

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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“THAT pure, great light, which is radiant; that great glory; that verily which the gods worship, by means of which the sun shines forth -- that eternal divine being is perceived by devotees. His form has no parallel; no one sees him with the eye. Those who apprehend him by means of the understanding and also the mind and heart, become immortal.”

— *Sanat-sujātiya*

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

G. V. PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

(Stenographic report of the thirteenth of a series of Lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley the Theosophical Leader and Teacher, in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following was delivered on September 18, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego—680-440.9)



FRIENDS, both far and near:
During the last few Sundays we have been considering the question of evolution, as it works in the human race

and also as it works in the animate stocks below the human. Likewise we have at various times touched upon some of the explanations as given by the majestic Theosophical philosophy, of this great subject of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

study; but on last Sunday we began much more definitely and more fully to turn to nobler themes, that is to themes purely Theosophical, quite apart from the results of the scientific investigations of researchers on the one side, and their quasi-explanations on the other, these latter being the various hypotheses or theories or even scientific fads which have been evolved by various men in an honest endeavor to explain the facts of Nature which they had collected and classified in more or less coherent form.

We have received a number of very interesting communications in the shape of various letters from some who have 'listened in' or who have read reports of these lectures as they were published in condensed form in *The San Diego Union*. Almost all these letters have been extremely kind and commendatory. It is a cause of real pleasure to find that so many minds, as evidenced by these letters which we have received, have had some real understanding of the meaning behind the more or less technical words necessarily used in these lectures on a most difficult subject.

I could quote from a number of such letters, but I will refer to one only, for this reason, that it was written by a well-known and learned clergyman presently in the city of San Diego; and as he evidently is a very broadminded man and a man of sincere feeling for truth, I thought that it would be interesting to read extracts from it to you, as

evidencing the trend of the times, and showing how our Theosophical ideas are now penetrating even into ranks that some years ago it would have been impossible for them to reach.

I do not give the writer's name, of course, as I am not otherwise in communication with him, and I consider that I have no right to do so because it might be a violation of a possible confidence made to me. Of this I am not certain, and therefore I consider myself free to quote to you extracts from the letter. I will mention merely that the writer signs his name in full and under it he adds the word 'priest.' I now quote from the letter:

"Dear Sir: I wish to express my deep appreciation of your continued articles on the Theosophical treatment of evolution, *etcetera*. It is the most satisfying presentation of the matter that I have ever read. And were those Theosophical teachings more prevalent, then such a fiasco as that Dayton trial could never happen. . . .

"I wish that you might present in the same way the Theosophical conception of Deity, since I find it very widely spread that Theosophists are 'godless,' in other words, 'atheists.'

"A strong feature of your lectures is that you keep repeating your statements from week to week, which fixes the teaching in your readers' minds. --- ---, *Priest.*"

I believe that the writer is an Episcopal clergyman.

It was the intention during this course of lectures to show the spiritual origin of all evolving entities, as well as to show their physical origin from one common stock: the most ancient of all, that is, the human. But, while all entities ul-

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

timately must have a common spiritual origin which theological thinkers in days preceding the Christian era considered to be the divine Hierarch of our own special universe -- which is likewise what we Theosophists teach -- the profound philosophy involved in this conception would at the present moment be more or less incomprehensible to the general reader, from lack of an adequate preparation which we have had no opportunity of setting forth in coherent and logical form during the course of these studies.

This whole question of Deity, of the Divine and so forth, really belongs to that other branch of Theosophical thinking, which we in a former lecture hinted at when we spoke of two other courses of lectures possibly to be delivered in this Temple under the titles 'Theosophy and Religion,' and 'Theosophy and Philosophy.' However, it is our intention this afternoon to make a few general observations upon the question of the Divine, because it fits in well enough at the present moment with what we have said before; and the opportunity for delivering such a course of lectures on 'Theosophy and Religion' or on 'Theosophy and Philosophy' may have to be postponed for some future time.

Indeed -- and we say this by the way -- adequately to understand the Theosophical teaching of evolution would require the laying down of the general principle of the derivation of all entities what-

soever from a divine source or root, not in any sense as the children or creations of a personal Deity, but as the emanational evolution of quasi-conscious sparks from the heart of our own particular universe -- the Hierarch above spoken of.

Let us now turn for a moment to the general subject of evolution as explained along the lines set forth previously in other lectures. In those former lectures we pointed out the origin of the human race by hint and by allusion, because to go into a question so wide and profound as that is, fully and completely, would in itself require a number of weekly lectures devoted to that end. Likewise we set forth what was the origin of the animate stocks below the human; how they sprang from the most primitive, the oldest, of the stocks evolving on this our mother planet Terra, and I also pointed out how this eldest stock was the human stock as represented by our far distant progenitors in preceding ages of geologic time. That indeed is why humanity or the human stock is today the farthest along the path of progressive development, because it has 'been to school' for the longest period of time, and has thus had the opportunity to learn more than its younger brothers, the other animate stocks below the human.

I have wished at various times to call attention to another thing: not only does the majestic Theosophical philosophy trace the origin

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the animate stocks below man to man, that is to the human stock of bygone ages when man was not as he now is but an inferior creature physically and also psychologically, but likewise does this same majestic Theosophical philosophy trace the origin of all the kingdoms below man to man, although all are advancing both individually and collectively in evolutionary progress.

