

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“Originally the heart is in harmony with the Divine,  
But when caught in the various nets of the world,  
It finds it not easy to avoid mistakes.  
The attainment of immortality is not followed by the many.  
It is one’s lot to meet both good and evil.  
All the world has its appointed calamities  
Throughout countless ages.  
But there remains a divine light shining through the gloom.”

— *A Mission to Heaven*: Chinese Buddhist work translated by Richard

## MAN, THE CREATOR OF HIS OWN DESTINY

KATHERINE TINGLEY

**I**T is man’s duty to know human nature as it is, instead of blindly accepting its infirmities, insincerities, and pretenses. For ages men have tried many brain-made *remedies* for the world’s ills instead of applying the Theosophical principles for the *prevention* of the evils in human nature, which should be eliminated before they root themselves in habits of thought and action to such a degree that the one afflicted often gives up in despair the struggle to overcome his weaknesses.

Our prisons and insane asylums are open books which tell of the increased retrogression of the race. Without Theosophy we can find no remedy - - or rather, no means of prevention — that is permanent in its efficacy or that can give corrective enlightenment to the unfortunate. Before the mind of the youth is fevered and colored by selfishness, hidden desires, passions, and yearnings, the simple teachings of Theosophy should be made a part of his life. Thus the spiritual will become identified with the mental growth, and the youth begins early to avert the tragedies that would meet him in life if he were without the knowledge of Theosophy.

In traveling through the different countries and meeting the different aspects of human life socially and otherwise, it is astonishing to see so

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many of our young folk groping in the darkness, quite unprepared for the trials that await them. Physical degeneration is manifest everywhere. Where there is one young boy or girl living close to the standard of physical health and proper mental equipment, there are hundreds going in the opposite direction.

To build character on a solid foundation, the laws of physical health must be made one of the potent factors in the education of the youth. The ethics of simple dietary are greatly ignored generally in the training of our children. If we watch them at their meals we will find that unless they have been most carefully trained, their whole demeanor depicts merely the animal side of their natures. Imperfect dietary brings imperfect functioning of the physical organs. Then the mind is dulled and warped and does not meet the intellectual life with right understanding. A lack of discrimination in this regard makes good health impossible and leads to early death or to an old age marked with the karmic results of early neglect. And how can we carelessly overlook the importance of proper companionship?

Our youth in one sense have too much freedom and in another sense they are too much indulged. Their desires are given too much rein and they are deprived of some of the essential, fundamental privileges of life. For instance, as two things — in this case the ennobling and the base — cannot occupy the same place at the same time, why do we give the youth the license to read according to individual notions, desires, and uncultivated tastes, that quality of literature that creates a fevered state of mind and emotional excitement, and fosters undesirable tendencies?

According to Theosophy the body is the house or the temple wherein God — in the truest sense — lives, because the real man is immortal, and the light, the ray of immortality, dwells within him and is ever seeking the opportunity to guide the life on the path of virtue. But if the human mind is stored with non-essentials in youth, the habits of thought and action acquired in this way take precedence and turn the mind in the wrong direction, while the higher, the soulful part — that which expresses only the noblest attributes,— is unrecognised.

Another distressing limitation that should be considered by all who are devoted to the advancement of the human race, is the fact that implanted in the youthful mind is the idea that “man is born in sin,” and that he must carry the load of that sin all through life until he is redeemed according to the system of salvation that has been taught for ages. Theosophists do not accept the view that man is born in sin. Theosophy teaches that the immortal man possesses the power of self-adjustment, of self-directed evolution, and of ultimately overcoming all human weaknesses.

With this principle inculcated in the youth, life takes on a profound

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meaning — so encouraging and uplifting that at an early age a real enthusiasm is born for self-improvement — self-conquest. The following words from the Buddhist scriptures have their special application in this line of thought: “Religion springs from the heart, and religion dies at the heart.” There can be no truly religious life without the strong pure ray of aspiration glowing in the heart, illuminating the mind and keeping it *continuously* at one with the highest ideals.

Once the youth finds through Theosophy the basis of the Theosophic principles, there is created a spiritual enthusiasm — an incentive, a hope and a trust. The mind so possessed has no patience with the ‘hide-and-go-seek’ method of thinking and living. It puts behind itself deceit, hypocrisy, selfishness, and unwholesome desires. These enter not into the heart, the mind, or the life.

And so we find as we think of the youth’s possibilities, that the teachings of Theosophy, the old Wisdom-Religion, have a sacred meaning, which, when understood, bring the youth to a broad conception of the holiness of human life, of the peace and joy that follow the constant effort to overcome evil tendencies.

Prayers and arguments cannot avail in such cases, but the spiritual will is the power on the throne of human effort, and it guides, protects, and loves the great work of unfoldment that it directs.

Another serious obstacle on the path of man and especially of the youth, is the old idea that man is limited to one life on earth — that he cannot expect to live to be at best more than a hundred years of age and that then the mortal body goes to dust, while the soul departs to some point in space where it is compelled to meet the results of the seeds sown in earth-life, whether good or bad. I marvel that any well-balanced mind can be satisfied with such an idea.

If we think of this dogmatic teaching we can see that it holds within itself the most discouraging aspects, for there are few humans who have ever reached the height of their aspirations, even though they have worked assiduously all through their earth-life to win. What becomes of these aspirations? What explanation can be made as to the meaning of unfulfilled aspirations? Why have the aspirations? Are they not out of place if we accept the one-life theory?

But Theosophy, as old as the ages, comes with its venerable teachings and makes the great Supreme Plan of human life majestic and sublime, for it shows that man is not limited to one life for the fulfillment of his destiny, but that he lives many lives, passing through different Schools of Experience, which open in each the doors of the mind to greater halls of learning, where the spiritual will — the ever-guiding power — is directing the soul to grander achievements, that in the course of time it may

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become at one with the Infinite — that it may reach the state of perfection “where it shall go out no more.”

Surely this is an optimistic vision and is not far-fetched. To contemplate the picture lifts one to a higher standard of thought and service, and it brings to the heart the warmth and the glow and the compassion of the sacred laws governing human life.

Contrast this Theosophical picture with those one meets every day in human life, and particularly in the lives of the youth, and then tell me, pray, why is the human mind so slow to follow the path of spiritual enlightenment and unfoldment? The answer is plain: that the incrustations of false teachings of ages past which hide the great essentials are so interwoven in the heart and the mind of the great majority, that they have lost faith in themselves and in man. They do not realize that they are “their brother’s keepers” and that “brotherhood is a fact in nature.” Greed, vice, and passion in their different manifestations, hold imprisoned the superb possibilities of our youth.

Human life must be simplified, and many of the customs of different nations, which really fetter the soul, should be ignored. Religion should not be forced. The questions: Whence came man? Whither goeth he? What is the purpose of life? — these should become a part of our daily thought-life. Then the application of Theosophy to the smallest duty as well as to the greatest, touching every department of thought and effort, will become the panacea for the world’s woes. The beautiful possibilities of human life must be made clear to the minds of our youth by Theosophy, as must the explanation of its trials and struggles and disappointments.

When the great majority of mankind can realize that “as they sow, so they must also reap,” they will find that their responsibilities are more sacred than they dreamed. Then there will follow a regeneration of the human race.

Theosophy has a special mission now, for the horrors of the war and its aftermath have developed the lower, animal, side of human nature to an alarming degree, so that in the truest sense our humanity is more brutal, more selfish, and more limited. The psychology of hopelessness broods over the human race today. Yet it plays its part and confirms Shakespeare’s famous lines from *As You Like It*:

“All the world’s a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts.”

An enthusiastic, true Theosophist is a blessing to the world; rendering service to his higher self in all his duties, he also renders service to others and works out his responsibilities. He also becomes an example of right

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action, and even in the one life makes a satisfying record that will bring its blessings.

To find one's heart filled with compassion for all that breathes is a wonderful power in itself. Let us set a sublime example of true compassion and mercy. Let us kill out hatred and strife. Let us make the world glad through pity for those who see not, who hear not, and will not listen. These waiting souls need our care, not our condemnation. "Love makes the world go round," and the sooner it is understood, the nearer we shall come to the kingdom of heaven on earth which the great Nazarene spoke of.

To be our brother's keeper in the truest sense is to live royally in close communion with the Infinite and be the creator of our own destiny.

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



ONE of the latest fads, about which we are now hearing a good deal, is about the numerous ductless glands in the human body, which secrete various fluids into the blood-stream, and are thus supposed to exert a determining influence on the character of the unhappy victim. The influence of the person's mind and will seems to be left out of account altogether; and he is represented as the hapless victim of these glands and fluids. What one would like to know is — if the glands actuate the man, what actuates the glands? The only answer one can think of is that the mysterious agency that rules the glands is that same mysterious agency that seems to play such a large part in this kind of theory — chance, haphazard, nature, or whatever its name may be. This is the god that rules in many theories of evolution, a god without a purpose, a chaotic methodless deity. What a miserable mess human life would be, if it were really at the mercy of a fortuitous and purposeless arrangement of glands and secretions!

The important question at bottom of this and similar theories is, does the mind control the body, or does the body control the mind? The answer is that mind and body act and react on each other; but the mind is the more powerful agent. If matter is lord of conduct, all reasonable and workable philosophy of life goes into the waste-basket. But if mind is lord of matter, we at once get a reasonable and sane explanation of life and conduct.

No doubt people's conduct is largely ruled by the condition of their bodies; but it need not be dominated thereby. It was their own conduct which, in the first place, set up these bodily conditions; and now they are reaping the result. These fluids in the glands represent accumulated

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tendencies that the people have made with their thoughts and wills; and now a reaction has set in, and there is a back-current working from the body to the mind. Put in ordinary language, this simply means the setting-up of habits.

We are not bound down by any such conditions in our bodies; they are forces that will affect us, if we let them; but we should control and dominate them.

Phrenologists will examine the shape of your head, and thereby tell what your character is now, or has been in the past. But at the same time they will give you pages of written advice, telling you what faculties to develop and what to restrain. This shows that the phrenologists admit that the mind and will are superior to the body, and can modify it. Then, years later, you go to the same phrenologist again, and he tells you what changes have taken place in the shape of your head, and perhaps congratulates you and himself on the results of the advice he gave the first time.

Or again, take horoscopy. Here again the skilled interpreter may be able to read tendencies which you have set up, and which may or may not shape your future; but his forecasts of the future are as uncertain as the predictions of the weather-bureau. They are more likely to be right in cases where conditions are simple and no disturbing incalculable element comes in. The meteorologist can tell whence the storm has come; but he does not know which way it may turn, or what other storm may come up. So the horoscopist can point out quite a number of influences and tendencies; but he cannot possibly estimate the influence of the intelligence and determination of a fully-equipped human being. Such things as this he perhaps puts down to the influence of some higher planet that rules the unexpected; and which shows little or no effect in some horoscopes, while in others it is all-potent.

All this about the effect of subconscious desires behind our mentality is old philosophy in a new dress. It does not alter the question of conduct; it only presents it in a somewhat novel light. But it may do mischief, if it should be made to divert our mind from the idea that we can control our conduct, and to give us the impression that we are victims of these subconscious influences.

The whole thing boils down to this: that there is in man a duality; that he is a soul in a body; that the body often unduly controls the soul; and that the soul ought to control the body more than it usually does. In short, the true practical philosophy of life is ever the same and always remarkably simple. We love to complicate simple truths by building up a vast edifice of theories around them. The psychoanalysts tell us that our conduct is largely directed by simple desires, which our judgment or

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vanity does not approve; and that we therefore delude ourselves into thinking that we are acting from some laudable motive, when we are really carrying out one of these elementary desires, which has lurked subconsciously behind the scenes. This is of course perfectly true of a good deal of our conduct; but it is nothing new; it is as old as Solomon. The wise parent is accustomed to deal with such facts in the nature of his child, though he may be entirely innocent of any acquaintance with Freud and psychoanalysis.

Human nature has always been essentially the same; and consequently the facts that relate to it are equally invariable. Man has the same constitution now as in the remote ages; and the actual laws of his nature are the same. Hence there has always been, and must be, a real, genuine, and true, philosophy of life, handed down through the ages, often forgotten or obscured; but always the same, because based on facts. And its characteristic is simplicity — a simplicity that may offend those who pride themselves on culture and elaborateness of intellect.

It is realized that the welfare of civilization depends on the upbringing of children. And, in place of elaborate theories and novel methods, it becomes necessary to reaffirm the ancient and simple truth. The nature of the child is dual. It is an immortal Soul in an earthly body. It is needful to recognise both these factors and provide for their respective needs.

There was a time, not long ago, before studies in biology and evolution gained such ground, when it was thought that all children were born the same; and that fine social and political theories were all that was needed to set human society aright. Then it was found that the innate propensities of the individual count for more than all the legislation possible. But so far we have studied only the physical heredity of the individual and his animal propensities. We have neglected that in man which makes him what he is, as distinguished from all other animate beings.

As to hope for the future: if it can be shown that we have been working with a wrong view of human nature, there is every hope that, with a right view, we can succeed where we have hitherto failed.

We have ignored: (1) the duality of human nature; (2) the fact of reincarnation.

The newborn child is an old Soul, newly entered upon a cycle of incarnated life on earth. It has an animal body, with which its parents have provided it. It needs protection, guidance, instruction, in its first steps; for it is weak. The very birds in their nests teach their young how to fly and to procure for themselves food and water. The duty of the parent is to guard the child against the strong propensities of its carnal and selfish nature, and to elicit every manifestation of the higher nature. If the parent were fully aware of the existence of the higher nature, and

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of the facts of reincarnation, a response would be met from the child; but how often is this response never called forth? How often are the intuitions of the child submerged and contradicted by wrong materialistic views on the part of the parent? Truly it may be said that we have never given the true philosophy of education a trial; we do not know what it can do till we have tried.

It is characteristic of Theosophy that, back of its precepts, it has its philosophy; and this it is that gives it its strength of appeal to all who have witnessed its practical workings. Certain vital truths, known to the wise in all ages, have been brought once more to the fore. These truths are unchanging, while theories and speculations change almost from day to day. They constitute the vital essence of knowledge for which people are everywhere seeking today. "Let us get back to essentials," is the cry. Theosophy is the essentials.

And Theosophy may unteach us to place the cart before the horse; it may convince us that mind comes before body. Anthropologists may assert that the reason why man has a superior mind is because, at some time in the geologic past, he somehow developed a superior brain. This is putting the cart before the horse. He has a superior brain because he has a superior mind. He has particular glands and particular secretions strongly developed because he has developed the side of his mind which corresponds to those glands and secretions. The organs, being there, may exert a reactive influence on his mind; and, if he makes himself passive, they will do so. But by exerting the force of his will and intelligence, he can change these physical features.

And is it not strange that, side by side with the theorists who are insisting on the paramount influence of the body over the mind, we have another class of people who are insisting on the influence of the mind over the body? And this also is often carried to absurd extremes. Such is the chaos of modern thought. These people tell us that the mind can rule the body; but what rules the mind? In too many cases the answer must be, 'Personal desire.' The inducements held out to us for following the practices of self-culture are too often of a selfish kind: the gratification of ambition, vanity, desire of gain, etc. So here again we see the urgent need for a whole and sane philosophy of life, so that we may obtain a view comprehensive and balanced, and thus avoid harmful extremes.

To have a high ideal of man's true place in the world; of his origin, nature, and destiny; of his duties and privileges; and then to mold our character in accordance with this ideal: such is the first step of the way. The trouble with the world is that there is no great common ideal or faith in sight; so that everybody is pursuing some vague ideal of his own and shifting restlessly from one thing to another. All these theories and fads



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are simply expressions of this uncertainty and vacillation in our minds.

The conditions to which man is subjected are always changing, but the laws of his nature remain the same. Our task is now to interpret the ancient truths in terms of modern necessities. Theosophy, by its teachings, has explained these truths; and, by its practice, it is demonstrating how they may be applied to existing circumstances.

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R. MACHELL

**M**ADAME Blavatsky was indeed a missionary, but she was a missionary of no ordinary kind. Her message of Theosophy was addressed to the whole world. When she founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, in New York, she had visited and studied the world as few explorers have done. She knew the needs of the world, and she had a message to deliver. To that she devoted the remaining years of her life, which ended in 1891, in London, England.

When she began to teach Theosophy, the world was sunk very low in materialism: so low indeed that it was hard to find any existing body of people willing to listen to her message. Spirituality was gone. There were religions and religionists; there were spiritualists; and there were scientists: but all were actually materialists living in a material world in which spiritual philosophy had no place.

Science denied the existence of soul. Religion separated soul from body and also from deity. Even the supreme deity was materialized into a monster-personality. Life was supposed to consist of one lifetime on earth and an eternity in heaven or hell, while the so-called spiritualists allowed the continuity of existence and consciousness after death, but materialized the after-death state as completely as the scientists did the life in the body here on earth.

Madame Blavatsky's message was spiritual and was consequently unwelcome. She tried to get a hearing from the scientists by demonstrating the existence of other states of matter than those with which the world was then familiar. She declared that these states of matter and these unfamiliar forces were perfectly natural, and she prophesied that they would be recognised as such by science before long. This was denied by the scientists; and she was called an impostor or at best a clever conjurer.

Many of the states of matter with which she was dealing are already recognised by men who call themselves scientists, and who still denounce Madame Blavatsky as an impostor.

When she began her teaching, Reincarnation was practically un-

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known; but before many years were passed I remember hearing a guest in a London drawing-room say: "We know all about Reincarnation: we don't need Madame Blavatsky to teach us that."

She was undoubtedly deeply disappointed by this failure of intelligent people to recognise the wisdom of her Teachers, who had given her a message that was for the uplifting of humanity. In spite of her wide experience of life she still retained a wonderful faith in human nature, and was unable to believe that any one could be ungrateful, until she was forced to see it.

In America at that time the public was much interested in the phenomena of spiritualism. She investigated for herself, and found that in certain cases at least the mediums were unjustly accused of fraud.

Without hesitation she took up their cause and wrote vigorously in their defense. But she went further and explained the phenomena, and told the spiritualists that they were dealing with astral elementals and with states of matter that were not spiritual. She saw that the materialism of the age was as vigorous a growth in this field as in others, and it was her mission to combat materialism wherever she found it.

She declared that there are many states of matter beyond the reach of man's ordinary senses that are not to be classed as spiritual, and she declared that most of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena produced in séances were due to these other states of matter generally spoken of as astral in Theosophical terms. Further, she declared that this astral world, which interpenetrates the physical, was peopled by beings of varying degrees and kinds of intelligence, mostly subhuman; and that these elemental forces and intelligences are not self-conscious spirits, as believed by the spiritualists, and that their communications were mostly reflexions of human thoughts floating in this astral light, which is sometimes called the storehouse of the earth's memory, the great book of fate in which all thoughts and acts are automatically recorded.

