

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"THEOSOPHY is the thread which passes through and strings together all the ancient philosophies and religious systems, and what is more, it reconciles and explains them."

H. P. BLAVATSKY

HIGHER EDUCATION IN SCHOOL AND HOME

OUR HIGHER HEREDITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

PREVALENT theories as to heredity will always be at fault as long as people insist on classing man as a member of the animal kingdom. The human race is a kingdom apart, just as much as the animal kingdom is separate from the vegetable. There are some laws applicable to both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and some laws which are applicable to one kingdom and not to the other. Similarly, some laws apply to animal kingdom and human kingdom both, while other laws are peculiar to these respective kingdoms. There are laws that apply to all the kingdoms, and other laws which only apply to

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one particular kingdom, or to two of the four kingdoms, or to three of the four. All these considerations must be allowed for, if we are not to go astray.

In animals and plants we see a good example of biological heredity, in which the characters of the parents are transmitted with little or no interference from any other influence, for generation after generation; and the result is the continual reproduction of the same type. The same thing happens in man, *but* other things happen also. The physical type of man remains on the whole constant; but he is subject to great variations in moral character and intellect. This of course is due to the fact that he possesses what no lower kingdom of nature possesses, the self-conscious mind, with its power of self-examination and calculated purpose. This is not transmitted by biological heredity, though the parents may transmit a delicacy or peculiar aptitude of physique. The individual character of a man belongs to himself, and has been inherited by him from his own past lives. He brought it over with him when he reincarnated. It begins to act at an early age in the child, starting a current in opposition to the inherited parental tendencies, and varying in strength according to the force of the individual character.

The individual heredity of a man is often called his Karma, and ordinary biological heredity has been described as the servant of Karma. This means that the Karma, besides counteracting and often overriding biological heredity, also determines that heredity; for it is a man's Karma that determines what his biological heredity shall be. The parentage is selected in accordance with the requirements of his Karma. This is what is meant by saying that heredity is the servant of Karma.

To understand man's character, it is always needful to bear in mind these two kinds of heredity, that interact with one another. The relative strength of the two influences varies greatly in different individuals. In some we find an approximation to the condition obtaining in the animal kingdom, the traits of the ancestry being repeated with but little variation. Sometimes whole races are distinguished by a lack of initiative. In such cases the man stands at a low level of development, and the higher side of his nature is not active as compared with the lower side. In other cases we observe great individual initiative, originality, and tendency to depart from the standard type.

The knowledge of these facts is very important in its bearing upon our attitude towards life. There has been so much tendency in a part of the scientific world to accentuate the biological aspect of human nature, and to emphasize man's affinity with the animal kingdom, that this view has tinged and colored our philosophy, perhaps unconsciously to ourselves. The world is at present striving to find out the true way of life; but, to

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do this, it is necessary to cut loose from various notions that have obsessed us. One of these is that partial and inadequate view of evolution which makes man the crown of the animal kingdom; and which strives to achieve consistency by tracing all man's ideas and aspirations back to animal instincts. It should be realized that this view is a passing fad. We do not mean to say that evolution is a fad; for it is a great truth. Only science has not yet understood it, and has mixed a good deal of error with the truths it has discovered, and a great deal of mere conjecture with a few facts. The self-conscious mind of man is not a product of evolution from the lower kingdoms of nature; it is a prior principle, and is rather a cause than a product of evolution. This means that man is by no means dependent upon his animal propensities; but possesses a faculty that renders him entirely independent. He is able to form ideals and to take resolves. He possesses a creative power. The animals do not consciously carry out their evolution; but in man evolution is self-conscious. We perform our own evolution. We are able to do this by reason of the superior mental powers we possess. And these superior powers come to us as a heritage from our *divine* ancestry.

When a man once begins to enter on the path of purposeful endeavor to attain to a higher level, he thereupon taps the stream of his higher line of heredity. His Karma comes into play with greater intensity. It matters now much less what his parents did or what have been the characteristics he has absorbed from his race.

How this higher heredity is transmitted, how the law of Karma acts across the gap of death - if this is unknown, it is at least not unknowable. Experience forces us to admit the actuality of many things whose operation we cannot explain; as, for instance, how the mind acts on the body, or how energy is transmitted from particle to particle. Inability to explain, if set up as an objection to credibility, would invalidate most of the concerns of our daily life. Hence this ground does not militate against the credibility of Karma. Science cannot yet explain physical heredity, though there are sundry rival theories. Much less can it expect to explain phenomena lying beyond the reach of its means of investigation. We suggest the old standby of postulating an ether. It is necessary to recognise the existence of other forms of matter besides physical matter; to know what is the nature of mind and what are its powers; to have an intimate knowledge of the various principles in the human constitution; and many other preliminary matters, before we can be in a fair way to comprehending the mysteries of Karma. But, though we halt at explanations, we can accept facts; and a close study of life reveals its workings, once our observation has been sharpened by a provisional acceptance of the doctrine. The fact that man can tap a source higher than biological

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heredity becomes especially evident if we study life in this new light.

The ordinary science of heredity can work one way but not the other — as is often the case, we fear, with weather forecasts. It is so much easier to tell which way the storms have come than which way they will go. The wind 'bloweth where it listeth,' and we do not know what it listeth or why. And so it is easier to trace back a known character to its ancestral determinants than to predict from the characters of the parents what the characters of the sons will be. Does the germinal cell contain elements designated as A and B, and combining in various proportions to produce various results? Then what determines these proportions? Chance? A universe ruled by chance is a universe ruled by an unknown, inscrutable, and apparently purposeless deity. Is there such a thing as chance at all? Or does the word merely stand for a gap in our knowledge?

We must accept mind and will as fundamental facts in the universe, and deduce other things from them; and the immortal Soul as the real man, knowing and accomplishing his purposes and molding his vehicle.

THE KALEVALA

P. A. MALPAS



THE second volume of *The Secret Doctrine* commences with a quotation from the *Kalevala*, giving in a few lines of poetical imagery of immense antiquity a suggestion of the seven ages of creation and evolution.

"In primeval times, a maiden,
Beauteous Daughter of the Ether,
Passed for ages her existence
In the great expanse of Heaven.

"Seven hundred years she wandered,
Seven hundred years she labored,
Ere her first-born was delivered.

"Ere a beauteous duck descending,
Hastens toward the water-mother.

"Lightly on the knee she settles,
Finds a nesting-place befitting,
Where to lay her eggs in safety,
Lays her eggs within, at pleasure,
Six, the golden eggs she lays them,
Then a *Seventh*, an egg of iron. . . ."

This wonderful epic of past ages was almost unknown to English-speaking people until a metrical translation of great beauty was published

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by Professor John Martin Crawford in 1888, the year that *The Secret Doctrine* of H. P. Blavatsky saw the light.

Max Müller says of the *Kalevala*:

“From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected equaling the *Iliad* in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that *we* in our youth learned to call beautiful, not less beautiful. A Finn is not a Greek, and Wainamoinen was not a Homer [Achilles?]; but if the poet may take his colors from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, the *Kalevala* possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad* and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the *Ionian Songs*, with the *Mahābhārata*, the *Shāhnāme*, and the *Nibelunge*.”

Longfellow in *Hiawatha* borrowed the meter of the *Kalevala* of Finland, and this “eight-syllabled trochaic, with part line echo,” though often called the Longfellow or Hiawatha meter, is really one of the oldest verse-forms of antiquity, well suited to the wild nature poems of the Northland. The name signifies “Land of Heroes,” and like a true epic it describes the doings of heroes of an immensely ancient day, but these heroes at the same time represent far more important things than mere individuals they are the contestants in the great soul-struggle that always came by a process of popularization of the symbols and glyphs to be related to actual human warfare and carnage.

In the *Kalevala* the Finns are the forces of Light and the Lapps those of Darkness, and undoubtedly there are more meanings than one fitted in like the mosaic of some Bible to the pattern of human and world-evolution with faithful reflexion of unseen processes indescribable in mere words except symbolically.

Says Professor Crawford:

“The numerous myths of the poem are likewise full of significance and beauty, and the *Kalevala* should be *read between the lines*, in order that the full meaning of this great epic may be comprehended. The *Kalevala*, perhaps, more than any other, uses its lines on the surface in symbolism to point the human mind to the brighter gems of truth beneath.”

The great epic is full of magic and supermortal beings. Wainamoinen, the ancient minstrel, Ilmarinen “the eternal forgerman,” and Lemminkäinen, the reckless wizard, are conceived as being of divine origin.

Nothing is said about the Russians, Germans, or Swedes, and this is taken as pointing to the enormous antiquity of the poem, since it originated before these nations became known, or perhaps before they existed as such. There is evidence that the Finns and the Hungarians were identified in the possession of these songs, and the poem is placed as at least older than 3000 years ago. But there is nothing at all to say that it may not be immensely older than that. After all, 3000 years is a very small portion of the history of Europe.

The *Kalevala* is in no way influenced by the comparatively modern influx of Christianity, and yet the end of the book bears a remarkable

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resemblance to some of the early Christian legends. There is a Virgin Mary, or Mariatta, who is divinely overshadowed, and as a consequence is bitterly persecuted as a woman in fault, exactly as in the Jewish legends happened to the later Virgin Mary. Her child is born in a manger and there are some other striking 'anticipations' of the later legend. Still, the legend is of far greater antiquity than either two or three thousand years ago. Even the English alphabet, from whatever source it may have been derived, is by far older than the Christian era, and yet it is "born in the manger" and used to "end in the cross." The very word 'alpha-bet' (*aleph*, ox, *beth*, house, *Hebrew*), refers to the story of the ox-house, or the manger, as does the actual shape of the letters in their symbolism.

The name Finland is, in Swedish, simply the fen-land, the land of lakes. The native name for Finland is Suomi or Suomenmaa.

The poems were never written for publication until quite recent years, but they were faithfully handed down by groups who clasped hands around the winter-fires and chanted them in that fashion which is often a truer race-record than written words, until the decadence of a race sets in. Just as the Maoris remembered their ancient traditions and records by notched beams, and placing the finger in any notch, would unfailingly recite the incident connected therewith, so the Finns would carefully treasure each incident of their old-time lore and preserve it in the easy rime, or rather alliterative verse, of the *Kalevala* poems.

Creation and the great cosmic processes are beautifully personified and symbolized in terms of nature and the northland.

In the death of Lemminkainen and his restoration to life by his mother, there is a striking parallel to the Egyptian Osiris-legend of the dismembered hero being brought together into a body again by earnest search and effort and magic power, until he is made to live again. In the *Kalevala* the deaf and speechless re-created body is aided by a bee which his mother sends to fly across the seven oceans into the eighth, the magic island of enchanted honey "to the distant Turi-castles . . . there the honey is effective, there the wonder-working balsam, this may heal the wounded hero." Continuous swift flight on the third evening brings the bee "to the island in the ocean, to the meadows rich in honey, to the cataract and fire-flow, to the sacred stream and whirlpool."

The bee brings back the magic balm in seven vessels. But it is ineffective, and the re-created body lies dull and soulless. Lemminkainen's mother then directs the bee to the seventh heaven for the balsam of life used by the Creator, made from the breath of Ukko, the chief god. The bee protests the impossibility of reaching so high, but the wizard's mother insists and sends him beyond the moon and the seven stars to the dwellings of the blessed, and there indeed the bee finds the balsam of irresistible

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power that restores Lemminkainen to life after his long death. The symbolism is rich with soul-truths in every line, and reincarnation in various forms. Almost all magic seems to be accomplished by songs and words.

There seems to be a tremendous protective magic in the knowledge of the ultimate origin of anything — which, *if known*, destroys the power for harm. This is highly reminiscent of the Egyptian system in which no power in the regions of the symbolically defunct can resist the knowledge by the latter of its 'name' — names in real languages always having a soul of real meaning, and being something more than 'dead vocables.'

A peculiarly interesting part of the *Kalevala* to Americans who do not know that their country is one of the oldest in the world, if not the oldest, is the flight of Lemminkainen from his enemies to the Isle of Refuge, far, far across the ocean. His mother tells him of the island and he prepares a boat of copper in which he sails for three months — by the way, this reference to the copper or bronze age and metal ships is significant — until he reaches this far-away island where his father had dwelt before him. He is well received by the natives, and finding all the land taken up and no unclaimed settlement, he 'sings' with his magic mantrams all sorts of wonderful things into existence, oaks and acorns, cuckoos that produced copper and gold and silver from throat and wing and feather, precious metals in abundance, gemstones, pearls and flowers and leafy groves, magic waters full of ducks, and provisions of every kind even to a silver knife with golden handle.

Whatever the symbolism may mean, it is plain that the magic isle of peace and refuge is America, or at least some Atlantean or Antillean Isle. A three months' prosperous voyage to the westward into the Atlantic in a copper ship could hardly pre-suppose a lesser goal than some part of America, even if it were not what Plato, long afterwards, describes as the continent that surrounds the other side of the Atlantic — *terra firma*. Here Lemminkainen the wizard dwelt three years before returning home to Finland, now free from the enemies from whom he had fled by his mother's aid.

If only the epics of the North Americans could be recovered it would be fascinating to search among them for references to Europe, but it is perhaps late in the day for that. Yet the writer has found the Greek myths among the Alaskan Indians in a pure American setting, possibly anterior to their Greek parallels, and doubtless much remains yet undiscovered among these shy peoples.

Every line of two substantial volumes is full of wonder and the beauty of the northern snows and birches, the magic of spells and runes and chants, the lost word found, the distant land over the ocean, the quest of the holy Sampo, serpents and vocal nature, the birth of things, sun- and

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moon-magic and all the lore of prehistory. The farewell of the adept minstrel is beautiful and his parting with the Northland as he grows old. It is prophetic in the highest degree. He

“Sang himself a boat of copper . . .
Westward, Westward, sailed the hero
O'er the blue-black of the waters,
Singing as he left Wainola,
This his plaintive song and echo:
Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
Hungry for the true religion.
Then will Suomi need my coming,
Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the Sampo,
Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,
Peace and plenty to the Northland.

Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dark of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the higher landed regions,
To the lower verge of heaven;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor.
There his bark he firmly anchored,
Rested in his bark of copper;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings
To the lasting joy of Suomi.”

Yet this grand epic of Finland is only the published wisdom of a bard who knew more than he was willing to tell.

“Often have I heard it chanted,
Often heard the words repeated,
'Worthy cataracts and rivers
Never empty all their waters.'
Thus the wise and worthy singer
Sings not all his garnered wisdom;
Better leave unsung some sayings,
Than to sing them out of season.”

Ages have passed since the wisdom of the *Kalevala* was first chanted. Will Suomi “at the dawn of morning” watch again for the coming of Wainamoinen and perchance learn more of sayings “left unsung” in those days of a glorious past and in those days of glorious promise?

THE NEED OF A NEW POPULAR PHILOSOPHY

KENNETH MORRIS

THE word Philosophy sounds rather abstruse and 'highbrow' as they say; and therefore, to many, repellent. But there is no real reason why it should; and for the purposes of this paper we will dismiss the idea entirely, and say that one's philosophy is simply the way one looks at and explains life and the universe. So it is something that concerns everybody: everybody has some outlook upon things, even if it is merely to take them for granted.