This does not mean that we trace all the kingdoms below mankind to mankind as it now is — obviously not; but to the human stock as it was in those periods of the past. Yes; all the kingdoms below man originally sprang from him, each in its own manner; each in its own geologic age, and these kingdoms below man are, as you well know, the Beast-Kingdom, commonly called the Animal Kingdom; the Vegetable Kingdom; the Mineral Kingdom; and, as we Theosophists call them, the three Elemental Kingdoms or Kingdoms of the Elementals, below the Mineral Kingdom.

These last three kingdoms, those of the three classes of Elemental Beings, modern knowledge knows nothing of, except in this respect, that it recognises certain forces in Nature, and these three Elemental Kingdoms are the channels through which these natural forces pour into our earth and work in it and on it and through it and hold its component parts together, being, as it were, the vital cement or energies of coherence which bind together

the hosts, and multitudes of hosts, of the conscious and semi-conscious beings composing our Earth, which are the Elementals.

There are likewise three other kingdoms of entities which are far more progressed than man is, and which are above him in the scale of evolutionary advancement; and we Theosophists call these three superior kingdoms Dhyân Chohanîc, consisting of spiritual beings who were all once, in far past ages, men also as we now are; they had passed through humanity to attain their present stage or status of Dhyân-Chohanhood; and it is the destiny of humans likewise to follow this same path of upward progress, the destiny of each individual of the human stock if it prevail over the down-pulling forces of matter along its evolutionary pathway upwards — it is the noble destiny, I repeat, of each such individual human, in the future to become itself a member of these three higher and nobler stocks above mankind.

The ancients called these three stocks superior to man, gods. In modern times, I suppose, they would be called spirits, not, if you please, incarnate human entities, for to such incarnate beings the noble term 'spirit' is often grossly misapplied; but they are truly developed spiritual entities which we call Monads.

These three kingdoms higher than man, which he is destined to join in future time, form the three

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

stages of progress preceding other still higher Hierarchies of beings, all evolving, all on the upward march, all ascending higher and higher and still higher, illimitably both in eternal duration — in the past as it will be in the future — and finding their ineffably beautiful destiny in the boundless flowery fields of spiritual space.

An old Hermetic axiom has it: "As it is below, so is it above; as it is above, so must it be below," for the lower is the reflexion or copy of the higher. In following in thought these endless Hierarchies of beings above man, in following in thought these endless Hierarchies of beings inferior to man, below him, reach we ever an ultimate? No. Can we ever attain an end? No. Is there a period where space and time cease and become naught — a jumping-off place, beyond which nothing is? Vain thought! Impossible conception! It is but a phantom of the imagination, a phantasy of the mind. There is indeed no nothing either in time or space.

We may ask ourselves: In our search for Deity, in our inner hunting for 'God' — to use the popular term — where is Deity? Where is the Divine? Another vain question! Another phantom of the foolish imagination of the untrained brain. It is a specimen of the logical weakness of the human mind, which, because itself is a limited thing, always seeks for limits and bounds, and has the greatest difficulty in

translating into human words the godlike conceptions of the spirit indwelling in man.

Show me a place where Deity is and I will show you a limited entity! No, the Divine is boundless, is subject to no places of limitation, is nowhere because everywhere — nowhere in particular, because everywhere generally. Therefore the search for the Divine can take only one form, follow one path alone; and that is inwards; along the pathway of the spirit, because this is the path of understanding, the path of conception, the path of inner realization, and the path of union and communion.

It is a vain and foolish imagining to suppose that the Divine exists extra-cosmically, outside the bounds of anything. But when man searches the inmost recesses of his own nature, the deepest of the deeps of his own soul-spirit, of his own spirit-soul, then indeed does he come nearer and nearer as that search advances farther and farther, towards some realization of what that Light is which illumines the fields of space; he thus advances constantly towards an ever-increasing and growing conception of the Divine, through endless fields of wisdom and expanding consciousness throughout all duration, which is boundless, beginningless, endless. That, friends, is the key to what our Theosophical teaching is regarding the Divine.

We reject as unworthy of a spiritually minded man, of a truly

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

logically minded man, any conception of the Divine less in grandeur than man's utmost intuition of boundless infinitude; we reject what Katherine Tingley has so often rejected in her public addresses, the idea usually passing under the common term of 'a personal God.' Personality is limitation; even individuality is limitation. The Divine is neither personal nor individual; and yet what can we call it? Assuredly it is not a he, nor a she. What can we call it but It — a term with us signifying the deepest reverence, and arising out of an instinctive refusal to attach human personal pronouns to the profoundest and sublimest conception of the human spirit.

When the Christian intuitively somewhat vaguely this, he speaks of it as the immanent Christos, and he speaks aright. The Hindûs; and all the philosophers of the ancient world all over the world; the disciples of Lao-Tse; indeed, the followers of the various great religions in all times have had familiar inner communion with this noblest of thoughts; and therefore is it that so many of the Christian scholars and researchers — more so in times preceding the advent to the western world of the Theosophical philosophy which has so largely elucidated these questions for this western world — therefore is it, I say, that those old-fashioned thinkers and writers have called the religious beliefs of other times and likewise those more modern

men who accepted not their particular brand of belief, as being 'godless,' or 'atheistic.'

I do not include under this term 'old-fashioned,' the broadminded and noblehearted gentleman, extracts from whose letter I have just read; nor did he use the words 'godless' and 'atheist,' I take it, in the old-fashioned sense, but merely as expressing what he thought was a common belief that Theosophists have no God and therefore are popularly called 'atheists.'

