

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"Come, then, let philosophy approach after the manner of a legislator, adorning the disorderly and wandering soul as if it were the people in a city. Let her also call as her coadjutors other arts; not such as are sordid, by Jupiter! nor such as require manual operation, nor such as contribute to procure us things little and vile; but let one of these be that art which prepares the body to be subservient, as a prompt and robust vehicle, to the mandates of the soul, and which is denominated gymnastic. Let another art be that which is the angel of the conceptions of the soul, and which is called rhetoric; another, that which is the nurse and tutor of the juvenile mind, and which is denominated poetry; another that which is the leader of the nature of numbers, and which is called arithmetic; and another that which is the teacher of computation, and is called logistic. Let geometry, also, and music follow, who are the associates of philosophy and conscious of her arcana, and to each of which she distributes a portion of her labor."—MAXIMUS TYRIUS, *Dissertation* xxi; Translated by Thomas Taylor


NATURE

THE MIGHTY MOTHER

BY

KATHERINE TINGLEY

I: THE MIGHTY MOTHER

 LOOKED out over the blue waters of the Pacific; I watched the sun rise above the mountains and listened to a mocking-bird singing; and the beauty of the awakening world grew marvelous for me with suggestions of the hidden harmonies of life. Then I thought of humanity, and wondered what would happen could the veil of external things fall from before our eyes and reveal the glory of the Law. . . . We should stand in silence motionless, thrilled through with the grace and plenitude of its compassion.

Long ago there was a time when men lived in purity of thought and act, and knew little of selfishness, and moved through the experiences of their incarnations not bound down or interfered with as the human mind is today. Better than we do they understood how to conduct their lives: there was not the rush and whirl

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of things; they lived more inwardly, in communion with what is best and noblest; — the splendor of spiritual life was manifest, and through all human consciousness shone deepest reverence for Nature and truth. Better than we do, too, they knew how to work with Nature; and found in her something the people of modern times have never discovered. — How many today are satisfied with their lives, or sure that they possess the truth, or know whence they came when they were born, or, after death, whither they are going? — Yet there is a promise in our hearts and in the Divine Law that all that mankind has been, it shall be again; and all that we have forgone we shall recover.

We lost touch ages ago with the Mighty Mother, Nature; and now need to go to her again, for the most part, in her forests or on her hill-tops or by the sea-shore, to find our own souls in her quiet places, and to learn that all matter responds to the spiritual touch. Out beyond hearing and seeing and thinking are infinite Laws that control our lives: divine Laws hold us in their keeping; and immediately behind the veil of visible things, and but a little way from the consciousness of our mortal selves, are Higher Forces at work for our good.

They speak to the soul to make the way broad and beautiful; they speak to us at all times through the sunlit sky and the starlight; the shining silences of Nature proclaim to us always the greatness of the world and the hidden grandeur of man; so that in the desert, in the deep caverns of the earth, under the heaviest weight of sorrow, "he that hath ears to hear" is never alone; and were he lost in the great waste places, or in a rudderless boat on the open sea, or were he on the brink of created things and far from the world of men: he would carry within him still the Kingdom of Heaven, and might find in his heart all the revelations for which humanity is longing.

It is the Spiritual Message that the world is crying for: a baptism of the spirit of the Divinity of Man, whereby we should be made to realize that the heavens are opening to our needs; that the light is breaking and new stars are shining; that the things we do not see are greater than the things we see — what the heart yearns for, more than we know; that Nature is supremely just, and in all this grand universal Scheme of Being not a thought, not an aspiration, not the smallest effort is lost or wasted.

You who are despairing, who have little faith in yourselves or hope of tomorrow, or belief that you can control your conditions,— seek aid here of the Great Mother: look up into the blue sky or the stars; catch in the air the feeling of her universal life; and then examine yourselves, and discover that many of your sorrows have come to you because you have not been willing to suffer.

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I find treasures of experience in suffering. Any real attainment must come through discipline; and no matter how it may be outwardly, we can meet it as that which will call forth the stronger side of us, until it becomes at last the pride and joy of our lives and we love it as we love the sunshine and the aroma of flowers.

We cannot succeed unless we work with Nature: who will not accept half-hearted service. We receive no answer when we call to her only in moments of dilemma or disappointment, and then turn again and desert her. She has no word for the insincere or indifferent; she responds only to those whose minds are awake to the highest aims. It is as we reach out in thought to the best and noblest that her answer comes back to us, and out of the great dark surroundings of life dawns the enlightenment of the Inner Man, when the Soul of Man shall speak, and we who were under the shadow of our affairs and difficulties become aware that this is indeed the Gods' universe which Divine Laws do govern, and that Nature is all friendly and humanity need not be otherwise,—for there is no need for all this human quarreling and fighting and doubting: could we trust ourselves, we should trust our neighbors; could we trust our neighbors, we should trust the Divine Law; then we should know that life is beautiful and true.

Fear is the basis of all discouragement. Only cultivate fearlessness in meeting the trials from without and the weaknesses within, and you cease to be alone; you attain discernment of a grand companionship ever present with you, and become aware of the God "that is within you and yet without you,"—the Everywhere-existing whose voice you may hear, listening for it, in your own spirit, and no less in the murmur of the brooks and in the birds' chorusing: for the Mystery in the heart of Nature is also the Mystery in the heart of Man; and the same wonderful powers are in both.

The secret of life is impersonal love. It is impersonality that is our great need today; impersonality wins her secrets from the Mystic Mother. If we dismiss the idea of a personal god, and dismiss our own personalities with all their limitations and misgivings; if we carry our minds beyond self into the limitless, our thought into the universal order; and from the inmost recesses of our consciousness regard the universe in its magnificence, until, lifted out of ourselves, we recognise within ourselves greater things than ever we have dreamed of and draw near to inspirations unendingly beautiful and rich; and make question then as to the interpretation of it, and the meaning of all these limitless rhythms of law and order that throng the immensity of space: her answer will come back to us, and we shall behold the universe as the outgrowth, the expression, of an infinite scheme proceeding from an Inmost Source beyond our compre-

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hension — the Fountain, the Center, the Unknowable Absolute Light: flowing out from Which, following the plan of evolutionary law, passing through the many lives ordained for our growth towards perfection — we are here to work out the purposes of existence.

II: THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Godlike qualities lie sleeping within us: the spiritual things that mark us immortal; for here within the heart is the Kingdom of Heaven, and the only recompense a man needs is to become aware of his own divinity. It is there, a creative power within us, by whose virtue he who has patience to endure and work shall behold the fruit of his efforts: the human family glorified and brought to the goal his heart tells him may be reached. An order of life shall yet be established by Those who have gone through the schools of experience, birth after birth, round after round, until they lifted themselves out of the strain and sorrow; and their building will be of a new kind — a type of civilization higher than anything we have read of or imagined. The minds of men will expand in the atmosphere of universal brotherhood till all are orators, geniuses, wonders; earth will give up its secrets and the stars declare the mighty mystery of their lives; things of old unheard of will come from the hearts of men; we shall hear the answer to the pleadings of the advance-guard.

How many believe it possible to establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth? The majority even of the so-called spiritually-minded carry their thoughts into far spaces when they think of it; yet it is here within the heart; it is in man; it is on earth, and we can come into it because we are part of the Universal Scheme. The grandeur of creation, and all that vast quietude above us,— the mysterious sublimity we look out upon,— proclaim to us that which no man sees, none regards: and that this earth is the paradise of God, the place of souls or angels, the gate of heaven; — and yet we have seen in the flowers and in the stars only that part of them which many have seen; and heard but what many have heard in the winds and in the roaring of the sea. There are millions of lights in heaven we have never caught sight of; there are millions of planets evolving; and wonders in the world around us of which we have never conceived.

Some day humanity will find a way of living more apart in the outer sense in order to come more closely together in the inner; and that far from the strained tied-up condition of our cities we shall be out always in her wide domains with Nature where her morning silences shall assure us of the presence of the Divine, and we shall walk with God daily and read the mysteries of the Eternal in the lights of heaven and the blossoms of the valleys, and in every blade

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of grass by the roadside and every godlike attribute in man. What noble things we love now, we shall love more; what is beautiful to us now will be much more beautiful; the heights our souls aspire to, that seem now so far beyond hope of attainment, will be ours.

There is no limit to the possible expansion of human life and the growth of the Soul — here on this earth which is the Paradise of God and the place for Souls to love and serve and grow in, working on and on toward the perfection of mankind. Nature is entirely beneficent; the universal laws that have us in their keeping are forever dependable; the God in us is always striving to bring us to that higher life which is lived solely to benefit mankind; the Souls of men are calling always to the minds of men to listen, obey and be free.

The Soul is not a thing to be set aside, and as it were locked up for awhile and brought out upon occasions. It is that nobler part of our nature that rises to every situation and meets it with patience and courage, the power that often sweeps into a man's life unaware and carries him out beyond all brain-mind thought into the great broad road of service. It must be given breadth and scope and the large environment it demands. The knowledge of it comes not in any world-startling or magical way, and is not to be purchased save by the surrender of a man's passionate and lustful nature to the God within. It is a knowledge that steals upon us in the quiet of the night-time and in all our peaceful moments, when we serve our fellows and ask for no reward but the glory that shines through the silence on him who has done his utmost, and the peace of mind that is for those who are striving. Through our smallest actions it may enter: when we are at our best and in love with what is truest and noblest; when we are in despair yet cling to our high ideals and dreams. Something comes home to us, and we say, This will of mine is free, that but now wavered and was surrounded and oppressed; I can look with perfect trust into tomorrow and into eternity.

It is a knowledge that must be evoked from within: each must earn it through his own efforts; it cannot be conveyed in words: the greatest of seers could not explain it, nor the greatest of orators make it clear. Each must find within himself the light and the key, the fire and redemptive stimulation: making his mind free and receptive as the flowers to the sunlight; awaking to the glory of the morning and ascending to the mountain-peaks of light. But let a man seek it for his own sake, and all his efforts will amount to nothing: he must do it for the salvation of the race, aware that there is no separateness on the inner planes; that we are all brothers and our brothers' keepers, and that not until we get real knowledge of the inner self in ourselves can we interpret our other selves, our fellow-men. We must understand the delicate and intricate interaction and

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functioning of the different parts of our own being before we can claim understanding of the laws of universal life.

At any moment in every life the hour of revelation may be at hand. It requires no epoch or special season, nor the beginning or end of any outer cycle. In regions within ourselves where intellect is not, but imagination has full scope for its greatness, we touch the Infinite off and on at all times, and stand on the brink of vast possibilities and truths. We can draw upon resources greater than we dream of.

Imagination is not the peculiar property of men of genius and exceptional talent, but a power innate in everyone, and that which might help each to find his Soul. It is the hand-maiden of the God in man, and our guide into that Kingdom of Heaven within, which is the realm of thought where the Soul speaks to the heart and mind . . . in the silent places of our lives, in the moments when we verge upon greatness, when an overwhelming consciousness comes in upon us of the universality of the Divine Life, and of the divine possibilities latent in man; when the silences of great Nature cry to us tidings of the God in ourselves, and we feel the nearness, the companionship, of That which it would be presumption to define, but in Whose universal presence we must tinge our thoughts and feelings with a certain solemnity, a mystery and grandeur . . . before the Mirror of this Infinite Beauty — in the Temple of this Majesty — standing in an attitude of larger reverence . . . in silence. . . .

III: THE SONG IN THE SILENCE

In silence we must stand . . . to gather out of that solemn beauty the joy humanity needs. . . . Much more can be expressed through silence, always, than through speech. The inner life which is music — the overtones and undertones of the universal harmony — is only accessible in the silence. Music lifts for awhile the veil between ourselves and the Unseen, the Unspoken, the Unknowable; but there is a music that cannot be heard — that the heart can feel and the soul realize and the mind reach to — so potent that it is without outward sound.

Before ever man was on earth, Nature, dwelling alone in her beauty and secret mysterious power, felt the need of some grander manifestation of Divinity, and as it were cried aloud to the Higher Law to bring a new power into the world; and in answer to her prayer Man stepped into the arena of life — Man the Master, thrilled through and held and controlled by the Divine Spark, the spiritual center of his being. Then when thus the Human Soul was first incarnate here, out of its own inmost depths and out of the heart of the deep silences of Nature a glorious song arose that swept and echoed through the universe,—

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*“The stars of Morning sang together,
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy;”—*

the Soul of Man and the Soul of Nature singing in harmony; and the song became assimilated with the silence of the stars and the mountains and the murmur of the forests and the seas, and has sung itself down since through all the reaches of time: its magical overtones, heard in our hearts, reminding us of our lost godhood, of our goal which is perfection, and of the unflinching courage proper to us as souls.

Only in the silent and secret recesses of our being can we hear it; only there can truth be fully known. When the outer senses are stilled, and self-control takes possession of the mind, listening inwardly, one may hear the deeper notes of the divine melody.

It works on inner and quiet lines; touches our consciousness here and there, quickening it to greater sensitivity.

Our outer ears are deaf to it because we have willed them away from hearing; our minds cannot perceive, because with our indifference we have rebuked the Higher Law, and allowed the confused thoughts of the lower man, mean or doubting, to keep us in the shadows; and yet I know that wherever we might be, in the darkest corner of the earth or the most beautiful, were our sense not dulled with the noise of the world we should hear the Grand Symphony.

Go back in thought to the time of your childhood, when the world was beautiful to you, and such appreciation of the fullness of life came over you that your inmost soul told you of its own divine nature, and you felt in your heart the presence of God: you caught the sound, inwardly, of the mighty undertones and overtones then! To all of us such moments of revelation come; and if they pass quickly it is because our thoughts run so in the grooves of self, and we hold our minds, which, divested of self-satisfaction, might become superb factors in the refashioning of human affairs, too often as if each day were eternity and our business in it nothing but to make trouble for ourselves.

As a child in the woods of my father's estate in New England I learned to love the silence. There was always a song for me in the noiseless waters of the historic Merrimac as they swept along the woodland shores towards the sea. The quiet of friendly pine-trees soothed my unrest: they seemed to me dear companions of my own, set there to guard the secrets of Nature. The birds in my imaginings were darling wood-fairies, messengers from some inner and lovelier land; the fragrance of the pines and laurels was the breath of the Great Spirit, the Love that brooded over all things. I felt as though I were some winged thing; at unexpected moments a Master-Power awakening within me filled my brain with

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pictures that came and went. It spoke to me through the silence of the pines; and when a bird chirped or a small breeze stirred the branches, the sound blended in my thought with infinity and became for me a message from the Divinity within.


It all came back when I went up into those same woods at 'The Laurels' again a few years ago. The old beauty was there, and the feeling of the infinite life above and about me and the Infinite Presence I could trust: God that is all-beauty; the Reality behind this world of appearances; the Supreme beyond the range of thought, 'in whom we live and move and have our being.' I never was so sure of the greatness of humanity, never so sure of myself, as I was then, out under the old pines and oak-trees, with the sun shining down through the leaves and gleaming between the tree-trunks on the Merrimac, until every ripple seemed sacred and a reminder of the warmth and glory of life. I felt through sun and trees and river the immeasurable joy that flows towards us forever through shining Nature and her silence. . . .

And then came a pang because humanity will not believe, since it does not hear and see; and will not listen for the great Song of Life, and is shut out from all this sacredness, and dwells exiled and oblivious in this radiant universe its spiritual home, and knows nothing of the inward beauty, the symphonies that are yet unheard, the divinity that thrills through ourselves and all things.

(The following chapter: "The Sacredness of the Moment and the Day")

JESUS AND GOD

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

N the October *Hibbert Journal* is an article on 'Jesus,' by Professor Kirsopp Lake, of Harvard, which we do not intend to review at length, but which contains some statements of interest to students of Theosophy.

