there is something declaratory and indicative. I will not say (as many would) that they are reflexions outward of my soul; rather I think my soul a part of, an incident in, and a kind of reflexion of, them. For I conceive them to be the moods and changes, the beneficent revelations, of a very much greater soul than mine: the Ocean, of which this is a single drop.

Which Greater Soul, again, is the Treasure-chamber; and it is there I would enter; I make claim, and think of myself as having the right to enter; — or else I shall, so far as I may, pitch my tent over against its doors, and abide there patiently; if exiled, not acquiescing in the sentence.

This world, they say, is an illusion; but in what sense? I have heard some argue that we should have no truck with its beauty at all, “because it is all illusory, and the Soul is greater than Nature” (the part than the whole). I think that depends on the direction in which you are looking. You can never, I suppose, dissect or analyse anything that is not an illusion; whatever test-tube, crucible, knife, microscope, and all that kind of thing can bring you to, will still be illusory. One might even wonder whether what we now understand as the properties of matter have been so always,— even moderately always. Our modern knowledge of them is based on such short observation. We cannot compare notes with the doctors of Vedic India, or the Egyptian chemists of pyramid-building days. Was water always H₂O? I dare say it was; only we cannot prove it. We cannot prove that the elements combined,

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or that the functions of the human body — even the great and main functions — behaved in the same fashion ten thousand years ago as now. I in those days was another I altogether, knowing as little of what I should be now, as I know now of what I was then. The elements of my personal being were differently arranged; I had another (outward) identity. The central selfhood or Soul was the same; but in the grand rhythm of its existence another *motif* was being played. Truth and falsehood were mixed in different proportions; cowardice and bravery interacted differently. In the much huger rhythm of the World-Soul, too, such changes may occur; and all the laws of matter, as we know them, may be but a momentary note. The Harper of the Eternities remains the same; what flows from the harp-strings is not one endless monotone, but a tune with rippling changes and rhythms recurring.

From the one sole Cause of Causes, the Fountain, Sum, and Essence of Existence, there is a vast concatenation of causes and effects down to the mood in which I arose this morning, or the pebble lying in my path, or the worm spiring underground. Hydrogen and oxygen combine, and are water: here are physical causes followed by physical effects. But the law that these shall follow those is not physical or material. And it is in itself the effect of a cause still less so; and that, of a cause remoter again, or more inward again. Traveling along this chain of effects and causes, you come from the world of appearances to the world of consciousness; and from that, no doubt, to That which is neither conscious nor unconscious. The physical is the merest diaphanous veil of the Metaphysical. In this sense it is an illusion: look *at* it, and what you see is precisely a whirl and great play of nothingnesses. The path of the materialist leads nowhere: it is a blind alley; a maze to which there is no clue, in which there is no goal to arrive at, and from which there is no way out.

But look *through* the veil, and there is no end to the vistas that appear.

A picture thrown on a screen is an illusion. Try to walk into it, and you will not go far. That is precisely what our materialists are seeking to do. But the picture argues a slide in the lantern (which is the thought in the Universal Mind); and behind that, a light, a flame (which is the World-Soul).

So in the human world. All the traits, all the characteristics that go to make up personality,— they are just little temporary combinations and arrangements of nothingnesses; and *ex nihilo nihil*: the things they combine to make,—our proud personal selves,—are nothing; they have as much real existence as the picture thrown on the screen. The Soul with its stern and beautiful work in the fields of Eternity to do,—that is great, that is real; but all these visible fascinations, allure-

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ments, gaities, clevernesses, likings and dislikings, repulsions and desires,— what is there in them to hold an anchor? Janus of the Two Faces, who is Death and Rebirth, shakes the kaleidoscope, and all is different suddenly; the man dies, and that personality is done with, and shall never be again. How little, perhaps, he represented the Light behind the lantern-slide, his Root of Being! But were your eyes turned towards that Light, they could never be shadowed or discomfited: you saw it shining behind the eyes now closed; but look, and you shall see it shining also behind any eyes that may meet yours. It is not personal; rouses no desire or longings; — but through it the beauty of the morning flows into you, and you set a certain value on the leaf, the grass-blade, the pebble, on those beautiful things, your fellow human beings; — because through all, the ravishment of Paradise is visibly shining, and the diapasons of Eternity are sounding audibly,— “Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.”

About that Center and Sole Cause mystics and poets in all ages have been trying to say something; and although they have failed and forever must fail to make palpable revelations, that should really compel us others into vision, yet their words are the illumination of literature, and the nard and frankincense and preservatives of the thought of the world. —“If I take to myself the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, Thou art there also!” How such sentences shine! how impossible they are to submit to the picking analytical methods of the legal or scientific or argumentative mind! One might find them in Laotse, in the Upanishads, in the Psalmist, in the Persian poets, in Mohammed; — who likens It to a “niche in which there is a lamp, and the lamp is lighted from a sacred tree,— an olive neither of the east nor of the west, the oil whereof would give light though no flame touched it,— Light upon light!” Light is probably the most obvious symbol for It, and the way It would first impress Itself on our mental vision: light, the source of light, the Sun. But command the mind into quietude, and banish the thought-swarms that infest waking consciousness, and It will seem meetly and augustly symbolized as Silence; or sink the thought into the heart, and It will come to be for you an excellent Companionship and all-informing Compassion. *Joy* is another of our human words that reflects it a little; and there is another again, *God*; but that last has become despicably cheapened, and it might be wise never to use it, as suggesting too much indignity. That is the fate of names: when you bandy them about, without thought for the thing they represent, they deteriorate, and quickly cease to represent anything. It is so with that much-abused word *God*. Imagine joy — getting angry; light — inflicting punishments; silence — issuing commands; compassion — enjoying

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the smell of burnt offerings! It just shows what the human mind can sink to, when it *will not* think!

But the first of these symbols is light, and the Sun; and no doubt this is the scientific explanation of the Sun: it is the main focus of That, and chief channel through which It flows into our worlds. I am never so sure which is subjective or within me, and which objective, or without: my mind is all awry, and not functioning decently, unless the sunrise happens as much in it as in the heavens. I look out through my door; between the blobbed and tufted pine-branches, forms so familiar, the sky is of that soft aristocratic gray that seems to have in it the latency of all sorts of blues, purples, and even crimson. . . . And then someone has poured into this grayness a tincture, that runs out in cloudy wreaths and streaks colored like the tulip *Joost Van Vondel*: a rose that can only be carried by tulips, as if that form were needed to suggest, to fill out in the imagination, the fulness and richness of the color. . . . "Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind," says the Veda; and one seems to behold, here again, the opening of the Drama of Eternity: Brahma rising in that rosy lotus,—tulip, I say,—Eternal Beauty determined to be expressed in an infinity of visible things:—from that bloom in eastern heaven, a dispassionate serenity, a visible calm love, flowing out to all the horizons.

That was one morning; I shall venture to speak of another. There is the long line of mountains, dark like the bloom on damsons; above, the sky, quite cloudless, burning to saffron and amber; and the little candle-light of Mercury paling, and Mars and Saturn fading, and the diamond glories of Venus and Jupiter waning in the blue mid-sky. (They were all five of them somewhere between Virgo and Sagittary at that time, in the last weeks of 1919.) And yonder, under the mountains, is the gleam of the bay, frosted creamy silver suffused with bronze or apricot; and here, the familiar forms of the pines with a certain unwonted aspect on them, as if they could tell me things infinitely wonderful, and for two pins would,—only silence is so much the best way of telling the things that matter! As when you share some excellent knowledge with a very intimate friend: the thing known is too good, and the friendship too intimate, to permit speech. . . . Everything between the dim brown and green of the earth-floor and the coppery blue where Venus is fading, is alive, aglow, a-hush,—packed with a sense of intimacy, with surprise, with merriment too secure for laughter, with newness as old as the world; — and then, into all this, comes the visible Sun. . . .

I wish to capture that moment, because I verily think it is a Theophany: the birth of a Golden Idea in that Great Mind of which 'I' am a tiny aspect or component atom. The World-Soul is reilluminated;

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and in that light there is no room, in this little space of conscious being, for remembrance of the myriad failures and the old seeming hopelessness of things. 'I' am a part of the Dawn; of its beneficence, its universality, its impersonal glad silence, cleanness, calm. In so far as I can carry that moment on with me into the day, I shall be making the day sacred; I shall be living, and not playing at life.

What relation has all this to action and practical affairs? There is the everlasting necessity that we should work for the world and the redemption of Man. It is what troubles thousands in all these nations: the will to better things is not lacking, only the knowledge how to set about it. Against every fair effort for human weal, the counteracting evil is forever flowing out of Man himself. The greeds, the ambitions, the passions, which are a part of our nature,—it is these things make earth hell. Reform and reform as you will, it all seems throwing things into some bottomless quicksand, or emptying the sea by teaspoonfuls. I have been reading lately some of the plays of a school very characteristic of the present time. They are written, yes, with compassion for pens, but with the gloom and mirk of the pit for ink. You sense the greatness of the playwrights' hearts; you are made to mourn over man's inhumanity to man; but you are shown no cure or way out of it. Reform all these effects of the inhumanity, and you still would have the inhumanity to produce new ones as bad. And as to changing the effects,—reforming things,—even that:—what a task! Not one for shifting-minded democracies that cannot be made all simultaneously to care,—that are unconvincible *en masse!* One would need a Hercules-Tyrannus, a universal autocrat universally benevolent. The prison-systems, that ruin many lives and save none at all; the devilish folly of capital punishment; the women on the streets,—for which unending agony not the laws, not the wickedness of individuals, but the brute thoughts of all mankind, respectable and otherwise, are responsible; the collective madness of hatred that takes nations when they go to war:—it is good for those who cultivate oblivion to be reminded scathingly of these things, and to be reminded that his will is weak, whose will is not set to combat and cure them.

Ay, but how to do it?—that is the piteous cry!

All the evils of the world, and all the good, flow out of the reactions of men to their duty. Before every individual, at every point of time, there is a duty to be done: a moment to be filled with action (in the largest sense you can give that word); these moments, as they come, are problems that ask to be solved; they give you no time for hesitation, but you must solve them each on the instant, or they escape you imperfect still, and swelling the sum of imperfections. The solution is, the Duty of the

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Moment. You can fill it with a divine essence; or with selfishness, greed, desire, etc.; or with laziness and indifference. There is nothing else so important as Duty; indeed, it is the king and crux of life; you might make an excellent catechism of questions and answers like this: *Why is there a world?* — *Because there must be a field for the performance of Duty.* — *Why are there men?* — *Because there must be agents for the doing of Duty.* — *What mean you by this word Duty?* (to give a little King James flavor to it). — *That which is due to be done during the periods of Universal Manifestation.* — *To Whom or What is it due?* — *To the Divine Self of the Universe.*

This duty we do, and dedicate to self; — and swell with it the sum of human selfishness, that is to say, human sorrow. This one we compromise with and set up a poor makeshift against it; — and increase the hesitation, the uncertainty, the difficulty of accomplishing anything, that so burdens the world. That other, again, we allow to ride clean over us, into the vast limbo of the incomplete and imperfect, the Waiting-to-be-solved. . . .

Duty presents itself to everyone daily anew. At the moment of waking it presents itself. . . . The Sun rises, and opens the Treasure-chamber of the morning. Will you go in, and get royal gifts for the day?

In that mood, in that silence, in that glow and universal light, there is no shadow of personality: no animosity, hatred, greed or passion or triviality; it is the Divine Part of us dwells there, and with which we come face to face there. But what a revelation it is, how startling, what a light upon these problems, to be confronted with the fact that there *is* a Divine Part! Something untroubled as the Eternal, clear as the bluest heaven, friendly as the morning light,— all-compassionate, because selfless. In the moment of that revelation one is a new link between Heaven and Man, and the waters of redemption flow through one.

Go now to the common things and daily duties with the peace of that dawn still shining about you, and none of the problems that crowd to you momentarily will be turned empty away. The man that insults or irritates you, will find no one there to insult or irritate; expecting a pygmy, he will come on a God; and take away from the encounter, healing and gems from the treasure of the morning. You have won something out of Heaven, and loosed it at large upon Earth; you have set free an elixiral essence on the air, and it will go on its way transmuting things. You have contributed to humanity strong essences of purification.

RESURRECTION

T. HENRY, M. A.



HIS is a topic on which one has often written before; but if on that account objection be made, let the objector say, if he can, why, since seasons recur, topics should not do so also. Can one be held responsible for the order of Nature? Nature has ordained that, once in every three-hundred-and-sixty-five-and-a-quarter days (on the average), there should recur that epoch when her vital forces are renewed, the same being celebrated in all lands and ages by the surviving relics of those ceremonials which once (we presume) had more meaning than they have in our times. There was a time when the Christian Church thought fit to adopt and adapt such a yearly festival, holding it at the customary time — spring — and giving it a Jewish name (*pesach*, whence: *pâques*, *pascua*, *pasqua*), or a Teutonic name (*Easter*, *Ostern*), according to geographic and other circumstances. It is considered fitting that one should choose this anniversary for the appearance of an article on the subject; but, to secure that result, the said article would have to be penned *before* the season; a circumstance that would not matter, if one wrote to order and officially. But when one writes from inspiration, one must write when the inspiration comes; and it happens to be true that, in the present case, the fact of its being Eastertide (which had been forgotten) was called to mind by the inspiration to write on the subject of resurrection; so that the thought was not suggested by a remembrance of the season, but, contrariwise, the recollection of the season was induced by the thought. Which proves that there is a real resurrection at this season of the year, even if no other proof were availing of such a universal renewal and outpouring of vital forces as occurs at the Spring equinox.

Time is a straight line, and eternity is a circle. When we measure the microcosmic dimensions of man's little bodily and mundane concerns, we use the straight line and the square; but for larger measures we have to use the curve and the circle. Before the days of extensive navigation people, when they went a journey, used to turn back if they wanted to go home. But later on, when they extended their journeys to the wide ocean, another policy could be adopted; and we find Drake, unable to get back home by turning around and retracing his steps, achieves the same purpose *by going straight on*; a highly illogical plan, surely; yet it proved successful and brought him safely and triumphantly back by way of Sumatra. Drake proved the law of cycles in a very practical manner.

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We are now assured by learned and competent authority that, if we shoot a rocket into space, we may (if we aim straight enough) hit ourself in the back; because even a perfectly straight line, which is the *very* shortest distance between two points, is nothing whatever but part of some incomprehensible circle, and must therefore run into itself, if not sooner, then later.

But this idea of the universality of circles, this conception of the straight line as being nothing but a very little part of a circle, needs to be applied in our ideas as well as in our geography. We must think more in circles and less in straight lines. Human life has been depicted as a straight line. To the skeptic who recognises no immortality, this line has two ends — one in the cradle, the other in the grave. This at least has some analogy in nature. But to the theologian that straight line may mysteriously have a beginning but no termination — a line with only one end! for which in geometry we shall seek in vain for an analog. Human life as a line with only one end; an infinite number of lines, beginning in an infinite number of cradles, and radiating off for ever in heaven or hell! Nay; this is a sorry violation of the eternal law of cycles; a beetle's view of the universe, a drawing-pad's conception of geometry. Nowhere do we find Nature following such a plan. The day, once begun, proceeds from that moment methodically towards its own rebirth; never by recession, but always by continued progress, do we approach Easter, Christmas, or our own birthday anniversary.

What then is this 'Death' which the poets sing, which Poe chose as the theme of his most celebrated poem, because (he says) it is the *saddest*, and therefore the most beautiful, of themes? Poe's genius at its best is always inspired by themes of loss — loss of a beloved one, loss of joys, loss of powers. It is pertinent to ask why, if sadness is indeed (as he holds) the most perfect condition of beauty, there should be this mysterious connexion between beauty and bereavement. May the explanation not lie in an inward perception of the *true* nature of bereavement — that bereavement is no more a finality than the close of a cycle is a finality — that loss is but the inevitable signal for a regaining — that separation is (in reality) a species of reunion? Was it a recognition of this that led Rider Haggard, in his favorite romance of *Eric Brighteyes*, to consummate the wedlock of his hero and heroine in — Death, as the only possible solution of so great a drama?

