

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“A SOUL which is conversant with virtue is like an ever-flowing spring, for it is pure and quiet and life-giving and sweet and friendly and rich and without danger and free from mischief.”

— *A Fragment of Epictetus*

APE OR ADAM?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

T the time of writing, the interesting and curious Ape-or-Adam trial is going on in Tennessee. The outcome, whatever it may be, will perhaps be known before this is published; but in any case a few remarks will be apposite.

This country, or shall we call it continent, contains people living in the mental state of a century or two ago; side by side with modern people. The former are a long way from realizing the modern attitude, that, however much science may discover, there is as much need as ever for postulating divine powers in the world — nay, more need, we think; for what science discovers is more proofs of divine power and wisdom. If we find a contradiction between our ideas and the facts, we must change our ideas, not try to suppress the facts. If the God we have been imagining is too small to fit in with what we know to be true, we must enlarge our conception of God.

False issues are of course raised: confusion between what is true and what is either false or mere speculation, in science. Fluctuating ideas as to what the religious side of the controversy maintains. Scientific men often scornfully deny that science teaches the descent of man from anthropoid apes: both man and ape, they say, came from some ‘common ancestor.’ Yet, in the experience of the present writer, other men claiming to speak for science are continually asserting that man did spring from the apes. So there is need for an authoritative statement as to just what science does teach in this matter.

May we hope that this trial will at least help to clarify these various issues in the public mind? It will at all events diffuse a knowledge of the evolution-theories, and also of some ‘religious’ doctrines, among people who have scarcely heard of them, or at least never reflected on them.

Neither Occidental religion nor European-American science have got the truth concerning the origin of the different kingdoms and classes and genera of natural beings, or concerning their evolutionary derivation. Science has established the existence of a graduated scale of forms, showing that gaps in the present scale can be filled by forms now extinct but whose fossils are found. But the mode of transition from one form to another is obscure, and facts are often woefully lacking in support of theories. To understand these questions it is needful that we should greatly enlarge the scope of our vision, not restricting it to the physical plane alone, but taking also into account other planes of nature, which,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

while objective and material in other degrees, are not *physical*. The universe cannot adequately be conceived as a wholly physical organism presided over by a single deity. There must be range upon range of life-forms, of varying degrees of materiality, intervening between the universal Spirit and its most outward manifestation.

The spirit of Occidental religion and the spirit of European-American science are often contrasted, as though they formed an eternal duality; but each one needs more of the spirit of the other. If, on the one hand, that religion has been too much divorced from knowledge, so on the other hand the ideas of obligation and reverence have been too little recognised in that science. Theosophy alone today gives the key to the problems of being, spiritual and physical; and seekers for that key are referred to our standard literature. Theosophy satisfies both head and heart.

IS MAN ONLY A MONKEY SHAVED?

C. J. RYAN



WHILE a couple of friends were walking round a Natural History museum the other day, their attention was attracted by the prominence given to a series of plaster busts representing brutalized, half-ape, and 'primitive Stone-Age' individuals supposed to be our ancestors. They were arranged so that the most animal-looking types came first. Gorillas and similar creatures were placed nearby.

Thomas's eye flashed when he saw them. "What an object-lesson to some of our idealistic friends who live in the clouds and dare not face actual facts!" he exclaimed. "Look at these homely creatures and be humble, O conceited Man! They were your grandsires not so long ago, and we haven't moved very far since our arboreal ancestors were swinging by their tails in the jungle. This is the place to take the conceit out of a man who talks about the 'dignity of man' and all that foolishness. Scientists are now unanimously agreed that every organ of the body and faculty of the mind can be traced directly to the apes, and that it is nothing but our self-conceit, or sentimentality, or the lingering superstitions of the Middle Ages, that prevents us from admitting that we are just animals, monkeys shaved and manicured a bit. 'Natural Selection' and the 'Survival of the Fittest' explain everything. Of course, all the twaddle about the immortality of the soul goes by the board once you understand that. These busts will do a heap of good."

"Sorry to disagree with you, old man," replied Allen, "but you are

IS MAN ONLY A MONKEY SHAVED?

wrong in principle and misinformed as to the facts. Man is infinitely more than the beast — though I willingly admit that he can descend to lower levels than any beast when his passions control his reason — and scientists are not by any means unanimous about the principles of Evolution and the origin of man. ‘Natural Selection,’ the discovery which made Darwin, and to a degree, Wallace, famous, was hailed in the ‘sixties as the key to the situation, but now it is known to be quite a subordinate factor. It originates nothing; it only weeds out forms that cannot thrive under the conditions; it produces no varieties. As Huxley pointed out, if a fertile valley became arid, Natural Selection would simply eliminate the higher forms of life, and nothing would thrive but lowly creatures like scorpions and lizards and cactuses which could acclimatize themselves easily. The blind action of changes of environment so-called Selection — would let the *fittest* survive but not the ‘best,’ *i. e.*, the most sensitive and intelligent.”

“But Natural Selection is a factor, and the best have survived — at least so we think.”

“Yes. But we are finding out that the progress of Evolution ‘from the jelly-fish to the octopus and so on to the highly intelligent and affectionate dog and beyond’ is not sufficiently explained by mechanical and blind *siftings-out*. There must be a directing impulse, something real, an actual intelligent consciousness of some kind, leading steadily onward to ‘some far-off, divine event.’ You do not seem to know the mass of difficulties in the way of accepting blind Natural Selection as the method of progressive Evolution. Did you ever think how the bat presumably an ordinary four-legged, ground-running animal at first — developed its membranous wings by ‘chance variations’? As a matter of fact the individuals whose claws began to show a tendency to become webbed would actually be hindered in the ‘struggle for existence.’ The embryo wings would be no use at all in the first generations until they were large enough to provide some support in the air, so there would be no question of the Survival of the Fittest by Natural Selection in the evolution of the bat. Some other explanation is needed.

“The problem of the young cuckoo living in the nest of another kind of bird, whose eggs it throws out by a specially provided hollow in its back, is another of the many which the blind-force theories admittedly cannot solve. Have you read Fabre, the great French naturalist and observer of insects, whose researches have given a death-blow to the Natural Selection as a convincing explanation of the evolution of insect-life?”

“Well, whatever you may think of the causes of evolutionary progress, if you accept it at all,” replied Thomas, “you surely cannot deny the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

evidence for the descent of man from some kind of ape? The whole thing hangs together; it is perfectly simple. There is the line of progress from the lowest forms, right up through the fishes, reptiles, mammals, with the man-like apes at the top: then come the half-animal men developing into the more advanced races until we reach our position today. Look at these carvings of ape-men, and those diagrams. Everybody knows that we have nearly all the links complete in the chain."

"My dear fellow," said Allen, "I see you have been reading popular scientific articles in the Sunday Editions or in the brief handbooks to Evolution which gloss over the difficulties. Go to the original works of the leading men, and you will find many things that will surprise you, one of which is that the line of progress is not a straight one at all, but is filled with complexities and unsurmounted difficulties. For one obstacle that is surmounted ten worse ones spring up. In regard to these very sculptures of bestial men we are looking at, which actually produce the effect you spoke of, particularly upon the young,— the impression that we are nothing but animals and that nothing much matters 'for tomorrow we die,'— I was told by an archaeologist in this very museum that of course this neat arrangement of sculptures showing progress from the ape to man did not represent our real ancestors, but only types discovered in various stratifications which displayed fairly well 'what *must* have been our line of descent,' and that they were good enough anyway to impress the public with the principle of Darwinian evolution!"

"Do you mean to tell me that it is not proved that we came down in a line from the gorillas and monkeys living in trees and passed through all these stages shown here, the 'Pithecanthropus' and the Piltdown Man and the rest?" exclaimed Thomas with some heat.

"Most certainly I do. How can a thing be proved when the best authorities differ? They do not even agree whether the supposed ape-ancestor lived in trees or walked on the ground. But before I point out a few things which you ought to consider before you commit yourself to the materialistic position, let me say that I believe firmly in Evolution, though not in the materialistic limitations of so many biologists, and that I am sure the movement associated with the honored name of Darwin has done great good in breaking down the superstitions of the Middle Ages and in popularizing the basic idea of Progress, but it is inadequate because it leaves out the principal factor."

"What is that mysterious factor?"

"Mysterious indeed, but real enough --- the Soul, which passes through many stages, which incarnates in bodies in order to learn. What does the word 'evolution' mean if not *unfolding*. It is the unfolding of inner possibilities according to conditions. It means that something more

IS MAN ONLY A MONKEY SHAVED?

subtil than can be detected by microscope or test-tube is back of the material forms. The soul is what evolves, the cast-off garments return to dust. Life is not 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' but a purposeful thing."

"Why, your words almost imply the Oriental belief in many lives on Earth, reincarnation! You can't go so far as that, surely?" protested Thomas, almost pathetically.

"Indeed I can, and I am glad you catch my meaning. Reincarnation is the real key to the whole position. If you think over the idea of Evolution with reincarnation in mind, most of your objections to a more spiritual view of it will melt away. The biologists — with a few exceptions, such as was Wallace — being absorbed in the external aspect of Evolution, have tried to explain the existence of species by purely mechanical factors. Why, as Wallace says, even the reason that our blood turns into flesh in one place and nails or bones in another is utterly incomprehensible without the guidance of some intelligence beyond the physical. . . ."

"Well," Thomas interrupted, "that may be so, but let us return to our argument. Why don't you admit our descent from the anthropoids and their brutish successors, the Java ape-man, Pithecanthropus, and the Old Stone-Age men who overran Europe soon after it rose from the sea, those low-browed and big-jawed fellows whose bones were first found in the Neanderthal in Germany?"

"For many reasons. Principally because the evidence does not support the descent of modern civilized man from the anthropoid apes, nor even from the Neanderthal or any other similar race. Study the latest authorities and you will learn that the widespread Neanderthal savages entirely disappeared *not less* than twenty-five or thirty thousand years ago — maybe ages before that — in face of a sudden invasion of the 'Cro-Magnon' race, a people of high bodily and mental development. As Professor Osborn says, the Cro-Magnon race 'was in no way connected by any ancestral links with the Neanderthals,' and 'after prolonged study of the works of the Cro-Magnons one cannot avoid the conclusion that their capacity was nearly if not quite as high as our own. The race was one of the finest the world has ever seen,' and 'the emergence of such a mind from the mode of life of the Old Stone-Age is one of the greatest mysteries of psychology and of history.'

"The savage Neanderthals and the advanced Cro-Magnons never seem to have blended, and modern man is possibly or partly the descendant of the latter, though other incursions of advanced races came in later from the East. Who were the ancestors of the Cro-Magnons in the Orient? No one has the least idea; their forbears were not the barbarous tribes of earlier Europe; and these tribes were not our ancestors

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

either. There are said to be fairly pure representatives of the Cro-Magnon race still living in southern France, near where the fossils are found.

“Referring to the Neanderthal race, Dr. W. D. Matthew, Palaeontologist to the American Museum of Natural History, says: ‘These discoveries have given a very clear and definite concept of the Neanderthal race, as a species clearly distinct from our own . . . but clearly not a direct ancestor of our own species.’ And: ‘it is quite clearly demonstrated by these recent discoveries that the problem of the ancestry of our race — of the evolution of man — is in reality a much more complex and difficult one than had been assumed either by the exponents or opponents of evolution.’ ”*

“Then,” burst out Thomas, “if the brutal Neanderthal and earlier ape-like half-men shown in these busts are not our ancestors at all, who in thunder are they, and why are they arranged so neatly as if they were the ancestors in our family-tree?”

“They are now claimed by science to be side-branches from our family-tree, mostly or entirely extinct; it is difficult to understand why the museums arrange them in consecutive order as if ancestral, but it undoubtedly produces the effect they desire. It would not look well to stop at the handsome Cro-Magnon race, and say that ages before that we cannot trace any ancestor of modern man! But, in regard to the more brutal types found in Europe, do you recollect Kingsley’s ‘Do-as-you-likes’ in *Water Babies*, degenerate men living in trees who had lost all sense of duty and only lived in a hand-to-mouth fashion? He had hit upon the truth.”

“Do you mean to tell me, then, that men may have been quite civilized in some corner of the world while these decadents occupied wilder territories? And do you imagine that the anthropoid apes came later than intelligent human beings?”

“Yes, to both your questions,” said Allen quietly, “and, strange as it may seem to you, the latest researches and theories of science agree in the main with the teaching of Theosophy on this subject, which says that the anthropoids, both the great modern apes such as the gorilla, and the fossil ones, were side-branches, thrown off ages and ages ago from the human stem. ‘Blurred copies’ of men, as Huxley called them.”

“But if the anthropoids were not ancestral men, where shall we look for our early progenitors? We seem to be drifting on an uncharted ocean of ignorance.”

“It does seem like it; and we shall still flounder around so long as we ignore the spiritual aspect of nature, and try to explain everything on

**Smithsonian Report for 1923, p. 282.*

IS MAN ONLY A MONKEY SHAVED?

materialistic lines. Before going farther on this point, listen to the argument lately brought out by Professor Wood-Jones, Anatomist, of the London University, against the anthropoids being man's ancestors. He is an Evolutionist, of course, but his anatomical studies have led him into the comparative anatomy of the softer parts of the bodies of man and animals, a subject which the students of skulls and bones are not so familiar with, and he declares that his researches have compelled him to abandon the notion that any kind of anthropoid ape, fossil or living, is in the line of man's ancestry."

"Then where does he think man comes from? Surely he does not go back to the special creation-myth of Adam and Eve and the rib-story, or the Scandinavian legend that Ask and Embla, the first pair, were made out of trees!"

"Not exactly. He proves that man's bodily structure is curiously primitive, that is, 'he has retained a remarkably large number of very primitive features which have been lost by the monkeys and anthropoid apes.' Among these are the human foot and a muscle connected with the upright position. The ape-family has specialized in many different ways and is not approaching the human. Professor Wood-Jones is not alone in his claim that the anthropoids are side-branches and not ancestral, but to understand his skilful method of turning the tables upon the materialistic position you must read his original address, given in London some time ago. Years ago Professor Boule of Paris had come to the conclusion that man has neither been derived from the anthropoid stem nor from any other known group; and that opinion is being more generally adopted every day."

Thomas pondered awhile over these, to him, revolutionary ideas, and then said: "I have no conclusive traces of man's ancestry been found in the rocks, then?"

"No; it remains a mystery to science. The latest theory is expressed by Professor Wood-Jones where he says that a very primitive lemur-like little animal, the *Tarsius*, living in the Malayan Islands, and whose fossil representatives are found at the base of the Tertiary period - millions of years ago - is the nearest animal whose primitive structure resembles that of man. The *Tarsius* has hardly changed at all since the early Tertiary period, and Professor Wood-Jones gives reasons for thinking that man has changed as little from probably the same period, that he is 'an extremely ancient type, distinguished now, and differentiated in the past, purely by the qualities of his mind.'"

"Then it's true that science has no positive evidence that man's physical body was developed from the animal kingdom?" asked Thomas.

"Yes; and the broadest thinkers show the true scientific spirit in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

admitting that the whole subject is still wrapped in mystery. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Darwin's great colleague and co-discoverer, strongly argued that man became *man* when he was illuminated by the incarnation of a living intelligent soul. He says that 'the difference between man and the other animals is unbridgeable. Mathematics is alone sufficient to prove in man the possession of a faculty unexistent in other creatures. Then you have music, and the artistic faculty. No, the soul was a separate creation.' Wallace may have gone too far in speaking of a 'creation,' but an overshadowing or incarnating of the spiritual nature in man at a very early period in evolution from some source higher than the physical plane, is a necessity if we are to explain things on a rational basis."

