

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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“While there is one blind soul still held in the toil of drink or drugs, while there is hopeless poverty amongst us, while our laws are biased, prejudiced and unjust, while the horrors of the old torture-chambers are still practised in our laboratories, the occultist has work to do here,— for he cannot separate himself from any of these things; the meanest animal that utters a cry of pain or terror is himself. It is his duty to convert that pain into pleasure, that fear into faith — and so to destroy the evil which causes it.”

THE SEARCHLIGHT *

KATHERINE TINGLEY



THE difficulties in the way of obtaining an unprejudiced consideration for the truths of Theosophy must be removed one by one. The word itself must not be regarded as sacred when it makes more difficult the task we have undertaken. New methods must be adopted as conditions change. We are called to be pioneers in one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. Personal limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour, and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyse our efforts. To be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an inestimable privilege. We should not for one moment overlook the fact that only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

NEW ENERGY

A NEW energy is being liberated from the center of life. This stream of force, for such it is, is felt at first as a mighty Niagara, rushing forward with such rapidity that it threatens to engulf everything, but as it approaches a climax it spreads out in every direction; its currents circulate over the whole earth, and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still; all things are pushed forward by the great solar energy now being set free. Care should be taken that it is not misdirected and all personal barriers should be removed before they are ground to powder. This force acts everywhere; the gods are its ministrants. There is no need to retire to the woods for the inspiration which it gives, for where the needs of humanity are greatest the presence of the Helpers can be felt most.

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HEROIC IDEALS

THE hero of today must be a hero of heroes. The ideal must no longer be remote from life, but made divinely human, close and intimate as of old. Now is the day of resurrection; man looking up will see the old ideals raised, and seeing live. The son of God is the son of Man.

'THE HEART TOUCH'

IN the 'heart touch' is the saving quality which will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood. The word 'charity' should be eliminated. In the name of charity, men and women have been treated like so much personal baggage and labeled accordingly. Out of the great heart of Nature all things proceed, and all things lead back there at last; all worlds and systems of worlds, from the great central sun to the smallest particle in space must thrill responsive to the pulsations of that infinite heart of compassion. The great mother reaches forth to receive her own. All efforts to retard are less than insignificant. In every act which partakes of that divine quality of infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres, and all nature obeys the command of the one whose heart beats constantly for others.

A NEW HOPE

A NEW HOPE is dawning on humanity as the new century approaches. This hope is the mainspring of progression and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere; the great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew; the ripples of the waves on the sea-shore lisp the glad song; the breeze bears it on its bosom; the tints of the flowers convey it; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance; the great blue dome above suggests it; the birds warble it forth from every tree; the new-born babe is a complete revelation of it; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond, impart the strength and courage of that great hope and point to a future day when they shall return again to carry on their work, for hope incarnates from age to age and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The law is immutable, and love is eternal.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

BEHOLD the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science (*Gupta-Vidyâ*) depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the temple of Divine Wisdom.

If man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is beyond the veil of physical Mâyâ [illusion] he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. . . . All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow.

To merit the honorable title of Theosophist, one must be an altruist above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak, and to urge others to action while never losing an opportunity to work himself.

FROM the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

The first of Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

LET once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.

It is only by close brotherly union of men's inner selves that the reign of justice and equality can be inaugurated.

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NATURE gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.

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.

THEOSOPHY will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty, and Philanthropy. Slowly but surely it will burst asunder the iron fetters of creeds and dogmas, of social and caste prejudices; it will break down racial and national antipathies and barriers, and will open the way to the practical realization of the Brotherhood of all men.

THAT light that burns in thee, dost thou feel it different in any wise from the light which shines in other men?

THE duty of a Theosophist: to fear no one and naught save the tribunal of his own conscience.

THE universal religion *can only be one* if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of that word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us then love, help and mutually defend each other against the spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and unity — *i. e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best — let us unite to form a practical nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, or color.

TRUE knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way except through the region of the higher mind. . . . He who carries out only the laws established by human minds, who lives that life which is prescribed by the code of mortals and their fallible legislation, chooses as his guiding star a beacon which shines on the

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ocean of Mâyâ, or of temporary delusions, and lasts for but one incarnation. These laws are necessary for the life and welfare of physical man alone. He has chosen a pilot who directs him through the shoals of one existence, a master who parts with him, however, on the threshold of death. How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, and rendering, in short, to Caesar what is Caesar's, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes, not even during those periods which are the halting-places of the long pilgrimage of purely spiritual life. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of the noumenal, the one reality. If man, by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is beyond the veil of physical Mâyâ, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY*

FEW women in our time have been more persistently misrepresented, slandered, and defamed, than Madame Blavatsky, but though malice and ignorance did their worst upon her, there are abundant indications that her life-work will vindicate itself, that it will endure, and that it will operate for good. She was the founder of the Theosophical Society, an organization now fully and firmly established, which has branches in many countries, East and West, and which is devoted to studies and practices the innocence and the elevating character of which are becoming more generally recognised continually. The life of Madame Blavatsky was a remarkable one, but this is not the place or time to speak of its vicissitudes. It must suffice to say that for nearly twenty years she had devoted herself

*An Editorial published in the New York *Tribune*, May 10, 1891, (two days after Madame Blavatsky's death.)

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to the dissemination of doctrines the fundamental principles of which are of the loftiest ethical character. However Utopian may appear to some minds an attempt in the nineteenth century to break down the barriers of race, nationality, caste, and class prejudice, and to inculcate that spirit of brotherly love which the greatest of all Teachers enjoined in the first century, the nobility of the aim can only be impeached by those who repudiate Christianity. Madame Blavatsky held that the regeneration of mankind must be based upon the development of altruism. In this she was at one with the greatest thinkers, not alone of the present day, but of all time; and at one, it is becoming more and more apparent, with the strongest spiritual tendencies of the age. This alone would entitle her teachings to the candid and serious consideration of all who respect the influences that make for righteousness.

In another direction, though in close association with the cult of universal fraternity, she did an important work. No one in the present generation, it may be said, has done more toward re-opening the long-sealed treasures of Eastern thought, wisdom, and philosophy. No one certainly has done so much toward elucidating that profound Wisdom-Religion wrought out by the ever-cogitating Orient, and bringing into the light those ancient literary works whose scope and depth have so astonished the Western world, brought up in the insular belief that the East had produced only crudities and puerilities in the domain of speculative thought. Her own knowledge of Oriental philosophy and esotericism was comprehensive. No candid mind can doubt this after reading her two principal works. Her steps often led, indeed, where only a few initiates could follow, but the tone and tendency of all her writings were healthful, bracing, and stimulating. The lesson which was constantly impressed by her was assuredly that which the world most needs, and has always needed, namely, the necessity of subduing self and of working for others. Doubtless such a doctrine is distasteful to the ego-worshippers, and perhaps it has little chance of anything like general acceptance, to say nothing of general application. But the man or woman who deliberately renounces all personal aims and ambitions in order to forward such beliefs is certainly entitled to respect, even from such as feel least capable of obeying the call to a higher life.

The work of Madame Blavatsky has already borne fruit, and is destined, apparently, to produce still more marked and salutary effects in the future. Careful observers of the time long since discerned that the tone of current thought in many directions was being affected by it. A broader humanity, a more liberal speculation, a disposition to investigate ancient philosophies from a higher point of view, have no indirect association with the teachings referred to. Thus Madame Blavatsky

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has made her mark upon the time, and thus, too, her works will follow her. She herself has finished the course, and after a strenuous life she rests. But her personal influence is not necessary to the continuance of the great work to which she put her hand. That will go on with the impulse it has received, and some day, if not at once, the loftiness and purity of her aims, the wisdom and scope of her teachings, will be recognised more fully, and her memory will be accorded the honor to which it is justly entitled.

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by Some of her Old Pupils

HAVING become acquainted with some of the teachings of Theosophy in 1887, I immediately visited Madame Blavatsky at her residence in London, for the purpose of seeing and knowing one who I felt must be a great, noble, and gifted personality. I found her engrossed in the work of promulgating Theosophy, by the receptions which she gave to all inquirers and by her books and her magazine *Lucifer*. She toiled laboriously and incessantly at a work which not only brought her no remuneration of any kind but which was often indebted to her for assistance from her own personal estate. These labors were carried on against the obstacles of ill-health and bitter opposition. She soon made it clear to me that Theosophy is indeed "the most serious movement of the age," and that it demands from its students unselfish devotion to the cause of human betterment, and an unflinching loyalty to truth, honor, and justice. She pointed out that there was a nobler path in life for those sincerely devoted to truth and willing to set aside their own personal ambitions and prejudices in order to follow the behests of truth; and her own daily life was the best vindication of her teachings. For truly H. P. Blavatsky followed truth, and her whole life was a constant devotion and willing sacrifice to it. My acquaintance with her continued intimate until her death. Our relation was that of pupil and teacher, and she never failed to educe all that was highest and best in my nature, and to set my footsteps upon that path which she herself had found to be the only true path for humanity to follow -- the path of unselfish devotion to the cause of Truth, Light, and Liberation. She was at that time engaged in writing and publishing *The Secret Doctrine* and *The Voice of the Silence*; and she put the manuscript of the latter work into my hands to read.

I felt as though in the presence of a true *friend*, one who, unlike or-

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dinary friends, knew the real needs of my heart; and who ministered to those needs without flattering self-love or any other personal weakness. I felt as though in the presence of a great *reality*, demonstrating to direct perception the truth that the Soul of man is infinite, eternal, divine. No words can express my sense of the privilege which I have enjoyed in knowing this Great Soul, one of humanity's true Helpers.— H. T. EDGE

EVERY attack upon H. P. Blavatsky naturally calls forth a renewed expression of love and reverence from those who knew her best. This is really the final reply to such attacks, whatever others may also be necessary — often better and more convincing to those who did not know her than one more direct. We who really knew her as she was, tell what we saw, picture her as we knew her, say what she did for us and what she was trying to inspire us to do and to become. The picture can stand of itself as a sufficient reply to the slanders; for there is nothing in common between this and the grotesque picture which her enemies desire that the public should accept as her likeness. It would indeed be also enough to point to her writings, without any direct testimony of ours. The nobility and power of the writer's character, her love of truth and of humanity, her desire to better the conditions of human life and to make men and women realize their higher possibilities and give them hope and light — all these shine unmistakably and transparently through everything that came from her pen.

As one of those who knew her well, one of those to whom came, from contact with her, the awakening of all that was best in their nature, I, like the rest, welcome this new chance to go on record in her defence.

The first impression she made upon me (and on everyone else, whether they thereafter loved or hated her) was of a personality of immense strength, both of will and intellect. Most people, moreover, felt more or less consciously that she understood their hidden nature. Some, for good reasons, resented this clear insight into themselves. Others, those who could feel her compassion for human weaknesses so long as some good was struggling there through them, and her magnetic appeal to and encouragement of their own best ideals, loved her.

To me she became from the first moment I saw her, my Teacher and friend. Her kindness to me from the first and all along until her death is ever present in my memory.

Some faces have the marks of a weight of suffering which has crushed. Her face had every line that pain can give, but, as visibly, it had never

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weakened her will. Nor had it embittered her nor even quenched her strong sense of humor.

Her center of consciousness was not in herself but in her work for humanity. She was incapable of self-pity or of fear for herself. She was hurt by attacks on herself only in so far as they hurt her work; was hurt by treachery and ingratitude only because they were at all, and not because they were with regard to herself. And she served and tried to help the traitor and the ingrate to the last moment of opportunity.

When I first knew her (at Lansdowne Road and at Avenue Road in London, England) she was aware, I think, that she had not long to live. And so she was making every effort, working in some way from morning to late at night without a break, to get the utmost possible of her message into the public mind and into the minds of those about her and her special group of pupils. She had very much more to give than any of us were capable of taking. Theosophy requires the development of the whole inner nature, not of intellect only, for its apprehension. And so the Teacher had to wait upon the growth of the pupil's higher faculties, dependent upon his own efforts in spiritualizing his life and consciousness.

She did her utmost, as I have said, working without ceasing, writing for the public, issuing instructions to her Esoteric School, personally teaching those about her and especially the few who composed her 'Inner Group,' often present at the meetings of the Lodge of her name, the Blavatsky Lodge, and mostly keeping open house in the evenings for inquirers who wished to discuss with her or question her.

This is not the place to go into detail concerning her work. I desired merely to put on record some expression of my feeling for one of humanity's great Initiate Teachers. In coming centuries every word from those who knew her will be increasingly treasured for any light it may throw upon her character.—HERBERT CORYN

IT was in 1886 that I made the acquaintance of Madame Blavatsky in London and visited her at the house in Lansdowne Road, where she was then living. In 1888 I joined the Theosophical Society and attended the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge, which met at the house of the foundress of the Society in Lansdowne Road, at that time. Madame Blavatsky was present on all the occasions of my weekly visits, and took part in all the proceedings, answering questions as to the teachings of Theosophy, and incidentally speaking on a great range of topics more or less connected with the main subject of study, Theosophy.

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The thing that had compelled my attention to this subject was my intense conviction of the absolute sincerity of the foundress of the Society, and of her power to expound the true teachings of Theosophy, as well as of her fitness to be a guide to one who aspired to lead a higher life. My conviction was based on my own personal observation and judgment of character, and not at all on anybody's evidence or opinions. So, when in later years, I heard stories of a kind that did not agree with my own observations and conclusions, I was not influenced by them, but found support for my faith in Madame Blavatsky as a spiritual teacher in the internal evidence supplied by her works, such as *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence*, and *The Key to Theosophy*; all of which were produced after my first meeting with the writer.

The more I studied her works the stronger grew my faith in the reality of Madame Blavatsky's mission, and in her ability to transmit to the world the teachings intrusted to her for that purpose. It seemed to me that her devotion to the cause of Theosophy was absolute, and was wholly disinterested.

I saw that she suffered acutely from the slanders that were circulated about her former life, but I felt that no amount of calumny could turn her from the task which she had undertaken, and which she was carrying out under conditions of ill-health that seemed to make work of any kind impossible.

It was obvious that her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Theosophy could bring to herself no other reward than denunciation and vilification, on the one hand, and on the other the very doubtful support of those who were anxious to get from her some of the vast store of knowledge that was evidently at her command. While a few earnest followers honestly endeavored to lead the life and to follow the teacher, the majority of those who called themselves her followers were in reality seeking knowledge for their own gratification, rather than for the service of humanity. Some of these resented what they contemptuously called the "parrot-cry of Brotherhood," which the "old lady" was constantly insisting upon as the foundation of Theosophy, and which they considered "MERE ethics."

In spite of the constant failure of her professed followers to understand her, and the unscrupulous misrepresentations of avowed enemies, she never lost faith in the cause, nor wavered in her absolute devotion to the task she had undertaken. Suffering martyrdom both mental and physical, she worked indefatigably, and her writing showed no trace of her physical condition, which was such as to make her life a wonder in itself and her literary achievement a marvel.

What need to refute attacks upon her character, when there remain

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such monuments to her nobility of soul and intellect as *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Key to Theosophy*?

— REGINALD WILLOUGHBY MACHELL

PRIOR to meeting Madame H. P. Blavatsky in London in 1888 I had been admitted, along with others in Dublin, to membership in the Theosophical Society by William Q. Judge, then on a visit to Ireland. At that time I had already become familiar with the details of many infamous attacks which had been fulminated against the honor and integrity of the Foundress, H. P. Blavatsky.

The pettiness and feebleness as to fact of all these, stood out in clear-cut contrast with the spiritual nobility of her writings in *Isis Unveiled* and the magazines edited by her, and such accusations but served to strengthen one's enthusiasm for the great principles which underlie the idea of man's essential solidarity — to the philosophic rationale of which, demonstrated by her work and her references to the lore and knowledge of countless Teachers throughout the long ages, she had devoted her life-energies and her very heart's blood.

Such attacks brought her unremitting suffering, as affecting the Cause she labored for; yet, for us beginners in the Science of Life, they showed well the inherent weaknesses of our complex nature, and enabled us better to realize the enormous import to the race of the message Theosophy holds out — a message delivered by H. P. Blavatsky in no uncertain terms, and in fact with a vigor, an eloquence, and an amplitude of historic and philosophic detail unrivaled in known history. While iconoclastically tearing to tatters most of the generally accepted beliefs and dogmas, scientific or otherwise, she stands revealed in her writings as a Master-builder possessed of a complete constructive philosophy of practical life and equally of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis, as known to the Elder Brothers of the race for incalculable ages. Withal so humble that at the outset of her colossal work *The Secret Doctrine* she writes (paraphrasing Montaigne), "I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

When she founded the Theosophical Society in 1875 in New York, she said to Mr. Judge that she was embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. In this, if in nothing else, she was a true prophet. Her main purpose was to permeate the world with the ideas and teaching of the *ancient Wisdom-Religion*, primal source of all the world-religions. It certainly was not to promulgate

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spiritualism, marvel-seeking, or psychism of any kind. Let her writings attest.

She brought to both east and west the truths so long obscured regarding the great laws of Karma, Reincarnation, and the dual nature of man, together with a spiritual philosophy so exalted as to furnish the keynote for many successive lives of aspiration and endeavor. The few quotations appended from her writings indicate in part the purpose of this great and wise Teacher — beloved by thousands who have never seen her at all.

— FRED J. DICK

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H. TRAVERS, M. A.

 HE foes of Theosophy, finding its teachings unassailable, have resorted to the expedient of defaming its founder, knowing that many persons will be deterred thereby from inquiring further into Theosophy; though there are others who, despite the slanders, insist on knowing more of Theosophy, and who thereby discover the falsity of the slanders. The name of H. P. Blavatsky has been so vindicated by her pupils and by the influence of the work she initiated that the world is attracted by any mention of her whatever, even slanderous. That name inspires an intense and universal interest: it is impossible seriously to defame a character which all instinctively recognise to have been great beyond ordinary measure. People are determined to know all they can about H. P. Blavatsky; and the usually sane judgment of the generality has recognised in such defamations the customary crown of thorns which surrounds the head of those who greatly dare in the cause of truth.

The poor prosaic disinherited world! How it clings to the ideal of the great personality! How wistfully and lovingly it cherishes its innate belief in the grandeur of the human soul! How eagerly it embraces the chance of finding its faith and hope realized in some actually living hero, who may serve to it as a reminder that man is after all something more than a miserable sinner or a perfected monkey, and may, once in a while at least, achieve the manifestation of his divine attributes!

There can be no doubt but a very large number of people, who have either not heard of Madame Blavatsky, or have thought but little about her, will on hearing such misrepresentations, at once procure her works and read them, so as to see for themselves what manner of woman she was; and then they will dismiss from their mind the slanders and fables, with a note of thankfulness that these have been the means of introducing them

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to so great an opportunity. For these works of Madame Blavatsky prove that their author could never have been anything like the character depicted in the fables, and that she never could at any time of her life have been otherwise than a personality great and admirable in every way.

The stories of Jesus of Nazareth, of Hypatia, of Socrates — of many more well known to history — should show that, whenever a great Teacher appears with a message of Truth, Light, and Liberation for mankind, desperate attempts are made by certain people of unamiable characteristics to hustle that Teacher out of sight, out of mind, off the face of the earth. Truth, Light, and Liberation are not wanted in some quarters. That this is what has happened in the case of H. P. Blavatsky is all too obvious, people think; and they insist upon knowing what was the message which brought so much joy to some, to others so much trepidation and animosity. They insist upon making the acquaintance of the great Soul who dared so much, but whose name has not sunk under the utmost weight of defamation that could be heaped upon it.

The great Individual has always counted as the moving force in history. It is in vain that philosophers try to represent the mass of humanity as elevating itself by its own gravitation, like so much dough generating its own leaven. The moving force has to come from without. That which moves the body is Spirit; and though Spirit can and does operate in every human heart that opens itself thereto, yet it operates eminently in certain Individuals who appear here and there, from time to time, and by their superior force, their loftier standing-ground, work more mightily among men than do the hosts of lesser souls in a hundred years. Faiths and philosophies serve man well, especially when he has nothing more tangible to resort to; but he ever goes by imitation and looks for the *example*: the visible living example of a great personality influences us far more than any number of books and sayings. It shows us what man can be, what we may ourselves become. It sets to work the instinct of imitation. Our eyes are turned aloft, and our footsteps begin instinctively to turn in the same direction.