He gives the orthodox view, both of Catholics and Protestants, as follows: (1) God has a 'Son' or 'Logos' or 'Word,' who is a definite person, distinct from the Father, but not another God. (2) This Son became human in Jesus. The evidence for this is clear, he says from the Gospel of John, but is not found in the Synoptic Gospels.

"The central doctrine of the Catholic theology was unknown to Jesus and to those disciples of Jesus who first recorded his life."

The Greek doctrine of the Logos, and the Jewish doctrine of the Messiah, have both been blended with the story of Jesus.

Bishop Gore is quoted as saying that "we can conceive nothing further from the method of Jesus than that he should have startled and shocked their consciences by proclaiming Himself as God." On which the writer comments: "Thus it is admitted that Jesus did *not* say that he was the Logos, or was God."

The writer seems to regard Jesus as one of the greatest Teachers of all time, the truth of whose words must be estimated by their intrinsic worth, and not merely by the fact that he said them. He considers that Jesus must be regarded in relation to his own times; and that, though some of his teachings have a fundamental and unchanging value, others were not adapted to later times, including the present day.

The question of the historical Jesus is so confused and obscure that one cannot profess to clear it up. But there seems abundant warrant for the Theosophical view, that Jesus was a Teacher of the Secret Doctrine, otherwise the Wisdom-Religion; and that he was only one of many such in the history of mankind. It is evident that he makes no *special* claim for himself; when he does speak of his relation to the All-Father, he also speaks of a similar relation as within the reach of his disciples and of men in general. He was a Jew, and perhaps not a Greek scholar; so that it is very likely that the idea would not present itself to his mind in a form familiar to the Greeks. Whereas John and others would interpret the teaching in the terms of Greek philosophy; and it is perhaps a little hard to accuse them of *tacking on to* or *converting* the teachings of Jesus, as some have accused them.

But we may err in imagining the doctrine of the Logos as restricted to

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the Greeks, for it is universal and one of the cardinal teachings of the Wisdom-Religion, to be found everywhere. Its essential purport is that man himself, and not Jesus in particular, can rightly be called the Son of God, in that there actually is a principle in man which links him up with the Divine; this principle being characteristic of humanity and distinguishing it from the lower orders of sentient beings. Jesus came with a message to remind men of their essential Divinity and to illustrate his teachings by his life. He was exceptional in the sense that he had attained a higher level in human evolution than is normal to the people of this age.

The great practical error ensuing from the idea of regarding Jesus as a *special* incarnation, is that we worship *him* and rely on *him*, instead of putting our own shoulder to the wheel. Also we seek to bring people away from their own religion into ours, to give them our Jesus instead of encouraging them to respect their own Teachers. It is clear that religion will have to become more universal, and that Christianity will have to recognise that, however excellent it may be, it is not the only or final word of salvation. It surely cannot be any detriment to Christianity for it to recognise the validity of other faiths and to hold out hands of sympathy and fellowship to the devotees of other religions. By recognising the common parentage of the world's faiths -- the great Wisdom-Religion from which they have all sprung, we deepen and broaden our own religion.

It does not seem that Jesus came for the purpose of founding a new religion, but in order to teach a way of life — to teach the Path, in fact,— by which man can achieve his salvation. This was no new doctrine, but a very ancient and universal one. It seems also that a new religion was built up around Jesus' teachings and the accounts of his life, by other people after his departure. Our task today therefore is to disencumber the teachings from what has been built around them; to reconstitute the teachings of Jesus. And this is clearly what many modernists are feeling their way towards. In this they are truly more fundamental than the fundamentalists, for they go farther back.

It happens that the next article to the one we have just quoted is on the 'Doctrine of God,' and in it Dr. Richard Roberts, of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, discusses various conceptions of Deity. It is well known to students of Theosophy that Theosophy regards the attribution of personality to God as a belittling of the conception of Deity. In connexion with this we quote the following from the article just mentioned:

"I confess that my difficulty is in conceiving of God as being *only* personal; and I wonder whether the doctrine of the Trinity is not the attempt to state a dimly apprehended fact of super-personality."

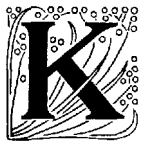
People are apt, when first hearing of the objection to a personal God,

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to imagine that the conception of Deity is thereby reduced by subtraction, and the Deity thus reduced to practically nothing. We see here a far more correct conception of the meaning: that the idea of God is increased, not diminished. Personality, as found in man, is a limitation; it stands continually in his way, causing him to act selfishly, in defiance of a nobler instinct from his heart. Can we attribute such a limitation to the Deity? Is it not clear that, even as man aspires to transcend the limitation of personality, and is destined eventually to do so, so Deity must be something far *greater* than personality? It is indeed true, as the article quoted brings out, that we can only attempt to conceive Deity by means of our own best and highest thoughts and feelings. It is not advisable to worry over our inevitable failure to form a mental conception of Deity; when for all practical purposes it is sufficient to think of Deity as the source of all Goodness and Wisdom and Harmony, towards which we tend in proportion as we cultivate what is best and noblest in our own character.

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E. A. NERESHEIMER



KARMA is the law of action and reaction, which means constant change; change marks time, and the mother of all these is Space. Actions must be performed so long as there is a universe in space and time, with its diversity of life and forms. An infinity of Sparks of Divinity, reflected from the Divine, having been cast forth into the womb of matter, have formed nuclei of atoms from whence again have emerged molecules, things, and creatures, culminating, at last, at a certain stage, under the ceaseless action of Karma, in the development of individualized man. Through Karma, the Spark shall emerge and UNFOLD the infolded Divinity, revealing Itself to itself, becoming once more identified with the Primal Source of its being through conscious effort made by each individual unit of the human kingdom.

Great periods of time have already elapsed since humanity passed the turning-point of its present Life-Cycle, whence, entering upon the upward wave of evolution, individual effort alone counts for progress. We cannot say, judging by present conditions in the world, that, so far, the average man has shown much uniform advancement in spiritual development. Yet, undoubtedly a wide range of personal experiences have been gained from the alluring contact with all sorts of novel conditions

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peculiar to the life opened up to mankind, which, in its earlier periods, chiefly developed strong feelings, a certain independence of thought and action, and the rudiments of purposeful will-power.

The desires for sense-enjoyments were, of course, the first to arise, and to make a deep impression upon the then budding mind of man, as may be judged from the effects, still so prevalent, that desire for sensation has created. So overpowering is this desire for sensation that many other important qualities of human nature have been unable to come to the fore, by reason of their neglect; though the soul cries aloud for scope for their expansion. In consequence, the average thinking person rarely allows himself to relax his desires and curb his impulses sufficiently to make it possible for him to observe dispassionately the various forces that affect him incessantly from within and without.

To be sure, the laws of being have placed man in a sea of apparently conflicting forces, that will ever cause him to toil, enjoy, and suffer, without deriving very much benefit from their contact, until he learns to understand and to live in harmony with their workings. Every one of these forces is dual in its nature, for it is ever wedded to a counterforce that acts in an opposite direction; hence the subjective and objective, the positive and negative, and countless other 'pairs of opposites,' at all times indissolubly connected with and affecting man in two distinctly different directions. They act incessantly on man's body, and still more on his state of mind, owing to the fact that the body is composed of the same elements, forces, and qualities as every other imbodyed center of consciousness in the outer world, and the mind also has its exact correspondences with these forces, but in a much more subtil way.

Each human being is an individual center of energy in which the forces of nature are concentrated at this time, apparently for the purpose of calling forth or wooing out the divinity which has practically become latent, the evolution of man's material vehicles having taken precedence over his spiritual development. Karma is the agency which arouses the 'I'-consciousness to action, and awakens it to take heed of the relation between itself and that which is outside of itself.

Unfortunately, but few can locate the particular 'me' in 'myself' that is affected by different conditions and circumstances: for individual consciousness is much more complex than it appears, and cannot be apprehended without much introspection. Moreover, not only is the human constitution thus complex within itself, but it also has different relations in every direction without itself. The internal differences are easily confirmed when we see that one part of us enjoys good works, another part evil deeds, another remains aloof from both, viewing them as a spectator, while even the body has separate claims of its own. The

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outer relations again are no less uncertain, because of the conditions imposed by Karma as the result of man's arbitrary and wilful actions, performed without any regard for the majestic progression of the laws of the Universe.

For a satisfactory understanding therefore of these numerous candidates for recognition, we have to turn to the teachings of Theosophy. Probably the study of no other subject could be more serviceable and helpful than that of the most active aspect of the 'I'-consciousness in man, namely the 'personal' self, and its relation to the 'Higher' and the 'Lower' Self.

The most obvious definition of a 'personality' is that it is a sentient and complex center of consciousness; — a combination of subjectivity and objectivity in human form, endowed with free will and with mind which confers the power of choice, a special and peculiar privilege, individual and unique, constituting thus a distinct 'self.' Conditioned and submerged in the ocean of Nature's mighty forces, this 'self' is the child of the mighty 'Mother,' though at the same time the offspring of another and spiritual force which comes altogether from within, and grows to be more powerful than the forces from without which at present are the more dominant.

Sometimes this 'self' is designated by the dignified name of 'individuality' and sometimes called the 'personality.' In any case, granting that there is a difference between the two, it is *both* of these temporarily according to a Theosophical analysis, for both are inextricably joined together during the period of one earth-life. During one earth-life period the combination of the two makes up that particular part of man which we can categorically designate as that center of consciousness which aspires to evolve into something greater than that which it now is.

Encountering the same kind of forces within itself which subsist throughout the whole of the manifested Cosmos, many a mind is bewildered by the contrary impulses which arise within itself, not knowing how to guide and control them aright, nor how and when to guard against them.

With regard to the inner consciousness, some of these Nature-impulses have, to some minds, the appearance of being wholly evil, and injurious. This, of course, is due to insufficient knowledge of them; and experience alone is not a safe enough guide, when not supplemented by discrimination, freed from the domination of the senses. Be it observed that the standard by which natural impulses are measured frequently changes,— must change in fact,— in the degree that spiritual conquest is attained.

Drifting along in a 'go-as-you-please' attitude of mind, man might continue experimenting indefinitely, with resultant happiness and suffer-

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ing, in the treadmill of experience, but without finding his true bearings or the path that leads to progress. What he should do is to look at all experience dispassionately, in order to extract therefrom the synthetic essence of its meaning, make it his own, and thus build up some kind of basic knowledge. Those to whom the help and guidance of Theosophical teachings is not readily accessible, may still gain, by deep meditation, knowledge gleaned from their life's experience. But everything that comes to us is governed by the ceaseless action of Karma, whose operations affect us not only from within but through the outer world of forces as well.

Let us remember that the Cosmos proceeds along certain lines of evolution, carrying along with it, through cyclic waves, all that is capable of adapting itself to its well-ordered changes. One of its purposes is to provide means for the development of fitting vehicles for all creatures and beings, in order that through these their consciousness may unfold. But man, once having placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder of the upward arc of evolution, is, by virtue of his oneness with the DIVINE EGO, able to become more and more independent, and when he reaches the point where he realizes this fact to the full, then external Nature will stand to him purely as a negative agency.

The birth of the IDEA of the Source of Individuality has to be sought in the Logos, "the one root of self, of which every other kind of self is but a manifestation or reflexion" (*The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 429). It assumes in man the feeling 'I am myself.' Yea, by analogical semblance it appears to a degree also in minerals, plants, and animals respectively, as a central 'I-am-ness.' Yet, because of this, let us not too hastily assume for the personality or individuality a divine franchise. The sense of 'self' in all the kingdoms of nature, at present, is but a reflexion in the becoming. Man alone has the privilege of consciously winning his way to full SELF-consciousness. The Ego from whom the reflected Spark emanates, will gradually transfuse the personality, if this personality be so disposed, *i. e.*, in a frame of mind in which it can help itself to reach its destined goal.

What then is the 'Higher self' and what the 'Lower self' in man? Briefly stated, the 'Higher self' is the God in man, the spiritual 'Ego' that is nearest to its original source of being — the Logos. The 'Lower self,' as a center of consciousness, is the sum of the accumulated relics of the past; of nature-forces which have become attached to that center, and thus form a kind of entitative being, which is, however, perpetually being modified and changed by extraneous and inner impulses and occurrences.

The 'Higher self,' the immortal Spirit or Spark, imbodyed in man, is

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not a being, but the reflexion of a hierarchical and Cosmical Unit, composed of all and every divine conscious Intelligence within the Universe. Rising periodically from the bosom of the Divine, with every Grand Life-Cycle, this Divine Unit infolds itself in a Cosmos manifested in Time and Space. It is the actual spiritual basis of every unit however great, however small, and individual man is but an infinitesimal part of this 'ONE.' Krishna referred to this grand truth when he declared "I AM THE EGO SEATED IN THE HEARTS OF ALL CREATURES."

The 'Lower self,' whose actual existence as a recognisable and apparently conscious agent, is so-called only in relation to man. It is a compound center of consciousness; firstly, owing to the present dominance of material forces in the Cosmos over spiritual powers, and secondly, owing to the hereditary remnants of man's own past evolution. The first is due to the 'fall of Spirit into generation' *i. e.*, into material existence; the second to the inherent cosmic necessity for an agency and a vehicle for its ascension and return to Divinity (full SELF-consciousness), in and through man. Matter in its primal state is divine; but when a conscious being like man, with his power of mind for self-determination, violates and attempts to sully the purity of Nature's domain, and to derange her hallowed proportions, then the forces evoked turn and become 'dwellers on his threshold,' with all the conscious powers of a fiend for the furtherance of destruction.

"Thoughts are things." This truism is brought home forcefully when we see with what readiness certain mental tendencies turn into acts and these acts incarnate as effects. Some mental tendencies almost amount to an obsession, which in fact they often are. Human thought-creations only too readily associate sympathetically with kindred forces that give them added life and strength for evil, which turn upon him who called them forth. Thus the actual categorical 'Lower self,' or matter informed and insouled by man himself, becomes the 'Dweller on the Threshold.'

We refrain from detailing the dire results that ensue when hidden hereditary and other causes, set in motion in the past, and continuous personal lapses from right action, reinforce the 'Lower self,' which grows stronger and stronger, and finally blasts some promising life for one or more incarnations. Every sincere thinker, parent, and teacher may supply a picture hereof for himself, drawn from the living examples that he sees in the world about him, of crime, cruelty, and unbalance, displayed by both young and old; those who have had no opportunity in early life to receive wise guidance from parents or teachers who had assumed this responsibility.

These evidences of the existence of a 'Higher' and a 'Lower' nature in man, are the keynotes which must be studied and their lessons applied

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before a truly balanced life can result with certainty. No one can affirm that these truths are difficult to understand, or that they are hidden or obscure. A knowledge of them has existed since the beginning of time, as all the other priceless teachings of Theosophy, which in written and spoken word, by precept and in practice, have been promulgated by the three great Theosophical Teachers of modern times, for the last fifty years. Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Theosophical Movement, has particularly laid stress on the urgent need for a clearer understanding of this teaching concerning the 'Higher' and the 'Lower' nature in man. As the foundress of the now famous Râja-Yoga System of Education she has demonstrated, by practical application, how much an understanding of these self-evident truths can aid the parent and the teacher in the fulfilment of their duties towards those who have been placed in their charge, and for whom they are responsible.

Through her writings, her private instruction to her students, and most especially through her eloquent addresses given to large audiences in this and in other countries, Katherine Tingley has made and is making the truths of Theosophy accessible to all classes of minds. With her exceptional knowledge of the laws of life and of human nature, and her deep sympathy with human problems and difficulties, this true Teacher and Reformer appeals to the heart-life of the world, and gives new hope for the future, and faith to man, through his own, his 'Higher self.'



LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

M. G. G.

EVER the zephyrs of the Past blow nigh:
A glance, a certain word, frail waifs that play
Dark parts amid our doings grave or gay;
All meager, vague, yet with a might whereby
They move us to our depths, we know not why.
We do not feign surprise, nor say them nay;
They come, as guests we bade but yesterday,
Each with a power, to shame or glorify.
We sowed the thorns in lives of long ago,
Then reaped, and sowed again our sorry store.
We walked the earth with gods we know no more,
And wrought bright deeds within their afterglow.
Now, from Oblivion's realm, stray breezes blow,
That half reveal our hells or heavens of yore.

LUCK

R. MACHELL

WHEN a man says that his luck has turned, he only says what is a common experience to all who believe that there is such a thing as 'luck'; and that includes a very large part of the population, I imagine. But I also imagine that there are very few people who have any clear idea of what they mean by the word 'luck,' nor how it turns, nor why. Only they know that it is an uncertain proposition. They know that there are times when everything they undertake turns out just as they want it to, and then, for no apparent reason, everything goes wrong. For no apparent reason; but that does not mean that there is no reason in what is called luck; only that the reason is not apparent. But then the reason why of things in general is not apparent. It has to be found out; and that means learning the nature of the world we live in, and also our own nature, and the relation of one to the other, as well as the cause of life and the purpose of existence. — A large order. Without knowledge of this kind the reason of things cannot be apparent.

When we talk of 'luck,' and 'accident,' and 'chance,' we generally mean no more than this, that the reason why is not apparent. But there seems to be in life and in all events a certain tide of luck, a run, a sequence, that lasts for a time and then changes suddenly. This is what makes men gamblers. They believe that it is possible to guess at the length of a run, or a tide, or a streak of luck, so as to use it to their own advantage and then escape the sudden change that usually swamps them.

One thing is certain: nothing can happen without a cause. If you know all the causes you may foretell the event; if not, you are guessing.

It is taught by some of the old philosophers that a man's undertakings are successful or not according to how he has lived in former lives. Some of them seeming to have thought that success was the reward of merit. But it is evident that success in many undertakings would be more disastrous to a man than failure; because so many of the things he desires are bad both for him and for others. Also we know that luck does not seem to be more favorable to one kind of enterprise than to another.

Then there were wise men who said that success and failure are not matters for a man to trouble about. All that concerns him is that he shall do the right thing at the right time, and leave the consequences to the law of nature which will take care of the event. But the ordinary man is not wise enough to do that. He wants results, and he wants them quick:

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and he gets them, but not the ones he wanted. True, there are some who do not outlive their run of luck, and so seem to have got the best of the gamble; but it seems certain that death is only a doorway in the house of life; and it may be that a man cannot 'beat the game' by dying at a convenient moment.

That too was thought of many thousands of years ago; and most of the wise men then believed that life and death follow one another endlessly. So that, as they said, what a man sows in one life, he shall reap in another life on this earth, or on some other. They did not admit that any cause could go without its due effect. And many of them said there is no chance, and that every man some day gets 'what is coming to him' of good and evil luck. But they said that it was only the unwise who looked on success or failure in a man's undertakings as good or evil. They said events are the fruit of the tree, and such as the tree is so will be its fruit.

Sow good seed and you will in time reap the harvest; because the seed and the sower and the harvest are not really separate, in the deeper sense. But that is more difficult to understand. So men must be content to gamble in life, unless they decide to rise above the sea of luck into the higher air of knowledge, whence they may look down upon the earth and understand that all causes have their necessary consequences and no more; and that events are not due to chance, or to any arbitrary will of destiny; and that a man can rise above his lower animal body and his human brain up to a state in which the laws of Nature seem intelligible to him as part of his own being. Then he will be content to do what he knows to be right, and will not look for the result. Like a man who having spoken a message into a 'phone will hang up the receiver.

LEARNING FROM THE SILENCE

T. HENRY, M. A.

PEOPLE often wonder why the truth is not revealed to them, and may assign the reason for this to the weakness of human faculty or to the reticence of supernatural powers; but a little reflexion suffices to show us reasons enough for our ignorance. For instance, there is the question of fixed dogmas and rigid molds of mind; a topic ample enough for many an essay. Dogmas are most often considered as religious; and we are familiar with the cramping effect of fixed religious formulas upon the vision and upon the freedom of our mind. But dogmas may be of many other kinds; and we hear much

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nowadays about the cramping influence of old-established and rigid habits and customs and manners and institutions. The tendency to dogmatize and to cast ideas into rigid molds is innate in the human mind, and makes its influence felt everywhere; so that, even in science, the professed liberator from theological dogmatism, we may find dogmas that fetter the mind and hold it back from possible advance.

We have been much impressed by the writings of a certain wanderer, who has made many trips to the solitude of the desert and other regions where natural scenic beauty reigns undisturbed far from the haunts of men and the devitalizing influence of civilization. In these sequestered haunts he found in his soul a response to the sublimity of the great silences; and these raptures he was prone to indulge during long hours of tranquil contemplation, when conventional ideas faded away and even thought, as we commonly know it, was gradually stilled, until he found himself concentrated in an attitude of *listening* — listening to the voice of the silence.

Not content with the mere enjoyment of the experience, the man — the thinker — proceeds to analyse it. And it is here we feel that now he will arrive at the true explanation, an explanation which many before him must have reached. In civilization the artificial habits and appurtenances that encompass us build up an equally artificial life and thought-atmosphere, which hovers like a mist before our eyes; so that we behold, not things as they are, but as they are conventionally supposed to be. But in the vast silences and solitudes, all this superincumbent miasma dissolves, and the eye waxes lucid and transparent, so that we see with our natural senses, and our relieved heart vibrates to the thrill of nature's august heart. We have been through an initiation; the artificial outer man has fled, and the real man stands revealed. Such is surely the true explanation, and such is the explanation we expected. But alas!

The fixed notions of civilized life had not, in this case, entirely departed; for there was one that, hovering near, found a chance to insinuate itself into the opening mind and to bring down the revelation into the ruins of a sad anticlimax. The rapture engendered by the desert was due, says the writer, to the reawakening — of the intuition, of the soul?— nay, of the '*cave-man*.' The cave-man! And he proceeds to talk about the putative bestial origin of man, and of the love of killing for the sake of killing, which he says is inherent in *all* small boys (which we emphatically deny). It is, then, because man rebecomes an animal, that he enjoys these raptures.

What a confusion of ideas! One does not quite know whether the animal is supposed to be a superior being or an inferior one; or whether the rapture is to be regarded as a lapse into barbaric lust or as a transla-

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tion to the heaven wherein the animals dwell. In short, the dogma of the 'cave-man' has become badly mixed up with the writer's intuitions, making a result at once illogical and disappointing. An echo from somebody's outline of history must have found its way into the Grand Canyon.

It is in the silence of nature that man, together with other animate souls, find the responsive silence which is the atmosphere of the soul. Wisdom is attainable by removing the obstructions of the mind, say the Teachers. The Soul, the organ of direct vision, is obscured by the mind; the mind takes the form of whatever it dwells upon, and hence is usually cast in the form of conventional ideas and clouded by fears and desires. Let these encumbrances be removed, and our natural vision shines unimpaired.

Education, the attainment of knowledge, is, as so often said, not so much a gaining of new faculties as a getting rid of some faculties that we already have and would be better without. That one word *silence* is pregnant with meaning in this respect. Not that we must rush out into the solitudes of nature, a thing not often possible; but that we should seek to encompass ourself with an atmosphere of silence; that we should prepare a retreat of solitude into which we can retire even in the midst of the toil and moil.

Is it not an essential of religious teaching, to contrast the love of gain with contentment, the desire of acquisition with the spirit of resignation? To gain is the principal object of the worldly life which is so characteristic of our civilization. We carry this spirit of acquisition into our highest aspirations. Spiritual riches, moral stature, is the object we place before our eyes. It is recorded that a certain man who had asked the Teacher to show him the way "went away sorrowing," because he was enjoined to part with his riches. In contrast to this we learn from the silence of nature that initiation is rather a question of stripping ourself than of appareling ourself in fine raiment. The 'occult powers' are there within us, waiting to be revealed when we have put off our outer habiliments; not something to be acquired and stuck in our cap like a feather. Let us seek the harmony within and listen to the Silence.



"WE should aim at creating FREE men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects and, above all things, UNSELFISH. And we believe that much, if not all, of this could be obtained by PROPER AND TRULY THEOSOPHICAL education."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

AN ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS

BY TALBOT MUNDY

I ADMIT it was a greatly daring editor who first published *OM* as a serial in *Adventure*, a magazine which, though it stands for manliness, omits religious subjects as a rule. It was a daring firm of publishers who brought the story out in book-form last November. *OM* treats of a mystery that to one half of the world, the whole of the eastern hemisphere, is concrete fact, however many explanations of it may be current; whereas to the western half it sounds not mystery so much as a mere fairy-tale. And it is the western half of the world that buys books in English.

However, both the magazine and the book publishers now admit that their daring must have been a sort of inspiration; while I, the author of the story, have been swamped under a mass of correspondence, to the greater part of which I have not yet had time to reply (and to none of it adequately).

The amazing part of it is this: that among all of the hundreds of letters I have received about the book, not one finds fault with it. I had expected to be deluged with abuse and ridicule!

I wrote the book from knowledge; but I did not know there were so many people in the western hemisphere not only willing but apparently quite eager to accept an explanation of life's handicap based solely on what Asia calls the Ancient Wisdom. I am almost tempted to believe — perhaps to hope — that prejudice and dogma are not after all so firmly seated on the throne of Christianity as the professional religionists would have us think.

Has the world gone mad, that it accepts my book? Or is it waking up? Or am I dreaming? All I know is, that the book is being widely read. The answer must be left to wiser heads than mine.

The East has known, for no man knows how many centuries, that there exist (and always have existed) individuals — known variously as the Keepers of the Ancient Wisdom, Teachers, Masters, Gurus — who, from philosophic heights attained by heroism of self-mastery in former lives, keep watch over the world, inspiring it, whenever opportunity presents itself, with pure, uplifting thought. These men (and they are men, not spirits) have attained to greater heights of evolution than the rest of us have glimpsed. They live apart from the world, and so have always lived since long before such history as we find recorded in the

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western text-books; and this, less from dread of defilement by the world's dense thinking than because of the uselessness of mingling with a crowd that crucifies, idolizes or prevents all teachers whom it fails to understand. On one point all who know of these men are agreed: that they are practical, and faithful to the vast responsibility entailed by knowing more than others know.

I am reliably informed that at this present time the home of the Masters is in Tibet, that country being difficult of access and affording them the opportunity they need to think and move and have their being in an undisturbed calm, beneath whose unruffled surface they persist in pauseless effort to induce into the world high thinking and its consequences, purity of living; since through purity alone comes true enlightenment.

But this may give a false impression of them. They are manly men, not meditative fakirs. Except that they are human they resemble not at all the popularity pursuing 'swâmis,' self-styled 'mahâtmas' or 'yogis' who posture on rocks for the plaudits of ignorant people — or who cross the Atlantic to pocket the dollars of fools. They do not advertise. They shun the fawning adulation of the mob as sedulously as they keep aloof from its vindictiveness and passion. To them, I have been told, all forms of selfishness appear ridiculous, since selfishness contains its own destroying agent, and to them there is no profit under the sun except in benefiting others.

Their religion, as I understand it, recognising thought as the precursor of all deed, and regulating thought as the precursor, consequently in the last analysis is wholly one of deeds and of abstaining from such deeds as might, by their inherent selfishness, destroy the harmony of others. No life like that could possibly be lived without more wisdom than is given to the ordinary run of men. None, surely, will deny that wisdom is a stark necessity if one is to discriminate between what benefits humanity at large and what does not. Reforms, 'revivals,' social crusades and all familiar attempts to legislate or wheedle nations into righteousness are self-destroyed inevitably by the lack of wisdom in their frequently too energetic advocates. It was Solomon, I think, who is supposed to have advised us to seek wisdom first.

I have been told — and I believe it — that these Masters have, by high unselfishness and self-control in former lives, attained to higher wisdom than the rest of us can understand. If so, then we show less wisdom than we might, if we should challenge or resent their privilege of keeping to themselves. If they are so wise that in spite of all our modern methods of inquisitive research they can retain aloofness and can pass among us, when they so please, utterly unrecognised, it serves no useful

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purpose to deny their right to do so, or, in the alternative, to argue they do not exist.

I can imagine (who cannot?) that multitudes of higher forms of life exist of which nine-tenths of us at present have no cognisance. But ignorance proves nothing. I am sure, for instance, that in every realm of art and science there are men innumerable who know more than I do, but my ignorance of what they know does not disprove their knowledge. Rather they serve as an avenue through which I may attain their knowledge, if I will.

When we behold art, do we stultify our own intelligence by arguing that the artist knew no more than we? Or, because we have never seen the artist, do we deny that art exists? Or, because we see fraudulent copies of art, do we deny that there are many artists whose integrity is above dispute?

Admitting as, for one, I do admit that there is high philosophy abroad among us, that is freshening our thought and working like precipitating acid on our outworn, half-abandoned creeds; maintaining that philosophy necessitates philosophers to bring it into being, as it were; and so admitting as, for one, I do admit, that the existence of the Masters is no myth but an established certainty; conceding at the same time, as we must, that if they do exist they must be wiser than the rest of us in order to escape the searchlight of our pitiless publicity (the name preferred by persecution-mongers); what avails then to pit our ignorance against their wisdom and insist, with the world at large, that they are non-existent or that they are selfish not to satisfy our curiosity by coming out of their seclusion and, with magic, entertaining us. Doubtless they know better than to do it — or do it they would. Theirs is the prerogative of wisdom.

What is magic? It is certainly not humbug, though we know too well how many humbugs pose among us as magicians, in the same way that too many cacophonists claim the title of musician and too many doctors mutilate our bodies in the name of healing. The exposure of a thousand tricksters never has disproved one truth, though many a magician has been branded as a fraud because, for lack of enough wisdom, and perhaps because of vanity, he has displayed more knowledge of the esoteric laws of nature than the prejudices of the human mind permit to any man. Knowledge and wisdom are not the same thing.

A century ago would radio not have been magic? What of Newton and his laws? And what of Galileo? Would our fathers have believed it possible to transmit by a mechanism, through the aether without wires, the pictures of events within a half-hour of their happening? Can there be any object other than to glorify our ignorance, in stubbornly denying

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that there might be men who know how to project their thought without the intervening agency of a machine?

The handicap of all humanity is fear. We are afraid to lift ourselves above the ruts in which we run, and glance into the storehouse of the Infinite. A century ago (and less) it was religion under which we covered up our eyes and hugged our totally illogical conservatism. Now with flattery we fool ourselves that science has uncovered all laws and the portals of all knowledge. What the licensed and accredited observers of the shadows of the real say is true, we must believe or else be damned. And being damned by fellow-men is much more comfortless (because more real) than the hell our ancestors believed in!

We are still, like the fabled ostrich with its head stuck in the sand, absurd conservatives, for we conserve not much else than our own opinion of ourselves — no pleasant one, at that, maintaining as it generally does that we were born in sin.

But of the Masters I am told on good authority that they conserve the Ancient Wisdom, which is something not so worthless as our theories of God-appointed and prenatally implanted vice.