You may go to quite the most lowbrow levels of humanity — to the Congo or Melanesian savage — and you will find that even he has his way of explaining things: he has his philosophy. It is one that he builds up out of his own experience: his way of living affords him materials out of which he fashions his explanation of the stars and the world and life. His chief necessities are food and wives and glory; and he gets them all by hunting. One need say nothing of the first two; the third, glory, is perhaps as indispensable as the others. For glory is comfort for his soul. The universe is a big and lonely sort of place, and a man must have something to make him feel not too insignificant in the midst of it: to prop his sense of self and swell it to a semblance of importance, he must have something to brag about. So he slips off into the forest by night, lies in wait, kills his man, whose dried head he wears thereafter as a trophy; — the more such heads you possess, the more important you are. But there are other ways of dying besides being caught by a human headhunter; and these must be explained. And of course the explanation is obvious. The unseen world also is populated by headhunters of all mysterious and dreadful sorts, following their whim and lust for glory just as the human ones do; they may strike you down at any moment; their blows are disease and natural death. The essence of this way of looking at things is that nothing ever happens except by somebody's will and caprice. You can't depend on anything in life; you can't even depend on dying; you might live on forever if somebody didn't bewitch you, or if some headhunter, human or ghostly, didn't 'get' you. There is no conception of law. The only law in the tribal life consists of certain taboos,— things forbidden for no ascertainable reason,— because they are unlucky: because it is some god headhunter's whim that they shall not be done; or because, if they are done, in some mysterious way it will enable some god headhunter to take you unawares and add your head to his collection.

So you see the savage's philosophy is strictly in harmony with his

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conditions. He is not troubled with doubts and uncertainties. He lives a gay insouciant kind of life, in which the outer and the inner worlds are all of a piece; and everything goes well with him until the white man comes and imposes on him a new philosophy or new conditions; then the harmony is lost and the poor savage commonly dies.

That leads to the idea that to be in a healthy state you must have harmony between your philosophy and your conditions. You must not explain the universe and life in one way, and then conduct your business and your living as if some quite different explanation were the right one. If your civilization has changed and grown, your philosophy must change and grow too, or there will be a disharmony somewhere, a false note that will frustrate your best efforts. And this is not to say that one thing is true in one age, another in another. Truth is always true. The savage knows very little of it; he lives by very low standards; and his philosophy is accordingly limited. He could not take it with him into civilization. To become civilized he must acquire a new philosophy; to raise his standards of living, he must grow a deeper and broader view of life. Otherwise his civilization will be a veneer, his life a sham; and the destination of shams is the trash-pile.

Now to look at people of a somewhat higher grade of culture: that in vogue in Europe during the Middle Ages. There you had at the head of things a king, just as omnipotent as he had the strength and force of character to be. When he lost his temper, he roared at you; his sword or his spear struck you down; he stamped his feet with rage. You were at his mercy. For his own convenience, and to keep his subjects together, he made laws, the expression of his will and pleasure: he had to have organization in order to obtain the material means for upholding and extending his power. So of course the universe too had its king, who governed it at his will and pleasure. Battle, murder, and sudden death were among the things you might expect from your human king; but plague, pestilence, and famine were from the hand of God, the unseen Super-King. He too ordained courses for his subjects, mankind, to follow; he made laws based still entirely on his own caprice, and tending to his own pleasure and convenience and glory. To win favor you flattered him, sang his praises, abased yourself before him; 'right' meant obedience to his regulations, 'wrong,' disobedience. And just as *you* counted for nothing, and had to squirm thoroughly before the king in Paris or London, so you had to appease the great Unseen King by calling and thinking yourself, and doing your best to be, a worm and a miserable sinner.

And just as foreign kings might invade you while your king was busy elsewhere, so God had his enemies who might invade you; and you had to keep him informed as to the way things were going, dunning him for

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protection. You can see this kind of philosophy expressed in many of the *Psalms*, for example: the Jewish tribal god is continually praised and glorified at the expense of the gods of the gentiles: *What god among the gods is equal to our god?* In Christendom one no longer talked of other gods; yet the idea survived: the Super-King God was always at war with Mahound abroad and Beelzebub at home. The philosophy was strictly in harmony with the outer conditions. They were not high conditions by any means; the Medieval European was not a very civilized being. But his philosophy, obsolete now among the intelligent and thoughtful, still lives on among the unthinking.

Our conditions have changed, and that old philosophy is no longer in harmony with them: hence the cry so often raised that the churches are losing hold upon the people. Sometime in the last few centuries European minds became aware that there was such a thing as science. Important discoveries were made, the effect of which was to render the old philosophy untenable. The most important discovery of all, however, has not yet been clearly recognised even by the scientists themselves: it has not yet taken effect upon their philosophy,— so slowly does truth affect men's thinking. And yet it was made when for the first time experiment suggested to the experimenter the existence of Natural Law. It was made when the apple redeemed its reputation (lost one fine day in Eden of old) by falling while Newton was basking under the tree. He saw it fall, and apprehended its significance: there was something that caused it to fall — a law. Here, in this universe, that had supposedly been run by the will and whim of a Big Man God, this new idea put in its appearance: the ruling was not by anyone's will or whim, but by law. Now you know that you cannot have chaos and order existing in the same place at the same time. The two things are opposites: if the one *is*, the other is not. You can't have a universe run by law and by personal caprice. What Newton discovered was — only he did not realize the fact — that everything that happens is the natural effect of some natural cause. That all life, all events, all existence, is a chain of causes and effects; that you can't set in motion a cause without insuring the sequence of its effects; that the universe is law-governed, works by law, is absolutely dependable.

The process of realizing this has been going on very, very slowly ever since. The old conception, once — and not so very long ago — universal in Christendom, that things were run by the caprice of a great personality above the sky, is incompatible with the knowledge that everything we see is the natural result or effect of some natural cause. It is not incompatible with the idea of God; but it forces us to seek a higher and deeper conception of God: it forces us to change our philosophy. Causes are followed by effects: two and two are inevitably four; there can be no such thing

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as an omnipotence that could make them come to anything else. To the medieval mind, two plus two might be five and a half with a candle-end thrown in: it all depended on the will of God.

Another kind of change that came was political. In ancient times there were monarchies, such as the Chinese and the Egyptian, that were founded on true and divine ideas; and they lasted and were beneficent during many ages. But I do not think the same can be said for the monarchies of Europe. When the Roman empire and civilization fell, you had an anarchy in which, whenever a strong man appeared, people grouped themselves around him for protection; and among these groups the strongest won to pre-eminence, and the kings appeared; and by slow degrees the nations formed themselves round the kings. It was simply a case of the strongest arm and the longest head winning to power. English history offers itself as a convenient example. For a long time there was a struggle between the king and the barons, many of whom were nearly as powerful as himself; they fought like heroes for their freedom — that is, for their right to oppress their vassals without kingly interference. Then the kings began to see that, the barons being the natural oppressors of the common people, they, the kings might find a powerful ally in the oppressed. So they established parliaments, and made the people send up their representatives — which at first they were very loath to do; until presently, so nursed by the kings, the people became self-conscious and conscious of their power. The Tudor kings made themselves absolute, resting their power on their popularity with the people; it was the barons they delighted in beheading. Then came the Stuart kings, with the same idea of absolute monarchy, but intending to express it at the expense of the people, whom the Tudors had nursed into strength. So there were revolutions, and the final result was that limited monarchy was established: the ruling power was to be the parliament elected by the people. Already that state of things had gone by which harmonized with the old philosophy of God as a universal absolute monarch. The French and American Revolutions went a step further: did away with kings altogether, and founded the state upon an idea called democracy.

Now the philosophy of the old European system made 'right' consist, as we have seen, of obedience. Good citizenship meant obedience to the behests of the king, whatever they might be; morality meant obedience to the behests of God, whatever *they* might be. Look closely at that, and one sees that it leaves no room for goodness at all: there is no such thing as goodness *per se*. The God that made the ten commandments is omnipotent; and if omnipotent can change his mind; he might enact another ten tomorrow with all the *nots* left out: Thou *shalt* steal; thou *shalt*

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commit adultery; thou *shalt* murder, and so on. Then those things would be right. No; this is not far-fetched; people often thought that God had told them to do the vilest things. It was always happening; the saddest tragedies and vilest crimes in history came about or were committed precisely because men were convinced that God had expressed his will to that effect. You have only to think of the hideous wars by which Christianity was imposed on the regions south and east of the Baltic; of the Crusades; of the ruin of Mexico and Peru, the native civilizations of America; of the Holy Inquisition and all religious persecutions: — things all of them execrable in the doing and disastrous in the results, and yet done under the conviction that they were pleasing to the will of God.

In England, in the days when you thought of this country or that as the personal possession of an Elizabeth, an Henri IV, a Philip II, or a Gustavus Vasa, it came very naturally to people to address Deity as “High and Mighty, King of kings, the only Ruler of princes”; but how do these words sound here in America, which is founded on the idea that kings have no place in nature, are not desirable at all? For the philosophy behind democracy is that ‘right’ has its source not in the will of an outstanding individual, but in the hearts, in the general will, of the masses.

Now no political system can solve the problem of human happiness; the solution of that is to be sought elsewhere. One can but say that democracy is the system the world appears to be trying just now, and intending to try. But one must emphasize the fact that when the days of absolute monarchy passed, the old philosophy which had obtained under the kings became a misfit. In religion, men still said that right, moral right, meant obedience to the will of a great personality outside humanity. But they founded their national life on the idea that right derived itself from something innate in humanity, that could express itself through polls and ballots. In religion men were worms and miserable sinners. In politics they were the mine and source from which all excellence should proceed. You were to eat your pudding *and* have it. You can’t.

The result is that we live now in a world which no longer fits the old conceptions of life. Time and growth have scrapped the old philosophy. It fitted the Middle Ages well enough: it was the interpretation of the unseen and unknown according to what people then saw and knew. So that period was an age of faith. Men believed in their religion absolutely; it was Hobson’s choice. One might be a thief, murderer, liar, and cheat, but one surely was a good church-goer and believer; there was nothing else conceivable to be. But now things are different; this is no longer an age of faith, but an age of transition. The old philosophy is dying out, and no new one has taken its place. People are no longer sure what is right and what wrong; old standards have broken down; heady new wine has

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been poured into the old leather bottles, and has burst them. Either the world must find a new philosophy, in harmony with modern knowledge and conditions,— or drift ever further into the mental and moral anarchy of which already we are seeing far too much.

Let us see what we can posit about this new and needed philosophy.

It must not be a creed; it must formulate no creed; it must proclaim that in an infinite universe, truth is infinite, --- a thing of which, if you are on the right way to it, you may forever be discovering more and more, and will forever find more and more to discover. In the Middle Ages, when no discoveries were being made, it was supposed that all there was to know was known; that notion will not serve now, when every year brings new revelations. The new philosophy must point the way to truth; saying, You shall find the truth, if you follow the way.

In a world that has elected to be run by democracy, it must make democracy safe for the world by ennobling and clarifying our conceptions of human nature. It must show us, behind and beyond the worm and miserable sinner, a divine part in man, and direct our efforts to discovering that and making it the vital factor in our lives. If we are not to have kings by divine right, we must be ruled by a king by divine right within ourselves; or instead of divine right we shall suffer more and more of the demoniacal wrong we have been seeing too much of latterly. It must discover to us God not beyond the skies, but in our hearts; and hold up the ideal, not of one personal Christ,--- crucified, dead and buried --- but of a world full of personal Christs, living and directing the affairs of the world.

It must proclaim a universe governed and worked by law, because we know that this universe is law-governed: science has put that beyond doubt or question. In a world that begins to perceive law in nature, we must have a religion of natural law; seeing law at work in the spiritual as in the physical universe.

It must be universal. There must be no more of the doctrine that we (whoever we are) are the Chosen People. The world is one now, linked together by such close and innumerable ties that we are beginning to realize that we *must* --- not ought to, but *must* --- live in harmony, nation with nation and man with man, or perish. So its cardinal and outstanding teaching must be Universal Brotherhood: because time and events have shown us that unbrotherliness is the greatest of all breaches of the greatest of all laws: that it is the sin against the Holy Spirit of Man, and a course that must, under the inexorable Law of Cause and Effect, bring disaster. (How many more wars such as the late one do you think civilization could stagger through and live?) They used to say that God stepped in to punish wickedness — understanding by wickedness action that he disliked;

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it is not so; it is that cause produces effect: as two and two make four; as the boy grows into the man; as the river flows into the sea, so breach of natural law brings disaster, so selfishness flows into suffering; and all that is happening in Europe now might have been foreseen on the day the war broke out, or at any time since the nations began to play for their own hands only. So our philosophy must clearly state the relation of cause to effect. It must be instinct with the true spirit of science, which leaves nothing to chance; and it must be as universal as science. Newton's apple would have fallen in the same way in China or Peru, in Jerusalem or Madagascar, as it did in England; science is science, truth is truth, cause is followed by effect, everywhere and at all times. So there must be no more dividing lines: no more considering ourselves the Chosen People and our religion the only truth, our savior the only savior.

Madame Blavatsky, far-seeing if ever anyone was far-seeing, realized all this nearly fifty years ago, and came forward to proclaim the new philosophy that the new age needs. New to Christendom; as old as the hills or as truth really; when one sees what it is, one realizes that Jesus was beginning to teach it nineteen centuries ago, and that long before his time the Buddha, Lao-tsze, Confucius, Plato, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Krishna, had all been teaching it in varying degrees of fulness. Nothing has happened since she came but has proved how great the need was, and how fitly she met it: how utterly necessary her Theosophy is to the world today and to the world of all tomorrows.

Theosophy is not a religion, in the sense in which we have understood that word. It abhors the idea of a creed; it lays down no set of dogmas, with an except-ye-believe-ye-shall-assuredly-be-damned clause appended. It is a way of looking at the universe and life,— a philosophy in that sense. The universe is infinite, and infinity can never be stated in formulae of which you could make dogmas, and which you could lump together into a creed. Any statements that can be made can only be indications of the way you should travel in your quest of truth. Madame Blavatsky was very forceful about this. She raised a signpost, pointed a direction to follow. Perhaps the writing on the signpost might be summarized very imperfectly in some such way as this:

Seek for truth; because truth is discoverable, and it is truth that sets man free.

Seek for truth by obeying the laws of life; because life is governed wholly by law. Law is the method of the universe, and the truth that is in the universe is open to him who is in harmony with the universe, living in accord with its laws.

Seek for truth, which is universal, by universalizing your own being. Self, the non-universal, the strictly limited part of you, is the hindrance;

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divest yourself of self, or egotism, by doing service, by living for mankind: this is the path to truth. Right is altruism, and all that it implies; wrong is selfishness, and all that *it* implies — from the effort to save your own soul, or to win truth for your own sake, to the smallest or the most secret act or thought of self-indulgence.

Seek for truth: it is discoverable, because it is within you: it is within you, because the deepest, the universal part of you, is divine, a ray of that light which is God, the Universal Spirit, “that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

Seek it, and your search shall not be in vain. The divine part of you is eternal: it never began to be, and shall never cease. It is the pilgrim of eternity, entering into life again and again throughout the ages in quest of all the knowledge, all the wisdom, all the truth that experience can bring it. So your quest will not be cut off by death; the fruits of your strivings will not be lost: there where you drop the thread in this life, in the next life you will pick it up. Infinity is within the being of every man; and infinite wisdom, infinite compassion, infinite nobility, are latent and waiting development in all.

Seek the truth - which is also the way, and the life; -- because only so can you do your duty to mankind. Only so can you lessen the darkness of the world, letting the light of Godhood shine in through your own purified being. All the suffering of mankind is the result of human selfishness, which is the result of human ignorance: seek the truth, that you may dispel some portion of that ignorance; seek the way, live the life, that you may lessen the sum of that misery. For effect follows cause unerringly, in the moral and spiritual worlds as in the physical. Life is universal; the spirit, the real part of ourselves, is universal: there there is no mine and thine, but the One which is the root of all, Deity, the Supreme Self of the Universe and man. Selfishness is to drag away from that; altruism, to approach it. Selfishness is like a cancerous growth, and of course must bring pain. Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature; and facts are hard things, and it is a mercy that we stub our toes unmercifully when we kick against them; it is a mercy that we must suffer when we do not recognise the fact of brotherhood,— or how should we learn?

