

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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“They who know the life of life, the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, the mind of the mind, they have comprehended the ancient, primeval Brahman.

“By the mind alone it is to be perceived; there is in it no diversity. He who perceives therein any diversity, goes from death to death.

“This eternal being that can never be proved, is to be perceived in one way only; it is spotless, beyond the ether, the unborn Self, great and eternal.”

— *Brihadâranyaka-Upanishad*, iv, 18, 19, 20; translated by Max Müller

THE SACREDNESS OF THE MOMENT AND THE DAY

By KATHERINE TINGLEY

I: FIRST THOUGHTS UPON WAKING



TRUE Theosophist will conduct his life as though each moment were the most precious in eternity: keeping an endless sacred festival in his heart and living all the year in the joy of service to humanity.

No day is commonplace if only we have eyes to see its splendor. With every nightfall a door is closed for the soul. Other lives and myriads of days will come to us, but never just the day that is ending: never that environment, those moments, those opportunities. They are gone; and long cycles of effort must be traversed before what they offered can return.

This very day we can make or mar our lives, and render them a blessing or a blasphemy. We can fill all the hours of it with such powerful affirmation of our hopes that they will become the world's hopes and the illumination of all life; no duty can come to our hands in it, but will bring us the possibility of doing kingly service.

Hence the importance of our first thoughts upon waking.

If one rises in the morning in a mood through which the Soul can express itself, one is at peace during the whole day. Remember how great is the creative

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power of the imagination; build up with it, upon waking, a picture of hope and joy; lay aside all that belongs to the lower self, and going up into the temple of the heart, dedicate the day to self-purification,—and you invite an invasion of the Gods.

But rise with the brain-mind dominant, and a day of perplexing difficulties awaits you. . . .

II: THE SOUL'S INSPIRING LIGHT

Many of the greatest minds, in spite of all their knowledge, have come down in history as failures because they never found the inspiring light of the Soul. Study the lives of our writers, teachers, musicians, poets, inventors, and statesmen, and you will find how often, just when it seemed they were about to reach the heights, they faltered and failed, because they had been straining the brain-intellect — living wholly in that side of their nature and ignoring the sustaining spiritual power. The brain-mind is apt thus to exhaust itself in research and vain endeavor. We lose our way when we turn from the path of spiritual discovery.

Others, again, advance to a certain point and then hesitate and fall away because in the limitation of their lower mentality they expect results at a certain time: they must have their rewards, as they must have their dessert after dinner, or they would lose their peace of mind. But the real seeker is indifferent to results; forgets himself altogether in the service of others; nurses in his nature the gentle and earnest spirit of justice, and treads the path carefully lest he should place one stumbling-block in the way of those who follow after.

III: FASHIONING YOUR TOMORROWS

You ask, If I am divine by nature, why have I so many efforts to make, and so often unsuccessfully? The answer is that it is a part of the Scheme of Life. We are born into this world that we may grasp our opportunities to assert the nobler side of our consciousness. It is the law that man shall ever be changing, ever growing: the Soul's designs and the processes of its evolution move him, interiorly and otherwise, from condition to condition; the whole purpose of life is change, growth.

Some Theosophists are burdened and aged by the consciousness of their failings: to me, to give way thus is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Remember that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time; and that of the two Companions, either the angel or the demon must win; they cannot both be in possession. There is great danger for the one who in working towards

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his Higher Nature permits himself to dwell too long upon his failings. Indeed, to think of them at all is a mistake, and a sign that the courage is weakening.

Do not obscure from your vision the glory of your tomorrows by brooding on the gloom of your yesterdays! The brightest of us undervalues his powers. One half our battles are defeats because we have so cultivated fear that we dread to undertake them: the human mind, conscious of its unworthiness, enters the path half afraid and with hesitation, and is eternally looking towards the goal instead of taking each day as it comes with affectionate determination. There is a great lesson to be learned from these experiences: dealt with in time they often lead to splendid victories. Life is a struggle and it should be: struggle is part of the divine scheme. What use would there be in living if we were born perfect? It is the growth of the soul, the unfolding, the effort to attain perfection, that is the incentive. The well-balanced know that every temptation is heralded in one's mind; and that no evils come up and press in upon us and force us to action unpreceded by the warnings and reminders of conscience.

So, if you are looking for rest and relief and peace, or for the love of your comrades, find what you desire by giving it forth out of the treasure-chambers of yourself. Thought is of little value unless it generates thought: by the power of imagination create within yourself the Divine Warrior. Begin to fashion your tomorrows by shutting out your yesterdays' weaknesses; go forth into the day and its duties with mind open to the light and trusting in the God within, the Divinity at the heart of things; saying of that Higher Self, I will arise and go to my Father; and to the lower, Get thee behind me, Satan!

There must be shadows, but we have the power to dispel them. When discouragement comes, and doubt and lack of faith, that is the time to bring imagination into play, to invoke the power of silence, to dig into the inner depths of one's own nature and discover there the beauty and grandeur of life, the glory of the Law. . . . Had we no difficulties we should make no effort. Had we no temptations there would be no need for self-control. Had we no trials there would be nothing to call forth our patience and trust. — Trust in what? — In those universal Divine Laws that hold our life in their keeping. They are there, and all existence is governed by them; and therefore those who base their living on law and order are on the path of progress whether they know it or not; and those who live without discipline are retrogressing.

IV: DISCIPLINED METHODS OF THOUGHT

System, self-discipline, orderly habits: these are the things that set the soul

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free and allow the mind to gather such breadth from its experiences that it comes to see itself a factor in the infinite harmony of law-governed manifested being. We have to learn to conserve our energies if we are to do our duty by the world.

How much we waste in a day for lack of this knowledge! How we talk ourselves to death on trifles, and die of chattering long before our time! What scrapings, tearings, worryings, and confusion the poor brain-mind suffers where there has been no self-training in disciplined methods of thought!

The time is coming, not in this life perhaps, but some day, when we shall find it difficult to talk at all. Then what wonderful energies we shall conserve for use, in our own homes, and day by day! We shall realize how great is the power that lies dormant in us; and establish a right royal acquaintance with the Higher Self; we shall no longer worry our brains into uselessness.

Stop worrying! That one habit has destroyed many homes and many nations, and well-nigh shut out the light of the world. Stop worrying! If a cyclone threatens, do not be troubled. Let it come! See to it that you have done what you can to protect your fellows; but for yourself, refuse to loose hold of your trust.

Preserve it especially at night. We cannot reap the real benefit of sleep if we enter upon it negatively, in ignorance, carrying to bed with us our fretfulness and dislikes, despairs or hatreds. To retire in the right spirit is to set aside the worries that have followed us during the day; to shut all doors that have invited us into realms of unreality; to pass into sleep resting in the True, in a mood of utter trust in the wonderful Law and Mystery of Universal Life,— and holding within a clearly defined aspiration for a better and sweeter tomorrow, and that we may wake fortified in the strength of the Soul's majesty.

Learn thus to conserve energy and the days and moments become ever more and more laden for you with beauty and meaning, until presently the great flower of enlightenment will bloom. At first all may be mystery and a conundrum; but hold the aspirations at heart and the great ideals ever before you, and the knowledge latent in you will open to your search, and you will take your position, and find in due time the peace that brings with it perfect understanding. Remember that these minds of ours that do so much thinking and cross-thinking and twisted thinking, and lamentable thinking sometimes, are but instruments for the Soul, the Master of all Music, to play upon.

V: TOWARDS THE GREAT PEACE

Rest within yourself: do not depend upon another for your happiness!

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The moving away from the central source of one's inner life and from the duties near at hand has prevented spiritual growth in thousands, and wrecked thousands of lives. It is by endeavoring to do the great things rather than the small that we fail to find and follow the Law and to realize that our hearts are pulsating every moment in harmony with the finer forces of Nature and the inexpressible vibrations of Divine Life. It is ignorance of these facts that causes so much unrest in the nature of man.

One of the greatest obstacles on the upward path is extremism: where the brain-mind has fashioned the way and the method and worked out its comparisons and put forward its severe criticisms of life. In such cases there is always a danger of the dogmatic attitude, and of finding oneself in a rut instead of swinging far out into the universal thought and moving forward along the broad road of spiritual effort. The strain that I know exists upon the body and mind of the extremist is terrible. Though no motive may be behind to do wrong or get away from the true, where there is that intense impulse to be doing something — to be getting a result without learning how, or bringing about some quick action contrary to one's better judgment — there at once the whole make-up begins to deteriorate; and in weeks perhaps, or months, something may happen that will cause its complete undoing. This extremism becomes in time a mania — a kind of insanity; and the brightest minds are often caught in the reaction.

Safety lies in keeping to middle lines. Do not look for phenomenal occurrences, nor expect any startling manifestation through or for yourself. The Divine Laws do not work that way, but in silence in the inmost part of our being. One must not take a yardstick to measure one's spiritual advancement. And remember that if you drop a single note in a melody, the whole piece is spoiled; and so it is in our lives: the perfect harmony cannot exist if a false note is struck anywhere.

A new life must come to humanity, else it will surely go down in darkness. We must be impatient in the knowledge that we have within ourselves divine potentialities, and that to serve is to do what our souls long to do; so that all mankind may have glimpses of the blue of the future, and out beyond the shadows and horrors of the present behold the morning-star of a brighter day arisen.

For we plow the way for the human race. We cannot move along this path by ourselves, nor advance alone towards the Great Peace. We may not rest in the joy of being blessed, but by our devotion must bless the world.

(For interesting information regarding the above, see Mr. J. H. Fussell's article on page 98 of the January issue of *The Theosophical Path*)

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A few Notes upon the Singular Resemblance between the Life-Histories of the different World-Saviors; and an Outline of the Theosophical Interpretation of the 'Solar Myth'

STUDENT

[This article is a reprint of the first part of No. 8 of the series of Theosophical brochures called *The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings*, a series begun in the year 1908 under the personal direction of the Theosophical Leader. The purpose of this series of most interesting studies was to show in brief but comprehensive form certain fundamental Theosophical truths, or principles, which lie at the basis of the so-called 'World-Religions,' and from which these religions drew their finest inspirations in their respective days of glory, before entering upon the period of formalism and literalism leading to spiritual decay. The various pamphlets are written by students of Theosophy under H. P. Blavatsky, and by others, members of the New York Aryan Theosophical Society — the parent Society of the early days.

— EDITOR]

IN the immense variety of subjects dealt with in the Theosophical philosophy, Comparative Religion is one of the most vital at this transition-period of the history of thought, and in this essay an attempt is made to present a few illustrations of the unity at the base of the world-religions, in order that the reader may get an insight into some of the reasons why Theosophists affirm the importance of toleration in religion — not because all faiths are equally untrue, mere human fancies, but because they all have a real basis and a common inspiration. The Parent cult was the primitive Wisdom-Religion, the trunk of the tree of universal cosmogony.

In the early centuries of Christianity an unfortunate policy of isolation was inaugurated. This principle of attempted independence which had been hitherto unknown, ultimately separated the new form of religion from every other, even the Jewish. Until the days of Christianity the principle of give-and-take was recognised, and the essential unity behind all the forms was so fully admitted that a Greek could be initiated in Egypt or India, like Plato or Apollonius, and simply feel that he was receiving a new light upon matters with which he was already familiar.

At first, while Christianity was not overbearingly dogmatic and had yet to become a great political engine, a few broad and intuitive minds, such as Origen, openly taught that Christianity was merely the re-statement of the Ancient Wisdom, under new conditions. Origen, and a large school of thinkers whose views were closely in harmony with the

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ancient cults, fully accepted the fact of the reincarnation of the spirit of man in successive earthly personalities, and even Augustine freely admitted that Christianity was merely a fresh embodiment of the ancient universal beliefs and nothing new in itself. He used the following remarkable words, which, however, have *not* been forcibly brought to the attention of the faithful by the theologians!

“That in our times is the Christian Religion, which to know and to follow is the most sure and certain health, called according to that name, but not according to the thing itself, of which it is the name; for the thing itself which is now called the Christian Religion really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called *Christian*: and this in our days is the Christian Religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name.¹

Eusebius admits the same thing,² and other frank admissions to the same effect are found in the writings of the early centuries. The Neo-Platonists recognised that Christianity really differed in no essential points from the ancient exoteric religions; and the bigots of the triumphant State-Church, when it was finally consolidated into a political organization, had to take refuge in the absurd theory that all the preceding forms of religion had been devised by the Devil, so as to ingeniously mislead the very elect and prevent them from accepting the orthodox faith. But even as late as the fifth century the shadows of ignorance had not yet gathered deeply enough to compel Synesius, the devoted follower of Hypatia, to surrender his Platonic philosophy, although he became bishop of Ptolemais. For a while the initiated philosopher and the ignorant priests compromised in trying to stem the tide of materialism.

In the ancient world the teachings of the Sacred Mysteries contained the knowledge that was common to all the rightfully placed guides and spiritual leaders of the people, the initiate Hierophants, who gave out in symbolic form alone what was within the comprehension of the ordinary people — the ‘pro-fane’ — those outside the temple. When the candidates for wisdom made the necessary progress in purification and right living they were given the deeper explanations of the symbols — or shown how to *find them for themselves* — the truest method of teaching. Very little is known about even the external form of the Mysteries of Greece, and even less of those of Egypt and India, and honest critics admit that nothing is known of the *Inner* Mysteries. It should seem strange to those who think that there were and are no guardians of the knowledge of profound secrets of nature which would be fatal to humanity if prematurely revealed, that not one scrap of information has leaked out concerning the real secrets taught in the Eleusinian and other Mysteries. This is

1. *Opera Augustini*, Vol. I, p. 12, Basel edit. Quoted in Taylor's *Diegesis*, p. 42.

2. *Hist. Eccl.*, lib. II.

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strange to our modern Western view of things, in these days of publicity, when even State secrets cannot be kept long inviolate from the Argus eyes of the 'yellow press.' In the East ideas of publicity and secrecy seem to be different, even now, as the recent marvelous example of reticence at critical times during the Russo-Japanese War proved to a wondering world.

To explain the preservation of the ancient Secret Wisdom it has been suggested by materialistic critics that there was none; but the fact that the wisest of the ancients spoke with profoundest respect of the Mysteries, and that they lasted for untold ages in Egypt, India, and elsewhere, is good testimony to their value, and makes the independent thinker suspect that the critics are simply blinded by prejudice, the child of vain-gloriousness, and that they have lost cognisance of the vast world of causes — the spiritual, and semi-spiritual or astral — of which the material world is an expression. The ancients had penetrated this veil ages ago, and as the candidate passed deeper into the arcane experiences awaiting him after the seal of the Mysteries had closed his mouth from the danger of indiscreet revelations, he found entirely new worlds of thought and feeling opening up — worlds of spiritual life and light.

The efforts of the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY have at last attracted the attention of the more intuitive and unprejudiced persons to the fact that materialistic science has not said the last word on any subject — that, in fact, it is only lisping the first letters of the names of the problems which are really fundamental to humanity's well-being. Within the past few years, as H. P. Blavatsky, the visible founder of the Theosophical Movement in the present age, anticipated, there has been a great deal of investigation into what was until lately sneered at as mere superstition and quackery; and it has been satisfactorily proved to the acute minds of a multitude of thinkers that the sarcasm leveled at that portion of the human race which had the misfortune to live before the self-styled enlightenment of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for its belief in the existence of some kind of supernormal phenomena, was wide of the mark, and has merely resulted in discrediting the impartiality, the open-mindedness, or the common sense of modern observers. The very fact that the ancients had studied such matters carefully — matters of which the learning of the present day boasts its contempt — adds great probability to the claim that they knew what they were doing in concealing them under the protection of the Mysteries and of a *real* initiation. The knowledge revealed in them was dangerous in prentice hands.

A curious misapprehension has deluded the theological world in spite of the plain teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, *i. e.*, that the gospel is

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so simple that "he who runs may read" it. While it is true that the ethical teachings of brotherhood which Jesus taught in almost the very words of his great predecessor, Gautama the Buddha, were divinely simple and satisfying, he and his followers never concealed the vital fact that they had an inner meaning which could only be spoken among "those who were perfect," the initiates (τέλειοι).³ Jesus and Paul both declared it was only possible to feed their disciples with 'milk,' instead of 'meat,' for which they were not ready. All we have in the written gospels is the 'milk'; the 'meat' may not be written. It has to be given "face to face and mouth to ear," and it cannot be understood except by the worthy and well qualified, the self-disciplined and the pure. Were the noble teachings of the Galilean Initiate really put into practice on a wide scale by those who claim to follow him who taught that the only sign by which their right to be recognised as his people could be admitted was the practice of unqualified benevolence — universal brotherhood in action — the Custodians of the Mysteries would be able to re-establish them throughout the world for the healing of the nations.