“These be your gods!” says materialism, pointing to clay models of imaginary human ape-ancestors ranged along the museum-wall; and “Behold your origin and kneel!” says another kind of materialism, pointing to the picture of a sullen skin-clad man stealing fruit in a garden. But man is prone to set up for himself better ideals. The forbidden fruit may have turned his brain, but it never soured his heart; it never killed the memory of his divine birth. And, conscious of his own failure, he looks wistfully around to see if anybody else has attained. And when he sees the Great One, he recognises him, and his heart leaps up, though his foolish mind may doubt and rebel against the voice of the Soul.

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There is for man a better life than this we are leading. Such is the message of the Teachers, taught not in words alone, but by the example of their personality and their life. They are like a revelation, a letting in of the sun.

Instead of elaborating new systems, they always point to that which is ancient of days, to Truth, which is agelong and endures throughout all superficial changes. The permanent values in life are brought to the fore. They demonstrate that mankind has never been left without the Truth, however far its living waters may recede into the background; but that the Truth has always been preserved by faithful guardians.

It is thus that we find H. P. Blavatsky, in the preface to her largest work, *The Secret Doctrine*, declaring that

“These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world’s history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.”

Why do we feel such fascination for the gods of antiquity, if not because we feel inwardly that those myths inshrine vital truths? These gods and heroes, were they not perhaps modeled on the memories of great men that really walked on earth in brighter ages and taught mankind?

The phrase ‘higher powers in man’ is one to conjure with, nowadays as in all times. Though it has been woefully misused, so that it may call up in some minds nothing better than some petty and ignoble idea of ‘occultism’ or ‘psychism,’ we must look beyond the travesty to the original meaning. When H. P. Blavatsky spoke of higher powers she meant something more like what students of the Bible know as the fruits of the Spirit, she meant those noble attributes which mark the hero and the man whose genius inspires, and is inspired by, his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Truth, Light, and Liberation. Hear her own words:

“We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man.”

“The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition.”

“From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.”

“Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.”

H. P. BLAVATSKY, THE HERO

"Occultism is not magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is black magic — sorcery. For it is the motive, and the motive alone, which makes any exercise of power become black (malignant) or white (beneficent) magic. It is impossible to employ spiritual forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator."

This shows that H. P. Blavatsky's sole idea was one of service, and that the higher powers she meant were those only which render us more potent workers in the great cause. Selfishness is the cause of the world's ills, and is only increased by the development of powers which aggrandize the personality. It is only by arousing in man motives that are greater than personal desire and ambition that the ills due to selfishness can be withstood. This then is what H. P. Blavatsky came to do. The opposition she encountered was only to be expected, for she threw down the gauntlet to all forces of stagnation and retrogression; she challenged the existing order of things. Many voices, speaking more or less consciously in the name of this great opposition, in some one or other of its many forms, were raised against the Teacher and her work. The attempt was made to create a *legend*, to create a mythical H. P. Blavatsky, and imprint upon the pages of history a lie that should hide the truth. But the face has been torn off this imposture, and the real H. P. Blavatsky stands revealed. The forces acting against such a great Soul are somewhat of the nature of what modern psychologists call a 'group mind' — the aggregated interests of large bodies with vested interests. Such a group-mind is perhaps not fully expressed in any one individual, but it acts through individuals, who may be conscious agents or merely impulsive and unreflective people who are impelled by its influence upon their instincts. Whenever some king or notable person is assassinated, the immediate agent of the deed is usually some half-witted individual with a purely personal grudge, due to some trivial slight, real or imaginary. And in the case of H. P. Blavatsky we find many vicious attacks have emanated from people of this unfortunate constitution.

The Hero is an ideal ever present in the hearts of men, who feel that in the Hero is shown that which they themselves potentially are and may actually become. H. P. Blavatsky was a Hero, and even the attacks on her demonstrate it. This the people are beginning to realize.



SLANDER

"SLANDER is an assassin who travels without being seen, and who talks without being heard."— *H. S. Utley*

LOOKING WESTWARD

KENNETH MORRIS

WESTWARD the sky is pumped with gloom and gold
And there are glittering dancings on the sea
Invisible nations there high festival hold,—

Amber and silver-footed. With their glee,
Half that lone vastness 'neath the dying day
Quivers and runs and deepens somberly.

And men's high hopes wither and wane away
And lives and hearts are cloven under the share
Of ineluctable ruin and time grown gray.

Moves any whisper of this world's despair
Through yonder solemn grandeur? Passionless still
The Eternal Mother dons her splendors there.

Taketh she thought at all of good or ill,
Seeing us crushed,— her heart of hope though we,—
The strange alembic of her mind and will?


Who knows? Yet in that pageant sky and sea
The sum and passage of our joys and pains
She grandly weaves into her reverie.
And her last word is *Beauty*, ere day wanes.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“It is our real mission to make honest men, to compel them to be honest. Our message all along the line, as we have come through the country from the coast has been: ‘Wake up, ye children of the earth! realize your heritage, and in doing this the illumination of your souls will come so that you and all the world may know that you are immortal beings.’ ”— KATHERINE TINGLEY

“THE INHERITORS OF UNFULFILLED RENOWN”

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

E have an instinct that all is well with them: the heart of humanity has made for them a Valhalla, where we are secure that they dwell safely. Lately I was thinking of the meanings of Death, and then

“I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;”

— in which lines Wordsworth contradicts with the spirit the letter: while asserting in words that he perished, affirms in deeper than words his immortality. For here something of superhuman being speaks through, and the grandeur of the speech indicates or forthshadows the grandeur of a Soul; as if Wordsworth’s thought had been answered by a pulsing from the Realm of Souls and a revelation of — Chatterton. There are passages strewn through English — and of course all other — poetic literature that come with the force of revelation, and are “proofs of Holy Writ”: it is because the Soul spoke when they were written; not merely the poets who set them down, but the general Soul of Man that knows because it dwells where knowledge is, in the World of Reality. So we believe them instinctively, and they are a kind of higher gospel of the race; a gospel free from all taint of theology and dogma.

I thought of Chatterton; and of that miserable day in the London garret when . . . he had failed, and all hope that he might fight his way through for what of beauty and truth he had to say had gone from him. The marvelous boy,— yes! For in that dark age of anti-poetry certain interior light had made itself known to him, so that he saw and set down in poems the unusual beauty of the world; and, because he was very proud (with that divine pride which is also humility), would not say, ‘I, Chatterton, made this’; — perceived, as I think every real poet must, that there were no bay-leaves for *him* in it,— that he, personally, merited nothing; — that the shadowings which arose in his mind, beyond all the ornateness and chiseled intellection of his time, were from deeper sources than *his* mind; — and so came forward ‘in his pride’ with what the world called lies and forgery: — ‘These poems,’ said he, ‘*I found* — in St. Mary Redcliffe Church; they are not mine.’

To us now, since Keats’s time, what Chatterton brought may seem small and unimportant; but in that age, for whomsoever could appreciate it,— and perhaps he himself was the only one who could,— it was

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marvelous enough; — ‘I found it,’ said he, too proud to take credit where he felt it was not due. And then this profound sense from within, — this warning from and reverence for the impersonal Soul, acting upon the boy’s sensitive imagination, causes him to create his Rowley, and ascribe all to that supposed monk supposed dead four centuries; and to act out the romance in all detail with stage settings done in lamp-black and yellow ochre, and an olde Englysshe coined in his young brain. . . . All for nothing! Horace Walpole, forgetting Otranto Castle, suspects, and grows mighty virtuous; pours out much superior-person obloquy; — channels close; hopes give out; — and this is the end: the foodless days, the pride too great to beg or to accept help readily attainable, the poison. A wretched exposed forger, quite contemptible, says the world; a hopeless failure, his own mind has whispered to him; and now, *felo de se*, and the chapter finished.

And then came Wordsworth, when the light of Poetry had dawned again, and threw that grand redeeming couplet to him; and Keats, with loving verses for him; and Shelley, to invoke him first among the “inheritors of unfulfilled renown,” throned “far in the Unapparent”; — and a general sense that all somehow is well with him; that his place is among the immortals; that in some unmythological Elysium or Paradise unjerry-built by dogma, he does walk with Shelley and Keats and those others, — that Shakespeare may have cracked jokes with him, and Milton laid a hand on his shoulder in familiar comradely talk. It is a pagan, a human, a universal heaven that this common instinct pictures; in defiance of all doctrine we send there the long dead that we love. It existed before John saw visions in Patmos, before Ulysses wandered among the shades.

Does it correspond with some Reality? Is man so wise that his general broad intuitions, borne in upon him here in this world, shadow forth the actualities of that great and Inner World of which this outer is but a distorting mirror and the thin surface of its infinite depth? We are strangely locked up in these three dimensions: dogma has deadened our sense of that which all natural things, from the setting of a sun to the motions of our own souls, should suggest to us; and though in every age men bear witness to the Beautiful, lust of pleasure, wealth and fame, or the insipidity of our intelligence, or the barrenness of our hearts, keeps us well nose-glued to the material ground. Yet there are these overtones of feeling; these strange harp-notes playing in the remoteness of our consciousness; these wandering intuitions that crystallize, in such a case as this, to the point that . . . we should feel it indecent were one to treat Chatterton according to the formulæ of the creeds. . . . Despite all their nonsense, and our individual pessimisms, we are disposed to consider the Ruling of Things in the hands of . . . a Gentleman,

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or gentlemen. . . . Now the heaven in which we place him is, to be brief about it, in the human heart. . . .

Well; and what if the human heart were the space between the two intersecting points of the circle heaven and the circle earth, a region common to both? Divinity *is* there; we have not explored it far and deep enough to be able to ascribe it boundaries on that divine side. Here its limits are defined: pass beyond the reach of the passions, transcend the ringfence of intellection; come where the air you breathe is compassion,—and you are in it, and your humanity is already divine. You are universal then; your hand is against no man; your valor and your love are on behalf of all living beings; you are constantly aware of that touch of (the divine) nature which makes the whole world kin. *Ex nihilo nihil*: nothing never causes something: and this mood (to call it that) causes all the grandest efflorescences of humanity. This sick world now might be made whole were enough men valiantly to enter into this heart-region,—of which the gates are open to all. There the great dead are not apart from us; and it needs no necromancy and vulgar spookism to call them to our side. Their greatness always was there; all their immortality is there; when we enter there, the vital reality of them is with us and a part of us. Who thrills with compassion partakes of the intimate thought of the Buddha; who is brave and selfless communes with Joan the Maiden; who catches glimpses of ‘the other side of the sky,’ has Plato at his elbow. It is the meaning of that saying: “When two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them”; and again of, “Take, eat, this is my body.”

Chatterton, in his way, brought something out of that divine world: an inspiration, at any rate, for the poets that came after him, who wrought of it enrichment for the world of men. So he had entry there, and a part of him was a denizen of it. What then? Supposing that from that garret and suicide’s couch, he, the poor proud boy, had dark worlds and troubled regions to traverse; he left still the poet-revealer, the ‘sleepless soul’ a star in that untroubled sphere of light, to shine down on him through his wanderings. No doubt incarnations of dire sorrow must follow such a crime as suicide: a descent into hell — which is always here, in this world and this mortal flesh; — why should we doubt it when we see it daily? But the star shines down still; and in the depths of hell he is aware of it, and struggles on; and in each life comes nearer to success, conquers something.

My God, my God! how utterly compassion would sway us, could we look behind the scenes of this drama Life being played with such strut and swagger and sordidness on the stage of the world! Do you see that poor villain there, bound and fettered, and the beastly rope

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about his neck? — Stop; look! But no, you cannot; you are not allowed to see that he, perhaps, sometime since, wore a name that now all men love and honor; and ran into some dark tragedy, that now we lament and sorrow for, and threw the shadow of it on lives that were to come, on this life you are now about to make an end of; — so that will he nil he, he must fight through, and be hopelessly defeated by, hideous tendencies in himself; — and all that he might learn the supreme lesson, and be wrought in the fires of that utmost suffering into the transcendent metal of heroism, a divine helper of the race.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown,— the dead to whom our hearts go out in love and pity and vindication — may be the living whom we are hounding, torturing, hanging now in our prisons. The piquancy and poignant call of their lives come of that strange conjunction of the clear ray of immortality and the tragical error and doom; if we understood all, it is this conjunction that would incur such lives as . . . many that end on the gallows: terrific evil to be encountered, and haplessness in every encounter with it; and yet, behind all, the Star still shining, waiting for the old ill results to be worked out and worn away, and for its hour to bring benediction to the world. Such a one has still his throne

“built beyond mortal thought
Far in the Unapparent”;

although

“his solemn agony has not
Yet faded from him.”

It is only the knowledge of Reincarnation that will bring back justice.

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM

R. MACHELL

UNDER one disguise or another the eternal pilgrim has been the subject of innumerable legends, myths, fables, and historical romances. All the wanderings of ancient legendary heroes are fashioned upon the same foundation; and such stories are found in the great epics of all ages. In history we have the migrations of races, and in tradition these races and nations have been personified as individuals who lived through immense periods of time. The earth in its journey through space presents a cosmic version of the *wanderlust* or of the forced pilgrimage that is decreed by some superior power, according to the fancy of the poet or the fashion of the time.

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The fairy-stories of our own childhood owed much of their charm to this never-failing theme, the wandering hero or heroine in search of some apparently unattainable object, veiled perhaps by a goal of more achievable proportions, adapted to the comprehension of the public or the taste of the age in which the story was told.

In our own times the Wandering Jew has been perhaps the most popular version of the eternal pilgrimage; and the theme has been used in one form or another by almost every well-known writer of romance, and by more than one serious historian.

The popularity of a legend depends upon its power to appeal to some passion of the human heart that is common to all sorts and conditions of humanity: and there is no quality more generally admired than heroism, no theme more popular than that of a noble hero wandering in search of some elusive goal, or the accomplishment of some impossible task, to be crowned at the last with power and fame, or love or wealth, or the mere consciousness of mighty deeds well done, or spiritual wisdom gained.

Why is this theme so popular? Why is hero-worship universal? You may say simply because all human beings desire things more or less unattainable: that is to say, things that are far beyond the reach of such powers as they may be able or willing to exert. Things easily attainable make no appeal to the imagination, which in the ordinary man or woman is only stirred by some secret longing of the heart, such as the desire to be, or to appear, heroic. But why such longing should exist in people of the ordinary kind is not apparent, without a deeper insight into the mysteries of the human heart than is possible to the ordinary man. That there are unsuspected depths and unexplored heights within the heart of the most ordinary person is made evident when some unusual circumstance calls out heroic qualities in the character of one who till then seemed utterly devoid of heroism.

It is evident that many, if not all, people of unheroic character are pleased to imagine themselves capable of heroic deeds, and would be delighted to pose as heroes if there were the smallest chance of their being able to impose upon anyone. And why? Does not the desire for admiration rise in the first place from a sort of subconscious belief that the real inner man is truly noble, courageous, heroic, as well as strong and beautiful? May it not be that indeed there is in every one of us hidden beneath a mean and commonplace personality, a potential hero who would behave heroically if that same personality would but give him the chance to display his beauty and his courage?

This inner, unknown, and only potential hero may be a fact; and it may be that the whole evolutionary process is concerned with the unfolding of his spiritual possibilities. It may indeed be the fact that the

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whole of nature exists for the purpose of the evolution of the soul. And so the soul of man, of nature, or of the universe, may be the great unmanifested reality that stands behind all the temporary and passing illusions of ordinary life.

So too it may be the fact that the unknown and unevolved soul of man is the hero who would stamp his image on the ignoble personality that so shamelessly asserts himself as the real man, and it may be for this reason that every youth, and most full-grown people, nurse in their hearts a secret conviction that under more favorable circumstances they would be recognised as heroes, both by an admiring world and by themselves. And for that reason tales of chivalry, of heroism, and adventure are always popular.

But you may say the eternal pilgrim is not a hero of romance. That merely means that the hero of romance is a variation from the original theme of the soul wandering in search of experience.

The Wandering Jew has been presented by Christian writers as a soul doomed to unending woe, wandering from land to land, without home or hope, eternally. But in this case, as in all others, the outer form of the myth changes from age to age, and is colored to suit the taste of the public for whom the story is told. The essential feature of the tale is the undying soul of man wandering through all experience in search of final liberation. This wandering was represented as a punishment for sin, by those who were interested in propounding and exploiting a definite scheme of salvation, by means of which a man could pass, with certainty and despatch, from life on earth to eternal bliss in heaven. In lands where the scheme of salvation was different, the pilgrimage of the soul was perhaps itself the path of salvation or of illumination; and it may have been a long tale of triumph crowned by final victory; or it may have been a path of joy that ended in undying bliss: a pilgrimage is not necessarily a period of pain.

In ages of ignorance, such as seem to come to all nations and races at recurring periods in the long story of evolution, the knowledge of Reincarnation generally dies out, or is obliterated by those who find the easiest way to rule the world is by fear; and who therefore teach the fear of death and make a horrible bogey out of the gentle presence that bears the order of release for the imprisoned or incarnate soul, the beautiful messenger of death.

But there is good reason to believe that, however black may be the dark age of national ignorance in one part of the world, some other part may be witnessing a period of the highest culture and most advanced learning: for the evolutionary waves sweep round the earth, rising and falling, but not all together. So that the knowledge of the Divine Wisdom,

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called by the Greeks 'Theosophy,' is never lost to man, though it may be for a while lost to the majority of men in some particular countries, or even apparently in all; but not by all men in all lands simultaneously. Thus, while the western world had utterly forgotten the teaching of Reincarnation, and had almost lost faith in the existence of the human soul, such knowledge was still common property in many oriental lands; and other and much higher knowledge was still treasured by a few even in the west. Among the more illuminated minds the progress of the eternal pilgrim was the one great subject of thought and study. And if the people as a whole had utterly forgotten the old teachings, and were living as animals hoping to pass straight from a life of grossest animalism to one of purely spiritual bliss by virtue of a blood-offering made for them by their Savior; yet deep in their hearts remained the knowledge of the soul's existence and the conviction that the soul was truly heroic; and furthermore, since the soul knows its own immortality, there was in every heart a silent witness to the truth that lay beneath the allegory of the eternal wanderer.

The function of a myth is to present a truth in a form that may, by its familiarity, appeal to the popular mind without raising the antagonism certain to be roused by dogmatic assertion of an unfamiliar teaching. So the myths of wandering heroes, or eternal exiles banished from a spiritual home, were means of keeping alive in men's hearts an intuition or an instinct of immortality that had been forgotten by the popular mind.

The myth sometimes deals with the experience of a soul passing through a single incarnation, as in the bible-story of the prodigal son, who leaves his father's house, the Father "that is in heaven," and journeys to a far land, this earth, and there squanders his substance in riotous living. Then at last he remembers his father's home, his own spiritual origin, and he says: "I will arise and go to my father." Then he returns from his long wandering on earth, where he has groveled with swineherds and gained his experience of the unfitness of such a life to satisfy the soul's needs; and his father in heaven receives him cordially. Thus is told very briefly and symbolically the story of a single incarnation.

But other myths have a far wider range, and represent the pilgrim of life as passing through many lives on earth and in mystic worlds above or below the earth. They speak of descent into an underworld, or of translation into the celestial regions of the blessed, and of a return to earth at periodic intervals. There is the beautiful Peri, cast out of Paradise, seeking to return, and sent back to earth to gather a gift that shall unlock the crystal bar of heaven. She looks down on the children of earth pityingly as she tries to find there some pearl that is pure enough to shine in heaven and sighs as she searches, and says: "Some flowrets

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of Eden ye still inherit but the trail of the serpent is over them all.”

