

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXI, NO. 4

OCTOBER 1921

BUT, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human heart, and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research and discrimination of that basic Truth.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

## THROUGH LOMALAND GATES

GRACE KNOCHE

“You enter a new classroom in life’s great School of Experience when you enter Lomaland gates.”— *Katherine Tingley*



WHEN we entered Lomaland gates we were not saints nor sacrosanct, any of us, but we did feel that the world’s way was a worthless way; we did feel that the only hope for the world lay in the finding of a better way; and we did feel, undoubtedly, that no sacrifice would be too great if only we could be made fit to help the world to find it — although ‘sacrifice’ is not the suitable word in this connexion, for all that we had to lay down were things that had long lost their value to us or had no real value at all, while we received in exchange the greatest thing in the world.

But it takes more than a few aspirations, or a few correct ideas, or a few years of even sincere spiritual effort, to wipe away stains that have been seeping into our souls for the best part of eighteen millions of years. So that very soon we came to see that before we could help the world we had to find a way to help ourselves, and that along some very new lines. And it was here that the Teacher’s real work began upon us. Here was set the theme for her great Symphony of Hope, but here were written down, alas, long jangled progressions of trial and disappointment as well. Still, to the degree that we found the secret of true co-operation and in spite of falls and failures just *kept on*, the task became not an impossible one for her, while for us a peace and joy came into life that, as has been said so well in one of our little devotional\*books, was not so much a reward for those things left behind as a state which simply blotted out the memory of them.

If we failed to co-operate, however, with the Teacher and with each

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other; if we could not relinquish the set idea that one can ride two horses at the same time and make a success of it — then indeed was our path a debatable one, strewn with thorns of humiliation and thick with stumbling-blocks.

The student who enters Lomaland gates faces two paths at the outset, and he has to make his mind up as to which one he will take. If he chooses the path of self-mastery and love, every bit of selfishness, weakness, or fear in his make-up is challenged, for the lower nature knows that its day of domineering is over when the soul steps into place. That is why it is often in periods of the greatest effort and directly in the wake of right choice that one realizes most keenly the ancient truth that the weaknesses of the ordinary man or woman may reappear with changed aspect in the heart of the disciple — and sometimes with such artifice and under such disguises as to turn him off the real path for a time.

It is just at this point, warns the Teacher, that he can take with profit the ancient advice to 'square accounts' with himself at each day's close, and to let no thought pass through the mind, as Plato warns us as well, 'unexamined.'

Consider, for instance, the world's crowning sin, unbrotherliness, so well described by Katherine Tingley as "the insanity of the age." The very fact that we are here, students within Lomaland gates, learning how to form a nucleus of Brotherhood, is a challenge to every unbrotherly possibility in our natures and to the unbrotherly passion of the world. And if there is that in our natures that permits the entrance of selfish hopes — there we are! Something happens to cross us; someone, all without intending to, gives our self-love a little rub; a strong desire is thwarted by another who, we think mistakenly, is in our way; or we make an exhibition of some hitherto unsuspected weakness, and then think we must cover it up; or any other of a dozen things, all equally ridiculous when set forth in cold type. Instead of getting our little tossed boat righted and back into the proper channel then and there by the unfailing compass of self-examination, we may let ourselves be swept into some mental whirl or eddy that throws us still further out of the right course. Unbrotherliness at its worst wells up within us for the moment or the day, to ruin or to rule, and the Teacher has another fever-patient on her hands who might have been, instead, a royal worker for better things.

The truth is that most people, as the world goes, will not give up just one little satisfaction-room: that little sacred corner in the mind that is reserved for My Lord Personality. Another has more attention than we, a larger income, greater opportunities, less 'menial' duties — all know the sorry list. And yet we sincerely aspire to be better and do better

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things. But a little examination of the subject — as much study, say, as would be demanded by a geography lesson or a new collar pattern — would show us a wholly different aspect. There is Karma to be studied and the endless chapters in that mysteriously opening book, the Duality of Man. How did we spend our youth? Over our books and our duties, or working our own sweet will and having ‘a good time’? Different methods plant different sorts of seed, and no man yet has gathered good wheat from tare-sown acres.

But only the serious-minded few, as the world goes, will study these matters in the sweet pure light of Brotherhood; and so the besieging thought is let in that such another is ‘favored’ while we are set aside, and before long our sense of justice and our peace of mind depart and that other individual begins to irritate us without our being able to see why. Let him so much as come into the room and we become fidgety and annoyed. A superficial observer would conclude that he must have injured us, and deeply, for what else could possibly set up such a criss-cross mental state? But here again self-examination and a little consideration of some of the old, old truths would reveal a very different situation, for they would bring us at once into contact with one of those collateral, hidden laws that cluster about the great central law of Brotherhood like satellites about a central orb. H. P. Blavatsky sets it forth very clearly when she says (in *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 330):

“Men never forgive, or relent toward, those whom they injure. We hate our victims in proportion to the harm we do them. This is a truth as old as the world.”

Here is a typical case of the besetting sin of the world appearing, with changed aspect, in the heart of the disciple — though by no means in the hearts of all, for some have not the world’s deep mark upon them when they enter Lomaland gates. But with many the mark is there and erasure means patience, trust, and time. Now why can we not probe our natures deeply enough, and study the great law of Brotherhood profoundly enough, to erase this mark, once and forever, before infinite harm is done? It is absurd to think we can cherish unbrotherly feelings and nobody find it out. The Teacher knows it — in substance if not in detail; our comrades know it, for many of them have met the same difficulty in their own natures and have the insight that self-conquest gives; and our victim knows it, or some day will.

That other may not be perfect, but still may be trying to do his part with an intensity of will and devotion of which we little dream. It does not look so to us, of course, but we must expect to see things off color when looking through green spectacles or blue or red ones. What we take for a guileless stupidity in that other — and we wouldn’t mind his knowing

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our opinion, by the way — may be just the mask he has put on to hide a keenness of suffering that even we would hesitate to inflict. It may be that he thinks there is a better way than to wallow in recrimination. It may even be that there is a refreshing disposition on his part to give the Leader a free hand in her management of *our* special case of weakness; for, probe the matter to the bottom, we are affected by the very disease that has the world almost prostrate at the present time — unbrotherliness. Wisely indeed has Katherine Tingley described it as “the insanity of the age.” We haven’t learned to live and let live yet, in the full, deep meaning of the term. We protest loyalty to the dear Leader in one breath, and in the next wonder how she can “have so much patience” with this one or that one, when her patience may be all but exhausted in our own case, if the truth were to be told. That is not loyalty; it is arrogance; it is outrage; it is meddling interference; it is the limit of disloyalty to the very Soul in Man.

There is no topic upon which the Teachers of Theosophy have dwelt with such persistence and such love as upon this one of Brotherhood. If they give so much time to it, don’t you agree that we ought to give a little? Should we not think about it more deeply, more seriously, and more often? How can we expect to solve our problems and settle the pleading questions of a distraught world if we will not study it? Ignorance never settled any question yet.

We have entered upon a path and upon a different life, and the undertaking is no comedy and no play-spell. If we think it is, we are playing for some serious awakenings. We are here, in Lomaland, in the shadow of her gates, to have our natures molded and remolded, and that means *cleansing fires*. But these fires are of two sorts and may be lighted in either of two ways. Here again it is a matter of choice and there is no one to coerce us: we are absolutely free to choose. If the purifying flames are those of aspiration, then they work quickly, quietly, beautifully, and the bright gold of character shines out almost before we are aware, pure and glowing, radiant and alive. If they are the hot fires of ill-will and a chastening Karma in consequence of the unbrotherly course we take, then they work intensely and more time is needed, and humiliation is our lot. All fires, in the last analysis, are lighted by ourselves, and there must be fires for the purifying of the soul. The question simply is, which kind do we prefer?

We can love each other if we want to do so. To cultivate the notion that we ‘belong’ with this one or that one, that we are ‘drawn’ to one and ‘repelled’ by another, is to make an ally of nonsense that may lead us into serious mistakes. Besides, it is not just. It has no foundation in the deeper ethics of Theosophy. It is true that there are those who, perhaps

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because they worked together harmoniously in past lives, as many of us feel that we must have done, slip naturally into harmonious relations here. But it is also true that everything in this world of duality, where "light and darkness are the world's eternal ways," has its counterfeit and its antipodal self, and we can see clearly that some who may be strongly attracted to each other do not, as co-workers, 'pan out' at all. They do not help each other nor do they help our common work. The 'attraction' may be nothing more than animal magnetism, a little action and reaction on lines of unconscious flattery, or some other of the myriad plays and interplays of the lower nature of one into the lower nature of the other. It *may* be, that is, but the safe way is never to lose sight of this as an ever-present possibility. And thus, since this is true, is it not well to be a little chary of the feeling that if we are 'attracted' to this one, or feel an unreasoning dislike for that one, it is some 'elective affinity' business, or some old persecution-score, that has come back to be revived — an ancient and special something with its roots in the beginnings of Time? It may be all this — oh, certainly — but it may also be no older, nor any more important from a spiritual standpoint, than the flesh that covers us and leads us such a chase, or than the clothes we wear.

Realizing this, we can cultivate that dispassion towards those about us that is keyed to real service to them and is of the essence of *lasting* love. Better still, we can throw aside our cranks and crotchets, and all our burdensome impedimenta of jealousies, grouches, discontent, and mean little hunger for notice or for personal power, and . . . .

Then and not until then can we pass through the Gate of Brotherhood — to find on the other side, perhaps, those whom we had never suspected, when our mental temperature was hovering at the danger-point, were nearer the goal than we! For those who pass through this gate gain a new vision and find new eyes, and they never report what they see there. It is a gate of surprises, this gate. It is the central gate, the fourth of the spiritual seven, Libra in the Zodiac of the Soul. Read the "Voice" and see if this is not true. It is the gate of balance, the place where we are weighed to see if there is actually in us the reality that we profess. And everyone can pass through it who will. The question is never "Can I?" but "Do I *want* to pass through?"

We are here, or we say we are, to fit ourselves to preach Brotherhood to the world. But how many will listen to our preaching if there is not in our lives the reality that we profess? Would we hang on the words of Socrates, think you, had he played the coward at Amphipolis or Potidaea, or in that fiercer battle for the soul and its right to speak, before his judges? A dozen modern essayists can be named who have said things just as fine — yet where is their power to kindle aspiration and make over

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the awakening life? Take up the *Phaedo*, the *Ion*, the *Apology*, or any of those immortal dialogs, or better yet read *The Laws* — the very type is alive, afire! It is glowing, leaping, iridescent with the pure flame of spiritual reality. Take up these modern expositions of ‘duty’ or ‘honor’ or ethics, and you go to sleep.

It is the life that endows the message of that life with whatever of the Flame it carries; it is that alone which is lasting, that alone which is true; everything else is a makeshift, everything else is a sham. This alone is the Eternal Reality. It sings down through the ages in a choral of the Divine, and it is in this infinite singing that we are asked to sustain a part. Did ever students have such privilege before?

As Katherine Tingley says, we are not here to fight each other’s battles, but our own. We are not here to lord it over others or manage their lives for them — leave the world and its conventions to do that — but to manage our own lives and lord it over ourselves. We are not here to fill our heads with book-knowledge only, but our hearts with genuine knowledge, for that includes all the rest. We are not here to learn to argue, but to love. It is the ancient, the spiritual way.

## RELATIVITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**P**LEASE tell us all about this theory of relativity.” Such is the question not infrequently hurled at one’s devoted head these days; and while the inquirer perhaps expects that he can sit with folded arms while the words of wisdom and light fall into his gratified ears, the questionee may feel more disposed to hand his inquirer a probationer’s pledge, with a promise of further instruction at the end of a year of due discipline and preparation. But a consciousness of his own defects prevents him from taking so lordly an attitude. He would need such a preparation himself, if he were to enter into the difficult mathematical questions involved; so he must abandon the attempt and restrict himself to expounding such light as he may have been able to acquire on the broad outlines of the subject. He would avoid on the one hand any pretense to knowledge which he does not possess; and on the other hand that shrug and remark of ‘It’s beyond *me!*’ which seems to imply that what’s beyond me is not worth knowing and that the ignorance of the plain man is superior to the knowledge of the expert. It is beyond me, simply because I am not an expert in the mathematical terminology employed; it is beyond me in the sense that a book in a

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foreign tongue may be beyond me. I can perhaps plod through it with a dictionary, but I cannot see it as in a vision.

Relative and absolute are two opposed terms. When we are sitting in a moving car, we have no motion relatively to the car, but we have a motion relatively to the earth. When we are sitting on the ground, we have no motion relatively to the earth, but we are moving relatively to the bodies in the solar system. If located on the sun, we might have no motion relatively to the sun; but, if the sun is moving through space, we should have a motion relatively to space. Is there such a thing as absolute motion, or is all motion relative to something? Is there such a thing as space at all? These are some of the questions that have been considered in the theories of relativity. Hitherto it has been customary to imagine that the celestial orbs are gyrating in an extended space like a very large empty room, and capable of being measured off, up and down, forward and backward, right and left, in miles or millions of miles. Our idea of space has been that of a large body of air. We can sweep through the air in our aeroplanes at a velocity of so many miles an hour; and the velocity may be measured relatively to the air or relatively to the ground. If there is an aether in space, we might suppose ourselves sweeping through that at a velocity of so many miles an hour relatively to the aether, the aether being supposed to be standing still. Standing still in what? Thus our ultimate notion of space becomes that of mere *place* — an infinitely large place without any landmarks; and it is difficult to understand how anything can be said to move through such a space, or to define what is the difference between moving and standing still.

If two planets are approaching each other in space, we can say that they have a relative motion with respect to each other; but how can we say that either of them has any motion relative to space? And, if we can say this, how shall we decide which of the bodies is moving and which is not, or whether both are moving? It is necessary to have a third body with which to compare them; and so the process goes on, and we begin to see that all the motion we can think of is relative and that the idea of absolute motion is indefinitely postponed.

Now we will give an illustration which will elucidate subsequent remarks.

In this favored land of California the rain falls down (sometimes), and the corn grows up. But in Madagascar, a topsy-turvy land in foreign parts, the rain falls up and the corn grows down. Proof: take a terrestrial globe and draw an imaginary line from California to the center of the globe. This marks the earth's radius at that place; and, if prolonged beyond the center, will come out at the antipodes. It is along this line that the rain and the corn move in their falling and rising; and it is easy

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to see that the rain in Madagascar falls in the opposite direction from what it does in California. Yet, when we go to Madagascar, we find the rain and the corn behaving just as they do here.

Now here is a contradiction; and to explain it we have to invent a theory of relativity. We say there is no such thing as an absolute up and down, but there are many different ups and downs. Your up is my down. There are many ups and downs in life, we know; and there are as many ups and downs on the earth as there are radii on the earth. Every carpenter has to take this into account, though he may not realize it and is perhaps blissfully innocent of any theory of relativity. He builds his house according to — according to — now to introduce one of those dreadful technical words — according to a *system of co-ordinates*. But in plain language this system of co-ordinates is simply *up* and *down* and the four points of the compass. If the carpenter were to go into the next state and build a house on the same system of co-ordinates as he uses here, his plumb-line would hang awry and his walls would need buttressing. He would have to carry his system of co-ordinates with him and set it up again to fit the new conditions.

Another illustration. The surface of still water is generally taken to be plane. But when we dig a long canal, we find that the surface is curved. This has to be allowed for by the engineers, and can be proved by setting up marks on the water and sighting through a telescope.

Again: if we draw triangles and squares on paper, they will behave according to Euclid; but if we draw them miles big on the sand of a desert, they will no longer obey Euclid, for the triangles and squares are no longer plane but spherical, and thus have different properties.

The object of these illustrations is to show that measurements that are exact enough within small limits may become very inexact on a large scale. Newton devised a system of geometry and mechanics which answered very well for the limits within which he was studying. But lately we have been able to make very delicate observations with regard to light and other matters, and have found certain discrepancies. It has been suggested that these discrepancies are due to a cause similar to that which upsets our geometry when our plane surface becomes sensibly curved, or which disturbs our notion of up and down when we move to a new latitude and longitude.

The subject of those experiments on the velocity of light conducted by Michelson and Morley being difficult to understand for ordinary people, such as you and I, we prefer not to venture on it, further than to say that we gather that it was proved: (1) that the earth does not move through the aether; (2) that the earth does not carry any aether along with it in its motion. These are contradictory results, and the



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relativity theories were devised to explain them. The idea is that, in dealing with such large questions, some adjustment of our standards and methods of measurement is needed; and the apparent contradiction is due to our attempting to use standards that do not apply.

Another aspect of the theory of relativity concerns the relation of space and time; but this idea is by no means new: we find it in Poe's *Eureka*, for example. As the earth is rotating with a circumferential velocity of about a thousand miles an hour, it follows that you are never twice in the same place during one day; and as the earth also goes around the sun, it follows that you are never twice in the same place during a year. Further, if the sun is also moving among the stars, as we are assured it is, it follows that we are never twice in the same place during long ages. Thus you are never still, either in space or time.

It has often been remarked that, owing to the time taken for light to travel, an observer stationed on a fixed star and equipped with a telescope powerful enough to pierce the intervening space, would witness on this earth events that took place thousands of years ago; while similarly, if we looked at that star, we would see what took place in the ancient history of that star. This suggests the sublime idea that history is always unfolding itself and spreading itself out into space; and we begin to wonder if there is any difference between space and time at all. People have been tempted to add past and future as a fourth co-ordinate to the three spatial co-ordinates of up-down, back-forth, and right-left. But, if this is to be done, it is clear that we knock out the very basis of our thinking processes, and must so apply the practical doctrine of relativity to our own faculties that we shall require to undergo an initiation into a higher state of consciousness and to be able to stand outside our own mind and contemplate it.

The position of any given planet at any given time, and the occurrence of eclipses, can be calculated with due accuracy by the Ptolemaic, Ty-chonic, or Copernican systems; but the last is the most convenient, and it agrees with dynamical requirements in accordance with the laws laid down by Newton. A geocentric astronomy regards everything in relation to the earth as center; a heliocentric astronomy takes the sun as center and regards matters from that viewpoint. In the same way a man may regard the world as revolving around his own personality, or he may regard his own personality as one of many personalities revolving around something else. Thus there is the doctrine of relativity in our daily lives.