Presuming, as I think the preachers mostly do, that there was wisdom in the ordering of all this universe, and that the stars that keep their courses, and the flowers that obey the summons of the spring, have not entirely lost their contact (yet, in spite of jazz and boot-leg liquor!) with the First Cause, that obeyed the Wisdom, that impelled them forth; presuming that; admitting, as we must, that we ourselves are not wise, or our affairs were better ordered; yet admitting, too, that most of us would like to be wise and would cherish wisdom if it might be had without too much self-sacrifice — to me it does not seem too far-fetched to presuppose that Wisdom does exist.

And since we rather dimly and sporadically long for it, particularly when the aftermath of unwise deeds propels us into gloom, I think it logical (and surely some agree with me) that contact with the Ancient Wisdom never has been absolutely broken. If it had been broken, we could hardly be aware of its suggestive thrills.

We search, or rather, some of us still search among the animals in far-off lands for that weird figment of imagination called the missing link, to prove material evolution. Why not — in the name of manhood, why not search at least as far afield for proof of spiritual ancestry? The dignity would certainly be greater, and the shock less numbing to our morals, to discover ourselves linked in spiritual evolution to the Gods, instead of, as the scientists would have us, chained to a material progression with the apes.

A spiritual link there must be. Otherwise, whence come the streams

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of spiritual thought that in our calmer moments of reflection raise us higher than the animals? Life, we nowadays agree, is a becoming. What of those who have become? If there is progress, where are those who have progressed?

To a believer in the very modern, unauthenticated doctrine, totally impossible of proof and more illogical than any other phantasy invented by the mind of man, that we are doomed to one earth-life, and only one, whereafter we are dead and done with this world, it is manifestly difficult to think, and almost an impossibility to understand that in the order of the universe evolving hierarchies fill the realms of evolution, stage beyond stage.

But whoever dares — and two-thirds of the world does dare — to open up his mind and think that possibly, perhaps, this earth-life that we now live is a short link in a chain of many lives, past and to come, lived and to be lived on this self-same earth, the purpose of them all the same, that by experience we may evolve into a higher spiritual type; whoever dares to let imagination wander in that realm of thought can see, at least the possibility, that higher types of men, who have preceded us along the path of evolution, may exist among us, though unrecognised, and through familiarity with purer wisdom than our own may make our own ascent less difficult.

We may imagine that such men would no more mingle with us socially than would our own least prejudiced and most enthusiastic advocates of the equality of man permit themselves to live with cannibals. We may imagine, too, that they would much bestir themselves to raise us by the best means from the moral mud, wherein we cheat, recriminate and fight; and, being wise, that they would go about it with more wisdom than our own brass-band enthusiasts display when they set forth to educate the heathen in his blindness.

I am told — and I believe it — that the password to association with the Masters is no spoken word at all, but stark integrity, that they can recognise as instantly as trainers see the good points of a horse.

It is of such integrity, and of the Path that leads up to association with such men, that I wrote my story *OM*; and of all the things in life that have amazed me, first is this: that in this said-to-be-materially minded Western Hemisphere so many men and women have not only read the book, but have agreed to like it, and to ask for more of the same character.

MOSCOW: THE HEART OF RUSSIA

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

“. . . Russia is for the Old World one of the riddles of the Sphinx. One will discover the *perpetuum mobile* before the Occident will be able to grasp the Russian spirit, its nature and tendencies. . . .”— *F. M. Dostoyevsky*

IF you really wish to see old Russia, if you wish to feel the spirit of its culture, the hidden depths of its soul, all that is mysterious and sacred in the cradle of its civilization, you must go to Moscow, the *mother-town* of the Russian soil. Here you are at the heart of Russia; here is the holy place for the patriotism of a thousand years; here was the central point of an Empire that stood unshaken for nine centuries; here is the fountain of a spiritual life that flowed and still flows to the four winds of that infinite country of rolling steppes and somber forests; here stood Napoleon at the last day of its glory amidst the glittering of four hundred domes of pure gold and the flames of the incipient fire; here stood Madame de Stael and uttered the well-known words: “Rome of the Tatars!” words which depict in such a masterly manner the grandeur and the glory of a semi-barbaric race. Even if Kief is more entitled to honor from the Russian than is Moscow, on account of its greater antiquity, and even if it is like Jerusalem, the sacred city,— still, Moscow is always, for the inhabitants of Great Russia, the mother-city, *Moskvá-mátushka*, as the Russian says.

The center of Moscow is the so-called *Kremlin* (in Russian *krem'l'*). The Kremlin is an old fort, forming by itself a whole city; it is of pentagonal shape, and occupies a hill 130 feet above the level of the river Moskva, that crosses the city. It is enclosed by a high stone battlement wall 2430 yards in length, restored during the nineteenth century, and having nineteen towers. Its five large gates are also surmounted by towers and are all historical and noteworthy. The *Spásскиya Voróta*, or Savior's Gate, was erected in 1491 by a famous Milanese architect; the Gothic tower that surmounts it (203 feet) was added in 1626 by the English architect Holloway. A colossal picture of the Savior (the ‘palladium of Moscow’) was placed upon it in 1647, and all who pass through the gate uncover. The towers which surmount the other four gates were all erected by order of Tsar Iván III.

The Kremlin as a whole has nowadays a tremendous importance as the center of the spiritual life of Russia; moreover, it is the incarnation of the artistic life of that country, owing to the fact that it contains the

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living examples of Russian architecture and painting for a thousand years, due to the habit of old Russian Tsars to add each one some new gates or temples to the central buildings, erected in the style characteristic of the period of their respective reigns. As a result of this fact, the Kremlin shows the history of Russian art, especially in the domain of architecture, and presents a priceless remnant of our civilization since the very dawn of its development. The riches contained in the walls of this old city are beyond any appreciation by means of numbers; the diamonds, pearls,



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THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW: THE CRADLE OF RUSSIAN EMPIRE

and gold bars (not to speak of other stones) are packed in bags in the undergrounds of several large palaces and old cathedrals.

Of the sacred buildings of the Kremlin the most venerated is the *Uspénskiy Sobór, i. e.*, Cathedral. The former church of this name was erected in 1326 by the Tsar *Iván Kalitá* (the name meaning 'Ivan with the Purse,' as a memory of his charity), but, on its demolishing, a new one was built on the same place in 1475-79, by the Bolognese architect Fioraventi, in the Lombardo-Byzantine style, with details from the Tatar architecture, which *ensemble* forms a transition between the mystical features of the Middle Ages and the Asiatic splendor of a Timur-Leng, combined both on a Slavonic soil amidst the glittering snow of the icy plains. It has been restored four times after being pillaged or burnt; the last time in 1812, after the great conflagration of Moscow.

This Temple contains the oldest and most venerated pictures of Russia, priceless relics of antiquity, one of which is attributed to the metropolitan

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Peter, and the other is ascribed by the popular tradition to the Apostle Luke. It is well-known that the precious stones ornamenting these pictures weigh more than twenty-five pounds, apart from the golden frame. The same Cathedral possesses also the throne of Vladímir I, and numerous other relics of old Russian history, from the fourteenth century to our time. The Russian metropolitans and patriarchs used to be consecrated in this cathedral; as well as the Tsars after Ivan the Fourth, or the Terrible.

The Archangel Cathedral, on the opposite side of the square, was originally built in 1333, and a new one was erected later. It is here that the tombs of the Tsars from *Iván Kalitá* (1340) to *Iván Alexéiyevich* (1696) are to be found; this temple possesses vast wealth too. One of the most interesting buildings for historical value is the Temple of Annunciation; its architecture reminds one of the famous shrines at Mount Athos (Greece); it was built in the very beginning of the fourteenth century, and newly restored by our most prominent architects and painters; the remarkable pictures of Rublév (pronounced *Rublyóv*) from the first years of the fourteenth century, are still preserved. It was the private chapel of the Tsars, and in it they were baptized and married.

Among the other buildings erected in the same fourteenth century, and known all over Russia for the splendor of their architectural features and for the rôle they played in the history of that country, we shall mention the *Voznessénskiy Monastír'*, or Convent of the Ascension; it was, to the very end of the Russian Empire, the burial-place of wives and sisters of the Tsars; and the *Chúdog Monastír'*, or Convent of the Miracle, which was the residence of the old metropolitans of Moscow and also the state prison.

Close by, stands the wonder of the architectural art of the Times of Troubles, the great campanile of *Iván Velikiy* (meaning the great), known as the Terrible; erected in the Lombardo-Byzantine style under the Tsar Boris Godunov, in 1600, it rises to the height of 318 feet, including the 47-foot long cross of massive gold, and contains many bells, one of which weighs 64 tons. Nearby is the well-known *Tsar-Kótokol* (King of the Bells), 65 feet in circumference round the rim, 19 feet high, and weighing 198 tons; ordered by the Tsar in 1735, it was broken during a big fire in the Kremlin, before being hung; there it stands now on a huge pedestal, a silent witness of these Emperors of the bygone days whose enterprises and plans were as large as Russia itself.

The wonderful treasury of the patriarchs in the campanile of *Iván Velikiy* contains not only such articles of value as the *sakkos* (episcopal robes) of the metropolitans with 70,000 pearls, and bags of diamonds sent by the Rulers of India to the Moscovite Tsars, but also very remarkable monuments of Russian archaeology; the library has 500 Greek and

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1000 extremely rare Russian MSS., including a Gospel of the eighth century.

The great Palace of the Tsars inside the Kremlin was erected relatively late, namely, in 1838-49; it is a vast building in white (as were all the imperial palaces of the eighteenth and partly of the nineteenth centuries) with a gilded cupola. It contains the so-called *térens* or rooms erected by Tsar Mihail Feodorovich for the young princes, his sons, in 1636 (around which the other parts of the large Palace were later built), a remarkable memorial of the domestic life of the Tsars in the seventeenth century. In the treasury of the Tsars, the so-called *Oruzhénaya Paláta* (meaning the 'Tent of Arms'), now the public museum, the richest stores connected with old Russian archaeology are preserved — crowns, thrones of pure gold, dresses, various articles of household furniture belonging to the Imperial House, Russian and Mongolian arms, carriages, etc. The *Granovítaya Paláta*, another wing of the great palace, consists of a single-vaulted apartment, and is used as a state banqueting-hall.

The four sides of the Senate Square in the middle of the Kremlin, are occupied by buildings of various dates, from the fifteenth century onward. Among them is the imposing Senate, erected by the order of that Empress *par excellence*, Katherine II. Facing it is the Arsenal.

Nearby is another wonder,— perhaps the greatest among this forest of temples and palaces — the *Cathedral of the Savior*, begun in 1817 and abandoned in 1827, after ten years of a tremendous labor and piling up of priceless riches; in 1838 the architectural work was taken up once more and (this may sound strange, perhaps even unbelievable) the huge temple was finished only in 1883, and stands now on a hill on the steep bank of the Moskva river, at a short distance from the Kremlin,— an incarnation of more than half a century of stupendous labor.

Go through the Holy Portal in the thick walls of the Kremlin, step outside of this sacred precinct, and you will have before your gaze the most stupefying specimen of old Russian architecture you could imagine — the *Cathedral of St. Basil*. With its golden cupolas, with its sky-blue domes, its amazing forms, and its enormous wealth in precious stones, it is the most marvelous example of barbaric outline and color, a thing impossible to portray save by a picture. This temple is known all over Russia and even in the other countries of the world. It was built by the order of Ivan the Terrible with the secret idea of stupefying the whole world, and on the completion of this masterpiece, its architect, the pride of Russia at that time, was blinded by the Tsar, in order that he might not repeat his work. Thus the joy and the contentment of the terrible ruler was expressed at once.

Go further, descend the Borovitskiy hill, on which stands the Kremlin,

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and climb one of the *seven* hills,— on which, like Rome, Moscow is built,— and you will have the picture,— the panorama of this wonderful city where four hundred temples point to the sky their dazzling domes. From the center rises the Kremlin, its campaniles, cupolas, and palaces glittering



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CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW

One of the architectural wonders of Russia

with gold and azure colors, and still surrounded by the old Tatar wall, which Peter the Great decorated with the heads of its nobility. The Kremlin stands high, with the Moskva river sweeping around its base, and away from it on all sides spread the city and the innumerable towers, which rise by the hundreds and glitter with stars. But far and away the most beautiful of all is that of the Savior's Temple. Its white walls rise across the river, supporting a great dome and four small ones, as in the majority of old Russian shrines, all covered with plates of pure gold. This is the great religious center of Moscow. Let us pause here, and look.

To my thinking, there is something almost pagan in the services of these Russian Temples, where early

Christianity meets with mystical forces of the Orient, where the teachings of the Gospel are heard in the somber vaults of a half-Buddhistic shrine. The vast spaces of the temple are crowded with an enormous multitude, all standing; there are seats for none. Around and above rise the walls, a glittering mass of marbles and precious stones; malachite from the Ural Mounts, gold and silver from the icy plains of Siberia, lapis-lazuli from the Black Sea shores, and granite from the lakes of Finland; and through the painted windows of the domes the cold sunlight casts long rays downward upon the high altar shining in the distance as if a star

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in darkness. Nothing save the voices of men can be raised here in the praise of God, and the voices of the choir, mingling with prayers of the people, sound like a far-off sea.

And to which God do they pray, these people? Is it to the meek prophet of Galilee, or is it to Vishnu as in the Temple of Madura? The whole is rich and pagan; full of the splendor of the Orient. Look there, between the high columns that support the giant vaults of the cathedral! Within the arches of the altar, beyond the sacred portal that leads to the Holy of Holies, in the semi-darkness of a fading winter day, one can distinctly see the colossal image of the Virgin, occupying a wall more than a hundred feet high, *encircled and crowned with points of light. She stands on the crescent, holding the infant in her arms, and seems to soar among the clouds above the black waves of an unbridled sea. That is the God they worship, all these masses!*

And is the symbol not clear enough? Is it not suggestive? The Virgin Mary (from *mare*, the sea), the patroness of Christian sailors, as Dido was the patroness of Phoenician mariners, and Venus Erycina of those of Sicily, is represented now by the Christian Church as ‘conceived without sin’ by Anna, from the Chaldaean *Ana*, heaven, or Astral Light, Anima Mundi; together with Venus and other lunar goddesses,— the moon being the ruler of the tides — she was and still is the ‘Virgin of the Sea.’

We have but to look in the works of H. P. Blavatsky in order to see immediately that the ‘great Dragon’ which the Virgin Mary is sometimes represented as crushing, symbolizes in all the ancient mythologies, and logically also in Christianity, the world of *matter*, or the *Great Deep*, which on all the orthodox images is represented by the black waves of a furious sea, or by the clouds soaring in space. Concerning the radiation surrounding the figure of the Virgin *in the form of an egg*, we can but repeat the words of our great Leader, in her stupendous work, *The Secret Doctrine*:

“. . . In the world of being, the one Point fructifies the Line — *the Virgin Matrix of Kosmos (the egg-shaped zero)* — and the immaculate Mother gives birth to the form that combines all forms. . . .”

And as to the infant that she holds in her arms, we can but say that

“Thus is repeated on Earth the mystery enacted, according to the Seers, on the divine plane. The ‘Son’ of the immaculate celestial Virgin (or the undifferentiated cosmic protyle, Matter in its infinitude) is born again on earth as the Son of the terrestrial Eve — our mother Earth, and becomes Humanity as a total — past, present, and future. . . . Above, the Son is the whole Kosmos; below, he is MANKIND.”

Do they realize the secret meaning of their image, all these thousands of

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people who come and silently worship on knees this sacred symbol behind the altar? Do they know that, far from being *only* Christians, they touch the great, the infinite, Truths of all religions and of all times? Do they know that there is in this shrine something that belongs not only to the teachings of Christianity, but forms one of the foundations of the Secret Science? But here is not the place for analysing the religious belief of the Russian people.