Through the light of Theosophy many intuitive and studious minds in this age have had the opportunity of satisfying themselves that the knowledge contained in the ancient Mysteries was of transcendent import, and that it has never entirely disappeared but is still in the possession of Those who are holding it till Karma, the divine law of cause and effect, permits the Mysteries to be re-established in more than their antique glory as the spiritual guidance of a more united and less selfish humanity than that of today. The light which H. P. Blavatsky brought so illuminates the obscurities of the ancient religions and philosophies, including Christianity, that we can easily see she had access to the source of the same knowledge that was possessed by the Founders of the pre-historic Mysteries. Theosophy is able to unlock the meaning concealed behind the forms of the creeds, and many are finding this out; but, just as the way seemed to be cleared of some of the man-made obstructions of the past, as if mankind had not suffered enough from 'religious' wars and persecutions, through ignorance of the underlying unity of religious thought, what do we see stalking along at this psychological moment but a new form of misconception, masquerading in learned disguise, and hypnotizing our leading thinkers under the plausible aspect of 'Comparative Mythology on a Scientific Basis.' According to the modern school of critics, the early religions of mankind — of which the modern ones are modifications — were merely fanciful attempts made by primitive supposed semi-animal man to personify the natural forces and phenomena,

3. *I Cor.*, ii, 6; x, 1-4; *Gal.*, iv, 22-26, etc. Origen, *Apostolic Teaching*, and *De principiis*.

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such as the dawn and sunrise, winter and summer, rain and wind, heat and cold, etc.; and ceremonies were mainly intended for the propitiation of the supposed Powers behind the outwardly dangerous manifestations of natural forces. Dreams and insane hallucinations are also credited with a large share in the formation of primitive beliefs.

This new form of delusion completely ignores the existence of an inner or causal world which early races of men realized more clearly than we, and which their Teachers brought into a comprehensible system by using the plain natural phenomena as the best illustrations. The brute-ancestor theory, by putting the 'superior person' of the Twentieth Century upon a high pinnacle of conceit as he compares his elaborate array of facts and statistics with what he imagines to have been the obscure records and imperfect information possessed by the ancients, appears to the Theosophist, who regards spiritual development even though combined with extreme simplicity of living as a higher test of civilization than mere intellectual and material progress, to be as great a danger to the progress of humanity as the old theological bigotry. It is the natural outcome of the depressing conception of the universe lately widely prevalent, which accepts nothing as fit subjects for consideration but what can be handled and tested by material instruments. Fortunately for mankind, signs are appearing of a wider thought-atmosphere which will bring proof that "the things which are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal." To cultivate this is, and has been, part of the work of the Theosophical Movement, as can easily be seen by a comparison of the trend of philosophic thought just before H. P. Blavatsky commenced her work with that of the present day.

One of the popular theories of the learned, ingenious, and immensely painstaking but not fully informed pedants, is the 'Solar Myth Hypothesis,' which has been strained to breaking point to explain the careers of the various Saviors of humanity upon purely astronomical lines. The Comparative Mythologists cling to this theory with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, but as the facts which have been laboriously collected with immense and praiseworthy labor by several generations of searchers contain much that is of interest to students of Theosophy, we cannot do better than to look into them while avoiding the subtil materialistic hypnotic influence surrounding them. They are interesting to the Theosophist in proportion to their value to the Human Race and in actual human living, not as mere curiosities of the Cinderella or Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk type.

To repeat the histories of all the World-Saviors of whom records have come down to us would take too much space. We can only touch upon a few of the principal ones; the student must consult *The Secret Doctrine*

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and *Isis Unveiled* and other classical works on these subjects, to trace the origins of the minor cults.

Among the names of Saviors who suffered in various ways for humanity, and whose stories resemble each other in the most surprising manner, are Osiris, Horus, Krishna (also known as Vishnu and Wittoba), Zoroaster, Tammuz or Adonis, Mithras, Prometheus, Bacchus, Ixion, Hercules, Quetzalcoatl, Baldur, Buddha, and Jesus.

The first thing claiming attention in the history of many World-Saviors is the unexpected and apparently unmeaning and preposterous coincidence that they were alleged to be born of Virgins, in some cases having previously been announced by angels! The manifestation of the Hindû Vishnu, the second 'Person' or aspect of the Trimûrti, under the name of Krishna, was born of Devakî by conception from a God after having been announced by a band of celestial singers:

"The spirits and nymphs of heaven danced and sang: and at midnight, when the Support of All was born, the clouds emitted low, pleasing sounds, and poured down rains of flowers."

Krishna was of royal descent, but was said to be born in a 'cave,' his mother and foster-father being on a journey to pay taxes. He was adored by cow-herds and a holy prophet who visited him declared him to be a divine personage.

The story of the nativity of Gautama-Buddha has many similarities to those of Christ and Krishna, though it is not the same, probably because the 'Light of Asia' was an undoubtedly historical person whose birth in his father's palace was well known; but the three stories are wonderfully alike. Gautama the Buddha was born on Christmas day (or according to some versions, in May); a heavenly being appears to his mother, saying:

"Behold, thou shalt bring forth a son bearing the mystic signs of Buddha, a scion of highest lineage, a son of highest kings. When he shall leave his kingdom to enter the state of devotion he shall become a sacrifice for the dwellers on earth, a Buddha who to all men shall give joy and the glorious fruits of immortality."

A wise Rishi or holy man also predicts his greatness and angelic messengers descend at his birth to announce the tidings of great joy, etc.

The Persian legend of the birth of Mithras again is similar; this God-man was born on the twenty-fifth of December, visited by wise men, etc. In fact the Mithraic account and ceremonial seems to be the most direct source of the miraculous and allegorical backbone which was woven into the personal history of the Jewish Initiate Jesus.

There is also a tradition of Sosiosh, a Persian Savior, born of a Virgin, who will come again at the end of days to regenerate the world, preceded by two prophets. Like Christ and Vishnu he will come on a white horse.

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Turning to hoary Egypt we find the parallel account first in the story of Osiris, who was born of the holy virgin Neith; on the same day of December as the other world-saviors (if the myth be viewed from a purely astronomical standpoint, when the sun is beginning to turn back after reaching the most southerly point of its annual journey); and then in the life of Horus, the permutation of Osiris, who still more closely keeps to the type as set forth in the histories of Krishna or Christ. He, too, was born on Christmas day, in a 'manger,' (*i. e.*, a *secret* place) and his immaculate Virgin mother was Isis.

Herakles (Hercules) is another Savior in whom mankind has placed its trust, and his story contains many of the essential features of the other Saviors. He, too, was born of a maid (Alkmene) and of Zeus; his Labors have been shown to reflect the annual journey of the sun through the zodiac. Samson is the Hebrew Herakles, but his story is very incompletely given in the Bible.

The Sun-God Bacchus or Dionysus, son of Zeus and the Virgin Semele, was another aspect of the Hellenic Savior; his story is a composite between those of Christ and Moses.

The Etruscans worshiped a Virgin-mother and Son. Cybele was still another Virgin-mother goddess. The Scandinavians had a Sun-god, Baldur (son of the Al-fader, Odin, and the Virgin Frigga), whose festival was held at the winter solstice; and a boar was offered at the feast of Yule to the god Frey, who was killed at that time. The Germanic peoples worshiped a Virgin-mother and child; her name was Eostre, whence our word Easter. Easter-time was a period of fasting with them and many other races. In Finland, Ukko, the Great Spirit, chooses the Virgin Mariatta for the mother of his incarnation as the Man-God, and the mystic birth takes place in a stable. From time immemorial the Chinese have adored a Virgin-mother, Shin-mu, and child, and there are traditions similar to the Christ-story among the records of the Babylonians, Chaldaeans, Tibetans, and other peoples of the old world. It is an astonishing thing to find that the same highly improbable legend has been the foundation of the religious beliefs of the Mexicans, the Mayas, and other American nations for millenniums! Yet it is undeniable, for Quetzalcoatl, who was born in Tulan in Mexico, was reputed to be the son of the Virgin Sochiquetzal, the queen of heaven. She received the announcement of the miraculous conception from an angel who gave her a token of flowers.

Passing on from the Nativity of the Christs, we find the rest of the Christian gospel account in the above-mentioned places in more or less completeness. For instance, Krishna, according to a Sanskrit dictionary

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(compiled more than two thousand years ago), was carried away secretly when an infant to escape the wrath of the reigning monarch, Kansa, who, like Herod, was afraid of being dispossessed of his throne when the newborn Messiah grew up, and had ordered the massacre of all the vigorous male infants born on the night of Krishna's birth. This is the subject of an important piece of sculpture in the caves of Elephanta. Quaint stories of Krishna's boyhood closely resemble those given in the apocryphal Gospels concerning the childhood of Jesus; Krishna's miracles resemble those of Jesus; the first one was the healing of a leper; another was the raising of a maiden, Kalavatti, who had been fatally bitten by a snake. Krishna, in bringing her to life, uses the same expression as Jesus when raising Jairus's daughter — she is not dead but sleepeth. Krishna had a favorite disciple who followed him everywhere, Arjuna, who is the counterpart of John in many respects; Krishna boldly and openly supported the weak against the strong and tyrannical though he was meek and lowly. One account of his death represents him as crucified. Krishna, under the name of Vishnu, is to come again riding on a white horse to restore all things. His worship is known to have been in existence nine hundred years before Jesus, and 'miracle-plays' depicting his career have been given by his devotees, bearing a curious resemblance to those of the Church in the middle ages.

The teachings of Krishna given in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, a portion of the *Mahâbhârata*, the great epic of India, are of great devotional value today; in many respects they resemble the teachings of Jesus, but they contain a larger amount of instruction concerning the nature of the soul, the plan of evolution and the origins of Being, than the Christian Gospels that have come down to us. Of all the Gospels, that of John — particularly the earlier part — has the greatest likeness to the Indian Scripture. The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* has always claimed the profound respect of Theosophists, who have made it a special object of study — not alone from a mere philological or historical standpoint, but as a living power in their lives. There are certain portions of it which are difficult, if not impossible for us to understand in translations and under present conditions of society, which have changed so much since the work was written, but the main part of it is clear and of great value for those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Though the history of the Sâkya Prince Siddhârtha, the Buddha or Enlightened One, is probably more exact than that of the other World-Teachers and therefore the opportunity of weaving in the whole of the mystic incidents was not so favorable as in the other cases, the resemblance of the leading events to those in the life of Jesus or of Krishna is unmistakable. Buddha's ethical teachings are practically identical: as

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deep and tender a tone of compassion penetrates every line of Buddha's words as can be found in the Gospels.

It is difficult to separate the legendary from the literal in his story, and as he preceded Jesus by five or six hundred years it is hard to accept the fable that these incidents of his life which absolutely reproduce in minute detail the Gospel stories were copied from the latter: it seems more likely that the truth is the other way! Early in his career he is found discoursing to an assembly of sages (Rishis) after his parents had searched in vain for him; he leaves his home and retires to the wilderness to fast and meditate for a while, during which period Mâra, the Prince of Darkness, or worldly Illusion, tempts him with every earthly lure; he has a Judas, Devadatta, who meets with a disgraceful end; he has interviews with two preceding prophets or Buddhas in a state of spiritual glory; he walks on the water, heals the sick; he escapes miraculously from the snares of his adversaries; his disciples receive the gift of miracles and speaking in tongues; he is transfigured on a mountain, and at his death the earth trembles, phantoms appear; he descends into the Hells and preaches to the suffering souls, giving them hope. He taught in parables, and often used precisely the same symbols as Jesus, such as those of the Prodigal Son, the Blind leading the Blind, the Rain falling upon the Just and Unjust, and many others.

In Persia and the near East the Mithraic cult was of enormous importance and lasted for centuries, certain offshoots even persisting through the early Christian centuries until Mohammedanism supplanted the old forms. Sufism, as has been mentioned in a preceding *Script* of this series, is that inner knowledge in Islâm which carried on, and still carries on, the ancient Magian wisdom of the Persians.

Mithras, the Savior, was called the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." He was put to death, remained three days in Hades, rose again and ascended. At the celebration of his Mysteries during the Spring Equinox (about Easter) the priest cried: "Rejoice, O sacred Initiated, your God is risen. His death, his pains, his sufferings have worked our salvation." The followers of the Mithraic cult had the ceremonies of the Eucharist and of Baptism; their views upon the Creation, the Deluge, the War in Heaven, and the Garden of Eden were similar to those of the Hebrews. As far as outward form is concerned, the Mithraic religion shows the closest resemblances with formal Christianity, yet the origin of the cult is known not to have been later than B. C. 560.

Osiris and Horus in Egypt are the heroes of similar stories of mysterious births, triumph over temptation, tragical deaths and resurrections. Osiris became the Judge of the Dead, and is represented on the monuments carrying the Egyptian cross or Tau in one hand. Osiris descended

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into Hades after his tragic death and then ascended into Heaven. His death and resurrection were celebrated as the leading feature of the outer mysteries, and we shall see later why this should be so. Horus — a permutation of Osiris it should be remembered — was entitled the Royal Good Shepherd, the Only-Begotten, the Savior, the Anointed (Christos), and is frequently represented as an infant sitting on his mother's lap. She was called 'Our Lady,' the 'Star of the Sea,' 'Mother of God,' and sometimes in early art is represented as standing on the crescent moon with twelve stars round her head.

Space will not permit anything but the barest mention of a few of the endless permutations of the same idea of mystic birth, temptation, sacrifice for mankind, and ultimate death and resurrection found in all parts of the earth, for it is necessary to speak of the Theosophical interpretation of this extraordinary mythos. But first one word about the significance of the American versions, particularly that of the Central Americans and Mexicans. In the general consideration of the subject by agnostic comparative mythologists, they have laid great stress upon the fact that the Christ-Mythos was of Aryan invention and was spread by means of Aryan emigration, wholly or largely thus ignoring the very important and extraordinary fact that the same story was found to be the leading tenet in the most advanced nations of America when the Spaniards arrived. The story of Quetzalcoatl, the Mexican Savior; the religious legends of the Deluge; the Tower of Babel (Cholula); the primitive Paradise; the belief in Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, and hundreds of other striking resemblances, made the Spanish remark that it was perfectly clear that the Devil had taught the Mexicans for the purpose of confusing them the same things that God had taught the Christians — an argument that has frequently been used in connexion with the Oriental Christ-myths, and has even been applied in our time to the presence of fossils in the ancient rocks to the degree of suggesting that they were placed there by the Devil to deceive mankind! Quetzalcoatl, like nearly all the other saviors, was said to have suffered for the sins of mankind. The morning star was his symbol, and he was translated to heaven according to one account. His mother was a virgin; he was tempted by the evil powers; and so fully did the Mexicans believe in his second Advent that when Cortez appeared, the unfortunate people felt sure it was the return of the good Quetzalcoatl to rule over them! The Mexican idea of the Supreme Divinity was high; He dwelt in the midst of thick darkness into which no man could penetrate. The Mexicans observed the rite of Baptism, the ceremony of the Holy Repast, and they worshiped the Virgin Mother of God, Sochiquetzal.

Animalistic science considers that all these Christ-myths are nothing

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but fanciful stories derived from the progress of the sun through the signs of the Zodiac from December to June and back to December; that the mystic birth in a cave represents the appearance of the sun out of the darkness of night and of winter; that the Virgin (Mary, Maia, Mâyâ, Mariatta, etc.) is the zodiacal constellation rising at midnight at Christmas; that the king who tries to take the life of the young child is the mid-winter darkness that will be ultimately vanquished by the solar beams; that the temptations are the storms and fogs of the winter. The twelve apostles or companions are either the hours of the day or the signs of the Zodiac; the Sun-god's greatest triumph is at midsummer when he is at the zenith of his activities for the benefit of mankind; soon the cold and darkness of autumn and winter set in and he is slain as the year approaches its limit. For three days, December 22, 23, 24, the sun appears stationary at the southernmost point in Capricorn; he then starts on his upward climb — or is reborn — on the 25th. (Capricorn is a goat, a climbing animal.) There are many other points upon which the solar mythologists dwell which need not occupy our space, but which can be found in all the encyclopaedias and the numerous erudite works on the subject.