Such teachings met with enthusiastic approval from a few, and with bitter denunciations from the rest. The spiritualists as a whole rejected the teachings of Madame Blavatsky.

In 1875 she founded the Theosophical Society in New York, and in 1877 she published a work that is still ahead of the times. This work, *Isis Unveiled*, was her first great literary gift to the world. In it she aimed at preparing the way for more definite teaching. The whole field of comparative religion, philosophy, and science was covered. It was declared by one authority to be "a work of colossal erudition," and it is a mine that has been explored, and will be for many years to come, by students of the higher sciences.

Then she moved to India and from there sent out her magazine,

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*The Theosophist*, finally settling in London, where she completed that marvelous book, *The Secret Doctrine*, at the same time founding a new magazine, *Lucifer*, and writing a textbook called *The Key to Theosophy*, which is still the most comprehensive treatise on Theosophy that has seen the light. Almost simultaneously appeared *The Voice of the Silence* a translation from the 'Book of the Golden Precepts,' which is a fountain of wisdom and spiritual light.

During all these years when she was directing the new-born Theosophical Society, writing these monumental works and editing her new magazine, *Lucifer*, she was not only suffering from constant and increasing sickness but had to defend herself and the work from unceasing attacks from her enemies, and worse still, from the misunderstanding of her teachings by those who claimed to be Theosophists, as well as from the disloyalty of some whom she had trusted. Truly her crown was all thorns, and her throne a pillory.

It was at this time, about 1886 or 1887, that I made her acquaintance, knowing nothing of Theosophy or the Theosophical Society, nor of her mission nor her fame. I was simply a seeker who was wandering in the darkness of a deep pessimism, which hung over life like a London fog. One night, in a social gathering at the house of a lady who was interested in all sorts of philosophy, Madame Blavatsky came in unexpectedly and talked. Some one had asked her how we should set about leading the higher life; and I remember my uneasy expectation of a sermon, of which I had heard so many in my youth.

What I heard was no sermon, such as I dreaded, but a revelation. For the first time in my life I felt that I was listening to one who was absolutely sincere and who knew what she was talking about. Then I realized why it was that preaching had wearied me at a time when I was so eager for light, and found none. The preachers had not themselves found the light, but had only learned a tradition that the light was somewhere, in some other world perhaps.

I walked home through the miles of deserted streets wondering what had happened, bewildered, and yet with a conviction that I had found the path: a conviction that was not shaken by my doubt of my own ability to follow where that path led; a conviction that caused me to turn with impatience from the stories which I heard later as to the frauds imputed to the founder of the Theosophical Society.

Then came *The Secret Doctrine*, and we plunged into it with eagerness that in too many cases proved effervescent; but there were many who persisted and read on, catching perhaps a gleam of light here or there in the vast treasury of ancient symbolism and allegories, veiling the truths that once illuminated the old religions. She told us that to every occult

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mystery there are seven keys, and that each key must be turned seven times in the lock, each turn revealing a new aspect of truth. Further, she warned her students that in this book, *The Secret Doctrine*, they might find one key clearly perceptible, one other veiled and hard to find, and a third barely so much as hinted at: for human intelligence is no further evolved in the mass of intelligent people in our age. She said that it would be a century before the book would be really understood. In the meantime the little that is there revealed would prove too much for any but true seekers for the light whose hearts were open to the need of the world and to the desire to help humanity in its suffering and ignorance. The selfish student, she said, would find little to gratify his curiosity except the dry husks of intellectualism.

About this time the Blavatsky Lodge was formed, and its meetings were held at her house, attracting visitors in such numbers as to necessitate larger quarters. At these heterogeneous gatherings Madame Blavatsky attended and answered questions on every conceivable subject, expounding and explaining the teachings of Theosophy to people who came to the discussion of the subject with every sort of prejudice and misconception.

With the publication of *The Secret Doctrine* and of the other books already alluded to, one might say that 'Theosophy' had reincarnated.

Reincarnation in its Theosophical form was at that time a new idea. People who had heard of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, naturally mistook the new teaching for a degrading superstition, and attacked it accordingly. Theosophists were kept busy trying to make it clear that the soul of man does not go back into the bodies of animals, but is continually evolving to higher states by means of experience gained in repeated incarnations in the human kingdom. The understanding of this involves a knowledge of the law of Karma, roughly interpreted as the law of action and reaction or of causality, as well as the knowledge of man's complex nature.

These three main doctrines needed explanation before the subject of evolution as viewed by Theosophists could be intelligently studied, and Madame Blavatsky devoted much of her energy to expounding the seven-fold nature of man and of the universe. She constantly urged her students to master the seven principles and to reason by analogy.

The right use of analogy depends upon a right understanding of man's relation to the universe, of which he is a part; and man's relation to the universe is only to be understood by one who grasps the full meaning of the law of Karma, and who understands just what it is that reincarnates.

Madame Blavatsky said that she came to break the molds of mind, and her efforts have borne fruit in all departments of thought. The

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orthodoxy of science and religion has been badly shaken, and new ideals are common today which were unknown when she began her work.

She saw the danger that threatened our civilization, and she declared that the intolerance and selfishness of man must give way if the impending calamity was to be avoided. Therefore she preached Universal Brotherhood and gave to the world the teachings that alone could provide a permanent basis on which that brotherhood might be built. First in the list came Reincarnation and the law of Karma; then followed the laws on which those doctrines rest: the sevenfold nature of man and of the universe, the Theosophical explanation of evolution and involution, the perfectibility of man, and so on.

If Madame Blavatsky had been willing to teach what was then known as practical occultism or ceremonial magic, or even if she had tolerated amongst her followers those who employed hypnotism, or who cultivated clairvoyance or clairaudience of the ordinary kind, she could have immediately swelled the ranks of her Society and gathered in the shekels. But she preached brotherhood and self-sacrifice, declaring that this was what the world needed for its salvation.

People flocked to her rooms in the hope of hearing or seeing some miracle, and went away disappointed. Madame Blavatsky refused to allow the Society to be turned into a school of magic.

Some of those who considered themselves important pillars of the new temple of Theosophy spoke impatiently of her constant insistence on this 'parrot cry' of brotherhood; and called upon the Founder of the Theosophical Society to give the world proofs of her psychic powers or else to retire and allow some one to take her place who could satisfy these demands for phenomena.

Madame Blavatsky, however, had learned the futility of such demonstrations and in her latter years devoted all her energies to directing the attention of her followers to those principles on which real human progress depends. These teachings were too often rejected as 'mere ethics.'

Sensationalism was chilled, and morbid curiosity blighted by the ideals put forward in 'The Voice of the Silence' and 'The Two Paths.' Inquirers demanded phenomena. She insisted that the world needed spiritual awakening and not astral indulgences. Psychic investigators wanted to see spirits. She said that spirit is invisible, and that what they were chasing so eagerly was not spiritual but astral. She told them that the lower astral light was but a state of matter little different from the matter of ordinary experience. The spirits of the dead, she declared, were not to be called back; and she explained the materialistic nature of such phenomena as formed the bulk of so-called spiritualistic manifestations.

She sought to arouse the latent spiritual consciousness in people,

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who were bent on proving to themselves that the universe and all that it contains was matter. Hence arose all sorts of misunderstanding as to the real teaching of Theosophy and the real aims of the Founder of the Theosophical Society. But though her name was dragged in the mud and her teachings misrepresented, she worked on, and her work produced far-reaching effects. She came to break the molds of mind; and her purpose was achieved. Before she passed away, ideas that were practically unknown before her time had become familiar, even by their misrepresentation, and the trend of thought was changed. Her crusade against selfishness and materialism made her an object of attack, but also gave notoriety to her gospel.

The real difficulties of a Teacher come from the misunderstanding of the teachings by those who think themselves the best exponents of the new philosophy. A strong opposition is an important element in success, but the weak support of false friends is a deadly danger to a leader. She had to experience both.

One part of her mission was to combat the gross materialism of evolutionists as well as of the old-fashioned theologians, both of whom regarded man as little more than an intelligent animal, in the one case created, body and soul, out of nothing by a God for his own edification; and in the other evolved automatically from the lower animals without spiritual guidance, developing intelligence spontaneously.

She showed that the real self-conscious man was a complex being of purely spiritual origin, temporarily inhabiting or presiding over a body evolved by the operation of natural laws guided by divine intelligence. She sketched a vast scheme of evolution sweeping through enormous periods of time on countless worlds adapted to the state of evolution of their inhabitants. She taught that every planet was a sevenfold world, whose seven states of being might interpenetrate each other, or might pass from the active to the passive condition as regularly as night follows day.

She pictured the slow evolution of the body of the earth through cosmic days and nights of activity and subjectivity, and the attempt of nature to create man; and then the descent of high intelligences from the spiritual spheres perfected in preceding universes, whose mission it was to help nature in her great task.

She explained the allegory of the crucified savior as symbolizing the crucifixion of those divine spiritual beings, who come down from higher spheres impelled by Karma, and drawn by compassion to incarnate in the beings destined to become human in later periods, when the incarnating ego shall have raised the lower creature, vivified the mind, and made it susceptible of spiritual impulses.

This doctrine of the perfectibility of man was denounced by ecclesi-

## H. P. BLAVATSKY AND HER MISSION

astical orthodoxy as an insult to the one and only perfect man, the Jesus of the Gospels, dead long ago, and deified. By science it was of course treated as a pure myth, quite unworthy of serious consideration. Yet one may well ask how can evolution proceed unless guided and directed by high intelligence; and further one must confess that, without this possibility of attainable perfection, evolution must be futile.

The Theosophic teachings show this process of redemption and salvation as a long and continuous unfoldment of the inner spiritual principle in man, during which process of evolution the lower forces of nature are gradually mastered and controlled by the spiritual intelligence of man. Naturally there must at all times be men in all degrees of evolution and in all stages of progress, in various parts of the earth coincidentally. There are today, even in our own land, clothed as we are clothed, speaking the same language, and behaving much as the rest, men who yet differ in degree of intellect and in evolution as widely as the mind can imagine. We have but to read the daily papers to learn how low the depths of human degradation may be, and it is surely not unreasonable to suppose that there are men as much above the best we know as those best are above the lowest of the low.

It is the teaching of Theosophy that perfected men exist, and that not all of them have passed beyond the sphere in which we live. I am speaking now of men in bodies like our own, not disembodied souls or spirits who have strayed from their own regions still hankering after things of earth. Those to whom I refer are men and women such as we know in ordinary life, whose inner self must necessarily remain unknown till one has reached a similar degree of spiritual intelligence. It is so with even the men of genius whom we recognise as such; we may meet them every day yet never come in contact with their genius.

Madame Blavatsky claimed to be the messenger of living men, whom she called her Teachers, who were more highly evolved than the ordinary run of human kind; not gods and not disembodied souls, but men whose sole purpose in life was to help on the retarded evolution of the race. She spoke of them with respect, and bitterly resented the skepticism of the world that drove men to repudiate those whom she regarded as the true Saviors of humanity, those who, having mastered the secret of life's meaning and purpose, were the custodians of knowledge, that, rightly used, would redeem mankind from its ignorance and pessimism.

She said, as all occult teachers in the past have said, that knowledge can be wrongly used, and that those who have acquired true knowledge must guard it faithfully from abuse by unworthy aspirants to the power that knowledge gives.

In *The Voice of the Silence* it is said that "even ignorance is better

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it"; and she explained that real knowledge can only be gained by one who is spiritually entitled to it. And it follows that practical instructions in the path of occult science or of true wisdom would never be given by a true Teacher to one who had not proved himself or herself sincere in devotion to the service of humanity.

For herself she claimed to be no more than a messenger, but she did claim to be loyal and obedient to her Teachers; and those who knew her best felt that nothing could shake her loyalty to them or turn her from the task which brought her such persecution from those she tried to help.

Sometimes I have thought that this example of devotion to the cause of her Teachers was her real message; for it was a declaration to the world of the existence of men who had found the path, a declaration of the reality of that path, and of its accessibility to man.

If the path of progress does not exist or is beyond the reach of man, why do we live at all? If there is a path to perfection, if there is evolution, there must be some who are further along the path than others, some who are more highly evolved. The mere declaration of their existence is not enough, though it is much: but her work was evidence of the truth of her declaration.

Those who sincerely study her books and whose minds are not blinded by prejudice must feel that those great monuments of learning are just what she declared them to be, a message to the world from Teachers who know more of the truth than is generally supposed to be within the reach of man. They are links in the chain of human progress, just as she herself was a link between her followers and her Teachers.

She enjoined her followers to "keep the link unbroken," and this was accomplished when, at her death, her successor William Q. Judge was recognised by the members of the Theosophical Society as the next link in the chain. And this mystic chain was not broken when he passed away; for he was able to leave the guidance of the Society in safe hands, when Katherine Tingley took her place and was in her turn recognised by the faithful followers of H. P. Blavatsky as the next link in that living chain forged by the "Masters of Compassion" for the saving of the world.

Nothing less than this is the mission of the true Theosophical Teachers. They come to show the path of liberation from the state of discord that has made Earth a slaughterhouse and life a tragedy for human beings.

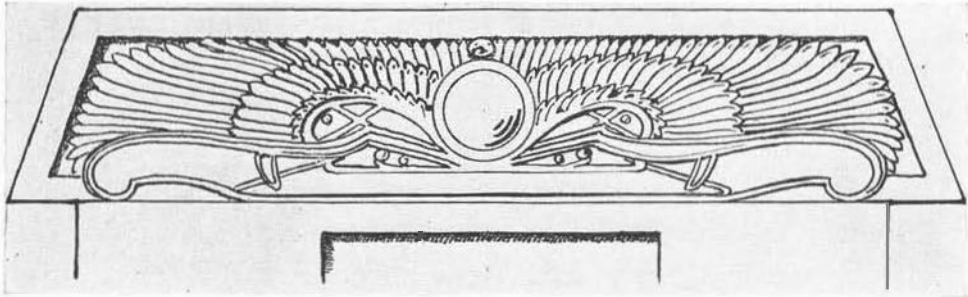
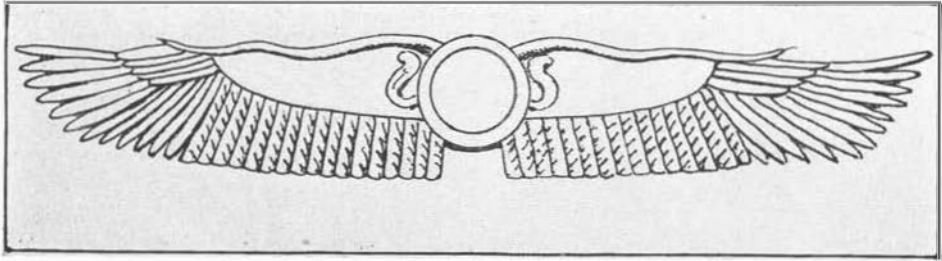
I think the time is coming when this truth will be more widely recognised and the mission of H. P. Blavatsky shall be understood, for "the link is kept unbroken" and her mission has been crowned with success.





*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(LEFT) ALTARPIECE, CALLED THE 'BEAU RELIEF,' FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE BEAU RELIEF IN  
 PALENQUE, MEXICO; THE GREATEST MASTERPIECE OF NATIVE AMERICAN ART  
 (RIGHT) THE HINDŪ KRISHNA. THE RESEMBLANCE TO THE FIGURE IN THE BEAU RELIEF  
 IS UNDENIABLE.



*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

(ABOVE) WINGED GLOBE FROM DEIR-EL-BAHARÍ, EGYPT  
(BELOW) WINGED GLOBE FROM OCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, MEXICO




*Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.*

WOODEN LINTEL. FOUND IN AWANUI SWAMP, NORTH ISLAND,  
NEW ZEALAND. BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CARVED BEFORE  
THE MAORIS COLONIZED NEW ZEALAND

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN

HE 'Alexander Sarcophagus' from the great necropolis at Sidon, Syria, is not the tomb of Alexander the Great, but is so called from the fact that among the figures, which are obviously portraits, one if not more, certainly represents Alexander. Of the magnificent reliefs upon the sarcophagus two are combats between the Macedonians and the Persians and the other two are hunting scenes in which Greeks and Orientals are attacking lions in friendly comradeship. In one relief Alexander (the horseman to the left in the plate) is fighting the enemy, and in another he is coming to the help of a Persian attacked by a lion. These marble panels are supposed to have been executed by some unknown but highly accomplished sculptor working under the influence of the famous Lysippus, a pupil perhaps, for the resemblance between them and a number of bronze groups attributed to Lysippus, now lost, is striking. They are full of vigor in composition and the detail is finely executed, and they are noteworthy, in unison with a few other Greek sculptures of the best period, for their refutation of the notion that the finest Greek art never expressed character or individuality. Fortunately, in these reliefs, the original coloring is unusually well preserved. We are so used to seeing classical statues in the familiar weather or soil-stained condition, or in the rather ghastly whiteness of plaster casts, that it is a shock to some to realize that originally they were delicately tinted, and that the blank, sightless eyeballs once flashed with the expression given by painted eyes and eyelashes. Professor E. A. Gardner, writing on these reliefs in *Six Great Sculptors*, says:

"We see the effect of the addition of color in the head of a Persian, as well as in the head of Alexander himself. The contrast between the two is notable — on the one hand, the impetuous Macedonian, with his solid and powerful build and irresistible force of intellect; on the other, the sensitive and delicately made Oriental, with his refined features and expressively dark eyes. There is even a beginning of cosmopolitan feeling in the sympathetic rendering of the contrasted national types, even though the theme is the triumph of Hellene over barbarian. . . . These reliefs cannot, of course, be associated directly with Lysippus; but they supplement our knowledge of his work, and show us how, even in groups of combatants such as he made for Alexander, the expression of passion was no more alien to the art of Lysippus than to that of Scopas."

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Some interesting information has just come to light about the famous English megalithic monument, Stonehenge. A theory, rather discreditable

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to the unknown builders of this mysterious structure, to the effect that the erection of the stones which filled the 'Aubrey Holes' was accompanied by a human burnt sacrifice, has been abandoned. Excavations have recently proved that although marks of fire and cremated remains have been found, there is nothing like the area of burnt soil that would have been left if the large quantity of wood needed to burn a human body had been used. Another discovery that speaks well for our prehistoric ancestors (Neolithic?) is that two of the immense stones were inserted *vertically* into carefully measured holes, possibly by means of rawhide ropes suspended from a wooden scaffolding. Till now it was believed that they were simply lowered down an inclined plane in the most primitive manner, and it is said that the recent operations at Stonehenge have greatly increased the respect for the scientific knowledge and skill of the ancient engineers.