When Madame Blavatsky began to call the attention of the world to Theosophy, the doctrine of Reincarnation was so completely forgotten by the general public that the teacher had to ‘go slow’ in reintroducing to the European public a doctrine that was still openly accepted in a large part of the Orient. Even now, after nearly half a century of Theosophical propaganda, there are people who regard this self-evident truth as a questionable theory; but it would be hard to find a well-educated man or woman in the western world today who is not more or less familiar with the term, however little they may understand the teaching. Numbers of people have recognised the truth of the proposition at the first hearing, and many have expressed surprise at not having found it out for themselves. The reason for such ready recognition of a truth is probably that the soul of man is not so sound asleep within its ‘chrysalis of flesh’ as one might well imagine, judging men and women by their ordinary conduct.

The eternal pilgrim is the most universal fact in human life: for every human soul is such a pilgrim, traveling in search of self-knowledge and gathering experience, necessary or unnecessary, helpful or harmful, as the case may be; eternally urged onward by the evolutionary impulse, which is sometimes called the principle of desire, the desire for existence.

Without the Theosophic teachings as to the complex nature of man and the dual character of mind, a soul may answer to the call of truth, although the unilluminated mind may not be able to explain to itself the reason for its acquiescence in a doctrine that may seem strange and unreasonable at first hearing. But when Theosophy is studied in the right spirit, the complex character of man becomes self-evident; though the understanding of the true nature of the various principles may come slowly.

The great fact that man is a soul inhabiting a body, once that it is recognised, becomes the key to every problem that can possibly bewilder or assail the mind. The fact that the soul of man is an eternal pilgrim wandering in search of jewels of wisdom, once that it has become alive in him, will prove its truth to him continually in the unfolding of his character. In fact the recognition of this simple fact is the first step towards self-consciousness, in the higher sense.

Of course it may be argued that all experience is good, and that all is equally desirable; but this is a deceptive play on words. To be precise, in speaking of experience, one might well say that repetition of an experience is waste of time and energy, and indeed is not truly experience, in the real sense, but merely useless repetition of sensation. Certainly something may be learned in that way, if only the lesson that such repetition is unnecessary and injurious. But is there not a better way?

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When a soul begins to struggle for its liberation from the thraldom of the body and the senses, then repetition of experience is waste of time. When the prodigal remembers his father's home he will turn in disgust from his diet of "husks that the swine do eat." He will not argue that such food is valuable experience: he has learned that lesson, in one aspect at any rate.

The legend of the Wandering Jew is interesting from many points of view. Some think it had its origin in the destiny of a people doomed to wander for a long period, preserving their traditions through the dark ages of their wanderings, to emerge at last purified and enlightened for the helping of humanity. Others have seen in it a tale of vengeance, long drawn out, for crimes committed long ago. Many writers have used it as a theme of mere romance, not looking beyond the legendary personality condemned to live on in loneliness, till expiation of his crime shall set him free to die. Yet few have failed to realize the element of allegory in the drama even if they were unable to divine the meaning.

The key to the story must surely be Reincarnation. And it may well be that some historical initiate remembering his past lives may have been represented as speaking of the forbidden topic, and so, self-doomed to the long expiation of his fault, in boasting of his knowledge, to live on beyond the normal age of man and thus to serve as a reminder to mankind that there are higher powers, not far away behind the clouds, but close in touch with ordinary humanity, able to call them to account for profanation of the mysteries.

It is indeed most probable that some of the historical or legendary characters reported to have lived for thousands of years, were men who displayed a knowledge of events connected with their own previous incarnations, and who thus seemed to be remembering those events in the ordinary way, which would require the use of the same body and brain for the whole period covered by the supposed or pretended memory. As to the possible limits to which man's bodily life may be extended I do not pretend to guess — and I am quite prepared to find that we all die long before we would do if we lived better lives. Indeed it seems to me most probable that the chief cause of death is the accumulation of memories, physical as well as mental; results of evil or mistaken causes, set up in ignorance or in defiance of the laws of health, and weighing us down with sickness of mind and body.

If a man lives in perfect harmony with all the laws of life he must surely have nothing to regret, no wasted energies to restore, no damaged instrument to repair, no evil consequences of mistakes to suffer. Why should he die? There would still be the habit of the race to overcome: the habit of early dying, stamped in every atom of his material body

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and mind: for a man cannot at will make himself separate from the race in which he chooses to incarnate, or in which his Karma compels him to abide. Brotherhood is a fact in nature and it cannot be overlooked, nor can its claims be repudiated. So we should naturally expect that if a man had the power to prolong his own life indefinitely, he would only use the power for the service of a worthy cause, and never for his own gratification: for brotherhood is a fact in nature, and selfishness is a denial of that great natural law, which is what some call sin. It has been well said that sin is the seed of death, meaning by sin the violation of natural law.

The eternal pilgrim is the reincarnating ego of the personal man: the man who never dies, and who, in his deeper consciousness, may carry the memory (or its equivalent) of many lives. But we all know that there are many things admitted as true by our own inner selves, that are ignored or even actually denied by the personal self in its most selfish moods. So we all live in open violation of many laws of nature that we know nothing about, as well as in frequent defiance of some laws that are better known to us than we care to admit; and consequently we grow old, and look for our release from the burden of a worn-out instrument as a step towards a fresh start with a new body better suited to our needs. For we are all optimists in such matters, and expect each time to get a better body and fresh opportunities. Why?

What right have we to expect a better body than the one we have so shamefully misused? For we all do misuse, or have at some time misused, these bodies. And they were probably much better than we might expect, all things considered. "Better it is to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of"; and better still it is to acquire habits of self-control, that will enable us to make better use of the next body that we get. Nor can it be a matter of chance what kind of body shall be our next vehicle; for we are sowing seeds of causes all the time, and they will in due course result in just such a manner as the complexity of causes must necessitate. We may get more or less than we expect; but we may reckon on the justice of natural law to give us our due regardless of our expectations. And if we are working for the good of all mankind rather than for our own personal advantage, we shall regard events as opportunities, and not at all as either rewards or punishments. If we can live to benefit mankind we shall not care overmuch what are the conditions of our service, nor shall we take much thought of where our lot is cast, since we have taken service in the cause of Universal Brotherhood.

It has been well said that to work for self is to work for disappointment. This refers to the personal self, the lower self, spoken of in mystical works as the illusion, the shadow, the image. The eternal pilgrim is the real

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individual, the Ego, the real self. Some writers call it the soul; and I think that term is a good one for general purposes, though it may be too loose for philosophic use, unless qualified and defined; for the word has been used in many strange ways by various religious sects.

The personal self is naturally selfish, even in its most unselfish actions: it is selfishly virtuous, and selfishly proud of its own virtue. Vanity and modesty may be equally evidences of self-admiration, both being the result of an absorbing interest in the personal self and its interest or emotions. So much is this the case that to speak of a selfless personality is almost to use a contradiction in terms: selflessness being only possible to the higher self, which is conscious of its identity with the Universal Self, to whom all personal selves are but as the fruits of one tree to the tree itself.

This is not to say that a person cannot act unselfishly; far from it: but the selfless motive can only come from the selfless Self, if I may use another paradox of terms. Selflessness is beyond the comprehension of personality, but the lower or personal self can be taught to behave unselfishly: and it is a common thing to see good virtuous people falling over themselves in admiration of their own virtue, and practising virtue for the selfish enjoyment of a sense of superiority to their neighbors, whose natural selfishness may be really more impersonal than the affectation of such a self-deceived model of all the virtues.

Selflessness is indeed a big word, and we may well leave it out of our general vocabulary and content ourselves with the more easily attainable ideal of unselfishness: for it has been well said that: "Step by step we climb to higher things"; and even the most selfish virtue may be a step upward towards the Path; while an unkind criticism of a self-deluded brother may be a big step downward on the wrong road. We must remember that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," not a mere theory to be trifled with intellectually; and what we owe to humanity is forgetfulness of personality in recognition of our common origin and eternal union.

Some critics of Theosophy complain of the coldness and impersonality of the Theosophical ideals, not finding in its teachings much encouragement for that sentimental 'gush' so dear to the emotional ones who revel in the indulgence of their own feelings, and pride themselves upon their sensibility.

The student of Theosophy must learn to distinguish between the *real* self and the *false*; and this can only be accomplished by a constant invocation of the true self, and a continual effort to control the lower by the higher: for the lower is a usurper of authority.

But the eternal pilgrim, the real self, is nearer to the "Father that is in secret," the supreme Self of all, and knows the true self from the false;

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and so is not deceived by the delusions of the mind, nor blinded by self-righteousness. It seeks the pure light, in which no self-deception can exist. It sees all men as other selves, each with its separate purpose to fulfil, each with its lesson of experience to be learned. It sees its own small personality as one of the multitude to be cared for, as one of the great family of earth-born children individually weak, but accomplishing collectively a mighty purpose in the evolution of the great universe, of which no smallest atom is without its value to the whole, no single personality without its individual significance in relation to its fellows.

“To live to benefit mankind is the first step,” we are told; and those who have adopted this as their attitude of mind in all life’s problems, know that it is possible to live a selfless life, while working in the world, accomplishing the duty of the moment and the day, but almost unconcerned as to the personal results of duty done. The ideal is not impractical. But it will take all a man’s power of will, and all his energy and enterprise, to hold that attitude of mind as his guide, and make it practical. It may require many life-times of experience before the ideal can be fully realized, for wisdom is not a gift of the gods, but a fruit of evolution; and a man must learn wisdom by experience, though intuition may reveal secrets of natural law as in a flash: yet the fruition of man’s work on earth can be accomplished only by mastering the world of matter and illusion in which our lot is cast. This earth is now our workshop; we must apply ourselves to learn its lessons, and to co-operate with nature and with man in order to make life beautiful. So shall the eternal pilgrim go rejoicing on his pilgrimage to the ultimate goal of Universal Brotherhood.

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.*

XXIV — FROM JULIAN TO BODHIDHARMA

KENNETH MORRIS



WHEN the news came drifting back over the Roman world that the Emperor had been killed in Persia, and that an unknown insignificant Jovian reigned in his stead;—and while three parts of the population were rejoicing that there was an end of the Apostate and his apostasy; and half the rest, that there was an end of this terrible strenuousness, this taking of the Gods (good harmless useful fictions,—probably fictions—) so fearfully in earnest:—I wonder how many there were to guess how near the end

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of the world had come? The cataclysm was much more sudden and overwhelming than we commonly think; and to have prophesied, in Roman society, in the year 363, that in a century's time the empire and all its culture would be things of the past (in the West), would have sounded just as ridiculous, probably, as such a prophesy concerning Europe and its culture would have sounded in a London drawing-room fifteen years ago. There were signs and portents, of course, for the thoughtful; and no doubt some few Matthew Arnolds in their degree to be troubled by them. And of course (as in our own day, but perhaps rather more), an idea with cranks that at any moment Doomsday might come. But while the world endured, and the Last Trump had not sounded, of course the Roman empire would stand. -- Christianity? Well, yes; it had grown very strong; and the extremists among the Christians were rabid enough against culture of any sort. But there were also Christians who, while they hated the olden culture of Paganism, were ambitious to supply a Christian literature in prose and verse to take the place of the Classical. There had been an awful devastation of Gaul; the barbarians of the north had been, now and again, uneasy and troublesome; but see how Julian — even he, with the Grace of God all against him — had chastised them! The head of the Roman State would always be the Master of the World.

And strangely enough, this was an idea that persisted for centuries; facts with all their mordant logic were impotent to kill it. Hardly in Dante's time did men guess that the Roman empire and its civilization were gone.

Life, when Julian died, was still capable of being a very graceful and dignified affair,— outwardly, at any rate. On their great estates in Gaul, in Britain, in Italy, great and polished gentlemen still enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*. The culture of the great past still maintained itself amongst them; although thought and all mental vigor were buried deep under the detritus. In fourth century Gaul there was quite a little literary renaissance; centering, as you might expect, in the parts furthest from German invasion. Its leading light was born in Bordeaux in the three-thirties; and was thus (to link things up a little) a younger contemporary of the Indian Samudragupta. He was Ausonius: teacher of rhetoric, tutor to the prince Gratian, consul, country gentleman, large land-owner, and, in a studious uninspired reflective way, a goodish poet. Also a convert to Christianity, but unenthusiastic:— altogether, a dignified and polished figure; such as you might find in England now, in the country squire who has held important offices in India in his time, hunts and shoots in season, manages his estates with something between amateur and professional interest, reads Horace for his pleasure, and

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even has a turn for writing Latin verses. Ausonius leaves us a picture of the life of his class: a placid, cultured life, with quite a strong ethical side to it; sterile of any deep thought or speculation; far removed from unrest. — Another representative man was his friend Symmachus at Rome: also highly cultured and of dignified leisure; a very upright and capable gentleman widely respected for his sterling honesty; a pagan, not for any stirring of life within his heart or mind, but simply for love of the ancient Roman idea,— sheer conservatism; — for much the same reasons, in fact, as make the Englishman above-mentioned a staunch member of the English Church.

There were many such men about: admirable men; but unluckily without the great constructive energies that might, under Julian's guidance for example, have saved the empire. But — save the empire! In that crisis,— in that narrow pass in time! It is not excellent gentlemen that can do such near-thaumaturgic business; but only disciples: for the proposition is, as I understand it, to link this world with the God-world, and hold fast through thunders and cataclysm, so that what shall come through,— what shall be when the thunder is stilled and the cataclysm over,— shall flow on and up onto a new order of cycles, higher, nearer the Spirit. . . . No; it is not to be done by amiable gentlemen, or excellent administrators, or clever politicians. . . . Julian had come flaming down into the world, to see if he could rouse up and call together those who should do it; but his bugles had sounded in the empty desert, and died away over the sands.

There were tremendous energies abroad; but they were all with the Destroyers, and were to be, ever increasingly: with such men as, at this time, Saint Martin of Tours, that great tearer-down of temples; or in the next century, Saint Cyril of Alexandria and Peter the Reader, the tearers-to-pieces of Hypatia. Perhaps the greatest energies of all you should have found, now and later, in the Christian mob of Alexandria, — wild beasts innocent of nothing but soap and water.

It was Symmachus who was chosen by the Roman Senate to remonstrate with the emperor Valentinian against the removal of the altar and statue of Victory,— the Pagan symbols,— from the senate house. I quote you Gibbon's summary of a part of his petition:

“The great and incomprehensible Secret of the Universe eludes the enquiry of man. Where reason cannot instruct, custom may be permitted to guide; and every nation seems to consult the dictates of prudence by a faithful attachment to those rites and opinions which have received the sanction of ages. If those ages have been crowned with glory and prosperity — if the devout people have frequently obtained the blessings which they have solicited at the altars of the Gods — it must appear still more advisable to persist in the same salutary practise and not to risk the unknown perils that may attend any rash innovations. The test of antiquity and success, (continues Gibbon), was applied with singular advantage to the Re-

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ligion of NUMA, and Rome herself, the celestial genius that presided over the fates of the city, is introduced by the orator to plead her own cause before the tribunal of the emperors. 'Most excellent princes,' says the venerable matron, 'fathers of your country! pity and respect my age, which has hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety. Since I do not repent, permit me to continue in the practise of my ancient rites. Since I am born free, allow me to enjoy my domestic institutions. This religion has reduced the world under my laws. These rites have repelled Hannibal from the city, and the Gauls from the Capitol. Were my grey hairs reserved for such intolerable disgrace? I am ignorant of the new system I am required to adopt: but I am well assured that the correction of old age is always an ungrateful and ignominious office.'"

Symmachus was addressing a Christian emperor; and it was an ill thing then, as in the days of Hadrian, to argue with the master of the legions. Still, the method he chooses is interesting: it holds a light up to the inwardness of the age, and shows it dead. This was at twenty-one years after the death of the Dragon-Apostate; whose appeal had all been to the realities and the divinity of man and the living splendor of the Gods he knew and loved. That splendor, said he, should burn away the detritus, and make Romans men and free again. But Symmachus, for all his admirable restraint, his rhetorical excellence, his good manners and gentlemanly bearing,— which I am sure we should admire, — appeals really only to the detritus: to nothing in the world that could possibly help or save Rome. The Christians wanted to be free of it, because they felt its weight; the Pagans wanted to keep it, because they found it warm and comfortable. Symmachus sees nothing higher or better than custom: the secret of the universe, says he, is unknowable: there is no inner life. — He was confuted by a much more alive and less estimable man: Ambrose, bishop of Milan,— with whom, also, both he and Ausonius were on friendly terms. Ambrose's argument, too, is illuminating: like the King of Hearts', it was in the main that "you were not to talk nonsense." How ridiculous, said he, to impute the victories of old Rome to the Religion of Numa and favor of the Gods, when the strength and valor of the Roman soldier were quite enough to account for all. Thus he appears in the strange role of a rationalist. Christianity, he continued, was the one and only true religion; and all the rest — etc., etc., etc. Ambrose and his party were fighting towards a definite and positive end; knew what they wanted, and meant to get it. Of course they won. Symmachus and the senate were fighting only for a sentiment about the past, and had no chance at all. And it really did not matter: Rome was doomed anyway.

But in passing I must e'en linger on a note of sublimity in this petition of Symmachus: of sublime faith; — when he makes Dea Roma refer to her history as having "hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety." It makes one think that they taught Roman history in their schools then much in the same way that we teach our national histories

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in our schools today; here and in England, and no doubt elsewhere. “*An uninterrupted course of piety!*” quotha. Marry come up!

But all this is anticipating the years a little: looking into the eighties, whereas we have not finished with the sixties yet. Julian died in 363, on the 26th of June; and within a couple of years, you may say,— many said so then,— the Gods began to avenge him. Nature herself took a hand, to warn a degenerate world. In 365 came an earthquake; followed by a huge withdrawal of the sea, so that you could explore dry-shod the antres of the sea-gods. And then a tidal wave which threw large ships up onto the roofs of houses two miles inland, and killed in Alexandria alone fifty thousand people. — “Aha!” said the Pagans, “we told you so.” — “Nothing of the kind!” said the Christians in reply; “did not we set a saint on the beach at Epidaurus, before whom the oncoming billow stopped, bowed its head, and retired?” Well; no doubt that was so; but Alexandria was a perfect hotbed of saints, one of whom, you might think, might have been lured down to the beach and the perilous proximity of water for the occasion. But let it pass!

Ten years later the Law began to marshal its armies seriously for the destruction of an obsolete world. The Huns crossed the Volga, and fell upon the Ostrogoths, who had had a Middle-European empire up through Austria and Germany. The Ostrogoths, somewhat flattened out, joined with the Huns to fall upon the Visigoths; who thereupon poured down through the Balkans to fall upon the Romans; and defeated and killed the emperor Valens at Adrianople in 378. Theodosius, from 379 to 395, held precariously together a frontier cracking and bulging all along the line as it had never cracked and bulged before. When he died, the empire finally split: of his two sons, Arcadius taking the East, Honorius the West.

In Honorius' half, from now on it is a record of ruin hurrying on the footsteps of ruin. Ended the quiet *otium cum dignitate* of the great country gentlemen; the sterile culture, the somewhat puritan morality, the placid refined life we read of in Ausonius. You shall see now the well-ordered estate laid waste; — the peasants killed or hiding in the woods; — the mansion smashed, and its elegant furniture; — the squire, the kindly-severe religious matron his mother, the young wife,— gracious lady of the house,— and the bonny children: — they are hacked corpses lying at random in the wrecked salons, or in the trampled garden where my lady's flowers now grow wild. The land went out of cultivation; the populace, what remained of it, crowded into the walled cities, there to frowse in mental and physical stuffiness until the Middle Ages were passed,— or else took to the wilds under any vigorous mind, and became bandits. The open country was all trodden down by wave after wave of

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marauding, murdering, beer-swilling, turbulent giants from the north,— or by the still more dreaded dwarfish horsemen whose forefathers Pan Chow had driven long since out of Asia. They poured down into Greece; they poured down through Gaul and Spain into Africa; into Italy: host after host of them; — civilization was a pathetic sand-castle washed over and over by ruining seas. Rome, indeed, could still command generals at times: Stilicho, Aetius, and afterwards Belisarius and Narses; but they were all pitiful Partingtons swishing their mops round against a most ugly Atlantic. In 410 Rome itself was sacked by Alaric; in the same year Britain, and then Brittany, rose and threw off the Roman yoke. In the four-fifties came the keen point of the Hunnish terror, putting the fear of death on even the worst of the barbarians that had wrecked the Roman world. In 476, the pretense of a Western Empire was abandoned. — So now to follow the great march of the cycles eastward; with this warning: that next week we shall glance at a little backwash in the other direction, and see the disembodied soul of this now closed phase of human culture ‘go west.’