How much of the charm of the poet Moore rests in his constant theme of the loss of the friends one loves best and the departure of other days? Here again we have the ideas of beauty and death combined. It would almost seem as if the consummation of love were achieved in loss. Our temporal life is all oscillations; but in the eternal there are no such vi-

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brations — or, perchance vibration has become so absolute as to be indistinguishable from absolute rest and changelessness.

As surely as the death of the year, with its dark and cold, its withdrawals into our shells, its crouching over fires, its postponement of our enterprises — as surely as this will be succeeded by a renewal; so surely must every decay, every abandonment, every shrinking, be succeeded (sooner or later) by a renewal; it is the eternal law.

“Nevermore” is truly but a catchword in the mouth of a witless herald of gloom; a refrain wherewith a petulant melancholiac tortures himself to goad his jaded nerves with the welcome sensation of pain. It but indicates that our loves have journeyed on (in an eternal progress) to the antipodes of a mighty cyclic sweep; and that across the diametric gulf that now sunders us we contemplate them as images made chaste and beautiful by their remoteness. But *the same law* which removed them thither will bring them back.

Easter; is it a pagan mummery in honor of a fictitious god? If so, then would I fain reconstitute it as a sacred reminder of the eternal law of resurrection. Such sentiment, rising in my breast, gives me to think that possibly the same sentiment may have been the inspiring cause of the institution of such festivals in antiquity. Man does need such reminders; *I* do, and so doubtless do you. However great our faith, we can forget; and he who forgets can be reminded.

In Spring the seeds that were sown in the darkness of the dying year come up. What is man that he should expect the harvest at the sowing, and weep when he finds that Nature will not have the thing so? He is but a child, surely? If, when I sow seeds in toil, I do not find them spring up at once — then let me sow more seeds, and *wait*. In my winter I may delve and drain and prepare. When my spring comes, up will come my seeds — if I have sown any. We celebrate Easter with an *egg*. We might celebrate it with a seed; but an egg is an even better symbol. We do not nowadays realize the importance of this symbol; yet we cannot, *cannot*, let it go. Human nature is always the same, however fashions vary; and however much brains we have put on over our understanding, we still have that understanding, which makes us do things unwittingly like a bird building its nest for the new brood. And so, right here in modern America, we still paint our breakfast eggs green and red once a year, because our remote forebears used to hand to each other eggs, as much as to say, “Forget not that thou art the eternal germ, that dies not.” “Hail, the gem within the lotus-blossom!” sang, and still sing, the Orientals in their famous *Mani*, with the same significance; for the lotus-blossom is their emblem of the wondrous temple of man’s heart, in whose dome there hangs that radiant jewel that can never be

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ravished, that knows nor time nor change. From the eternal seed within my heart will spring anew, after every death, the glories made more perfect by their departure. Ever remembering, never forgetting this, I contemplate with a deep unutterable peace the changes that pass around me; as though I stood, a detached spectator, on the confines of a universe and watched the whirling orbs, retreating from the central fire and returning again thereto, in an eternal music, a majestic untroubled order. With the renewal I may rejoice and sing; and I may mourn with the departure; but beyond and beneath such moods, which I disdain alike to indulge or to suppress, there is *felt*, in those regions where mere thought cannot reach, the undying knowledge of an eternal harmony, a never-ending progress, a mighty purpose, to whose fulfilment every event contributes, which no event can frustrate. That which hath been, shall it not be again? Is it possible for *me* to love and lose? If I have truly loved, is not that all? Have I not then found that which *cannot* be taken from me?

Thus Easter and its symbols are a perpetual reminder that there *is* a deeper meaning in life; and that there are times and seasons when that deeper meaning becomes more real to us. For we all have times when our usual melancholy preoccupation with self ceases for awhile and purer nobler thoughts can find a chance to supervene; and then there may come an answering echo from the Soul within, giving us more of that light by which we see our way.

Let us regard resurrection as an event that may occur any time and often during this life, and Easter as an epoch commemorative of the perpetually regenerative power of the divine-human nature.

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LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

 HE hour has struck for recognising the human side of life. In religion, interest in and also indifference to the old theology are giving way to inquiries for a sound and simple philosophy of reality, related to the here and now. In governmental and social affairs, traditions and established institutions are being challenged to show wherein the essentially human interests are served first, while material power and possessions are to be reckoned as secondary matters. Likewise in medical science, the materialistic researches for causes and cures have fallen so far short of controlling the

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sum-total of disease and disorder, that there is a reaction toward the larger human truths of man's life as a whole.

In line with the above is the Presidential Address of Prof. Hugh T. Patrick, read before the Institute of Medicine, of Chicago. The doctor surely speaks for many less able speakers who are also convinced that scant justice has been done to the subject of 'The Patient Himself.' He says:

"My theme is that much-neglected individual, the patient himself. Concerning his organs and their functions, we have numberless tomes. Concerning the diseases that attack his parts, we have whole libraries. Concerning the various ways of cutting him open and sewing him up, there are several six-foot shelves. For the manifold instruments, machines, and appliances of our armamentarium, an extensive congeries of industries is in constant operation. Indeed, some of us are so used to practising medicine by machinery that the cortical cell bids fair to shrink into sterile desuetude. But of the patient himself — the man, the woman, the child — relatively little is thought or written.

". . . His personality is what he is -- the man himself; and he is the sum of all his tendencies and experiences; his desires, aversions, affections, hates, passions, inhibitions, appetites, reflexions, and knowledge. The tendencies are few and simple, the experiences myriad. And a little thought shows that most of this experience has been in the form of conflicts. From the beginning, life is a conflict: an effort to live and be happy—that is to say, an effort to adapt ourselves to the conditions under which we must live.

". . . Some of us have neuroses or psychoses because we are unable to harmonize with our environment — *and for no other reason.* . . .

"In short, the neurotic is an individual in trouble with no easy and direct means of escape. A neurosis is a defense reaction, a means of escape; a psychologic dugout in which to hide. That the difficulty may be imaginary, the patient fleeing from a ghost, does not alter the situation. His effort to adjust his appetites and desires to the demands of convention, society, the herd, are the same as ours. He attempts to dodge defeat and to shift responsibility for lack of success as do we whom a lenient society calls normal. . . . Very, very often the nervously inadequate person unconsciously shifts the responsibility to some bodily trouble, when he naturally comes into the physician's domain. And too, too often the physician takes his complaint at its face value. . . .

"How many of us constantly keep in mind that we, the acme of civilization and culture, have every instinct and passion of the caveman? Are we always alert for the ever-present emotional-ideational-intellectual conflict? And do we recognise its importance? To repeat: The product of these conflicts is WE -- the patient himself."

Dr. Patrick takes his own case-book to illustrate his point, showing that after much medication and surgery had failed to relieve certain patients from functional or even organic symptoms, entire recovery ensued upon relieving some emotional strain. He showed the futility of operations, rest-cures, etc., etc., when the remedy lay in making the patient fit his environment, or in rearranging it so that it fitted him. This is a refreshing note to strike in current medical literature, where man, the 'image of the Creator,' is regarded mainly as the irresponsible product of his own organs, which in their turn are at the mercy of the microbes. Even the psychologists seem to be psychologized with the many-sided picture of routine symptoms.

Dr. Patrick's human sense, however, turns to the unseen levels of

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causes, in a fellow-creature with an immaterial nature whose reactions are to be reckoned with. To a trained scientist's grasp of outstanding pain, disability, nervous and psychic symptoms, he adds that sympathetic quality of intuitive insight which transcends the finesse of modern diagnostic technique. His recognition that poverty and domestic discord and social misfits, etc., etc., may react injuriously upon the body functions, and even upon the organs, is more likely due to his evolution than to his education. Unfortunately the college curricula do not include the subject of the subtle relationship of the real man to his body. In short, the viewpoint of the above quotations is a wholesome sign of reaction against the futility of current medical materialism.

The Theosophical student takes issue with modern science, wherein it regards human evolution as a physical process only. Man, as a soul, endowed with the light of reason, is involved in the matter of an animal body, and, throughout many lives, is engaged in a threefold evolution of body, mind, and spirit. That the higher nature is generally overlooked now, is due to the fact that human errors reincarnate as well as man. Thus, when the old theology which denied man's divine birthright gave way to skepticism and indifference, the materialism of the 'miserable sinner' idea was born anew in modern scientific form. Hence the present era of world-war, and of a universal fever of discord and uncertainty and passionate unrest, presents the typical symptoms of a humanity whose abnormal mental and material gains are become malignant growths of the lower nature. These monstrous growths of materialism have drained the life-currents and have increased at the expense of the palsied and atrophied spiritual senses.

That the vital fault of the age lies deep in the nature is reflected even in the character of the diseases of civilization. The medieval scourges, due to frank filth, seem to have reincarnated in this sanitary age in forms too subtle for material analysis or treatment. Note how years of constant search for the origin of cancer end with an annual report of failure to find the cause, or to offer a theory in keeping with the facts, or even empirically to control its steady increase. Is not the useless and functionless piling up of originally normal cells in cancerous tumors the malignant correspondence of the selfish and anti-social *quality* in our civilization, which today is threatened with self-destruction? Note also the moral and ethical degeneration which seeks 'jazz' and 'turkey trot' and 'futurist' and 'cubistic,' and many other bizarre and self-indulgent expressions of art and music and rhythm and social relations. Is not this emotional reversion of life-currents a counterpart of the spread of degenerative diseases which insidiously destroy the integrity of the heart and blood vessels? The laboratory researches have not located the cause.

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The cells have their own degree of consciousness, and, being informed by the sympathetic nervous system of the vibratory *quality* in the 'man above the eyebrows,' they will either respond in kind, or react in the conflict of a neurosis. Indeed, the cells must perforce respond to the live wire of conscious nerve. This response will make for progress — evolution, or for a restless whirlpool — perversion, or for a turning aside and going backward — degeneration. The whole natural force of the evolutionary stream is behind the civilizee's body-cells, urging them to function in keeping with his higher possibilities. It is Nature herself who audits the account between the man and his body. She analyses the true inwardness of the case, uninfluenced by incidental microbes, or by any other medical fad or moral fashion. The savage thrives physically, in spite of a murderous and degrading career, because his acts are in keeping with his degree of consciousness. He does not harass his 'medicine man,' as we do ours, with problems of cancer and neuroses. He violates the civilized code without doing violence to his conscience, *i. e.*, his awareness of right and wrong. With the civilizee, however, it is very much otherwise, as Nature reckons cause and effect. We have forfeited an Eden of irresponsibility by our knowledge of good and evil. It is not the health-officer, or the theologians, or Mrs. Grundy to whom we must answer finally. It is the evolutionary law of adjustments with which we must make our peace.

Evolution is a progressive process of awakening of the incarnating god, who can transmute material forces, when its intuition is not blinded by the impulses of the animal body. This profound metaphysical fact is the simple, natural impetus back of selfless deeds of heroism and devotion to duty. And even more familiar is the negative evidence of the fact, in the danger of retarding the natural process of transmuting the material forces of human nature into finer functional activities. For unless the two sides of the dual nature act in unison, both the man and his body will suffer from the discordant action. Note that the physical cells of the modern man, like the vast, complex machinery of life he has evolved, are so highly organized as to be functionally capable of carrying out ideal purposes. And because his physical tissues and his evolved social mechanism are fit instruments for the use of the higher humanities, for the finer forces of co-operation — of brotherhood — he must pay the price in disease, degeneration, disorder or disaster for the deflected or retarded or perverted functioning of the human or the material organism.

It is a reversion to jungle tactics to argue questions with tooth and claw, however camouflaged the brute power be by military technique. War is evolutionary surgery — wonderful in its daring and spectacular methods, but it does nothing to purify the bad blood in the international

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life-currents, and thereby forestall recurrence of malign centers of thought and feeling. The world has just paid a fearful price in blood and treasure and bitter suffering for its military surgery of four years' duration. Not only would a fraction of the same united effort have stopped the war, but a naturally balanced growth of dual human nature in our civilization would have prevented the abnormal conflict.

Trace the outbreak of bad blood back to the various national currents. Study the maladjustments in the industrial realms. Does anyone question that the inherent upbuilding, creative, reciprocal forces functioning in the industrial world are capable, if rightly balanced, of equalizing the disorder of supply and demand, with benefit to all concerned? Reduced to the simplest terms: Could not the human family, equipped with the modern organized industries and general machinery of life, supply all its needs, if it were functioning normally to that end? The only bar to a natural condition of things is Selfishness — the overgrowth of the lower instincts.

Modern life is trying to work out human destiny on the lines of an over-clever thinking animal,— a dehumanizing course which makes for fiends in the end. But Mother Nature bars the way with warning signboards of suffering and disease. She is ever mindful of future lives, when we must reap what we now sow, and must painfully retrace every false step. She cannot touch man's *free will*, even when he chooses to get experience by upheavals and revolution, instead of proceeding easily in lines of natural evolution. But his *body* belongs to her realm, so that she can mercifully cut short an unnatural career by cancer, degeneracy, or insanity.

That the modern problems of disease are the same in *quality* as the crying wrongs of the body politic, is no mere figure of speech. The facts will bear analysis from any angle — sociological, ethical, educational, artistic, or any of the phases of human life as a whole. The human-minded doctor may note that patients are suffering from functional lack of the same finer forces of which the churches are confessing their shortage. The multimillion-dollar sectarian drives are relatively easy to start. Far more difficult is the arousing of the devitalized spirit of brotherhood to functional unity, among the followers of him whose only recorded drive was in scourging the money changers *out* of the temple. The doctor and the minister are challenged by the same problems: How to equalize material power and brain-mind *plus*, with spiritual health *minus*. With this equation worked out, they could give the clue to the captains and privates and rebels of industry.

The riddle of the Sphinx is no mere classic myth, but the eternal problem of earth-life. As of old, the modern man is being devoured by

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the mystery of his own being, and will be, until he knows himself as something other than his body.

Theosophy views man's complex nature so broadly as to make him include his environment, in the deeper sense. Each man, in this and previous lives, and always under the karmic law of cause and effect, has evolved the exact *quality* of conditions in and around him. The soul knows its own needs of experience, and is drawn by karma to the environment which offers it opportunity to take up the unfinished business of its past career, in gaining self-knowledge. "The play's the thing"; and the immortal Player brings over his own stage-setting of conditions from the past, in the way of social status, talents, tendencies, mental and physical make-up, human ties, etc. Even the gods are powerless to change any man's past; so far, his fate is fixed. But only so far; for "every day is a new beginning," wherein he may change his relation to the inevitable conditions he must meet.

In reality, it is worse than futile for a man to try to run away from an environment that belongs to him. He only puts off the evil day, when he must work out the delayed account, with compound interest from each evasion. Without knowledge of karma and reincarnation, the world has lost sight of the logical necessity of doing one's duty, first or last. Duty is that which is due; and often nothing less than the intuition can tell whether one owes it to himself and to his surroundings to go or to stay, when he is held by ties of 'affection or dislike.' It may be a fine point to decide whether he is out of tune because his lower nature wants to evade an unselfish duty, or because his better self is urging him to express his nobler powers, and so easily show himself 'equal to the event.' A character with a strongly marked duality will doubtless suffer unrest from both impulses.

Meantime, the highly-organized nervous system which bridges the gulf between the conscious and subconscious man, is often shaken and shattered by the conflicting impulses it transmits back and forth. Here is a practical point for the alienists who are puzzled by the problems of increasing mental and nervous diseases: the lack of alinement between the ideals which should function in true civilization and the current motives in action. With the moral status of the age as abnormal as it is, Nature justly repudiates so diseased and imperfect a product, knowing that perfection in the human realm is no less possible than is perfection in type in her lower kingdoms.

It is wholly natural for the opposing forces of spirit and matter in humanity to contend for supremacy. But it is unnatural, in the evolutionary stage of twentieth-century civilization, for the real man — the soul — to be dominated by an animal brain and body, however subli-

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mated and refined the sensuous powers may be. The present is a peculiar time of stress and strain, when the better nature's aspirations are weighed down by the whole inertia of matter. H. P. Blavatsky explains this in *The Secret Doctrine*, where she says that our present humanity, having descended to the very depths of materiality during countless lives, has now begun to round out the ascending arc of the evolutionary cycle. This puts new hope and meaning and inspiration into the general confusion and upheaval of today, when "old things are passing away."

