

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXXI, NO. 3

SEPTEMBER 1926

“A KNOWLEDGE concerning spiritual and Divine things is surely attainable with much greater precision than commonplace modern philosophy dreams of; it has been attained by great Theosophists in all ages; it is recorded in a hundred enigmatic volumes, the comprehension of which exacts the care and effort which in due time it will so well reward, and the pursuit of this knowledge is one of the great aims of the Theosophical Society. . . . And another great aim of the Theosophical Society has been to show how the pursuit even of the highest philosophical knowledge must itself, to be successful, be wedded with the wish to do good to the whole family of mankind. As a mere intellectual luxury, sought for in a selfish spirit, spiritual knowledge itself must necessarily be futile and unprogressive. This is a great mystic truth, and out of the full knowledge thereof on the part of those from whom the Theosophical Society received its creative impulse, has arisen THAT PRIMARY WATCH-WORD OF OUR ASSOCIATION, ‘UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.’”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, from *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, No. 2

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



THE state of mind of the rising generation is a constant topic of talk in the papers; and we read every day how people are tired of the old formulas and are searching for reality. But this means that they want personal experience, actual knowledge. Knowledge can only be attained by the use of our own faculties; so that the question reduces itself to one of cultivating our faculties. But this is the method of Religion—Religion in its true sense.

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Religion teaches that the truth is attainable. Many a school of dialecticians has shown that truth is not attainable by the bodily senses or by what is ordinarily understood as the reason. But if we look up the definition of the word 'mysticism,' we shall find it is the doctrine that truth is attainable without the (bodily) senses and without the 'reason.' If we are not content to dismiss a subject by docketing it with a label, such as 'mysticism,' and pigeonholing it away, we may profit by this definition and recognise it as applying to religion in the real sense. It means of course that there are faculties superior to the 'reason,' and that by them truth is attainable.

It can readily be shown that the doctrines of Christianity and the sayings attributed to Jesus Christ are such as can be found in many another religion anterior to Christianity. They are in fact fragments of that ancient and universal system which we call the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine. The essence of these teachings is that man is essentially a divine being, though incarnate in a fleshly tabernacle; and that hence he can attain truth in proportion as he cultivates the divine or spiritual side of his nature, rising above the delusions and errors produced by his animal nature.

It would seem then that what the rising generation is really searching for is a fuller knowledge of their own selves, an escape from the externals and shams of life, and a refuge in the inner realities. But too often they make the usual mistake of blaming anything and anybody but themselves, and of making an outcry instead of getting at once to work. The strong man does not make speeches about what people ought to do for him, and assert his 'rights'; but he keeps silence and does things. In a word, if we desire truth we must seek it within ourselves.

Then of course there is the usual confusion about the meaning of the word 'freedom.' It is of no use if we are delivered from social restraints merely to be handed over to the dominion of our own passions.

The belief in what may roughly be called 'occultism' is always present in the human mind; but lately it has come more into prominence. It is being admitted, even by the foremost men of science, that the old-fashioned scientific picture of the universe is altogether inadequate; and that there is no longer any reason to deny the possibility of happenings that once were classed as 'miraculous' and 'outside the order of nature.' Here then we find two movements existing side by side and characteristic of the present times: the yearning for a true basis for morality, and the belief in occultism. These two ought never to be separated; and because they too often are separated, neither of them is

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rightly comprehended or applied. The ethical ideas are left too vague, and the 'occultism' becomes divorced from ethics.

See the tone of the teachings that are given out as 'occultism' — miscalled so — ways of increasing our personal power and obtaining what we want, influencing other people and acquiring an attractive personality! But surely it is evident that people who follow this line are simply feeding and pampering the old enemy — self-love in its various guises,— and that they will therefore bring upon themselves the consequences of self-indulgence, and in a heightened degree. It is not by adding cubits to our own stature that we can profit either our own true interests or those of society. It has always been taught, and is universally admitted, that the personal will has to yield to the force of principles founded on the common interest of humanity. Every possible ethical and moral system has to allow this. This must therefore be the basis of all occultism, if the latter is to lead to benefit and not to trouble.

The rising generation needs the light of real Occultism, for which Theosophy, during the last half-century, has been preparing the way; the results of which work we see in the attitude of people's minds today. The keynote of this is self-discipline, which solves the difficulty of having to choose between license and submission to arbitrary authority. *Health* is a word to conjure with nowadays; health is on everyone's lips. But it means much more than mere bodily health: we cannot for practical purposes separate our nature into compartments: all parts of it are interdependent. Health means wholeness, balance and poise of the whole nature. To achieve it we must be strong at the center; the neurotic unstable man has all his vitality in his nerve ends, and is either all up or all down; his moods change from feverish activity to exhaustion.

It is a notable sign of the times that party-selfishness is in some cases giving way to co-operation. The stress of necessity has driven people to see that nobody can succeed if parties are in antagonism, each striving to get the most out of the other. Few people nowadays have any use for the old economic doctrine that somehow good would result by leaving the world to the free play of antagonistic competition. Individual initiative is good and has accomplished much; but it must be kept in its place and not exaggerated into a general principle.

We cannot assert our own personality at the expense of every other consideration; nor can we so obliterate our individuality as to become a mere cog in a machine. Both these conditions are being complained of today: people are grumbling at the assertion of personality, and growling at the obliteration of personality by machine-methods. So here we have a problem; and true Occultism solves all such problems.

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How to co-ordinate man the individual with man the family; how to adjust in their proper relations our individual initiative and our social obligations. This means a proper understanding of man's nature, so that we can learn to discriminate between that in us which is universal and that which is particular. Probably we can do this to a great extent by instinct and common sense when we are not philosophizing. But people with brains must have principles back of their conduct, and it is necessary to understand the principle back of this problem. It is that of the difference between the personal self and the Higher Self. This mystery can of course be solved only by experience, but we can start on the road to its knowledge by a study of the Theosophical teachings on the seven principles of man, which show the relationships between the several parts of man's nature. In short, it is by a study of the Theosophical teachings in general that we can acquire a philosophy that shall be consistent with the facts of life and interpretative of actual experience.

THEOSOPHY, THE BALANCE-WHEEL OF HUMAN LIFE

J. H. FUSSELL



WHenever we speak about Theosophy there surely must come into our minds the name of H. P. Blavatsky, and coupled with her name, the names of William Quan Judge and of our present Teacher Katherine Tingley. I pay tribute to H. P. Blavatsky, whose name, coupled with those of her successors, William Quan Judge and Katherine Tingley, will through all future time be connected with Theosophy and with the re-statement of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, the Secret Doctrine of antiquity, at the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

There has always existed a path that leads to the Heart of the Universe; but this path has often become obscured, just as any path through the forests that is not kept hewn out and clear with strenuous exertion soon becomes obliterated with the dense growth that is so rapid in tropical countries. So this path that leads to the Heart of the Universe had become overgrown, almost lost. And yet it was still there.

The work of H. P. Blavatsky was to clear again that path, that men might travel along the road of Wisdom and come to the Heart of the Universe. And Katherine Tingley's work, which is to the same end, may be summed up in her own words as follows: "My aim is to make Theosophy intensely serviceable and intensely practical." And she says also, that if instead of looking upon Theosophy as a far-away philosophy,

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as a marvelous theory, however beautiful, we would take it as the Law of Conduct, as being practical and apply it to our daily lives, then we would come to an understanding of it.

Now I know that all will agree that life is very, very complex. It is becoming increasingly more complex. There seems no solution unless we turn to Theosophy. There is so much confusion; all the machinery of modern life is racing at such tremendous speed; surely there is need of a balance-wheel.

But this complexity of life should not in any way discourage us. Look at Nature, take the simplest of Nature's works. Take a leaf, a flower, or a seed, and examine it with a microscope; how wonderfully complex it is! But in addition to the complexity there is order. Look at the life of man, at man's physical nature; how marvelously complex is the human form; and there too is order. There is a little balance-wheel in the human frame, not exactly a wheel, but what in human physiology plays the same part: in the ear is a very little, delicate organ, any injury to which makes it difficult for a man to keep his balance or to walk straight. And I believe that research and investigation would show that in all the complexity of life or of Nature there is some organ or some factor that preserves balance.

Doubtless in the human frame there are other balancing organs or factors, and the welfare of the whole being depends upon the balance and interaction of all its parts; and further, as Katherine Tingley says, in her definition of Râja-Yoga, upon "the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual."

In the Upanishads there is a very beautiful verse: "The Wheel of Sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes." The center, the nave, is love; not love as it is so often spoken of; but Divine Love. We might say Divinity itself is there, at the very Heart of the Universe. Yet where is the road that leads thither? Is it so completely overgrown as to be obliterated? "The heart of things is peace," but out in the world is confusion. What is lacking? What is it that has caused all this confusion, this lack of balance? In our own lives, we know, very often we find ourselves in danger of losing our poise and balance. Why is it?

There has been for ages the search after material things, delving down into the material nature, seeking the gratification of material desires, forgetting that life is something more than matter, more than the activity of the physical nature, more even than the activity of the reasoning mind. One may, as he thinks, be sure that his line of reasoning is

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correct, and yet be off balance because of some unknown or disregarded or misunderstood factor.

In any machine there must be balance; and how marvelous is some of our modern machinery. There must be no waste motion, no non-essentials. Parts of the machine are for giving strength and stability, other parts may be delicate and fine. But all the parts must work together; for however complex the machine may be, there must be order, there must be balance. For large masses of machinery a heavy fly-wheel is provided to maintain balance and prevent the machine from racing, and to hold it steady if there is a sudden slackening of the power. Is there an analog of this in human life? What is that balance-wheel? What can give balance, poise, and hold steady the passions and the mind? Is there not something that has been forgotten in human life? It is not to be found in the material nature, nor in the brain-mind. It is in the heart of things, in the Heart of the Universe. It is at the very center of all; there the point of balance is to be sought. It is the spiritual nature that has been lost sight of.

We go along in our day's work; we are absorbed in the material things of life; and how often do we face disappointment and heart-ache? And yet when we were children — and possibly all of us can look back to those happy times, when we listened to the fairy-tales and the old myths of the ancient days — all life was full of beauty and wonder; life was full of happy adventure, and we lived in a wonderland. Then after a while we began to forget; yet still in our youth, before going into active outer life, we had our high ideals. Oh! there was something so beautiful in life; we read about the heroes and about what they had done; and there was something for everyone of us to do, some noble quest, some great deed for us to do. We were going out into the life of the world as a warrior, as one of the heroes; we were going out to succor the distressed and ease the heartache of the sorrowing.

And we went out into the world — and what was there? How soon were our dreams dispelled, our ideals killed, by the indifference of the world! And for so many (fortunate for those for whom it was not so) life became drab monotony. And though there were moments when we glimpsed the bright reality of our childhood dreams and of our youthful aspirations, that roused us, for a moment, to our best, how soon those moments passed away!

Now why should this be so? What is lacking from life as it exists for the great mass of humanity? Are we to say with Hamlet:

“The time is out of joint: — O curséd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

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Not that any one of us would be so vain as to think that we could set the whole time and the whole world right. But surely we must acknowledge that the time *is* out of joint, that the balance has been lost, that there is something sadly lacking in human life. Is it perchance what we had in our childhood, almost in our babyhood, the memory of the beautiful stories our mothers used to tell us, the ideals we had in our youth, when we were facing the world; when we were going to do something great and noble and beautiful in the world — and could not? Does this seem foolish to some? Yet one of the wise of old time said, “Except ye become as little children . . .”; and another in far older times, “the pupil must regain the child-state he has lost. . . .” Fortunately indeed there are some whose childhood is not altogether forgotten; it is not altogether a dead past.

Think what childhood means; think of the far past golden age, when humanity was as a child, and all life was beautiful and pure. And if we will but turn our thoughts, even now and then, to the meaning of that time and bring back but the faintest memory of the beauty and sweet innocence of childhood into our lives and into the lives of all grown men and women, surely we shall be doing *something* to restore the balance in human life.

But in the lives of all of us is the wide divergence between our ideals which are still ours and our actions, even when at our best. We still have our ideals. Out in the world there are thousands and millions who have their ideals, and yet there are the conditions in Europe and throughout the world, where the ideals have gone so astray. Why is it, if we have these ideals, why is it so difficult to live up to them? —for that is what is required of us, to reach up, not to drag our ideals down to our level of life, but to seek to raise that level to conform to them. It is just this: we have forgotten a part of our natures. We have been so intent on building up this machinery of our material lives, our personal selfish interests, and have neglected the most important factor without which we do not truly live.

Our lives are over-weighted. We have ignored the important part, and yet it is there. We cannot entirely get away from it; we cannot altogether take out of our lives beauty and love, no matter what we may do, no matter what mistakes we may make. They are there, however hidden; the very sunshine proclaims them, our friendships and affections are evidence of them. We may never think about the sunshine; perhaps there are some so wretched that they do not know that the sun is shining, yet nevertheless, behind the clouds *the sun is shining*. Now and again these wretched ones creep out of their hovels and the sun shines down

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upon them, though they never raise their eyes to it. So too the spiritual divine life that is in the heart of each is equally shining although it may be absolutely hidden. And there may come even to the most wretched a ray, a memory, perhaps, of the divine life.

Truly Theosophy may be called the balance-wheel of human life because it makes life complete; because it is the Higher Law of conduct, as Katherine Tingley says; because it welds all together into a living whole, so that we are not separate; and because like the wheel of sacrifice, Theosophy too has love for its nave, action for its tire, and brotherhood for its spokes.

Perhaps a word should be said about the meaning attached to *sacrifice*. If it is the giving up of something that we feel we must give up, which is hard to part with or something which we have to force ourselves to do — that is no sacrifice, truly. Sacrifice is the gift which we lay upon the altar of life, with our whole heart-love. That is true sacrifice, because the word itself means to make sacred, to make holy. *That is sacrifice*. Does a mother think about sacrifice, in the ordinary sense of the word, when she spends all her strength and all her energy, and gives up her rest and her sleep to save her child, watching by the bedside of the little one racked with pain? Does she call it *sacrifice*? It is the offering of her heart, of her very life, and she gives it gladly. *That is real sacrifice*. It is what we give with joy; it is what we most desire to give; and the soul of sacrifice is the soul of glad offering.

When we think of Theosophy as the balance-wheel of human life, we find first of all that it gives to man knowledge of himself; and without this knowledge we should never know what was lacking. It not only gives knowledge to man about himself and the complexity of his being, but it brings *order* into all that complexity. For Theosophy is Wisdom, and to quote a few words from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, which I think are among the most beautiful in that little book:

“It is the light of all lights, and is declared to be beyond all darkness; and it is wisdom itself, the object of wisdom, and that which is to be obtained by wisdom; in the hearts of all it ever presideth.” (ch. xiii)

In the heart of every man and woman there is a ray of Divinity, a ray of that light which is Theosophy, Divine Wisdom. We do not have to look outside for it — though we may get aid from outside; and it is in the heart of things; it is the secret of all things. To find it we must first look within our own hearts. There is always a little ray there; and in order to find more of that Divine Light; in order to find that path that leads to the Heart of the Universe, we must hold sacred and follow that which we have.

Shall we then say with Hamlet, “O curséd spite that ever I was

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born to set it right"? No! We will say, so far as this little universe of our immediate surroundings is concerned, "O blessed joy, that we are here to help to set it right." For there is no pessimism in Theosophy. There is no possibility for a Theosophist to be a pessimist. It is his joy to help to right the wrongs of the world. It is the one thing he desires to do. It is his sacrifice, in the sense of the glad offering. He will see to it that so far as lies in his power, beauty and order and harmony are brought into this little Universe from his own experiences and from his own surroundings.

Then we can show these grown men and women who have lost all the spontaneity and the joy of childhood, for whom life has gone so far astray, for whom the complexity of life has become so great, the confusion so confounding — we can show them that there is something that we and they can do. We can turn to Theosophy, to Râja-Yoga, which is an aspect of Theosophy, and we can show that what is needed most is the help that we can give to the children. For if this world is to become a better place we must begin with the children. That is why Katherine Tingley started her School, and that is why she gave to it the name Râja-Yoga, which Katherine Tingley defines as the balance of all the faculties, and which she has further declared to be Theosophy applied to education.

