THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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AMONG many ideas brought forward through the Theosophical Movement there are three which should never be lost sight of. Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause — in the sense of an enterprise — called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing.

The second idea is. that 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 the Father in Heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the great Helpers of Humanity — those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow — are living veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. Blavatsky so often said, *living men*. These Helpers as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

Let us not forget these three great ideas.— WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN LIFE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

'THE Sources of Power in Human Life' is the title of a paper by Evelyn Underhill in the *Hibbert Journal* for April, in which the writer remarks the cloud under which the civilized world is at present living. She compares the world to a neurotic man, laboring under an indefinable sickness, impotent, uncertain of aim, now seeking violent changes, now relapsing into apathy. But, for an improvement, we must first discover the nature of the disease. This the author finds, not in the social body but in the individuals composing it. These individuals "are not living with the whole of their lives." They have allowed one whole aspect of their being, and that the most important, to atrophy.

"We are in fact fitted for active correspondence with a wider, richer world, a more real order than that in which we suppose ourselves to dwell."

This third and most vital factor which we are starving the author speaks

of as the soul. "The soul's innate spiritual craving" is ignored. "We are being starved at the source." And another of her phrases is "a full and balanced life."

This has a familiar sound to Theosophists and all readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH; for the importance and the reality of Soul-life, and the importance of a culture that is full, even, and harmonious, are constant themes; as they are also in the writings and addresses of Katherine Tingley. This all shows how Theosophical ideas are leavening the thoughts of the world and influencing writers.

In every religion, continues the author, we see the soul seeking for its own life and for a new birth into the atmosphere of reality; and he thus finds the common factor in all religions — another frequent Theosophical topic. Here we must note specially what he quotes from Boehme:

> "'When I see a *right* man, there I see three worlds standing.' These three worlds are the 'dark' physical world of conflict and pain — mere nature, as it is when it is left to itself; the 'fire-world' of energetic creative life that inspires it; and the 'light-world' of spiritual energy, beauty, and truth."

Here students will recognise the three 'qualities' of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ: tamas*, darkness, heedlessness, sloth; *rajas*, passion, ambition; and *sattva*, light, purity. It is satisfactory to know that Boehme arrived at the same result; also that a Frenchman named Dr. Geley, whom the author cites, has lately declared that life has three elements: basal substance, vital dynamism, and psychic principle. The triad is an inevitable formula for defining things. It is composed of a duality and a unity. The duality is the alternation between energy and reaction in our conduct; the contrast between enthusiasm and indifference, which enables us to classify men into the doers and the mere existers, and to map out our own life into moods of aspiration and quiescence. This duality is seen in nature in the contrast between those two poles called force and inertia or mass and motion. But superior to this duality and constant change, we must recognise a unity that resolves the dissonance, a state of beatitude and attainment that knows no such extremes and is as far removed from restless ambition as from deadly inertia.

Mysticism, says our author, has as aim to introduce into our consciousness the third world; its aim is to arouse the spiritual principle. Other aspects of life are real too, but only a part of the whole reality. We must not withdraw from the stream of ordinary life, *we must plunge more deeply into it* — understand it more fully. Another eminently Theosophical teaching.

To continue with our quotations. The effort to attain a spiritual life is the first step in social reform; in place of theological dogmas we need the conviction of the mystics — that there is a life possible of realization

here and now, which can "transform the furnace of the world into a garden of flowers."

Feeling that we cannot rest satisfied with a mere diagnosis, the writer passes on to prescription. First, instead of trying to restore the past, we must adapt our aims to existing conditions — to the world as changed by modern developments. We must have *vision;* we must form a conception of what is meant by the "kingdom of heaven," which, for the early Christians, meant a state attainable on earth. "Knock, and it shall be opened to you," she calls a scientific statement. From vision we must proceed to *discipline.* We must turn our energies upward. Boehme is quoted again, to the effect that the art of living is to "harness our fiery energies to the service of the light." This teaching of Boehme's will be familiar to Theosophists as that which tells us that strong aspiration is the only force that can lift us; and that this strong aspiration is the will freed from the attraction of selfish desires.

Finally Miss Underhill suggests the formation of groups, analagous to those of the early Christians, for community in the spiritual life.

"Psychologists tell us that as members of a flock or crowd our sensitiveness to the impressions of our fellow-members, our 'collective suggestibility,' is enormously increased. This law, of which all religious bodies take full advantage, holds good even on the highest levels of spiritual life. Therefore, since most of us are weaklings, if we wish to further our latent capacity for that life, we should draw together; obtaining from our incorporation the herd-advantages of corporate enthusiasm, unity of aim, mutual protection, and forming a nucleus to which others can adhere."

Our review of this article has been extremely brief, but we trust that, though passing over the details, we have done justice to the essentials. The dangers of the group-idea will be obvious to many minds; indeed they are indicated in the very words, 'herd,' 'suggestibility,' used by the author. One knows only too well what bodies of people under strong religious influence may do. Unfortunately, the lower impulses in man also derive advantage from the power of union and numbers. This acts both psychically and mentally; psychically by contagion, and mentally by suggestion and the force of imitation. What one person alone would not do, he will do when he sees others doing it. The phenomena of crowd-psychology, the magical work of a spell-binder upon a body of emotional people, in producing alleged repentance and conversion — such happenings are familiar. The group-mind is apt to be of a lower order than individual minds composing it. One fails to see in the groups suggested any power or quality sufficient to prevent them from acting like other groups or societies, splitting up into factions, degenerating.

People communing with their higher nature, striving towards higher ideals, actually do form a union on the higher plane; but they are not aware of it in their ordinary mentality. If the ordinary mentality could

get in, it would interfere and spoil the result. To form and maintain a useful union of people outwardly and consciously is the work of a very superior character — a real Leader and Teacher. The writer seems to have overlooked the fact that all organizations must have heads. The groups of early Christians may have kept sound so long as they were small and full of devotion; but they soon split on the rock of leadership and organization. The attempt to form unions in this artificial way, guided by ordinary human 'wisdom,' would result in coteries, cults, and sects, with all their usual accompaniments of rancor.

We do not hear of Socrates forming any groups; yet his personal influence was colossal and is still felt. We do not hear of Jesus forming any body; he had a small group of immediate disciples, that was all. It was after he was gone that the churches began to be formed, and there were enough different kinds of them in all conscience! Lincoln is far greater than any Lincoln society could be; Browning would not have much use for Browning societies. We must do the writer the justice to admit that she does emphasize the value of individual culture; and so do we. We believe that the wisdom of the ordinary mind is not adequate to the formation of groups; and that there is actually a communion between the higher selves of people who are all working towards the Light. But this union has to remain unknown to the lower mind, for the lower mind would interfere and ruin it. By individual self-culture we may so purify our natures as to rise to a consciousness of this spiritual communion; but we must always beware of the dangers of self-delusion. It would seem, then, that those whose intuition shows them the real path should silently work towards the realization in conduct of their ideals; and, as for influence, they will find that increasing to the extent of their heart's desire, in proportion as their own real worthiness grows.

As to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, it has always had consummate Leadership.

It is extremely gratifying to see the way in which ideas so long cherished and promulgated by the Theosophical Society are gaining ground. It is indeed a far cry from the self-satisfaction of last century to the self-examination of this. If the sense of the importance of higher values in life continues to grow at this rate, it will not be long before people will gravitate together in unions natural and not forced; and this is the true way of uniting.

The kingdom of heaven may be nearer to some people than they imagine; for surely a man may enter its portals by a mere act of thought. The contemplation of his life, with its unworthiness and littleness — such contemplation places him at once outside of it, in a measure. Such initiations take place continually in us; and at any time we may gain

sufficient conviction to carry us beyond the life of ordinary ideals and to set our footsteps at the beginning of a path leading to regions where other ideals prevail. Rather than attempt the formation of new societies, to add to the already overwhelming number, it may be that we should each strive to win entrance to some actually existing state. By rising to the spiritual life we shall avoid the risks attaching to an attempt to bring it down to our own level. The path to liberation from self and delusion lies open before every man; but the snares are many. Safety lies in purity of motive, which protects the aspirant against ambition and vanity.

WILD ICE-PLANT GLADE

KENNETH MORRIS

OVER this floor of jewel-green,
Most private to the pines and skies,
The Fairies' Envoys pass, unseen
By any eyes but fairy eyes.

They are the secret beauty and grace
That thrill this sparkling sunlight through,
And this green-silver velvet space
Of ice-plant, and the o'er-arching blue.

I see them not, but have of them
The sapphire glow, the beryl sheen,
The sense that Earth is mostly a flame
Remote, elixiral, serene.

They see not me, but have from me,
What? — blown through their drifting winging
Some human heart-hope,— that maybe
Can thrill them like a Seraph singing.

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WHAT IS THE MEASURE OF MAN?

R. MACHELL

BY what shall a man be measured, who himself is the measure of all that exists? By which of his deeds or his attributes? By which of his virtues or vices? Shall we measure him by his success in acquiring goods for himself; by his wealth or his fame? Shall we praise his ambition; or count him as great by reason of self-abnegation? Shall we say that his works are his measure, "for a tree is known by its fruit"; or shall we take note of his aims and esteem him superior because of his high aspirations? By what shall we measure a man, we who are human ourselves?

All things on the earth are measured by man with standards of measurement based on the body and mind of a man. An object is great or is small with reference to a man's body: it is conscious or unconscious by comparison with man's mind and emotions. It is near or far off in proportion to his power to grasp it or see it or hear it or taste it or smell it. The measure of distance is based on the size of a man's own body or on the average size of the men of his race, and by the time it requires for his body to travel the distance. Our inches and feet and our yards and cubits are all based on the size of some part of the body or motion of limbs. There are few standards of measurement that have not originally some reference to the human body. Man is the standard of measurement to man for all that exists. But what is the measure of man?

What is a man? and who is to measure his greatness? or who shall despise him and call him a worm of the earth? What God or what giant is he who shall say that a man is a mere speck of dust? Is it man who belittles himself, in his pride, speaking scorn of mankind? Is man then so great he can tower on high and look down from the summit of his own self-esteem on the rest of his fellows and count them as naught? Or will he grovel in self-contempt and speak scorn of himself? By what does he measure his worth if not by the measure of man? And how shall he count himself worthless if he knows of no standard of worth that is human?

The thing that is measured cannot be the measure. Yet MAN is the measure of man — and there is the mystery. What is a man? By what shall we measure a man? Few men are so vain as to think themselves perfect and there must be few who would venture to think that they know what perfection would be in a man. And yet we presume to measure

each other and to judge and condemn or admire and praise. By what standard of measurement then are we guided?

To judge by the fame or ill-fame meted out to the leaders of men we must think that the standards of human perfection are strangely at variance one with another. So much so that sometimes it seems as if each one of the judges has a type of perfection for his own particular use adapted to the requirements of his own temperamental peculiarities, a kind of perfection that can be modified so as not to press too hard on the tender places of the owner's personal character. But however elastic the standard of perfection may be it evidently exists as an ideal in the minds of those who do judge and condemn or praise their fellows and themselves. Man cannot revile mankind without implying the existence of perfected man in reference to whose perfection the ordinary man may be considered vile. Is man then graded down from perfection to abortion, from the divine to the demoniac?

To judge by the eulogies lavished on some and the vilification of other individuals, or sometimes of the same, we must believe that such is the generally accepted belief. The misfortune lies in the fact that so few of these estimates are at all sincere. Men seldom believe in the perfectibility of man on the one hand or realize the depth of his degradation on the other. The standards by which man may be measured have been corrupted or debased, because Theosophy has been so long banished from the civilization of the white races.

The world has forgotten what kind of a being is man the divine, man the ideal, the god-man. The occidental races have lost their ideals, they have forgotten the Gods, and have no longer a standard of worth by which they can measure a man. It may be that in the enthusiasm of religious fanaticism they set their man-god so high and man the worshiper so low that the gulf between them could not be spanned and so the extremes parted company and there now remains but an impossible god floating in a haze of emotion above, and below an animal man trying to imagine himself sufficient unto himself. The link was broken, and man on earth has no relation to God in heaven. The one cannot be the measure of the other, being essentially different. To such a pass the thought of the world had come with the spread of materialism.

Then came H. P. Blavatsky and reminded the world that Theosophy was not extinct even if it was for a time forgotten: and she reminded mankind of its divine origin and of its essentially spiritual nature. She told of the complex nature of man and of the various lines of evolution along which the different elements of this complex being had been traveling since the commencement of man's appearance on this globe. She showed that the progress of evolution was in the direction of the perfected

man and thus taught us that the measure of man's development is the measure of his realization of his own inherent divinity, by which alone he can come to perfection.

The gods of past races have sometimes been pure spirits; at other times they were elemental demons; powers of light or powers of darkness, according to the state of evolution or of retrogression, of elevation or of degradation, of the people who did homage to such deities.

In times of spiritual enlightenment men distinguished between these minor gods and the great spirits whom they regarded as perfected men, god-men, not gods degraded to the level of men, but men evolved to oneness with the divine ideal, men conscious of the unity of the universe and of the brotherhood of man.

It was such beings as these that were then the standards by which a man measured the standing of men and by which he was measured in turn. How far had he gone on the path of enlightenment? Did he feel in his heart the fire of the gods and divine compassion for men? Was he worthy to stand as a Leader of men and able to sit in the company of the gods? How far had he gone on the path of perfection? How much of a man was he?

There have been rises and falls in the past in the story of man's evolution. The record of civilization is one of extremes as well as of gradual growth. There have been times when the great ones incarnate on earth were known for what they were truly, men far in advance of their fellows who came back to teach to the younger generations the path by which they had climbed from the shadows of ignorance up to the region of light, where the nature of man is made clear and the purpose of life is revealed.

Then there were dark ages when the great souls could not find an opening in the clouds through which to pass: and the races and nations sank back into ignorance of all that makes life beautiful. It seems that the day and the night have their reflexion in the long years of human history and that the golden age and the iron age, the time of true civilization and the days of darkness and degradation, succeed one another with the same regularity that marks the return of the seasons.

So Theosophy was lost for a time periodically and in due course was re-found, for its light never dies from the earth, nor is all the earth dark at any time permanently. It may be that the phenomenon of the eclipse of the sun is also repeated in the history of civilization and then there would be a period of extreme darkness and degradation over the whole earth. The light of the sun may be hidden but it does not go out till the cycle of life of the whole solar system is run. Nor is Theosophy lost to mankind for more than a measurable period and even then not entirely concealed. The teachings of man's complex nature, and of his divine origin, and of his ultimate perfectibility through experience, are never

wholly lost from among the races of men however hidden and obscured. And so the true standards of measurement for man are not wholly destroyed however perverted and debased they may have become.

In the dark ages men measure the greatness of man by his wealth, counting wealth as possession of gold and the things that gold buys. But at other times the conception of wealth is possession of treasures of wisdom and intellect, knowledge, and science, and art. And then comes an age when greatness is measured by what a man IS, and not counted in terms of possession at all. But such times are only when civilization is highest or lowest, when at the height of enlightenment men can perceive in the great ones the light of the soul shining out through the body of flesh: or again when the race has declined and become as the barbarous tribes who respect nothing but physical strength and the cunning that still is superior to animal instinct, being human even then in the hour of its deep degradation. For man cannot cease to be man. But there is a wide range from the highest known man to the lowest, and between the highest of men on the earth to the perfect man is perhaps a gap even wider and harder to span. But the ideal of man revealed in Theosophy is a being high above the miserable gods that were worshiped by degraded humanity in its dark ages.

It has been said that man makes his gods in his own image, and certainly the study of comparative religions will show that past races have attributed to their gods the qualities that they themselves most valued. So that we might well say that their gods were the measure of their ideal men.

But in this age and in our present civilization the gods play no part. Monotheistic religions have put their deity out of reach of man with an impassable gulf betwixt them. And so we may see the god credited with such attributes as hate, anger, revenge, and jealousy, while men pretend to cultivate love and gentleness, forgiveness and self-denial, as the highest virtues. It is evident that such men cannot aspire to become such gods, and it is hard to reconcile their conception of their god with their ideal of humanity. How then can they measure a man? How do they measure man, if not by his wealth, by his power to gratify greed, or his passion for power? Do not the masses respect the men who show little compassion for men, but skill in exploiting the follies of others, and power to rule without scruple? Is not success accepted as the test of merit and the seal of authority without regard to honor or truth, or the good of the world, or the progress of man to a higher level of spiritual enlightenment? What is the test of success? Is it the attainment of a desired object, the accomplishment of some endeavor alone? Certainly this must be counted success. Thus a criminal who gets away with his plunder and escapes

detection must be counted a successful criminal: but is he to be esteemed as a successful man? Is success of such a kind admirable? The answer must depend upon the standard by which we measure success: for if progress toward perfection is the aim of evolution and if criminality is a digression from the path, as seems probable, then a successful criminal would be a failure of a man: his progress in successful crime would be retrogression on the path of human evolution.

The measure of a man's success in life must be the standard or ideal of what a man should be. That which is most desirable for man then must be progress towards perfection, towards a complete realization of man's latent possibilities. The criminal whether he be successful or unsuccessful is off the track of progress or is trying to travel backwards.

It is often said that the majority of mankind have no purpose in life except to live. But if they have no well-defined aim yet surely they all have unsatisfied desires which collectively may be considered as a craving for happiness of some kind. This in itself is an object to be continually striven after, or longed for, if never attained.

The pursuit of happiness leads to the struggle for wealth, power, and fame, as being supposedly necessary to happiness. It leads to the devising of get-rich-quick schemes, and necessarily also to criminality, as the supposedly direct route to the desired end. This kind of happiness is merely personal self-indulgence and is not happiness at all in reality. It is a delusion: and this path of human endeavor is against the tide of human evolution; it is a backward move, and success in such attempts means failure in real human progress. Most people learn this lesson if they live long enough and if they have intelligence enough to learn by experience. But many and many a respectable citizen is following this delusive path to certain ruin, which is most certain to the one who seems most successful.

What then is the test of success? The only test we can apply is that of our highest conception of man in his perfection. These ideals must vary with the stage of evolution that each one has attained. And yet they all must be drawn from the one source of human consciousness in its entirety; for men are not ultimately separate.

The great delusion of the dark ages is what has been well called the heresy of separateness. The coming on of the dark age is marked by disintegration and an intensification of selfishness. The law of the lower world gains credit and men cry 'Each for himself,' in the general scramble for the prizes they most desire.

This is what happens in the body when the soul passes out. The particles of the body become intensely active as separators and the body as a whole disintegrates, ceasing to be of any value as a man and soon

becoming a danger to living men by reason of its corruption, though there may be great activity among the countless cells that composed the once living body now called dead.

The selfish ideal 'Each for himself' is opposed to the law of life in the human kingdom, and when it becomes the guiding principle in the life of the people the fall of that civilization has begun, and an age of barbarism is at hand.

The most essential fact in human society is the law of brotherhood which is a living principle in human life and not a mere theory or a vague ideal.

The laws of nature are different from the laws of man: the former are the natural expression of forces, or tendencies, inherent in creatures or things: while the latter are rules of conduct imposed arbitrarily by men upon their fellows. Natural laws act spontaneously according to the nature of things: human laws attempt to control the acts of men according to the ideas of other men. The theories formulated by scientists as to the action of natural forces are not laws but merely attempts to formulate rules in accordance with some part of those laws.

So when it is said that brotherhood is a law, or a fact, in nature, it is meant that the principle of brotherhood or of mutual interdependence is inherent in nature.

Theosophy teaches the spiritual unity of the Universe, and the brotherhood of man springs naturally from the spiritual origin of the human race. When selfishness became the rule of human life the true law of life was disregarded and human society was disintegrated by the spread of the great passion for self-aggrandisement. So when we would measure the value of a man's life and work we might do well to consider how far his activities tended to re-establish on earth the spiritual ideal of universal brotherhood.