Do you realize that this term 'atheist' is one which has been used for ages by bodies of egoistic people, in order to epithet those who accepted not the popular 'God' or the popular 'gods'? For instance, in the early days of Christianity, the noble-minded Pagan gentlemen who as judges tried Christians brought before them for disobedience to the laws (and not because they refused to acknowledge or follow the state-religion, but because they refused to obey the laws of the state), these Greek and Roman judges called the early Christians 'Atheoi' — or 'atheists' or 'godless' in the etymological sense. 'Atheist' then was no term of such reprobation as it is now. It then meant those only who refused to accept the gods of the popular state-religion.

When the Christians gained power with the downfall of the brilliant Mediterranean civilization, when Christianity grew by leaps and bounds and became the pre-

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

dominant faith, then the Christians in their turn called the still remaining adherents to the old religion, 'atheists,' because these latter accepted not the Hebraeo-Christian Jehovah. Yes, friends, this term 'atheist' merely means: 'you don't accept my God; therefore you are an atheist.' Very likely the 'atheist' in his turn under ordinary circumstances could retaliate justly and say: 'You don't accept *my* God; therefore *you* are the atheist.'

The Theosophist objects to these terms. He likes them not. They are unfair and unkind. No one could ever say that the Theosophist is godless or atheistic in the sense which the Theosophist understands these two words to have; because for him the whole universe is infilled with and instinct with the Divine.

Every smallest spark, every most infinitesimal particle or corpuscle which in their aggregate infill the universe and which are indeed that universe itself and which exist in incomputable multitudes, every one of these living entities inshrines a spiritual Monad, a spark of the Universal Life.

The Divine, says the Theosophist, exists everywhere, is everywhere, in 'vessels of honor' and in 'vessels of dishonor.' But pray do not misunderstand this expression. 'Vessels of dishonor,' to use the Christian expression perhaps familiar to you, are such only because the evolving entity in which this god-spark is inshrined, is a living

entity, learning its lessons, and having its modicum of free will, and temporarily having chosen a path branching off to the 'Left-hand,' as we say; while the so-called 'vessels of honor' are they which, exercising their free will and power of choice, have chosen the path branching to the 'Right-hand,' as we say.

Monads are spiritual beings, self-conscious, self-motivated, self-impelled god-sparks, fully self-conscious for this Manvantara, as we call it, that is to say for this Great Cycle of planetary life; and such a Monad exists at the core, in the heart, of every specific corpuscle or infinitesimal, and of these there are incomputable hosts, infinite numbers of them literally. These infinitesimals, these atoms, these shrines of the Monads, offspring each one of them from its parent Monad, are elemental entities beginning each its upward march, as a thought will spring from the mind of man; for thoughts are things, and are ensouled.

These multitudes of living entities, following each one its own pathway of evolutionary development, according to the Theosophical teaching, begin any particular line of evolution in the heart of the divine Hierarchy of their own particular Hierarchy, pass downward through the manifold and various stages of matter, rise again when the turn of a particular cycle has been reached, and again re-enter the bosom of the Divine, from

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

which each sprang in the beginnings of that period of evolutionary time. But the evolving entities along those particular waves of life have grown. They have advanced; they are farther along the path than they were.

Evolution, as we have before remarked, is not a mere mechanical process of putting of brick upon brick, of stone to stone. Nay, that alone would be but a piling up of substances. The procedure of evolution includes that in degree, but more than anything else it is the building of a manifesting vehicle capable of showing and expressing the innate powers of the spiritual monad. It is the unwrapping or unfolding of latent or dormant or sleeping powers, as I have so often said before. It is the building of living temples of self-expression which grow nobler with every step taken forwards.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes so nobly puts it in his little poem, 'The Chambered Nautilus':

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul!
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea."

This word 'Monad' is no new term to the western world. It has been well known for ages. The Pythagoreans used it. Plato occasionally used it also, but he was a Pythagorean likewise in the substance of his teachings. Leibnitz

chose it as the term by which he designated his self-expressing centers of consciousness, mirrors of the Macrocosm. Giordano Bruno, the unfortunate martyr, likewise taught of Monads, for he was a Neo-Platonist of the later times, and with him the Monads were the ultimate spiritual particles of all beings or things, each entity having a monad at its heart or core, in other words being the offspring of that Monad, the Monad being its origin or source, and manifesting through the various veils of matter which enshrouded it, these veils being its vehicles of expression builded from itself, from its own substance.

These various veils or vehicles through which the Monad expresses itself, whether it be on higher planes or lower planes, are themselves entities on the upward path as offsprings of the life-giving and originating Monad which they express, though of course being inferior to it their parent, inferior I mean in spiritual grandeur and evolutionary development.

Just as the mind of a man expresses itself through his physical brain, a part of his body, so do these various vehicles or veils express each according to its capacity the powers of the Monad which they enfold or enshrine. As the physical body is composed of cells, in their turn composed of atoms, in their turn composed of still smaller particles, so these other veils, inferior to the Monad, are themselves in their turn composed of

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

entities inferior to the veil of which they are the infinitesimals. Am I understood?

A god manifests through the spiritual part of man, through his spiritual soul, and this god, this spiritual entity, this Jīva, as we call it, to use the Sanskrit term, is the Monad, and is on its own plane a self-conscious god. Not Deity but a god, a spiritual entity, a divinity as the ancients would have said, a spark of the Universal Life.