Not far from Stonehenge, at the edge of Salisbury Plain, the discovery of the site of a prehistoric village has proved that the Iron Age in England went back several hundred years further than had previously been suspected. By a comparison of the Halstatt type of pottery found there the date of 500 or 600 B. C. was fixed, and the iron, bronze, and bone articles prove that a more advanced civilization existed than was thought possible. No skeletons have been found. The village was probably abandoned long before the Romans came.

Another of the splendid Roman roads has just been excavated five feet below the ground near Farnham, Surrey, England. The surface layer was a foot in thickness and made of flints. To penetrate it the workmen had to use drills and steel wedges. We are not the first to form a hard surface for traffic by the use of bituminous materials and asphalt; the Romans, Egyptians, and other ancient peoples were masters in the art.

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In Cyrene, an ancient Greek colony in northern Africa, a block of marble containing a perfect inscription of more than a hundred lines, the translation of a letter from Augustus Caesar on the government and administration of justice in Cyrenaica, has been found, which gives a remarkable picture of the conditions. This document is said to be likely to modify profoundly our ideas of the history of the Roman Empire under Augustus.

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In Beisan, Palestine, the expedition sent by the University of Pennsylvania reports the finding of the first Egyptian hieroglyphic inscription discovered in Palestine; it consists of thirty lines of writing. Beisan

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

was a fortress of such importance that remains of every nationality that occupied Palestine are found there.

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Possibly the most interesting excavations now proceeding are those at San Juan de Teotihuacan, near Mexico City. The revival of peaceful energy and intellectual activity that has marked the end of Mexican revolutionary activity has permitted the government to appropriate funds to uncover the remains of a hitherto unknown city of at least 100,000 inhabitants which flourished in the mountain valley around the great pyramids of Mexico *not less*, it is believed, than four thousand years ago, and possibly a great deal more. Shafts have been sunk, and streets, houses and temples have already been found in such numbers and of such interest that the government hopes to make the excavations one of the greatest show-places in Mexico.

The 'Temple of the Goddess of the Winds' has already been reconstructed on the outside and partly excavated within. It contains massive staircases with rich decorations of serpents with obsidian eyes, and the reports say that the walls and carvings are typically Egyptian and Indian in conception. This is not surprising, for we know that many Maya buildings from the more southern parts of Mexico, Guatemala, etc., have not only a certain general resemblance to the Egyptian and Indian but even possess details of ornamentation and human-figure sculpture impossible to explain unless we admit that their builders had been in touch with the ancient Egyptians and East Indians, *or with the original source from which those races received their primary inspiration*. The latter is the opinion given by Madame Blavatsky, who traces that source to the lost continent of Atlantis. Among other details characteristic of Egyptian temple-art found also in America are the Winged Globe (a fine example of which was found at Ocosingo, Chiapas, south-east Mexico) and the Sacred Tau. Certain temple doors are surmounted by figures in the cross-legged oriental Hindû or Buddhist yoga position.

Stone chests found in the buried houses of the lost city of Teotihuacan contain miniature earthen masks, and it is supposed that they are portraits of the dead placed similarly to objects in Egyptian tombs. Among them are types not native to modern America such as a negro with woolly hair, a Chinese and Japanese, and many with pure Greek profiles. No archaeologist has yet offered a solution of this mystery. Professor W. H. Holmes, former President of the Archaeological Institute of America, believes that a number of sculptures found in the temples of Mexico and Guatemala resemble Buddhas too closely for accident, and he conjectures

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that Buddhist missionaries crossed the Pacific in early times and made converts in America. He says:

“In general contour the faces and sculptured heads of a type quite common as architectural embellishments in the ancient temples of Guatemala contrast with that of the average Indian, the features lacking in the boldness and virility of the tribes of today. At the same time there is in the smooth, roundish, placid faces, the small mouth and in the tilted eyes, a decided suggestion of the Orient, and especially of the placid countenance so characteristic of the sculptured image of Buddha. The suggestion is strengthened by a study of other ancient sculptures and architectural remains found in Mexico and the Central American States. . . . In the pose of the figures the parallelism is truly remarkable, and that this parallelism should arise in two centers of culture (and two only) among totally isolated peoples occupying the opposite sides of the globe challenges belief.”

The chief objection that has been made to the Oriental origin of these images is that no sculptured animal forms identical with those of the Old World — such as the elephant, a characteristic Buddhist symbol — have been found, although decorative snouts, resembling trunks, project from the walls in some Mayan buildings.\* Dr. Holmes considers this objection not serious because:

“full identity of the sculptured forms of animals could hardly be expected, since the priests, devoted to the preaching of their doctrines, would hardly be architects, sculptors, or draftsmen, and the concepts introduced by them by word of mouth would, of necessity, be worked out by native sculptors using life-forms with which they were familiar, or monsters drawn from their own Pantheon of divinities.”

The principal buildings of the lost city at San Juan Teotihuacan were the well-known Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon which covered a larger area than the Egyptian pyramids but were not so high. Recent investigations in the Citadel (La Ciudadela), a heap of ruins, has shown that it consists of the remains of a still larger pyramid, and inscriptions on the bases of the pyramids have been found of great interest, though their interpretation is uncertain. They so closely resemble Chinese writing that Fong Tsiang Kuang, chargé d'affaires of the Chinese legation at Mexico City, visited the pyramids and after examining them stated that the hieroglyphics were similar in many respects to certain symbols now in use by the Chinese. He declared that the words ‘sun,’ ‘city,’ and ‘eye,’ were depicted.

Professor Kane, of the University of Syracuse, New York, who has investigated the remains in the Valley of Mexico, is inclined to believe that before the Chichimec, the Toltec, and the Aztec races, the valley was inhabited by Mongolians. He estimates that this people must have lived there at least ten thousand years ago, long before the valley was converted into a great lake, as found by the Aztecs later.

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\*An elephant's head is said to have been found at Palenque, but there seems to be some doubt about it.

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

If Mongolians lived in Mexico so long before Buddhism it would prove that the so-called Buddha-statues may have nothing to do with the supposed Buddhist missionaries.

Much could be said for and against the Buddhist penetration of America; the question is still unsolved; we are just beginning to discover that the Chinese civilization in former times was far more advanced and elaborate and 'modern' in many respects than was suspected, and that it is no longer possible to draw the line and say the Chinese could not have done this or that, or could never have traveled far from their own country. Our conceit in thinking ourselves *the* people and that previous cultures were 'poor barbarous heathen' has suffered many hard knocks lately. Dr. Holmes points out that the sea-going capacity of the ships of the great period of Buddhist propagandism was very considerable. Although it is not known whether the Chinese used the compass to direct their course at sea, they were well acquainted with the properties of the magnetic needle.

In regard to the statues found in Central America posed in the 'yoga positions' of the Orient, there is no reason to assume the impossibility of the Mayas and others having independently known the significance of these attitudes and the philosophy back of them. The cross-legged and other yoga positions have been ascertained by Oriental ascetics to be the most scientifically adapted poses to promote certain frames of mind to which they aspire in their religious meditations. Assuming a former widespread knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom, derived from Atlantean sources and scattered in varying degrees of completeness throughout the world after the destruction of Atlantis, this hypothesis is quite reasonable. We must always be on guard against the obvious but possibly misleading conclusion that the prevalence of similar cultural forms or religious customs in widely-separated places means that one was derived directly from another by missionary effort or racial migration. When we recognise, as Theosophy proves, that the world has always possessed Initiates who knew the fundamental spiritual truths and gave them out just in proportion to the intelligence and needs of the races in which they were working, such things as resemblances between forms and tenets (not necessarily identity) in places far removed seem perfectly natural.

A really serious difficulty in accepting the Buddhist penetration into Central America lies in the fact that the Buddha-like figures, etc., are found in prominent places on many of the most important buildings. If the Buddhist faith had achieved such domination over the minds of the Americans as to have placed its symbols in the positions of honor we should expect to find certain and unmistakable traces of its teachings both in the minds of the people today and in the records of the early Spanish

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conquerors, for after all, many of the now jungle-grown cities of the Central States were inhabited at a comparatively recent period. But nothing is found which suggests that the people who used these temples had any knowledge of exoteric Buddhism. Possibly when the inscriptions on the temples and the text of the very few manuscripts which escaped the sacrificial fires of the Spanish ecclesiastics can be deciphered, something definite may be learned.

While the art of the Mayas impresses the casual observer with the idea that the picturesque, the quaint, and the grotesque were leading features in their sculpture, a more careful examination reveals superior qualities of dignity and largeness of style. It is easy to fall into the error of supposing that the native Indian races were incapable of enjoying and representing beauty as we understand it, but one glance at the refined and graceful altarpiece from the Temple of the Beau Relief, Palenque, Chiapas, Mexico, herewith reproduced from Waldeck's book, destroys that notion for ever. The 'Beau Relief,' as it is rightly called, is a noble work of art and would not compare unfavorably with many well-known masterpieces. When the French explorer Waldeck published the engraving from which our cut is taken grave doubts were expressed as to its accuracy; it seemed impossible that Indian tribes could produce such work. Later explorers searched for the relief in vain. It was not made of enduring material but was modeled in stucco, and it had apparently perished from exposure to the weather or by the rude hands of ignorant men, for it was entirely unprotected. Charnay stated that the figure was entirely obliterated.

But Dr. W. H. Holmes, when he explored Palenque not long ago, found that enough remained of the design to prove that Waldeck's drawing was not only correct but that it had even understated the artistic excellence of the workmanship. In his own words:

"The subject as depicted by Waldeck consists of a single figure, nearly life-size. . . I consider it a piece of great good fortune to have had the opportunity of examining the remnant of this remarkable masterpiece, and take special pleasure in testifying, as far as a study of the fragment will warrant, to the accuracy of the descriptions and drawings published by Waldeck. No part of the human figure remains, save perhaps a bit of the right knee, and the tiger heads are nearly gone; but, with an engraving of Waldeck's drawing in my hand, I studied the remains of the drapery and the modeling of the animal features of the chair with great minuteness, and found the drawing accurate save that the artist has not caught, or the engraver has failed to preserve, the full vigor of the work. The drapery is modeled in a masterly way and the subtle lines of the foot and claws of the cat are forcibly suggested. I must acknowledge having harbored a feeling of skepticism awakened years ago, as to the faithfulness of Waldeck's drawing. I believed that the graceful pose of the body and limbs of the figure, the flowing yet vigorous plumes and drapery, and the refinement of the relievo modeling were beyond the reach of native skill. . . . As a work of art this bas-relief would not suffer in comparison with representative relief-sculptures in Egypt, Babylonia, and the Far East, and in balance of parts and grace of line has few equals."— *Art and Archaeology*, Vol. I, No. 1

The Beau Relief is one of the figures represented in an Oriental 'yoga



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position,' and a comparison with a Hindû drawing of the bisexual deity, Krishna, will prove instructive. The resemblance is so striking as to seem impossible on the basis of coincidence. Yet it does not follow that one is copied from the other or that missionaries from India visited Palenque during the last few hundred or thousand years. There may have been contact between the eastern and western hemispheres a very long time ago, in fact Madame Blavatsky plainly speaks of such contact, but the similarities may not have arisen from such approach, but from the fact that the same religious philosophy – the ancient Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy – was known to the Initiates in various parts of the world.

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Remarkable discoveries have been lately made in New Zealand which tend to modify the older views about its condition before the Maoris landed there in six canoes in the fourteenth century A. D. The prevailing belief has been generally held that New Zealand was uninhabited till then, and although grave doubts have been felt on the subject in recent years, we were hardly prepared for the complete overthrow of the old idea which has been brought about by the recent discovery of a beautifully carved lintel, in design not resembling Maori art in the least, and also of an elaborate system of drainage, miles long, in the Awanui swamp in the great peninsula north of Auckland in the North Island. Professor J. Macmillan Brown writes as follows:

“But, as far as I know, no trace has hitherto been found of a drainage system such as has now revealed itself in the Awanui swamp. It means that open unforested land was becoming limited in supply for at least some of the aboriginal peoples. It is not impossible that when these five-foot wide, five-foot deep, drains were dug the great peninsula north of Auckland was still an island. . . .

“One thing we may be certain of is that those miles of drains were not dug without huge supplies of labor to draw upon, nor without an organized government that could plan extensive schemes for the relief of over-population and could command the armies of labor that were needed for the achievement of such schemes. . . . The cyclopean maraes of the Marquesas, Society Islands, and Rarotonga, and the great stone cities of refuge, and the huge stone-enclosed fish-ponds of the Hawaiian Group have the same implication; whilst the one thing that makes the immense stone platforms and images of Easter Island an insoluble mystery is the assumption that it has always been the barren speck in the waste of waters, two thousand miles from anywhere, that it is now.

“The carved lintel that has been dug up in the neighborhood of these drains leads to the same conclusion that before the six canoes arrived there was, in the Far North at least, an overflowing population along with great surplus wealth. . . . Wherever we find traces of fine decorative art we can always assume liberation of a section of the people that produced it from enslavement to hand-to-mouth toil. . . .

“But the most significant thing about this carving is that it has no resemblance to any known work of Maori art. It is to be classed by itself, not merely for the spear-head scroll work of its open-work carving and its saurian finials, but for the grotesque figure that with outstretched hands holds the two limbs of the carving in place. . . .

“The central binding figure forms a contrast to the grotesque humans in the usual Maori

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carving. They are generally terrifying in their expression, distorted in their features. . . . If we are to judge of the people for whom this carving was made by the face of the little figure we should say that they were unwarlike and unsophisticated, a perfect contrast to the tongue-thrusting, haka-loving warrior we are familiar with as Maori. . . . One conclusion we may draw with safety from this new-found carving is that there was at least one highly cultured barbaric people on New Zealand whose culture the newcomers failed to absorb."

— *New Zealand Herald*

Professor Brown refers to the theory of a Pacific Ocean school of art advanced by the late Professor Fenollosa as offering a new orientation to our knowledge of Maori art and of the previous New Zealand style suggested by the Awanui lintel. A series of articles on Fenollosa's book, *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art* in which this subject is treated, will be found in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July, 1914, March and April, 1915.

## HAPPINESS IS MAN'S RIGHT

GRACE KNOCH

"I wonder how it would be if we wove a song into all our work, a song either of the lips or of the heart, that would reach to distant climes and solace the hearts of men."— W. Q. JUDGE



O one who has touched the marvel and beauty of that philosophy of life which H. P. Blavatsky brought us from the storehouse of antiquity, the word 'happiness' suggests a certain burgeoning, creative power, such as we see in nature in the spring. It speaks to us in plant and tree, it sings from the heart of every flower, it is vibrant in the voices of the birds; we sense it, deep and rhythmic, in the ebb and flow of the tides upon the shore, and it showers a mystic baptism upon us in the silent light of the stars. Just to think of the word brings a glow into the heart and a new light into the mind, for it belongs supremely to the Theosophic life, bringing new intercessions constantly of that Divinity which yields to no governance for it is sovereign itself.

Happiness is the mystic, necessary theme in the Symphony of Life, which, lacking this, becomes meager and disordered, the harmonies jangled, and the progressions out of relation and awry. Yet life lacks happiness. Collective human life lacks it so completely and so disastrously that to one who has touched Theosophy it becomes an absolute duty to consider what happiness means and what it should mean, to radiate it constantly in every thought and act, to question about the world's strange lack of it — and to reflect.

In an ancient mystic work, first made known to the world through the

## HAPPINESS IS MAN'S RIGHT

translation of H. P. Blavatsky under the title of *The Voice of the Silence*, there is a stanza which reads:

“Behold the Hosts of Souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after other on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex.”

This is an ancient picture, but it portrays an eternal fact, for today as always, storm-tossed and fluttering, the same “hosts of souls” silhouette every horizon and shadow every sky — poor human units drifting amid the tempests of bitter experience or battling the storm-clouds of mistake and pain, too often only to fall at last into the vortex.

Yet every one of these sailed hopefully out into the great world-tide in the first place, headed for happiness. That was the haven in prospect, that was the goal to be won, the grand objective, the temple, even the chalice of the Grail. They were searching for happiness, yes, and they had a right to search, for happiness is the heritage of man. It is something that every soul has a right to. Yet, pitiable fact! all that so many ever attain of it, after setting out so hopefully on the quest, is disappointment, often disaster. Just when they think to grasp it they find themselves stranded, wrecked, aground.

Need this be the case? Theosophy says *No*: Theosophy says that all this argues merely a mighty mistake somewhere, some blundering misfit in man's ideals or in his life. Some cog in the human machine has slipped or life could not have become so wretchedly ungeared. Some foothold in life's great journey must be torn away, or humanity could not be floundering so hopelessly in quagmire and slough. Some mighty fundamental factor is being overlooked, obviously, but mankind searches in vain for any hint as to how it is to be found and reintroduced into the world's problem of pain to help it forward to solution. Diplomacy falters and thus far has miserably failed, statesmanship is obviously only marking time, our modern so-called ‘philosophies,’ even religions, confess themselves powerless to prevent mankind from drifting into heady waters blindly, or dropping into maelstroms of despair, buffeted by storms which they can neither outride nor still.

A casual observer might argue: “Why keep up the search for happiness, if this is what it brings? Why not set for man some other goal? Why not wipe off the tablets of the heart, and done with it, the childish idea that happiness belongs to man and that he who will search must find? Wipe that away and man will turn about and —” And what? Where will he turn to? We are at an *impasse* in the argument at once, for the idea that happiness is man's right is not a mere notion; it is an inherent truth of being. *Happiness is a right*, and a right that is inalienable, for it

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belongs to the soul of man. As a right, it cannot be separated from him, even though destructive agencies may prevent the soul from claiming its benefits for the time.

The right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is written down as inalienable not only in the Constitution of our nation, but in the deeper life of man himself. It is interwoven in the very tissue of the earliest Constitution of all: that great invisible compendium of spiritual law which is the voice of Deity, the supreme Law of man's being, and the final court of appeal. Let us reiterate this great truth: the *right* to happiness is a right that cannot be taken away from man even though he repudiate it himself. It is an interest that even he who owns it cannot bargain away nor sell, cannot transfer nor alien by any method whatsoever, for it is the spiritual heritage of the soul "that dwells within him like a star."

Why then, is the wholly natural question, has man been so unable to defend this right? And what is the difficulty now to a successful defense? The difficulty springs from ignorance -- general human ignorance of what man is in his twofold being, of what the world is and means in its twofold expression of life, ignorance of the fact that before man there shine and beckon ever *two* ideals, and that at every moment he must choose between them. Here is where the Wisdom of the Ancients (Theosophy, that is) stands forth as the world's great teacher, for it shows that there are two sorts of happiness, and why there are -- as there are two sorts of all things in this playground of duality, where "light and darkness are the world's eternal ways."