And by taking Râja-Yoga as the balance-wheel — for Râja-Yoga means literally 'Royal Union' — we shall get that union which exists between the spokes of a wheel, all united in the nave, a union which exists in the most complex piece of machinery when all is working in the most perfect harmony and order. But we must not look on ourselves or upon life as a piece of machinery. The world is not a mere mechanism. It is a living organism in which there are union and harmony that come from the perfect balance of all the faculties: the physical, the mental, the moral, and the spiritual.

To find this balance in human life, giving to the material life its due, holding at their right valuation the affections and the mind, we must travel inward towards the center of things along the pathway of spiritual effort that leads to the Heart of the Universe. As William Quan Judge once wrote: "The Will, the Conscience, the Affections, and the Intellect, must work in one straight line for the procuring of truest Light."

Therefore Theosophy, the Balance-Wheel of human life, has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes.

“WHY DO WE NOT REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES?”

R. MACHELL



ARE you quite sure that we do not? What is character but the digested memory of past experience?

Why should we remember more than we are able to assimilate? As a matter of fact I think we all carry with us a host of quite unnecessary memories, which take the form of personal peculiarities, vices or virtues, likes and dislikes, not to be attributed to heredity, nor acquired in this life. Where do they come from if not from memory?

As to memories of specific events in which we may have had a share; Why should we expect to remember what we may have done in another body if we forget so recent an event as the birth of the body that we now inhabit? And how can we accept as genuine the so-called memories of past lives of people who cannot recall with any certainty what happened to them during the first few months of their infancy?

Surely the teachings of Theosophy are more reasonable than the vain fancies of irresponsible people whose imagination runs away with them inducing them to identify themselves with some historic notability. The student who aspires to self-knowledge will make but little progress in the study of Theosophy until he learns how utterly impersonal the true Self really is. And his first step upon the path of wisdom will make him rather anxious to forget the past than to remember the unnecessary details of a former life which is but one of an unnumbered series of existences.

No! Better forget the past with its mistakes, assured, as we may be, that somewhere along the path of evolution we shall have the opportunity to reap the harvest of the causes we have sown like seed along the way. There is no need to carry with us all the details of that sowing. No! Rather be grateful to our loving mother Nature for the power to forget. Be grateful to the law of life which draws a veil across the screen of memory setting us free to sleep and dream awhile. Be grateful to our good friend Death, the guardian of the land of dreams. And above all be grateful for the creative power of imagination, which reveals to us the possibilities the future holds in store for those who find the Path. You will know soon enough why you do not remember your past lives.

ROME IN SUMMER

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.



EATED on the Pincian Hill, the traveler sees the city spread before his feet. It is evening. A half-moon shines over the city, silhouetting the trees and roofs and adding an air of romance to the scene not perceived by day. In the far distance a lighthouse sends its beams over sea and land, flashing red, white, and green, with the colors of United Italy. The incessant hoot of motor-horns rises from the narrow streets where vehicles are threading their way through the streams of pedestrians. Old Rome is not a city of sidewalks, and the traffic has to make the best of its way along streets paved from wall to wall with flagstones.

Of the two highest hills in Rome, the Capitoline is crowned with public buildings, but the Pincian Hill is a cool garden, its walks lined with busts of prominent citizens set on pedestals. To the east the view is dominated by the new monument to Victor Emanuel II, an enormous colonnade with flights of steps, beautifully constructed in marble.

The ancient Forum Romanum, the heart of ancient Rome, lies below the Capitoline Hill, and the ruins stretch to the walls of the city, though the most interesting excavations cover a comparatively small area: Wild flowers and shrubs grow where the feet of the great once trod. Such is cyclic destiny. A race is born, rises to its zenith, and finally declines, some day to rise again. A short distance away, as in a pit, is Trajan's Forum, retaining of its ancient glories only a part of the original column and the stumps of a few pillars.

In the Colosseum the interior is displayed as on an exhibitor's model for the world to wonder at, and perhaps to consider whether the purpose of this building was originally conceived merely as a pleasure-resort, the use to which it was actually put. It was a triumph of brick-laying. The only parts of stone were the outside facings. These old Romans, however, might be called the pioneers of reinforced concrete, for the proportion of mortar to brick is greater than is usual now.

Below the Pincian Hill lies the Piazza di Spagna, where artists' models sit on the steps awaiting hire. Just outside this point is the Porta del Popolo, where Nero was buried. It was the Pilgrim's Gate, much used by pilgrims and palmers entering the city from the north.

Rome is a compound of many ages. The ancient ruined portion, the crowded medieval district, and a more modern area situated on the surrounding high ground and along the banks of the Tiber, which flows just outside the town proper; all have their distinctive character, each contributing to the complex individuality of the so-called 'Eternal City.'

BEAUTY

RONALD MELVILLE

IT is all very well for the philosopher to assert that 'the beautiful and the true are one'; but the practical man knows better; or perhaps he would simply agree to the proposition, merely adding that neither of them have any importance when confronted with utility. There are indeed fanatical utilitarians who regard any recognition of beauty as a concession to sentimental weakness, or as a sign of degeneracy. And we cannot but feel some sympathy with the practical person, knowing, as every observant person must do, that very much of what passes for beauty is false in every way, and is utterly unworthy of the name because it is not sincere.

Beauty is true when it is an adequate expression of inward harmony. Beauty is false when it is a mere outward adornment intended to mislead the spectator as to the true nature of that which is so adorned. But the acceptance of such a proposition must depend upon a previous recognition of the symbolical character of the universe, that is to say, the belief that things and creature are, all of them, outward appearances of inward powers, expressions of inherent potencies, or bodily manifestations of a soul. And this, I fear, is too much to expect from a 'practical person' in this materialistic era of our degenerate civilization.

To the average person beauty is simply that which pleases the senses and more particularly the sense of sight. Obviously, in such persons, the test of beauty is really but the measure of the culture or refinement of this sense, and not a quality that can be considered as inherent in the object. Yet the average person undoubtedly attributes beauty to the object of his perception as a quality outside of himself to be appreciated by his senses.

Furthermore, the ordinary individual does not question the correctness of his vision, and takes the degree of enjoyment that he gets from the sight of a beautiful object as the measure of its beauty. Thus a person whose sight is defective to the point of color-blindness will find keen enjoyment in the most excruciating disharmonies of color, and will wear with satisfaction a dress that would shock a parrot, whose taste in dress is certainly as discordant as its voice is unmusical. And even when there is no actual defect in the organs of sight in a number of spectators, it is probable that there will be few of them who will agree as to the beauty of a spectacle presented for the first time to their unguided criticism. When they have compared notes and corrected impressions by

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some standard other than their individual taste, they may arrive at some sort of accord, for the average person has little individual judgment.

But whether they agree or not as to the degree of beauty in the object in question, they will all be of one mind as to beauty being an attribute of the spectacle, not a state of mind in the spectator. So they may resist the temptation to think for themselves and may compromise on their verdict by agreeing as to the beauty but protesting that such beauty is distasteful to them individually. Such a concession to the voice of the majority may be sincere but it is then an evidence of confusion of mind as to what beauty is.

There have been pompous pedants who have presumed to lay down rules for beauty and have even established a canon. But the futility of such efforts is painfully obvious from the start, and the death of such a code is only escaped by the poor thing's lack of the life-principle. There is nothing there to die. So all formulas for beauty are dead things, and if it be contended that a stepping-stone is all the more useful for its deadness, I would reply that it is only useful as a point of departure for the next step. And that is about all the value to be found in formulas and rules of beauty. To a spectator who can use his own sight, the opposite bank of the river will be visible at once from where he stands, and he may decline the use of the stepping-stones, being able to see what he wishes without crossing the river.

But this is a material age and few people see for themselves or trust their own eyes; they have to go close and use their fingers to find out if a thing is beautiful!

To the Greek philosopher, beauty was an evidence of the presence of divinity. To the Puritan, beauty was a snare of Satan. Here is a clear case of a word used with two different meanings; for the divine beauty is an expression of purity and internal harmony, while the earthly beauty was an external harmony of appearances, entirely false, and appealing to the carnal senses. The beauty of form worshiped by the Greeks was to them an evidence of divinity self-expressed, and therefore unavoidably true and good. But the beauty of body so dreaded by the sensual Puritan was a delusion expressive of demoniac frenzy.

A little reflexion will suggest that what we call beauty is hardly conceivable apart from the mind that perceives it. The eye does not see beauty, it registers vibrations, and the mind pronounces judgment on the record, calling it beautiful or otherwise according to the taste of the beholder and then ascribing this judgment to the object as a quality inherent in it. The question arises as to whether there is a beauty

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which is actually inherent in persons or things, and if so what relation does it bear to that other kind of beauty which is but a state of mind in the spectator.

We sometimes speak of people being deficient in the sense of beauty, or as having no eye for beauty, though their senses and organs seem to be in good working-order otherwise. Would it not be better to say that they have no beauty in their mind or heart or soul, according to the plane on which this divine presence may be looked for?

Is it not true that beauty is a harmonious relation established between the mind or heart or soul of a spectator and the object of his contemplation? A spectacle implies a spectator. Subject and object are coexistent on this plane of earth. But the mind of man is dual, and, like a mirror, it may be used to reflect the heavens above or the earth beneath. And if a man turns his contemplation inward, he may realize that he is not so far separated from persons and things as he had imagined himself to be; and he may learn that the perception of beauty is an internal condition that may be aroused perhaps involuntarily, but that is quite capable of being developed or destroyed by his own mode of life and his use or abuse of the higher functions of the mind and body.

A man who sees no beauty in the world is in a morbid state; his soul is torpid, drugged perhaps into stupor by unnatural excitements.


Beauty is the manifestation of the soul, and it is everywhere for those whose souls can vibrate sympathetically with the soul of nature and with the human spiritual over-soul. This is the explanation of those strange flashes of beauty that reveal themselves so unexpectedly where all seems drab and colorless and utterly unbeautiful.

Who has not started in surprise at meeting an unaccustomed smile upon the face of some unlovely person, as strange a metamorphosis as is the blossoming of the unfriendly cactus? Such glimpses of the soul should stir imagination and encourage us to a more generous belief in the existence of beauty all around us, and to a more intelligent response to the prompting of our own souls.

Beauty is of many kinds in many minds no doubt; and so is Truth. Therein lies a mystery; the mystery of common things, and of our daily life; the mystery of our universe, in fact. The rising sun is not more beautiful than is the silent night. There are more kinds of beauty than man can count; and yet there is still in all of them the element of Truth.

MAN IN LIFE

F. M. PIERCE

S we explore outward into the truth of life and things, the more do we recognise that the Universal is our home, and that we have entered in order to abide in the great Heart of Life. We cease to be merely local by becoming universal, and realize that we are one with life and all things. No longer strangers in immensity, astray and lost, having become sympathetic and delighted travelers through a superbly organized Country, having mapped ways and sign-posted roads, along which are guides — in truth, our Elder Brothers: gods and hierarchs, once men like ourselves, to whose status we aspire with certainty — who direct us from our different paths into one majestic Highway. There we journey with loved companions, peoples, nations, and races — the great Human Family — through ever-increasing beauties and glories, towards a common goal of splendor.

This destination and our destiny we can anticipate with certainty by knowledge already gained of the simple, universal order of things through which we have passed. We feel that we are of the infinite; and with the imagination we can foresee the invisible distance, knowing that the same order, in higher aspects, persists infinitely. We come to feel at home wherever in the immensity of life.

We mortals are thus places in infinitude. We, of material objects among the least, come to realize that in knowledge and power we are superior to the totality of these; that potentially we are the masters of all material things and forces. Already man has performed wonders in subjugating things and energies. Yet we feel that we have little more than begun to progress into larger command of the materially infinite.

These facts signify nothing if not that we are godlike, and through the vicissitudes and discipline of life are developing into godhood; and in very truth are creators, under the Supreme, of what is ours to govern and raise towards perfection in usefulness and beauty. And we find our development in working to perfect these, while the all-pervading Love provides exhaustless opportunities, time, and means for this raising of the common life.

Once consciously engaged in this eternal Adventure of perfecting life — replete with romance, comedy, tragedy, and with every adventurous delight — we need give no thought to lack of endless employment, congenial to our robust or our dainty tastes, ideals, and highest ambitions

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of aspiration, in the common work of raising and embellishing the great Temple of Life. Our devotion, unity, love, and harmony augmenting the Light which shines on our way ahead.

All men and beings are engaged in this Great Enterprise, whether conscious of the fact or not. Working without this knowledge, one blunders, makes mistakes and commits errors, which act to retard the whole work. How much better, then, to seek out the Truth, and in its divine Light to work intelligently towards the great end?

This enterprise of Raising Life, is man's work. It is for this he lives and all things exist. This is the reason for his super-endowment over these his subjects and kingdoms. He has developed what these have not yet developed, a self-conscious self, partaking of every ability and power of Deity; these, which constitute men gods, acting with the God in the sublime work of Perfection: the least of men a prince, as a son of The God.

And of the Theosophist. He sees Truth in the light of knowledge. As a 'Risen' soul, he realizes these stupendous truths of himself, and of life. How diligently, devotedly, and with daring compassion must he work to remove the scales from the eyes of his fellow-men, that they too shall have restored sight; know, rejoice, and engage with him, and enlist in the Cause of Humanity, in order to cure human blindness and ills with the divine Light of true knowledge! Be ye saved!

Saved from what, by what? Can dust save itself from being dust at the will of the winds? Or a worm repent of its crawling, grow wings, and be a dove? But, these lowest of material things being pregnant with a spark of divinity, of the 'Everywhere-present God,' in all things the more developed divinity in man has a helper in his work of raising these into self-consciousness and final return to oneness with the Father of all things and beings.

It is man's work to quicken this divine spark, first in himself, then in all things else: to quicken this, which Whitman pertinently identifies as "the urge in atoms." This being man's business during this his present period in material life, so it will be forever, by his becoming a Master of Life, under the Supreme Architect only, ever attaining to greater perfection.

Man, combining in his material makeup every element and faculty of the kingdoms below him — through which as a spiritual seed he has evolved — his superorganism is a wonder! It is, when properly reared, a fit Temple of the living God — man's higher or divine self, descended from the Light. And through his work in raising his subject-kingdoms

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towards perfection, his own higher self is further developed and glorified, and in him "God is made manifest."

The present special work of the Theosophist is to raise himself and his fellow-beings out of the dust and mire of ignorance of himself and of life, into knowledge of the truth, beauty, and splendor of his own essential divinity.

What a glorious work! A spiritual war of dauntless daring and adventure, to save mankind, raised from the tomb of the 'living dead.'

THE STAGE AS TEACHER

RALF LANESDALE

IT is a common thing to read denunciations of the stage for its corruption of public morality; and it is only a short while ago that this condemnation was almost general; while the defenders of the drama frequently declared that it was not the mission of the stage to teach morality or to uphold ethics, but simply and solely to amuse and entertain, leaving instruction to the pedagogue and religion to the clergy.

Then it was said that if the tendency of the modern drama was immoral, the fault lay with society; for the stage could do no more than hold up a mirror to the world wherein society might see itself reflected faithfully.

If the stage be no better than a mirror, then indeed it would be ridiculous to look to it for teaching more elevated than is to be found revealed in a faithful record of the daily life of human society. But is this the limit of dramatic aspirations? Do not dramatic authors endeavor to lead the thought of the audience by portraying characters of extreme nobility as well as villains of unusual depravity? Is not the drama unavoidably idealistic as well as reproductive? Can the stage fail to act as teacher as well as entertainer, upholding ideals of honor and virtue more exalted than those accepted by the mass of play-goers? Can the drama escape responsibility for the teaching inevitably drawn from the pictures of life that it presents?

There is a power of suggestion in every drama that makes its performance educative in the highest degree even when the author has no pretension to fill the position of a moral teacher. The inculcation of moral principles by the lecturer or by the preacher is far less convincing than the presentation of a drama on the stage even when the dra-

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matic author is aiming merely at the entertainment of his audience.