It is true that the neuroses and psychoses are sign manuals of conflict with the environment, in the broad sense that each man is a world in himself. But the disharmony which Dr. Patrick notes is even deeper-seated than he puts it. It is often the vital conflict between the inner and the outer man, between duty and desire, between the immortal Pilgrim and his ever-changing body. In view of the real sacredness of life, it becomes a grave responsibility to attempt to diagnose and prescribe a course of action. In any event, the physician involves himself in the karma of the case, and he has need to study the ancient philosophy of life, for his own sake as well as for the patient's welfare.

As long as we ally ourselves with the animal nature, lingering in an outgrown stage of racial development, we must expect to be cuffed and buffeted into line by Mother Nature. She takes us at our own estimate, of moral irresponsibility. It is time we "put away childish things," and progressed along the lines of least resistance, as Katherine Tingley says, in "self-directed evolution."


In the Theosophic study of man's sevenfold nature can be found revelation upon revelation regarding 'the Patient Himself.' With this knowledge, the doctors will regard the patient as an incarnating soul, the heir of ages of past experience, in which inhere the basic conditions of health and disease. To see and act upon this truth will develop the intuition which can find the potential finer forces of wholeness. We shall realize the sacrilege and dangerous folly of seeking causes and cures for human disorders in 'animal experimentation' and unclean serums.



"HELP Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance. And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom. Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms. Then will she show thee the means and way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal — beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul."— H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Voice of the Silence*

THE FUTILITY OF DOGMA

R. MACHELL

HERE is a constant conflict between minds of various types, not only as to the precise meanings of words, but as to the possibility of arriving at any decision as to the correct use of language which shall be generally acceptable and permanently useful. And the reason for this conflict seems to be in the nature of the world in which we live, which is characterized as changeable, impermanent, and undefinable.

While this is accepted by many thinkers as the inherent characteristic of the material plane, and consequently of all words describing that plane of existence; there are as many more who seem to hold that all material things are in themselves clearly defined, distinct, and different, and consequently capable of precise and accurate description in words, whose meaning once defined should remain unaltered.

Persons who think in this latter way will necessarily consider the correct use of words to be a matter of rule and law, which should be as unchangeable as they believe matter itself to be. So they vigorously oppose anything like free use of language, and characterize it as an evidence of ignorance or of carelessness.

And yet the fact is that language refuses to be thus bound permanently in set and final forms, which can only be found in so-called dead languages.

What is a dead language but one that has ceased to be a language, and has become merely a memory, a convention?

Language is living, because it is a function of living beings; and living people are not all alike, except in one respect, which is that no two of them are exactly the same, and that no one of them remains in exactly the same condition for two successive moments. The same may be said with regard to all objects and things, and in fact to the world in which we live. The most obvious law of the material plane is the law of variation, of change, of impermanence, and indefiniteness. The closer becomes a man's study and observation of things, the more he finds them escaping final definition. It is the loose thinkers and careless observers who imagine that things can be clearly defined and accurately described in words, whose meaning can be easily grasped by all minds, and whose fitness once established will remain permanently so. It is the ignorant who dogmatize; and it is the loose thinkers that hold to rigid definitions.

If we notice carefully what occurs in any discussion among a number of people who are strangers to one another, we must be struck by the fact that no two of them can agree exactly on any one point, unless they agree

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to use their terms very loosely, and do not attempt to bind themselves by any rigid rules of language. Not only so, but we find that it is impossible to know just what a speaker means, until we have become familiar with his line of thought, as well as with his particular way of using familiar words: and in the attempt to follow his thought we find ourselves constantly in doubt as to our agreement with his use of words and phrases. For this reason the simplest language is the most effective; for its brevity and simplicity leave the greatest scope for the play of imagination in the interpretation thereof.

There are writers who have the faculty of presenting vividly individualized personalities by means of a very few words and an almost complete absence of actual description. Suggestion does the work effectively where long and detailed descriptions generally fail.

What then is suggestion? Is it not a right use of language, since it is effective? And if rules of grammar are ignored in the accomplishment of effective expression of ideas, how can such a method be considered wrong? If language exists, as it presumably does, for the expression of ideas, surely the most effective use of words is the best kind of language.

Such an admission would shock a dogmatist, whose aim in language is to attain to absolute precision of formulation. For the dogmatist could not dogmatize reasonably, if he did not believe that his ideas could be expressed in forms that shall be absolutely adequate and unchangeably correct.

And yet history shows us that no sooner is a creed formulated than a number of explanations spring to birth, and a host of objectors rise up, with as many objections as there are minds to formulate them. But the dogmatist never seems to realize that this may be due in great measure to the absolute impossibility of establishing a permanent form in a world of change.

If the form of words were a perfectly correct expression of one man's thought, at the time he uttered it, it could not be final even for him; unless he could refrain from learning more, or widening his understanding, or doing the reverse, or even from changing his point of view altogether. And if it is not final and absolute for him, how can it be so for other minds, each one of which must necessarily interpret the formula according to his own degree of intelligence, experience, and education?

Surely the enunciation of a dogma would be a colossal bluff, if it were not a declaration of mere materialism, and a manifestation of faith in the inflexible rigidity of words and their meanings: or else an appeal to the imagination of those for whom the dogma was enunciated.

It is true that a form of words may be used symbolically. There are many familiar expressions of this kind in common use. Some of them

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are employed almost without regard for their literal meaning, relying upon custom and usage for the understanding of the thought behind them. Some forms of politeness are marked examples of this use, or abuse of language. The same thing no doubt occurs in rituals of all kinds, particularly in old forms, that have come down from times when the language of today was not yet born. This symbolism is of course even more obvious in ancient ceremonies that have been perpetuated into our own age.

In the employment of such modes of expression there is more reliance placed on suggestion; and indeed in many cases the original meaning of the formula has been entirely forgotten, while yet it continues to carry with it certain suggestions that do duty for intelligent expression.

Suggestion appeals to the imagination, and there is a constant endeavor, on the part of certain minds, to ignore this important part of the human intelligence. But it cannot be safely ignored, for we all, even the most literal people, use it constantly; and many rely upon it entirely for their understanding of what they hear or see. Indeed, it seems really to be the basis of all understanding: for it is the process of translating symbols into thoughts, and *vice versa*. When the faculty of imagination is exercised within the limits of rules and custom, it loses its character and becomes conventional: but even so it retains some degree of independence, being, as it is, personal, and so distinctly colored by personal peculiarities.

But while the privilege of man is to think for himself, and to use his own imagination as a means of understanding the universe, this privilege is very generally distrusted; and by timid folks, it is regarded as a great danger to the community. Such people are constantly trying to protect their fellows from the danger of wandering from the beaten path of custom or tradition, by insisting on the sacredness of established forms of mind. They would kill out imagination, if that were possible. But all that they can do is to pervert its use, creating formulas for its control. Such forms are called creeds and dogmas. They are like fetters for slaves, or muzzles for dogs, but with this difference,— that a muzzle is invented by a human being for the control of an animal, whereas a dogma is made by man for the control of other men. And the use of such modes of control can only be justified by the supposition of the superior wisdom of the inventors and of the inferiority of the users of these human devices for the control of the mind.

Theosophy teaches that man must control his own mind, because each man is a ray from the Divine. And for the same reason each man is advised to do his own duty, and is warned that another's duty is full of danger. So, too, Theosophy has always taught that the redeeming principle in human nature, at one time called the Christos, is a universal

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power, latent in the average man, but capable of being aroused to action in every human being. It is like the ray of light that emanates from the Supreme Sun of the Universe, universal in fact, though individual in appearance; as the sun's image may be individualized in some reflecting object, without altering its inherently universal character.

So Theosophy never comes to us in the form of a creed or a dogma, though the study of such formulas may reveal the fact that the object of the original inventor of the formula was to provide a permanent form for the correct expression of truth. But truth cannot be so bound. Like sunlight its rays are univerrally diffused.

There was a time when men believed that sun-rays could be held up absolutely: but later they found that sun-rays are of many kinds, some of which are invisible under ordinary conditions, and some of which can penetrate the densest matter, and can only be examined by the aid of specially sensitive apparatus: and it is reasonable to suppose that some of these emanations altogether defy human analysis. Truth is not less universally diffused, nor is it any easier to define or to analyse.

Theosophy is Divine Wisdom and, as such, escapes definition by means of fixed formulas. So there are no creeds or dogmas to be found in the teachings of true Theosophists.

The attempt to formulate ideas is natural and necessary, but the worship of a formula is, like the cult of ancient art, of use only in so far as it stimulates the student to attempt his own formulation of ideas, as a means of developing his own intelligence, and of stirring thought in others. The prime object of an art museum is to display rare works of art for the study of students, for the stimulation of effort, and for the encouragement of modern artists. When it becomes a temple filled with fetishes, or idols, it is time to point out, by practical accomplishment, that there is no finality in formulas of any kind. There is no need for violence, nor for destruction of sacred images. They are interesting and instructive souvenirs of a bygone age, and may prove valuable stepping-stones to progress. That which makes them seem evil is the superstitious belief in their finality.

The final expression of Truth is nothing less than the entire Universe. And we are taught in Theosophy that the Universe itself passes into Pralaya after its Day of active existence. All is impermanent.

When Katherine Tingley reorganized the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, she gave it a motto: "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged Humanity." And that is a statement of at least one aspect of Theosophy. The Liberation of humanity will come spontaneously, when all men know the truth of their divine origin, and realize that the natural expression of that truth is found in the Brotherhood of Man.

THREE LYRICS AFTER LI PO

KENNETH MORRIS

FLUTE-WILLOW-BLOOM NIGHT

WHO'S fluting *Spring* out there in the moon-bright gloom?
Who's plucking the bloom of the willows down by the river?
Over the city the music and scent of the bloom
Whisper and wake through the blue dim moonlit gloom,
And the ghost of a tune and gusts of the faint perfume
Are blown in here to set my heart aqriver.
What Spirit's fluting *Spring* through the moon-bright gloom
And plucking the bloom of the willows down by the river?

THE ROSE-CAVE ON TUNG SHAN

BY the Cave on the Mountain how oft have the roses blown,
How oft have the silver clouds o'er the lonely mountain flown,
And no one known,
Since I came to the Cave on Tung Shan, years ago?
It is all so lone, if the Moon should steal from the sky,
And, scarfed in a floating mist, to the Cave of the Roses hie,
To whom, or why
She came to the Cave on Tung Shan, none would know!

A PARTING

SEAWARD the waves of Yangtse hurry away,
Diamond-clear, and blue as the heavens are blue,—
Hurry away unvexed with griefs or fears.
It's only our goodbyes that the winecup cheers!
In the valley now the birds sing loud and gay,
And the sunlight kindles snow on the bloomy spray,
And gold on the green bright grass that the peach-blooms strew.
It's only we are depressed by the ominous years!
Gold and green and song will be gloom and gray
Of twilight soon, and dark night chilled with dew,
And the howling of apes the empty darkness through.
A long time since I thought I had done with tears!

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XV — SOME POSSIBLE EPOCHS IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

HAN CHAOTI died in 63 B. C.; his successor is described as a "boor of low tastes"; — from that time the great Han impetus goes slowing down and quieting. China was recuperating after Han Wuti's flare of splendor; we may leave her to recuperate, and look meanwhile elsewhere.

And first to that most tantalizing of human regions, India; where you would expect something just now from the cyclic backwash. As soon as you touch this country, in the domain of history and chronology, you are certain, as they say, to get 'hoodooed.' Kali-Yuga began there in 3102 B. C., and ever since that unfortunate event, not a single soul in the country seems to have had an idea of keeping track of the calendar. So-and-so, you read, reigned. When? — Oh, in 1000 A. D. Or in 213 A. D. Or in 78 A. D. Or in a few million B. C., or 2100 A. D. Or he did not reign at all. After all, what does it matter? — this is Kali-Yuga, and nothing can go right. — You fix your eyes on a certain spot in time, which, according to your guesses at the cycles, should be important. Nothing doing there, as we say. Oh no, nothing at all: this is Kali-Yuga, and what should be doing? . . . Well, if you press the point, no doubt somebody was reigning, somewhere. — But, pardon my insistence, it seems —. — Quite so, quite so! as I said, somebody must have been reigning. — You scrutinize; you bring your lenses to bear; and the somebody begins to emerge. And proves to be, say, the great Samudragupta, emperor of all India (nearly); for power and splendor, almost to be mentioned with Aśoka. And it was the Golden Age of Music, and perhaps some other things. — Yes, certainly; the Guptas were reigning then, I forgot. But why bother about it? this is Kali-Yuga, and what does anything matter? — And you come away with the impression that your non-informant could reveal enough and plenty, if he had a mind to.

— Which is, indeed, probably the case. All this nonchalant indefiniteness means nothing more, one suspects, than that the Brahmans have elected to keep the history of their country unknown to us poor Mlechchhas. Then there are Others, too: the Guardians of Esotericism in a

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greater sense: who have not chosen so far that Indian history should be known. So we can only take dim foreshadowings, and make guesses.

We saw the Maurya dynasty,— that one seemingly firm patch to set your feet on in the whole morass of the Indian past,— occupy the thirteen decades from 320 to 190 B. C., (or we thought we did); now the question is, from that *pied-à-terre* whither shall we jump? If you could be sure that the ebb of the wave would be equal in length to its inrush,— the night to the day: — that the minor pralaya would be no longer or shorter than the little manvantara that preceded it — why, then you might leap out securely for 60 B. C., with a comfortable feeling that there would be some kind of turning-point in Indian history there or thereabouts. Sometimes things do happen so, beautifully, as if arranged by the clock. But unfortunately, enough mischief may be done in thirteen decades to take a much longer period to disentangle; and again, it is only when you strike an average for the whole year, that you can say the nights are equal to the days. We are trying to see through to the pattern of history; not to dogmatize on such details as we may find, nor claim on the petty strength of them to be certain of the whole. So, our present leap (for we shall make it), while not quite in the dark, must be made in the dusk of an hour or so after sunset. There must be an element of faith in it: very likely we shall splash and sink gruesomely.

Well, here goes then! From 190 B. C. thirteen decades forward to 60 B. C., and,— *squish!* But, courage! throw out your arms and clutch — at this trailing root, 57 B. C., here within easy reach; and haul yourself out. So; and see, now you are standing on something. What it is, *Dios lo sabe!* But there is an Indian era that begins in 57 B. C.; for a long time, dates were counted from that year. That era rises in undefined legendary splendor, and peters out ineffectually you don't just know where. There is nothing to go upon but legends, with never a coin nor monument found to back them; — never mind; dates you count eras from are generally those in which important cycles begin. The legends relate to Vikramâditya king of Ujjain,— which kingdom is towards the western side of the peninsula, and about where Hindoostan and the Deccan join. He is the Arthur-Charlemain of India, the Golden Monarch of Romance. In the lakes of his palace gardens the very swans sang his praises daily —

“Glory be to Vikramajeet
Who always gives us pearls to eat”;

and when he died, the four pillars that supported his throne rose up, and wandered away through the fields and jungle disconsolate: they would not support the dignity of any lesser man.* Such tales are told about him

**India through the Ages*, by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel.

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by every Indian mother to her children at this present day, and have been, presumably, any time these last two thousand years.

Of his real existence Historical Research cannot satisfy itself at all;— or it half guesses it may have discovered his probable original wandering in disguise through the centuries of a thousand years or so later. But you must expect that sort of thing in India.

At his court, says tradition, lived the “Nine Gems of Literature,”— chief among them the poet-dramatist Kâlidâsa; whom Historical Research (western) rather infers lived at several widely separated epochs much nearer our own day. Well; for the time being let us leave Historical Research (western) to stew in its own (largely poisonous) juices, and see how it likes it, — and say that there are good cyclic chances of something large here, in the half-cycle between the Ages of Han Wuti and Augustus.