Close by the Temple of St. Basil, with its fantastic features and fountain of towers, all differing from each other in size and brilliant colors, is the *Red Square*, famous throughout Russian history; there is a stone tribunal in its middle, which was formerly the forum, market-cross, and place of execution. On its sides is the so-called *Kitáy-Górod*, or Chinese Town; this is the chief commercial quarter of Moscow, with several large buildings, one of which alone contains 1200 shops. It is in this quarter that is situated also the *House of the Románov* (last dynasty of Tsars), and the printing office of the Synod of the Greek-Orthodox Church, worth mentioning for its 600 MSS., and 10,000 very old printed books.

On the west, north, and north-east, the Kremlin is surrounded by the *Byéliy-Górod*, or White Town, formerly enclosed by a stone wall that used to be the second enclosure of the central City; nowadays these walls form a first circle of streets round the center of Moscow. Here was the rendezvous of the fashionable world; here also are the theaters, the industrial-art museum, the Imperial Bank, and the *Rozhdéstvenskiy Convent* of the fourteenth century. In its south-west part are the University, the Museum of domestic industries, and the famous *Rumyantsev Museum*. The University of Moscow, founded in 1755, exercised a powerful influence on the intellectual life of Russia, especially in the middle of the previous century; its library contains more than 280,000 volumes and the establishment has a vast collection in mineralogy, geology, and zoology. As to the *Rumyantsev Museum*, it contains one of the greatest collections of rare books and MSS. that Russia has, with its 700,000 volumes and its old pictures, sculptures, and prints. Among other museums that form the pride of Moscow, we will but mention the Private Museum of Prince Galítsin, and the Shchúkin Museum of rare paintings.

It is also here that the *Tretiakóv Gallery* of painting, known all over civilized countries, is established. Tretiakóv was a great Maecenas for the painters of the last century, and presented his wonderful collection of pictures, chiefly of the Russian school, to the city of Moscow. Some of the best paintings of our great Vereshchágin are contained in the beautiful Temple of the Redeemer, standing nearby.

The *Zemlyanóy-Górod*, or Earthen Town, forms the third enclosure of the city, surrounding all the others; it has arisen from villages situated

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around Moscow, and was, up to the last days, the true abode of the families of old, for the most part decayed, but still proud, nobility. The *Zamoskvarýéchyé*, or district 'behind the river Moskva,' on its right bank, is still the home of the patriarchal merchant-families of old Moskovy.

Since the fourteenth century Moscow has been an important commercial city; about the end of the fifteenth century its princes transported to that town no fewer than 18,000 of the richest Novgorod merchant-families, and took over the entire trade of the city, entering in direct relations with Narva and Livonia. The annexation of Kazañ and the conquest of Siberia, in the last part of the sixteenth century, gave a new importance to Moscow, bringing it into direct commercial relations with the khanats of Khiva, Bukhara, and with China, and supplying it with Siberian furs. Situated at the intersection of six important routes, Moscow was the storehouse and exchange-mart for the merchandise of Europe and Asia. Here are concentrated the traffic in grain, the chief product of Russia, and those in hemp and in oils sent to the Baltic ports; in tea, brought both by way of Siberia and of St. Petersburg; in sugar, refined here in large quantities; in tallow, skins, wool from the steppes of the Kaspian Sea, metals from the Ural Mounts, timber from the far-off Siberian woods, iron and steel from the mining towns, wine from the warm shores of the Black Sea, cotton from the sun-burnt Turkestan, silk from China, and other innumerable products of all the Eastern and Western markets.

Moscow is surrounded by beautiful parks and picturesque suburbs, with botanical gardens and experimental farms. The large Imperial Palaces are situated in the village of *Ostánkino*, well-known in Russian history; in some of the private estates around the city are to be found remains of very old graveyards, supposed to belong to the pagan period. The best panorama of the city is from the high Hills of Sparrows, on the right bank of the Moskva river, which here makes a great loop to the south. In this loop is situated the Virgin Convent, which played such a tragic rôle in the history of Peter the Great. To the south is the village of *Kolómenskoye*, founded in the thirteenth century, a favorite residence of Ivan the Terrible and of Peter the Great.

The Russian annals first mention Moscow in the beginning of the twelfth century, as a place where *Prince Yúriy Dolgorúkiy* (one of the ancestors of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, on her mother's side) of Suzdal, met Svyatosláv of Syéversk and his allies. The site was inhabited from a very remote antiquity by the Meryas and Mordvinians, whose remains are very numerous in the neighborhood, and it was well peopled by the Great Russians in the twelfth century. To the end of the thirteenth century Moscow remained a dependency of the Princes of Vladimir, and suffered from the raids of the Mongols. It was in 1300 that the Kremlin,

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or fort, was enclosed by a strong wall of earth and timber, offering a protection to numerous emigrants from other principalities, who fled before the Mongolian hordes. Under Ivan Kalita (1325-1341) the principality of Vladimir became united with Moscow, and the metropolitan Peter established his seat in this city, thus giving new importance and powerful support to the young principality in the stage of development. In the middle of the fourteenth century the Kremlin was enclosed by stone walls, strong enough to resist the enemies from outside.

The increase of the principality continued during the fifteenth century; but it was, however, not before the reign of Ivan III (1462-1505) that the prince of Moscow set up claims to other parts of Russia, and called himself 'Ruler of all Russia.' By the annexation of Nóvgorod and Pskov, and the conquest of Kazáñ and Ástrakhan, Ivan IV, or the Terrible, became practically the ruler of all of European Russia and partly of that of Asia. After his reign Moscow suffered several times from terrible conflagrations and pillages by the Tatars of the Crimea. In the sixteenth century Moscow became gradually the center of the entire country, and kept this importance throughout the Period of Troubles which resulted in the ascension to the throne of the house of Románov.

The seventeenth century in the history of Moscow was full of internal troubles up to the reign of Peter the Great. The opposition encountered in Moscow to the plans of reform of this latter Tsar, the conspiracies of the *boyárs* and merchants, the distrust of the mass of the people, compelled him afterwards to leave the city (1703), and to seek a new capital. This he founded at St. Petersburg on the very confines of the military empire he was trying to establish. But in spite of this fact Moscow remained and still is the center of Russian life, the cradle of her civilization, the sacred fountain of its spiritual strength.

The eighteenth century, *i. e.*, the reigns of Peter and of Katherine the Great, was a time of relative peace in the internal struggles of Moscow. Both of these rulers tried to conciliate the nobility, and applied themselves to benefit the capital with new and useful buildings. The last disaster was experienced by Moscow in 1812 during the great conflagration that destroyed nearly the entire city except the indestructible Kremlin, which still stands on the sacred hill, a silent witness of the birth and growth of the Russian culture, a watcher over the Russian land.

Such is Moscow, the mother-town of Russia. Such are its temples, its palaces, and gates. Such is the splendor of this fantastic city where merge into one, two worlds,— two continents. Sacred for every Russian, it incarnates for him the history of a race. It unrolls before his eyes, as if in pictures of gold, silver, and marble, the panorama of its struggles


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and final glory. It opens to him a source from which a stream of hidden force and unknown power seems to spring forth and cover the Russian land. Moscow, the Rome of Russia! Moscow, the city of glory! Moscow, the cradle of the Slavs! Thou art the heart of Russia, and from that heart will come a new life, a new strength, a new race.

HUMANITY AN EMANATION FROM DIVINITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

“Theosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto.”
— H. P. Blavatsky

 HIS quotation gives in a nutshell the Theosophical view of humanity; and it does make a difference what men believe about themselves. It is all the more necessary to insist on the above view because we have with us in this age a species of dogmatism which is accentuating as much as possible the animal nature of man. The dogmatism in question is not religious, and one hesitates to apply to it the name scientific, because that would be a derogation of the name of science. None the less it *claims* to be scientific. It disports itself in the pages of our illustrated papers, where are to be seen pictures of skulls, anthropoid apes, and imaginary reconstructions of ancient men. But it is curious how isolated and detached from daily life all this speculation is; it is as though the theorists who elaborate it were playing a sort of game of their own, which is interesting but not very important. People read it, but their real interest lies with the affairs of actual life, and with that *real* world wherein the drama of the human *Soul* is being enacted.

After all, the question whether man did or did not descend from the apes is of secondary importance to the fact that he actually is now a living Soul, with a self-reflective intelligence and power of self-development. What we want to know is the origin and development of this intelligence; and we feel that, even supposing it did originate in the way the theorists tell us, then the power that caused such an evolution must indeed have been a deific power. But it is impossible that men should long remain satisfied with such an explanation of the origin of man's Soul; for in truth it is no explanation at all but merely a shirking of the question.

The divine nature of man is as self-evident as his animal nature; and equally it calls for explanation. Is it not reasonable to suppose

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that, as we have the power to ask the question, we have also the power to answer it?

Theosophy insists that man shall develop his divine nature, and not leave this to be done by 'evolution.' Man has a free-will, however he may have obtained it; and if he does not use it, he will never evolve. He could but sink back into idiocy; but what he is much more likely to do is to use his will in the service of lust and passion. The power of evolution in man is the divine-human will and the divine-human intelligence. Man must invoke them and use them, if he is to evolve.

Earnest people everywhere recognise this age-long and obvious fact; yet side by side with this recognition we have this singular 'scientific' speculating going on all in its own separate groove. One wonders what possible bearing a discussion of the alleged animal ancestry of man can have on the need of the age and the development of the human Soul.

The quotation indicates that the path which man is pursuing is not a straight line but a curve; and surely this is in accordance with the laws of nature.

The redeeming power for humanity consists in a recognition of the spiritual unity of all men; but the recognition must be so real as to have practical results and not remain a mere pious belief. Mere emotionalism will not do. We must expect to be able actually to develop in ourselves a spiritual intuition which will lift us above the plane of our ordinary mentality, and an inward urge which will impel us to act in the interests of brotherhood. We must revive the true and ancient spirit of Religion. Many people see this, but they do not see how to do it.

Theosophy declares that humanity is divine, but its divinity is obscured. This is an age of obsuration. Humanity moves in cycles, and is now in a dark cycle. It is the reign of materialism and confusion, and the faith in spiritual verities has almost disappeared. Theosophy came to revive this.

In the far past great races have lived on earth, attained to great wisdom, and passed away, bequeathing their knowledge. Knowledge has always been *handed down* from race to race. The racial memories of peoples always tell of divine ancestors, heroes, and teachers; of Edens lost, yet to be regained; of the dispersal of races and the confusion of tongues. These are no myths, except in the sense that myths are the surest history.

While some explorers are delving for odd human bones, others are unearthing the vestiges of great civilizations; and every day additional confirmation comes to hand of the great truth that humanity is the heir of a mighty past. Our present civilization is largely self-destructive; and if its energies went on unrestrained, they would devastate the earth,

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unless indeed they first disintegrated society. The factors that make for permanence are the same now as ever — the powers of the Soul — Courage, Honor, Compassion, Truth, Loyalty, Devotion.

If evolution has really brought man up from the apes (which it has *not*), it is clear that it may bring him up to the Gods; so in any case he has a prospect of divinity before him.

If we are to deal with facts, we must take for granted the divinity in man; we must assume that we have in us an infinite power of self-development. And if we are to be practical, we must use it. No doctrine is of any use until it is applied; what is the use of believing that man had a divine origin, is divine in essence now, and will return to his lost Eden, if we do not apply these beliefs?

We hear of Oriental nations, whom once in our ignorance we despised, but are now beginning to understand, that they have systems of culture which assert the supreme power of the human Soul over all the circumstances that beset it. We hear of systems of training in self-mastery, which uphold courage, loyalty, and honor as the real values in life, instead of gold, pleasure, and power. People so trained are self-poised and disciplined, free from the ills that vex our undisciplined minds. It is time we began again to reverence and to cultivate the true values in life and to set before ourselves as ideals the true Man and the true Woman. Here is surely a religion that is universal and above all dogmas; here is surely a religion that can bind all humanity on the basis of their common spiritual essence.

Theosophy is a mighty force for restoring this forgotten Religion, and men of all creeds and races can unite on the basis of its principles. In addition to its lofty yet simple ethics, it has an unfathomable ocean of knowledge to offer to the student; and it is the interpreter of all religions and sciences. The whole system is based on the foundation-stone of man's divinity. To see the need for such a system, we have only to view the perplexity in men's minds as they try now this fad, now that.

If man's personality were all there is of him, he could have no part or lot in the light of that greater Man — humanity. For the personality grows with the body and is snuffed out when the body dies. But man has an Individuality, which is his kernel or nucleus, so to say, and is the part which was before birth and will be after death. The word Individuality is used in the wrong sense; when people talk of individualism, they usually mean personalism -- assertion of the personality. We do not assert our Individuality enough, for we have not enough faith in it.

The human race is a scattered family on the earth today, as it has been ever since the confusion and scattering of races spoken of in sacred allegory. It was when man defied the divine power and trusted to the might

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of his animal nature that this took place. Every race has some predominant excellence, and what must humanity have been like when all these were united in one race?

We have wandered so far away from our divinity that the very idea has grown nebulous. To bring back old conditions will require the concerted endeavors of a united body of people, each and all striving to sink selfishness in devotion to the one cause. The greater the number of people doing this, the more potent will be the result; and the more widely the (true) Theosophical teachings are diffused, the nearer will be the goal.

Theosophy is the one hope of humanity, for it is the representative of the ancient Light that has shone throughout the ages and is man's beacon. Its summons to man to stand up and recognise his own *Individuality* will find a response in all earnest hearts; and its teachings will prove themselves a sure guide amid all the mazes of doubt and speculation.

WISER, BETTER, FITTER

W. RENSHAW

O talk or write of goodness and badness, outside of a pulpit or a tract, is usually to evoke a supercilious sniff, as if one should offer spoonfuls of baby-food to a robust adult. "That's all right for the children; it keeps them in hand; but we *adults* have grown past that kind of thing. It isn't the talk for us." Isn't it, though?

"It's wiser being good than bad;
It's better being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad. . . ."

Robert Browning, a robust, manly poet if ever there were one commences one of his poems with the simple statements:

1. Goodness and badness are just opposites, and while goodness may sometimes lack virility and become merely 'goody-goody,' there is no similar qualification of badness, which is just plain *bad*.

Let us consider common everyday things: a good egg — a bad egg; a good apple — a bad apple; a good thought — a bad thought; a good deed — a bad deed. Badness in eggs and apples is simply rottenness and it does not call for much wisdom to detect it, or to select the good and reject the bad when we are dealing with eggs and apples. But the case seems to be different when it comes to thoughts and deeds.

Bad, that is, rotten, thoughts and deeds are not so easily got rid of

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if they are harbored. They cannot be thrown away after we have entertained or committed them. We all know that, too well. Their consequences have to be endured. And they affect others perhaps more than ourselves. So that one who invites or harbors bad thoughts, with their inevitable result sooner or later in bad deeds, is to that extent a plague-spot, a center of rottenness, first to himself, second to the community, and eventually, in their far-spreading results, to the world at large.

Of course, we needn't make, invite, nor when they come unbidden, harbor bad thoughts. But as we are not now sermonizing, but dealing with simple facts with which no one can disagree, everyone must be left free to do his own sermonizing and to try to practise what he preaches, according to the old saying: "Sickness is not cured by saying or thinking of medicine; but by taking it." The poet hits it off very simply in his first statement: "It's wiser being good than bad."

2. The Bible says: "The meek shall inherit the earth." But *do* they? asks the critic. Perhaps they do. Where are the proud, fierce, arrogant nations of history? They are but historical warnings, examples of 'Decline and Fall.' But the fierce nations of today — are they not in possession? Well, in a way, temporarily. But the writing is on the wall for them, too. From all the signs, unless a better way is found while yet there is time, they will cancel each other out, as did the older nations. So that history if it be no better will merely repeat itself disastrously.