"You mentioned Theosophy just now; do its teaching give any light upon man's past history?"

"Most certainly, for they are founded upon records which have come down from great antiquity, but which have been misread by archaeologists owing to their materialistic or theological bias. According to the ancient teachings the human race is of immense antiquity, and well-developed civilizations have existed upon lands now mostly submerged. These civilizations were contemporaneous with savagery, as is the case even today, and the anthropoid apes and their fossil predecessors were degraded offshoots from degenerated human stocks: this explains their curious resemblances to and still more curious differences and specializations from mankind which have so puzzled the evolutionists."

"These ideas are new to me," said Thomas thoughtfully, "and I must think them over at leisure. I am surprised to hear your Theosophical teachings are so near the newest scientific theories about the anthropoid apes and most of the so-called Primitive Men being offshoots from the great human line of descent and not our ancestors; but still it seems to me we need not be ashamed to admit that a monkey was our great-great-grand sire, for no one could then deny we had made some progress! Some of our historical ancestors were not much to boast of anyway."

Allen replied: "I decline to accept the ape-ancestor myth for several reasons; one being that it is quite unproved, and so admitted by many evolutionists. It has filled a gap in the progress of thought between the old-fashioned, crude, literal interpretation of the Adam-and-Eve story and the higher vision of Evolution now brought to the West by Theosophy."

"If you want to learn how little is really *known* about evolution according to materialistic science, read Professor L. T. More's recent series of lectures at Princeton University on *The Dogma of Evolution*, just published. He is an Evolutionist, but declares that 'the more one studies palaeontology [the science of fossils], the more certain one becomes that evolution is based on faith alone,' although there is no doubt 'that

IS MAN ONLY A MONKEY SHAVED?

those forms now in existence are modified forms of previous species,' that is, that there is a relationship between them of some kind. On the whole, his opinion is not favorable to the mechanistic view of evolution, and he proves that the scientific attempts to determine the causes of evolution have completely failed. He specially protests against the 'psychological realm of consciousness and the social and ethical life of man' being included among the physical or mechanical theories of evolution so popular still. One would almost think he had been reading H. P. Blavatsky's *Psychic and Noetic Action*. Professor More represents the new trend of thought which is beginning to demand a more spiritual explanation of evolution.

"I also object to materialistic evolutionary theories as being dangerous, for they provide plausible reasons for greed and selfishness. They turn the mind from the higher, spiritual in man and concentrate on the animal side. Many unbiased thinkers believe that the Great War was not unconnected with the widespread preaching of the 'Survival of the Fittest' by brute-force which has permeated western nations during the last half century.

"It would require an enormous mass of conclusive and unanswerable evidence — not 'evolution on faith' as Professor More says — to condemn us to the belief that intelligent man came to light through an acute and bloody struggle for existence, that he is only a 'ground ape' which has fortuitously developed a hand with an opposable thumb and a larger and more convoluted brain, enabling him to fight his way by craftiness and cunning to manhood, and that his specifically human qualities, the spirituality and mental power of a Buddha or Jesus, 'the colossal intellect of a Newton, the nobility of a Socrates, are the results of blind forces, the Natural Selection of minute *chance-variations*, and that there is no guiding soul, no real Evolution, but merely dust and ashes taking new forms and falling apart again.'"

"You speak very boldly. What have you to offer, except the Adam-and-Eve story, discredited now even by most of the churches, in place of Darwinian Evolution of man, a higher animal, from the lower animals? What would you make prominent in our museums in contrast to the busts of the ape-men?"

"Why, fine statues of great men and women, pictures of noble deeds illustrating the worthy use of the higher faculties! We hear a good deal about Leagues of Nations nowadays; let us have some fine imaginative pictures of what a real League of Humanity would mean to the world. I would leave pictures of degenerate types in the background; the 'Do-as-you-likes' can take care enough of themselves unfortunately.

"Let me tell you a few things I would like to see done which will give

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

you a slight idea what common sense and Theosophy have taught me, and of the direction in which we should move if we mean progress and happiness. In teaching the history and development of man, I would make prominent the principle that Evolution means the unfolding and bringing into manifestation — and therefore into activity — of what exists invisibly in the unseen; that it means the storing up of knowledge and making progress by experience; that, in short, the visible world is a school of learning, and that the soul in man cannot be satisfied by one short life as a savage or even as a sage, but that long ages and many incarnations are needed in order to evolve its power on Earth, before passing on to higher degrees.

“I would definitely abandon — as the advanced students of science are being compelled to do — the expectation of getting important results from the quite subordinate so-called ‘laws’ of Natural Selection and Survival of the Fittest, and turn to a higher form of psychology — the study of one’s inner self, in which there are many surprises: ‘Man, know thyself!’ I would consult what the great sages of antiquity in all countries have said about Evolution, always bearing in mind that Jesus was not the only great Teacher who spoke in allegories, and I would study nature reverently with the confidence and assurance that what we see is only the garment of the Divine.”


“But you don’t deny that there is a lower, animal nature in every man?”

“No, indeed, and it needs constant watching. Have you heard of the naturalist Garner who went to Africa to study the habits of the great apes in the jungles? He shut himself up in a cage in a tree, and discovered a few things; he discovered that there was a good deal of human nature in the chimpanzee — mostly of the lower kind. But he need hardly have taken the trouble to go so far to find the peculiarities of monkeys; it is only needful to look honestly within! But the very fact that we can look within, and watch the lower nature at its monkey-tricks, and control it at times, is a demonstration of the existence of the Higher Self. Theosophy tells us that the crown of Evolution is the uniting of the purified human nature with the divine Higher Self after it has been tried in the fires of experience in many lives.

“Those who say that man is nothing but a beast that perishes are not so wise as the ancient Sages who taught from knowledge that man was made in the image of our own spiritual-ethereal ancestors, and that we shall ultimately reach that glorious state toward which, as Paul says, ‘the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together till now.’”

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT STONEHENGE

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

T was on a public holiday that the writer visited Stonehenge, and though the monument is not in a very accessible situation as regards traffic, there were large numbers of people arriving continually, who almost with one accord went straight to the so-called 'slaughtering-stone' and stood on the small portion of it which is not covered by other fallen stones. This stone, it has been ascertained by examination of its surface, at one time stood upright, and it is conjectured that another, similar stone was once extant. The 'slaughter'- or 'altar-stone' is of a kind of rock which has not as yet been recognised by petrologists as to the locality from which it came. It has been noted as being similar in character to the Stone of Scone, in the coronation-chair at Westminster.

The 'blue' stones however, which constituted the ring of monoliths about eight feet high just within the outer circle of larger 'sarsen' stones, and also within the horseshoe of trilithons, have now been identified by Dr. H. H. Thomas, of the Government Geological Survey. He has petrologically examined them in comparison with fragments from an outcrop on the Prescelly Mountains in Pembrokeshire, Wales, and considers them to be identical. Some corroborative evidence is to be found in that this neighborhood in Wales is very rich in megalithic remains, which are built of similar rock.

There are many legends to the effect that the blue stones of Stonehenge came from 'Ireland,' the reason for their transport hither being that they had great medicinal and magic properties. The blue stones which remain are mainly of the variety known as ophitic diabase.

"In his enormous works . . . de Mirville, carrying out the task of proving the reality of the devil and showing his abode in every ancient and modern idol, has collected several hundred pages of 'historical evidence' that in the days of *miracle* — Pagan and Biblical — the stones walked, spoke, delivered oracles, and even sang. . . . But without claiming any such peripateticism and innate psychic faculties for our stones, we may collect, in our turn, every available evidence on hand, to show that (a) had there been no giants to move about such colossal rocks, there could never have been a Stonehenge, a Carnac (Brittany), and other such Cyclopean structures; and (b) were there no such thing as MAGIC, there could never have been so many witnesses to *oracular* and *speaking* stones. . . .

"In a poem on *Stones* attributed to Orpheus, these stones are divided into *ophites* and *siderites*, 'serpent-stones' and 'star-stones.' 'The "*Ophite*" is shaggy, hard, heavy, black, and has the gift of speech; when one prepares to cast it away, it produces a sound similar to the cry of a child. It is by means of this stone that Helenus foretold the ruin of Troy, his fatherland. . . .' etc.

"It is also known that the famous stone at Westminster was called *liafail* — 'the speaking stone,' — which raised its voice only to name the king that had to be chosen."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. II, pp. 341-342

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There have been discovered evidences of a circle which antedated the present one. Holes have been found (known as the Aubrey Holes) in the site which indicate that they once formed a foundation for stones. Mr. E. Herbert Stone in his book on Stonehenge suggests that the blue stones may have originally formed this earlier circle and that this circle was subsequently dismantled and then re-erected in its present elaborated form. It is supposed that these blue stones were originally unworked, and, in fact, at the present time it is evident that comparatively little tooling has been performed on them. Further excavations now being carried out by Colonel Hawley, F. S. A., show that the vallum and ditch which surrounds the stones antedates the present erection. The original entrance through the ditch was narrower than the present one and was not situated exactly in the same position as regards the present axis.

Mr. Stone has illustrated with models a most ingenious theory which shows that the stones could have been raised by means of sheer-legs. He has calculated that the large stones could have been raised by the combined efforts of a gang of about 180 men. This method of using ropes and sheer-legs may not, however, fill all the conditions at the site. If the outer ring of stones was erected by lifting from the outside, as is usually conceded on evidence supplied by excavators, the hauling ropes would then be in the way of the inner set of stones.

The striking thing about these erections is the great amount of engineering skill (or shall we say intuition?) which would be needed to place in exact position these huge blocks so as to conform to astronomical conditions. A modern architect — who would have to collaborate with an astronomer — would have to do a considerable amount of mathematical calculation in order to arrive at the result obtained by these supposed neolithic savages. Even if the shaping of the stones was carried out by means of stone implements, this is not conclusive evidence that the builders did not know the use of metals. There were occult reasons for the avoidance of metal tools. A reference to the Bible (*Deut.*, xxvii, 5, etc.) would indicate one of the reasons.

A simple method of cutting the stones into blocks of suitable size is still extant in Wiltshire (England) as also in some parts of Africa. It consists of lighting a fire under the part which it is desired to cut, and when sufficiently heated, drawing a line of cold water round the stone; the fracture being completed by hammer-blows.

Stonehenge belongs to the class of stone-circle which is oriented apparently to the midsummer sunrise. Other circles are extant which have several orientations, such as to certain stars, to the equinox, and largely to the spring sunrise about the eighth day of May (*i. e.*, midway between the equinox and the solstice). While it is commonly supposed

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?

that sunrise occurred at midsummer behind the outlying stone known as the 'Friar's Heel,' recent calculations have led it to be declared that the sun never rose at this point, and will not do so for another thousand years at least. The popular error is probably due to the fact that the top of the 'Heel' stone is above the horizon and that the sun travels some distance before reaching this height. (Heel — derived from *helan*, to hide.)


It does not follow, however, that the sun must needs rise above a certain stone in order to produce effects desired by the watchers. The present writer has visited a large number of these circles in England and South Scotland, and has found that the outlying stones do not always follow this rule. At Castle Rigg near Keswick, Cumberland, an observer views the sunrise while looking across the circle from an outlying stone situated to the south-west. In other cases the orientation is to a natural object such as a gap between the hills, while in yet others there is no orientation apparent, outside the circle itself. There were doubtless certain ceremonial uses for these outlying monoliths, and it is noteworthy that the 'Friar's Heel' has not been shaped in any way.

Lately a new method of archaeological survey is being developed. It has been found that photographs taken from the air show differences in the vegetable growth at places where the subsoil has been disturbed. Views taken in this manner indicate that the site of Stonehenge is older than the present erection.

To sum up: Recent discoveries tend to show that the site of Stonehenge is very old, and is older than the present archaic monument. That a simpler stone-circle once existed on the site. That the orientation has been shifted by the later builders. That the 'blue' stones were transported from Wales. That the 'slaughtering-stone' was once a standing stone.

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?

RALF LANESDALE

BLIGATIONS imposed by duty are recognised by all members of a civilized community as imperative; but the nature and scope of those obligations vary with the interpretation of the word 'duty'; and the variation in such interpretations is extraordinarily wide. A man may be said to have duties as an individual, or as a member of some community, family, or nation; but it is hard to say where these duties begin or end, and who has power to decide the relative importance of conflicting obligations.

The right of a community to define the limits of individual duty, is a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

most fruitful cause of trouble; because a community consists of individuals, and has no separate existence apart from its component elements, that is, the individuals composing it. As a community can neither think nor speak for itself, someone must act as deputy, and must pretend to act impersonally. The result is of course some kind of despotism.

The trouble is as old at least as is our civilization. But Theosophy is older: for it is, as its name implies, the wisdom of the gods; that is to say of those spiritual beings who were the progenitors of our humanity. Those primeval men had spiritual wisdom, and knew no evil. That was before the 'Fall,' or the descent into matter, when the souls took form in bodies, and the intuitive perception of truth was dulled and clouded by the senses. Then each one began to feel his separateness from the rest; and strife arose, and discord, and all kinds of selfishness. And then the reasoning brain-mind awoke, and men began to think of personal rights; and each was for himself. And there was war. And those that were the strongest ruled the weaker ones: and there was tyranny and misery.

Then the progenitors, who still retained their spiritual purity, and had not incarnated on the earth, looked down in pity on the suffering of those poor mortals. They said: "We must go down and teach them how to live, lest the whole race of men shall be destroyed." And so it was that these divine instructors brought to earth the teachings of Theosophy. This was the dawn of civilization.

Madame H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the modern Theosophical Society, declared that she received instruction from teachers who were carrying on the work of the Divine Instructors alluded to above. These teachings she imbodyed in her monumental work *The Secret Doctrine*, which, with *Isis Unveiled* and *The Voice of the Silence*, form the literary foundation of the whole Theosophical Movement.

From these teachings we learn that man is a spiritual being evolving through vast periods of time, on many worlds, seeking self-knowledge in the sphere of matter, and reaching the lowest stage of that experience on this earth. Having passed the lowest stage, our evolution now is upward; and our effort should be directed to that goal. This leads us to a new conception of our duties and our obligations.

The eternal truths of Theosophy are drawn upon by all great religious Teachers, but each teacher lays particular stress upon the doctrine that is most needed in the world at that time. So H. P. Blavatsky laid much stress upon the spiritual nature of the universe, since at that time the whole civilized world was 'matter-mad.' Then too she emphasized the 'periodicity of manifestation' and the law of cycles. While as regards man's evolution she insisted on the reincarnation of the undying spiritual self through countless ages, impelled and guided by the law of Karma.

WHAT IS OUR DUTY?

All these were new ideas when H. P. Blavatsky began her work. Now they are active forces in the world of thought, and must be reckoned with.

But her chief teaching was the absolute necessity for the establishment of Universal Brotherhood on earth.

It is not difficult to see that one's conception of the degree of relative importance to be attached to the duties and the obligations forced upon one by social conventions, custom, or tradition, must be largely modified by one's views as to the real nature of the world we live in and of our relation to it. It matters much to us whether we attribute our presence here upon this particular globe to Chance, to the caprice of an irresponsible deity, or to the action of an unintelligent and arbitrary law entirely overriding human will and disregarding man's initiative; or to the natural working out of forces set in motion by the agency of man, which bring to each the natural harvest of his thoughts and deeds in former lives on this or any other sphere.