We may note that things Indian must be dealt with differently from things elsewhere. You take, for example, the old story about the Moslem conquerors of Egypt burning the Alexandrian Library. The fact that this is mentioned for the first time by a Christian who lived six hundred years after the supposed event, while we have many histories written during those six hundred years which say nothing about it at all,— is evidence amounting to proof that it never happened; especially when you take into account the known fact that the Alexandrian Library had already been thoroughly burnt several times. But you can derive no such negating certainty, in India, from the fact that Vikramâditya and Ujjain and Kâlidâsa may never have been mentioned together, nor associated with the era of 57 B. C., in any extant writing known to the west that comes from before several centuries later. Because the Brahmans were a close corporation that kept the records of history, and kept them secret; and gave out bits when it suited them. Say that in 1400 (or whenever else it may have been) they first allowed it to be published that Kâlidâsa flourished at Vikramâditya's court: — they may have been consciously lying, but at least they were talking about what they knew. They were not guessing, or using their head-gear wrongfully: their lying was intentional, or their truth warranted by knowledge. And no motive for lying is apparent here. — It would be very satisfactory, of course, were a coin discovered with King Vikramâditya's image and superscription nicely engraved thereon: *Vikramâditya Dei Gratia: Uj. Imp.: Fid. Def.: 57 B. C.* But in this wicked world you cannot have everything; you must be thankful for what you can get.

You may remember that Han Wuti, to solve the Hun problem, sent Chang Ch'ien out through the desert to discover the Yueh Chi; and that Chang found them at last in Bactria, which they had conquered from Greeks who had held it since Alexander's time. He found them settled,

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and with some fair degree of civilization; spoke of Bactria under their sway as a "land of a thousand cities"; — they had learned much since they were nomads driven out of Kansuh by the Huns. Also they were in the midst of a career of expansion. Within thirty years of his visit to them, or by 100 B. C., they had spread their empire over eastern Persia, at the expense of the Parthians; and thence went down into India conquering. By 60 B. C. they held the Punjab and generally the western parts of Hindoostan; then, since they do not seem to have got down into the Deccan, I take it they were held up. By whom? — Truly this is pure speculation. But that state of Malwa, of which Ujjain was the capital, lay right in their southward path; if held up they were, it would have been, probably, by some king of Ujjain. Was this what happened? — that the peril of these northern invaders roused Malwa to exert its fullest strength; the military effort spurring up national feeling; the national feeling, creative energies spiritual, mental and imaginative; — until a great age in Ujjain had come into being. It is what we often see. The menace of Spain roused England to Elizabethanism; the Persian peril awakened Athens. So King Vikramâditya leads out his armies, and to victory; and the Nine Gems of Literature sing at his court. It is a backwash from Han Wuti's China, that goes west with Chang Ch'ien to the Yueh Chi, and south with them into India. And we can look for no apex of literary creation at this time, either in China or Europe. In the Roman literature of that cycle it is the keen creative note we miss: Virgil, the nearest to it, cannot be said to have possessed it quite; and Han literature was probably rather critical than creative, especially in this period between its first culmination under Han Wuti, and its second under the Eastern Hans. One suspects that great creation is generally going on somewhere, and is not displeased to find hints of its presence in India; is inclined to think this may have been, after all, the Golden Age of the Sanskrit Drama. — At which there can be at any rate no harm in taking a glance at this point; and, retrospectively, at Sanskrit literature as a whole; — a desperately inadequate glance, be it said.

I ask you here to remember the three periods of English Poetry, with their characteristics; and you must not mind my using my Welsh god-names in connexion with them. First, then, there was the Period of Plenydd,— of the beginnings of *Vision*; when the eyes of Chaucer and his lyricist predecessors were opened to the world out-of-doors; when they began to see that the skies were blue, fields and forests green; that there were flowers in the meadows and woodlands; and that all these things were delectable. Then there was the Period of Gwron, Strength; when Marlowe and Shakespeare and Milton evolved the Grand Manner; when they made the great March-Music, unknown in English before,

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and hardly achieved by anyone since: — the era of the great Warrior-poetry of the Tragedies and of *Paradise Lost*. Then came, with Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley, the Age of Alawn, lasting on until today; when the music of intonation brought with it romance and mystery and Natural Magic with its rich glow and wizard insight. And you will remember how English Poetry, on the up-trend of a major cycle, is a reaching from the material towards the spiritual, a growth toward that. Though Milton and Shakespeare made their grand Soul-Symbols,— by virtue of a cosmic force moving them as it has moved no others in the language,— you cannot find in their works, or in any works of that age, such clear perceptions or statements of spiritual truth as in Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*; nor was the brain-mind of either of those giants of the Middle Period capable of such conscious mystic thought as Wordsworth's. There was an evolution upward and inward; from Chaucer's school-boy vision, to Swinburne's (in that one book) clear sight of the Soul.

We appear to find in Sanskrit literature,— I speak in a very general sense,— also such great main epochs or cycles. First a reign of Plenydd, of Vision,— in the Age of the Sacred Books. Then a reign of Gwron,— in the Age of the heroic Epics. Then a reign of Alawn, in the Age of the Drama.

But the direction is all opposite. The cycle is not upward, from the slough of a beastly Iron Age towards the luminance of a coming Golden; but downward from the peaks and splendors of the Age of Gold to where the outlook is on to this latter hell's-gulf of years. Plenydd, when he first touched English eyes, touched but the physical organs: you see no trace of soul-sight in Chaucer or his age. But when he touched Indian eyes, he was Plenydd the Lord of Spiritual Vision, the Seer into the Eternities. Wordsworth at his highest only approaches,— Swinburne in *Hertha* halts at the portals of, the Upanishads.

Now, what may this indicate? To my mind, this: that you are not to take these Sanskrit Sacred Books as the fruitage of a single literary age. They do not correspond with, say, the Elizabethan, or the Nineteenth-Century, poetry of England; but are rather the cream of the output of a whole period as long (at least) as that of all English literature: the blossoming of a Racial Mind during (at least) a manvantara of fifteen hundred years. I do not doubt that the age that gave birth to the *Katha-Upanishad*, gave birth to all manner of other things also; flippancies and trivialities among the rest; — just as in the same England, and in the same years, Milton was dictating *Samson Agonistes*, and Butler was writing the stinging scurrilities of *Hudibras*. But the Sanskrit Hudibrases are lost; as the English one will be, even if it takes millenniums to lose it. Full-flowing Time has washed away the impermanencies of that ancient age,

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and left standing but the palaces built upon the rock of the Soul. The Soul made the Upanishads, as it made *Paradise Lost*; it made the former in the Golden Age, and the latter in this Age of Iron; the former through men gifted with superlative vision; the latter through a blind old bard. Therein lies the difference: all our bards, our very greatest, have been blind,—Dante and Shakespeare, no less than Milton. Full-flowing Time washed away the impermanencies of that ancient age, and left standing but the rock-built palaces of the Soul; and these,—not complete, perhaps; —repaired to a degree by hands more foolish; —a little ruinous in places,—but the ruins grander and brighter than all the pomps, all the new-fangled castles of genii, of later times,—come down to us as the Sacred Books of India, the oldest extant literature in the world. How old? We may put their epoch well before the death of Krishna in 3102 B. C.,—well before the opening of the Kali-Yuga; we may say that it lasted a very long time; —and be content that if all scholarship, all western and modern opinion, laughs at us now,—the laugh will probably be with us when we have been dead a long time. Or perhaps sooner.

They count three stages in this Vedic or pre-classical literature; wherefrom also we may infer that it was the output of a great manvantara, not of a mere day of literary creation. These three, they say, are represented by the Vedas, the Brâhmanas, and the Upanishads. The Vedas consist of hymns to the Gods; and in a Golden Age you might find simple hymns to the Gods a sufficient expression of religion. Where, say, Reincarnation was common knowledge; where everybody knew it, and no one doubted it; you would not bother to make poems about it: —you do not make poems about going to bed at night and getting up in the morning — or not as a rule. You make poems upon a reaction of surprise at perceptions which seem wonderful and beautiful; and in a Golden Age, the things that would seem wonderful and beautiful would be, precisely, the Sky, the Stars, Earth, Fire, the Winds and Waters. Our senses are dimmed, or we should see in them the eternally startling manifestations of the Lords of Eternal Beauty. It is no use arguing from the Vedic hymns, as some folk do, a 'primitive' state of society; we have not the keys now to the background, mental and social, of the people among whom those hymns arose. Poetry in every succeeding age has had to fight harder to proclaim the spiritual truth proper to her native spheres: were all spiritual truth granted, she would need do nothing more than mention the Sky or the Earth, and all the wonder, all the mystery and delight connoted by them would flood into the minds of her hearers. But now she must labor difficultly to make those things cry through; she gains in glory by the resistance of the material molds she must pierce. So the Vedas tell us little unless we separate ourselves

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from our preconceptions about 'primitive Aryans'; whose civilization may have been at once highly evolved and very spiritual.

The *Brâhmanas* are priest-books; the *Upanishads*, it is reasonable to say, are Kshattriya-books; -- you often find in them Brahmans coming to Kshattriyas to learn the Inner Wisdom. The *Brâhmanas* are books of ritual; the *Upanishads*, of Spiritual Philosophy. From this the critics infer that the *Upanishads* came much later than the *Brâhmanas*: that they represent a reaction towards spirituality from the tyranny of a priestly caste. But probably the day of the Kshattriyas was much earlier than that of the priests. The Marlowe-Shakespeare-Milton time was the Kshattriya period in English poetry; also the period during which the greatest souls incarnated, and produced the greatest work. So, perhaps, in this manvantara of the pre-classical Sanskrit literature, the Rig-Veda with its hymns represents the first, the Chaucerian period; but a Golden Age Chaucerian, simple and pure,—a time in which the Mysteries really ruled human life, and when to hymn the Gods was to participate in the wonder and freedom of their being. Then, perhaps, as the cycle mounted to its hour of noon, Esotericism opened its doors to pour forth an illumination yet stronger and more saving: mighty egos incarnated, and put in writing the marvelous revelations of the *Upanishads*: there may have been a descent towards matter, to call forth these more explicit declarations of the Spirit. The exclusive caste-system had not been evolved by any means, nor was to be for many ages: the kings are at the head of things; and they, not the priests, the chief custodians of the Deeper Wisdom. — And then, later, the Priest-caste made its contribution, evolving in the *Brâhmanas* the ritual of their order; with an implication, ever growing after the beginning of the Kali-Yuga, that only by this ritual salvation could be attained. Not that it follows that this was the idea at first. Ritual has its place; hymns and chantings, so they be the right ones, performed rightly, have their decided magical value; we can understand that in its inception and first purity, this Brâhmana literature may have been a growth or birth, under the aegis of Alawn of the Harmonies, of the magic of chanted song.

And having said all this, and reconsidering it, one feels that to attribute these three branches of literature to a single manvantara is a woeful foreshortening. I suppose the Rig-Veda is as old as the Aryan Sub-race, which, according to our calculations, must have begun some 160,000 years ago.

The *Upanishads* affect us like poetry; even in Max Müller's translation, which is poor prose, they do not lose altogether their uplift and quality of song. They sing the philosophy of the Divine in Man; I suppose we may easily say they are the highest thing in extant literature. They do not

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come to us whole or untainted. We may remember what the Swami Dayanand Sarasvati said to H. P. Blavatsky: that he could show the excellent "Moksh Mooller" that "what crossed the Kalapani from India to Europe were only the bits of rejected copies of some passages from our sacred books." Again, Madame Blavatsky says that the best part of the Upanishads was taken out at the time Buddha was preaching; the Brahmans took it out, that he might not prove too clearly the truth of his teachings by appeals to *their* sacred books. Also the Buddha was a Kshattriya; so the ancient eminence of the Kshattriyas had to be obscured a little; — it was the Brahmans, by that time, who were monopolizing the teaching office. And no doubt in the same way from time to time much has been added: the Brahmans could do this, being custodians of the sacred literature. Yet in spite of all we get in them a lark's song,— but a spiritual lark's song, floating and running in the golden glories of the Spiritual Sun; a song whose verve carries us openly up into the realms of pure spirit; a wonderful radiance and sweetness of dawn, of dawn in its fresh purity, its holiness, — haunted with no levity or boisterousness of youth, but with a wisdom gay and ancient,— eternal, laughter-laden, triumphant,— at once hoary and young,— like the sparkle of snows on Himâlaya, like the amber glow in the eastern sky. Here almost alone in literature we get long draughts of the Golden Age: not a Golden Age fought for and brought down into our perceptions (which all true poetry gives us), but one actually existing, open and free; — and not merely the color and atmosphere of it, but the wisdom. One need not wonder that Madame Blavatsky drew so freely on India for the nexus of her teachings. That country has performed a marvelous function, taking all its ages together, in the life of humanity: in preserving for us the poetry and wisdom of an age before the Mysteries had declined; in keeping open for us, in a semi-accessible literature, a kind of window into the Golden Age. — Well; each of the races has some function to fulfil. And it is not modern India that has done this; she has not done it of her own good will,— has had no good will to do it. It is the Akbars, the Anquetil Duperrons and Sir William Joneses,— and above all, and far above all, H. P. Blavatsky,— whom we have to thank.

So much, then, for the age of the Vedic literature. It passed, and we come to an age when that literature had become sacred. It seems to me that in the natural course of things it would take a very long time for this to happen. You may say that in the one analogy we have whose history is well known,— the *Koran*,— we have an example of a book sacred as soon as written. But I do not believe the analogy would hold good here. The *Koran* came as the rallying-standard of a movement which was designed to work quick changes in the outer fabric of the world;

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it came when the cycles had sunk below any possibility of floating spiritual wisdom on to the world-currents; — and there were the precedents of Judaism and Christianity, ever before the eyes of Mohammed, for making the new religious movement center about a Book. But in ancient India, I take it, you had some such state of affairs as this: classes there would be, according to the natural differences of egos incarnating; but no castes; religion there was, — that is to say, an attention to, an aspiration towards, the spiritual side of life; but no religions,— no snarling sects and jangling foolish creeds. Those things (a God's mercy!) had not been invented then, nor were to be for thousands of years. The foremost souls, the most spiritual, gravitated upward to the headship of tribes and nations; they were the *kings*, as was proper they should be: King-Initiates, Teachers as well as Rulers of the people. And they ordained public ceremonies in which the people, coming together, could invoke and participate in the Life from Above. So we read in the Upanishads of those great Kshattriya Teachers to whom Brahmans came as disciples. Poets made their verses; and what of these were good, really inspired, suitable — what came from the souls of Poet-Initiates,— would be used at such ceremonies: sung by the assembled multitudes; and presently, by men specially trained to sing them. So a class rose with this special function; and there were other functions in connexion with these ceremonies, not proper to be performed by the kings, and which needed a special training to carry out. Here, then, was an opening in life for men of the right temperament; — so a class arose, of *priests*: among whom many might be real Initiates and disciples of the Adept-Kings. They had the business of taking care of the literature sanctioned for use at the sacrifices,— for convenience we may call all the sacred ceremonies that,— at which they performed the ritual and carried out the mechanical and formal parts. It is very easy to imagine how, as the cycles went on and down, and the Adept-Kings ceased to incarnate continuously, these religious officials would have crystallized themselves into a close corporation, an hereditary caste; and what power their custodianship of the sacrificial literature would have given them; — how that literature would have come to be not merely sacred in the sense that all true poetry with the inspiration of the Soul behind it really is; — but credited with an extra-human sanction. But it would take a long time. When modern creeds are gone, to what in literature will men turn for their inspiration? — To whatever in literature contains real inspiration, you may answer. They will not sing Dr. Watts's doggerel in their churches; but such things perhaps as Wordsworth's *The World is too much with us*, or Henley's *I am the Captain of my Soul*. And then, after a long time and many racial pralayas, you can imagine such poems as these coming to be thought of as not merely

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from the Human Soul, an ever-present source of real inspiration,— but as revelations by God himself, from which not one jot or tittle should be taken without blasphemy: given by God when he founded his one true religion to mankind. We lose sight of the spirit, and exalt the substance; then we forget the substance, and deify the shadow. We crucify our Saviors when they are with us; and when they are gone, we crucify them worse with our unmeaning worship and dogmas made on them.