But the meek, that is the vast mass of patient, unobtrusive, modest, loyal, industrious folk, they always possess the earth and have to clean up the mess caused by the few fierce ones who corrupt. They have to start again their old work of building up a civilization fit for the soul of man to carry on its eternal divine growth.

Says an old Chinese scripture: "Nothing wins so many victories as patience." If one could read aright the lessons of one's own life (and what is life if not an unending series of lessons to the scholar already made wise by goodness?) one would unmistakably see how much has been lost by want of patience which is the essence of meekness.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said Jesus, a teaching that has somehow been overlooked by so many of his supposed followers. If Christianity has failed, it may be because it has never been tried, except by an individual here and there who has lived the life and found the pearl of great price, and possesses, inherits, the spiritual riches of the whole earth.

One can experiment and find out how much better it is to be meek than fierce! It keeps one out of many difficulties.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

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Only it must not be 'Uriah-Heep-meekness,' a pose assumed from a mean motive, with an evil end in view. In short, it must not be a bad but a good meekness. Goodness and meekness, together then, are both wiser and better.

3. "It's fitter being sane than mad." *Of course!* Everyone knows this. 'Partially sane' is a contradiction in terms. Sane means whole, healthy. One is either unwholesome, sick; or whole, in the old sense: "thy faith hath made thee whole." How significant was the accompanying benediction: "Go in peace, and *sin no more.*" don't make — yourself sick again; be wiser, be better, be sane, and you'll keep off worse things! This is the keynote, for as Whitman says: "Perfect sanity shows the master."

The very word 'fit' means the same. 'Keep yourself fit' is a good advertising slogan. Fitness is everything. But how often we think, say, or do the unfit thing, the unwholesome thing, and in so far the *insane* thing, the mad thing.

So to be ever fitter, better, and wiser, we must look to it that we are sane rather than mad, meek rather than fierce, and good rather than bad. Besides, to bring in one word more, it's also *easier*.

4. It may not be easier, to take a simple instance, to get out of bed if one has cultivated the sluggard's habit. All habits have to be cultivated. One habit is as easy to acquire as another — in the beginning. Indeed, good habits are easier because they are more natural. In the majority of cases, with uncorrupted dispositions, the taste for tobacco or intoxicating liquors has to be acquired against an innate aversion often amounting to strong repulsion; while the graver lapses from 'good taste' are possible only through the breaking down of even stronger, moral and spiritual, defenses.

'Easy Street'; 'Easy Virtue.' Not at all! "The way of the transgressor is hard," and gets even harder, and he knows it. For he is always cursing his hard luck, his unkind fate, everything and everybody; and in severe cases himself too for ever having been born. So if we find our worries and strains and antagonisms and trials and difficulties increasing, let's ease up a little if we cannot reform it altogether. If we find ourselves, however, little or much on what the ancient poet with subtil scorn described as the easy descent to hell, or Shakespeare with equal subtility calls: "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," let's ease up in time and get ourselves wiser, better, and fitter in the simple ways pointed out by the robust modern poet who has been our guide in these reflexions.

THE CONTINUITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

RALF LANESDALE

THE fact of consciousness would seem to be the surest fact of our existence; its loss or temporary suspension would be death, if there be such a state, which I think questionable. Nor do I believe that there is ever any suspension of consciousness though there may be periods of forgetfulness. Though even this is doubtful, for a period implies time, and time means "succession of states of consciousness."

It might be more correct to speak of points of oblivion in consciousness. A man says perhaps "I was unconscious for several hours." How does he know that? How does he know that he was unconscious at all, since his knowing is itself an act of consciousness? All that he knows is that his memory was suspended for a time: and even that is more supposition than knowledge, more the result of an attempt to account for a disagreement between his own record of events and that registered by other minds or by the clock, more a theory than a fact. Our personal identity seems based upon the continuity of consciousness: for when I am no longer conscious, I am not I.

When we think of sleep and death and momentary lapses of attention, it may seem quite unreasonable to maintain that consciousness is continuous. And yet it must be so. "Never was time, it was not."

Time is generally regarded as a continuity. In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky says: "Time is the illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we pass through eternal duration." Is time intermittent? If so what is it that intervenes? Is unconsciousness a something that has extension in time?

The confusion arises from the duality of mind. There is a consciousness that transcends time, and there are states of consciousness that are subject to measurement in time. That which transcends time is the eternal, the spiritual, which is not born nor dies. The other is intermittent.

It is hard for an unthinking, unobservant man to admit the duality of his own consciousness. To himself he is simply 'I,' and is not aware of any duality in himself. If at long intervals he has had the experience of a rare flash of intuition he will probably look upon it as something that has come to him from outside. Identifying himself with his lower or merely brain-mind consciousness he looks upon all thoughts that pass through his thinking apparatus as either the product of that machine or as coming to him from some other mind than his own. If he is religious

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he may attribute his inspiration to a revelation direct from heaven; if not he may talk of telepathy, of thought-transference, of subconscious mind (whatever that may be); but he will not readily admit that he himself can possibly be his own spiritual guide or instructor flashing ideas into the thinking machine that he calls his mind for him to turn into thoughts.


It is this knowledge of the divinity in man lost at a certain stage of human evolution, that has to be regained by conscious effort,— by self-directed evolution, by self-knowledge, in a word. To find the true Self is to re-establish the continuity of consciousness in the individual mind as in the universal.

Pure consciousness must be continuous, for it is the foundation of the universe. It may be likened to the Sun, which shines continuously and whose image is reflected, more or less imperfectly, in countless objects on the earth. So shines the eternal Self, and so the lesser selves, the personalities of men, reflect its image intermittently and in distorted forms, blurring the brilliance of the eternal light by reason of their own material grossness and impermanence.

In the Theosophical conception of the Universe, the first manifestation is consciousness; and within this Universal Consciousness the call of Life awakes the hosts of individual creatures, who exercise intelligence as limited reflexions of the Universal. All things and creatures are of this same substance — consciousness. Finding the Self, the individual becomes identified with the universal. The pilgrim seeks the shrine of the eternal, and finding the truth is liberated from the delusion of separateness: “the dew-drop slips into the shining sea.” “*Om mani padme hum.*”

GROTESQUE PERVERSIONS OF THEOSOPHY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HAT there is everywhere a great and urgent demand for the sublime and most helpful teachings of Theosophy is proved by the experiences of the Leader, Katherine Tingley, and her party, in their various tours around the world. That people in all parts are earnestly and wistfully seeking for light on the problems of life, and that they find in Theosophy that which they seek, is proved by the correspondence received at the International Theosophical Headquarters. So true is it that H. P. Blavatsky, in undertaking her great work, foresaw the conditions which would exist in the world today, and prepared in advance to meet them, by laying the foundations for a great

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center whence the teachings of Theosophy could emanate for the helping of humanity.

Yet it is an inevitable characteristic of our civilization that whatever is good should be victimized and preyed upon by a swarm of worthless imitations and impostures, whether it is some healing medicine, some valuable article of food, or what not; and Theosophy has not escaped this fate. In the universal thirst for the waters of life, unscrupulous people have seen their opportunity to feather their own nests by offering worthless nostrums to satisfy that thirst; in precisely the same spirit as leads the quack to disappoint the hopes of the sick with his colored water or harmful drugs. And further — just as the very names of the genuine are stolen to deck out the bogus, so it is under the sacred name itself of Theosophy that these pernicious teachings are purveyed to the unwary and ill-informed.

The wrong thereby done to humanity is incalculable. The experience of the Leader on her tours, and of the secretary in his office shows that many worthy people, having read some of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, have been attracted to some one or other of these bogus cults, which use the name of Theosophy; and have found to their grief and horror that the teachings given are fantastic, ridiculous, or even vicious. Lucky are those who later on discover true Theosophy and come in touch with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. But how many are there, one asks, whom once deceived, turn away in disgust and never come in contact with genuine Theosophy at all?

It may be said that ultimately the truth must prevail; and this is true enough. For the shams will be found to be shams, and will not satisfy the craving for knowledge and peace of mind, but will only increase that craving. But it is fortunate that people will not have to go hungry while we Theosophists sit still and wait for truth to prevail. For we have an energetic Leader, of whose character sitting still and waiting forms only one part; and she will see to it that everything possible is done to spread the knowledge of real Theosophy and to expose and defeat the shams.

Whatever theoretical philosophy we may profess, we shall all agree that human nature has two sides, one tending downwards and the other upwards. Either side of the nature may be appealed to. It is characteristic of the counterfeits of Theosophy that they appeal to the lower side of human nature, directing their allurements to people's desires, ambitions, and follies; while seldom frank enough to despise a sop to hypocrisy, or to refrain from dressing up the appeal in fine language. One such meets our eye in the shape of the announcement of a book, in which the words Theosophy and Spiritualism are coupled as if they were identical

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or in any way united; and the reader is left to suppose that Theosophy teaches crank mysticism, unphilosophical vagaries of sorts, and how we may 'attain our desires.' Thus, by the misuse of the word Theosophy, the credit of H. P. Blavatsky's sublime teachings is stolen; and Theosophy is used as a bait to draw the unwary into this folly.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society teaches the original principles of scientific religion and philosophy as handed on by H. P. Blavatsky, and therefore its appeal is always to the brighter side of human nature.

What is needed, for happiness, is simplification, rather than new schemes; to get rid of a burden of thoughts and feelings that weighs us down. For it is the complication of our outer nature that prevents the real nature within from expressing itself. Theosophy does not encourage the merely selfish desire for material possessions, for 'getting something'; for it is this very desire that is the foe of real progress and knowledge and happiness. So long as we feed the desire for power and possessions, we merely intensify our great enemy — self-love — no matter how grandiose may be the objects we set before ourselves. Both in home and public life, self-love is the disturbing influence; and peace is only to be found along the path of self-forgetfulness and harmony. The sublime and ancient teachings of Theosophy, brought anew to the world by H. P. Blavatsky, are the panacea for human woes, domestic or public; and the greatest obstacle to their diffusion is the unworthy imitations and grotesque travesties that are purveyed under the sacred name of Theosophy.

A LAND OF MYSTERY

BY H. P. BLAVATSKY

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EARLY all the mounds in North America are terraced and ascended by large graded ways, sometimes square, often hexagonal, octagonal, or truncated, but in all respects similar to the *teocallis* of Mexico, and to the *topes* of India. As the latter are attributed throughout this country to the work of the five Pandus of the Lunar Race, so the cyclopean monuments and monoliths on the shores of Lake Titicaca, in the Republic of Bolivia, are ascribed to giants, the five exiled brothers "from beyond the mounts." They worshiped the *moon as their progenitor* and lived before the time of the "Sons and Virgins of the Sun." Here, the similarity of the Aryan

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with the South American tradition is again but too obvious, and the Solar and Lunar races — the Sûrya-Vanśa and the Chandra-Vanśa — reappear in America.

This Lake Titicaca, which occupies the center of one of the most remarkable terrestrial basins on the whole globe, is “160 miles long and from 50 to 80 broad, and discharges through the valley of El Desaguadero, to the south-east into another lake, called Lake Aullagas, which is probably kept at a lower level by evaporation or filtration, since it has no known outlet. The surface of the lake is 12,846 feet above the sea, and it is the most elevated body of waters of similar size in the world.” As the level of its waters has very much decreased in the historical period, it is believed on good grounds that they once surrounded the elevated spot on which are found the remarkable ruins of Tiahuanaco.

The latter are without any doubt aboriginal monuments pertaining to an epoch which preceded the Incal period, as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal peoples preceded the Aryans in India. Although the traditions of the Incas maintain that the great law-giver and teacher of the Peruvians, Manco Capac — the Manu of South America — diffused his knowledge and influence from this center, yet the statement is unsupported by facts. If the original seat of the Aymara, or ‘Inca race,’ was there, as claimed by some, how is it that neither the Incas, nor the Aymaras, who dwell on the shores of the Lake to this day, nor yet the ancient Peruvians, had the slightest knowledge concerning their history? Beyond a vague tradition which tells us of ‘Giants’ having built these immense structures in one night, we do not find the faintest clue. And, we have every reason to doubt whether the Incas are of the Aymara race at all. The Incas claim their descent from Manco Capac, the son of the Sun, and the Aymaras claim this legislator as their instructor and the founder of the era of their civilization. Yet neither the Incas of the Spanish period could prove the one, nor the Aymaras the other. The language of the latter is quite distinct from the *Inichua*, the tongue of the Incas; and they were the only race that refused to give up their language when conquered by the descendants of the Sun, as Dr. Heath tells us.

The ruins afford every evidence of the highest antiquity. Some are built on a pyramidal plan, as most of the American mounds are, and cover several acres; while the monolithic doorways, pillars, and stone idols, so elaborately carved, are “sculptured *in a style wholly different* from any other remains of art yet found in America.” D’Orbigny speaks of the ruins in the most enthusiastic manner. “These monuments,” he says, “consist of a mound raised nearly 100 feet, surrounded with pillars; of temples from 600 to 1200 feet in length, opening precisely towards the east, and adorned with colossal angular columns; of porticoes of a single

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stone, covered with reliefs of skilful execution, displaying symbolical representations of the Sun, and the condor, his messenger; of basaltic statues loaded with bas-reliefs, in which the design of the carved head is half Egyptian; and lastly, of the interior of a palace formed of enormous blocks of rock completely hewn, whose dimensions are often 21 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 6 in thickness. In the temples and palaces, the portals are not inclined, as among those of the Incas, but perpendicular; and their vast dimensions, and the imposing masses of which they are composed, surpass in beauty and grandeur all that were afterwards built by the sovereigns of Cuzco." Like the rest of his fellow-explorers, M. D'Orbigny believes these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas.

Two distinct styles of architecture are found in these relics of Lake Titicaca. Those of the island of Coati, for instance, bear every feature in common with the ruins of Tiahuanaco; so do the vast blocks of stone elaborately sculptured, some of which according to the report of the surveyors, in 1846, measure "3 feet in length by 18 feet in width, and 6 feet in thickness"; while on some of the islands of the Lake Titicaca there are monuments of great extent, "but of true Peruvian type, believed to be the remains of temples destroyed by the Spaniards." The famous sanctuary, with the human figure in it, belongs to the former. Its doorway 10 feet high, 13 feet broad, with an opening 6 feet 4 inches, by 3 feet 2 inches, is cut from a single stone. "Its east front has a cornice, in the center of which is a human figure of strange form, *crowned with rays*, interspersed with serpents with crested heads. On each side of this figure are three rows of square compartments, filled with human and other figures, of apparently symbolic design. . . ." Were this temple in India, it would undoubtedly be attributed to Shiva; but it is at the antipodes, where neither the foot of a Shaiva nor one of the Naga tribe has ever penetrated to the knowledge of man, though the Mexican Indians have their Nagal, or chief sorcerer and serpent worshiper. The ruins standing on an eminence, which from the water-marks around it seem to have been formerly an island in Lake Titicaca, and "the level of the Lake now being 135 feet lower, and its shores 12 miles distant, this fact, in conjunction with others, warrants the belief that these remains antedate any others known in America." ⁶ Hence, all these relics are unanimously ascribed to the same "unknown and mysterious people who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tulhuatecas or Toltecs did the Aztecs. It seems to have been the seat of the highest and most ancient civilization of South America and of a people who have left the most gigantic monuments of their power and

6: *New American Cyclopaedia*, Art. 'Teotihuacan.'

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skill." . . . And these monuments are all either *Dracontias* — temples sacred to the Snake, or temples dedicated to the Sun.