Theosophical students, of course, recognise that the Solar progress through the year is the obvious *physical* meaning of the story, for the dwellers in the northern lands, but they protest emphatically against the idea that there was nothing more behind. Every world-symbol has many interpretations, probably seven at least, and the superficial material one so dear to our unspiritual modern science is little more than a blind, concealing the deeper ones from those who have not intuition to see that there must be something more. Taking a broad view over the past it becomes impossible to believe that the most intelligent of mankind in past time could have been satisfied for ages by mere imaginary concoctions regarding the most *heart-felt* subjects, based upon nothing but ordinary meteorological or astronomical phenomena. The seekers after real knowledge demanded without doubt histories and ceremonies based upon realities of spiritual experience. Unless the forms and ceremonies could prove their value in character-building, and show their foundation in the higher wisdom, the people would have rejected the mere quaint, artificial, meaningless personification of 'blind' natural forces or time-cycles, as soon as they found there was nothing behind the fair-seeming mask.

(*To be concluded*)

IDEAS THAT RULE THE WORLD

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT has been truly said that ideas rule the world, but we are sometimes apt to forget it in our pursuit of what is called 'the practical.' This vogue of the practical finds some justification by its contrast with futile speculation and unpractical philosophizing; yet it is possible to err as much on the one side as on the other, and to forget that the practical man is he who puts idea into application.

It is ideas that distinguish man from the lower creation and make him what he is; they are at the back of all progress.

Half a century ago H. P. Blavatsky came for the purpose of inaugurating a new era of thought. It was at a critical juncture that she came; for materialism was rampant, in science, in religion, and in sociological theories. The task she set herself was gigantic, and well described as a breaking up of the molds of mind. Like all such reformers and initiators, she encountered the strong antagonism of the forces which she had to combat; but was enabled to gather around herself a group of sympathizers and helpers sufficient to establish and perpetuate the Theosophical Society. The proof of her mission as an inaugurator of a new era of thought is to be found in her own express declarations, in the character of her teachings, and in the now visible results of her work.

Contrasting the ideas prevalent today with those that ruled half a century ago, we can realize how great has been the change; and nothing is easier to show than that these changes have taken place along the very lines marked out by H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophy. It is quite in order today to proclaim that man must seek and find salvation *within himself*, by summoning to his aid the Divine nature with which he is endowed; instead of expecting an unmerited salvation through faith in certain dogmas of vicarious atonement. Theosophy has always strenuously insisted that man, whatever may be the history of his animal nature, is essentially a Soul; and that he must manifest the grace that is within him, rather than wait for grace to be bestowed from without. This is a teaching that is universal, and can be understood and applied by the adherents of any religion in the great family of nations, thus constituting a true bond of union among all faiths.

And now, with every new day, the great truth of the perpetuity of the human Spiritual Soul, and its successive overshadowings in reincarnations in human form, is gaining ground. It is impossible sufficiently to

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estimate the mighty difference which will be made in our outlook upon life by the acceptance of this great amplification of the prospect. One who has grown accustomed through long habit to hold this idea in his mind, referring to it every thought, finds it hard to imagine the state of those who still believe that their present life on earth is the only one they ever have lived or will ever live. On this latter theory, we cannot find any rime or reason in life at all. Our present faculties do not enable us to realize much about Reincarnation; but the reason for our ignorance is evidently that we have so long accustomed ourselves to neglect the question. One has to be careful in dealing with the subject of memory of past incarnations, because the subject obviously lends itself to delusion or to imposture. A person who could really remember his past lives would have to be on a much higher level than the normal person of today. Such knowledge is for those who have attained to a very high level of self-knowledge.

Nevertheless it must be remembered that we cannot claim any greater knowledge respecting any other theory of what happens after death. The doctrine of Reincarnation, being a truth, commends itself to the reason, as explaining so many difficulties; and the more we keep it in mind and ponder over it in the light of daily experience, the more light do we get on the matter.

What idea can be more potent in its influence on mankind than the law of Karma, which exhibits the workings of unerring Law and Justice in all the affairs of life? Has it not always been the great stumbling-block in the way of believers that they knew not how to reconcile the seeming injustice of life, the apparent indifference of nature, with divine wisdom? But, with our knowledge of the doctrine of Karma, we realize that our perplexity was due to our ignorance. We had not taken a large enough view of the scope of life. A scientist who would discover a physical law must extend the range of his observations over as large an area as possible, otherwise he will not be able to trace the sequence of cause and effect. So with human life: if we consider it as restricted to a single brief term of seventy years, we discern but a fragment, and cannot relate cause and effect to any adequate degree. Karma, with its twin doctrine of Reincarnation, shows us that we are now reaping the crops we sowed in the far past, and sowing other crops for future reaping. Thus is our confidence in the immutability of Law established; and in the knowledge that no experience can be unjust, nor any effort vain, we find the antidote to pessimism and despair.

No one who keeps in touch with current opinion can deny that recent years have witnessed a rapid swing from materialism to a belief in the value of immaterial forces. Possibly the downward momentum of an

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age of industrialism and machinery might have submerged us, had not that great Soul, H. P. Blavatsky, come to arouse the spiritual vitality of our race, so that that race might be carried over the dangerous point; and so that the very difficulties brought about by materialism might spur us on to revalue the essentials of human life. That part of our nature which is made up of the bodily senses and appetites, enlarged by the co-operation of our intellect, is not the essential part of us. The essential part is something that lies deeper and is peculiar to man as distinguished from animals.

This leads to two other ideas which Theosophy has sown in the soil of modern thought — those pertaining to evolution and to archaeology. We have frequently had occasion to call attention in these pages to the much broader conceptions of evolution that are now being taken by prominent scientific men; wherein the operation of intelligence is regarded, not as a product of evolution, but as the active agent therein from the first. Nor will it be long ere it has to be generally allowed that the human mind cannot be considered as derived from the animal mind, but that it is a faculty which man has derived from another source.

H. P. Blavatsky did much work in directing attention to the discoveries of archaeology, and in impressing us with the lesson that they teach — that in the remote past there must have flourished mighty civilizations, endowed with faculties and powers which exceeded our own. See for instance her articles on “A Land of Mystery,” now appearing in this magazine. This goes to show that the anthropological ideas usually entertained do not explain the facts of human history, which facts however are fully accounted for by the Theosophical teachings as to human evolution.

The few examples we have adduced, out of many which might be cited, serve to prove the ruling force of the ideas planted by H. P. Blavatsky. But, as a conclusion, we must refer to one which is probably the most important of all — that knowledge can never be sundered from the loftiest ideals of morality in thought and deed. Whatever in morality may consist in mere changing fashion, there is nevertheless the great body of unchanging truth. The great sin is “denying the Holy Ghost” — that is, being disloyal to our spiritual nature and origin; and morality consists in obeying the laws of our *Higher* nature.



“To bring back into life the noblest of ancient ideals, to awaken in all men’s hearts an abiding love for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True — that is the Mission of Theosophy.”— *Katherine Tingley*

BEWARE OF PROVERBS

RONALD MELVILLE



THE habit of regarding proverbs as treasures of wisdom, whose authority is unquestionable, is a bad one. True it is that wise men have, at times, expressed their wisdom in epigrammatic form, and these sayings have been preserved in that form; but it does not follow that all epigrams express wise thoughts, nor that all proverbs are treasures of wisdom, whose application is universal and infallible. Epigrams are dangerous because of their apparent conclusiveness; and proverbs are valuable in proportion to the authority they are able to bestow on an opinion. This authority may be questioned occasionally with advantage.

There is an old French saying whose authority may be challenged with propriety: "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte"; for experience tells us that in any enterprise it is the continuity of effort that tells; and this continuous effort 'costs' assuredly. Still there is some truth in the familiar quibble, which declares that "well begun is half done"; and this seems to give support to the French proverb. Certainly there is a peculiar difficulty in the initial step in a new undertaking, and this difficulty overcome may seem to smooth the path beyond. Truly, the mere finding of the path is a big gain; but the following steps need effort, and the effort surely 'costs.'

Where the importance of the first step is most apparent is on the downward path: for there the forces of nature aid and augment the swift descent. But if the down-hill traveler turn and endeavor to retrace his steps, then he will find that each step on the upward path 'costs' dearly; and the proverb is proved untrue. Yet there is an unquestionable truth in it, if not a universal verity.

There are innumerable instances in which the first step is of supreme importance. Take the case of a writer. Have we not all known what it is to sit facing a blank sheet of paper waiting in vain for an idea that seems to hover near but just out of reach? At such moments it seems as if one were imprisoned in some empty 'chamber of the mind' surrounded by a garden filled with a wealth of fairy-flowers waiting to be culled, just out of sight. One feels as if there were but a step to be made to enter the enchanted garden; but that step seems more hard than any that may lie beyond. Why? Is it not possible that the imaginary prison is a dread reality? Are we not actually self-imprisoned? Is not that magic garden

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of ideas a glorious reality? Is not the imagination the great liberator of the mind?

From childhood most of us have learned to look upon imagination as the great deluder, rather than the heaven-sent liberator,— the champion, who shall slay the reptile Doubt, that 'dweller on the threshold' that chills the will and paralyses the mind. What is this dreadful presence? What is Doubt? This tyrant, that is so terrible a reality to those who have not learned to trust their mystic champion, their true Self. It is the shadow of Fear; and Fear is born of ignorance.

The Warrior who by his own radiance dispels the shadow, is Truth itself, the great reality, the true Self. To one who has not found the Self the first step across the threshold of his prison seems like a wild plunge into the unknown. For this plunge, trust is necessary, trust in the reality of that magic land in which ideas are real as flowers are, and all-abundant, and alive, waiting for one to gather them and bring them down to earth. Trust is the golden key that can unlock the prison-door and set the prisoner free.

But liberation of the individual soul is not the end of labor. To have gained access to the magic garden of ideas is an important step indeed, but it is not the end of effort; no! The great adventure is the bringing back to earth some fairy-blossom from the enchanted land of spiritual reality, to show to dwellers in the world of shadows, that they may know the soul of things is beautiful, and true, and real; and that it is accessible to man.

Upon this path no step is taken but at the cost of effort, aye, and of suffering, it may be; but who would grudge the cost? Not he, assuredly, who knows the joy of the creator giving form to great ideas, bringing to birth thoughts that lay dreaming in the enchanted land, waiting to be awakened into life. To work with Nature, that is the joy of life; and who would count the cost?

But it may well be urged that there are people to whom Trust is unknown, who live in a continual state of doubt and seem incapable of faith or trust of any kind; and it would be mere mockery of their condition to talk to them of trust, even if they should come to see the desirability of such a quality; for how are they to achieve so great a transformation in themselves? Will they not ask: "Can Trust be born by a mere act of will?" And if they ask the question, how shall it be answered? To the doubting mind, Trust can only seem an act of wilful self-deception; how can it be otherwise?

How can the sleeping soul be wakened? How can the dreamer be convinced his dream is not reality? Sometimes it is enough to show a

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light, to call the dreamer by his name, to startle, or alarm him: But unless the awakened makes the effort to regain his lost self-consciousness, he will sleep again. To break the power of the dream is but the first step; for the sleeper to recover full self-consciousness, and to remain awake, that first step must be made continual. And this, the establishment of full self-consciousness, I take to be purpose of our life on earth. It is probable that to all men at some time in their life there comes a flash of this self-consciousness; but it is fleeting and may not return. And yet that flash of light is in itself enough to justify the existence of that individual. If he has known but one such moment in a life-time he has not lived in vain. But if he fondly dreams that all is done when that first step is taken, then he will have to learn by long experience that each succeeding step costs the same effort, and he will learn that it is not only the first step that costs.

Evolution is not a succession of leaps and bounds; the process is continuous: it is a gradual unfoldment, from within outwards, a long-drawn story of formation, in which there is no beginning and no end; the awakening of consciousness has passed through many stages ere the creative spirit utters the mystic word of power, and the cry "Let there be light!" vibrates through the depths of chaos. The initial impulse is eternally renewed; there is no step in evolution that costs no effort; but such effort is the joy of life; and man is wrong to fear the initial effort, the first step, no matter how important it may seem; for in reality each effort is a first step to all that follows after. Truly "End and beginning are dreams"; and the dawn of creation is Now. There is no step in evolution that can be taken at any other moment. The time to act is Now. Each step is in turn the first step, and each one is made at cost of effort. Therefore, I say again: Beware of epigrams and proverbs!

THE HUMAN RACE ADVANCES THROUGH KARMA

E. A. NERESHEIMER



BOTH the Universe and Man proceed from Spiritual Realms to which ultimately they must return.

Nothing can exist in time and space that is not primarily based in an idea, from which issue all subsequent conditions and attributes, and such forms as may clothe it. Even matter, intelligence, and life are but modes of expression; vehicles for the manifestation of ideas, formulating what already *is*. They are not in any sense fresh

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creations, but only the issue of an ideal impulse, coming forth in boundless modifications from ONE INFINITE AND ETERNAL PRINCIPLE.

Conditioned existence moves forward in a series of cycles of alternating descents and ascents, for the purpose of unfolding the infolded consciousness in all sentient beings and creatures, spinning all the while an extending thread of knowledge. This thread, formed of a continuity of consciousness, connects the past with the future, bridging apparent interruptions caused by temporary lapses in progress — births and deaths — to which all living centers of being are subjected. Its function is to preserve individual identity upon which man's progressive development depends. Its continuity never ceases until the very end of the Grand Life-Cycle is reached; hence there is ample opportunity for all creatures and especially for 'Man,' to accomplish all that is prescribed for them in the Universal Plan.

We are proud, in this our twentieth century, of the wonderful scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions of our time. We have flying-machines, wireless telegraphy, the phonograph, and many other useful, practical, and alluring devices, produced by ingenious effort, for the profit and pleasure of men. But, as a matter of fact, these are mostly but re-discoveries of similar contrivances already known to humanity in former cycles, and now rediscovered at the recurrence of a similar cyclic period in the spiral revolutions of the 'Universal Wheel.'

The Secret Doctrine tells us that the Atlantean Race of the Fourth Root-Race of our present Life-Cycle, had many of the intricate material mechanical devices, as also divers other inventions which will at some time probably be rediscovered by our civilization; that is to say, if we escape the dire fate which overtook that great Atlantean Race, many millions of years ago. In the exuberance of their material success and owing to their concurrent neglect of spiritual integrity, they utterly lost their sense of proportion, and consequently missed their great possibilities. Heedlessly practising the magical arts for selfish ends, they lost the benefits which they should have gained from advantages peculiar to their cycle.

Every kind of energy expended by sentient beings must work itself out according to principles inherent in the Law of Cause and Effect, the Law of Karma, which ever tends to re-establish equilibrium. Hence the egos, of which that ancient race was composed, have since then certainly reincarnated many times, and perchance among us at the present time are some of those very pilgrims, once again rushing rashly and in ignorance over the borderland of safe development into the dangerous and nebulous regions of psychic practices.

The trend of our time certainly has produced an attitude of mind in

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the great masses of the people which causes them to feel that they must have a maximum of happiness for themselves at any cost, irrespective of consequences. It is pitiful to witness the utter disregard, the ignorance, of the inexorable Law of Karma, that still exist in the minds of many intelligent people who thoughtlessly and flagrantly overstep their natural limits as if they had never had the experience, so common to all men, of bitter pain following upon the heels of misdeeds and excesses. Injustice, oppression, unbrotherliness between nations as well as individuals, mark the temper of our times, and indeed in many other respects also we see practically the same restless negation of moral laws that also supervened, according to ancient records, during the time of Atlantean civilization.

However, it is useless to try to cheat Karma. Karma is the very law of our being. We are its product and subject to its workings; Karma being, in fact, the inseparable companion of conditioned existence in its every phase and aspect. It is universally present, adjusting and re-adjusting all circumstances, and if we only knew this, we would certainly hail it as our best and kindest friend. Karma is verily the cause of our Universe, and of all universes that have come into being, and that will be; each new appearance being due to causes engendered in previous existences. So it has ever been from beginningless time, and so it will continue to be in all eternity: — and through Karma's unremitting action man is forced to advance.

This Universe of ours, and every mode of existence, including human life, has the same spiritual and material ancestry; but nothing can ever happen of itself either by fortuitous circumstances or by chance, or so-called 'luck.' Everything, however small and apparently unimportant, is primarily the result of an idea of some kind, involved in and resulting from an intricate but unbroken chain of Karmic causes and effects, most marvelously linked together. All that happens to us has been of our own making in the past, and nothing but a just and impartial effect, patiently endured, can ever neutralize it. As said before, Karma is our true benefactor and friend. How otherwise could it have come about that, in the early stages of evolution, our undeveloped bodies became so delicately adjusted to the stimuli of forces from without?