There is a true ideal, and there is a false one that may counterfeit it to the life. Two paths may lie before one at any given moment, and may equally attract. The "fires of lust" copy mockingly the true, divine "sunlight of life." Within man himself is the Higher Self and the lower, "two invisible companions, one evil, one Divine," and he must constantly choose between them. Out in the whirl of experience two forces are constantly beckoning man, each with the promise of happiness held aloft. But one, and generally the more alluring one, leads to spiritual stagnation if not to downright death, its hectic so-called 'happiness' turning to Dead Sea fruit at the touch; and how is man to know which call to follow, which path to choose? *He does not know* -- the world's present quarreling confusion is ample commentary on that fact.

Theosophy shows that evolution is no blunder and that its just though mysterious processes are not a series of chance events, leading anywhere or nowhere at all. It declares, and if consistently built into the life it will demonstrate, that there is a clear path to the goal of a real and lasting happiness, and that man can find this path if he will set about it

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in a rational way. If evolution means anything at all, Theosophically, it is man's guarantee to happiness — if man will but do his part. Why, then, have things become so pitiably confused? Simply and solely because man has not done his part. He has been bent on running his own little life counter to the great tides of universal life. He has been trying to sail his little personal ship *against* the broad currents of evolution and love instead of with them. He has been substituting petty little personal edicts and decrees for life's Divine and universal laws. No, man has not done his part. No wonder there is chaos everywhere. And this has come about — we say so without apology for the evidence is open to examination — because man has not had the knowledge of Theosophy to guide him.

But by 'Theosophy' we do not mean a new doctrine, or anything whatever that dawned on the world for the first time in 1875. Such a contention would be more cruel than that of Calvin, for he did give poor humanity two millenniums of grace. By 'Theosophy' we mean the ancient Wisdom-Religion, once universally believed and the guide of mankind in ages now described only in tradition, but whose existence is defended and whose spiritual status is shown by the mighty monuments they have left. And this ancestral Theosophy, as H. P. Blavatsky tells us, bound mankind into one vast Brotherhood in the world's great Eden-time. Peace on earth was an actual state of things until its divine laws were violated and its influence finally lost.

But the memory of these great laws has never perished even though obscured, for from time to time, down through the centuries and millenniums, great Messengers have come to bring back and restate the old knowledge of them, and make it live again. H. P. Blavatsky, who founded the Theosophical Society in 1875, was such a Messenger, and never claimed to be anything else. "My message is not mine," she said again and again, "but Theirs who sent me"; and referring to Those who sent her forth, she also said, "It was They who told me to devote myself to this, and I will never desert and never turn back." Her message was the ancient Truth restated, the ancient torch passed on; and it declares that *happiness is man's right*.

There is no need to mince matters or make apology; one might as well assert it boldly: no theory which the world has to offer, whether scientific, religious, or philosophic, can throw any truly discovering light upon the vital problem of human happiness. Theosophy alone has power to do this, for it alone can supply the missing factor that can perfect the equation man has bungled so. That missing factor is a knowledge of human nature *in its duality*, with the ever-present power of choice. The great general impulse is not so largely evil as it is good, but it *must* pour its bounding energies into something and the two channels look disas-

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trously alike. With life uncharted, no wonder mankind is confused.

But what is happiness? A definition is not so quickly framed. One person finds happiness in aspiration, service, self-forgetfulness, while another thinks it can only be found in intellectual indulgence or sense-pleasure. Just because human nature is dual, that which is happiness to one man may be misery to another, and the avenues through which man searches, therefore, are as diverse as men are themselves. To the worldly, happiness is so-called 'pleasure'; to the philosopher, the pursuit of knowledge; to the humanitarian, the free gift of that knowledge on the throbbing altar of the soul; to the mystic, it is beatitude. To Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness it was a bit of herring on a dirty plate, but with kindness for light and fire; to Fantine the limit of pain and privation if only Cosette might be clothed; to poor mutilated Gwynplaine, devotion. The ideal stretches down in an endless chain, from lofty Kwan Yin, 'Mother of Compassion,' to the fugitive, fragile echoes of her whose fatal beauty

"launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium;"

from the pure patriot whose greatest happiness is to lay down his life for a nation, a cause or a friend, to the miserable traitor who saves his life only to lose it. To one, happiness is work, to another it is idleness, and so on through a list as endless as the appetites and the aspirations of mankind. There is truly a mystery here, but, says Theosophy, it is not past finding out.

Katherine Tingley often speaks of life as a great School of Experience. She has given this teaching to her students as one of the great concepts of Theosophy. It throws a real light here, for what constitutes happiness in a school? What is the ideal of happiness held by a worth-while student? In a single word, it is opportunity — but for conquest, mastery, self-mastery, effort, perseverance, toil. Such an ideal makes no appeal to the indolent, but such in due course go out the door, while the real student keeps on at his inspiring toil with happiness as an inseparable companion. He will drudge, deny himself pleasures, luxuries, if need be even what are termed 'necessities,' in order to master the problems put before him by the teacher, or make the hard texts his own. But is he asking for pity? He would not change places with the laggard or the shirk if the latter occupied a throne. Which is no mystery, for he simply has a different ideal; he is pushing towards a different goal; he has a different objective in view. When the inevitable two paths lay before him and he had to choose between them, instead of choosing the path of so-called 'happiness' only to find that it meant misery and disgust in the end, he chose the path of duty, principle, aspiration, with no thought of 'happiness' at all.

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And it comes out just as it always does — and always will while the basis of life is Divinity and its web is patterned by Law — he finds real happiness in the end.

These two paths have always been known to philosophers. In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* — a writing so ancient that a large part of the Hebrew Bible is merely current items beside it — Krishna pictures them in a passage which refers to

“the three kinds of pleasure wherein happiness comes from habitude and pain is ended. That which in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the water of life, and which arises from a purified understanding,” . . . .

“That arising from the connexion of the senses with their objects which in the beginning is sweet as the waters of life but at the end like poison.”

The question of human happiness is too urgent to be ignored or dismissed with a conventional word. The general failure to understand the necessity for happiness and its place in human life is in large part what has brought about the present harvest of suicide, skepticism, and despair on the one hand, and the desperate narcotism of excesses and counterfeit ‘pleasures’ on the other. Yet without the guidepost of a true philosophy of life, how is one to know which way to go? Over the chaos and quicksand of these things dance a thousand will-o’-the-wisps to one steady gleam of truth. It is as obvious today as when Arthur so unwillingly sent the Grail Knights forth, with the prophetic words that most of them would fail the quest and “follow wandering fires.” So it happened then and so it is today.

For instances we need only mention certain cults and ‘movements’ which make happiness one of their keynotes and which have been springing up during the last few decades almost over night. It is encouraging to find so many thinking on this subject and holding that happiness is man’s true heritage, but results show that their knowledge of human nature is very tenuous in spots, for we see their converts, again and again, after sailing along for years perhaps under the psychology of a so-called ‘happiness,’ suddenly go to pieces when some real trouble comes. They had nothing to rest it on — this handsome psychological idea — and just when they need a real basis for help and hope and knowledge they find its support crumbling under them. In some cases we find the most unexpected and astonishing moral lapses when unlooked-for pressure is brought to bear; and other departures might be instanced were there need.

All of which goes to show that happiness is not of much use to one’s life when put on merely as a label might be, ready to come off as soon as the wave washes past; or as a plaster on a sore, making the surface fine to look at but leaving the ulcerous ‘underneath’ to fester at will.

Theosophical happiness is quite a different quantity, for let the same

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blow — death, disaster, loss of money, fame, friends or whatever Karma may bring — fall upon one into whose soul have been ingrained the disciplinary truths of Theosophy, and the outcome is light and ever more light, peace, the beatitude born of resignation and the blessedness of duty done. Ingrained, however, these truths and laws must be — *ingrained* — and that means vastly more than a mere intellectual knowledge of them. A soul dyed through and through with truth — who was it told us so long ago “the soul is dyed by the thoughts”? — is truly disciplined. It is anchored to something more eternal than the stars themselves and above “the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds” can rise serene and un-subdued again and again.

Happiness depends upon knowledge of a true philosophy of life — that is, if we mean the permanent sort and not the kind that comes and goes like sunshine flecks in a forest. True happiness is an evolution, a creation, a spiritual inner, eternally existent something that is only waiting to be evolved, discovered, brought out into the light. But the great discovery must be made by each one, and it waits for the intrepid soul who can push himself unafraid into the unknown kingdom of *himself*, able to conquer its fastnesses and survive its deserts, strong to challenge its terrible heights and depths, and ever burning with enthusiasm, courage, and a divine, self-forgetting love for all that breathes. Happiness of the Theosophical sort has to be *won*, and can never be given with no response in effort, like a beggar’s pittance or a bone. Nothing can be, for that matter, that is worth the winning, and Theosophical happiness is worth all possible effort to win, for when once honestly made one’s own it stabilizes the whole nature; it purifies and clarifies the mind; it puts duty on its ancient throne as master and palatine, with mind and body where they belong — engines, instruments, valuable sources of power, yes, but subject entirely to command.

Theosophical happiness is something that goes with the real student every step of the way. It is no fair-weather companion, nor any vague phantasm up in the air, but a veritable presence beside one, at one’s elbow step by step, an actual guide. In one sense it is the goal, but it is mystically the path that leads to it, also, for it is an expression of the Immortal Self, the Self that is one with Deity. Its satisfactions are rooted in that Self, they take their rise within it, they are conditioned by life’s great laws and have no part in anything less great.

The subject is one, however, that words can but partly do justice to, for it takes us above their level to the high estate of Reality, and perhaps if we lived in the whole of our natures instead of in only a part of them, words would not be needed. But we are imperfect as yet, and so we have to use them and through them try to give some little touch, some



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faint glimpse, of the real happiness that comes when the sublime principles of a true philosophy are ingrained into the life. It was that, glowing and singing in the heart of H. P. Blavatsky, that in part made it possible for her to endure the contempt and persecution of her inferiors in knowledge, in compassion, in virtue. It was that in the heart of William Quan Judge that enabled him to bear his crucifixion with a smile upon his lips. It is that shining out of the face and the life of his successor Katherine Tingley that electrifies the onlooker with its creative power and its golden promise for the future. It is the heart and plasma of optimism.

Think of what a picture the world would present were such an ideal ingrained into the fiber, the tissue of its life! Mankind would radiate happiness as sun or star radiates light. Life would be what the great Law of Divine Justice intended it to be, a happy school, a hall of self-directed evolution, a radiant, creative growth, a joyous upward climb to levels higher and ever higher. Man would no longer drift here and there, buffeted by desire, trying to his sorrow the Siege Perilous again and again, and never seeming to learn. He would be stable, reflective, joyous, and serene, enthroned on an understanding of the Self. His desire would not be unto fame or money or territory or conquest or power, but unto the effort that alone evolves happiness — though happiness can never be its aim. The secret would be his, the secret of right choice that breathes like an imperishable aroma from the one recorded prayer of Socrates:

“O Pan, and all ye other gods that haunt this spot! Teach us to esteem wisdom the only riches! Give us beauty in our inward soul, and may the outward and the inward man be at one!”

## “NOURISH THE GODS WITH SACRIFICE, THAT THE GODS MAY NOURISH YOU”

EMILY LEMKE-NERESHEIMER



IN the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* we read: “When in ancient times the Lord of Creatures (Prajâpati) had formed mankind with sacrifice, he said: with this multiply, let this be your cow of plenty; with this nourish the Gods, that the Gods may nourish you.”

Upon reading this, three questions present themselves to our minds, namely: Who are the Gods mankind is instructed to nourish? What is the sacrifice with which it was directed to nourish the Gods? And what is the ‘milch-cow of plenty’ (*Kâmaduh*= desire)?

Let us see what light we can find to answer these questions. To

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begin with, let us consider who are the Gods mankind was directed to nourish that they might nourish him.

Theosophy holds that the Universal Divine Principle, though the root of all being, is an eternal abstraction, on which no speculation is possible. It is the One Life, eternal, invisible, without beginning or end, yet periodical in its manifestations. It enters upon conditioned existence by sending forth, so to say, a Ray of Energy — “Brahmâ or Prajâpati, a progenitor,” as we read in *The Secret Doctrine*, “of the future Universe into which he expands. He is Purusha (spirit), but he is also Prakriti (matter). Therefore it is only after separating himself into two halves — Brahmâ-vâch (the female) and Brahmâ-Virâj (the male), that the Prajâpati becomes the male Brahmâ,” the “Lord Prajâpati, who created all this (the phenomenal universe) by the mind only.” Brahmâ-Vâch, is “the melodious cow, who milked forth sustenance and water; who yields us nourishment and sustenance” as Mother-Nature. She is, so to speak, the Goddess of the active forces in Nature, the Word, the synthesis of all the forces in Nature which call forth the illusive form of the universe out of chaos and the seven elements.

Hence we see that evolution proceeds upon two different lines, or rather, being dual in its nature, has two aspects, that of Brahmâ-Virâj, and that of Brahmâ-Vâch.

Brahmâ-Vâch, the divine life-principle, entering upon its descent into material conditions, first functions upon higher planes of consciousness, where it is totally unconscious of conditional existence. It passes on and down through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, ever gaining increased consciousness of material conditions; man being the end towards which all creation tends. In the mineral, the life principle is one; in the higher animals and in man it is differentiated into countless lives. The ocean of universal energy does not divide into its potential and constituent drops until the sweep of the life-impulse reaches the evolutionary stage of man. The tendency towards separation into individual centers of consciousness is gradual, the universal life-impulse in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms not being an aggregate of latent individualities, but an all-pervading force, manifesting itself through matter. It begins imperceptibly to differentiate in the vegetable kingdom, and in the higher animals it comes almost to the point of self-consciousness. In man it finally becomes individualized, and thenceforth it can only ascend the path of increasingly self-conscious existence, by means of self-directed evolution.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we read that Brahmâ-Virâj, the Creator, is called Prajâpati, “as the synthesis of the Lords of Being,” and H. P. Blavatsky tells us that in all the pantheons of the various ancient religions

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of the world the doctrine of the "one in many" and the "multitude in one" is to be found.

According to the Theosophical teachings, informing intelligences direct the great impersonal forces of Nature, which forces animate each and every center of being throughout the manifested universe. This impersonality of great kosmic forces was symbolized by numbers and geometrical figures by the ancients, whereas for and by the masses they were personified into gods and demons, accordingly as they appeared to the people to work for good or evil.

However, this popular personification of Nature's forces also embodied the great truth, that there are innumerable intelligences that guide Nature's forces, in their great work of creating, sustaining, and disintegrating all things within the objective universe. As H. P. Blavatsky tells us, in *The Secret Doctrine*, "the Logos or Creative deity . . . in India is a Proteus of 1008 divine names and aspects in each of its *personal* transformations, from Brahmâ-Purusha down through the Seven *divine* Rishis and ten *semi*-divine Prajâpati (also Rishis) to the *divine human* Avatârs"; and she further quotes from an old scripture which says that: "All creatures in the world have each a superior above," which implies a veritable Jacob's ladder of evolution, an unbroken chain, extending from the lowest to the highest forms of consciousness.

Man has been called the microcosm of the macrocosm, for in him are reflected all the constituent elements and forces of the universe, physical, psychic, intellectual, and spiritual. Inasmuch as he submits to the blind propensities of Nature — which are impersonal because unconscious of conditioned being — he is identical with Brahmâ-Vâch; inasmuch as he develops and makes use of his powers of judgment and discrimination, he becomes independent of, and rises superior to Nature, becoming identified with powers that are intelligently impersonal by reason of having acquired true knowledge and wisdom.

It would thus seem that Brahmâ-Vâch may be taken to symbolize the descent of the One into the manifold; and Brahmâ-Virâj the ascent of the many back to the One.

Man stands midway between the two, possessing a body (built up for him by Nature's invisible forces) which, finally, after passing through innumerable physical, psychic, and mental transformations, became a fit vehicle for the real thinking ego, the immortal man, the divine-human soul. But Brahmâ-Vâch,— Mother-Nature, "the melodious cow, who milks forth sustenance and nourishment,"— could, from that time forth, do no more to assist him to advance; help had to come from another source; whence?

Theosophy teaches that this period of evolution having been reached,

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more progressed Beings from previous cycles of evolution, possessed of self-conscious intelligence, incarnated in the imperfect animal-man, and thus gave him the capacity for rational thought, and an added power for further progression.

As said above, the turning-point of evolution was reached when the divine life-principle became individualized and self-conscious, as it did in man. Personality is *human* consciousness, and therefore it would seem that those intelligences that direct human affairs must, at some time, have been men, in order to have gained knowledge of the full meaning and purpose of personality in the great scheme of kosmic evolution. Indeed, H. P. Blavatsky tells us that to that end every center of conscious life, from the tiniest atom in space to the most advanced spiritual being, must become or has at some time been man.

She also says, however, that there are beings of the several kingdoms of the elements which never become men. There are those who believe that every denizen of the unseen world is a disembodied human soul, but these 'elementaries' are not the entities whereof we speak here. There are others, we have been told, beings who are, to a degree, false entities created by the thoughts, and vitalized by the will of man. These latter are endowed only with the qualities, and just the amount of force and intelligence, that is infused into them by man's thoughts and motives. It would appear that man thus makes unconscious use of the great elemental forces of nature and stamps them with his personality, creating embodied desires, good and evil.

It has been said that "thoughts are things," and since there is no force apart from matter, this must, to a degree, be true. The kosmos is built up of innumerable grades of force and of matter, from the grossest that can be cognised by our senses, to the most subtil and ethereal. Science has so far sought in vain to find the ultimate atom, and has only succeeded in coming to the point where vital force and matter seem indistinguishable. The infinitesimal atom is divisible into so many electrons that, finally, there appears to be no such thing as material substance at all, and scientists now declare that matter is motion. Thus material science is approaching the occult teaching that both matter and force come from one and the same source; that, in fact, in their privation they are one. However, in the objective universe we find endless duality of force and matter.

So thought, being an active force, must take form, and, as we have seen, clothe itself with the kind of matter that pertains to the plane upon which it manifests itself, and it can thus readily be seen that, in very truth, "thoughts are things." But they are something more than mere inanimate things, for they become so-called elementals, demons, and gods, according to their natures. They are centralized energies

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(each vitalized by the idea that gave it birth), which seek to sustain, to grow, and to express themselves over and over again, through the mediumship of their creator, or through that of any other embodied being or thing in whom, through affinity, they can enact their part.

The average man's thoughts and feelings are the thoughts and emotions of other men, the result of his environment, and of the psychology of the times in which he lives. All living beings are affected by emotional and intellectual tides which, in their turn, receive an impress and impetus from each individual center of consciousness, in proportion to its capacity for positive and creative thought.

In an old scripture we read: "All creatures in the world have each a superior above. This superior, whose inner pleasure it is to emanate into them, cannot efflux until they have adored." And here we have a hint as to who the Gods are, and how, and why, mankind must nourish them, that they may nourish him.

All and every creature has a superior above, whose pleasure it is to "emanate into" him; but first he must "adore" — *i. e.*, reach out to that "Superior above": in other words, "sacrifice to the Gods," as we read in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*.