The split with Rome was altogether of value to the Eastern empire of Constantinople. That empire lasted, from the time of Arcadius to that of Constantine IX and Mohammed the Conqueror, “one thousand and fifty-eight years,” says Gibbon, “in a state of premature and perpetual decay.” — A statement which, taken as an example of Gibbonese, is altogether delightful; but for the true purposes of history it may need a little modification. The position of this Byzantine Empire was a curious one: European in origin, mainly West-Asian in location. Its situation permitted it to last on so long into the West-Asian manvantara; its origin doomed that long survival to be, for the most part, devoid of the best characteristics of life. Yet during most of the European pralaya it was far and away the richest and most civilized power in Christendom; and, except during the reigns of extraordinary kings in the west, like Charlemagne, the strongest too. It specialized in military science; and the well-trained Byzantine soldiers and highly scientific generals had little to fear, as a rule, from the rude energies and huge stature of the northern and western hordes. But culture remained there in the *Śishṭa* state, and could do nothing until it was transplanted. There were cycles: weaknesses and recoveries; on the whole its long life-period matters very little to history: it only became of great importance when it died.

The reason why it did not succumb when Rome did was that the tides of life in the whole empire had long been flowing eastward, and were now gathered there almost wholly: there was much more activity in the east; there were much bigger cities, and a much greater population. So that part was harder to penetrate and conquer: there was more resistance

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there. The barbarian deluge flowed down where it might flow down most easily: following, as deluges and everything else gifted with common sense always do, the lines of least resistance. The way through Gaul and Spain was quite open; the way into Italy nearly so; — but the way into Asia was blocked by Constantinople. That city is naturally one of the strongest in the world, in a military sense; and, you would say, inevitably the capital of an empire. If Dardanus had had a little more intuition, and had founded his Troy on the Golden Horn instead of on the Dardanelles, Anax andron Agamemnon and his chalcho-chitoned Achaeans, I dare say, would have gone home to Greece much sadder and wiser men; — or more probably, not at all. But Troy is near enough to that inevitable site to argue the strong probability of its having been, perhaps long before Priam's time, a great seat of empire, trade, and culture. If one dug in Constantinople itself, I dare say one should find the remains of cities that had been mighty. Events of the last seven years have shown how difficult it is to attack, how easy to defend. Since its foundation by Constantine it has been besieged nine times, and only twice taken by foreign enemies. When the Turks took it, they had already overflowed all the surrounding territories; and they were the strongest military power in the world, and the Byzantines were among the weakest. — So it stood there in the fifth century to hold back the hordes of northern Europe from the rich lands of Asia Minor and Syria: a strength much beyond the power of those barbarians to tackle: while all Europe westward was being trampled to death.

Further, the peace imposed on Jovian by Shah Sapor in 364 lasted, with one small intermission of war, and that successful for the Romans, for a hundred and thirty-eight years; during which time, also, the powers that were at Constantinople ruled mainly wisely and with economy. They were generally not the reigning emperor, but his wife or mother or aunt, or someone like that.

So then, in the year 400 we find the world in this condition: — western Europe going

“With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition; —”

the Eastern Empire weakish, but fairly quiet and advancing towards prosperity: in pralaya certainly, and so to remain for thirteen decades (395 to 527) from the death of Theodosius to the accession of Justinian; — Persia, under an energetic and intelligent Yazdegird II (399 to 420), a strongish military power: Yazdegird held his barons well in hand, and even made a brave effort to broaden the religious outlook: he tried to stop the persecution of the Christians, and allowed them to organize a

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national church, the Nestorian; — India, still and until 456, at the height of her glory: — there is a continual rise as you go eastward, with the climax in India. The next step is China; to which now after all these centuries we return.

(Continued in the April issue)

REINCARNATION AND SOME CRITICISMS

C. J. RYAN

I



WISDOM in rags and vice in a palace is a problem that has faced everyone who has really thought about human society as recorded throughout the historical periods.

Since the Great War closed its more bloodthirsty phase nearly two years ago, a singular feeling of doubt in the actuality of Progress has been very widely expressed by many prominent thinkers, some, such as the eminent Dean Inge of England, holding high ecclesiastical positions. A spirit of depression has become evident. Ponderous works have been written to demonstrate that modern civilization — at least in Europe and perhaps elsewhere — is near its decline and fall. From a merely materialistic standpoint, or even from the illogical 'one-life' standpoint, this is not surprising; in fact, considering the miserable display of ignoble qualities a large part of the world has made — the spirit of unbrotherliness at its worst in short — it is no wonder that light-hearted optimism is rather out of place. The world would indeed be a shambles, a very hopeless affair, if it were true that man emerges at birth from nothing and goes nowhere at death. But man is immortal in his higher essence; there is a purpose in his existence; and, during the present phase of evolution, Rebirth or Reincarnation in material bodies at intervals, with periods of spiritual rest and happiness between earth-lives, is the method of attaining higher conditions and consciousness. It is strange that, in spite of the satisfaction that the conception of Reincarnation brings to the thoughtful mind when it is studied, and the general agreement among so many great thinkers that it is eminently logical and consistent with the facts of nature — once you see the necessity of something more than dead matter and blind force — and that it satisfies the heart's desire for justice and mercy in the highest degree, there should be any objectors to such a natural and reasonable belief. The objections against Reincarnation are not very forceful nor numerous; most of them

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are raised by persons who have given little attention to the subject, or who have heard it represented in extravagant, imperfect, and erroneous ways. Some have confused it with the superstitious belief that a human being can transmigrate into a lower animal, which of course, is not human reincarnation at all. A consideration of some of the criticisms that have been brought will serve the purpose of focusing the points of importance.

We are told that Reincarnation is simply a belief without facts to support it, that no serious authorities admit it, and that it appeals only to those who ignore the living present and cling to a dead past. Also that the older an opinion is the greater the probability that it is valueless.

We utterly repudiate the charge that Reincarnation is a theory unsupported by facts: the facts are there, but they have been misinterpreted, overlooked, and even suppressed. As in many other departments of knowledge, we have to collect information, form temporary theories, weed out the most improbable, and ultimately accept the one which most satisfactorily and logically covers the entire ground. This is the scientific method. Not only does this work out in favor of Reincarnation, but there is an enormous mass of cultivated opinion throughout all ages in favor of it, and there are those who stand in the forefront of spiritual and intellectual thought who have claimed actual knowledge of the processes in human evolution which make Reincarnation a perfectly natural, simple, and unavoidable method of progress.

Consider for a moment such facts as the daily turning of the earth on its axis; how improbable such a thing appears at first sight! To think that an enormous body like the earth could spin around in twenty-four hours, supported by nothing at all, seems almost ridiculous to those whose purview only extends over a few apparently flat miles of its surface. But let reason get to work on the results of observation, and immediately a number of apparently disconnected facts fall into place. We find that the surface is not flat, but slightly curved; we notice that there are several other large bodies, globular in shape, which revolve rapidly without apparent support in the sky. Above all, we find that it is infinitely more likely that the comparatively small earth should rotate than that the enormous vault of the sky, with all its stars, should turn round us. Reincarnation is, like astronomy, supported by probabilities amounting to certainties, for those who have studied the subject carefully; for those who can watch the processes of life on inner planes it is a demonstrated fact. Among the facts which, properly interpreted, support the principle of Reincarnation, are the claim of certain persons to recollect their past lives, the varieties of character in twins and other members of families with precisely the same heredity and training, and the apparent injustice and inequality of conditions in a world scientifically supposed to

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be governed by law. Precocity in children, illustrated by such remarkable characters as Mozart and other musical prodigies, and by youthful lightning-calculators, boy chess-players, and others, has never been explained by simple heredity theories. The great fact of evolution itself is meaningless without the interpretation offered by the principle of reincarnation. There are other facts which we must consider later.

As to the assertion that no serious authorities admit Reincarnation there is little to be said further than that it is untrue. A hypothesis that was taught by such a commanding genius as Plato, and that was accepted by the profound philosophies of the East, by the Greeks and Romans, and by deep philosophic thinkers and poets throughout the modern world, requires no defense on the ground of lack of authority; it is actually the western popular belief in the one-life theory that is in need of support by philosophic authorities. Jesus himself, although he knew it was the recognised belief of his age, never threw any doubt upon it; on the contrary he supported it directly and by implication; it is found plainly taught in several places in the Bible.

In regard to the antiquity of a principle being an argument against its probability, this would equally well apply to the noblest teachings of Christianity — the Sermon on the Mount, for instance — for similar instructions were given ages before by the other great World-Teachers. It would seem more probable that a theory that has stood the test of the ages, and has resisted innumerable attacks, would find its antiquity in its favor rather than otherwise.

The argument that Reincarnation is a belief without facts to support it can only be brought by those who are very poorly equipped with information about the kind of facts that they will run their heads against when they properly investigate, and which they will find impossible to interpret without the aid of the principle of Reincarnation. The simple mind who sees the sun rise every day or who notices an apple fall off a tree feels no urge to inquire into the deeper causes of these familiar phenomena. 'Common sense' tells him that the sun is actually climbing up the sky from some unknown region below, and that apples fall because they are heavy and the stalk is not strong enough to support the ripe fruit. But presently a Galileo comes along and makes further observations about the sun and the stars; notices that there are many minute facts that do not fit in with the theory of the flat earth and the climbing sun; and finally rediscovers the movement of the earth, long obscured by the prejudice and ignorance of the Dark Ages. Later a Newton connects up the fall of the apple with a number of other apparently disconnected facts, and produces his epoch-making theory of gravitation; and today, Einstein, with a still larger number of observations, is apparently on his way to a

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more complete statement of the laws which govern falling apples as well as other things.

It is the same with Reincarnation; we see the body die and disappear, the mental activities cease, and all seems over; we know that a splendid intellect may become undermined by life-long insanity, and the man who only looks at the surface says, Where is the soul? But the study of the nature of man in the light of Theosophy, the discovery that the facts about the mysterious complexities of the human constitution in the possession of Teachers who have studied human nature for ages *from the inside* and not merely from superficial appearances, fully corroborate the principle of Reincarnation,—acts upon the unprejudiced inquirer just as the discoveries of Galileo with his telescope effected a revolution in the more open minds of his day. It is the experience of Theosophists that no one who has thoroughly studied the subject of Reincarnation and has found how reasonable it is, has ever returned to the illogical one-life notion.

The charge is brought that a child at birth has only a few common, animal instincts and that everything characteristic appears in its mind as it grows with the body; that an infant brings over nothing from a hundred past incarnations, and that at the end of a long life we are simply what education and environment and heredity have made us.

This statement is founded upon misconceptions of what is meant by Reincarnation. No one suggests that the ordinary personality of the infant lived before, or that its embryonic brain brought over any personal memories from its last incarnation in the way our brain-minds carry our memories onward through the blank and abyss of sleep from one day to another. The well-known essayist, Arnold Bennett, says: "For me, spiritual content springs from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that something can control the mind." That something overshadows our normal waking consciousness, and is superior to it. Students who are truly interested can obtain an immense amount of information upon the singular powers of the higher consciousness. The evidence of the deeper dreaming and of various forms of clairvoyance, of the sudden control in emergencies by a power and a wisdom transcending the ordinary mind, and from other sources, testifies strongly in favor of an inner Ego not entirely immersed in the brain-mind personality. Professor William James, Dr. W. Jay Hudson, Dr. Carl du Prel, and many other psychologists (outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society) have compiled quantities of evidence in support of a far higher consciousness which occasionally dips down, so to speak, into ordinary, waking consciousness and startles the one so favored by its immensity and transcendent richness. Some have thought it the immediate presence of God, and in

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Christian theology it is sometimes called the Guardian Angel, given to us at the moment of birth to take care of our soul. Once we get a distinct picture in the mind of the overshadowing higher consciousness, warning and guiding as far as we will permit its voice — the conscience — to be heard, it becomes easy to understand that this higher self is the true Individuality which overshadows many past incarnations and to which we must unite to gain full measure of immortality. In view of the fact that the higher self is the source and basis of our sense of existence, while the lower personality is more or less fleeting, it is clear that our chance of immortality is bound up with our ability to unite our personal consciousness with the higher nature. That is the teaching of Theosophy.

The infant at birth has only a few common, animal instincts; what else would you expect? That its rudimentary, undeveloped brain would manifest knowledge and ability which it is physically incapable of expressing? Its rudimentary condition is proved by the fact that no one can recollect the experiences of the first year or two of life. Most certainly everything characteristic appears in the mind as the body grows, but that is not an argument against Reincarnation. What cannot be explained on the basis of the one-life theory are the well-marked qualities of character and capacity which show forth in the child as it unfolds what is in it. Extreme cases aside, such as infant prodigies in intellect, monsters of vice or brilliant examples of spirituality, springing from average families, even the ordinary differences in character so marked in brothers and sisters with precisely the same hereditary descent are reasonably explained only by the principle of Reincarnation. The reincarnating Ego enters a family in which it will find conditions, both mental and physical, in harmony with the causes it has set in motion in past lives; it is not the slave of the heredity or of the conditions; it modifies them according to its needs. But this cannot be done all at once, and so it is absurd to criticize the theory of Reincarnation because a new-born infant does not display character of well-marked type, which could not be claimed under any theory.

The next objection is that “the earth and the visible planets are the places where human spirits are first formed out of the ‘elements’ ” (whatever that may mean) “and that real progress begins after this material stage of spiritual infancy, so to speak, when the newly-made spirit starts on its career in the spiritual worlds. Nature never recedes or repeats processes already completed, but Reincarnation holds its victims to a ceaseless round of earth-lives, thereby condemning those who believe in it to perpetual despair, and with despair comes desperation and crime.”

Well, this is pure assumption or inaccuracy. It is true that nature’s

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plan of evolution is progressive, though biologists will tell you that there are numerous examples where species have survived after the loss of advantageous qualities which they were unable to use: the eyeless fishes of the Kentucky Caverns, and the blind fish that lives deep in the sandy mud at Point Loma are well-known examples. But the answer in regard to the return of the spirit to earth-life for further experience is, of course, the logical one that nature has not completed the process of earthly training she has devised for the human family when each member of it has finished one short life. Furthermore, what about the children that die in infancy, or those persons who have never experienced old age or even middle age or adolescence? What use in character-development has a day or a week of embodied life been to an infant that dies after such a momentary taste of physical existence? If a day or a week is enough to start a human spirit on its career through the superior worlds of spirit, why should so many people have to suffer long lives of agony till old age? And if the souls of young children return quickly to earth-life to have a second try, as some of the objectors admit, what is that but Reincarnation? If they can reincarnate at all there is no logical line to be drawn as to the age beyond which it is impossible.

Again, how many have sighed: "Oh, if I could only have my time over again: how differently would I act: if I could only have another chance!" There *is* another chance, and many such, but the principle of Reincarnation does not imply a ceaseless, grinding, hopeless succession of earth-lives. It declares that the True Self steps down, so to speak, from its inner, spiritual existence, only at long intervals to gain strength and necessary experience in the great fight against the lower tendencies, rising again to its own sphere, enriched by all it has gained. There the real man lives, in pure happiness, for far more time than the embodied soul has to spend on earth. There will finally be an end of the necessity of incarnations on such a world as this; we shall be prepared to exist in far higher states of being, states beyond present imagining.

As the essence of the teaching of Reincarnation is justice, the truest mercy, it is absurd to hear the criticism that says its believers must yield to despair. We do not hear of more desperation in eastern lands where the belief is widely held, than in Europe where ignorance of it generally prevails. Recent accounts of criminal conditions in western lands are not calculated to make the Buddhist or Hindû reincarnationists blush for their opinions. Instead of driving people to crime the idea of Reincarnation instils the feeling of personal responsibility, both for oneself and for one's share in the progress of the world. If it is true, as the wisest teachers of the ages have declared, that what you sow *that* will you reap, and not something else, your responsibility to yourself for sowing good

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seeds for your future harvest will surely act as a check upon crime. And if we shall return in some future century to earth-life again, the conditions we shall meet will be just what we have helped to make in the past. The earth is our home, and will be for a long time, and we are creators; we are called upon to bring all the forces of our natures into action to build up an earthly paradise, until the cycle of embodied life for the race is fulfilled. In the Biblical allegory Adam, the human race, was sent to the Garden of Eden, the early Golden Age of the world, to "till and dress it." And his task is still unfinished.

Nature does not recede in evolution on the whole, but infinite patience is shown in working over and over again until her purpose is accomplished. Take the case of many primitive forms of animal or vegetable life that have remained unchanged throughout the millions of years of geological time. From the ordinary standpoint Nature has been repeating herself very monotonously in these primitive forms; and even mankind has changed very little for a very long time indeed. The principle of Reincarnation, which is not, of course, confined to man, reveals the fact that it is only these *forms* that have remained stationary; the spiritual force or consciousness which embodied them at first has passed onwards into higher forms and a less advanced soul-energy has taken its place. Just in proportion to the advancement made, so higher and more complicated bodies are required until nothing less elaborate than the human form will suffice to allow the most advanced souls to incarnate usefully. It is impossible to enter into the question of Evolution here, further than to say that in every aspect, terrestrial and celestial, it is meaningless without the key of Reincarnation. Astronomers believe that destruction and renovation of suns is the method of cosmic progression; the evidence is very strong. In the animal kingdom we almost see reincarnation before our eyes in such instances as the transformation of insects. The caterpillar, when turning into a chrysalis, apparently dies, becomes inert, wrapped up in its hard shell. After a while it reawakens, breaks through its casket, and flutters in the sunshine, a new creature. It has passed through a kind of death without actually passing from the earth-plane.

A very amusing charge is sometimes made against Reincarnation that it is a doctrine that would soon block the pathway to human progression, crush out all sympathy for suffering humanity, and smother every kindly impulse! Why? Because, as one critic remarks: "If I am correctly informed, Theosophy teaches that people being sent back to earth by the law of Karma for the experiences they require for their spiritual growth, must return thousands of times until they have experienced every agony and every happiness and have committed every crime in the calendar. If this be true, any work of charity would be nothing less than a sin.

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To help the widows and orphans, the blind and helpless, would be only to cheat them out of their wretched but necessary experience and thus to drive them back to earth.”

The gentleman has certainly been misinformed. People are sent back to earth by Karma until they learn brotherhood and compassion; and the amount of experience they must go through to that end depends upon themselves. Even apart from simple logic which shows that we learn that compassion by helping each other, the history of the Theosophical Society — whose members are mostly convinced of the truth of Reincarnation,— is a positive refutation of the suggestion that such a belief renders any work of relief or charity a sin; for practical work for the benefit of the suffering and distressed is and has been one of its foremost activities. Among numerous philanthropic activities are the following. In its earliest days in India a very extensive medical relief work was established; after the Cuban war the Department of the Universal Brotherhood, called the International Brotherhood League, under Madame Tingley’s direction, sent a large staff of doctors, nurses, and other practical workers to Montauk Point where a very large number of suffering American soldiers were relieved, nursed, and assisted in many ways. This was followed by an expedition to Cuba where extensive relief work among the Cubans in their destitute condition after the war was maintained for a long time. It would take too long to enumerate the list of practical benevolent activities that have been an integral part of the work of this Organization, not the least of which has been the training of helpless orphan children in the Râja-Yoga schools. All this proves that Theosophists do not find the belief in Reincarnation a barrier to the satisfaction of the finer impulses of the heart by active works of charity.