Well, the age of the Vedas passed, and pralayas came, and new manvantaras; and we come at last to the age of Classical Sanskrit; and first to the period of the Epics. This too is a Kshattriya age. Whether it represents a new ascendancy of the Kshattriyas, or simply a continuance of the old one: whether the priesthood had risen to power between the Vedas and this, and somewhat fallen from it again,— or whether their rise was still in progress, but not advanced to the point of ousting the kings from their lead,— who can say? But this much, perhaps, we may venture without fear: the Kshattriyas of the Epic age were not the same as those of the *Upanishads*. They were not Adept-Kings and Teachers in the same way. By Epic age, I mean the age in which the epics were written, not that of which they tell. And neither the *Mahâbhârata* nor the *Râmâyana* was composed in a day; but in many centuries; — and it is quite likely that on them too Brahmanical hands have been tactfully at work. Some parts of them were no doubt written in the centuries after Christ; there is room enough to allow for this, when you think that the one contains between ninety and a hundred thousand, the other about twenty-four thousand couplets; — the *Mahâbhârata* being about seven times, the *Râmâyana* about twice, as long as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* combined. So the Age of the Epics must be narrowed down again, to mean the age that gave birth to the nuclei of them.

As to when it may have been, I do not know that there is any clue to be found. Modern criticism has been at work, of course, to reduce all things to as commonplace and brain-mind a basis as possible; but its methods are entirely the wrong ones. Mr. Romesh Dutt, who published abridged translations of the two poems in the late 'nineties, says of the *Mahâbhârata* that the great war which it tells of “is believed to have been fought in the thirteenth or fourteenth century before Christ”; and of the *Râmâyana*, that it tells the story of nations that flourished in Northern India about a thousand years B. C. — Is *believed* by whom, pray? It is also believed, and has been from time immemorial, in India, that Krishna, who figures largely in the *Mahâbhârata*, died in the year 3102 B. C.; and that he was the eighth avâtar of Vishnu; and that Râma, the hero of the *Râmâyana*, was the seventh. Now brain-mind criticism of the modern type is the most untrustworthy thing, because it is based solely on circum-

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stantial evidence; and when you work upon that, you ought to go very warily; — it is always likely that half the circumstances remain undiscovered; and even if you have ninety and nine out of the hundred possible, the hundredth, if you had it, might well change the whole complexion of the case. And this kind of criticism leads precisely nowhere: does not build anything, but pulls down what was built of old. So I think we must be content to wait for real knowledge till those who hold it may choose to reveal it; and meanwhile get back to the traditional starting-point; — say that the War of the Kuravas and Pândavas happened in the thirty-second century B. C.; Râma's invasion of Lankâ, ages earlier; and that the epics began to be written, as they say, somewhere between the lives of Krishna and Buddha,— somewhere between 2500 and 5000 years ago.

Why before Buddha? — Because they are still Kshattriya works; written before the Brahman ascendancy, though after the time when the Kshattriyas were led by their Adept-Kings; — and because Buddha started a spiritual revolt (Kshattriya) against a Brahman ascendancy well established then,— a revolt that by Aśoka's time had quite overthrown the Brahman power. Why, then, should we not ascribe the epics to this Buddhist Kshattriya period? To Aśoka's reign itself, for example? — Well, it has been done; but probably not wisely. Pânini in his *Grammar* cites the *Mahâbhârata* as an authority for usage; and even the westernest of criticism is disinclined, on the evidence, to put Pânini later than 400 B. C. Goldstücker puts him in the seventh century B. C. *En passant*, we may quote this from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as to Pânini's *Grammar*: “For a comprehensive grasp of linguistic facts, and a penetrating insight into the structure of the vernacular language, this work stands probably unrivalled in the literature of any language.” — Pânini, then, cites the *Mahâbhârata*; Pânini lived certainly before Aśoka's time; the greatness of his work argues that he came in a culminating period of scholarship and literary activity, if not of literary creation; the reign of Aśoka we may surmise was another such period; — and from all this I think we may argue without much fear that the *Mahâbhârata*, the nucleus and original form of it, was written long before the reign of Aśoka. Besides, if it had been written during the Buddhist ascendancy, one fancies we should find more Buddhism in it than we do. There is some;— there are ideas that would be called Buddhist; but that really only prove the truth of the Buddha's claim that he taught nothing new. But a poem written in Aśoka's reign, one fancies, would not have been structurally and innately, as the *Mahâbhârata* is, martial.

There is this difference between the two epics,— I speak of the nucleus-poems in each case; — the *Mahâbhârata* seems much more a natural

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growth, a national epic,— the work not of one man, but of many poets celebrating through many centuries a tradition not faded from the national memory; — but the *Râmâyana* is more a structural unity; it bears the marks of coming from one creative mind: even western criticism accepts Vâlmiki (whoever he may have been) as its author. To him it is credited in Indian tradition; which ascribes the authorship of the *Mahâbhârata* to Vyâsa, the reputed compiler of the *Vedas*; — and this last is manifestly not to be taken literally; for it is certain that a great age elapsed between the *Vedas* and the Epics. So I think that the *Mahâbhârata* grew up in the centuries, many or few, that followed the Great War,— or, say, during the second millennium B. C.: that in that millennium, during some great ‘day’ of literary creation, it was redacted into a single poem; — and that, the epic habit having thus been started, a single poet, Vâlmiki, in some succeeding ‘day,’ was prompted to make another epic, on the other great traditional saga-cycle, the story of Râma. But since that time, and all down through the centuries, both poems have been growing *ad lib.*

This is an endeavor to take a bird’s-eye view of the whole subject; not to look at the evidence through a microscope, in the modern critical way. It is very unorthodox, but I believe it is the best way: the bird’s eye sees most; the microscope sees least: the former takes in whole landscapes in proportion; the latter gets confused with details that seem, under that exaggeration, too highly important,— but which might be negatived altogether could you see the whole thing at once. A telescope for that kind of seeing is not forthcoming; but the methods of thought that H. P. Blavatsky taught us supply at least the first indications of what it may be like: they give us the first lenses. As our perceptions grow under their influence, doubtless new revelations will be made; and we shall see more and further. All we can do now is to retire from the confusion brought about by searching these far stars with a microscope: to look less at the results of such searching, than at the old traditions themselves, making out what we can of them through what Theosophic lenses we have. We need not be misled by the ridiculous idea that civilization is a new thing. It is only the bias of the age; the next age will count it foolishness. — But to return to our epics.—

First to the *Mahâbhârata*. It is, as it comes down to us, not one poem, but a large literature. Mr. Dutt compares it, both for length and variety of material, to the sermons of Jeremy Taylor and Hooker, Locke’s and Hobbes’s books of philosophy, Blackstone’s *Commentaries*, Percy’s *Ballads*, and the writings of Newman, Pusey, and Keble,— all done into blank verse and incorporated with *Paradise Lost*. You have a martial poem like the *Iliad*, full of the gilt and scarlet and trumpeting

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and blazonry of war; — and you find the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* a chapter in it. Since it was first an epic, there have been huge accretions to it: whosever fancy it struck would add a book or two, with new incidents to glorify this or that locality, princely house, or hero. And it is hard to separate these accretions from the original,— from the version, that is, that first appeared as an epic poem. Some are closely bound into the story, so as to be almost integral; some are fairly so; some might be cut out and never missed. Hence the vast bulk and promiscuity of material; which might militate against your finding in it, as a whole, any consistent Soul-symbol. And yet its chief personages seem all real men; they are clearly drawn, with firm lines; — says Mr. Dutt, as clearly as the Trojan and Achaean chiefs of Homer. Yudhishtira and Karna and Arjuna; Bhishma and Drona and the wild Duhsasan, are very living characters; — as if they had been actual men who had impressed themselves on the imagination of the age, and were not to be drawn by anyone who drew them except from the life. That might imply that poets began writing about them not so long after they lived, and while the memory of them and of their deeds was fresh. We are to understand, however, — all India has so understood, always,— that the poem *is* a Soul-symbol, standing for the wars of Light and Darkness; whether this symbol was a tradition firmly in the minds of all who wrote it, or whether it was imposed by the master-hand that collated their writings into an epic for the first time.

For it would seem that of the original writers, some had been on the Kurava, some on the Pândava side; though in the symbol as it stands, it is the Pândavas who represent the Light, the Kuravas the darkness. There are traces of this submerged diversity of opinion. Just as in the *Iliad* it is the Trojan Hector who is the most sympathetic character, so in the *Mahâbhârata* it is often to some of the Kurava champions that our sympathies unavoidably flow. We are told that the Kuravas are thoroughly depraved and villainous; but not seldom their actions belie the assertion,— with a certain Kshatriya magnanimity for which they are given no credit. Krishna fights for the sons of Pându; in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* and elsewhere we see him as the incarnation of Vishnu,— of the Deity, the Supreme Self. As such, he does neither good nor evil; but ensures victory for his protégées. Philosophically and symbolically, this is sound and true, no doubt; but one wonders whether the poem (or poems) ran so originally: whether there may not be passages written at first by Kuravist poets; or a Brahminical superimposition of motive on a poem once wholly Kshatriya, and interested only in showing forth the noble and human warrior virtues of the Kshatriya caste. I imagine that, in that second millennium B. C., in the early centuries of Kali-Yuga, you had

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a warrior class with their bards, inspired with high Bushido feeling,— with chivalry and all that is fine in patricianism — but no longer under the leadership of Adept Princes; — the esoteric knowledge was now mainly in the hands of the Priest-class. The Kshattriya bards made poems about the Great War, which grew and coalesced into a national epic. Then in the course of the centuries, as learning in its higher branches became more and more a possession of the Brahmans,— and since there was no feeling against adding to this epic whatever material came handy,— Brahmin esotericists manipulated it with great tact and finesse into a symbol of the warfare of the Soul.

There is the story of the death of the Kurava champion Bhishma. The Pândavas had been victorious; and Duryodhana the Kurava king appealed to Bhishma to save the situation. Bhishma loved the Pândava princes like a father; and urged Duryodhana to end the war by granting them their rights,— but in vain. So next day, owing his allegiance to Duryodhana, he took the field; and

“As a lordly tusker tramples on a field of feeble reeds,
As a forest conflagration on the parchéd woodland feeds,
Bhishma rode upon the warriors in his mighty battle car,
God nor mortal chief could face him in the gory field of war.”*

Thus victorious, he cried out to the vanquished that no appeal for mercy would be unheard: that he fought not against the defeated, the worn-out, the wounded, or “a woman born.” Hearing this, Krishna advised Arjuna that the chance to turn the tide had come. The young Sikhandin had been born a woman, and changed afterwards by the Gods into a man. Let Sikhandin fight in the forefront of the battle, and the Pândavas would win, and Bhishma be slain. Arjuna, who loved Bhishma as dearly as Bhishma loved him and his brothers, protested; but Krishna announced that Bhishma was so doomed to die, and on the following day: a fate decreed, and righteously to be brought about by the stratagem. So it happened:

“Bhishma viewed the Pandav forces with a calm unmoving face;
Saw not Arjun's bow Gandiva, saw not Bhima's mighty mace;
Smiled to see the young Sikhandin rushing to the battle's fore
Like the white foam on the billow when the mighty storm winds roar;
Thought upon the word he plighted, and the oath that he had sworn,
Dropt his arms before the warrior that was but a woman born;—”

and so, was slain . . . and the chiefs of both armies gathered round and mourned for him. — Now it seems to me that the poets who viewed sympathetically the magnanimity of Bhishma, which meets you on the

*The quotations are from Mr. Romesh Dutt's translation.

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plane of simple human action and character, would not have viewed sympathetically, or perhaps conceived, the stratagem advised by Krishna, — which you have to meet, to find it acceptable, on the planes of metaphysics and symbolism.

There is a quality in it you do not find in the *Iliad*. Greek and Trojan champions, before beginning the real business of their combats, do their best to impart to each other a little valuable self-knowledge: each reveals carefully, in a fine flow of hexameters, the weak points in his opponent's character. They are equally eloquent about their own greatnesses, which stir their enthusiasm highly; — but as to faults, neither takes thought for his own; each concentrates on the other's; and a war of words is the appetiser for the coming banquet of deeds. Before fighting Hector, Achilles reviled him; and having killed him, dragged his corpse shamefully round the walls of Troy. But Bhîshma, in his victorious career, has nothing worse to cry to his enemies than — *Valiant are ye, noble princes!* and if you think of it on the unsymbolic plane, there is a certain nobility in the Despondency of Arjuna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*.

Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

“To characterize the Indian Epics in a single word: though often disfigured by grotesque fancies and wild exaggerations, they are yet noble works, abounding in passages of remarkable descriptive power; and while as works of art they are far inferior to the Greek epics, in some respects they appeal far more strongly to the romantic mind of Europe, namely, by their loving appreciation of natural beauty, their exquisite delineation of womanly love and devotion, and their tender sentiment of mercy and forgiveness.”

— Precisely because they come from a much higher civilization than the Greek. From a civilization, that is to say, older and more continuous. Before Rome fell, the Romans were evolving humanitarian and compassionate ideas quite unlike their old-time callousness. And no, it was not the influence of Christianity; we see it in the legislation of Hadrian for example, and especially in the anti-Christian Marcus Aurelius. These feelings grow up in ages unscarred by wars and human cataclysms; every war puts back their growth. The fall of Rome and the succeeding pralaya threw Europe back into ruthless barbarity. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries humanism began to grow again; and has been gaining ground especially since H. P. Blavatsky began her teaching. But not much more than a century ago they were publicly hanging, drawing, and quartering people in England; crowds were gathering at Tyburn or before the Old Bailey to enjoy an execution. We have hardly had four generations in Western Europe in which men have not been ruthless and brutal barbarians with a sprinkling of fine spirits incarnate among them; no European literature yet has had time to evolve to the point where it could portray a Yudhishtira, at the end of a national

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epic, arriving at the gates of Heaven with his dog,— and refusing to enter because the dog was not to be admitted. There have been, with us, too great ups and downs of civilization: too little continuity. We might have grown to it by now, had that medieval pralaya been a quiet and natural thing, instead of what it was: — a smash-up total and orgy of brutalities come as punishment for our sins done in the prime of manvantara.

A word or two as to the *Râmâyana*. Probably Vâlmiki had the other epic before his mental vision when he wrote it; as Virgil had Homer. There are parallel incidents; but his genius does not appear in them; — he cannot compete in their own line with the old Kshattriya bards. You do not find here so done to the life the chargings of lordly tuskers, the gilt and crimson, the scarlet and pomp and blazonry of war. The braying of the battle conches is muted: all is cast in a more gentle mold. You get instead the forest and its beauty; you get tender idylls of domestic life. — This poem, like the *Mahâbhârata*, has come swelling down the centuries; but whereas the latter grew by the addition of new incidents, the *Râmâyana* grew by the re-telling of old ones. Thus you may get book after book telling the same story of Râma's life in the forest-hermitage by the Godâvari; each book by a new poet in love with the gentle beauty of the tale and its setting, and anxious to put them into his own language. India never grows tired of these Râmâyanic repetitions. Sîtâ, the heroine, Râma's bride, is the ideal of every good woman there; I suppose Shakespeare has created no truer or more beautiful figure. To the *Mahâbhârata*, the *Râmâyana* stands perhaps as the higher Wordsworth to Milton; it belongs to the same great age, but to another day in it. Both are and have been wonderfully near the life of the people: children are brought up on them; all ages, castes, and conditions make them the staple of their mental diet. Both are semi-sacred; neither is quite secular; either relates the deeds of an avatar of Vishnu; ages have done their work upon them, to lift them into the region of things sacrosanct.

And now at last we come to the age of King Vikramâditya of Ujjain, — to the Nine Gems of Literature, — to a secular era of literary creation, — to the Sanskrit Drama, and to Kâlidâsa, its Shakespeare; — and to his masterpiece, *The Ring of Sakoontala*.