But now let us consider what the nature of this 'sacrifice' may be. The *Gîtâ* calls it the "milch-cow of *desire* (plenty)," for whatever the outward form of sacrifice may be, it is not its outer, phenomenal, but its inner, noumenal, aspect, the desire that underlies its performance, that is the actual sacrifice made. Is not every act the result of a thought, every thought of a motive, and every motive of a desire?

And why should such sacrifice be made to the Gods? Because to enable them to "emanate into" him, to give him of their very nature and essence, man must first "adore" — *i. e.*, open out his heart and mind to them.

Like attracts like, and according to the nature of his desires, thoughts, and aspirations, man becomes similar in nature to powers of a more or less high order of intelligence that govern Brahmâ-Vâch — the various departments of Nature. The elementals, gods, and demons of mythology, and of various religions, are hierarchies of spiritual and semi-spiritual beings to which the seven principles of the nature of man correspond. With whichever of these Intelligences he, by reason of the quality of his desires and aspirations, allies himself, the same, in their turn, nourish his desires and aspirations. But as a self-conscious being, man has the power so to think and act that he may, by self-directed evolution, become fit to co-operate with even the highest spiritual forces of the Universe, whereby he mounts the ladder of *human, divine-human, semi-divine, and Divine* Ideation and Consciousness. In doing this he gradually and in-

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creasingly transcends his personal human consciousness, by perceiving sympathetically as well as rationally the incontestable truth, expressed by Katherine Tingley in the words, "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature." By reason of this, every center of conscious life throughout the universe, even the tiniest atom in space, just as much as the most highly-developed entity, is dependent upon others.

The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is therefore most emphatically answered by Theosophy in the affirmative. As single units advance and evolve to more and more spiritual states of being, they become increasingly connected. By observation we may easily verify this fact, for we see how people of similar natures are attracted to each other by sympathy, and that in the life of communities men of kindred natures are drawn together in groups. Small bodies of people, and still more ever-expanding groups of individuals, set psychic and mental currents in motion, which tend either to maintain or to disturb the harmony of the universe; but the progress of evolution is accomplished by the resolving of all discords into harmony. In order that this may be achieved, each and all must give that they may receive.

"Nourish the Gods with sacrifice, that the Gods may also nourish you!"

## DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL ASIA

T. HENRY, M. A.



HEN H. P. Blavatsky published in 1888 her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, she included in it predictions that the coming years would bring confirmation of Theosophy from scholars and archaeologists; and it is frequently our lot to note such confirmations. As regards anthropology, our July number contains an article by Professor C. J. Ryan, showing how H. P. Blavatsky's teachings have recently been confirmed by savants in that department of science. At present we have a similar task to perform as regards the domain of historical archaeology.

Theosophy postulates for the human race a far greater antiquity than is so far allowed by science; and, not only for the human race, but for civilization. While believing in evolution, Theosophists consider that science has so far taken a too narrow and lop-sided view of that great law; and that the past history of civilization has in consequence been too much contracted. It is pertinent to observe, however, that the views of science in these matters are by no means fixed, but continually changing; for

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each new discovery obliges the scientific world to modify its previous theories in order to accommodate them to the facts. The antiquity of civilized humanity has to be pushed farther and farther back; and there can be no doubt that the process will continue until the teachings of Theosophy are fully confirmed, and the far ampler and grander view of evolution outlined by H. P. Blavatsky is seen to be true.

The title of H. P. Blavatsky's work indicates its principal purpose — to demonstrate that knowledge has been handed down from race to race through long cycles of civilized history, and that a lore known as the 'Secret Doctrine' has been preserved by its guardians and initiates throughout the ages; and to give the outlines of this ancient lore. In the introduction to her work she discusses the question of evidences for the existence of the Secret Doctrine. The advancing tide of a materialistic and militarist phase of civilization long ago caused the obscuration of the Secret Doctrine; but its records were not obliterated, and we are on the eve of recovering a part of this ancient and temporarily forgotten knowledge. There have been many times in history when emperors and tyrants have ordered the wholesale destruction of manuscripts and other records and evidences of the Secret Doctrine; but H. P. Blavatsky declares that, at all such times, there were faithful guardians who collected and concealed copies, and that some of these will be forthcoming. She points to the many unexplored sites of ancient civilizations, now mere desert, but destined to be uncovered.

It is worth while recalling the fact that our advance in knowledge has been consequent upon our recovery of the records of more ancient peoples, beginning with the Arabians, passing through the Greeks and Romans, then the ancient Egyptians and the recovered lore of ancient Hindûstân; and since then a number of sources, not the least of which has been the recent discovery of the ancient Aegean civilization of Crete by Sir Arthur Evans; while the examination of coins and monuments has thrown new light on the Greco-Roman civilization. Pursuing this train, it is easy to see that we may daily expect further light from the remote past to break upon our present, and thus to obtain additional confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's predictions.

To begin our illustration of the confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, we give this quotation from the Introduction to *The Secret Doctrine*:

"The traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet . . . witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind."

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Let the reader compare this with the following, taken from a review, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, of a new book by the great explorer, Sir Aurel Stein, entitled *Serindia: Detailed Report of Explorations in Central Asia and Westernmost China*.

"A hundred years ago . . . archaeology and scholarship were opening up, by brilliant guess and patient labor, the buried world of ancient Egypt. Monuments, tombs, and inscriptions, scrutinized side by side, yielded up their history. Egyptian art has now long been recognised as equally worthy of study with the art of Greece. But . . . scholars and dilettanti were loth at first to acknowledge its claims. To them the only antiquities that seemed to have any claim on modern culture were the antiquities of Greece and Rome. What would those polite circles have said if they had been asked to bestow serious attention and study on the antiquities of Central Asia? Other sands than those of Egypt have in this twentieth century given up their secrets; and again we are confronted with a whole new world of forgotten history which opens before our eyes. What associations had Central Asia to our minds that were not remote and barbarous? Hordes of fierce nomads wandering great deserts; what history could these have that was of the smallest interest to ourselves . . .? And yet it is from these deserts that explorers and excavators have brought back relics of a vanished civilization, recovered in perfect freshness from those bleak and blowing sands, which are of singular interest to every mind that cares for human history; which bring a new illumination to the study of art and the study of religion; which have revealed two hitherto unknown Indo-European languages, nearer, it is said, than Sanskrit to Greek and Latin; and which have the perennial fascination of showing us the confluence and interaction of three great civilizations, India, China, and Greece."

Continuing the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*:

"A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand, and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured, or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may 'tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,' they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure. . . ."

Next, let us requote from the *Times* these words:

"Hordes of fierce nomads wandering great deserts; what history could these have that was of the smallest interest to ourselves?"

And compare them with this from *The Secret Doctrine*:

"[In the oasis of Cherchen] some 3000 human beings represent the relics of about a hundred extinct nations and races — the very names of which are now unknown to our ethnologists. . . . When questioned about their origin, they reply that they know not whence their fathers had come, but had heard that their *first* (or earliest) men were ruled by the great genii of these deserts."

Not to encumber our article with quotations, we refer the reader to their source, where he will find much more to the same effect. This is simply one out of many recent instances of the confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings with regard to the future progress of research and discovery. For similar confirmations in the realm of anthropology, see the



## DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL ASIA

aforementioned article by Professor C. J. Ryan in our July number. We cannot refrain, however, from making one more comparison between the *Times* and *The Secret Doctrine*. The latter says:

“The members of several esoteric schools — the seat of which is beyond the Himmâlayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, India, Tibet, and even in Syria, besides South America — claim to have in their possession the *sum total* of sacred and philosophical works in MSS. and type. . . .

“In all the large and wealthy lamaseries, there are subterranean crypts and *cave-libraries*, cut in the rock, . . . Beyond the Western Tsaydam, in the solitary passes of *Kuen-lun*, there are several such hiding-places. Along the ridge of Altyn-Tagh, whose soil no European foot has ever trodden so far, there exists a certain hamlet, lost in a deep gorge. It is a small cluster of houses, a hamlet rather than a monastery, with a poor-looking temple in it, with one old lama, a hermit, living near by to watch it. Pilgrims say that the subterranean galleries and halls under it contain a collection of books, the number of which, according to the accounts given, is too large to find room even in the British Museum. All this is very likely to provoke a smile of doubt.”

The *Times* says:

“Few more wonderful discoveries have been made by any archæologist than that of the hidden vault, crammed with manuscripts and paintings, whose secret has been kept for some nine centuries, in the rock-hewn shrines near Tun-huang.”

It will surely be allowed, after these quotations, that H. P. Blavatsky has proved herself a sure forecaster of the trend of discovery, and that her teachings in general merit attention for that reason. Theosophy is the synthesis of all branches of knowledge; it is a master-key; to it all paths converge. H. P. Blavatsky claims to have revealed truths; and declares that science, so long as faithfully followed, must end by confirming these truths. And here we find both anthropology and archaeology actually fulfilling this program.

“The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its character and presence in every land, together with the teaching of all its great adepts, exist to this day in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, Introductory, p. xxxiv

Why should we want to know about this past of humanity? Why does science explore the past? Why do historians study the past? Because it is the key to the future. Mathematically speaking, if we are to trace a curve, we must know the law of that curve; and to ascertain the law, we must examine that part of the curve which is accessible to observation. If we can find out what humanity has been, we shall know what it is, and what it can do in the future. Science has been long trying to trace the history of the human physical organism, and to prove by facts a foregone conclusion that this organism has a continuous heredity of graduated progenitors, ascending from lower types. Science has not yet succeeded in this quest; but, whether it succeeds or not, the question is still left

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open as to the nature, the origin, the history, of that intelligent spirit which alone could direct such an evolution.

The importance of these archaeological discoveries is that they are showing us that our ideas of human evolution have been in error, as also our conceptions of the nature of man. If we must adduce the analogy of palaeontology, it is pertinent to point out that, in long past ages, certain types of animals attained their zenith, and have since been dying down — *e. g.* the Jurassic dinosaurs; and a general study of the palaeontological record would show many facts in support of the thesis that evolution proceeds by successive waves, having crests and troughs. And with humanity the law is the same. The hope of the future lies in the recovery of the wisdom of the past. The Secret Doctrine has never died out.

## TWENTIETH CENTURY SUPERSTITION

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



WE may read of superstitious faith in talismans, or of the worship of relics, and may pride ourselves on our own freedom from such folly in an enlightened age. Yet cycles come and go; and that which has been shall be again. Gibbon may sneer in his polished way at the superstitions of ancient Romans or early Christians; and nineteenth-century men of science may scoff and plume themselves on their superior wisdom. Nay, even in the twentieth century we had thought we were still equally wise and equally contemptuous. But what of the following, clipped from the advertisement columns of a very influential and widely read newspaper, in this twentieth century of our era and in these homes of a superior and self-complacent civilization? For the sum of two guineas is offered a 'Nigerian Mascot,' whose picture in carved wood is shown. It is not a toy nor a doll, says the advertisement, but a talisman. It is guaranteed to bring you luck. Testimonials to its efficacy are given from a manufacturer, a stockbroker, a jockey, and others. In the news columns of the same paper we also read a complaint which somebody makes against the growing practice of sending round circular letters of the 'snowball' type, with the request, "Make nine copies of this letter and send them to nine people, and thus bring yourself luck and spread the wave of luck to others."


Where are we at? one may well ask. What has become of the staid nineteenth century? Our sires must be turning in their graves. It is one more illustration of the fact that a certain recent cataclysm has knocked the pivot

## THE FEAR OF DEATH

out of the philosophy of many of us. Authority and faith are gone. Neither religion nor science nor any form of government nor any great personality has any more credit with these people; and they are at the mercy of all sorts of whims and caprices. That representatives of our proud civilization should actually be paying large prices for carved wooden idols, such as used by people generally called savages, is so incredible that one can hardly believe it even when one knows it to be a fact.

## THE FEAR OF DEATH

RALPH LANESDALE

HE fear of death is hardly known in some countries, while in others claiming a higher position in the civilized world it is a grim reality. The only justification for such a degrading attitude of mind is the crude belief that life on earth is the one reality and that death cuts that short finally and inevitably. No promises of heaven seem to rob death of his terrors, in Christian lands at least, except in rare cases; for it is in these enlightened lands considered almost indecent to speak cheerfully of death, and few will dare to smile at a funeral. And why? Is death the end of life? At first sight it may seem that as the death of the body actually cuts short the activity on this earth of the personality concerned, so it is only reasonable to suppose that death ends consciousness.

But that is really another proposition. Nothing is more difficult to think of than a time when we ourselves were not. We cannot conceive of our coming into consciousness except as an awakening from sleep: nor can we think of a time when we shall not exist in some state or other. We can easily imagine the death and destruction of this body; but, note well, we remain as some sort of a spectator of that event in an imaginary condition, however bodiless.

To think of ourselves as unconscious is difficult, if not impossible, though we can in fancy dispense with such a body as we occupy at present. In all such speculations we naturally look upon our body as a possession, or as an abode, or perhaps as an instrument very closely identified with its owner or occupier, but which may be abandoned without in any way renouncing the fullness of our own identity. We are always our self. I am always 'I': though my personality may change in any number of ways according to my fancy, I remain 'I'.

Therefore it seems to me that we should naturally suppose ourselves to be eternal and immortal, unless we had been taught to think otherwise.

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I do not think the natural man would of his own accord invent the theory that man's life began at the birth of his body and ended with its death. But who could teach him such an unintelligent idea?

I believe that there has not yet been found a race of men who had not some belief in the continuity of consciousness on other planes of existence than the one they actually occupy. And yet the fear of death is very common, though in varying degrees of intensity. Apparently a firm belief in the full continuity of consciousness beyond death is the most effective antidote to fear, in the case of either savage or civilized peoples.

Animals fear pain; but do they fear death? I doubt it. They seem to fear anything that they do not understand, and so they may tremble at the approach of death; but fear of death in man is greatest when death is not nearest. With him it is a mental attitude.

It is certain that in some cases, if not in all, fear has been deliberately cultivated in the minds of men in order to bring them under the control of those who have desired authority. There are many evidences in history of this use of fear directly cultivated by a religious hierarchy.

A man who has lived well does not fear death. It is more likely that he will regard it as a doorway in the house of life. The significance of death is to be measured by the value of life. So it is well to understand life's meaning and purpose – the importance of death depends upon that.

If life stops short when that change which we call death comes to the body, then there can be nothing to fear or to hope, since there is no beyond. But this is unthinkable, however ignorant we may be of what the future may hold for us. We cannot think of nonexistence.

The philosopher may declare that all beings are expressions of one universal consciousness; and he may assert that their sense of individuality is borrowed from the Supreme, and returns there at death, so that each separate entity is a new expression of the divine Self. But that is really equivalent to a declaration of the indestructibility of life and the eternal continuity of consciousness.

What does Theosophy teach? Not the fear of death; not the suspension of consciousness at death; not the death of the ego with the death of the body; not the ending of life when the sleep of death overtakes us. But rather the continuity of consciousness through life and death, as through sleeping and waking states, the continuity of evolution, and the perfectibility of man by means of that evolution.

Theosophy reveals a wider horizon than the limits of one life on earth; for as a lifetime here on earth may consist of many thousands of days and nights, with their alternate states of sleeping and waking, so the lifetime of the Spiritual Ego, that incarnates in the man of earth, may number countless appearances on this planet, in which to garner the experiences

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possible on this plane of life as well as those attainable in the periods between lives lived in the physical body.

Truly it was said "In my Father's house are many mansions"; and we say "Death is a doorway in the house of life." Through that doorway we may pass into 'mansions' that differ widely from the one we have discarded, as that one may have differed strangely from those that went before. Innumerable experiences are needed for the education of a man: one day does not make a lifetime; nor does one lifetime make a cycle of experience, such as would exhaust the possibilities of experience on this planet. "In my Father's house are many mansions."

In the ancient mystical and philosophical writings, such as constitute the bibles of the world, are to be found allegorical stories of creation and evolution in which days and years are spoken of that each represent enormous periods of time. In the Christian scriptures we find a clue to this in the saying: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday"; and the Brâhmanic scriptures assign very definite lengths of ages to the days and nights of Brahmâ, as well as to the days and nights of the lifetime of the planet and of the humanity on the planet, and of the races of men symbolized as individuals. And so on down to a day of life, that is merely one lifetime. These greater days and years include periods of time that, expressed in our years, would require fifteen or twenty figures for one year or perhaps for one day.

Theosophy indorses this larger conception of creation and evolution; for creation is continuous, and evolution is universal. The universe itself has its days and nights; and the human ego has a cycle of existence so extended as to entitle it to be regarded as immortal, if measured by the lifetime of the body.

Such words as immortality are of course relative. The immortality of the human soul means merely that the soul does not die with the dissolution of the body. To people whose imagination has been cramped with the psychological influence of the one-life idea, this relative immortality may seem a great stretch of fancy; whereas it will seem small to one who has accustomed his mind to the broader scope of Theosophy.

When it is understood that the patriarchs of the bible-stories were symbols that stood for races of human beings, each one with a long historical existence of its own, and that the travels of these patriarchs were records of the migration of long past races whose history was merged in tradition long ages ago, then it may come to appear as if those records were more scientific than we dreamed, and that they are written in symbols that are not entirely undecipherable even now.

Furthermore, this symbolism, which offers the history of a man as a key to the history of humanity, or of some race or nation or tribe, will

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appear on closer consideration as perhaps a better mode of transmitting records than our modern plan of historiography; for the old symbolism is natural, and may even be more true than the statistics that delight the heart of our recorders. It may be that there are great souls who actually in their own lives express the possibilities of the race whose destiny is typified in their prototypal man's life-record.

Indeed, I believe it was Madame Blavatsky who said that all old myths embodied a record of actual events, as well as a symbolical rendering of the interior evolution of the race.

Such a mythology of course demands intuition as well as study for its correct interpretation; but it is not necessary to go very deeply into it to see that the ancient records dealt with vast periods of time as well as with the evolution of races long since forgotten.

According to Theosophy there have been many races of men upon this planet, which have lived and grown old and have passed away, leaving the inheritance of their experiences and acquired knowledge recorded in various ways for the instruction of the next race. Each one of these races may figure in the mythology which is history as a man, a patriarch, a king, a hero, or leader; and his age in years may be stretched abnormally to admit the figures necessary to indicate in centuries, millenniums, or other larger units, the duration on earth of that race of men. The name of the symbolical man will probably be formed, according to a definite system of cryptography, so as to explain the general character of the race, its stage of evolution, or the region it occupied.

Each such race would represent a period of human evolution that might extend in duration to many thousands of years, during which the spiritual egos of the race would incarnate and reincarnate many times, acquiring experience during life in the body, and assimilating the fruits of experience during the after-death states, evolving gradually a higher type of humanity, and leading on the evolution of all the lower kingdoms of nature that look up to man as to a race of higher beings.