During the early stages of the development of the race, the physical form was quite unresponsive, and the intellect drowsy and unheedful. The mind was hardly more than a resisting medium to higher impulses. The inner consciousness was therefore constantly compelled to struggle for expression through a rigid shell of matter. Yet the body grew in stability, the slow nerve-response was accelerated, all this being due to the reactions produced by Karma. Karma hammered incessantly on the various sheaths of the primitive organisms with the effect that they were

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forced to become more yielding and reflective, gradually opening up new avenues for the expansion of perception and knowledge.

Although progress may be said to have been going on uninterruptedly up to the present time, yet, when we look at the human race as a whole, including the not inconsiderable intelligent portion, we see that, as yet, but little interest is shown in the more real, the permanent, qualities that are possessed by all men. It is true that the tendencies of the *Tamasic* quality are difficult to overcome and it is for that reason in many cases that a tenacious indolence, still clinging to them from the past, hinders and impedes a free response to promptings from within. Mental even more than physical indolence is responsible for this, since there are a great number of people who are not habitually lazy in the conduct of their customary occupations, or in carrying out any task which they particularly like, or which they think will lead to power or profit for themselves.

With regard to the sum-total of development for the human race, however, it may perhaps be said that its present condition does not actually fall so very far short of what it should be, considering that, as the Teachings declare, it is not so very long since humanity passed the middle point of its evolutionary career, and that it is now only at the beginning of the second half of the Grand Life-Cycle. It cannot therefore be considered as strange that, with the awakening from out of the darkness of matter and with the expansion of intellect, the trend should first have been that of intense and egoistic emotionalism, along the easy and broad Highway of Life. Feeling is one of the most potent of the associates of the mind, and it will be long, ere it can take its rightful place, coupled with virtue and ethics. Meanwhile it, of course, remains a fruitful source of passion and excesses of all kinds. Men still restlessly toil, hustle, bargain, invent, and scheme, merely in order to gain an advantage for themselves over their fellow-beings, without any awareness of the true inner worth and many other real privileges they possess. They race through life in a perfect frenzy for selfish possession, squandering the while their energies in a multiplicity of objects and sensations which are degrading even to their present limited ideals.

Increased intelligence and ability means greater power, of course; but fortunately for the world and for mankind, certain limits cannot be overstepped with impunity. There is a law by which every accession of intelligence is accompanied by a corresponding degree of responsibility. The karmic effects that ensue from each act and thought should be reminders to us. The motives of one who is ignorant are generally not very complex, and they are therefore not subject to violent reactions, but when the intelligence rises above a certain level all thought and action

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assume wider relations, encompassing other planes besides the physical, and the consequences therefore are greater and much more far-reaching. These relations go to the very heart of things, and wise men of all ages have not only hinted at, but have even traced the reactions from, certain causes as affecting the whole constitution of man; his soul and body, including even those little lives which go to make up his physical organism, and whose well-being is in his charge. Every act of man is composite in character, and reacts upon every plane of being. It is always prompted by a motive, and propelled by faculties of the mind which invest and connect it with astral, mental, and psychic matter and powers.

The popular view is that an act or thought is chiefly connected with physical life alone, whereas in truth it finds but its outward expression therein. By reason of a lack of knowledge of the interaction of other subtler forces with those of the physical plane, a certain notion has arisen that pain and disease of the body may be cured with impunity by the use of mental powers. The fact is that if indeed an affliction is remedied through the influence of the mind it is not necessarily eliminated from the system, but, on the contrary, only transferred to another part of the nature, *i. e.*, to the mental or psychic planes, often breaking out in mental and nervous disorders, and finally affecting the body also; and so the disturbance finally returns again to expend itself in the body. The rationale of the process is that when disease appears in the physical constitution and the symptom of pain is experienced, then it is a sign that Nature is making an effort to expel it from the system in a normal way. If arrested by the mind, then, as said above, it is forced back to the plane where it originated, and when it appears again in the body it comes reinforced with some worse evil, due to a mistaken interference with Nature's laws.

It is quite plain therefore that such dabbling, without certain knowledge of the laws that govern all planes of being, and attempting to divert the course of events decreed by the Law of Cause and Effect, must inevitably result in blunders and disaster. Karma cannot be cheated or propitiated.

It would indeed be futile for any 'baby-Ego' deeply immersed in emotionalism, to wrench itself suddenly free from accepted conventions and traditions without some previous preparation. There must at least be a reasonable balance of the physical, moral, and mental faculties before such a course can be pursued. The safest way for the avoidance of entanglements and errors is patiently to prepare the soil by right conduct, devotion to principle, and the study of moral relations. Careful thought must also be taken of physical conditions, in order that we may

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work with Nature instead of against her, causing disharmony and consequent 'dis-ease.'

The first real and sure sign of a readiness to enter upon the path that leads to freedom is a supreme discontent with the impermanence of all conditioned existence, and a confidence in the desirability of a life of greater stability. This will lead to that which is enduring, real, and abiding.

A universal spiritual connexion binds together all things: creatures, men, and even universes. All forms of existence originate in the One Source of All Being, and are established upon that foundation. Uninterrupted development through the continuous recurrence of birth, death, and regeneration is the lot of every man while he remains within the spheres of action and reaction.

The aim of all progress along any line whatsoever is to bring into manifestation the pattern first conceived in the Spiritual Realms by the Divine Mind. "As above, so below." The process is repeated from plane to plane down to that of the materio-physical, the spiritual thread passing through all stages from the highest to the lowest. The proof of this truth is that it is universally applicable. As the cycles pertaining to Cosmic Evolution move in spiral progression of ups and downs, so do the smaller cycles likewise, in analogical repetition, on every plane, and all proceeds from the plan formulated by the One Informing Life that pervades All,—Karma being the regulating agency.


Man is, so to speak, the reflecting mirror of the Whole, for in him is represented every phase of consciousness, every state of matter, every degree of intelligence, and potencies of every grade within the Universe. However, the consciousness of the presence and functions of these potencies in man as throughout the Universe, is as yet unknown, or but ill-defined in man's perceptions, owing to the more or less densely material vehicles through which the widely differing human units act while proceeding on their journey towards perfect unfoldment. These Realities inhere germinally in all men, and must eventually be known to each through the realization of his Higher Nature.

From Spirit we come and to Spirit we must return. We have lived in many worlds and in many solar systems, each of which has afforded us development of a kind peculiar to each of these systems, and there are still many more such experiences before us, on the upward path that we have already entered upon, since the middle period of the Grand Cycle.

The full measure of our possibilities in future association with Hierarchies of Divine Beings may as yet be shrouded in mystery for us, but all these Intelligences are ever in sympathetic and karmic concord with us, *i. e.*, with the nobler part of our being, for the nature of these Intelligences is in very truth the same in essence as our own Higher Self.

AS TO WRITING AND READING

TALBOT MUNDY

N one point there is very nearly a consensus throughout all the world. They are not many who deny that literacy is a symptom of the progress of the individual and of the race. Some nations have insisted on a test of literacy before they will admit an immigrant at all, and in civilized communities it is compulsory to learn to read and write. In fact, as much stress has been laid on literacy as on sanitation, with the consequence that what was patronizingly referred to as the 'Fourth Estate' has grown into a social element whose boundaries are no more easy to define than is its influence to measure.

The accepted critics speak of modern literature as a flood, and they are right, for it is not less 'floodsome' than was Noah's fabled deluge. They refer particularly to the books that thunder off the presses of the world so fast that none can possibly keep track of them or read the tenth of one per cent. The books, though, are as one drop in the ocean in comparison with all the magazines, newspapers, bulletins and pamphlets that pour forth day by day. Nor do these complete the flood.

Who reckons up the tons of correspondence that the postmen carry to and fro? Has anybody sought to measure up the influence for good and evil that the stamped and sealed hand-written letters wield, which pass in billions back and forth in what amounts to legally protected secrecy? The hand that writes the letter rules the world, these latter days.

All superstition dies hard, and it lingers in the veins of men long generations after its pretensions have been expertly exposed and drenched with vitriolic ridicule. We do a thousand things from superstition that our reason would reject if we should pause to analyse them; and by no means least is the effect that we permit the written or the printed word to exercise upon our thought, and so upon ourselves and our reaction toward one another.

What poet said he cared not who should write a nation's laws, provided he might write its songs? His was a modest preference. The harm he might do, or the good, though vast, would be as nothing to the influence of poisoned pens that scribble in the darkness and suggest, to minds all unsuspecting of the subtilty, solutions of life's handicap that lull into a lazy dream of self-absorbed indifference, or stir the lower leas of animality to madness.

All of us attach too much significance to what is written. We forget that the essentials of life, intangible and tenuous, the inner spiritual

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meanings of the symbols that we see, are inexpressible in any form whatever. Ink and the best hand-woven paper are not mediums through which the spirit can emerge, and no man, pen he ever so adroitly, from a motive utterly unselfish, with an aim however high, can write one line that is not capable of misinterpretation.

We are too prone to believe whatever we may see in print. We take less care to look into the source of what is fed to our imaginations from the printed page than to investigate the food we eat (though we are careless about that). Incurable superstition guiding, we assert or take for granted that no individual, or group, or organized association would attempt to drug our minds; and we forget that the drug-craving almost always is unconsciously acquired. From very small beginnings it becomes a tyranny that owns, eats, empties, and leaves nothing but the shell of manhood. Do we stop to think that drugging of the mind and its imagination is a subtler and a worse form of corruption than the peddled poison that can only wreck one human being at a time? With pen and ink we can be poisonous at wholesale and a million can fill their minds from the suggestions of one black filling of a fountain-pen.

Time was, when literacy was the privilege of few and the majority were at the mercy of the masters of the art of writing; pens were mightier than swords in those days; he who took his pen in hand was conscious of responsibility. So well was that condition realized that censorship was rigidly enforced by church and state, both equally aware that superstition lent exaggerated value to whatever might be written and regardless of who wrote it. In the early days of printing censorship increased in rigor, aided and abetted by the fears of long-hand secretaries that their own profession of the pen might fall on evil days.

In spite of censorship, it was as evident in those days as it is now, that a man equipped with fluency and malice might undo more governments, upset more nicely balanced calculations and leave greater ruin in his wake than all the culverins and powder in the arsenals of Europe. None denied, as few deny today, that printing, writing, correspondence have in them the germ of liberation for the minds of men; the benefit of literacy was conceded, but the dread prevailed of what might happen if the gift of literacy and the freedom of the press should actually pass into the keeping of the common people.

Those who had inherited, or had assumed the custody of public morals were agreed on the necessity of rigidly reviewing in advance of publication anything the printers might intend to loose upon the public. But — “*quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*” It was discovered, then as now, that what goes through a sieve is governed by the nature of the meshes of the sieve; it was impossible to keep a higher standard of morality

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than that of any individual entrusted with enforcing it. The leak began; there flowed in rapidly increasing streams into the channels sanctioned by authority all manner of polluting filth to find its level in the lower swamps of public consciousness.

Stupidity increased the weakness of the censorship, since good intentions never were the gage of government. Excluded works of merit, whose plain writing or originality had shocked the appointed guardians of thought, found outlet to the public somehow and men mocked a censorship that tried to keep from them such mental stimulant — until, since ridicule is all-corrosive, censorship became discredited and, knowing its own weakness, vanished into nothing more than name and a few emoluments.

Then license had its day, with now and then reactionary swings that but intensified the common will to read, or to be read to, from whatever was forbidden. Side by side with a perpetually gaining literary habit, that as generations came and went alchemically changed the medium of thought-communication from the sung and spoken to the written word, there flowed out of the stagnant lower levels of the human mind a habit of indecency unable to express itself except in the corruption of the noble, the artistic, the sublime.

So, side by side, the literary bay-tree and the worm both flourished, the worm spoiling what the nature of the tree produced; until, unable any longer to restrain the human appetite for knowledge easily acquired, those in authority let down all barriers and, making virtue of necessity, decreed that literacy, if no more, should be the common heritage of all men.

'If no more' was where the canker entered in. By law it was compulsory to learn to read and write, but not to learn to judge between the good and evil. Canons of good taste, artistic standards, literary judgment were omitted from the new curriculum, imposed on men, or else conceded to them by the keepers of the nations' weal. There came a generation, taught to read and write and stirred to mental hunger by the consciousness of an ability its ancestors did not possess, but utterly unable to discriminate and no less bound than formerly by superstitious reverence for anything in writing or in print.

On them, in their simplicity as helpless as young birds about to leave the nest, the hawks of opportunity descended. There was born, within a generation, an enormous system, sprung Minerva-like from out the forehead of the century, equipped with thundering machinery, devised expressly to exploit the common people's craving for a mental anodyne. It praised itself. It flattered its eager victims. Flamboyantly it flourished fragments of the truth and drenched them in a stream of printer's ink. It cultivated in the public mind the theory that all men had the right to

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know their neighbors' business and, reckless of the consequence, excited to the limit the awakened craving for sensation.

The printing-press became the governing machinery of nations. With the youth compelled to go to school, it was a simple thing to cultivate in coming generations markets for the ever-growing, ever more sensationally written flood of daily fiction masquerading as the truth.

The proper field of fiction was invaded. To obtain an audience the story-writers yielded to the impulse to appeal to the sensation-appetite, soon learning the advantage of the indirect suggestion over downright loathsomeness. Deliberately books were written with the unconcealed intention of evading legal penalties while pandering suggestively to all the lowest human instincts — they themselves, the writers, in their own youth caught within the toils of the impersonal, intangible perverter of men's minds, whose modern engine of perversion is the press.

Now this is clear: as much today as in its first beginnings literature has in it the seed, the possibility of liberation for men's minds. Men live today, as yesterday, whose destiny has charged them with possession of great 'organs of opinion' — who are publishers of magazines, and books, and newspapers — and who are striving with all their might to purify the streams of print that flood the public mind. But they have learned in the expensive college of experiment that appetite, once whetted, is impossible to appease or to ignore, and they are faced with the fact that the public is glutting itself with trash and, on the whole, prefers it to the better wares that those aware of their responsibility persist in offering.

The flood, in other words, has got beyond control. Discolored, foul, polluted with the reputations of its victims, it has burst the banks of dignity and flows over the whole wide realm of thought. Like Noah in his ark, some writers float on it, some publishers preserve their self-respect, some readers swim, selecting flotsam to support their interest and finding quiet counter-currents — now and then an island or a rock in mid-stream. But the most go down along the flood, and no man knows to what depravity it leads.

The pessimist's persuasion then, is easy — lazy might define it more correctly. If we view what Kipling calls the "unforgiving minute" with the concentrated gaze of appetite that throws the wider views of time and cycles out of focus, it may be difficult to disbelieve that all humanity is drowning. Then — hope lost for the world, ourself the looker-on — there might be some good sense in resignation to the thought that all is vanity.

They say that Solomon composed that epigram, in some despairing mood when he had tasted all the ashes of sensation. Yet the same man, in the same mood, wrote "there is nothing new under the sun." Nor is

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it new then, that the world should foul its own nest and pollute the stream of literature. Always it has done the same thing. It erects its cities and pollutes its rivers; it discerns art dimly and invents the chromograph; it hears the symphonies of Beethoven, and dances to the cacophonous barbarism of machine-made jazz.

None knows the number of the wise men and the prophets who have brought into the world new torches lighted at the Ancient Fire of Wisdom. No historian can count the creeds, philosophies, fanaticisms, canons and dissensions that have leaped up from the darkness to distort that light, have flickered in it for a while, and vanished. When the rain drops on the thirsty earth, the mud forms. When the light shines in the darkness, shadows multiply themselves. When wind blows, there are waves that wreck ill-managed ships.

No floods persist. They leave destruction in their wake and carcasses, the ruins of homes unwisely built and tumbled, littered acres where the land-marks stood; but from them, in the leisured course of time, men learn a little wisdom — as they learn from the polluted streams they labor to repurify at last and to protect. Men die from the pollution — die in droves, until at last survivors listen to the advocates of cleanliness.

There is an endless store of Wisdom, and the acts of men can no more empty it than can the night blot out the sun. By night, how many of us think the day has gone forever and no dawn will gleam along the hills? Not even maniacs succumb to that delusion. All of us expect the coming dawn, and some of us prepare for it. We may await a new dawn of the Ancient Wisdom in the world with equal confidence. We may as well be ready for it when it comes.

Undoubtedly the night of literature lingers; there are many who have had dreams, some who sleep too deeply to be dreaming, and a horde who dance the night through to the tune of any instrument, who will be weary and will sleep late when the morning comes. But stars shine — all the brighter for the darkness, and considering the stars is better for us, and more restful, than to woo sensation in the yellow light that seeks to dim them with its artificial glare.