There are many profound thinkers who maintain that a man's first duty is to attend to his own spiritual evolution, but they are in danger of forgetting that a man is not spiritually separate from his fellows and can make but very little progress if he cuts himself off from his responsibilities to the human race. Some think that knowledge is the only thing to live for: but we read in the ancient 'Book of the Golden Precepts' that "even ignorance is better than head-learning with no soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

The measure of man is not merely intellectual. The perfect man is sevenfold, and the three higher principles are purely spiritual. There may be more important powers in man than the power to acquire knowledge. I think that sympathy is one. By sympathy I do not mean sentiment and surely not sentimentality which is mere self-indulgence

in a pleasing emotion: but the power to forget one's own personality and to feel with others. "Compassion is the Law of laws" we are told; "compassion is no attribute."

Compassion is a great power, an enormous power, for it means the merging of the individual consciousness in the general consciousness of others, which when perfected would make the individual coequal with the universal. "Compassion is the Law of laws."

The first step in that direction may be the awakening of the power of sympathy in the heart; for this power is necessary to the exercise of true understanding, without which knowledge is a dead thing. Knowledge is the fruit of experience and fruit is food; but it must be eaten to become a source of life: the eating of this fruit is the process of understanding, which converts knowledge into power; and understanding is dependent upon sympathy which is the human aspect of the divine power of compassion, that "Law of laws."

It would seem then that the measure of man is the degree to which he has evolved his power of compassion. For if compassion is the keynote of his spiritual nature the absence of it would indicate that he is still unevolved, still undeveloped, still only potentially man. Man the animal has no use for compassion and knows nothing of the power of sympathy. He is at best but a barbarian, however much wealth or knowledge he may have accumulated. He is in fact not yet fully human: he has not yet awakened to the realization of his inherent divinity which is the seal of his manhood. He is not worthy to be called man in the full sense of the word.

In Theosophy man holds a high place: but that man who is sometimes alluded to as being the mind of the universe is humanity at its highest. And in the Theosophic scheme of evolution it is evident that there are on the earth races of men that are in very different stages of their development. This of course is recognised by every man of ordinary intelligence and education: but the ordinary man is apt to imagine that he is at the apex or very near it, while all the other races and most of his fellows are below him in the scale of evolution. Whereas if he had begun to rise out of the state of what one might call potential man he would realize that there must be human beings at least as much superior to himself as he is to the most degraded of mortals.

Realizing this he will begin to understand that there may be in the world men of the most advanced type who are qualified to lead and to teach; who are not gods to be worshiped but elder brothers of humanity to be imitated in their devotion to the interests of the human family. Understanding then his own shortcomings he will be less arrogant to those who are still further from the degree of enlightenment desired and ulti-

mately attainable by all. For with enlightenment comes also understanding of the great mystery of brotherhood.

"Compassion is no attribute: it is the Law of laws," and brotherhood is no sentiment: it is a fact in nature.

This then is the answer to the question: "What is the measure of man?" The test of his manhood is seen in his power of compassion. The ultimate measure of man is brotherhood put into practise.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

HAVING seen recently a review of some books on Sûfism, one gets a fair general idea of what it is; and though one's information comes through the reviewer, one sees behind him and detects points which he has failed to understand. The Supreme is often defined by the trinity of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty; and to the first of these we might assign such books as the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ;* to the second, the Hindû philosophical treatises; while Sûfism seems to regard the Supreme under the aspect of Beauty, with which word are associated Love and Poetry.

But this implies no short cut, no easier path. For we find the same self-abnegation, the same patient endurance of all fortunes, the same valiant self-conquest, as in all the other ways to attainment. It is stated often and emphatically that there is in man a certain quality variously translated as 'separate personality,' 'egoism,' etc., which is clearly the Sanskrit *ahamkâra,* the quality which produces in man the notion of being a separate personality, apart from others; and that this quality is incompatible with the enjoyment of bliss. One of the Sûfi poets describes how he lost himself and dwindled to utter nothingness, and lo, he found he was the All. Yet the abandonment of this quality of separate personality does not imply the loss of another quality which we will call Individuality. This, however, the reviewer does not see, and so accuses the poet of inconsistency. The reviewer is not familiar with the distinction drawn in such philosophies between personality and Individuality — familiar to students of Theosophy.

The prospect of having to relinquish personality in order to enjoy bliss, strikes some people with repugnance, naturally enough; yet it is clear that such must be the case. The personality is actually the source of a chain of feelings inimical to happinesss. We may have had dreams

by night wherein we enjoyed for the time perfect happiness; and felt, on waking and reviewing those experiences, that the sole condition of their possibility was the temporary absence of all self-consciousness. Nay, it was very likely the unwelcome intrusion of self-consciousness that brought the dream to an end. No such experience, we know, would be possible in our waking state: the inevitable thought, 'how happy I am,' would instantly destroy the bliss.

This seems to prove the truth of the saying that personality is incompatible with bliss and that its abandonment is a condition of the desired attainment. The practical question is how to still this intrusive importunate destructive voice without having to resort to the uncertain narcotization of sleep for rare and fleeting experiences of unalloyed happiness. Is it possible in normal waking life to rid oneself of the self-consciousness, vanity, fear, anxiety, etc., which destroy all satisfaction, save in the briefest moments of complete absorption in things external to our own mind, when we are for a moment conscious objectively but not self-conscious?

This shows that all the great philosophies which teach roads to attainment are not arbitrary, not severe, but merely heartfelt and kindly endeavors to smooth the path for wistful aspirants. The difficulties which loom are those of the path itself, not artificial barriers erected by the teacher. But the goal is worthy the effort; nay, can we ever still the longing of our own Soul to reach that goal, be the difficulties what they may? And will not the very difficulties bring forth the choicest gifts of the Soul: valor, endurance, dauntlessness? Are not these difficulties needed for such a result?

It is the reading of literary reviews, too, that has brought to notice another difficulty experienced by many critics: namely that, in writing on art, they seem at a loss where to place, or how to classify, aesthetic appreciation. Is it a thing apart from actual life? What relation, if any, has it to conduct? What is its relation to religion, to philosophy? Views various and vague one meets on this question. But our trinity of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty may supply an answer, in the suggestion that aesthetic appreciation comes under the third head and is therefore an essential part of life, being exactly one-third thereof.

We see also that Beauty cannot be realized short of the usual exacting conditions that call for valor and self-denial; that the elements imported into our consciousness by the sense of personality are fatal to the realization of Beauty, as they are to the perception of Truth, or the achievement of Goodness; and that our failures to seize the fleeting presence, to capture the jealous Goddess, are due solely to our failure to observe the conditions, and to the fact that she will not submit to be captured.

The word 'Love,' too, implies something that is customarily found alloyed with much dross, which is all too often the only thing that remains in our hands after we have grasped the alloy and suffered the pure metal to escape us. In Love there is sometimes much that is base and needs to be purged; and at best there is that which should be regarded as stepping-stones. Be it the task of the lover to retain what is true and pure, advancing from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, until, personalism left behind, he achieves the true realization.

There are so many philosophies in the world, that people are often led to suppose that there is no knowledge of the truth among men, but only doubt and speculation. But a closer study shows that these philosophies are essentially the same, that there is one main road to knowledge and liberation, and that it has been known to a few in all ages and every land. *Opinions* are numerous and various as the minds and characters of men; the guises under which truth is presented vary with the needs and aptitudes of the times. But in proportion as opinion yields to knowledge, and in proportion as we probe beneath the outer forms to the spirit within, so do we approach to uniformity everywhere. Whether it is the Vedânta or the Yoga philosophy of India, or the Tao philosophy of China, or this Persian Sûfism, always the main path to knowledge and freedom is the same; for human nature remains the same, and what is this path but a fulfilment of the destiny and evolution of man? Thou shalt study thine own nature and accomplish therein the alchemy that separates the gold from the dross; and whether thou pursuest truth or goodness or beauty — whatever thou mayst call the object of thy quest — to the same goal shalt thou tend; for these several are but the names whereby we try to conceive the one supreme.

It is desire that impels us forward; for desire contains a spark of the universal energy. Desire is misdirected; it coalesces with a thousand images of the imagination, whereby a sort of act of procreation takes place and man engenders for himself threads of destiny. We are surrounded by the fate we have created with our past desires, and in our ignorance we blame all sorts of supernal powers for this. Let us try to understand that man is gifted with freewill and the power of choice; wherefore any power that might be supposed to govern him must necessarily leave his freewill unfettered or else destroy what is essential in human nature. Let us also bear in mind that the same faculties which have led man into difficulties can also extricate him; for, as he has created his present, so can he create his future. By fixing his desires on impersonal objects, he can escape the web spun around him by personal desires. This is the gist of all the great practical philosophies of life.

"By his origin and destiny man belongs to an order of things which is

above and beyond the earth," says Curtius the historian of Greece, in writing on Plato. Theosophy, in its interpretation of history and mythical allegory, shows that Teachers have in all ages visited mankind in order to keep men in remembrance of their divine origin and destiny. These teachers and their disciples have instituted schools of the Mysteries, wherein were taught the real laws of life and the path to knowledge was shown. Such teachings are ever liable to subsequent degradation, a fact which is expressed in many of the mythical allegories; as, for instance, where Orpheus is slain by frenzied Bacchanals, and his consort Eurydice is torn to pieces by sensual monsters. How this allegory was illustrated in history we all know by the degradation of Dionysiac or Bacchic worship, and its association with debauchery. Dionysus or Bacchus is originally a divine Teacher of the true path to knowledge and liberation, but the sensual passions of men degraded his name and his mysteries to mere profligacy. Thus it is easy to understand how teachings upholding the quest of Love and Beauty can be corrupted into mere hedonism. But whenever we probe to the origin of such teachings we always find that the rule 'discipline must precede knowledge' is scrupulously insisted on. No Teacher who should neglect to insist on that rule would be faithful to his mission, for there can be no more essential condition for the attainment of what is worth attaining. All around us we see the heaven-born fire of genius perverted and prematurely quenched by its association with a weak physique and an unstable character. Truth does not force herself upon us, but has to be won, for "none but the brave deserves the fair."

"IF we had money we would found schools which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and, more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties, and latent capacities. We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We would aim at creating *free* men and women — free intellectually, free morally; unprejudiced in all respects and above all things, *unselfish*. And we believe that much, if not all, of this could be obtained by *proper and truly Theosophical* education."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 266-7

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

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

XXVII — THE IRISH ILLUMINATION

WE put 420 for a date to the Southern Renaissance in China, and 410 to the age that became Arthurian in Wales. The next thing in China is 527, and the coming of Bodhidharma; the next thing in Celtdom is 520, and the coming of Findian.

He was an Irishman, and had been studying in Wales; where, certainly, there was great activity in churchly circles in those days. Get a map of that country, and note all the place-names beginning with *Llan*,— and you will see. There are countless thousands of them. 'Llan' means 'the holy place of,' and the rest of the name will be that of the saint who taught or preached there: of whom, I believe, only David appears in the Catholic calendar. They were most of them active in the fifth and sixth centuries.

Findian, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, had come under the influence of three of the foremost of them: David, Gildas, and Catwg the Wise: who were perhaps great men, if we may judge by the results of their teaching, as Findian transmitted it to those that came after him. We have seen that Patrick opened no kind of golden age in Ireland, gave no impulse to civilization or letters. The church he founded had fallen on rather evil days since his death; and now Findian came to reform things in the light of what he had learned in Wales. He began by founding at Clonard a monastery on the Welsh plan. That was some twenty-two years before Geoffrey's date for the passing of Arthur. By the time Camlan had been fought, and the Crest-Wave had left Wales, Findian had made a channel through which it might flow into Ireland, and in the five-forties the Irish illumination began.

We must say a word or two as to the kind of institution he founded. There were several of them in Wales,— to be called colleges, or even universities, as rightly as monasteries: — one at Bangor in the north; two or three in Glamorgan; one at Saint Davids. Students flocked to them by the thousands; there was strict discipline, the ascetic life,— and also serious study, religious and secular. It was all beautifully simple: each student lived in his own hut,

"of clay and wattles made,"

or, where stone might be plentiful, as it is in most parts of Wales, of stone. Like a military camp, the whole place would be surrounded with fosse and vallum. They grew their own corn and vegetables, milked their own cows, fished in the streams, and supported themselves. The sky roofed their lecture-halls; of which the walls, if there were any, were the trees and the mountains. But these places were real centers of learning, the best there were in Europe in those days; and you needed not to be a monk to attend them.

In Wales the strain of the Saxon wars kept them from their full fruition. Celtic warfare was governed by a certain code: thus, you went to war only at such and such a time of the year; invaded your neighbor's territory only through such and such a stretch of his frontier; and no one need trouble to guard more than the recognised doorway of his realm. Above all, you never took an army through church lands. So through all the wars the Britons might be waging among themselves to keep their hands in, the monastery-colleges remained islands of peace, on friendly terms with all the combatants. But Wales, with no natural frontier, lay very open to invaders who knew no respect for religion or learning. Twelve hundred of the student-monks of Bangor, for example, were slaughtered in 613 by the Saxon Ethelfrith; — whereafter the rest fled to Bardsey Island in Cardigan Bay, and the great college at Bangor ceased to be.

Augustine of Canterbury, sent by the Pope to convert the English, had summoned the Welsh bishops to a conference, and ordered them to come under his sway and conform to Rome. They hardly knew why, but disliked the idea. Outwardly, their divergence from Catholicism was altogether trivial: they had their own way of shaving their heads for the tonsure, and their own times for celebrating Easter,— though truly, these *are* the kind of things over which you fight religious wars. However, it was not these details that worried them so much; but an uneasy sense they derived, perhaps, from the tone of Augustine's summons. The story runs that they took counsel among themselves, and agreed that if he were a man sent from God, they would find him humble-minded and mannered; whereof the sign should be, that he would rise to greet them when they entered. But Augustine had other ideas; and as the ambassador of the Vicar of Christ, rose to greet no man. So still, not quite knowing why, they would have no dealings with him; and went their ways after refusing to assimilate their Church of the Circled Cross to his of the Cross Uncircled; — whereupon he, to teach them a sound lesson, impelled the Saxon kings to war. Fair play to him, he was dead before that war brought about the massacre of the monks of Bangor,-- who had marched to Chester to pray for the Briton arms.

But when Finḍian went back to Ireland he found no such difficulties

in his way. Not till two hundred and seventy-five years later was that island disturbed by foreign invaders; and whatever domestic Kilkenny Cattery might be going forward, the colleges were respected. His school at Clonard quickly grew* till its students numbered three thousand; and in the forties, he sent out twelve of the chief of them to found other such schools throughout the island. Then the great age began; and for the next couple of thirteen-decade periods Ireland was a really brilliant center of light and learning. Not by any means merely, or even chiefly, in theology; there was a wonderful quickening of mental energies, a real illumination. The age became, as we have seen, a sort of literary clearing-house for the whole Irish past. If the surviving known Gaelic manuscripts were printed, they would fill nearly fifty thousand quarto volumes, with matter that mostly comes from before the year 800,— and which is still not only interesting, but fascinating.

The truth is, we seem to have in it the relics and wreckage of the literary output of a whole foregone manvantara, or perhaps several. For in the vast mass of epics and romances that comes down, one distinguishes three main cycles: the *Mythological*, the *Red Branch*, and the *Fenian*. The first deals with the Five Races that invaded or colonized Ireland: Partholanians, Nemedians, Firbolgs, Gods, and Irish; — in all of it I suspect the faint memories and *membra disjecta* of old, old manvantaras: indeed, the summing up of the history of created man. You will have noted that the number of the races, as in Theosophic teaching, is five. M. de Jubainville points out that the creation of the world, or its gradual assumption of its present form, goes on *pari passu* with the evolution of its humanities, and under their eyes: thus, when Partholan, the first invader, arrived, there were but three lakes in Ireland, and nine rivers, and one plain. This, too, is an echo of the secret doctrine; and incidentally indicates how tremendously far back that first invasion was thought to have been.

The Partholanians came into Ireland from the Great Plain, the "Land of the Living," as the Irish called it, which is also the Land of the Dead: — in other words, they came *into* this world, and not from another part of it. Their peculiarity was that they were "no wiser the one than the other"; an allusion to the mindlessness of the early humanities before the Mânasaputra incarnated in the mid-Third Root Race. Again, before their coming, there was a people in Ireland called the Fomorians: they came up from the sea, were gigantic and deformed: some of them with but one foot or one arm, some with the heads of horses or goats. That will remind you of the "water-men, terrible and bad" in the Stanzas of Dzyan: the first attempts of the Earth or unaided Nature to create men.

**Encyclopaedia Britannica*, article 'Ireland'; whence all *re* Findian and the colleges.

But when the Partholanians fought with and defeated these Fomoroh, they were said to have "freed Ireland from a foreign foe"; this though the Fomorians were there first, and though the Partholanians were "invaders," and utterly ceased to be after a time, so that no drop of their blood runs in Irish veins. Why, then, does Ireland identify itself with the one race, and discard the other as "foreign foes"? — Because the Partholanians represent the first human race, but the Fomoroh or 'Water-men' were unhuman, and a kind of *lusus naturae*. 'Fomoroh,' by the way, may very well be translated 'Water-men'; *fo* I take to be the Greek *upo*, 'under,' and 'mor' is the 'sea.' Now the Battle of Mag Itha, between Partholan and the Fomorians, is a very late invention; not devised, I think, until the eleventh century. And of course there was no war or contact between the First Race and the Water-men, who had been destroyed long before. This is a good example of what came down in Pagan Ireland, and how the Christian redactors treated it. They had heard of the existence of the Fomoroh before the coming of Partholan, and thought it wise to provide the latter with a war against them. Later, as we shall see, the Fomoroh stood for the over-sea people westward,— the Atlantean giant-sorcerers.

The second race of invaders, the Nemedians, were also given a war with the Fomorians,— in the story of the siege of Conan's Tower. But this story is told by Nennius as applying to the Milesians, the Fifth Race Irish, and not to the Second Race Nemedians; and probably relates to events in comparatively historical times,— say a million years ago, or between that and the submersion of Poseidonis about nine thousand B. C. One would imagine that Ireland, from its position, must have been a main battle-ground between the men of the Fifth and the Atlanteans, between the White and the Black Magicians. Mr. Judge's *Bryan Kinnavan* stories indicate that it was a grand stronghold of the former.

The Nemedians were akin to the Partholanians: the Second Race to the First,— both mindless: they came after their predecessors had all died out; and in their turn died or departed to the last man. So we find in *The Secret Doctrine* that the first two humanities passed utterly and left no trace. If I go into all this a little fully, it is because it illustrates so well the system of *blinds* under which the Inner Teaching was hidden, and at the same time revealed, by the Initiates of every land. These Celtic things seem never to have come under the eye of Mme. Blavatsky at all; or how she might have drawn on them! I think that nowhere else in the mythologies are the Five Root-Races, the four past and the one existent, mentioned so clearly as here in Ireland. For historic reasons at which we have glanced,— the Roman occupation, which was hardly over before the Saxon invasions began,— Wales has preserved infinitely less of the records

of ancient Celtic civilization than Ireland has; and yet Professor Kuno Meyer told me,— and surely no living man is better qualified to make such a statement,— that the whole of the forgotten Celtic mythology might yet be recovered from old MSS. hidden away in Welsh private libraries, that have never yet been examined. How much more then may be hoped for from Ireland!

The third invasion was by a threefold people: the Fir Domnan, or Men of the Goddess Domna; the Fir Bolg, or Men of the Sacks; and the Galioin. From these races there were still people in Connacht in the seventeenth century who claimed their descent. Generally all three are called by the one name of Firbolgs. They were "avaricious, mean, uncouth, musicless, and inhospitable." Then came the Tuatha De Danaan, "Gods and false gods," as Tuan MacCarell told St. Finnen, "from whom everyone knows the Irish men of learning are descended. It is likely they came into Ireland from heaven, hence their knowledge and the excellence of their teaching." Thus Tuan, who has just been made to allude to them as "Gods and *false gods*." This Tuan, I should mention, originally came into Ireland with Partholan; and, that history might be preserved, kept on reincarnating there, and remembering all his past lives. These Danaans conquered, and then ruled over, the Firbolgs: it is a glyph of the Third or Lemurian Race, of which the first three (and a half) sub-races were mindless — the Fir Domnan, Fir Bolg and Galioin; then the Lords of Mind incarnated and reigned over them,— the Tuatha De Danaan, wafted down from heaven in a druid cloud. So far we have a pretty exact symbolic rendering of the Theosophic teaching.