It matters much to us whether the law we live by is 'the struggle for existence' and 'the survival of the fittest,' or is the law of Brotherhood. It matters very much to all of us whether we are responsible for our own thoughts and deeds, whether that responsibility ends with the grave or is eternal. We are all vitally concerned to know whether our individual responsibility is inevitable or may be delegated to another by any 'scheme of salvation' or may be modified by the arbitrary interference of some higher power. And more than all it matters whether life begins at birth and ends at death or is eternal and continuous. That is to say, the most important thing for us to know is who and what we are, and what is the real purpose of existence.

All this is knowable in varying degree according to our individual development and Will to know. All this is dealt with in the writings of the great Theosophist, who brought in modern times the Theosophic teachings to the western world. And all of these considerations bear directly on the question of Duty. What is it? Where does it begin and end? Who created duty? Who has authority to enforce its obligations? To all these questions comes the answer: "Man, know thyself!"

Man, the eternal, is the maker of the destiny that binds the man of earth, the mortal shadow-man; for the soul of man is nowise separate from the universal soul. But that soul incarnate in a mortal body is subject to delusion by reason of the dual nature of the human mind. Man, by identifying himself with his higher mind, attains to a perception of the truth; but under the delusive influence of the lower aspect of the mind the personality (that bundle of sensations and emotions) appears to him as the true self. So it would seem that the first duty, and perhaps also the last, is in that command: **MAN, KNOW THYSELF!**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

When one perceives how inextricably are interwoven all the countless individual threads of Karma that make up the great tapestry of human life, and how the general design is made or marred by the harmonious or discordant interplay of individual threads, then one may come to understand how utterly impossible it is for any man to stand alone.

There is no separateness for man. Such is the teaching of Theosophy. Here is a key to the problem of Duty. It may be briefly stated in the words of Katherine Tingley thus, "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature."

Let the world base its conception of duty on this 'fact' and we shall see a wonderful new world evolve before our eyes. Then think what change we might expect to see in international affairs if the same principle were generally applied in politics.

Or when the old idea of Death is permanently replaced by the still older doctrine of Reincarnation, think how our duty to the world and to ourselves will take on a new aspect and become a living joy; for all will know that there is always for each one 'another chance.' And each will know he is no slave of destiny, but 'reaps as he has sown,' and shall do so until perfection is attained.

The Path of Duty has been too often represented as a rough and thorny road, but when Theosophy is rightly understood it will be seen to be a path of roses. For Duty is what is due from each to all and all to each, which in reality is just the Path of least resistance rightly understood.

Right understanding is the universal panacea for the woes of life.

TOLERATION

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"The term Modernist has become a convenient missile to hurl at the head of a theological opponent: how many of those who so hurl it have ever studied Church history? What is the story of Christianity in its intellectual aspect but the story of truth gradually winning its way through the centuries? The sands of time are strewn with the wreckage of old beliefs once tenaciously held, which a growing knowledge has shown to be no longer truths in the form in which men so passionately clung to them. The heterodoxy of one age, it has been well said, becomes the orthodoxy of the next age. So it will be in the struggle on which we are now entering."—CANON STORR in the *Christian World Pulpit*



WE do not quite grasp the writer's meaning where he speaks of beliefs that are no longer truths, but there is no doubt of his general sense. Truth has gradually won its way throughout the centuries since the Christian era; and the implication would seem to be that Christianity gave the original impulse; also perhaps that the result of all this evolution of human thought constitutes

TOLERATION

Christianity itself. On the contrary the conviction forces itself on the mind that it is the human spirit which is the source of enlightenment, and the criterion of truth. It can hardly be denied that we are greatly indebted to sources outside of Christianity for our advance in knowledge. It would be difficult to place science under the head of a Christian inspiration. The recovery of Greek and Latin culture, and, later, Sanskrit culture, can scarcely be regarded as peculiarly Christian influences. If we are to go on attaching the name of Christian to everything which we discover, we shall certainly enlarge the scope of that religion beyond all previously imagined limits.

Theosophy recognises the essential truth which may lie in all religions, and cannot favor one religion above others, except to the extent that there may be valid grounds for doing so. There are religions almost infinitely richer in sacred writings and philosophical treatises than is Christianity. The future will inevitably witness the breaking down of partitions and the enlargement of boundaries, in religion just as in nationality; but in both cases it is likely and right that supports should not be removed too hastily and before the larger structure is able to stand. The efforts of both modernists and fundamentalists, though antagonistic in one sense, must have a resultant effect in the direction of progress; the one by discarding that which is false, the other by holding to that which is true.

Gibbon's views on religious subjects are often cynical, but we may venture to quote a remark in his second chapter, to the effect that —

“Such was the mild spirit of antiquity that the nations were less attentive to the difference than to the resemblance of their religious worship. The Greek, the Roman, and the Barbarian, as they met before their respective altars, easily persuaded themselves that, under various names, and with various ceremonies, they adored the same deities.”

The reason for this spirit of amity and mutual toleration is of course interpreted by Gibbon in accordance with his own mental limitations and prejudices. He makes it out to be lightness of feeling on the part of the people, and a politic and skeptical attitude on the part of the pontiffs.

“The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful.”

But, whatever some cynical philosophers or magistrates may have said, however credulous the mob might have been, the majority must have recognised that Religion itself can only be *one*, as there can be but one Truth; and that creeds and minor doctrines were external differences, like the differences between races and nations while humanity itself is *one*. In other words, the spirit of intolerance had not yet arisen. That was to come later; and Gibbon himself is strong enough upon the question of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

intolerance and persecution among the Christian sects. Nothing is better known than his famous contrast of the tolerance of the Roman state and people with the intolerance of the innovators. To quote Gibbon again:

“Nor could the Roman who deprecated the wrath of the Tiber deride the Egyptian who presented his offering to the beneficent genius of the Nile.”

But much more insignificant points than this formed, at a later age, the basis of the bitterest mutual hatred and the most violent persecution. People of a different stamp from these ancient Romans would burn each other at the stake for worshiping the Nile instead of Tiber; while the Nilists would consign the Tiberists to everlasting torment as the offspring of the devil.

So far from the ancient toleration being a sign of lukewarmness, it seems to us that the reverse was the case. They recognised that the minor and external differences *were* minor and external; that is, they felt the inner truth that is common to all religions. It is where this inner truth is lost sight of that quarreling about externals takes place. Man is, in his essential nature, of divine origin, an immortal Soul, temporarily clothed in a garb of flesh which adapts him to the experiences of life on earth. In every land he venerates the deific power which is manifested alike in himself and in the rest of the universe. The difference between good and evil, right and wrong, virtue and vice, is in general fundamental and indisputable; and only a shallow philosophy will attempt to confound this radical difference with the fluctuations of changing fashion or the national differences of manners. Wherever man is pursuing the path of conscience and aspiring upwards from what is base and sensual towards what is pure and noble, we should respect him and value the principles which he follows, in whatever symbols he may clothe them. For such a man has the spirit of true and universal religion.

When we *know* that there is living in man an infinite power and knowledge, whose depths we have scarcely begun to explore, it seems to matter little what disputants of various schools may say as to how man got that spirit. A man's religion is what makes him just and generous and true and pure, even if he choose to call himself an infidel. Toleration means recognising the good in others; it must be distinguished from a weak palliation of evil, or from anything like a pact of mutual indulgence. As time goes on, the spirit of real progress will bind us together more and more in the principles of true religion, and quarrels about externals will go into the discard, together with those labels that denote rivalry and the wish to dominate. This will be toleration in reality.

THE CAUSES OF WAR

KENNETH MORRIS

TO the unthinking, the causes of war have always been plain enough and easily seen. Of old it was supposed to be some king's wicked ambition and desire to dominate the world; democracy was the remedy. But alas, we have had experience that where kings have been abolished, or made quite impotent in politics, wars are waged with all the old gusto; and we have had to say it is the ambition and wicked desire of some nation. Of course, always the nation to which we ourselves are opposed; the other people; the people we are fighting; — who, meanwhile are saying and thinking the same about us. So in every war we find that both sides, according to themselves, are fighting for the right; that the standards of both shine, for themselves, with a high moral radiance; both, in their own opinion, have God on their side with them; — and both are clearly seen by their opponents to be led by Beelzebub in person. Soldiers, and above all non-soldiers, on either side thrill with patriotic idealism; they are offering their lives, or the lives of their own or other people's relations, that democracy or liberty or civilization may be preserved to the world.

The idealism is fine; but why should it take war to arouse it? Why should God and Beelzebub suddenly take out their citizenship-papers, the one with us and the other with our enemies, on the declaration of war? It is a poor thing for a nation, as things are, to lay stress on its own righteousness: did not the Pharisees do likewise? A little patriotic idealism in peace-time might clear away a number of abuses that remain with the best of us; why should we love our country only when we have some other country to hate? Beelzebub, who is making a good thing of it with us till war is declared, is not likely to flit across the frontier upon the declaration.

The idea that any nation is wholly wicked will not hold water, as they say, any more than will the idea that any nation is blemishless. The plain fact is that humanity is humanity, wherever you find it; and if one wants to know what that means, let him look within himself and around him. Our neighbor's sins look large to us, and so do ours to him; but we both are human, and somewhere near the human average. Take the people in your own street, in your own village, in your own household: of that stuff humanity is made. You will find among them much that is good, and much that is not good; what you will not find is, a community that is wholly evil. Even the individual man who is wholly evil is a rare

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

exception; as is he who is wholly good. In every one there is a divine as well as a demoniacal side; and the average man, look where you will, is a fairly decent fellow: fairly foolish,—fairly apt to be influenced for good or for evil,—compounded, in varying proportions, of generosity and meanness; not much given to thought; and still less to clear, deep, or original thought.

That is the main thing to remember about man: that he is dual-natured, and that, *en masse*, the duality is fairly evenly balanced. Circumstance, influences, and pressures from without, can and do disturb the balance, in nations as in individuals; but even when we seem to see whole peoples apparently gone insane with greed or ambition or cruelty, it is necessary to remember that every noble quality that inheres in humanity, and of which we are conscious in ourselves, still resides in that people, however it may be obscured from *our* sight; that they are the same human stuff as ourselves; that if they are so thrown off their balance as we think them, so might we be — and very likely are; that the causes that have operated to paralyse the good in them, would probably have the same effect if brought to bear on us — for the simple reason that both we and they are human; and that, humanity being what it is (but need not be), rather negative, and not anywhere collectively striving after righteousness, but rather swimming with the tide and taking things as they come,—those causes are very largely from without. Every nation that has had the power to sin, has sinned almost to the limit of its power: as many writers have very clearly showed; on the other hand it is doubtful if any nation sins consciously and intentionally; it is doubtful if you would ever find a will, right through the people, to be cruel or thievish, even when they were patriotically supporting their nation in the cruellest and most thievish acts. No doubt when England was waging her Opium-Wars on China, the run of Englishmen, the bulk of the nation, looked on opium as a harmless comfort which most Chinamen wanted, and which a tyrannical oriental despotism was determined they should not have: indeed this is not meant for sarcasm: humanity, sinning or suffering, calls for our compassion — that first and chiefly! Again, one can think of no nation, even those that have behaved most hideously, that does not cherish some high ideal within itself: one has but to know them to know this. The figure that represents it in its own thoughts — La France, Germania, Columbia, or Britannia — is a compendium of very real virtues, beauties, and heroism. Such figures imply a recognition by the nations of the Divine Self in them, and that Divine Self is there; it is not, however much it may seem so, a joke.

So we may be certain that when nations go to war, it is not because they are intrinsically given over to wickedness; it is not because the one

THE CAUSES OF WAR

that first declares war, and seems to have provoked it, is radically worse than ourselves. In Turkey, in Japan, in Germany, or France, or Great Britain, or America, you have still the same human stuff to deal with. Recently I saw an account of certain sociological inquiries that Americans have been conducting in Constantinople; the one thing the inquirers did not find, they said, was the 'terrible Turk' of popular western imagination. Instead, they found a gentle, kindly, and very patient people: the picture given was distinctly sympathetic. You might write a book about any people under the sun — short, perhaps, of the non-civilizable dying races — and say of them nothing at all in it but good, and yet say nothing but what was true; and then again you might write a book about any nation, and say nothing but what was true — and bad.

The differences between nations — the unlikenesses — are the result of external circumstance and influences; the likenesses are based on the common human nature. Any two peoples are much more like each other than unlike each other; because their likeness draws from identity of essence, whereas their dissimilarities are accidental. National intellectual capacities, or qualities, vary immensely, but much less in the matter of less or greater, than in that of the color they have acquired or the direction they have followed — less in degree than in kind; and this divergence and unlikeness is of course an immense asset to civilization. But in the qualities that are not intellectual, but instinctive, or of the heart — in the old incessant counterplay of good and evil — the nations do not, except incidentally and temporarily, differ very much: in German and Frenchman, in Englishman and Turk, in American and Japanese, it is the likeness that is fundamental, because all are human. They are vessels of a little different shape and color; but in all is the same queer mixture of the milk of human kindness with the gall of cruelty, of the waters of Mara and the Water of Life.

Naturally, the causes of war are to be found within man; where else should you look for them? Out of the heart are all the issues of life. And they are not to be found in those varying intellectual or cultural colors the different nations acquire, or in the varying intellectual directions they follow: they are not to be found in those things in which the nations are unlike each other; but in the human qualities in which they resemble each other profoundly. Anyone can see, for example, that the German and French cultures, extremely dissimilar, are mutually complementary; and that England's adoption of the very un-English Händel (and German music generally), and Germany's of the very un-German Shakespeare, are in the way of nature: where the intellect is at all alive, it attracts to itself those qualities in which it is most deficient — and which, therefore, if they have been evolved at all, have been evolved by its dissimilars.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

But the causes of war are no special evolutions of this nation or that; they inhere in the lower nature of every man. Everyone of us has in him, potentially or in actuality, fear, greed, ambition, and cruelty: the seeds of these evils or the full-grown plants of them, or the places from which they have been weeded out; they are things that grow naturally in the soil of human nature, where that soil is left ungardened; they are no man's special property, and certainly no nation's.

Because they are there, war is possible. War feeds upon them, and cultivates great crops of them to be its food. But normally mankind is not given over to these things. Look about you in your own community, and you will see. Here are these twenty-six neighbors of yours, A to Z; among them, you know or suspect A to be a cruel fellow, and perhaps Q and R; but their cruelty is neutralized well by the positive benevolence of S and T, the kindly good humor of B, C, D, E and F, the averageness of the rest of them. L and M and N may have ambition and the will to be tyrannical; very well, but X and Y and Z are well known for their self-abnegation; — and so they balance up, and life jogs on without much high light or black shadow. How is it then that these commonplace workaday letters become afflicted with a wave of madness — that is what it is — that sends them plunging into war, a condition so unnatural to them, wherein the theretofore innocent and well-meaning do things they would, in their proper senses and in quiet times, shudder to think of — and waste and batter and wreck themselves till you can spell nothing with them but *Crime* and *Riot* and *Ruin*?