H. P. Blavatsky was the morning star. The literary dawn will not be far behind her. She retaught the ancient law of individual responsibility, and of the dignity and the divinity of man. Her theme was theme enough for all the writers of the world for centuries to come. With morning, when the world perceives there was no profit in the yellow glare of cheap sensation; when it sees the littered nastiness of what the lamps made to resemble virtue, it will turn toward the sun.

But there is no need now, because the morning star is merged into the faint rays of the rising sun, to waste time waiting for the full dawn.

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There is still with us that "unforgiving minute," and the words we write are as reactive as the stuff we read. We are responsible. In these days, when the youngest of us is a letter-writer and the oldest makes his book of reminiscences, not one of us escapes responsibility for some share in the stream of written thought that goes forth influencing men's minds. Responsibility comes home to roost.

We are in school, as all the universe was always — in the school that fits us for the ascending path of evolution. We are learning, or if not we will be forced to learn, to use the written and the printed word as medium for transference of thought, in preparation for the day — it may be centuries ahead of us — when thought-communication will be understood and used without mechanical assistance.

It requires no deep investigation into logic, and it needs no pinnacles of purity from which to realize that just so long as we are willing to admit into our thought the written vapors of suggestiveness and all indignity, we never shall be fit to guard our minds against a more insidious, unwritten method of approach. It is what we read now — what we are willing to spend time on reading — that provides us with a part of the experience on which our evolution will be based.

And so with writing. Whether it be letters to our friends, the daily news or books intended to be read by fellow-men whose personality and views are totally unknown to us, we must respect their dignity although we fail to recognise our own. We may not trespass in a man's house; laws are rigidly enforced against offenders who befoul the air with smoke or keep their premisses in such condition as may spread disease. We keep all those who are likely to spread contagion isolated. But we must learn not to contaminate the thought of others, nor to obscure truth, nor to deny it with the written word, before we shall be fit for further progress.

In our hands, available to all of us, there is a means of thought-communication. We have fouled it until all too few of us can recognise the foulness, and we have to purify it carefully, persistently and one by one, each individual attending to his own share of the whole. No one man, nor any group of men is rightfully to blame for the incredible debasement of our modern literary output, which is due to the inherent craving of the lower natures of us all for anything that will keep our eyes masked from the light. Indignity desires indignity, like craving like.

The dawning of the dignity of man affords the remedy. When writers, whether of books or news or private letters, learn that they imbue the written matter with their own true character, revealing to the educated eye their meannesses as well as what of virtue they may have, there will be more attempt to cleanse and prune the thought that goes on to the page. When it is realized that every contribution to the mass of sordid

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thinking adds to the inevitable karma that contributor will have to meet, there will be caution, if for no more reason than a mere enlightened selfishness. When it is understood that the reception into consciousness of sordid views and misinterpretations of the facts of life unfits the thinker for true thinking on his own account, the market will diminish for the wares of the sensualist and for sheer self-preservation he will have to strive to turn out better reading-matter.

The last phase of literary degradation has arrived, exactly as the deepest darkness usually precedes dawn. The so-called 'realistic' school of letters foists on us a presentation of the worst side of men's character, their worst indecencies and lowest aims, as the truth about human nature; and they scream, as they scream of the indignity of nature, that the truth and art are one.

That wail exposes their own falsity. As surely as that truth and art are one, depiction and delineation and description of the dignity of manhood are the first pre-requisites of art. The rebirth of the art of writing, though the midwives of the so-called realism scream however loud that their brain-child is nature's favorite, was heralded when first H. P. Blavatsky dared to come among us and reteach that fundamental principle of all art — that life is spiritual evolution, aspiration, ever climbing upward, and the picture of degeneracy is not, never was and never can be worth a minute's spattering of pen and ink.

With dignity (of which two attributes are tolerance and humor) let the spiritual aspect of humanity become the theme of art, and soon there will be greater men than Shakespeare in our midst, because we shall be plowing up a field of thought in which the seeds of renaissance can grow.

THE HIGHER SELF

T. HENRY, M. A.

"Each human being is an incarnation of his God, in other words, one with his 'Father in Heaven.' All that an average man can know of his 'Father' is what he knows of himself, through and within himself. The soul of his 'Heavenly Father' is incarnated in him. The soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the divine individuality while in his physical animal shell."— *H. P. Blavatsky*



To make the above teaching clearer, the reader may be referred to *The Key to Theosophy*, where by means of the index and contents he can find various passages bearing on the subject. We learn that the 'Father in Heaven' is *Atmâ*, "the Higher Self, neither your spirit nor mine, but like sunlight shines on all. It is the universally diffused divine principle." This is the highest in the list

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of the seven principles of man. The next is *Buddhi*, "the spiritual soul," the vehicle of *Atmâ*. "Neither *Atmâ* nor *Buddhi*, separately, nor the two collectively, are of any more use to the body of man than sunlight or its beams are for a mass of granite buried in the earth, unless the divine duad is assimilated by, and reflected in, *some consciousness*."

To find out what is this consciousness, by means of which the light of *Atmâ-Buddhi* is reflected and brought into relation with man, we refer to the next principle, *Manas*, or Mind, which, when united with *Atmâ-Buddhi*, forms the "spiritual Ego." "This is the real individuality, or the divine man." (See chapter VIII)

It is this last, therefore, which must be the soul of his Heavenly Father, which is incarnated in man, and under certain conditions is himself, as our initial quotation states. We see further what Jesus must have meant by his sayings about the Father and the Son. "Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (*Matt.*, xi, 27) Still more do we find in John's Gospel. "This is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life" (vi, 40).

We shall be proclaiming no 'heretical doctrine' in these days if we aver that Jesus himself makes no *special* claim for himself as an incarnation of Divinity; but merely takes his own case as an illustrative example of what is true, and what is possible, for every man. This understanding of the matter is held by many influential theologians today, as we gather from our reading of current literature. The idea of Jesus as a *special* and *unique* manifestation of *Divinity* seems to have been an afterthought; and such a process of transformation is always apt to occur in the later states of any religion; when, the Teacher having withdrawn, the commentators get to work on his teachings. It is by this process that religious teachings are made sectarian, special, local, exclusive. In place of the Teacher's open invitation to all men to seek the path of Self-Knowledge, and to approach the Father through the Son (their own spiritual Ego), is substituted some special mark of grace, some definite form of creed or shibboleth, without which (it is said) no man can be saved. Those within this charmed circle are the 'elect,' and those without are 'heathen,' to be converted if possible.

And today we see that professed Christians are ardently embracing this broader and truer view of their religion; thus proving themselves to be, not innovators, but the real and genuine fundamentalists, going back to the teachings of their Master.

The important thing to remember is that the teachings thus proclaimed by Jesus are those of the Universal Religion; and are therefore to be found in the utterances of the other great religious Teachers. Such

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adherents of other religions as can preserve a similar openness of mind with respect to their own doctrines, will thus find themselves in harmony with the more openminded Christians. For the diversity of religious sects is harmonized when they all recognise their common origin in the universal Religion.

That universal Religion is unshakably founded on facts in human nature; facts which are explained in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, from which we have quoted. For these teachings as to the dual nature of man, and as to his possessing both a divine and an animal nature, mysteriously connected with each other in his earthly life — these teachings rest on ascertainable facts, which have been recognised by contemplative people during the whole history of mankind.

So vital and important is this fact of the divine origin of man (as to his *real and essential* nature), that any theories about his animal derivation sink into comparative unimportance. It seems to matter little whether man's obvious analogy to the animals imports an actual descent from them, or whether it means that the animals have descended from him, or whether again the analogy signifies nothing at all as regards genealogy. But what *is* important is that some of the doctrines preached under the aegis of science have a marked tendency to hypnotize people into the belief that human nature is predominantly animal and gross and sensual; and thus we have a fault strictly parallel with that committed by some forms of religious dogmatism, which are always dwelling upon the alleged inherent sinfulness of human nature. The fact evidently is that this tendency to degrade the ideal of human nature belongs neither to religion nor to science, but is apt to crop up in any place where materialistic ideas have been allowed to prevail over spiritual.

What is most needful therefore is to insist on the inherent spirituality or divinity of man (on one side of his nature, and that the greater side); and to connect this ideal with both religion and science. For it surely is an obvious fact that our nature is thus dual. Theosophy brings no new doctrine, but comes as an interpretation of the *facts* of life, as these facts are found to be by the ordinary individual. It gives an interpretation of facts that are too often either ignored or insufficiently dealt with by religion and science. It explains how man comes to have a dual nature. It goes into the question of his *spiritual* origin. And its teachings in this respect may claim to be as scientific as any other teachings — nay more so. For they are founded on the accumulated wisdom of many ages and many peoples; and one of the objects of H. P. Blavatsky's writings is to prove that there is a uniform body of doctrine in the teachings of all the sages and greatest religious founders. Moreover it can be truly maintained that these teachings are verifiable by every student for himself

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in the course of his progress along the path of self-study which is indicated. And thus a chief requirement of science — that it shall be demonstrable — is fulfilled.

What is Man after all? To speak of him as mainly a physical organism or a kind of superior animal is altogether wrong and misleading. He is primarily a self-conscious mind, a thinker. This power of reflective thought and self-determination is the essential fact in our nature, to which our physical organism is subordinate and accessory. No reasonable man is so foolish as to condemn offhand the whole results of scientific inquiry into organic evolution; yet the same reasonableness will oblige him to admit that the evolutionists have gone too far in some respects. Attempts to account for the human self-conscious mind by supposing it to have been evolved by slow degrees from animal mentality have proved futile; and it is not surprising to find that a younger generation of scientific men seems disposed to abandon the attempt. The truth that no evolution at all can be rationally imagined without our presupposing the existence of conscious mind *from the very beginning*, is now dawning upon people. So it does not seem so heretical nowadays to declare that Man *as a conscious mind*, existed before ever man *as an incarnate being* existed.

What is to be said about evolution, from the standpoint of Theosophy, has been discussed at some length and at various times. (See for instance "Studies in Evolution: Papers of the School of Antiquity: No. 8.") In the light of Theosophy the Christian controversy between Fundamentalism and Modernism, on the question of evolution, fades into dimness. What is truth and fact in the scientific views must of course fit in with any other teachings that are true, and can but confirm the teachings of Theosophy. At the same time there is a good deal of mere speculation and some dogmatism in the scientific doctrine of evolution. It can be shown that the *facts* support the Theosophical teachings better than they support the scientific theories. In particular is this the case as regards the origin of the human mentality. The self-conscious human mind was derived from another and quite different line of evolution. In fact, it is shown that at least three lines of evolution have *converged* in man. Of these three, science has been studying only one.

Who will deny the importance of emphasizing the divine qualities of human nature, and showing how these can overcome the animal and selfish propensities, reducing them to their proper position as servants? If therefore we find some people, claiming to represent science, and teaching us that the whole of our nature is animal; and others, professing to speak for religion, and telling us that our nature is radically evil; it is no wonder that intelligent people will think for themselves, and try to find a better doctrine. But there is no need for them to invent or evolve


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such a doctrine; for all they need to do is to go back to the original teachings of the Universal Religion, which is the parent of all religions, philosophies, and sciences.

Seated in the heart of every human is that Divine Spark with which he has been endowed; and man is also endowed with a Mind which gives him the power to aspire to that Divine Spark. His mind is like a mirror, which reflects both from above and from below. For man, salvation means the attainment of freedom and eternal life, by union of the Mind with its Divine counterpart. And for such salvation we have not to wait until some postmortem transfiguration into heavenly glory, but it is attainable, as our initial quotation shows, "while in the physical animal shell." But let us ever remember that it is not personal stature that is to be sought. To entertain such an idea would but mean the harboring of an exalted selfishness, and would defeat the real purpose. It is only by subordinating the personal self that the real Self can be attained. Hence we find in all religions the supreme importance of the Golden Rule.

THE BURIATS AND THEIR BELIEFS

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

HE Buriats belong to the Mongol race. This race may be divided into three principal branches: East Mongols, West Mongols, and Buriats. The East Mongols who occupy Mongolia, the south borders of the Gobi desert, and Tangut; and also the West group of that race, known under the name of Kalmucks or Oirads, living in the wide steppes of the Caspian Sea, are not the subject of the present article. We will stop for a while on the third group of the Mongolian race, the so-called *Buriats*. Their heirdom lies in the southern part of the Russian province of Irkutsk, in a wide circle around the lake Baikal, or 'Holy Sea'; the country that lies east of that enormous lake is what is known in Russia under the name of 'marches' or 'borderland,' although it occupies more than 500,000 square miles. The sum-total of the Buriats amounts to about 250,000. While Mongols and Kalmucks generally continue to live after the usual fashion of nomads, we find among the Buriats some agricultural enterprises; but the main occupation of these tribes is the breeding of cattle, as the Buriats are essentially dwellers of the steppe, in spite of the rare villages and monasteries that were occasionally erected in their country.

The language of the Mongolian race is subdivided in the same way as

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the race itself. These three fundamental dialects are found to be in close relation to each other, as they certainly are derived from the same archaic root. The difference between them is so slight that whoever understands one of them understands all. Phonetically, a characteristic of them all is a peculiar 'harmony of vowels' that makes these languages very musical and sonorous. The key to the Mongolian is indeed the Kalmuck language, and should form the groundwork of Mongolian studies. The Buriatic, in all its peculiarities, is related especially to the East Mongolian. It has a great variety of verbal tenses and moods, an infinite number of appended particles forming the declensions of the words, and a peculiar tendency to make the sentences as long as possible by use of periods filling several pages each.

The native Buriats are either Buddhist or Shamanists. Shamanism is the original religious belief of these nomad tribes which embraced Buddhism later on, and it is only since the latter spread over the country that the Buriats developed an independent literature; before that they had not even an alphabet, although many oral traditions lived and still are living amidst them. However, the majority of books that the Buriats possess are translations from the Tibetan language, the holy language of Buddhism, which is also the sacred language of the learned in the rare but influential monasteries of the Buriat land. These books are mostly the same as those used among the other groups of the Mongol race. They are not an exclusive possession of the Buriat cloisters (the nomad tribes have practically no printed books or manuscripts whatsoever). Most of the writings are of a religious, historical, philosophical, medical, astronomical or astrological character. Favorite subjects are folk-lore and fairy-tales.

Among the religious books, used by all the Mongols, and hence by the Buriat priests, or Shamans, also, perhaps the most important is that containing the legends entitled *uliger un dalay*, or 'ocean of comparisons'.¹ To this may be added the *bodhi mor*, or 'the holy path,' the *altan gerel*, or 'gleaming of gold,' and the *yertünchü yin toli*, or 'mirror of the world.' There are also some very important historical essays and some poetical works known only since the famous investigations and researches in this matter made by the Russian scientist Pozdneyev.²

The *Khamta-Shaman* is the religious chief of the Buriats, while the Shamans are the priests. The chief lives in the monastery some twenty miles from Selenguïnsk near Lake Gusinoye, called lake of the priests.

1. Ed. by I. Jacob Schmidt under the title, *Der Weise und der Thor*, in Tibetan and German (St. Petersburg, 1843).

2. *Specimens of the Popular Literature of the Mongolian Tribes and Popular Songs*, in Russian (St. Petersburg, 1880).

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Although Buddhism has been adopted by the Buriats, Shamanism is the foundation of their religious beliefs and forms the basis of their everyday life.

Let us stop for a moment on the old traditions that still live among the Buriats of the Trans-Baikalian region. Some of the legends told by their 'Shamans,' or priests, are very suggestive and prove that the Buriats have drawn the mythological element of their religion from the same archaic source wherefrom sprang all the other ancient traditions and beliefs. One of the most interesting points is to see how the myth of the creation has been adapted to the peculiarities of this particular tribe, but still holds between the lines, so to speak, the same truths that are common to all the races of the world.

In the beginning there were Esege Malan, the highest God, and his wife, Ehé Ureng Ibi.

At first it was dark and silent; there was nothing to be heard or seen. Then, Esege took up a handful of earth, squeezed moisture out of it, and made the sun of the water; ³ he made the moon in the same way.

After that first creation he made all living things and plants.⁴ Then he divided the world into East and West, and *gave it to the highest order of gods*; ⁵ these gods were supposed to be very strict, and men, since the beginning of the creation, had to sacrifice horses and rams to them.