In such a scheme of evolution death plays a most important part as the gateway between the objective and the subjective states of existence.

If death were the end of everything, it would have no importance, for there would be nothing to follow; nothing to hope, nothing to fear, nothing at all. Death itself would be nothing. But death is as important an event as birth and should be so regarded. It should be understood and prepared for, but not with fear. The moment of birth is but the climax of a long process of gestation, as important to the after-life of the child as the actual birth itself. The importance of prenatal influences and conditions is now fully recognised. A terrified mother may stamp fear on the mind of her unborn child. Many dislike and even fear death at a

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distance, but when death comes the one who is called goes gladly enough. And that is natural. What we fear is a bogey: a fancy, a terror manufactured out of ignorance and superstition; and most frequently, perhaps, a horror planted in the infant's mind by the stupidity of nurses and parents, a gloomy image that takes root in the child's imagination and comes to be accepted in later life as a reality. Whereas at the actual time of release a door opens, not on a scene of terror, but on one of relative joy; and the dying one goes gladly to meet the experience of a new day.

The grief of those who are left behind is due to natural affection that suffers a shock and a loss, quite personal, and soon healed in most cases. Here too a great part of the grief is due to ignorance, to the belief that the life of a loved one is cut off and ended.

We suffer sometimes acutely at parting with a loved one even for a brief absence, with no question of death involved: for there are ties between human beings that are quite real, and that cause actual pain when strained or broken. This kind of suffering is emotional and even physiological, and it may be either aggravated or relieved by the aid of imagination. The bonds of affection are largely forged by the imagination, and can be made sources of joy or suffering according to the temperament concerned. Naturally there is in all such matters a strong element of selfishness, that is not always recognised as such, and the fear of parting can be minimized by the hope of reunion, but being personal can only be entirely surmounted by rising to a higher conception of life in which personality is merged in something nobler, nearer to the divine.

So long as we are content to live within the limits of our personality we must suffer and rejoice selfishly at the bidding of the emotional part of our nature. But when we realize that our real life is not thus bounded, then the joys and sorrows of the personality seem of small account, or disappear altogether in a grander outlook and a nobler conception of life, such as that offered by Theosophy.

Man, according to Theosophical teachings, is a complex being: a soul embodied in a temporary vehicle, and inspired, or enlightened and guided, by a spiritual ego, that is the real man, but that may be misunderstood to be a guardian angel, or even a god, according to the degree of ignorance and superstition in which the personality is sunk.

The mind of man is said to be like a mirror, that may reflect the truth of spiritual wisdom or the errors of the lower animal nature; so that man is more or less aware of a constant duality in himself, a tendency to fluctuate between extremes of the highest idealism and the lowest materialism and gross sensuality.

There is a constant war going on in human nature until the lower nature is dominated by the higher and is placed where it belongs.

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The lower man is dissolved into his constituent elements after the death of the body; but the higher man is relatively immortal, enduring throughout the whole period of a great cycle of evolution; while the Supreme Spirit, that presides over the whole race, survives the birth and death of the spheres or worlds of which the universe is composed.

It is taught that the complete dissolution of the personality requires a considerable period, which may include a series of deaths as real, or as apparent on their own plane, as is the death of the body on the material plane. But it is also taught that the real ego, the spiritual man, leaves the personality almost at once, freed from the grosser ties that held it to earth during the life of the body. That which remains of the personality is neither spiritual nor in the ordinary sense material, but is still of a degree of matter that is quite material according to the Theosophical analysis of matter; and this lower personality has to shed off its grosser elements one by one in a series of deaths or successive purifications that allow the spiritual ego to assimilate to itself all that the personality has gained of wisdom from its recent earth-life and experience. During this long process of liberation from the bonds of earth the spiritual ego, though not subject to recall to earth by the will of living persons, is like one who is in deep sleep, and whose dreams may be to some extent disturbed by the efforts of the living to hold communion with the dead. The remnant of the still dying personality, after the death of the body, may be, as it were, galvanized into a semblance of life, but is devoid of that higher intelligence which is the real self of the truly departed.

Naturally this process must be complex, and I am only attempting to give my own understanding of what is taught in Theosophy of the condition of man after death. The essential idea is that the real man is a spiritual intelligence that never wholly incarnates in the body during its life, and that escapes the control of earthly influences soon after death, gradually freeing itself entirely from all earthly contact, before descending once more from its state of pure spirituality to identify itself with life in a physical body during another earth-life or incarnation.

Even during life the spiritual self is not always in command of the personality, nor can it be always invoked at will even by its own personality. This is a common experience. We all know how hard it is to be always up to the height of our best and noblest ideal: indeed it seems that many people only rise to that height on rare occasions. Are we not all inclined to live in our lower nature, consciously ignoring the appeal of that which is best in us and which is really the true self?

The duality is a fact that surely few can be unaware of, though it would seem as if the appeal of the lower nature is at times so urgent as to deafen us to the voice of our true self, that voice which we call the voice



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of conscience, as if it were something external or separate and not really our very self. Of course the highest self is the Supreme, which, as it were, overshadows the spiritual ego; but, speaking from the ordinary state of man, the higher self may be regarded as the incarnating ego, and for this self death can have no terrors. That which may fear destruction is the illusive, the false self, or personality, which has indeed only a brief spell of borrowed reality, the real self being the higher.

Again it is nothing new or strange to any thinking man to find himself met constantly with the questions: What am I? Who am I? Where do I come from? Where am I going?

The mystery of self is no new problem, but its interest is eternally new and eternally insistent. It is eternally urgent that we seek to know ourselves; and to do this we must free ourself from illusion as well as from actual delusions, and cease to be terrified by bogies such as the fear of death.

We must realize our immortality by identifying ourselves with our higher self, by habitually regarding the body as a garment that can be put aside when worn out, to be replaced by one better suited to our needs.

It is almost useless to declare that there is no death in face of the facts of general experience; but it is useful to remind ourselves that the real self does not die when the personality is dissolved.

Death is a doorway in the house of life, and it has its place in the scheme of existence; but it should be no more terrifying than any other doorway.

We do not fear sleep, but seek it as a trusted friend whose mission is to make life bearable, to ease the mind from the burden of memory and to relieve the body from the strain of nervous anxieties. Sleep is the friend of life, not its enemy. Where should we be if we feared to go to sleep, or doubted our waking in due time?

Yet sleep is astonishingly like death. It changes the current of consciousness; but we find small inconvenience in that. We do not fear to trust ourselves to the great unknown when we go to bed, yet who can be sure that tomorrow will be what we anticipate? Nor is this sense of security entirely due to the confidence gained by experience. A child goes to sleep with perfect confidence and with no experience. Sleep is not more natural than death.

But death may come before its time, we say, knowing little enough about what its right time may be. And it is surely right to live as long as possible, just as it is right to sleep no more than is necessary, because life is opportunity for experience; and whereas death may come prematurely, it is not likely to delay its arrival unnecessarily. There are many correspondences between sleep and death. Why should one be regarded as a boon and the other as a disaster? Simply because we are taught to believe that death closes life and offers no tomorrow. And this belief de-

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pend upon the habit of denying our own existence and of identifying our selves with our bodies.

The one thing in life of which we are absolutely sure is our own existence: what we are may be uncertain, but we do know that we exist and are conscious of our own existence. We know that we sleep and in sleep forget the waking life, and we know that on waking we mostly forget the sleep-life; but we do not look upon sleep as the end of life, and for that reason we are quite content to go to sleep, even with the certainty that we are going into another state of consciousness that may be quite forgotten on waking.

A Theosophist can have no fear of death, because to him it is but a change of state and not at all a cutting of the continuity of consciousness.

To step out of a well lighted room into the darkness may be bewildering for a while, and so may be the coming up to daylight from a deep mine; but a change of state is not a matter for alarm, it is but a new experience.

It has been said that "death is but a sleep and a forgetting," and some may ask what then is the difference between an end of life and a forgetting of all that made up that life. But there is no loss of knowledge implied by the forgetting of the experiments and experiences by which that knowledge was acquired. We all know how to walk, yet we have, most of us I imagine, forgotten how we learned to use our limbs and to stand upright. So, too, the forgetting alluded to as a characteristic of death is the process by means of which the soul assimilates the fruits of bodily experience and leaves the memory of unnecessary details to the body, which gradually dissolves after death has liberated the spiritual self.

Experience is like food: it must be digested in the mind before its essence can be assimilated as knowledge; and after that the knowledge must be transmuted into character and made instinctual or intuitional. It is these characteristics that distinguish us from one another. They are the steps by which we climb to wisdom, and in their acquisition death plays an important part, affording opportunity for this assimilation.

Understanding death as but a change of state, as necessary as it is beneficent to us in our present stage of evolution, we shall regard it as the prelude to the opening of a new day, with new opportunities, with forgetfulness of failures and mistakes, a day which we may enter on with characters enriched by the experience of those discarded failures, and minds unclouded by the memories that so often seem to make life unbearable. The path that leads towards perfection when rightly understood is a path of joy. Until we learn that lesson we shall still need the opportunity for rest and sweet forgetfulness afforded to the harrassed pilgrim in his journeyings by the friend and comforter whom we call death.

## MAN'S DIVINE PROTOTYPE

### STUDENT

"Ever perfecting and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, man is always becoming."— W. Q. JUDGE



THEOSOLOGY gives us a new ideal in life; or, rather, revives a very old ideal which is often forgotten. We are familiar with that religious ideal which represents life on earth as a preparation for eternity; and we are familiar with the so-called scientific attitude of mind, which is engrossed with the study of external phenomena, and offers us a dark and uncertain prospect of anything beyond. And then there is the careless drifting attitude of the man who does not think. Over against these we put the Theosophical ideal — very ancient and honored, as aforesaid — that man is a being endowed with infinite potentialities, engaged in an evolution, an evolution which he performs consciously, and destined to indefinite progress in his own development.

It is futile to speak of evolution without having in mind some pattern or ideal toward which that evolution is tending; although we sometimes hear people speaking of evolution as though it were a blind haphazard process, obeying originally impressed laws, but tending to no particular goal. If man is evolving, to what is he evolving? To the type of the Heavenly Man, says our quotation.

We must all feel within ourselves the truth of this statement; for is not our inner life a continual striving to be something greater and better than we are? Whence then this striving, this aspiration? It is the urge of the Spirit within, seeking to find expression without, promoting evolution by its constant endeavor to build for itself a worthy mansion.

All this would seem much more natural and obvious, had we not been hindered from seeing it by wrong doctrines as to the duration of life. The notion that our terrestrial existence comes to a final end when we die, negatives the idea of continued progress. But death is not an end; it is merely a periodically occurring episode in the eternal life of the Soul, and may aptly be compared to the sleep which closes one day and ushers in another.

The ancient doctrine of Reincarnation is seen to be a necessary part of the scheme of things, making life understandable; without it, all is an insoluble mystery.

Another drawback to the proper understanding of human life has been

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the contracted field of view comprised by what we have been accustomed to regard as history. That history is the annals of a period of decline, a trough in the cyclic tide of humanity; and it contains the dramatic descriptions of wars and kings, among nations whose energies have been concentrated on material life and the desire for power and possessions. But a few thousand years is very small in the tale of ages. Draw to scale a geological time-chart, and see how insignificant the period of recorded history looks, at the very summit of the very last age. Five thousand years among so many millions! It must be borne in mind that humanity has flourished on earth for vastly greater ages, the records of which we have not yet recovered. But even now we know enough of the civilizations which succeeded each other for so many ages on the site of Egypt to be aware that there were great and enduring civilizations whose energies were devoted almost entirely to the deeper mysteries of life.

We have been taught to regard modern civilization as the highest point ever reached by the human race; and to regard preceding ages as being lower stages in the ascent to modern culture. But a wider view, to which the discoveries of archaeology lend support, shows that evolution moves in waves, and that periods of elevation alternate with periods of depression. This means that some ancient races have evolved to a higher point than our race has yet evolved to; but it does not mean that humanity is retrograding; for those ancient races had reached the zenith of their evolution, whereas our race is yet in its youth and has a future before it.

We have reached a critical point in history, at which many old forms are passing away, and new forces are being liberated. We are ascending out of a valley; and can not only see wider prospects ahead, but can also see further into the past than we could when we stood in the trough of the valley. What we are learning about the achievements of ancient races teaches us what may lie in store for existing races. The past is parent of the future; and the destiny of an individual or a race may be largely inferred from a knowledge of the ancestry. If we let ourselves be persuaded that our only ancestry was inferior races of men, and before that, the very beasts, we do not get much encouragement for the future. But once understand that man is a manifestation of a *divine* prototype, and we shall be able to realize that humanity will in the future achieve far greater heights of perfection than that at which it now stands.

## WHAT IS MAN?—A THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION

C. J. RYAN

HAT a strange world of confusion we live in regarding the realities of life; what we are, where we came from, where we are going, and what is best for us to do! The religious world is quite divided in opinion, so are the philosophers. The scientific researchers, who claim to be strictly unprejudiced and to take nothing on trust, agree to deny a great many things that other thinkers consider probable, but even they are not united in materialism; some allow a gleam of spirituality to illuminate their outlook. But Theosophy, a new thing to many, though really as old as the hills, is pushing its way, organizing thought and setting forth the fundamental ideas for the new Order of Ages, and spreading knowledge about man's nature and destiny which has been obscured for a long time.

We are living in a curious and critical period; a moment in which the new and the old ideas are in deadly conflict, not only in the political life of the whole world but in almost every department of human activity. It is terrible to watch the fearful sufferings of the millions upon whom the heaviest blows have fallen in the material sense, but it is worth being alive at this crisis in order to have the opportunity of throwing one's forces into the work of reconstruction—the building of a new world. The tremendous shock of the war has aroused many people, hitherto slumbering, to face conditions more courageously. Even in the Episcopal Church, inclined to be conservative and bound by tradition, a large body of persons are working to prune the dead wood of dogma, and to make it plainer that the Christian *life* (in the broadest meaning) is the essential and that the dogma that Jesus washed away all the sins of those who accepted the sacrifice on Calvary is a very inadequate exposition of his teachings. Innumerable examples stand out in sermons and writings by church members of all ranks which prove how far the influence of the teachings of Theosophy, brought to the western world by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, have spread.

But how can we expect to agree on a satisfactory remedy for our distresses unless we know something definite about our own natures, about the man who suffers these afflictions? A physician not only needs to understand the action of his medicines but he must be fully acquainted with the anatomy and physiology of the body and its activities. Our spiritual physicians, from the standpoint of Theosophy, are ignorant of much that ought to be familiar about man, and it is no wonder that they,

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however well-meaning, can do so little to relieve the moral diseases of the race.

From lack of real knowledge, multitudes of intelligent persons, including religious leaders, have surrendered their intuitive dislike to materialistic ways of thinking and have accepted the popular scientific hypothesis that we are merely higher animals, who by a series of lucky chances, have pushed ahead of the rest. We are continually being impressed by pictures, articles in the press, books on the outline of human history, and by direct teaching in schools and colleges, that the immediate ancestors of the early Stone-Age men were true animals, two-handed and arboreal, say some, quadrupedal say others. Above all, we are urged to believe, man and brute are not different in essentials today; they have no immortal soul, no future life, and — of course — no pre-existence, nor rebirth on earth.

In Dr. J. H. Leuba's recent book on 'The Belief in God and Immortality,' in which he gives the results of a very complete inquiry into this matter among educated people in this country today, he says the upper classes in colleges contain a much larger percentage of disbelievers than the lower, and that in the ranks of professional scientists, historians, sociologists, and psychologists the proportion is still larger. The more eminent the individual the less he believes, until, among seventy-two biologists chosen by a rule of chance from those starred for eminence in the list of 'American Men of Science,' the percentage of believers in the soul is as low as seventeen! Dr. Leuba points out the striking fact that the diffusion of knowledge and the intellectual and moral qualities that make for eminence in scholarly pursuits lead directly to utter disbelief in the fundamental grounds of Christianity. I am not concerned in this article, in considering why the churches have failed, in spite of their excellent organization and their admirable social features, but merely refer to Dr. Leuba's research in proof of the position of the best modern thinkers, a position that has come about through a want of understanding of the Wisdom-Religion, the Theosophy of the Ages.

Now in objecting to the delusion that man is merely a glorified beast — a monkey shaved, as the humorist puts it — it is proper to say that no Theosophist would throw any slur upon the great and justly honored name of Charles Darwin, which is intimately associated with the principle of evolution, a basic fact in nature. He is not responsible for the materialistic aspect put on it by most of his followers, especially Haeckel. Darwin claims the gratitude of all who love truth and mental freedom, for he destroyed many superstitious notions which, until his time, were deeply entrenched — notions which arose from a literal interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Under fanciful disguise these allegories conceal great

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truths about creation and evolution, but taken in their superficial meaning they lead to error.

Darwin's fame will not chiefly rest on his theory of natural selection and the "survival of the fittest through the struggle for existence." These are now admitted by the modern school to be restrictive influences, not creative forces. Darwin's great mind was shown in the careful deductions he made from his vast collection of facts, by which he re-established confidence in the law of cause and effect — at least on the physical plane — a law which had been lost in the Dark Ages when man and nature were looked upon as miraculous creations and the interference of the Deity with the course of law was considered quite reasonable. Darwin said: "My work, at which I have been at work now more or less for twenty years, will not fix anything; but I hope it will aid in giving a large collection of facts with one definite end." In his later writings Darwin admitted that he had attached too much importance to the mechanical principle of natural selection. Darwin stands as an opener of the way, a pioneer without whose work Theosophy would have found greater difficulties in having its more comprehensive teachings about human evolution understood.

A recent attempt to prevent the teaching of evolution in colleges has fortunately failed. Although the popular materialistic teaching — the ape-ancestry theory — is quite opposed to the Theosophical philosophy and not supported by conclusive evidence, it would be a serious step backwards if the right to teach the honest conclusions of the science of the day, however mistaken, should be curtailed by any kind of theological censorship or inquisition. Truth will ultimately be found by free discussion and unfettered research.

Theosophy offers a larger and more complete scheme of evolution than that now in vogue, for it includes spiritual considerations not recognised by material science and without which the problem of man's origin and destiny can never be solved. The immortal soul, the mind, and even the emotional nature, are derived from something; they have had their past evolution. The origin of the physical body is the least important, in fact it is regarded in Theosophy as merely a temporary instrument or vehicle which reflects the building forces of mind.

Before going any further, let it be clearly understood that Theosophy is not dogmatic. A study of one of its fundamental principles proves that this must be so. This important truth is that man is far greater than he seems, that he is a high spiritual being, a Spark of the Divine Flame, immortal, and as Jesus said, "Ye are Gods."