The seeds, the possibilities of it all, were in them; but what quickened those seeds into activity? They heard of some other alphabet far away, Alpha to Omega say, — and became possessed with the notion that Alpha was plotting and marshaling his followers to destroy them; and betook themselves to spelling out warnings and flashing them on the sky where Alpha and Omega might see. They became afraid, and made a great noise with the shiverings of their fear; and Alpha-to-Omega took note and realized that A-to-Z were about to attack them. When two nations yell at each other, as they are so fond of doing, "I am not arming against you!" they are probably both quite honest. But they always end by fighting. The psychological influence of fear drives them to it.

Now, how does that psychological influence arise? Watch the prints; note their campaigns of abuse, of slander, of derogation, against some nation or another; listen to their calls that we must arm to defend ourselves against aggression. We must arm! we must arm! Such and such a people has 'swelled head' and is preparing to attack us; such and such a people are this and that, and must be thissed and thatted. Foreign Nation A finds itself in occupation of certain provinces, which it declares

INITIATION FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

its intention of evacuating as soon as possible. Through the length and breadth of the land in Nation B, the papers howl over A's aggression, and over his hypocrisy and duplicity: *He* to say that he is going to clear out of —! when everyone knows, etc., etc., etc. We must arm, we must arm! the aggressive and hypocritical A is preparing to attack us! — But when A does evacuate the provinces in question — why, we have so many murders and highway-robberies and divorce-cases at home to report, that there is really very little room in the papers to record the fact.

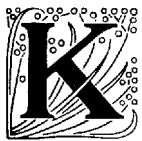
Why? O what a big question-mark these things evoke from the unseen! What is the meaning of all this propaganda that leads to war? This incessant creation and feeding of the psychology of fear, contempt, and hatred? Where does it arise?

The question is easily answered, if you ask yourself first: To whom is it an advantage? The young men who are conscripted and go out to be killed, maimed, blinded, or made insane? The women whose hearts are broken? The community at large, whose nerves and sanity are seriously affected, who are to be burdened with heavy loads of taxation, who are to see the crime-waves in their midst?

Could we not do something, if we would never allow a fool to abuse a foreign nation in our hearing without rebuking his folly with a ringing protest? Would not war- and fear-breeding propaganda cease, if every heading or article that cast contempt on some foreign people were followed by a thousand or so good letters of protest from subscribers? I believe a large world-wide league of common people pledged so to protest at every opportunity would do more to save humanity from the supreme disaster, than could any politician-manufactured treaties or league of nations.

INITIATION FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



KNOWLEDGE is from within: experience teaches. You may do any number of sums in monetary arithmetic, and never get a proper grasp of the subject till you have handled money. Stocks and bonds remain a profound mystery until you have handled scrip, and then the mystery vanishes. In vain shall you talk, how lucidly soever, about levers and pulleys to one who has never worked a pump-handle or hauled on a tackle. In discoursing about the beauties of nature to one born blind, you will discover that there is no substitute for vision.

Students of Theosophy have often said that they had staggered along

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

under a load of intellectual beliefs, until suddenly one day a veil dropped from their eyes, enabling them to see that such and such a doctrine was 'really true after all.' Then, and then only, did they find out that what they had previously taken for belief and knowledge was nothing of the sort. There happens to meet our eyes at the moment of writing, a quotation from Dr. L. P. Jacks to the effect that Truth may begin in the indicative mood, but soon passes to the imperative. Truth has "the lordly air of a born aristocrat who expects to be obeyed and will stand no nonsense from anybody." ('Addr. to British and Foreign Unitarian Assn.')

This defines a well-known saying in Theosophy, that real Theosophy is a way of life; it is not mere intellectual belief; one who does not put his beliefs into practice is not a true Theosophist. We cannot really know until we have practised; we must test our faith by experience.

A man may go through life with a rich store of so-called knowledge derived from an extensive reading of philosophies, Western, Eastern, and maybe Northern and Southern as well; and yet wake up some morning and see things for the first time with the direct vision of a child. He has been through an initiation, and a little knowledge has filtered through from the real and only source -- within. For, just as a blind man lacks a sense that makes all the difference in appreciations of scenery, so we may go through life with scales over some inner faculty, and never know it, though people around us may possess that faculty.

It would, however, as most people will readily admit, be a great error to infer from the above considerations that all teaching and philosophizing is useless. The reasoning mind has its right uses as well as its wrong uses. The truth of a Theosophical teaching may be borne in upon me in a moment of inspiration; but this presupposes that my mind has already received the teaching. Otherwise my inspiration would remain vague and formless. Teaching prepares the way for subsequent verification by experience. To learn by experience *alone* is a long and tedious path, involving futile going over of same ground that others have trod, and perhaps using up all our life in the process. The mind is an instrument of the higher faculty that uses it, and we learn by the twin aids of study and experiment.

Often people who have had a revelation from within try to communicate it in some book that they write; and we can generally see that it has meant much more for the writer than he has succeeded in conveying to his readers. Sometimes we meet people whose ideas seem to us an inexplicable jargon; but we realize that they really have an intuition, but lack the art of communicating it.

A clergyman may preach week after week from a pulpit without making much impress on the people; and then some humble layman, calling himself perhaps a business man or a man in the street, may say

INITIATION FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

the very same things and command attention at once. The people say, "What the parson says must be true after all. Here's Tomlinson, a plain business man, saying the same thing." If Dr. Dubble L. Dee says the soul is immortal, we say 'Quite so.' But if Professor W. W. Tomkins, the renowned physicist and discoverer of the Z-rays, says the same thing, we say 'Did you ever!'

All these remarks are introductory to a notice of an article in the June *Century* magazine, by John O'Hara Cosgrave, entitled, 'A Scientific Trail to Immortality.' We welcome this attempt to wrest the subject of the immortality of the soul from the pulpits and professorial chairs, and to bring it down to the level of that common-sense which you and I, dear reader, share with the author and with all other plain folk and business men and merely scientific persons. What appeals to such ordinary people must surely be true, if only because stripped of all elaborate falsifications, such as the professional bigwigs delude themselves with. The author is a plain person, engrossed in active practical pursuits and blessed with an abundant vitality which enables him to enjoy the same. He has read a good deal, in a browsing sort of way; for he is a journalist, in search of pabulum to feed the Sunday sheet. But he has never had time to sit down and digest all this miscellaneous fodder. His ideas about life, its meaning and purpose, the soul and its alleged immortality, were of the common-or-garden nebulous kind. (We trust this is a fair rendering of what he says about himself.)

But one day he decided to experiment in the nightly practice of silent moments before going to bed. The result was that he mined into a new stratum of his intelligence, scales were removed from his eyes, and he woke one morning with a complete conviction that his soul and his body were not identical, that the former would live when the latter was dead, and several other truths, about which he had often read, but which now for the first time were real to him. And he has been moved to impart his experiences; in which he has been far more successful than most, perhaps because he is a practised journalist, but also largely (we think) on account of the large and impersonal view which he seems to take of the world and the folk in it. We say this chiefly because the practice which he experimented in (and which we have ventured to liken to our 'silent moments,' though different) was not one to be at all recommended. He seems to have got hold of some book on 'self-culture,' so-called, professing to teach people how to obtain their desires by concentrating on them before going to bed. Such a process usually results, as might be expected, in an intensification of those desires, and in a general strengthening of the desire-element in us --- our chiefest enemy. It often leads to most unwelcome consequences, to the nervous system and the mental and emo-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tional balance, and may even result in permanent injury to mind, body, or both. But this writer was evidently half-hearted about such desires, merely selecting one for experimental purposes. And owing to his sane outlook on life and his engrossment in active useful pursuits, he seems to have aroused, not the evil forces, but the good, in his nature.

What he has discovered is not new; but it acquires great force from the occasion and source of its presentation. We can also see that the miscellaneous reading in which he confesses to have indulged played its part in the revelation. The ideas which his liberated intelligence explored during sleep included some that had been sown abroad in the world's thought-ether during many years of devoted effort on the part of Theosophists; as, for instance, that about the astral double, to which we shall refer later.

He begins by some introductory remarks similar to those we began with: to the general effect that the march of the scientific spirit has demolished old faiths, but is now cycling on the return-arc of its progress and recreating in a new form that which it has pulled down. We give some quotations.

"I am the rash intruder who has been amusing himself of late confounding his associates by announcing a literal faith in spirit and immortality, but I am careful to explain that I have not been 'converted,' and that my discovery has nothing consciously to do with religion."

He has been through most of the experiences that come in the way of men; and, as to the world,

"It seemed to me a disorderly and unintelligent world, and there was no purpose or reason for existence that I could discover. Philosophically speaking, the whole affair was absurd, but being unescapable, one must carry on as best one could."

He found escape in complete preoccupation with affairs, whereby the consciousness of personality vanished; and concluded that oblivion is the true nirvâna of the heart's desire. He was not exactly a hard-boiled skeptic, he says: he hopefully pursued 'chimeras' (as he calls them), such as 'psychical research' and 'new thought.' As to the latter:

"Most of them propounded in general the theory that mind could mold matter to the image of whatever aspiration or design it determined."

It was this that led him to the experiment we have mentioned. As he was not anxious about his wish, the result was innocuous and he received the *benefits of silence*.

"No visions, no physical marvels of any kind. Merely that I awoke one morning in a curious mood of elation, as though some vital force had possessed itself of my mind."

This interpreted itself in the words, "Spirit is."

He became aware that his body was not himself, After looking on

INITIATION FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

death as a welcome oblivion, he had found that there is no escape, even by death, from responsibility.

We cannot quote all the interesting development of his idea, but may say in general that it amounted to viewing the world and life from a new viewpoint, like a traveler who has climbed up out of a valley. His analysis of human nature carries us a very important step beyond the level of an ordinary preoccupied spectator of life such as he describes himself to have been; but of course the analysis can be pursued much farther. In the marvelous books of Oriental philosophy we find this analysis carried much farther: the distinction between body, vital principle, model-body, mind, various aspects or functions of mind, selfhood, various souls or sheaths of the indwelling ego, etc., etc., are all classified according to different systems of enumeration. But we say again that a man might have his mind crammed full of the lore of all the different schools of Indian philosophy, and yet not know as much as somebody who has had a slight revelation from within.

He discusses the question as to which is the real 'I.'

"The 'I' that I thought I knew grows more remote under this scrutiny. I appear in truth to be an inhabitant of two worlds, that of which I am physically conscious and in which I move and have my being, and the other that really prescribes all the conditions and performances of my life. May it not be that the real 'I' is an entity of the texture and quality of the idea-thought plane, and this earthly 'I' no more than his physical imbodiment? It had never before occurred to me to dissociate the thinking, seeing, feeling 'I' from the physical mechanisms through which it expressed itself."

As to the model-body:

"It is fair to assume the intricate mechanism that is the human body must contain vehicles capable of transacting all the functions man performs. Must there not be, then, a double, a mind-body the equivalent of the physical, but of a finer atomic structure, the mold on which the physical mask is hung, that, like the architect's design, binds together the members of the structure . . . ?"

The existence of the double, or model-body, is of course a very familiar item of the Theosophical teachings, about which we can find information in the *Manuals*. The evidence for its existence is overwhelming: by its aid the workings and interactions of the human mind and body can easily be understood; while without it one is put to hard shifts to find a plausible explanation. How memory can be preserved when every atom in the body disappears and is replaced; how a mole or scar continues through life; how the body preserves its form throughout all physical changes; how the mind acts on the body; these and many other questions demand for their solution the supposition of an inner and subtler body, and cannot be solved otherwise. If doctors could recognise that a troublesome complaint may be situated in this inner body, they might understand the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

difficulty of curing it by acting on the physical body, a procedure resembling the cutting off of weeds with a scythe.

As to the question of the true 'I,' when we have dissected away the various instruments and functions, such as attention, reflexion, memory, perception, and the like, we have perhaps not got beyond the *personal* ego. But ancient philosophy teaches that there is a higher Ego, in which the sense of personal separateness from other beings does not inhere. It is not the personality that is immortal, but the true Ego; of which the former is a sort of reflexion, like the image cast by an undying light on a perishable screen. The question of reincarnation suggests itself in this connexion; and a pursuance of the same train of reasoning must lead to a conviction of the truth of this doctrine. No possible analogy can suggest that any single earth-life is the only one which the Ego experiences; on the contrary, all analogy leads us to the conviction that our present earth-life is one of a series. But for the evidence of reincarnation we must again refer the inquirer to the Theosophical textbooks.

The article we are reviewing, together with others of similar sort that appear with increasing frequency every day, shows the way in which the truths contended for by H. P. Blavatsky and her followers are manifesting their influence in the world. We see that conviction comes upon people through their own inner vision, by which they are able to come in contact with the thoughts that have been sown abroad in the world's thought-atmosphere by the unremitting labors of Theosophists. We see also the great importance of *silence* — of the daily cultivation of a habit of quiet reflexion; which, however, must be carefully distinguished from 'meditation' for the attainment of desires. The latter can bring no enlightenment, but only raises obstacles in our path.

In his concluding words the author says:

"On the score of my personal convictions, I may venture to speculate on the readjustment of the attitude to life that must follow scientific sanction of the truth of survival. Once admit this conclusion to your consciousness not in terms of religious ecstasy or revelation, but as pure matter-of-fact knowledge, and horizons widen and isolation disappears. Man ceases to be a biological freak on an insignificant planet and becomes a member of the universe, with illimitable space as his domain."

Knowledge is within our grasp; we have but to observe the conditions. If we start with the conviction that man is really made "in the image of the Gods," that faith will at once lend us wings. Life, from being a futile enigma, gains a real purpose; for who could ask more from it than the privilege of entering upon an infinite *adventure*, whose field continually expands as barrier after barrier goes down before our unceasing determination to separate ourselves from all that is clogging our wings?

H. P. BLAVATSKY, THE TEACHER

H. CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

GO about over the world and inquire of adherents of the many religions what they know of life and soul and Deity and human destiny. You will hear beliefs quite like your own; and beliefs so strange that the words in which they are expressed seem to you without meaning; and beliefs running all the way between these extremes.

Beliefs, then, in plenty; but where is sure and certain knowledge, knowledge like that which a man has of a place he has lived in, and which a man has of his own existence and the existence of his mind? Intellectual assent, firm belief, faith,— yes; but what of actual knowledge?

Is that too much to ask? Yet we are living souls; why should we not know what life is? And why not what soul is? If we came from living Deity, why may we not feel our relationship therewith at every breath? Within us is the great force that underlies evolution everywhere; why may we not come to understand the possibilities of growth latent within us? These questions lie lightly on some minds. For others they are a constant urge to thought and strong search.

In this search there have always been some who have found light, light full or partial, and in the measure of their ability have testified of it and told what manner of search it was that brought them to it.

It is of one of the greatest of these searchers and finders that this paper speaks, of the Russian woman, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Her quest made her a student of every ancient religion and philosophy, drew her from her home, and sent her wandering East and West, anywhere where she thought there might be those who had the real light she wanted.

She found at last an ancient doctrine that was not merely one more set of beliefs, but which contained the way to actual knowledge. It was this, Theosophy, the science of self-knowledge, which for the rest of her life she labored by night and day to teach. And she showed that every great religion, carefully examined, will be found to be built upon it, to have more or less of it as a corner-stone. It contains not only the answer to all the questions men ask about life and soul and Deity and destiny, but also the way in which each of us can so develop himself and sound his own nature as to know that the answer is true.