The Danaans conquered the Firbolgs, it is said, at the Battle of Moytura. Now there were two Battles of Moytura, of which this was the first; it alludes to the incarnation of the Mânasaputra, and with it the clear symbolic telling of human history comes to an end. So much, being very remote, was allowed to come down without other disguise than that which the symbols afforded. But at this point, which is the beginning of the mind-endowed humanity we know, a mere eighteen million years ago, further blinds became necessary. History, an esoteric science, had still more to be camouflaged, lest memories should seize upon indications too readily, and find out too much. Why this should be, it is not the time to argue; enough to say that the wisdom of antiquity decreed it.

There has always been some doubt as to the Second Battle of Moytura. Because of a certain air with which it is invested, scholars think now, for the most part, that it was a later invention. But I do not think so: I think that air comes from the extra layer of symbolism that is laid over it; from the second coating of camouflage; from the fact that the few years between the two battles represent several million years,— about which

the mythological history is silent, running them all together, like street-lights you see a long way off. What happened was this: —

In the first battle Nuada, king of the Danaans, lost his hand; and, because a king must be blemishless, lost his kinghood too. It went to Bres son of Elatha; whose mother was Danaan, but whose unknown father was of the Fomoroh. Note the change: the first battle was with the Firbolgs, the mindless humanity of the early Third Race; now we are to deal with Fomorians, who have come to symbolize the Black Magicians of Atlantis: the second half of the Lemurian, and nearly the whole of the Atlantean period, have elapsed. — In person, Bres was handsome like the Danaans; in character he was Fomorian altogether. This is the sum of the history of later Lemuria and of Atlantis: Moytura, and Nuada's loss of his hand and kinghood there, symbolize the incarnation of the Mânasaputra,— descent of Spirit into matter,— and therewith, in time, their forgetting their own divinity. I should say that it is Bres himself, rather than the Fomorians as a whole, who stands symbol just now for the Atlantean sorcerers. There is a subtle connexion between the Firbolgs and Fomoroh: the former are the men, the latter the Gods, of the same race: the Firbolgs stood originally for the mindless men of the early Third, men evolving up out of the lower kingdoms towards the point of becoming human and mind-endowed; the Fomorians were the Gods or so to say Spiritual Powers of those lower worlds, the forces in opposition to upward evolution. So we see Bres of that dual lineage: with magic from his Danaan mother, and blackness from his Fomorian father: the Atlanteans, inheriting mind from the Mânasaputra, but turning their divine inheritance to the uses of chaos and night.

As his reign represents the whole Atlantean period, we might expect it to have begun well enough, and worsened as it went. This was so; had he shown his colors from the first, it is not to be thought that the Danaans would have tolerated him at all. But it came to be, as time went on, that he oppressed Ireland abominably; and at last they rose and drove him out. Nuada, whose missing hand had been replaced with one of silver, was restored in the kingship; henceforth he is called Nuada of the Silver Hand. Here we have the return or re-descent of the Divine Dynasties, who came to lead the men of the early Fifth Race against the Atlantean giants. I shall beg leave now to tell you the story of the Second Battle of Moytura.

Perhaps it was in Ireland that the White Adepts of the Fifth made their first stand against the Atlanteans? Perhaps thence it first got its epithet, *Sacred* Ierne? — Bres, driven out by the Gods, took refuge with his father the Fomorian king beyond the western sea; who gave him an army with which to reconquer his lost dominions. Now we come to the

figure who represents the Fifth Race. There are in Europe perhaps a dozen cities named after Lugh Lamfada, the Irish (indeed Celtic) Sun-god: Lyons, the most important of them, was Lug-dunum, the *dun* or fortress of Lugh. Lugh was a kind of counterpart to Bres; he was the son of Cian, a Danaan, and a daughter of the Fomorian champion Balor of the Mighty Blows, or of the Evil Eye. The story of his birth is like that of Perseus, son of Zeus and Danae. Danae's son, you remember, was fated to kill his grandfather Acrisius; so Acrisius shut Danae in an inaccessible tower, that no son might be born to her. The antiquity of the whole legend is suggested by this nearness of the Greek and Irish versions; — even to the similarity of the names of Dana and Danae: though Dana was not the mother of Lugh, but of the whole race of the Gods: *Tuatha De Danaan* means, the 'Race of the Gods the Children of Dana.' So you see it comes from the beginnings of the Fifth Race, a million years ago; but how much better the history of that time is preserved in the Irish than in the Greek version! As if the Irish took it direct from history and symbolism, and the Greeks from the Irish. And why not? since in the nature of things Ireland must have been so much nearer the scene of action.

Lugh grew up among his mother's people, but remembered his divine descent on his father's side; and when it came to the War of the Fomoroh against Ireland, was for fighting for his father's people. So he set out for Tara, where Nuada and the Gods were preparing to meet the invasion; and whoever beheld him as he came, it seemed to them as if they had seen the sun rising on a bright day in summer. —"Open thou the portal!" said he; but the knife was in the meat and the mead in the horn, and no man might enter but a craftsman bearing his craft. —"Oh then, I am a craftsman," said Lugh; "I am a good carpenter." There was an excellent carpenter in Tara already, and none other needed. —"It is a smith I am," said Lugh. But they had a smith there who was professor of the three new designs in smithcraft, and none else would be desired. Then he was a champion; but they had Ogma son of Ethlenn for champion, and would not ask a better. Then he was a harper; and a poet; and an antiquary; and a necromancer; and an artificer; and a cup-bearer. But they were well supplied with men of all those crafts, and there was no place for him. —"Then go and ask the king," said Lugh, "if he will not be needing a man who is excellent in all those crafts at once"; — and that way he got admission.

After that he was drawing up the smiths and carpenters, and inquiring into their abilities, and giving them their tasks in preparation for the battle. There was Goibniu, the smith of the Danaans. —"Though the men of Ireland should be fighting for seven years," said Goibniu, "for every spear that falls off its handle, and for every sword that breaks, I will

put a new weapon in its place; and no erring or missing cast shall be thrown with a spear of my making; and no flesh it may enter shall ever taste the sweets of life after; — and this is more than Dub the smith of the Fomorians can do." And there was Creidne the Brazier: he would not do less well than Goibniu the Smith would; and there was Luchtine the Carpenter: evil on his beard if he did less than Creidne; — and so with the long list of them.

It was on the first day of November the battle began; and when the sun went to his setting, the weapons of the Fomorians were all bent and notched, but those of the Gods were like new. And new they were: new and new after every blow struck or cast thrown. For with three strokes of his hammer Goibniu would be fashioning a spear-head, and after the third stroke there could be no bettering it. With three chippings of his knife, Luchtine had cut a handle for it; and at the third chipping there would be no fault to find with the handle either by Gods or men. And as quickly as they made the spear-heads and the shafts, Creidne the Brazier had the rivets made to rivet them; and if there were bettering those rivets, it would not be by any known workmanship. When Goibniu had made a spear-head, he took it in his tongs, and hurled it at the lintel of the door so that it stuck fast there, the socket outward. When Luchtine had made a spear-haft, he hurled it out at the spear-head in the lintel; and it was good hurling, not to be complained of: the end of the haft stuck in the socket, and stuck firm. And as fast as those two men did those two things, Creidne had his rivets ready, and threw them at the spear-head; and so excellent his throwing, and the nicety of his aim, no rivet would do less than enter the holes in the socket, and drive on into the wood of the shaft; — and that way there was no cast of a spear by the Gods at the hellions, but there was a new spear in the smithy ready to replace it.

Then the Fomoroh sent a spy into the camp of the Gods, who achieved killing Goibniu with one of the latter's own spears; and by reason of that it was going ill with the Gods the next day in the battle. And it was going worse with them because of Balor of the Mighty Blows, and he taking the field at last for the Fomorians,—

> "Balor as old as a forest, his mighty head helpless sunk,
> And an army of men holding open his weary and death-dealing eye,"

— for wherever his glances fell, there death came. They fell on Nuada of the Silver Hand, and he died,— albeit it is well known that he was alive, and worshiped in Britain in Roman times, for a temple to him has been found near the River Severn. — Then came Lugh to avenge Nuada, and a bolt from his sling tore like the dawn ray, like the meteor of heaven, over Moytura plain, and took the evil eye of Balor in the midst, and drove it into his head; and then the Fomorians were routed. And this, in truth,

like Camlan and Kurukshetra, is the battle that is forever being fought: Balor comes death-dealing still; and still the sling of Lugh Lamfada is driving its meteor shafts through heaven and defeating him.

As for the defeat of the Gods by the Milesians, and their retirement into the mountains,— that too is actual history told under a thinnish veil of symbolism: the Fifth Race having been started, the Sons of Wisdom, its first Gods and Adept Kings, who had sown the seeds of all bright things that were to be in its future civilizations, withdrew into the Unseen.

All this and much more,— the whole Mythological Cycle,— represents what came over into Irish literature from ancient manvantaric periods, and the compression of the records of millions of years. A century seems a very long time while it is passing; but at two or three millenniums ago, no longer than a few autumns and winters; and at a million years' distance the doings and changes, the empires and dynasties of a hundred centuries, look to the eyes of racial memory like the contents of a single spring. So it is the history and wisdom of remote multiplied ages that come down to us in these tales.

But with the Heroic Cycle we seem to be entering a near manvantara. This is the noon-period of Irish literature, the Shakespeare-Milton time; where the other was the dawn or Chaucer period. Or the Mythological Cycle is the Vedic, and the Heroic, the Epic, period, to take an Indian analogy; and this fits it better, because the Irish, like the Indian, dawn-period is immensely ancient and of immense duration. But when you come to the Heroic time, with the stories of the high king Conary Mor, and of the Red Branch Warriors, with for *pièce de résistance* the epic *Tann Bo Cuailgne*, you seem (as you do in the *Mahâbhârata*) to be standing upon actual memories, as much historical as symbolic. Here all the figures, though titanic, are at least half human, with a definite character assigned to all of importance. They revel in huge dramatic action; move in an heroic mistless sunlight. You can take part in the daily life of the Red Branch champions as you can in that of the Greeks before Troy; they seem real and clear-cut; you can almost remember Deirdre's beauty and the sorrow of the doom of the Children of Usna; you have a shrewd notion what Cuculain looked like, and what Conall Carnach; you are familiar with the fire trailed from the chariot wheels, the sods kicked up by the horses' hoofs; you believe in them all, as you do in Odysseus and Ajax, in Bhîshma and Arjuna, in Hamlet and Falstaff; — as I for my part never found it possible to believe in Malory's and Tennyson's well-groomed gentlemen of the Table Round.

And then, after long lapse, came another age, and the Cycle of the Fenians. It too is full of excellent tales, but all less titanic and clearly-defined: almost, you might say, standing to the Red Branch as Words-

worth and Keats to Shakespeare and Milton. The atmosphere is on the whole dimmer, the figures are weaker: there is not the same dynamic urge of creation. You come away with an impression of the beauty of the forest through which the Fenians wandered and camped, and less with an impression of the personalities of the Fenians themselves. There is abundant Natural Magic, but not the old Grand Manner; and you would not recognise Finn or Oisin or Oscar, if you met them, so easily as you would Cuculain or Fergus MacRoy or Naisi. Civilization appears to have declined far between the two ages, to have become much less settled, — as it naturally would, with all that fighting going on. I take it that all the stories of both cycles relate to ages of the break-up of civilization: peaceful and civilized times leave less impress on the racial memory. The Fenians are distinctly further from such civilized times, however, than are the Red Branch: they are a nomad company, but the Red Branch had their capital at Emain Macha by Armagh in Ulster. But what mystery, what sparkling magic environs them! Mr. Rollestone cites this as an example: Once three beautiful unknown youths joined Finn's company; but stipulated that they should camp apart, and be left alone during the nights. After awhile it fell out what was the reason for this: one of them died between every dusk and dawn, and the other two had to be watching him. That is all that is said; but it is enough to keep your imagination at work a long while.

— And then the manvantara dies away in a dolphin glory of mystical colors in the many tales of wondrous voyages and islands in the Atlantic; such as the Voyage of Maelduin, of which Tennyson's version gives you some taste of the brightness, but none at all of the delicacy and mysterious beauty and grace.

Except the classical, this is the oldest written literature in Europe; and I doubt there is any other that gives us such a wide peep-hole into lost antiquity. Yes; perhaps it is the best lens extant, west of India. It is a lens, of course, that distorts: the long past is shown through a temperament,— made into poetry and romance; not left bare scientific history. But perhaps poetry and romance are after all the truest and final form of history. Perhaps, in looking at recent ages, we are balked of seeing their true underlying form by the dust of events and the clamor of details; for eyes anointed they might resolve themselves into Moyturas and Camlans endlessly fought; into magical weapons magically forged; into Cuculains battling eternally at the Watcher's Ford, he alone withstanding the great host of this world's invaders, while all his companions are under a druid sleep. . . . It is the most splendid scene or incident in the *Tann Bo Cuailgne;* and I cannot think of it, but it calls up before my mind's eye another picture: that of a little office in New York, and a

desk, and rows of empty seats; and another Irishman, lecturing to those empty seats . . . but to all humanity really . . . — from the ranks of which his companions should come to him presently; he would hold back the hosts of darkness alone, waiting for their coming. And I cannot think of this latter picture but it seems to me as if

Cuculain rode from out the ages' prime,
The hero time, spacious and girt with gold,
For he had heard this earth was stained with crime.

With loud hoof-thunder, clangor, ring and rhyme,
With chariot-wheels flame-trailing where they rolled,
Cuculain rode from out the ages' prime.

I saw his eyes, how darkening, how sublime,
With what impatient pity and power ensouled;
(For he had heard this earth was stained with crime!)

Song on his lips — I heard the chant and chime
The stars themselves danced to in days of old:—
Cuculain rode from out the ages' prime.

Love sped him on to out-speed the steeds of Time:
No bliss for him, and this world left a-cold,
Which, he had heard, was stained with grief and crime.

Here in this Iron Age's gloom and grime
The Ford of Time, the waiting years, to hold,
Cuculain came . . . and from the Golden Prime
Brought light to save this world grown dark with crime. . .

Well; from the schools of Findian and his disciples missionaries soon began to go out over Europe. To preach Christianity, yes; but distinctly as apostles of civilization as well. Columba left Ireland to found his college at Iona in 563; and from Iona, Aidan presently went into Northumbria of the Saxons, to found his college at Lindisfarne. Northumbria was Christianized by these Irishmen; and there, under their auspices, Anglo-Saxon culture was born. In Whitby, one of their foundations, Caedmon arose to start the poetry: a pupil of Irish teachers. At the other end of England, Augustine from Rome had Christianized Kent; but no culture came in or spread over England from Augustine and Kent and Rome; Northumbria was the source of it all. You have only to compare *Beowulf*, the epic the Saxons brought with them from the continent, with the poetry of Caedmon and Cynewulf, or with such poems as *The Phoenix*, to see how Irishism tinged the minds of these Saxon pupils of Irish teachers with, as Stopford Brooke says, "a certain imaginative

passion, a love of natural beauty, and a reckless wildness curiously mingled with an almost scientific devotion to metrical form."

Ireland meanwhile was the heart of a regular circulation of culture. Students poured in from abroad, drawn by the fame of her learning; we have a poem in praise of generous Ireland from an Anglo-Saxon prince who spent his exile there in study. Irish teachers were at the court of Charlemagne; Irish teachers missionarized Austria and Germany. When the Norsemen discovered Iceland, they found Irish books there; probably Irish scholars as well, for it has been noted (by Matthew Arnold) that the Icelandic sagas, unlike any other Pre-Christian Teutonic literature, bear strong traces of the Celtic quality of Style. They had their schools everywhere. You hear of an Irish bishop of Tarentum in the latter part of the seventh century; and a hundred years later, of an Irish bishop of Salzburg in Austria. This was Virgil — in Irish, Fergil, I imagine a native name — of Salzburg: a really noteworthy man. He taught, *at that time*, that the world is a globe, and with people living at the antipodes; for which teaching he was called to order by the Pope; but we do not hear of his retracting. Last and greatest of them all was Johannes Scotus Erigena, who died in 882: a very bright particular star, and perhaps the one of the largest magnitude between the Neo-Platonists and the great mystics of later times, who came long after the new manvantara had dawned. He is not to be classed with the Scholastics; he never subordinated his philosophy to theology; but approached the problems of existence from a high, sane, and Theosophic standpoint: an independent and illuminated thinker. He taught at the court of Charles the Bald of France; and was invited to Oxford by Alfred in 877, and died abbot of Malmesbury five years later,— having in his time propounded many tough nuts of propositions for churchmen to crack and digest if they could. As, that authority should be derived from reason, and not, as they thought, vice versa; and that "damnation was simply the consciousness of having failed to fulfill the divine purpose," — and not, as their pet theory was, a matter of high temperature of eternal duration. The following are quotations from his work *De Divisione Naturae;* I take them from M. de Jubainville's *Irish Mythological Cycle*, where they are given as summing up Erigena's philosophy,— and as an indication of the "vigorous Pantheism" of Pre-christian Irish thought.

"We are informed by all the means of knowledge that beneath the apparent diversity of beings subsists the One Being which is their common foundation."

"When we are told that God makes all things, we are to understand that God is in all things, that he is the substantial essence of all things. For He alone possesses in himself all that which may be truly said to exist. For nothing which is, is truly of itself, but God alone; who alone exists *per se*, spreading himself over all things, and communicating to them all that which in them truly corresponds to the notion of being."

I think we can recognise here, under a not too thick disguise of churchly phraseology, the philosophy of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*. Again: —

"Do you not see how the creator of the universality of things holds the first rank in the divisions of Nature? Not without reason, indeed; since he is the basic principle of all things, and is inseparable from all the diversity which he created, without which he could not exist as creator. In him, indeed, immutably and essentially, all things are; he is in himself division and collection, the genus and the species, the whole and the part of the created universe."

"What is a pure idea? It is, in proper terms, a theophany: that is to say, a manifestation of God in the human soul."

You would be mildly surprised, to say the least of it, to hear at the present day a native, say in Abyssinia, rise to talk in terms like these; it is no whit less surprising to hear a man doing so in ninth-century Europe. But an Irishman in Europe in those days was much the same thing as an Oxford professor in the wilds of Abyssinia would be now; — with this difference: that Ireland is a part of Europe, and affected by the general European cycles (we must suppose). Europe then was in thick pralaya (as Abyssinia is now); but in the midst of it all there was Ireland, with her native contrariness, behaving better than most people do in high manvantara.

The impulse that made that age great for her never came far enough down to awaken great creation in the plastic arts; but it touched the fringes of them, and produced marvelous designing, in jewel-work, and in the illumination of manuscripts. Concerning the latter, I will quote this from Joyce's *Short History of Ireland;* it may be of interest: —

"Its most marked characteristic is interlaced work formed by bands, ribbons and cords, which are curved and twisted and interwoven in the most intricate way, something like basket-work infinitely varied in pattern. These are intermingled and alternated with zigzags, waves, spirals, and lozenges; while here and there among the curves are seen the faces or forms of dragons, serpents, or other strange-looking animals, their tails or ears or tongues elongated and woven till they become merged or lost in the general design. . . . The pattern is so minute and complicated as to require the aid of a magnifying glass to examine it. . . . Miss Stokes, who has examined the *Book of Kells*, says of it: 'No effort hitherto made to transcribe any one page of it has the perfection of execution and rich harmony of color which belongs to this wonderful book. It is no exaggeration to say that, as with the microscopic works of Nature, the stronger the magnifying power brought to bear on it, the more is this perfection seen. No single false interlacement or uneven curve in the spirals, no faint trace of a trembling hand or wandering thought can be detected.' "

The same author tells us that someone took the trouble to count, through a magnifying glass, in the *Book of Armagh*, in a "small space scarcely three quarters of an inch in length by less than half an inch in width, no less than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern formed of white lines edged with black ones." — One of these manuscripts, sometimes, would be given as a king's ransom.