Gravitation is spoken of in the theory of relativity. The ordinary system of mechanics is built on certain assumptions: that there is a three-dimensional space pervading the universe and having a static nature

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such that motion can be measured relatively to it; that every particle of matter attracts every other particle with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance. These are units, such as have to be assumed at the beginning of any argument or system of derivation; just as we assume the numbers one and two (or the unit and the function of addition) as the basis of numbers. But this is abstract mathematics. When we come to applied mathematics we may find that units which we have been assuming to be invariable are variable. If we find two and two making four and a fraction, or four less a fraction, we may infer that there is something wrong with the ones. Four violins do not merely make four times as much noise as one violin. The laws of abstract mathematics do not necessarily apply to particular concrete cases. The volume of a gas at constant pressure is proportional to its temperature as denoted on the absolute scale. But this law holds good only within ordinary limits. Pushed beyond those limits we reach absurd results: the volume of a gas at  $-273^{\circ}$  is zero; which is absurd.

Newton's law of gravitation does very well for ordinary limits; but it is now believed to thin out at the edges. When we assume that it is absolutely constant, we reach results contrary to inference from other data or from experiment.

Thus the theory of relativity propounds that some of the standards which we have been treating as fixed are not quite fixed. We have been drawing a map of the universe on the surface of a sea that is drifting and eddying. Equations have not worked out, and new quantities have had to be introduced to make them square. We start to walk to a certain place, with the expectation of arriving there at a certain time; but when we get there, we find that the place has moved, or that there is a different kind of time in use there.

But there is no need to get giddy. The theory of relativity argues just as much for stability as for instability. We are just as safe on the earth, though it whirls through space, as we should be if it didn't. It does not make our houses a whit more unstable when an astronomer discovers that the sun is rushing towards the constellation Hercules. Our clocks will take no notice of anybody's discoveries about the behavior of pendulums on Sirius. And so with the law of relativity as applied to the moral world. This is a point sometimes overlooked by philosophers. They may have discovered that good and evil are relative terms and have no absolute value. Yet within the limits of our duties, they are as distinguishable as the difference between a good egg and a bad egg for breakfast. A knowledge of the law of Karma does not prevent you from giving a back to a failing friend. Jesus walked on the water, if there happened to be nothing else to walk on; otherwise he walked on land like other men.

## PROGRESS

KENNETH MORRIS

**T**EN years ago, this western world of ours lived for the most part in a fools' paradise, assured that the order that then was—and that still is, with modifications,—would go on forever, and go on improving. There was the “common sense of most” — you remember Tennyson's lines — that was to change and better things generation by generation until we ‘evolved’ into a sweet super-human state of warlessness and wisdom. Perhaps because the Sermon on the Mount assigns the Earth as an inheritance to the meek, we of the White Race were assured that it should be ours for all time. We should expand everywhere, carry our culture everywhere; and everywhere our civilization would go on growing until the Day of Judgment or the burning out of the sun. We believed in ‘Progress’; we deified it; it was the cardinal belief of the nineteenth century, inherited by the early twentieth. We had the scientists discovering things right and left, the inventors inventing things; and we had a foolish idea that hand in hand with the advance of discovery and invention, of itself and in the way of nature, would go a gradual elimination of unhappiness.

How wonderful when men learned to fly! Humanity, a crawling caterpillar theretofore, now a glorious butterfly,— nay, competing in their own element with the winds and the lightnings! Distances, that had already been reduced so as to make all past times seem ridiculous, would become altogether negligible; we should breakfast in one, and dine in another continent; we should soar above the clouds, above the poles, above all tempests; God knew what we should be doing; human happiness was in sight! — And then came 1914; to say that what was upon us was not happiness, but dire misery that could strike now through the air, from beyond seas, and bring death and disaster to doors that had been secure: to say that all the progress we had seemed to make might be only an advance towards quicker and surer destruction: that Science had wrung no secrets from Nature that were not potentially new means of wrecking the peace of hearts,— so much gunpowder in the hands of mischievous children.

The truth is that the age was hypnotized by Darwinism,— by a mere theory,— which it never stopped to test by facts. It never thought to go to history, and learn what that might have to say about it: there was our Lord God Juggernaut the Theory, and down you had to go under its wheels! In the beginning was *Bathybius Haeckelii*, or some such fabulous creature,— a gifted kind of deep-sea slime; and then a sort of

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unintelligent unconscious God Almighty by the name of Evolution wrought change upon change on the stuff of this poor unoffending Bathybius, until lo! he had sneaked up out of the depths to make a precarious living one way or another on the shore; then forsaken that for some handy forest, climbed the trees, and become a monkey; presently a fine anthropoid ape,— an ape-man,— a human savage, Pithecanthropus Erectus,— Neanderthaler, Palaeolithic, Neolithic, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Medieval European,— until finally he blossomed out a free and independent American voter but a little lower than the angels.

That was the faith which, except a man believed, Science pity him! On we went, up and up, by no volition of our own: 'Evolution' (blessed word!) did it all for us: and 'Evolution,' mind you, was a 'law' — a thing without body to kick or soul to damn, as they say: a senseless nothing that had yet the power

"from senseless nothing to provoke  
A conscious something";—

and we were content to accept this farrago of impossible rubbish — *credebamus quia absurdum* — we believed the queer absurdity, as the schoolboy translated it,— without ever testing it by comparison with known facts!

Such as that the Athenian of twenty-three centuries ago was a being of far higher intelligence (tell it not in Gath, whisper it not on the house-tops!) than is the European or American today; or that you had to camouflage even some of those old Neanderthal skulls to bring down their cranial capacity to a level with our own!

What history would have told us is, that civilization is not a thing that progresses continuously, but a thing like the year and its seasons, cyclic. Spring grows into summer, and you may call that progress: something that appears to be advance is natural there. But summer does not pass into something summerer still; it gives place to autumn, and that to winter: there is retrogression. The life-forces put forth, come to their apex, and recede. One spring is like another; one autumn corresponds with another; they do not grow better or worse. If you improve your land this year, your crops will be better next; but it is no blind law of evolution that does it: you must make the improvement by your own effort and intelligence, if there is to be any. So in the history of civilization. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter succeed each other in one quarter of the globe after another; and the summer and zenith of one race is the dark mid-winter and nadir of another. A group of nations emerges from a period of stagnation and barbarism; it begins to make quick progress, to show great enterprise, advancing rapidly in the arts and standards of life: — this is its springtime. The motion quickens;

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it bursts into full flower and enjoys its golden age of power and splendor: — this is its summer.

What comes next — still further advance? No; the general intellect becomes more subtle and refined, but less robust; the people grow rather over-civilized in their way of living; they sap their energies by ignoring the laws of life, particularly the moral laws; — and autumn comes upon them. Then the storms of circumstance blow in and shake down their verdure and fruitage; younger peoples drive upon and break them; their intellectual part, subtle but incapable, cannot stand the shock; — this is the wild November of their year. And then, their energies exhausted, they fall into a period of stagnation and semi-barbarism again; — and that is the winter in which their life-forces are hidden, and inactive in this outer world; but in the unseen and quiescence, in preparation to put forth again when the spring returns.

In each of the past periods of civilization whose history we can examine with any thoroughness: the Saracenic, which came to an end about two hundred and twenty years ago with the decline of the Mogul Empire in India; the last Chinese, which began about 250 B. C. and ended about 1250 A. D.; and the Greco-Roman: there were epochs — the summertime of each — in which the peoples concerned were at least as civilized as we are, in any real sense: life was as secure, cultured, and urbane; humanity was worth as much; men thought and felt much as we do; they had humanitarian movements and legislation much as we have. Indeed, it would be very easy to make an excellent case for it that they were much better off than we are or have been: that, taking it all in all, one century with another, we know of no period of racial civilization quite so lightless and God-forsaken as this present Era of Christendom. We have not advanced yet, by a long way, to such ideas of education as were put in practise in Mohammedan Egypt in the tenth century; life has never been so secure and undisturbed, for all classes, during any sixty years of Christendom over as great an area, and with as great a population, as those of the Roman Empire in the time of the Five Good Emperors; we have never attained to anything like the grace and beauty and spirituality of Chinese civilization during the centuries before China fell. And then, where with us is a grandeur like that of the ancient Egyptians; a wisdom such as they had in forgotten India, the native land of philosophy; a social system as perfect as that which flourished under the Incas in Peru?

Each new civilization, as it rises, is largely a thing *de novo*; it is a fresh working up of the raw human material, and does not begin where its predecessor left off. That of Christendom, born in thirteenth-century Europe, was the child of two parents: the culture of the Saracens, contact

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with which was the quickening seed that brought it to life; and that of classical Greece and Rome, from which was the *ovum* or maternal element. But it took centuries to advance to a point of anything like equality with its Saracenic father; for example, Moorish Cordova in the ninth century in matters of sanitation was well ahead of eighteenth-century Paris or London; and though the Christians rose as the Saracens declined, the greatest powers of the world, even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were Turkey, Persia, and India: the white man's superiority is not three hundred years old.

Certainly we have facilities that none of these past civilizations possessed: a lot of external things that do not touch our souls or make our lives a whit the cleaner or happier, that they had never heard of,— except perhaps in the legends of their several remote antiquities. But it would be hard to show that the stuff of humanity is improved. We have discovered quicker means of accomplishing our ruin: which we might trust Nature to accomplish anyhow, while our ignorance and vices are what they are, even did we not put our resources in big guns, TNT, and the like at her disposal to do it with. Our universities may have a deal more of tabulated facts to cram into the heads of their alumni than they had, for example, at al-Azhar University in Cairo in the tenth century; but none of them has an equally broad, deep, and sane philosophy of life wherewith to fertilize the souls of said alumni — except of course Point Loma. Die — and I suppose it is certain that you will die,— and all the printing-presses and automobiles, all the chemistry and biology and peculiar glories of our age, will avail you nothing: you are quit of the aggravation of the telephone-bell, and shall be rung up no more for gossip when you are busiest; you shall rubberneck at no more blimps or hydroplanes, nor ride in the air over our cities that way; — but, die, and — if there is any survival at all, if there is any immortality, from that immortality can never be subtracted the immortal things it has learned: the character, the insight into life, the self-mastery, the gentleness. These are things won for humanity, treasures added to the common stock, that rust nor moths corrupt, nor yeggmen break in and steal. They are modifications and betterments of the stuff of which humanity is made.

It is just at this point that we are enabled to see what the truth about evolution is. Were there none, and no possibility of any, what a pass we should be in! Indeed, it is one of the dangers of the day: events have shown how easy it is for civilized man to sink back into the brute, and that the worst passions and actions we read of in history are still rampant in the world; the old claim that we are better than our forefathers has been convincingly belied, the old fiction of hope in Darwinism scrapped; why not forgo hope altogether, and rest in it that man is and always will

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be evil and contemptible? We need a new sanction for our hope; some new planet must swim into our ken.

The progress that the world has made, during historical times, is imperceptible: true: but historical times are a very small fragment of the vast period of the existence of man, or civilized man. We might see some true progress, could we so to say dip our thermometers into the history of a hundred thousand or a million years ago; or in a hundred or a thousand years from now, could we take our stand there and look back, we might see that the last two thousand years have been but a low place in the great cycle, a dark shadow man has been passing through before coming into a greater light. Progress is a very slow thing, then? Can you wonder at it; when you see how effortless the mass of men are to make it? How they swim with the tide, and make no strong fight in their lives up towards what is divine in them?

In every one of us there is a self deeper and grander than the self of common day: something possessed boundlessly of character, royally of imagination: to which all the greeds, lusts, spites, and heart-aches that make up so large a portion of our outer life are quite alien. Most of us, in the course of one life, could never uncover and bring this bright Divinity within into action; most of us, perhaps, are oblivious of it wholly; yet it is there, "the Light of every man that cometh into the world." Those whose lives are richest, strongest, deepest, and most beautiful, are those who have dug most into themselves, and brought out most of this treasure from the depths; and all such efforts count, and make additions to the permanent riches of the world. They are the motive power behind human progress, which rests in the hands of individual men to create.

When H. P. Blavatsky proclaimed, some forty-five years ago, that Brotherhood was a fact in Nature, she was doing something vastly more than voicing vague aspirations or preaching a Utopia. She was uncovering a profound truth: that all humanity is one being, now and through all ages. So the past is not lost, but lives on here and now; the seeds of our grand catastrophes were sown maybe in Rome and Babylon; the high thoughts that visit us with illumination were winged on their way, perhaps, by sages in China or in India a million years ago. If a man struggles to be his divine self, his struggles are no private affair of his own, to win him a non-transferable ticket for any Peter at any gates of heaven to honor; they are the easier for the aspirations and triumphs of men whose granite tombs have long since crumbled into dust, and the harder because of sins done in the lost Atlantis; they are helped or thwarted by the thoughts of every man living in the world today.

We have seen one civilization rising after another, and each attaining a certain perfection, and each dying in disaster in its turn. Everything

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that is born in time, must die in time; every phase of humanity passes, but man goes on. Egypt and Babylon, Greece and Rome, China, the Saracens, Christendom,— it is always the same human stuff that is taken and remodeled and worked up into new forms; and in each case the beauty and durability of the form is dependent on the quality of the stuff it is made of,— human nature. Man is God and brute; as one discovers the God in himself, and masters the brute and eliminates it by that God's power, so one is improving the stuff of humanity; and there is no other way. There is no Big-Man God to arrange our progress for us; there is no Big-Man Evolution to shunt us forward willy nilly; humanity must do it; individual men must force the way. And what a place that gives to Man in the scheme of things! what dignity! True, there is something in Nature that helps us; there is the Universe that reacts upon us with salutary pains and penalties when we will not take our rightful place or behave as the Gods we are. There are the wages of sin; we have beheld them.

Put not your trust in "the common sense of most"; 'most' are indifferent and sheeplike, waiting for a lead, and swayed by any strong thought, for good or evil, of any strong thinker. And there again is hope: let anyone press against the pressure of the material tide, of selfishness, as he finds it rising within him; let him battle,— and he is creating strength, a strong thought: not pattering along and baaing and nibbling with the sheep, but approaching the status of the shepherd. He is in fact making human progress; he is taking his place among the Lords of Evolution; and his work is permanent in its results through the millenniums to come. The Universe expects everything from Man.

## A VISIT TO A JAPANESE ART-COLLECTOR

OSVALD SIRÉN

[Translated from *Den Gyllene Paviljongen*, by R. Machell]



HERE are certain characteristic qualities that seem to differentiate the art of Japan from that of the western world; and some of these may be traced to the influence of local conditions, such as the peculiar character of Japanese domestic architecture and social customs, which undoubtedly exercised a deep influence upon an art that was destined to be displayed in an architectural setting or to be employed for the decoration of interiors, or for the adornment of domestic utensils and household objects.

For twelve centuries in Japan dwelling-houses as well as temples



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have retained their architectural character practically unchanged: and such modifications as have been adopted during this time are to be found reflected in the pictorial art of the country.

For this reason Japanese paintings do not receive full justice when exhibited in surroundings foreign to their origin and intention, such as are provided by modern museums in which historical considerations rule, or in dwelling-houses where the paintings are hung as permanent wall-decorations. Both methods are equally foreign to the spirit of Japanese art, equally destructive of its subtil charm, which is delicate as the scent of a flower and elusive as a lyrical suggestion.

Such things demand absolute quiet and harmony, a refined atmosphere in which there is nothing to distract attention from the work of art. Such conditions are provided by the Japanese interior. To appreciate this fact we cannot do better than pay a visit to an old-fashioned Japanese collector.

If the visit has been properly arranged in advance by the aid of satisfactory introductions, and if the collector is assured that we are serious students inspired by something more than mere curiosity, it is probable that we shall be allowed to see some of those treasures that are usually stowed away in boxes stored in a fire-proof repository, called 'kura.'

If this is our first visit of the kind we shall perhaps be more deeply impressed with the solemn and ceremonious manner in which the treasures of art are displayed than with the works themselves. As we descend from our 'rickshaw at the little open porch of the house, the sliding-doors are thrown back and a servant in gray-striped silk kimono is revealed kneeling and bowing to the ground. Removing our shoes we step up into the entrance-room, where we are relieved of our hats and cloaks by the bowing attendant, who handles them as if they were precious objects.

Passing through this room our attention may be attracted to the large folding screen decorated with birds, trees, and flowers on a gold ground, which is usually placed on a low stand facing the entrance. The servant pushes back the fusuma (sliding-doors) and invites us to step into the next room, where he places on the floor silk cushions and hibachi (braziers), in case the weather is cold. We are invited to sit and warm ourselves, while the servant disappears noiselessly to announce our arrival.

We sit down upon the cushions, and before we have succeeded in finding a bearable position for our refractory limbs, a pair of fusuma are again slid back and a female servant in a brighter costume appears bearing tea and cakes on a tray. Immediately on entering she puts down the tray, kneels, bowing in the usual way, and closes the fusuma. Then she presents the cups, passing them along the floor to the guests, and places the dish of cakes in the center. She bows again, retires to the door

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by which she entered, kneels there and opens the fusuma. (These doors, according to Japanese etiquette, must never be opened by a servant in a standing position.)

The light green tea may taste bitter to those who are not accustomed to it, but politeness demands that the cup be emptied.

While we are drinking the tea we may let our eyes wander round the room, where there is nothing to interfere with the effect of architectonic proportion, or to disturb the spatial harmony of the place. There is a certain solemnity in its emptiness, which offers no half-hidden recesses to excite curiosity, nor objects that may arouse criticism. All is open, simple, and straightforward: yet the room breathes an atmosphere of dignity and refinement.

All the materials, prescribed by rigid tradition for use in the construction of the building, are allowed to stand in their own natural and unspotted beauty. The wooden frame of the building with its upright posts and horizontal beams to support the walls and roof, as well as the boarded frieze and ceiling, retain their natural color. The wall-spaces inclosed by the frame of the structure are filled with a plaster that is as hard as stone, and is tinted in subdued tones of brown or gray. Another important feature of the interior is the yellow-toned translucent rice-paper that covers the large fusuma and fills the panes of the shoji or sliding-windows; all of which harmonizes admirably with the natural color of the untinted wood-work. (In the temples and palaces the fusuma are often decorated with faint misty landscapes executed in India-ink with a suggestion of gold, while in ordinary middle-class homes they are left white, to be toned down by time and the effect of light.)

Finally on the floor are placed straw mats or tatami of a greenish-yellow tone, which are always of the same size, and which for that reason are accepted as a standard of measurement for the room. Thus one may speak of a room being four, six, eight, or ten tatami large.

All these simple materials which, however, may be of the rarest quality, combine to create a singularly restful atmosphere. The light that fills the room is softened and subdued in passing through the rice-paper of the sliding-windows and the outer door.

When all the shoji and fusuma are closed the tone of the whole room is quiet as an autumn day. But if the weather is fine and not too warm the whole outer wall may be removed and the visitor may find himself practically in the garden.