She showed also from the historic records in the possession of those who have preserved the ancient doctrine, that man's ignorance about himself has been *acquired*, that it is forgetting. All human languages

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

have diverged from one primal speech, and it was in the times when all men spoke that speech that the ancient doctrine was known by them without need of teacher. But with the lapse of time this inner knowledge was lost. It had to be taught, and age after age there were teachers who in the successive great religions they founded imbodyed such parts of it as were suited to the different times and peoples.

Now, when religion seems to be everywhere loosening its hold, and faith and hope giving way to despair, when men are feeling that nothing remains to replace rejected dogma, it was time, as H. P. Blavatsky thought, to uncover once more the great root of all religions, to recall attention to long-forgotten knowledge, and to show us our capacity to find it within ourselves.

She provoked much hostility, of course. Those who love to be looked to as special keepers of the light and specially in the confidence of the Supreme Power, do not want men to be taught that each can be to himself his own light-bringer. And so her doctrine and herself have ever been the mark for bitter attack.

Theosophy does not require profound erudition for its acquirement. It exists in the great religions, philosophies, and myth-systems of the past; but the work of H. P. Blavatsky has rendered it in a sense unnecessary for those whose leisure or culture is limited, to search for it there. Its essentials are simple, though in the end it leads up to and illuminates all the mysteries of life and of the universe. Study it, try it, you who want to know something about yourself and the destinies of mankind!

GOD IN THE ROCKS

KENNETH MORRIS

GOD in the rocks and the ragged trees
And the small brown bees and the sun-blue sky,
Let who will be at bending knees —
Lost and deep in your heart am I!
I heard a hymn with the Meadowlark,
And Who was the Heart-made-Tune I knew;
I touched with my lips the blue-gum bark,
And the One I kissed, I guessed, was You!
—You that are Horus, Balder, Apollo —
Star in the Daffodil, Soul in the Sun:
Call, and my pagan heart shall follow
Till it and beauty and God are one. . . .

THEOSOPHY AND EDUCATION

H. A. FUSSELL

PERHAPS the best way to an understanding of the principles and methods of a truly Theosophical Education will be to consider the results which would accrue to the world if they were generally adopted.

That the prevailing systems of education are unsatisfactory is only too evident, for they have not produced that well-balanced type of manhood and womanhood which parents and teachers agree in considering to be the aim of the educator. Along with other institutions now being weighed in the balance and found wanting, must be included, together with churches and governments, our schools and colleges.

Every system of education must be judged by its results, and by the principles underlying it in regard to the nature and origin of man, his relations to his fellows, his end and destiny. If human progress is due to 'natural selection,' if life is a struggle in which only the so-called 'fittest survive,' if what a man *has* is of more value than what he *is*, if his end is to *get* and not to *give*; then, however brilliant the civilization based upon such principles, it will be material, competitive, egoistical, aggressive; and the education favored by that civilization will be so too.

Science has given us material well-being, but it has also given us improved death-dealing devices, and man's lower selfish nature has seized upon these means of destruction to guarantee him,— as he erroneously believes they will,— from destruction by other self-regarding and aggressive natures. And so, despite much self-glorification, the outlook for the future is by no means a bright one, unless we can find counterbalancing factors at work in modern education. The remedy would be the inculcation of a broader, more sympathetic outlook upon life, and a better appreciation of what really makes for permanent progress, the basis of which is moral and spiritual.

In the last twenty-five or thirty years there has been a marked change in educational methods, chiefly in the direction of greater efficiency, resulting in a wide-spread diffusion of knowledge among all classes. Man has become a skilled worker and, generally speaking, a better citizen — of his own country. He has been taught to eulogize his own nation, to sacrifice himself if need be in its interest — even to the detriment of other nations. The present morally defective system of education, based upon a misconception of man's true nature, must therefore be reckoned among the causes of war.

Education has been made subservient in every country to the ends of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

an exaggerated feeling of nationalism, and so has been inimical to a feeling of a true *inter*-nationalism. The result is a narrow and exclusive patriotism which, threatening others, believes itself threatened in turn, and which, in the name of country, of hearth and home, of wife and children, destroys the homes and brings untold misery upon the wives and children of the men of other nations. Instead of being educated for Peace, the peoples of the earth are educated for War, and the fear of war and preparation for war, if not actual war, is the result.

Education is the great formative agency for molding the rising generation. At the most plastic and impressionable period of their lives, that is, in their youth, the men and women of the nations engaged in the recent world-war, received what we are pleased to call an education which, however, failed to teach them the essential unity of the race and the brotherhood of man. No matter how great their intellectual attainments, from a moral point of view their education was a sham and a failure. What is needed is a truer knowledge of human nature, a new viewpoint, and that means changed values, the finding of a new basis for life. And it is just this new, higher orientation of human thought and activity that Theosophy has been trying to bring about for the last fifty years.

The Theosophical Society was founded in 1875 to bring back long-forgotten truths to mankind, and so combat the disruptive forces at work in modern society. The chief founders, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, insisted from the very first upon a reform in education in accordance with the principles of Theosophy, but it was reserved for our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, to give effect to their efforts by inaugurating the Râja-Yoga System of Education.

What are its distinctive features? In the first place, the child is a Soul, just as much as we are Souls,—though, unfortunately, many ‘grown-ups’ do not seem to realize that they are.

The greatest musician cannot play upon a defective instrument. No more can the Soul, the divine creative part of man, express its wondrous harmonies, unless the whole being, mind as well as body, the thoughts as well as the emotions, are attuned and responsive to its slightest touch.

In every child the Soul waits for the perfected instrument, and it is the office of education — rightly conceived — to form this instrument, which is the human body and mind. And it is only the Râja-Yoga System of Education that can do this, for it alone provides for the perfect balance of all the faculties, bodily, mental, and spiritual.

The Soul that is returning to earth-life and has taken the body of the new-born child as its medium of expression, is often hampered in its work by the ignorant though well-meaning affection and the wrong guidance given to the child by its parents and teachers. Usually these fail to

THEOSOPHY AND EDUCATION

realize the sacred trust reposed in them. Hence the necessity of beginning with the parents and teachers before the Râja-Yoga System can be put into real effect.

In this system the child participates, in porportion to its newly awakening powers, and so in an ever increasing degree, in the activities of real life. For example, the youngest child can understand that Brotherhood, in practice, not merely as a sentiment, means "Helping and Sharing." Moreover, he is not taught that he *has* a soul, but that he *is* a soul; and he soon begins to look upon his body and mind, not as himself, but as the instruments of the soul. He learns, too, and very quickly, the momentous truth that there are two selves in man — the higher and the lower; and so learns self-control.

The lower self is the source of the feeling of separateness, of the egoistical, self-regarding propensities, which cause dissension and strife. The Higher Self, on the contrary, is a ray of the One Infinite Eternal Life-Principle, and is the same in all men; it is the unifying principle in man, the never-failing source and origin of Universal Brotherhood, of all that knits man to his fellows. And the child is taught to look to the Higher Self for power to dominate his appetites and passions, which have their seat in the lower self; and so, as he grows up and his powers unfold, he becomes quite naturally one of the Helpers of Humanity.

He thus learns the secret of moral power and forms insensibly the habit of referring all he does to the Supreme and so becomes, if this process of development is not checked or thwarted, at last incapable of a mean act, thought, or feeling. Everything he does is done with the idea of good to others. And so, unconsciously and in the most natural manner possible, the child grows up to be a potent factor for the uplifting of mankind, and by exemplifying Theosophy in his life, brings nearer the day when Universal Brotherhood shall be the keynote of our being.

Of course, in the present state of mankind, it is not to be expected that this development takes place without some falls. The lower nature will assert itself at times, but Theosophy has faith in the Higher Nature of the child, just as it has faith in the Higher Nature of the grown man or woman, for once roused, it will conquer in the end.

Both Pestalozzi and Froebel, pioneers in educational reform, must have caught glimpses of this great truth. The former says that "if man is evil, it is because we have closed the only road by which he might have had the will to be good"; and the latter that "it is because of our want of confidence in the inward power acting through the child that this power accomplishes so little; not to recognise it is to stultify it." If these two reformers were living now, they would doubtless have hailed with joy the advent of the Râja-Yoga System of Education, because, founded as

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

it is on the principles of the essential Divinity of Man and Universal Brotherhood, it alone of all educational systems provides for the education of the human race as a whole, and its elevation to ever greater heights of spirituality and power.

The duality of human nature is one of the basic teachings of Theosophy, and it is largely because this truth is not sufficiently taken into account that there is so much evil in the world, and that so many young people go astray. If it were, and if we adopted the right system of education, nearly all the distressing problems which confront us today, would disappear in a comparatively short time. A child, for example, knows nothing of class-distinctions, of economic or national strife and hatred, until these have been induced upon a naturally loving and trusting disposition by his elders and at school or college. The future belongs to our children, but it is *we* who decide what that future shall be, by the way in which we bring them up and by the ideas we instil into them.

It would take too long to discuss details of method here, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to the principle by which they must all be judged, and which is a corollary of those already stated, namely that, generally speaking, the true method consists in providing opportunities for the unfolding of the inner life, of the divine powers latent in the child, so that it may grow up to manhood and womanhood as naturally as the plant, which puts forth leaves, then the lovely flower, and finally produces the perfect fruit. But in order that this, the true end of education, may be attained, a proper environment, as well as right methods of culture, are necessary.

Music and the drama form an integral part of the Râja-Yoga System of Education. They are powerful aids in the process of character-building. As Katherine Tingley says:

“The world has not yet awakened to the value of music as a factor in refining and purifying the character, especially during the early and more plastic years of life. . . . True drama points away from unrealities to the real life of the soul. . . . Real dramatic power can only be called forth in the absence of self-consciousness and of vanity.”

By insisting that mental, moral, and physical development must proceed simultaneously and along parallel lines, Theosophy lays down not only a sound methodological principle but at the same time indicates a weak point in modern education, which suffers from overspecialization. If our moral and spiritual development had been as complete as our material achievements have been brilliant, we should never see nations, nominally Christian, engaged in mutual slaughter, nor should we see misery and degradation prevalent in all classes of society.

There is much talk nowadays of the necessity of ‘getting down to hard facts,’ which too often means taking a material view of things, and

A MORE SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY

implies a coarsening of our nature and a limiting of our vision. We *must* take facts into account, but let us beware of overlooking the greatest fact of all — the essential divinity of man. It is in the recognition of this basic fact in human nature, and in the sincere effort to build upon it, that lies the real value of a Râja-Yoga training; a training which does not cease when we leave school or college, but continues all through life, and life after life. All who have had this training know that knowledge must be acquired and used in the spirit of humanity. The wilful abuse to which knowledge and science are being put today is the greatest possible menace to civilization. If not put a stop to it will end in the destruction of mankind.

William Q. Judge might well say: "Intellectual development and spiritual enlightenment must go hand in hand; abnormal growth in one direction is prejudicial to real progress." The value of a man lies in the harmonious development of all his faculties, and that is provided for in the Râja-Yoga System of Education, and in that system alone. Education should have an elevating, idealizing tendency, in the best sense of that expression, and should enable us to sense the better, diviner side of men and things, liberating us from the power of the lower forces of our nature, and opening a way to all that is high and noble and serviceable to humanity. As Katherine Tingley says:

"The world seeks for and requires a practical illustration of the possibility of developing a higher type of humanity, and an opportunity for that now presents itself. All who have the welfare of the world's children at heart can hasten the day of better things, eagerly sought for by so many."

A MORE SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



AMONG signs of the times is scattered evidence of psychology emerging from the domination of scientific materialism and adopting viewpoints more in keeping with its name. Moreover, not the least of this seeking of causal reality behind tangible effects seems to come from Germany.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, of April 11, 1925, the Berlin letter reports a growing recognition of an inner relation between animate and so-called 'inanimate' nature, closely relating man with the whole surrounding cosmos. For instance, able investigators show a psychic influence of changes of weather or of seasons, as seen in rhythmic manifestations of mortality, suicide, psychic depressions and exaltations, and the like. Along this line is quoted an interesting lecture by Professor

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Hellpach, psychologist at the politechnicum in Karlsruhe and Staatspräsident of the Baden free state.

The lecturer reviewed the marked cosmic influence on physical and psychic life produced by the vernal crisis on mankind generally, between 35 and 60 degrees, both north and south latitude. There is a spring-time elation or intoxication, wherein the instinctive activities increase and reasoning faculties are less acute, with resulting loss of inhibitory impulses. In short, human motor activities tend to run wild, while the inhibitory power of reason is less active.

It is noteworthy that the lecturer rejects as a 'seductive hypothesis' in line with current medical thought, the idea that the above activities are due to changes in internal secretions. He contends that the basic elements of these cosmic influences are unknown. He adds that besides the effect of increased heat and light in spring and summer, there are changes in the air's electric currents. He quotes Trabert's researches in Innsbrück on adults, school-children, and epileptics, regarding effects of the violent south wind. The striking fact was that the low level in the conditions of these subjects coincided with an approaching instead of a prevailing barometric depression, which "pointed to an unknown atmospheric factor that made itself felt from a distance." This wind exerted a constant effect on the cases, through variable weather-conditions of warmth and moisture, which "points to electric currents in the air."

Professor Hellpach refers to possible effect of electric currents in the air, in discussing the close relation between sound sleep and the psychophysical capacity for action the following day. He also touches on the cycles of seven days and seven years, and concludes that we know little definitely of causal relations between cosmic influences and our physical and psychic life.

Though the professor finds the relations between nature and human nature to be obscure, his intuitive seeking along super-physical lines shows he is 'getting warm,' as children say in their guessing. He would find his next step made clear in H. P. Blavatsky's great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*. She picks up the lines where modern scientific research halts at the outreaches of the materialistic realm, and she carries the problems of cause and effect back to the invisible mainsprings of unity and interaction. She quotes the conclusive logic of the ancients who held that everything in the universe is alive. Matter and man being impelled alike by some degree of consciousness, every unit in the cosmic whole is related, on inner lines, to every other unit.

Ordinary electricity is spoken of in *Isis Unveiled* as the grosser form of a refined force generated also by the dynamic human brain, each kind acting with its own degree of intelligence. It is noted that the relation

A MORE SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY

between the two is furthered by suitable atmospheric conditions. Also it is stated that *magnetic currents develop themselves into electricity upon their exit from the body*. Herein seems to be the unknown link connecting atmospheric electricity with the mental and emotional currents circulating in human beings. Some persons are especially susceptible to these unseen influences, just as persons vary in their outgoing influence.

A connexion between human and atmospheric electrical currents suggests that the interchange may work both ways. So that the broadcasted influence of dynamic thought and feeling must act and react, to the degree the world's mental and material atmosphere favors its transmission and reception. Take the psychic and sensitive types, and those with disturbed nerve-balance like epileptics. These, being less fixed on physical levels, are relatively more aware on inner lines. They are often moved by alien and unaccountable impulses. Naturally, such make-ups might respond, unwittingly, to electrical air-currents whose *quality* of influence was generated by human dynamos of thought and feeling. The earth itself being a magnet, its moving currents must contact and acquire human qualities of outgoing mental and emotional forces.

It seems quite possible that the effect of the violent south wind, spoken of by Professor Hellpach, may be due to some agitated human quality which finds favorable circulating mediums in this boisterous air. Surely man's evolved self-consciousness must be a more potent and subtil force than that coming from Nature's laboratory. And the humanized quality in the moving air would arouse similar vibrations in susceptible persons in its path. That the "low level in the conditions of these subjects" studied coincided with approaching rather than with prevailing barometric depressions, suggests that the distant, unknown influence was carried and felt on inner lines.