Next, the spiritual soul through which the Monad manifests in the human economy, is also a living entity, builded by the Monad; it is the child of the Monad, and is itself growing, destined in its turn to pursue nobler paths of evolutionary development, in time becoming a Monad in its turn, in other words reaching that state of sublime capacity and power when all the barriers of matter have been surmounted, so that the inner spiritual sun may shine forth through it in full splendor and glory.

This spiritual soul again, possessing and manifesting its divinity, the Monad, in its turn works similarly through another sheath inferior to it, through another soul which is another entity manifesting that spiritual soul, as the spiritual soul manifests the Monad, and this child of the spiritual soul is the human soul.

The human soul likewise is an entity on its upward way, growing, which means expanding, which means overcoming the barriers, or

dissolving the veils, so that the sunlight from above may stream through the open doors of the Inner Temple at the heart of our being, and thus manifest its transcendent powers and faculties. This process of self-expression and overcoming barriers, is evolution.

This human soul in its turn is enshrined within another veil or living entity still lower; but made necessary for the manifestation of the human soul by the more material world in which this still lower one, its vehicle, must work and function, if the human soul is to have communion with these stages of matter. This vehicle or sheath or veil, or soul, call it what you will, still lower than the human soul, is the vital-astral soul, or the animal soul. It is, in its turn, a growing thing, born from the human soul, its parent, learning its lessons by its links with the human soul above and its connexions with the more material world below.

This animal soul in its turn is enshrined in the vehicle or carrier or sheath or house or veil which it has builded for itself and from itself, by evolving forth or unwrapping or unfolding its inherent tendencies or urges or capacities or faculties, in other words its character; and this last house or veil of all is the physical temple, the physical body.

The human body should be considered as a holy thing, because it enshrines a spiritual entity, which in its ultimate reaches is a god, a

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

divinity, which nothing can pollute nor stain, or hinder in its workings or turn aside from its path of self-expression. Yet the physical vehicle can become so impure, the physical temple can be so soiled with stain, that it would seem to be meet that it serve as a sty for swine than for the presence and dwelling of the inner splendor of the illuminating divinity within.

These are not poetical phrases, O friends; this is the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom, and are words to be taken literally, or rather the meaning is to be taken literally, perhaps not the words, because words are treacherous often on account of ambiguity; the meaning which I am trying to give to you in our communion of thought this afternoon is the main thing to grasp, the thing to be understood.

This physical temple of the living god within is composed of still smaller entities called cells, these cells in their turn being builded of entities still more minute called atoms, in their turn composed of corpuscles or of entities still smaller, the electrons and the protons of the atoms.

Only recently have we learned, although the report has not been as yet confirmed, that a German chemist has succeeded in splitting the electron itself. As the Theosophist knew and as was suspected by the scientist, even these electrons are indeed composite things, builded of infinitesimal lives still smaller than the electron itself.

Think then of the seductive wonder of these teachings. Theosophy is Religion, not *a* religion, but religion *per se* carried to the *nth* degree and in its deeper and wider reaches no human mind can fully compass it. It is Philosophy, not *a* philosophy, but philosophy *per se* carried to its *nth* degree, and no human mind can fully compass it. It is Science, not *a* science, but science *per se*, carried to its *nth* degree, so that no human intellect can encompass its bounds.

Test these teachings; that is all that we Theosophists ask of you. When you hear a Theosophist talk to you dogmatically, that is, should you ever hear a man calling himself a Theosophist and pretending to be a follower of the three Theosophical teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, and telling you that what he says is teachings which any sane man must believe or he is a fool, or in danger, or what not, then put him down as wrong and untruthful.

No Theosophist will talk to you in that manner. He says only: Here is something which we have tried and tested and found wanting in no smallest detail. The great minds among us have found in it, as Mr. Judge so nobly said, 'their fullest scope; yet its elemental principles are so simple that they will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.' Therefore test these Theosophical teachings yourselves; study them honestly; and above all abide by the

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

honest decision which you yourselves will draw from your study.

We say this for one reason more than for any other; in thus exercising your inner faculties of will and judgment and intuition, you open within yourselves doors to the entrance of spiritual rays; you open the doors by which the radiant truth may enter your souls, because you aspire towards truth, and that is a spiritual exercise of the noblest kind.

But if you wish to follow mistaken paths, if you wish to turn to the Left-hand, as we say, rather than to the Right-hand, or to go downwards rather than upwards, and if you desire to kill your intuition, then be satisfied with the dicta and say-so's of someone else; accept what others teach to you as dogmatic truth.

Yet indeed no true spiritual teacher ever so teaches. None ever so taught. Always is the appeal made to the soul and intuition of the listener. This is one of the tests by which you may know the true teacher from the false, one of the tests by which you may know Religion from a religion, Truth from barren dogmas.

Let me now turn again to the cells, which compose our human body. Each one of these cells is in itself a microcosm, a little world, a copy of the Macrocosm, the Great World, the Universe. That universe is one vast organism, one organic entity, and therefore everything which is a part of this vast

organism partakes of it in all respects -- in the spiritual, the intermediate, and the physical, natures.

The infinitesimal is a container of the vastness of the infinite -- obviously not in bulk, but in potency and faculty and possibility of realization. Many or most of these may be dormant or latent or not yet expressing themselves, while some, on the other hand, may be in a greater or larger state of self-expression; but neither case is anything to the point in consideration. The idea is that the smallest contains the greatest, because it is an intrinsic part of that greatest; and all the forces playing through the greatest, all the potencies, powers, or capacities, which the great possesses, must be shared by the smallest, because it is a part of that greatest, body of its body, blood of its blood, thought of its thought.