There is a tendency with us to derive all things Indian from Greek sources. Some Greek writer says the Indians were familiar with Homer; whereupon we take up the cry,— The *Râmâyana* is evidently a plagiarism from the Iliad; the abduction of Sîtâ by Râvan, of the abduction of Helen by Paris; the siege of Lankâ, of the siege of Troy. And the *Mahâbhârata* is too; because,— because it must be; there's a deal of fighting in both. (So Macedon plagiarized its river from Monmouth.) We believe a Greek

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at all times against an Indian; forgetting that the Greeks themselves, when they got to India, were astounded at the truthfulness of the people they found there. Such strained avoidance of the natural lie,—the harmless, necessary lie that came so trippingly to a Greek tongue,—seemed to them extraordinary. — So too our critics naturally set out from the position that the Indian Drama must have been an offshoot or imitation of the Greek. But fortunately that position had to be quitted *toute de suite*; for the Indian theory is much nearer the English than the Greek; — much liker Shakespeare's than Aeschylus's. *Sakoontala* is romantic; it came in a Third or Alawn Period; of all Englishmen, Keats might most easily have written it; if *Endymion* were a play, *Endymion* would be the likeliest thing to it in English. You must remember that downward trend in the Great Cycle; that makes each succeeding period in Sanskrit literature a descent from the heights of esotericism towards the personal plane. That is what brings Kâlidâsa on to a level with Keats.

Behind *Sakoontala*, as behind *Endymion*, there is a Soul-symbol; only Kâlidâsa, like Keats, is preoccupied in his outer mind more with forest beauty and natural magic and his romantic tale of love. It marks a stage in the descent of literature from the old impersonal to the modern personal reaches: from tales told merely to express the Soul-Symbol, to tales told merely for the sake of telling them. The stories in the *Upanishads* are glyphs pure and simple. In the epics, they have taken on much more human color, though still exalting and ennobling,—and all embodying, or molded to, the glyph. Now, in *The Ring of Sakoontala*,—and it is typical of its class,—we have to look a little diligently for the glyph; what impresses us is the stillness and morning beauty of the forest, and, — yes, it must be said,—the emotions, quite personal, of King Dushyanta and Sakoontala, the hero and heroine.

She is a fairy's child, full beautiful; and has been brought up by her foster-father, the yogi Kanwa, in his forest hermitage. While Kanwa is absent, Dushyanta, hunting, follows an antelope into that quiet refuge; finds Sakoontala, loves and marries her. Here we are amidst the drowsy hum of bees, the flowering of large Indian forest blossoms, the scent of the jasmine in bloom; it is what Keats would have written, had his nightingale sung in an Indian jungle. — The king departs for his capital, leaving with Sakoontala a magical ring with power to reawaken memory of her in his heart, should he ever forget. But Durvasas, a wandering ascetic, passes by the hermitage; and Sakoontala, absorbed in her dreams, fails to greet him; for which he dooms her to be forgotten by her husband. She waits and waits, and at last seeks the unreturning Dushyanta at his court; who, under the spell of Durvasas, fails to recognise her. If what she claims is true, she can produce the ring? — But no; she has lost it

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on her journey through the forest. He repudiates her; whereupon she is caught up by the Gods into the Grove of Kaśyapa beyond the clouds.

But the ring had fallen into a stream in the forest, and a fish had swallowed it, and a fisherman had caught the fish, and the police had caught the fisherman . . . and so it came into the hands of Dushyanta again; who, at sight of it, remembered all, and was plunged in grief over his lost love.

Years pass, and Indra summons him at last to fight a race of giants that threaten the sovereignty of the Gods. In the course of that warfare, mounting to heaven in the car of Indra, Dushyanta comes to the Grove of Kaśyapa, and is reunited with Sakoontala and with their son, now grown into an heroic boy.

As in *The Tempest* a certain preoccupation with the magical beauty of the island dims the character-drawing a little, and perhaps thereby makes the symbol more distinct,—so in *Sakoontala*. It is a faery piece: beginning in the morning calm and forest magic; then permitting passion to rise, and sadness to follow; ending in the crystal and blue clearness of the upper air. In this we see the basic form of the Soul-Symbol, which is worked out in the incidents and characters. Dushyanta, hunting in the unexplored forest, comes to the abode of holiness, finds and loves Sakoontala; — and from their union is born the perfect hero,—Sarva-Damana, the ‘All-tamer.’ — Searching in the impersonal and unexplored regions within us, we do at some time in our career of lives come to the holy place, get vision of our Immortal Self; from the union of which with this our human personality is to be born some time that new being we are to become,—the Perfect Man or Adept. But that first vision may be lost; I suppose almost always is; — and there are wanderings and sorrows, forgetfulness, and above all heroic services to be performed, before the final reunion can be attained.



DEATH is the great divider, but it is of things that are divisible. The more simple, pure, and refined any material thing is, by so much the more permanent and durable it is found to be. The nearer it approaches to the nature of spirit, the farther it is removed from the power of death; but that which is not material or mixed at all, is wholly exempt from the stroke and power of death. It is from the contrariant qualities and jarring humors in mixed bodies that they come under the law and power of dissolution. Matter and mixture are the doors at which death enters naturally upon the creatures. — *John, Flavel*

ANTHROPOLOGICAL FADS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

IN upholding the Theosophical teachings as to anthropology, it is not good strategy to flatter one's opponent by assuming that *his* position is unassailable; or, in other words, a good general will not permit himself to be put on the defensive by a mere bluff, but will himself lead an attack on the defenses of his antagonist. Thus we find that H. P. Blavatsky, when asked to defend her teachings against those which any given opponent may choose to call orthodox, begins by instituting a careful inquiry into the credentials of the latter, and often ends by finding that the position before which she is expected to quail is by no means impregnable. Hence we welcome any statement by an anthropologist which calls in question the authority of orthodox opinions, even though we may not be of one mind with the anthropologist in other respects. Such a statement is the following, in which the writer shows up a fallacy in the reasoning of some anthropologists.

A. M. Hocart, in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, 1920, inveighs against the use of the word 'primitive' by anthropologists, declaring that it has been used until it has become an obsession, thus giving rise to a vicious circle of reasoning. We have, he thinks, no right to assume that savages, because they are primitive in their physical habits, are primitive in their culture, religion, and beliefs. Two senses of the word 'primitive' have been confused: that in which it means 'appertaining to primitive man,' and that in which it means 'rudimentary, initial.' A stone axe is primitive in the former sense, because it is used by men who are primitive in their mode of life; but early Christianity and the Van Eycks are primitive in the other sense, because they represent the initial stages respectively of a religion and of a school of art. It would be a mistake to assume that the early Christians were primitive men because they practised primitive Christianity, or that the early Dutch painters were rude savages because they cultivated a school of art in its primitive stage. Conversely it is wrong to assume that whatever a savage believes, represents what primitive man believed. We reason in a vicious circle as follows:

"First of all we slide quite unconsciously from the obvious fact that the modern savage is primitive in his physique or his dress or his weapons, into the assumption that he is also primitive in his religion and polity. Out of the customs of the savage, then, we construct a model of primitive culture. This model in its turn is used to prove the primitive character

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of modern savage customs. Totemism is found among the rude Australian blacks, therefore it is a primitive institution; the Australian blacks are totemistic, therefore they are primitive in culture; and so we go on in a circle."

Everyone familiar with anthropological discussions will recognise the truth of this characterization of some of the reasoning employed. We do not know any more about the actual beliefs of primitive man, says the writer, than we do about the great pills and soaps, which we buy because their names have been dinned into our ears by advertising, assuming that what is so well known must be a well-tried article.

He does not even think that primitive beliefs are *likely* to be found among savages, because savages are people of feeble personality who readily adopt what is brought to them by races of stronger individuality, and who therefore are not likely to have preserved their original ideas through the ages.

The attempt to find the beginnings of culture by studying the ideas of modern savages, then, he considers hopeless; the more especially when we find the search becoming individualistic, as each explorer airs his own fad, in connexion with the particular race he is examining, regardless of the work of his fellows, and so no unity is achieved.

Thus the writer pleads for a more logical method of searching out the origin and development of human beliefs and institutions; but whether such an investigation will lead to the kind of conclusion he expects, is another question. For there may be other fads to be given up first. Everything is supposed to have been evolved from simple to complex according to a plan derived from theories of biological evolution. This method has been applied to sociology, religion, and many other things. Cannot this be called a fad? It has often been the part of Theosophical writers to criticize this idea of evolution. Modern evolutionists have studied the development of the tree from the seed, but can tell us nothing as to the miracle by which such a growth is accomplished. A certain plant may remain unknown in a country until somebody imports a single seed; after which the whole country may forever teem with that plant. Evolution is the coming into manifestation of something which has previously existed in another condition, which condition we must therefore call 'unmanifested.'

Hence the teaching as to antetypes: the antetype of every organism must have pre-existed before that organism, clothed in visible form, came into manifestation on this physical plane of objectivity. The same as to man: antetypal man must have preceded physical man, in order that the human evolution could be accomplished at all. Whence did man derive all those institutions and all that applied knowledge, if not from some inner source which was the fount of all his achievements?

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Man, in his visible evolution, has been bringing into manifestation all that was latent in his nature. He is endowed with a *seed*, which contains wrapped up in itself all the potentiality of what is subsequently revealed, just as the entire oak is wrapped in the acorn.

The study of evolution, pursued along unbiased lines of honest research, will surely lead to a confirmation of the truth that man has *involved* downwards from spirit, before *evolving* upwards from matter. As H. P. Blavatsky says, science begins its study of evolution at the half-way point. Did man evolve his institutions and practical wisdom out of nothing at all? He evolved them out of previous knowledge, we say. To understand the matter clearly, it is essential to give up that fad, that obsessing idea, that a physical germ can be made the starting-point of all growth. Such a germ may be the visible starting-point of a physical evolution; but behind the visible germ must lie a whole drama of the history of its creation. In fact, man's progress is a process of *recollection*. When a race becomes sufficiently civilized, it proceeds to rummage the records of earlier civilizations, and so gets back to positions which humanity has reached before and lost awhile.

Under these circumstances it is appropriate to ask whether an honest inquiry is more likely to reveal our remote ancestor as an uncouth savage or as a grand type of ideal manhood.

History does not tend to prove a progressive single-line evolution of humanity; and the difficulties in the way of establishing such an evolution in the far larger scope of anthropological research are every day being acknowledged to be greater. Everything goes to show that the human type does not on the whole deteriorate as we recede into the past; and that the depraved types which we sometimes unearth are merely occasional relics of descending side-lines. But the plan of human evolution is too vast and varied in its plan to be presented in a cursory survey; and reference must therefore be invited to the outline of that subject presented for the consideration of students, in *The Secret Doctrine*.



“RECKON that it is not you who are mortal, but only your body; for it is not the visible form and figure that constitutes a man what he is, but it is the mind which is the man. Know then that thou art a god: at least if that be a god which lives and has sense; which remembers and takes care of things to come; which rules, commands and moves the body over which it is set, as the great God rules, commands and moves the world.”—*Cicero*

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF MIND

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



RECENT scientific lecturer is reported to have said as follows:

“Is it not strange that the whole of scientific progress, as it seems to me, is towards a recognition of the universality of life throughout creation, and so we are coming back to the doctrine of the Vedaic philosophers hundreds of years before Christ, who taught that God is the material as well as the cause of the universe, the clay as well as the potter; that the material and the spiritual are for ever connected, that the Supreme Being is not merely a presiding intellect, but that all matter, all nature, the whole universe, is to be looked upon as the corporeal manifestation of the deity?

“The soul of man himself is a particle of that all-pervading principle, the universal intellect, detached for a while from its primitive source and placed in connexion with a material frame, but destined sooner or later to be restored to it as inevitably as rivers run back to be lost in the ocean whence they arose. ‘That spiritual principle (said Varuna to his son) from which all created things proceed, in which, having proceeded, they live, towards which they tend, and in which they are at last absorbed, that spirit study to know — it is the great one.’ The advice of the ancient Hindū philosopher is still offered to us and we will be wise to follow it.”

— Prof. Harvey Gibson, to the Liverpool Chemists' Association

Thus we have another instance of scientific men, speaking (as we may say) *ex cathedra*, from the chair, and voicing views which a few years ago would have been considered as appertaining to Theosophy, and as being unpalatable to accepted scientific opinion. And thereby we see another confirmation of the forecast that Theosophy would win its way by the sheer force of truth among all whose minds were devoted with sufficient impartiality to the truth to accept it. Doubtless the process has been rendered easier by the changes in public opinion, which have rendered it feasible to announce opinions which previously may have been kept in the background.

Nothing but a curious blindness could ever have induced people to try and represent the entire phenomena of consciousness as mere elaborations of those forces which we study in physics and chemistry. The absurdity of the idea is apparent when we consider that the theorist must either place his own mind outside of the universe which he contemplates, or else, by including his mind in that universe, reduce his own theory to the level of a mere product of chemical action. And even if we reduce everything to matter, the mystery is as profound as ever, as soon as we begin to speculate what matter itself is.

The view that the Supreme Being is manifested in matter, as well as in spirit and life, seems reasonable, and indeed inevitable; since, if the case is otherwise, we have the spectacle of a deity operating in a mass of material which he did not create and which must have been there

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before. Such a deity, while he might very well be conceived as existing, could not be the *supreme* deity. Going back to the ancient philosophers again, we see that the idea of a spirit acting upon a chaos of matter is the *second* stage in cosmogonical evolution, the stage at which the primal unity has become a duality. It is said that the Supreme divided himself into two for the purposes of creation.

The words 'spirit' and 'matter' are convenient and necessary, but not so easy to discriminate from one another after all. If we choose for the moment to regard the mineral substances dealt with by chemistry and physics as matter, then, on closer investigation, we find that we can separate these substances themselves into spirit and matter; for we find that 'inorganic' matter is a medley of forces operating in some substance which we cannot fathom. Physical theory has sought to analyse matter to 'energy' and 'mass,' which are simply the original duality of spirit and matter over again. And it is now said in some quarters that even mass is but a particular mode of energy; at which rate we bid fair to find ourselves in a universe composed of nothing but spirit, nothing but energy, nothing but various forms of life acting within and upon each other. Spirit and matter would seem to be largely mere points of view; as though we stood in middle ground and called everything above us spirit, and everything below us matter; the definition of these two changing as our position changed.

All this tends to a recognition, sooner or later, of the inevitable truth that consciousness is the proper field for exploration of the mysteries of the universe, that we must make mind prior to matter, and that study of the phenomena of mind is the key to the whole mystery. Electricity is a stream of electrons, and electrons are atoms of electricity. Thus are we lost in the mazes of words. We cannot find anywhere mass as distinct from energy, and the best we can do is to make energy itself dual and take refuge in the terms 'positive' and 'negative,' or those equally undefinable terms 'right' and 'left.' The manifested universe is bipolar.

In considering man as an embodied spark of the Universal Mind, we tend at first acquaintance with the idea to be too sketchy and summary in our estimate. Fuller reflexion reminds us that there are countless manifestations of the universal mind, including (even within the range of our knowledge) such remote forms as the electron and the man, with all their intervening stages of mineral, plant, and animal life. Whatever may be the case with the humble electron, we can scarcely imagine that so complex a being as man was created in one fell swoop, or that he will be reabsorbed into the infinite in the twinkling of an eye. He must have been created or evolved by stages, and it can only be by stages that he

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will be reabsorbed. When the integrity of his composition is dislocated by the physiological process called death, his personality (as usually recognised) becomes modified. A great deal of it must of course disappear, since a great deal was dependent upon that union of elements which is now dissolved. But it is hardly supposable that the entire man is at once reabsorbed into the primeval spirit. For further light on these points we should indeed do well to take the lecturer's advice and go back to the ancient philosophers. But fortunately we can avail ourselves of the masterly interpretation of the same brought by H. P. Blavatsky. The Universal Spirit is named as *Âtman*; but this is embodied or ensouled in *Buddhi*, and this pair is again embodied or ensouled in *Manas*; and all this before Man, the Soul, can come into existence. Even then, this Soul has to be embodied in a terrestrial organism, before man can be complete. The septenary key represents man as a triune Soul incarnate in a body compact of four elements; and when death breaks up the septenate, the triad still remains intact. It is only at the close of the enormous period of a cycle of manifestation (a *Manvantara*) that all is reabsorbed into the Universal Spirit. If any fault is found with the sketchiness of these remarks, it must be remembered that we cannot do better within the limits at disposal, and have to refer the inquirer to the teachings of Theosophy and to his own studies.