As thought can cross a continent instantly, so likewise feeling can discount space. Communication *via* the ether is attested to by much authentic evidence. Moreover, not only are sensitives increasing in number but the average of racial psychic sense is unfolding steadily. The modern network of external means of intercommunication is symbolic of many intangible lines of contact and influence. Thought-transference is only a step beyond the wireless. The astral world of thought and feeling interpenetrates our material life as naturally as the worlds of science, art, industry, politics, etc., interpenetrate in the single and collective mind.

It seems, furthermore, that man's body being made of earth, his output of disordered magnetism may so react electrically upon Mother-Earth as to cause such vibratory commotion in her forces as to start storms.

The nervous system is the visible means of communication between

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the physical body and the invisible realm of ideation and emotion. Across this bridge between matter and consciousness, the universal life-force conveys incoming and outgoing messages, linking men together and to the cosmic whole. This life-principle which fills all space is called 'nervous ether' by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S. This modern scientist intuitively echoes Paracelsus, who said:

"THE Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the *Noumenon* of Electricity; and . . . it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

"The Archæus is of a magnetic nature, and *attracts or repels* other sympathetic or anti-pathetic forces belonging to the same plane. The less power of resistance for astral influences a person possesses, the more will he be subject to such influences. The vital force is not enclosed in man, but radiates [within and] around him like a luminous sphere [aura] and it may be made to act at a distance. . . . It *may poison the essence of life [blood] and cause diseases*, or it may purify it after it has been made impure, and restore the health."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 538

The above matter puts psychology and biology in the relation of cause and effect, or as the unseen noumena and visible phenomena. The vital interchange of cerebral and atmospheric electricity, or life-force, may account for various diseases which elude laboratory researches. The technique of microscope, test-tube, and vivisectioning scalpel cannot reveal the secret nor the sacredness of incarnating life.

In this connexion, consider the familiar problem of influenza. Note the medical claims that, during the late war, hygienic technique kept down the sepsis and resulting mortalities incident to battlefields. So far, so good, in staging gigantic human slaughter. But the millioned strong currents of broadcasted thoughts and feelings of hatred, terror, hunger, despair, sickness, sorrow, violation and death must have reacted upon all humanity through augmented electric currents of the tortured air. The explosion of war reacted upon every form of human interest — political, industrial, social, etc. Surely the reaction upon the minds and hearts that had created these institutions was, and is yet, as much more far-reaching and lasting as the impulses which materialize in war are more potent than the mere machinery of conflict. Back of the man behind the gun is the motive which is the mainspring of action.

Note also, while serum and sanitation promised immunity from the classic tragedy of 'preventible camp-diseases,' the unhuman struggle brought the warring nations to the exhaustion-point. But with the armistice came a world-epidemic of influenza. Was it a repercussion, on inner lines, of war's devastating forces? The cause of this scourge still eludes analysis. No class or age or country escaped — rich and poor, weak and strong; occident and orient, alike suffered. Hardy, primitive peoples, alike in Alaska and in some South-Sea islands, died off like flies.

A MORE SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY

The theory that the causative germs were brought to them by some incoming ship does not square with recorded scientific failure to inoculate some American test-cases with the fresh secretions of influenza-patients.

Now while these healthy, care-free natives seem out of touch with 'civilized' warring countries, both outwardly and on inner lines, they are living under the psychology of their own racial disappearance. This mournful consciousness of their destiny links them, as it would any human beings, with depressing emotional currents. In this connexion, note that the peculiar features common to various types of influenza were: a sense of detachment from ordinary relations to one's own life; an exhaustion and depression out of relation to the severity of physical symptoms; and a peculiar sense, not of ordinary nausea, but rather a sickening distaste of self. The quality of symptoms pointed to disturbance of the psychic life. It was as if the ignored soul of the world, revolting at last against the enslaving materialism of animal body and brain, was broadcasting its knowledge of this desecration of its rightful place in life. If, as said, no one can look upon naked truth and live, no wonder the nerves of the sick were overwhelmed, and so many gave up the ghost.

For four years the warring world's conditions made it receptive of serious messages. The common mind and heart were focused upon the battlefields where vast numbers lived face to face with death. The soldiers' life, stripped of artificial values, left them near the borderland of the eternal verities. Moreover, these living men were closely linked with streams of outgoing comrades and enemies, all of whom suddenly found themselves unbodied and 'at home' on the other side of the illusive veil of matter. The whole situation tended to detach these millions from petty, personal viewpoints of life and to relate them to the universal reality of unveiled truth. Never before, perhaps, was the world-psychology so powerful and far-reaching, so interpenetrating in action and reaction. Everywhere, at home and in the field, people 'carried on,' outwardly courageous but sick at heart with grief and horror. Inevitably such an outpouring of agonized and aroused human magnetism into the ether would react upon inner lines with like manner and intensity.

Of course, the scientists, looking for the guilty germs, would overlook the psychic relation of a war-torn world with epidemic influenza; but it is worth considering. The suggestive ideas of Professor Hellpach are straws showing that the scientific wind is turning toward the inner field of causes. His study of the springtime elation, with increase of motor activities and lack of reason's inhibitory influence, touched another phase of reaction between man and the sub-human realm. It is from the latter that man's body is made, sustained during life and then disposed of after death. So intimate a tie must make him responsive to the spring-tide

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of nature-forces seeking expression in mineral, plant, and animal. Naturally enough, his animal body outruns his reason if, as is too common, his average self-control is at the mercy of his emotions and impulses. On the other hand, the year-round, practical idealist does not run wild, but expands his nature in harmony with the spring-cycle of unfolding wonder and beauty. While his type numbers only a saving minority, even the customary outbreaks into alleged spring-poetry show that the ideal side of dual man is moved to speak. The nature-forces stimulate both sides of human nature.

Professor Hellpach's reference to the refreshing effect of sound sleep recalls to mind H. P. Blavatsky's explanation of the different planes of consciousness. She says that, with the body and mind wholly inactive, beyond the dream-level, the soul is free at times to live in its native state and to bring back to the awakening man a larger sense of strength and courage.

Granting that there is no way to prove the above relation between the mental and emotional currents aroused by the world-war and the deadly epidemic of influenza, is there any way to disprove it? Certainly not in the vivisectioning or research laboratory.

In the *Science Monthly* for February, Dr. M. J. Rosenau, of Harvard Medical School, in discussing causes of disease says that the term " 'influenza' signifies a mysterious influence and even supernatural effect of our environment."

As to environment, the student of *The Secret Doctrine* will agree, since the triple evolution of body, mind, and soul makes each man the center of interpenetrating worlds of universal forces. But it is wholly natural,—not super- nor infra-natural,—that the selfishly disordered consciousness of this chaotic modern world should react in various ways of suffering, until we recognise the healing truth that "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature."

SCIENCE VINDICATES H. P. BLAVATSKY

T. HENRY, M. A.



PERUSAL of *The Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, Part III, will show how many statements and forecasts there made about physics and chemistry have been verified during the years since the book was written (1888).

H. P. Blavatsky was fighting dogmatism, whether in religion or science or what not. She champions whatever is true and just in each, and carefully distinguishes between the true and the false, between actual dis-

SCIENCE VINDICATES H. P. BLAVATSKY

covery and mere speculation. She states that science, if it remains loyal to the method of honest investigation, will be compelled to give up its own views and to adopt those of Occultism; and the sequel has so far abundantly justified this assertion.

"Science is honeycombed with metaphysical conceptions, but the Scientists will not admit the charge and fight desperately to put atomo-mechanical masks on purely incorporeal and spiritual laws in nature. . . .

"It is easy to show, however, how Scientists, wedded to their materialistic views, have endeavored, ever since the day of Newton, to put false masks on fact and truth. But their task is becoming with every year more difficult; and with every year also, Chemistry, above all the other sciences, approaches nearer and nearer the realm of the Occult in nature. It is assimilating the very truths taught by the Occult Sciences for ages, but hitherto bitterly derided."— I, 544-5

In reference to Professor Crookes' British Association address, 1888, we find the following:

"Once more the President of the Chemical Society brings before the world of Science and the public the fruits of some new discoveries in the realm of atoms, and these discoveries justify the occult teachings in every way."— I, 546

One of the most striking instances has been the discovery that electricity and light are forms of matter. Electricity is now known to be atomic, and the atoms (electrons) of which it is composed are endowed with mass, which has been calculated. The undulatory theory of light no longer suffices as an explanation of all the observed phenomena; and, in the introduction of the word 'quantum,' we see again the necessity of postulating atomicity for light also. It was shown by H. P. Blavatsky, with abundant quotations from Stallo and other contemporary critics of scientific philosophy, that science was using the words *force*, *matter*, *energy*, and the like to denote mere abstractions. Neither force, as defined by science, nor matter, as defined by science, could be conceived as existing alone and without the other. Thus the scientific universe was built of abstractions, and was in truth highly metaphysical. Science was enunciating an ontological system and trying to mask it under materialistic names and forms.

Electricity could not be a mere affection of matter, nor light a mere mode of motion. Matter and Force are "the phenomenal undifferentiated aspects of the one primary, undifferentiated Cosmic Substance."

". . . Occultism sees in all these Forces and manifestations a ladder, the lower rungs of which belong to *exoteric* physics, and the higher are traced to a living, intelligent, invisible Power, which is, as a rule, the unconcerned, and exceptionally, the conscious cause of the sense-born phenomenon designated as this or another natural law."— I, 554

But there were scientists who, in those days, took a more advanced view. In opposition to those who tried to represent the life of a living organism as a mere affection of its matter, a mere motion of its molecules,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

there was the 'nervous ether' of Dr. B. W. Richardson, about which we find the following in reference to a quotation from him:

"... This extract, together with de Quatrefages' admission, is a clear confirmation that there are men of science who take the same view about 'things occult' as theosophists and occultists do. These recognise a distinct vital principle independent of the organism — material, of course, as *physical force cannot be divorced from matter*, but of a substance existing in a state unknown to Science. *Life for them is something more than the mere interaction of molecules and atoms.*" — I, 603

The words, "physical force cannot be divorced from matter," are important. We see that every force must have a material basis of some sort. Science, even when calling a force a vibration, has to suppose some medium for that vibration to take place in; and thus ether, a new form of matter, is devised.

"To the average physicist, as remarked by a Kabalist, 'Space, Force, Matter, are, what signs in algebra are to the mathematician, merely conventional symbols'; or 'Force as force, and Matter as matter, are as absolutely unknowable as is the assumed empty space in which they are held to interact.'" — I, 615

A great deal is quoted in *The Secret Doctrine* from William Crookes, the celebrated chemist, who refused to accept the chemical elements as being really elementary, and believed them all to be modifications of a single primary substance, which he called protyle. Since that day we have of course discovered radio-activity and the disintegration of atoms, and have shown the ninety-odd chemical elements to be different groupings of negative electrons about a positive nucleus.

Having got down to the electron, and found that the old definitions of energy and matter will not suffice to explain it, and that those two terms merge into one another; we seem to have reached about as far as observation by the five corporeal senses can take us. We may still find out a great deal about what the electrons do. It may be possible to refer both negative and positive electrons to the ether. But then we have reached a form of matter which is entirely beyond the physical senses and whose nature can only be dimly inferred from its physical effects.

This, as will surely seem obvious to most people, is only what could be expected. For what more could the physical senses perceive but living activity, appearing under its twin aspects of matter and motion? The physical world is in truth that aspect of reality which we cognise by our physical senses; in addition to which there is a conceptual physical world which we create in our mind by reflexion upon the data afforded by our sense-perceptions. Beyond the physical must lie regions wherein lie the causes of the physical, and which must *ex hypothesi* be beyond the reach of the physical perceptions or of the mental conceptions based thereon.

SCIENCE VINDICATES H. P. BLAVATSKY

For direct cognition of these regions, other senses must be employed; and thus science becomes the study of our own nature.

H. P. Blavatsky is ever insistent on the point that the universe is an assemblage of living beings; pointing out the word *atom* was used in that sense by many ancient philosophers. And to what other conclusion can we come, whether by reasoning or by experiment? Once we pronounce anything to be dead and inert, it becomes necessary to postulate some agent to account for the activities of that alleged inert matter. If we postulate for this purpose 'force' or 'energy,' we have named an abstraction, and are liable to continual confusion as to whether this force or energy is to be regarded as the cause of the phenomena or as an epithet descriptive of those phenomena. Is sound a name for matter in a certain state of vibration, or is sound a force which causes matter to vibrate? Is heat a name for matter vibrating at a certain rate, or is there some extraneous force called heat which makes matter vibrate in that way? We read arguments in which these alternative meanings are not distinguished. It would seem that the movements of physical matter are due to forces, like electricity, which themselves are also material in another degree. Here we see the universal duality of Spirit-Matter, together constituting Life; and the fundamental hypostases of philosophy are found reappearing beneath the microscope and in the vacuum-tube.

"Every elemental *atom*, in search of which more than one Chemist has followed the path indicated by the Alchemists, is, in their [the 'Occultists'] firm belief (when not *knowledge*), a SOUL; not necessarily a disembodied soul, but a *jīva*, as the Hindūs call it, a center of POTENTIAL VITALITY, with latent intelligence in it, and, in the case of compound Souls — an intelligent active EXISTENCE. . . . All those atom-Souls are differentiations from the ONE. . . .

"Modern physics, while borrowing from the ancients their atomic theory, forgot one point, the most important of the doctrine; hence they got only the husks. . . ."— I, 567

A quotation from a speech by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith comes appropriately to hand. He said (we take the liberty of translating the reportorial *oratio obliqua* into English):

"Science, like theology, is apt, unless it is carefully looked after, to lapse into dogmatism; and one of the most interesting and instructive lessons in that chapter of the annals of free thought is the warning it gives us against the too facile assumption of finality."

It is almost a commonplace today to read an expatiation on the attitude of finality assumed by science towards the end of last century, when it was seriously said that everything had been discovered and only details had to be filled in. Almost immediately the X-rays and radioactivity were discovered. A box may be quite full of oranges, and yet able to contain a great many nuts; after which you can pour in a quantity of sand, and then water. Finally, as someone has said, you can charge

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the whole with electricity. And too, had not those same self-satisfied scientists themselves told us that the spaces between adjacent molecules in matter are enormous in comparison with the size of the molecules? They had left us plenty of room, but they made a mistake in telling us it was empty, on no better ground than that they had not found anything in it. And there is still plenty of room left.

Thus day by day discovery continues to add indorsements to the truth, as stated by H. P. Blavatsky, that the whole universe is alive and conscious in varying degrees; even the atoms of so-called dead matter being 'souls' whose functions are largely in a state of latency. And this fulfilment should lead us to pay the greater respect to other forecasts still to be fulfilled.

TANG MING-HUANG PASSES *

KENNETH MORRIS

After Li Po

LIKE meteors sudden through huge night
The golden cohorts hurry by;
Their broad halberds frosty white
Gleam in the hushed moon's solemn light;
Their dim pennons fly
Like blown clouds moon-glozed at the rim. . . .

And keen and throbbing up to a sky
Keen and throbbing star by star,
The impatient silver war-fifes cry
Their mincing-dancing march . . . and die,
And the noise dies down afar,
And night sinks back to her broodings dim.