Example is more potent than precept; and the stage offers examples which have much of the force of incidents in real life, so great is the power of suggestion. No one would question the potency of example in real life, and while the spectators of a play may hold themselves immune against the influence of the enacted scenes, it is also certain that during the performance of the drama the entire audience is not only submissive to the suggestion of the action but is also passively sharing in the psychological atmosphere created by the temporary acceptance of the stage-illusion. The very certainty of the unreality of the drama paralyses the moral sense and leaves the mind open to the subtil suggestion of the play. The play may soon be forgotten, but something lingers in the mind, an emotion, a memory of a vicarious experience, faint and ephemeral perhaps, but bearing the possibilities of a seed.

How then can we afford to ignore the educative value of the stage? It may be well to ask if we can afford to despise the demoralizing effect of bad plays upon an audience assembled for amusement and consequently unprotected by reason of moral negativity.

If the influence of the stage today is not as beneficial as it should be, who is to blame? The authors, or the theatrical trusts, or the public, or all concerned? The author cannot force the public to go to the performance of his play even if he is fortunate enough to find a producer willing to put it on the stage. The public can only approve or disapprove it when it has been produced. Who shall endow the theatrical director with the divine gift of discrimination in the choice of plays? And who shall educate the public to appreciate good plays? It is useless to attempt to fix responsibility on any one or other of the parties concerned. We are all in it.

The Karma of the whole human race must necessarily affect the whole social body; and reciprocally the efforts in right or wrong direction of individuals must affect the evolution of the whole community and modify the destiny of the whole human race. The influence thus exerted may be very small, or it may be very far-reaching; but it must be evident that, as any single individual or any group of individuals can influence the mind of other individuals and groups, so none can escape responsibility for the future of civilization.

As the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation are indeed statements of facts in nature, the responsibility for the present state of things must rest with those who in past lives prepared the causes whose results we (or they) now deplore: we are the makers of human destiny. We are responsible for the education of mankind, whether we will or not;

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and one of the most potent means of education is the drama. I believe the drama to be far more effective as a teacher than the pulpit or the classroom.

It has been said that Life itself is the real Teacher: and the theater is very near to life. Why then has the drama lost the reverence due to the Teacher? Simply because it allowed itself to be used as a mirror in which society could see its follies and its weaknesses amusingly portrayed.

The mission of the drama is to hold up before men's eyes a picture of the noble, godlike being man is destined to become; it is for the stage to lead not follow, basely making sport of man's infirmities. The satirist is no true teacher but rather a malignant buffoon. Man can be led to higher realization of his own possibilities by contemplation of a high ideal; but the satirist has no such ideal to offer. He can induce a sense of shame in the mind of his victim, who may thereby be driven to conceal his weaknesses more carefully and to camouflage his vices more effectually. The harvest of the satirist is a crop of hypocrisy. A sense of shame degrades a man; it cannot lift him to the light. The worst of vices flourish in the swamp of self-contempt.

We shall not get a better crop of plays by railing at the authors or by vilifying the producers. We shall not raise the public taste by satirizing vulgarity. The darkness vanishes when light appears and not till then. Ignorance is darkness of the mind, and of the same nature is insincerity, the parent of vulgarity.

If the drama is to take its place as teacher, the dramatist must be sincere. If the lesson of the drama is to be of practical utility, it must call out a nobler sympathy in the heart, the bond that binds all human creatures to their mother — Nature — as well as to their fellows. The actor must not preach; he must show a light; he must portray an example of nobility or dignity or generosity, he must plant in the minds of the spectators an ideal of manhood a little higher than they hitherto have held and make them momentarily accept it as their own. This work of education is the work of all concerned, playwrights and play-producers, actors and audience. All must co-operate. Co-operative theaters are needed, and the theaters must be dedicated to the service of humanity or of some section of the public, and not to the acquirement of wealth.

Good work already has been done in the creation of community-theaters and amateur companies not overburdened with commercialism, or hampered by personal ambitions. Perhaps the first step towards the moral rehabilitation of the stage is its liberation from the degrading influence of mere commercialism; to substitute co-operation for commercialism is to restore self-respect to all concerned in the production of

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dramas. This is but one step, and there are many others to be taken before the stage can stand once more as spiritual teacher or as the medium through which these teachings can be given to the people. And what do we mean by spiritual teachings? Not theology assuredly, and not sermons.

It has been said the stage should hold a mirror up to nature, but it must be remembered that a mirror may be so held as to reflect the sky, the sun, the stars, or the mountain-peaks; or it may be so held as to reflect the earth and all the crawling things that make a terror of its swamps, or decomposing bodies of dead creatures, scenes of crime and cruelty: the mirror may be innocent enough but it can reveal higher or lower aspect of this universe according to the way in which it is used.

There was a time when the art of acting was respected as a noble function; for the stage was actually the vehicle for the higher allegorical teaching as to the meaning of life, the nature of man, the evolution of the universe, and the purpose of existence. The history of civilization reveals strange deviations from the straight path of evolution; and there can be no doubt that the rises and falls of some nations have been more swift and more violently contrasted than in the case of others. So the sacred character of the drama has in some old nations still survived, and 'mystery-plays' are still a memory and a tradition with them, while in other lands even the tradition of the great days of true drama has vanished. It is claimed that in India the drama has never fallen to the depths of moral depravity and even obscenity that characterized the stage at certain periods of its decay in Europe.

Actors are not without honor in America and Europe today, but it is as entertainers mostly, hardly as spiritual or moral teachers.

There is one theater in which teaching of the higher truths of life may be presented because of the conditions under which plays can be there produced: that is the open-air Greek Theater at the International Theosophical Headquarters, at Point Loma, California; for there all concerned are free from the tyranny of commercialism; there no one has any personal axe to grind; there all concerned are equally students of the sacred science of life; and there co-operation reigns. But beyond all this at Point Loma the presiding genius, Katherine Tingley, is herself a spiritual teacher whose disciples aim at realizing in their own lives the spiritual ideals of the true Teachers of Theosophy. At Point Loma, idealism is not a dream, but an ensouled realization of the principles of Theosophy; and there an entertainment is a demonstration of the practical application of spiritual principles, and an imbodiment of the dictum "Life is Joy."

Ere long new plays will be produced at this shrine of the true

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drama; for the time is come when the world will receive the teaching of Theosophy through this medium, and receive it gladly, as predicted by the founder of the Isis League of Music and Drama, Katherine Tingley, before she built her first Greek Theater at Point Loma — the first of the kind in the United States.

From that seed a mighty tree will grow, the tree of the true drama, which shall be welcomed for the fruit that it shall bear for future generations of a higher race than that which now so eagerly attempts the ruin of the world while longing for the re-establishment of the 'Joy of Life.'

THE MEANING OF CO-OPERATION

W. D.

(An address to Members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society)



WHEN any body of serious-minded people unite for the realization of some great object, their devotion to that object is indicated by the unity of purpose which governs them. For instance, when the American Colonies asserted to the world their purpose of becoming an independent nation, a unity of purpose flamed into action which totally obliterated commonplace differences, co-operation to realize the desired end becoming predominant over all other considerations. Should any, in that great day of national birth, have refrained from duty for personal reasons, or have burdened the authorities with unnecessary personal complaints, they would not only have been thought of as unresponsive to the purpose in hand, but would have been dealt with as meddlers and obstructionists.

Co-operation, therefore, is the voluntary action of a number of people, as the *only* means of realizing the high object they have in view. Given half-heartedly or from necessity it has no meaning. On the contrary, true co-operation indicates the possession of a living Soul among those establishing conditions for its imbodiment in every-day life. And to the extent that personal affairs obstruct the spirit of co-operation, to that extent the common cause is burdened and the purpose in hand departed from by those who inflict the burden.

The meaning and power of co-operation is illustrated by an orchestra. When the members come together to render a symphony, each player puts every consideration on one side except that of executing the part allotted to him by the conductor, in time and tune. Should the trombonist, for instance, desire to play some music of his own instead

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of his proper score, the rehearsal would have to be stopped, and the obstructionist either corrected or replaced by a man possessing some capacity and understanding. The result of perfect co-operation between executants of a musical symphony is not only one of exaltation to each participant, but a means whereby an audience is uplifted to higher states of knowledge and feeling conveyed by the ensemble or co-operation of parts.

When some serious work is in hand, such as that of conducting the social and economical life of this great institution, not to speak of its higher intent and purpose, co-operation becomes a serious and momentous obligation. It is not enough to feel 'good-will' towards the world, and at the same time nourish sentiments and notions which accentuate opposite conditions. The past has been overwhelmed by passive expressions of loyalty and good-will. But this great body is proving itself the living exponent of a Co-operative Spirit which is not only nullifying our personal shortcomings, but is causing the common purpose of our lives to incarnate as Spiritual Will in this its developing body, of which we each constitute an organic part.

This is proved by the influence this Center is exercising over all who enter our gates.

Co-operation, therefore, is Brotherhood in actual practice, the vital principle of Soul-life in which alone the Ego can breathe. It is the affirmation, in voluntary actions for the high purpose to which our lives are dedicated, that "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature" and not merely a sentiment of 'good-will.'

When a man enlists in any service, such as a business-house, a department of local or national government, or any other established institution, his duties to that service demand thought and execution over every other consideration. His knowledge and capacity are utterly worthless unless he co-operates with his fellow-workers to further the purposes for which the institution had been formed. And as all projects are guided by one ruling mind, with co-operative support from its working-staff, it is easy to see that *our* success has resulted from the purpose we have thus far executed through active co-operation with each other and with loyalty to the Leader.

It may truly be said that all who have given themselves unreservedly to the service of this great institution have realized that by giving they have in reality gained a richer individuality. In fact, we do not lose our life or independence by giving all that is best in thought and deed — but we actually find our Souls in the co-operative service engaged in — no more, no less. And we know from hard-bought experience of

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the past that the contrary is equally true: that when personal demands outweighed the sense of duty, the co-operative law, at work on a lower level, associated us with a lesser self because of giving in to *its* service. These considerations indicate that true co-operation is adaptation to some vital principle in Life, and that a man actually becomes what he adapts himself to in thought and conduct. Thus it seems clear that a student is karmically involved in the exact states to which he has adapted his thought and will in the past.

I suggest, therefore, that the Spirit of Co-operation is one of the essentials of Self-unfoldment. When thus recognised and put into execution by the will — all thought and feeling change their bearings from restriction to a narrow circle, to a fuller and fuller expansion in the field of the Soul. We then come to know that the truest independence of will and thought is attained only through perfect co-operation with each other, as the only possible means whereby we may each realize our individual Souls and the stores of merit acquired in past lives of service.

MAN'S YEARNING FOR IMMORTALITY

R. MACHELL



HE works of man are perishable, their beauty fugitive. Why not? Man is himself most changeable, as are all creatures on this earth. And what of that? All growth depends upon decay; and life works hand in hand with death: else were the world too small to hold its population. Why does man yearn for immortality? Why does he dread decay, being himself destructive of the works of nature as well as of himself. Man is the great destroyer, not Time. Man slays his fellows and counts it glorious, seeking eternal fame. He raises mighty monuments that shall endure for ever; and if they outlast the age that gave them birth then they outlive their usefulness or become meaningless: for the law of things on earth is Change: nought else endures. A river's permanence depends upon the unceasing flow of water through its channel. Such is life.

Whence comes the craving of this perishable creature for immortality? Why all this grieving for the dead? Would you desire a play to last forever? Yet we consider immortality a godlike quality. That is perhaps the real key to the problem: for man is not merely mortal; there is in him a quality of permanence that ranks him with the gods, and makes him rebellious to the common law of change.

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This immortal quality in man is not now generally understood; it is looked upon as something desirable, possibly attainable, but not here and now. And so man seeks it in the wrong direction, not in himself but in the minds of other men, as fame. What is more fleeting than this immortality, this fame, which is blown here and there according to the caprice of the hour? And yet men who were counted wise have sought it ardently, not knowing that the permanence they yearn for is theirs already, rooted in nature, in the soul of things, the self itself, the great I AM.

“I am that which began,
Out of me the years roll,
Out of me God and man,
I am equal and whole;

God changes, and man and the form of them bodily; I am the Soul.”

I am the changeless cause of all changing things; I am the Self in all separate selves. I am the undying witness of mortality. I am the eternal; and the interminable pageant that we call the universe is but the picture of my changing moods. And yet those fleeting moods, whose record man calls history; and all the puppets on the stage of life, reflexions of my thoughts, innumerable as the grains of sand washed by the ocean of the ages, eternally created and eternally destroyed — all yearn for immortality. Each separate self is, to itself, the center of the universe and proudly says ‘I am.’

And every man, unconscious of his own essential divinity, seeks to adorn his everchanging person with the imperial robe of immortality, and hide his baldness with the jeweled crown of fame: while in his soul there shines the star whose light is of one essence with the flame of deity. So too he shrinks from death as from oblivion, he the creator of the universe! And so he makes his gods, and prays to them for that which he alone can give, identifying himself with his own earthly image, abasing himself in the dust of time, the ashes of his crumbling universe.

“But what thing dost thou now,
Looking godward to cry,
I am I, thou art thou;
I am low, thou art high!

I am that which thou seekest to find him: find thou but thyself; thou art I.”

Seeing the perishable nature of all things, man the immortal rebels and seeks to give permanence to his thought-creations: but no form is permanent; and if a formula endures beyond the ordinary term, then the eternally changing modes of mind soon render this survivor from a former age a mere anachronism. The only quality that endows a creation with some show of permanence is spiritual significance, which is the

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soul of art. And what is art but the expression of the soul? And what is a work of art but a significant form, or one that expresses the eternal, and has power to stir the souls of men?

An artist may endeavor to create permanent forms by a judicious selection of appropriate materials; but no materials are permanent. If he would endow his work with immortality, he must create it as a living thing that renews its life each time its beauty kindles in a living soul a flame of spiritual energy. That flame can know no death, for it is life. Its bodies change and perish, but the self within is of the same essence as the eternal; it does not die, but constantly evolves new forms for its expression. And what is form but limitation? A balance of forces.

The spiritual energy inherent in a thought drives back the enveloping powers of chaos, holds them in check a while, creates an appearance in the sea of matter; and a thought is born. All creatures and all things are thoughts; and all endure only so long as the balance of force can be maintained. No thought nor thing however vague and ill defined is formless: form is the link between the spiritual creative energy and the chaos we call nature: the universe is its expression in time and space.

Man the corporeal creature is perishable; but man the divine, man the creator, man the redeemer, is immortal. Such is the teaching of the old Wisdom-Religion, the Secret Doctrine.

There is no need to look with scorn upon the ephemeral beauty of a flower, which in fact bears within itself the seed of immortality. Nor need we marvel at the 'everlasting mountains' upheaved perhaps a million years ago from the depths of oceans that have changed their beds a hundred times and will do so again as long as this age lasts. Change and decay are linked inseparably here with life and growth and the eternal re-creation of the universe. There is no need to yearn for immortality being ourselves divine. And what if our works perish, can we not learn for ourselves the lesson that the wise Brynhilda taught to Sigurd when she said:

"Be wise!


'Tis a marvel of words and a mock for the fool and the blind;
But I saw it writ in the heavens and its fashioning there did I find.

Be wise!

And scatter the seed from thy hand in the field of the people's praise;
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some the earth shall speed,
And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom of the deed;
And some the earth shall speed not, nay rather the winds of the heaven
Shall bear it away from thy longing: then a gift to the Gods thou hast given
And a tree for the roof and the wall in the house of the hope that shall be;
Though, it seemeth our very sorrow and the grief of thee and of me."

SPIRITUAL FOOD FROM THE PULPIT

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

E chance upon the statement that a low standard of spiritual and intellectual food is provided in the pulpit. This is of course but a single one of countless criticisms which we meet in our daily reading of current literature. Strictures from the laity are met by rejoinders from the clergy, the latter claiming to be doing their best amid adverse conditions. Sometimes the lay critic will assume a tone of absurd superiority — “Look at me; I am a plain man, and here is what the pulpit must give if it wants to please me.” To which the natural answer from the pulpit is: “The clergy are starving for help, both financial and otherwise. Be a helper along, and not a leaner; open your purse-strings.” It would seem that, in this case as in many others, the public is at least as much to blame as the institution; and that the clergy are not only teachers but caterers, in which latter capacity the supply they furnish is qualified by the demand.