That is some little fragment of the message this great woman brought to a world in which science, growth, discovery had broken and were breaking up the old molds of mind and had made impossible the old views of life. Surely you can see to some extent how it meets the needs of the age; how universal it is; how scientific; how it breathes the true scientific spirit into ethics, giving ethics the basis and sanction of ascertained law; how it spiritualizes science, which lacking spiritualization becomes mere materialism, an unethical and soul-destroying nightmare.

SUFISM

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THEOSOPHY teaches that true religious knowledge is everywhere and always one and the same; and that creeds and philosophies are the various rays from the one source of light, which is called the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine. Many and various are the shapes which faiths may assume at different times and among different peoples; for teachings must be adapted to particular understandings and needs. Yet in all faiths, if we go beneath the outer forms, we shall draw nearer to that point where they merge into one, thus tracing them back to their common fount. It is doubtless possible to classify religions and philosophies in various ways; and one way which may be proposed, for convenience rather than dogmatically, is that of the familiar sevenfold key whose emblems are the seven planetary genii. We can imagine Mercury as presiding over such systems as appeal to the intellect; while fiery Mars might be the patron of cults which extol the virtues of courage and zeal; and patience is a virtue eminently Saturnian. What of that power designated by the name of Venus? Under this head we should be inclined to put Sufism; always bearing in mind, however, that this symbol, like so many others, has often been far degraded from its true meaning, so as to stand for anything between the sublimest perfection of Harmony and celestial Beauty down to mere luxury or sensualism.

Sufism is the subject of an article by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, in the *Hibbert Journal* for April; and we propose to give a brief abstract and append some remarks. Of the many mystical doctrines, none (thinks the author) is more beautiful or points to so exalted a goal; he who is versed in its tenets and practice has outsoared the shadow of doubt and the possibility of error.

It dates from the latter part of the eleventh century, and was founded by a branch of that sect of Islam known as Ismaelites, headed by Hassan Sabah, a member of the great and mystical Western Lodge of Ismaelites at Cairo. It comprised men and women, who met in separate assemblies, called Societies of Wisdom, whose members were clad in robes of spotless white. The Caliph Haken-bi-emr-illah erected a House of Wisdom for instruction both in law, mathematics, rhetoric, and medicine, and also in a regular course of mystic lore with nine degrees. This institution was afterwards modified by Hassan, who reduced the degrees to seven and made the discipline more rigorous.

Sufism shows the path by which man may attain to communion with

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his own Divinity. Man is an emanation of the Universal Divine Spirit, a broken light from the great Sun. The human body is the prison of the Soul, which seeks to win its way back to freedom. Many commentators would of course try to make out that Sufism was merely a copy of Platonism or Neo-Platonism; but the similarity is due merely to the fact that religion is in essence one and the same - there can be but one Truth. The way to freedom is the old one - to escape from the thralldom of sense and passion, and therewith from error and blindness. Various stages of attainment are recognised. In the earlier ones the disciple is required to observe an implicit obedience to the formal behests of his religion. It will be inferred that, in the higher stages, he transcends these rules; but we say this with caution, as it is so often misunderstood. The disciple can never be beyond the rules of morality; but he can rise to where he understands their *principles*, and so can be more truly obedient to those principles than can he who, not having the same vision, has to be guided by formulated maxims.

If we understand Beauty and Love as being the ideal of Sufism, it is with the proviso that these words really stand for the sublimest and purest conceptions; and that Love which is tainted with selfishness, or Beauty which is narrow and personal, are not the ideal but the obstacles in the way of the ideal. The Love to be attained is a feeling of Harmony with all that lives; and the Beauty is of the Spirit, not of the senses. Thus both goal and pilgrimage are the same as ever; the nature is to be perfected by elimination of the dross.

All religious and mystical systems are couched in language symbolic and allegoric. Some say that this is done designedly, for the purpose of hiding the lore from possible profanation; yet one sometimes thinks that fable and symbol may be the directest and most accurate way of expressing such truths. But in any case the result is the same. The teachings are at once revealed and concealed: revealed to him who knows how to read the symbols; concealed from him who does not. And the difference between these two classes of readers is defined by their difference in practical observance and attainment. By the practice of the sacred doctrines we purify the understanding, so that the veils are removed.

The nature of such allegories and symbols might be variously illustrated: as by alchemy, for example. To one man the instructions seem to be methods for obtaining physical results in a chemical laboratory; another man sees in them priceless instructions in the attainment of wisdom. The latter has the key: he knows what is really meant by the mercury and the gold. Another mystic system uses the symbology of agriculture; another that of architecture; another mathematics or medicine; and so on. In Sufism, it would appear that the symbology of beauty

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and love are used as the veil that at once hides and reveals. Hence, for the not-understanding, the poetry of Sufism appears erotic and hedonistic. But this author, with a few concise and clear directions, shows us how it may be read aright. What a mistake has been made by those who have translated the verbal sense into beautiful English as poems of a pessimistic hedonism! Wine, as a symbol of divine inspiration, is not confined to Sufism. Bacchus is originally the God of divine inspiration; and in his case symbolism has been taken literally and the sense degraded. There can be no more apposite symbol for certain vital spiritual truths than that of love; and this symbol too has been often employed and often degraded. One sees that the Song of Solomon may after all really be a spiritual allegory under the form of an erotic poem, forced as that interpretation may seem to people not acquainted with the above ideas.

It is reassuring to have confirmation that the path of perfection has always been known and trodden; that there is a Religion beyond religions; that all men are spiritually united in a real Brotherhood, whatever their creed; and that it is feasible for them to realize this actually subsisting Brotherhood.

“In whatever way a devotee desires with faith to worship, it is I alone who inspire him with constancy therein. . . . In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine.”

“I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

And when the aspirant has won his peace, he finds a call to labor among men; for selfish bliss will not satisfy the Spirit he has awaked within him.

The love of Beauty will always be one of the inspiring and lifting incentives of human kind. Both from religion and from science we have often seen it excluded, even contemned. Yet the triad of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty must surely be complete, if wholeness is sought. But if the love of Beauty is restricted to personal satisfaction, it comes under the vibratory law of our lower nature, and we are compelled to oscillate between raptures and horrible reactions. If you are in a state of rapt contemplation, in a beautiful scene and a hallowed spot, and are feeling at peace with the world and in a very good state of mind; and if the approach of a man with a broom and pail arouses ire in your bosom; then something is wrong with your ecstasy. We need a harmony that can be carried into every kind of circumstances; and, for that, we must elevate Beauty above the personal region. In short, neither Beauty nor anything else that is truly worth while, can be attained without sacrifice.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT, TRUE AND FALSE

R. MACHELL

THERE are so many strange things done by some of those who, conscious of their personal limitations, seek to hasten their evolution by self-development, that I think it will be interesting to try to find some sane and safe ground to stand on before venturing to indorse any of the numerous professors of physical, mental, or spiritual development or their methods.

Self-development attracts many people, in many ways; and it is recognised as a duty by some who yet travel roads that are widely divergent from one another, putting faith perhaps in the old and misleading axiom that "all roads lead to Rome," which is obviously untrue, and which would be equally true or false if reversed; for the same road leads both ways, and the traveler will not reach his desired destination if he travels the wrong way even on the right road.

So it is with the path that leads to wisdom. It may be true that all roads lead to experience; but the experience may prove disastrous, and the path may lead the traveler to destruction.

The path of spiritual advancement is interior, and it has been said that he who would tread that path must first become the path a hard saying, truly.

As soon as one seriously approaches the subject one is met with the question: What do you understand by self? And the difficulty of answering that question lies in the fact that we all naturally feel quite sure that we know all about it because we never doubt our own identity for more than a moment. And yet the wise old Socrates continually uttered the warning "Man know thyself!" and we may safely say that this self of which we are so sure is that which is most difficult of all things in the world to know.

The teachings of Theosophy throw light upon this subject, which has been the object of study by the greatest minds in all ages; and this light shows the two paths clearly. For there are always two paths, though the road is one. It is so in nature. And there are two opposite ways of understanding the self: the one is the universal, the other is the personal.

In Theosophy we find a sharp distinction drawn between the Spiritual Self, which is one in all, and the personal self, which is personal and separate from all others. An illustration is sometimes used of the sun shining in all directions, and its image reflected in every object more or less correctly. All these reflexions are one in origin, but each is distinct from others. To see the original one source of light the observer must

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turn his back on the reflected images and face the source from which they spring. So with the Self. We must turn our backs upon the personal self, if we would realize the true source of self. So too with the path of self-development. As all the sun-rays originate in the one supreme source of energy, yet all go out in various directions and may be reflected in innumerable mirrors, each one of which may present some different picture of the light which still is one, so men may seek self-development along innumerable paths, that all lead the wanderer farther from the one source of light. But if the wanderers turn in their tracks and face the other way, and see the true sun, then for all of them indeed the way is one.

So in the heart of any aspirant to self-knowledge there may be two kinds of aspiration. One springs from a personal desire to rise above others, to acquire power, or to gain knowledge that will distinguish him from the common herd: the other springs from compassionate desire to raise humanity from its degraded state of ignorance and discord, to liberate men from the bondage of their own vices, and from false ideals that lead to disappointment and despair. These two forms of aspiration may coexist in a man's mind and cause confusion of ideals; but sooner or later he must choose between them, for a man cannot follow two paths at once; and if he vacillate he will lose his way altogether.

There are professors of self-culture of every kind; but true teachers are rare. Yet the true teachings are never wholly lost to the world; for there are great souls, whose lives are pledged to the service of humanity, who realize their mission in each new rebirth and who work unceasingly to bring the old teachings once more to those nations in which the light of spiritual wisdom has for a time died out. Such a messenger was H. P. Blavatsky: such another was her co-worker and successor William Quan Judge: such another is our Leader Katherine Tingley, all three of whom have given their lives to this service of humanity. And so once more the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, or Secret Doctrine, known as Theosophy, have been brought to the knowledge of those races and nations who had lost knowledge of this great fountain of wisdom.

And with the diffusion of this knowledge has sprung up a host of professors of self-culture, whose teachings are not always either true or useful. Some of these professors use the name Theosophy as a guarantee for their teachings, to the confusion of the public mind, and frequently to the discredit of the true Theosophical Society, whose teaching and practice, based on the teachings of Mme. Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, are always sane, and moral, and practical.

The two paths pointed out in the *Book of the Golden Precepts* from which Mme. Blavatsky took her fragments published under the title of *The Voice of the Silence*, indicate clearly the existence of two opposing systems

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of self-culture; one of which puts the acquisition of personal power and knowledge first and the service of humanity second, if indeed they give it any place at all in their consideration. For there are some who teach a pride that scorns the multitude, and seeks to shake off all human attributes which these professors look upon as hindrances to them in their aspiration towards divine powers.

But those who follow the righthand path make compassion the keynote of their effort. They consider themselves pledged to the service of humanity, inseparably linked with all, remembering the warning: "Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Wilt thou be saved, and hear the whole world cry?" And again the teaching: "To live to benefit mankind is the first step: to practise the six glorious virtues is the second."

On both paths self-discipline is necessary, but the whole life must necessarily be colored according to the choice made between these two ideals. It may be said that on both paths knowledge and power are objects of attainment. But on the one path the desire for power is personal, and its attainment separates the student from all sympathetic contact with the masses of the people and tends to the glorification of the personality: whereas upon the other path the power that comes from self-mastery is a power that makes its holder perhaps "appear as nothing in the eyes of men," but which enables him to touch their hearts and turn them towards the light. In seeking to identify himself with suffering humanity he may entirely forget his own personality, and may in turn pass unnoticed in the crowd. He will not mortify his personality, nor will he indulge it, but will use it for the service of the cause he has accepted as his own. He will not seek admiration by a display of virtue; for it is well said that "the wise man does good as naturally as he breathes."

When a disciple chooses this path he challenges his own soul by his profession of faith, and his own soul will put him to the test, demanding proof of his sincerity. He will be called on by his own soul to show which he loves the better, humanity or himself. Will he renounce his personal pride, his independence? This is the ordeal we all invite when we accept as our path the cause of humanity; no serious ordeal to one who is sincere, but an insurmountable obstacle to the one who thinks to travel on two paths at once, for the personal self is eternally different from the Divine Self.

The true Theosophical Society exists for the service of humanity, and the greatest enemy of this cause is selfishness; for selfishness means the forgetting of the avowed object, and separation from the mass of men who need our help. Selfishness is giving to the personality thought and effort already pledged to the welfare of others.

So self renunciation has perhaps sometimes been emphasized in such

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a way as to alarm the earnest disciple, and cause him to lose faith in his own powers of attainment. But Mr. Judge put it well when he said: "this is a conquest of smiles." And Katherine Tingley early in her career made it clear that she had no use for a lot of melancholy ascetics, knowing well that there may be as deep a selfishness in the ascetic as in the sybarite. Forgetfulness of personal interests and personal prejudices is a path of liberation, a path of joy. Who is so happy as the man who has forgotten all his grievances?

In every live movement there must be an outer body and an inner. It is so in nature. There is a physical body and within that there is a mind, and there is the heart, which is the vital organ; and then there is the spiritual principle that is not material. The one who desires to rise to his highest possibilities has to free himself from the turbulent desires of the lower nature, and to control the personal ambitions of the lower mind. And this is done almost unconsciously by the one whose heart is fired with compassion. It is then no effort, no mortification, to forget the personal desires; for they are overwhelmed by the recognition of the true self. That is what compassion means — the power to feel with others; and that means self-forgetfulness of an involuntary kind, the only true selflessness.

The recognition of a high ideal can only come from the higher self which in its essence is impersonal. The personal mind may be trained by the higher self and may become willing to accept the leadership of the impersonal self: but in the nature of things the personality cannot renounce itself of its own volition. The consciousness of a man must rise out of that state into the higher condition, in which the universal impersonal self dwells; and from there must dominate and inspire the lower mind leading it upward. This is the path of evolution. The raising of humanity is a process of gradual illumination by the higher self inspiring the lower with a broader vision and a wider sympathy. Thus the Theosophical Teachers emphasize the ideal of Universal Brotherhood; and they seek to waken compassion in the people, that so the shackles of selfishness may fall off, and men may come to know themselves as one great family, and feel accordingly. This must be done by an interior awakening. It is no mere intellectual proposition to be accomplished by reason and argument.

Man cannot know himself by an exercise of reason. The mind is like a mirror and before it can reflect the truth it must be turned in that direction. The lower self, the personality unaided, cannot realize that its sense of real selfhood is an illusion. Such a perception of truth must come to the mind from the awakened higher self.

In speaking of these interior experiences one is forced to use the

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word 'self' in two senses and yet the two are in origin the same, just as the sun and its reflexions are of one origin.

It seems that the only way to suggest the truth is to use words in a self-contradictory manner: for Truth is not to be defined in words — it can only be suggested by language. Truth itself can only be perceived intuitively by the higher mind. But in the effort to reach to a clear perception of truth the mind is turned away from personal considerations and becomes a clear mirror in which some ray of Truth may be correctly reflected.

The desire for knowledge of the realities of life is natural and proper to man: but the value of such an acquisition will depend upon the purpose of the seeker after truth: for the purpose that prompts the search precedes the quest and colors the mind, so that all the knowledge attained will bear the tint of that purpose. If the purpose is selfish, then a limited version of the reality will be attained. If the student is inspired with a wide sympathy and a real desire to help humanity, his mind will be in tune with the broader sweep of universal principles.