* The Emperors traveled by night.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

UNSELFISH ACTS

MILKO VOGLÁR

LOOK out over the world — see how the vices like hostile armies ravage the fields where the kindly sower, the Soul, has strewn broadcast the seeds of life-nourishing grain! Look far and wide and perceive these mad forces at work in man's inner field. Do you not wish to destroy in yourselves all the varied forms of the countless vampires of selfishness? The battle is not an easy one, but the inflexible perseverance and incessant activity of the godlike and holy powers of the Higher Nature, which are constantly working for the benefit of others as well as of ourselves, will without doubt and in very truth bring the victory.

Truly unselfish acts, which are the working out of the good within us, the radiation of the light within, the bringing forth of the best qualities and the transmutation of evil, form the means of attaining this end, and are like arrows shot towards the target — selfishness — ignorance. When this last mentioned condition, this unseen cause of all selfish ways of thinking and acting is once removed, it will no longer be able, even in a future life, to return and disturb the inner Peace. Thus we shall be free from selfishness and completely filled with happiness, and as essentially divine beings we will spread happiness everywhere.

WASHINGTON'S VISION IN 1777

THE following description is related by Anthony Sherman, a gentleman of ninety years, who had it from the old General himself.

The darkest period of the American Revolution was in the year 1777, when Washington, after dreadful reverses, retired to Valley Forge, to encamp during the winter.

Often did I see the tears of distress course down the cheeks of the loved commander, when he reflected on the extreme sufferings of his brave soldiers.

Washington had the habit of praying to God for help and prosperity. The assistance of Jehovah alone he well knew could avail.

A certain day Washington spent by himself alone in his chamber, and when he came out he looked pale and wan, and he related as follows:

“As I sat this afternoon writing, and my mind was deeply weighed down with trouble, I discovered opposite me a most beautiful female form.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

“I was much surprised, for I had given most peremptory orders not to be disturbed by any one.

“I could not, on the moment, find words to inquire of this most unlooked-for visitor.

“Three or four times I inquired without receiving an answer.

“She only elevated her eyes a little.

“I now felt a most extraordinary sensation throughout my whole body.

“I would have risen up, but the staring of my mysterious visitor made me displeased with her.

“I attempted again to address her, but my tongue was tied.

“A certain unknown, mysterious, irresistible power overpowered me.

“I was unable to do anything more than to stare at the apparition.

“By degrees the room became filled with a remarkable light; the image herself became luminous and bright.

“I now had the feeling of a dying person.

“I could not think, reflect, or move.

“I am only conscious of this fact, that I looked sternly on the vision.

“Here I heard the voice saying, ‘Son of the Republic, look and learn.’ At the same time the figure stretched out her arm and pointed with her finger eastward.

“Transparent clouds arose in the distance; and these lifting themselves, there was formed a most astonishing figure before me.

“Before me there spread all the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

“Between Europe and America I saw tremendous waves brandishing; and also between America and Asia.

“Again the voice repeated, ‘Son of the Republic, look up and learn.’

“Instantly I beheld a darksome image, as of an angel, poising between Europe and America. (War of 1812.)

“He dipped water with both hands, and with his right hand he poured it upon America, and with his left hand on Europe.

“In a moment black clouds arose from both countries, which met half way upon the Atlantic.

“Here they tarried awhile, and then moved westward, and covered the terra firma of America.

“Livid lightnings flashed through the dark clouds.

“I heard the deep groanings of the American people.

“Again the angel dipped and sprinkled water as before; then the dark clouds receded and sank into the ocean.

“Now for the third time I heard the voice, ‘Son of the Republic, look up and learn.’

“I looked up, and saw in America populous towns and cities, and improvements spreading from the borders of the Atlantic to the coast of the Pacific.

“Upon this the angel turned toward the south; and I saw a horrid grizzly specter approaching from Africa to our country. (The Civil War)

WASHINGTON'S VISION IN 1777

"It moved slowly and heavily over our towns and lands! The population now arose for war and paraded in battle array, one part against the other.

"As I contemplated this scene, I discovered an angel of light, and on his head he had a glorious crown, with the word 'Union' inscribed.

"In his hand he bore the American banner, and cried out, 'Remember, you are brethren.'

"Immediately the armed hosts threw down their weapons, became friends and marshaled under the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Again I heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the Republic, the second danger has passed over; look up and learn.'

"And now I saw towns and cities, and fields increasing in numbers until the whole land was thickly covered from the Atlantic unto the Pacific; and the people were as stars in the firmament and the sands of the seashore — innumerable.

"Again I heard, 'Son of the Republic, the end of one century is approaching; look up and learn.'

"Upon this the dark angel set a trumpet to his mouth and blasted thrice, and dipped water with his hands and poured it on Asia, Europe and Africa.

"Now my eyes beheld a most terrible scene.

"From each of these countries arose black and heavy clouds, which united in one great mass; through these spread lurid lightnings, and I beheld immense legions of armed multitudes, marching and sailing toward America, which were soon enveloped in the black clouds.

"And now I beheld how these immense armies wasted and burned our towns and cities.

"And now I heard the thunder of cannon, the furious clash of swords, and the war shouts of millions encountered in deadly strife.

"I again heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the Republic, look up and learn.'

"After this the dark angel gave another loud, long, and fearful blast.

"Now suddenly broke forth and dispersed the black clouds from over the American country.

"After this, I saw the angel with the glorious crown inscribed 'Union,' descending from heaven, accompanied by legions of glorified spirits, having in one hand a sword and in the other the Star-Spangled Banner.

"And these all associated with the American people, who were nearly overwhelmed, but now were inspired with new courage, and renewed the battle array.

"Now, again, amid the din of battle, I heard the voice, 'Son of the Republic, look up and learn.'

"After the report of this voice, the dark angel, for the last time, dipped water and sprinkled it on the American continent, when the dark clouds, with their armies, rolled back instantly, leaving the glorious victory to the Americans.

"Then I saw villages, towns and cities, and improvements arise like magic,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

while the angel of light planted the Star-Spangled Banner amid the vast multitudes of people, and cried, 'As long as the stars of heaven endure and the dew falls upon the earth, so long shall this Republic endure.'

"And while he took and set it upon the Star-Spangled Banner, the vast multitudes bending under it, unitedly cried out, 'Amen.'

"Now by degrees the vision vanished; and nothing but the mysterious and very beautiful female figure, who once more said, 'Son of the Republic, what thou hast seen is thus to be expounded:

" 'Three great and dangerous calamities will come over this Republic; the second is the greatest.

" 'When this is overcome, then the whole world cannot conquer it.

" 'Now, let every citizen of this Republic learn to serve God, his fatherland and the blessed Union.'

"With these words the image disappeared.

"I arose from my chair with the full conviction that this was a revelation to me of the birth of this Republic, its progress and its varied destinies."

All this history, says Mr. Sherman, I myself heard from the mouth of General Washington.

— Lancaster (Ohio) *Gazette*

BLEST MORNING HOUR

STUDENT

IN the silent Morning Hour
That to my Higher Self is given.
There comes — I know not whence
A peace — maybe of heaven?
A loved companionship
A holiness of calm
And life that does not change —
Beautiful in boundless range:
All loving, real, true:
All things that make for good —
Alert, but without haste —
A dauntless hardihood.
O blessed Morning Hour,
In which my soul finds rest.
Its call is from Above
From those I know and love.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT*

TALBOT MUNDY



DAY broke on the Red Sea, pale hard-yellow, like low-grade molten brass. The big revolving light on Matthew Island ceased to turn; its reddish rays sickened and waned and died; the dirty, shark-infested waves --- oily and breakerless --- reflected the molten shimmer of the sky, and the humidity increased by a degree or two.

No birds twittered. There was nothing, either animal or human, amid the awful desolation of the Twelve Apostles, that seemed glad to greet the dawn. Aloes were the only thing that grew there, unless you count the sickly-looking patch of vegetables, some twenty feet by twenty, that succeeding reliefs of sergeants had coaxed on to the bald, hot hideous rock to make them homesick.

Sergeant Stanley, of the Fifty-Fifth ("God's Own"), arose from his sleepless cot as a bugler turned out the shirt-sleeved guard. There followed in time-accustomed sequence the growled command --- sweet-toned 'reveille,' wasting its sweetness over unresponsive desolation, the click of arms presented, and the Union Jack rising up a white-smearred flagpole; it flapped once or twice, and then drooped despondently.

"Order Um-m-ms!" commanded Stanley. "Guard . . . dismiss!"

Another twelve-hours' sun-baked idleness was under way.

Stanley saw to the sweeping of the guard-room, and the making of the serried rows of beds; then he strolled to the one and only bungalow, to ask whether or not his officer was up as yet. A Somali boy answered that he was not up. Stanley turned, and the boy followed him along the winding footpath that descended down the cliff-side to a ledge of rock beside the sea.

Near the bottom of the path they were preceded by a thousand scampering crabs, which fought with each other for the right of way and flopped into the water noisily, like frightened ghouls caught prowling after dawn. The Somali boy singled out the largest of them and crushed it with a well-aimed stone; instantly a hundred other crabs cut short their scurry to the sea to tear it into little pieces and devour it.

"Ugh!" growled Stanley. "You, Twopence! What in blazes d'you mean by that? Isn't there hell enough on this rock without your adding to it? Get back d'you hear --- back to your master!"

The Somali grinned, but he obeyed. He knew the temper of the white man marooned on the Twelve Apostles, and he could gage the consequence of disobedience pretty accurately, from experience. Stanley kicked the struggling crabs into the sea, and watched for a while the huge fin of a tiger-

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

shark, scouting to and fro in lazy, zigzag sweeps that scarcely produced a ripple on the blood-hot water.

As the sun grew higher, the oily waves died down — beaten down, it seemed, by the brazen reflexion of the sky, and from the distance, growing gradually nearer, came the steady thug-thug-thug of a propeller. Big, black, bristling with iron wind-scoops, a Peninsular and Oriental liner hurried past, slam-banging down the Red Sea at sixteen knots to make a head-wind for her passengers.

“Not so much as a signal!” muttered Stanley to himself. “Lord help ’em, they think they’re suffering! Punkahs above the tables, and lemonade, and ice! Open sea ahead of ’em, all the worst of it behind, and can’t even run a string o’ flags up to pass the time o’ day!”

The sun turned paler yellow yet, and as it rose a yard or two above the cast-iron ring of the horizon, the sea below where Stanley stood turned pale green and transparent. He could look down into it, and see the million rainbow-tinted fishes feeding on each other — the everlasting cannibal-fight for the survival of the biggest. A shark, sneaking amid the coral out of reach of larger sharks, swept suddenly among the fish in lightning flashes.

Then, to digest his bellyful, he came and rested lazily beneath the ledge of rock where Stanley stood. And the long arm of a giant octopus reached out, flicking at the end like a beckoning finger, and pulled him — struggling — fighting — plunging downward to the parrot-beak below.

Stanley shuddered. “That’s no way to die!” he muttered. Then he glanced again over to the hurrying liner, and his look hardened into something scarcely civilized.

“It’s for the likes o’ them that the likes of us are festering here; let ’em pay the price! Let ’em say then if it’s worth it!”

Stanley was just one man of a hundred and fifty thousand who take their turns in guarding the Empire’s outposts, only his happened to be a rather more than usually awful turn. He was a railway porter’s son, dragged up in the slums a stone’s throw from Liverpool Street Station, and his history was like a thousand others: caught stealing; sent to truant-school by a paternal Government; claimed from the truant-school as soon as he was old enough, and broken in to selling newspapers and blacking boots and carrying hand-bags; taught to touch his forelock (he never had a hat in those days) to anybody who would tip him twopence; half-starved, wholly beaten, every inch of him, and rubbed into the muck of poverty and vice and crime; taught that a gentleman is a free-handed cad with money, and that a smug is a man who has a sense of duty. And then —

At the age of eighteen, caught and coaxed and cajoled by a recruiting sergeant. Sworn in, and drilled, and taught to clean himself. Treated like a man by his superiors, and exactly on his merits by his equals — a thing that he had never known before. Sardined in the bowels of a troopship, and introduced, along with prickly heat and fever, to a race who, from past experience, with Englishmen, believed the things he said because he said

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

them. And, barely yet recovered from the shock of his new-found sahibdom, starved and frozen and led — led all the time by men who understood the business — through a hill campaign in Northern India.

Promoted after that to the rank of sergeant — a full-fledged, tested connecting-link between the bayonets and the brains. A man of pride and cleanliness bewildering to new recruits — straight-backed and polished as a service cleaning-rod.

But the desolation of the Twelve Apostles, as those Red Sea island rocks are named, had seeped into his soul. Even the British sergeant must be busy, unless he is to lose that indefinable, but absolutely certain Regimental grip that tightens up his moral fiber while it trains his muscles. There was nothing here to watch but fishes and the outlines of the eleven other barren crags. It was too hot to drill; the regulations allowed an officer to dispense with every routine that was not absolutely necessary to the preservation of good order and discipline. It was too lonely and wild and awful to do anything but quarrel with any one who was fool enough to speak.

A man could not swim for fear of sharks and worse things; he could not play games, because the ragged rock-surface was hot enough to raise blisters through the soles of ammunition boots; he could not read because the sweat ran into his eyes; and through the long, wet-blanket nights he could not sleep for prickly heat. It was hell, ungarnished. And there were five months and one week more of it ahead — for a second lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, and fifty men.

The Fifty-Fifth (and don't forget that they are 'God's Own,' and ready to prove it in close order at a moment's notice) were stationed that year at Aden, fresh from a five-year breeze-swept residence on Shorncliffe heights; and Aden is a perfectly good copy of the Inferno on its own account, with devils and devilry thrown in. But Aden is absolutely child's play — a pellucid, angel-haunted paradise — compared to any single one of the Twelve Apostles. And of all the Twelve, the one that men have christened Matthew is the worst — the baldest — the bleakest — the hottest — the one with most claim to be the model that Satan tried to imitate.

It was because of the coral-guarded natural wharf that Matthew was chosen and a light was built on it — two hundred feet above sea-level, and sixty-thousand candle-power; and because the coast-dwellers of the Red Sea practise piracy as a religion, and had yet to have instilled into them their latter-day disrespectful awe for the would-be Pax Britannica, the Fifty-Fifth were forced to send a six-monthly contingent to guard the brass and copper fittings that were worth a Red Sea fortune.

Once a month, or thereabouts, the Admiralty steamboat came, with stores and year-old magazines for the lighthouse-keeper, and mail from home (perhaps); and once in six months came the cockroach-ridden transport from Aden with the fifty-man relief. In the interim was torment, in which pirates came no nearer than the sky-line to curse the warning pillar of light that prevented so many profitable wrecks.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Sergeant Stanley shuddered at the sea and at the aching sky-line, and then turned and shuddered at the baking rock behind him. He loafed up the path again and found the men squabbling at breakfast; it was beneath his dignity to join in the discussion, but there were four corporals to snub; he did that properly; and the other sergeant was a ten-year enemy of his. By the time he had insulted him sufficiently---with caustic service-comment on his method of maintaining discipline-- he had worked himself into a frame of mind that looked on suicide as foolish only because it deprived the dead man of his power for harm. His mental attitude emanated from him like an aura, and was quite obvious in his perfunctory salute when he reached the bungalow again.

"Rounds all correct, sir!" he reported.