Anyone who cares to study *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, — which she says “traces the broad outlines of the Wisdom-Religion, and explains its fundamental principles,” — will find that “Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.” Instead of the principle of Reincarnation interfering with the duty of helping others because such help would prevent suffering which is necessary for them, she points out that no one can presume to decide what amount of suffering is necessary for any one, while the law of compassion is outraged by neglect to respond to the promptings of the heart. It is your privilege to be the agent through whom the law of Justice — Karma — works to prevent unnecessary suffering. Madame Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*:

“The individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual. The law of Karma applies equally to all, although all are not equally developed. In helping on the development of others, the Theosophist believes that he is not only helping them to fulfil their Karma, but that he is also, in the strictest sense, fulfilling his own. It is the development

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of humanity, of which both he and they are integral parts, that he has always in view, and he knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself, but all, in their progressive march. By his actions he can make it either more difficult or more easy for humanity to attain the next higher plane of being. . . .

“It is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity which lies at the root of the elevation of the race can ever be attained. It is this action and interaction, this true brotherhood and sisterhood, in which each shall live for all and all for each, which is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles that every Theosophist should be bound not only to teach, but to carry out in his or her individual life. . . .

“True evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true with regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well-considered social effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor.”

In *The Voice of the Silence* — a collection of ancient Oriental teachings collected and translated by Madame Blavatsky, and dedicated by her to those who wish to lead the higher life,— we read:

“Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

“Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer’s eye.

“But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.”

We must remember that those words were written by men who well knew that Reincarnation is the method by which the human race proceeds in its upward evolution. As for letting people commit every crime in the calendar because they need that experience, the ridiculous nature of that remark is shown by the active prison reform work carried on by members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who accept the principle of Reincarnation after a careful study of it.

No one can prevent the widow and the orphan, the blind and the helpless, being what they are; the past cannot be undone. But that has nothing to do with their future. They have obviously been paying a heavy penalty for some former acts of omission or commission; if we are so placed that we can lighten their burden there is nothing in the principle of justice or Reincarnation to prevent our doing our best. If it is decreed by the Law that they must suffer more we shall not be able to do more than show our good intent, but if they have suffered all that is due we shall have the joy of being the active agents in service.

It is impossible to touch upon all the objections to Reincarnation in a short article, even briefly, but the charge that it is opposed to the teachings of the Founder of Christianity deserves a little attention.

The belief in Reincarnation was even more widely spread throughout the world in the time of Christ than it is today, for not only practically

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the entire East accepted it, but also the principal races of Europe — the population of the Roman Empire and the Celtic peoples — and probably others. Jesus, therefore, must have been well acquainted with it. Why then if it is, as some of the critics declare, a dangerous, degrading, and un-Christian idea, did not Jesus explicitly denounce it? Why did he take particular pains to teach it; and why did one of his greatest followers — the author of the *Book of Revelation*, — take it for granted so completely that he quite naturally referred to those persons who had conquered their lower nature as not having to reincarnate any more on earth? Perhaps these points, among others in the Bible, are not very familiar to modern churchgoers; it is not likely that they should be since the orthodox churches have abandoned the principle of Reincarnation, the key which unlocks so many of the mysteries of existence, and therefore do not dare to draw attention to the plain and simple meaning of the Reincarnation passages in their 'divinely inspired' volume.

The disciples came to Jesus asking him if the general belief was true that the spirit which last incarnated in the famous prophet Elijah nine hundred years before, had now taken a new incarnation in the personality of John the Baptist. According to Jesus, the report was accurate. In several places in the *Gospel of Matthew* Jesus repeats that John was Elijah, with the greatest emphasis. John did not recollect his appearance on the stage of earth in the character of Elijah, but Jesus, a greater teacher and a more advanced initiate, could see his past with certainty. Later on, at the moment of the Transfiguration, *Elijah's form was seen*: this, of course, was after John's execution by Herod. Elsewhere in the Gospels, Jesus is asked a Reincarnation question by his disciples — when the man born blind was healed — but the great Teacher puts it off with an incomprehensible metaphysical answer. When the question arose again in regard to Elijah, he definitely approved of the principle.

In the *Revelation of John the Divine*, the scribe, in warning and advising the early Christian communities, was inspired to write in the name of the Christos:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father. . . .

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. . . ."— *Rev.*, iii, 5, 12.

How can it be said that the one who has overcome shall go out of the spiritual temple no more, unless those who have not overcome are obliged to go out until they have won their victory; and where should they go except into terrestrial life where the great battle is fought?

“THE MILLS OF GOD”

R. P. JAMES



HE Mills of God grind slowly,” says the poem, “but they grind exceeding small.” I was thinking of that quotation recently in connexion with that popular definition of life: that it was “one darned thing after another.” That’s what it looks like at times. I remember watching the old mill-wheel at home, as the water at the lower end of our fish-pond came down on it: *flop, flop, flop*, it went round; and there was a creaking and clanking of iron, chains and such, I didn’t know how it worked; and then round and round over the luckless grain, inside the mill-house, rolled the mill-stone; no time, I used to think, for the grain to breathe, shake itself together, and recover a bit, before that rolling crushing thing came round again, *gr-r-r-r-rrrach!* *What in thunder is the meaning of it all?* I seemed to hear the grain groaning. You know how it is with children: they think half the time that everything is alive and feeling things and thinking like themselves.

In everyone there is a hidden Helper of the Race: something fine and splendid. We catch glimpses of it sometimes, when we think things over; and then often it seems to us as if everything outside ourselves had conspired through all our lives to beat that splendid thing back and never let it show itself; and that we have never had a real chance. There is a great deal of truth in this view: it is the outside things that confound and baffle us and will not let us be what we might. Only we must count among those outside things, and chiefest among them, our own weaknesses.

Say someone insults you or does you wrong; and then for a week or a month or years you don’t get a chance of really feeling good and doing your best work because you are chewing over the cud of that and picturing yourself hitting back and getting even with him. It looks as if he were the cause of your trouble; but really there was that weakness in yourself, and all he has done is to call it up and out and put it before your attention: advertise it to you in such a way that it hurts you, until you really take it in hand. It always lay as an obstruction between the Noble Part of you and that Noble Part’s success; and all the mill-wheel and the mill-stones wanted was to get you free from it.

I guess it is an immense step forward to get the idea that all these weaknesses are really things outside of our true selves: just as much outside us as a heavy load on our backs might be, or chains on our limbs.

And I guess it is another big step, if we can get the idea that the Universe is so tender to that Real Part of us, so anxious to have it out and

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doing its great work, that it hurls all the events of our lives at us as a kind of challenge, and to call up and wear away and grind down all the weaknesses, all the selfishness, that obstruct that Real Part and keep it buried; and the end and aim of all things is that that should make good, and come to its own.

The upper mill-stone wouldn't be of much use unless the lower stone were there and doing its part. The upper stone is circumstance, and what the world and people do to us; but the lower stone is the divinity within us, which wills to be free and great.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND HER CONTRIBUTION TO ARCHAEOLOGY

GRACE KNOCHE

"Archaeology cannot be separated from philosophy, for it is the soul's interpreter. Science renders but half-service to humanity when it leaves out of account man's Divinity, the Immortal Self within."—KATHERINE TINGLEY

"We must not ignore the past, for to do so is to incur a sure if mysterious retribution, because that past belongs to ourselves and was a part of our own doing and begetting."
— From an unsigned article in *The Path*, Vol. IX, p. 194, attributed to *William Quan Judge*

"If the history of religion and of mythology and — far more important — the origin, development, and final grouping of the human species is ever to be unraveled, we have to trust to archaeological research, rather than to the hypothetical deductions of philology."

— HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

THE GREAT UNANSWERED 'WHY'

EXAMINING archaeology, and taking the word *science* in its antique, undisputed meaning, we see that it is not a science as yet but rather the promise of a science. There are fragments, but thus far no encouraging whole; efforts at relation and correlation, but nowhere the great, inclusive, synthetic attempt. Manuscripts, monuments, statues, vases, coins, *et alia*, lie about us like beads from a broken necklace, falling almost of its own weight from the bosom of an immemorial past — a lovable, warm-breathed, motherly, and glamorous past, but a something or conception that is foreign and far away. We are tired of fragments though, and of loose, rattling segments of things, yet have not sufficient knowledge to put them together.

Our desires, too, are in the way, and the pigeon-hole is more in requisition than the binding, inner, secret Thread. We have outdone ourselves in accuracy of description and the cataloguing of finds, in the measuring

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of angles, the calculating of averages, the tempering of enthusiasm by material exactness, and spontaneity by the matter-of-fact test of squeezes and the measuring-tape. Yet there is something, admittedly of paramount importance, that eludes us right along and which we cannot 'discover' for all our digging and delving. 'We do not know' is the period constantly put to a persistent, recurrent 'Why?'

Why are the oldest civilizations that archaeology has made familiar so singularly modern? Cretan styles in dress parallel those of twentieth-century New York, and the culture of pre-Incan Peru can set inspiring standards for today. Moreover, why is the march of our catalogued finds in so many ancient lands the record of a steady progress *down* hill? To fit our theory it ought to be *up*, yet evolution traces in our finds no 'straight line of progress' upwards from bestial beginnings. The art of Egypt, for example — and art is civilization's index-finger always — is most superb in the earliest epoch of all, becoming as it approaches our own day (barring minor rises and falls) degenerate. Why?

There is our standing archaeological puzzle, the so-called 'rude stone monuments' of the world, astounding megalithic structures in nation after nation: walls, palaces, temples, towers, statues, stelae, and initiation crypts. If these are the work of 'savages,' then why are we, with our astounding skill in engineering and our superlative brain, utterly unable to duplicate Stonehenge or Carnac, that other Karnak in Egypt, the walls of Sacsahuaman in Peru, the colossal sculptured stelae of Guatemala, the pyramids of Egypt or that of Cholula in Mexico which is larger still, the rock-cut temples of Petra, Elephanta, and the rest?

How account for a similarity so marked in many examples that structures in Egypt and in Andean South America might have been erected by the same giant touch, almost from the same working plans? Why have we round towers in Ireland, and equally in Arizona, in Sardinia, and in Peru? And why were they erected at all? Why do we find serpent mounds both in romantic Scotland and in prosaic Wisconsin and Ohio, with Strabo and Ovid at our elbow to tell us of similar mounds, now leveled, which existed in ancient days.

Dolmens everywhere, also, from India to the Orkneys, from Syria to the Brittany coast. Pyramids literally at the four quarters of the globe, with secret galleries and chambers, with marvelous accuracy of orientation. Why do we find the same interior plan in structures so unusual and so distant as the Treasury of Atreus in Mycenae and the Irish Newgrange? 'We do not know.'

Then too, why do we find the same symbols in widely-separated parts of the world and in all periods of time: the cross, the tree, the spiral, the circle, the dove, the fish, the egg, the sun, the lotus or lily, the serpent or

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dragon, and the rest? Why do we find the solar boat limned on Egyptian papyri and in the rock-carvings of Sweden and Ireland as well? Why are there 'sacred mountains' in all lands: Mount Horeb, Sinai, Zion; Fuji-yama in Japan; Koyin-lung-Sang in China; Meru in India; Olympus, Parnassus and the Delphic Cliffs in Greece; and the sacred 'high hills' of the Natchez, the Blackfeet, and the Mojaves?

Why is it that we find accounts of the deluge in so many parts of the world, from those of the *Vedas* and the *Purânas*, to the unwritten legends of the Delawares and the Mandans, the Apaches, the Pimas, and the Sioux; in the Hebrew *Genesis* and equally in the Aztec *Chimalpopoca* and the Quiché *Popol Vuh*; on the tablets of perished Nineveh and in the chants of the old Icelandic *Edda*?² What has modern archaeology to say? Many things, truly, but so largely do they negative each other and so inconsistent are they often with the facts, that dominating the field of archaeological effort is still an unanswered 'Why.' In spite of the splendid discoveries being made yearly throughout the world, in spite of new and improved research-methods, generous outlay of money, royal enthusiasm among the few and gradually increasing interest among the many, there is still no answer to these simple and basic questions. Avenues of inquiry open up on every side inviting the student to enter, but where is the golden clue that he instinctively looks for to help him find his way? Behind admirable outer aspects of order in this science there is a certain inner chaos. And we cannot wonder: the passion of the modern mind is for *analysis*, but the Soul cries out in its need for *synthesis*, for the reconciling theory or philosophy, the binding, inner, harmonizing truth.

As H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, whichever way he turns the archaeologist who is prejudiced in favor of materialistic theories of evolution is on one horn of a dilemma: he must either give up his theories or repudiate the facts. Many, however, willing to do neither, merely say, "We do not know. Give us more time, more money, more encouragement! We will push on, and some day a discovery will be made that will answer all our questions." The attitude is a logical and honest one, but it is behind-hand in its application, for the illuminating discovery has been made — in the latter half of the nineteenth century and by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. It constitutes the major part of her contribution to the modern science of archaeology.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

"An Archaic Manuscript — a collection of palm leaves made impermeable to water, fire, and air, by some specific unknown process — is before the writer's eye."

These words open the proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, a monumental work from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky that is of the utmost practical

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value to the working archaeologist or student of the past. Published in two volumes of about 750 pages each, it is in the main a commentary upon the archaic manuscript referred to above, a writing of immense antiquity and, until H. P. Blavatsky made its existence known to the world, utterly unknown to the philologist, the archaeologist, or the antiquarian of modern science.

Isis Unveiled, an earlier master-work from the same pen, and largely devoted to an elucidation of fragments from the Wisdom of antiquity, with special reference to science and theology, also opens with a reference to "an old Book"—

"so very old that our modern antiquarians might ponder over its pages an indefinite time, and still not quite agree as to the nature of the fabric upon which it is written. It is the only original copy now in existence."

Under the title of *The Voice of the Silence*, another text of great antiquity was given to the world, in part,— being a translation by H. P. Blavatsky of fragments from a mystic work long lost sight of excepting in a very few secluded centers in the Orient. And in *The Secret Doctrine* reference is made to, and citations are made from, still another archaic and hitherto unknown script referred to as a 'Commentary.'

These manuscripts were not found by the digger's route nor in long-sealed tombs, but in the care of Custodians who had also in their possession many others. They were none the less a discovery, however, for that. Tischendorf found the script later named the *Codex Sinaiticus* in the care of custodians; so did Mrs. Nuttall the *Crónica de Nueva España*, and so have done many others. Nor was Mme. Blavatsky permitted to carry off these old scripts bodily — assuming that she had wished to do so — to exhibit to a gaping world. But there is nothing at all unusual to the archaeologist in that fact. Neither was Mrs. Lewis permitted to carry away from that old monastery in the Arabian Desert the long-lost script that now bears her name, the *Codex Ludovicus*, nor any of the other treasures found there by herself and her sister, in the various Syriac, Aramaic, Greek, and Hebrew texts which have shed so much light upon New Testament research. Indeed, that is coming to be quite the ordinary course.

But in certain respects the discoveries made by Mme. Blavatsky were unique. For one thing, the Custodians of them were not hired keepers nor were they illiterate monks, with just comprehension enough to preserve from destruction the treasures of learning which they had neither the wit nor the will to read. They were Teachers, great philosophers and humanitarians, in possession of wisdom of a spiritual kind and also stores of information which supplemented that found in the scripts themselves. It was in this fact; and not in the mere discovery of long obscured writings,

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that lay the consummation of long years of striving and search — a consummation one is thrilled to contemplate, which was entirely new in its nature so far as archaeology is concerned, and which held vast unborn possibilities.

Mme. Blavatsky became a disciple of these Teachers and studied with them and under their direction for several years. It was this which enabled her, later, to make accessible to the world certain portions of the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity and to write masterly commentaries upon it which gave to archaeology a long sought for and mighty synthesis, unparalleled in illumination and in scope. It is these commentaries that constitute in the main *The Secret Doctrine*, the one book which answers, or leads to the answers of, *all* of the great unanswered questions of archaeology today.

It was in these old scripts that Mme. Blavatsky sought and found not merely information as to the past, but that profound philosophy and knowledge of universal law that alone can illuminate the past. Hers was the classic method of great minds in respect to truth, but she pushed it to a greater conclusion, and she did this with no shadow of ulterior motive but solely for the benefits it would make possible to the world. Yet enemies of progress, when they have not accused Mme. Blavatsky of having 'invented' these old writings, have called her 'credulous' for believing that the ancients who wrote them were properly informed and were honest. Archaeologists should be the last to echo the latter criticism, certainly, for the founder of their own science, Winckelmann, came at his knowledge of the principles which made his work a classic and changed the whole trend of archaeological thought, very largely from a study of recovered scripts. His viewpoint was limited, however, while that of *The Secret Doctrine* is the entire world and the entire span of Time. More to the point, considering humanity's great spiritual need and the object of H. P. Blavatsky in giving these old texts to the public, she entered a world which modern science has not thus far cared to enter whole-heartedly: the world of spiritual laws, of man's spiritual nature, of true psychology, in short, of the Soul itself.

The Secret Doctrine is a book apart. It stands before us in an architecture of its own. No other book in the world is like it. None has been published since archaeology took its place among the sciences which is of such supreme archaeological importance. We say this without apology, for the book itself, which is its own best evidence, is open to examination. To state the plain truth, there is not a problem in the whole domain of archaeology, nor a single archaeological puzzle, which may not be referred to *The Secret Doctrine*, with not the chance merely but the certainty of finding (1) the specific information needed, or (2) keys, which need only

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to be turned in the lock, or (3) that living fire which rouses the intuition of the searcher and makes him see a light.

The Secret Doctrine contains the history of man's *prehistory*. It is the noblest advocate that antiquity can summon in the world of letters today. It gives an account of evolution and the destined path of the universe and of man that is stupendous in its content and overwhelming in its reach. And while it is true that the great design of the writer was to reconcile religion, science, and philosophy and to demonstrate their absolute harmony with each other to the degree that each approximates the truth; and while it is equally true that there is no department of life, conduct, morals, intellectual inquiry, nor any particular science or art that this book, supplemented by other writings from the same pen, does not throw light upon, it is a fact that more special attention is given in this book to questions of archaeology than to any other separate department of knowledge.

Mme. Blavatsky differed from the conventional archaeologist however in taking the archaic texts found by her in earnest. The principles they set forth seemed to her not propositions to be intellectually dissected, but guiding rules of life, and she set out to make the world so understand them.

The Secret Doctrine, therefore, is essentially spiritual in its import. Ethically it is supreme. Taken in connexion with *The Voice of the Silence*, a small devotional book, nothing nobler exists in any world-scripture; in some important respects nothing so exalted is to be found in any of the world-scriptures as we know them now in their exoteric form. The author's statement as to the nature and aim of this book is more useful than any summary could be, but for this we must refer the reader to the introductory portion of the book itself.

It was while in the Orient — not in India, by the way, but north of that land — that the old texts referred to reached Mme. Blavatsky's hand, and this as the reward of decades of steady search and striving towards one single definite end: spiritual growth and a selfless desire to benefit mankind. As she herself says in *Isis Unveiled*:

“When, years ago, we first traveled over the East, exploring the penetralia of its deserted sanctuaries, two saddening and ever-recurring questions oppressed our thoughts: *Where, WHO, WHAT, is GOD? Who ever saw the IMMORTAL SPIRIT of man, so as to be able to assure himself of man's immortality?*”

So that her method was a departure from the conventional one at the outset in respect to its motive. For the customary delving into sand or cavern-loam, the great Russian mystic substituted a digging down into the depths of character, into the mysteries of conscience and of mind: in a word, into the vast unknown regions of the Soul itself. It is a method

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whose first word is discipline, whose last is discipline, but whose reward is illumination. Yet the discipline demanded cannot be counted unarchaeological, for the trophies won in that science demand much in respect to self-denial. They are not won in easy chairs but out in the open of thought and action both, in a contest with deadly gases and foul airs, with heat and cold, with fever, privation, and fatigue — and with dogmatisms and outworn theories also, where intuition must be often the only guide. But H. P. Blavatsky, instead of groping blindly, with no clear idea of the goal and with only occasional glimpses of intuitional light, saw the goal clearly all the time and thus followed intuition understandingly. The discipline she accepted in such poverty of spirit was not of mind and body alone, but of the character, the moral life. It is the latter, declares Katherine Tingley, that alone can lead to the discovery of the more profound archaeological secrets — a new idea, it may be, but surely not to be disputed, for it is but an extension, after all, of the current view. Archaeologists should be the last to forget that the heresy of today may be the uncontroverted dogma of tomorrow.