Naturally in this age the seekers for Truth are few compared with the mass of curious inquirers into the mysterious side of nature; and the result is that the demand for teaching along these lower lines has produced a large number of professors of occult arts, many of whom are mere impostors, while a large number of the rest are making money by pandering to a morbid curiosity, rather than giving their clients wholesome advice and warning against the injurious effects of attempts to rouse the psychic forces latent in the human body.

True teachers of such arts, in the countries where such learning has been preserved, always insist upon a severe system of preliminary discipline, and a long preparation of the candidate; for the effect of these forces when awakened in an undisciplined nature is disastrous to health and happiness. But in our present civilization the habit of self-discipline has vanished, and no seeker after psychic power will submit to the severe training necessary. So the professor of secret sciences, eager for dollars, dispenses with the preliminary and precautionary preparation of the student, and starts the unfortunate pupil on a course of breathing exercises and mental gymnastics that will quickly derange all the normal faculties and produce hallucinations of all kinds, to the quick delight of the student and to the ruin of his health and sanity.

Abuses such as this are falsely called self-development; a better name would be self-destruction.

It may seem to be an arbitrary assertion merely to say that real self-knowledge or self-development is impossible to one whose aim is self-aggrandisement, or self-glorification. But if the difference between the

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two selves already alluded to as the higher and the lower be kept in mind, the explanation of the assertion is evident. The lower self, the personal self, being a delusion, or at best a mere reflexion in the mirror of the mind of a single ray from the real Self, cannot be developed to anything more than a reflexion or an illusion, which may be made more deceptive or more brilliant, but not more real; for the reality is of different nature. The real Self is the universal source of all selves, and true self-development is achieved by expanding the field of consciousness, by awakening compassion in the heart, until all sense of separateness between the particular and the universal is lost, and the sense of self is merged in the sense of unity with all that breathes — a wonderful achievement, that may rightly be called self-development; whereas the method of the self-deluded yogi, or of the charlatan professor of occult arts, merely intensifies the egotism, which shuts out the light of spiritual wisdom and hastens the decay of the deluded victim of vanity and curiosity.

Egotism and selfishness are signs that no ray of light from the real self has reached the mind: the selfish seeker after knowledge cuts himself off from all perception of essential realities, living entirely shut up in his castle of illusion, the personality. In the case of people whose mind is untrained and undisciplined, but who have high ideals and generous impulses, as well as personal ambitions, the mind is never still; and the center of consciousness flits back and forth between the lower and the higher nature, identifying itself with each condition in turn, thinking 'this is I' all the time. Hence the uncertainty of such characters, which appear insincere, and false, owing to a lack of self-control, as well as to a lack of understanding of the complex nature of man.

True self-development must be aimed at acquiring self-knowledge; for self-knowledge implies the awakening of the true self, and the submission of the lower nature to its natural lord. When that is accomplished, a man is really his own master; and it is only by awakening the real self, and identifying one's consciousness with that real self, that true self-mastery is attained.

Until the achievement of this condition the disciple accepts the guidance of his teacher, whom he looks upon as the interpreter to him of the teachings that should reach him from his own higher self, but that are not yet recognised by him in that sense.

The submission of a disciple to his teacher is a recognition of the fact that the higher self can make its guidance perceptible to the awakened soul of the teacher, but not to the dormant intuition of the disciple. When the disciple is able to identify his consciousness with the higher self and can resist the promptings of the lower, and can distinguish between them at all times, then he is on the path that leads to real knowledge and

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true power. The great enemy of man in this attempt is self-delusion; man is his own enemy, and he must be eventually his own savior. In becoming that, he becomes a savior of humanity, for his redeeming higher self is the Self of all humanity, with which he has identified his consciousness.

What we call selfishness is in reality a complete ignorance of the true self and slavery to the elemental passions that control the animal man, or to the intellect in which arises the sense of separateness that we call egotism.

In *The Voice of the Silence* above referred to, there is a remarkable passage in which, while ignorance is said to be equivalent to death, it is declared that "even ignorance is better than head-learning with no soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it." And this becomes intelligible when we understand that "the great dire heresy of separateness" rises in the intellect, and can only be overcome by the awakened spiritual will.

The awakening of intellect and egoism marks the opening of the human consciousness to a sense of responsibility unknown to the animal kingdom.

The awakening of the higher mind, and the perception of "the identity of all souls with the Over-Soul," is the step by which man advances in spiritual evolution towards perfection; and we are taught that humanity now stands at the parting of the ways, the way that leads upward and onward, towards a higher type of manhood and womanhood, and on the other hand the way that leads backward to a condition of elemental barbarism, such as has become the lot of those degenerate survivors of civilizations that failed in ages past, whom we call savages.

Being at this critical point in our evolution we are all confronted with a choice that we must make, willingly or unwillingly, between the two paths, the path of self-indulgence that leads to separation, disintegration, and degeneracy, or the path of compassion that leads upward to a nobler conception of life and evolution.


The Theosophical Movement was founded by Mme. Blavatsky with the avowed object of service to humanity and for the establishment of Universal Brotherhood in the world.

It must be clear, therefore, that no true Theosophist can indorse a system of self-development, that exalts the personality and leads to that separateness from the rest which is the path of the disintegrator, the egotist, the retrograde. True self-development means utter selflessness.

"FORGETTING SELF THE UNIVERSE GROWS I."

“I FEEL A STRIFE WITHIN MY BREAST”

T. HENRY, M. A.

 ONE of the characteristics of the last century, at any rate of the latter part of it, was a great strife between two conflicting outlooks: that of material prowess accompanied by spiritual doubt or indifference — an attitude generally associated with the scientific spirit; and that of a dissatisfaction with the former, and of yearning for a richer and fuller expression of the soul than that outlook affords.

This strife has been reflected in literature; but, for each voice that speaks, how many thousands must there be that are not vocal! The speakers speak not for themselves alone, but voice the feelings of the crowds whereof they are representative. They are typical men, and represent in miniature the drama of their times.

In the period referred to there was a conflict between the Heart and the Head, nor has it by any means yet ceased among us. With the intellect we may accept the findings of modern science, and yet remain unconvinced in our heart; and we may spend a life trying to fit together these seemingly irreconcilable elements in our nature. There is in the human heart an undying love of perfection, which can never be satisfied with any philosophy, any science, any religion, that does not find an answer to *all* its questionings and feed with promise *all* its hopes. And science, however complete it may have seemed, was complete only within certain limits — complete only *because of* those limits; thus leaving apart a vast field for yearning and speculation.

It is characteristic of our civilization that the inquiring function of the mind has been restricted so much to physical matters. There were such terrible religious wars that men at last grew weary of religion altogether and turned their energies into physical science. Thus both religion and science suffered, each for lack of co-operation from the other, and were like a divorced couple. The materialistic spirit brooded over them both. Science introduced us into a teeming world of material knowledge, power, and pleasure, and focused our attention and ambition on things of sense. And religion, forgetting its rightful duty of ennobling man in this life, dwelt insistently on the weakness and sinfulness of human nature and relegated the hope of betterment to a dim future beyond the grave.

Into this state of affairs came Theosophy, with its message that man is essentially divine, and that by virtue of his own inherent divinity he is his own savior. Theosophy reminded us that science and religion are in

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truth not two but one, both being included in a larger province of knowledge.

The strife spoken of may seem to be between science and religion, or between some other pair of claimants; but such strife is in all ages essentially the same, being the strife between the opposite poles of human nature. In this age we have constructed an elaborate mentality which is concerned with external matters, objects of sense, the interests of physical life. Men of science in various departments have contributed their efforts to this result; so that we find ourselves endowed with a mass of ideas and ways of thinking that has grown solid. This makes a crust around the soul, and obscures clearer vision and finer susceptibilities that might otherwise come into play. Hence the meaning of the saying that wisdom is hidden from the learned and revealed to the simple. But it would be a mistake to suppose, as some have done, that we must throw away our science and art and try to go back to some simple peasant state. That would be like a grown person trying to revert to childhood. It is true that we must achieve simplicity; but by going forwards, not backwards. In other words, having acquired the gift of intellect, and having developed it to a great degree, we have to learn what to do with it, where to place it.

The world-view presented by modern science does not offer any satisfactory idea of the meaning, purpose, or goal of life. It favors a focusing of attention on immediate concerns, and looks forward to a very doubtful future of more wonderful discoveries and inventions. And meanwhile the vital sources of our life are running dry. How are we to evoke a power that can stop the headlong rush to mutual destruction of nations, or to national bankruptcy? How can we find the means to stop such threatening perils as the drug-addiction evil? Only by evoking the higher powers latent in human nature.

This shows what is meant by that clause of the Theosophical program according to which it undertakes to study the Spiritual powers in man. Not the psychic powers: those only bring greater dangers. It is the Spiritual powers that are needed, and that alone can rescue humanity from the fix it is in.

The pure in heart shall see God. This is an aphorism to be found in all books of wisdom. The mind is like a great reflecting globe, that can be lighted up with lights of various colors; but the light that it usually reflects is that coming to it from the earth below; and the imagination is tinged with the dull fires of desires and selfish ambitions. The wise in all ages have taught that, before the eye can see wisdom, the mind must be cleansed.

There are fires of inspiration in human nature that burst out here and there in men of genius and are denied expression owing to the sodden mass

“I FEEL A STRIFE WITHIN MY BREAST”

of mediocrity and materialism in which they are doomed to work. These men of genius are crucified by the world, which does not understand them and resents the discomposing influence which they stir up; and too often they themselves are martyrs to disease caused by the attempt to adapt their finer nature to the gross conditions into which they have incarnated. We need something more than isolated geniuses, or yet select coteries of cultured people: the mass needs leavening. Theosophy has a message for all, not for the mere eclectic few. It is seeking to leaven the whole lump of ordinary daily life, by applying its noble principles to every human activity and interest. A new world-view, a fresh outlook on life, is being developed.

The innate unquenchable human spirit, that finds itself at variance with the conventional, the hypocritical, the materialistic, in religion and science, needs a champion, needs a voice, needs a mode of expression. This Theosophy provides, anchoring its faith on the innate divinity of human nature, and thereby raising religion, science, and every other institution, out of the trough wherein they have fallen.

We have spoken of religion and of science; but there is a third, which one does not readily associate with either of these two — Art. This is by no means excluded from the Theosophical program, but occupies a most important place therein. But what is Art? Surely it is the cultivation of all possible means of expressing outwardly the inward spirit of Beauty. Hence it is above all things necessary that such a spirit should be felt. This means that the *life* of the artist, in whatever field, must be beautiful; and that he cannot succeed if he is sensual, sordid, greedy, or hampered by all sorts of bonds and barriers. How can we expect to get art out of people who rush blindly through the incomparable beauties of nature to stare at colored pictures on a screen, and try vainly to discover in a modern city the beauties which they have failed to see in the commonest natural objects around them? A perception consists of two poles: that which is without and that which is within; and unless the nature of the perceiver is tuned to perceive, he will not see any beauty, whatever the exciting cause outside.

To achieve harmony in one's own life is therefore the prime necessity; but no opportunity for this work is afforded by solitary self-culture. The hermit merely shirks the difficulty; and at some future time in his soul's career will have to mingle with men to learn what associated life has to teach him. It has often been said that we can withdraw from the world without retiring into cells or desert places; and likewise that we cannot escape temptation by withdrawing from the life of the world. For the mind is our abode; and, whether in the world of men or apart from it, the mind is our calm refuge or our tempter, according as we make it.


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It is feasible, then, to fix our hearts on ideals that are attainable; and to seek to establish within ourselves a state of harmony and balance which cannot be upset and which can adjust itself to whatever surroundings our destiny has given us. By using the brain-mind as an instrument for dealing with externals, and realizing that we have within us a faculty that is superior, we shall avoid the dreary consequences of trying to materialize the domain of spirit. And, bearing in mind that the animal part of man, whatever its evolution may have been, is but a vehicle for the expression and use of the real spiritual man, we shall escape the despair that comes from considering man as nothing more than a biological product.

That strife that we feel in our breast is the sign of our spiritual origin; for the animal man would not kick against itself. Instead of waiting for some supernal power to give us grace or knowledge, we have to "take the kingdom of heaven by might" — that is, use our own God-given will and intelligence to solve the problems that we meet in our life.

THE HALF-TRUTH OF FATALISM

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

 HE trite expression that 'What is to be will be,' though true enough in one sense, is no argument for fatalism, which is a deceptive half-truth. Unfortunately, the usual vague and purposeless idea of what life means, weakens our faith in the fact that a man literally is 'master' of his fate. The majority take it for granted that we had no choice about being born, that 'luck' decides our course through life and dates our death.

This helpless drifting on the tide of affairs is a cowardly evasion of responsibility. It is a contradiction, in our strenuous, venturesome age. We are something more than human wreckage on an unknown voyage. The curious and illogical idea that every soul is a special creation at birth is also misleading. The fact is that the Soul is the real Child of Destiny; and at birth it puts on a suitable body when it comes to explore the mazes of earth experience. The external "coats of skin" are only garments that the inner man wears during his earth-trips. He finds the body made of the earth itself, to be suitable clothing for the time and place, just as we choose furs for Arctic travel, or take cool, thin fabrics for the tropics.

Now the Ancients had no such vague and misleading views of human

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life and destiny as we have. They taught that "the universe exists for the soul's experience and emancipation." In short, they recognised earth-life as the Great Adventure of the inner man who, knowingly, had become *involved* in a body of selfish impulses and desires, that he might *evolve* consciously into a unity of greater strength and beauty. A perfect human being is something of a contract, you'll agree; but it is quite possible, as immortality has no time-limit. Moreover, this puts meaning into life, as a work worthy of the soul; and nothing less than our innate divinity would be equal to it. Here, too, is the clue to the justice underlying the endless variety of conditions which make up a different stage-setting for each of us. We embarked on this voyage of incarnations when the world was young; and something within us is bound to complete the trip, undismayed by any kind of adventure.

The modern view of life is a contradiction in itself. Despite our intense intellectualism, we do not even expect to find a logical 'science of life.' We keep feverishly busy playing a game for which we have no accepted rules, and when death calls for our score, no one knows how to figure it up. Can you imagine an artist, or a musician, or an actor, trying to express himself by ignoring the rules of composition, or of harmony, or of dramatic unity, or how could an engineer safely and sanely handle nature's raw material, without knowledge of the laws of physics and mathematics? No one expects that a military commander, however well equipped with men and supplies, can 'muddle through' to victory without knowledge of the rules of the game. The home-maker must have something more vital than a housekeeper's knowledge of the family's material wants. She must meet the deeper needs of mind and heart; and this subtil service is a more lasting reality than the food and clothing and shelter which she handles in expressing it.

In short, while we expect to make a business of politics and science and art and education and industry and love and war and of every department of human affairs, we have but a vague idea of how rightly to handle the scheme of life as a whole. Generations come and go, investing untold capital in the line of experience, without knowing what it is all about, or whether it is a paying business or a losing game in a cosmic lottery.

Our commercial age figures to a fraction the profits and losses on every kind of venture, and probes every situation with the query: 'What do I get out of it?' But most of us forget the main question: 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world,' and lose sight of the foundation-fact that he *is a soul*, entitled to a suitable return for the time and experience invested in this earth-business.

Now the inner man, the real self, is no namby-pamby, goody-goody

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affair, but is wise, courageous, pure, and invincible — an ideal warrior in fact. And because of this, he is equal to facing any problem of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, injustice, and what is often as hard to handle rightly, wealth, vigorous animal health, misleading knowledge or bigoted propriety. Would not the battle be half won if we believed from the first that we ourselves had chosen the conditions of our birth, so that we might winnow some valuable wisdom out of the heaped-up chaff of experience? And the way to know this intuitively is to know our real self better.