Of this same character are the ruined pyramids of Teotihuacan and the monoliths of Palenque and Copan. The former are some eight leagues from the city of Mexico on the plain of Otumla, and considered among the most ancient in the land. The two principal ones are dedicated to the Sun and Moon, respectively. They are built of cut stone, square, with four stories and a level area at the top. The larger, that of the Sun, is 221 feet high, 680 feet square at the base, and covers an area of 11 acres, nearly equal to that of the great pyramid of Cheops. And yet, the pyramid of Cholula, higher than that of Teotihuacan by ten feet according to Humboldt, and having 1400 feet square at the base, covers an area of 45 acres!

It is interesting to hear what the earliest writers — the historians who saw them during the first conquest — say even of some of the most modern of these buildings, of the great temple of Mexico, among others. It consisted of an immense square area "surrounded by a wall of stone and lime, eight feet thick, with battlements, ornamented with many stone figures *in the form of serpents*," says one. Cortez shows that 500 houses might be easily placed within its enclosure. It was paved with polished stones, so smooth that "the horses of the Spaniards could not move over them without slipping," writes Bernal Diaz. In connexion with this, we must remember that it was not the Spaniards who conquered the Mexicans, but their *horses*. As there never was a horse seen before by this people in America, until the Europeans landed it on the coast, the natives, though excessively brave, "were so awestruck at the sight of horses and the roar of the artillery" that they took the Spaniards to be of divine origin and sent them human beings as sacrifices. This superstitious panic is sufficient to account for the fact that a handful of men could so easily conquer incalculable thousands of warriors.

According to Gomara, the four walls of the enclosure of the temple corresponded with the cardinal points. In the center of this gigantic area rose the great temple, an immense pyramidal structure of eight stages, faced with stone, 300 feet square at the base, and 120 feet in height, truncated, with a level summit, upon which were situated two towers, the shrines of the divinities to whom it was consecrated — Tezcatlipoca and Huitzilpochtli. It was here that the sacrifices were performed, and *the eternal fire maintained*. *Clavigero tells us*, that besides this great pyramid, there were forty other similar structures consecrated to various divinities. The one called *Tezacalli*, "the House of the Shining Mirrors, sacred to *Tezcatlipoca*, the God of Light, the Soul of the world, the Vivifier, the Spiritual Sun." The dwellings of priests, who, according to Zarate,

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amounted to 8000, were near by, as well as the seminaries and the schools. Ponds and fountains, groves and gardens in which flowers and sweet smelling herbs were cultivated for use in certain sacred rites and the decoration of altars, were in abundance; and, so large was the inner yard, that "8000 or 10,000 persons had sufficient room to dance in it upon their solemn festivities," says Solis. Torquemada estimates the number of such temples in the Mexican empire at 40,000, but Clavigero, speaking of the majestic *Teocalli* (literally, houses of God) of Mexico, estimates the number higher.

So wonderful are the features of resemblance between the ancient shrines of the Old and the New World that Humboldt remains unequal to express his surprise. "What striking analogies exist between the monuments of the old continents and those of the Toltecs who . . . built these colossal structures, truncated pyramids, divided by layers, like the temple of Belus at Babylon! Where did they take the model of these edifices?" he exclaims.

The eminent naturalist might have also inquired where the Mexicans got all their *Christian* virtues from, being but poor pagans. The code of the Aztecs, says Prescott, "evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a perception of these principles as is to be found in the most cultivated nations." Some of these are very curious inasmuch as they show such a similarity to some of the Gospel ethics. "He who looks too curiously on a woman commits adultery with his eyes," says one of them. "Keep peace with all; bear injuries with humility; God who sees, will avenge you," declares another. Recognising but one Supreme Power in Nature, they addressed it as the deity "by whom we live, Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts and giveth all gifts, without whom man is as nothing; invisible, incorporeal, one of perfect perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence." And, in naming their children, says Lord Kingsborough, "they used a ceremony strongly resembling the Christian rite of baptism, the lips and bosom of the infant being sprinkled with water, and the Lord implored to *wash away the sin* that was given to it before the foundation of the world, *so that the child might be born anew.*" "Their laws were perfect; justice, contentment, and peace reigned in the kingdom of these benighted heathens," when the brigands and the Jesuits of Cortez landed at Tabasco. A century of murders, robbery, and forced conversion was sufficient to transform this quiet, inoffensive and wise people into what they are now. They have fully benefited by dogmatic Christianity. . . . Peace and glory to your ashes, O Cortez and Torquemada! In this case at least, will you never be permitted to boast of the enlightenment *your* Christianity has poured out on the poor, and once virtuous heathens!

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The ruins of Central America are no less imposing. Massively built, with walls of great thickness, they are usually marked by broad stairways, leading to the principal entrance. When composed of several stories, each successive story is usually smaller than that below it, giving the structure the appearance of a pyramid of several stages. The front walls, either made of stone or stuccoed, are covered with elaborately carved, symbolical figures; and the interior divided into corridors and dark chambers, with arched ceilings, the roofs supported by overlapping courses of stones, "constituting a pointed arch, corresponding in type with the earliest monuments of the old world." Within several chambers at Palenque, tablets, covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics of fine design and artistic execution, were discovered by Stephens. In Honduras, at Copan, a whole city — temples, houses, and grand monoliths intricately carved — was unearthed in an old forest by Catherwood and Stephens. The sculpture and general style of Copan are unique, and no such style or even anything approaching it has been found anywhere else, except at Quiriguá, and in the islands of Lake Nicaragua. No one can decipher the weird hieroglyphical inscriptions on the altars and monoliths. With the exception of a few works of uncut stone, "to Copan we may safely assign an antiquity higher than to any of the other monuments of Central America with which we are acquainted," says the *New American Cyclopaedia*. At the period of the Spanish conquest, Copan was already a forgotten ruin, concerning which existed only the vaguest traditions.

No less extraordinary are the remains of the different epochs in Peru. The ruins of the temple of the Sun at Cuzco are yet imposing, notwithstanding that the destructive hand of the Vandal Spaniard passed heavily over it. If we may believe the narratives of the conquerors themselves, they found it, on their arrival, a kind of fairy-tale castle. With its enormous circular stone wall completely encompassing the principal temple, chapels and buildings, it is situated in the very heart of the city, and even its remains justly provoke the admiration of the traveler. "Aqueducts opened within the sacred enclosure; and within it were gardens, and walks among *shrubs and flowers of gold and silver*, made in imitation of the productions of nature. It was attended by 4000 priests." "The ground," says La Vega, "for 200 paces around the temple was considered holy, and no one was allowed to pass within this boundary but with naked feet." Besides this great temple, there were 300 other inferior temples at Cuzco. Next to the latter in beauty was the celebrated temple of Pachacamac. Still another great temple of the sun is mentioned by Humboldt; and "at the base of the hill of Cannar was formerly a famous shrine of the Sun, consisting of the universal symbol of that luminary, formed by nature upon the face of a great rock."

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Roman tells us "that the temples of Peru were built upon high grounds or the top of the hills, and were surrounded by three or four circular embankments of earth one within the other." Other remains seen by myself — especially mounds — are surrounded by two, three and four circles of stones. Near the town of Cayambe, on the very spot on which Ulloa saw and described an ancient Peruvian temple "perfectly circular in form and open at the top," there are several such *cromlechs*. Quoting from an article in the *Madras Times* of 1876, Mr. J. H. Rivett-Carnac gives, in his Archaeological Notes, the following information upon some curious mounds in the neighborhood of Bangalore.⁷

"Near the village there are at least one hundred cromlechs plainly to be seen. These cromlechs are surrounded by circles of stones, some of them with concentric circles three and four deep. One very remarkable in appearance has four circles of large stones around it, and is called by the natives 'Pandavare Gudi,' or the temples of the Pandas. . . . This is supposed to be the first instance, where the natives popularly imagine a structure of this kind to have been the temple of a bygone, if not of a mythical, race. Many of these structures have a triple circle, some a double, and a few single circles of stone around them." In the 35th degree of latitude, the Arizona Indians in North America have their rude altars to this day, surrounded by precisely such circles, and their sacred spring, discovered by Major Alfred R. Calhoun, F. G. S., of the United States Army Survey Commission, is surrounded with the same symbolic wall of stones as is found in Stonehenge and elsewhere.

By far the most interesting and full account we have read for a long time upon the Peruvian antiquities is that from the pen of Mr. Heath of Kansas, already mentioned. Condensing the general picture of these remains into the limited space of a few pages in a periodical,⁸ yet he manages to present a masterly and vivid picture of the wealth of these remains. More than one speculator has grown rich in a few days through his desecrations of the 'huacas.' The remains of countless generations of unknown races, who had slept there undisturbed — who knows for how many ages — are now left by the sacrilegious treasure-hunter to crumble into dust under the tropical sun. Mr. Heath's conclusions, more startling, perchance, than his discoveries, are worthy of being recorded. We will repeat in brief his descriptions.

(To be continued)

7. *On Ancient Sculpturing on Rocks in Kumaon, India*, similar to those found on monoliths and rocks in Europe. By J. H. Rivett-Carnac, Bengal Civil Service, C. I. E., F. S. A., M. R. A. S., F. G. S., etc.

8. See *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, November, 1878.

THE STORY OF KALANDA

P. A. MALPAS

THE LAW COMES WEST

PĀTALIPUTRA



THUS have I heard. . . .”

Our Blessed Lord, the Enlightened One, the Buddha, was living at Rājagriha, on the Eagle’s Peak, with his disciples. Ajātasattu, the King of Magadha, vowed a vow against the kingdom of the Vajjians. “I will tear up the mighty and powerful tribe of the Vajjians by the roots; I will destroy the Vajjians; I will bring the Vajjians to utter ruin and their name shall be no more remembered among men!”

Now Ajātasattu was a wise king even in his anger. Before going to war he sent for his proud and haughty Prime Minister, the Brāhmana Vassakāra. “Brāhmana,” he said, “thou shalt go to the Blessed One and in my name bow down in adoration at his feet. Ask if he is well and if he has all that he needs. Then tell him that King Ajātasattu of Magadha has said in his royal resolve: ‘I will tear up the mighty and powerful tribe of the Vajjians by the roots; I will destroy the Vajjians; I will bring the Vajjians to utter ruin and their name shall be no more remembered among men!’ Then remember what the Blessed One shall prophesy and tell it to me when thou come again. For the Buddhas never speak but what is true!”

“Be it so!” said the Prime Minister, the Brāhmana Vassakāra. He called for the carriages of state with their royal horses and retinue, a princely cavalcade, and drove towards the Eagle’s Peak as far as the horses could go. Then he left the carriage and his gorgeous retinue and walked to the hill where the Blessed One dwelt. He saluted the Blessed One and spoke the words that the King had commanded.

Now the Venerable Ānanda, the disciple whom Our Lord loved, stood behind him fanning him, for the sun was hot.

The Buddha asked his beloved disciple a question: “Have you heard, Ānanda, that the Vajjians hold full and frequent assemblies to consult on the welfare of their kingdom?”

“Lord, I have heard that it is so,” replied Ānanda.

And the Lord answered him: “So long, Ānanda, as the Vajjians hold

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these full and frequent assemblies for orderly government, so long may they be expected to prosper and not decay."

And Our Lord continued to question Ānanda in the same way, while the Brāhmana Vassakāra listened, that he might tell the King the words of the Buddha.

And these are the things that the Buddha said: "So long, Ānanda, as the Vajjians meet together in harmony and work in harmony and live in harmony; so long as they change not their good laws, and make no new ones, but ever live in full accord with the laws of the Vajjians of the olden time; so long as they hearken to the words of their elders and reverence them; so long as they honor their wives, not stealing them from other tribes nor holding them unwillingly; so long as they maintain the shrines and religious rites of old; so long as they shall honor and defend and protect the holy men whom they call Arahats so that these men may be free to live among them, and Arahats from other parts may be free to come into their kingdom,— so long, Ānanda, may the Vajjians be expected not to decay but to prosper."

Then the Buddha turned towards the Brāhmana Vassakāra and said: "When I was once dwelling among the Vajjians, O Brāhmana, I taught them these things; and so long as they observe these conditions, so long may we expect them to prosper and flourish."

The Prime Minister reflected on the words of Siddhārtha, the Prince of the Gautama family, whom they also call the Buddha.

"We may then expect," he said, "that if the Vajjians observe one of these rules they will prosper. How much more then must they prosper and be fortunate if they observe all seven rules, as Ānanda says they do. Therefore, Gautama, the Vajjians cannot be overcome in battle by the King of Magadha, unless he can first destroy their harmony and brotherhood, or by some other trick. And now, Gautama, we must depart, for there is much at all times for a Prime Minister to do; he has many duties."

"Do as it seems best to you, O Brāhmana," replied the Blessed One, dismissing him.

And the Prime Minister, the Brāhmana Vassakāra, pleased with the words of Our Lord, rose and went to tell the King what the Blessed One had said.

Now the Buddhas are very wise or they would not be called Buddhas. The lesson was too valuable to be lost. Therefore Our Lord told the Venerable Ānanda, the disciple whom he loved, to assemble the disciples and brethren in the great hall on the Mount; and he preached there to them the "Sermon on the Mount" which taught the lessons he had given to the King by the mouth of Vassakāra the Brāhmana, together with many other rules for the conduct of life.

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THE FAIRY BUILDERS

THUS the King of Magadha knew that he could not conquer the Vajjians. But what if the Vajjians tried to conquer him? He would build a fortress to keep them out, in case they attacked him. Now Pâtaliputra is situated near the great Ganges River as it flows eastward to the sea. Therefore it was an excellent town to fortify. Not a big town, perhaps, but a village of fair size; and it must be defended.

So the Prime Minister, Vassakâra the Brâhmana, and another minister, Sunidha, built the fortress at Pâtaliputra. And there were thousands and thousands of fairies that hovered over the land around where the fortress was in building.

These were the city-fairies, the builders. They cannot themselves build in brick and stone, but they live for thousands of years in places where great cities, long forgotten, used to be, so that they are often found where no city is, but only plowed fields. They know that there was once a city there and they are ever longing to see it built again, greater and more beautiful than ever before. So they haunt the place and try to persuade people to build there. Now there are two kinds of people, the builders and the destroyers. But the fairies can do little good while the destroying people are about; *they* see no fairies! And then one day, after thousands of years, the building men come and they sometimes see the building fairies, because they are in sympathy with them. Or if they cannot see the fairies, they feel them unconsciously; they don't know why, but they feel that they must be ever building, building, until the city-fairies are satisfied.

Sometimes where there has been a great and powerful city, there are great and powerful fairies; these are the ones who move the secret heart of powerful kings to build glorious stately cities; other less powerful fairies influence the desires of kings less powerful and not so great.

So it is that cities are often built invisibly and in the silence long before one brick is laid upon another. All that remains to be done is for a builder among men to come and make the fairy city one of brick and stone that all may see.

Our Lord, the Blessed One, had great and clear vision surpassing that of ordinary men. He could see what was happening in the remotest star or what was passing in the mind of the ant; he could see what happened five thousand years ago, just as if it were in a mirror, and he could see what will happen in the future as clearly as a man looking out of a window sees what is passing in the street; he could see the fairies everywhere and understand what they were doing.

So very, very early one morning he looked out of the window and

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saw thousands and thousands of the city-fairies hovering in and about the town and in the fields and by the riverside and everywhere.

“Ânanda! Ânanda!” he called to his favorite disciple whom he loved, “who is building a fortress at Pâtaliputra?”

And Ânanda, waking from sleep, answered: “It is Vassakâra the Brâhmana and Sunidha, the Ministers of Magadha, who are building a fortress there to hold back the Vajjians.”