Our host now appears noiselessly and unannounced; we rise to greet him, though it would be more in accordance with Japanese etiquette to kneel and bow. He also, in consideration for his foreign guests dispenses with the customary ceremony of greeting and simply shakes hands.

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He then sits down on a cushion before us and sips his tea. He claps his hands: a female servant answers "Hai" and appears kneeling between the open fusumas. She receives an order, disappears, and in a few minutes returns with fresh tea. The tea-drinking continues while courtesies are exchanged between the host and his guests. He is aware of the purpose of our visit and declares that while his collection contains nothing worthy of our notice it will be a great honor to him to show some of the works to such distinguished foreigners. He asks what kind of paintings we would like to see first. In reply we must name some definite school or period. When he knows our wishes he claps his hands and gives orders to the servant in charge of his art-treasures.

We are now invited to step into the main room, called gedan, which is somewhat larger and contains at one end two alcoves, tokonoma and chigaidana. In the tokonoma hangs a kakemono representing a branch of a plum-tree in blossom, because we are still in early spring and no other tree has yet dared to bloom. In the chigaidana stands a beautiful old bronze bowl, with a few books and rolls of MSS. placed on a little shelf. Otherwise the room is as simple, open, and free from obtrusive decoration or movable furniture as the room in which we were received. Cushions are placed in front of the tokonoma, and we sit down to contemplate the exhibited kakemono. This, however, is not one of the more precious objects in the collection, for these are not displayed every day.

Again the host claps his hands, and now enters his most trusted servant with several long boxes under his arm. He places these on the floor, then bows and goes to the tokonoma where he takes down the picture and rolls it up. His movements are quick, but are characterized by a care and precision that almost suggest a religious ceremony. The longer we wait the stronger grows the impression that we are being prepared for something demanding an attitude of respect and reverence.

Finally the servant opens one of the scented wooden boxes and takes out a roll wrapped in a piece of old silk. The wrapping being carefully removed the painting is hung in the tokonoma.

It is a sketch in India-ink: trees growing on a cliff and torn by the wind; in the foreground a suggestion of water, with misty mountains in the distance: the whole executed with a few bold strokes of the brush. The tokonoma is filled with the overflowing vitality that radiates from the painting.

Our host with a smile explains that this is simply a haboku painting (a sketch made with a short-haired pencil) by Seshu: but such paintings, he assures us, are as highly valued by Japanese collectors as are this artist's works in Shijin technique (detailed execution).

The picture is said to have belonged to a famous tea-master and to

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have been used at tea-ceremonies, over which presided the esthetic Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimara. Such a painting should really only be seen in the intimacy of the tea-ceremony room, where it serves as the focus of the mood of the moment, providing a theme for the thought of the assembly.

If the guests were Japanese and classical etiquette prevailed, they would sit for a long time wrapped in silent admiration before the picture, with perhaps an occasional remark on the subject of the particular motif or technique of the painting, or its power to reveal some special aspect of nature. But we are simply barbaric westerners. Consequently the host asks us not to hesitate to go nearer in order to see better.

If one does step closer one must carefully keep one's handkerchief over one's mouth and nose to avoid breathing on the picture; this being a precaution to which Japanese collectors attach much importance.

As we wish to see several pictures during the morning this kakemono is shortly exchanged for another by the same master or by some nearly related artist. (A Japanese art-lover is always unwilling to mix different schools or styles.) Each picture is hung alone and studied individually: they all represent different moods or phases of the romantic landscape of the Ashikaga period. All are executed in India-ink on silk or paper, sometimes so delicately that they almost look as if they had been breathed forth by the artist. Sometimes again the vigorous abrupt touches suggest the splash of heavy rain-drops.

Naturally there are other kinds of painting to be found in the range of Japanese art which are not so sensitive and technically not so impressionistic as these vibrating sketches in India-ink; but they also are meant to be seen in the harmonious setting and subdued light of the tokonoma, for only there can a fine painting be exhibited in a Japanese house. This is the shrine where a Japanese listens to the voice of art.

In spite of all this one may be given an opportunity for comparative study in a Japanese collection; but in that case it is not a question of esthetic enjoyment but of historical research. Modern Japanese collectors also sometimes appreciate this side of the subject and devote themselves with considerable acumen to the study of attributions and similar problems. But these studies are pursued more reverently and with less noise than is usual in the west. A Japanese bases his judgment on something more than the testimony of his senses. . . .

Once I was invited together with the members of the Tokio university esthetical society to inspect the art-collection of an old noble family. For this occasion all the greatest treasures had been displayed in two large rooms. On the walls several kakemonos were hung; in the corners of one room were placed two screens by Korin and Sotatsu; while on

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several low tables there were also long precious makimonos unrolled.

The room was full of people when I entered, professors and students and others interested in art. Some of them knelt stooping over the makimonos carefully covering their mouths with their handkerchiefs; others stood in groups before the screens or examined the pictures hanging on the walls. All of these appeared to be completely absorbed in contemplation of the treasures of art. There was no buzz of conversation nor foolish chatter, no one was trying to shine as a critic or as a wit. When a remark was made it was in a subdued tone of voice. The sound of footsteps was muffled by tabi or socks on the feet of the visitors, as well as by the straw mats on the floor. No one wished to break the silence in which Art alone might speak to its devotees. As the interest grew, the silence deepened. One felt that one was not there to discuss but to listen to the voiceless secrets of these masterpieces. Were those secrets heard? I cannot tell: but surely more was gained from this visit than from any esthetical reunion conducted according to our western highly intellectual methods.

Returning to the house of the old Japanese collector where we were so courteously received, the visit continued with less formality. Picture after picture was produced and we learned a good deal about their history, which was often clearly indicated by inscriptions and seals with which they were adorned. Nowhere have such historical associations so strongly influenced the appreciation of works of art as in Japan, where even comparatively unimportant pictures and simple tea-boards fetch enormous prices if they can be shown to have belonged to some one of the old Daimyo families, or some famous tea-master.

Our host did his best to enable us not only to appreciate Art in the Japanese way (which after a time may prove fatiguing to a westerner), but also to get a clearer understanding of the historical and technical problems involved. We were given an opportunity to compare Seshu with his predecessors Shubun and Sotan as well as with his successors Shugetsu and Keishoki. One after another of these landscapes representing misty mountains and running water, painted in subdued monochrome, was unrolled and hung in the tokonoma, and then again rolled and returned to its case. Though often very similar in composition each picture on closer inspection revealed its particular character and individual quality of tone and touch. This is what Japanese connoisseurs most particularly look for, the sweep of the brush, the rhythm of line, the revelation of an inner life.

Finally the servant with infinite care brings forward a small wooden case stained dark with age, and places it in the center of the room. The

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host takes up his position on one side of the box, with the guests on the other side; silently and reverently he unties the carefully knotted silken ribbon, raises the lid and takes from the box an object wrapped in faded silk. This wrapping removed, there is revealed a smaller box of black lacquer sparingly decorated with leaves and grasses in dark gold, a work of art, plain but exquisite in its simplicity and restraint, a treasure itself that serves as a casket for an object still more precious.

When we have sufficiently admired this noble piece of lacquer work, which must not be touched with the naked hand but only with a silk cloth, the host raises the lid and takes out with the utmost care a yet smaller object enveloped in a still finer yellow silk wrapping. This cover also is removed, and then he places on the casket a Chinese chün-yao bowl of the finest quality. Gleaming like an opal in purple, red, blue, violet, and ashy gray, it stands on its noble pedestal. Seldom revealed to mortal eye, its beauty seems to retain traces of the sacred fire of creative joy that must have glowed in the heart of the inspired author of its being.

No less radiant are the eyes of our host, his austere features illuminated and his reverent gaze caressing the priceless object standing there in all its naked purity. The ceremony of the unwrapping seems to have been to him a preparation for the unveiling of the very mystery of beauty.

The guests lean forward and soon are kneeling in adoration before this little altar of loveliness. For some moments not a word is said. No ordinary terms of admiration here seem adequate. Our host, using the silken cloth carefully, turns the precious bowl so as to display the varied richness of its beauty. Nobody else would dare to lay a hand upon its radiant purity.

Before such a work of art the proudest of the Samurai will bend in deep humility, mindful still today of the old tea-master Kobori Enshu's advice, "Approach a great work of art as you would a great prince." He looks up to it as to a work of more than human skill.

When such a miracle of art is to be displayed to mortal eyes, an honor rare indeed, the ceremony must be performed in the most quiet and harmonious surroundings, where nothing can distract attention from the beautiful object. The room must be as nearly empty as possible and scrupulously clean, not a speck of dust must be visible on floor or walls, the tokonoma must contain no disturbing decoration, and no false light must penetrate the sanctuary.

To illustrate the high regard in which great works of art were held by the ancient Japanese, our host narrates the story of the Daimyo Hosokawa, who gave his life to rescue Seshu's famous picture of Daruma. The story goes that Hosokawa's house took fire, and the Daimyo's art-treasures were in the greatest danger. He rushed into the burning house,

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seized the painting, but found his exit barred by flames. Absorbed in the one idea of saving the picture he rolled it in his torn-off sleeve, drew his sword, and cut a deep gash in his side into which he stowed the rolled-up painting. When the fire was extinguished the half-charred body of the Daimyo was found still protecting the picture, which was thus saved for future generations. . . .

In the same ceremonious manner in which the precious chün-yao bowl was unwrapped, it was returned to its double case; the silk ribbons were tied around the simple outer box and it was carried by the servant to its traditional resting-place in the fire-proof kura. Then the guests were invited to move into another room where small low bench-like tables were ranged, three in a row for the guests and one opposite them for the host. We sat as usual on cushions, but this time we disposed our aching limbs more freely, as we were no longer bound by consideration for the solemnity of the art ceremonial, but were about to enjoy a meal according to Japanese custom.

Female servants in soft silk kimonos with broad and gorgeous sashes (obi) glided through the open fusuma and placed a hibachi before each guest. Then tea was brought, first the usual Chinese tea in small bell-shaped cups of egg-shell ware.

While we drank our tea the little servants noiselessly vanished with their soft white tabi, returning shortly with lacquered trays filled with sets of bowls and saucers of old blue and white Satsuma. A servant knelt before each guest; laying her tray upon the floor she placed upon the table the small dishes which contained delicate slices of raw fish, sharp flavored sauce, and diminutive vegetables with distinctly bitter taste, also small cups of sake. As soon as the highly artistic service was set upon the table with the light wooden chop-sticks, the servants retired to the farther end of the room where they placed themselves in a row each one attentively watching the guest to whom she was appointed, ready to pour more sake or to replenish the dishes when needed.

The next course was a kind of soup made of fish and vegetables served in lacquered bowls with lids. There being no spoons we had to drink the soup and try to fish out the solid parts with the chop-sticks, which are neither hygienically nor esthetically inferior to knives and forks; but it requires training to use them advantageously.

Courses of fish followed, as for instance boiled eels, served in beautiful lacquer boxes with a lower partition filled with hot water; and with the fish was served rice in bowls that were continually replenished from a large lacquer box — rice, with the Japanese, taking the place of bread. In this way the meal proceeded with various kinds of fish, sea-weed, and shell-fish, with sundry vegetables, to which was added, perhaps in con-

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sideration for the western guests, a fricassee of meat. Again tea was brought, this time the light green Japanese tea, which is customary at meals for those who do not indulge in the more stimulating sake. Only when the meal is finished is the stronger and more bitter powdered tea served, whipped with a small wooden whisk in boiling water, preferably in large artistic irregularly formed cups of earthenware.

Whatever one may think of its culinary quality a Japanese meal is certainly an esthetic masterpiece. Every detail is conceived artistically with the utmost refinement, the low tables, the dishes, the service, all set in a frame of harmonious simplicity. It is not a labor to take part in such a function, but a rest, at least for the eye. The various cups, bowls, and small dishes used in the successive courses of the meal remain in front of the guests as long as there is any room left on the tables, and thus gradually form 'still-life' groups of old china and lacquer work with various vegetables, artistic combinations of subdued colors and delicate forms, which give emphasis to the neutral tone of the undecorated room. Thus the whole interior becomes a work of art, and the people seated on the floor balance the composition so long as they remain seated, but no longer; for as soon as they stand up, one is aware of a certain disproportion between the very small room and its occupants.

The Japanese room is essentially a place for rest and meditation, in which one would not move carelessly or slam the doors. What is therefore more natural than that something of this artistic reticence should find expression also in the manners of the inhabitants?

The meal being finished and the small tables removed, the guests lighted their cigarettes from the glowing charcoal in the braziers; our host smoking the small long-stemmed metal pipe which needs cleaning and refilling after every few whiffs. The conversation gradually turned to the subject of modern European art, on which our host was anxious for information. He wanted to know what was thought of the great French masters whose names had reached Japan, such as Rodin and Cézanne. Casts and reproductions which he had seen at an exhibition in Tokio had roused his interest, though he could not entirely sympathize with the method and artistic form of these masters. He, however, expressed a hope that several important works by the best western artists would shortly come to Japan; because he thought that they would give a valuable impulse to Japanese art. The painters of Japan, he said, could no longer remain bound by the old traditions because their formal limitations were inadequate to express the spirit of the new age; and no modern painter could hope to compete with the old masters, who had carried classical tradition in painting, both in india-ink and in the Tosa manner, to the highest point. Why, he asked, should they not try another path?



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Such ideas could hardly recommend themselves to one who was still filled with admiration for the art of old Japan: they appeared suicidal. Can it be necessary for Japanese artists to adopt the methods of European schools of painting? Possibly during a transition-period the art of the west may supply them with an incentive to the discovery of a new mode of expression, something that will enable them to give a fitting form to the changing spirit of their national life. This at least is the hope of those Japanese who would like to see their art reflect that power of expansion which has become manifest in the field of economic and political life.

But this should be no more than a temporary expedient. The tradition of old Japanese art will not die out even though the majority of their painters should adopt oil-painting as their method; it is too intimately connected with their history and spiritual life to be obliterated within the space of one generation. Sooner or later the old traditions will reassert themselves even though modified in some degree by European influence: and it may eventually be seen that these outside forces have only served to strengthen the basic elements that characterize the artistic inheritance of the nation.

There can be no doubt that as time passes on the old Japanese and Chinese masterpieces will certainly be more and more appreciated and sought for by national collectors; for hardly anywhere is the collector so strongly influenced by the national element in art as in Japan. But at the same time European art, both ancient and modern, will find its way to Japan in ever-increasing quantity.

Such importations must follow as a natural consequence of the present trend of civilization and economic evolution in that country. The influence of European art will become more apparent in Japanese painting, but it will never take root there in the same way as the method of Chinese art has done.

It is too early to say with any certainty what the new art will be like, which will synthesize the methods of the east and west; but there is no reason to suppose that it will be less important or interesting than the expressionistic school which is now revolutionizing painting in the west. For the Japanese have a much older and broader foundation for abstract and synthetic creation. Why then should they not find an adequate expression for the hope of a new art as yet unborn?

Returning in my 'rickshaw from this interesting visit to the old-fashioned Japanese collector, I could not help reflecting how effectively some of the old Japanese painters had solved the purely expressionistic problem in art, how much more sincere and original their work appeared than most of that which in Europe is admired as the last word in Art.

## ASTRONOMY AND THEOSOPHY

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“No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind — their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets.”— *R. L. Stevenson*



HE thoughtful observer, looking up to the infinite depths of the midnight sky sparkling with the constellations that were as familiar to our remotest ancestors as to ourselves, can hardly fail to ponder over the meaning and origin of the universe, and to wonder whether the stupendous forces and the majestic laws which sway the rhythmic movements of the heavenly bodies have any resemblance to the conditions of human life. Is man merely a creature of the dust, here today and annihilated tomorrow, or has he an abiding part in the great procession of the suns? In the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, the illustrious founder of the Theosophical Society, many important teachings and suggestions about astronomy are found, and as an unusual treatment of a subject is sometimes worth while, it may be found interesting to consider the broader teachings of astronomy in the light of the principles of Theosophy.

Madame Blavatsky utilized the records of very ancient astronomical observation to support her claim that true civilizations flourished at times when it is commonly supposed mankind had not emerged from animalism or primitive barbarism, and largely to support the fact of a prehistoric civilization in parts of the submerged continent of Atlantis. We all know how utterly the knowledge of the main facts of astronomy was lost during the Middle Ages in Christian countries — the story of Galileo is familiar enough — but even in earlier times astronomy had become a secret teaching in the Egyptian and other Mysteries, only taught to the initiated. Astronomical observations had been made for countless ages. Proof of this lies in the scraps of ancient records still extant, such as the East Indian tables of the planets, the Egyptian Zodiac and Planisphere of Denderah. The latter shows changes in the apparent position of the constellation Virgo which carry us back nearly 80,000 years, or more than three Solar Precessional Cycles.

The Babylonians had knowledge of the appearance of some of the planets which cannot be gained without optical instruments, such as the crescent-shape of Venus and Mercury, and the ring of Saturn. A lens made of crystal was actually found at Nimrud by Sir Henry Layard, the famous pioneer in Babylonian exploration, and is now in the British

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Museum, London. The Arabians have transmitted some very ancient observations. For instance, Al-Sufi, a Persian astronomer of the tenth century, quotes Arabian traditions of the passing of Sirius, the Dog-Star, across the Milky Way, a journey which has taken about sixty thousand years! How could that be recorded unless there had been intelligent observers capable of transmitting their observations to posterity? — for the movement of Sirius is so slow that it has only been recently re-discovered by the use of modern instruments of great refinement.

The ancients were wiser than we in their use of the influence of certain astronomical phenomena to raise the minds of the people to higher thoughts. They made the wonder and mystery of the stars a powerful factor in religion. In ancient Egypt and, it is supposed, in Britain, the temples were oriented in such positions that the light from certain stars or the sun would fall upon the high altar on a particular day. There is a wonderfully impressive effect at sunrise in the great Temple of Rameses the Great at Abu Simbel in Nubia. This temple is dedicated to Ra, the manifestation of the Supreme Divinity under the form of the sun. When the mysterious interior is entered with its shadowy halls and chapels, cut deep into the heart of the mountain, a strange feeling of awe creeps over the spirit. Mr. Weigall, the former Inspector-General of Egyptian Antiquities, was moved to write:

“Those who visit it at dawn and pass into the vestibule and sanctuary will be amazed at the irresistible solemnity of that moment when the sun passes above the hills and the dim halls are suddenly transformed into a brilliantly lighted temple. . . . One may describe the hour of sunrise here as one of profound and stirring grandeur. At no other time and in no other place in Egypt does one feel the same capacity for appreciating the ancient Egyptian spirit of worship.”