Something in every one *does know* more than his mere brain-mind, which too often prides itself on knowing things that are not so. Notice how a new-born baby, whose brain cannot reason, knows quite well how to love its mother from the start. Here is a mystic hint of the truth that “pure love is immortal,” and that it attracts the incoming soul to the family-ties and to the home-place that fit its need of experience. That the choice may be bitter medicine for the body and the brain to take does not daunt the real self, bent on curing his human weaknesses. We certainly are fated to meet whatever effects result from the many causes we have set in motion in the past, but we are no less free to build better for the future.

If, instead of resenting surrounding conditions, and evading our duty to them, we willingly worked out the needed lesson they hold for us, the inner self would easily move on to new fields of endeavor. Our very acceptance of the duty at hand would reveal it in a new light. A determined, honest effort *to try* can never wholly fail. For the unerring Higher Law, ever working for perfection, checks us up with the discomfort of our mistakes, until, in time, we learn the better way.

Fatalism is true only in the sense that we have set the stage for our playing before we begin; but *how we play our part* is an open question, for each one to decide, *hour by hour*. We are free to make an early or a late victory of it; for the voyage goes on and on until each one has learned what is to be known.

Now the advocates of fatalism and of free will each present arguments well worthy of attention. Neither side can be ignored as wholly false or accepted as wholly true. And when there is logic in two opposing views of a matter, the solution lies in a truth which is universal enough to include both, and to relate each rightly to the other. To illustrate, take ten as the perfect number, including all numbers. Then each idea or belief would have the relative value of its fraction of truth, and each fraction would have a definite relation to every other fraction. Suppose the ratio of free will theory to the whole truth was five to ten, and the ratio of the fatalistic theory to the whole truth was the same. They would

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balance each other, and together would sum up the truth of the case.

This question, 'Are we free or fated?' could not have come down the centuries as a vital issue, unless it had been kept alive by germs of truth in both sides. Now the Ancients *did know* the solution. But as the old Wisdom-Religion has been lost sight of for long ages, its universal truths have been known only in fragments. And these treasures have too often been obscured by the artificial creeds and dogmas and errors in which countless religions and philosophies dressed up some special form of naked truth. As the eye of intuition weakened through selfishness, the faulty personality could not face the sun of truth in its searching glory. That believers too often mistook the bewildering dress of creed or cult for the truth it covered has been human history ever since the illumined days when infant humanity, first taught by divine instructors, was finally left to work out its own salvation.

The Golden Age is no poetic dream, but cosmic history, as H. P. Blavatsky reveals in *The Secret Doctrine*. In the beginning, innocent humanity knew through its intuition. Then, as the incarnating souls descended in successive cycles into ever-deepening levels of materiality, selfishness blurred the intuitive vision. Still the vague memory of illumined knowledge remained as an ever-present urge to find the perfect truth again. Art, science, religion, sociology, and indeed the great common heart, are all reaching out for the unknown reality of justice and spiritual beauty. And all reach out with a confidence not accounted for by the present life and conditions. The ideals impressed upon the inner nature of infant humanity by its divine guardians have survived the lifetime of mighty continents and many incarnations. Civilizations have arisen and flourished and fallen into forgetfulness under the dust of ages. Still the human mind and heart have ever vibrated, as they do now, with the lingering echoes of a perfected reality. When these echoes die away, men doubt and despair and degenerate. But always, when the echoes come again, something in the heart reawakens the dormant hope and belief and aspiration. All history shows how men have struggled and fought and even died for fragments of truth,—many times paying the supreme price for even its pale counterfeits.

That Theosophy is the modern name of the ancient truth is evident from its unique power to comprehend every religion and philosophy, and synthetically to arrange them in right relation to each other. Surely the interrelation of opposing theories can only be analysed by knowing the universal truth of which each logical idea has its fractional share. Mme. Blavatsky came to restore this knowledge of universal truth to the modern world. She foresaw that the marked analytical quality and specializing of the strenuous new era of thought and feeling was born of the spirit of

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separateness which had multiplied religious sects. This lack of religious unity would be reflected in various dividing lines between social and industrial classes, between countries and races. She saw the trend of vital, social currents, sufficient for healthy, all-round human development, deflected by selfish ambition and power into abnormal growths of mental and material interests. She knew the danger of selfish motives back of more highly-organized industries, of more scientific military equipment, of gigantic fortunes and of unreckoning political power. The general welfare of the body politic was predestined to suffer while the social life-blood went to build up these burdensome and malign tumors of intensive self-interest. So-called progress, without the balance of spiritual development, was doomed to fail in normal growth and to produce disease-forms, which would break down finally like cancer and poison the social life-blood.

Because of these disintegrating influences, Mme. Blavatsky foresaw the inevitable conflict between nations and the chaotic social conditions which appal and challenge the whole world today. She spoke of the present as the synthetic century, in which men at last for very self-preservation would perforce turn from dangerous half-truths to the old teaching of unity. She wrote of universal brotherhood based upon a birthright of divinity, and of Theosophy as the synthesis of religion and science.

In restoring knowledge of man's essential divinity — an incarnating soul in an animal body — Mme. Blavatsky supplied science with the missing link in its evolutionary knowledge, and she harmonized the scientific and religious truth about human growth and grandeur. In relating the divinity in man to the divine humanity in the Elder Brother Christ, she showed the scientific basis of man's evolution up to conscious perfection of type. And in presenting Christ as the point where, with the animal nature overcome, evolved manhood merges naturally into godhood, she showed the right relation between a real Teacher and the pupil disciples. The Teacher becomes an intimate presence of the living truth, illustrating "the way, the truth, and the life." This throws new light on the Bible-saying that the captain of salvation was perfected by suffering. He must have suffered on earth, not in heaven, and perfection cannot be attained in one life.

The ideal government calls for spiritual leadership; and as practical knowledge of the higher law must be gained by experience, nothing but reincarnation and self-conquest can account for real leaders.

The sages and Saviors of all ages are living answers to the query: 'Is man a blind puppet of fate?' Their wisdom and compassion are not negative or casual elements of human nature, but are positive qualities,

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consciously ingrained into their whole being. They wear the hard-won laurels of a self-directed evolution.

In restoring the truth of Reincarnation to Christianity, Theosophy explains the logic of the otherwise unproved rule that whatever a man sows he must also reap. Nothing but repeated lives affords this opportunity for justice and balance between cause and effect. In fact, knowledge of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation clears up many a mystery in human life. The fatalist is right in so far as the past is concerned. Every thought and deed and feeling are imprinted indelibly upon the invisible screen of time, which is nature's enduring film of fixed facts. The *effect* of these pictures may be more or less modified by a different kind of pictures; but nothing can be erased from the record of actualities, which each fact writes in its turn. Truly the lines of the past are permanently laid down, for

“The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Can lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.”

The fatalist may be granted five-tenths of the truth. But the whole future belongs to the realm of free will. The larger truth is that

“No man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what each soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge — this is in his power.”

A little reflexion will show that many times something in a person's nature is clearly related to his birthright of environment. Perhaps the conditions bring home with painful emphasis some lesson to one whose acts express the same quality which he objects to in others. Indeed the wise say that what we find especially irritating or offensive in others is akin to some weakness or fault in ourselves. Unconsciously we feel the like quality of limitation, which works out in us in unrecognised ways. We rarely read the running text of our own faults as they are pictured in the acts of others, because we lack self-knowledge.

Our ignorance of self dates back to centuries of misleading half-truths which obscured the fact that we are incarnating souls in animal bodies. The clue of human duality, to be found by seeking within, was lost when good and evil were located in a personal god and a personal devil. According to Theosophy a man's heaven and his hell are only to be found within himself,— his own creations, where he reaps whatever he sows.

And this brings us back to the idea that in many an unhappy harvest, we only await opportunity to sow again the tares which we think we are

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suffering from innocently. Take the history of the Puritans, who sought a home for religious liberty in the New World. Instead of leaving intolerance behind them, did they not bring over within their natures a quality akin to that of their persecutors? Doubtless they did not see their own case repeated in Roger Williams, when he protested against the use of civil power to impose faith and worship. Their banishment of Williams was sowing new cause for some future harvest of persecution. Incidentally, one may try to imagine how the lame recital of unrelated facts called history would compare with the whole record, which the law of Karma writes upon the imperishable screen of time.

Those who query why we do not remember our past lives, might note how soon the Puritans forgot the hard karmic lesson of religious intolerance while they had the same bodies and brains that had felt the experience.

Somehow, we are so busy complaining of the stabs and stings from the crop of thorns and thistles we have sown, we fail to study our responsibility for the unwelcome harvest. Christianity, robbed of the master-key of Reincarnation, leaves no logical basis for belief in justice. Also with so many ways to evade human laws, our vague and uncertain conceptions of the Higher Law make us hope to escape it somehow. So we go on, blindly sowing the good and bad in our dual nature.

Any injustice in assigning the easy, pleasant places and conditions to one group of souls, and giving the undesirable things to others, if all were new to earth-experience, would inevitably disturb the whole cosmic scheme of human relations. Some sort of disastrous explosion would disperse the social units in this meaningless disorder, and return them to a normal status of equality of opportunity. An unjust plan of human destiny would be as self-destructive as an unbalanced solar system. We can trust the karmic law to know what belongs to us.

Mr. Judge once wrote to a young student:

“So I pray you to remove from your mind any distaste for present circumstances. If you can succeed in looking at it all as *just what you in fact desired*, then it will act not only as a strengthener of your good thoughts, but will reflexly act on your body and make it stronger.”

May not his words hint at the cause of the increasing mental, nervous, and degenerative diseases, which physicians are puzzled to account for and to control? The house divided against itself cannot stand. What wonder, then, if the house of clay is weakened and shattered by the inner conflict between the soul and the selfish personality. The highly organized modern body and brain which have achieved so much in mental and material results, is fitted to function normally upon the higher lines of endeavor. The material instrument is capable of registering the im-

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pulses of high motives; but it is jarred and injured by the coarser vibrations of strenuous but unspiritual uses. In failing to make our ideals keep pace with our evolving acts and ideas, our unbalanced growth reacts upon our health and peace and sanity.

There is no more reason to doubt the ethical justice of each man's fate than to question the balance of material forces that keep the earth poised in its own path through trackless space. The earth is quite a secondary matter to the humanity that uses it for a material garment and a home, while the soul studies to acquire the powers of matter. The scientist tells how finely adjusted are the dual forces of attraction and repulsion that hold our planet to its orb of duty. And the other planets and suns and moons are as finely poised in their places. But for the balanced pull toward the center and toward the circumference, would we not be drawn within our earth, or pulled off its surface? As the revolving earth approaches or retires from the influence of the moon, the watery surface responds in the daily tides. Every heavenly body affects every other in some degree; yet the universal adjustment is beyond the grasp of the mind.

"Brotherhood is a fact in Nature," says Theosophy. Not only are the cosmic spheres linked in orderly relation, but human souls are likewise bound together in a common destiny. The same law and order which keeps Nature from falling into chaos, is no less imperative in the evolution of human nature. Justice is the primeval and universal law. The disorder, disease, and suffering in humanity are the penalties men pay for continued attempts to evade and to break the law. The lower animals escape these checks, because they follow nature's lead. Their natural, healthy, contented lives are a reproach to us, as they move on toward perfection of animal types. Man, made in the image of godhood, has 'sought out many inventions' by which to escape the penalties of lawlessness. Suffering is the symbol of the law minus — it is the negative evidence that the law works for perfection, and that it can never be deflected from a just balance. It is not because of fate that we suffer more than the animals; on the contrary, it is because we use our free will to choose unwisely. The destiny of the lower kingdoms is mapped out by nature, who leads the stone on and upward, to become a plant, and the plant to become an animal, and the animal to become a man. Even the higher animals have no choice but to follow their instinct, which, for them, is fate. The animal's brain can think but it cannot reason. The light of reason is possessed by man only, as is the power of free will. Thus, as he stands between the downward pull of his animal body's instincts and the aspiring urge of intuition to live in his higher nature, he *will be* what he *wills* to be. When he goes wrong, the just but merciful

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law warns him with suffering, until, in his own time, he is aroused to use his higher power to rise from the mire and to climb the path of real progress.

The time comes in some life, when the prodigal has had enough of husks, and then he returns to his father's kingdom,— the kingdom of heaven within. The father receives him with open arms; and then the son uses his previously misdirected will-power to work out what Katherine Tingley describes as "self-directed evolution." The sages are those who have become dissatisfied with husks sooner than the majority of us. For the same divine strength is latent in all, waiting for us to use it, when we weary of yielding to our weaknesses. As Emerson says:

"Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces."

In *The Secret Doctrine*, Mme. Blavatsky says:

"It is only the knowledge of the constant rebirths of one and the same individuality throughout the life-cycle; . . . rewarded or punished by such rebirth for the suffering endured or crimes committed in the former life; . . . it is only this doctrine, we say, that can explain to us the mysterious problem of Good and Evil, and reconcile man to the terrible and *apparent* injustice of life. Nothing but such certainty can quiet our revolted sense of justice. For, when one unacquainted with the noble doctrine looks around him, and observes the inequalities of birth and fortune, of intellect and capacities; when one sees honor paid fools and profligates, on whom fortune has heaped her favors by mere privilege of birth, and their nearest neighbor, with all his intellect and noble virtues — far more deserving in every way — perishing of want and for lack of sympathy; when one sees all this and has to turn away, helpless to relieve the undeserved suffering, one's ears ringing and heart aching with the cries of pain around him — that blessed knowledge of Karma alone prevents him from cursing life and men, as well as their supposed Creator. . . .

". . . This Law — whether Conscious or Unconscious — predestines nothing and no one. It exists from and in Eternity, truly, for it is ETERNITY itself; and as such, since no act can be co-equal with eternity, it cannot be said to act, for it is ACTION itself. . . . Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plans and creates causes, and Karmic law adjusts the effects; which adjustment is not an act, but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say that it is the bough which broke our arm, or that our own folly has brought us to grief? Karma has never sought to destroy intellectual and individual liberty, like the God invented by the Monotheists. It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man; nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary, he who unveils through study and meditation its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the windings of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life, is working for the good of his fellow-men."— II, pp. 303-305

The knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation at once explains why things are as they are. Also it gives one courage to accept and to work out the duty of the hour. We are confronted with a past of our own making; but the present and future are ours to mold at will. Fortunately, we cannot remember our past lives. For inevitably, in re-living vivid

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bygone experiences we should lose sight of present opportunities and duties. It is best to "let the past dead bury the dead." Katherine Tingley has said:

"Do every act as an intent and loving service of the Divine Self of the world, putting your best into it in that way.

"Thus living, your struggles will gradually end, one by one, in victory. Success does not come without effort, without long and often repeated effort, but the intensity and imposed necessity of the struggle, your very desire to make the effort, show you that there is already a 'living power' within your heart that demands and will reward beyond all conception your strong and unflinching service.

"Fear nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. Understand me when I say that in the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters: it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye, up to that of tuition. It stands as a Monument, a reminder of past weakness and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself; you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor, though you have failed a hundred times. Try slowly to make it your motive for fidelity that others may be faithful. Fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for *them*, not yourself. Not for thousands of years have the opposing forces been so accentuated. Not one of you can remain neutral; if you think you can, and seek to do so, in reality you are adding your powers to those of darkness and lending your strength to the forces of evil. The cry has gone out to each, and each must choose. This is your opportunity."

"You are face to face with the defeats of the past, but in your hands is a new weapon forged in all past struggles. Wherefore, arise, claim your own, move on to the Sublime Peace that shall follow the final Victory."