Not less noteworthy than the change in scientific opinion is the growing willingness to recognise the merits of the ancient Vedic philosophers. But these writings cannot be at the same time profound philosophy and mere fables depicting the war between primitive savages and their almost equally primitive invaders. There is much profound wisdom concealed beneath an allegorical setting; and this to a great extent has been interpreted by H. P. Blavatsky in her works *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, devoted to the interpretation and exposition of ancient teachings as enshrined in myth and symbol.

H. P. Blavatsky, in fact, demonstrated the existence of the Wisdom-Religion, a profound philosophy and knowledge underlying all exoteric religions, but understood only by a minority of people during the ages of materialism. One of the tenets of the Wisdom-Religion is that man is a copy in miniature of the universe: he was called the Microcosm within the Macrocosm. Hence the road to knowledge of the universe is through the knowledge of self. If we study nature objectively, we tend to get further away from real knowledge, and plants (for instance) assume the form of dead matter for dissection and microscopical examination; and the same with animals. But these creatures can be studied sympathetically, as organized manifestations of the Universal Soul, undergoing, like ourselves, their course of evolution, and each gathering its experience

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in its own particular way, according to its grade in the scale of life. Once we recognise that *mind* underlies the whole creation, we shall begin to interpret natural phenomena in terms of mind, and thereby find our ideas much simplified. When the contrary method is pursued, we are driven to the most preposterous theories in order to account for the obvious manifestations of intelligence in plants by a theory of mechanical action. When we push the matter to the extreme, we find that we cannot even explain the phenomena of attraction and repulsion by mechanical principles; they can be nothing else than manifestations of desire and antipathy. The ancient philosophers saw that, if intelligence is anywhere in the universe, it must be everywhere. Science (which means knowledge) was driven into the realm of materialism by the chaos and unbelief which reigned in the realm of religion and moral philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But in the twentieth there are signs that it is beginning to win back to its proper sphere.

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HERBERT CORYN, M. R. C. S. (Eng.)

HERE and there in scientific quarters there is trouble over "the present recrudescence of belief in the occult," and the public is querulously berated for its lapse into superstition. Modern man should, they say, by this date have become immune to such attacks. It is time for the psychologist to take up the rôle of Doctor of Public Mental Health, find out why we are not so and teach us what to do. He is by no means to investigate the *evidence* for the occult, but rather the cause of that morbid condition of the public mind which makes it accept and welcome such evidence. Says one of the current medical journals:

"In this mood he is far more interested in noting why people believe in the revelations of mediums, and flock eagerly to listen to tales and to theories that support their inclinations, than he is in any patient analysis of the evidence to see what it really shows. In the larger aspect this is an anthropological interest, for we know that men in all stages of development have been believers in spirit-agency and have brought forward evidence and theory to hold together their beliefs. We know that this ancient world of folk-belief, of superstition, of readiness to think of things in occult terms, survives in all ultimate issues of human existence."

— *The Journal of the American Medical Association*

But why is this belated folk-belief still alive? One would have thought "that a mind adjusted to the thought-habits of today would have set up a resistance to any such beliefs — assuming any trend towards them — so completely adequate as to reject them without effort." The general diffusion of scientific knowledge should have produced in us all an

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immunizing antitoxin ready for work the instant that a solitary microbe of belief in the occult dared to give a wiggle of manifestation.

Preoccupation with objective science, carried to a certain point, undoubtedly will immunize you against the activity of certain parts of your nature. In his later years Darwin found with regret that his appreciation of poetry had gradually become paralysed. That department of his consciousness no longer functioned. But why not frankly put it that he had become *immune*?

If due permeation with the scientific spirit can safeguard you against injurious atavistic attacks of belief in the occult, then every other phase of consciousness from which it equally safeguards you should equally rank as a sort of disease. Music and art and poetry, thought once to be essential ingredients of a full and rounded life; then indulgently regarded as we regard the non-essential dessert after the real meal,— must now be considered as relatively harmless manifestations of that disease which in its worse form is belief in the occult. Our minds should learn to busy themselves more and more exclusively with objective facts and consider these other activities as agreeable forms of dissipation, the desire for which we shall presently outgrow.

Perhaps no one has quite come to the point of *saying* that yet, though there must be plenty of specialists who would like to.

The question is, whether the general sense of the occult, leading to however strange and absurd concrete beliefs and practices, is not the response to a reality in nature, the most inclusive and important of all facts? And whether we are not therefore just as 'scientific' in cultivating it as in cultivating any of the strictly objective parts of nature?

What is, at root, this sense of the occult? Is it not the sense that behind all that is visible is the subjective invisible, to which our own subjectivity is akin? The feeling, clearest and most certain in our highest moments, and with the highest men never dimmed, that our consciousness is in touch with and derived from a greater consciousness beyond, the source of all the laws of nature and of our highest ideals and inspiration? That this outer life everywhere is the clothing and partial manifestation of another within it with which it is possible for us to come into conscious touch and whose powers are latent, awaiting their unfoldment, in us all?

Is it a disease to have that sense? Or is the disease the loss of it? For if the latter, then is "the present occult craze" a wayward sign of returning health, just as the return to health in a paralysed limb might be indicated by blind twitchings and kickings and gropings. Sign of disease or sign of health: everyone can take his choice. The point is, not to mix up the underlying intuition with the grotesque vagaries of belief and practice to which in various quarters it may be giving rise.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN a review of a book on cytology, that branch of biology which deals with cells, we find a comment on certain changes of view which have been taking place on this subject. The cell has been regarded as the unit in biology, as the atom is the unit in chemistry; and organisms have been considered as aggregates built up from this unit. But now the tendency is to

“regard the organism as the individual, with a common life running through it all; and the cells, not as the units of which it is built up, but rather as parts into which it is divided in order to provide for the necessary division of labor involved in so complex a process as life.”

— *An Introduction to the Study of Cytology*, by L. Doncaster, sc. D., F. R. S.

The principle involved here seems important. Should we regard the whole as a synthesis of parts, or the parts as an analysis of the whole? Perhaps this would not matter, if we could be sure of accuracy in either method; but the liability of error is great. One may decompose water into oxygen and hydrogen; but, if we say that the water has yielded *nothing but* oxygen and hydrogen, we commit an error. The result of this error is seen when we try to reconstitute water out of the two gases; for we find that they produce merely a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen — unless something else is done. We had overlooked the fact that, in the decomposition, a thermal change took place; and a corresponding change is involved in the recombination. A certain vital force — call it heat or energy, or what you will — is concerned as an essential factor in the processes. Or take the case of a house and its component stones. There is an immense difference between a heap of stones and a house; and in order to make the one into the other, an *idea* is necessary — the plan in the mind of the builder. When we consider such a complex organism as an animal or human body, we realize still more strongly that the entire organism is something very much more than a mere assemblage or aggregate of its parts. The arithmetical rule of summation does not seem to apply in such cases. It does not apply everywhere even in chemistry; for two volumes of hydrogen plus one volume of oxygen produce only two volumes of steam. A mere addition, which will denote the mixture of two substances (say iron and sulphur), will not define what takes place when they combine and produce the compound sulphide of iron.

The difference between these two points of view has an important bearing on our ideas of evolution. If the entire man is the unit, and the

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parts of him are merely subordinate, then does it not seem to follow that the entire man was the beginning? Evolutionary theories have rather led us to the contrary view — that man is the final product, and that this culminating stage was preceded by many lesser stages during which the various parts functioned separately. Theosophy, as is well known, takes the view that man is a unit, and that his physical evolution is the unfolding of a plan which has existed before in entirety. In other words, physical man is constructed on the model of the divine or primordial man. In this view, anything which is incomplete or partial appears as a part of a whole.

Common sense would seem to require that everything which is produced should be produced according to a pre-existing type; but a certain school of speculation ignores, denies, or reverses this process. According to them, the plants and animals have been evolved by a sort of blind leap in the dark, and without any pre-existing plan. Or, reversing the order, they suggest that the type is the result and not the origin of the evolution. Theosophy, following common sense, maintains that the antetypes of all beings exist before those beings come into visible manifestation. Thus, when a particular plant is to be evolved, it is evolved according to a model which has pre-existed; the visible evolution of that plant is merely the process of clothing that model with matter, or of building a material form in accordance with the original design. Mind is prior to matter; and before anything can be created or evolved, there must be a plan or design in the mind of the architect or author. Thus the visible evolution of organic forms is the gradual and progressive expression of the mind of nature, bringing its thoughts into manifestation.

The germs of all growing things are invisible, beyond the ken of physical science. We may dissect the seed or the cell as much as we please in search of the real germ or ultimate unit, but it ever eludes us, and even the smallest microscopic speck we can find is still discovered to be complex and made up of parts. But there is nothing surprising in this: it merely amounts to saying that the source of physical matter is beyond physical matter itself — which is a truism.

The entire animal is a unit, an individual. Some savants have made themselves ridiculous by striving to represent the animal and his behavior as a mere mechanism actuated by its responses to external stimuli. One wonders what, in their opinion, is the precise difference between a living dog and a dead one. Look into the eyes of a living dog and you will see an individual; what you then see is not a mere result, a mere aggregate of parts, but a unit, a thing in itself. The dog is the one; his body is the many.

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As said before, points of view which differ but little logically, may make much difference when applied to the solution of practical questions. Take the case of human nature. There are those who make man out to be a complicated bundle of functions and propensities, and dictate methods of treating him accordingly. We are all familiar with this kind of "psychology" in the magazines. It does not seem to occur to these philosophers that man himself may be a unit, an individual, able to rule over and cope with all these propensities. They are more concerned with trying to provide means by which the man can give play to these propensities and so escape the harm from bottling them up. Theosophy does not deny that human nature is complex; it *is* complex in its parts, in its details, in its functions; but all the same there is a unit-man, an individual, who is the sovereign lord of the whole — or should be so.

Have I, then — the Man — sprung from the cell, the amoeba, the *Urschleim*, or have I sprung from the original unit-Man, the prototype, the 'Heavenly Man' or primordial type of all humanity? Whatever may have been the biological history of the organism I use, I myself, the Individual, have sprung from no cell or seed or atom, but from an eternal uncreate essence. This is my ultimate unit, and the rest of me is parts and functions. The question of conduct for me is whether and to what extent I shall permit the parts and functions to sway the unit and individual, or whether and to what extent the individual shall rule the parts and functions. Am I the mere result or arithmetical sum of my propensities, or am I a king ruling over and wisely disposing of my propensities? Phrenology may get an idea of my character by examining the shape of my skull; but phrenology perforce admits that I can change the shape of my skull, and it will take interest in comparing my delineation of today with that of ten years ago to show the progress I have made. Freud may find out, with his machines, what my propensities are, but he does not know what I will do with them or what they may do with me.

Truly it is not the cell but the soul that is the unit — unless indeed we make cell and soul synonymous. What becomes of the water when it is decomposed into the gases? Where has it gone? Is this a frivolous question? Is it a verbal quibble? Not so. The physical element water is only a manifestation of the subtle element water; and the presence of this subtle element is essential to an assumption of the liquid state by any material elements. All that physical science can detect is a thermal change, an absorption or evolution of 'energy.'

H. P. Blavatsky points out in *The Secret Doctrine* that the word 'atom' had a different sense with many ancient philosophers from what it has with modern physicists. It meant much more what we are now indicating under the word 'soul.' Another word for the same idea is

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'monad.' It expresses the unit or individual, which, entering into matter, creates there an organism, whether mineral, plant, or animal.

Mere arithmetic may mislead, but mathematics is a profound and all-embracing key to the universe. Should the number *one* be placed at the bottom or the top of the scale of numbers? Where does it come in the playing cards (derived from the ancient magical Tarots)? If, beginning with the triangle, you shall construct regular polygons with increasing number of sides, will you not, as you proceed to higher numbers, approach nearer and ever nearer to the circle itself, a figure bounded by *one* line? And there are those who see in a circle nothing more than a very large number of straight lines. Thus from mathematics we may learn to regard the whole as the real unit.

Simplicity is surely the lesson conveyed here. In the search for wisdom we try to pile up powers and abilities, riches of the mind, as though we aspired to become a vast and complicated machine, a huge congeries and assortment. The rule of simplicity says that we should seek rather to disencumber ourselves, and thus leave free the *One*, the Master of the mansion. Perchance the attainment of wisdom is not the piling up of possessions, riches of the mind and character, but the bringing forth into action of the real Self, he who is One, and at the same time All. Let us think of the One as being the primordial father of the Many, not as the evolutionary result or sum-total of the Many. Let us seek wisdom in simplicity rather than in complexity. Then what we bemoan as loss may perchance transform itself into gain, and the possessions we can no longer grasp may take with them in their flight our godspeed.



“He who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery — is no Theosophist.— H. P. BLAVATSKY

“Friends, the struggle for the Eternal is not the daring deed, nor yet hundreds of them. It is the calm, unbroken forgetfulness of the lower self for all time. Begin it now on your present plane. You have within you the same guide that the Helpers of Humanity possess. By obeying it they have become what they are.”— W. Q. JUDGE

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R. MACHELL

CHAPTER IV

FOR a moment Charles Appleby forgot that Withington was dead and stared at the visitor stupidly, but recovered himself in time, remembering what he had heard from Mrs. Mathers. This, then, was her fiancé, the highly respectable brother of the defunct rascal Withington: but to Appleby's imagination the two were one; he tried to disentangle them and failed, even when Mr. Mason introduced the visitor as Mr. Charlton who was staying at Framley Chase for a few days and wished to see something of the neighborhood. But Mr. Charlton seemed altogether unaware that he was visiting an old acquaintance who had small reason to welcome him with cordiality. Charles Appleby was so much embarrassed that his friend Mason noticed it and took it for an expression of annoyance at the intrusion. The evident unconsciousness of Mr. Charlton, however, saved the situation, and brought his host to a sense of his duties. Then Appleby made a heroic effort to accept this visitor at his 'face value' and to detach him in imagination from his disreputable prototype. He proposed a stroll through the grounds, and the good vicar was seized with a sudden desire to have a few words with the old gardener, who regarded him as an antagonist not altogether unworthy of his steel, though not as a philosopher with whom he could discuss the deeper problems of existence.

Mr. Charlton was full of admiration for the garden. "It is delightful," he said, "to get down here to this beautiful country away from London at this time of year. I am quite in love with Framley, and if I could tear myself away from London I think that I should choose this neighborhood to settle in."

"You are a true Londoner, I expect," said his host tentatively, "and would soon be tired of the country. One who has lived there all his life will find it hard to settle anywhere else."

"Oh, I am not so deeply rooted in the pavement of the great 'Metrolopus' as that. I think that I could soon fall into country ways. You, I suppose, were born and bred here in this beautiful old place. I almost envy you. I thought myself fortunate to have an office looking out on Lincoln's Inn Fields and chambers in the Temple where I had a glimpse of trees and grass from my windows."

"Do lawyers ever look out at the trees and grass? I thought the only rustling leaves that interested them were leaves of parchment and paper."

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“Indeed, Mr. Appleby, you do us injustice; many noted lawyers have been poets in private life. I am not one of those gifted mortals, but life is full of strange contrasts and contradictions. Indeed I feel somewhat of an incongruity myself here in this peaceful scene where even the trees seem venerable and the green lawns ancestral. I hope I may be allowed to see the house: I have heard much of its typical character: besides I hope to be a more or less permanent visitor in the neighborhood,



if not actually a resident: no doubt Mr. Mason has told you of my good fortune.”

He looked at Appleby so evidently in expectation of congratulation that his host felt forced to say something complimentary and appropriate. This would have been difficult a short time ago, but something had changed in him and now he found it almost an easy task to wish his visitor happiness in his matrimonial experiment, not that he called it an experiment. Just what he said he hardly knew, for the whole situation seemed to him so unnatural that he had difficulty in remembering that

he was entertaining a respectable old gentleman to whom the drama of his early days would seem a wild romance, no doubt, and yet this same old gentleman was the double of one of the leading characters in that drama. Still Appleby managed to say the right thing, and led the way to the house pointing out flowers and rare plants by the way.