Suffice it to say that from the beginning of her work, H. P. Blavatsky not only accentuated the spiritual viewpoint in archaeology, but in the first issue of her earliest-founded magazine she asserted her deep interest in archaeological research and contributed to its first volume, for the benefit in the main of Oriental readers, a masterly serial article on the prehistoric monuments of Peru. But more especially with respect to *The Secret Doctrine*, what answers does she give to questions of archaeology?

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES THE KEY

AS Mme. Blavatsky pointed out, the need of science today is not more data but a better use of the data already in hand. She is eminently right, for of what use is a multitude of garments to a shivering child if he does not know how to put any of them on? Or a carpenter's chest to one who has not found the use of his hands? Obviously, the need is not for more thigh-bones and cooking-pots so much as for a large, broad, philosophic view of antiquity as a whole and for increased light on origins *from a philosophic point of view*; for man really wants to find out who he is, what or where he came from, and what is his true place in the great evolutionary plan. Which brings the student of archaeology at once into the byways of philosophy, psychology, and religion, not to mention the enchanting and instructive paths of history. But why not? These paths do not lie in separate fields but palpably in one field; they cross and they recross; they often wind along side by side and even at times merge into one.

On the authority of the archaic texts in the main, supported by the

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evidence afforded by monuments of antiquity all over the world no less than by the mystical, unspoken confirmations of the human heart, H. P. Blavatsky declares that man is more than his body: that he is a Soul, a spark from the great Central Source of Life and Love and Light, that he existed before ever the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth was formed, that he is more antique than antiquity itself, and that his origin is to be sought in Divinity. "People have been looking for the missing link," she writes in the book which is the subject of this article, "*at the wrong end of the chain!*"

Man is not one but two. His body is, it is true, an animal something with its source in the material world, but his Spirit, the Real Man, deathless and imperishable and divine — *that* took its rise in Deity, the fount and source of things that do not die. So that man is seen to be twofold in his nature, god and animal in one, dual under every condition and throughout every age since that remote yet historic time when the Fire of Mind leaped up in him and he became complete man.

The Divinity of Man! It is this which is the central, eternal, tender thematic sequence running through the whole symphonic poem which the Wisdom of antiquity is. It is the key — let archaeology but do its part — which opens every lock; it is the quick, extended light; it is the inner, unifying, explanatory principle which the thinking mind will know intuitively as the guiding power in all life's real relations. It is the golden, Theosophic thread upon which hangs, like beads upon a string, all that is true in science, in art, in the law, in religion and in the great mythogonies of the world. To borrow a figure from the law, it is the sublime constitutional principle running through the entire code. And it is this recognition of man's divinity, first and foremost, that made it possible for Mme. Blavatsky to synthesize the results of archaeological research, and revise and extend the principles upon which the science is based.

Mme. Blavatsky asserted at the outset of her work the existence of a great body of wisdom-teaching: religion, science, and philosophy in one, which had existed intact during immemorial time, whose principles had been tested by the research of scholars during millenniums of a culture higher than any we know today, and which was once universally known and believed. The principles of this body of teaching are fundamental, and it is these which give the wider view of nature and of man which is the tantalizing lack in archaeology today. It stands to reason that one who would acquire this view should master these fundamentals, to a degree at least, before specific questions are taken up.

In any event, the inquiring archaeologist might try this way. A few have done so and have been amazed at the way in which new doors open in the dead wall of their difficulties. Whatever the result, one can be

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in no worse case than at present with the popular materialistic theories of man and nature for a foothold, for the discoveries contradict these right along. As Katherine Tingley and her students are still pointing out in the pages of Theosophical publications, the facts simply refuse to fit into the skeleton of theory that materialism in science has fashioned for them.

OUR ARCHAEOLOGICAL PUZZLES

FOR we have no end of them. Mankind even in the most remote periods was neither ape-related nor savage. His record of god-like civilization with its unexampled architecture, sublime literature and noble art,—now being revealed for our reading year by year, thanks to archaeological research and discovery — negatives the proposition right along. That savage remains are to be found at correspondingly early periods has nothing to do with the case, for as H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out, this proves no more than that savages existed, just as they do today, contemporaneously with cultured man. As she says in her writings on this subject:

“When the present population of the earth have disappeared, and some archaeologist belonging to the ‘coming race’ of the distant future shall excavate the domestic implements of one of our Indian or Andaman Island tribes, will he be justified in concluding that mankind in the nineteenth century was ‘just emerging from the Stone Age’?”—*Isis Unveiled*, I, 4.

“Or if the weapons of the Veddahs of Ceylon are found, will our descendants be justified in setting us all down as Palaeolithic savages?”—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 723

Nor does evolution flow along in a straight line from lower to higher forms, from sea-slime to philosopher, from savagery to civilization. It flows on, but with alternate rises and falls, a recurrent ebb and flow. Finds are constantly being made whose stratigraphic position would place them (by the current view) at a stage of culture which their style, content, or the cranial measurements positively forbid. Natural selection and the survival of the fittest may be heralded as settled laws of life, but the discoveries of archaeology go dead against the supposition that they are; for these, taken as a whole, reveal a law of compassion and brotherliness, working in all ages in some degree but more especially in the remote past, and responsible for the great spiritual civilizations which were once built up under enlightened Teachers and Initiate-Kings and Queens.

Take the most puzzling case of all, that of man of the Old Stone Age, who complicates the stratigraphic test by being so inconsistent with himself. We may analyse the pigments he used and measure and label the few scraps he has left us of his bones; but can we explain *him*? Why was Palaeolithic man; who was he? What disconcerting things are his paintings, for instance! He must have been a ‘savage’ because he lived so long ago, and who but a savage would have endured to live as he did

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in a cave? But there is that art of his, so mature in its expression, so splendid in its technique, so thoughtful, so moving and alive. And then those Palaeolithic skulls: they simply will not stay where they are put, for the oldest of them, far from being the lowest in type, is quite likely to be the highest. There is our Cro-Magnon artist, with a cephalic index that makes the mummied head of Rameses II look almost degenerate. Here is a tangle for you, truly: great artists, living in caves with rheumatism, hyenas, and bears: abject 'savages' emerging only lately from apedom who yet, by the testimony of their art and the very bones they left behind, were tall, handsome, wonderfully brainy and inventive, and with a love for beauty in its majestic rather than sensuous aspects that has something to teach Greece and Egypt.

The tangle is unraveled and the seeming paradoxes are explained, however, under the light thrown upon the Old Stone Age by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. The special races referred to — for the Old Stone Age had many types, even the negroid — were at the bottom of a long declivity down which they had let themselves slide in ages long past through lack of moral stamina and the brotherly life. Thrust by their own acts into the hard conditions of life in interglacial and postglacial Europe, "with the incubus of Atlantean Karma weighing heavily upon them," Palaeolithic man is shown to be taking not a necessary (excepting as his moral negligence made it so) nor yet a logical step in evolution, but traveling a by-path merely. His experience was a karmic foreclosure on a very large scale. He was in the condition of a bankrupt who, after dissipating his fortune in thriftless waste and folly, is thrown back to the foot of the ladder, to first principles as it were, and compelled under hard conditions to make a fresh start.

Palaeolithic man — the type of which we are speaking now, at least — was greater than his environment, far greater, but he was nevertheless forced by the 'stern schoolmaster, karmic law' to endure the rigors of a chill and unsettled land — and endure them in suffering, too, as his bones with their poor rheumatic joints abundantly testify — with no centers of culture conveniently near from which to draw supplies or comforts or help. Much as a naughty child might have to stand in a corner until some lesson is learned — for truly life has always been a school!

And he did learn his lesson, that Stone-Age man — at least individuals of those old stocks did, for such art as theirs could have sprung only from hidden wells of richness in the inner life — and the power of choice is man's under every condition. As a race he disappeared — how or when or why modern science does not know nor will archaeology hazard more than a guess — for Neolithic man who succeeded him is unrelated. But the soul of that race, we may be sure, its lesson learned, moved on.

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For the evidence in support of the Theosophic position at this point one must refer to *The Secret Doctrine*. In this work the evidence is marshaled and in a masterly way; and although, as Mme. Blavatsky herself said, full information is not and cannot yet be given on this and other points, there is no real gap in the chain. And the chaos in our theories is reduced to order when the great historic plan, embracing hundreds of millenniums, is seen. There comes a sublime broadening of one's spiritual view as life's great universal laws are seen to rise behind it all and mighty moral principles flash their signals from height to height: Karma, Reincarnation, the Law of Cycles, Brotherhood as a fact in nature, the Immortality of Man and the Divinity of the Soul, Compassion as the 'Law of Laws,' with Love as the great unfolding power in human life!

Take the next hard puzzle, the so-called 'rude stone monuments' of the world: the dolmens, menhirs, alinements, avenues, stone-circles, *allées couvertes* and *ouvertes*, 'graves of the giants,' tumuli enclosing dolmens, and the rest. Though found practically all over the world, those of Europe are the best known to us, and they dot a broad path which, roughly, stretches from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and a little beyond.

Modern science has exhausted itself in an effort to decide what race erected or could have erected these largely Cyclopean structures. No 'race' built them, says H. P. Blavatsky, who devotes considerable space in *The Secret Doctrine* to vanquishing the modern theory that they were the work of any 'race,' savage or enlightened either one. They may have been used by the Druids and doubtless some of them were; and such structures probably have been used by various peoples for one thing or another as the centuries passed. Crucuno Dolmen in Brittany, for example, was used as a cow stable for nobody knows how long, and quite a few of these monuments are used as sources of income by enterprising moderns upon whose 'property' they stand. Others have been used as sources of building-stone and partly destroyed. But neither the cows nor the people who milk them nor the people who charge for a sight of the monuments are necessarily the builders. "They are not Druidic," says H. P. Blavatsky, "but universal," and she adds that they were built by great Teachers and "are all symbolic records of the world's history."

This has not only a profound archaeological meaning, but a profound philosophic meaning as well. What if Europe *were* united once, so that snakes might crawl from Picardy to the Thames or rhinoceroses graze now on the sedge of the Nile and again on the bracken of the Somme? But if it can be shown — as H. P. Blavatsky does show it — that along the broad path bridging what is now Gibraltar and the blue sea, Wise Men and Wise Women once traveled from ancient and cultured Africa to new and struggling Europe, to give of their knowledge and help and to leave

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for future ages an imperishable testimony to their presence and their power, *what of that?* New light comes in at once. The whole panorama of history undergoes a broadening, a stupendous change. And such great Instructors did go, say the archaic teachings, sounding keynotes of culture all along the way, founding centers of Mystery-instruction where they could, and leaving the undying record of this work in those colossal structures before which history stands silent and which archaeology cannot explain.

According to H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, traveling Initiate-teachers founded centers of spiritual instruction in this wise all over the world, and the great misunderstood monuments which they reared were places of initiation or mystery-teaching for those who would qualify to receive what these Teachers had to give. They were “of both sexes,” to quote Mme. Blavatsky again; they are immortalized in all the mythogonies of the world; to contemplate them brings us to the sublimest and most mystical of the Theosophical tenets, the descent of the “Sons of Light” and the passing on by them to evolving humankind of the Fire of Mind; they have never left humanity from the hour of that bequest to wander without aid. Incarnating from age to age to carry on this work of sublime compassion, they are the persecuted Saviors, the ‘Redescended’ of all time. A volume could be written on this one tenet and the last word not be said, and in fact a large part of *The Secret Doctrine* is devoted, directly and indirectly, to it.

Today, the bare suggestion of ‘Divine Dynasties’ or ‘Divine Instructors’ makes dogmatism shudder and materialism scoff. But the ancient truth is worthy of being pondered over, and so we may be forgiven for quoting the following passage from the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus — who knew the old teaching of the Mystery-schools, of which one still existed, Eleusis, in his day. He gives the picture perfectly and says, (Prometheus speaking):

“But let me tell you — not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but like shapes in dreams
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any woodwork knew,
But lived like silly ants, beneath the ground,
In hollow caves unsunned. . . .
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and beside,
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse-mother. . . .” (Trans. by Elizabeth Barrett Browning).

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SYMBOL AND MYTH IN ARCHAEOLOGY

OF especial value to the archaeologist are the writings of H. P. Blavatsky on symbolism. The second part of the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* is entirely devoted to "The Evolution of Symbolism," and a portion of the second to "The Archaic Symbolism of the World-Religions."

Now what is more perplexing to the student of antiquity, especially if of a mystical turn of mind, than symbols for which he has no key? Yet they are ever with him, a very Tantalus-cup, from which he would, but cannot, drink. And symbols are important things, for as philosophy has always pointed out, they have the power to confer knowledge which cannot be imparted, as also it cannot be preserved inviolate, in any other way; and they are a means by which certain truths are made immediately available to those who are qualified to receive them, and yet withheld from those who are not. Our numerals, for instance, mean nothing to a savage whose mathematical requirements are satisfied by a notched stick, while they may open worlds of speculation and discovery to the gifted *civilisé*. A page of musical notation may mean avenues of spiritual uplift or intellectual challenge to the accomplished musician, but nothing whatsoever to one whose tom-tom fills every emotional need. Carlyle expresses it better and suggests something more when he says:

"Of kin to the so incalculable influences of concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of Symbols. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation; here, therefore, by Silence and Speech acting together, comes a double significance. . . . The infinite is made to blend with the finite, to stand visible, and, as it were, attainable there."

And symbols are to be found everywhere in the relics of antiquity, on temple and crypt and stone, written in the very lines of the architecture in many cases, so that obviously new doors must open before one who can possess himself of the keys to their meaning. But H. P. Blavatsky makes it clear that in order to possess these keys the student must qualify, a requirement that means more under Theosophy, however, than in studies pursued in the colleges and universities of the world. There is an ancient aphorism which reads, "As the lesser mysteries precede the greater, so also must discipline precede philosophy," and it is the Theosophical contention that real knowledge of spiritual things must be preceded by discipline of the life. Any other procedure is fatal. Which goes to show the soundness of the view held by Katherine Tingley, and by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge before her: that archaeology cannot be separated from philosophy, for philosophy is indispensable if one essays to make over the life.

Which brings us to another phase: the puzzling universality of symbols. On this point modern science has little to offer beyond vague or contradictory hypotheses. One explanation, coming from the ranks of

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erudition, is that these developed spontaneously, as did also the legends and myths so closely associated with them. But there is the obstinate historical fact that races or tribes left to themselves for the considerable periods assumed to be necessary to furnish them with spontaneously generated legends, symbols, etc., deteriorate, and far from acquiring more of these, end by losing what they had in the first place.

The fact is, the symbols, legends, allegories, and myths that it so bothers us to explain as we meet them duplicating each other in the most diverse eras and most widely-separated lands, sprang from one great central source. They exist today because they were recognised by man as among his most priceless possessions, and were clung to and cherished by him through all vicissitudes and throughout millenniums of time.

Yes, a great central source and in the Golden Age of mankind; for there once was a Golden Age, when mankind lived as members of one great spiritual family, walked and talked with the Gods, their Teachers, and revered one universal Wisdom-Religion — the Doctrine of the Heart. This may be called a theory, but if we will turn to the archaic teachings — reflected in every world mythogony and every Bible and finding in every open heart a secret confirmation — and particularly if we will test the theory by the challenge of some of the puzzles of archaeology, we cannot but conclude that it may be called a truth without much strain on the imagination.

Just as H. P. Blavatsky said would be the case, archaeological discoveries being made from year to year are confirming the principles enunciated by her and in some cases approaching her interpretations. Logically, however, for the plan she submitted from the vast storehouse of ancient Wisdom contains, as Katherine Tingley has pointed out, place and provision for every new fact; and gradually, as the world of science makes a more acknowledged use of the material which she left, we shall see the jumble and chaos now so apparent in some directions reduced to beauty and order.

But more than all else, this great Theosophist shows the student of antiquity how to decipher that sacred and mystical document which he who runs may *not* always read: the constitution of the moral world by whose divine and immemorial laws all lesser laws must be measured and by whose decrees they stand or fall — laws enforced by sanctions that are none the less imperative because the springs of their action are obscure. For she opens to the open mind the empire of antiquity: no five or six thousand years, nor even mere hundreds of millenniums, but Time itself, wherein the only sovereignty is the sovereignty of the Soul. She leads the student into that diviner world where one's own real Self stands rooted; where the scheme of evolution is seen to be founded on universal

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law. She discloses man's long life-history as unfolding itself in accordance with a divine plan, a plan which is responsive and relevant to the diviner Self in man, for it was that Self which presided when the great plan had its birth.

Katherine Tingley has declared from the first that archaeology could not be separated from philosophy. But in spite of more or less conflict and chaos in the archaeological field, there is every reason for optimism, for pioneer minds are already turning to the philosophic view, and the cycle trends that way. As H. P. Blavatsky wrote over forty years ago:

“The moment is more opportune than ever for the review of old philosophies. Archaeologists, philologists, astronomers, chemists, and physicists are getting nearer and nearer to the point where they will be forced to consider them. Physical science has already reached its limits of exploration; dogmatic theology sees the springs of its inspiration dry. Unless we mistake the signs, the day is approaching when the world will receive the proofs that only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known. Secrets long kept may be revealed; books long forgotten and arts long time lost may be brought out to light again; papyri and parchments of inestimable importance will turn up in the hands of men who pretend to have unrolled them from mummies, or stumbled upon them in buried crypts; tablets and pillars, whose sculptured revelations will stagger theologians and confound scientists, may yet be excavated and interpreted. Who knows the possibilities of the future? An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin — nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; a new one is about to begin, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence, and convey full proof, that

‘If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told him secrets of the world unknown.’”



“LOOKING at the boasted nineteenth century civilization, it is a question whether it has really so much to be proud of; willing and waiting as it is to war with some weaker nation, often for some little piece of territory. America is said to be working for liberty. Its organizations for the accomplishment of this purpose number more than the creeds that are begotten of the misinterpretation of the teachings of the Nazarene.”— KATHERINE TINGLEY

“IN working the changes we purpose there is little to build upon but the hope of immortality. There is something that cannot be proven; we must grasp it and live it. If we could express in our lives the positive qualities of an immortal being we could teach more than the gospels of the greatest teachers. We have been taught to look outside ourselves for spiritual support. We are spiritual cripples. It will take the voice of a God to awaken the people.”— KATHERINE TINGLEY

PRAYER IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

T. HENRY, M. A.

IT is natural that the inquirer whose acquaintance with Theosophy is as yet imperfect should offer objections which a further study would show to be groundless; and it is a good way of explaining Theosophy to consider such objections and show how they are removed.

It has sometimes been alleged by those to whom Theosophy is yet new that its teachings will do away with prayer; but a closer acquaintance will prove that Theosophy not only does not abolish prayer but actually enhances its importance.

At the outset of our remarks we may call attention to a certain implication that is contained in this objection, and which we propose to call in question before accepting it implicitly. It would seem that we are required to assume that prayer is a most vital and important function in the life of our present civilization; and that any doctrine which should threaten to abolish or discourage this institution would be seriously menacing the welfare of that civilization. But this we may take leave to doubt; for though there doubtless are many earnest people who pray often and devotedly, we fear that the same cannot be said of the generality. This is hardly a praying age. Consequently the objection seems to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, and would have more force if we could feel confident that prayer were such a vital issue as is implied. Leaving this point aside, however, we may say at once that Theosophy is far more the champion than the assailant of prayer; and that, in view of the actual state of our customs, such championship is badly needed. Thus we have reversed the situation; for now it is Theosophists who are upholding prayer, as against people in general, for whom prayer is fast becoming an almost negligible quantity.