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

Is not this a timely and inspiring message for a bewildered world, challenged by the chaos, the doubt, the despair and bitter suffering that it is reaping from the sowing of past errors and half-truths? Here is the solution of all the problems — individual, national, and international — dual forces everywhere in conflict, Karma and Reincarnation to be reckoned with, and victory awaiting our recognition of the divine inner Warrior. True, it is a radical change of view from the old belittling, skeptical, confusing, and timid ideas we have had for centuries. But it is as comprehensive as it is simple and practical. Is it not useless longer to look for light from other quarters? Science has nothing adequate to offer from its specialty. The church, after centuries of appeal to the fears of 'miserable sinners,' to be saved by vicarious suffering, has lost the clue to the divinity within which can and must 'work out' salvation from self-made wrongs. The erstwhile confident theories and plans of financiers and captains of industry and diplomats and reformers and military authorities and educators and other specialists, fall short in the face of the present problems involving the welfare of the whole human family.

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The entire structure of modern civilization is recognised as in danger. Its gigantic and elaborate institutions are insecure because built without due regard to each other and upon inadequate foundations. The Ancients warned against the 'heresy of separateness,' knowing that selfishness is fated to work out its own disintegration. The simple, direct, immediate and only sure way out of the world's present dilemma is to think in terms of brotherhood and to believe in the whole truth. The modern world is too closely knit together in mental and material interests safely to ignore its primal spiritual solidarity. Our systems of transportation, of commerce, of industry, our arts and sciences, our fashions and fads and follies, have made the world an international neighborhood. And the lesson is forced home upon us now that we are our neighbor's keepers.

Because brotherhood is founded upon man's divine birthright, whatever victory is won by one, in the way of real liberty and progress, the same reacts to benefit all. The common enemy is the selfish animal nature which has dominated the body and used the brain for its own ends for many lives. But there is a new order of things impending, and all may hasten its advent. It is a time to carry our military and organizing experience on to a plane of action that is worthy of the inner warrior. The first practical step toward finding the hidden power of the real self is to believe in it, and the next step is to act on that faith. It only needs high motives in operating the mental and material machinery of modern life, to work out a world-democracy of endeavor, with equality of opportunity for every soul to find its own path of light and liberation.



“THERE are many men and women now on earth who studied and practised occultism long ago in other lives and made some progress. But they went too much along the line of astral science, of alchemy or magic, pure and simple. Thus they not only deluded themselves, but made a strong affinity between themselves and the lower group of agents in nature. The consequence is that they are now reborn with two natures, the one opposing the other. One is the old force of a desire for a really spiritual life, and the other a strong passional nature that is due to the forces generated along the lower lines of force. A continual war is set up. The old astral knowledge is obscured; the old spiritual desire is present; while the astral knowledge and practice, as well as the alchemical study or force, has been transformed into passion, and trouble and delay are the result.”— W. Q. JUDGE

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C. J. RYAN



NEW piece of evidence in the ever-interesting problem of the descent of man has just been found in Africa, in the 'Bone Cave' at Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia. It consists of a skull and parts of other bones of a 'primitive' type of human being. The skull and the tibia are in excellent preservation, very little if at all mineralized. The remains have been presented to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, and are now the subject of highly technical scientific discussion. And well they may be, for they present new problems not easily solved upon the lines of popular Darwinism.

The skull combines curiously inconsistent attributes. There is a marked gorilla-like prominence of the eyebrow-ridges, giving the upper part of the face an ape-like appearance and obscuring the shape of the forehead; the lower part of the face projects considerably, and there must have been an immense lower jaw (missing) of the Neanderthal type. (The Neanderthal race was not ancestral to modern man, but was a separate and now extinct species, with low forehead, but very large brain.) In contrast to the ape-like characters, the brain-case is modern in type with only the thickness and structure of the average European and is larger than that of many existing races; the upper jaw, though large is typically human, the palate being well-domed and perfectly adapted for speech. The teeth are absolutely human, and are partly decayed by disease. The head was perfectly balanced on the trunk, not, as in Neanderthal man, pushed forward. The posture of the figure, on the assumption that the leg bones belong to the skull, was quite upright, there being no trace of the crouching attitude of some degraded types.

In fact, the remains display a strange combination of human and animal characters, and the experts are naturally puzzled and unable to place this ancient African in sequence. The position in which the bones were found and their condition afford no conclusive evidence as to their possible date; it looks as if they will raise more difficulties from the Darwinian standpoint, than they will solve.

From the Theosophical point of view the new discovery is not surprising, for we know that all kinds of barbaric, more or less degraded, types were in existence in various parts of the world contemporaneously with the Atlantean civilization, and hybrids (many of them ancestors of the modern anthropoid apes) were thrown off in the early Tertiary period

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by illicit breeding between men and the lower apes — a possibility then. It does not follow that the Rhodesian individual was sub-human; he appears to have been truly man, though of low grade.

It is profoundly interesting to the student of Theosophy — particularly to those who worked in the early days of the Movement when the teachings of the Secret Doctrine were first brought to the attention of the western world by the devotion and energy of H. P. Blavatsky in daring defiance of the materialistic dogmatism of some scientists,— to find that the whole trend of the science of the present epoch is in the exact direction she indicated and for stating which she was so shamefully attacked! On the lines of evolution she declared that man was not the progeny of the anthropoid ape nor of any kind of ape, but that at the time the Tertiary anthropoids were roaming the European or Asiatic forests there were certain parts of the earth in which a truly civilized human race flourished, and that the real origin of man had to be looked for millions of years before the first anthropoid came into existence. Today, we find that the ape-ancestry theory is being abandoned by its best friends. To be sure, scientists have not yet accepted (or discovered) the spiritual origin of self-conscious, reasoning man, as outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*, but no biologist can give us one single fact to prove, from the ordinary biological standpoint, where or how intelligent man, *Homo sapiens*, came first into existence. Everything is in the melting-pot, so to speak. The famous Professor Sir Arthur Keith says:

“Even expert geologists, anatomists, and archaeologists will have some sense of the humorous situation we have reached in human palaeontology.”

The problem of the famous Java ‘Ape-man,’ *Pithecanthropus erectus*, is a genuine source of humor to the dispassionate outsider. Professor Boule, of France, says the remains are those of a giant gibbon “moving towards the human stem” in development. Professor Keith and several other distinguished authorities believe that it probably “represents a very early stage in human evolution,” but that it is of *very low development* if human. Now what is the very latest about *Pithecanthropus*? To quote from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for April 22, 1922:

“At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society, the Berlin anatomist Dr. Mair gave an illustrated lecture on the bregma (the point of junction of the sagittal and coronal sutures) discussing more particularly the *pithecanthropus*. Mair has made researches on 2,000 skulls. . . . Following the statements made by Gustav Schwalbe, the lecturer gave a description of the skull-cap of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, which was found by Dubois in Java, some thirty years ago, along with a femur bone and a tooth. Whereas Rudolf Virchow considered these remains to be those of an anthropoid ape, Schwalbe recognised in them a combination of human and animal characteristics. Mair, however, expressed his opinion to the effect that the *pithecanthropus* skull did not differ essentially from other types of human skulls, and that *it coincided very closely with that of the Aurignac man*. [Italics ours.] An extensive

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discussion following the lecture led to no common agreement with reference to the position of pithecanthropus in the chain of highly organized mammals."

What is the Aurignac man? According to Professor Keith (who says the Java man is probably *sub-human*) the Aurignac race made carvings in ivory, necklaces, barbed implements of bone as well as flint implements; their brain-capacity was much larger than the modern average, they were very tall and well-developed, and altogether a magnificent race "capable of conceiving and appreciating high works of art." (Keith, *The Antiquity of Man*, ch. iii.) Surely there is some element of humor in the fact that one authority can speak of Pithecanthropus as practically the missing link, a sub-human creature, while another determines that he "coincided very closely" with the splendid Aurignacian race!

To quote further; the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for March 4, 1922, in a report of a lecture by Professor Heck of the Berlin Zoological Garden on anthropoid apes and man, says:

"Whereas apes during the juvenile period show a certain resemblance to human beings, with increasing age an ever greater diversity can be noted. ● On the basis of anatomical findings and from comparisons with the skeleton of the Neanderthal man, Heck shows that the present-day apes cannot possibly be our ancestors. The anthropoid apes must have at a very early period branched off from an ancestral type common to man and owing to their arboreal habits got 'stuck' as it were, thus failing to develop."

In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky shows how perfectly the fact that the anthropoid apes become less human as they grow older harmonizes with and illustrates the Theosophical teaching that they had a partly human ancestry. A newspaper report from Paris announces that Professor Couzière has just stated before the Academy of Medicine that "man evolved parallel with monkeys, but not from monkeys, and that in this evolutionary process the monkeys split into a multitude of species while man developed only one." (March 22, 1922) Professor P. I. Pocock, in *Conquest*, January, 1922, after an exhaustive discussion of the remains of early man, says:

"An answer can now be given to your question: 'Have researches into the past history of man revealed the existence of a species combining to such an extent the characters of apes and men as to deserve the title 'Missing Link'?' The answer is emphatically 'No.' Admittedly, every one of the species above enumerated shows in a varying degree ape-like characters more or less lost in existing man; but so far as the material available warrants an opinion, they all belong unmistakably to the human family. Even the so-called ape-man of Java. . . ."

In regard to an impression widely held that the geological periods are thoroughly well known as far as their order of succession goes this is not necessarily correct. To quote from G. McReady Price, professor of geology at the Pacific Union College, California:

"Recent discoveries in geology have raised the whole question of the accuracy and reliability of the geological classifications. Among other things, the great areas where the rocks

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have been found in the 'wrong' order, the so-called 'older' on top and the so-called 'younger' below, as in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta and Montana, have, in the minds of some scientists, thrown the whole question of geological 'ages' into the melting-pot. Some geologists think they have explained these matters in such a way as to save their theory, but others have grown quite skeptical."

This being so, the relative ages of the various prehistoric skulls is also thrown into the melting-pot! Even the calculations of the absolute age of such recent (geologically-speaking) periods as the Tertiary have been greatly shaken by the discovery of radio-activity. From the rate of the breaking down of uranium into radium, the Eocene, the earliest Tertiary formation, has been calculated to be not less than 31,000,000 years old, instead of a paltry three or four million as generally supposed, and the Oligocene, *in which human flint implements* have been found, dates from at least 6,000,000 years ago!

A very curious discovery is reported from the Humboldt Mountains in Nevada, and if true as described, may be possibly explained on the basis that the geologists have actually got the order of the stratified rocks out of place in their tables. This discovery consists of what appears to be a petrified sole of a shoe with smoothly cut edges and with a double row of stitches, one near the outside edge and the other about a third of an inch inside the first. It has been submitted by Mr. J. T. Reid, a mining engineer of Lovelock, Nebraska, to several eminent scientists. Mr. Reid says that under a strong glass the tiny holes appeared with such exact regularity that it set at naught the laws of probability to believe that the fossil was anything except the handiwork of man. The symmetry is preserved throughout and the edges are rounded off as if it were freshly cut leather from the hands of an expert shoemaker. Yet as it comes from the blue limestone of the Triassic period (a later division of the Secondary Age) which may have been laid down a hundred million years ago, no orthodox geologist can possibly admit that it is anything more than a 'freak of nature.' Dr. Matthew, Palaeontologist of the American Museum of Natural History, and Dr. Kemp, Professor of Geology at Columbia University, both agreed that it was the most surprising imitation of man's work that had ever come to their attention, but Mr. Reid was told that any detailed study of the thing was useless because man did not exist in the Triassic period according to the theory of evolution, which only allowed the human race 500,000 years or so in Europe and perhaps 30,000 in America. Mr. Reid is apparently not satisfied with being put off this way, for he says:

"The two scientists that I have talked to take their stand that the Darwinian theory is so completely proved that man could not have possibly existed during the Triassic period, that only lower forms of life then existed, and they say that no amount of evidence that this was a genuine fossil shoe would convince them that it was such, although they admit that the resem-

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blance to the sole of a shoe is exact and extends to so many particulars. Under a glass, it is perfectly plain that the leather was first perforated by a fine perforating machine before it was sewed. But they admitted that they would not consider any evidence of the genuineness of the fossil because they were so wedded to a theory which would make it impossible."

We need not accept the authenticity of the so-called fossil shoe-sole without further corroboration, but we must remember that there are several well-known cases in which human remains have been reported in strata of such enormous antiquity that the anthropologists refused to accept them as authentic because they put the existence of man "too far back." For instance, there are the famous Calaveras County (California) remains — a skull and stone implements, weapons and ornaments — about which Dr. Keith says:

"were such discoveries in accordance with our expectations, if they were in harmony with the theories we have formed regarding the date of man's evolution, no one would ever dream of doubting them, much less of rejecting them."— *Antiquity of Man*, p. 284

And Dr. Munro:

"If the so-called Calaveras skull be accepted as a genuine relic of the period . . . it would prove the existence of a highly developed man earlier than the Pliocene period. . . . People who profess to believe that the . . . stone implements, weapons, and ornaments . . . are relics of a human civilization of that period, are upholding opinions, which, if true, would be absolutely subversive, not only of the doctrine of human evolution, but of the principles on which modern archaeology is founded."— *Archaeology and Fake Antiquities*

There are many other relics of ancient man, such as the Nampa Image, the skeletons at Castenedolo, Italy, etc., which are entirely out of place according to the modern archaeological doctrine, but which are yet quite unexplained — except by denial.* It will be interesting for students of Theosophy to see how many discoveries of Tertiary intelligent man will be requisite before science accepts the teaching of Theosophy that civilized man was on earth at least eighteen millions of years ago!

Before leaving the subject of prehistoric man mention must be made of a recent confirmation of the existence of intelligent man — *not* the most brutal type — in England before the Red Crag period of the Tertiary. Clumsy flint implements, eoliths, have been found in that immensely ancient deposit, brought down by aqueous agency from some nearby land-surface, and there has been much learned discussion about them, many denying that they were really worked by man. They are the rudest and simplest kind of chipped stones we know of, and have been used by some to testify to the extremely animal condition of primitive man at the earliest period known to science. But now comes the remark-

*This question is fully discussed in Paper Number 13, *Prehistoric Man and Darwinism*, of the School of Antiquity, Point Loma.

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ably interesting information that flint implements have been recognised in the Red Crag of a far more advanced character, in fact resembling those of the Mousterian period, thousands, perhaps millions of years later, when the Neanderthal men, a large-brained and indisputably intelligent race, occupied parts of Europe. To quote from an article in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) by Dr. Capitan, Professor of the Collège de France, etc.:

“L'étude de ces silex a permis de reconnaître sur une quarantaine d'entre eux les caractères d'une taille intentionnelle indiscutable, particulièrement sur six pièces, racloirs ou pointes du type moustérien, dont nous devons la communication à M. Moir lui-même qui en possède environ une vingtaine semblables, d'après l'abbé Breuil qui les a examinées sur place. . . . La taille intentionnelle des silex d'Ipswich, reconnue authentique, constitue un fait considérable pour l'histoire de l'Homme dont l'origine se trouve ainsi reculée à une époque formidablement éloignée.”*

The archaeologist Breuil is one of the highest authorities on primitive man, and the question of well-made chipped stone tools at this enormously early period is now settled. It is indeed a “formidable” fact when we consider that according to the theory that man is a comparatively recent descendant of some kind of animal nothing of the kind should be found, until far later.