For some reason or other, people will not pay money for spiritual benefits. They will balk at a nominal entrance-fee and a mere pittance of a subscription; but will pay out their hundreds and thousands for visible material things, which they profess to regard as so much inferior. Yet the clergy must live.

So broad and tolerant are church-platforms today that there could not be much difficulty in providing a rich ‘spiritual and intellectual food,’ without risk of being called to account by those in authority. In the United States, if a preacher finds himself unable to conform to the requirements of his church, there seems to be no difficulty in his taking his congregation and setting up independently for himself. In England the Established Church is obliged to be very tolerant, and its dignitaries certainly do not go about seeking quarrels. Any decent excuse for non-interference would probably be welcomed by the harassed bishop or archbishop. A preacher, tactful enough to keep quiet, might convey any amount of ‘spiritual and intellectual food,’ without being tried for heresy or unfrocked.

We have encircled that phrase in the captious quotation-marks, for the purpose of indicating that our approval thereof is qualified. In fact we detect in the use of the word ‘food’ a subtil suggestion that spiritual benefits are provided for the use of the public by badly paid parsons, whose duty it is to pour them into gaping mouths; so that the

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plain person or the 'tired business-man' may duly obtain his weekly supply of spiritual nutriment without having to make too much effort. Spiritual food is not obtained in any such lazy fashion. The poor parson must often be perplexed for a plan to please the plain person. If he does not mind his p's and q's he may discover that his spiritual food is not to the liking of his audience. Might we suggest, then, that in this case, like that of the industrial difficulties, it is a question for co-operation between pulpit and pew; the pew making up its mind what it wants and giving the pulpit facilities for providing it?

Does the pew, for instance, wish to be reminded by the pulpit of its *duties*? Or is it too much occupied with its *rights* and *privileges*? Methinks the teachings in the Christian Gospels would provide text enough for plenty of real spiritual food on the subject of our duties to our fellow-men.

Some have said that the church ought to interest itself in 'practical' affairs; and in answer to this we have the so-called institutional church, which occupies itself in welfare and charitable work. Or we find the pulpit dealing in politics and business. A reaction against this kind of thing is found in the declaration, which we meet with in some quarters, that the business of the church is to supply needs other than worldly, and to cater for another and better stratum of life than that which we live in in our worldly affairs. The church, it is said, ought not to condescend and bow to material things; but ought to stand on its dignity and speak in a voice of authority. Not authority based on mere claims, however, but authority grounded on visible merit. The people, it is added, would welcome a lead; and here is the church's opportunity.

Morality, it is being realized, is far deeper grounded than any sectarian religion; it is inherent in human nature, being the law of man's higher nature. Morality is more universal than any sectarian or national religion. The church, therefore, if it would fulfil its function, must greatly broaden its basis. Instead of having its power imposed from above by a hierarchy and constitution, that power might arise from the united influence of excellent and worthy individuals in its ministry; and thus the institution would be regenerated from within. The pulpit, we repeat, offers a splendid field for the work of any preacher truly inspired with faith in the essential divinity of man, and radiating a helpful spiritual influence from his own convictions and the nobility of his life. Avoiding dogmatic issues, about which after all few people care a rap, he can deal with the essentials of religion, which is what we all do want.

THE MISSING LINK IN WOMAN'S WORK

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



KATHERINE TINGLEY once said that the missing link in woman's work today was a lack of the true spirit of devotion. This idea, coming from the foundress of the Woman's International Theosophical League, challenged the attention of its members in a new way.

Devotion has ever been regarded as woman's prime virtue; her severe critics concede — at least do not dispute — that point. Devotion to the home, to duty, to religion, has been a convenient virtue to have in the human family, and in this matter, competition has not crowded woman for first place.

In what way, then, has the modern woman fallen short in her familiar field of action? The unusual part she has played in the last few decades of world-progress seems to prove that she is not less but rather more of a woman than before. In view of her natural impress upon the unborn, and of her intimate influence upon the young, the added presence of her sustained energy and capability active in most departments of modern affairs, makes it likely that she actually holds the balance of power in existing conditions.

If the long-repressed woman-nature has been rounded out by wider and freer expression, all life should be balanced and strengthened correspondingly. Undeniably there have been gains in the whole material environment, as well as a broader outlook in all mental fields. But instead of all-round betterment the evil and disintegrating forces are abnormally active, and the whole social *quality* is lacking in moral resistance. Look where you will, the great human family is stricken with an inward fever of unrest and disorder, as from a positive infection, or a failure in natural resistance, or both. What lies back of the manifest conditions, and what relation do they bear to the wide-spread influence of woman's work?

Even a casual survey of the present position of women, compared with that of only fifty years ago, shows a remarkable change. The rapidity with which women have emerged from industrial, political, professional, and intellectual obscurity to prominent places in nearly every field of endeavor would be remarkable at any time. But in a period of rapid transition which challenged the strength and ability of those trained to *lead* in the march of progress, for her to keep step, handicapped by

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inexperience, and by opposition, means that she has made relatively more advance than her brothers. The way in which she has literally invaded the world of affairs, shows that she has been keenly alive to that cosmic urge which has swept everything on to new levels in a tidal wave of activity.

Naturally woman's case has been well argued *pro* and *con* during this process of change. Every step of the ground has been strongly contested and hard won. Meantime she has kept so busy as, at times, quite to outrun the pace that the wisecracks set as the limit of her possibilities. With her usual 'lack of logic,' she even did some of the things which it was settled scientifically she could not do, like mastering technique, practising surgery, displaying power of initiative, and of following lines of abstract thought, and so on.

It is not strange if Eve's daughters, being human and with inherited taste for the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, should have broken their long fast a little too eagerly. For, of all the flavors of knowledge, the most exquisite is that of knowing one's own inherent power to think and to feel and to do. The urge to attain to a more conscious sense of being is more deeply implanted in human nature than any matter of sex. Eve may be only a second thought in the story of creation, and a side-issue compared with Adam, but when she gets the clue to self-knowledge, even he fails to retain her whole interest, and the charms of a hedged-in Paradise begin to pall.

But we cannot accept this literal interpretation of the account in *Genesis*, which makes Adam and Eve only an individual man and woman, instead of the masculine and feminine natures in dual humanity. It is significant that when, having eaten of the knowledge of good and evil, they left the happy child-like state to go out into the world and learn the larger lessons of life, they went forth hand in hand. And so the ideal tie of unity between men and women is one of the primeval forgotten truths which is ever being sought for, and which, deep in every heart, is a haunting reality.

When men and women find themselves in the true sense, they will recognise each other as fellow-travelers along the pathway of evolution, both divine in essence, as is all humanity.

In analysing existing conditions, we find that material and mental progress have created a cult of efficiency that threatens civilization itself with Frankenstein demands. In the harvest of horrors Europe has been reaping is overwhelming evidence that the brain-mind alone is unable to grasp the whole truth, or to light up the hidden places of spiritual darkness. Though the poisonous seeds of this harvest were sown in

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the past, they never could have ripened unrecognised in an age not blind to the natural fruitage of the *best* in the human heritage. True education must be of the heart no less than of the head. Evil forces have the use of the intelligence and power which even attains to 'spiritual wickedness' in high places. The subtil phases of conduct and of character that from small beginnings move with gathering force to a climax of great good or of grave evils, can be detected only by the forgotten clue of duality in human nature.

Worship of the intellect has obscured the truth that the "Mind is like a mirror. It gathers dust while it reflects: it needs the gentle breezes of Soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions." The mind is the racial 'no-man's-land' between the higher and the lower nature; and its advantages are at the service of the prevailing force. Upon one side is the perfect brute: upon the other the perfected man. The animal, entrenched upon the field of the lower mind, fights with all the instincts of selfishness. The divine warrior, acting with the higher mind, ever seeks to win the field for the common good. As Katherine Tingley has said, what is woman's mission except to call forth the Divine Warrior acting with the Higher Mind?

Must we not admit that with all the interest women have taken in the Peace-movement, they have not availed themselves of the opportunities in the past to educate children for peace in the deepest sense? Have not women failed to see the invincible force in moral preparedness? It is counted a heroic sacrifice for a mother to give up her son for the nation's defense. Would it not be infinitely more noble and more womanly work that would make war impossible, and dedicate the cherished sons to the sacred cause of true Peace?

It is a minor matter *who* makes the laws, since woman has it in her hands to mold the characters, not only of the lawmakers but of the race. By the tie of motherhood, her work partakes of the sacred mysteries of the creative forces. She can, if she will, in the prenatal period, so attune her very being to peace and love and justice that, cell by cell, the tiny body shall be formed and grow and vibrate in an atmosphere of *living* truth, and right, and beauty. There is no comparison between a generation of children born with a heavy heritage of passion, of unrest, of discord, and injustice, and those whose coming brings harmony and happiness to the world, because they radiate the reality even before they can speak.

The ideal is the real, the natural state of things, else the longing for it could not be so universal. If woman knew her own power, she would transmute the force of her wish for her child's welfare into a posi-

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tive spiritual will to make of herself a fit guardian and guide for the incoming soul. Self-conquest would be ingrained into the child's very nature, and the sacred unity of the tie between them would be increased a thousandfold.

The mother has ever had charge of the child in his early years when his impressionable nature was "wax to receive and marble to retain." Would it not be manifestly impossible for war to come in a generation where even one-half of the children were born of and educated by parents who believed that all men were souls, with a common birth-right of divinity, and that brotherhood was the natural condition? Indeed, if only one half the mothers alone had found themselves in the true sense, the horrors of the war could not have been, and the war itself could not have been. The work and the sacrifices of women to relieve the suffering from the war have been a revelation of their ability and good-will. But in the last analysis, there has been a missing link in the work of women which preceded the terrible crisis of human slaughter.

Woman's real characteristic is devotion, not simply to work, but devotion to her true self expressed through work. Only by recognition of this, can she face the responsibility of the peace-work of the future. The countless children that will come with a cruel heritage of fear and horror and all the passions of war, will challenge not only their own mothers, but the motherhood of the world, as never before.

Man in the present stage of evolution is governed mostly by brain-mind considerations, and so argues pro and con; but without waiting to waste time in argument, women, if true to themselves, can intuitively feel the vital truth and the needs of the hour, and can control the whole situation. Has not the modern woman, in proving her ability to compete with man, upon his own ground, lost sight of her innate power to lead the way to more ideal endeavors?

Only the intuition can give the clearer light, and the larger view of human destiny which shows the differences of men to be petty details, compared with their common interests which make for unity in the great plan. Intuition is cultivated by that spirit of devotion which unites us with our innate divinity. It is "the light that lighteth every man," when his nature is open to it — an inner perception of truth which is knowledge itself and a source of power. This 'instinct of the soul' is the spiritual counterpart of the body's force and feeling, and of the mind's strength and intelligence. As the body grows by exercise, and the mind by mental action, so the intuition is cultivated by conscious aspiration. It is as natural, as essential, and as immanent as the physical functions or mental faculties. It is the secret of the great power and

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wisdom which the perfected man, Jesus, showed to his disciples when he promised that they also should do even 'greater things,' through faith in their divine possibilities.

Would not the true spirit of devotion feel this inner power and intuitively know that it was potentially alive in every man and woman? If the Christian world had a living faith in what the Nazarene said of this imbodied power would not a continual mobilization of moral forces naturally serve as international police? With all our devotion to physical force and intellect we are as blind and helpless today as when Emerson said:

"We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. . . .

"We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. There is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment, and a sufficient belief in the unity of things, to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system."

What recognition is given to the power of intuition, or to the place of devotion in the daily scheme? How often are the words, even, to be found in current literature? What department of science, of sociology, of industry, of education, or of psychology, recognises the practical value, and immense power of the available moral resources? By every sign of the times, the thought and action in the marvelous chain of events is not linked up with the higher human possibilities. There is no end of devotion to thoughts and to things: but a lack of union with the true self. How shall one know his best interests who does not know his best self?

Intellectually we have outgrown much belittling theology; but with the added knowledge that has dissipated both the old fears and the old faith, our spiritual blindness has grown with our growth. With the general average of education higher than ever, life itself is only a more complex problem. With all our logic, we "see but through a glass darkly." The endless inventions and discoveries have not enriched the inner life with *living* truth, or refreshed the soul with more conscious wisdom. The true mysticism which stirs feebly in our sordid life is interpreted intellectually, or in the terms of some morbid psychic fad. Phenomena-hunting is a popular diversion for many seeking novel adventures. The spirit of evil that is abroad hides its true nature under plausible disguises of religion, science, and hypnotic philosophy. Desire and ambition exploit every field, save that of the inner life where "the power which the disciple shall covet, is that which makes him appear as nothing in the eyes of men."

If intuition is to be infused into modern life in equal ratio to its

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material and mental progress, must not woman cultivate the larger part of the atmosphere of devotion? The most sanguine and painstaking search shows that the fraction of spiritual leaven now at work in the sodden mass of materialism cannot raise it into sustaining bread-of-life for the nations. If this lack is vague, it is no less vital. The unseen spirit of devotion is a penetrating and pervasive influence upon the whole life. It is like the air to the earth which it infolds, protects, and enhances. Earth, devoid of its atmosphere, would lose not only all charm of sunrise-tints and sunset-glory, but all life would perish on its naked surface, scorched by the blinding noonday and frozen by the bitter nights. If the diffused atmosphere of the higher senses was closely in touch with the everyday world, the prevailing delirium of selfishness and suffering and the blight of disease would give way to the peace and strength and joy of natural, wholesome growth.

One of Katherine Tingley's old students deeply impressed by the results of the Râja-Yoga training, said to her: "But how can any thing really be taught to another person? It seems to me it cannot be done." She replied that "the way to teach is to make an atmosphere in which the soul can expand."

That is not as simple as it sounds. The right atmosphere is a breath of the higher life, potent with vital power to arouse the germs of noble growth in the child, as in all human nature. Mere air may either purify or poison the body; and the mental world has its depressing and ennobling thought-currents. But most potent of all is the spiritual atmosphere which unites both deed and thought in the high purpose of perfecting character. The child that is trained to know his own power of radiating sunshine finds his whole nature unfolding in strength and knowledge.

The Râja-Yoga training invokes the finer forces by a living faith in the indwelling essential divinity of the pupil. It is not a method to be put into a book, nor does it lend itself to rules of technique. It is the open secret of cultivating all-round genius by training the whole nature so that it can expand in any given direction. Genius is but a freer and fuller expression of the Knower within, who garners experience, from life to life. The frequent unbalance of spontaneous geniuses indicates one-sided growth in previous lives. But the genius of Râja-Yoga is to overcome the limiting weaknesses and consciously to round out the character by a closer union between the personal and the eternal self. Surely an atmosphere which can do this work — and it is being done — has more value and power than any mental or material equipment.

How much of the atmosphere of practical idealism does the child

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get in the home or the school-room? If the intuition of the mothers alone were at work, the educational problems which baffle both parents and educators could be solved.

The cultivation of the devotional nature would develop an enlightened and enlarged spirit of motherhood, which would overshadow and illumine all error and helplessness. In the homes are the beginnings of all social problems. If the child is started on the right path he will not reach the overcrowded prisons, insane-asylums, the evil resorts, and the reckless or despairing state of the many suicides. If the brooding quality of motherhood were allied consciously to the finest forces in her nature, the young life would be protected from its own wayward impulses by an inheritance of self-control and a constantly invoked spiritual will.

The truth is, the world is so psychologized by materialism and so spiritually benumbed that it is but vaguely aware of its own lack.