— An unmasculine art, it may be said; and enormous laborious skill

spent upon trivial creation. But once again, the age was pralaya; all Europe was passing into, or quite sunk in, pralaya. The Host of Souls was not then holding the western world; there was but a glint and flicker of their wings over Ireland as they passed elsewhere; there was no thorough entering in to take possession. But the island (perhaps) is the Western Laya-center, and a critical spot; the veils of matter there are not very thick; and that mere glint and flicker was enough to call forth all this wonderful manifestation of beauty. If I emphasize this over-much, it is because of all this talk about 'inferior races,'—and because Ireland has come in for so much opprobrium, one way and another, on that score. But people do not know, and they will not think, that those races are superior in which the Crest-Wave is rearing itself; and that their superiority cannot last: the Crest-Wave passes from one to another, and in the nature of things can never remain in any one for longer than its due season. It is as certain that it will pass sometime from the regions it fills with strength and glory now, as that it will sometime thrill into life and splendor the lands that are now forlorn and helpless; and for my part, seeing what the feeble dying away of it, or the far foam flung,— no more than that,— raised up in Ireland once, I am anxious to see the central glory of it rise there; I am keen to know what will happen then. It will rise there, some time; and perhaps that time may not be far off. — Oh if men could only look at these national questions with calm scientific vision, understanding the laws that govern national and racial life! There would be none of these idiotic jealousies then; no heart-burnings or contempt or hatred as between the nations; there would be none of this cock-a-doodling arrogance that sometimes makes nations in their heyday a laughing-stock for the Gods. Instead we should see one single race, Humanity; poured now into one national mold, now into another; but always with the same duality: half divine, half devilish-idiotic; — and while making the utmost best of each mold as they came to inhabit it, the strong would find it their supreme business to help the weak, and not exploit or contemn them. But it will need the sound sense of Theosophy, — knowledge of Reincarnation, the conviction of Human Brotherhood,— to work this change in mankind.

Well; now to the things that brought Ireland down. In 795 the Norwegians began their ravages, and they seem to have had a peculiar spite against the monastery-colleges. That at Armagh was sacked nine times in the ninth, and six times in the tenth century. In the same period Glendalough was plundered seven times; Clonard four times; Clonmacnois five times between 838 and 845, and often afterwards. These are only samples: there were scores of the institutions, and they were all sacked, burnt, plundered, and ravaged, again and again. The scholars

fled abroad, taking their precious manuscripts with them; for which reason many of the most valuable of these have been found in monasteries on the continent. The age of brilliance was over. For a couple of centuries, the Norwegians, and then the Danes, were ruining Ireland; until Brian Boru did their quietus make at Clontarf in 1014. Before the country had had time to recover, the Norman conquest began: a thing that went on for centuries, and never really finished; and that was much more ruinous even than the invasions of the Norsemen. As to the Celtic Church, which had fostered all that brilliance, its story is soon told. In Wales, the Norman and Plantagenet kings of England were at pains to bring the see of St. Davids under the sway of Canterbury and into close communion with Rome: they and the Roman Church fought hand in hand to destroy Celtic liberties. The Church of the Circled Cross had never been an independent organization in the sense that the Greek Church was: it had never had its own Patriarchs or Popes; it was always in theory under Rome. But secular events had kept the two apart; and while they did so, the Celtic Church was virtually independent. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Welsh Church fought hard for its existence; but Norman arms backed by Papal sanction proved too strong for it; and despite the valor of the princes, and especially of that gallant bishop-historian Gerald the Welshman, it succumbed. As to Ireland: an English Pope, Adrian IV, born Nicholas Brakespeare, presented the island to King Henry II; and King Henry II with true courtesy returned the compliment by presenting it to the Pope. The Synod of Cashel, called by Henry in 1172, put Ireland under Rome; and the Church of the Circled Cross ceased to be. There, in short and simple terms, you have the history of it.

And therein, too, as I guess, you may see all sorts of interesting phases of karmic working. For the Church of the Circled Cross, that had done so well by Ireland in some things, had done marvelously badly in others. There was a relic of political stability in ancient Ireland,— in the office of the High-kings of Tara. It is supposed now that it had grown up, you may say out of nothing: had been established by some strong warrior, to maintain itself as it might under such of his successors as might be strong too. I have no doubt, on the other hand, that it was really an ancient institution, once firmly grounded, that had weakened since the general decay of the Celtic power. The Gods in their day had had their capital at Tara; and until the middle of the fifth century A. D. Tara stood there as the symbol of national unity. When Patrick came the position was this: all Ireland was divided into innumerable small kingdoms with their kinglets, with the Ard-righ of Tara as supreme over them all as he could make himself. The hopefullest thing that could have happened would

have been the abolition of the kingdoms and kinglets, and the establishment of the Ard-righ's authority as absolute and final.

Dermot son of Fergus Kervall became High-king in 544. A chief named Aed Guairy murdered one of Dermot's officers, and sought sanctuary with St. Ruadan of Lorrha, one of Findian's twelve apostles, to whom he was related. The king hailed him forth, and brought him to Tara for trial. Thereupon the whole Church of Ireland rose to a man against the mere layman, the king, who had dared thus defy the spiritual powers. They came to Tara in a body, fasted against him, and laid their heavy curse on him, on Tara, and, in the result, on the kingship. — "Alas!" said Dermot, "for the iniquitous contest that ye have waged against me, seeing that it is Ireland's good I pursue, and to preserve her discipline and royal right; but it is Ireland's unpeace and murderousness ye endeavor after."*

Which was true. The same trouble came up in England six centuries later, and might have ended in the same way. But the dawn of a manvantara was approaching then, and the centrifugal forces in England were slowly giving place to the centripetal: national unity was ahead, and the first two strong Williams and Henrys were able in the main to assert their kingly supremacy. But in the Irish time not manvantara, but pralaya, was coming; and this not for Ireland only, but for all Europe. In the natural order of things, the centrifugal forces were increasing always. That is why Dermot MacKervall failed, where Henry II in part succeeded. There was nothing in the cycles to support him against the saints. Tara, accursed, was abandoned, and fell into ruin; and the symbol and center of Irish unity was gone. The High-kingship, thus bereft of its traditional seat, grew weaker and weaker; and Ireland, except by Brian Boru, a usurper, was never after effectively governed. So when the Norsemen came there was no strong secular power to defend the monasteries from them, and the karma of St. Ruadan's churchly arrogance and ambition fell on them. And when Strongbow and the Normans came, there was no strong central monarchy to oppose them: the king of Leinster invited them in, and the king of Ireland lacked the backing of a united nation to drive them out; and Ireland fell.

Well; we have seen how often things tend to repeat themselves,— but on a higher level,— after the lapse of fifteen centuries. Patrick, probably, was born in or about 387. In 1887 or thereabouts Theosophy was brought into Ireland. Patrick's coming led eventually to the period of the Irish illumination; the coming of Theosophy led in a very few years to the greatest Irish illumination, in poetry and drama especially, that had been

*I quote this from Mr. Rollestone's book.

since Ireland fell. But Patrick did not complete things; nor did that first touch of Theosophy in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century. Theosophy, known in those days only to a score or so of Irishmen, kindled wonderful fires: you know that English literature is more alive in Ireland now than anywhere else in the English-speaking world; and that that whole Celtic Renaissance was born in the rooms of the Dublin Theosophical Society. Yet there were to be eventualities: the Dublin Lodge was only a promise; the Celtic Renaissance is only a promise. Theosophy only bides its time until the storm of the world has subsided. It will take hold upon marvelous Ireland yet; it will take hold upon Sacred Ierne. What may we not expect then? When she had but a feeble candle of Truth, in those ancient times, she stood up a light-giver to the nations; how will it be when she has the bright sun shining in her heart?

. . . . . .

So now we have followed the history of the world, so far as we might, for about a thousand years. We have seen the Mysteries decline in Europe, and nothing adequate rise to take their place; and, because of that sorrowful happening, the fall of European civilization into an ever-increasing oblivion of the Spiritual things. We have seen how in the East, in India and China, spiritual movements did arise, and succeed in some sort in taking the place of the Mysteries; and how in consequence civilization there did in the main, for long ages, go forward undeclining and stable. And we have watched the Crest-Wave, indifferent to all national prides and conceits, flow from one race to another, according to a defined geographical and temporal plan: one nation after another enjoying its hour of greatness, and none chosen of the Law or the Spirit to be lifted forever above its fellows; — but a regular circulation of splendor about the globe, like the blood through the veins: Greece, India, China; Rome, Spain, Rome, Egypt, Persia, India, China: each repeating itself as the cycles of its own lifetime might permit. And then, as the main current passed eastward from dying Europe, a reserve of it, a little European *Sishta*, passing west: from Gaul to Britain, from Britain to Ireland; from Ireland to Tirnanogue and Wonderland,* there to hide for some cen-

*Perhaps, if we knew anything about American history, to America. One is tempted to put two and two together, in the light of what we have seen, and note what they come to. The great American Empires fell before Cortes and Pizarro, between 1520 and 1533. That surely marked the end of a manvantara or fifteen hundred years period of cultural activity: which then would have begun between 20 and 33 A. D. — upon a backwash of the cycle from Augustan Rome? We are not to imagine that any outward link would be necessary. Is it possibly a fact that in those centuries, the first five of our era roughly, when both Europe and China were somewhat sterile for the most part, — the high tide of culture and creation was mainly in those antipodes of each other, America and India? And that after the fall of the Tang glory in China (750) and the Irish illumination in the west (775), some new phase of civilization began, some-

turies until the Great Wave should roll westward again from China, through Persia, Egypt, Africa, Sicily and Spain, up into Europe: when the Little Wave, returning magic-laden out of the Western Paradise, should roll back Europewards again through Ireland, twelfth-century Wales and Brittany; and spray Christendom with foam from the seas that wash the shores of Fairyland: producing first what there was of mystery and delicacy to uplift mankind in feudal chivalry; then the wonder-note in poetry which has probably been one of the strongest and subtlest antidotes against deathly materialism. Hence one may understand the *raison d'être* for that strange correspondence between Chinese and Celtic happenings which we have noted: the main wave rolls east, the backwash west; and they touch simultaneously the extremities of things, which extremities are, Celtdom and China. In both you get the sense of being at the limits of the world,— of having beyond you only non-material and magical realms: — Peng-lai in the East, Hy Brasil in the West; — the Fortunate Islands of the Sunset, and the Fortunate Islands of the Dawn.

We have seen opportunities coming to each nation in turn; but that how they used them depended on themselves: on whether they would turn them to spiritual or partly spiritual, or to wholly material uses: whether they would side, in their hour of prosperity, with the Gods — as China did to some extent; or with the hellions, as in the main Europe did. And above all, we have seen how the Gods will never accept defeat, but return ever and again to the attack, and are in perpetual heroic rebellion against the despotism of materialism and evil and human blindness; and we know that the victory they so often failed to achieve of old, they are out to win now, and in the way of winning it: that we are in the crisis and most exciting of times, standing to make the future ages golden: that the measure of the victory the Gods shall win is somewhat in our own hands to decide. The war-harps that played victory to Heaven at Moytura of old are sounding in our ears now, if we will listen for them; and when Point Loma was founded, it was as if once more the shaft of Lugh the Sunbright took the eye of Balor Balcbeimnech in the midst.

And so, at this point, we take leave of our voyaging together through the past.

THE END

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where between the Rio Grande del Norte and the borders of Chile? The Incaic Empire, like the Han and the Western Roman, we know lasted about four centuries, or from the region of 1100 A. D. — But there we must leave it, awaiting the work of discovery.

A HIGHER HEREDITY

MAGISTER ARTIUM

SKEPTICAL statements often amount to a contradiction in terms or to an affirmation of the contrary. This is so in the case of certain statements about heredity. You find that your character, views, likes and dislikes, are molded on those of your father; and that you hold and act upon strong convictions for no better reason than that he entertained them. This, you may say, shows how we are bound in a chain and have no freewill. But the very fact that you can thus contemplate the situation proves that you are not so bound. If you acted without reflexion, without self-consciousness, as an animal or idiot might, then it might be true to speak of bondage in a chain of consequences. But the fact that you are *self*-conscious, that you can contemplate your own thoughts, proves that there is in you a center that is outside of the said chain of cause and effect and independent of it.

Thus is the duality of the human mind shown.

And thought is succeeded by action. Once let a man strongly realize that his ideas and motives are being influenced by heredity or any other such cause, and he immediately sets himself against the tide and begins to first contemplate and then put into effect action of a different kind. He works from a different center. He takes his stand outside of his heredity and resists it. He now begins to act according to an independent character, which he may call his own as distinguished from that which he derived from his father. I have inherited this old coat, he may say, but there is no reason why I cannot alter it to fit or lay it aside for another coat.

The usual philosophy of heredity explains but one half of the facts. It can often trace out the antecedents of certain circumstances in which we find ourselves — those circumstances included under inherited temperament and traits of character. But it cannot tell what use the indwelling Soul may make of those circumstances. It fails even in its attempts to discover in what degrees and proportions the various traits of the parents are inherited by the various children — to find out any law governing this process. It succeeds better in tracing backwards towards the past than forwards towards the future. In this respect it resembles modern astrology and weather-forecasting. Knowing what has happened to a man, I can readily point out the aspects in his horoscope which indicated those events; but it is not so easy for me, by working out future aspects, to say what will happen to him tomorrow. The meteorologist can more easily tell which way a storm has traveled than which way it

will travel. To determine a resultant we must know *all* its components. If we find a man at any given spot, we can point out several ways by which he may have got there; but we cannot tell where he will be later on. The ordinary philosophy of heredity shows the paths that lie before a man, each one of them a continuation of a path that lies behind; but to know which path the man will take requires a greater knowledge.

We have said that the ordinary statement of heredity contains an implicit contradiction. How? The moment you affirm, 'I am bound,' you declare that you are not bound. If you were bound, you would not have the power to make the statement; you would be drifting uninquiringly like the animals. It is the possession of a superior and independent power that enables you to make the statement. It enables you to contemplate your own position; and thus the duality of your mind is proved. You are not merely conscious, but self-conscious.

There is within you another heredity — the heredity of that part of the mind which is independent of the physical heredity. To trace this lineage, it would be necessary to go back beyond birth; for this part of the mind is not limited to any single incarnation. This part of your character grows from life to life, utilizing its connexions with the lower aspects of the mind (peculiar to the various incarnations) as the means for its growth and development.

We have thus far spoken as though there were two minds, or two parts of the mind, one lasting throughout the rebirths, the other (of which there are many successive ones) peculiar to earth-life. Two; but it would seem that the mystery is triple rather than dual — that there are three minds, or three phases of the mind. It is what is described by H. P. Blavatsky (*The Key to Theosophy*) as the Spiritual Soul, Human Soul, and Animal Soul. The middle one is caused by the temporary merging together of the other two. It is our 'I' during an earth-life. The lower one, the Animal Soul, seems to answer to what modern psychologists call the subconscious or the instinctual mind. It is the mind that acts in dreams, when the directing intelligence is not there; it is the mind that bobs up in diseased conditions and causes the morbid mental phenomena which these psychologists so love to study. But they have little to tell us about the Spiritual Soul, which we might perhaps designate 'superconscious' rather than subconscious, and which also influences our mind and our actions. A better kind of psychology is much needed for the study of this phase of human nature.

This 'triple mystery' of the interaction of the three aspects of mind in man is one that we must not expect to solve like a mathematical equation; but it is one that will respond indefinitely to earnest and thoughtful study, bringing to the student a reward of growing light.

A HIGHER HEREDITY

At death there is a separation between the spiritual and the animal, the latter disintegrating; and if this were all, the whole object of life would be unattained, for everything would have been resolved into its elements, and the next incarnation of the Ego would be an entirely new man. But it is not all. When the Spiritual Soul retires after the death of the body and its belongings, it (the Spiritual Soul) takes with it all the finest essence of the Human Soul. The Spiritual Soul is thus a reaper, garnering a harvest from each life, and thereby fulfilling its purpose in incarnating. Hence at death there is neither annihilation nor a solution of the individuality into the infinite; for the reincarnating Ego has an individuality, and this individuality constitutes a character which continually grows. But it must be observed that this is not the same thing as a perpetuation of the *personality* — an idea to which some people fondly cling.

In contemplating my future possibilities, in striving to see the path before my feet, I must therefore bear in mind this other kind of heredity. The mere contemplation of the idea will give me power to 'rule my stars,' to get outside my horoscope. Where my thought goes, my will can go and my power of action. Thus I can summon to my aid the power of that more permanent Self which reigns beyond the veil of my clouded vision.

The theories of some people are somewhat presumptuous, if only in view of the limitations which they themselves place upon their own field of vision. Fortunately such theories are rather detached from actual life, or their consequences might be more serious. What is needed is an interpretation of the facts of life, involving a frank recognition of the duality of the human mind, and discriminating between what is mortal and what permanent in our consciousness. If any student of life, desirous of evidence and anxious to avoid accepting things without proof, cares to experiment, he will find within himself evidence of this ancient teaching that man can draw upon a source deeper than that of his terrestrial parentage.

Man is largely what he makes himself. He may, and too often does, limit himself by his pessimistic theories, to such an extent that the higher laws of heredity cannot act, and the lower laws prevail. Or he may contrariwise, by his intuition and aspiration, set the higher laws in motion, thus lessening the influence of the lower. A large body of people, joined together in a particular belief about human nature would go a long way towards making that belief a reality; for delusions tend to get more solid the more they are fostered. It is always possible for a man to give himself a rebirth, a new start, by calling up something that has hitherto been dormant. A contemplation of the higher and better side of his nature will surely evoke some power from that higher source to his aid.

THE HIGHER AND LOWER PSYCHOLOGY

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

PSYCHOLOGY, or especially its verb, is a word which, unless used in its orthodox sense as the title of a college text-book, is generally regarded with suspicion. It savors to the average person of some uncanny influence. The dictionary authority describes psychology as the "science of the human mind or soul, and its activities and capacities." Also the first definition of 'psychologize' is 'to hypnotize.' We are not using the word in this latter sense, but more nearly in that implied under the definition of 'psychological,' in an illustrative quotation from F. Lieber on *Civil Liberty*, namely: "It is a psychological fact that whatever interests or excites a number of separate individuals will interest or excite them still more when brought together."

We are referring to the natural, normal, inevitable, and at times appalling effect which one mind produces upon another. This is even recognised in law. Parents are held responsible for their children until they are of age. Under such circumstances the effect of mind upon mind is called influence, and excites no alarm. Further, the sentence of a criminal is modified if it can be proved that he was under the ascendency of a stronger will than his own. The prevailing ideas on any given subject in one section of the country are acknowledged as possessing a force which all who are working in that direction have to reckon with. Every one may not swim with the tide, but every one feels it. It is then called public opinion. If perchance it becomes nation-wide in extent, there is no withstanding it. When a passion of revenge or hatred reaches fever-heat in the masses, and breaks out as an organized force, it sweeps over the area like a hurricane. But if a noble, impersonal feeling ensouls even a relatively small company, takes form and moves, its majesty is sensed. It has but to command.

All this is recognised with half-conscious eyes, but not realized. Otherwise the pure sunlight would not so rarely pierce the clouds given out like poisonous fumes from selfish desires.

The responsibility of living cannot be escaped, though one retire into the desert. Without spoken words, thoughts and feelings taint or purify the air as incontestably as do carbon-dioxide or oxygen. Elihu Burritt appreciated this deeply when he said:

"There is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, from which he [man] can retreat from his relations to others; where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt — everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

THE HIGHER AND LOWER PSYCHOLOGY

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity.* Forming Characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both — and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither, had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life."