This does not mean that the everyday, commonplace personality we think ourselves,—Mr. Smith or Mrs. Robinson, the compound of the

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ordinary brain-mind intelligence deeply colored with emotions and passions, is the spiritual self that inherits eternal life. The personality of any one lifetime or incarnation is the means by which the true self gains experience. It is significant that the word 'personality' is derived from the Latin word for a mask — something which hides the true actor within. Take this idea and think it over; the personality is the mask, the instrument through which the true self tries to speak; make this idea clear and firm; clothe it and carry it out to its logical conclusions; it is the central feature of Theosophy in regard to man. You can have nothing more valuable to meditate upon. This is no dogma; it throws a man back upon himself to find truth within, to find it by his own self-devised efforts.

According to Theosophy the higher self has to gain experience by the use of many of these personalities, by many reincarnations throughout the ages. The descent of the spiritual self into physical incarnation also helps in the great scheme of World-Evolution, in which every particle of matter is moving onward and upward towards self-consciousness — Theosophy does not confine evolution to the animal kingdom. However, to pursue this tremendous subject now would lead us too far.

Rarely can the personality of any human being allow the great hidden spirit to manifest in all its fullness of beauty, but when such a personality breaks through its self-imposed bonds and awakes to the glory of the higher Divine nature, the "Father in Heaven," sublime wisdom and compassion naturally replace ignorance and selfishness. He becomes a Son of God, an Adept. (Do not forget that the 'Kingdom of God' is said to be 'within.')

It is a question of the Spiritual Will. Shelley, the poet and philosopher, says:

". . . it is our will  
That thus enchains us to permitted ill.  
We might be otherwise — we might be all  
We dream of, happy, high, majestic."

By attempting to make brotherhood a living power in life we find that life becomes a series of awakenings to the hidden greatness within. The Golden Age is here, only we will not open our eyes and see. There is no other foundation for progress.

The knowledge of Theosophy takes the idea of universal brotherhood out of the region of sentimentality into that of clear understanding. Theosophy shows that it is a fact — a law — in nature, and that breaking this law, refusing to recognise it, brings loss and misery, and will do so until the lesson of kindness and justice is learned. Co-operation, not competition, is the method of the evolutionary forces. Competition — including natural selection, etc. — is a minor factor; it acts as a destructive agency useful to destroy worn-out forms cumbering the earth.



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The Bible-saying that man is made in the image of God is not a mere poetical phrase; it is a scientific fact and Theosophy shows how to find its truth. It is a brief way of saying that in man there is every principle or power that is found in the universe, seen or unseen. Have you ever thought of the ancient symbol of the Key, so often used? The meaning of this is not very far beneath the surface. Man is the key, the only key, to open the door of the Mysteries of Being. According to the story in *Genesis* of the Creation of Adam in the Divine Image -- a wonderful allegory written by those who knew how to conceal while half-revealing --- after man was made perfect but ignorant, came the Fall and Expulsion from the Garden of Eden. By this, Theosophy shows, was meant the fall of the immortal Ego, the higher self, into material conditions, a necessary part of the great cycle of evolution. We are nowhere told that man was deprived of any of the principles of his being by the descent into material life, and in fact we possess far more powers than appear in our ordinary consciousness. The true Theosophist sees godhood and kingship in the common man, and yearns to arouse him to his greatness. Theosophy is the Liberator.

Detailed information concerning the Theosophical teachings about the constitution of man and its evidences must be sought in the large amount of literature now available, but a brief outline of these ancient teachings corroborated by observations of more recent students qualified to investigate may prove of some interest. We have of course the physical body composed of innumerable living atoms and cells, organized into groups and organs until we reach the master-life of the whole body. All these are governed by forces in harmony or at one with certain forces in nature not yet known to modern physiology. The conflicting schools of medicine, each based on a different hypothesis, and the honest confession of ignorance as to the real nature of disease occasionally made by pathologists, proves how little is really known about even the most palpable and material of the human principles — the body. Recently published discoveries by Schrenck-Notzing in Germany and Crawford in Ireland and others in France in obscure lines of psycho-physiology, promise to revolutionize the scientific notions about the constitution of the matter of which the body is made, and new ideas about the change of weight or polarity of living bodies without loss of substance in living persons under special circumstances have been lately discussed in the scientific press. These new and startling suggestions are all leading to the more profound teachings of Theosophy on these subjects.

The physical body is molded upon the astral body, composed of a finer kind of matter, wherein the senses are located. This principle persists for some time after death and is sometimes mistaken for the soul,

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but it is quite material and not spiritual at all. Then there is the principle of Kâma, or Desire, which provides the opposition to the high immortal self whose battle-ground is the mind. All these things and more are dealt with in Theosophy without prejudice, and Theosophists claim that no one who once studies the nature of man and the marvelous story of his evolution as outlined in Theosophical treatises -- a much more complex matter than the Darwinian ape-ancestry theory -- can ever look upon life again with blank ignorance or without hope.

If we take the broad view of human life which sees in man an immortal principle moving on in harmony with the changing cycles of the earth, suffering, rejoicing, but learning all the time, the idea of Reincarnation becomes a logical necessity. There are two difficulties felt by some in the way of accepting Reincarnation; one is that it is not agreeable to many to have to return to this troubled scene of existence. It has been said in reply that one may go further and fare worse according to certain so-called Christian views of the fate of a great many people, but that would not explain much and is rather out of date. I should prefer to draw attention to the cry that so many despairing souls have given, "Oh, that I had my time over again, how differently I should act!" and also to the fact that nature's laws are not made to please our fancies; we have to discover them and make ourselves as happy as possible by working with them. According to the law of Karma, of Cause and Effect, we make our own future, and if we build for selfishness we shall be unhappy as we deserve, but if we cultivate the noble and loving side of our dual nature, peace and happiness will follow -- "as surely as the wheel follows the ox," as the Buddha said in speaking of this very subject.

The second great objection to Reincarnation is founded upon the fact that few persons claim to recollect their past lives. The weakness of this consists in the implied belief that the everyday, waking consciousness is the sum-total of our individuality, and that there are no deeper strata of being underlying our superficial selves.

But even modern psychology has begun to investigate the undercurrent that flows beneath the surface of our minds, of which we are usually unaware until some extraordinary cause forces it to the front. We are so little in the habit of watching our mental states that a lifetime may pass with hardly a sign of what is hid. Recent studies of multiple personality -- abnormal mental conditions in which two or more individuals seem to struggle for the possession of the same body -- and the analysis of dreams, have given science some information about the desires and faculties of the hidden self, called by some the 'subconscious.' This subconscious is not what is called, in Theosophy, the Higher, Spiritual Self, and it is only mentioned in connexion with Reincarnation to prove

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the existence of a background of consciousness within us, holding desires and immense stores of memories of which in our normal state we are utterly ignorant. The existence of this underlying self, into which we usually cannot penetrate at will, whose memories we cannot revive although they are exceedingly complete in detail, is a conclusive demonstration that the mere fact of not remembering past lives is no argument against having endured them. Even the first year or two of our present life have not been recorded in the normal brain-memory.

Now if it is a fact that man is made in the image of God, that he is a divine soul using a temporary personality, and is passing through a series of incarnations on his way upward, how will the understanding of his true nature affect his attitude towards life? Think for yourselves if we can allow things to go on in the old dreary way when we realize that we have the power to change our surroundings, that we are going to be here for a very long time, that pure chance is not the governing factor. Theosophy helps us to realize that the life of brotherhood is the only one which satisfies the inner, spiritual man; it also shows that it is the most rational, the most practical, that it produces the best results. Even though its effects are not sensational, and take time to work, they are enduring, for they are founded upon a rock. As Goethe says: "Without haste, without rest," and there is another saying: "Time will not respect that which it has had no hand in producing."

Imagine for a moment the effect upon the world at large if the majority of civilized people fully realized the teachings of the New Testament about the law of Karma — a subject which has been generally neglected by the ecclesiastical authorities — the law that we reap exactly what we sow and are not the sport of chance. Suppose that people ceased to look upon the Bible teachings about Karma as mere pious remarks, not to be taken too seriously; suppose they became ingrained into the mind of every man, woman, and child, what an improvement in conduct, in morals, in health we should see! The teachers who wrote those passages knew the world needed to think on that line; they were only repeating what the great initiates had learned and proved from time immemorial.

Theosophy offers the most practical solution of the great problem of life — how to find the Way, and once found, how to live in harmony with the highest ideal, or in other words how to find true happiness. Men will always follow what appears to them the best plan; even the criminal in his blindness thinks his way leads to pleasure. It is, therefore, ignorance that betrays us all. Why not then try to fathom the meaning of Theosophy and see what it promises for the individual and the race? Let us begin in our individual lives to realize the absolute unity of mankind in a deeper sense than merely the material. The new discoveries of science

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have made the world much smaller as they say; wireless, airplanes, newspapers, and so forth, have produced an increase in the sense of material oneness; but what about the hatreds, jealousies, rivalries of nations and classes: where is the spirit of brotherhood there? Already we hear voices prophesying "the next great war."

If Theosophy could be brought into every home; if the children of the race could be trained in the knowledge that they are divine souls, that self-control, modesty, gentleness (but not weakness) and the full understanding that "helping and sharing is what brotherhood means," constitute the only way to the great life which is as far above the common existence as the sun is from the earth; if men and women would only try the beauty of the life of service and unselfishness, what a change would be set on foot! This cannot be done in the twinkling of an eye — that is to say, on a large scale — but any individual can do it; anyone can begin in his own home, his own circle. Everyone knows something that is his besetting weakness, no one is free from the duality; and "each effort carves a path for the next"; and as the heart is opened new light begins to shine, new knowledge grows of what to do, new understanding of duty and the joy in duty breaks in upon the mind. This is a great Theosophical truth — Force directed towards right conduct, unselfish dealing, helpfulness, has more effect than the same energy placed at the service of evil. Why? Because the pure motive calls forth the powers of spirit, of righteousness, which are naturally stronger than those of selfishness which is not a co-operating principle but a disintegrating one. Trust in the higher self in man is a mighty power; it can move mountains of difficulty.

Some new writers, inspired by quite the Theosophical spirit though not identified with the Theosophical Society, are calling upon the nations to turn their backs on the old selfish materialism in international affairs, to abandon the short-sighted policy of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' to abandon the brutal desire for revenge, and to try the one truth which history and even common sense have been trying to teach unfortunate humanity: "Make helpfulness, not selfishness and greed, your guide; steer by the stars of comradeship and love for all that breathes." This charity has to be begun at home, but it must not stay there.

Unfortunately we have so many enemies in our own natures, so many 'I's, so many conflicting desires, and so little power of self-mastery! We have been educated to give way to every desire that did not appear actually criminal, and we have got into bad habits. Nothing is harder to break than a habit; but when we find out that there is an inexhaustible reservoir of strength within us to draw upon, it does not seem so hard. We have been brought up under a frightful shadow, which is that we are all miserable sinners, born in sin and, as the Episcopal prayer-book says,

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“there is no health in us.” That fearful, hypnotic lie is one of the crimes against humanity and, above all, against childhood. The truth is that there is health in us, oceans of it. The mystical writers of that very mystical and allegorical Oriental scripture, the Bible, said: “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son,” and so forth. If we were all miserable sinners, deserving of eternal damnation and destruction, God could hardly have so loved the world as to permit the mystical Christos-principle to descend into humanity to help it to supernal heights of glory. He would have made another, more promising world.

Many surprises meet the candidate for Light, pleasant and otherwise, for he has turned the searchlight of his soul upon the dark corners of his lower nature and he has to fight harder than ever before. But he has called upon the warrior, the Higher Self, who can never fail, and his progress is sure, though he may not see it for many days; a good deal of leeway has to be made up. Even the desire for visible progress is sometimes a hindrance for it is apt to lead in subtil ways to concentration upon the selfish aggrandisement of the personal self. Those who come into the Theosophical life, knowing that it is the only thing worth living for, need a great patience, but it must be a very positive kind of patience. As H. P. Blavatsky says: “Slain tigers can no longer turn and rend you,” but they must be thoroughly slain.

To one who has the love of humanity burning as a living power in the heart, the way to start on the journey to the realization of the divine principle within, opens; it may come through the simplest and most unsensational events in common life, “the daily round, the common task”; it may come through tribulation. Spiritual knowledge will surely not come through the abnormal effort to force one’s way into the lower regions of the psychic world, planes which are even less spiritual than this material existence. The inferior psychic planes, beyond which the untrained, undisciplined seer cannot pass, have nothing to teach which cannot be better learned in the school of life in which we find ourselves, and they are full of danger and especially of delusion. Advanced Theosophical Teachers, under whatever name, throughout the ages, have studied these matters, and the unanimous opinion and advice has been that they have no proper place in the life of the healthy, normal man, who should concentrate upon the purification of his mind and the improvement of the condition of the multitudes who suffer from lack of the bread which feeds the body and of that which nourishes the soul.

Theosophy echoes and reinforces the teaching of the great sages, “Man, know thyself!” If we are asked what is the great object of the search for self-knowledge, what is to be gained for oneself and for the world that we so desire to help, the answer is simple. In the inspired

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words of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the first Theosophical Leader:

“There is a road steep and thorny . . . but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. . . . There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come.”

### WHITE LOTUS DAY, MAY 8, 1922

A Paper read by H. T. EDGE, M. A.



THE white lotus, replaced in the west by the white lily, is a prolific symbol. Among other things the lotus stands for the fully developed man, having its roots in the earth, its stem in the water, and its flower in the air; and the color white is the universal symbol of purity. Thus we may consider the white lotus as the emblem of white magic.

H. P. Blavatsky came to teach white magic — the art of using spiritual powers for beneficent purposes — the only purpose for which they *can* be used. Her thesis was that all faiths spring from a single and primordial religion — that based on the facts of spiritual nature. Whatsoever path a man follows with faith and pure devotion, that path will bring him to the same supreme goal — that of full harmonious self-realization and perfect knowledge of nature's laws, through sympathetic union with that which is supreme in nature. And, having made conscious within himself the spiritual essence, it is then only by unselfish service that he can find satisfaction for the power that he has awakened.

She came also to draw together people of many types, scattered and isolated, but all with one quality — the hunger for light and certainty; so that their efforts might not be wasted in fruitless struggle with overwhelming odds, and that they might form a nucleus for the future salvation of humanity. For humanity has to be its own savior, and the spirit must be incarnate in humanity itself.

Since she left us (in bodily presence), the work has undergone external changes, but the spirit has been ever the same. Those changes marked the unfolding of the lotus-flower — a symbol of generation.

It has been the constant endeavor of the H. P. Blavatsky spirit to prevent Theosophy from taking the form of a comfortable piety or an interesting philosophy. Hypocrisy, deeply rooted, has made religion into a sort of higher self-indulgence, to be conscientiously pursued, but not really taken seriously at bottom. The same danger menaced Theosophy in the hands of people brought up in this spirit of hypocrisy. But the

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crucial test of actual willingness to work and sacrifice has always sifted us and compelled us to examine surely the ground on which we stand.

The spirit sown in our hearts by H. P. Blavatsky is everlasting and self-reproductive. It springs up anew after the years, and ever endows us with new life and energy. It provides a resource that goes back of every trial; and though we may at times turn aside to follow false gods, we have been once and for all endowed with a hunger that nothing less than the truth can satisfy. Hence all trials become purifications.

We say, Life is Joy; and we mean that the spirit of true optimism is what will carry a man through. This real optimism is grounded on unshakable faith in the power of our own essential nature; a faith with which our great Teacher imbued us.

She has rendered possible for us the unique and incomparable comradeship we enjoy here. Anywhere else we should gasp and pine like fish out of water; we should be out of harmony with our surroundings, and find no companion for our thoughts. But here we are surrounded by friends who think as ourselves and share our loves and aspirations.

We believe that the path of true self-culture and the path of service are one and the same. By overcoming our own limitations, we shall acquire the power to do easily and naturally that which is so great a labor to workers laboring under personal infirmities. Our faith in the reality of spiritual powers teaches us that even the man who turns the sod in the right spirit becomes thereby a center of light for the world, especially when acting from such a vantage-ground as this on which we stand.

Truly today we are venerating the lotus, a symbol of growth and evolution; which was planted by H. P. Blavatsky and has already grown and unfolded so generously. All around us we see the blossoms. The lotus, it is said, contains within the seed a model of the perfect flower. So it was in the seed which H. P. Blavatsky bestowed in faithful hearts.

It is well that we should celebrate occasions like this, if only to remind us to whom we owe those many advantages upon which we are so prone to plume ourselves. The generosity of the teacher — her faith in us — induced her to intrust us with powers of the most momentous kind. What use have we made of them — are we making of them — shall we make of them? But mistakes, once sincerely acknowledged and repented of, become stepping-stones.

It has often been said that each man lives a lonely life, with none to know his heart but himself. But it has been the privilege, not only of those who knew H. P. Blavatsky, but of others among us, to know that there is a certain order of human beings that do know one's heart, that discern it through all the veils, speak directly to it, and draw forth all that is best in it — thus becoming our truest friends.

## THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL.

*(Continued from the July issue)*



MALCOLM FORSTER disregarded the warning as to his choice of friends and allowed the Spaniard to become a constant visitor to the studio, where he was always welcome, and soon established an intimate friendship with the artist, who one day confided to him the story of the rare musical genius he had discovered in the old manor-house on the deserted northern shore. Morra was intensely interested at once; and the artist, delighted with the sympathy of this master-musician, suggested that they should together go down to Winterby and pay a surprise-visit to Crawley Manor.

Morra goodhumoredly fell into the proposal, and so it happened that one evening, as Margaret was sitting silent after singing one of the old songs, a sound of voices was heard and she sprang to her feet with an exclamation that she tried to stifle. "No! No!"

Mark was on guard at once; but it was too late. Jane was already welcoming Mr. Forster and his friend with the most cordial politeness, and Rebecca herself opened the door to let them in.

Malcolm Forster came in beaming with pleasure and genially introducing his friend as the great teacher Señor Morra.

Mark was as cordial as his anxiety would allow, but did not offer to introduce the stranger to Miss Margaret, who seemed changed almost beyond recognition.

The Spaniard made a pretty little speech alluding to her song being a welcome that had reached them as they approached the enchanted palace and which had sunk into his soul.

But Margaret stood rigid with an expression of something like horror on her face; and the painter realized that he had made some horrible blunder in bringing this stranger to the house. He was distressed and embarrassed beyond words, while the Spaniard seemed utterly unconscious of any lack of cordiality in his reception, and addressing Mark in Spanish, spoke of his own visits to the 'golden west.'

Mark's Spanish was of the American variety, so he answered in English, holding the visitor engaged so that Margaret might recover her self-control. Tony's eyes did not leave the stranger's face; he seemed to be trying to recall some memory.