Brugsch, in his *History of Egypt*, says in the same connexion:

Here, in Nubia, on a solitary wall of rock, far removed from the dwellings of men, in hoary antiquity a temple was hewn to the great gods of the land of Egypt, Ammon of Thebes, Pthah of Memphis, Hormakhu of Heliopolis, and, as a fourth united with these, the new god Ramessu Miamun — hewn as if by enchantment — for this is the proper word, so bold, so powerful, so exceeding all human measure, as if giants had turned the bare rocks into a living work of art! Standing before this work, achieved by the hands of men, the thoughtful child of our modern age first feels the greatness of antiquity in its all-powerful might. It was not clever calculation, not profit or utility, but the most elevated feeling of gratitude to God, that caused such a work to be executed — a work worthy of and fit for the immortal, inconceivable, almighty Deity, to whom the Ancients dedicated it in high veneration for the Everlasting and Incomprehensible. After long wanderings we stepped out of darkness into the bright light of day, silent, our thoughts turned within, confounded and almost overpowered by the indescribable impression of our own helplessness. We have experienced in a gigantic tomb of the time long passed away some portion of that nameless feeling which moved our forefathers of old in their inmost being at the sight of the most sublime of all dwellings made for the Gods, the wonderful rock-temple of Abu Simbel.”

While Madame Blavatsky never treated astronomy as a separate subject, but only incidentally, yet she mentions, as the result of her studies

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in the Orient, several important astronomical facts not only unsuspected by science in the nineteenth century but apparently highly improbable, yet which have already been wholly or partially justified by twentieth-century research. So many new theories of the universe are appearing in consequence of the new discoveries that it is hard to keep up with them, but the general trend of modern astronomy is moving nearer and nearer to the principles brought forward by H. P. Blavatsky, though mechanical and materialistic views are still far too evident. This is not a suitable opportunity to enter into a detailed exposition of specific cases, but one or two illustrations may be found interesting.

A subject of great interest and importance to the human race is the question of the extinction of the fires of the sun. When Madame Blavatsky wrote, more than thirty years ago, it was believed that the life of the sun was comparatively short — a few million years — and that it was rapidly squandering its heat and light with no possibility of recuperation. Madame Blavatsky, however, did not support this view, but declared, as the result of her Oriental studies, that the earth, and of course the sun, was immensely older than the boldest scientists ventured to suggest, and that the sun was not running down rapidly to extinction. Theosophy contends that the earth and its companions will last till the life-cycle of the solar system is completed. Blind chance is not the architect nor the controller of the universe. Today we find that all the recent astronomical discoveries are tending towards the confirmation of the ancient Theosophical teaching that the earth and sun are far older than was formerly dreamed of; no responsible astronomer would now uphold the view that the sun is rapidly running down, or even that it has appreciably changed for hundreds of millions of years. Both geology and astronomy are in agreement on this. Half a billion or even one billion years is freely suggested as the probable age of the earth.

Another of Madame Blavatsky's unorthodox teachings was that the sun was the actual pulsating heart, distributing the vital forces which circulate among the planets and keep them in life and health. Many new facts have arisen to support this theory in recent years, and the formerly despised suggestion has now taken a definite place in the astronomical field. The eleven-year period of sun-spots is now looked upon in precisely the way she originally suggested.

Madame Blavatsky frequently referred to the influence of the moon upon terrestrial conditions. That the tides are under its control is of course well established, but there are other things which it may not be superstitious to believe are affected by the moon. H. P. Blavatsky was charged with superstition for supporting certain ancient opinions upon this subject. If her critics had carefully read her works they would have

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seen that she had profound scientific reasons for her opinions about lunar influences on animals and plants.

We hear nowadays a good deal about the possibilities of polarized light, ultra-violet and other obscure rays from the moon, in explanation of conditions which appear to arise from lunar influences and which can be explained in no other way. For instance, the established fact that fish decomposes more rapidly in tropical countries under the direct rays of the moon than when shielded from them is not explained on the basis that the moon's light is simply feeble sunlight unchanged. The extraordinary behavior of certain marine animals, such as the Palolo worm, at certain dates in the year as fixed by *lunar, not solar*, time is quite incomprehensible unless we admit some subtil influence from the moon unknown to science; it supports the teachings of Theosophy about former conditions on the moon and its influence on earth-life. Those who have the care of lunatics tell of conditions that arise among them at certain phases of the moon. It is impossible to go further into this interesting subject, but in the articles in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* treating of corroborations of Theosophy in modern science, the astronomical discoveries supporting Madame Blavatsky's teachings are fully considered.

Even a small acquaintance with the names and positions of the constellations, the ability to recognise the brighter planets, and a little knowledge of their movements, add greatly to the enjoyment of life. When one realizes the fascination of astronomy and its power of taking the mind out of the small and petty, it is a serious reflexion upon our intelligence that the simple outlines are not widely taught to children. How often we hear people say that they wish they had been taught something of it in place of subjects which were neither interesting nor useful to them! Dr. Samuel Johnson said a fine thing in a similar connexion: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the Past, the Distant, or the Future, predominant over the Present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

We all remember that during the great war the European cities were not lighted at night for fear of airship raids; it is said that thousands of city people saw the stars for almost the first time as the result of the darkening of the streets. These people were practically living as if the earth, the moon and the sun were the only things in the universe.

The object of this paper is to consider some of the teachings of Theosophy as they strike one in relation to or as illustrated by astronomy, and the astonishment of the European city-dwellers at seeing clearly the glories of the skies when the blinding glare of the electric light was temporarily removed, brings to mind the illusions about our true selves which blind us to the greatest realities of life. J. Blanco White, in his beautiful

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sonnet *To Night*, finely illustrates the power of illusion in blinding us to the unseen:

“Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This precious canopy of light and blue?”

“Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

“Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?”

Just as the glare of sunshine shuts out the glory and wonder of the vast multitude of distant suns, many of them immeasurably greater than ours, so the illusion of ordinary life in our present state of evolution obscures the splendor of the true self, the higher nature in its divine beauty. The mortal, with its attachments to the material sensations, appears to be all; yet unless we break through the domination of the personal idea and awaken to the greater possibilities of a larger life, we are lost for this incarnation. How can we be so vain as to imagine that the lower personality, with its small ambitions and selfish desires, is worthy of immortality unless it is transmuted by spiritual alchemy into something divine!

The extraordinary power of illusion is most forcibly borne upon us in astronomy; the microscope reveals amazing and unexpected wonders in the minute world of life, but these are only extensions of the familiar; the revelations of the telescope and spectroscope open vistas of space and time, size, distance, and rapid motion that nothing else can equal. A very limited study of astronomy entirely changes our ideas of our place in nature; no longer are we under the illusion that our world is the central feature of the universe, the stars being merely twinkling lamps or peep-holes into the heaven beyond the solid dome of adamant. Now and then a sensational discovery is made which for a moment shocks the uninformed into a surprised interest, and helps to break the illusion. It may be the approach of a large comet or such an announcement as the discovery of the enormous size of the star Betelgeuze,—calculated to be about *twenty million* times the size of our sun.

The illusion in which we live is so deceiving that it takes a powerful effort of the imagination to picture even so common an occurrence as the daily rotation of the earth upon its axis. The rising of the sun or the moon is a familiar event, but how few persons can break through the

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false notion that the luminaries are really moving upwards, sufficiently to realize that the effect is produced by the dipping down of the earth's horizon towards the east. Once, however, that this is clearly seen you feel a remarkable enlargement of view, and it becomes easier to comprehend that we are actually living on the surface of a globe, which has been and will be our home for ages.

A full realization of the power of illusion in the external world should set us to work seriously to find realities. The reports of our senses are very incomplete, and yet we try to build whole schemes of life upon them. The study of Theosophy brings us face to face with most surprising illusions in our inner nature.

We think we know ourselves pretty well, but we only know a small part of even our personal semi-animal nature. Even if we consider nothing but this inferior personality, how difficult it is to imagine what we should do under unexpected circumstances -- under great and sudden trials, temptations, or successes! Little as we know of our everyday selves, when we consider the higher, immortal self, how many can truthfully say they know more than the little girl who said she had a nasty little thing inside her that wouldn't let her be quiet when she had done something naughty! And we may be glad if we can feel that the 'nasty little thing' has not been stifled and baffled in its efforts to help us by a persistent course of selfish egotism.

Look around at the false notions of happiness that obsess mankind; the ambitions for ephemeral power and material so-called 'interests' for which millions will literally sell their souls! The world is full of beauty, of marvelously interesting and delightful things, all of which are free and do not demand the Moloch sacrifice of your souls. The pursuit of art, music, natural history, and a thousand enjoyments, not forgetting astronomy, even in their elements, are not confined to specialists; there is no fence around them, and no special ability is required in order to penetrate far enough to gain substantial pleasure and benefit. These matters may not imply high spiritual advancement, but they are wholesome; they lead in the right direction, they help us to gain control of the thinking principle, and are not destructive to the soul. Compare them with the vulgarities in so-called 'high life' which so powerfully affect the sensitive minds of the younger generation and turn their natural and proper ambitions into ruinous paths.

What a picture of misplaced energy and of ignorance of the true values of life! We have not found ourselves yet, our immortal selves; we are behind-hand in evolution, and we shall remain so till we take up the problem seriously, otherwise every incarnation on earth, every return from the rest after death, will find us as ignorant and hopeless as before.

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This Theosophy is nothing new; does not the great Christian Master say: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" But when the mastery of the lower nature is seriously entered upon, the first glimpse of the golden gates which lead to real life flashes upon the weary pilgrim. Madame Blavatsky repeats the ancient Theosophical teachings in these words:

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

Note the expression "knowing himself *as he is*." The illusion that besets us is that we mistake our false personality for the real self.

We hear much of the science of psychology, of the new psychoanalysis. These are confined to the study of the personal mind so largely dominated by the senses and passions; the immortal soul is ignored when not denied, and attention concentrated on the impermanent, the mental limitations, the idiosyncrasies that we must transcend before we can reach the fullness and the stature of the perfect man. Science half-contemptuously abandons the study of the spiritual nature to the theologians, but religion and science cannot be kept in separate compartments. In ancient India the study of the inner nature of man was never divorced from self-discipline, and the results surpassed anything reached by western psychology. A true psychology must be a sacred science, for it deals with vital matters, with the health of the soul as we may say, and to succeed it must proceed on the lines of the ancient Aryan Egyptian spiritual philosophy of which Theosophy presents the essential features.

Scientific writers speak much of the 'criminal type,' of clear-cut divisions between the good and the bad, but many intelligent persons are beginning to suspect that these distinctions are arbitrary and artificial.

According to Theosophy the true division is within each man. This is the duality so strongly emphasized in Theosophical teachings. More or less active in the human being is the animal selfish nature, the ape, the tiger, or the pig, and we are only human in the higher sense in proportion to our success in transmuting the beast-qualities into the godlike principles. We are victims of the great illusion, the illusion that we are merely intellectualized animals. We do not grasp the personal in an iron grip and make it do what it should. How are we to begin? Simply by trying. Our motto must be 'now.' Use the imagination, a tremendous creative power. Realize that we are divine souls, incarnated in a personality troublesome to manage, sometimes unmanageable, very subtil and deceptive but our only instrument for gaining experience in earth-life



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and for learning the lessons of love and brotherhood for which we are here.

According to Theosophy each has in himself the key to infinitely greater wonders than we dream, to depths unfathomed and perhaps fathomless, but the approach, the Path, to these supernal regions of the spirit can only be revealed to the self-disciplined, the pure in heart, to those who have learned to sink their selfish desires and petty personal concerns in the larger interests of the race; who have the courage to face all that comes, impersonally, and with the single desire to benefit mankind. In *The Voice of the Silence*, that wonderful book of Eastern teachings given to the world by Madame Blavatsky, we find these words:

“Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

“And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers. . . . Unsullied by the hand of matter, she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit — the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms.

“Then will she show thee the means and the way, the first gate and the second, the third, up to the very seventh. And then, the goal — beyond which lie, bathed in the sunlight of the Spirit, glories untold, unseen by any save the eye of Soul.”

Returning to our terrestrial considerations, regard in imagination the great globe floating in stately measure through the infinite spaces of the sky and the eternities of time. Picture its varied colors and surfaces, its myriad forms of life, its beauty and its tragedy — what an appeal to the imagination! For hundreds, nay thousands, of millions of years it has been moving onward; to what end? Surely to some goal, some purpose. Blind forces leading nowhere are nightmares of minds immersed in matter and lacking in illumination or intuition.

Madame Blavatsky gave no quarter to the pessimistic assertions of certain scientists that “the sun is cooling rapidly, the earth will soon be frozen; there is no plan, no ordering, all is chance, fortuitous concourse of clashing atoms; we are the highest intelligences known and we shall be soon snuffed out like a candle.” No indeed; she believed in the reign of law in man and nature, and she drew upon the ancient wisdom to show that the revolutions of the planets were held fully under the guidance of Intelligence, that the earth was wound up, so to speak, to go until its ordered courses were fulfilled, and that its last day would not come until it had served its time as the home of physical man; then, prepared and purified, evolved humanity would step upward into higher realms. But as was mentioned before, a change has come over scientific assertion since the time Madame Blavatsky fought her battle against materialism! Now the most advanced physical scientists tell us that everything goes to prove that the sun is practically the same today as it was a hundred million years ago and that there is not a single scrap of evidence to show

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that it will lose its vitalizing energies for immeasurable ages to come.\*

A striking feature in astronomy is the action of physical laws in regulating the movements of the planets. Every time a planet appears to be about to escape from the attraction of the sun and fly off into space the guiding force gently holds it back and keeps it within bounds. The planetary movements are a constant series of adjustments, but the great general law prevails and the whole system is tied together by unbreakable bonds. Even when an outside disturbing influence appears the harmony of the system is quickly restored. This is in perfect analogy with the universal law of Karma, of cause and effect, as it acts on man. His ignorance and selfishness may disturb the harmony of the great law of progress, but he cannot swim against the stream for ever. He will suffer and is bound to suffer, until he yields to the divine will and becomes a co-worker with Nature.

In the history of astronomy we notice how often room had to be made for new facts; the old theories which had seemed perfectly satisfactory were found incomplete, and every one wondered how blind their ancestors had been. Even today we are wondering if the Newtonian theories will have to yield many so-called axiomatic points in favor of Einstein's revolutionary speculations. In regard to the laws governing human life we find the same principle; for centuries the western world has been content with very imperfect theories of man's origin and position in nature; elaborate systems of thought were built on the crude notion that we are limited to one lifetime on earth, and all sorts of sophistical arguments were offered to harmonize this dogma with the innate and intuitive belief in divine justice. But now, when the simple theory of many incarnations on earth for each soul has been once more revived in the west through the efforts of the Theosophical Society, intelligent persons wonder how they could have been satisfied with the imperfect explanations of former times. Reincarnation is a part of the law of cyclic or periodic

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\*Professor Jaumann of Brünn recently wrote: "It was for a long time held indisputable that the Earth was in process of cooling, but this idea has had to be abandoned . . . from the point of view of heat the most remote geological ages of the history of the Earth do not differ at all from the present epoch. In the Palaeo-Cambrian beds extended but diffuse glacial formations have been found. Thus the temperature at that period was not higher but lower than in our epoch, and that after more than a hundred million years. One would have to admit, in the Sun, the existence of a store of energy able, without appreciable diminution, to withstand, during so long a period, the enormous waste which we infer. Thus the stability of the planetary system, and the inextinguishable luminous power of the Sun are found verified, so to say, from direct observation. . . . There is no occasion to fear the cooling of the Sun, which would put an end to our existence; humans will not perish after experiencing, like the Esquimaux, a glacial climate. The radiation of the Sun becomes stabilized; the intellectual and physical evolution of humanity can, on the contrary, continue for an illimitable period transcending all the imagination can conceive."— *Revue Scientifique*, 1913

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change, so marked in all departments of Nature, especially in astronomy.

Perhaps the most striking of all the lessons we can learn from astronomy is the relative unimportance of our little personalities. Fontenelle, in his dialogs with a Duchess on astronomy, quotes her as saying that when she feels worried and tired of the pettiness of her life she fixes her mind on the wonder of the fixed stars, and her personal irritation disappears in the greater consciousness that opens out. This is a great truth, and it gives the best reason why astronomy has been called the noblest of the sciences. As Madame Katherine Tingley has said, the object of evolution is to unite the purified personality with the higher self, to expand beyond our illusionary limitations; and a little study of astronomy undoubtedly helps in this direction, by breaking down some of our illusions.

Astronomy has been charged by the ill-informed with being removed from practical affairs, but astronomers easily refute this by showing that navigation and all timekeeping depend upon their constant observations, and surely it is of supreme importance to keep alive such a means as theoretical astronomy provides for utilizing the highest powers of the human intellect, and for providing an enduring proof that man's mind has faculties almost infinitely transcending those of the brute.

Just as the calculations of astronomy are indispensable for navigating the trackless waves of the seas, so is Theosophy for the safe navigation of the perilous ocean of life. Its fundamental principle, Universal Brotherhood, is the only trustworthy compass for mankind. Theosophy holds the chart of the fatal reefs and dangerous currents of selfishness, and it knows the stars by which the storm-tossed mariner may steer through the darkness. Putting aside metaphor, we confidently assert that the simple teachings of Theosophy, if established firmly in our so-called civilization, would do away with the mass of human misery, folly, and unrest which so appalls everyone who desires to see the dawn of a brighter day.

Theosophy, properly understood, leads straight to its practical manifestation in daily life. A new world of usefulness opens; old age and death no longer loom threateningly in the background. Study the principles of Theosophy for yourselves and see if it does not change your outlook upon life in such a way that the world will never seem the same again.

The education of the young upon lines of unselfish endeavor, the only way to real happiness and spiritual progress, is one of the leading practical activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; but we believe that our most effective work lies in spreading broadcast over the world the knowledge of the duality of man, the divine and the personal or fleeting; evolution through reincarnation, guided by the law of Karma, perfect justice; the perfectibility of man; and the other fundamental

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principles of Theosophy for want of which the world is in sore straits today.


Political and social reforms are desirable, but the Theosophical Movement takes no part in politics, for such things are variable and ephemeral in comparison with the infinitely more important need of learning the underlying causes which produce the evils for which reforms are demanded. The lack of self-control and of the spirit of brotherhood are the roots of the trouble, and Theosophy demonstrates that when it becomes ingrained into the life of the people the practical results that must inevitably follow will delight and astonish the world. That is why we ask consideration of its teachings, and why we are glad to enroll active workers into our ranks.