And indeed this follows from the explicit teaching of the Wisdom-Religion that Humanity is a *Body*, whose units are as closely bound as are the smaller entities called cells which make up the physical body. Nourished by the same life-currents, sensitized by the same nervous system, they are weakened by the same causes. It is this which is implied by the assertion that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature."

Spiritual insight is not the keynote of our civilization. It is rather brain-intellectualism. We are keenly alive on the surface; fully awake to the concerns of physical life; alert to any menace to personal interests, but, as a people, almost blind to the subtiler forces at work behind the scenes. And hence it follows that we rarely touch them consciously. We take just pride in our wonderful inventions; our well-organized business enterprises; our ability to deal with the complicated machinery of modern life: we congratulate ourselves on our knowledge of sanitation; our institutions; our skill in meeting disease, and other foes to happiness; but we do not ask in the right quarter why these foes are always increasing. Yet increasing they are, and ever outdoing our cleverness. This does not escape observant eyes; so, side by side with our complacency is a strong urge for reforms. Yet we work as helplessly towards these as we would towards the adjustment of some complex machine if a curtain obstructed our view and dulled our sense of touch.

Present-day intellect has grown so strong, bold, and venturesome, that it has led us to the borderland of the finer forces which really dominate life, but there it stands in wonder, unable to penetrate the veil, unable to explain what, through other faculties, man plainly feels. And thus it happens that the Higher and Lower Psychology, as factors in life, are not recognised except by a few. And yet they are the *real* factors, the potent arbiters of the fate of nations. They are the forces which sweep over a land like a devastating fire, or cause it silently to blossom in a richness of beauty, a perfection of form, glowing with spiritual life.

We must never forget our debt of gratitude to the many heroic, self-sacrificing souls who are shouldering the heavy responsibilities of the world's work and seeking to neutralize the results of human mistakes. Their efforts are superb. And yet is it not apparent that many of them are directed but to effects? Do they reach the *heart* of the matter? Unless we can reach this our problems will never be solved. Forever we shall be playing about the surface, suggesting solutions which are ineffectual.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Theosophy is sometimes charged by the ignorant with being unpractical, with rejecting actualities for ideals. But Theosophy is nothing if not practical. It would seem to a student of its teachings as chimerical to enter the arena of life without at least exerting every faculty to learn its basic principles, as to attempt to build an elaborate and weighty edifice without laying a solid foundation or with no knowledge of the tools needed. Theosophy declares that in order to learn how to live, the world must cease to ignore the old teaching, "Man, know thyself." The study of human nature, beginning at home, is the first requisite, the only practical and indeed the only possible method of accomplishing anything stable. To neglect this is like attempting to learn a written language before studying its alphabet; like trying to master astronomy with no understanding of mathematics or the laws of optics.

Man is to adjust the affairs of this planet. Then, Who and What *is* man? Without a working knowledge of the drift of higher and lower tendencies, the best of people are led into error. Take for instance the false idea of patriotism, the self-seeking and pride condemned in an individual but glorified in a nation. We see today that unless the noble passion of love for one's own country is set, like a jewel, in a larger love for all countries, it will be found unavailing when the hour strikes for the universal fruition of those sentiments.

Further, for right living one must know as the Wisdom-Religion teaches, these facts in psychology: that "behind will, stands desire," and that yet beyond this sits the Ego in the heart, who actually has the power to control desire. Thus, to exert the will without having pure desires brings disaster.

One of the greatest services Theosophy has rendered this age is the restoring in a vital way the knowledge of the duality of human nature. The whole history of involution and evolution must be studied for the fullest comprehension of this truth, but practically it is so simple that a child grasps it, and all recognise it as a fact. There is the lower, undeveloped, material, sensuous nature at one end of the pole, and the higher, discriminating, spiritual nature at the other. Between the two stands the human ego, playing through and played upon from the outside by one or the other, and creating each moment currents which flow out into the common atmosphere and affect all who live within it. From the beginning of man's use of this planet, far, far back in the dim past, these currents have been started, gathering momentum with every age. Each one has added his quality to the common air, and in turn been affected by those from all the others. Some have ejected little but poison, others have radiated an atmosphere of such exquisite purity and calm strength that their very presence has been a benediction. But none have failed

to contribute to it, nor has any one escaped the influence of the others.

On each return to life, the individuals have had to meet the results of their own past and face the collective psychological forces then present on their re-emergence upon the scene of action. Every generation has modified them and added to them. They have the sweep, the power of the ages behind them — more vast than the mighty ocean, more overwhelming than the let-loose winds of heaven — yet man is greater than they. They carry in their path all the evil suggestions, all the incentives to crime, all the mean and selfish impulses that egos have vitalized and cast into their stream, and they bear also upon their bosom the noble inspirations, the divine aroma of those who love their fellows.

No one, however great or small, can fail to feel the psychology of these two forces. They are to be dealt with in any undertaking and they must be understood for any effective public work. For the whole of the human drama is but the interplay of the dual forces in human nature. There is nothing else. The history of the world is the history of the conscious manipulations and influence of, or unconscious control by, these fundamental powers. They form the subjects for the novelists; the inspired poet sees their workings, and records the titanic struggle. The nations are molded by them. They are as ever present as the air and are constantly felt in the heart of every human being. Kings play their parts, noble or ignoble. Strong characters step forward at critical moments, gathering to themselves under the magic of the will, either the one or the other, to send it forth with a new energy, working havoc, or bringing to fruition some high destiny. Cruelty and justice, joy and anguish, honor and ignominy, love and hate, are but the foam on the surface of the mighty clashing of these two forces. To understand them, to discover their source, to learn how they are generated and controlled, is of the first necessity in the work of the world.

Their story is recorded in the Secret Doctrine of the ages. They were born with the birth of time and their field of action is humanity itself. To begin to understand them, as said, one must find within himself his actual knowledge that he is a soul. This is the bottom rock upon which one must stand before it is possible to enter the atmosphere in which the vision becomes clear. From this view-point time and space lose their tyranny, and the human drama unrolls itself before the soul's eye in a connected sequence, not as separate pageants of yesterday and today, but as the inevitable chain of cause and effect. The roots of the events of today may perhaps be seen reaching back for thousands of years; for events, like trees, do not grow to enormous proportions in a night. And though the surface-happenings may seem disconnected or chaotic, absolute justice, order, and perfect balance reign in the world of causes. As the human

heart is seen to be the maker of individual history, so the collective human hearts are the makers of the world's history. The seeds of all actions are there born and there grow. And the planter of these seeds is man himself. *He is the creator of his destiny.*

Any one who has reflected upon that terrible frenzy which sometimes seizes a mass of men, who become under it a mob for the time being, must perceive the action of a wave of the lower force, such as we have been describing. There is an incident recorded during the French Revolution which illustrates the power of a dominating idea, causing men to act quite contrary to that which they have considered their interests. It was on the night of the 4th of August, 1789. The storming of the Bastille had recently taken place and the actual Revolution was irrevocably set in motion. The National Assembly had declared its power and terror among the nobility was awakened. The Third Estate practically was demanding the abandonment of feudal rights, and had aroused to its utmost the antagonism of the upper classes. But there were many and conflicting currents in that upheaval known as the French Revolution, and on this particular night a wave of generosity swept over the sitting Assembly. Two of the young nobility rose and offered to renounce for their country all their feudal privileges. The contagion spread like fire. Sacrifice followed sacrifice. Each vied with the other to show his zeal. It rose to frenzy. And in a few moments the nobility and clergy were on their feet, burning with enthusiasm and shattering the feudal system to atoms. Later the people of the Third Estate called this the Night of Dupes. The nobles called it the Night of Sacrifices.

What is the meaning of that well-known phenomenon, a street-corner crowd? One man alone begins his shouting, and though the din of the city traffic may drown his voice, yet in a quarter of an hour he may reach his hundreds. By what invisible cords has he drawn unto him his kin and multiplied a thousandfold his own unrest? By what power were these drifting souls swept to a common center as if caught in the currents of an unknown eddy?

It is said that in the South, during the Civil War of the United States, a crowd of five to six thousand gathered in six minutes. Like flame the message leaped from brain to brain, and without bugle call, without telegraphic dispatch, the dominant idea drew them with compelling force and held them under its spell.

At times, as in the French Revolution, the accumulated currents have broken out with the fury of a hurricane and lashed to destruction whole areas. Yet even in those terrible times, a little incident shows the irresistible power of the better feelings. In 1791, after Louis XVI and his family had attempted to escape from France and had been arrested at

Varennes, they were held practically as prisoners in Paris. Orders were given that none of the women attached to the Queen should be allowed to enter the Tuileries. Five or six, however, of these ladies of the nobility went from gate to gate, asking admittance, and finally came to one where a rabble of women had collected. The leader of the party besought the sentinel to admit them. The women attacked her for daring to resist the orders, and called her the "slave of the Austrian." But the feeling of devotion, of love for the suffering Queen, obliterated all sense of personal danger, and she answered with a firm voice: "Hear me! I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she portioned me and married me; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate! Ought I to abandon her?" The atmosphere was changed at once. A new psychology held sway. And these furies, who a moment before had been ready to tear her to pieces, and probably would be again in a half hour, cried: "She is right. She ought not to abandon her mistress. Let us make a passage for them." Instantly the crowd surrounded the sentinel, forced him to open the gate, and conducted and protected the party to a place of safety within.

It is not always remembered that good is still more contagious than evil. So alive and waiting to be used are the higher spiritual forces that even a little bird may, at the right time and place, direct them into channels through which they will course down the ages. A reformer catches the strain and at some critical moment of destiny, is turned from the despondency which was almost overwhelming him.

Mary A. Livermore caught such currents as these during our civil war, and directed them. She utilized the widespread sympathy among women, diverting it into channels which brought phenomenal results. Organized and efficient relief-work spread over the Northern States. Although the laws forbade her presence at the front, she found a way of appearing there and thousands of the wounded soldiers blessed her for the comfort she gave. A little occurrence in her childhood shows that her nature was just the one to attract such currents. She was brought up in the severe Calvinistic faith, and when ten years old was found on her knees in the depth of the night, praying for the conversion of her five younger sisters, of whom she was very fond. "It's no matter about me," she was overheard to say, "if they are saved, I can bear anything."

The pages of history are illumined by the records of many heroic souls, who alone have initiated the stemming of the tides of evil. In our own day witness Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who entered the arena of the whole world, in an era of growing materialism and skepticism, and alone lifted the torch of spiritual knowledge. In an age of intense racial, national, and individual separateness, she dared to form a nucleus of Universal

Brotherhood, which must culminate in an era of Universal Peace. What heroic courage, what supreme compassion, what masterly command of the higher psychological forces she possessed! Like luminous rays of soul-power, they radiated over the whole globe, and lighted fire after fire in responsive hearts.

Following her, came William Q. Judge, who continued her work. In the early days, it is recorded of him that he held his lectures before empty benches. But nothing daunted, he pursued his course, and gave his message to the waiting world. And it heard. Beyond the confines of the physical walls it reached out and out. By what *divine* magic did *he* call unto him his own, and succeed, above the roar of material interests, in spite of the nineteenth-century fever for gain, in awakening the conception of universal brotherhood in thousands and thousands of hearts?

Katherine Tingley once said, in one of her public addresses: "The more exalted the dominant motive of the life, the greater is the soul-expression and the soul-psychology." The lower the life-motive, the stronger the lower nature, which, so far as it manifests in the world today, is the damnation of humanity.

The dominant motive of one's life, then, becomes the magnet which attracts to his atmosphere either the one or the other of these forces, which brings him under the influence of the higher or lower psychology. When behind the shield of noble ideals, he is more protected than under the cover of the heaviest armor.

Just as the air is breathed in and out, so are these forces spoken of constantly absorbed, modified, and given out with a new energy. Like the giant in the old story, who renewed and increased his strength each time he touched our Mother Earth, so these currents as they enter the heart of man are revivified. At this point of vital contact their power is increased a thousandfold. There they pass into the world of magic. If they are beneficent, something yet richer enters them; they are electrified with spiritual energy, as they flow out. If they are evil, they may, alas, emerge with a more cruel cunning; with a more subtil and penetrating quality or a more infernal bias. Such is the rejuvenation which renders them formidable to society. On the other hand, they may enter the world of magic to be transmuted. Distilled in the alembic of the human heart, they may lead to glory instead of to hell.

This it is which happens when an overwhelming feeling of despondency is conquered and the soul forces its temple to radiate sunshine; when some fierce selfish desire is faced, recognised for the hideous thing it is, and replaced by a noble aspiration. Such is the transmutation which must take place on a huge scale in order to clean up the atmosphere. For the masses are swept along at the mercy of the dominating currents. They cannot

be made to move as a unit until the air becomes alive with the idea they are to follow. The starting of the Crusades in the latter part of the eleventh century is an instance. This movement had behind it the psychological force of the habit of centuries. After the first few hundred years, when the more spiritual idea, that Christ could be worshiped as well in one place as another, was forgotten, pilgrimages to the holy places grew more and more common until they came to be looked upon as the one thing desirable to secure the soul's salvation. For ages this was regarded as the highest duty, and streams of pilgrims finally poured into Jerusalem, year by year. Those who returned brought back marvelous accounts of their experiences; of cures, of visions, of miracles. For instance, before the Crusade-period the cross had been stolen and rediscovered, and its genuineness been absolutely proved by a dying woman who touched the crosses of the two thieves without effect, but was immediately restored on touching the cross of Christ! There was the most passionate devotion for old relics throughout Christendom. And now something happened which threatened to deprive them of these precious privileges upon which the salvation of their souls so largely depended. The Seljukian Turks had wrested the 'Holy Land' from the Arabs, and tolerance was displaced for contempt. The few who escaped being massacred, returned to Europe with tales which aroused not only indignation but a lively spirit of revenge. Further, at this time the fighting instinct was most active. This had come about in many ways, which it is not necessary to mention here. Chivalry was its flower. And although the Church had encouraged this direction of energy in the first place, it had now become so rampant and warfare so perpetual, that the popes made the best bargain they could with the existing impulses, and instituted the Truce of God, which forbade fighting for four days of every week. Yet notwithstanding all these predisposing elements in favor of a crusade to recover the 'Holy Land,' two popes in succession tried in vain to bring it about. The popular feeling had not yet reached fever-heat. There is a stage known in chemistry as the saturation point. It exists also in the chemistry of the moral world. Urban II, who had his own reasons for wishing a crusade, chose the psychological moment to produce a precipitation. He enlisted his eloquence and the prestige of his high office. He promised remission of sins and life eternal to those who would enter the lists. Peter the Hermit completed his work and set the public imagination aflame. Then nothing could stem the torrent. Out of every hamlet and corner they poured — a human sea over the plains of Europe — armed with anything or nothing, irrepressible, wild with religious fanaticism, this incongruous, motley, undisciplined army rushed forward to its doom.

The ruling psychology today is not of the higher quality. This is but

too apparent. The dominant note in this age is selfishness. It may be in some instances well covered, and for a time escape the ear by the mingling with other tones, but it is there. There may be motives behind motives, of every color, but with rare exceptions the final tribunal before which any plan or undertaking must pass is the one which decides whether or not it will pay *me*, *my* family, *my* town or *my* country. Thus we have luxury to a high point of refinement; and poverty and ignorance to the lowest point of endurance. But we have not peace nor happiness. Notwithstanding, it is the fashion to admire and applaud our modern civilization. Not even the distressing spectacle which Europe now presents has been able to uproot the enormous twentieth-century conceit — a conceit which can be born only of a disregard of the true sources and issues of life. One who has escaped the intoxication of our present lower psychology, has written of this age as follows:

"Instead of truth and sincerity, we have propriety and cold, cultured politeness; in one plain word, *dissembling*. Falsification on every plane, falsification of moral food, and the same falsification of eatable food. . . . Life — a long race-course, a feverish chase, whose goal is a tower of selfish ambition, of pride, and vanity, of greed for money or honors, and in which human passions are the horsemen, and our weaker brethren, the steeds. At this terrible steeplechase the prize-cup is purchased with the heart's blood and suffering of countless fellow-creatures, and won at the cost of spiritual self-degradation."

Ah! it is in vain that we admire ourselves. Over the nations like a pall of darkness, seems to have settled the crushing idea of separateness. Competition in every conceivable phase is approved and taught as a law of nature. The youth are educated to look out for personal success as if it were something different and separate from universal success. The notion of antagonism has so psychologized the world, that the struggle for existence is tacitly accepted as a law of nature. Selfishness has crystallized into this idea.

Madame Blavatsky, in an article written in 1888, quoted as follows from another article:

"If the Theosophical Society succeeds in refuting this pretended law of the 'struggle for life,' and in extirpating it from men's minds, it will have done in our day a miracle greater than those . . . of Jesus."

And then wrote:

"And this miracle the Theosophical Society *will* perform. It will do this, not by disproving the relative existence of the law in question, but by assigning to it its due place in the harmonious order of the universe; by unveiling its true meaning and nature, and by showing that this *pseudo* law is a 'pretended' law indeed, as far as the human family is concerned, and a fiction of the most dangerous kind. 'Self-preservation' on these lines, is indeed and in truth a sure, if a slow suicide, for it is a policy of mutual homicide, because men, by descending to its practical application among themselves, merge more and more by a retrograde reinvolution into the animal kingdom. This is what the 'struggle for life' is in reality, even on the purely materialistic lines of political economy. Once that this axiomatic truth is proved to all men;

the same instinct of self-preservation only directed into its true channel, will make them turn to altruism as their surest policy of salvation.

"The 'struggle for existence' applies only to the physical, never to the moral plane of being. It is not the policy of self-preservation, not the welfare of one or another personality in its finite and physical form that will or can ever secure the desired object and screen the Society from the effects of the social 'hurricane' to come; but only the weakening of the feeling of separateness in the units which compose its chief element. And such a weakening can only be achieved by a process of *inner enlightenment*. It is not violence that can ever ensure bread and comfort for all, nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and 'food for all' to be conquered by a cold, reasonable diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men's inner *selves*, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of justice can ever be inaugurated. This is the first of the three fundamental objects for which the Theosophical Society was established and called the Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, color, or creed.

"When men begin to realize that it is precisely that ferocious personal selfishness, the chief motor in the 'struggle for life,' that lies at the very bottom and is the one sole cause of human starvation . . . they will try to remedy this universal evil by a healthy change of policy. And this salutary revolution can be *peacefully* accomplished only by the Theosophical Society and its teachings."

Katherine Tingley, in a public address in 1902, said:

"Oh, my friends, if humanity could but know its heritage, this wonderful soul-psychology, there would be that grand and beautiful independence, which would blend itself with a still more beautiful interdependence, and then we should have a true manifestation of the Higher Law of brotherliness; then we should have a manifestation of soul-power to a very high degree; then we could say with our whole hearts that the psychology of the soul is a great remedial power and that the universal law had commenced to work in Humanity."

And in her recent address of February 11th, she said: "We need a new psychology."

Our moral atmosphere needs purifying, just as the physical atmosphere needed it in Panama before our great canal was built. There the microscope revealed the sources of infection, only known by their effects until that wonderful extension of the human eye had brought them to light. Judging by effects again, we must say that the moral atmosphere is yet more alive with influences which bring moral death to many and moral sickness to all save perhaps the few who have learned the secret of withstanding them. The masses are psychologized by pictures of wrong ideals beyond the possibility of clear vision; and out of this unseen realm, through their unhappy victims, jut crime, cruelty, and loathsome diseases. Read the statistics on these points.