"Morning, sergeant!" said the one-starred representative of Empire, nodding to him from his long chair on the veranda, and hitching his pajamas into more official shape.

"Morning, sir."

Second-Lieutenant Brasenose laughed aloud, with all the cynicism of one-and-twenty fun-filled years.

"Come up and sit on the veranda!" he suggested. "Have some chota hazri with me --- these eggs aren't more than a month old!"

"It'll be another bender of a day, sir!" said Stanley, taking the proffered seat, and wondering to himself at the whiteness of the skin that showed down the front of the pajama-jacket. "Tender as a chicken!" he thought.

"Just like any other day, sergeant! They mold 'em all on one pattern hereabouts! There's no originality --- rocks, Arabs, heat, Somalis --- everything's the same as it was in old King Solomon's time! Go on, help yourself to eggs. Twopence! Where are you? Bring the sergeant a cup, can't you! 'Pon my soul, I believe the lighthouse-keeper's been here since Solomon's day too!"

"He's the ignorantest man I ever talked to!" said Sergeant Stanley, sniffing at an egg suspiciously.

"That one no good?" asked the officer. "Chuck it away --- try your luck on the next; my second one didn't stink a bit!"

"It beats me, sir, how you keep your appetite!" said Stanley, with grudging admiration.

"The answer to that's easy, sergeant. I keep busy! It's perfectly obvious why you men don't enjoy life on the island: you lie on your cots all day and smoke and quarrel until you're peeved all to pieces. Any fool could explain that! What is puzzling is how the lighthouse-keeper enjoys himself so much. He simply loves his job. He doesn't take any exercise beyond climbing up and down the tower every now and then; and he hardly ever reads; he doesn't drink, and he doesn't smoke, and he eats his service rations and prefers 'em to soft tack; and 'pon my soul and honor, I believe he's the happiest man I ever met!"

"He's too ignorant to understand, sir!" said Stanley.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

“He understands natives well enough!” answered Brasenose. “Have you noticed how he’s tamed his Somali assistants? A man who can tame Somalis isn’t ignorant — he’s wise!”

“I’d as soon tame sharks, sir!” answered Stanley.

Brasenose leaned back and looked at him through puckered eyes. “Have you tried catching ’em?” he asked.

“How — catching ’em, sir?”

“Hook and line — fun of the world! They fight you for half an hour sometimes. See here!” He bared a freckled forearm that was lean and brown and sinewy beyond belief. “I got all that catching ’em. Look at this!” He showed the callous where a thirty-fathom line had ripped across his fingers. “A shark did that — a thirteen-footer. Caught him out beyond the reef there — fought him for three-quarters of an hour, and gaffed him right in among the rocks. You ought to have seen the fun, too, when we got him into the boat! He thrashed about like a good ’un and all but did for one of the boat-boys before we settled him at last with an ax! You ought to take to fishing sharks, sergeant — it ’ud be no end good for you — keep your mind off grouching, and all that kind of thing, and give you enough exercise to keep you fit!”

“I’d get sunstroke, sir!” said Stanley, who had no enthusiasm left.

“Go out at night then. I go in the daytime, but there’s no reason why you should; they’ll take the hook all right at night. Take a whale-boat and two or three of the boys tonight, after I get back, and try your luck!”

“How about the men, sir?” suggested Stanley. “They’re in need of watching! They’re quarreling like wild-cats half the time, and if I go away for more than half an hour at a stretch, they fight!”

“There’s another sergeant, and I’ll keep a close eye on them myself. Take a whale-boat tonight. If you’re not back by daybreak it won’t matter — I’ll see to everything. Come up here and tell me what luck you’ve had after you get back.”

It almost amounted to an order, and Stanley, whose theories on sport had been picked up in the slums of Whitechapel and were closely associated with the art of sitting still and betting on a certainty, cursed him inwardly for an interfering jackanapes. To his face, though, he was civil.

“Very well, sir,” he answered, getting up to go. “Shall I take the barrack servants?”

“Yes; take four of them, if you like. And take some food along with you; they’ll eat it, if you won’t, and they’ll show you where the best fishing is — round between Simeon and Levi is a pretty good spot — tell ’em to take you there first. So long, sergeant!”

Second-Lieutenant Brasenose went in, whistling, to dress, and then — after a careful inspection of the men and quarters — ran singing to the wharf, where he started off for another day’s hot but otherwise unqualified amusement. Stanley, when inspection was at an end and the men were sprawling on their cots again exuding discontent, stood down by the shore

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

alone for a whole hour, gazing eastward to the hard horizon. Beyond it there was land.

What kind of land was immaterial: it was not the Twelve Apostles!

That afternoon he packed stores into a whale-boat, and added fish-hooks and a line as an afterthought. He spent a whole hour choosing four from the ten half-naked barrack servants. It was noticeable that he picked the least contented.

That night, as the first rays of the giant revolving lantern lit on the oily sea, and began to sweep its surface in sixty-second, astronomically perfect, revolutions, they silhouetted for a second the form of a regulation helmet in the stern of a four-oared boat. The boat was headed east by northeast, and there lay no islands in its course.

Ten minutes later still, while Second-Lieutenant Brasenose pajama-clad again and sun-burnt — sat writing up his daily official log, a knock came at his door, and it was followed by the grizzled, wrinkled face of the lighthouse-keeper, yellow in the lamplight.

“Has any one got leave of absence?” he demanded.

“Yes. Sergeant Stanley — and four boys. I was just writing in the log here that the climate and conditions seem to be very trying to the men. I told Stanley he may go shark-fishing, to try and get rid of his grouch. If that’s a success, I shall try to get the men interested too.”

“Did you tell him where to go?” asked the lighthouse-keeper.

“Yes — more or less. Between Simeon and Levi, I suggested.”

The lighthouse-keeper nodded, and closed the door behind him again without another word. Brasenose sat still and listened to his heavy footsteps crunching the coral in the direction of the light.

“Strange old codger!” he muttered to himself. “I wouldn’t care for his job! Lord! Fancy a lifetime of it!”

Fifteen minutes after that, the four-oared cutter from the lighthouse slid down the ways into the sea, and the phosphorus creamed and dripped and bubbled from its bows.

“Now hurry!” said the lighthouse-keeper, and some one grunted.

Then, with the short, quick, deep-in-the-middle stroke of Somali oarsmen, the cutter sped into the night, east by northeast — a trail of phosphor-fire behind it, and a string of oardipped iridescent pools on either hand.

And, still five minutes later, the lighthouse-keeper paused at the threshold of his light to answer Brasenose’s question.

“Yes, that’s my cutter gone away.”

“What’s she after?” asked Brasenose. It was none of his business, but he was curious.

“Catching things!” said the lighthouse-keeper surlily. He shut the door in the lieutenant’s face.

II

THERE was no moon, and the stars hung like round balls of polished metal beneath purple-black; the black waves followed one another lazily, showing

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

only a splash of milk-white foam here and there, but lighting up the whale-boat and the oars and the whale-boat's wake with phosphorus. The horizon only widened for a moment when a bigger wave than usual caught up the wave in front of it; then there was fire in that spot for half a second.

Stanley leaned back in a corner of the stern, with his right arm hooked above the tiller, and one eye all the while on the Somali who was rowing stroke.

The Somali's gaze was fixed on the big revolving light behind them; every once in a while he would jerk his head sideways, one way or the other, and Stanley would put the helm up or down — in the direction of his nod. But no one spoke; the glow of Stanley's pipe, the kunk-tunk of oars against the thole-pins, and the heavy breathing of the boatmen were all that distinguished them from the Flying Dutchman's jolly-boat.

The brown skins of the Somalis blended with the night; Stanley's khaki shirt was of a piece with it; and the boat's sides, dripping phosphorus, were but another splash of dancing light amid the luminous, life-laden blackness. They were low-sided — half-hidden in the trough of a beam-on Red Sea swell — rising over it second after second, only to sink between again, invisible. And behind them, up above their heads, the revolving light on Matthew kept up its ceaseless vigil, winking at them every sixty seconds with a bloodshot eye.

It irritated Stanley. He could feel it every time it revolved. It seemed to be taking one quick look at him every minute of the sixty that made up what seemed to be a year, as if it watched him to be certain where he was. He began to turn his head at the second he expected it, to catch the reddish gleam from the corner of his eye, and look away again; and when he fought that inclination, and gazed steadfastly ahead of him into the blackness, he caught himself wincing when the light was due.

Then he began to count the periods — and then the seconds in between them. The chunking of the oars against the thole-pins became the measured intervals before the light appeared, and it irritated him when their tale differed. He swore at the Somalis, ordering them to keep better time; and the Somalis swore back at him. That was his first reminder that authority depended now upon himself, and that he was alone, with no traditions and training of the Fifty-Fifth to back him up. The discontented men whom he had picked had consented readily enough to row him shoreward; for on Matthew he had been a sergeant, and what he said seemed good. But here, in the welter of the sea, he was nothing but a white man at the mercy of four blacks. Ashore they would be the men who knew the ropes, not he; conditions would be reversed, and he would have nothing but a very little money and a nearly inexhaustible supply of ignorance to sustain him in command. Might and right and the proof of both of them are what give control in Red Sea waters; here were wrong and helplessness, and the Somalis recognised them — and began to show it. They snarled. He drew out a small revolver and laid it ostentatiously upon the seat beside him.

For a while after that the heavy breathing and the laboring at the oars

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

went on in silence. The Somali who rowed stroke had only one foot braced against the stretcher; the big toe protruded up above it, and it moved — once toward Stanley, once away again — with each strain at the oar. Thirty times between each two revolutions of the light the stretcher creaked, and the toe jerked forward and back again. If it were thirty-one times, or twenty-nine times, the universe was wrong, and Stanley was ill at ease. That timing of the toe became even more important than direction.

Before long, if the big toe beckoned to him thirty times exactly he would have luck that night, and if it didn't — He hated to think what would happen if it didn't! He counted, and it beckoned twenty-nine times; so he tried again. He might have counted wrong, he thought, or have missed one movement in the darkness. He waited two revolutions, and then commenced — One . . . kunk . . . two . . . kunk . . . three . . . kunk — twenty-nine, and no light had appeared. He lived a lifetime almost, between the last stroke and the reappearance of the light, screwing his head round to catch the first glint of it and listening with both ears for the squeaking of the stretcher. And when the light did come, the Somalis had stopped rowing!

The luck was out, then! Well, luck or no luck, he was going on! He rose from his seat and cursed the rowers, letting the tiller bang to whichever side it would while he emphasized his rhetoric with shaken fists.

“Row!” he growled. “Thirty times a minute, d'ye hear!”

He could see the stroke-man's face, but not the others. He heard a voice, though, from the bow — one low, guttural exclamation that made the stroke-man prick his ears and look behind him; when he looked back he was grinning, and from then on he ceased to watch the light.

When he started to row again, he set the time hardly half as fast as formerly; and count how he might, Stanley could not make the oar-strokes fit in with the light. He cursed them, and coaxed them, and threatened them, and offered them rewards; but they only laughed, and kept on pulling at their own pace. Away up forward, somewhere in the illimitable blackness, the bow-oar began to croon a Somali boat-song — leisurely as the gait of centuries, minor-keyed and melancholy — and the pace slowed down still further to the time of it. And suddenly the stroke-oar shouted — a long, deep-throated, ululating howl that pierced the blackness all around them, and brought the gooseflesh breaking on Stanley's skin.

He thought he heard an answering yell, but he told himself that would be impossible: there was no land between him and Matthew, or between him and Arabia either. His pipe had gone out, and he tried to light it, to show how perfectly at ease he was; but his hand, curved into a shelter round the blazing match, shook so violently that the stroke-oar grinned again.

He looked behind him, to judge how great a distance lay between them and the lighthouse, and — one on either hand, twenty yards away, and well outside the phosphorescent swirl the oars had made — he saw two other little pools of fire that kept pace with them. He forgot the steering then, to watch them, fascinated. Sometimes they diverged a little to the right or left, but

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT

they always followed, and when the rowers ceased, to call his attention to the steering, the pools of fire came nearer — much nearer. One came right under the counter of the boat, and from the middle of it a big black fin protruded. Something bumped the bottom of the boat.

“Row!” yelled Stanley.

He picked up his revolver, in a frenzy of night-intensified horror, hurled it at the fin, and missed. The revolver bubbled downward in a splurge of phosphorus, and the shark, rolling lazily, dived after it, belly upward — eighteen feet of black, fire-dripping, hungry cruelty.

“Give way there!” shouted Stanley, now beside himself with fear. “Row!”

He had no revolver now. He shook his fists at them, and the stroke-man suddenly unshipped his oar, thrust at him, and sent him sprawling on the seat. The other shark swept nearer silently. The stroke-man shouted. Stanley drew his hand inside the boat one-fiftieth of a second ahead of the snapping jaws. The shark’s nose brushed his sleeve! The boat rocked as the whole length of the monster rolled, porpoise-like, against its side. Stanley leaned forward with his head between his hands. He was voiceless, almost — physically sick with fear.

“O God!” he groaned. “Not that way! That’s a dog’s death!”

The Somalis began to row again, listlessly, not troubling about direction; Stanley slipped off his seat on to the bottom, and sat there where the sides of the boat would hide the horrors from him. They seemed less awful when he could not see them. The stroke-oar shouted again, and stopped rowing, and this time Stanley was sure that he heard an answering shout. Suddenly, he caught the chunk of oars behind him. He leaped up like a maniac.

He was a deserter. They were after him! Was this to be the end of his attempt! Back to the torment of the island he had left — with disgrace, and irons, and trial, and ignominy added to it! Reduced to the ranks — two years — maybe four years on the Andamans . . . caught like a noosed steer — punished — and turned loose, pensionless without a character!

He would die sooner! He would dive among the sharks before they caught him! With the foolish, childish instinct of a man hard gripped by fear, he began to pull his boots off.

Then another thought occurred to him. He sprang forward, sat down on the stroke-man’s thwart and seized the oar. The man resisted. Stanley kicked and pushed him away toward the stern. After that he set the pace himself and made it a rowser — rowing until the veins swelled on his temples, and his breath came in noisy gasps; his head grew giddy with the heat and sweat and effort. The others had hard work to keep pace with him, but he kept them going until he noticed that the Somali in the stern had put the helm hard up and held it so. And when he saw what had happened, it was too late. Splitting the phosphorescent wave in front of it like a fire-lit wedge — chunking regularly like the stroke of Nemesis — swirling, fire-hung, and beautiful — a four-oared cutter swung out of the darkness suddenly,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

bow-on. The fire-splashed oars tossed upward -- the helm went hard over in a gurling, phosphorescent welter -- and the two, lighthouse cutter and station whale-boat, rose and fell side by side in the same trough of the lazy-looking waves.

Then long brown arms seized Stanley by the shoulders and the legs; and too sick with fear, and shame, and disappointment even to struggle -- he was lifted out and laid, back downward, in the cutter.

"Hayah!" said a voice he had not heard before.

"Ho!" came the ready answer.

"Hunk . . . kunk! Hunk . . . kunk! Hunk . . . kunk!" began the oars again.

The revolving light on Matthew began growing nearer, and the cutter's oars were echoed by the laboring whale-boat crew, who kept their station close behind, between the following tiger-sharks. The stroke-man passed Stanley a can of drinking-water, and he emptied it.

"Who sent you?" he demanded.

No one answered him. Only the revolving light on Matthew winked, and grew brighter every time it turned.

(To be concluded)