In spite of the many popularizers of the materialistic theory of evolution, it is noteworthy that the ‘*design*’-argument is coming to the front again in advanced scientific minds; that there is less of the crass materialism which insisted that the orders and families of living beings were determined by pure chance and that ‘accidental’ variations account for everything, including the presence of man on earth. For instance, the recent address by Dr. Lucien Cuentot, the eminent French biologist, before the Second International Congress of Eugenics, upon the ingenious mechanical devices to be found in the insect world, was inspired by the principle that there was something deeper than chance and mechanical, blind force as a moving cause. In considering the possibilities of the design-theory, he mentioned an immense number of perfectly-formed artifices in animal structure, such as the faculty of the cuttle-fish to blacken the water with ink in order to escape, and its system of snaps, like those on a glove, to buckle its outer skin to its throat (a device only patented by man about forty years ago) and especially the flying apparatus of the birds. On the design-theory of evolution it would seem reasonable that special organs were gradually developed before their opportunity came

*A study of these flints has enabled one to recognise on some forty of them the marks of indisputably intentional chipping, particularly on six specimens, scrapers or [arrow-]heads of the Mousterian type, a fact communicated to us by M. Moir himself, who possesses about a score of others similar, according to the abbé Breuil who has examined them in place. . . . The intentional chipping — recognised as real — of the Ipswich flints, constitutes an important fact for the history of Man, whose origin is thus moved back to a period formidably distant.

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for actual use; on the chance-theory such organs, while yet incomplete or imperfect, being not only useless but injurious, would perish.

The archaeopteryx, the earliest known member of the feathered tribe, extinct for millions of years, was a link between reptiles and modern birds, but it had true feathers and could fly. No predecessor of the archaeopteryx has been found, but Dr. Cuentot predicted that such an ancestor would be discovered and that it would be a feathered reptile *without the power of flight*, a definite stage on the journey *towards the 'final intention,'* the true bird,— the Idea in the Archetypal Mind of Divinity as we should say in Theosophy. In the evolution of the horse from a small five-toed animal, we have fossils of a considerable number of stages through which the *final intention* was reached. Students of Theosophy, who greatly desire to see modern thought shake off the fetters of atheistic materialism, can ask nothing better than to see the more intuitive minds in science moving in the direction indicated by Dr. Cuentot's remarks.

Ars longa, vita brevis: recent discoveries in the caves and hollows under rocks in Spain prove that however short our individual lives may be, the art instinct in man is indeed of immense antiquity. The drawings and paintings found there have at last forced upon archaeologists (who have only lately accepted the facts, after the most strenuous denials*) the unexpected knowledge that one school of artists, living in the Quaternary Period — probably not *less* than fifty thousand years ago — worked in the spirit of the most vigorous modern art and showed a brilliant appreciation of vital action and movement in the human figure. An exhibition of the prehistoric art of Spain has lately been held at Madrid by the Amigos de los Artes which has made a profound impression upon all who have seen it, not only on account of the curious archaeological interest of the works but mostly because of the wonderful skill in drawing, painting, and sculpture displayed by the prehistoric artists. In contrast to the well-known animal-paintings in the dark caverns of Altamira in northern Spain, etc., which are portrait-like in accuracy but not distinguished by the representation of action, the southern examples from the Levante district, though far more sketchy in drawing, are characterized by a vigor and energy unknown except to the best art of the historic period. In place of single figures, chiefly of animals, such as have been found in palaeolithic art, these drawings consist largely of groups of human figures in action. Sr. Elias Tormo, a well-known Spanish critic, says in the catalog:

*The Altamira cave-pictures were discovered by Don Marcelino de Santuola in 1879, but it was not till 1902 that Professor Cartailhac published his famous '*Mea culpa d'un sceptique.*'

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“In the presence of scenes of the chase, of fighting, and running, briefly annotated in these rough drawings, the whole art of the ancient Egyptians (so many thousands of years posterior) and the art of Mesopotamia appear very old things. . . . When one observes how the truth of line is sacrificed to the expression of dynamic truth, one sees the triumph of a surprising and unexpected modernism.”

Till lately, when the term ‘archaic art’ was used, one immediately thought of the stiff and formal statues of Egypt, Mesopotamia, or early Greece, and of the crude carvings of modern savages, and so it naturally comes as a shock to many to find a school of art so old that Egypt is but as yesterday in which ‘archaic’ rigidity of style is conspicuously absent and the keen observation of human and animal life in spirited action is the leading feature. One of the sketches represents a person on a rope-ladder collecting honey in a basket from a hole in a cliff while the bees are attacking his bare skin! Another shows a tremendous fight between several men armed with bows and arrows.

The finding of these works proves how truly H. P. Blavatsky spoke when she said that totally unexpected discoveries would be made, apparently by accident (just as these Spanish pictures were) which would compel modern scientists to revise their limited views about the pre-history of man in the direction indicated in *The Secret Doctrine*. It is of great interest to students of Theosophy to observe how every new discovery tends to confirm the outlines of her teachings. With reference to the few prehistoric drawings (on bone and ivory) known when she wrote (1888) she says they represent an atavistic return or flash of the immensely older culture of the lost continent of Atlantis reappearing among the semi-savage descendants of some of the Atlanteans who colonized Europe, egos whose progress was retarded for thousands of years by the weight of the bad karma they had generated in the spiritually debased decline of Atlantis during previous incarnations. Though we have turned the corner we have hindrances yet before we become really civilized!




“THE dwelling-place of the Word is man, and its truth is Love.
No way is hard where the heart is simple.
Nor is there any wound where the thoughts are upright.
Nor is there any storm in the depths of illuminated thought.”

— From *Odes and Psalms of Solomon*,
a MS. unearthed near the Tigris.

GEOPHYSICS

FRED. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

HE 'creep' of the Earth is occupying a certain amount of scientific attention at present. An article on this in *The Century Path* of November 14, 1909, contained some results of analysis of ancient data taken mainly from *The Secret Doctrine*, which were further examined in an essay, 'Ancient Astronomy in Egypt,' published in 1916, which latter included some heterodox views regarding the "law of the theory" of gravitation (also based on *The Secret Doctrine*).*

An important point as regards geophysics is that forces capable of producing the upheaval and submersion of immense continental systems, like those of the Lemurian and Atlantean epochs, must belong to a category of causes immensely and incalculably more powerful than anything so comparatively feeble and unvarying as 'gravitational' and 'centrifugal' so-called forces. At all events, suppose we grant this hypothesis, and further assume that the Earth actually does the same as has been recently suspected of the Sun (and other living things): namely that it expands axially while contracting equatorially, followed after a long period by the inverse process, and so on. It should be fairly obvious that internal powers capable of such effects must be easily competent, especially when cumulative action supervenes, of producing at times phenomena much more extensive than the 975,000 cubic miles of earth-displacement in the San Francisco region in 1906, adduced by Dr. A. C. Lawson.

Whether such alternations of shape do or do not occur, we do not propose to discuss. *The Secret Doctrine* says they do, and that is a sufficient hint for some people. But what may prove of particular interest at present is: the curious deductions that follow from the abandonment of the rather absurd notion that mother Earth is absolutely dead, along with the rest of the universe. Whereas the actual fact is that all in the universe, down to the tiniest atom, is alive and constantly "becoming" — during a Mahâmanvantara.

It is usually assumed, apparently, that an increase of latitude means a northward (or southward, in the southern hemisphere) movement of the ground. Not necessarily so. To illustrate this let us take a point on

*It is interesting to find Professor William H. Pickering now stating in *Popular Astronomy*, May 1922: "There is no direct attraction between a planet and the sun, and no centrifugal force exhibited. We thus see that it is an error to state that bodies attract one another across empty space, and we also find an additional reason . . . to believe in the existence of the ether."

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the Earth's ground-surface at mean sea-level, at $45^{\circ} 1' 57''$ north latitude, say 68,000 years ago, when the equatorial radius was say 3964.03 miles, and the polar 3948.615 -- the spheroid-volume being assumed the same as at present. That point must then have been 3097.972 miles from the equator, measured along the surface. The length of the quadrant from equator to pole would then have been 6214.582 miles, whereas now it is 6215.123. If the expansion of length were equally distributed, the present position of the same point would be 3098.241 miles from the equator, but its latitude would be exactly 45° . (Present equatorial radius taken as 3963.34, and polar 3949.99.) So we have a northward movement of the ground corresponding to a *decrease* of latitude.

Again, if we take a point 30° north 68,000 years ago, it would have been 2061.548 miles from the equator. The same point would now be 2061.725 north, with a latitude of $29^{\circ} 58' 51''$ (that of the Great Pyramid). A northward movement, but a decrease of latitude.

What may be the actual period of such possible alternations, is a moot point. Possibly one 'vibration' or half-cycle may occupy 'three hours,' if one 'hour' means 3600 years, but this is mere speculation, as still more powerful causes of change appear to become operative from time to time.

CONCERNING LAW-BREAKERS

LUCIEN B. COPELAND



WID you ever break the law? . . . You did? — *break* it? Well, everyone will probably say so too,— if he's honest. But, all the same, he hasn't. No, not man made laws -- the *dos* and *don'ts* written in statute-books; but real laws, the kind that need no writing, that do not even have to be legislated, because they *are*.

Now most of us will admit having broken these laws — God's laws, if you please; and point -- if we have to — to this and that sorry result as proof: poor health, an ineffective life, a damaged reputation, an unhappy home,— any one or more of a thousand things counted as unfortunate or reprehensible and making for disintegration.

But wait a minute! What is disintegration? — the opposite of integration? Quite so.

But does it follow that one is the result of law kept and the other of law broken? Hardly.

The process of disintegration is accomplished, not by breaking, but

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by keeping the law -- the law of disintegration,— just as integration is accomplished by keeping its law.

And the more strictly and devotedly either law is kept, the greater must be its results. A trite enough comment, but worth recognition.

Of course it is obvious that no law can be broken, and that the expression, 'breaking the law,' is only a figure of speech. Someone may add that to debate the matter at all is at best but a rhetorical quibble.

Still, inaccuracy in expression, more often than not, is a fairly faithful reflexion of inaccuracy in thought; and a surprising number of minds seem to entertain a kind of vague idea that certain laws, when disregarded, have a sort of back-action, as it were, almost as if endowed with personality — and a jealous one, which can show resentment.

By the way, can that be where we really get our idea of 'divine retribution'?

But how often does it occur to us that the consequences we dislike are but the logical results of law-operations we have ourselves evoked, consciously or carelessly?

It is a fact — isn't it? We *started* it — didn't we? — every time.

As this thought settles in, the grim pall of personal responsibility may settle also, — which is quite as it should be. But its secondary action may be — *can* be — to open our mental shutters to opportunity.

Now opportunities are of two kinds: those that just come and those we invite; the sort that *seem* to happen fortuitously, as if so ordered by a supervising providence; and another sort that is free from any suspicion of chance origin, because consciously summoned by one's own volition.

So why wait for opportunity to knock at the door?

Why not knock at the door of opportunity?

Human conduct is the knocker; volition, the hand that raises it.

Like everything else under the sun, opportunity must be the product of natural law; and since we cannot help evoking law, in every act of our lives, why not be good evokers? — evokers of good? — good to ourselves? — to everyone?

Is not this the working basis for the wonderful promises in the *Book of the Golden Precepts*? —

"Thou canst create this 'day' thy chances for thy 'morrow.'"

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

What a spur to effort! -- to a try at "self-directed evolution"!

THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the June issue)



MARK'S natural reserve kept him from any desire to become intimate with those he met at the lodge-meetings. He tried to escape notice, but was a keenly interested observer. His ignorance oppressed him and inclined him to look upon some of the most prominent persons as people of a higher order, who were on intimate terms with occult arts and sciences of which he knew nothing. Later he found reason to be less generous in his acceptance of these imposing personalities at their own valuation, but for a time he felt himself outclassed intellectually and more or less an intruder

But one evening as these people were debating and discussing, he noticed a strange look in the eyes of Madame Blavatsky, who was gazing into the far end of the room as if in search of someone, and there was a sadness and disappointment in her look that to Mark seemed like loneliness. He thought that he could see behind the veil and realized that the teacher was indeed alone, not finding one to understand her purpose or appreciate her teaching in all the crowd of visitors.

He felt a pang of sympathy for the greathearted woman who was so tragically isolated. The impression was but momentary and then he was swept off by the tide of discussion into the backwater of his own ignorance. But it seemed to him that a veil had been lifted for him to see the great Theosophical teacher standing alone among her followers, holding open a door for them to pass through into the light, if they could see the way.

The day hung heavily on his hands and when he tried to write his experiences to Maggie he could only tell her of his loneliness and his homesickness. He spent much time in reading Theosophy, between his visits to the hospital and long wanderings in the city, choosing by preference the crowded district of Shoreditch that lay between the hospital and his hotel. The dirt and degradation of that region seemed more human than the respectability and commercialism of the prosperous quarters. But his favorite place of meditation in fine weather was the top of an omnibus, where he could read or dream undisturbed by the roaring traffic of the streets

Gradually he began to realize that he had entered a stream of thought and feeling with which he was moving towards some goal not clearly visible. Membership in this Society would mean a new moral responsibility. He knew that he would not be able to satisfy his conscience by making donations to the expenses of the lodge, nor by attending meetings. He must work in some way, and he knew that his services would be worth little to such a cause unless he could qualify himself to stand as a Theosophist.

The obvious preliminary was to study the teaching and try to apply the principles to his own way of living before attempting to teach others; and in

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this respect he differed widely from the majority of new members, who generally seemed to think that the only duty of a Theosophist was to talk Theosophy.

Mark was too practical to fool himself in that way. He had a great admiration for the quick understanding of his friend Malcolm Forster, whose time was fully occupied with his art and with the demands of a large circle of acquaintances and who yet found time to study *The Secret Doctrine*, Madame Blavatsky's new work, and to study it intelligently. But he could not help thinking that the majority of members who talked so learnedly showed little inclination to allow their high ideals to interfere with their ordinary habits of life.

The role of propagandist was altogether foreign to his nature, but he decided to make an effort in that direction by talking to Tony. The experiment was hardly a success because he found himself unable to explain clearly the drift of Theosophy and the definite aims of the Society. Tony was not antagonistic, and listened to what Mark had to say without objection but also without enthusiasm. Feeling that he was not making headway in his missionary enterprise he fell back upon the book that had so deeply stirred his own imagination and offered it to the boy with the recommendation of Margaret's name attached. This guarantee was enough to insure its being read attentively at least, and Mark felt that he had better leave the matter there.

Next time he visited the hospital, Tony produced the book from under his pillow, saying: "I wish Aunt Nita was here."

Mark understood and smiled. "You will see her soon at home."

'At home?' echoed Tony wonderingly, as if the words were strange to him.

Mark nodded cheerily as he replied: "Yes. The doctor says you can travel in a day or two, and so we shall be home in no time now. Nita has got your room ready for you."

"It's awfully good of you to talk like that to me," said the boy with genuine gratitude in his voice. Then with a smile of almost childish delight he added: "Fancy! Going home! and Nita there!"

Mark noticed that he was still holding the book, and he wondered what would be the verdict, but waited patiently, speaking of Nita and the journey and such things while Tony kept the book in his hand. At last he alluded to it diffidently, asking Mark if it would be possible for him to get a copy of it.

"Keep that!" said Mark. "I will get another. I mean to take a lot of books down to Crawley when we go home." They both felt it impossible to discuss the subject there in the ward; and Tony was glad to have time to digest what he had read before venturing to formulate an opinion, for his mind was in confusion; clear thinking is not easy to untrained minds, though lack of education may be no hindrance to the intuitive perception of truth and beauty.

Mark's kindness affected the boy deeply; kindness of that kind had never before been offered to him, nor had he ever expected it. He had provided for himself without help, and had never known the need of it till now. To help

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others was natural to him but it was a new experience to be dependent on the kindness of strangers.

Somehow he could not look upon Mark Anstruther in that light, and Crawley manor-house had been a familiar fable to him from infancy; and now it was Nita's home. So he felt no hesitation in allowing Mark to arrange for his journey there nor in accepting hospitality that was so delicately disguised as to resemble more a natural family-arrangement than an invitation to a stranger. The air of mystery surrounding the fabled home of his ancestors had not been lessened by his moonlight visit to the place, and even now he could hardly take it seriously.