The Buriats have a whole hierarchy of gods, and a very complicated one. The higher gods, if angered, punish by bringing sickness, especially to children; some of them punish with disease and misfortune people who offend local gods, disseminated all over the peaks, mountains, plains, and lakes of this country. For instance, if a man calls to witness or swears by a local *Burkan*, *i. e.*, god, either he will be punished by a local god, or the judgment will be rendered by one of the gods belonging to the higher class, *for it is a great sin to swear by any Burkan, whether the man swears truly or falsely*.⁶ Among these principal gods which are very much revered by the Buriats, are the *bird-gods* of the southwest. Some of them take the form of swans; ⁷ they are very kind to good people; different offerings are made to these gods twice a year. Between these two higher orders and the so-called Ongon gods there is another order of Burkan of both sexes. Some of them descended from the higher Burkan, and others were in the old, old time people who *by the favor of*

3. It is rather difficult to determine what kind of water is meant here; it might be, however, that the word *water* means *chaos*.

4. Note the distinction between living things and plants, as if the last were not living.

5. Compare with the plural *Elohim* of the first chapter of *Genesis*.

6. "But I say unto you, Swear not at all. . . ." — *Matthew*, v, 34

7. Compare *The Secret Doctrine*, I, pp. 357-8.

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the divinities were made Shamans (this last word meaning an *initiated* priest).⁸

The story continues as follows: People, as you know, exist in the sky as well as on earth; they existed long before the nations of the earth were born. The oldest and chief of these people is Esege Malan.

Esege Malan had nine sons. Once upon a time, the four elder sons said: "We will succeed our father." And the four younger replied: "*We will succeed him.*" The fifth, or middle son, a great hero who had a tremendous power, was on the side of the four younger brothers; his name was Mahai Danjin.

Thus began a dispute between the two groups of brothers, and nobody knows how long it might have lasted had not Mahai Danjin interfered; he sent the four elder brothers to the earth, to some place beyond the Frozen Ocean (Arctic), where after a while they began to create wicked creatures, called *Mangathais*: those creatures were mostly vile serpents, vampires, who could swallow people (compare the place *beyond* the Frozen Ocean, with the Hyperborean Continent of the Greeks). Bad results followed this action of the four brothers; the earth became full of evil creatures, and great disorder reigned upon its surface, and continued so for many thousands of years — no man knows how long.

Meanwhile Esege Malan, *having ceased to rule*, built a great, splendid palace, a huge fortress around the sky. One day, he found in this fortress a place broken. He called a great meeting where were represented all the ninety-nine provinces of the sky, to discuss who was the man guilty of that destructive work. They could not find it out. At last Esege Malan sent for the wise Zarya Azergesha, a footless sage. He refused to join the meeting. Then two Shalmos, or invisible spirits were sent to him, in order to *listen to his thoughts*.

"That Esege Malan," thought Zarya, "cannot understand the truth. He is supposed to have ninety-nine Tengeris (ministers or chieftains), and he could not control his four sons; these last ones are making such a trouble on our mother-earth that the tears of people have risen to the sky and are weakening the walls of the fortress; how is it that Esege Malan does not know that? The sons are to blame for the broken battlements."

When the spirits reported these thoughts to Esege Malan, he sent quickly to the earth his grandson, Gesir Bogdo, the son of Mahai Danjin the hero; he came as a bird and landed on the broad steppe called Urun-

8. *Shaman*, pl. *Shamandan*, is generally translated as sorcerer; if rightly, then the Christian priest would be a sorcerer too, as he is supposed to be able to change pure wine and bread into the very *flesh* and *blood* of the God he worships and *eats* after a while. Shaman is really an *initiated priest*, although many call themselves Shamans for egotistical purposes only.

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dashéi; after a while he turned himself into a bull of blue color and bellowed in challenge to the four brothers. Beyond the Frozen Sea the four brothers sat and listened to the voice and said: "That is the voice of one of our relatives, one of our own people!"⁹

One of them turned into a bull and first nearly killed the blue bull, but, after throwing him on the other side of the Altai mounts, he found him changed into a stone; he broke his own horns on the stone, trying to destroy it; defeated, he went back to his brothers beyond the Sea. Beyond the great range of the Altai this stone bull is supposed to stand to this day. *But Gesir Bogdo, its spirit, is no more there;* he went back to Esege Malan and created heroes to fight the Mangathais, the serpents of the North. Finally his granddaughter married the grandson of one of the four brothers, and the family of Esege Malan was thus at last pacified. A point of interest might be that an important role is played in another version of this legend by Solobung Yubún, the Morning Star, which is the favorite son of Esege Malan. The Buriats sacrifice to that god a ram at dawn, and for three successive nights dance around the altar.

The intellectual life of the Buriats is not a very complicated one, indeed; steppes, tents, herds, and steppes again — this is the whole surrounding of the people all the year through. It is certainly not in these conditions that the complicated and intricate mythology of the Buriats could develop; to my thinking, it is a solid proof of the fact that they borrowed it from some ancient nation or race inhabiting the country from which they came. It is not the Buddhistic faith that furnished them with those traditions, as they existed long before the Buriats embraced Buddhism.

With the Buriats, *Delquen Sagán Burkan*, World White God, is the highest existence in the universe. He is also called Esege Malan. In him are *three* spirits: Tabung Tengeri, Dirlún Tengeri, and Sagadé Ugun. From the first of these spirits came the fifty-five Tengeris, from the second one the forty-four Tengeris. Although being but aspects of the Highest God, the three spirits are sometimes supposed to be three different gods themselves, and people ask them for rain, good crops, and children.

No pictures are ever made of the Highest Being, or of the first or second spirit. In this the Buriats are certainly superior to Europeans with regard to their philosophical judgment and conception of the Divinity. The existing pictures represent only the third spirit; his wife; their eldest son; and their eldest daughter. Without mentioning all the innumerable gods of the lesser orders revered by the Buriats, we will speak, however, of the eighteen sons and daughters of the eldest Tengeris, as

9. Compare *Genesis*, chap. iii: ". . . as one of us."

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they are supposed to gallop over the sky on their gray steeds and make the awful thunder of the steppe-tempests. We mention this tradition because its scope, its grandeur, and its force, resembling those of the Nibelungennöt, contrasts with the poor legend of the prophet Elijah speeding on his chariot through the storm-clouds when rumbles the thunder in certain Christian lands, as their peasants believe.

Irlik Namun Qûn,¹⁰ a descendant of the forty-four Tengeris, had three sons, and each of these sons came to earth and has his dwelling-place in the mountains on the frontier of the Buriat steppes and hill-country. It is needless to say that the Buriats worship at the beginning of the spring one of the Tengeris, supposed to govern rebirth in Nature, as do all other people at the same occasion and with the same idea, consciously or not.

I suppose that the idea of a man's life being in one place while his body is in another is common to all mythologies. The same idea occurs in the legends and religious beliefs of the Buriats, as illustrated by the tradition of Gesir Bogdo. In Mongol tales a man cannot die until his life is found and destroyed; no matter how mutilated be his body. The same idea is contained in the Slav mythology, however poor this may be. There is a very well known Russian myth of the '*Koshchey Without Death*;' this legendary being was not entirely without death; but this death was in a place 'apart from him'; probably the Norse tale about the 'Giant who had no heart in his body' is also related to the same cycle of traditions.

As to the fight fought by the Buriats' Burkan, or gods, we see again the famous myth of the 'War in Heaven' present in all the ancient and modern religions. With the Buriats the characteristic of all these battles and heroic deeds is that they were usually fought during nine days and nine nights. Evidently all the tales about Titans and their mutiny against the highest order of gods, as they occur so often in the mythological remnants of the trans-Baikalian tribes, have been drawn from the same archaic source as all the other legends belonging to the different races of the world.

The following story that I heard from an old 'wise' man of the Buriat border-land is certainly very suggestive and hides between the lines the dim memories of a sunken continent.

At first, in the beginning of the world, there was confusion here below, and great disorder. There were various vile creatures, called Mangathais. At a great council held by the Highest Being in the sky, a plan was adopted to destroy these evil creatures; one of the Tengeris said: "A *middle son* can pacify and set aside all this evil." The Highest Being had nine sons.

10. The belief in the successive Avatâras of an exalted Being is here obvious.

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He called the middle one, whose son, Gesir Bogdo, said to him: "I will go to the earth and destroy the evil creature if I get what I need from thee." The Highest Being gave him the hundred thousand tricks possessed by the Tengeris, and Gesir swallowed them and went to the earth. But he realized soon that he could not come down so simply; that he had *to be born* on earth. This he did.¹⁰ He chose an old woman and entered her head. When he was born, he said to the woman: "As I am born, all people will be born hereafter." From an ugly infant he grew to be a giant, and cleaned away all vile things on 'mother-earth,' destroying evil spirits and bad people. He burnt to the ground the chief *yurta* (or tent) of the Mangathais¹¹ and crushed them all with a huge hammer; the *yurta* sank into the ground and disappeared under the earth. Thus perished the Mangathais, "evil creatures that lived in a world preceeding this." Then Gesir Bogdo said to himself: "Now I will lie down and sleep. Let no one waken me. *I will sleep till again there be many harmful things, evil creatures in the world; then I will waken and destroy them!*"¹⁰

Gesir Bogdo sleeps now under a huge rock; all around is the great *taygá* (the virgin forest of Siberia) and the mystic silence of the infinite plains. When he turns from one side to the other, the earth trembles. The Russians call this trembling an 'earthquake,' but the Buriats know that it is Gesir Bogdo turning over.

It is certainly interesting to see how this old 'legend' of the destruction of a continent has been adapted to the conceptions of a nomad tribe.

It is not without interest to mention the tale I once heard from another 'wise' man about the origin of the Shamans.

The first spirit to emerge from the Highest Being in the Universe (Esege Malan) was Tabin Tabung Tengeri. From him came the fifty-five Tengeris. (It may be that some dim reminiscence of the doctrine of the first and the second Logos is to be found here.) One day it happened that the spirit of one of the fifty-five entered into a hailstone, fell to the earth, and was swallowed by a girl thirteen years of age, called Meluk Shin; the son she bore hereafter, called Ubugun, lived for three hundred years; he established the Buriat religion, known nowadays as Shamanism, gave the Buriats all their rites and prayers, and told them all about their gods and their own origin. Now, it is very important to say that, according to the words of the old man, *Ubugun is the same for the Buriats that Christ is for Christians*. He is called sometimes Mindiú.

Mindiú chose and consecrated the first one hundred and seventy-six Shamans, ninety-nine males and seventy-seven females. He was certainly the first Shaman himself. He commanded to pray to the heavenly spirits

11. 'Tent' meaning here evidently a whole continent.

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only, but the Shamans of later time have often forgotten his orders and prayed to the spirits of dead Shamans and to the *descended* Burkans, or gods.

Although the Shamans of today, or at least a certain part among them, are no more what they used to be in previous times, they are not, however, mere ministers of a dogmatic religion, or sorcerers, as the majority of travelers have written and told. They are still possessors of a hidden science, and guardians of a secret tradition, that they never will give out to the first man they meet. It is corroborated by the legend of their divine origin, but also by the different so-called 'miracles' they can perform, and which prove that they are in possession of a wide knowledge about occult forces and hidden powers of Nature.

There are two kinds of Shamans,—those appointed directly by Burkans, or gods, and those who have inherited from either the male or female branch of their family their right to be Shamans; this last case occurs when the father, mother, or grandparents, have been themselves consecrated Shamans. However, even the inherited right to be a Shaman must be confirmed by one of the Burkans in a special ceremony. A child or young person is acceptable to the Burkans when the spirit of a dead relative, a Shaman, comes while he is sleeping and takes his spirit to the residences of the Earthly and Heavenly Burkans, who conduct him through their mansions, show him their powers and forces and wealth, and give him a secret knowledge.

It depends upon the candidate himself how many years this education shall last. When it is finished, the spirit of the Shaman, *in the form of a flame*, strikes the student a heavy blow on the forehead. He falls to the ground, and when he becomes conscious again he is supposed to make an offering to the Burkans. After the end of his education he has to go through different trials lasting several years. Sometimes he is found unfit, and left aside by the Burkans. If he becomes Shaman, his first sacrifice is to the gods that abide in sacred groves; he officiates by request of the people. It is well known among the Buriats that when a Shaman speaks about the gods or about his ancestors and their work, it is not he himself who speaks but the *flame* or spirit which struck his forehead and *which speaks through him*. There is another ceremony, and a very complicated one, when the new Shaman becomes a 'Shaman in full.' This day is usually a day of great feasting in the village or in the tents on the immense steppes of the Buriat region.

There are several well-known stories in Russia about the *superhuman* powers developed by the Shamans. "They tell of Shamans who take a sharp stick called 'haribo,' thrust it in over one of their eyes to the depth of several inches, and ask some one to pull it out. To do so requires all

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the strength of a strong man, still the stick leaves no visible wound.” I heard a story-teller recounting how a Shaman calls the birds of heaven to come and sit on his shoulders; then he will put the back of his hands to his head and spread out his fingers, and immediately his head and fingers will be full of worms for the birds to eat. For those who have been among the Buriats it is obvious that almost every Shaman can dance on fire and not even the soles of his feet are burned. He is also able to handle red-hot iron, draw his hands over it and make sparks fly.

When the Russians came to Irkutsk and met Shamans for the first time, they certainly disbelieved in their powers and were opposed to the religious beliefs of the Buriats, as it often happens with Christians in face of another religion; jealous of the influence that the Shamans had (and still have) among the tribes of this nomad people, they tried to capture them and put them into a house where they locked every door; the Shamans, as reported, whispered a few words, spat, and the doors opened wide. Then they built a big fire and put one of the Shamans into it. The Shaman danced in the fire, because, as the Buriats believe, “the fire was for him just water,” and remained unhurt. The Russians then shot against him; he caught the bullets in his hands, held them out and said: “Here are your balls.” The story is told by a traveler, who might have been a witness of the strange scene.

There is no place here to enter into more details on the fascinating question of the Buriat religious beliefs and folk-lore. Suffice it to say once more that these traditions, these various legends and tales, show themselves the archaic source wherefrom they sprang; they are certainly modified according to the exigencies and characteristics of a nomad tribe, but they still contain enough of that primordial element, of that fundamental color, which make of them an added proof of the common origin shared by all the ancient traditions and beliefs. In studying these legends we can but strengthen our conviction

“. . . that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself. And, if it is shown that already in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then, it becomes evident that born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, p. 341



“THEOSOPHY seeks the one truth in all religions, in all science, in all experience, as in every system of thought. What aim can be nobler, more universal, more all-embracing.”— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE LAW NATURAL AND DIVINE

RALF LANESDALE

TO the orthodox Christian the universe is a product of the will of its creator, who is personally responsible for all that it contains, and who personally directs its life according to his own good will, making laws for that purpose as he thinks best. But to the modern scientist the universe is self-created, and self-governed by means of laws that arise spontaneously and which are subject to no higher will. These laws are called natural laws, to distinguish them from the divine laws of the Christian God. The chief difference between these two systems would appear to lie in the possibility of modification of the divine laws by the direct interference of the divine will on the one hand; and on the other in the immutability of natural law, which recognises no superior will.

The whole Christian Religion is based on the Will of God, which can be invoked by man in his own behalf: whereas the natural law of modern science is subject to no control by god or man. The Christian system is complicated by the admission of a great intelligence wholly evil and opposed to the authority of God, and also by a population of human creatures endowed with sufficient intelligence to be able to choose responsibly between the law of God and the will of evil. Added to this are hosts of spiritual beings obedient to one or other of these opposing powers, who either serve or oppose the purposes of man. Below the human kingdom there is no responsible intelligence.

Theosophy, which claims to be as old as intelligence in the universe, is not affected by the theories of modern science or religion; for all sciences and religions have their origin in Theosophy; and as the student comes nearer to the heart of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, so the inconsistencies of temporary systems of science or religion fall away, and their fundamental principles appear as modifications or misconceptions of the primitive Sacred Science.

In Theosophy there is no ultimate distinction between Divine Intelligence and Natural Law. But teachers of Theosophy in all ages have distinguished between those of their disciples who were qualified to understand the inner nature of things, and those who could not receive the inner teachings. For these latter the same truth was presented in allegory and symbol suited to the stage of intellectual evolution of the people.

Modern science and modern religion have not distinguished between

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the exoteric and esoteric schools, and so have confused the ancient teachings by 'letting down the bars,' and by failing to understand the limitations of the human mind on the one hand, and its power of receptivity to spiritual illumination on the other.

Theosophy teaches the essential spirituality of the universe, the potential divinity of man, the universality of consciousness: and on these fundamentals lays the foundation of that Universal Brotherhood which is the ideal state towards which we are evolving, along with all that is. There is no particle in the entire universe that is not a more or less material manifestation of divine law: which law is not imposed by any extracosmic god; but which is the spontaneous expression of the tendencies inherent in that particle, as in all else, but modified in each case by the degree of evolutionary development that has been reached.