## AN OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY AND ITS TEACHINGS

### MAGISTER ARTIUM

#### II

#### KARMA

N our first instalment we were speaking of the law of Karma, and a few more remarks on this subject shall be made before passing on. It is important to observe that the law is scientific; it is a *law* in the scientific sense of that word. Now what are the alternatives to the belief in such a law? We must either believe that human fate is assigned by an over-ruling providence in accordance with his will, which we try to think is just and merciful though it may be hard to see that it is so; or else we must suspend our judgment and refer human destiny to chance, which is a descriptive word rather than an explanatory one. But the doctrine of Karma simply takes a recognised scientific law and extends its limits so as to make it of much wider application — of universal application. There was a time when people believed epidemics to be providentially decreed and unavoidable; but now we know their causes and take steps to prevent them. And at the present time there are many things which we attribute to providence or chance and believe to be unavoidable; but a fuller knowledge of the laws of nature might show us the reasons for these things and how to avoid them.

When the Ego incarnates into the body of a babe, it brings with it its Karma from previous lives. Some of this is in the form of seeds of character, which will unfold as the child grows up and produce their due effects; some of it is in the form of seeds of destiny, and will produce those events usually regarded as fortuitous. It may be hard to understand how this can be, but the difficulty is due to the limitation of our knowledge.

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Sudden and apparently unaccountable good fortune or calamity are not fortuitous events — there can be no fortuitous events, every effect must have a cause. They are due to the Karma of the individual experiencing them, and they must have lain latent as seeds in some part of his atmosphere, brought over perhaps from previous lives. The understanding of the details of such processes is not beyond our reach, since Theosophy teaches that man can attain far greater heights of knowledge; there is the promise that he will some day understand fully what he at present intuitively feels to be true.

### HIGHER POWERS IN MAN

THE existence in man of higher powers and faculties not yet developed is a very important feature of the Theosophical teachings. It is quite characteristic of the present age that a renewed interest should have been manifested in this subject. While this interest began to some extent before Theosophy was proclaimed, in the Spiritistic movement, yet it is Theosophy that has directed the interest into better channels and prevented it from wasting itself or being submerged in materialism.

In promulgating such an idea as this, the difficulty is to promote man's faith in himself without feeding his ambition and selfish desires. There are many advertising cults today which profess to teach the development of higher powers, but the selfish inducements offered are only too obvious. Such could never have been the design of the leaders of the Theosophical Movement, whose high and impersonal purposes are sufficiently well attested by their own statements as to the object of Theosophy. Theosophy has for sole aim the service of humanity, and was promulgated in order to stem the great evils threatened by materialism and the predominant motive of self-seeking. Hence higher powers are contemplated only as they may subserve this purpose.

The distinction is drawn between Spiritual powers and psychic powers. For there are many powers latent in man which yet pertain to the personal self and are ministers of selfish desire; and to develop these prematurely would only increase the difficulties and dangers due to abuse of the powers he already has. Hence Theosophy discourages the development of psychic powers, saying that these will come without seeking whenever it is proper and safe for the man to have them. But Spiritual powers are such as those described in the Christians' Gospel as the fruits of the Spirit, and they arise from the cultivation of impersonal motives and unselfish devotion to the truth. By following the behests of unselfish motive a man develops his intuition and the power to act rightly and effectively, and he thus becomes a center from which Spiritual powers may beneficently issue, while he incurs no danger.

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### THE MYSTERIES

THEOSOPHY declares the existence in all ages of perfected men, who have transcended the limitations of personality and thereby acquired the powers of a Teacher. Some of them come forth into the world as visible helpers, who may or may not be recognised as such, and are invariably better recognised by later times than by their contemporaries. Others remain in seclusion, accomplishing on higher planes of activity work which does not necessitate their personal contact with men or their recognition by men. History reveals the existence of such great souls, either in their personal presence or in the effects produced by their work. Some of them have been the founders of great religions; originally they taught the pure doctrines of Theosophy, but the subsequent work of mankind after the withdrawal of the teachers has converted their teachings into formal creeds.

The fact of perfected men argues the fact of Mysteries, those schools of secret knowledge of which all antiquity speaks. The knowledge was secret because not of a kind communicable to everybody; and probations and initiations guarded its approach. We may remember that Pythagoras, a man of rare character, who had traveled in the East, came to found such a school in southern Italy, and that he exacted the most severe tests, including several years' absolute silence. All this implies that only the self-disciplined are competent to know the deeper mysteries of nature.

Theosophy therefore holds out to all the promise of greater knowledge attainable by man while in the body and on earth; but at the same time it has to guard against all fanaticism and abuse of knowledge. It is evident from what we see around us that those who try to acquire such knowledge without having fitted themselves for it land in mere quackery and start cults of psychism which do harm.

### RELIGION

RELIGION, in its decadent form, has always put mankind off with the idea that no perfection is attainable on earth, but that we are irremediably steeped in sinfulness, and can only obtain deliverance after death by various propitiatory rights to be practised during life. We often find religion at variance with the promptings of the light within, so that men of good heart and fine intuition have been branded with the stamp of infidelity because they followed conscience rather than dogma. Theosophy comes to rescue man from these situations, by assuring him once more of the essential divinity of human nature and teaching him to rely on the light within. Going back to those sayings of the Christ recorded

## AN OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY AND ITS TEACHINGS

in the Gospels, it declares that within the earthly man there is the Spiritual man, made in the image of God, and the son of God; and that the kingdom of God is, as Christ said, within us. And this teaching is made comprehensible by the teachings as to the sevenfold nature of man. The *manas*, or thinking principle, stands midway between the selfish passional nature on the one side and the *buddhi* or divine wisdom on the other; and man is enabled to become his own savior by causing manas to become blended with buddhi — his mind to become united with his spiritual soul.

A true Theosophist may be distinguished from a false one by the fact that the former engages in useful practical work for the amelioration of human ills, while the latter merely dabbles in so-called 'occultism' to gratify curiosity or ambition. The knowledge which the genuine Theosophist seeks is only to be won by the elimination of selfishness; and this can be best done by occupying one's time and faculties in such useful impersonal work. Thus duty and progress go hand in hand.

The work accomplished by Theosophy in upholding the dignity of man is apparent when we consider what efforts are being made to degrade that dignity by imprinting on our mind the notion that man is merely an evolved animal. This notion is backed up by a lot of very questionable science; but, as has often been pointed out, even though the scientific theories of man's animal descent should be conceded, the vital question as to the origin and nature of his self-conscious mind would still remain unsolved. And Theosophy shows that several distinct lines of evolution converge in man, of which the line that science is endeavoring to trace is but one, and that the least important.

### SCIENCE

THIS will serve to indicate that Theosophy is the champion of true science as well as of true religion. If it be asked what is here meant by true science, we can give one definition at any rate. There have been some people, writing in the name of science, who have sought to maintain that it should be pursued in a spirit of entire neutrality as regards ethical questions, sentiments, and anything else not coming under the head of what they are pleased to call 'pure science.' Fortunately we cannot thus partition off our intellectual pursuits from our other interests in life; for, if we could, we should indeed quickly degenerate into a species of un-human mummy. A tendency in this direction is however observable in those who profess to regard compassion as a hindrance to scientific inquiry, and who thereupon diverge into lines of inquiry that shock the sense of the community and seem to lead towards an abyss. This is not true science; nor is that true science which forsakes the true scientific

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

attitude of openness of mind and strives to erect barriers of dogmatism. The true scientific spirit has been often and ably defined by eminent men of science themselves. It consists in induction from facts ascertained by observation; and in a readiness to abandon or enlarge provisional theories in the light of new facts. Theosophy, with its teachings as to the existence of finer faculties in man than the physical senses, thereby opens up a new field of observation and a new reservoir of facts.

### THEOSOPHY AND MARRIAGE

REFERRING to a previous statement, that genuine Theosophy is distinguishable from all imitations by its application of the Theosophical teachings to the practical problems of life, we may speak of a few instances of this. The institution of marriage, and its cognate institution of the family home, are vindicated and reinstated by Theosophy. The familiar statement that (let us say *some*) marriages are made in heaven suggests the corollary that those unions which are not so made cannot be regarded as marriages in the true sense. They are entered upon without adequate motive; and as there is no real union, the result is either a painful misalliance or a separation. A common purpose is what is lacking in such cases; and where each participant is seeking in wedlock a mere enlargement of the sphere of personality, there must necessarily be a continual and increasing clashing of tempers. But if each had entered upon the bond with the aspiration of making it the means of realizing the best fruits of this most sacred union, then the inevitable sacrifices of mere personal desires would be sublimated into thank-offerings on the altar of those nobler aspirations.

It is generally recognised that the crucial point of application for reformative influences is the children, both in their domestic relations and in their status as the material for education. The duties therefore of parentage and teaching are paramount. Much evil is traceable to parental weakness in indulging the selfish appetites of their children instead of appealing to their higher nature and thus strengthening it. This weakness on the part of parents is due to want of a due sense of responsibility and seriousness. Education begins in the home, and upon the parent falls the responsibility whether the child's early formative years shall be molded for good or ill. The usual alternative of either yielding to childish whims and tempers or else repressing them by harsh and arbitrary means should be replaced by the method of appealing to the child's own better self and inducing him to summon his own spiritual will in subjugation of the intrusive passional elements of his nature. This is the real secret of discipline — self-discipline. Here the appeal is not to an arbitrary will but to a law recognised alike by parent and child.



# THOUGHT-POWER OF ANCIENT EGYPT

## EDUCATION

THE same principle has to be carried into the school, and education in self-control must be the basis of every other item in the curriculum. Hence the importance of educating parents and teachers. If the child is the crucial point, then before the child come the parent and teacher; so that we must look to a general diffusion of Theosophic ideals for our salvation.

The Râja-Yoga system of education, founded by Katherine Tingley to carry out plans projected by H. P. Blavatsky, and to be seen in operation at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, shows the actual working of Theosophic education; and the results achieved are proving the best evidence of the efficacy of Theosophy. A constant and growing stream of visitors to Point Loma diffuses this knowledge over the world, and is establishing a realization of the difference between Theosophy and its imitations.

# THOUGHT-POWER OF ANCIENT EGYPT

W. A. DUNN

## CHAPTER II

“The forty-two commandments of their religion [that of the ancient Egyptians], which are contained in the ‘Book of the Dead,’ are not inferior to the precepts of Christianity, and in reading the old inscriptions concerning morality, we are tempted to believe that Moses modeled his teaching on the patterns given by those old sages.”—BRUGSCH, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, pp. 10-11



CHRISTIANITY proclaimed itself as a gospel of salvation. Salvation from what? Obviously from the state of corruption and disorder into which the later Roman Empire had lapsed, with its unspeakable vices and servitude to sensuous gratification. Christ himself said that he came to call sinners, and not the righteous, to repentance. The nature of the sins practised by the early Christians is fully indicated in Paul's letters to his various congregations.

There is little or no indication, in ancient Egyptian literature, of the vices for which Paul reprovved his followers. In comparison, the account given by Dr. Wallis Budge of the *moral* life of the average Egyptian, reads as if one had passed from a religious hospital for moral weaklings, into a community characterized by healthy manners and customs, and unquestionable devotion to spiritual laws conceived of as divine powers. For instance, Dr. Budge states of the average Egyptian: “His *mortality* was of the highest kind and he thoroughly understood his duty towards

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his neighbor.” Judging from the New Testament itself, no such tribute could be paid to the early Christians among whom the Apostles labored.

It is singular, therefore, that historians have not pointed out, in clear and forcible language, that the real mission of Christianity was to re-establish the very moral and spiritual virtues which the ancient Egyptians actually possessed and practised — without need of calling in the services of a redeeming religion to give salvation from sin which they did not commit. There is no need for sophistry in this regard — the gospels themselves describe the character of the early Christian congregations. How much nobler is the following description of Egyptian character taken from Dr. Wallis Budge’s *Short History*. If this tribute could have been written of our own times, we might justly claim that Christianity had performed the mission for which it was established.

“A good general idea of the average Egyptian can be derived from the monuments and writings that have come down to us. In the first place he was a very religious man. He worshiped God and his deified ancestors, offered sacrifices and offerings to the dead, and prayed morning and evening. He believed in the resurrection of the dead through Osiris, and in the life everlasting, and was from first to last confident that those who had led righteous lives on earth were rewarded with happiness in heaven. . . . *His deep-seated interest in religion had a very practical object, namely, the resurrection of his spirit-body.*” — p. 219

This emphatically indicates the *original* meaning of the resurrection of the Christ principle, as known to the Egyptian initiates. Historical evidence warrants the belief that the events recorded in the New Testament were written at least one hundred years after Christ’s death by men who were acquainted with the more ancient teachings as taught in the Mysteries. Dr. Budge proceeds, in describing the *average* Egyptian:

“His conscience was well developed, and made him obey religious, moral, and civil laws without question; a breach of any of these he atoned for — not by repentance, for which there is no word in his language — but by the making of offerings. . . . His morality was of the highest kind, and he thoroughly understood his duty towards his neighbor. . . .”

“He never indulged in missionary enterprises of any kind. His religious toleration was great . . . and yet the influence of his beliefs and religion, and literature, and arts and crafts, on the civilization of other nations, can hardly be overestimated. In one of the least known periods of the world’s history he proclaimed the deathlessness of the human soul, and his country has rightly been named the land of immortality.” — pp. 219-220

In this remarkable tribute by a leading Egyptologist, the mind is not only impressed by the conviction that the Christian ideal of today was then the real, and that the theological presentations of Christianity are but popularized versions of the original Egyptian Mysteries; but also by the fact that salvation from sin by a verbal act of lip-repentance was repudiated. When sin was committed, it was atoned for by the individual himself, not by dependence upon an external savior, but by personal at-one-ment (misinterpreted atonement) with the savior *in his own heart*. In this respect the evidence is clear and self-evident. This is also demon-

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strated in Dr. Budge's statement, already quoted: "His deep-seated interest in religion had a very practical object, namely, the resurrection of his *Spirit-Body*."

It is difficult to realize in our day how strong this interest in religion was among the Egyptians. Yet as the literature of any nation is always an expression of its predominant tendency of thought, that which actuated the Egyptians is indicated by the following remark of Dr. Georg Steindorff:

"It may be said boldly that quite nine-tenths of the Egyptian writings preserved to us were devoted to some religious purpose, and that of the remaining tenth the bulk contains more or less information on religion."

This can only mean that the spiritual powers known to and exercised by the Egyptians were actually possessed and were not speculative notions. No nation would continue writing on such matters for four thousand years as if groping in the dark. The Egyptians unquestionably expressed the thought-energies that actuated their faculties, as living Gods. We do not think or write about such matters today, for the reason that material interests are the predominant influences engaging thought and action. Hence current literature is almost devoid of religious aspiration.

In science, religion, and philosophy, there is always an important distinction to be drawn between theory *without* practice — and theory put *into* practice. Thus in moral, as in physical action — the theoretical acquaintance with the actuating principles of thought and conduct may be accompanied by a negative incompetency of the will to introduce a creative energy into the ideals entertained. The intellect, of itself, may develop a theoretical science, religion, or philosophy, which, while exercising the *psychological* influence of assumed authority, may be so unrelated to the creative energies of the Will, as to constitute the traditional veil that conceals the Truth of God. At its best a formulated philosophy is only true as plan or scope through which to express the motive forces actuating a man's character.

Now in scientific and religious speculations of today, the necessary relationship that should logically connect ideal conceptions with equally developed forces of the Will, is not considered as being of fundamental importance — the immense disproportion between theoretical conceptions on one hand, and the motive forces actuating personal conduct on the other being evidence of this. In fact, the negative powers of the intellect, and the positive forces of the Will, are, in the main, divorced from each other, hence fail to display the creative power that results from their perfect union, or correct interaction.

But with the ancient Egyptians, no scholar will question that their intellectual beliefs were so interblended with the executive forces of national and individual conduct, that the perceptions of the mind and the

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motive forces of the active will were inseparably united as the negative and positive poles of executive thought. Hence the complete absence in Egyptian knowledge of what is known today as speculative opinions relating to religion, science, and history: a superficial activity of the mind that is separated from its connexions with subjective realities locked up in the Will itself — locked up as having become latent from lack of expression through a correctly poised intellect.

In order to demonstrate the mode of thought that co-ordinates the unseen with the seen, the various principles into which man was classified by the Egyptians should be examined. The following synopsis is epitomized from data given at length in Dr. Wallis Budge's *Short History*:

"The texts state that when a man was born into the world he possessed a Khat (material body) and *three* principal spirit-entities called Ka, Ba, and Khu."

These invisible spirit-entities represented:

"The principle of life and material strength. . . . In the earliest times the *Ka* of a man was that portion of the corporate life of his clan, or tribe, or community, which was incarnate in him."— BUDGE, p. 225

In close relation to the *Ka* was . . . the *Ba*, the human Soul which "set the *Ka* in motion." The *Ba* had its seat in the heart, and possessed a shadow that constituted its *connexion* with the corporate life-principle of a man's tribe or community (or, to speak more correctly, that portion of it incarnated in him as his personality or *Ka*). On the other hand, the human soul (*Ba*) from its throne in the heart, reached upwards to a still higher principle called the *Khu*, the Spirit-Soul of *Intelligence*. These two last principles (the Will and the Intelligence) together formed the dual spirit of man, which, *when triumphant*, controlled and directed the objective life-forces interacting in his *Ka* — which, as already said, represented a man's portion of the corporate life of his community.

As further demonstrating these inner principles, Dr. Budge states:

"In close connexion with the natural and spiritual bodies stood the *heart*, or rather that portion of it which was the seat of the power of life and the fountain of good and evil thoughts. And in addition to the Natural-body and the Spirit-body, man also had an abstract individuality or personality endowed with all his characteristic attributes. This abstract personality had an absolutely independent existence."

This, it would seem, refers to the *Ba*, the individual will having its seat in the heart.

These three inner principles (representing physical vitality, individualized will-power, and a thinking 'law-giver,' overshadowing and directing the whole) give a definite clue to the principal forces which interact one with another in every living soul — and which the neophytes of the ancient Mysteries exercised and developed equally by a definite course

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of purification and discipline, their 'after-death' journeys being but disembodied extensions of the same powers, in so far as they had been developed and co-ordinated one with the other.

It seems necessary to regard these things as co-ordinations in present time. That the present moment of Time is the only Reality that exists in the universe, is all too frequently obscured by attaching untrue values to 'past' and 'future.' For past and future possess no possible meaning other than what the 'present-moment' grasp of thought emanates into them — each thinker emanating his own backward and forward cycles of time conception. Hence the profound truth in the following text, in which the thinking Ego affirms its own cycles of time as self-determinations:

"I am not to be grasped, but I am one who graspeth thee. *The present time is the path which I have opened.*"

To speak of the present moment as a path, seems like a contradiction in terms. Yet its truth becomes clear when we recognise that the mind cannot wander into thoughts of the past or future without a present moment in which it exists as present thinking. Hence the need of strengthening this living unit of time which contains all that exists, and is called the ever-present.