The likeness of this quiet elderly lawyer to the gay dissolute Withington was extraordinary, and it seemed impossible for the master of Thorneycroft to disentangle them. The talk turned on travel, and Mr. Charlton explained that he was no traveler himself, though, as he said,

“I once made a journey to New Orleans to see my brother. I was in bad health at the time, but it seems his health was worse than mine, for he died there, and I came home all the better for my voyage: poor fellow, his life was not altogether a success. I never knew much about

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it, for, though we were twins, our tastes were very different. I was the stay-at-home of the family, he the wanderer, a strange fellow, restless and wild. I believe he spent most of his life in the gold-fields of California; but really I knew very little about him; in fact I did not inquire. It is sometimes perhaps kinder not to ask questions. There are so many family ghosts, and skeletons in private cupboards that are best left undisturbed. Life would be sweeter if people would only keep from stirring up the mud; do you not think so, Mr. Appleby?"

"I do indeed, but with some people memory is a kind of mud-hole that needs no stirring up; on the contrary, it will not keep still, the mud splashes up on their clothes, and hardens there before they can scrape it off. There is no need to stir that pool. There are things in it that never rest; it seems that they can neither sleep nor die and it is they that keep the mud moving."

The bitterness of the speaker seemed to surprise Mr. Charlton, but he made no comment on the unreasonable pessimism of a man who seemed favored by fortune in no ordinary degree.

Some time was spent inspecting the old house, and the visitor seemed quite delighted with everything. At last when they had come back to the library and sat down to smoke, Mr. Charlton broached the subject that he had at heart in making this call.

"Mr. Appleby, I think you must be wondering at my intrusion on your solitude; Mr. Mason has told me how much you dislike society, and you may be sure that it was not mere idle curiosity that brought me here today. You know that I am to be married shortly to Mrs. Mathers, whose late husband was a client of mine. He died some years ago leaving her with a daughter to care for and also with an estate sufficient for her requirements, which she has allowed me to administer on her behalf. Being by nature somewhat of a wanderer she never had a settled home; but when she saw her daughter growing up she felt that it was desirable in her interests to make a home for her, such as she would in time be naturally entitled to look for, that is when she marries: and also to place herself in a position to introduce her daughter properly into society. You will agree with me that such a wish is natural and indeed admirable; and I think that it is to this wish that I owe the honor she has done me in accepting my proposal. As I was saying, Mrs. Mathers has been a wanderer, and consequently has few friends in this country; and I have lived such a retired life that now I find myself almost as much alone in London as she is here in this rather exclusive country. Unfortunately, malicious tongues have circulated a rumor that she was divorced from her late husband, which is a pure fiction, as I well know, for I was appointed executor to his will, and have continued to administer

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the estate in behalf of his widow since his death. Partly on that account we both feel that it is desirable for her daughter's sake that our marriage should be celebrated, quietly of course, but in such a manner as not to look like an apology. There is no reason why a widow should not remarry; we have nothing to conceal; and certainly we are not a runaway couple hiding from the law. For that reason Mrs. Mathers decided, if possible, to be married at Easterby, hoping that some of the people whom she has met down here would accept her invitation to be present on the occasion. But, for some conscientious scruples too subtle for me to follow, Mr. Mason, the vicar, seems to object to officiate at the ceremony. If he persists in this unfortunate attitude I fear that public opinion will be seriously prejudiced against my client, that is to say against Mrs. Mathers, you understand. Now, although I am a stranger to you, I venture to ask your influence on our behalf. I know that the vicar has a great respect for your opinion, and I feel sure that you are too generous and broad-minded to see anything improper in the marriage of a lady who is no mere child with a man of my years who yet is not in his dotage. I admit there is a certain discrepancy in our ages, but it is on the right side. And I venture to think that there would be fewer divorces and less general unhappiness in the world if people were more often to defer matrimony until they had some experience of life. Are you not of my opinion?"

The frank and simple manner of the man appealed to Charles Appleby and won his sympathy. It was evident that Mrs. Mathers had not told him all: what woman does in such a case? He really felt sorry for this Mr. Charlton who was so strangely reminiscent of the unscrupulous Withington of former days. In answer to the question he could honestly reply, "Certainly, I quite agree with you. But really I am most unwilling to interfere in such a matter. Besides, Mr. Mason is as obstinate as — well, as such men are, you know: and I think he only respects my opinion when it happens to agree with his own judgment. Why not be married in London?"

"That is just what I proposed; but Mrs. Mathers would not hear of it. She seems to think that the approval of the county people is necessary to give our marriage the stamp of orthodox respectability. As you may well imagine, a woman of her attractiveness has many enemies of her own sex, and here, as elsewhere, such jealousy will make itself felt, unless the victim is protected by popular approval. Now that is one reason why I am anxious for your support, Mr. Appleby. You are unmarried. Furthermore, you are, I believe, almost a stranger to Mrs. Mathers, and no one would suggest that you were under the spell of her beauty or were influenced by personal motives. If you could persuade

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the vicar to relent, and if you yourself would consent to be present as a friend at the wedding and give us the support that it seems is not to be expected from those who, I venture to say, should have been the first to come forward, I think that all our difficulties would disappear. Will you help us, Mr. Appleby? Of course the marriage will be private; that is to say there will be no attempt at a reception or banquet or anything of the sort. Though of course the privacy will be merely nominal, for gossip is a far more efficient news-agent than the newspapers themselves."

Appleby laughed and was disarmed; it seemed useless to protest against being drawn into the web of this woman's destiny. They two were but threads in the tapestry of Time; why should he trouble about the pattern, since he was not the designer of it? He shrugged his shoulders and laughed sardonically at himself as he answered:

"Really, Mr. Charlton, this is about the last thing in the world that I should have expected to be called upon to undertake. Moreover, I confess myself somewhat skeptical as to the possibility of a happy marriage. Still, that is not my affair, and indeed I feel that the large experience of human nature that must have come to you as the result of a long legal career, is more than enough to discharge me from any responsibility in the matter. Without offense, I hope I may say that you are old enough to judge for yourself. It certainly would be ungenerous to allow my personal theories and prejudices to hinder me from doing what you wish."

Mr. Charlton rose and shook his host's hand with considerable warmth, saying:

"I thank you, Mr. Appleby, with all my heart. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness; all the more in that I understand, to some extent at least, your personal dislike to taking part in any kind of ceremony or function. I can assure you we shall both be more than grateful to you for so generously doing violence to your own feelings out of consideration for people who have so little right to ask it."

Appleby was evidently embarrassed by this speech, but turned it off with a compliment, that had more point in it than mere politeness; for looking his visitor in the eyes, he said:

"I think Mrs. Mathers is to be congratulated on her choice of a husband, and I must ask you to express to her my hope that the future may be so bright as to obliterate the past. You see I am a cynic, who cannot remember that other people may have no bitter past to overshadow their present and to cloud the future. Mr. Charlton, I wish you happiness. As to Mr. Mason's objection, I daresay he will change his mind; he is too good-hearted to let any personal feelings of his own

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interfere with the discharge of his duty either as a man or as a clergyman. Leave him to me. Good-bye."

Mr. Charlton did not wait for the vicar, but drove away alone, evidently too full of his own affairs to think of the parson except in his official capacity. The coachman took note of his absent-mindedness as well as of his evident good humor, and drew his own conclusions, which would soon be going the round of the village in the shape of fashionable gossip. And Charles Appleby returned to the garden to find the vicar mildly submitting to a homily from the gardener upon the subject of tolerance and man's brotherhood with nature, and other doctrines hardly compatible with the strict orthodoxy of the clergyman, but which appealed to the large heart of the little man.

As the master of Thorneycroft strolled across the lawn his mind reverted to the old days when he had known Withington in California, when gold was in the air, and the gold-fever was in the blood of even the least imaginative. Withington was the first acquaintance that he made on his arrival in San Francisco, and with him was a younger man who called himself de Leuville; later on he was Vauclerc; and these two new acquaintances had proved themselves admirable cicerones on the road to ruin. It would have been hard for either of them to say how many new-comers they had thus piloted to their destruction and abandoned in the moral swamps that border the path of the adventurer, as they two gathered in the spoils and laughed at the folly of their victims. They were a couple of costly instructors, and Appleby had paid dearly for his experience.

He had been captivated by the frankness of manner that made Withington so dangerous to younger men; and it was this same quality in the respectable twin-brother Charlton that had again disarmed the man who thought himself invulnerable in his cynicism.

It was through Withington that he had first met the woman who eventually completed the work of ruin that the two confederates had so well begun: but that was later, when her father died. He also was a friend of Withington's, a clever rascal with a variety of talents, which enabled him to turn his hand to anything; and with a complete lack of principle that crowned all his cleverness with failure. And she his daughter, loved and spoiled by such a father, was worthy of her parentage, a born adventuress, with no more morality than she had been able to pick up at random from the novels she had read, and from her father's strange associates, the most intimate of whom was Withington. Reckless as she was, wild and ambitious, impulsive and unscrupulous; it would have been hard to say what possibilities of good or evil might be hidden in a heart so uncontrolled and so undisciplined. Her craving for admiration

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was insatiable and called into play powers of fascination that most men found irresistible.

Charles Appleby had succumbed at sight, and she had looked on him as an opportunity provided by Fate for her salvation from pecuniary embarrassment. She was left almost penniless at her father's death, and naturally accepted the offer of marriage of the only one of her admirers who could provide for her in a fashion at all adequate to her tastes. At that moment he was in funds, for his father had died just as a substantial legacy had come into his hands, and the dying man had bequeathed it to his son Charles, regretfully reflecting on the pleasure he could have got out of it himself, if fate had given him the chance to spend it as he knew how. He was a right royal spendthrift, and if young Charles lacked any of his father's talent in that direction his wife more than made up for his deficiency; and they two traveled the road to ruin at full speed and in most undesirable company. Soon disillusionment set in; and after that suspicions of his wife, with jealousy and mutual recriminations. And with it all as an accompaniment went drink and gambling and quarrels with the men that followed her unceasingly. Then came the inevitable divorce; and then more drunkenness; and one night delirium, and a wild brawl; and then oblivion. When the awakening came he found himself charged with a murder of which he knew nothing and could give no account. Appearances were damning and he was convicted. So the prison closed upon him, where he met men with many aliases — some men like himself who scarce knew how they came there, and others who knew it all: they fared the best. Vauclerc was one of these. He was discharged along with Appleby when another man confessed to the crime of which he, Charles Appleby, had been convicted, and in which Vauclerc was implicated. After that a real awakening took place and an attempt to free himself from all his old associates. But Vauclerc kept turning up unexpectedly right in his path, until he came to look upon the man as some sort of a kinsman in evil, a kind of degraded 'alter ego,' who could not be got rid of till he himself was wholly purged of the vices that they shared in common. So began the long struggle to remake his life. Then came his inheritance of Thorneycroft and his return to England.

For a time it seemed as if Fate really meant to give him a fresh start. It seemed as if the ties that bound him to the past were broken when he crossed the ocean and came back to his old home as master. So he had settled down to a life of quiet usefulness and unostentatious service to the residents on his estate and to the parish generally.

His life indeed seemed to his imagination not unlike the ruined abbey there by the entrance to the garden, all overgrown with ivy and half

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hidden by the trees, as if they sought to mask its desolation and beautify what still remained as record of the tragedy that marked its fall.

But gradually he had been forced to realize that though the ruin of his life was hidden by an overgrowth of affluent respectability and veiled from general observation, it yet was easily discoverable for those who might have reason to investigate its history; and that after all the world is a small place for a man to hide in.

He also discovered that although a man may forget the past, it does not forget him. So from time to time there came into his sphere of action people and things that served to recall what he would have wished buried forever out of sight. Still no one had come upon the scene who had known him well enough to identify the dissolute youth of those dark days with the respected master of Thorneycroft; not till this woman came and settled herself at Framley. That was the opening of a door that he thought closed; and now unwelcome visitors were free to enter unhindered into the sanctuary of his retreat, like ghosts from the past that show themselves as soon as the doorway of the night is opened between the abode of men and the abysses of the underworld.

It seemed to him the present and the past were like the daylight and the dark, the world of men and the domain of ghosts; and he resented the appearance of a ghost in the broad light of day.

This last-comer, if not himself a ghost, was haunted by one, one of the undying dead, whose business seems to be to keep that door ajar, which were far better closed and barred.

When Appleby had seen him coming across the lawn as if he actually came from the ruined abbey, that emblem of the past, he had fantastically imagined that this respectable gentleman was but a reincarnation of the depraved and dissolute Withington. It seemed therefore quite natural that Charlton and Mrs. Mathers should be so intimately associated and that he should not be able to cut himself free from the bonds of fate that linked them all together. His sense of justice revolted at the malignancy of destiny.

Why should these people haunt him? How had he injured them? What had he done to bind them to him? Why could he not shake them off? They had done him immeasurable wrong. Was that a claim on him? He had not sought revenge nor justice, all that he asked was freedom to forget. Why should they cling to him? Was it involuntary on their part too, this partnership? Were they all bound together unwillingly by some superior power he did not recognise? What was the link? Theosophists would call it Karma, and would refer him to some former life to find its origin: a reasonable theory, no doubt, but still

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a theory. Appleby was too pessimistic at this time to be able to accept so obvious an answer to his questions.

Still pondering on the uncanny ways of fate, he came upon the disputants, if that could be called a dispute that was no more than a monolog, for Watson was evidently having it all his own way. The parson, overwhelmed with the torrent of the old man's eloquence, turned gladly for relief to his friend, forgetting for the moment his own offense against the unwritten law, that shut the doors of Thorneycroft to all uninvited visitors.

Appleby, however, seemed no way resentful and called out to him: "Come away, Mason, or your orthodoxy will be contaminated: besides I want to talk to you; come and keep me company at luncheon: your friend Mr. Charlton has gone off without you."

Mr. Mason protested: "He is no friend of mine. I hardly know him."

The tone was not enthusiastic, and Appleby wondered if after all his friend were not perhaps jealous of a successful rival. He tried to draw him out, but failed. So the matter dropped, and parish matters were discussed as earnestly as if the fate of nations hung on their decision.



"THE world seeks for and requires a practical illustration of the possibility of developing a higher type of humanity, and an opportunity for this now presents itself. All who have the welfare of the world's children truly at heart can hasten the day of better things eagerly sought for by so many. Valuable efforts are often hindered and the work which lies closest at hand may suffer neglect and be overcome in confusion by indulging in useless speculation. To accomplish the great purpose in view, unity and harmony are absolutely essential. When these conditions are established everything is possible. The co-operation of all who undertake the work of teaching children will bring about greater results than are now conceivable. . . . Seeing that the children of today will be the men and women of the future, the great importance of this work surely cannot be overestimated. Only by wise teaching, by training and self-reliance, self-discipline, concentration, and a recognition of the power of silence, can the lower qualities of the nature be overcome and the highest be developed, so that the children who are brought in touch with this Movement shall in their turn become practical workers for humanity. One of the great objects must be to bring home to their minds the old, old teaching that they are immortal souls, not divorced from beneficent Nature, but in deed and in truth a part of it."

— *Katherine Tingley*

GIVE ME BUT THESE

FRANCIS MARSHAL PIERCE

GIVE me wide fields of wavy grain and grass,
And running brooks through mellow meadows green;
The far wood-trails where shadows come and pass;
The hillside forest — in its ample screen
To rest my weariness and find true peace:
The prattle of the leaves when winds increase,
Their voice concerted with the ocean's tone,
And let me rest with these and Thee alone.

Nor take from me the sunshine in the air,
Nor songs of birds nor chorals of the night —
In walled confines as in some darksome lair.
Give me to romp with friends in pure delight
Beneath the sun and starry Milky Way —
A royal comradeship in loyal play.
With these of earth and sky I'm wholly blest,
And reckless fall in sleep by Nature prest.

Nor there disturb me if within its keep
Is fondly turned to soil my richened clod,
My easy body draped for aye to sleep
In ministry of Nature and its God;
While I go freely winging through the fields
I love, of grassy lawns and fruitful yields;
Given my soul to God — out everywhere
In fairer woodlands, fields, and skies, to fare.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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