In some religions all the various stages of evolution are presented exoterically as gods and demons, and celestial spirits, prophets, arhats, and so forth. And all these forces are depersonalized in modern science, and endowed with names as various as the Hindû gods, but to all of which intelligence is denied.

Some of the medieval scientists veiled their teachings so successfully as to make them ridiculous in the eyes of uninitiated students. Alchemy to the outsider appeared as the most flagrant charlatanism; yet the most advanced of modern scientists is only publishing in modern language some part of the secrets more or less unveiled to those who stood behind the veil some centuries ago. And these discoveries are as little understood as formerly by the general public, and are so horribly perverted in the uses they are put to, that one can but regret this indiscriminate 'profanation of the mysteries.'

Tradition has it that the Atlanteans had unveiled many of Nature's secrets and had mastered imperfectly many strange powers, which they put to evil uses as some moderns are doing openly today. And the tradition tells that Atlantis was for that reason destroyed and its science was obliterated. Civilization had failed; and Nature purged the earth of its infection. Shall this occur again?

Modern religion has almost lost its hold upon the people, and is utterly ignored by science; which recognises no control in its investigations, nor in the use to which its wonderful discoveries may be applied. 'The bars are down': and before long the 'jungle' will obliterate our civilization, unless men realize that there are *moral* laws, and *social* laws, and laws of *ethics* that cannot be violated with impunity, for they are Nature's laws, not made by man, and they are all part and parcel of the Law Divine; for Man and Nature and the Gods are all Divine in essence.

ON PUNISHMENT

R. MACHELL

IT is sometimes difficult to understand the support and approval still given by otherwise kindly and intelligent people to that relic of barbarism known as capital punishment. It is not sufficient to say that there is a streak of sheer cruelty in human nature that finds pleasure in the torture and destruction of other human beings: nor can the retention of this piece of stupidity in our penal code be justified by its practical utility as a deterrent.

To understand the survival of this ancient superstition one must look closely into human nature as it is revealed in the persons of ourselves and of our most respectable relations and friends. We know that there are good and respectable persons among our acquaintance who shrink from the killing of a fly, and who would look with horror on the slaughter of a pet dog, but whose sympathy closes 'with a snap' when there is question of the abolishment of capital punishment.

Some of these good people are no doubt moved by fear and by a belief in fear as a protective agent. I suppose they judge the criminal as they judge themselves and finding their own virtue fortified by fear of the consequences of vice they naturally believe that crimes of violence would be general if the fear of punishment were removed. They are not aware, most likely, that about ninety per cent. of such crimes in this country (U. S. A.) actually do go unpunished. Nor are they affected by the opinion of many criminologists to the effect that our system of official killing actually encourages crimes of violence.

I think that these respectable defenders of this part of our penal code are influenced by a belief that our system of retribution is divinely ordained for the protection of society, that it actually represents divine justice, and that society would go to pieces and 'we should all be murdered in our beds' if instead of killing and brutalizing those criminals that fall into the clutches of the law, society attempted to regenerate them. I have heard the proposal to treat criminals as lunatics denounced as an interference with divine justice. People whose minds work in this way evidently believe that the only system of compensation or of justice in the world is that devised by man, and that this system of punishment and reward is a true expression of the will of God. Of these two aspects of justice, punishment alone is positive; the reward of virtue being left to nature or to God is negative in man's hands.

The fear of punishment, to be really effective, must be regarded as

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infallible; and that is just what human punishment is not; the criminal hopes to escape the consequences of his crime, and so the law does not deter him from indulging his passions. The punishment is not, in his mind, inseparable from the crime. Amongst less civilized races, superstition does frequently endow the law with superhuman vindictiveness, but then human ingenuity can and does devise means to avert the doom, or to pacify the craving for revenge that does duty for divine justice.

There is a peculiarity in human nature that shows itself in this mad craving for revenge, and which is worth considering if only on account of its universality. A crime is committed: an injury is inflicted on some person or persons. Justice demands that the injured person be compensated and estimates the amount of the damage. Obviously, the payment of this assessment is judged as full compensation, and there the matter should end. But here comes in the peculiarity I spoke of: the public, or its representative, demands more: it desires to see the offender punished as well as the sufferer compensated.

Punishment is evidently something different from compensation. I have known people who would willingly spend time and money far beyond the estimated value of the damage sustained to bring home punishment to the offender. That is to say they were more anxious to see some one else suffer than to receive compensation for their own injuries. What can be the explanation of such vindictiveness? Has it foundation in natural law?

What do we mean by punishment? and why do people not directly affected by some crime clamor so loudly for the punishment of the criminal, a punishment that will not apparently benefit anyone at all, but will satisfy a craving for revenge or will pacify an offended deity?

There is serious need for a clearer comprehension of man's relation to his fellow-man, to humanity as a whole, and to his accepted god or gods. There is confusion on these points, and there is no generally accepted authority to be appealed to. Until Theosophy is understood and accepted this confusion will continue.

Theosophy answers all such questions. Man's relation to man and to the universe is that of Universal Brotherhood based on the Spiritual Unity of the universe, and his life is a manifestation of Karma, which as a Law is just the relation of effect to cause. The law of Karma brings about harmony by readjustment of disturbed conditions. The law of Karma is not vindictive but is absolutely just, being inherent in every particle of the universe. Man carries with him his own reward and punishment. He makes his own heaven or hell.

This natural power or law of Karma being inherent in the elements of man's nature will naturally produce in a human mind some fundamental

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ideas of Justice and law and order, however ignorant that mind may be. But these latent principles cannot be rightly interpreted in an ill-balanced mind, and may be warped out of all semblance of justice by the influence of personal passion, or personal prejudice. Besides which, a man who is not self-mastered is under the influence of a whole set of animal instincts and desires, that may appear to him to be of divine origin; whereas they are more correctly described as inversions and distorted reflexions of impulses higher in origin but now demoniac: for man can sink lower than the animals, if he does not rise to his true height and recognise his own divine Self as the master over his animal nature.

Thus a man may feel in every particle of his nature an instinctive reverence for Justice, which is the rule of order, or the 'fitness of things': but he may not understand himself and he may confuse this high quality of Justice with his personal desire for revenge or even with his unrecognised and brutal love of cruelty: and so he may clamor for the punishment of a criminal who has not wronged him personally. Then, being ignorant of the law of Karma, he may fear that the culprit if not punished by man will go scot free. This thought may shock his instinctive respect for Justice, and also it may disappoint his lower nature by depriving it of the assurance that some one will be made to suffer by way of vicarious revenge.

It is probable that martyrdom owes much of its popularity as a public entertainment to a combination of similar motives heightened by a sense of superiority and the assurance of divine approval. And yet it is written: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." This was said by the same god who declared, according to the scriptures, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," etc., and one might think the worshippers of such a jealous god would hesitate to encroach on his prerogatives.

But interpret these stories by the light of Theosophy and you may find in some of them an allegorical statement of a highly philosophical doctrine. Substitute the impersonal law of Karma for the jealous god and you may find a statement of the infallibility of natural law neither cruel nor capricious in its inevitable justice. Those who have once realized the might and majesty of natural law will look with pity on those who are so eager to assume the divine prerogative of Justice and to add a little of their own for good measure in the punishment of criminals.

Nay, I think rather if we could realize how inevitable is the justice of these natural laws we would do all in our power to rescue the ignorant from the consequences of ignorance by teaching them to understand the law of life and helping them to adjust their own lives so as to be in accord

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with nature. We may leave severe punishment where it belongs, with nature, and then devote our energies to the establishment of schools of prevention, in which young students should learn the great art of self-control, and where Brotherhood should be the rule of life, and co-operation take the place of competition.

Study Theosophy, and you will see that it is more profitable to educate the young than to punish the guilty, for the second will be unnecessary.

A LAND OF MYSTERY

BY H. P. BLAVATSKY

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Continued from last issue

IN the Jeguatepegue valley in Peru, in 7° 24' S. latitude, four miles north of the port of Pacasmayo is the Jeguatepegue river. Near it, beside the southern shore, is an elevated platform 'one fourth of a mile square and forty feet high, all of adobes' or sun-burned bricks. A wall of fifty feet in width connects it with another, 150 feet high, 200 feet across the top, and 500 at the base, nearly square. This latter was built in sections of rooms, ten feet square at the base, six feet at the top and about eight feet high. All of this same class of mounds — temples to worship the sun, or fortresses, as they may be — have on the northerly side an incline for an entrance. Treasure-seekers have cut into this one about half-way, and it is said \$150,000 worth of gold and silver ornaments were found." Here many thousands of men were buried, and beside the skeletons were found in abundance ornaments of gold, silver, copper, coral beads, etc. . . .

"On the north side of the river are the extensive ruins of a walled city, two miles wide by six long. . . . Follow the river to the mountains. All along you pass ruin after ruin and huaca after huaca," (burial places). At Tolon there is another ruined city. Five miles further up the river, "there is an isolated boulder of granite, four and six feet in its diameters, covered with hieroglyphics; fourteen miles further, a point of mountain at the junction of two ravines is covered to a height of more than fifty feet with the same class of hieroglyphics — birds, fishes, snakes, cats, monkeys, men, sun, moon, and many odd and now unintelligible forms. The rock on which these are cut is a silicated sandstone, and many of the

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lines are an eighth of an inch deep. In one large stone there are three holes twenty to thirty inches deep, six inches in diameter at the orifice and two at the apex. . . . At Anchi, on the Rimac river, upon the face of a perpendicular wall 200 feet above the river bed, there are two hieroglyphics, representing an imperfect B and a perfect D. In a crevice below them, near the river, were found buried \$25,000 worth of gold and silver; when the Incas learned of the murder of their chief, what did they do with the gold they were bringing for his ransom? Rumor says they buried it. . . . May not these markings at Yonan tell something, since they are on the road and near to the Inca city?"

The above was published in November, 1878. When in October, 1877, in my work *Isis Unveiled* (Vol. I, p. 595) I gave a legend which, for circumstances too long to explain, I hold to be perfectly trustworthy, relating to these same buried treasures for the Inca's ransom, a journal more satirical than polite classed it with the tales of Baron Münchhausen. The secret was revealed to me by a Peruvian. At Arica, going from Lima, there stands an enormous rock which tradition points to as the tomb of the Incas.

As the last rays of the setting sun strike the face of the rock, one can see curious hieroglyphics inscribed upon it. These characters form one of the landmarks that show how to get at the immense treasures buried in subterranean corridors. The details are given in "Isis," and I will not repeat them. Strong corroborative evidence is now found in more than one recent scientific work; and the statement may be less pooh-poohed now than it was then. Some miles beyond Yonan on a ridge of a mountain 700 feet above the river are the walls of another city. Six and twelve miles further are extensive walls and terraces; seventy-eight miles from the coast, "you zigzag up the mountain side 7000 feet, then descend 2000," to arrive at Caxamalca, the city where, unto this day, stands the house in which Atahualpa, the unfortunate Inca was held prisoner by the treacherous Pizarro. It is the house which the Inca "promised to fill with gold as high as he could reach, in exchange for his liberty," in 1532; he did fill it, with \$17,500,000 worth of gold, and so kept his promise. But Pizarro, the ancient swineherd of Spain and the worthy acolyte of the priest Hernando de Luque, murdered him notwithstanding his pledge of honor. Three miles from this town, "there is a wall of unknown make, cemented; the cement is harder than stone itself. . . . At Chepen there is a mountain with a wall twenty feet high, the summit being almost entirely artificial. Fifty miles south of Pacasmayo, between the seaport of Huanchaco and Truxillo, are the ruins of Chan-Chan, the capital city of the Chimoa kingdom. . . . The road from the port to the city crosses these ruins, entering by a causeway about four feet from

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the ground, and leading from one great mass of ruins to another; beneath this is a tunnel." Be they forts, castles, palaces, or burial mounds called 'huacas,' all bear the name 'huaca.' Hours of wandering on horseback among these ruins give only a confused idea of them, nor can any explorers there point out what were palaces and what were not. . . . The highest enclosures must have cost an immense amount of labor.

To give an idea of the wealth found in the country by the Spaniards, we copy the following, taken from the records of the municipality in the city of Truxillo, by Mr. Heath. It is a copy of the accounts that are found in the book of Fifths of the Treasury in the years 1577 and 1578, of the treasures found in the 'Huaca of Toledo,' by one man alone.

First: In Truxillo, Peru, on the 22nd of July, 1577, Don Gracia Gutierrez de Toledo presented himself at the royal treasury, to give into the royal chest a fifth. He brought a bar of gold 19 carats ley and weighing 2400 Spanish dollars, of which the fifth being 408 dollars, together with 1½ per cent. to the chief assayer, were deposited in the royal box.

Second: On the 12th of December he presented himself with five bars of gold, 15 and 19 carats ley, weighing 8918 dollars.

Third: On the 7th of January, 1578, he came with his fifth of large bars and plates of gold, one hundred and fifteen in number, 15 to 20 carats ley, weighing 153,280 dollars.

Fourth: On the 8th of March he brought sixteen bars of gold, 14 to 21 carats ley, weighing 21,118 dollars.

Fifth: On the 5th of April he brought different ornaments of gold, being little belts of gold and patterns of corn-heads and other things, of 14 carats ley, weighing 6,272 dollars.

Sixth: On the 20th of April he brought three small bars of gold, 20 carats ley, weighing 4170 dollars.

Seventh: On the 12th of July he came with forty-seven bars, 14 to 21 carats ley, weighing 77,312 dollars.

Eighth: On the same day he came back with another portion of gold and ornaments of corn-heads and pieces of effigies of animals, weighing 4704 dollars.

"The sum of these eight bringings amounted to 278,174 gold dollars or Spanish ounces. Multiplied by sixteen gives 4,450,784 silver dollars. Deducting the royal fifth, 985,953.75 dollars, left 3,464,830.25 dollars as Toledo's portion! Even after this great haul, effigies of different animals of gold were found from time to time. Mantles, also adorned with square pieces of gold, as well as robes made with feathers of divers colors were dug up. There is a tradition that in the huaca of Toledo there were two treasures, known as the great and little fish. The smaller only has

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been found. Between Huaco and Supe, the latter being 120 miles north of Callao, near a point called Atahuangri, there are two enormous mounds, resembling the Campana and San Miguel, of the Huatic Valley, soon to be described. About five miles from Patavilca (south and near Supe) is a place called 'Paramonga' or the fortress. The ruins of a fortress of great extent are here visible, the walls are of tempered clay, about six feet thick. The principal building stood on an eminence, but the walls were continued to the foot of it, like regular circumvallations; the ascent winding round the hill like a labyrinth, having many angles, which probably served as outworks to defend the place. In this neighborhood much treasure has been excavated, all of which must have been concealed by the pre-historic Indian, as we have no evidence of the Incas ever having occupied this part of Peru after they had subdued it."

Not far from Ancon on a circuit of six to eight miles, "on every side you see skulls, legs, arms, and whole skeletons lying about in the sand. . . . At Parmayo, fourteen miles further down north," and on the sea-shore, is another great burying-ground. Thousands of skeletons lie about, thrown out by the treasure seekers. It has more than half a mile of cutting through it. . . . It extends up the face of the hill from the sea-shore to the height of about 800 feet. . . . Whence come these hundreds and thousands of people, who are buried at Ancon? Time and time again the archaeologist finds himself face to face with such questions, to which he can only shrug his shoulders and say with the natives, "Quien Sabe?" who knows?

Dr. Hutchinson writes, under date of Oct. 30, 1872, in the *South Pacific Times*: "I am come to the conclusion that Chancay is a great city of the dead, or has been an immense ossuary of Peru; for go where you will, on mountain top or level plain, or by the seaside, you meet at every turn skulls and bones of all descriptions."

In the Huatica Valley, which is an extensive ruin, there are seventeen mounds, called 'huacas,' although, remarks the writer, "they present more the form of fortresses or castles than burying-grounds." A triple wall surrounded the city. These walls are often three yards in thickness and from fifteen to twenty feet high. To the east of these is the enormous mound called Huaca of Pando . . . and the great ruins of fortresses, which natives entitle Huaca of the Bell. *La campana*, the Huaca of Pando, consisting of a series of large and small mounds, and extending over a stretch of ground incalculable without being measured, form a colossal accumulation. The mound 'Bell' is 110 feet high. Towards Callao, there is a square plateau (278 yards long and 96 across) having on the top eight gradations of declivity, each from one to two yards lower than its neighbor, and making a total in length and breadth of about 278 yards,

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according to the calculation of J. B. Steere, of Michigan, Professor of Natural History.