In connexion with these important matters, the following facts should be realized:

(1) The Egyptians regarded the human body as the abode of the living gods. In the forty-second chapter of *The Book of the Dead* (Renouf's translation), the bodily parts associated with the various 'gods' are specifically indicated, concluding with the verse: "There is not a limb in me which is without a god — and *Thoth* is a protector to my flesh." (Egyptologists are practically agreed that *Thoth* represented the '*Master of Law*' or the personification of all dominating thought.) Budge translates the same verse as: "There is no member of my body which is not the member of some God, (and) the God *Thoth* shieldeth my body altogether." Another text states: "I have made myself pure . . . there is not a limb in me which is void of righteousness."

(2) The name 'Book of the Dead' is a modern invention. The Egyptians themselves termed these sacred writings "*Pert em hru*," a phrase that means "Manifested in the Light." Budge states that this title "had probably a meaning for the Egyptians which has not yet been rendered in a modern language," and one important idea in connexion with the whole work, is expressed by another title which calls it "The Chapter of making strong [or perfect] the *Khu*." It is important to recall that the *Khu* is the highest of the three spirit-bodies incarnated in man, and represents *Intelligence*. *Pert em hru* therefore referred to mental

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processes whereby the conscious intelligence was made strong and perfect.

It is therefore possible that though Egyptologists may be partially right in attributing the teachings of *Pert em hru* to states after death, they yet commit an error in disregarding its fundamental application to states of thought and being *during life*. Maspero indicates this fact by the excerpt previously quoted from his *New Light on Egypt*. Its importance warrants its repetition here:

“The Egyptians, always occupied with the life beyond the grave, tried in very remote ages to teach men the art of living after death, and of living a life with the Gods resembling existence on earth. . . . To attain it, it was necessary to take every precaution in this life, and to begin by becoming attached to some divinity. . . . He learned by heart the chapters which gave him entrance to the Gods’ domain.”

Although this statement might suggest that ‘learning by heart’ meant only memorizing the words of a formula without developing their intrinsic meanings, the weight of historical evidence points in a contrary direction. The spiritual power that was exercised by the Egyptian priesthoods demonstrates that “the art of living after death” represented an interior identity with the unseen intelligences called Gods. This was done in conjunction with outer physical existence, the body being regarded as the natural temple in which those Gods resided. Moreover, a literature in which religious interests predominate can only arise from the deep fountains of the living Soul.

Constant reference is made in *Pert em hru* to various divine powers being brought to a person in the netherworld. The ‘heart,’ the ‘mouth,’ ‘the Words of Power,’ ‘remembering on<sup>e</sup>’s Name therein,’ ‘keeping back the serpents,’ etc., are all mentioned as powers sought for, and acquired, by specially defined acts. May not the Netherworld with which the Egyptians were so familiar be nothing more than what modern psychologists refer to as the ‘sub-conscious mind’? Halleck, in his *Psychology*, states that:

“At any moment we are not conscious of a thousandth part of what we know. How these facts are preserved, consciousness can never tell us. An event may not be thought of for fifty years, and then it may, suddenly, appear in consciousness. As we grow older, the subconscious field increases.”

Anyone who will compare thoughtfully the modern thesis of sub-conscious energies involuntarily rising into consciousness, with the voluntary powers the Egyptian neophyte exercised in the Netherworld, will recognise that subconsciousness and netherworld are synonymous terms.

The following verses from Renouf’s translation of *Pert em hru*, clearly indicate the spiritual powers possessed by the Egyptian initiates. Moreover, it is necessary to ask who invented these lofty expressions of thought. Before literature itself can be written down, surely it is obvious that living

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men must have acquired the powers which the Egyptians so carefully symbolized in sculptural texts and inscriptions. These verses occur in the sixty-fourth chapter of Renouf's version of *Pert em hru* (or the chapter of "Making Strong and Perfect the Intelligence of Man"). Hence these utterances refer to pure thought knowing and affirming itself:

"I am Yesterday. Today, and Tomorrow, for I am born again and again; mine is the unseen Force which createth the Gods."

"The Lord of the shrine which standeth in the center of the Earth: He is I, and I am He."

"I am the Over-flower, and Kam-ura is my name; I bring to its fulness the Force which is hidden within me."

"I am He who cometh forth as one who breaketh through the door; and everlasting is the daylight which his will hath created. 'I know the deep waters' is my name."

"I shine forth as the Lord of Life and the glorious order of this day; the blood which purifieth, and the vigorous sword-strokes by which the Earth is made one."

"I am He who presideth in *Restau* — 'He who entereth in his own name, and cometh forth in quest, the Lord of the Eternity of the Earth' is my name."

"I am the offspring of Yesterday; the tunnels of the Earth have given me birth, and I am revealed at the appointed time."

"This composition is a secret; not to be seen or looked at. Recite the chapter when sanctified and pure."

*Pert em hru* contains numerous utterances similar to the above. The predominant feature of them all is *self-identification with the universal intelligences after having learned their names and attributes*. The modern fallacy of regarding them as formal funeral utterances only, is completely negated by their literary construction alone. Yet an additional proof that the texts also applied to the mental powers which the Initiates developed within themselves, is given by the title which Dr. Budge refers to as "making strong, or perfect, the Khu" — the Khu meaning a man's intelligence.

This conception of making strong the human principle of Intelligence has no equivalent in modern philosophy. We merely consider the relative acts of intelligence that are in association with such information as it acts *upon*, or is intelligent *about*. To identify Intelligence with its own essence as realizing its inherent capacity to become independent in selecting its own objects of attachment or dismissing them — and in that independent state be 'made strong and perfect,' — is dismissed by modern philosophers into the realm of the unknowable. And yet the possibility of making this Intelligence perfect is the only hypothesis that will explain the Egyptian texts.

The power of Co-ordination, which some minds exercise in a superlative manner over their ideas and conceptions, displays itself to consciousness as the power of Intelligence itself. In some men this power is so strong that their genius for leadership is immediately acknowledged. Theoretically this

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power may be classified as unknowable: practically everyone obeys it.

In order to demonstrate the co-ordinating action of original thought, the following laws of psychology might be introduced. A complete act of individual thought-power operates as from two poles: *viz.*, an objective ideal at its negative pole, and a subjective energy of will which is its positive pole. When these two mental qualities are in direct relationship in an individual mind they combine in a synthetic act of self-expression — through the organs that have been disciplined for such acts. Thus at the negative pole, the intellect formulates some predominant ideal, upon which its external perceptions are classified — more or less in relation to a real that is inwardly felt as the will. This real substratum from which the will proceeds, is the energy stream actuating the mind as the internal motive we associate with bodily existence, and the organized functions which perpetuate it. Thus aggregated bodily forces constitute the will-end of thought, dependent upon concrete 'plans,' which the ideal side of the mind formulates from its external expression.

Man's power to know and to do, is therefore conditioned by *how* he exercises the laws of original thought, a complete act of thought being the synthesis of the perceptive and motor energies of the soul.

It seems highly probable, therefore, that the failure of speculative thought to interpret Egyptian knowledge of life and death, is because the latter does not respond to a method of treatment that divides an ideal hereafter from a real here in physical existence. The texts demonstrate that the Egyptians realized their religious ideals in actual daily conduct, just as in specialized occupations we realize secular ideals of commerce, science, and art — but unfortunately not in regard to our religious beliefs, nor of universal conceptions relating to human solidarity. Man must turn his attention to what it is in himself that conditions his cognition of outer objects. In other words, cognition itself is caused by the internal arrangement of his faculties. Reconstruct the inner mechanism of thought in any manner whatsoever, and cognition of the external world immediately changes in relation to the physical mechanism put into effect, such as occurs when a purpose is first formulated, then put into action.

From this viewpoint, then, it was perfectly logical and scientific for the Egyptians to sanctify the human body as the composite form in which the cosmic forces meet at birth, and progressively evolve the physical temple of God. This is borne out by the following valuable quotation from Budge's *Gods of the Egyptians*, page 10:

"Whatsoever happened in nature was attributed by them [the Egyptians] to the operations of a large number of spiritual beings, the life of whom was identical with the life of the great natural elements. . . . Such spirits, although invisible to mortal eyes, were very real creatures in their minds, and to them they attributed all the passions which belong to man and all his faculties and powers also."



## IN OLD HISTORIC SCOTLAND

WALTER FORBES

**T**RAVELING from east to west of Scotland by way of Glenmore, the Great Glen, through which runs the Caledonian Canal, the scenery is awe-inspiring. But rugged mountains with their mantle of purple heather and tree-clad lochs, impressive though they be, are not the only things that fill the mind in this romantic district. The environment calls up memories of the mighty past; for here the bards and harpists of Ireland were welcome guests of the Scots and Picts, stirring their imagination with stories and songs of their heroes.

Again, the ruined castles, scattered throughout the glen, awake the memory of a later historical period, the history of many a great Highland clan being wrapped up in them.

Urquhart Castle, the fine old ruin standing on the northern shore of Loch Ness, and at the entrance to one of the most fertile glens in Scotland, is one of many such ruins. Its scenic grandeur, as a ruin, is a fit setting to its ancient splendor, when some of the earlier Scottish monarchs were proudly received within its walls. To Scotsmen it will always be remembered as the one which offered such stubborn resistance, and was the last to surrender, to the forces of Edward I when that monarch invaded Scotland in 1296, and carried off to England the ancient stone upon which it had been the national custom to place the King of Scotland when he was crowned. This stone is said to have been brought from Ireland by Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyllshire. With this stone was the prophecy:

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapdium, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

*“If fate saith sooth, where'er this stone  
Is found, the Scots shall hold the throne.”*

Did the prophecy, as some say, come true when James VI of Scotland was crowned King of England in 1603? The stone is used in the coronation ceremonies of the present day.

The ruins of Doune Castle, a massive and extensive fortress eight and one-half miles south-west from Stirling, hold a commanding position on the point of a steep and narrow green bank, washed on one side by the waters of the Teith, and on the other by the Ardoch. The castle, one of the largest in Scotland, is supposed to have been built in the eleventh century, and was anciently the seat of the Earls of Monteith. It is now a

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noble-looking ruin, the two great towers, one eighty feet high and the other forty feet, being still in a fair state of preservation.

Many are the historic events connected with this castle. During the troublous times in the early part of the fifteenth century it was forfeited to the crown, passing into the possession of the Duke of Albany, who was then regent of Scotland. Murdoch, the second Duke of Albany, becoming regent on the death of his father, had it largely rebuilt and extended, but he did not long enjoy possession. James I, recovering his freedom from the English King, returned to Scotland, and Murdoch, Duke of Albany, in expiation of his father's guilt and his own — the regency having been foully acquired and misused against the best blood of Scotland — was beheaded on the Castlehill of Stirling, in the sight of the castle.

In the sixteenth century the castle was often occupied by Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, and widow of James IV; and was also the residence, occasionally, of the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots. In the rebellion of 1745 it was in the possession of Prince Charles, and will be long remembered for the sensational escape from it, at that time, of John Home, Scottish dramatic poet, who had been taken prisoner by the rebels at the battle of Falkirk, and confined at Doune Castle.

Kingussie, a village in the south of the Inverness-shire, is beautifully situated on the river Spey, a river famous for the rapidity of its flow, and the splendor of the scenery through which it runs.

On the opposite bank of the river from Kingussie stood one of the castles of the Comyns who ruled here during the reigns of the early Scottish sovereigns; John, the Red Comyn, an aspirant to the Scottish crown, swore fidelity to Bruce, and then treacherously betrayed him — an excellent example of how, through ambition, a man may work against the best interests of his country. On the same bank the last scene in the rebellion of 1745 was enacted; the last remnant of the Highland regiments gathered there two days after the battle of Culloden, and then received the order from Prince Charles to disperse.

The district around Kingussie teems with historic interest; and on the rugged but towering Grampian mountains to the south, the Romans had to cease their onward march of conquest in Scotia. Galgacus, Chief of the Celts, although defeated by Agricola in 83, there showed great valor in defense of his country. The speech of Galgacus to the Romans at that time, thrilling with love of country and freedom (mentioned by Tacitus who must have heard it from the Roman soldiers), contains an unconscious prophecy of what the future annals and traits of these northern people would be; love of country and freedom being their strong characteristics to the present time.

Kingussie district is also well known as the birthplace of James Mac-

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pherson. Little wonder is it that being born in such surroundings, and hearing in his childhood many stories native to the place, he should have been fired with zeal to collect them. As a result of his labors a volume of Ossianic poems was published in 1760; these poems, translated from the Gaelic, or Erse, give us an insight into the character of the old Scots, and put aside the title of 'barbarians,' usually applied to them.

## THE GOLDEN TRAIL

F. M. P.

**A**LONG the golden trail into the sun —  
Spanning the sea as jewel-float were run —  
Thought speeds away, spurning the nether shore,  
To loose itself within the fiery pour:  
The trail's end in the glowing globe of fire,  
And on, a winged soul, heavenward to aspire.

There the mortal doffed, the immortal one  
Prens its strong pinions, bathing in the sun;  
Its robe of light, unseen by mortal eyes,  
A snow-white sheen across the starry skies,  
Adorns the splendor, passing mortal thought,  
Beyond the golden trail the sun has wrought.

The stars which pale before the orb of day,  
In night beneath me plunge and hold their way;  
While other suns and constellations spring  
And fade, as dawns celestial rise and swing  
Wide tides of splendor from the central source,  
Flooding, to ebb along the spatial course.

On these to ride or rest in onward flight —  
Each region left to that ahead a night —  
The soul soars on exulting in its power,  
Ascending home to have the spirit's dower  
Priceless; awaiting winning souls alone  
Who dare the Golden Trail in the Unknown.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## THE MAN OF TRUE DISTINCTION

PERCY LEONARD

Sequi gloria debet, non appeti.

— *The Epistles of Pliny the Younger*

**I**T is difficult to imagine any pursuit so undignified and vulgar as the eager competition for applause and public notice. What can be more ignoble than the attempt to shoulder one's way to distinction in conflict with a struggling mass of fellow-creatures each of whom is actuated by the same desire? One little eddy in the surging sea of humankind, roofed over by the tranquil spaces of Immensity, and struggling with a rabid craving to attract the admiration of the other little eddies, each of which is stirred to desperate exertions by the self-same motive power—surely a spectacle to make the angels laugh, if they possess the saving sense of humor!

If one wanted to become a midget one could hardly hit upon a more promising method than to concentrate the whole attention on the microscopic point of personality, and to contract the mind by ceaseless efforts for the promotion of the prestige and importance of that insatiable little atom, the personal self.

The wish to acquire distinction for oneself is in reality the very reverse of the heroic, for the essence of true heroism, is the forgetting of self in outward-reaching efforts for the welfare of the whole. To covet notoriety is such a universal trait, that in order to differentiate oneself from the herd it is only necessary to relinquish all desire to shine and to select some humble, useful, inconspicuous career. The very instant that a man abandons the pursuit of approbation and performs the duties lying nearest to his hand, careless of recognition if he only serves some useful end, that moment does he enter into a superior rank, distinguished from the common multitude below by virtue of the rareness of the motive which inspires his actions.

A royal air of independence marks his bearing and, looking for nothing which the fickle crowd has in its power to bestow, he chooses the life of unobtrusive service in preference to an exalted position based on the subjugation of others.

It is not of course for a moment suggested that great souls are only to be met with in the humbler walks of life, or that eminent positions are sought exclusively for selfish reasons. A hero would never refuse the burden of a high position if duty clearly called him to accept; though

## THE MAN OF TRUE DISTINCTION

just as surely he would never struggle to obtain it for reasons of self-aggrandisement.

A never-failing spring of satisfaction rises in the inmost self of such a man which renders him indifferent to external praise and blame; and while all other men are eager to collect their dues of recognition and indignantly resent neglect, he cheerfully proceeds upon his chosen path, unnoticed and unknown, or even in the teeth of opposition and the public hate.

The powers and principles in nature which are most divine are also those most common and most universally diffused: the life-supporting air, the glorious sunshine, the ether filling universal space, subtil electric force, and that supreme, impelling power that helps all living things to mount the winding stairway leading to the heights. How vast and universally benevolent these forces are, and how impersonal and free! And yet when man directs his life by such impartial, universal principles, instead of himself becoming commonplace and ordinary he attains supreme distinction. Your ordinary famous man will lavish all his energy and time on any showy undertaking lying open to the public view and foster any decorative singularity which serves to elevate him from the general mass, while with unwinking eye he keeps a sleepless watch upon his growing reputation. The man of true distinction seeking for no reward from humankind, regards himself as a mere channel to convey the living waters to a thirsty world; and as a smooth and unobstructed outlet is the chief merit of a watercourse, so he endeavors to efface all twists and angularities which check the current and impede the flow.

That kind of greatness gained in competition with the crowd, consisting in the slow accumulation of successes, is at its best nothing but a collection of lifeless trophies however magnificent, and has none of the charm and magic of unfolding life. That greatness which results from inward growth and comes as an expansion from the central seat of life is like the giant oak spreading its mighty limbs on every side and rearing its majestic shaft in simple grandeur towards the sky.

The heroes who are truly great attain their stature not by anxious toil or calculating schemes; but by the orderly development of natural growth. Rockets enjoy distinction as they soar aloft and scatter showers of sparks against the background of the night while gaping crowds admire, only to fall to earth again in charred and blackened fragments hideous in the morning's light. The star, while only one out of a countless host, shines softly on the world while ages roll away, without remark or recognition. All earthly lights blaze with a momentary splendor and become extinct, while stars in their solitude shine on as long as time endures.

## SONNET

H. T. P.

*“If thou wouldst reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple,  
sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests.  
Accept the woes of birth.”*

WHAT is this low-pitched voice? It is the wind,  
Which whispers to the dusty, roadside weeds,  
“Tell me, my friends, do you know where I’ll find,  
To make my harvest, good, grain-bearing seeds?”  
I heard those words and said, “I, too, would know  
Where I can find the seeds whereof you speak,  
For I myself would, likewise, like to grow  
A fruitful crop — for it the seeds I seek.”  
And then I thought, “within myself is found  
The seed which I must sow to reap good grain;  
Forthwith I’ll cast this seed in proper ground  
And let who may the ripened harvest gain.”  
I sowed the seed, I found my soul at rest  
When, my work done, my soul set in the West.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## ESSENTIALS

MONTAGUE MACHELL

“Great Zeus and all ye other gods!  
Teach us to esteem Wisdom the only riches;  
Give us beauty in our inmost souls,  
And may the outward and the inward man be at one!”