This is an old idea which certain Greek philosophers called 'Holenmeria,' meaning that the All is contained in a part of the All, in the manner that I have just attempted to outline.

Finally, as to what the Theosophist thinks about the Divine, let me say in a few brief words this: when man's heart and mind are penetrated with the conception of the fundamental and perfect unity of all things in the vast organism of the Cosmos, then he will realize that this Cosmos is the field of Universal Life, of Universal Consciousness, manifesting in every

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

smallest particle of space, and of an ineffable and boundless love — assuredly not love as we weak human beings understand it, but that intrinsic character of the Inexpressible, whose nature and functions we can but vaguely conceive and hint at by our human word love. It manifests in the atom as attraction. It manifests in the cells and other smaller bodies as also in the atom, as the force of coherence. It manifests in the framework of the Cosmos as that marvelous power which holds the universe in union, all parts in mutual sympathy, each to each, each to all, all to each; in human beings as spiritual love, and in beings higher than the human as something so beautiful that our human minds can but feebly adumbrate it and call it self-sacrifice for others and for all.

These three, Life, Consciousness, and Love,— which the Hindû expresses by his famous phrase, Sat, Chit, Ānanda,— which in reality are but one, may give some idea at the present moment of the nature of the Inexpressible, the all-encompassing divine origin, source, destiny, pathway, and final aim of all beings, to which the Theosophist raises both heart and mind in deepest and wholly wordless reverence.

As every smallest atom or corpuscle of this vast organism of the Cosmos, the Universe, is the offspring of the Cosmos, its child and therefore a part of its own being, the ineluctable laws of reason and intuition tell us that every such atom or corpuscle must have in itself everything that the All contains — not in bulk, as I have said before, but in capacity of development, in potency, in faculty, sleeping or dormant, in possibility of realization, in principles. Consequently, as man is likewise an intrinsic part of this organism, an inseparable portion thereof, no more able to free himself from it or wander away from it or separate himself from it, than he can annihilate himself, we see that in the human heart abide all the issues of life.

Therefore if you want to know what the Divine is, if you want to know something of the vastness of the fields of the spiritual spaces, then search earnestly within yourselves; treading these fields of space in thought, you will find that you can reach no ending; and in thus entering within yourself, striving steadily forward into your own being inwards, you will have set your feet upon the still, ancient, small Path, which leads directly to the heart of the Universe.



“Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!”— *Katherine Tingley*

LIU CHANG-CH'ING VISITS THE TAOIST HERMIT
OF NAN-CHI

KENNETH MORRIS

ALL the way up, where'er I trod
My sandals sank in herb-sweet sod
Or mosses golden-green and deep,
And made no sound; and fleece by fleece
Above, as mute as dreamless sleep,
White cloudlets moved through the wide blue peace
That's older and more calm than God.
And here — how velvet-soft and fine
The grass grows by your door! how gay
The pendent raindrops on the pine
After the shower just blown away!
At every tuft the diamonds shine.
And down the vale, a sun-white sheen,
The stream, whose icy waters clear
Drip tinkling through the mosses here,
Winds silverly and dumb between
Green, sunlit, soundless world and green,—
Intent, hushed, glowing, far and near.

Mountain and water, tree and flower,
This verily is their holy hour
Of meditation: all that race
Seeks inwardly the crystal grace
Of the Great Void; and what they seek
Are *we* to turn from?

Face to face,
Now I am here, we sit; and brood
With them, and share their lofty mood,
And speak no word. Why should we speak?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

INQUIRERS often ask for a concise definition of Theosophy, but do not get it. To give a definition which shall be at once concise and adequate is impossible, because the ground covered by Theosophy is too large; and the most that a concise definition could do would be to define but a single small aspect of Theosophy. So it is best to avoid attempts at such a definition and simply to talk about Theosophy, so that the inquirer can form his own idea of what it is, without seeking to narrow it down to the dimensions of a labeled pigeon-hole.

Theosophists believe that a vastly greater knowledge of the mysteries of nature, of universal laws, and of the nature of man, is within the reach of every man; and that the attainment of this knowledge depends on the development of man's own higher faculties. This is the ancient meaning of the word 'Theosophy,' as can be learnt from the dictionary or a treatise on philosophy. For instance, Webster informs us that the word comes from the Greek *θεοσφία*, knowledge of things divine; and that it is —

"any system of philosophy or mysticism which proposes to attain intercourse with God and superior spirits, and consequent superhuman knowledge, by physical processes, as by the theurgic operations of some Pla-

tonists . . . also a direct, as distinguished from a revealed, knowledge of God, supposed to be attained by extraordinary illumination."

Without necessarily assenting to every word of this definition, we can cite it as corresponding in a general way with our own. The same definition is given by H. P. Blavatsky in the opening of her *Key to Theosophy*, to which the inquirer may be referred.

Under this definition it will be seen that Theosophy cannot be narrowed down to the category of a religion, or to that of a philosophy, or yet to that of a science; for it must be inclusive of all three. We claim indeed that these three words are merely subdivisions of the entire field of knowledge; so that we may truly say that Theosophy is the sum-total of knowledge pertaining to religion, philosophy, and science.

Another question put by inquirers is whether Theosophy is new or old; and, perversely enough, either alternative is used by opponents as an argument against Theosophy. For we hear sometimes that it is a mere rehash of old ideas, and sometimes that it is a new-fangled notion. This can be answered shortly by saying that the truth is old, yet ever new. Knowledge has always been in the power of man, and in the posses-

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

sion of some men; yet may be lost and recovered. Also, knowledge may be scattered and collected together again.