It must surely be the experience of many Theosophists, who passed into Theosophy from the affiliations and beliefs of the churches, that they have felt no break of continuity in the habit of prayer throughout the process of transition. The common factor all through has been the sense of a power superior to the personality and to the brain-mind, which orders our lives and is the repository of that Wisdom whose influence we feel guiding us, but which we cannot grasp and formulate. Hence, despite the infirmities of belief and the defect of knowledge, the act of prayer may always contain that element of sincere aspiration which defines its true nature. Theosophy does not abolish prayer; it merely clarifies it.

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H. P. Blavatsky has written a good deal about this in *The Key to Theosophy*, pointing out chiefly that the act of praying may vary by many degrees from a selfish yearning to a pure unselfish aspiration for good, and that it is the motive which makes the main difference between the two extremes. It is evident that in this H. P. Blavatsky is in full accord with all earnest and sincere religious people, whatever their creed; for who would deny that a selfish prayer is an abuse of our privilege; and that, if we expect to approach the source of light, we must do so with a pure heart?

Is there anything in Theosophy which precludes or even in the least discourages the idea of prayer? Far from it. What more than Theosophy insists on the higher nature of man as a living reality; what more urgently than Theosophy bids us recognise and cherish this higher nature, summoning it to our aid in our doubts and difficulties, yielding up our fond notions and shortsighted schemes to its calmer and juster wisdom?

We feel that, beyond our personality, which is so insignificant in the scheme of things, so frail and uncertain in its action, there must be a greater and sublimer Self, wherein resides knowledge and wisdom, strength and surety. In times when, conscious of our weakness, disgusted with our errors, we aspire to see a clearer light, to act with a juster aim, *we are then praying*, truly and sincerely; and our prayer will surely reach some fount of light and help, whence will flow down to us the healing waters. Nor again will any religious person differ from us in declaring that this light and help will not probably take the form of indulgence to our fond desires. But this is merely saying that the prayer is answered — that the supplicant receives what he asks; for he has asked for what is right, not for what is pleasant.

He who sincerely believes that he is here on earth for the purpose of fulfilling *duties* that transcend his mere personal desires; and who before retiring reviews the faults and follies of the day, realizing how far he has deviated from his best ideals, and earnestly desiring to see his path clearer the next day along lines of duty rather than of self-interest; — such a one may be said to offer prayer in the true sense. He does not presume to limit the divine power and wisdom by creating in his imagination a graven image and endowing it with human faults. He harbors in his bosom no prejudice which would prevent him from associating with himself in his act of devotion the adherent of alien creeds or the professed infidel, provided that they too were moved by the same spirit of recognition of a greater wisdom and a higher duty. The sectarian element is removed from prayer by Theosophy.

It seems clear that a person attempting to pray with a selfish motive is intensifying the force of his own desires; and, if desires are attractive

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forces that tend to produce results, he may bring upon himself certain things that will not prove to his advantage. For one thing, he does not know what is best for him; and for another thing, his desires will be in conflict with those of other selfish people, and in the resulting confusion he may get something different from what he expected. This shows the danger of praying for any specific object; we can only pray rightly for light and help and for whatever is right and best. If we mentally define an object, we limit ourselves.

It has often been said that prayer, like the smoke of a sacrifice, may ascend to heaven or fall back upon earth according to its quality and the direction given to it. We may well imagine that our prayers pass through a natural filtering process, which permits only the winged portions to ascend, while the grosser elements fall back. Perhaps admission to the source of light requires a password that can only be heard and answered when uttered from a pure heart.

It is easy to say that prayer is not answered; and just as easy to say that it always is answered. If apparently unanswered, the reason may be that what we thought was prayer was something else — mere personal longing. Or it may be that the answer, while real and sure, was not in accordance with our own plans and hopes. It may even be claimed that prayer answers itself by a sure and unfailing law. For he who reflects earnestly and sincerely on his weaknesses, aspiring to wisdom, actually by that very deed clears away many veils from his mind, lifts burdens from his heart, and enters self-admitted to a realm where the light is brighter and the path more clear.

It is well known that Jesus enjoins us not to make of prayer a vain ceremony, but to ask in our hearts for wisdom and guidance. Theosophy says the same. All can do this — all who have the desire for more light and guidance. In Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* the hero cannot pray because he has cut himself off from the source of interior light by a transgression against the voice of mercy and justice. But as soon as he has done an unselfish deed of mercy, he wins back the power to pray. What is the lesson here? That, to escape the network of forces created by our desires and follies, it is necessary to follow another incentive, to act from a different motive. We must perform duties, fulfil obligations; and thus we enter a clearer light and fulfil a higher law of our nature.

Disgust with life is not a reason for despair, it is an opportunity. It is an indication that we have been on a wrong tack, and an invitation to go on another and better one. This "sorry scheme of things," which we long to "mold closer to the heart's desire," is but the result of mistakes that are our own and can be amended.

Let us beware, however, that, in seeking to eliminate our selfish desires,

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we do not merely change their form and substitute more grandiose but still selfish desires. Such a danger assails the solitary recluse, and is best avoided by wholesome intercourse and comradeship in useful work. "The selfish devotee lives to no purpose." Man's nature completes its expression in acts; hence prayer fulfils itself in action. A state of sanctity and self-approbation might well be considered as hard a burden to be borne as any other, and will in the end prove so. It is not that we wish to deck and adorn our personality, but rather to escape from its importunities.

Prayer may be defined (among other ways) as a search for the fountain of good within our own nature — remembering that the same fountain of good lies also at the base of all human nature and can be no private possession. This last thought will prevent self-righteousness — a glorified selfishness. He who prays does not try to assume an ecstatic posture of the mind, or to abase himself before some imagined presence; but he renews in his heart his best ideals and resolves, reviews his failures, and seeks the way to avoid them in the future. In that way he frees his mind for the time from the obsession of his thoughts and emotions, and gives an opportunity for the better and brighter side of his nature to express itself.

Many people have given up the habit of prayer because they have ceased to believe in its efficacy. They do not see the use of it. Theosophy therefore is for them the champion of prayer, giving them a reason for renewing it. Theosophy proclaims that there is real efficacy in pure and sincere aspiration, but that we must not limit ourselves by hard and fast dogmas nor permit a selfish element to enter into our aspirations.

Everyone knows that ignorant people will pray to some fetish for a selfish advantage or for victory over a foe; but it is not sufficiently realized that this is just what many other people, believing themselves more enlightened, do when they pray, both in private and in public. Such prayers as these can never ascend to the fount of light or bring back anything of real help to the devotee. They amount to a mere ceremony for intensifying the selfish will of those engaged, whether individuals or nations praying against other nations. And perhaps those ancient peoples who supplicated their national and tribal deities differed from ourselves rather in frankness than in other respects. Do we wish our prayers to figure as mere acts of black magic, designed to fortify our personal will against the general welfare?

It is interesting to observe how the ideas which we have inherited from a long and various ancestry are mingled in the institutions of the existing civilization. It is not easy to point out any essential difference between the ceremony of public prayers for rain and a ceremonial invocation of Jupiter Pluvius. The appeal is not for light and guidance but

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for a specific object; it might be profanely described as an attempt at rain-making. Our public prayers for victory have been sufficiently characterized by other writers and need no further comment here. If asked to suggest a way in which public prayer could rightly be offered, one would be inclined to reply that probably our very attempts to accomplish such a result would defeat our object, and that the real object would be achieved by the silent unconscious aspiration that would proceed from the hearts of a number of people united in some noble and unselfish undertaking.

Medicine is for the sick; the well have no need for it. The more we are ill, the more is medicine in evidence. How does this apply to prayer? Well, there is certainly a connexion between prayer and sinners. The thought suggested here is that perhaps the attitude of prayer, like the attitude of health, is a natural condition, and not an artificial state to be kept up by the use of artificial aids. In other words, perhaps the man who prays is not so much trying to climb to some heavenly pinnacle as seeking to regain his natural place, from which he has fallen. In this case we should pray, not for something to be given to us, but for something to be taken away; like the sick man whose idea of health is not the receiving of some vital elixir but the removing of some disease. Thus prayer would become the aspiration for a pure heart, an unclouded mind, and a clean life.

Is it necessary to say anything about the well-known adage that "he prays best who best acts": as illustrated by the fable of the man who prayed to Hercules instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel? Self-reliance, in the true sense of the word — reliance on the real Self, not on its reflexion, the personal self — is an essential element in prayer. This element is lacking in the man who prays to a fetish, whether physical or mental, or to a horoscope or a ouija board. If an aspiration does not result in corresponding action, it is a sign that something has gone wrong at the start. Here is another pitfall to avoid: that of drifting into an easy compact with the 'devil,' by which he will permit us to do the praying, so long as he is at liberty to do the acting. Prayer does not mean merely quieting your conscience and making your mind easy.

In conclusion, then, it is evident that Theosophy inculcates prayer in the best sense of the word, and that what Theosophy eschews is merely the various misuses of prayer as explained above.



"WE should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of today as to render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future.— KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE STEMMING OF THE TIDE

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

IN that wonderful ancient book of wisdom, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, there is a passage from Krishna which runs thus:

“I produce myself among creatures . . . whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.”

This refers to the great tide of spiritual life, following upon the volcanic eruption of evil. One might say also stirring it, and forcing it to the light of day. The great tides rise at their appointed time and place. One who knows how and where to look, can see them far back in the mists of the past like mighty outburstings of inexhaustible life, breaking over human minds, cleansing and invigorating them. The corruption and refuse, the acids of hate, the deathly poisons of selfishness with which men saturate every layer of brain-consciousness they touch, lie relatively near the surface and are with inexorable justice thrown out. Then come terrible disturbances of all kinds; wars, famines, unbelievable cruelties. That which in the past was inhuman thoughts, becomes inhuman acts. Suffering blinds the eyes. The light of the soul is lost. Many doubt that it will ever again be found, and heavy, numbing despair settles over their minds. Yet behind this noxious tide which seems to emanate from the depths of hell, is the great tide of life, exhaustless, unfathomable, exhilarating, and certain to rise, in comparison with which the other is a mere boiling on the surface. It is Krishna, personating here the spirit behind all, more fully incarnating in human minds: Krishna, upon whose presence life depends, who sustains the universe, and whose home on this earth is in the hearts of men.

Everyone should lie open for the coming of *this* tide, that it may rise in unobstructed fullness in his own heart. Nothing but ignorance, delusion, insanity, could oppose or disregard it, for that would mean a painful course of self-destruction. But the tide we have to *stem* is the tide of evil, and it should be stemmed not by blocking it up, but by neutralizing it. It has always been gathering and periodically breaking forth with violence, sweeping not only over the lands of earth in ruthless destruction, but over the lives and hearts of men, leaving them bitter, cruel, bereft of the sweet, pure feeling which really belongs to them. Such an eruption this generation has just witnessed. Apparently its fury is not yet spent. Some fondly hoped the war would purify, but such

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has never been the effect of war. The child of war is more war. It arouses and sustains mutual, crushing disbelief in human nature. It brutalizes the finer feelings. It is the last expression of unbrotherliness, and cannot by any sophistries be represented as an advantage to humanity. Glorious things appear in the general upheaval, of course. Great souls come to the front and shine all the more gloriously against the dark background. But, also, fierce and terrible passions are aroused; merciless wounds are inflicted; disappointments follow hopes; aspirations are wiped out by despair; dazed, amazed, bewildered, thousands wander, easy victims to the ghoul of ferocious selfishness which stalks over the earth. It is inevitable that an upheaval such as we have witnessed, should bring to the surface buried treasures. They belong to the divinity in man and can never be lost; but it brings also buried passions — the results of little sins which have been covered as the ages have gone, by mock pieties, by suavities, policy, or one of the thousand forms of insincerities which everyone knows — and great crimes such as burning thoughts of revenge, cunning greed, and the whole hateful brood of selfishness.

Storms like this do not gather over night, nor during the life of a generation, nor a nation, nor even in historical times. Indeed, Madame Blavatsky traces the tendencies of today back to old Atlantean days. We have had high tides periodically, as said, and as history shows; that is, great epochs when the forces which set in motion the old order are exhausted; when new impulses are born and races of men enter into new conditions. They are a sign of life. In themselves, they bring only blessings. They are the process by which old forms are broken and new ones built up for greater experiences. They are natural, healthy tides which lift from glory to glory. The seeming disasters are due to the millions upon millions of barriers that have been thrown into the current during all the moments since the last great tide. We might call them unfinished works which gather, becoming more and more dangerous, and ready at any time to be ignited into a terrible conflagration of human passions. For the real work of human beings is not the manipulating of physical atoms. These furnish only the means. It is rather the gaining of the mastery of self and of the elements of life; the establishing of harmony within and then without. Every least event is an opportunity for the only real growth. An unfriendly thought or act from another, is one of these. The work to be done, is so to meet this evil that it is transmuted. An enemy then becomes a friend. But this work is for the most part shirked, and thrown into the great heap of the world's unbalanced accounts. The enemy becomes a greater enemy, and the one who added to his disorder, moves on to his next mistake.

Who has not done his part toward creating confusion and unrest?

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Is any soul guiltless? Age after age, incarnation after incarnation, have been cast into earth's atmosphere, thoughts of every kind that make for disintegration, for selfishness, for degradation and degeneracy. The mental air is poisoned with such stuff. We have acquired and bequeathed all down the centuries bodies permeated with disease. It is difficult in these days to find a really healthy body, which will last to its natural term. Doctors and officials were appalled during the late recruiting to discover the actual physical condition of the race. The poverty in this rich civilization is unbelievable. It is stated that seventy-five per cent. of the births in some cities in the United States are of indigent parents. It is not likely that a world average would give a better figure. The National Association for the study of epilepsy announced that there is one epileptic for every four hundred people in the United States. The numbers of prisons, and increasing and more debasing crimes, have been so often commented on that the mind grows callous to their significance. The New York City estimates of drug habitués have doubled in a period of months to 200,000. It is believed there are from one million five hundred thousand to five million addicts in this country. Only ten per cent. of cocain production is used legitimately. The remainder is corrupting for the most part boys and girls of from seventeen to twenty-two years.

It is difficult to realize one's personal responsibility for this state of things. In fact, without the teachings of the old Wisdom-Religion about life, it would be impossible. But when one knows of all the lives behind him right here on this globe, and knows that no one can live without exerting an influence on the trend of life; that the souls who are here now are the same that have been coming again and again; that heart-life is in a way common soil, absorbing mental deposits as water absorbs and spreads its ingredients; and when one adds to this the knowledge that all are every moment, willingly or unwillingly, consciously or otherwise, contributing their quotas to create the powerful controller of events, known as 'public feeling,' then we cannot escape the belief that we have a causal relation to present conditions. It may seem that if one lives quietly at home, taking no part in public activities, then the blame can be shifted upon the shoulders of those who do. But the old teaching shows that it is what one *is* that really shapes events, and national and race issues are in truth decided by the composite man, as world events by the composite nation.

There are always abundant evidences that things are going wrong. It does not need a great prophet to see that sooner or later some violent general disturbance must take place. It is the same in the physical body. Disease hints of its presence long before it becomes threatening. There are little ebullitions of the virus, and then a return of calm. They grow

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more frequent, more general, more various, for the life-forces work always for harmony. It is in the human body as in the great world. Slight manifestations first; the innocent disorder termed 'a cold' appears. Poisons are thrown off and relative health returns. Then perhaps more frequent colds, more serious conditions follow, which means that the organism is making more strenuous efforts to purify and re-establish health. The more vigorous the constitution, the more energetic will be the symptoms. The very weak will fade away with mild ones. There is no tide of health for them. The destroyers have the upper hand. For it is a fight between the builders and destroyers; illness meaning an arousing to action on the part of the former to rid the system of the poisons which have been allowed to gather there through the ignorance, mistakes, and sins of the ego who should have guarded against them. The final result each time depends upon which side comes out of the battle the stronger and the subsequent history depends upon which of the two is reinforced by the man who inhabits that body.

There are two ways of meeting disease, namely, taking it at an advantage, or disadvantage. Most people choose the latter. They follow their desires of a lower, selfish order, consider the immediate physical comfort of the first importance; or strain and overtax their forces with a reckless disregard for the future. Then perhaps comes one or more of the inevitable occurrences of life — an unusual exposure, an emotional strain, an extra push of work, perhaps a genuine injury to the body or one of those apparent conspiracies of circumstances to converge upon a single individual a host of minor misfortunes which block his efforts for relief at every step. Of course, more toxins accumulate, and the issue is forced for the constructive energies, which they must arouse themselves to meet, doing as well as they can under the circumstances. There is the natural illness, so to speak, which belongs to its cycle, but which may be forced out of time, and the emergency is then weighted with a burden of precious accumulations to such a degree that the result becomes problematical. We may call it unexpressed Karma, or latent disease or a feeble constitution. But there it is, in greater or less degree with most of the race units. Very few probably have any idea of what real health is.

The other way to meet disease is to so live and act and think that little by little the burdens of the past grow less. There will be no escaping of Karma, of course. Those old effects now become causes, will have to be endured as effects. But they can be worked off by degrees and at an advantage. One can begin to work with the Builders instead of with the Destroyers. In the natural growth toward health, and as gradually incidents which blur the picture are eliminated, these tides can be observed, which if met, co-operated with intelligently and philosophically,

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will gradually diminish as an expression of disease, and finally fade, if new mistakes are not constantly committed. They may then, no doubt, be felt as a wonderful influx of vigor, fresh joy, or clearer vision. Who can dream what the natural, unobstructed tide might be? Finally, for each life comes the great Regenerator, Death. But we interfere sadly with our lives if he comes before his time. Thus likewise in the larger world, normal tides bring joy. It is the Karma of the world which forces upheavals. There must be danger that these latter also may be precipitated out of season, like the bursting of a dam before the walls are ready, for Mr. Judge tells us somewhere that the Guides of evolution hold back the awful Karma of the world, till it can break with least disaster.

But history repeats these deluges, and what wonder? Nations always nursing hatreds of other nations, marching upon them like pirates and seizing their goods; governments glorifying this conduct, and calling it patriotism — such things have made up its pages as far back as our records reach. The marvel is that with the wrong that nations do to each other; with the injustices that individuals are guilty of toward each other; with the crimes that people commit against themselves; the wonder is that we have even so much of beauty and happiness as we have. It is a striking vindication of the Soul.

And so it has been that century after century, the evils seething in the heart of man have come to the surface and shown themselves for the ugly things they really are, in a most *disadvantageous* way. They have got beyond control and spread like a forest fire, because they were not met and conquered in the proper place, in the individual hearts. Warnings come like the rumblings of a volcano; there are little uprisings of the oppressed, then greater, and finally a tremendous bursting forth of the pent-up furies that have been created by man's selfishness. The French Revolution was inevitable since the abundant warnings extending over years were unheeded by those who should have heeded them, and since no change of heart could be effected in the nation. The final dissolution of all the nations that have gone down in disgrace was always preceded by signs of disease, periodical at first, then chronic, but it was not cured in the only way and place possible, namely, by new currents generated in the human heart. On the contrary, a persistence of the old habits of thought and feeling carried them, one and all, down to their doom. For all these things, if they exist, must be cast up when the Great Spirit of life begins to stir beneath the waters. The air must be purified. Humanity must be made to see itself. Following this, come the wonderful opportunities, the chances to start again in a new way. The rainbow of promise is in the sky, but its fulfilment depends upon ourselves alone.