Then Our Lord the Buddha told Ânanda what he had seen, and told him about the building fairies he could see everywhere, and he made a wonderful prophecy, because he *knew*, and that is why he is called a Buddha, ‘he who knows.’

“And, Ânanda, among famous cities and the busy places where men live, this will be the greatest, the city of Pâtaliputra. It will be a great market where men shall come from every country in India to trade, But three dangers will hang over Pâtaliputra, one from fire, one from water, and another from quarreling and lack of harmony.”

Now this is the wonderful prophecy made by Our Lord about the city of Pâtaliputra which was fulfilled in the days of Chandragupta-Aśoka, the glorious warrior King who became a Saint, over two hundred years later.

And Our Lord prepared to depart from the city of Pâtaliputra. First he was invited to dine with the ministers Vassakâra and Sunidha, and He graciously accepted. The ministers sat each on a low seat at his side.

When he went out, they followed him and said: “The gate that Gautama goes out by today shall be called Gautama’s Gate, and the ferry by which he crosses the river shall be called Gautama’s Ferry.” And they called the gate by His name.

But when they came to the ferry the river was wide and overflowing and some prepared to make rafts to cross over; others went to find boats; some made baskets which they waterproofed and used as boats to go over the river. But Our Lord needed no boat; he could walk on the water. In an instant, while you might be pronouncing a single syllable, He vanished from the bank of the great river and appeared on the other bank.

That was his way of making men remember his teaching. While he watched their efforts to make rafts and boats to cross the river, he sang a little song:

*“Wise is the man, his soul he saves
Who builds a solid road through ocean waves.
The vain world ties its basket boats
And sinks or swims, or helpless floats.”*

What He meant was that all men must cross the great Ocean of Desire in order to attain their own divinity; they who are wise build

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the Noble Path of Right Action to cross the pools and shallows of ignorance and sin and delusion and desire while the world of simple men are building useless little rafts of ceremonies and rites and beliefs and think that they can be saved from the World of Desire by priests and gods. These things are their little basket-boats by which they hope to attain Perfection.

That is the simple way in which Gautama taught his disciples in parables the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven and that they themselves and all of us are divine if we only will it so.

As it was quoted four or five centuries later in another land: "Ye are Gods, and have the spirit of God dwelling in you."

THE ADEPT KINGS OF MAGADHA

THERE is a story about Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower of London. He had spent much time and labor over writing his history of the world. Then one day, in the intervals between chapters, he glanced out of the barred window of his cell and saw a quarrel take place in the courtyard below. One of the contestants killed the other with his sword.

Shortly afterwards an attendant brought Sir Walter Raleigh's dinner and the great hero spoke of the incident. The servitor assured him that nothing of the sort had taken place and that he was self-illusioned.

"Well, if my own eyes deceive me in that way in what I *have* seen, how can any historian ever write truly what he has never seen?" declared the old knight.

And he burnt his books.

There are people of high intelligence who think that the world would not be the loser if more than half our history-books were burnt with those of the grand old Elizabethan maker and writer of history.

Let that be as it may, we can rest assured that the Greek and Latin histories of the 'Conquest of India by Alexander the Great,' ought most emphatically take their place among the first to be cremated.

Think how they were written! The chief offender is Flavius Arrianus, or 'Arrian,' who lived about the time that Vespasian was destroying Jerusalem, say nearly four hundred years after Alexander's fairy-tale conquest. Arrian took his history from the pages of Aristobulus and Ptolemy. These histories are lost to the world.

But what of that? Well, these good bookwrights wrote their histories in turn on the evidence given in the history of Megasthenes. This was a Greek who visited India some years after the 'glorious conquest' of that country by Alexander (*which never happened!*).

Now here is the point. These second-hand Greek authorities never

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●nce set eyes on a single word written by Megasthenes! As for the third-hand Arrian . . . !

Could any history ever be a more illegitimate grandchild than Arrian's history? It is a book written by a man who took it from two other men who never saw a word of the history from which they took it in their turn!

The Greeks certainly 'fancied themselves' at that date when Alexander invaded Afghanisthân and Beluchisthân — say between 325 and 330 B. C. And really their civilization was something of which to be proud. Less than a hundred years ago we English were content to base all our art and sculpture on Greece, and our polished men could never speak more glossily than when quoting Greek tags — in short, we were content to recognise that Greece was greater than ourselves.

But that does not in the least interfere with the fact that Indian civilization was then far superior to that of Greece in almost everything except boastfulness. Greek civilization was the infant grandchild of an India hoary with age — and that is why today artists and theologians and folk-lorists find Indian art and literature always showing *Greek influence*. It is wonderful how heredity tells. But even so, our most learned authorities refrain from speaking of the 'influence' grand-babies have on their grandparents; they do not rhapsodize over the squalling infant and declare that "his grandfather takes after him wonderfully"!

We are afflicted with sadness to think that our veracious tale shall not agree in all respects with official history, but let it suffice that we shall do our best to yield a few points, while rejoicing that ours is merely 'fiction.' And Oxford and Cambridge can sleep peacefully in their beds while we burn the midnight 'veritas' in pursuit of the evasive muse of history.

KALANDA

LIKE all bazaars, the bazaars of Patna — where the rice comes from — are the editorial office of the spoken newspaper called gossip. And there is a deal of genuine news in the bazaars that never gets into the printed papers at all, even in 1925 A. D.

It was just the same in Pâtaliputra — which is Patna — in 327 B. C. with the difference that there were then no printed papers in India and the bazaars held a monopoly of all the news.

In the time of Our Lord the Buddha — 570 B. C. and thereabouts — Pâtaliputra was a mere village by the side of the Ganges. It had been a wonderful thing when the ministers Vassakâra and Sunidha had held

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consultation with the building fairies, as Our Lord had remarked in pleasant fancy. At any rate, the little builders had somehow managed to get their message to the great statesmen, and the grand fort was built to keep out the Vajjians or other enemies, since Our Lord had shown that it was no use attacking them as long as they obeyed the Great Law of Harmony among themselves.

In two hundred and fifty years the village had become a great city, the capital of the powerful state of Magadha. The bazaars were the central news agency for all the world. And 'all the world' was a big place in those days. India did not stop at the Indus but included Afghanistan and Beluchisthân and took in quite a large slice of what we call Persia today. Those distant countries formed a sort of barrier and bulwark for the real India against the Western nations, the Babylonians and Persians and Assyrians and Greeks — they used to call the Greeks, *Yavanas*, which means 'foreigners.' Admirable barriers these countries formed with their burning deserts and lofty mountains, which none but the most determined traveler cared to face.

Kalanda was never happier than when listening in the bazaar to the strange and gorgeous tales that came from distant lands. He was not a big boy for his age and nobody minded in the least when he squatted inconspicuously in the circle of bearded merchants while they told their news. Mind you, Kalanda was no *sudra*, no mere servant or outcast; he was of the proud Kshatriya caste, a soldier to the twelve-year-old finger-tips, as his father had been before him. Some day he was going to be a real soldier, an officer, and ride with princes. Meanwhile he delighted to hear of the lands where the soldier's life would take him, to pick up strange phrases of foreign tongues such as soldiers use, and dream in the Indian sun of marches over the snowcapped Caucasus, the Hindû Kush, of terrific combats against the desert tribes, of conquests in the West, and loot beyond the dreams of kings.

It was comic to see the proud little warrior drilling his army of boys in play, to watch the imperious toss of the head when giving the words of command, to see the wooden sword flashing in the Indian sun — "Halt!" "Right turn!" "Form fours!" "March!" And off the boys would go with heads held high and turbans squared as if the whole world depended on their bearing.

But when the real soldiers passed! It was then a proud moment for the lads as they saluted and were gravely saluted in their turn. Once a Royal Prince on his way to the great North-West had smiled and saluted their little company. It was a memorable day for Kalanda and his companions.

Sometimes Kalanda would stand at the door of his mother's house

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and forget that it was school-time, lost in the wonder and glitter of passing soldiers.

“Thou Kalanda, get thee to thy schooling,” she would say, laughing. “Plenty of time yet to think of soldiers. Thou art too small to run away if an enemy came after thee!”

“Nay, my mother,” said Kalanda, taking the jest quite seriously, as was his way. “I shall not need to run away, and I will see to it that my enemy will not need to run away either!”

“To thy books! to thy books!” replied his mother impatiently. For in those days all could read who were not of the very lowest class. And was not Kalanda a Kshatriya, a soldier, as his father had been before him?

So he would go to his teacher. With the strange power of some Oriental minds he learnt his lessons fast enough and his teacher could not complain.

But one thing alone upset his equilibrium and drove all thoughts of concentration on his books far from his mind. And that one thing was an elephant. Especially Hari. If an elephant passed in the street there was no more work for Kalanda that day. Not to speak of, that is. And if Lala, the King's elephant-keeper, permitted, Kalanda was in the seventh heaven of delight among the royal war-elephants in the fortress-enclosure. Somehow Hari, the big white tusker who always led the other elephants in ceremonial procession and at the royal hunts, had taken a great fancy to the boy Kalanda and Kalanda could do anything with him. If Kalanda could secure some special dainty from his friends in the bazaar it usually found its way into the expectant trunk of Hari, and Hari appreciated the compliment in such a way that he would do things for Kalanda that he would do for nobody else.

But just at this time there were strange rumors and wild tales floating about the bazaars. The stop-press columns of the spoken news were working overtime.

An Afghan merchant was talking of events in the far North-West: “The Mahârâja of Persia has been conquered by the Yavana Râja” — he meant the Greek King — “named by the Arabs Al Iksander, or El Iksander. The Yavana Râja is a young man of thirty and they say he is a great warrior before whom none can stand. Because he has taken the Persian Kingdom he rules from the west of the world to the Indus, but for all that he must come and conquer the land before the Kings of the West between us and Persia will submit. So he comes and conquers. He has taken a mountain of treasures that no man can count from the great city of the Gate of God, which they call Bab-el, gold and silver and diamonds and rubies and emeralds and precious stones beyond the power of a man to count. With this treasure and his great army he will conquer

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the world unless he is stopped. But our Râja is the Lord of India from the East to the Indus and he will not permit El Iksander to cross the great river."

"Will there be war?" asked a merchant of the town.

"There will be war," replied the Afghan. "But the Yavanas, the Greeks with their Alexander, will not conquer."

"Why not?" asked one of the listeners.

"Because the sand and the sun fight for us," said the Afghan. "The foreign Yavanas will die by thousands and they will be swallowed up in the sands of the deserts which the gods have placed to defend India."

"But have they any right to come to the Indus?" asked an interested soldier of Pâtaliputra.

"They say they have. It is thus. The Râja of Taxila in the north and all those west of him have paid rent for some of their lands to Darius the King of Persia. Now he is dead, El Iksander claims the land as his own and demands the tribute as overlord."

"That is just," said the soldier.

"Truly it seems so. But many years ago the Persians took the land from the Râjas of Taxila and demanded rent from them for holding it. Now that is changed. The Râja of Taxila holds the land at a rent from our own Mahârâja Chandragupta. And El Iksander, the Râja of the Yavanas from the West, must fight for it if he will have it."

A small boy inconspicuously listening on the outskirts of the group heard every word with intense interest. The word 'war' made his eyes glitter and his brain to whirl. His Kshatriya blood would not be denied. He would be a soldier, sometime, somehow, and the sooner the better.

"Mother," he said when he had gone home, "I am big enough now to be a soldier. How can I join the army?"

Fondly, and not ill-pleased with the boy's spirit, his mother answered him. "Nay, my son, not yet, not yet. But in a few years time, who knows? Meanwhile, remember that thy books will help thee to be a soldier, too. Even a book can sometimes win a battle."

"How so, Mother? I understand thee not well."

"Little thickhead," she answered tenderly, laughing at him. "If thou canst learn the speech of other lands thou canst be of the greatest use to the general. That is what a soldier fears most — ignorance of the country in which he fights."

She too had learnt her lessons. Had not her husband died an honorable death in war, lost in a strange country where knowledge of the language might have allowed him to escape with information of vital importance to victory?

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The days passed and Alexander the Macedonian, the all-conquering, came nearer and nearer to India. There was at that time in Pâtaliputra a very wise minister, Kautilya, whom they also call Chânakya. He had vision to see ahead, and he had counseled the king to send strong reinforcements to the border provinces and kingdoms of the Indus.

So the streets of the town of Pâtaliputra echoed with the tramp of soldiers. The legions were marching against the possible invasion of the Greeks and Persians. It was a tremendous affair, but there was a great trunkroad all the way, built through the foresight of Kautilya, and the obstacles were few. War in those days was slow and an army had to be complete in itself as far as possible. Not only had there to be stores and provisions, but thousands of men to supply them and keep the communications. The supernumeraries swelled the total enormously and an army might occasionally reach the total of half a million men.

Kalanda's teacher was a wise old Brâhmana. His beard was white and I suppose his hair was too. But you could not see that because he wore a great white turban which covered it up completely. His face was very dark and wrinkled as if the Indian sun had burnt it almost black; but his bright eyes shone with a rare wisdom. One day he told Kalanda that he must learn his lessons well because he could not expect to go to school for ever and would someday lose the opportunities which a school gives to all.

"How is that, master? It will be years before I am a man."

"That is true, boy. But someday you might want to go to war, as a soldier should."

"It would be glorious!" said the boy enthusiastically. "But if I could only go to this one against the Persians and Yavanas and cut off the head of El Iksander!"

"Even that is not impossible, though I hope you will not want to cut off people's heads too much. But you may help to drive them away from India."

A strange idea was slowly dawning on Kalanda's intuitive brain. Was his teacher hinting that he should go to the war against Alexander? It seemed incredible, but beautiful, a vision too good to be true.

"Shall I go to *this* war?" he asked.

"If thou keep silence thou shalt go!" was the astonishing reply.

Pâtaliputra was a busy town in these days. Soldiers came and soldiers went. Princes and chiefs and armies passed through the town, all going north-west to the Indus and the Panjâb. Not one of them had a thought for Kalanda. But what he knew, he knew. His teacher had said he

should go, and go he would when the time came. Then came the turn of Pâtaliputra, and all the available soldiers went away behind the rest. Last of all there followed the King's elephants.

Kalanda said a sad farewell to old Hari, the chief of the elephants, and at last they marched majestically out of the town. Kalanda was left. But the faith of an oriental in his teacher is something that cannot be comprehended by a Westerner. Kalanda knew that he was to go, though the heavens fell, if he only kept silence. And that he had done.

Suddenly the chance came like lightning out of a clear sky. Excited messengers came riding back and told a curious tale of Lala and the elephants. Hari had gone three miles along the road like a lamb and then he had stopped and all the efforts of Lala and the elephant men had failed to move him an inch more.

Finally Lala declared that he knew what was the matter. With unerring instinct Hari suspected that he was going away from home and would not go without his favorite friend, Kalanda. The officer in charge of the elephants acted with a soldier's rapidity. The solution of the difficulty was simple enough. The elephant must go. It had been commanded. The elephant would not go without Kalanda. Therefore Kalanda also must go. Send for him and make him a sergeant of elephants or whatever rank best suited the case. Do anything except delay the elephants.

Kalanda's mother gave her consent with smiling face. She was proud of her boy -- he was a soldier as his father had been before him. But she let none see the tears that flowed fast as soon as she had turned into the house when they had gone. A soldier's wife must suffer griefs unseen.

And thus it was that Kalanda went out into the wide world to meet the Greeks with the great El Iksander at their head. The world shone in a wonderful glory of romance for him that memorable day. Next time he came to Pâtaliputra it would be as the teller of news in the bazaar, not as the unconsidered listener. And he would come back riding on Hari with El Iksander's head on his spear!

(To be continued)