One stumbling-block in the way of a comprehension of Theosophy is the present-day habit of regarding humanity as a comparatively recent evolutionary product of the lower organic kingdoms; whereas Theosophy states (broadly speaking — the details must be left for study) that man is the oldest of all the beings, and that the animals are derived from him. If asked for scientific support for such a statement, we say that it conflicts with no *fact* known to science, and that Theosophy does not seek support among the ever-changing theories and speculations of scientific men.

It may be added that, during the few years since Theosophy was promulgated, science has already made immense advances away from its own narrow views of the antiquity of the human race and of human civilization, and in the direction of the views put forth by Theosophy on these points. Future years will show an increasing trend towards scientific verification of the Theosophical teachings.

But the point at present is that, man being so ancient, and his state of civilization in the far past having been so high, there have for unnumbered ages been highly evolved men in possession of a knowledge far beyond that which is usual at the present day.

Why does this statement seem so strange? It is because of the distorted view we have been accustomed to take of history.

History has been written by people who do not believe in higher powers or in the great antiquity of civilization; consequently these historians have sorted out the facts to suit their view, rejecting what did not suit their purpose. Not that we impute to them intentional deception: they have doubtless been honest enough on the whole. But a man is bound to color his judgment according to his beliefs.

To give a familiar instance of such distortion, we may refer to the well-known case of Gibbon in his treatment of early Christianity. The champions of that religion have justly to complain that this historian, cynical and skeptical, has exaggerated the shortcomings and ignored the virtues; and that, while he exercises his eloquence on the description of Pagan achievements, he has no word to say for the great apostles and martyrs.

The case as regards higher powers in man, the Sacred Mysteries, and kindred topics, is even worse. These have been labeled as superstitions and dismissed without proper examination. Evidence and testimony which would be regarded as sufficient many times over to establish a fact in accordance with the historian's beliefs are regarded as insufficient when they are contrary to those beliefs.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It may be maintained then that, if the records of the past were to be studied in a different spirit, abundant evidence would be forthcoming to establish the claims of Theosophy.

It will be appropriate to quote H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of modern Theosophy, at this point:

“The Wisdom-Religion was ever one and the same; and, being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved.”

“Rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions.”

“If the root of mankind is one, there must also be one truth which finds expression in all the various religions.”

“Theosophy reconciles all religions, sects, and nations under a common system of ethics.”

“Our endeavor has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion.”

From what has already been said, we can form some idea of what Theosophy is: it is a great enlarging of our outlook upon every part of life. It is the one thing that is able to unite into a firm whole the many vague aspirations of today.

Perhaps the most important thing to bear in mind about Theosophy is that its basis is ethical and moral in the highest degree. Thus it cannot fail to appeal to all who realize that selfishness and moral instability lie at the root of our troubles. It has been defined by its Founder as “the quintessence of duty,” and its ethics are said by her to be “the essence and cream

of the world’s ethics.” This will suffice to distinguish Theosophy from whatever falsely masquerades under its name.

According to H. P. Blavatsky, “Theosophy considers humanity as an emanation from divinity on its return path thereto.” Such a view is greatly needed today as an antidote to the all-too-prevalent idea that man is an emanation from the animal kingdom. Whatever analogies may be traced between our body and those of the animals; whatever fanciful and varying speculations may be based on those resemblances; this can have no bearing on the origin and nature of Man himself; for the self-conscious soul of man is from a divine source and cannot be derived from the lower kingdoms of nature.

Theosophy teaches man about himself, restoring his lost confidence in his own divinity, and thus giving him the incentive to use his powers and achieve something worth while. Nothing is forced upon any prospective adherent, but all are welcome to study Theosophy for the sake of what they can find in it; always remembering, however, that knowledge entails responsibility and obligation. Thus Theosophy is a great sifter, gathering into one nucleus those who desire knowledge for the sake of the services it may enable them to render, and eliminating those who seek knowledge only for the personal advantage which they expect to gain.

RECENT DISCOVERIES, PROBLEMS, AND ACTIVITIES IN SCIENCE

C. J. RYAN

THE CENTRAL SUN

NEVER SINCE modern astronomy determined that our sun is only one of the stars, it has been faced with the problem: Is the visible universe composed of a multitude of stars wandering at their own sweet will or, at least, without any definite plan, or is there some central super-gigantic sun or group of suns acting as a governing and controlling power in our own universe?

While no such central power has yet been found, subordinate controlling stars are known, such as Alcyone, the brightest star in the Pleiades. More than sixty stars within fifteen degrees of that immense orb have been shown to move in accordance with the hypothesis that they are revolving about it, of course at enormous distances. But as no dominating central ruler has been found, scientific opinion has long been inclined to believe that the physical constitution of the visible universe of stars is of the nature of a federated republic rather than a monarchy.

New discoveries, however, have shaken this view, and are leading some of our most brilliant astronomical theorists, such as Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard, toward the position held by the sages of

the East and brought to the attention of the modern West by H. P. Blavatsky, *i. e.*, that a great central controller does exist, although not at present visible to us.*

The question has been forced to the front by two discoveries of recent years; the first being that our visible universe, including the Milky Way, myriads of stars, star-clusters, and light and dark nebulae, of many kinds, is only *one* of innumerable 'Island-Universes' separated by vast spaces from one another; the second is that each of these cosmic organisms of stars, etc., is revolving in a circular manner round its own central point, in the same manner as our family of planets revolves round the sun, though on an almost infinitely larger scale.