For a perception of the more subtil, more potent, and none the less real poisons in which humanity is literally bathed, the vision must be extended not outwardly but in the other direction. Other organs are needed. The inner eye must be opened — opened through sympathy and love. And then — the cleaning process must go forward on a sublime scale. Those who see, must work for those who do not see. They must

make of themselves centers of transformation. They must from day to day polarize themselves more completely to attract the higher currents. If the dense vapors of selfishness sweep over them, they must, if they cannot soar above them, learn to lie low as in a desert sand-storm, till the tempest has passed. If they feel envy, anger, or any selfish ambition or passion, they must learn to seize it promptly before it has made a nest within them, and send it forth transmuted. They must become alchemists in very truth. Every project before receiving their seal of approval must pass the test of tending toward the harmony of the human race. That is to say, they must do these things if they want a clean, wholesome earth to live in; if they want to see justice, sincerity, purity, beauty, everywhere. Who should do it, if not they? Theosophy is quite positive in its statement that only through these means can the world attain happiness.

Prisons to take care of the criminals; hospitals for the sick; asylums for the insane; officials without limit to guard society; 'probes' into every conceivable department of the social fabric are all very well, yet it would be better if they were not needed. It almost seems at times as if, should the lower psychology continue unchecked, all the honest members of society would be needed to protect it against the dishonest.

The present methods of stemming the tide of evil are not effective. They are much like trying to drain a swamp with a Niagara somewhere further up in the country feeding it. A new direction for energy is called for. The way demanded by Theosophy may seem intangible to those living quite in the world of matter, but logically it is the only method not hopeless. Let those who doubt it try it within themselves.

TWO STONE-CIRCLES IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

JAMES H. GRAHAM

CASTLE RIGG

OF the many so-called Druidical Circles in Great Britain, Castle Rigg is one of the most visited examples. It is situated near to the tourist resort of Keswick, on Lake Derwentwater, and is in the midst of grand scenery. Many speculations have been made by visitors of all types, as to the age and origin of this circle, but the usual result is that the visitor returns more mystified than ever.

The 'circle' consists of a somewhat egg-shaped ring of stones which

average about five feet high. There is a 'gate,' or opening, with a large stone at each side, at the northern side of the ring, or at the apex of the egg. The ring measures 107 feet from north to south, by 96 feet 8 inches from east to west. The stones are set in a bed of small rubble covered with turf.

Some hundred yards or so away to the south-west there is an outlying stone about four feet high. Within the ring on the south-eastern side there is an adytum or 'chapel,' consisting of a small enclosure, roughly rectangular, composed of twelve stones, the outer stones forming part of the outer ring. A thirteenth stone, now fallen, stood at the inner end of the enclosure, a little towards the middle of the ring.

The stones of this circle, as of most other circles of this class of 'rude stone monument,' consist of unhewn natural rocks, which have been transported apparently for distances of half a mile upwards. It is supposed by some archaeologists that the unshaped stones were regarded as the work of the natural forces, or the work of the gods, while a worked stone would be regarded as sophisticated.

According to data given in the late Sir Norman Lockyer's work, *Stonehenge* (2nd ed.), these stone-circles have been built in such a manner that the sun and certain stars would rise or set over prominent natural features or outlying stones at important dates in the year. It will be seen that the point at which, for example, the midsummer sun rises will vary according to the position of the solar system in the precessional or 'sun' year of 25,868 years. Hence it is considered by scientists to be possible to calculate the date of construction by working out the difference between the present position of sunrise and the alinement of the temple.

The dates obtained in this way are by no means conclusive.* For instance, the date given for the May sunrise at Keswick is April 25, while at other circles it is given as late as May 9. Again, as explained a few years ago in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, the alinements given would just as easily fit dates of one or more precessional years earlier than those given.

The alinements at Castle Rigg have been calculated as follows: Horizon as seen across center of circle from outlying stone, 65° 45′ east of north. Hills 0° 29′ high. N. declination 13° 25′; corresponding to the 'May' sunrise.

Central line of chapel to Great Mell Fell, 79° 38′ east of north. Hills 1° 42′ high. N. declination 7° 6′. Pleiades rise 1650 B. C.

*See observations on this point in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for February 1921, article 'Stonehenge.'

Center of circle to gap between Skiddaw and Saddleback (Blenc Arthur), 8° 25′ east of north. Hills 2° 38′ high. N. declination 37° 19′. Arcturus (the 'husbandman') rises one hour before sunrise, 1400 B. C.

H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, pp. 753-4:

"It is with the so-called Druidical remains, such as Carnac in Brittany and Stonehenge in Great Britain, that the traveling Initiates above alluded to had to do. And these gigantic monuments are all symbolic records of the World's history. They are *not* Druidical, but *universal*. Nor did the Druids build them, for they were only the heirs to the cyclopean lore left to them by generations of mighty builders and — 'magicians,' both good and bad."

In his book, *The History of Initiation*, Dr. Oliver says:

"A striking monument of Druidism both in respect to form and situation exists near Keswick, which contains an adytum in complete preservation which has been constructed with due regard to the sacred numbers. It is called Carles or Castle Rigg. . . . The adytum is at the eastern extremity and consists of a quadrangular enclosure 7 paces by 3. At about 3 paces without the enclosure on the west, stood a single upright stone which is now broken, so that the primitive elevation cannot be ascertained. It was a representative of the Deity.

"From this temple a view was presented to the eye, calculated to raise the sparks of devotion. The holy mountain of Skiddaw, Carrick Heigh with its two peaks, and Saddleback, or more properly Blenc Arthur with a perfect character of three distinct peaks, were all visible from this consecrated spot."

SUNKENKIRK

SOME miles north of Barrow-in-Furness, in a wild part of the Cumberland group of mountains there is a striking example of a stone-circle known as Sunkenkirk. The stones are arranged in a true circle about 92 feet in diameter. There is an opening 51½ degrees east of south, the stones being doubled at this point, so as to form a short avenue. The stones, as at Keswick, are founded on a dry site in a rammed stone bed.

This circle has been closely investigated by expert archaeologists, and no evidence of interment has been found, either without or within the circle.

Beyond these points of similarity, Sunkenkirk differs from Keswick in almost every respect. The only orientation evident, *i. e.*, the gateway, does not agree with the Lockyer theories very well. The stones, of a reddish color, originally about sixty in number, are arranged quite close together. There does not appear to have been any outlying stone, such as Dr. Oliver mentions as at Castle Rigg, and the circle is situated in the midst of hills which hide the horizon except towards the south-east.

REINCARNATION

MARTHA BLAKE

OF all the tenets called Theosophical, none perhaps has aroused greater interest and provoked more comment than the teaching of Reincarnation. If it be true, it of course goes without saying that everyone wants to know it; but it would seem that the proof of its truth often demanded is of a character that is simply impossible. Circumstantial evidence has always and very properly been given limited weight by our courts of law; but with the case of Reincarnation on trial, it should be borne in mind that the chief witness cannot, as it were, be brought before the bar; for that which reincarnates we well know cannot be intelligently interrogated or even apprehended. If the scientific test be applied, results must be equally futile, for the incarnate principle cannot tip the beam of the most delicately adjusted scale, it will not give response to the most potent or most subtil of chemicals, nor will it cast the faintest of faint shadows in the magnified field of the strongest microscope. In brief, it is invisible, impalpable, and has no objectivity whatever.

Of course all this will be readily admitted; yet we seem to forget in our inquiry the fact of the probable truth of Rebirth. But after all, is not the evidence ordinarily sought of the weakest character, for what is there that more often deceives than the objective impressions made upon the physical senses? The eyes and ears, we well know, continually convey wrong impressions, while it is an equally well-known fact that totally different causes often produce almost identical results.

On the other hand, there is a type of evidence which carries greater weight, and simply because it appeals to a test-medium which does not so readily receive mistaken impressions as the sensory faculties. This higher faculty is Reason, and the evidence to which it gives the greatest weight is, not the mere plausibility of exterior appearances, but the probability which attaches from its own deductions of what is possible, probable, or even unavoidable. As an instance: Some of our most important astronomical discoveries have been made through Reason's insistence that certain bodies, although invisible, *must* exist, because of otherwise unexplainable sidereal phenomena; and confirmation has later come through the photographic plate with its sensitiveness to vibratory rays which are undiscernible by the human eye.

Wherefore, will not the verity of Reincarnation, or its lack, be most readily demonstrated by a marshaling, not of objective evidence, but of the problems of human existence and experience, which seem so contradictory and inexplicable, and submitting them to the test of this solvent?

If they each find what seems to be a logical place and all make a symmetrical whole, does not possibility immediately become such extreme probability as to warrant credence, especially in view of the vital importance Reincarnation, if a fact, must have in the great drama of human life? And how else can its proof or fallacy be adequately or even satisfactorily tested?

There is a legend to the effect that a visitor from another planet once alighted on this world of ours and, folding his broad wings, took a survey of the scene spread before him. The time was late evening, when every one being weary was lying down for sleep.

The visitor took due note of it all, and then winged his way westward in quest of whatever further might be seen. But, strange to say, everywhere the same thing was presented to his view, men, beasts, creatures of the air and plants all becoming unconscious in sleep.

So he continued still further westward, keeping,— though he knew it not — always three or four hours behind the setting sun, and always finding darkness and unconsciousness.

At length he returned to his own planet,— which planet the legend does not say — and told his fellows that our poor earth was always wrapped in gloom, and that among all the myriad forms of life there was not a single one that was not lying down in dismal preparation for unconsciousness and death. "How wasteful and murderous," he said, "is Nature's hand on that sad planet!"

A friend who had heard his description decided that he too would see this strange sight. So he also winged his celestial way hither, chancing to arrive about sunrise. The place where he alighted was bathed with golden light, the plants were opening their blossoms, the insects stretching and vibrating their many-colored wings. All living things were astir, and men and women were rising cheerfully to the activities of another day.

He also, like the earlier visitor, chanced to go westward, keeping with the sun; and, lo! it was constantly the same, always glorious light and life and awakening on every hand.

So he returned at length and reported to his companions: "I, too, have been to the earth; but I found not death, but life. Dead things, or so they seemed, were everywhere, plants and animals and human kind. But even as I looked, they took life. Surely, the planet is in its youth. How infinitely kind and productive is Nature there! Men and women are being born into life by millions every moment!"

Then one who was older and wiser explained the seeming contradiction, saying to the one: "These people and beings that you saw did not die, but slept"; and to the other: "These that you saw were not newcreated, but were simply awaking from a night's sleep. Both of you saw

the same beings, and had you but stayed in a single place between the rising and the setting of the sun, each would have seen what the other witnessed and understood that what I say is true."

This is of course a very simple little story and almost applies itself, though perhaps possible of various interpretations. How significant it is of the need for viewing everything well before forming a definite opinion, so often does it happen that a second viewpoint causes us to alter a first impression, and so often does it also happen that *all* our impressions, which are gained through the physical senses, play us false!

Were we dependent solely upon the physical senses, who would ever have discovered, for instance, that the world is round, or that its revolutions and not those of the sun cause the succession of days and nights, or the countless thousands of things, our comprehension of which is based, not upon what our physical senses would indicate to be the fact, but upon what our interior, unexplained reasoning faculties tell us *must be.*

Just as the first visitor from another planet, in our little story, was satisfied from his viewpoint in believing that nothing but death was taking place upon every hand, and the second visitor in believing he had found nothing but a source of new life, even so are we justified — if we trust our senses only — in believing that the appearance of every newly-born infant marks an act of special creation, and that every human disappearance by the hand of what we are accustomed to call death puts the seal of finality upon that individual.

We are justified, I say, in such opinions, if we trust alone in our senses, for what else could we believe? But what security or satisfaction can we find in that belief, when there is thrown upon the canvas of our minds and with an insistence that demands an answer, such questions as these:

How can something come out of nothing?

How can something become nothing?

If man is at birth a new creation fresh from the hand of the Infinite, how happens it that one is blessed with a fortunate birth, and another is cursed with a miserable one; that one is richly endowed with health and ability, and another is weighed down by disease, mediocrity, and even viciousness?

If God is indeed an impartial God, how account for these manifest inequalities?

If heredity be advanced as the explanation of these differences, how can the injustice of it all be reconciled?

What right has even Infinitude to blight my life on account of sins I never committed? Why am I selected as an atonement for the offenses of others?

If, however, all such misfortunes must be resignedly accepted as the

mysterious outcome of an inscrutable Providence, is it at least fair that I should be condemned and, perchance, even imprisoned and made to suffer for acting in accordance with a nature which has been thrust upon me and from which I cannot escape, save by divine favor? And suppose that my make-up — made by others who came before me — is of such a nature that I find it difficult where others more fortunately endowed find it easy to bring myself into what is called a repentant mood and ask forgiveness?

If, again, these various attributes and tendencies, which go to make up the character with which I am born, are the product of either heredity or any other occasioning cause outside myself, where even is my responsibility? How can I justly be charged with either merit or demerit?

Must not a creation act according to the design of its creator?

How the brain is troubled as such questions come crowding in, and how one's inmost self rebels at the once stereotyped and self-abnegating answer, that "God's ways are past finding out"!

Such an answer to the host of vital questions which we simply cannot help asking ourselves, is but on a par with the stupid 'I don't know,' vouchsafed with halting tongue by the schoolboy-dullard, who is amply content if such a reply can only bring final surcease to the master's puzzling questions. Nor is such an answer of any higher order than the 'I can't' of the impotent ones, who find opportunity knocking at the door, and immediately are overwhelmed at the bare prospect of making an effort?

Who for a single moment will admit that God's ways are past finding out?

What are all the natural laws, with which we have gained familiarity, but God's ways?

Have we found them out? Have we *not* found them out?

Are we not *continually* finding them out?

What limit, then, would anyone venture to place upon what *can* be found out, if we will only make due effort and *use* our divinely-given faculties?

Why not gather some modicum of self-reliance from the obvious fact that real knowledge and conviction cannot come second-hand, as it were, but must be gained, if at all, each one for himself; and having made this simple discovery, make then a start at examining the complex problems of human life, and with a mind as unprejudiced as possible by hoary concepts which cannot stand the searchlight of human reason?

Turning again to the age-old subject, how incontrovertible it is that the fashioning of man by any power outside himself would make of him nothing but a human automaton, a moving, speaking, acting puppet,

whose free will was but a phantasy of an automatic imagination; whose power of choice — notwithstanding its seeming liberty of operation — was as certain, in the expression it will in every instance take, as is the weathervane to indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing; whose entire life, in fact, even in minute detail, is as completely under extraneous control as are the movements of a well-constructed machine!

Then why should I feel aggrieved when someone injures me? He is, so to speak, running on his track and I on mine, although it seems unfortunate that they should have crossed each other so summarily.

What room, also, in any given instance would there be for gratitude? The same reasoning as before would apply.

Who, in fact, would be deserving of any condemnation, no matter how outrageous the offense; and who could be entitled to any praise, regardless of the measure of achievement?

What, too, is the real meaning of the words: 'Justice' and 'Injustice'? They no longer can have any application and, therefore, are superfluous in our vocabulary.

What room is there for any feeling, sentiment, emotion, even for love itself?

Ah, but we know we love. We know we feel. We know there is such a thing as right and wrong, as justice and injustice, as merit and demerit. We know it. We are certain of it. No possible argument, explanation, demonstration, or evidence of any character whatsoever could for a moment make us doubt it.

Then where is the error in the reasoning? An outside fashioning of our character must make of us puppets. We certainly are not puppets. Therefore — and blessed be the discovery we are making — our characters must have been, and from the very first, of our own fashioning. When and where did we commence the fashioning? Without trying to find the very beginning, it certainly is behind the veil that lifted for a moment when we were given birth.

But there is another blind curtain on the opposite of the arena of life, which we must all steadily approach and eventually pass; and as we dwell upon the inevitable, again the mind is besieged with questionings, and again do the answers seem difficult to find.

The same old problem as to our welfare, though in somewhat different guise, again presents itself, and were it not so absolutely futile, we would do little but rebel against the hardship, if not the actual injustice, which seems to be presented.

The reaching of the threescore years and ten seems to the youth an immeasurable distance away. But the quickly-running sands of the first half show to those of mature years how much more rapidly the latter half

will speed away. And who is there, even of those who have made most avail of opportunity, who does not feel that he is only just beginning to learn how to live, when a perfunctory halt is called to his labors!

Think too of the countless realms of human accomplishment, so wonderful in their possibilities, so alluring in their inexhaustible length and breadth, into which we can but hardly enter and acquire such limited familiarity, when the knell of the recall is sounded! Think again of the many who, instead of being attracted into productive paths, have halted by the wayside, as it were, or have strayed away and stumbled and fallen into the darker recesses, over whose yawning openings might well be warningly inscribed: 'Waste Places'!

What a vast territory these waste places seem to cover, and how many there are, both young and old, who perforce enter them! What a pity that they do not have a better chance!

Think of the child that is born of miserable parentage, of crippled body, the repository of little but disease! What is his chance in life? How is he with such a pitiful equipment adequately to prepare himself for all eternity? How would he like another chance?

Think of the one, the many in fact, of more fortunate physical endowment, but handicapped by some distortion in character which makes in the long run for dissipated energies and a ruined life! Would he like another chance?

Think of the one who in some moment of weakness yields to an overmastering impulse, and, as sober reason returns too late, finds himself the occasion of deep wrong to others, a disgraced, hunted fugitive from justice, perchance a murderer, or even worse! Think you, would he like another chance?

Think of the one who, driven by any one of the thousands of awful mistakes which at critical moments make men desperate, seeks the only remaining avenue that seems to promise relief and takes his own life; who sees so plainly where the first false step was taken, but alas! can neither retrace the step nor repair the injury! Do you think he would like another chance?

Think too, if any one of these were near and dear to you, so near that his well-being is your well-being, his success or failure, his honor or disgrace, yours also! Would you like him to have another chance? Think, if you please, of your own life! What one of us has such a faultless record that here and there are not some incidents, some transgressions, which might cause a blush of shame, if nothing more, were they but given publicity? Would we, would *not* we, each one of us, like another chance?

Think, on the other hand, of those who have devoted their lives to some great purpose, in the inventive field, for instance, or in art, music,

or the sciences, and whose wonderful achievements seemed to them but as the twilight of a most glorious day in comparison with what they might have accomplished, had strength and years been vouchsafed them only a little longer! Would they like another chance?

And when the world is startled, as now and again happens, by the unheralded and, by all scientific methods, unaccountable advent of some prodigy, who in early years manifests surpassing genius, think you it too much to believe that such a soul is having another chance?

In fact, think of every field of human activity and endeavor, from those strewn with the wrecks of failure to those adorned with the most brilliant successes, and whether it be to repair mistakes, right wrongs, make a better record, or carry noteworthy achievement to even more glorious heights: what one of the horde of travelers upon these countless paths, think you, would not like, does not crave, another chance?

Think of these things! Think of the heart-yearnings that cannot be satisfied, and the heart-aches for others, even for oneself, that cannot be stilled!

"Oh, if I could but live long enough!"

"Oh, if I could but live my life again!"

These are the two cries of the soul that is awake. And then suppose some angel of light could reveal himself and with convincing tones declare:

"Thou shalt live long enough to develop thy every power and accomplish the loftiest of sublime ambition!"

"Thou shalt live thy life again and yet again, and with every time have repeated opportunity to remedy that wherein thou hast failed today!"

Would such a messenger be welcome? Would such a welcome fall on willing ears?

After all, where would be the great wonder in the fact itself? Would a second coming be more incomprehensible than a first? Nor is it an objection that the possibility finds such strong support in hope. The world after all knows but very little of divine realities, and which one of all our powers and faculties has played a more important part in human development and achievement than hope, which has ever been the one incentive and on account of which man has always been willing to do and dare, and without which success could never be the crown of human effort.

"Hope on, hope ever!" Dare to hope for *great* things! And may we not be assured that the finiteness of the human imagination could not possibly form conceptions upon which to base hopes which could transcend the possibilities of Infinitude?

Does not the very fact that we can conceive and hope in itself prove the possibility?

Could human mind conceive of human life, if it were not a possibility?

If not, by what similitude, then, could the idea ever have arisen?

Could the human mind ever even dream of opportunity and equal opportunity, of justice and unfailing justice, did not their possibility, nay, their actuality, exist?