The square plateau first mentioned at the base consists of two divisions . . . each measuring a perfect square 47 to 48 yards; the two joining form the square of 96 yards. Besides this is another square of 47 to 48 yards. On the top returning again, we find the same symmetry of measurement in the multiples of twelve, nearly all the ruins in this valley being the same, which is a fact for the curious. Was it by accident or design? . . . The mound is a truncated pyramidal form, and is calculated to contain a mass of 14,641,820 cubic feet of material. . . . The 'Fortress' is a huge structure, 80 feet high and 150 yards in measurement. Great large square rooms show their outlines on the top but are filled with earth. Who brought this earth here, and with what object was the filling-up accomplished? The work of obliterating all space in these rooms with loose earth must have been almost as great as the construction of the building itself. . . . Two miles south, we find another similar structure, more spacious and with a greater number of apartments. . . . It is nearly 170 yards in length, and 168 in breadth, and 98 feet high. The whole of these ruins . . . were enclosed by high walls of adobes — large mud bricks, some from 1 to 2 yards in thickness, length and breadth. The 'huaca' of the 'Bell' contains about 20,220,840 cubic feet of material, while that of 'San Miguel' has 25,650,800. These two buildings with their terraces, parapets, and bastions, with a large number of rooms and squares — are now filled up with earth!

Near 'Mira Flores' is Ocheran — the largest mound in the Huatica Valley. It has 95 feet of elevation and a width of 55 yards on the summit, and a total length of 428 yards, or 1284 feet, *another multiple of twelve*. It is enclosed by a double wall, 816 yards in length by 700 across, thus enclosing 117 acres. Between Ocharas and the ocean are from 15 to 20 masses of ruins like those already described.

The Inca temple of the Sun, like the temple of Cholula on the plains of Mexico, is a sort of vast terraced pyramid of earth. It is from 200 to 300 feet high, and forms a semi-lunar shape that is beyond half a mile in extent. Its top measures about 10 acres square. Many of the walls are washed over with red paint, and are as fresh and bright as when centuries ago it was first put on. . . . In the Cañete Valley, opposite the Chincha Guano Islands are extensive ruins, described by Squier. From the hill called 'Hill of Gold,' copper and silver pins were taken, like those used by ladies to pin their shawls; also tweezers for pulling out the hair of the eyebrows, eyelids, and whiskers, as well as silver cups.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF KALANDA

P. A. MALPAS

II

TAXILA



THE days that followed were a dream of ever-recurring delight to Kalanda. The kaleidoscope of the Grand Trunk Road across India from Pâtaliputra to the Khyber Pass filled his boyish brain with a thousand gaily tinted pictures of Romance and Adventure. Truly the old Brâhmana, his teacher, had known his business when he had decided that the best education for his favorite pupil was travel.

And if the Brâhmana had held one or two secret interviews with Lala, the elephant-keeper, and 'coincidences' of a refractory Hari and the demand for Kalanda to accompany him had followed, what concern is that of anyone but the Brâhmana and Lala? The Brâhmana's prophecy had come true to a dot, and if he had taken precautions to *make* it come true, why quarrel with him? Kalanda was happy and his faith in his teacher had been strengthened; that is always desirable when the teacher is a good one. If some day, later, Kalanda should find a greater teacher, he would be so much to the good in knowing enough to trust him the more implicitly.

It was a great day when the elephants entered the Royal Camp at Taxila. Such a brave show of tents and richly caparisoned horses and dashing cavaliers as the Indian army made! It brought forth but one comment from Kalanda. "And I too, am a soldier," he said proudly.

Such display of wealth and panoply of war has seldom been seen as was gathered there in that far north-west corner of India. The power of India was there and the Greeks and Persians must be impressed at first sight. Meanwhile, officially, this was no army of war, but a grand Durbar, a Royal Review. There must be no provocation of the foreigners, for the King was no seeker of blood, but would be ready should need demand.

The King, the Mahârâja Chandragupta-Aśoka, was like a god among men to Kalanda. And not to Kalanda alone. For the Hindûs worshiped him from coast to coast and from the Himâlayas almost to Ceylon. He was the head of one of the greatest empires the world had ever seen. Kalanda hoped one day to catch a glimpse of the mighty Mahârâja, and then his cup of happiness and devotion would be full.

Months passed in the journey and in waiting and preparations for whatever might be the event of the clash with the coming Greeks. Kalan-

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da was now thirteen and growing fast. His army-training was making a man of him and he was hardly the same Kalanda whom we knew in Pâtaliputra not so many months ago. There were drills and parades and ceremonials; there was fodder to procure, sick elephants to tend, accoutrements to look after; and it was necessary to keep in repair the cloths for adorning the elephants. At times there would be a journey with some high officer to a neighboring state; sometimes they would be in camp for weeks together without much diversion; but Kalanda never had an idle moment and the intoxication of camp-life kept his energies ever on the boil.

Alexander had at last arrived at the edge of India. Unfortunately the histories we have are written by irresponsible Greeks and are all but worthless. The Alexander that came to Taxila was the same high-spirited young man of whom we read, but his circumstances were hardly the same. There were many Persian allies and Alexander had actually begun to transform himself into a Persian. In the end he rather overdid the matter, but that story comes later.

Alexander was himself as full of spirit and energy as a boy — he was only thirty and knew nothing of an old soldier's caution. He went to excess in everything. If he exceeded the energy and bravery of his best generals, he also exceeded their lack of self-control and seemed likely to kill himself with drink and gluttony and other pleasures of a more questionable character.

So when he burst with his host of Macedonians and Persians and auxiliaries onto the plains of the Indus he was the only one who desired to press forward. His officers and generals protested strongly against marching on; others had had enough of the desert and mountains and their hardships; they had been away from Greece too long and wanted to go home; things in Babylon were reported to be going badly; the governors left behind had decided that they would never see Alexander again and were letting the empire run to riot; altogether the enthusiasm of Alexander was at a discount and he must either curb his spirit of enterprise and go back or face a discontented army.

He had his way in going to Taxila, the modern Attock, as we may say loosely. There came the pinch. Nominally the Râjâ of Attock had been a vassal of Darius the Persian and therefore Taxila was nominally Alexander's, or at least he claimed it. But the claim was very vague. On the other hand, Chandragupta rightly claimed Taxila as his vassal kingdom. It was really Indian. So for that matter were Afghanistan and Beluchisthân, but they had long been regarded as dependencies of Babylon and the point was not insisted upon.

So the two armies met. But there was no talk of war as yet, though

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excitement ran high among the vast concourse of Hindûs. Outwardly, all was calm as a review on a summer day at Aldershot or West Point, but beneath the surface there seethed a world of emotions as East met West and West met East. So much might depend on the result of the meeting.

It was then that a curious thing happened to Kalanda — nothing less than that the great Emperor of the World (for the Hindûs India was the world, and all the other countries mere suburbs) sent for him. And wonder of wonders, Hari was to go with him to the Royal enclosure!

Now at last Kalanda was to see the glory and splendor of the greatest man in all the world. Not perhaps a real palace, but as much of a palace as a king might have in the field. Kalanda's white teeth showed and his eyes sparkled at the glory of the adventure. He could hardly believe it to be true. And then what should the great Chandragupta, the worshiped hero of all India, want with a little boy who had only come with the army by accident?

With another officer of senior rank — for they had made Kalanda an officer in spite of his years, though only a subordinate one as yet — Kalanda took old Hari to the great enclosure in the center of the plain. Even Hari seemed to know what was in the wind, for he walked more sedately and proudly than he had ever done. His embroidered trappings had cost a mint of money but he was royally clothed. And the howdah on his back was the last word in gorgeous luxury. Still, Lala had his doubts. Were the trappings of Hari, gorgeous as they were, fit to display before the Emperor, the Mahârâja, on this special occasion?

All the barriers between Kalanda and Chandragupta melted like snow in the desert as the magic word was passed that he had been sent for. With slow and stately pace old Hari took the lad to the very door of the Royal tent — Lala walked beside them and Kalanda had the proud consciousness of being in command of his huge mount.

Then Hari stopped and with astonishingly little ceremony Kalanda was ushered into the Presence. He prostrated himself to the ground before the one who received him, and being bidden, rose to his feet again. He had a feeling of extraordinary elation as the tall, grave, majestic Mahârâja, the Ruler of All the World that Mattered, spoke to him face to face. There was an awe in his heart such as he had never dreamed possible to feel even if he had been in the most wonderful palace in the world. And Chandragupta's eyes seemed to pierce him through and through. Kalanda was speechless. Fortunately he was not expected to speak until addressed. But . . . Where, oh where was all the glory and panoply of state? Where the Royal robes? Where the palatial furnishings of the Royal tent? Where . . . ?

Chandragupta was more simply dressed than Kalanda himself. In a

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white robe and wearing a white turban the great King was far more majestic than any fancy robes could make him. And as for his surroundings, there was not a mess in the camp that could be more simple or plainer. Just a couch for sleeping, a table and a few seats, a writing-desk, two or three scented wooden chests, and that was all. It seemed incredible. And yet Kalanda felt a far greater reverence for this simple severity than ever he could have felt for all the glory of Solomon had he known of it.

The officer who had brought him to Chandragupta silently left the tent, and they were alone.

“So you are the son of Nanda! He was a brave man and a good soldier.” — There was something very winning about the kind tone of the great Emperor. Kalanda saw his gentle smile and at once was won over. All his fear had gone and he felt as if he were in the presence of a friend of all the world.

“Yes, your Majesty, they call me Kalanda the son of Nanda. He was a soldier.”

“And you would be a soldier too? You are a soldier!”

“Your Majesty, I am a Kshatriya!” And Kalanda spoke with a finality as if that settled the whole matter. He was of the soldier-caste and a soldier he was, nothing less.

“Can you fight?”

“Not yet, but soon I shall be able to, and then I will!” stoutly answered the boy. He did not realize that the quiet manner of the Emperor was drawing him out.

“But there are more ways of fighting, Kalanda, than with the sword and spear. Do you know it?”

“Your Majesty, I know it. My mother says that even a man who can speak a foreign tongue may save an army in the enemy’s country.”

“Well done! I see, Kalanda, that your mother is a Kshatriya, too!”

The boy’s heart was bursting with pleasure to hear his father and mother so praised by no less a person than the Ruler of India.

“Now Kalanda, you are too small to fight with a sword in the Royal army. But you have heard that the Mahârâja fights not with swords and spears when he can avoid it, but with the weapon of the Great Law that governs the world.”

“Your Majesty, thus have I heard!” — It was the modest Buddhist phrase.

“Then, Kalanda, I want you to fight a battle with me against the great Alexander, who after all, is only a Greek barbarian from the West. I want you to come with me to meet him and do exactly what I tell you. Will you remember?”

“I will remember and I will do it.”

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“Where is Hari?” next asked Chandragupta.

This extraordinary man knew everything! Truly he was the great Mahârâja, the Emperor. Who else should know about his father and mother and even Hari?

“Hari is outside the tent, your Majesty.”

“Then this is what I want you to do. I have heard that you can make Hari do many wonderful things and I want you to take me on his back to meet the Greek Yavana, El Iksander. You shall show that you can make Hari do anything and let the Greeks know the power an Indian boy has over such a great beast. Then leave the rest to me and you will win a battle for India greater than an army could win. Now I want you to go outside and show me all the tricks you can do with Hari. Tell the messenger at the tent-door to have them send for fruit or whatever reward you give to Hari, and then he will do his best.”

Always the thought for others, even animals!

The motive was serious enough, but the performance was delightfully comic and interesting. Hari was as good as gold and acted as if he knew he was on trial before the Mahârâja, doing his tricks in the most polished way. Kalanda was in the clouds of delight and he also surpassed himself in his perfect command over his huge mount. That evening Hari was so well rewarded that he would have liked to perform before Chandragupta every day and all day if he could have had his way.

It was a glorious circus-turn and little Kalanda did the honors to his heart's content. Lala was there, but Kalanda would have been even more pleased if his mother could have been transported a thousand miles to see his triumph.

Then they were dismissed. Kalanda could hardly sleep for thinking of the kind way the great Emperor had received him and talked to him. To him it was all just a great game; it never occurred to him that destiny was using these things to shape his future along strange lines. But the Emperor was ‘one who knew’ and perhaps he realized well enough the general purport of these rare adventures for the little schoolboy from Pâtaliputra.

Then came the great day. A place was chosen between the two camps, that of Alexander and Chandragupta, and the two monarchs met as perfect equals. Complete simplicity was the keynote of Chandragupta's attendant party — simplicity and obvious efficiency. Alexander, on the other hand, displayed a curious mixture of barbarous splendor and warlike preparation. His officers were serious-looking men, warworn and tired-looking, though Alexander himself had a perfectly extraordinary power of recuperation. And he needed it, for his habits were enough to

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try severely the physique of even stronger men than he; yet he was a vigorous young man of thirty in the flower of his age and trained to war in the tremendous march from Macedonia to the edge of India.

He was not above a display of wealth. Had he not recently captured the treasure of centuries of saving in one of the most luxurious empires the world ever knew? It was calculated at seventy-five million pounds — equivalent in purchasing power to many times the amount today. Quite possibly this enormous booty weighed in the scale against his desire to push on into the unknown. His officers had had enough of hardship for the time being, and they may well have argued that they needed not to progress for the sake of acquiring more wealth. However that might have been, Alexander was ready to go forward, but those behind him most heartily wished themselves at home and were ready to accept the least excuse to return.

Chandragupta was not as other men. Subtil when he wanted to be, he was at the right time most disconcertingly direct. Others might have prolonged negotiations for months and then not have avoided war, but Chandragupta tore out the heart of the situation and settled it in a day.

Alexander claimed Taxila. Chandragupta had it. Alexander's claim was that he had succeeded Darius by conquest and Darius had held Taxila under tribute to him. Chandragupta clearly showed that Darius had only done so by force, not right. Therefore, if Alexander wanted Taxila or any part of it, he could buy it; and things would go on as before. Alexander had to show something for his tremendous enterprise and to be able to demonstrate that he had 'penetrated' India. His officers were to a man in favor of this solution of the problem. There was a withdrawal for consultation.

Truth to tell, Alexander was in a flighty mood. The opposition on the part of his generals had thrown him off his balance a little. It would not be fair to say that he was not sober, but he was in a rather irresponsible frame of mind. Given his own way he would have said "Go on, though the heavens fall!"

But his generals had sized up the Indian army with no inexperienced eye and they saw that they had to deal with discipline and sober economy under a real leader of men.

The negotiations broke off for an interval for dinner and discussion. The Macedonians were free from the serious things of life for an hour or two and they took the greatest interest in the Indian bodyguard. It was then that Kalanda, according to instructions given beforehand, made Hari go through his best tricks, not the least of which was a display of his tremendous strength in pulling down a heavy structure of wooden beams that had been built on the Indian side of the enclosure.

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Alexander himself was like a schoolboy at the sight. Elephants they had seen, but the way Kalanda handled his huge protégé was something quite new to them. The Indians, as they had been warned, remained impassive as though such feats were everyday matters and as if every Indian boy could move such a mountain of an animal as Hari with equal ease.

In Alexander's tent the debate was very heated, but at last he had to give way. On one thing he insisted; he must have something to show his claim to have entered India (the India we know) and to have returned with honor, and not by forced retreat. So he agreed to pay a rent for certain lands which had paid tribute to Darius and could thus claim that he had 'conquered' a part of India. The Greeks were ever a subtil race in their claims.

For himself Alexander demanded one other proof of Chandragupta's friendship. He must have Kalanda and Hari!

Chandragupta willingly consented. But he made a point of asking Kalanda if he would do this service for India and demanded that Lala should go with him. The whole Indian party with Hari was in charge of the wise Râma-Sinha, Kalanda was to be treated as an officer and a soldier on the guarantee of Alexander's right hand; if Hari died, or after three years, when the Greeks would have had ample time to learn to care for him, Kalanda and Lala and the rest were to be given perfect freedom to go home and every facility to do so in the shape of transport and military protection.

Alexander was hugely delighted at the acquisition of his new toy. As for Kalanda, his head was in a whirl of excitement. He was to be a soldier for India in reality! This was one of the things of which his mother had told him when she said that other things than fighting might fall to a soldier's duty.

But the great disappointment was that Kalanda actually *liked* Alexander, who treated him as a favorite son.

And he had hoped to bring Alexander's head home on a spear!

(To be continued)



“It is wiser for Theosophists to study the doctrine of Brotherhood and its application, to purify their motives and actions, so that after patient work for many lives if necessary in the great cause of humanity, they may at last reach that point where all knowledge and all power will be theirs by right.”

— *W. Q. Judge*