The shape of the Island-Universe of which our solar system is a minute portion, is something like a watch, a very large one, for it takes a ray of light, speeding at 186,274 miles a second, 3,000 *centuries* to cross from side to side! Our sun is a long way from the center, and is a very insignificant star compared with the majority.

*The student of Theosophy is referred to *The Secret Doctrine*, by H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, p. 290 (par. xxvi), p. 673; Vol. II, p. 240 (note 467), p. 201, etc.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Individual stars, such as Antares and Betelgeuze, millions of times the size (but not weight) of the sun have lately been measured by the interferometer at Mount Wilson Observatory, but none of these solves the question of a central sun.

Confining our remarks to our own Island-Universe, and leaving out the external galaxies, we have to consider why modern astronomy is looking for a super-giant sun or group in the center at this time, though nothing of the kind has been glimpsed or even indirectly indicated as being there. The reason is curious and significant as showing how a new discovery of an unexpected factor may completely change or even destroy apparently established theories.

A few years ago, Professor E. E. Barnard suggested that the intensely dark portions of the sky seen on photographic plates and till then supposed to be 'holes in the sky'—spaces through which the black sky beyond the stars could be seen—were really enormous aggregations of non-luminous gas or dust, dark nebulae whose black opacity shut out the brilliant stars on the far side. This explanation has been universally accepted, and it is now obvious that extensive regions in the sky are completely obscured by these immense cosmic clouds of dark material, only the few stars that are nearer to us being visible in front of the black nebular backgrounds.

It has, therefore, been suggested

that the great central controlling body, if it exists as seems most probable, cannot be seen for the simple reason that it is hidden behind one of these opaque nebulae, a most reasonable theory, and it becomes necessary to search for it by indirect means, by circumstantial evidence as we might say, a method which has already proved highly productive. It is also possible that the central body may not be luminous, but be composed of a vast aggregation of the mysterious nebular dark substance.

In the constellation of Orion an extremely clear and dense-looking black mass with sharp outline is known which has been calculated by Dr. Pannakoeck of Amsterdam "to be more massive than many calculated estimates of the whole sidereal system"! But this is not what is being looked for.

Even if the central sun is luminous and not hidden, it does not follow that it could be seen if what we are told about the Einstein theory is true, for it is said there is a limit in size beyond which no luminous body can emit light! The reason given is that its enormous gravitational power (or equivalent 'curve in space'?) would draw back the outgoing corpuscles of light before they could get free! The Einstein theory only being fully understood by a very limited number of specialists and not being universally accepted even by them, and the nature of light being still an unsolved problem, we may put this

PROBLEMS AND ACTIVITIES IN SCIENCE

point aside and, for the present, look for information to the intensive research which Harvard is making in the central region of the Milky Way, from which decisive results are expected in ten years.

What a change there has been from the medieval period when the earth was supposed to be flat, and even from the stage when it was looked on as the center of the universe, to the time when the sun took his rightful place as ruler of the solar system! And now we are looking for a greater sun, central to our Island-Universe! Will our posterity discover another, a still grander center, round which the great company of Island-Universes revolves in a stately march only to be comprehended by the gods?

If the electron hypothesis of matter is ultimately proved true — or even some modification of it, which seems to be probable on account of certain unanswered criticisms by experts — science will have begun to discover the profound significance of the fundamental aphorism of the ancient philosopher-scientists, “As above so below,” by demonstrating that the ultimate physical atom is a replica in miniature (with necessary modifications) of the Solar System. When the Central Sun of our Island-Universe is found, a still more sublime illustration of the same universal principle will be demonstrated.

Another aphorism of the ancient Wisdom-Religion is that man is the image in little of the great Cosmos,

the Microcosm of the Macrocosm, *i. e.*, all the Powers, spiritual and material, have combined to make man; he is a part of them, little though he may seem like it. By turning away from the lower, personal, selfish life and realizing the meaning of Universal Brotherhood in theory and practice, he will ultimately ‘know himself’ and find his essential divinity.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE

REPORTS of some recent cases of the ceremony or ordeal of walking barefoot over burning charcoal or intensely hot stones have again drawn attention to this strange challenge to scientific beliefs. Apart from its sensational aspect the subject is of serious interest to the student of Theosophy in relation to the ancient teaching that man has far greater potentialities of control of the forces of nature within and outside himself than western science suspects.

As modern self-styled ‘civilized’ man has become more and more involved in the satisfaction of material desires and intellectual gratifications to the suppression of the higher — even if outwardly simpler — life of the soul, his ability to penetrate into and to operate in a world of causes behind the veil of matter has diminished or disappeared.

Recent — as well as much older — testimony by responsible witnesses supports the claim that the power to pass unharmed through

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

fiery heat, and also to bear the most intense cold without inconvenience, is not entirely lost; though most of those who can do such things rarely display their ability, and *will not, or cannot* explain the rationale of the process to the scientific observer — perhaps because the scientific faculty of apprehension on the plane where alone such explanation can be made is atrophied by materialistic preconceptions!

The Fire-walking ceremony is nothing new, nor has it been confined to any special part of the globe. We find it mentioned in the Bible, and in classical literature. In eighteenth-century Spain a certain family or clan are recorded as having control of fire; in the British Isles there was at least in Ireland (and still is), the running through or jumping over bonfires on the first of May (Bealteine); in Bulgaria the 'Nistinares' dance on fire and prophesy (a hereditary gift); and there are unexplained accounts of various persons in trance or religious ecstasy who could handle fire with impunity and without chemical or other preparation.