In the present age, life is well described as 'pre-eminently unspiritual and matter-of-fact,' and by all the rules of the game the average women are painfully up-to-date. They have learned the power of organization, so marked in all modern institutions. They have evolved a new sense of sex-solidarity, and a democratic spirit which has broken down old barriers between different classes. Most of the Federated Women's Clubs in this country, through their officered departments, are doing active work in the arts, science, civics, education, child-welfare, legislation, etc. In some conservative communities the local Woman's Club has been the first unifying influence felt by the detached church-circles. Much of the general movement for civic betterment has come from women's individual and organized efforts, which have impressed even politicians with their effectiveness and power as municipal house-keepers. Principles of social science and of domestic economy have been applied practically to social and domestic problems. Were it possible to sum up the total activities of the modern woman one might well ask what more could she wish to do, and what more could be asked of her?

Women are doing their full share of the helpful, practical, honest, reputable, skilful, clever, scientific work in the current world of thought and things. But they are also marked by the prevailing spirit of egoism, of refined selfishness, of unrest, of sophisticated intellectualism, and by the unstable brains and frazzled nerves and lowered vital resistance, which is stamped upon the general life.

Analysis of the essential quality of woman's unusual progress shows it to be primarily material and intellectual rather than spiritual; more logical than illuminative; external rather than esoteric; literal

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rather than prophetic; more utilitarian than idealistic; technical rather than poetic and spontaneous; and selfishly metaphysical rather than more naturally mystical.

Inevitably they have put their weaknesses into their work, though they have also done their full share of the best work that has been done. Nevertheless even though they do not realize it, they have not done *their* best.

They have conclusively answered the arguments belittling their ability and endurance. They have been proved qualified for a prominent place in the world of affairs. Measured by ability, their work is fully up to standard, but in the deeper sense they are vaguely disappointed — and disappointing; dimly unsatisfied — and unsatisfying. Of all this splendid output of humanized energy there has been little transmuting power to link them up with the living ideal they long to be. Unheeded, the soul is silently pleading for more light and peace and freedom,— for a touch of the life that unites it with the unseen reality. Does not the existing lack of idealism rob the coming generation of the best of its inheritance? Already the blasé, sophisticated atmosphere of young life everywhere is no less than appalling to one who reads the future from the present tendencies.

It is not without significance that the messenger chosen to bring the truths of the ancient wisdom to the modern world should have been a woman — H. P. Blavatsky. That she was a great soul, of rare power and compassion, is evident from even a superficial review of her history. Her childhood was marked by an unusually intuitive and sympathetic understanding of nature and of people that could only have been developed by previous experience in other lives. But, however great the previous progress has been, each time the soul returns, it must find itself and its work anew. It seems part of the Plan that the wise who come to help humanity shall review, by personal experience, all the worked-out problems and sufferings, so that their whole natures shall feel keenly the live issues of other flesh and blood.

H. P. Blavatsky spent long years in world-wide travel, visiting many lands, in order to study the different peoples, entering into their feelings, to understand their history, customs, and beliefs. In this strange tuition she acquired a unique fund of first-hand information as a foundation for practical brotherhood-work later. Other travelers have been devoted to study of ethnology and to travel, and have written interesting accounts of alien lands and peoples. H. P. Blavatsky's descriptions, however, have a unique humanistic power to enable the reader to view the foreigner, either civilized or savage, something as he sees himself.

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Moreover, the broad, tolerant spirit of her writings makes one feel more impressed by the similarity underlying human nature in different peoples than by their differences.

The true philosophy of life, as taught by the ancients was no gospel of inaction, either mental or physical. These truths, far from being out of relation to our present needs, are the very antidote for the fever of passionate devotion to the brain-mind and to material advancement. Statistics show that the restless, unsatisfying activity and tension of modern life is exhausting and disastrous to both body and mind. The outgoing energy is not linked with the beneficent power of higher endeavor. Of old the united action of body, mind, and soul was taught. The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* says:

“The truly devoted, for the purification of the heart, perform actions with their bodies, their minds, their understanding, and their senses, putting away all self-interest. . . .

“The truth is obscured by that which is not true, and therefore all creatures are led astray. But in those for whom knowledge of the true Self has dispersed ignorance, the Supreme as if lighted by the sun is revealed. . . .

“He who, while living in this world and before the liberation of the soul from the body, can resist the impulse arising from desire and anger, is a devotee and blessed.”

It sounds strangely paradoxical to say that in the modern woman's amazing work she has fallen short in her duty to humanity because she has not done her full duty to herself. But in failing to find her true Self, she has fallen short in that overshadowing and inspiring quality of racial Motherhood which is rooted in the primeval depths of human nature.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky outlines the marvelous process of evolution by which the incarnating souls of the infant race slowly descended into the delusive forms of material existence. In the light of her logical explanation of Biblical allegories of creation, it is clearly seen that because the souls became *involved* in matter, it is an essentially spiritual impetus which ever tends to *evolve* upward toward the original state of divinity. In the slow growth of this experience the new humanity was guided and protected by the more advanced souls who had grown wise and compassionate in other worlds. As the *Proverbs* say for Wisdom:

“I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. . . .

“Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. . . .

“Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men.”

In accord with these Bible-hints, the more ancient records quoted in *The Secret Doctrine* add further that under the most perfect of these great souls

“. . . all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first

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awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these 'Sons of God' that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.

"Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients . . . on any other equally reasonable grounds. . . . It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the Third Root-Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece. . . ."— I, 208

". . . during its early beginnings, psychic and physical intellect being dormant and consciousness still undeveloped, the spiritual conceptions of that race were quite unconnected with its physical surroundings. That *divine* man dwelt in his animal — though externally human — form; and, if there was instinct in him, no self-consciousness came to enlighten the darkness of the latent fifth principle. When, moved by the law of Evolution, the Lords of Wisdom infused into him the spark of consciousness, the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, of one-ness with his spiritual creators. As the child's first feeling is for its mother and nurse, so the first aspirations of the awakening consciousness in primitive man were for those whose element he felt within himself, and who yet were outside, and independent of him. DEVOTION arose out of that feeling, and became the first and foremost motor in his nature; for it is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us, and which we find alike in human babe and the young of the animal."
— I, 210

The true spirit of Devotion is the strongest link between the mortal man and his immortality. It is the incarnating soul's memory of its native land, a reunion of the primeval blending of divinity with the virgin matter of a new world. It is the native mysticism ever welling up from unsounded depth of the inner life by which even the savage tries to grasp fleeting glimpses of his own forgotten greatness and to retain them in a personified Deity.

Devotion is that sense of unity with the higher nature, the at-onement of the erring man with his better Self, which is the true atonement. Through this realization of Selfhood, comes a clearer sense of the common divinity which links him with those spiritual guides and teachers who have gone beyond him on the Path, and also links him with love to those whom he would help upon the way. The respect and reverence shown to the Oriental teacher is related to his position as a guide who literally holds the light. The flippant disrespect of a western schoolboy for his teacher would seem veritable sacrilege in the East. The meditative, introspective Aryan has kept alive that faith in the inner life which accords with the ancient teachings of the history of our infant humanity in its search for earthly Wisdom.

Theosophy, as the timely modern presentation of the old Wisdom-Religion, shows that the neglected impulses of devotion spring from the very core and center of man's being. The ancient Rishis of India, whose purity and wisdom were sound arguments for human perfectibility, prepared the Hindû to understand the protecting rôle played by the great

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souls in the early stages of present humanity. In *The Ocean of Theosophy* W. Q. Judge says:

“The Theosophist agrees with Professor Huxley in the assertion that there must be beings in the universe whose intelligence is as much beyond ours as ours exceeds that of the black beetle, and who take an active part in the government of the natural order of things. Pushing further on by the light of the confidence had in his teachers, the Theosophist adds that such intelligences were once human and came like all of us from other and previous worlds, where as varied experience had been gained as is possible on this one. . . .

“The most intelligent being in the universe, man, has never, then, been without a friend, but has a line of elder brothers who continually watch over the progress of the less progressed, preserve the knowledge gained through aeons of trial and experience, and continually seek for opportunities of drawing the developing intelligence of the race on this or other globes to consider the great truths concerning the destiny of the soul. . . .

“The Elder Brothers of Humanity are men who were perfected in former periods of evolution. These periods of manifestation are unknown to modern evolutionists so far as their number are concerned, though long ago understood by not only the older Hindûs, but also by those great minds and men who instituted and carried on the first pure and undebased form of the Mysteries of Greece. . . .

“In every age and complete national history these men of power and compassion are given different designations. They have been called Initiates, Adepts, Magi, Hierophants, Kings of the East, Wise Men, Brothers, and what not. But in the Sanskrit language there is a word which, being applied to them, at once thoroughly identifies them with humanity. It is Mahâtmâ. This is composed of *Mahâ* great, and *Âtman* soul; so it means great soul, and as all men are souls the distinction of the Mahâtmâ lies in greatness.”

When the Nazarene taught “I am the way, the truth, and the life,” he referred to the natural result of cultivating the devotional spirit. He was a living example of an imbodyed soul which, in previous lives, had worked out salvation. His mission was to reanimate the divine spark in others, so that in the light of self-knowledge of good and evil, they also should find the Christos-spirit in the kingdom of heaven within.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of a hierarchy of Helpers, who, in the misty dawn of creation, were ready to care for the helpless souls that, drowsy as the new-born in the nurse's arms, were lightly wrapped in the earthy matter of Nature's lap. As the human babe seems imbued with a certain rarefied atmosphere of the unseen world, and only slowly becomes aware of its environment, so the ancient teaching shows that the incarnating soul only gradually lost a sense of its former state in the sensations of the ‘coats of skin.’ Likewise as the child's latent qualities and feelings are not produced, but aroused, by suitable stimuli outside of itself, so nascent humanity was aroused to self-consciousness by the mature ‘Sons of Mind.’

This throws a new light on the saying that unless one become as a little child he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, for the intuitive trust of a child would open the nature to some forgotten essence of his primeval unity. The solidarity of an innocent race with its spiritual elders is the

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basis of a belief in a long-past Golden Age, which inheres in the consciousness of all peoples. From this primeval experience in spiritual leadership has come the instinct of loyalty to rulers, and of faith in the divine right of kings, which no mere line of physical succession could justify or explain. It was from the practical teachings of these early 'Builders' that man learned the true dignity of labor in the perfect work of the lost arts of antiquity. To quote again the words of H. P. Blavatsky:

"It is through these 'Sons of God' that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.

"Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients. . . on any other equally reasonable grounds. . ."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 208

In this connexion *The Secret Doctrine* explains that natural well-spring of aspiration which from the very beginning of human life has impelled the heart to unite itself with the highest possibilities of the nature. Devotion is no acquired sentiment, nor did it arise in savage minds from fear of unseen Nature-powers. It is the most fundamental racial quality, so that without it the nature is not wholly human. Is there not an all-pervading lack of this essential element in our modern life, to which woman has given herself so freely? Is it not her peculiar privilege and responsibility to link her work with her higher powers and thus enrich the race with more living truth?

The sacredness of motherhood makes woman spiritually responsible for the guidance of the children of men. By the true spirit of devotion which unites her with her best self she may become, from the first, the living link between the creative forces of light and the incoming soul of the child. *The Secret Doctrine* says:

"The first shadowy perception of man connected with procreation is feminine, because man knows his mother more than his father. Hence female deities were more sacred than the male."— I, 5

Katherine Tingley has said;

"What is woman's mission? It is to find Herself: it is the evolution outward of the god within. . . . How many women do you suppose there are who are acquainted with themselves, in the very truest sense? . . . Woman has been slowly losing her way along the ages, beyond a doubt, as has also man. Woman has been deprived of rights which are naturally hers because of her immortal nature. The same may be said of man. The obscurations and stumbling-blocks that woman has found in her path, as also man has, have been many and great, and have brought into woman's life an unrest that few men realize. I believe that men know very little about the inner life of woman: unless man is acquainted with himself, with his essential divinity and his possibilities, how can he judge? And if woman is unacquainted with herself, and in her turn, knows not her essential divinity, how can she understand life or her duty? How can she become the ideal woman that her heart is craving to be?"

WHAT IS KARMA?

RALF LANESDALE

FINALLY, I ask myself, Just what is Karma? The books say Karma is action involving cause and consequence. That implies an actor as well as a field of action. Who is the actor? What is the field of action? Man is the actor; his mind is the field of action; he is both cause and consequence. The life of man is brief, how can he be both cause and consequence? Man reaps, too often where he has not sown; how can there be responsibility if there is no sure continuity of consciousness?

Karma implies that continuity of consciousness; justice requires it. But what is justice? Does it exist outside the sphere of man's imagination? Is Nature just? Justice and mercy, are they not purely human attributes? Is not the reign of Law and Order a strictly human concept, an ideal not endorsed by Nature?

Natural Law is the automatic action of the forces inherent in nature which produce events. Order is regularity in the recurrence of events observed and recorded by man. The reign of law and order in the world is the tribute that man pays to Nature in recognising there the existence of a spiritual power which controls and guides all natural forces in a great rhythm sometimes described as 'the eternal fitness of things,' and which constitutes for man the basis for his concept of justice.

Man's ignorance of natural law coupled with his lack of self-control, makes him the slave of his own lower nature, of which he is potentially the master: for man is a duality, a thinker, and a creator. He is both 'son of God,' and 'son of man.' He is the creator of Karma, and he is bound upon the wheel of his desires by the simple operation of the natural law. He is himself the judge and the accuser, the assessor, and the executioner. He is the candidate for initiation, and he is the initiator.

Thus Karma is impersonal and yet most intimately personal, because the personality of man is the inevitable expression of his impersonal self colored and modified by all the acquired attributes that go to make his character for that particular incarnation.

Karma is not a wayward goddess, for all the foolish gibes that have presented the Good Law in the dishonorable guise of a capricious wanton trading her favors shamelessly without regard to the deserts of those on whom her choice may fall. Nor is it a decree of doom falling from heaven or launched by an angry god.

The law of Karma gives to every man the necessary consequence

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of deeds done in this and in all past lives, no more no less, and that continuously, so that each one of us is at the present moment weaving the 'web of destiny' that shall in future lives bring weal or woe that, when it comes, may seem unmerited.

Thus we may say with truth that Justice rules the world in spite of man's perversion of the laws of Nature; for man's perversity is temporary and cannot permanently destroy the reign of Natural Law, which is as old as Time itself. When man co-operates with Nature his power is god-like; for his mind partakes of the divine. But when he rises in revolt against her law he then becomes merely a revolutionist who, seeking to speed up the wheel of destiny, hastens the sure recurrence of the fate he would avoid; and with the completion of a full revolution of time's wheel finds himself where he stood originally, just like the toiling squirrel in its free-revolving cage who works so hard only to find his wheel still where it was when he crept into it.

But the man who does most heartily co-operate with nature, will soon discover in himself sources of power whose mere existence he had not suspected. For man is the heir of all the ages, and the accumulated Karma of the human race is his inheritance.

At one time we were taught that man was a worm of the earth, that he was born in sin, a child of iniquity foredoomed to an eternity of woe. This morbid view of life was eminently suited to evoke the worst side of the duality that we call man. Indeed, if man were not compounded of some elements divine in origin, it would be hard for him to hold up his head against a wave of pessimism that might overwhelm him utterly.

Now comes Theosophy and offers him its message from the heart of time, a message full of hope, as well as of the liberation of mankind from a doom that has too long oppressed his heart and his imagination. Justice it promises, and mercy in the divine impersonality of the law of Karma, which gives to all their due and offers a vast hope in the perfectibility of man, with comfort to the fallen in the assurance of another chance to profit by experience and rise to realization of forgotten possibilities: and this for all. Karma is Justice absolute and mercy infinite.



“THINK of Theosophy not so much as a body of philosophic or other teaching, but as the highest law of conduct, which is the enacted expression of Divine Love and Compassion.”—*Katherine Tingley*

FAITH AND HOPE

S. W. S.

JUST so far as one is dissatisfied with the accepted life-values of the day, will the unbiassed mind be open and receptive to ideas and ideals hinting at better things.

Life for many of us in these days is not such a beatitude that the intellect and the heart find complete satisfaction therein. On the contrary, there is more questioning than ever as to the why and the whence of the human presence on this planet, and its possible survival after the dissolution of the body, and numerous are the short cuts to perfection offered like wares in the market-place to the credulous. In direction of purpose human life would seem to be in little better case than a ball of string on leaving the hands of a playful monkey.