Then it must be true that what seems like a negation of the fact is only a seeming, due not to any actual failing of the law, but due solely to my own failing powers of perception, which are as incapable as yet of penetrating beyond the physical as are our memories of recalling what preceded it.

How often we ask ourselves the question: What are we here for?

If we search the Bible for an answer, we may find something significant in the injunction: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

The possibility of successfully obeying this injunction seems to become an impossibility, not because of any failure in our willingness to try, nor yet because of any doubt as to our ability to succeed, were we only given sufficient opportunity; but simply because of the exceedingly short time afforded by a single earth-life for accomplishing this stupendous task.

Without any argument it is obvious that the words mean exactly what they say, that perfection is expected of us and will be required of us. This injunction is absolutely unqualified. It does not say: *try* to be perfect,— nor be as nearly perfect as you can; but simply: "*Be ye perfect.*"

Can it be that we are required to accomplish what is simply and utterly impossible in the time afforded, and then are ultimately to be condemned for what from the very start could have been nothing but an inevitable failure? It is unthinkable.

Why, then, in striving to find the way in which divine commands are to be interpreted, do we not cease searching for some weaker meaning than the words imply, and simply take them literally at their face-value, as it were, and with full faith that the omniscience, which framed the rules for our conduct, must also be united with omnipotence to frame due opportunity for their fulfilment.

And would we really have it otherwise?

Who wants to approach the kingdom of heaven as a beggar? Such an attitude would hardly fit us to enjoy the place. And how could we feel at all at home, if we had not already made of this life all the heaven it might be? We certainly would be charity-guests, and the consciousness of unworthiness, made stronger by memories of remissness, would scarcely make the charity any sweeter.

It seems difficult to understand how men and women, like those of this western world today, who naturally feel some glory in the vastness of their achievements and point to them with pardonable pride as worthy evidences of and monuments to a higher order of mentality, are any longer

willing meekly to accept gross substitutes for the illuminating truth of Reincarnation, and will devote so much energy toward bolstering up and sustaining a theory regarding human life, its duration and possibilities, which cannot stand by virtue of any innate strength.

The history of the single earth-life theory is confined to practically the last sixteen centuries and to a comparatively limited portion of the world's population. The history of the theory of Reincarnation, on the other hand, embraces a materially larger sphere, both in time and extent, a brief examination of which might repay one by showing what its credibility has been.

Among the ancients there are at least four distinct sources from which information may be gleaned upon this subject. These are Egypt, India and the East, Palestine, and Greece. Regarding the first-mentioned place, Herodotus makes the statement that the "Egyptians are the earliest who have spoken of this doctrine, according to which the soul is immortal, and after the destruction of the body enters into a newly-born being." Of greater weight are the references to reincarnation in the ancient Egyptian Ritual, where are found such expressions as: "May he accomplish all the transformations he desires"; and, in another place, the prayer that he may "go forth a living soul to take all the forms that may please him." The whole symbology, in fact, of ancient Egypt was interwoven with the idea of the pre-existence of the soul and its repeated return to birth in a physical body.

In Persia Reincarnation was taught by the followers of Zoroaster, who believed in the pre-existence of the soul, its descent into earth-life for the purpose of gaining experience requiring repeated incarnations, and its subsequent reascension into Paradise.

In India, China, Japan, and the East generally, Reincarnation for untold centuries has been and still is almost universally accepted. In fact, it is said to be the belief of two-thirds of the world's population today. Nor are those who hold to this doctrine the unlearned, for it is the teaching of the most profound philosophers of the East. The form of this teaching in India is perhaps best shown by quotations from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, such as: "All worlds up to that of Brahma are subject to rebirth again and again." "Death is certain to all things which are born, and rebirth to all mortals." "As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same," and many others of similar import.

Coming to Greece, we find but the afterglow of Egypt and the Orient. Intercourse with these countries had carried many of the ancient teachings to Greece, and as evidence of the attitude held it may be interesting to quote from an eminent disciple of Pythagoras, who says: "The ancient

theologists and priests testify that the soul is conjoined to the body through a certain punishment, and that it is buried in the body as in a sepulcher."

Without going to wearisome lengths in quoting leading philosophers of the ages and other noted writers, it seems sufficient to say that recognition of the truth of Reincarnation is disclosed in the works of such eminent ones as Empedocles, Plato — especially in his *Republic*, *Phaedo*, and *Phaedrus*, — Iamblichus, Porphyry, Vergil, and others of equal repute, while there is abundant evidence showing that this same idea of rebirth was held by the old Italians, the Celtic Druids, the Gauls, the Britons, and ancient peoples in both Americas and in Africa, whose histories cover an immensity of time; while the idea of a single life on earth seems almost exclusively, if not completely, confined to Christendom and even there has been the prevailing doctrine for the last sixteen centuries only. Why the church changed its teaching in this regard is rather difficult to understand, in view of the many references in the Bible which unmistakably point to a recognition of the law of Reincarnation.

In *Jeremiah*, xxx, and in *Ezekiel*, xxxiv and xxxvii, there is the distinct promise of rebirth to David: "They shall serve the Lord their God, and David their king, whom I will raise up unto them." In *Micah*, v, there is the promise of a ruler to Israel, whose goings forth have been "from ancient days." In *Malachi*, iii and iv, we find reference to the reincarnation of Elijah in these words: "Behold, I send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me." "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and terrible day of the Lord come."

Turning to the New Testament for the fulfilment of this Old Testament promise, in *Luke*, i, 17, the angel who announces the birth of John the Baptist says that John would "go before his face in the spirit and power of Elijah," thus confirming the prophecy in *Malachi* that Elijah would be sent as a harbinger. In *Luke* there is the declaration of the angel that this promise would be fulfilled in the child afterwards known as John the Baptist; while from Jesus there is the confirmation that Elijah had already returned as the Baptist, his words being, in the eleventh chapter of *Matthew:* "If ye will receive it, this is Elijah which was for to come." Also in the seventeenth chapter Jesus says: "Elijah is come already, and they knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they listed. . . . then understood the disciples that he spoke to them of John the Baptist."

That Reincarnation was a current belief in the time of Jesus we learn from such passages as *Luke* ix, 8, 19, where the popular belief in the return of Elijah or one of the prophets is clearly stated; or that in *John*, ix, where the question of the disciples regarding the man born blind implies that they were well acquainted with the idea of rebirth, and thought this

man might have been born blind as punishment for sins committed in some former life.

There are many other passages also in the New Testament, which speak of Jesus as having had prior existences, such as *John,* vi, 36, 51, 62; i, 14; viii, 58; xvii, 24; iii, 13; *Philippians,* ii, 7; *2 Cor.,* viii, 9; *1 John,* i, 2. In *Rev.,* iii, 12, we read that those who have attained to a certain stage of progress will "go no more out," implying an end to the necessity for further incarnation.

In the Hebraic Talmud Reincarnation was one of the tenets and is even today an accepted doctrine among the Jewish people; while among Christians the names of a number of great men may be found who believed in it in one form or another, usually in the form of pre-existence, such as Justin Martyr, Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, and others. Jerome says that rebirth is an esoteric doctrine taught to the select few. But at the time of the second council of Constantinople, when the Church had become a hotbed of intrigue, it is said the following resolution against the theory of rebirth was carried: that "whoever shall support the mythical presentation of the pre-existence of the soul, and the consequently wonderful opinion of its return, let him be anathema!" It is interesting to note that even in this strong denunciation they hardly went so far as to declare the teaching false, either in terms or by implication. When one considers the antichristian elements at work in the Church even from the time of Constantine, and considers further how independent judgment was smothered through the machinations of those who held the upper hand, deep confidence in councils is unavoidably somewhat shaken.

One cannot help but wonder why this teaching of Reincarnation should have met with such bitter opposition; for who could be the gainer by its suppression? Who *has* been the gainer? Certainly not those who have been deprived of the teaching, nor those who have suffered persecution, even to the loss of life, for daring to believe its truth and to teach it to others. Even today antagonism to its reintroduction is quite manifest, although the arguments advanced against its verity are of a quality that might indicate a catching at straws rather than well-founded conviction.

Perhaps the strongest reason advanced in opposition is the fact that we do not remember our past lives. This may sound quite plausible at first, but immediately loses all weight when we consider that the brain, upon which we so largely depend for memory, being a material portion of the present body, could hardly have any connexion with or carry the tabulation of incidents relating to any former body in which the tenant of the present body may have been incarnated.

The assumption of the role of a prophet is never lucrative, to say nothing of always being somewhat hazardous; yet I cannot help be-

lieving, and giving voice to the belief, that the time may not be far distant when the leaders of the world in Christian thought, the ministers of the Gospel, will gladly accept and teach this great truth of Reincarnation as the only means whereby the divine message of love and opportunity, to the preaching of which they are devoting their lives, can be made of real avail and efficiency.

Somehow, it seems very strange that there should be any need of special advocacy for the law of Rebirth. Reasons, arguments, explanations, and illustrations of its probability and necessity are so numerous, while any contradictory evidence is so difficult to find, that it almost seems as if it were a self-evident fact.

Perhaps a stranger thing, however, is the unwillingness so many entertain to give the subject attention; and this unwillingness for the most part must be based upon a failure to appreciate the importance of its recognition, and the many ways in which its understanding would lead us vitally to change our attitude and conduct.

For the time being discard the prejudice of former conception, and accepting Reincarnation as a possibility, immediately you will see how completely and satisfactorily it accounts for very many of the otherwise inexplicable problems of human existence. And better and greater than any personal satisfaction such recognition may occasion is the material help it brings in making one's own life really count.

Recognising the long journey humanity is taking with its many pitfalls, and faintly realizing how lamentably we all, even the best of us, must have blundered and failed time and time and time again through past ages, our perfunctory tolerance for the idiosyncrasies of others changes to true sympathy through the bond of our common experience, and mutual sympathy makes for mutual helpfulness,— helpfulness for the young and helpfulness for the old; helpfulness for the weak and even for the strong; helpfulness for those who in any way suffer, and helpfulness too for those who have made them suffer.

We are all common travelers upon a common road, and the mistakes one makes we all are liable to make, if we have not learned better through having made them already. Some of us are marching bravely and find the road quite smooth — for the present. Some drag along with limping gait, a burden to themselves, and a care, if not a menace, to those about them. But who knows when smooth ways may become rough, when sinewy limbs may become unstrung! Who knows when unexpected obstacles may be met, and new tests of endurance be required!

To fall is not to fail.

He only fails, who, falling, will not rise again, or who seeing another fall, fails to reach out to a brother in need a kindly hand of aid.

THE SILENT PALATINE

(See illustrations following)

STUDENT

THEIR upper limits shrouded in perpetual snow, the Alps rise in the midst of Europe dowered with a magnitude and grandeur that make them dominate the continent in unquestioned prerogative and prestige. Romance has always clustered round them and the glory of sunrise color blent with the beauty of echoing yodel has reflected something into the consciousness of man that seems to forbid the dissipation of a certain mystic glamor; and no doubt will forbid it till the eternal snows melt away.

H. P. Blavatsky points out in *The Secret Doctrine* that the Alps postdate the appearance of man in Europe and were upheaved, in fact, coincidently with the final disappearance of the last of the continent of Atlantis. But even so they are grandly prehistoric and there is much evidence to show that the chief passes were known and made use of long before what we term 'historic' time. The Romans made an extensive use of these passes and the names given by them still attach. These passes have always been noteworthy because, unlike those of most mountain-ranges, they require a long ascent and a toilsome and difficult descent. And from the passage of Hannibal, around whose conquest of the Alps a complete literature has grown, to that of Napoleon centuries afterwards, the cost has been a frightful one in its toll of suffering and loss. Today many of these passes have fine highroads leading through them, where the tourist can travel in comparative if not complete comfort and meditate at his leisure upon the vicissitudes of other times.

Two of these passes are shown in the illustrations, Splügen Pass, uniting Switzerland and Italy and winding along the sides of the Splügen Mountain (one of the three great sources of the Rhine), and the Pass of the Gemmi, near Zermatt, Canton Wallis, Switzerland.

Splügen Pass is approached on the Swiss side by the *Via Mala*, a rather unfortunate name, it would seem, but it dates from earlier days when the road was notoriously 'bad.' Today it is one of the most beautiful and interesting roads in Europe, rising as it does through the sunny forested slopes of the Nolla to plunge suddenly into the precipitous gorge of the Rhine, the old *Verlorne Loch.* The abrupt change from the warmth and sunshine of the Nolla bank to the chill, gloom, and darkness of the gorge is very impressive. The almost perpendicular sides of the gorge rise in places to a height of 1600 feet, the path between them being often less

than five feet wide, and the road in its meanderings crosses the river itself no less than three times. The picture shows the pass from the Italian side of *Monte Spluga* as it is there known, and also shows at the left one of the covered arches or avalanche galleries, as they are called, peculiar to this road.

Snow presents the great problem of Monte Spluga and these galleries are designed as a protection against the heavy fall of winter and the inevitable avalanches of spring when the melting of the snow begins. They form a kind of above-ground tunnel, with sloping roof and side-openings for light, and are often from 600 to 800 feet in length. It was in the Cardenell gorge in 1800 that the French under General Macdonald sustained such terrible losses, and the dangerous Liro Gorge can tell the same tale. It has long been the custom to ring bells in the refuge-houses during the heavy snow-storms to guide travelers to them, and for weeks at a time in winter only second-story windows are visible above the enshrouding whiteness.

A wonderful view of Alpine peaks is the reward of a steep climb up the Pass of the Gemmi to the summit. On all sides rise the majestic heights, Monte Rosa, the Barrhorn, the Brunnegghorn, the mammoth Weisshorn, the great truncated portion of the Matterhorn, the beautiful Pointe de Zinal, the Dent Blanche, Dent de Perroc, and Dent des Bouquetins. Through wooded slopes rich in flowers, the windings of this road rise almost like a spiral staircase. It is the steepest mountain road in Switzerland, and possible of ascent only on foot — so precipitous in fact that the distance from summit to valley, 5400 feet, can be easily covered in an hour. In the picture the famous Louêche les Bains, sought for its mud-baths, is seen in the valley at the left.

But Mt. Blanc is the real glory of the Alps, noted equally for its stupendous granite formation, for its glaciers, the phenomena of which are mainly studied in the Alps, and for its glamorous beauty. It is the highest mountain in Europe, and since it overtops even the lofty *Pir-pañjal* of the Kashmîr range by some 500 feet, the Alps as a whole have been compared with the Himâlayas. But the comparison is hardly apt, for as one writer remarks (Professor Ball, F. R. S.) there are valleys in the Himâlayas into which the entire Alps could be cast and not make more than an appreciable difference in the topography, viewed from a distance of ten or fifteen miles. Nevertheless this mountain is one of the crowning glories of Europe and truly the monarch of that mighty series of ranges whose lakes feed the great, fertile plains of upper Italy, and whose higher regions never leave the realm of silence and perpetual snow.

THE REALITY THAT YOU PROFESS

(From an old manuscript)

GRACE KNOCHE

"Each one of you is a mystery to yourself, in a sense, for man is not one but TWO."

— *Katherine Tingley* to her Students

I WAS very tired, and for a moment it was a question: should I go on with the task in hand, or let it go undone? But only for a moment, and gathering up my own strength, and more that seemed to be in the air, I attacked the duty with renewed determination and shortly it was finished. Oddly enough, instead of leaving a sense of fatigue in its wake, there was a great restfulness and ease. A bee that is spending the winter in my room buzzed lazily over, settled a moment on my face, then droning and humming sailed round and round my head. Only a bee — sacred to Hathor in the old days, they tell us, and a gift from other spheres; a tiny piece of life, yet so tenderly responsive to human love and care — well: all I know is that shortly, together with the bee, I found myself entering . . .

It was a hall, and yet in earth-terms not a hall. It seemed to be also a world, and it was built on two sorts of foundations, if such a thing can be. One of these was masonried into what I had knowledge to see was the solid granite of those old forgotten mountains to which the builders of Upper Egypt used to go for materials for their work — work which antedated the Pyramids and now is perished even from memory. The other was masonried into something whose composition defied me, for I saw that it was no earth-substance at all, but though definite in its boundaries and extent was an immaterial something belonging to a finer plane. It suggested the rare pink alabaster that Egypt knew so well how to use, and I wondered if it might not be that in some still antenatal state.

The hall was columned on all sides — huge columns they were, as gigantic as those of Karnak — and a portion of it was hypostyled in the same way: the way of Egypt, though a more immemorial way, for neither columns nor walls nor any part were of Egyptian design as we know it today.

As to the dome: whether it was merely deep azure and studded with stars to represent the sky, as was often done in the temples of earlier days — its loftiness giving it the mystery that I could not fathom — or whether it was actually the vaulted sky, seen as at night when strewn with constellations, I have no idea. Perhaps the temple had two domes

as it had two foundations. It was all very natural, at any rate, and nothing about it seemed strange.

Through this hall a long, broad path led in an easy, graceful curve from end to end, and from this numerous bypaths led out. And far from being empty, the hall was tenanted with a living, breathing company, most of them of more than earthly beauty. They were not human, as I had the knowledge to know, but yet, for purposes I could not discover, were in human guise at the time.

As I passed along they extended to me their hands, gracefully, modestly, appealingly, selfishly, graspingly, tormentingly, beautifully, depending on the nature of each one. For there were beautiful hands and hideous ones, young hands and old, tender, petal-like baby hands, hands crabbed and gnarled from age and selfishness, hands sweet with incense, hands fragrant with breath of rose and violet, and still others that were foul with dank odors and soiled with grime and blood.

Behind the hands there were — not faces, for the heads of all were veiled , but garmented figures — figures that like the hands were young and old, bowed and joyously erect, heavily bent and disfigured, and many of them light as petals, for they seemed hardly to touch the earth. Some expressed pleading, while others rose straight and stern as though in command. Others of them lured me with an unearthly loveliness. Their garments fell in lines that seemed modeled on the sweep of the stars, lines that no designer on our planet has ever approached for beauty, nor ever will. Some were garmented in sunrise colors and others were flame-hued and peacock-hued, glowing and scintillating with an iridescence not of earth. Some were clothed in garments that were jaundiced and dull, as though an amateur had painted them and had muddied his palette at the start. A very large number were garmented in soft gray — the gray of twilight and the dove's neck — and the figures beneath them were gentle and beautiful, I could see, and very strong.

I questioned long about these last as I went along, for these, too, held out their hands — strong and shapely hands, wonderfully beautiful hands, with no jewels to mar or hide them — and there was about them an indefinable atmosphere of confidence and peace that the other figures did not possess. While some of the hands pushed in as if they would seize me, and others terrified me with their crowding, and still others seemed to work a spell upon me that I could hardly resist, these of the soft gray garments waited like daisy-things in a meadow, very modest, till I should come up with them. I thought of the old Tower of the Maidens as poets had pictured it and as I had dreamed it before. But it was nothing to this for beauty, for here too were armored, splendid figures, many of them, some dashing and slashing and brilliant and others powerful and calm.

There were philosopher-figures there, also, or so it seemed. And all seemed to have two foundations, if one may speak that way, just as the masonry did: one of an outer, visible stuff and the other of some finer garmenting, woven on invisible looms, with long threads of passion here, or of soul and glory there. They were not human in the sense of that Light and Fire that makes man more than man; were they pictures, messages . . . ?

I was drawn to clasp hands with them, and indeed knew that this was what I had entered the hall to do; but I was free as the air to choose. The gray and modest ones did not attract me, while I shrank from the soiled and cruel ones; but the flame-hued, the iridescent, the beautiful ones! oh, the beautiful ones! I clasped the hand of a handsome soldierly figure -- and it gripped my own as in a vise. Shrieking with pain and fear I sank to my knees and with a supreme effort of will tore my bleeding hand from the steel-like grasp and pushed the cruel figure away. Where it stood was only a floating, mist-like veil, which waved as if it were beckoning to me, and then slowly dissolved.

My hand was terribly bruised and as I stanched the bleeding I noticed the slender woman-hand of a modest gray figure held out to me. Gratefully I clasped it and at the touch the pain was gone. But greater than the miracle of healing, all the fear left me and the old confidence returned. Then a jeweled hand, soft and beautiful, came into view and I was attracted to that . . . oh!