The presence of Nita there was still a mystery, but the joy of finding her in such a home was such a relief from his long anxiety on her account that he could easily forgo his curiosity as to how she came there.

Mark would have warned the boy not to question her, but felt it would be indelicate to suggest that her mind was unbalanced, and so he left the matter to Miss Margaret herself, who closely questioned her little brother as to his past life but told him nothing of her own.

Tony had nothing to conceal so far as his own conduct was concerned; but he drew the veil over the darker side of human life encountered in his wanderings, out of consideration for his 'Aunt Nita,' who was a kind of guardian-angel in his eyes.

But she had learned to read men's hearts and look unmoved upon the unveiled savagery that ran riot there; and now she saw with joy that 'little Tony' had grown up into a youth with generous and chivalrous ideals which had not been corrupted by his contact with the world. The joy of this discovery was tempered by the flood of memories that it let loose upon her. It seemed as if the flood-gates of forgetfulness had broken to release the ghostly torrent. But the broken gates still held, and by an effort she shut out the ghosts of memory and turned the tide of recollection.

Her brother wondered at her reticence, expecting still to hear the story of her life from her own lips. But of that she never spoke, and he forbore to question her, suspecting that the tale would give her pain; but never dreaming that her mind was clouded so that she could not disentangle memories from dreams and fancies.

Nor was Mark Anstruther communicative. He too seemed more than willing to forget the past; so Tony was tempted to try Rebecca, but he concluded that it would be as profitless as to interrogate the Sphinx. The manor-house was not a home for gossip, most assuredly. A veil was drawn across the picture of the past and no one tried to raise it. Tony accepted the silence as part of the mystery of his new home, where all was beautiful. His sister seemed happy and utterly content.

But the journey and the change in his surroundings had upset him; he was restless and unreasonable. He lay and wondered what was the story of her life. He found it hard to keep silence when she sat with him alone sewing

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or reading. Soon she guessed what was passing in his mind, and would have told him all, but could not. So she opened the old piano, hoping to work a magic spell upon him; and in that she was successful.

Tony listened in rapture and became a child again, clapping his hands and crying "More, more!" as soon as she stopped. It seemed to him that the veil had vanished and the mystery was cleared away. He hardly cared to know the past; the present moment was so full of beauty; and it seemed to bridge the gulf of time so that it was the Nita of his childhood who was singing him to sleep as she had done so often in his infancy. And just as then, he fell asleep contentedly and Margaret herself forgot the darkness of the years that lay between those days and this. Time is a magician in his way, a great deluder surely; but the spells he weaves are powerless before the magic of a song when the singer of the song is love.

And Mark, listening outside, thought that the sunset was more wonderful than usual. It seemed to have a magic in it that was new to him; but he was at no loss to explain the mystery. He was initiated and knew the power of music to lift the veil of nature and reveal the spirit-world behind the barriers of matter.

And Tony dreamed that he had lost his way in a dark labyrinth of caves and could not find the light, when all at once a song came floating down to him and wrapped him in a luminous mantle and bore him up out of the darkness into the sweet light of day, and laid him on a bed of heather where the west wind fanned his cheek. Then the song melted into the glow of sunset and Nita sat beside him reading to him, and he was a child again, but full grown.

Next day when he awoke it seemed to him as if a new life had opened. He looked around him: nothing was changed in his surroundings; he could not walk and any exertion gave him pain, but he was happy, serenely happy, and content to lie there and to dream. It seemed as if he had become one of this household, where the past was blotted out by mutual consent. He was at home. That in itself was a new experience. He tried to understand just what it meant to be at home and got no farther than the sense of being where he belonged.

In reality this simple idea was a philosophical discovery of considerable importance; for it implied the recognition of the existence of law in life, a general law that assigns to each one the place where he belongs according to the inherent fitness of things. This discovery reduced that great fetish CHANCE to a mere name for unknown causes and undiscovered laws.

This was a step towards Theosophy which had not yet been openly discussed, perhaps because all the family were reading and thinking on the same lines, and even Rebecca felt that there was something happening, though what it was she could not guess.

The work at Crawley had increased with the arrival of the invalid, and Jane Wetherby had been engaged as general helper under Rebecca's directions. Her experience with old Sally made the severity of Rebecca's rule

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seem gentle; for Sally was a tyrant in her way, and had been feared by many; but Jane was protected against such fears by the torpor of her imagination and by her imperturbable good humor.

She had heard many weird tales of the doings at Crawley in the old days before wrecking and piracy were suppressed, and she still nursed a belief in the existence of several well-authenticated ghosts who haunted the lower regions of the manor-house. But she was not afraid to walk home in the dark to old Sally's cottage, of which she now had charge, nor to sleep there alone. The Crawley ghosts would not appear to any but a Cayley, so she was immune. But she avoided the lower regions of the house after sundown, not wishing to tempt providence.

She had a firm conviction that the Cayley family had been in league with the devil, and that the last of the name had gone to settle his account with his master among the heathen savages of California. Occasionally she would hold forth in this strain to the invalid, who thus learned many strange tales about his ancestry and who began to feel doubtful if he had done justice to the depth and blackness of his father's infamy. The late Dick Cayley began to assume the character of a hero in the magnificence of his crimes, which lifted him out of the ruck of common adventurers whom Tony had known in their sordid, unromantic villainy and vulgarity before he left the golden west.

He felt no inclination to claim kinship with such a family and was content to pass as an orphan foster-brother to the niece of Mark Anstruther, whose family history was a matter of some speculation to the gossips of the countryside.

From Jane he heard some stories of the romance of Sally's daughter, which explained what he already knew of Margaret's relationship to the old woman, which Jane supposed to be purely imaginary. Jane also recounted some of old Jimmy's tales with explanations of her own, that made a kind of 'crazy quilt' out of the fabric woven by the old fisherman's imagination. So her patient was told of the wreck and of the return of the ghost of poor Molly. And Tony wondered if there might not be some thread of actual fact interwoven in the tangled fairytale that Jane presented for his entertainment. She herself put no faith in Jimmy's stories; but Tony was still wondering how his half-sister had found her way home to Crawley as the niece of their father's partner. He began to realize that there was much that Nita could not tell him if she would.

His faith in her was such that it never entered his head to believe it possible that her history could contain pages of shame; and indeed if such had proved to be the case it would have made his love for her only more pitiful and tender. Nita could do no wrong,—whatever wrong she might have suffered in her struggle for freedom from the fetters fate and her father had put upon her life.

He felt that Mark had something of the same veneration for the one they both loved so unquestioningly. And now they had found a bond of union that lifted their fellowship to a plane above the chance of circumstance.

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For they all three had felt that in Theosophy they had discovered the foundations of reality in life and knew that their existence had a purpose and a meaning inseparably interwoven with the destiny of the whole human race. Beside the reality of this union the accidents of life seemed small indeed. The essential was their own acceptance of that reality.

In London Mark had met people who yearned to have knowledge of their own past lives. This seemed to him the most incredible insanity; for what hell can be more horrible than memory of shame: and how many lives are free from secret shame? and what boon more merciful than death, if death only means forgetfulness? Trying to peer into past lives seemed to him as bad as digging up a family graveyard. He was not troubled with this kind of curiosity, nor had he any desire for the phenomena of thaumaturgy and astral jugglery, which seemed to be the only subjects of interest to some of the most eager students of Theosophy.

The great problem of life, and the meaning of suffering, the possibility of progress, and man's responsibility for his own evolution, these and other similar subjects seemed to him worthy of a man's devotion, and Theosophy to him meant not so much knowledge to be acquired as a life to be lived with the crowning purpose of the establishment on earth of universal brotherhood.

He had heard learned students and expounders of Theosophy deplore the perversity of the 'old lady,' as they called Madame Blavatsky, in wasting her time teaching people the 'parrot-cry' of brotherhood, when she might have been more profitably employed in displaying her own psychic powers for the enlightenment of science or for the instruction of students in magic.

He saw clearly that for her, brotherhood was no parrot-cry nor a mere sentimental dream, but a necessary step in human evolution.

He understood that humanity, bewildered by false lights of speculation, and cramped by old dogmas in science and religion, was drifting to destruction on the rocks of materialism and selfishness. And the Theosophical Society seemed to him like an ark of safety that was building for the rescue of human society and civilization from the deluge of anarchy, foreseen and predicted by the founders of the Theosophical Movement. The building of this ark of safety was evidently hindered by the crowd of eager seekers for strange powers, and by the more frivolous dabblers in occult arts who, like village gossips, only wanted some new sensation or some marvel for their entertainment.

Mark was inclined to take the teachings of Theosophy on their own merits; and on his own judgment he decided that the teacher of such a doctrine was worthy of all the respect and gratitude at his disposal.

He had hesitated to apply for membership in the new Society merely because he feared to disgrace such a body by his own past. But Malcolm Forster had suggested that the future was more important than the past; and the future was his own to create at his will while the past could be forgotten also by an effort of will. So he had allowed himself to be persuaded, and put in his application feeling that in doing so he was actually pledging

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himself to a new ideal of life. To make this new ideal effective he felt that he must forget the past and live in the future. This seemed easy because it was so desirable; but memory is automatic and cannot be inhibited by a single effort of will.

Mark soon began to realize that he had undertaken a big task when he decided to wipe out the past. He saw that this operation might require considerable time to accomplish but he determined to convince himself of his own sincerity by making a sacrifice. Since he had been in London he had often sighed for a glass of the old brown brandy stored at Crawley in the secret cellar of the Cayleys. He would renounce the use of alcohol; and on his return the first thing he did was to close the contraband storehouse permanently. When this was done he felt that one ghost was laid.

This closing of the old cellar assumed the character of a mystic rite in the imagination of the master of Crawley. It was to him "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and marked his decisive break with the past.

It is easier, however, to wall up a doorway than to close the mouth of a babbler; and as long as Jane Wetherby lived she would be talking. Gossip was the breath of life to her; it was not malicious talebearing, indeed it was more akin to the innocent prattle of a child. But gossip however innocent is always malignant. It is like a cold draught that may be composed of pure air but which may prove fatal in its effects.

Jane would not injure any one alive and could not believe that anything she could say about the dead would affect them; so for Tony's entertainment she revived many strange tales of the doings of his ancestors, some of which tales were gruesome enough to have called for a protest from the ghosts that she declared to be still residents of the old house; but which only made her patient laugh incredulously.

There was one story that Jane loved to tell. She got it in part from old Jimmy Somers and partly from recollections of her reading of the *Family Herald*, with some additions of her own. The heroine was beautiful and extremely aristocratic, and she loved a particularly criminal Cayley, who disposed of his superfluous wives by enticing them to visit his secret store of precious stones and jewelry of fabulous value, which could only be reached by an underground passage with a trap in the floor that would give way beneath the feet of the victim, who was plunged into a deep well from which there was no escape.

Jane reveled in the dying agonies of the heroine and the fiendish glee of her demon-spouse, and then in whispers she described the rising of the ghost from the depths with a gurgling groan; and after that the final doom of the betrayer caught in his own trap and lured to his doom by the avenging ghost.

Tony's practical mind was shocked by this unsanitary way of disposing of superfluous wives, and his imagination being active began to make him fancy that there might be such a death-trap somewhere underneath the old smugglers' home from which rose odors of dampness and decay.

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He laughed at these stories without in the least offending the narrator, but they left in his mind a gloomy flavor that was not wholesome.

One day he told this story to Mark and was surprised to find that his host was seriously annoyed to hear that Jane was talking such nonsense. He earnestly begged Tony not to repeat anything of the sort in Margaret's hearing, hinting that her nervous condition might be aggravated by such morbid suggestions.

This was the first warning that the boy had received that all was not well with his sister. His own physical condition had occupied so much attention that he had not suspected any weakness in Nita's mental state.

Now he began to notice how carefully all allusion to her past life was avoided, particularly the period of which he knew nothing. Mark, too, seemed very unwilling to be drawn into reminiscences of any kind; and Tony was forced to conclude that there were dark places in the past and things to be forgotten, or at least most carefully concealed.

Thinking over these things as he lay alone in the room that his sister had arranged for his occupation, he began to wonder if Jane's ridiculous story with all its melodramatic horrors were not a fairly true allegory of life. The greed of wealth that acts as a lure to entice its victims to their doom was certainly not far-fetched, nor was the plunge into oblivion through the floor of the underground passage without its parallel in the life of men and women as he had seen it in the slums of cities as well as in the wilds of the 'golden west.' What were these poor mockeries of humanity, whose dreams of wealth had ended in black ruin and the oblivion of the pit, but ghosts that hovered near the fatal well like noxious vapors from the underworld where hopes decay and dreams of fabulous wealth are changed to slow remorse and memories of the things that might have been! What allegory can be as gruesome and grotesque as bare reality?

The accident that had so completely changed his own life had given an opportunity to his imagination to reveal to him all sorts of mysterious possibilities in the lives of others while reducing his own activities to the unaccustomed field of speculative philosophy. Every evening the three would meet in Tony's room to discuss Theosophy, and the discussion usually branched off as soon as started into all sorts of by-paths.

It seemed impossible for them to arrive at any conclusion on any single point, for the minds of all were stretching out to explore new fields of thought; and while the new teachings seemed strangely old and curiously familiar, yet each one looked at the familiar truth through a colored glass of changing tint and ever-varying focus. At times agreement seemed impossible, and discussion only added to the obstacles, until at last in despair they all were silent. Then music was called in to clear the clouds of thought away and to let in the light, and it was seldom that they did not find, each for himself, some simple resolution of the mental dissonances which discussion could display but never solve. For music is a marvelous solvent of the discords of the mind. It is like sunlight, whose radiance makes even the shadows luminous.

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Margaret's repertoire seemed inexhaustible, but she was really grateful for the supplies of new music that Malcolm Forster sent from time to time. His studio was somewhat of a meeting-place for musicians of all sorts, and in his letters he occasionally alluded to them as some new star of the lesser magnitude came into notice and enjoyed a brief popularity.

These letters were written to be read by Miss Margaret as well as Mark, and so he generally read them out for Tony's benefit also.

In one of them he spoke of a Spaniard who interested him more than the rest, because of his familiarity with certain aspects of Theosophy which had also a peculiar fascination for the painter. The Spaniard, who had traveled much, had learned some of the secret arts of certain Indian tribes and was himself a mesmerist of considerable power. He was, moreover, a fine musician with a reputation as a teacher that would have made him prosperous if he were content to settle down permanently anywhere. He was a diligent attendant at all Theosophical gatherings and devoted much pains to an attempt to beguile Madame Blavatsky into instructing him in those arts that she was supposed to have mastered in a high degree. But his efforts were fruitless. The founder of the Theosophical Society had more important matters to attend to, and Senor Morra got little encouragement from her in his anxiety to acquire knowledge of ceremonial magic. Indeed, on one occasion she had warned Malcolm Forster to be more careful as to his choice of friends. The artist was inclined to think that Madame Blavatsky was too hard on Morra, who certainly was a great musician and earnest in his desire for knowledge.

When Tony heard this name he looked at Nita and was surprised to see no sign of recognition in her face. She merely said the name was that of a well-known musical family, but showed no special interest in the man.

Could she have forgotten her old teacher? Certainly she never spoke of him now.

Mark remembered the name that Tony had let fall in telling his own story, and now he noticed the boy's look of surprise at Nita's lack of interest in the name. He wondered if Tony understood the situation, but he could not bring himself to discuss it, and the matter dropped.

(To be continued)



“WHEN Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature, and supplies his incompetencies.”— MENCIVS