This condition of chaotic questioning is generally admitted, even by many of the clergy; and all thinking men and women, some with terror, feel the trembling of the foundations of civilized life. That the day of preaching is past must be evident to most, and those who fail to recognise it appear to be lingering in the outer darkness of dogma.

What is needed, what the heart aches for, and the intellect starves for, is a logical, satisfying, explanation of the purpose of the unique being Man on this ball of earth. To say that his origin and his destiny must not be inquired into, is sheer nonsense, and a base form of moral cowardice; it is merely shelving a difficult question. Man has every right to know his origin, his ancestry and his heritage. The origin of his body is well known in the broad facts, why should there be this perpetuated air of mystery about the soul, the man himself?

As long as we remain in ignorance of the broad truths of our being, can it be wondered at that the *raison d'être* of life will ever be inexplicable? Can it be wondered at that the appalling conditions that exist today in a great city into which children will be born and reared, will continue, that the ravage of crime and disease is as ruthless as it is, and that men and women are condemned and executed by their fellows for crimes that in the very nature of their upbringing they lacked the moral stamina and balance to resist?

Let us have done with moral timidity and face life's problems like men and women. Let us dare to face new intellectual horizons beyond the age-old materialistic explanations, which are no explanations at all, but merely excuses for perpetuating a drugged mental outlook. Already most people of intellectual virility have rejected the hell-fire idea, a heaven up in the clouds, and the literal infallibility of the Bible.

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More and more in the West are looking towards the East and accepting the teaching of rebirth.

Times are changing rapidly, old ideas giving place to new. The life-basis of most of us has been so rocked and upheaved during the past decade, that the old values will no longer serve, and unless something be done to justify existence, unless a real purpose in life be discovered, the old edifice of life-values we call modern civilization bids fair to ride tottering to a fall.

But the hopeful aspect of the situation is that a new spirit is abroad. The universal movement, expressing itself in many ways towards *human brotherhood* is a rising tide that cannot be stayed, and with it comes the hope and the promise of enduring peace between men and nations. Let it here be remembered that the name of this Organization is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and that brotherhood has ever been its first concern with humanity. "Unbrotherliness," declares Katherine Tingley, "is the insanity of the age."

There is aspiration in the air side by side with doubt and questioning, and aspiration, we Theosophists believe, will eventually win the day. Therefore, says Theosophy, the first and most vital thing is to look upon oneself and one's neighbor not as the body with bodily senses and desires, but as the soul, and that soul a Divine being illumined by a ray from the eternal Divine Life which is the Source of all life.

This is the pillar of our faith: that we are essentially Divine and as such responsible for our character, our present and our future welfare and happiness, both for what we are now and shall be in the future. The outer form that is seen, the personality, we are familiar with in our friend or our enemy, these are not the real men. They change ever and in a few years will be gone utterly. The real man is within, learning, experiencing, struggling with the phenomena of the body, faced always with two paths and the necessity of making choice between them, between the two forces which play upon his life from birth to death. The personality, loved or hated, is not the man, however much it may appear to be so. The true life of a man is on a nobler scale, inconceivably higher; personality is but a garment worn for one life-time, for his life on earth is a recurring episode for the gaining of experience, the learning of necessary lessons from contact with material substance, in bodies of a similar nature.

Thus to place man on a level with the beasts, to regard him but as an animal, to give him an ape origin, dominating his life with animal instincts, is an abomination which would be ludicrous were it not so disastrous in its effect on the race. Have the supporters of the ape-

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ancestry theory so little imagination that they can see nothing of the God-nature in humanity? Because many live like beasts and see red when aroused, is that sufficient reason for condemning humanity *en bloc* to a degraded destiny? A stream can rise no higher than its source, so too our destiny accords with our origin, which is Divine.

We meet difficulties and trials in our own lives, some of which well-nigh shatter us, yet have we the hope and the inspiration though we be all but unconscious of them that this life is not all; that what seems to us meaningless affliction is the ordered will of the higher influences of Divine Law controlling our lives; that we are no more than meeting the effect of previous wrong-doing in past lives, and have now the full opportunity to mold by our thoughts and actions the character of our future lives.

A godlike creative power is this of ours. The world is as we have made it through past ages of living and thinking, which the stark evidence of the last twelve years has shown to have been mainly misdirected. Each wave of national ill-feeling leaves a deposit on the unseen shore, until an accumulation is silted up that overtopples with its own weight, and a war is precipitated. And so wars will continue to be made until the individual, the ordinary, every-day man in the street, realizes that he embodies a Divine, creative power within himself, with which he can help to recreate the world on lines of sanity, and make safe the future — if he will.

Is it too much to begin now by letting the days be marked by a change of thought towards purer ideals, nobler aspects of life and conduct? Theosophy says it can be done, and we believe it. Therein lies the faith and hope of Theosophy. It is intensely practical and optimistic in its belief in man's ability to take himself in hand and put his own house in order; for nobody can do this for him.

Be assured that those who offer a short and easy road to that end are deluded. There never was a greater heresy than that man can win to self-knowledge and purification without working for it, and that work must be for others, even the study and meditation on the science of Theosophy — for it is a science, the science of living — must be with no other object than to better equip oneself to be of service to others less fitted to bear life's handicap.

Any idea of benefit to oneself as an end in view shuts the door to a real understanding of Nature and her laws, and leads to delusion and chaos of mind, ending in some cases in insanity. Thus it may be realized that the path of the Theosophist is not an easy one, and it is a happy one only to the extent of his service to others, but that happiness is real.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

· OBSERVER



ELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, the principal founder of the Theosophical Movement in modern times, was very emphatic about a great civilization in India long before the 'historical period' known to Western orientalists, and which was little suspected even by native Indians, with the exception of the few who had good reason to know the facts. One or two Western students ventured to speculate upon such possibilities, but their suggestions were received by the majority with scorn: she quotes the following from Jacolliot's *La Bible dans l'Inde*:

“‘Can there be any absurdity in the suggestion that the India of 6000 years ago, brilliant, civilized, overflowing with population, impressed upon Egypt, Persia, Judaea, Greece, and Rome, a stamp as ineffaceable, impressions as profound, as these last have impressed upon us?’” — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 584

She adds:

“We believe that the day is not far off when the opponents of this able and erudite writer will be silenced by the force of irrefutable evidence. And when *facts* shall once have corroborated his theories and assertions, what will the world find? That it is to India, the country less explored and less known than any other, that all the other great nations of the world are indebted for their languages, arts, legislature, and civilization. Its progress, impeded for a few centuries before our era — for, as this writer shows, at the epoch of the great Macedonian conqueror, ‘India had already passed the period of her splendor’ — was completely stifled in the subsequent ages.” — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 585

In her magazine *The Theosophist*, for May 1882, she writes:

“We are approaching the time when the educated Hindûs and Sinhalese will be forced, by the painstaking researches of Europeans into the ancient records and monuments, to do tardy honor to their ancestors, of whose greatness they have now not even a faint conception.”

How true this last remark is has just been proved by the recent discoveries in Western India of ‘an entirely unknown civilization’ provisionally called Indo-Sumerian, as indicating a close cultural connexion between the prehistoric civilizations of the regions of the Indus River and of Sumer, but not implying any identity of race or language.

The newly discovered facts about this very ancient Indian civilization are reported by Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India, and are of the greatest interest, especially to students of Theosophy who rejoice in seeing how H. P. Blavatsky's teachings are one by one being confirmed by modern science — that very science which tried so hard to belittle her claims and deny her knowledge and its source. Sir John Marshall assures us that the researches, even so far as they have

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been carried, prove that a high civilization must have flourished about five thousand years ago "for untold centuries, and that it included Sind, much of the Punjab, Baluchistan, probably Rajputana and even more territory to the eastward."

The site of the five thousand year-old city of Mohenjo-daro in the great alluvial plain of the Indus is being thoroughly excavated, and already the remains of temples, dwelling-houses, stores and streets, have been explored. The houses were large and comfortable and furnished with bathrooms; very well constructed drains led from the houses into the larger sewers in the streets eight feet below the surface.

The report says "the elaborate system of drainage and the character of the smaller antiquities seem to betoken a social condition of the people much in advance of what was then prevailing in Mesopotamia or Egypt" though we are not likely to find a tomb as marvelous as that of Tutankhamen. While the extraordinary development of the drainage system — far in advance of anything in Western Europe until modern times — struck the archaeologists with astonishment, the golden ornaments and the faience and the exquisitely engraved gold seals which could only have been executed by people of marked artistic ability as well as great technical skill are sufficient proofs of the high degree of culture attained by this utterly forgotten civilization. The design and construction of the houses, too, is said to be far superior to anything of the kind in later India. Gold, silver, copper, and probably mercury were in common use; iron has not been found, possibly it has rusted away, for it is difficult to believe it was unknown in view of the fact that contemporary or earlier Hittites and Egyptians were using it.



ANOTHER magnificent temple has lately been discovered in the depths of the forest near Angkor Thom, in Indo-China, and the French School of Excavation in the Far East, which makes the report, claims that other similar buildings are likely to be found north of this one. It contains many inscriptions and is said to date from the fourteenth century. This date may be correct, but H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled* (page 567, volume I, *et seq.*) throws considerable doubt upon the general belief that Angkor Thom, Nagkon Wat, and other marvellous remains of the lost civilization of Indo-China, were built so recently or that they are strictly Buddhist in origin.

In speaking of the enormous and richly-carved temples of Nagkon Wat and of Angkor she draws attention to the extraordinary assembly of representations of gods of various periods and from far-distant places,

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such as the man-fish of the Babylonians, Dagon, and the Kabeirian deities of Samothrace. Such things as this, and certain peculiarities in the architecture “imperceptible to the uninitiated scientist,” and the “secret language of picture writing” as shown in these immense areas of sculpture, indicate that they were inspired by the wide-world religion taught in the ancient Mysteries, and that their origin must be looked for long before medieval Buddhism. She speaks of an essential resemblance — visible to those who have the key — to the architectural symbolism of Egyptian, Mayan, and other temples built under the same esoteric instruction. The use (or deliberate omission) of the *keystone*, the disposition of the sacred lakes inside the temple precincts, certain mathematical proportions and arrangements of parts show that the same rites were celebrated in all those buildings in which these features can be traced.

The subject is of deep interest, and every new discovery provides additional material for the use of the more intuitive and spiritual scientists of the future.



WE seem on the eve of a striking and sensational scientific confirmation of one of the most important of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings as to the past history of the human race — the actual existence of the lost continent of Atlantis — proof of which will necessarily profoundly modify the popular scientific views on the course of evolution in the direction indicated by Theosophy. A body of investigators has just been formed by the learned French Sorbonne for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the subject by collecting all possible information and publishing reports so that all the researches into possible Atlantean vestiges can be co-ordinated and made easily accessible.

M. Charcot, a well-known French explorer, is at present making soundings in the Atlantic which many believe will provide conclusive evidence of the great inhabited continent whose last islands disappeared about eleven thousand years ago. He will report to the new “Society for Atlantean Studies.”

One of the chief causes for the establishment of this learned body is the remarkable series of discoveries recently made in Central America showing the high civilization of the ancient Mayas. To many, it is impossible to explain their origin without calling in the Atlantean hypothesis. Several members of the French Academy and other leading scientists have joined the new Society, which will be international in character.

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IN regard to the Mayas a report has recently been made to the *New York Times* by Pierre de Klein of a conversation between General Bonilla, Provisional President of Honduras, and his chief of operations, General Lee Christmas, in 1911, on the subject of the unavailing efforts of scientists to decipher the mysterious glyphs of the Mayas. General Christmas said it seemed incredible that the ability to read them has been entirely lost, but he doubted the likelihood of a 'Rosetta Stone' with a bilingual inscription ever being found. He suggested that it would not be impossible to find a few living men who could still read the ancient writings, and to sustain his point he told of an Indian soldier in his command from the mountains of Guatemala, near Huehuetenango, who told him that a neighboring tribe practised strange rites in secret, and that on certain period endings they brought out a large book, made of bull hide, containing written characters, in which things were set down, but which he could not understand.

In connexion with the recent Spinden-Mason expedition which reported traces of the old worship being still extant, and the existence of two mysterious cities — apparently keeping up something of the lost culture — which the explorers were forbidden to approach, it certainly does not seem impossible that General Christmas was right, and that we may be on the eve of extremely interesting and surprising discoveries about the origin of the Mayas and their history.



EVIDENCE of ancient pueblo (town-dwelling) Indian culture was found in San Bernardino Co., California, in June, and probably will be soon made the subject of intensive exploration by the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York. If the unexpected fact is established that early California Indians built houses and lived in settled communities it will indicate, as Mr. G. G. Heye says, "that the earliest pueblo builders lived in a territory where traces of them have never hitherto been found."



NEARLY a year ago, in discussing the alleged discovery of prehistoric drawings of a mammoth and a dinosaur in Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona, by the expedition conducted by Dr. S. Hubbard, of the Oakland Museum, California, a quotation was given in these columns from an Associated Press dispatch saying that prehistoric implements had been discovered one hundred feet deep in sodium sulphate deposits at Camp Verde, not far from the 'dinosaur' pictograph; and the suggestion was

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made that they “corroborated evidence furnished by the pictographs that men existed millions of years ago in the time of the dinosaurs.”

Last May, in the same deposit, the ‘mummified body of a man’ was found, and the question arises: Is this the remains of a man of the dinosaur period, or, as some suggest, “did not the sulphate remain till a relatively late geological period in a fluid or plastic state and make it possible that an ancient Indian and his implements were swallowed by the material as in a quicksand?”

A good deal more, and really unimpeachable evidence, will be required before the mystery of the appearance of the *Indians* in North and South America, and of the antiquity of *man* on this continent (quite another question, notice) can be settled by science, but every scrap of information is of interest and should be carefully weighed, especially in view of the announcement from professors within the scientific camp that there is a strong and indefensible tendency to discourage research tending to prove any great antiquity of man in the New World.

WHO WAS “THE PROFESSOR”?

M. G. M.



WHEN the hopes of the American colonists were at the lowest ebb in the Revolution; when the British occupied New York and New Jersey and one false move would have plunged the colonists into defeat, there was held in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a wonderful meeting, to consider a design for a colonial flag. This took place on December 13, 1775. Those present were Washington, Franklin, Harrison, Lynch, the host and hostess, and “the Professor,” who seemed to act as chairman or assumed that position when asked to join the committee. He rose and said:

“Gentlemen and Comrades: This is a most important occasion. Upon what we do at this time, and at the regular sessions of this committee, there may depend much of immediate welfare to the colonists.

“We are now *six* in number (not counting the lady), one not propitious for an enterprise such as this we now have in hand. We cannot cut out one, even though in so doing we should improve the conditions in one respect by making our number *five*, but we must increase our number so we will have *seven*. This increase of our number should be by the introduction of an element that is usually objected to, or worse — ignored, in all national and political affairs. I refer to *woman, the puri-*

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fyng and intuitive element of humanity. Let us therefore invite our hostess to become one of us, and mayhap she will prove a most important factor in solving the important question which we are to consider; for *more depends on our work here and now than appears on the surface*, and for her patriotism, her intelligence, her fidelity and her discretion, you may one and all hold me personally responsible, that is if any of you suppose that any man's indorsement in any way adds to an earnest and good woman's responsibility."

She was admitted, and at the evening session of the committee-meeting "the Professor" again spoke, leading the meeting as follows:

"Comrade-Americans: We are assembled here to devise and suggest the design for a new flag, which will represent the principles and determination of the colonies to unite in demanding and securing justice from the Government to which they still owe allegiance. We are not therefore expected to design or recommend a flag which will represent a new government or an independent nation, but one which simply represents the principle that even kings owe something of justice to their loyal subjects. This is unquestionably true *now*, for the sun of our political aim is very low in the horizon and approaching the winter solstice. But as the sun rises from his grave in Capricorn, mounts toward his resurrection in Aries, and passes onward and upward to his glorious culmination in Cancer, *so will our political sun rise and continue to increase in power, in light and glory; and the exalted Sun of Summer will not have gained his full strength of heat and power in the starry Lion, until our Colonial Sun will be in its glorious exaltation, demanding a place in the governmental firmament alongside of, co-ordinate with, and in no wise subordinate to, any other sun of any other nation upon earth.*" [This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter in time and word.]