— *Socrates’ Prayer*

“As the natural fire, O Arjuna, reduceth fuel to ashes, so does the fire of knowledge reduce all actions to ashes. There is no purifier to be compared to spiritual knowledge; and he who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time.”— *Bhagavad-Gītā*, ch. iv

**P**ROTESTATIONS and testimony to the contrary notwithstanding, Freedom is alien to our twentieth-century civilization. This fact, apparent in all material and worldly undertakings, becomes most glaringly obvious in regard to matters of philosophy and the interior life. The majority of us are laboring under a tyranny of the senses which it is difficult fully to appreciate. Only when we seek to find the inward center of our life, to withdraw into that

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center and get a grasp on essentials, do we become conscious of this tyranny. Vision is blinded by the things it looks upon; hearing is confused with the things it listens to; senses are dulled with the matter they contact; perception is deadened with the things it confronts. There is found to be a barrier of material confusion which must be dispersed before one can approach the position of seizing on essentials. Because we live and move and have our being in a world of matter, and because we must daily deal with material things, it is almost inevitable that we become psychologized with the idea that the purpose of life is primarily a materialistic one. The acceptance and application of this idea forms the keynote of our civilization today and likewise is in itself the explanation of the confusion and suffering which characterize that civilization.

And these very phenomena above referred to involve in themselves one of the vital essentials of life, namely, the principle of balance.

It is one of the paradoxes of human thought that while it clings to a material outlook and philosophy of life, it neglects to apply to the problem of life those simple principles which govern all material manifestation. It is unnecessary to call attention to the importance of rhythm and proportion in all mechanical actions and construction. In the modern gasoline engine perfect results and the most economical action are dependent upon the synchronizing of the action of the different parts. Where intake, ignition, explosion, and exhaust do not follow in perfectly-timed sequence the engine fails to give its best results and unnecessary wear ensues. In the chemical laboratory only definite and constant proportions of given chemicals can produce a given compound — upset the balance or proportion and the result becomes impossible. And since the laws of life are the laws of mechanics and chemistry and of all the various aspects of the universe, a violation of the law of balance in life means a failure to produce a perfect reaction. One of the essentials of life is balance — balance on every line. Would it be going too far to say that in the last analysis Evil is nothing more than violation of Harmony or Balance; and Good, the maintenance of Harmony? Let us see.

According to the Theosophical conceptions of Manvantara and Pralaya — Manifestation and Non-manifestation — the moment of manifestation of the universe was the moment of manifestation of duality where before had been unity. The simplest possible expression of All-spirit or No-spirit — as one may wish to express it — was that of Spirit and Matter, eternal and inseparable — two poles of one being. This universal duad once manifested, immediately there comes into existence the entire range of phenomena resulting from the interplay of these two aspects of the universal. Each is indispensable and indestructible and each has its part to play and the relation of one to the other in any human

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being is the *exact* index of the position occupied by that individual in the universe. Given a man in whom is manifested an inborn sense of honor, a love of his fellow-men, an absence of excessive self-love, a marked desire to give himself in service to his fellow-men. In such a one you perceive an approach to the balance of these two forces or aspects. We call such a man a 'good' man. Given a man in whom the idea of getting is greater than that of giving, in whom self-interest supplants honor, to whom the service of others is distasteful because regarded as unremunerative. In such a one you have an example of unbalance due to a preponderance of matter and material interests. Such a man we call 'evil' to the degree in which these material (selfish) interests have supplanted spiritual ideals.

Balance, then, is the recognition and dominance of spirituality, which, in the teachings of Theosophy, is known as the Reality; whilst Unbalance, or Disharmony, is subjection to Matter — Theosophically spoken of as Illusion, for the reason that the origin of all is Spirit, which only uses Matter as a 'cloak of visibility' during its period of manifestation in this our universe. And it is not extreme, it would seem, to say that Good is simply Balance; and Evil, Unbalance.

"May the outward and the inward man be at one!" — the words of a man in whom balance was strikingly manifested. In this prayer, as in so many others of his utterances, Socrates gave voice to one of the great fundamental principles of human life. "May the outward and the inward man be at one" — well he knew that in those words was summed up the whole purpose of life — the attainment of harmony. In him they were very nearly at one. He was a conscious spiritual being, using matter and material agents to emphasize the dominion of spiritual laws. He made a spiritual impression upon the times in which he lived, and his words and the example of his living have continued to be an uplifting and enlightening power from that day to this. And his message and example were the message and example of Jesus and of all the other great Teachers who have come upon the earth. The same message was brought by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, the three great Leaders of the modern Theosophical Society.

Philosophy and ethics are valueless unless they lead to action and endeavor. Merely to discuss this question of balance without some idea of applying the results of our discussion is a futile and reprehensible waste of time. The immediate question then, is, how in the present workaday world, under the present conditions and with human nature as it is, to attain this balance.

In the first place, let it be said emphatically, even though he have at his hand or in his head the most perfect and comprehensive system of



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philosophy that the world possesses, nevertheless, the most that any one can do is to use this philosophy as an *aid* in the solution of the problem. The solution itself will come, *must* come, from his own interior nature, as a result of his own searchings and questionings, as the reward of his own effort towards self-knowledge and self-conquest. Eternally and absolutely each man must be his own savior, since self-knowledge and self-conquest is the goal and purpose of the life of every individual human being and he himself is alone qualified to discover how to make the acquaintance of himself. Be it said, nevertheless, that there are always Teachers to point the way, and that while "the fool learns by his own experience, the wise man learns by the experience of others"!

Dazed and distracted by material phenomena, sense-impressions and externalities generally, one finds oneself groping in space, as it were, in an endeavor to get hold of the end of the thread that shall unravel this tangle called 'life.' One longs to feel the consciousness of having discovered some essential in the intricate maze of thoughts and impressions that flow in upon the mind. And the greatest difficulty is to refuse to be finally satisfied with that which seems to be fundamental merely because it is exceedingly obvious, for certainly some very vital aspects of the essentials in life's riddle are *not* obvious to all of us. And accepting and building upon the obvious frequently means the cultivation of a superficial habit of thought in which the mind becomes starved for the meat and marrow of adequately digested ideas. The elementary nature does little more than register sense-impressions. To it life is almost entirely external and objective, and is read and studied — so far as such a one can be said to read it — from that standpoint. The next step in development is the gradually awakening consciousness that every external impression gives rise to an internal train of thought — mechanically and involuntarily. Then comes the habit of observing this mental result of sense-irritation, first casually and involuntarily, then consciously and intelligently. The next step is a voluntary and intentional exercise of the mind in reference to external impressions and the thoughts they give rise to. This exercise continued for a time is likely to bring about important results and conclusions. One of these conclusions is that the ideas resulting from sense-impressions are not constant and identical in the case of every individual and hence are not inherent in the sense-impression itself but have their source in the individual and are governed by his interior nature. The more this conclusion is meditated upon the more does the realization grow that each of us lives in two worlds — the world of impressions and the world of ideas. And it is not long before one asks oneself whether the two are not equally important, or whether, in fact, the world of ideas is not more important than the world of impressions,

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since sooner or later it becomes evident that external impressions are dependent upon the constitution of the internal nature and that in the last analysis, every man is living in a world fashioned entirely by his own states of consciousness and mental fabric and he can only define the world as he sees it. In strictest terminology, then, each one of us is his own world and he can only define that world in terms of himself.

“Consummate and unmitigated egotism!” I hear you say. Were the above conclusions applied to a select few of the human family, your claim would be well taken, but applied to every human being in the universe, it carries no weight. “How, then,” you ask, “do you reconcile this with the idea of human solidarity, universal brotherhood?” Perfectly, and with the utmost ease — but only by means of one of those eternally-recurring paradoxes which make up human life. If it is true that no man can define the universe in any terms save of himself, it is equally true that no man can define the universe in any terms save in those of his fellow-man. Have you ever observed that absolutely sincere natures attract each other and will be found to agree absolutely in the fundamentals of life? Why is this? It would seem to be for the following reason. The only possible basis for the attainment of an understanding of the fundamental bases of life and philosophy is absolute sincerity, because sincerity means symmetry and harmony and those are the laws upon which life and philosophy are built up. Hence the sincere and deep thinker thinks and conceives in fundamentals and those fundamentals are the root of all human nature, being aspects of that One Self of which we are all a part. Wherefore the truth of the statements that man can only define the universe in terms of himself and vice versa, only in terms of his fellow-men.

But I think we do wrong to consider that statement final, and to stop there, because I believe such a finality limits us and shuts off possible avenues of deeper thought and investigation. The statement seems to me to be true as applied simply to the intellectual faculties, but if made final, precludes the possibility of higher faculties of perception than the thinking and reasoning mind, and these faculties undoubtedly exist in man, as for instance the intuition. In discussing this subject with a very clear and deep thinker recently, he gave it as his opinion that the deeper interpretation of the term ‘esoteric’ signified a subject or phenomenon whose comprehension superseded the power of the ordinary reasoning mind. He went further and expressed the opinion that just so soon as any spiritual teaching was reduced to a form of intellectual comprehension it ceased to be esoteric any more.

This, I think, is a very important thought, inasmuch as it brings out the real value of spiritual teachings and the real value of man’s higher intuitive perceptions which are so greatly depreciated and neglected.

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In trying to reduce my ideas of the universe about me to their simplest essential terms — to sound the very depths of the matter — after going a certain distance I find myself brought up short with this realization: that all my conceptions of the material world arise from the *relation* of subject to object. So strongly does this strike one upon meditation, that finally it seems as though no object had any value or significance in itself, but only in its *relation* to something else. Do we know anything actually of the true nature of sound? When either the vibration of the ether, or (according to whatever definition you care to choose) some stream of specific medium strikes the ear-drum and excites the auditory nerves, *what is the resultant of the relation of those two elements* — the disturbance transmitted and the instrument affected thereby? When some other form of medium or etheric disturbance reaches the retina and nerves of sight, what is the nature of the resultant *relation* of the two? When a substance is put into the mouth and affects the sensitiveness of the tongue, what is the nature of the resulting *relation*? We call them severally, 'hearing,' 'sight,' and 'taste,' but what's in a name? We might be nearer if we talked of 'eye-striking,' 'ear-hitting,' 'tongue-scratching.'

On the ethical plane this relativity becomes of most vital interest. Given a cord of wood to chop and a man to chop it. In the *relation* of subject and object in this instance is involved the whole philosophy of life, so various and numberless are the possible phenomena arising from that one combination. We speak of the wondrous power of music, but the only evidence of its power is in its effect on the hearer, and the essence of the matter lies in the relation of subject and object. I may declare that the beauty of a certain composition by Debussy is a positive benediction. That is purely a relative statement and expresses the relation of that piece to me. To another person whose tastes of musical training have been different the same piece may be utterly meaningless and a frightful bore.

The question now suggests itself: is relativity simply and solely a phenomenon dependent upon a subject and an object, or can we from that reaction of subject and object which we call relativity seize upon something which may prove to be the essential, the reality, which in all phenomenal life seems ever to elude our grasp? In other words is it possible in relativity to seize upon the living principle which *precedes* and supersedes all material manifestation?

Living one's life in the ordinary way that the vast majority of us do — taking a great deal for granted and letting other people do much of our thinking for us, such questions as this of relativity are well enough let alone, life is not sufficiently basic and fundamental to us for their discussion to be really worth while. But when one begins to feel the Thinker stirring within, and acquires a real longing to have done with illusions and

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appearances and to grasp essentials, the more one thinks on these lines the more one is driven on in his quest and the nearer and nearer he feels himself to its realization. Sooner or later, whether he can define it or not, he absolutely *knows* interiorly that somewhere just at hand is the *reality* of which all this manifested exterior is but the trappings.

Much pondering on this question of relativity brings one to the conclusion that there is no escape from Subject and Object — they are, and in the manifested universe, they ever will be. But then comes the question: Must I be for all time under the sway of these two? Is there not in me the power to transcend them and to take directly that essential which I am accustomed to come at by their mediation? Such a power I believe does exist and in Theosophical parlance would be called, I believe, Intuition — the faculty of ‘taking knowledge.’

This at once opens the door to a new conception of the dignity and destiny of the thinking principle — the destiny of *creative thought*. The student in music learns his scales and arpeggios, he practises his studies and he practises his pieces. If he is one of a great majority he prefers his pieces to his studies because they have a tune and are more interesting. The tune is a more or less obvious and easily-followed succession of intervals which more or less play themselves. The result is that while it is true that he plays *at* his studies in the effort to master the technical difficulties, it is equally true that he plays *at* his pieces because their obvious form and natural progression calls for little thought or effort on his part, if he has a fairly good ear for intervals. Supposing, however, the student in question is not one of the great majority but one of the gifted minority imbued with a *creative* gift. To him that obvious and easily-followed succession of intervals composing the melody is of little importance. The first time he plays it over he is conscious, together with the recognition of the melody, of a distinct *feeling* — the piece *says* something to him. Straightway on the second playing he catches the sense of that message and delivers it more or less perfectly himself. Thereafter that piece is to him a vehicle for the expression of something — something that quite transcends the passing of the bow over the strings, the movement of the fingers upon the fingerboard, the playing of the successive notes — in its rendition the music and instrument are lost sight of and the player himself is lost sight of — the *reality* which is the *relation* of the two is seized upon and given to the hearer with the result that he receives not an air but an interior feeling — a message, if you will, that absolutely transcends vibrations, tones, and intervals. Here you have what I mean by transcending subject and object and seizing upon the *reality* of which they are the creative elements.

Then the thought comes to me that this must be the object not of art

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merely but of all life — to express the *essential*. And I believe that the realm in which this is least comprehended and applied is that of thought. Men and women waste their lives thinking *about* things when they should be creatively *thinking things*. This marvelous instrument of the mind cannot have been given to man merely, as it were, to play *at* life; in its ultimate development it *must*, surely, be a creative instrument — a creator and artificer on silent unseen lines, the more magic and potent because hidden.

‘To think creatively’ — what do those words mean? Katherine Tingley has declared imagination to be the bridge between the mind and the soul. The chief objection to the term ‘imagination’ is that to so many people it signifies conceiving things to exist which have no real existence. This I feel sure is an entirely erroneous conception and must be entirely banished from the mind before imagination can exercise its legitimate power. Its nature is, I believe, always to transcend cause and effect, ways and means, subject and objective reactions, and to leap lightning-like to the essential — to see its ideal realized without consideration of the steps taken to its realization. This may appear a quixotic and futile mode of procedure. But if we can obtain the smallest assurance of the existence in man of a source of enlightenment, drawing upon it, imagination can be justified in its transcendental mode of action. The Theosophical analysis of human nature does give us such assurance and in the light of its teachings it becomes sane and rational to develop and rely upon the imagination for inspiration and guidance in the grandest undertakings of life, as well as in the small battles of each day. Is it not a rational conclusion, then, that in this faculty of imagination we have the instrument with which to ‘think creatively’?

From these considerations we leap to the tremendous conception that the *essential universe is wrought of thought-fabric* — of that energy, force, matter — whatever you care to call it — which is the creative agent in thought! This is a grand leap, and to the material mind must savor of insanity. But the day draws nearer and nearer when we shall be compelled to recognise the finer and inner aspects of life, first to postulate and then to discover for ourselves the at present unsuspected dynamic potencies of the unseen, intangible, imponderable universe. That such a universe exists we have the testimony of all the ages to prove. Such being the case, it must follow that man is endowed with appropriate instruments or organs with which to function in that universe, to wit — Imagination. What we have to do, each one for himself, is to study and meditate upon this matter until the truth of it becomes clear. Once assured of that truth man will awaken to the actual *practical* significance of creative thought — he will realize that by using his thinking principle with a firm

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conviction that it *is* more than it seems, that it is capable of development and elaboration, it will in time become as a tool in his hand — a tool with which he will work upon the thought-fabric of his universe as the sculptor works on his marble, the musician on his tone-fabric, the artist on his canvas. Such a realization and such a course will, I believe, usher in a new order of intelligence — a new order of humanity.

“May the outward and the inward man be at one”: May the outward phenomenal man and the inward creative-thinking man be at one!

### MEMORY

PAULA HOLLADAY

WE two have loved before. Sit by my side,  
Hold me quite close, and let us both recall  
The times we have sat thus. The shadows fall  
And thoughts long since forgot come on the tide  
Of the soft night. Dear, open thy heart wide,  
The past doth live in us again, and all  
The wealth of former lives. Alas, the wall  
Of flesh our vision blinds! Take we as guide  
All-seeing Love, and into those dim days  
Together may we walk. Dost thou not see  
How constantly our feet did tread the ways  
That led from thee to me — from me to thee?  
Today we meet again — again Love lays  
His hand on us and gives us memory.— *Selected*

[The author of these beautiful verses evidently believes in Reincarnation! *K. T.*]



“UNDER the Indian and Buddhist kings, like Chandragupta and Aśoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw in the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses*, digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveler could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little stream of cold, healthy water, which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference now and then by fits and starts.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY: from ‘Our Cycle and the Next,’ an editorial in *Lucifer*, May 15, 1889

## THEOSOPHY A COMFORT IN AFFLICTION

B. S. V.



HERE is no affliction suffered by man for which not only an explanation but comfort can be found in the teachings of Theosophy.

Physical ills, deformity, blindness or what not, loss of loved ones or unpleasant conditions of all kinds — there are so many apparently unjustified afflictions which can only be explained by the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma. The latter, the law of cause and effect, explains that whatever the condition of all men singly or collectively may be, it is due to the effort to restore harmony where its laws have been disobeyed; that “each man is the maker and fashioner of his own destiny, the only one who sets in motion the causes for his own happiness and misery.” H. P. Blavatsky has said that “verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day or a misfortune that could not be traced back to our own doings, in this or another life.”

The law of Karma is incomplete without its twin doctrine of Reincarnation, for many of the present afflictions are the result of acts committed in former lives, the present being one of innumerable lives on earth, both past and future.

Comfort can be found in both these doctrines; for if the suffering we are undergoing is the result of our own acts, we have always the opportunity of working in harmony with the Law and so not making Karma that will cause similar suffering in future lives. Again the attitude we take towards whatever happens to us, becomes of itself a cause of which we shall feel the effect later.

In the law of Reincarnation there is comfort in the fact that there is always another chance to become free from whatever affliction we may have brought on ourselves.

In regard to physical afflictions, most helpful and inspiring is the teaching in regard to the real nature of man — that “the body which we commonly identify as ourselves is but an instrument at our disposal, a wonderfully complicated tool”; also “that the mind and its emotions are not the man but also an instrument, because both can or should be under our control.” Further, that “the soul, the I, the self, is that conscious power, which dwells during life in the body, amidst the bodily feelings and emotions and capable of dominating them, using the mind and capable of dominating it, having for its instrument of control, the will.”