It has been clear to many for a long time that this age was mortally

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sick. Carlyle wrote graphically of it many years ago. This Theosophical Movement was started in 1875, with a knowledge of what was to come, and for the purpose of calling the attention of the people to the remedy to be applied. William Q. Judge said in substance once that unless we could succeed in making Brotherhood an active force, we should see rivers of blood flowing in our cities. In *The Ocean of Theosophy* he quoted this from a great Teacher:

“*That* which

‘Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring,
Through ways unmarked, from guilt to punishment’

— which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations. The western Aryans had, every nation and tribe, like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron age, the *Kali-Yuga*, an age *black with horrors*. This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony, a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name.”

In another place, he himself says:

“This *Yuga* began about 3102 years before the Christian era, at the time of Krishna’s death. . . . The scientific men of today will have an opportunity of seeing whether the close of the five thousand year cycle will be preceded or followed by any convulsions or great changes, political, scientific, or physical, or all of these combined. . . .

“At the present time the cycle has almost run its course for this [*i. e.*, last] century. . . . [It is to be] hoped by the time the next tide begins to rise that the West will have gained some right knowledge of the true philosophy of Man and Nature, and be then ready to bear the lifting of the veil a little more.”

The great movement for Universal Brotherhood heralds something possible for this century which is beyond human imagination. The cycle now upon us offers an opportunity, colossal, supernal, overpowering in its glory. But nothing is made clearer than that the seizing of it depends upon the degree to which each one seizes upon his own nature, masters it, and turns its forces in the right channels. This is the keynote to the situation, which, if found and used, will transfigure human life, make it sound and beautiful as it should be, and bring a reign of peace and happiness to supplant this age of horrors.

One can avoid being lost in the confusion by reflecting on the Higher Law, and focusing the mind on the rich pure stream of divine energy which underlies all the abortive, deformed expressions marring the world’s life; by working with this deep, true, compassionate power, and becoming one of its channels to the surface. On one of her recent lecture-tours, Katherine Tingley said:

“It is a glorious work, and those who take part in it are indeed fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working with the tide of the world’s life working with them. They can afford to keep in their own hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty.”

JUSTICE

KENNETH MORRIS

WHEN I behold Justice enthroned, not blind,
But splendid-visioned, with clear eyes to see
The Truth that impotent iniquity
Assailed, distorted, lied against, maligned; —
When in this maze and welter of things, I find
A strong Voice brave to speak the Things that Be,
And from the official lips of equity
Hear tones to thrill the heart, kindle the mind,—
I am no more perforce constrained to think
The world quite decadent-hearted! I may sense
Some saving splendor quivering on the brink
Of things,— some hope,— some noble imminence;
I may believe that still the Human Soul
Holds that within shall make this sick world whole!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY”: SOME COMMENTS ON CHAPTER II

THIS chapter tells us in very clear and unmistakable terms what Theosophy is and what the Theosophical Society stands for. It shows us that no particular church or religious order or philosophical sect can comprise the whole of Theosophy or limit the doctrines of the WISDOM-RELIGION, which has been declared to be at once a scientific religion and a religious science. Ancient history is appealed to for proof that Theosophy has always been in the world and its principal demonstrators go back into the night of time. These are described as a great body of Helpers, and include in ancient times the King-Initiates of Egypt, Buddha, Confucius, and Jesus; whilst in more modern times their agents are recognised in such extraordinary characters as Count Saint-Germain, Jacob Boehme, Cagliostro, Paracelsus, and Mesmer.

Though the true doctrine may have disappeared from ordinary observation among men from time to time, it is bound to reappear because it is

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essential to man's imperishable spiritual nature, and also because this Lodge or body of Helpers for ever preserves it. The present effort to make it known in the world's history once more, is due to the determination of so many earnest students to reach *the truth*, and to the cyclic opportunity afforded at the present time.

The difference between Theosophy and Occultism (rightly so-called) is indicated. A Theosophist is one who may or may not be informed of the laws of Nature, but whose life is devoted to the practice of the loftiest moral ideal, who strives to realize his unity with the whole of mankind and works ceaselessly for others. A man may be a very good Theosophist whether *in* or *outside* the Theosophical Society, without being in any way an occultist. But there can be no true occultist who is not also a real Theosophist. The practice of Occultism without the sense of and belief in Theosophy leads to black magic — a condition absolutely disastrous to the highest welfare of the man himself and of mankind in general.

The difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism is also discussed in this chapter. Theosophical beliefs are founded upon the immortal *individuality* — the 'spiritual Self' in man, which is one and identical in essence with the Universal Spirit. Spiritualism as practised commonly today is described as simply transcendental materialism — a presentation of crude theories without any binding or supporting philosophy. While the phenomena of certain manifestations are admitted in Theosophy, the return to earth of the spirits of departed mortals is declared to be only possible in very rare and exceptional cases, and the conscious Individuality of such cannot materialize nor return from the mental devachanic sphere into which it has entered after being disembodied.

The reason why Theosophy is so readily accepted by some and yet by others is rejected with so much animosity, is explained as being due, in the first case, to (1) a reaction which has set in against the gross materialistic theories of the times; (2) the dissatisfaction felt with the artificial theology of the churches and various sects; (3) a perception that creeds which mutually contradict each other cannot be true; and (4) a conviction that there must be a philosophical system somewhere which is scientific and not merely speculative and that it may be found in ancient teachings that far antedate any modern faiths. The antagonism to Theosophy is due to (1) a hatred of innovation, the effect of selfishness which is essentially conservative and prefers an easy-going, unexacting *lie* to the greatest truth that may call for even the smallest sacrifice; (2) to the power of mental inertia which is great in respect of anything that does not promise immediate benefit and reward; and also (3) to the very limited number of people to whom an entirely unselfish code appeals. Truly, "the crown of the Innovator is a crown of thorns indeed."

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The purpose and objects of the Theosophical Society are set forth. It is shown that the Society consists of real Theosophists and lay members. The latter may be described as those members who have been drawn to the Society by one or another of its objects, but whose interest and activity in the membership have not been fully aroused and who are more bent on receiving the benefits and instruction to which they are entitled without becoming 'working members,' that is, seeking to be of real help and support in the work; they are spoken of as the drones of Theosophy. The others in their willingness to help and their readiness to understand, soon qualify themselves for admission into the 'Class in Theosophy,' or as it is called in this chapter, the Inner or Esoteric Section, in which the several members are linked together by close bonds and pledges of brotherhood and fellowship. Such pledges are very sacred and are life-long in their obligations, and even after members withdraw, as some do, from active fellowship, these pledges may not be discarded without dishonor.

The secret of the strength and influence of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is in that union and harmony which prevail among its members, and in the advantages they have of getting instruction in the genuine doctrines of the WISDOM-RELIGION. By their well-regulated, simultaneous efforts to make Theosophy a living power in their lives they 'produce wonders.' — HERBERT CROOKE

* * *

“MAN, KNOW THYSELF!”

CHAPTER II of *The Key to Theosophy* covers such a mass of all-important facts that it appears better to attempt to elucidate and emphasize one important passage, rather than to review the whole chapter.

The selected passage (page 30 of the Point Loma Edition) reads as follows:

“We assert that the divine spark in man being one and identical in its essence with the Universal Spirit, our 'spiritual Self' is practically omniscient, but that it cannot manifest its knowledge, owing to the impediments of matter. Now the more these impediments are removed . . . the more fully can the *inner* Self manifest on this plane.”

The divinity of man is the supreme teaching of Theosophy; on its realization as an actual fact depends the whole future of humanity and the overcoming of all the evils which now afflict mankind. But, note well, nothing less than an absolute realization of the fact that man is himself divine will effect his liberation and the liberation of the human race.

To all except students of Theosophy this supreme teaching is (amongst western peoples, especially) almost a dead letter. Students of Theosophy accept it, but many fail to realize it as an already accomplished fact. Studying, as we do, the detailed teachings of Theosophy, we learn of the

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seven principles of man (Âtmâ, Buddhi, Manas, and the rest). We learn of the 'souls' and the 'egos' in man; the animal soul, the human soul, the divine soul; the personal ego, the human ego, the divine ego. But this analysis too often leads to confusion of mind regarding the supreme fact. We cannot see the forest because of the trees. The 'principles,' the 'souls,' the 'egos,' and the rest, are, in truth, but aspects of the Self, the real 'I' in each of us. Writing on this point (*Studies in Occultism*) H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Those who would feel inclined to see three *Egos* in one man will show themselves unable to perceive the metaphysical meaning. Man is a trinity composed of Body, Soul, and Spirit; but *man* is nevertheless *one*. . . . The three 'Egos' are MAN in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual or psychic, and the Spiritual planes, or states."

In a passage of his *Notes on the Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, W. Q. Judge writes:

"Our consciousness is *one* and not many, nor different from other consciousnesses. It is not *waking consciousness* or *sleeping consciousness*, or any other but *consciousness itself*.

"Now that which I have called Consciousness is *Being*. The ancient division was: —

<i>Sat</i> , or Being;	}	These three together are called Sachchidânanda.
<i>Chit</i> , or Consciousness, Mind;		
<i>Ananda</i> , or Bliss.		

"But *Sat* — or Being — the first of the three, is itself both *Chit* and *Ânanda*. The appearing together in full harmony of Being and Consciousness is Bliss, or *Ânanda*. Hence that harmony is called *Sachchidânanda*.

"But the one consciousness of each person is the Witness or Spectator of the actions and experiences of every state we are in or pass through. It therefore follows that the waking condition of the mind is not separate consciousness.

"The one consciousness pierces up and down through all the states or planes of Being, and serves to uphold the memory — whether complete or incomplete — of each state's experience.

"Thus in waking life *Sat* experiences fully and knows. In dream state *Sat* again knows and sees what goes on there, while there may not be in the brain a complete memory of the waking state just quitted. In *Sushupti* beyond dream and yet on indefinitely, *Sat* still knows all that is done, or heard, or seen."

If we are to help humanity in any real sense, this realization of what we are (each of us) must be achieved *here and now*. H. P. Blavatsky says: "Every man is absolutely his own creator or destroyer"; and in another place she writes: "All nature lies open to you; take what you can."

Speaking of eternal life -- of the 'Self' — Krishna says, in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*:

"I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. . . . It is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter'; for it is without birth and meeteth not death; it is ancient, constant, and eternal."

Śankara writes in his Commentary on the *Vedânta-Sûtra*:

"The oneness of the Soul and the Self is already a fact, and not a thing that requires a further effort to bring it about; and therefore the recognition of the truth of the text '*That thou Art*' is sufficient to put an end to the personality of the Soul. . . . No sooner is the

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personality of the Soul denied than the whole empirical order of life disappears with it, to make up which the lower and plural manifestation of the Self falsely presents itself."

In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, we read:

"It is even a portion of myself which, having assumed life in this world of conditioned existence, draweth together the five senses and the mind in order that it may obtain a body and may leave it again. . . . Presiding over the eye, the ear, the touch, the taste, and the power of smelling, and also over the mind, he experienceth the objects of sense."

In *The Voice of the Silence*, we read:

"Have perseverance as one that doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike."

In *Light on the Path*, we read:

"Those who are the subjects of Time, and go slowly through all his spaces, live on through a long-drawn series of sensations, and suffer a constant mingling of pleasure and pain. They do not dare to take the snake of self in a steady grasp and conquer it, so becoming divine."

In an old Theosophical work it is said:

"The release from the chains of ordinary life can be obtained as easily during life as by death. It only needs a sufficiently profound conviction to enable the man to look on his body with the same emotions as he would look on the body of another man, or the bodies of a thousand men."

Katherine Tingley has said:

"The knowledge that we are divine, gives the power to overcome all obstacles and to dare to do right."

And in another place she says:

"Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating soul-existence."

And again she says:

"We cannot serve effectively, we cannot give the needed help to the discouraged and the despairing, until we have lifted ourselves, our mortal selves, into consonance with the divine part of us, the Christos spirit within."

In Manual XVII (written, as was the whole series of Manuals, under the inspiration and guidance of Katherine Tingley), the writer says:

"As long as we, as personalities, refuse to recognise, *in actual life and practice*, the basic Unity of that Flame whose *sparks* we are, we shall make no real progress. . . . Once it is understood that the overshadowing Monad, or 'Monads,' are one spiritual unity in their essential nature, and that an isolated selfish life is an illusion of matter, every act will become a noble creative force."

In Manual VI (page 28) the writer quotes:

"Why keep the mind revolving about the present petty personality and its good and evil fortunes? (*The Path*, Vol. V, p. 191)

"*In that last passage there is the key to the whole secret.* It is the continual harping on the small events affecting the egotistic personality that holds us back from our rightful entering into our birthright of knowledge. There is, behind what we call the personal self, the great

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impersonal 'individuality,' the real man, who is not bounded by the limits of the personality, which is but a temporary and partial phase or aspect of the Higher Ego, as we have to learn before we can make any progress. It is to the union with this overshadowing higher Being that all the limited personal lives of successive incarnations tend. The work of the present personality in each one of us is to blend itself with the Immortal, the Warrior."

We read in *Light on the Path*:

"Stand aside in the coming battle, and though thou fightest be not thou the warrior.

"Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee.

"Take his orders for battle and obey them.

". . . He is thyself."

Katherine Tingley says:

"Man to know *himself* must become a forceful expression of the Divine Life in inner thought and outer action."

"The mission of Theosophy is to bring to the human mind knowledge of man's essential divinity."

"The mission of Theosophy is to have you stand face to face with the serious facts of life and the serious problems that surround you; to sound the depths of your nature and find the Light. This you must do if you are to serve, and help lift the burdens of Humanity."

"To fulfil the law of our own being, we must know our own divinity, and thus hold ourselves self-centered, ever living in a higher state of consciousness. Thus, we may challenge man to righteousness; and there shall go out from us that force, unseen and indescribable, which shall check the ignorance of the age and stir the souls of men and lift them!

"Aye! In this state we could drag down the stars to earth, and make new worlds, kingdoms of heaven, verily!"

H. P. Blavatsky writes:

"Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live."

"The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire — the light of daring, burning in the heart."

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. . . . For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity."

W. Q. Judge wrote:

"Man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven."

In *Isis Unveiled* (II: pp. 597-8), H. P. Blavatsky quotes the following teaching of Pythagoras:

"The human spirit is so great a thing that no man can express it; as God Himself is eternal and unchangeable, so also is the mind of man. If we rightly understood its powers, nothing would be impossible to us on earth."

And in the same book (II: pp. 617-8), she quotes another teacher as saying:

"I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee*, thou wilt *never find it without thee*. . . . O MAN, KNOW THYSELF: IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES."

It would be possible to amplify these teachings almost endlessly by quoting from the world-scriptures, and the teachings of the divine Teach-

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ers of humanity, but the following extracts from the writings and speeches of our present Teacher, Katherine Tingley, must conclude this paper.

“Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will, to go forward? To them I call, and upon them is already the flush and the Light of the Victory beyond conception.”

“Oh! that every atom in my being were a thousand-pointed star to help men to see the divine everywhere, to know their limitless power, to feel while in the body the exhaustless joy of Real Life, to wake and live instead of dreaming the heavy dreams of this living death, to know themselves as at once part of and directors of Universal Law. This is your birthright of Wisdom and the hour of attainment is *now* if you will. Tarry no longer in the delusion of the ‘Hall of Learning.’ Feel, Know, and Do.”

“Comrades, difficult as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and all the storms, trials, and sorrows that we see now raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All that we have to do is to seize our opportunities, do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law, study and work, and love and serve.

“Let us no longer crucify the Christ in ourselves! Bid the Christos Spirit come forth and enter upon the noble work *now*, for the woes of humanity are great!

“Say ye not, all ye who love Humanity and seek its welfare: **IT SHALL BE DONE!**”

“Well do we know that our lower natures have too long kept the doors of the sanctuary closed, *and the light shut in*. Well do we know, because we have failed in doing our part, that the world cries out in pain and demands of us that we pay our debts, and that quickly, lest we be shut out for ages before like opportunities present themselves.”

“Oh! ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race.

“This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait till another age arrives before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours today, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand. Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men’s, abide with it in peace for evermore.”

“After the night is the day; after the darkness the dawn
RISE, O SUN!

Be you obedient unto me, hearing the words of my will!
I am Memnon! I am He that calleth upon the dawn!
No more am I moved or shaken;
I am eternally strong,
I whose will is the world,
I whose thoughts are the stars,
I whose servant the Sun;

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

I am Memnon! I am He that calleth upon the dawn!
I have lighted a beacon without, I have lighted a fire for the Sun!
I have remembered my servant the Sun I have arisen and sat on my throne.
I am Memnon that calleth upon the dawn!
PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

Thus the Theosophical Teachers of the nineteenth century are in accord with those of ancient days in forecasting a glorious future for man, awakened by Theosophy to a knowledge of his divinity.— H. A. H.

COMMENTS ON "THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY"

THEOSOPHY recognises the truth in all religions and undertakes to prove that the truth is one, although at different periods of evolution it appears in different garments to suit the need of the time and the races to which it is brought. In comparing the teachings of such great masters as Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus, we find that they all agree in the fundamental point of teaching unselfishness, duty, and self-sacrifice. These are the keys and the only means by which a man can attain perfection, which is the ultimate aim for his endeavors. But these teachings have been misinterpreted and mixed up with personal ideas and views as they were passed on during long epochs of time. A revival of the original truth, and the uprooting of false teachings, was needed when H. P. Blavatsky began her great work for humanity. It is due to her love and unflinching courage, that a new path to truth has been opened up to the western world. Her faithful successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, have successfully carried out her plans for spreading the teachings, and now it depends upon ourselves whether it is going to be merely a fine, theoretical system of thinking, or become a living power in practical life.

The body through which these three great helpers of humanity work, is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. One gains the greatest possible help by joining this Society; because it indicates the right way to study Theosophy and to apply the Theosophical principles in our daily life. Besides, by giving us an opportunity to take part in its manifold activities — all of which have for their object the uplifting of humanity — it helps us to become trained workers in the cause of Universal Brotherhood. In this way we can avoid mistakes which would naturally be made by those working without guidance.

There are many teachings, such as pseudo-theosophy and spiritualism, somewhat resembling Theosophy on the surface and confused with it by the ignorant, but the former condemns itself by admitting that it is without a moral code, and the latter practices experiments with powers against which *real* Theosophy is warning the public. The earnest seeker for truth will soon find that both these systems deal more with the material than the spiritual and that it is dangerous both for himself and humanity to dabble in psychism. Nobody knows how to use occult powers rightly before he has attained true self-knowledge. The study of oneself is necessary, because in man occult powers are latent. In order to gain such self-knowledge, one has to conquer one's lower nature and become *one* with one's Higher Self. Man has first to attain wisdom and learn the sacredness of duty and the importance of keeping a sacred pledge before he can safely use these powers.

Whenever humanity in losing sight of the path sinks more and more

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deeply into the quagmire of material life and its temptations, the Guardians of the race send messengers to help us to find the way out of our illusions. H. P. Blavatsky was such a messenger and she came just at the right moment to save us from imminent disaster. The great Brotherhood has sent others to our rescue before the time for her coming was ripe. Such men as Cagliostro, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, Saint-Germain, Mesmer, and others have had their missions to fulfil and some of them have been instruments in the hands of 'Those who know.' It is most inspiring to know that those great ones referred to are human beings like ourselves and that they have been able to attain great knowledge and wisdom by successfully going through the same trials that we are undergoing. Whenever we become downhearted, and see only difficulties, it gives us hope and new courage and inspiration to think of what *they* have achieved, as it is possible for us to follow in their footsteps and reach the same development.— G. L.

SONNET

H. T. PATTERSON

"The Pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost*
ere the first sound can fall upon his ear."

. . .

"SANS teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"
Oblivion, mere childishness; is this
The wretched recompense life's labors bring?
Is this the culmination? This the bliss (!) ?
"Mere childishness" is not the child-like state —
Far otherwise! The child is much alert;
His budding faculties do not abate
Vitality, but, seeking what's overt,

Take childhood into youth, then adult age.
The Pupil, like the infant child, should trust
The brooding mother-watchfulness, assuage
His sorrows on the mother-breast. He must
Accept the words of him of Galilee,
Christ's words, 'as little children come to me.'

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