"We are now self-acknowledged Colonies—dependencies of Great Britain, to which Government we, as loyal subjects, humbly sue for justice. *We will ere long be a self-declared independent nation*, bestowing upon ourselves the justice for which we now vainly sue. We must therefore design and recommend a flag which will now recognise our loyalty to Great Britain and at the same time announce our earnest and united suit and demand for our rights as British subjects. These demands will, of course, be neglected or denied as heretofore. Our justice-demanding and freedom-loving companions will soon learn that there is no hope for us as British Colonists, and that we can secure the rights we now contend for, only as the loyal and united citizens of a free and independent American nation.

"General Washington here is a British subject, a British soldier,

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and in command of British troops, who are attempting to enforce their rights as loyal subjects of the British Crown. *But General Washington will soon forswear all allegiance to everything foreign; and he will, ere many months, appear before his own people of these Colonies and before the world, as the General commanding the armies of a free and united people, organized into a new and independent nation.* [2nd prophecy.]

“The flag which we now recommend must be one designed and adapted to meet the inevitable and soon-to-be-accomplished change of allegiance. The flag now adopted must be one that will testify our present loyalty as English subjects, and it must be one easily modified, but needing no radical change to make it announce and represent the new nation which is already gestating in the womb of time, and which will come to birth; and that not prematurely, but fully developed and ready for change into independent life before the Sun in its next summer’s strength ripens our next harvest. [3rd prophecy.]

“The field of our flag must therefore be an entirely new one, for two reasons. First, the new field must represent a new nation; and second, be one hitherto unused as a national flag because it will represent an entirely new principle in government — *the equal rights of man as man.* While the field of our flag must be new in the details of its design, it need not be entirely new in its elements. Fortunately there is already in use a flag with which the English Government is familiar and has protected for half a century, the design of which can be extended to suit our purpose admirably — the Union Jack.

“I suggest for your consideration a flag with a field composed of thirteen equally wide, longitudinal, alternate, red and white stripes and with the Union flag of England for a union. Such a flag can readily be explained to the masses as the union flag of the mother-country as the union of our new flag, to announce that the Colonies are loyal to the just and legitimate sovereignty of the British Government.

“The thirteen stripes will be understood to represent the thirteen Colonies, their equal width will typify the equal rank, rights and responsibilities of the Colonies. The union of the stripes in the field of our flag will announce the unity of interests and the co-operative union of efforts which the Colonies recognise and put forth in their common cause. The white stripes will signify that we consider our demands just and reasonable, and that we will seek to secure our rights through statesmanlike means if possible, and the red stripes at the top and bottom will declare first and last and always that we have the determination, the enthusiasm, and the power to use force whenever we deem force necessary. The alternation of the red and white stripes will suggest that our reasons

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for all demands will be intelligent and forcible and that our force in securing our rights will be just and reasonable.

“There are other weightier and eternal reasons for our flag having the field I suggest; but it will be time enough to consider them when in the near future, we, or our successors, are considering a permanent standard for a united and independent nation.”

On June 14, 1777, nearly two years after the adoption of the Colonial flag designed by “the Professor” and a year after the Declaration of Independence, Congress appointed General Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel John Ross a committee to get a flag designed for the new United States; but this had already been provided for by “the Professor” — substituting in the canton thirteen stars on a blue field representing the new constellation, with the thirteen alternate red and white stripes as before.

Mrs. John Ross, or ‘Betsy Ross,’ was asked to make it as she was one of the first committee that produced the Colonial Flag. Betsy Ross seemed to understand something of the reasons for the occult numbers insisted upon by “the Professor” when designing the flag, and when General Washington made a drawing of the thirteen stars for the new United States flag’s blue field, with six points to a star, Betsy Ross suggested stars of five points instead, and her suggestion carried. Her reasons must have been important, for being a flag-maker she knew that five-pointed stars were much harder to make than six-pointed ones, and for several years she and her assistants made flags for our government.

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T. HENRY, M. A.

IT is common nowadays to find prominent men of science criticizing the credentials or the value of science — going out of their way to do so, we might even say. This of course, as is usually stated, is in marked contrast to the attitude of half a century or less ago; when science was, for this same class of people, the know-all and save-all. Two grounds of criticism are found, but they connect with one another. The efficacy of science as a guide and stay for our footsteps may be called in question; the validity of its philosophical foundations and method may be the object of inquiry. Ever since the very beginning of modern science there have been able critics of its philosophic validity; and we may mention Hume at one end

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of the scale, and near the other end Stallo, whose *Concepts of Modern Physics* is a sort of classic in this field. The same may of course be said for the criticisms of science as a guide in life. The point at present is that today the Opposition is coming into power, and that what the few were saying yesterday is now being said by the many.

A recent specimen of such criticism is to be found in *The World's Work* for March 1926 under the title 'Some Things Science Doesn't Know' and written by Vernon Kellogg, Secretary of the National Research Council. He says that he hears enthusiastic utterances about the all-knowingness and all-mightiness of modern science. He specifies some of its triumphs and rejoices in them. But —

"I sometimes wonder if we do not overlook . . . the fact that some groups of natural phenomena, and especially some very important attributes of life, and particularly of human life, have so far strenuously and successfully resisted the elucidating efforts of scientific men, and hence cannot yet be included in our catalogue of scientifically understood and explained things."

Then he specifies evolution. Science knows much about it, very much, quite a lot. The only thing science does not know about it is the mere fundamentals and essentials. We hope we are fairly representing the writer's remarks; at least we are representing the impression we get from them.

"The big puzzle . . . is the fundamental one of how, of cause, of method. We are less confident today that we know the causal explanation of each of the two co-ordinate major problems of evolution — to wit the origin of species and the adaptation of these species to their environment — than we were fifty or sixty years ago."

But then have we a scientific knowledge of the fundamentals of anything? In order to build up a scientific scheme of nature, we have to assume certain things which we cannot prove — call them postulates or axioms. Is it just to ask a man to prove his axioms? To do so would take him outside his legitimate sphere. Science studies a particular class of phenomena; it traces back one phenomenon to another; but sooner or later the investigation must reach a point where it leads us outside of that class of phenomena altogether. Then we must either extend the sphere of science or else abandon the inquiry to somebody else. What, for instance, are physical forces? It may stave off the difficulty for awhile to define them as the result of other and subtler physical forces; but only for awhile. Ultimately we must admit that physical forces are the manifestation of something which is not physical. Thus we have to admit the necessary existence of a vast field outside the reach of science — unless, as said, we extend the limits of science so as to include it.

This truth has of course been known all along, but it has been ignored. Scientists have been able to fool themselves by confounding

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effects with causes; by saying that the cause of evolution is evolution; by trying to regard natural selection as a causative agent, when it is merely a name for a result. This is exactly the same as saying that a man walks by the power of locomotion, or that a house is built by the force of bricktion. Atoms attract each other, and we say they are impelled by the force of attraction; which explains nothing. Of course it is perfectly valid, when conducting a particular inquiry, to accept certain unexplained things as axioms, and to limit oneself to one's immediate concern. The practical achievements of science show the validity of this.

To use a familiar illustration — we can predict eclipses by the Copernican or the Ptolemaic system of the universe, or by any one of half-a-dozen other systems. So long as a scheme hangs together, it may not matter, for the immediate purpose, whether it touches bottom anywhere. Science might conceivably solve the lesser puzzles about evolution — map out a full plan of what has happened among the plants and animals all along the line. But would it be any nearer knowing the *cause* of evolution? Formerly we were content to wear blinkers on this question; but now we begin to think it matters somewhat. We have grown weary of crowing on our own dunghill, and are willing to allow that there may be other cocks on other dunghills with something worth hearing to crow about.

We will not follow the writer through his criticisms of shortcomings in evolutionary theory; these have been examined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, by the scientific authorities whom she quotes, and by her students who have digested and commented upon her teachings. The important point is that these things should be so influentially admitted and that so many opponents have now been converted. It is on the question of man that interest settles most.

“The identity, or at least close similarity, of human structure, human physiology, and certain human instincts, with those of lower animals, must be admitted. The evolutionist sees humankind the resultant of the natural processes which have brought into existence the many kinds of animals and plants, yet he sees this humankind reveal certain attributes and capacities the possession of which he does not dare to claim is scientifically explained. At best he may only dare to declare that it *will* be scientifically explained. Well, that is an expression of opinion. Another's opinion may be the opposite.”

We of course welcome this expression of an opinion for which, following our Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, we have so often contended. There is in Man something entirely distinct from all possible products of organic evolution. The human intelligence, will, conscience, etc., is not derivable from animal faculties. Representative scientific men, it would seem, see no harm in allowing that now. Our author recognises

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too that it is this that really ruffled the Tennessee anti-Darwinists. They may not have known just what was the matter, but they knew something was the matter; and probably, when they tried to tell it, they told the wrong thing. Also they may not have been impeccable themselves. Science and religion, said H. P. Blavatsky, can only be reconciled on condition that both shall cleanse their houses.

How many different lines of evolution are there? Is there likely to be only one? Or is the fabric of creation woven of complicated threads intermingling, crossing, blending? Can the chemist ever, by mixing soils, bring forth the plant, unless the tiny windborne seed chance unseen to alight? Is there not, then, a separate line of evolution for that vital germ? Is it not the blending of those two lines of evolution — that of the mineral Monad with that of the vegetable Monad — which produces the plant? And what of the animal Soul, whose presence causes to appear the kingdom of birds, beasts, and fishes — must not that again be a distinct line of evolution? And when we come to Man — there is not only another gap but a yawning chasm; he is more different from them than they are from each other. The human Monad, that spark of divine intelligence, bred from no clay, no protoplasm, whence is it? Truly a problem beyond the sphere of science, unless science, ceasing to be the study of physical phenomena and the designer of mechanistic explanations, become something more akin to the real meaning of its name — Knowledge.

The writer gives an eloquent picture of man's behavior and how very unbiological it usually is. Man simply will not do the biologically useful thing, and is apt to forget all about his self-interest and that of the species, in order to indulge in works of imagination. In a word, man is just man and not the biological machine he ought to be. Science has enabled a man to —

“travel fifty times as fast, accomplish a hundred times as much work in a day, lift a weight a thousand times as heavy, and make his voice heard ten thousand times as far,” etc.

To which we might add that it has invented one machine to shut a door and another to keep it open, how to guard (?) ourselves against the consequences of dirt by injecting dirt into our veins, and many other conveniences. But —

“It has not enlightened me to any satisfactory degree about my consciousness or my conscience; has not told me why I can compose or play or deeply enjoy music,” etc.

It tells us nothing about immortality, though it can describe the process of physical disintegration.

“The only thing we know now about many things in human life is that they are attributes of human beings and of human beings alone. By such attributes we are really distinguished from other creatures. We are arisen from other creatures [?], but we are different

from them. We are like them in structure and physiology, and share with them certain physiological possessions. But we are different from them in possessing capacities unique with us. And these unique capacities are the greatest things in life. I believe that most scientific men recognise them as such, recognise them as greater than that very great thing, science itself.”

He then goes on to say — as Theosophists have so often said — that religion can be as bigoted as science; that the two ought not to be antagonistic but complementary. But this surely means that both are comprehended in a greater knowledge, to which they are both approximations. *Knowledge of Self* includes all.

But there is one important point about the acquisition of knowledge, to which attention should be directed. It should be made contingent on the worthiness of the recipient. Scientific knowledge is instantly broadcasted for the use of everybody, good, bad, or indifferent. The new drug goes into the hands of the doctor to heal, and into those of the criminal to poison. The new force is used by the engineer and the warrior, for construction or destruction; it arms the thug against the police, and the police against the thug. This state of things is probably regarded as the less of two evils; for we can hardly contemplate with satisfaction the existence of an exclusive hierarchy of people cornering scientific knowledge. But with regard to that higher knowledge which comprehends the deeper mysteries of human life and the cosmos, a new law obtains, and we find that *knowledge is dependent on trustworthiness*. Hence the first step on the path of true knowledge is unselfish devotion to duty, and ethics is no longer falsely sundered from the pursuit of knowledge.

There can be no doubt that circumstances will henceforth impel us to pay more attention to the great Science of human life. Many consider that the progress of science, unless counterbalanced by a superior influence, would compass the death of civilization. Hence, the more science discovers, the greater is the need for this counterpoise. But the foundations have been laid for a better order of human society, with better ideals; and coming ages will recognise that it was H. P. Blavatsky whose heroic efforts and self-sacrifice laid those foundations.



“I AM often questioned why Theosophists are so optimistic; why so cheerful and able to meet difficulties in human life so courageously. I answer that it is because they have discovered hope and strength in Theosophy; also because they realize, to a degree at least, that they have sacred duties to carry out, if they are to find happiness; and so, in rendering service to humanity, they touch the well-spring of a better life.”— *Katherine Tingley*

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES

HUGH PERCY LEONARD

The kingdom of Heaven may be compared to a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while everybody was asleep, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and then went away. So when the blades of wheat shot up, and came into ear, the tares made their appearance too. On this the owner's servants came to him, and said: "Was it not good seed that you sowed in your field? Where then do the tares in it come from?"

"It must be the work of an enemy," was his reply.

"Would you like us then," they asked, "to go and gather them together?"

"No," said he, "for fear lest while you are doing so, you should root up the wheat as well. Let both grow side by side till harvest time, and then I will send the reapers to gather together the tares first, and tie them in bundles ready for burning; but to bring all the wheat into my barn."—*Matt.*, xiii, 25-30, 'Twentieth Century New Testament'



THAT the manifested universe is held together by the interaction of positive and negative forces is an idea quite familiar to all students of Theosophy. Excitation and restraint, attraction and repulsion, forces of good and forces of evil, are all recognised as necessary factors since it is only by their mutual interplay that all the varied aspects are combined in one coherent whole. But to the prevalent religious thought the idea is somewhat repugnant and savors altogether too much of oriental pantheism. To ascribe the origin of evil to the Great Artificer seems like a blasphemy, and they prefer to regard it as a hostile intrusion into a scheme of harmony that God created perfect.

It was at one time a commonplace of the pulpit that the word God was derived from good, a piece of false etymology that has given solid comfort to very many. This fallacy has been dealt with in a summary fashion by H. P. Blavatsky in her work *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 347:

"The attempt to derive God from the Anglo-Saxon synonym 'good' is an abandoned idea, for in no other language, in all of which the term varies more or less, from the Persian *Khoda* down to the Latin *Deus*, has an instance been found of a name of God being derived from the attribute of *Goodness*."

The term 'God' then for the Theosophist denotes the hidden mystery in which both good and evil have their roots. Behind these two contrasted poles there stands eternally supreme the undivided Unity supporting both. From this concealed and neutral source an endless stream of universes issues forth, they run their appointed course and then dissolve and disappear in the clear deep of primal Unity again. But dissolution is but prelude to a new embodiment where fresh experience is gathered and again the rich resultant essence goes to swell the hoard of memories in the sure storehouse of Eternal Mind. Much has been said of the Absolute as the origin of these successive manifesta-

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tions, but it may be said with equal truth that this prolific source of life is also the heir and beneficiary of its own creations, since it is the final repository to which everything returns. The Absolute is thus from one point of view a treasure-house the wealth of which increases as the ages roll, although we willingly concede that this in no way contravenes the teaching of the mystics that to the consciousness of God all times and ages blend in one Eternal Now.

Evil exists to be resisted and yet we are forced to admit that it is a necessary factor in the general scheme. A curious illustration of the need of the forces of destruction in Nature is found in the methods of the carp-breeders of Germany who deliberately introduce into their fishponds a certain number of voracious pike, that by their persecution they may prevent the carp from degenerating under the influence of too easy conditions of life.