The situation was uncomfortable, and Forster could only curse his own stupidity and tactlessness in taking such a liberty as he had done, presuming on the generous welcome he had himself always received. But Morra was apparently entirely at his ease. He spoke of the power of music and spoke well; then he begged his hostess to play for them, but she seemed not to



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hear his words, standing rigidly staring at him with undisguised aversion. But he was not ruffled; he merely repeated his request even more gently, and she turned automatically to the piano like a sleep-walker and obeyed.

The thing was so slight that it would have escaped notice under ordinary circumstances, but two at least of the party were watching closely and understood.

Margaret's playing was coldly perfect and entirely unlike what they had heard hitherto. To Mark it was painful, but Morra smiled blandly, listening attentively, and seemed well pleased. As soon as she stopped he rose and thanked her cordially, declaring that it was well worth the journey to have the privilege of meeting so distinguished a musician. He ventured to hope that she would be persuaded to leave her retreat and give the world the opportunity to applaud such rare qualities. Then he thanked Mark for his hospitality, and gracefully excusing himself, drew Malcolm Forster with him out of the uncomfortable position, without betraying any sign of embarrassment or evidence of having noticed anything unusual in the behavior of his hostess, who remained standing motionless till the two men had left the house.

Then she relaxed; passing her hand across her eyes as if waking from a dream, she looked round the room trying to find herself. The others were silent.

Tony was wondering who was this intruder: not the old Morra whom he had feared and hated. This man was relatively young, handsome in an evil way, insidious as a snake and as venomous, yet with a certain charm of manner that might be irresistible to a woman, but which made Tony shudder, it was so reptilian, so malignant. He had shown his power when his victim obeyed his will.

Mark understood so much and had divined more. His love for Margaret was like a mother's for her child, it gave him intuition. He felt the man was venomous as a rattlesnake, and he saw that Malcolm Forster was completely under his influence.

In introducing Morra the artist had spoken of his friend as a great musical agent as well as a teacher, and Mark guessed that it was Morra who had planned the visit with the hope of securing a new subject for his exploitation, or of recovering possession of one whom he had lost sight of: for it was evident to Mark that Margaret both knew and feared the man, and it was equally certain that he knew her.

As he stood there, it flashed upon him that Morra had recognised his victim from Malcolm Forster's description and had come to claim her. But now she was not alone. He could protect her.

For a moment Mark forgot that he was not in Mexico or pioneer California, where rattlesnakes were easily killed and no questions asked. But even at Crawley, human reptiles could not be so easily disposed of. He wondered if his foundling was the wife of this unscrupulous rascal, and she stood motionless beside the old piano staring at the floor.

At last he went to her and gently laid his hand upon her shoulder pro-

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tectingly. She did not look at him, but laid her head against his arm and touched his hand, accepting his protection; then turned and left the room.

Mark let her go in silence; but when the door was heard to close upstairs he called Rebecca in and said: "That man who came with Mr. Forster is an enemy. He'll come again and try to get Miss Margaret away from us. We must protect her."

Rebecca went to the window and looked out after the two men who were still visible across the field. She seemed to be making sure of the man. Then she said slowly: "It's not good to come making trouble here. The little lady shall never leave the house against her will, not while I live."

Mark was silent. Rebecca went back to her work; and in a little while Margaret came down herself again, saying that Tony's room was ready for him. Mark helped him upstairs and then came down to find the lamp lighted and Margaret closing the shutters as usual. Mark took his accustomed place by the fire, which burned summer and winter more for company than actual need of warmth, though the sea-fogs made it welcome at all times of the year. Maggie took a stool and sat beside him for a while in silence. Then she said quietly:

"I promised to tell you all about the past, but kept putting it off because I hoped that it was mostly a bad dream that I would be able to forget; but now I know that it was all real, and he is not dead after all, as I believed.

"It seems a long time ago that I first left him. He soon found me again. I could not get away from him; try as I did, he seemed to know where I was, and I was forced to go to him when he called. At last I was free, or thought I was; but I hated him too bitterly. I see it now. My hate bound me to him and brought him here to find me out again. I thought that I had done with all that, and then he touched me and my heart stood still, while my nerves seemed strung like wires and the room was dark.

"He took me by surprise. But now I know that he will never make me what I was before, his slave. He came to fetch me. I know what is in his mind; but I am changed, and I am not alone now. He wants me to make money for him and to act as a decoy to bring in men for him to gamble with and rob; gambling is his passion. He is a fine musician and can earn money as a teacher, but not enough to pay his gambling debts. His uncle taught him music, as he did me. The old man was a genius, but greedy for money; he would do anything to get it. He made me work for him until he died; and then Hilario made me marry him. I hated him and loathed myself. He took all I earned, but that was not enough, and then he tried to sell me to another man, and that broke the spell. I got away from him, as I thought; and now he finds me once again. That was my fault; I hated him too much. I must have done with hate as well as fear. Since I have been here I have grown strong. Today he took me by surprise. That will not be possible again."

She looked at Mark and smiled with no trace of fear left in her face, and Mark was glad but anxious still. He asked: "Do you suppose that he will

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come again and try to get you to go back to him? Tell me frankly."

"Surely," she answered quietly, "but I will not go."

"Are you still his wife?" asked Mark.

She shook her head doubtfully as she answered: "I doubt if I ever was his wife in reality; but he would not think of that. He will rely upon his influence to make me follow him. Yes, he will come when he finds that I do not go to him; but I will not be here."

Mark was alarmed. "Where will you go?" he asked.

She laughed. "Oh, you must say I have gone to London, but I will just go to the cottage and stay there."

"But he will find you there alone, perhaps," urged Mark.

She answered like a child. "Oh no. Grannie will be there too."

Mark shook his head dubiously, but could suggest nothing better, so it was settled; and that night when Jane went to the cottage Margaret went with her and stayed.

Next morning soon after breakfast, Mark was in the garden when Señor Morra appeared at the gate. It was too late for the master of the house to escape unseen, so he put a good face upon the matter and returned the visitor's greeting with a fair show of courtesy.

The visitor apologized for such an early call, excusing his haste by the shortness of the time at his disposal. Further, he explained that his visit was in particular addressed to the lady of the house whom he avoided mentioning by name.

Mark expressed regret that his niece was not at home; and when the visitor showed willingness to await her convenience, he told him bluntly that she had gone to London for an indefinite period.

Señor Morra's expression of regret betrayed his incredulity, and Mark decided to speak plainly, and said that his niece anticipated this visit and had gone away in order to make it quite clear to Señor Morra that she would never meet him willingly again.

At this the visitor smiled deprecatingly and shrugged his shoulders, saying that he regretted such a caprice and felt pained at being so misunderstood. At the same time he showed no inclination to take the hint, and Mark became impatient. Seeing which the visitor changed his tone, and speaking seriously said: "Mr. Anstruther, the lady whom you call your niece is my wife. I demand to see her."

To which Mark answered firmly: "She is not here."

Señor Morra seemed not to hear this declaration and continued: "There was a serious misunderstanding between us, I confess, but it would long ago have been removed if she had been willing to listen to my explanation. But, for what I felt to be a mere caprice, a whim, she recklessly deserted me, abandoning her musical career and the successes that I could have assured for her. I must admit that I was deeply hurt, but time has healed the wound, and I am willing to forget the past, and to forgive the ingratitude that blighted all my hopes and plans for her career. I still can offer her a home and the

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protection of her natural guardian with all the benefit of my professional guidance and experience. I may say that my standing in the musical world is greater now than when she left me and I think that I can safely offer her a reasonable prospect of a great success if she will place herself again under my guidance and avail herself of the great connexion I have established. I am not talking 'in the air,' but calmly and seriously, when I say that I can offer her wealth and fame such as few women would despise. I speak quite frankly, and I ask you, Will you stand in the way of her artistic triumph, or will you speak to her for me?"

The voice was gentle and the manner most conciliatory, but the eyes were cruel, and Mark felt that he would rather see his foundling dead than in the power of this creature. He answered coldly:

"Señor Morra, my niece's absence is her answer and I indorse her wishes absolutely. There is no more for me to say."

The visitor's temper flared up as he snapped out the words: "She is my wife: and I will see her. Send her to me!"

Mark was quite cool again as he repeated: "She is not here."

"She is here," cried Morra, and I will see her and speak to her myself, and she will listen to me. You shall see!"

He moved towards the door where Rebecca stood on guard but out of sight, and Mark feared she might act foolishly; so he spoke for her benefit as he calmly answered:

"I have told you my niece is not here; and if you doubt it, you are at liberty to search the house. You may go in; no one will hinder you."

Morra hesitated a moment, then decided to test the truth of this in a surer way. He made as if to turn away from the house and came close up to Mark, fixing his eyes upon him as if to read his mind as he asked in a tone of command: "Where is she?"

But Mark was ready for him. He fixed his mind on London and imagined her there in the hotel where he had stayed, and holding the picture in his mind allowed his interrogator to read it if he could. Morra was baffled.

Changing his manner, he sighed as he said pathetically: "You have the advantage of me in being able to offer her so peaceful a home as this old house; and yet, if she would just consent to let me speak to her. . . . I cannot think that she has quite forgotten. May I go in? No, not alone - I am your guest. I beg you --"

He motioned his host to lead the way; and Mark could not refuse, nor was there any apparent reason why he should. But once inside he felt that he had put himself at a disadvantage, for the musician without more than a word or "May I? — you have no objection?" sat down at the piano and played.

There was real magic in the touch but magic of a different quality to that with which Mark had grown familiar. Suddenly he was aware that his mind was being played upon by a man of evil power who meant to read his mind while holding him in the spell of music. Again Mark pictured Margaret in

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London and held the picture there till it seemed true to himself. He felt it was a contest of will and one that made his head swim with the unaccustomed effort.

Suddenly the music stopped. Mark thought that this was part of the scheme to distract his attention from the point at issue; but it was too natural. The man was evidently suffering as he asked for water.

Mark called to Rebecca to bring a glass of water while Morra sank into a chair as if exhausted. He drank the water, and Mark said pleasantly: "Rest awhile! you will be better presently," and moved towards the door; but the other called him back, begging him not to go.

"Don't leave me alone, please. These spasms are awful. The doctors have warned me to avoid excitement. May I lie down here a little?"

Mark helped him to reach the big sofa, and bethought him of the unfinished bottle of old brandy put away when he decided to abandon alcohol. He filled a glass for the sick man who drank it eagerly. The color came back slowly to his cheeks and he thanked his host, adding:

"If I could sleep a little now I should be all right again."

"Sleep, by all means, if you can," said Mark with as much cordiality as he could command, and left the room quietly. Closing the door carefully, he passed into the kitchen, where Rebecca was at work, and said to her significantly: "Miss Margaret went to London this morning by the early train. She will be away a month or more. You understand?"

Rebecca nodded. Mark pointed to the other room and said: "He's resting on the sofa just at present, but if he wants to see the old house I told him he was welcome. Let him see for himself she is not here. That's all. I'm going to see Jonas now."

The bailiff was in the stable and Mark briefly told him the same story, merely adding that he himself got up early, harnessed the mare, and drove Miss Margaret to the station. There was no need of further explanation. Jonas just nodded as his sister had done, and Mark was satisfied that Señor Morra would get little out of either of them now that they were warned.

This done he strolled out round the garden and sat down on one of the old seats beneath an elm-tree where he could see who came or went on that side of the house.

Morra lay still but did not sleep; the brandy had revived his energy and he decided that another glass would put him on his feet again; so he helped himself liberally to the stimulant and found that with returning strength there came a fierce resentment, a feeling that he had been duped in some way. It seemed improbable that his unfriendly host would have left him there alone if the object of his quest were in the house, unless she were hidden in some safe retreat such as was common enough in old houses in his own country. The brandy stimulated his imagination, and the idea that Juanita was hidden somewhere grew upon him, till he determined to take Mark at his word and search the house.

Fortune seemed to favor him; for Rebecca entered and asked if he

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wished her to show him over the old house, or would he prefer to go alone?

He thanked her politely and spoke a little of his love for old houses, said he liked to make notes as he went, and would not trouble her. He added that he expected to find something that would reward him for his journey; and Rebecca said she thought it not unlikely. There was something sardonic in her tone that grated on his nerves; but he let it pass as due to his own nervous condition.

Rebecca left him alone, and having shut the kitchen-door behind her, listened for his tread upon the stairs. She had not long to wait, and listening, followed him from room to room.

As silently as possible he opened doors and peeped into cupboards. Passing the open door of Tony's room he saw the boy asleep, and glanced round the room. The old-fashioned wall-cupboards seemed to attract him more than anything else. He examined them carefully, searching for a secret door, and his search was not in vain.

Rebecca listening below could hear the trapdoor softly opened; she could almost hear his cry of triumph as he found the secret stair, and then she laughed at the disappointment he would meet below. Suddenly a new thought struck her, and swiftly opening the kitchen-door she followed him upstairs.

Morra's first flash of triumph was soon blotted out by the unmistakable odor of dampness and decay that told of no likely hiding-place for a delicate woman. As he went down, the darkness increased till he could see no more steps, and then he halted. For mere curiosity he struck a match, and shuddered as he found himself upon the edge of the old well, with only a rotten plank that would not bear his weight even if he had any inclination to use it as a bridge. The match burned down, and as he let it fall, he noted the depth of the well and wished himself once more in the light of day. Turning to climb the stairs he saw the dim light fade and heard the trap close with a sharp click overhead. He struck another match nervously and in doing so struck the box out of his hand into the devouring depth of darkness.

He called up, but got no answer; and called again, hastily scrambling up the narrow stairway till he reached the trap. He felt around to find the catch but it was out of reach or else most carefully concealed. He tried to force the panel and strained himself till he grew faint and dizzy, calling occasionally but to no purpose. His heart was throbbing painfully and he knew that at any moment he might faint. Steadying his nerves by an effort of will he sat down to wait, and tried to still the intermittent throbbing of his heart.

He tried to think what had happened to him, but his mind was in a maze, and lights seemed to flash up at him from below. He knew that he was trapped, but how, or by whom, he could not guess. His mind was wandering. Occasionally he would make an effort to be heard; but no one came to his relief.

Mark had not long taken up his position on the garden seat under the old elm when he heard voices from behind the hedge that skirted the footpath to the cottage. Listening he recognised the voice of Margaret, who was

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talking without any attempt at concealment; in fact she was laughing as she came in sight accompanied by Malcolm Forster.

Mark rose to meet them, making a sign of caution, and saw Jonas hurrying from the stable-yard evidently with intent to warn his mistress. But Margaret took no heed of Mark's signals, and Jonas stopped as soon as he saw his master there.

She came up to Mark and put her hand on his arm, saying: "I decided to come home and have it out. I am ashamed of my weakness. Where is he? I have no fear now."

The artist was evidently ill at ease, and wanted to apologize for his mistake in venturing to bring a stranger to the house unasked. But Mark cut him short, goodnaturedly, and said laughing: "It is Karma. We must learn our lesson."

"Where is he?" asked Margaret without sign of nervousness. "I will talk to him before you both if you will let me. I have no secret from my friends."

"I told him you were gone to London," said Mark; "but he only half believed it: so I said that he might search the house if he chose. I should have warned him there were dangerous places. He may have found one. He has been gone some time. I will go and see."

So saying Mark hurried towards the house anxious to have this painful business settled. He found Rebecca in the kitchen and asked where Mr. Morra was.

Rebecca answered slowly: "I don't rightly know where he is now. He went poking into rooms and cupboards and I haven't seen him since. I just closed the trapdoor at the top of the stairway to the well. I don't know if he opened it."

"Is he shut in there?" asked Mark. "Is he . . . ?"

Rebecca shook her head. "I reckon he's alive. I heard a noise in there."

At this moment Tony called down from above. "Rebecca! There's some one calling in the other room as if he was shut in; at least I heard some one shout a little while ago. Who is it? What is the matter?"

Rebecca called back: "Don't worry yourself, Mr. Tony. It's only a rat caught in a trap."

Mark was inclined to let the man wait a while, and then remembered that his visitor really was a sick man, and it would be inconvenient, to say the least, to have him die in the house. So he told Rebecca to let him out, and he waited below.

She took her time about it, and Mark heard the trap open, but no voice came, till Rebecca called down: "Mr. Mark, the man's fainted or something; will you come and help me get him out?"

Mark hurried to her assistance. Between them they got the man out and laid him on the floor. He was not unconscious, but evidently was in a bad way. Mark bethought him of the brandy, and hurriedly applied his favorite remedy with satisfactory results. After a little while they were able to get him on to a bed, and Mark went down to send Jonas for the doctor.

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Then he carefully closed the trapdoor and told Rebecca to say nothing about that part of the matter to any one. The man had been seized with the attack downstairs and had gone up there to rest and to recover himself, and that was all that they need tell the doctor. This done he went to Tony's room and told him the same, merely adding that the attack seemed serious and that his sister Nita was in the garden waiting to have an interview with the man who claimed to be her husband. It was what Tony feared, and he was helpless to protect her.

Mark then told Margaret in what condition was this most unwelcome guest, and urged her to go back to the cottage as it was out of the question to have a serious and painful interview with a man in such a state of collapse.

She did not make pretense of pity, for she frankly doubted the serious nature of the attack, if indeed it was not altogether feigned. But Forster remembered to have heard him speak of an affection of the heart and thought it certainly was genuine.

Margaret was puzzled by her own indifference. This man had been the evil genius of her life, whose presence formerly had filled her with fear and loathing; and now his power to influence her was gone. She neither feared nor hated him, and she could not explain it. She was free from her terror; but her freedom gave her no sense of triumph. It was as if she had gradually outgrown a weakness, and had only now become aware of her own growth. The man whose presence once had overwhelmed her with a sense of horror seemed to have lost all interest for her, and with her fear of him had gone her terror of the past — that too had lost significance. It once had the power to seem real but now was impotent, as dreams are when the sun has dispelled the darkness and revealed the waking world.

It seemed to her that during the past night she had at last made up and balanced her account, and closed the record. She had in some way found herself, breaking the bonds that he had fastened on her mind. She had invoked her soul, and the thralldom of her former life was ended in that act.

Alone in the cottage she had fought a battle for liberty and had for ever broken the imaginary bond of this man's will. The battle was imaginary perhaps, but to her it was the most real experience of her life; and when she heard of Señor Morra's desperate condition, it seemed no more than what was natural; for she had broken the power of his will, defying him in her imaginary fight for liberty; and, whether he understood just what had happened to him or not, she knew that when she broke his hold on her she threw him back like a wrestler whose heart has failed him in the struggle. Her enemy was dead, whether the man lived on or not — and now the hatred and the fear that had so filled her life with horror fell from her like a mud-splashed cloak cast off when the storm is passed and the journey over.

It seemed unnecessary for her to see him now. She felt that he must know his power was broken and the last word between them uttered. And that last word was neither a curse nor a forgiveness; it was a goodbye.

*(To be concluded)*