. . . . . .

I need not detail every shock that befell, nor every mistake that was made, nor every miracle of healing that took place as I walked down that strange path, clasping now this hand and now that: nor need I tell of hands that tried to snatch me into by-paths, and other hands — only would I clasp them — that tried to hold me safe; of the pain and hideous torment concealed in the guise of purest beauty, which of itself was but a mask, designed to lure and kill. Truth to tell, I have little pride in the record of that walk, for I need not have been hurt at all. No hand had power to touch me of itself; I alone could give permission, and . . .

I did give permission again and again, against my wish, against my desire and will, often and often, and at last I became aware that there was no longer one of me but two, and that between those two a battle was going on. This is the next thing to be related: *I was not one, but* TWO, and between the two there swung the bridge of my thought as it were, a link between them, and this link was now a battleground, a new Field of the Cloth of Gold, where opposing kings of power met and challenged each other and whereon alone the issues could be joined. I became now

one of these two, and now the other, as the parley carried forward or the hot lines clashed and joined — or rather I stood within their presence, as though I were a part of them only, for I was still 'myself' and I oscillated back and forth between them.

You will ask how that could have been when I describe them, for one was tall and radiant, sublime in power and tender strength. He might have been the Spiritual Warrior of whom I had read and dreamed before I entered this hall but who had never been, before that entering, more than an abstraction to me. The other was a compact of selfish cunning, envy, greed, hate, and fear. How could I have shifted so and so swung over to him, again and again? Him, too, I had read about in books, and I had seen myself in fancy destroying him with zest and ease, many times — oh, yes, many times! It was not so zestful now. I was no longer 'I,' but a suffering, oscillating point! Oh heaven!

At last, bruised and buffeted, trampled and gashed and sore, jaded and worn with agonies of soul and body both, I began to see a light. I extended my hand to one of the gentle gray figures with a new determination and strength — and even as I did so the spirit of the Warrior seemed to enter me. I turned upon that compact of selfishness — that unspeakable Something that had dared to parade as 'myself' — and I dared and defied it and challenged it to do its worst. But no sooner had my risen Will touched it than it too dissolved, perished, vanished away, and I knew that I was free. I turned to the Warrior and looked up and ahead, and wiped even the memory of this Thing of Horror from my heart. The gentle gray figures stood beside me again, and as I clasped their hands, understandingly now, I was healed, I was healed. Then for the first time the Warrior opened his lips.

"Now you may question me," he said. And I asked him, "What is all this?" And he answered, "This is life." "It is no life that I have ever known." "Yes," he said, "it is the life you know daily. It is the Hall of Learning, which is only another term for the school you call earth-life."

The bee was buzzing tempestuously. It flew from figure to figure wildly, joyously, with a flight like that of a bird. At last it settled on my shoulder and I turned to the Warrior again, for the veiled and beautiful denizens of the hall, the flame-hued and alluring ones, were slowly dissolving, mist-like, veil-like, phantasm-like, beckoning as they went, and I could not bear to see them in their beauty disappear. "Who are all these?" I asked. And the Warrior replied: "They are life's teachers, her challengers, her tempters, if you wish to call them so. For their task is to challenge you, tempt you, teach you, test you and bring you to your strength."

Then the scales dropped from my eyes, and I saw that the glitter

and gleam and iridescence and hot flame which had so allured me were but the reflected fires of foul things. I saw the fierce fires of passion and hate playing around them, and around the bent and sordid figures which grew still more bent and sordid as they wavered, thinned, and, veil-like, floated away in mist before my eyes. I saw it all.

But looking at the flower-like, dove-like figures — for these were not dissolving but on the contrary seemed to be gathering solidity and strength — I saw about them a radiance and a glory that lighted the whole place with such a light as "never shone on sea or land."

"Tell me," I cried, "What are these? *Who* are these? Will they go with the rest? Oh, that I cannot bear! Bid them stay!" For truly they were as goddesses and gods, celestial things sent as if to summon heaven back to the heart, stars come down on earth to lead and light us! "*Who* are these?"

The Warrior smiled and answered, "The number of them is legion but the name of them is one. It is *Duty*."

"Duty?" I forgot all deference. "Why, these are no abstraction. They live, move, breathe, they heal and bless, they are creatures with a very life of their own!" "Duty lives," said the royal Companion at my side. "Duty is no cold abstraction; they are deluded who imagine so. It is of the essence of life. It is an urging Spirit, a living Creation, a positive, soulful, beneficent Guide."

My head whirled, and I could only stammer, "But is it real?" "It is Reality itself," were the words I heard beside me. "*It is the Reality that you profess.*" I would have questioned further, but He stood with finger on lip.

. . . . . .

A fresh breath swept in through the open door and I sensed an indescribable fragrance that came and went. The bee was on his saucer, lazily sipping the sweet. Only he seemed tired — perhaps from the flight.

"'GIVE me understanding that I may keep thy law,' prayed the psalmist of old, and this should be the daily prayer of all humanity. If one has the understanding one can keep the laws — laws which Theosophy teaches are inherent in every atom of the universe, by which man evolves symmetrically towards perfection. One working conscientiously with these laws finds himself in harmony with nature, recognises the reality of the soul-life and begins to taste true happiness."— *Katherine Tingley*

THOUGHTS ON MODERN PHILOSOPHY: WHAT IS TRUTH AND WHENCE ITS ORIGIN?

M. MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

"There is no reason to think that any truth is native to the mind in any other sense than that the mind has capacity to cognise it. The relation of the mind to all kinds of truth is the same. The mind cognises, truth is cognised. No truths are evolved from the mind except as the mind is the object of cognition."— ALDEN: *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*

WORDS, words, words! How significant they are — and yet how obscuring! Broadly to contradict in unqualified terms any man's position in a philosophical discussion is to incur the danger of doing him a gross injustice. A and B discuss philosophy. A utters his conception of a certain truth. B hears and receives A's utterance. Query: does B receive what A delivers? With almost perfect safety one may say no. Behind A's statement is A's character, A's mental outlook, A's hereditary tendencies of mind, A's temperament and his peculiar mood at the moment of uttering his statement. The same is true of B. How then is it possible for B to receive more than an approximate idea of what A actually means and feels when he utters his thought?

With this thought in mind I would like to discuss the above quotation as its meaning appears to me. As I understand the above words they imply that all truths are external phenomena which the mind contemplates just as it might contemplate a house, a ship, or a locomotive, and that it, the mind, is incapable of evolving from itself any such truths, just as it is incapable of evolving from itself the house, the ship, or the locomotive. This being the case, what means has the mind of declaring any statement, principle, or phenomenon as 'truth' — what is its criterion? You may reply: 'By comparing or referring any given statement to other statements known to be true.' Then I ask, how are those other statements known to be true? You reply: 'By referring them to those fundamental laws and principles upon which our universe is constructed.' To this I ask again, how do we know that these 'eternal and fundamental' principles are true — what do you mean by 'true'? To the first you might reply, by their age-old and universal acceptance and by the dictates of logic and common sense. To this I reply that there are many who will disagree with you about these same principles — who will declare it to be their firm conviction as the result of long years of research and philosophic study that there is no 'law' governing the universe, no solution of the problem of existence, nothing but blind force and chance in anything.

This you may declare to be the conclusion of an abnormal and disordered mind. Yet in many cases it can be shown that the person in question has arrived at his conclusion by a contemplation of the same facts and the same so-called truths as those which you have enlisted to deduce perhaps the opposite conclusion. If you are to depend on reasoning alone and the comparison of so-called truths of long acceptance, any and all sorts of conclusions can be reached according to the bent of the mind contemplating them. To the second of the above queries one might perhaps suggest that Truth is that certain innate fitness of things which brings facts and phenomena into a harmonious relation with the apparent nature of the universe. Needless to say, this is an exceedingly general and crude definition, but for the sake of its elasticity let us accept it temporarily.

To refer again to our quotation: "The relation of the mind to all kinds of truth is the same. The mind cognises, truth is cognised." Let us see. Here are two truths: All right angles are equal. Brotherhood is a fact in nature. The first of these I think everyone will accept without argument. The second some will accept equally without argument, others with reservations, while others again will flatly deny it to be a truth. Is the relation of the mind to these two truths the same? The question would be better stated, Is the same mind capable of cognising these two truths?

This introduces a new issue into the discussion, the meaning of the term 'mind.' Evidently Mr. Alden conceives the mind as singular in its aspects and functioning, and not differentiated into brain-mind, intuitional mind, etc. Yet, so far as I am able to understand the matter, this is the most vital consideration of the entire situation.

In discussing what seemed to me to be the meaning of the introductory quotation I suggested that it was impossible to rely upon time-honored and universally accepted principles alone as our criterion of what we call truth. I would submit that there is more in it than this. In our actual experience in life is it not true that we know *about* things and experiences we have read of or heard others recount, but we *know* those experiences through which we ourselves have passed — those experiences and that knowledge are verily our own and cannot be taken from us. Whatever statements we make regarding those experiences we make from knowledge — they are part of us. Now may not something of the same kind be true regarding our cognition of truth? In other words may there not be — rather, *must* there not be — some connecting-link between the eternal verities of the universe and the cognising mind? Must not their cognition be rather a *re*-cognition, the renewing of an age-old acquaintance? And if this is so, then the question, Whence the connexion and whence the

original acquaintance — a question which brings us to the very heart of our subject, namely the relation of man and the higher mind of man to the universe in which he lives.

I say 'man and the Higher Mind of man' -- for according to Theosophy this is an indispensable elaboration of the subject, the existence of mind as complex and not simple merely. According to Theosophy, in the cognition of the two truths above stated — All right angles are equal; Brotherhood is a fact in nature — two different phases of the mind are exercised: the lower and the higher mind; the reasoning faculty and the intuitive faculty; not two faculties of one mind, but two entirely different phases of that mind. I emphasize this fact for the reason that while the mind which reasons out the first geometrical truth can equally well reason out the second ethical principle, that principle will only become a living working power in the man when grasped by the higher, intuitive mind. Further, I believe I am correct in stating that Katherine Tingley,— the present Leader of the modern Theosophical Society, established by Madame Blavatsky and continued by William Q. Judge,— has said that the fullest comprehension of this fact of universal brotherhood could only be arrived at by the exercise of the imagination, which is spoken of by her as the bridge between the lower reason and the higher creative mind. This gives us three aspects of cognition — a significant and constantly recurring triad. Having suggested these three aspects, the way is made more clear for consideration of truth and its cognition.

First I would submit the necessity of some definite *a priori* relationship between the cognising faculty and the truth to be cognised. Without such a relationship, it appears to me real cognition is impossible. Were any one to ask me to express to him the essential nature of the art of painting, not being an artist and not having done any painting, all I could tell of that art would be what I had gathered from contemplating the works of others and listening to the views of those who did paint — nothing but second-hand hear-say evidence. The reason for this would be that not having handled brushes and paints myself, no reaction had been set up between my cognising faculties and the manipulation of those implements to produce a picture. If on the other hand one were to ask me to give my impressions of the essential nature of 'cello playing, being a 'cellist, and having played for a number of years, I could speak with a degree of knowledge of the actual art itself. My statements would necessarily be only partial and relative truths, since each year of experience must add to my experience and so modify or extend my comprehension of the art. The important point is that here is a definite *a priori* relationship between the cognising faculty and the thing cognised — the relationship of physical contact, exercise and experience giving one the

power to express a certain degree of knowledge of the truths of this art.

The idea suggests itself that in a deeper sense the same principle must hold good with regard to our cognition of what we call truth in the abstract. First of all, truth must be an established inescapable fact. Secondly some part of man's cognising faculty must have already established a definite relationship with truth, upon which relationship it is dependent for what one may call its exoteric recognition — *re*-cognition, not cognition merely — of it.

Let us now turn back to our somewhat elastic but very serviceable definition of truth, and make that a starting-point for another line of investigation: "That innate fitness of things which brings facts and phenomena into a harmonious relation with what appears to be the nature of the universe."

Needless to say, man is not solely dependent upon his own investigations and study for the discovery of truth. In all ages there have been great spiritual teachers who have propounded truth as it relates to the various aspects of life. But supposing no such teachers had come to the world; supposing a human being of clear and unspoiled intellect, in all respects normal, were to set out to discover truth without external aid, what course would he pursue? Since the course must vary with the individual, may I suggest one course which it seems to me might rationally and profitably be pursued?

The healthy and normally-minded searcher for truth in contemplating the natural world about him would note that day and night follow each other in regular and unchanging order, with compensating variations in the length of each according to the seasons which likewise recur in orderly sequence. He would note that the flowers which depart with the winter return with the spring; that the birds and beasts have their regular periods for migration, for hibernating, for mating, for nest-building etc.; that by planting the seed of corn, from it will spring a corn-stalk, which in its season will bear an ear of corn; that from a poppy-seed a poppy-plant will spring; that the ear of corn never comes from the planting of the poppy-seed nor the poppy-plant from the corn-grain. It is not crediting this seeker after truth with more than normal susceptibility and sensitiveness to suppose that standing on some hill in the early morning watching the colors of the rising sun in the east he should discover that the sunrise was beautiful, that the air about him was pure and life-giving, that there was joy in the living things that filled the earth, grace in their movements, harmony in the forms and colorings of the natural world? He would perceive that Law, Order, Harmony, and Beauty, are truths of the universe about him. Nor would these be detached and extraneous phenomena to him. He would feel them, be affected by them, and know

them to be part of his own nature. He would know this *first* of all through his *intuitive* consciousness — would feel it to be so; doubtless he would later enlist his *reasoning* consciousness to support his feeling by logical argument and deduction.

Now why, we may ask, should our seeker after truth find these ideas of law, order, harmony, and beauty familiar to him, why should he *know* them to be part of the eternal verities of the universe and of his own nature? In the answer to this question Theosophy voices the profound and far-reaching message which alone has power to revolutionize the accepted ideas of man's life and destiny. Theosophy declares that these eternal verities *are* familiar to man because they are expressions of that divinity in the universe which is at one with the divinity in him.

Theosophy teaches that all life is an expression of the inbreathing and outbreathing of the Great Breath — the Source of all — the systole and diastole of the Infinite. In the out-breathing we have Deity manifest — the Universe and all that it contains. In the inbreathing we have what the Hindû calls pralaya — unity, chaos, non-manifestation.

From this divine source of all each human being is a ray, endowed with a manifesting vehicle — the body, and with a thinking principle of complex nature — the mind. The ray — the real man — Theosophy terms the Soul. It is impersonal, constant, and cannot be touched by death for the reason that it *is* a ray from That which forever is, whose exterior manifested form is this universe. The thinking principle which is a neutral instrument, can be played upon either by the soul from above, or by the mortal personality from below. For its right functioning it *must* be played upon by both, for both have their place in the human scheme. In the first case we have a manifestation of the Higher Mind utilising the faculties of intuition and imagination; in the second case we have the brain-mind manifesting with the faculties of reason and logic.

Because the thinking principle partakes of this divine nature of man, or rather is susceptible to its appeal and dictates, it is therefore self-conscious — it can contemplate its own functioning. This is what differentiates man from all other kingdoms of creation, makes him ruler of all other kingdoms.

In this thinking principle of man is locked up the wonder and mystery of the human being, the origin of this absorbing maze of human existence and destiny. From it springs that entire mystery-drama, that riddle of the ages, human life. As one of the Theosophical Leaders has said:

"Man is a thinker and by his thoughts he makes the causes for weal or woe."

Human nature would be a comparatively simple and transparent subject for analysis and observation but for the nature of this thinking

principle. Devoid of self-consciousness and the power of choice, endowed merely with instinct like the animals, man would react in a constant and pronounceable way to any given experience; he would live by a law blindly, which he would be powerless to violate. But as it is, no law binds him absolutely; his is the power of choice. Subject to moral law, he is likewise the maker and embodiment of that law with power to profane the harmony and order of the universe, for which profanation, truly, he must meet the consequences ultimately. Consequently, of man and his reactions nothing can be foretold or counted upon — "As a man thinks. . . ."

Hence it is that for the human being absolute terminology is wellnigh useless. With him there is no absolute in the affairs of the universe, all is relative. And the world in which he lives, instead of being definable in simple direct terms as one constant phenomenon to which all react similarly, becomes definable only in an uncertain, changing relative expression. For each in speaking of the world about him sees and defines it through the medium of his own conception of it — the product of his own thinking principle. In fact each man *is* the world he talks about and lives in and of that world he can utter no word that is not an expression of his own interior state. Though six different people look at the same tree and agree that it has green leaves, it has been proved by experiment that the mere physical function of sight varies to such a degree that the chances are that no two of them see the same shade of green. How much more diversity must there be therefore, to the statements of moral and ethical conceptions by any number of persons!

Therefore it becomes evident that there is really no line to be drawn between Self and the universe. They are one, and the reactions of any individual to his environment and circumstances are an altogether *interior* phenomenon dependent upon interior conditions. We carry our universe about with us and *within* us, and that universe only changes as we change our interior nature and thinking principle. The question then arises: Is all Self, or is there any Not-self, and if so, what is Not-self?

In the Theosophical teachings occurs a statement which must have been difficult for many to grasp in its full significance and to accept in that significance. It is: "Compassion is the law of laws." The law of laws — the ultimate, highest, supreme quality.

Have you ever engaged yourself in the work of making a good time for some one, or ones — for a group of little folk, or some few who were poorer or more unfortunate than yourself? Do you recall the experience when your little treat took place and throughout the hour or hours of it you were completely absorbed in *giving* yourself to those you were seeking to help or entertain? Do you recall the perfect joy of complete absence of yourself from your self, the entire oblivion that there was such a thing

as your 'self'? Do you recall the strange, almost distressing sensation of getting back to your regular line of action and to yourself? Ponder deeply on this experience.

There is a thing called sympathy, by means of which we put ourselves in the place of another and seek to see and feel as that one sees and feels. It is the first step to the greater compassion which the Helpers of the race exercise and know. As the imagination is the bridge between reason and intuition, so sympathy is the bridge between self and not-self. And Not-self is — the Self of All, the Self of the Universe, the Self from which each of us has emerged, the Self for which each of us must ultimately work and the Self into which each of us must ultimately be merged. In the attainment of the Greater Self, or Not-self, we attain to Compassion, the Law of laws. From reasoning on the objective and subjective we pass to intuitive knowledge of the blending of the two. From that knowledge we perceive the two in one and that one in essence is TRUTH! From action performed by self in its search for the Not-self we pass through sympathy to compassion, the Law of laws — Truth. Hence it becomes clear that for the perception of truth intuitive knowledge is necessary; that intuitive knowledge is an attribute of the Greater Self of man; that the realization of identity with that Greater Self is only possible through compassion. Therefore truth and compassion (selflessness) are synonymous, and the attainment of truth is the attainment of selflessness. Such is the teaching of Theosophy.

Now we return to our starting-point — the ultimate touchstone or criterion of truth, the *a priori* relationship between the cognising faculty and the truth cognised. It is the Higher Mind, the intuitive cognising faculty of the Not-self, whose unerring vision dwells in "that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience."

This Not-self in its divine origin is one with the inner self of the universe, the Divine Self of the universe. Truth absolute abides in each. Hence within the soul of man dwells ever that interior *knowledge* of truth which leaps to meet and acknowledge its expression in the fundamental laws of the universe. Wheresoever we find these greater truths recorded in gospel or allegory, they are the record of the deepest interior knowledge of the heart of man. In the words of William Q. Judge:

"Not any one of these religions could have been the whole Truth, but each must have presented one of the facets of the great gem, and thus through the whole surely run ideas shared by all. These common ideas point to truth. *They grow out of man's inner nature* and are *not the result of revealed books*."

Not by long and profound reasoning and intellectual research alone can the Great Mystery be solved, but chiefly by giving the self in service.

"The way to final freedom is within thy SELF. That way begins and ends outside of Self."