The Bible, commonly supposed to support the orthodox view, clearly expresses the Theosophical teaching where we find Satan counted in among the sons of God with his appointed duties to perform (*Job*, ii, 1-7). The church of Laodicea was censured not for being evil, but for standing neutral and failing to take sides in the struggle.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."— *Rev.*, iii, 15-16

Isaiah contains a curious passage, very little known, in which Deity is represented as the source of both the opposite poles of the Cosmos. The pantheistic position is stated in the most uncompromising fashion; but because of its extreme 'difficulty' it is one which the average preacher prefers to 'look boldly in the face' while he lightly passes on to the selection of a text more easily handled.

"I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things."— *Isaiah*, xlv, 7

Evil exists to be conquered or at least opposed, and indeed as soldiers in the ranks of the hosts of Light time would hang heavily upon our hands without a foe with whom to engage; but we must not indulge the hope that somehow or other all the evil in the world will one day be disposed of by the efforts of reformers and philanthropic societies and that then we can retire to Jerusalem the Golden and comfortably settle down to the enjoyment of the Saints' Everlasting Rest. No such thing is at all possible, for what is the manifested universe but the age-long battle-field of good and evil?

"It takes all sorts to make a world" says an old proverb and the portable pellet of wisdom has here a very apposite application. The world is a grand moral training-ground in which we may gain in strength

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and insight by means of the various trials and tests to which we are subjected. When under stress of conflict we have reached our proper growth and stature, we are able to assist the processes of evolution and contribute to the grand result by virtue of our individual will raised to the status of a cosmic force by the elimination of personal desire. Hereafter it becomes our splendid destiny to watch and foster the slow unfoldment of the plans of God and climb the road that leads to greater heights as we proceed from strength to strength.

As iron is fashioned into shape between the hammer and the anvil, so we attain our full development by the repeated shock and impact of the endless conflict of the two opposing poles, for as stated in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*: "These two Light and Darkness are the world's eternal ways."

If we accept the explanation said to have been given by Jesus (*Matt.*, xiii, 37-43) as authentic, he certainly supports the crude eschatology of popular belief; the end of the world is treated as a sort of final winding-up of the Cosmos, the conflict between the Devil and the 'Son of Man' being decided in favor of the latter. The destruction of the wicked in hell-fire and the triumph of the 'Father' who is here represented as the champion of the righteous is predicted. But it is quite conceivable that this exposition is the work of some pious copyist, which beginning as a marginal note has somehow got itself incorporated in the text. It is certainly at variance with the Sermon on the Mount (*Matt.*, v, 45-48) where the Father in Heaven is portrayed as an impartial power supporting both the pairs of opposites, and sending rain and sunshine on the just and the unjust alike. The very perfection indeed of this unrevealed Father appears to consist in precisely this attitude of complete neutrality towards both the combatants.

From the standpoint of the Esoteric Teaching however the burning of the tares may very well stand for the periodical dissolution of a universe. The tares, *as tares*, no longer exist, their vital force and substance being withdrawn into the *laya* state there to remain until a new Manvantaric Dawn when the material, reduced to its primal simplicity will be used in the formation of the new Cosmos emerging from Chaos.


The ingathering of the wheat may be taken as a symbol of the preservation of the just and very aptly illustrates a passage in the first chapter of *The Ocean of Theosophy* by W. Q. Judge. He says that the object of these mighty waves of evolution is the production of a new crop of volunteers, the Elder Brothers of the human race, who devote their developed powers and their accumulated wisdom to assist the slow methods of Nature. The ending of a universe, he says, witnesses the destruction of those who are opposed and a ripened harvest of these perfected men.

THE PRINCE WHO BECAME A BEGGAR TO SAVE THE WORLD

The Story of Siddhârtha-Buddha

P. A. M.

II

 HERE was rejoicing in the city of Kapilavastu. King Śuddhodana sat in his palace surrounded by his warriors waiting to hear if the child to be born was a prince or a princess. King Śuddhodana had no son to succeed him and he hoped it should be a son that would be born that night. They called the king 'Śuddhodana,' which means 'Pure-Rice,' because he was pure in mind and spotless in goodness.

The Queen's name was Mâyâ --- as we should say 'Mary,' if we wished to translate the name into a more western form, and, as the story-tellers used to do, make the tale part of their own western history. They often used to do things like that. If a little nation had no history and wanted to appear important, they would sometimes borrow the story of the glorious times and deeds of an older nation. When the wonderful Empire of Babylonia began to break up, little nations borrowed bits of its ancient and glorious history in order to make their own, just as a little people will build a little temple or city with the bricks of a great one which they have pulled down. So we find little bits of the story of Mâyâ and her son in many countries and many legends, with the names sometimes hardly changed at all. Even in Finland, the great fen-land or lake-country of the north, they had the same story, thousands of years ago, and they called the mother of the world-savior Mary-atta, the same name with a different ending. Some people used to call the Mother of All 'Mary of Magadha,' or something like that. For the kingdom of Kapilavastu where Queen Mâyâ lived was part of the greater kingdom of Magadha.

The expected baby came --- and it was a prince in Kapilavastu. Such a little mite it was, with skin like a tender lotus-petal and great dark eyes that looked like the windows of a wonderful world within. He cried, just as other babies do, and his mother Mâyâ comforted and petted him and sang little Indian songs to put him to sleep, songs all about elephants and tigers and lotuses and palm-trees that grow by mountain-lakes, and all the beautiful things she could think of.

But she was very tired and could not do much, so willing nurses

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cared for the little Indian boy. And King Śuddhodana was very proud, for there was a prince to succeed him.

In old India there were four chief classes of people, the priests or Brâhmans, the warriors or Kshattriyas, the merchants or Vaiśyas and Śûdras or servants. Almost all the people were divided into these classes, all except those who had no class at all, for a punishment, or because they had done something to lose it. The Brâhmans were very proud and haughty and when they claimed to be far superior to all the others, the others believed them and gave them the first place. They did this partly because they knew that the Brâhmans knew many things and had a good education, and they feared them. But the Kshattriyas in times of old had been just as good as the Brâhmans; sometimes, long ago, the Brâhmans would go to the Warriors or Kshattriyas in order to learn divine wisdom. For the true Kshattriya is a true warrior who fights and kills, not men, but all the host of evil things that he finds in his own nature and everywhere else. That is what a real warrior is and that is the only battle in the world that ever should be fought, because if every man conquered his own evil nature, there would be no other wars to wage and no time for any other battles.

They told strange fairy-tales of the new-born prince. The first thing he did, so they say, was to take seven deliberate steps without ever learning to walk. And they say he spoke without ever learning a word. And he said, "This birth is the birth of a Buddha"—what the Greeks called a Christ. "After this, I have finished with constantly being born on earth in one body after another. This is the last time I shall be born, just this once, for the sake of saving the world."

Angels sang to herald the birth of the Savior of the world, and from the midst of heaven there descended two streams of pure water, one warm, the other cold, baptizing his head.

In some languages they called this stream descending from heaven in baptism the Eridanus or Jordan — which means the 'Stream Descending.' The Sacred Stream was also called the Ganges in India and the Nile in Egypt. Many other wonderful things were told in their beautiful poetry with which they described the prince's birth.

But the king was a warrior, a Kshattriya, and he wanted the prince to be a soldier too. He did not think of the true Brâhman being a true Kshattriya, a spiritual warrior. They gave the prince the name of Siddhârtha.

And then, when Siddhârtha was only a few days old, his beautiful mother Mâyâ, or Mary, died and was born in heaven. But the sadness

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of her passing was mingled with great joy because she had given a warrior-prince to Kapilavastu.

When Prince Siddhârtha was very small there came a very wise old man to the palace. He was called Asita the Saint, and all would have paid him the greatest reverence, but he put them aside, and making obeisance to the little child, made a wonderful prophecy.

“Thou art the Babe who was to come! I see all the marks of the Perfect One who shall come to save the world. Thou wilt preach the Great Law of the Universe, the divine Law. I shall die long before then, but I am content, because I have seen the One who was to come. This child, O King, is like a lotus-flower that blossoms from the seed of all humanity once in a thousand years. Those enchained in the dominions of the five desires, the five senses, those driven along by many sorrows . . . for these has the Bodhisattva been born into the world to open a way of salvation for those who are lost in the dark wilderness of birth and death. He shall be a light to lighten the world. His pure teaching shall be like the full and wide river of the True Law, wherein all creatures may freely drink. And now at last I can depart in peace, for I have seen him with mine old and dying eyes.”

Asita called Siddhârtha a Bodhisattva because it was the last time he would be born before he became a Buddha, a Christ. That is what a Bodhisattva is.

The poets of all times and nations have a strange and beautiful way of writing and speaking; it is called symbolism. They knew that the little lotus-eyed Siddhârtha was to be one of the greatest men that ever lived, certainly greater than any other in history; they wanted to say that Queen Mâyâ's baby-boy was the most precious thing in all the world. Now in India the wisest and gentlest of all animals is an old elephant who has seen two or three hundred birthdays, and nothing is more precious and rare than a white elephant. So when the poets wanted to say that the boy was an old soul that had been born many times in many lands, always gentle and always wise, a rare and precious soul out of the ages, they just said that the son of Queen Mâyâ was a white elephant! Every one who mattered knew perfectly well what they meant, and every one who didn't matter — well, they didn't matter! It was no business of theirs.

Besides, when he came to be the greatest Master of Compassion in the world, listening to every one's sorrows and trying to comfort them, the poets tried to show that no sorrow is every unheard by the Buddha of Compassion and Pity for all Mankind, and they made pictures of him

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with ears as big as those of an elephant. It was a splendid way of saying that he heard every one. Yet many years afterwards there were very learned and very foolish old men — there are lots of learned men who are not wise and lots of wise men who are not learned men — and they said that Prince Siddhârtha never existed at all and that if he did he was only a white elephant, anyway!

Meanwhile little Lotus-eyes began to grow up. The poets wanted to tell how quickly he learnt his lessons when he went to school, just as if he was one of those rare souls — there are some like that — who can remember very quickly and teach their new body and brain all things. I suppose every one remembers, but it is difficult to remember so well and to be able so to teach a new body and brain. And even if you can remember a little, you do not always know you are doing it, so I suppose that is how come people can learn quickly when others are slow. They are remembering their old lessons and the new brain understands them quickly without knowing that they are all old lessons that they learnt when they had another brain.

So this is the story they tell.

The teacher gave Prince Siddhârtha a verse to write from the old Indian Bibles. He expected to find the little boy slowly and laboriously writing 'pothooks and hangers' or something like that. — But then it could hardly have been just like that, because many Indian writings are like a lot of clothes hanging on a clothes-line to dry, and you cannot call that 'pothooks and hangers,' can you?

Then the teacher went on correcting exercises at his desk. I hope he gave every one full marks for the last lesson. Then he came back to see how the new boy was getting on with his copy-book. And his eyes went wide open and his hands were held up in wonder and he opened his mouth to speak and he could hardly say a word. His eyes grew wider and wider until they looked as big as saucers; he was so astonished at what he saw.

Little Siddhârtha had written his verse perfectly. Then he had written it again in Chinese, and Greek, and Persian, and Latin, and Egyptian, and Babylonian, and Assyrian (you know those funny letters that look like hundreds of little wedges), and half a dozen more of the different Indian languages. And every one of them was perfectly written, just as if it were the top-line of a copy-book.

Now the schoolmaster did not know all these languages himself, so he took the exercise away to correct; but there wasn't anything to correct really; it was all perfect and he had to give top-marks for it.

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“I will try him with a little arithmetic,” said the teacher to himself. “There isn’t any boy in all India who knows as much arithmetic as I do.” So he began.

“Now repeat carefully after me,” he said, “while I tell you the numbers up to ten. If you can’t remember, I will tell you again when you stop. Now — *Ek, doa, deen, cha, panch* — One, two, three, four, five —”

(That is one Indian way of counting, and for all I know it was the way he counted. But then it was twenty-five hundred years ago and it might have been some other numbers.)

And little Siddhârtha began to count: “*Ek, doa, deen, cha, panch*—”

Only he didn’t stop at five, but he went on all by himself to ten and twenty and thirty and a hundred and a thousand and a million and a billion and a trillion; he said how many drops of water there are in the sea and how many grains of sand on the shore, how many stars there are in the sky, and how many years a man’s soul will live before all the world goes to sleep and he will no longer need to keep on living in new bodies on the earth; and he told the master how to measure the atoms and how to measure the sun and the stars and the Milky Way. By the time he stopped counting, school was over, and it was time for tea.

“Was there ever such a boy in all the world?” said the teacher.

But the most wonderful thing of all was when Prince Siddhârtha had told him the meaning of all the letters in the alphabet and why they are all in the order we have them. It is because the meanings of them make a wonderful story — the oldest story in the world.

“Was there ever such a boy in all the world?” said the teacher to himself, again. “I think it is time for me to go to school again and take him for my own teacher.”

King Śuddhodana had often heard the prophecy that his son Siddhârtha should be the Lord of the world. He did not want the prince to grow up just a bookworm, or what they call an ascetic, one who gives up everything for the sake of a spiritual life, caring nothing for the world or money or power or anything that most people love to possess. Yet Siddhârtha showed signs that that was just what he would like to do. The prince was always gentle, always thoughtful for others, always thinking how he could help the world to be better than it is.

But King Śuddhodana wanted him to live like a king in honor and glory and splendor and power. The palace at Kapilavastu was very big, and you could walk for half a day without going outside the walls.

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What did the wise men at the court have to say about it?

“Let the lotus-eyed prince be surrounded by all that a man can desire. And let him live in the palace, never going out by himself or where he can see the misery and poverty and unhappiness of the world, old age, disease, and death. Teach him to ride and to use the bow with swift arrows, teach him to command the elephants that he may use them in war; give him rich food and gay clothes with many jewels; then last of all, O King, seek for him a royal princess for a bride, so that he shall not desire to leave the palace. Let him be like a singing-bird in a gilded cage, and all will be well. He will soon forget his simple ways and his desires to help the people of the world. If you are careful, he will never know that there are poor and unhappy people who need help.”

“Let it be done,” said the king. “The advice is wise.”

So the young Prince Siddhârtha was surrounded by every luxury and had everything a man could want to make him happy. At least they thought so.

But the wise old men had made a mistake. Happiness does not come from having all you want; on the contrary, the happy man is the one who wants least. The happiest man of all wants nothing.

●LD AGE, DISEASE, AND DEATH

It was a beautiful life in the palace. Prince Siddhârtha had all that a young man could wish for — and yet he was not contented. The king had forgotten that happiness is not to be found in having all you want and that the most unhappy people in the world are those who have everything. He did not know what real happiness is.

In the palace they had told Prince Siddhârtha that there were pleasant gardens outside the city. There were flowing fountains and pure refreshing lakes, with every kind of flower and blossoming fruit-trees planted in long rows to give shade in the heat of the Indian day. In that pleasant park are gorgeous birds darting in and out among the trees. On the water are scented lotus-flowers.

Of these and many other beautiful things the singing-girls in the palace sang their songs, and the Prince sighed for the pleasant gardens beyond the city gates.

King Śuddhodana was told of the Prince's longing to visit the gardens. He sent out officers of the court to make the gardens as perfect as the palace and to decorate them like a paradise. They smoothed the roads; all dirt was carefully removed; the streets were cleared of orange-

peel and mango-skins; old people were made to hide themselves in the houses, sick people and cripples were taken away, and all the poor and sad and unhappy were told they must not be seen on the King's highway when the Prince passed. Prince Siddhârtha had never seen these things and the king thought that if he never saw them he would never know what old age, disease, and death, and sadness are.

Chandaka, the charioteer, stood ready with the royal chariot, all jeweled and gemmed and covered with gold. The four horses shook their long manes with impatience and pride; they were pure white horses, young and beautiful. Over their backs were gold-embroidered cloths from the royal looms.

Now like a lily-bud that opens in the sun, the gates of the palace opened wide and the prince rode forth. He saw the people all in their bright attire and the roads so clean and well-watered and his heart rejoiced at the beauty of it all. All the world seemed young and gay and happy, a world where no evil was.

(To be continued)