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The knowledge that we are souls having the power, if we will but use it, to control not only the bodies in which we are temporarily living but also our minds, is an inspiration to go within ourselves for light, and helps us realize that our possibilities for growth are limited only by our will and aspiration. This knowledge is a comfort because it gives us strength to bear our afflictions; and through bearing them courageously, make of them a help rather than a hindrance, by living the inner life of the soul, away from the outer sensations.

In regard to the loss of loved ones by death, one who has studied and lived in accordance with the teachings of Theosophy, who has seen loved ones pass on from this world, can testify to the spiritual benefit to him of these teachings. He has complete assurance of the immortality of the soul, based upon reasons which leave no doubt in his mind. He also has positive assurance, founded upon equally strong reasons, that he is bound to meet and live with those loved ones again, just as he has lived with them many times in the past.

Further, if he realizes that the soul is outside of and is not bound by space or time, and that every soul is rooted in that great Self of all creatures which is one with Deity, what to most men is only a memory of that which has been, becomes to him an ever-present and vivid reality.

The so-called dead are not dead, but living, and not living far away in the sense of spatial relation, but only far away in thought, when the thought cannot reach those loved ones. When the thought does reach those we call departed we are present with them and they with us. The sight of the fond face, the touch of the dear hand, exists no longer, but just as blind people have keener senses in other directions, so one who can no longer sense outwardly those who have gone before, comes to develop that inner touch, so that what to most people is another and far-distant world, to him becomes a world right about him.

When one realizes that the real life is the life of the soul, he cannot but desire to help others to attain to a knowledge of the larger life, and afflictions of all kinds need not prevent him from doing this.

William Q. Judge said that "one might be in prison and help humanity," because the power of thought and love are infinite.



"THE one eternal, immutable law of life alone can judge and condemn man absolutely."— *Gems from the East*



## THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL

*(Continued from the September issue)*

**J**UDGING from the direction of the wind, they thought she should be farther down the coast, where there was no beach but only rocks. Still, she might be jammed tight again, unless she had been swept back into deep water. Then, God help the crew! There would be no escape for them if they were aboard when she broke loose from her berth against the cliff.

No lights were to be seen anywhere, nor any sign of the two coast-guard men, nor anything to suggest that the crew had gone ashore. The nearest house was Crawley Manor and the nearest coast-guard station several miles away. But there was a hut down by Martin's gully where an old fisherman had lived for many years, and which now served occasionally as a stable, or as a shelter for the coast-guards on their somewhat irregular patrol of the coast. Mark thought that they might have taken shelter there, and he was not wrong. The two men were there and the two empty bottles, but no sign of captain or crew.

Useless to question the sleepers. Mark turned to go; but Jonas, ever thoughtful of the reputation of the house, collected the bottles and the basket and the mug so as to leave no evidence that the condition of the men was due to Mark's hospitality.

They climbed to a high cliff and scanned the coast in vain. The ship was gone. There was no more to be done; no swimmer could escape in such a storm among the rocks. Daylight might have a tale to tell. So Mark decided to go home and wait for morning to unravel the mystery.

He found Rebecca waiting for him with a good fire in the kitchen, and with a good account of the visitor's condition. Rebecca spoke of her as 'the little lady' and said she was sleeping in the room next to her own.

Mark noticed a new quality in Rebecca's usually harsh voice, a tone of motherliness, that went to his heart; and he thanked her for what she had done for this stranger as if it were a personal service rendered to one of his family or to himself.

Next day, as soon as it was light, he called Jonas to go with him to the cliff. The ship was gone, and there was no new wreckage among the rocks. The sea was running high, but the wind had fallen and the tide was out. They searched the rocks and coves in vain for any trace of the schooner or the crew. Then they visited the cabin, but found it empty. The two guardians of the coast had left no traces of their visit, and although they were probably not far away, the searchers did not find them.

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Mark wondered if they would report the incident; and Jonas opined they would not be in a condition to report on anything but the quality of the old brown brandy, and on that subject he thought they would be silent. Being himself a silent man he saw no harm in such a course; and Mark agreed that it was unnecessary to mention the matter outside the precincts of Crawley Manor. Habits of secrecy had grown up in the old days among the dwellers in the coast villages, who looked upon the revenue officers and constables as their natural enemies.

It may be true that the people had outgrown the piratical habits of their ancestors, and had even abandoned the more gentle trade of smuggling; but a certain reticence remained, as a relic of the time when an exciseman's slaughter was not considered in the villages as improper. So the two agreed upon silence and went home to a belated breakfast.

Mark's life had been so checkered and his experiences so varied that this last adventure hardly surprised him; but he was certainly curious to hear the story of his visitor, who, however, was in no condition to be questioned. Indeed, there was a serious debate between him and Rebecca as to the wisdom of calling in a doctor. But the only available one lived at Winterby, and had never been seen at Crawley. Neither Rebecca nor her brother Jonas had any faith in doctors, nor had Mark any great respect for the profession; so they agreed to put off sending for advice until the resources of the house were exhausted.

Meanwhile the 'little lady' slept; and Mark concerned himself with an inspection of the damage done by the storm. Later in the day he went down to the sea again, and wandered as far as Saxby, a village slowly falling into the sea, where news of the wreck might be expected, if any news were known. Mark asked no questions calculated to suggest knowledge of such an event, and was soon satisfied that nothing was known there of the schooner's fate.

On the way back he met a solitary coast-guard coming from Easterholme, and asked him if the storm had done much damage. He was told that a Norwegian bark had gone ashore some ten miles up the coast, but that there was a fair chance of getting her off if the wind did not get up again. There was no reference to the schooner.

Mark concluded that she had sunk; and that the two men who had called him out had made no report of the occurrences of the night. He felt almost inclined to treat it as a dream himself, and he was not surprised that the men had felt that silence on their part might pass for wisdom in this case. It was also probable that their memory was clouded when they awoke, and that they would not care to be closely questioned as to how the night had passed. At that time the coast-service was very loosely organized, and there was practically no inspection of the various

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stations along that part of the coast, which seemed so well protected by the rocks and dangerous tidal harbors and the frequent storms.

So it seemed probable that there would be no official record of the schooner's visit; and if she had sunk, as seemed most likely, the secret of her fate might never be known. No one but those immediately concerned would know that such a ship had visited the coast and put ashore a nameless passenger who was not on the ship's books.

When Mark returned from his walk along the cliffs he learned that his uninvited guest was resting well, and seemed to appreciate the attentions she received, though as yet she had hardly spoken: and, on her part, Rebecca had not questioned her at all, but spoke of her deferentially as 'the little lady,' which, to Mark, seemed a very good name. He too was content to wait for an explanation of the events that led up to her present condition, and felt no anxiety for a solution of the problem.

Later in the evening Rebecca announced the necessity of a visit to Winterby, a rare event for her. The object was to buy clothing for the unfortunate little body upstairs. Mark gave her the necessary money and left the matter in her hands.

This little incident pleased him. He felt that someone was dependent on him; and that gave him a new dignity in his own eyes. As he sat musing by the fire, it seemed to him his life had entered on a new phase, and, as usual, had done so without consulting him. He began to doubt if after all there was not some guiding hand at work behind the scenes, some conscious power that deliberately ordained the unexpected things that most of us attribute to mere accident. He had long looked on fate as the caprice of nature endowed with the dignity of purpose by the imagination of man. But from time to time in his adventurous life he had suspected the actual existence of a great plan that lay behind the seeming confusion of caprice and accident, and which, if known, would show the absolute impossibility of accident in a world of natural law, with causes and effects inseparable and inevitable in their outward appearance, which is life. Such thoughts occurred more frequently as he became more able to accept the ups and downs of life as part of the game.

Evidently the coming of 'the little lady' was part of the plan; and his being there to take her in, and Rebecca to take care of her, and all the rest — all part of a plan. Was it for this that he had been made the 'residuary legatee' of the last Cayley, who had died in the ruined shack and left him that package of papers? When he had first examined the contents of that strange bequest, he thought the papers worthless. Mining claims had proved so in his own case too often; and the title to a small property in England seemed more than questionable, coming through such hands.

But on that night a chapter of his life had ended and his fortune

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changed, so that it seemed to him some kindly influence had taken him in hand and turned the worthless documents into good titles. One of the mining claims jumped into sudden value, and the Crawley property, worthless as it seemed, provided him a home entirely sufficient to his wants. For a time he felt that it must have been preserved especially for him, it was so near his own ideal of a home. But now he began to wonder if he were more than a servant, a messenger, sent to prepare a home for someone else, or after all only a piece of driftwood floating on the flood of destiny.

And she, the nameless stranger, what part had she to play? Was this her rightful home? Was she a Cayley?

The last known representative of the family was the drunken tramp with half a dozen aliases for his name. He was Dick Cayley, or Captain Cayley, and he evidently considered himself the last of his line. Certainly no claimant to the property had appeared to contest Mark Anstruther's assumption of ownership. Jonas Micklethwaite the bailiff had recognised his claim, and his acceptance of the newcomer's title was considered final in the neighborhood. For many long years the faithful guardian of the place had 'scraped a living' for himself and family out of the poor soil and he was glad enough to accept the generous terms Mark offered for the services of himself as bailiff and general utility man, and of his sister Rebecca as housekeeper, cook, and general servant or domestic tyrant.

The Cayley family was now no more than a tradition; and the new master fitted so easily into his place that he was almost like one of them, except for their vices. They had been prosperous in the days when smuggling was the chief industry of the coast-dwellers; and they had at last escaped the clutches of the law only by emigration.

Dick Cayley having gambled away his inheritance, had finally announced his intention of restoring the fortunes of the family by gold-mining in California; and as he was fully assured of success, he did not sell his house and the few acres around it that remained to him; but left old Micklethwaite and his son Jonas to hold it till his return, taking what they could get out of the land as payment for their services. His confidence in their fidelity was not misplaced, but all his hopes of fortune ended in utter failure, as was inevitable; for they all rested on a wild imagination that had no other quality to back it up. Drunkard and gambler as he was, he yet never lost hope of going back to Crawley as a millionaire; nor did he realize to what depths of degradation he had sunk. His optimism was certainly superb, and his vanity colossal.

Mark had been able to reconstitute some part at least of the story that had its climax in the miserable ending of the tramp who still considered himself a potential millionaire and a gentleman with a magnificent estate

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in England: for Crawley Manor had grown prodigiously in his imagination, and even more in the romantic story he would occasionally confide to some new acquaintance. In narrative he had 'the grand manner.' In actual life he was reputed an unprincipled rascal, whose word was worthless. And yet these fables of his had a foundation in fact; a small one certainly, but good enough to serve him as a starting-point — a point of departure — for his romance.

Mark had not paid much attention to those tales, for he took them to be pure fiction, with no foundation at all. Now he had found their starting-point, and he admired the imagination that had built up the magnificent palace of Dick Cayley's fancy, on such a basis. Crawley manor-house was no palace; but it was a good harbor of refuge for such a storm-tossed mariner as he, or the twice-wrecked woman who felt that a home had opened to receive her. Experience had taught her to dream of a home, but scarcely to hope for one, in this life. The peace of it was like a robe of silence that enveloped her protectingly. It seemed to her that for the first time in her life she knew the meaning of the word peace.

Mark himself had felt something similar when he first came to Crawley; and had explained it to himself by the fact that the place had been so long neglected and so faithfully preserved in its deserted state — it was as though the spirit of the place were sleeping, and all who came there were lulled to a similar condition of repose. At times he wondered if he had not indeed come home to the place where he had lived and died before; the home of his family. He liked to think of himself as having come home to stay. The home of his childhood was a dream, almost forgotten and not regretted. In leaving it he had intended never to return; and he had changed his name to make the break complete. But a man cannot lose his individuality, however much he may desire to change his family connexions: for a man's individuality is himself; his personality is a thing that changes all the time.

From childhood he had felt that he was a misfit in the family; and when he broke the connexion, it was with the distinct idea of trying to find his true place in life and to discover his real family. He had never heard of Reincarnation, but the idea was familiar to him as a self-evident fact in nature. He had never studied philosophy, but he thought for himself and knew that his life had not begun with the birth of his body, and would not end with its death. So, when he met people for the first time and seemed to know them at once, he was not surprised, but considered them as old acquaintances of former lives. In the same way he felt that he belonged to Crawley more than it belonged to him. The Cayleys were but interlopers; his ties with the place dated from far back.

Now that a new member of his imaginary family had come home, his

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chief anxiety was to make her welcome. He did not for a moment question her right to be there; but he was curious to know the story of her wanderings since she had left home to find herself, as he had done.

Women had played a negligible part in his career since the tragic termination of his first romance, which ended in a revelation of female perfidy that shocked his soul, and sent him into exile, stripped of name and reputation, to bear through life the burden of a dead heart. A dead heart, however, is but a metaphor; and though in his case romance might have received a serious shock, his heart had opened to the beauty of an inner world that more than compensated for the loss of faith in the endurance of a woman's love.

This inner world at times became to him more real, as it was infinitely more beautiful, than the ordinary world in which he lived his daily life. The link between these two states of consciousness remained a mystery. Sometimes he passed from one state to the other at will; but generally the door opened unexpectedly.

To speak of the inner life would have been impossible for him, even to one who knew of its reality: it was so different, that words fitted to ordinary life became almost meaningless in reference to the inner world. But because of this dual existence he had no fear of solitude, nor any desire to read books, or to seek amusement in the ways familiar to the ordinary man; and because of it he had no bitterness against his fate, nor condemnation for the perfidy of human kind. The outer world seemed hardly real enough to stir such feelings. He sat alone for hours, lost in the contemplation of such dreams as most men fancy can be summoned only by opium or similar drugs: but his dreams were always beautiful.

As he sat now by the fire his thoughts were nearer to the earth than usual. It seemed as if some influence from the inner world had come through to the outer material plane, making the visible world more real and interesting. A change had also come about in his own mind, for he was conscious of being alone; not lonely, but just alone. And from this thought the mind turned naturally to the possibility of a companionship, such as he had never known. It seemed as if he had been too long alone; and with that came the longing for companionship, more as an abstract idea, than as a possible reality.

He found himself wondering vaguely what she would be like, this new member of his unknown family. She seemed ethereal, more than half dream, and yet her presence was a material fact.

Rebecca duly reported on the convalescence of her patient, and from her manner Mark judged 'the little lady' must be a child, but he asked no questions. That would have seemed to him indelicate. He was content to wait; and the days passed quietly as they had done before. But the

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old house seemed to be stirring in its sleep, and Mark thought there was something of expectancy in the air; not in himself, nor in the outside world: the nearest neighbors were too far away to know what happened in the seclusion of that most retiring household, so that the advent of a visitor to the old house passed quite unnoticed in the neighborhood. But every day Mark looked to see the empty chair by the fire occupied when he came home from his morning walk; and when at last his hope was realized, he felt a joy that was an entirely new experience to him. A lady rose to meet him, with such a smile as he had never hoped to see on any human face: it was more than a welcome; it was a benediction. He took the little hand and raised it reverently to his lips, wondering where he had learned such courtesy; so long had he been exiled from refined society.

The little lady was well named — a dainty, fragile little person, so naturally gracious as to seem beautiful. Mark thought her exquisite. She seemed to have come from the other world, the dream-world, recently, and to have not yet fully changed her ethereal body for a human form. Mark complimented her upon her convalescence and was delighted that she made no attempt to thank him for his hospitality. She merely smiled at him with such a frank affection that thanks and spoken gratitude would have seemed like the vulgar payment of a debt. Here was no debt of gratitude that must be paid, no sense of obligation, merely the love that is pure comradeship, with never a thought of who it is that gives or who that takes, where all are members of one family.

The sense of kinship rose spontaneously between them; and when Rebecca came to set the table she felt as if the presence of the gracious little lady was the most natural thing in the world. Mark quite forgot to ask her name. He seemed to know it: though when he tried to utter it the word eluded him. To ask it would be to admit that she was a stranger, and that he could not do.

When the meal was over, she wished to help Rebecca to clear the table, but was reminded by her nurse that she was still an invalid, and that her place was in the big armchair beside the fireplace. Mark, from mere force of habit, took out his pipe, then slipped it back into his pocket. But she saw the action and said, "Please smoke, I'm used to tobacco." But Mark had lost interest in his pipe, and said so, adding, "I have lived so much alone that I have got into bad habits. But now —" He paused, and looked at his guest with a smile as frank and childlike as her own. The time when he was more than willing to be alone seemed far away. His pipe belonged to that remote past. Where was she wandering then? It seemed to him that he had been waiting for her all his life.

And she sat gazing into the fire, silently wondering at her own happiness, and scarcely breathing for fear that she would wake and find

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herself once more a wanderer. It was so good to be at home at last.

Mark watched the firelight reflected in her eyes, and almost lost himself in contemplation of the mystery. Feeling his eyes upon her she answered what she knew he wished to ask by saying quietly, "My name is Margaret — though I think names do not matter much."

He pondered a while upon the subject of names and said thoughtfully: "Margaret seems rather long."

"For such a short person," she added, laughingly completing his remark. "Well, Maggie is shorter, will that do? I think that I should like to call you Uncle Mark; may I? Rebecca told me you are called Mark Anstruther, but it seems wrong somehow; it does not fit exactly."

Mark laughed, remembering the time when the name sounded wrong to him too. "Call me what you will. Yes, I will be your uncle; though I might almost be your grandfather. How old are you?"

"Older than you think perhaps; but a woman need not tell her age. Let me be your niece, while I am here."

"While you are here? But —"

Mark had forgotten that she might have another home somewhere else, and that she might want to be there. The idea staggered him, and he answered weakly: "Of course: while you are here."

She saw his trouble, and was touched with deep pity for his loneliness, and with gratitude for his evident desire to keep her there. His disappointment was pathetic as he said: "I was forgetting that you might want to go home."

"I have wanted to go home very often," she replied; "but now I feel as if my wish had come true."

"Yes," said Mark earnestly, "take it that way. Let this be your home, as long as you can be happy here. Then if you want to go . . . I will not try to keep you . . . when that time comes."

She smiled very gently as she answered: "I think that time will never come. I do not want to look so far ahead. It is so good to be at home."

He brightened up at once. "Yes, yes. This is your home while you are here; and after that too; as long as I live and have a place that I can call home, that home will be yours too. I am your uncle, and you are my niece. I have no other family, and I want none."

"Thank you," she said, as she lay back upon the pillow in the big armchair. And then the silence filled the room, as it had been wont to do before she came: and in that silence time lost its meaning, and spread out around them like a measureless sea of consciousness, where past and future blended in the strange inconsequence of dreams.

*(To be continued)*