Within the last thirty years, Fire-walking has been watched by careful observers in Japan, India, Mauritius, Trinidad, Fiji, Tahiti, Ra'iatea, Raratonga, etc., and no explanation of the mystery on ordinary lines has been forthcoming which can stand criticism. A brief review of some of these cases will make this clear.

The details of the ceremony are

not identical in each locality, but the general idea is that a long trench is covered or filled with incandescent stones or logs across which a priest marches firmly and without haste, followed by a number of devotees or others under his protection, all barefooted. When they reach the opposite side of the fire-walk (and sometimes they cross the glowing material several times) their feet are found to be cool and not singed or even smelling of the fire.

When stones are used, they are usually heated under blazing fires for several days, and though the upper surface of the stones may not be white or red hot when the fire-walk begins, the lower part must be, as lambent flames are to be seen darting between them from the burning embers beneath.

In the other kind of fire-walk, the blazing wood, broken small, is spread evenly along the trench at a moderate thickness, sometimes a foot deep; as soon as it stops flaming, but while it still glows with intense heat, the ceremony begins. After the ceremony, food is cooked over the heated stones.

That such a singular ceremony is actually carried out at occasional intervals by Oriental and Polynesian peoples at the present time is a fully established fact, and the resources of the scientific imagination have been greatly strained to account for the general immunity of the partakers who are not trained entertainers or performers at all,

PROBLEMS AND ACTIVITIES IN SCIENCE

but persons who enter upon the ordeal with intense seriousness and sometimes with a dread which requires all their courage and trust in their leader to surmount. Under certain conditions, a few white people, English, French, or American, have successfully passed over the fire.

The numerous theories offered in explanation do not cover the facts as related by careful observers; some of the theorists seem to have deliberately ignored the crucial points! Chemical solutions, plant-juice, or common salt rubbed into the feet have been suggested; hard and leathery soles which are too thick to be burnt through in the time, is the most popular solution; some critics claim that the heat is moderate and that the upper surface of the stones is cool enough to walk over without inconvenience or serious injury; a few have fallen back upon the psychological explanation that the fire-walkers are self-hypnotized or in such emotional excitement that they cannot feel the heat. A careful study of a large amount of available evidence shows that those scientific observers are right who frankly admit that no ordinary, commonplace explanation covers the ground.

Take, for example, a case from the Polynesian Islands, where the walking is done over hot stones. In the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute*, vol. XXXI, 1898, Dr. Hocken describes what he saw in Fiji, where the ceremony is con-

ducted by a small clan or family in Bega island, though he was assured that anyone could pass through the fire unharmed if held by the hand of one of the clan.

The stones appeared white hot, and darting flames flickered between them. When a thermometer was suspended more than five feet above the furnace the solder began to melt and it had to be quickly removed; it already registered 282 degrees Fahr. Examination of the feet of those who had walked across the stones showed no injury or sign of fire. After all was over, quantities of leaves were thrown upon the stones; they steamed furiously and then food was quickly cooked on them. Dr. Hocken watched most carefully but could find no explanation of the performance. He saw no religious ceremony and the Polynesians offered no information.

Several other cases from Fiji are on record. The report from Mr. Basil Thomson, a well-known anthropologist, contains a point of special interest. He says:

“The pit was filled with a white-hot mass, shooting out little tongues of white flame . . . the bottom of the pit was covered with an even layer of hot stones . . . the tongues of flame playing continually among them. . . . The walkers planted their feet squarely and firmly upon each stone. . . . Their feet were cool and showed no sign of scorching, *nor were their anklets of dried tree-fern burnt*, though dried tree-fern is about as combustible as tinder. . . . The instep is covered with skin no thicker than our own, and we saw the men plant their insteps fairly on the stones.”

A folded or crumpled handkerchief

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

dropped on one of the stones was immediately charred at all the places where the linen touched the stone.

In another ceremony at Fiji in which an Englishwoman, Lady Thurston, was present, she threw her handkerchief upon the shoulder of one of the men as he walked over the stones, "and though it remained there only a few seconds before being picked off by means of a long stick, it was greatly scorched."

Many interesting accounts come from the Society Islands. *The Journal of the Polynesian Society*, a serious scientific periodical, for March, 1901, contains a report by Mr. C. Hall, Turkish Consul-General at San Francisco, California, who himself walked across what he calls the 'red-hot stones' in the island of Taha'a in the Society Group, in company with Commodore Germinot, commander of the French cruiser *Potel*. He says:

"We stripped off our shoes, rolled up our duck trousers, and took our places behind the chanting sorcerers who went on ahead of us again beating the stones with *ti* leaves."

The heat was trying, especially about his head, and he rather wished he had not been so bold, but he got across safely and was not burned at all.

"But all the time my feet were cool and we passed the ordeal unscathed and unharmed. I cannot explain how it was that I was not blistered in walking over the stones. There were scientists of some note among the officers of the *Potel*, but they could not explain."

The *Journal of the Polynesian*

Society, March, 1899, contains perhaps the most interesting of all the records of fire-walking in the Pacific islands. It was supplied by Colonel Gudgeon, British resident at Rarotonga, who himself walked over the hot stones without injury. He says that after the *tohunga*, or priest, and his pupil had walked slowly over some twelve feet of hot stones, four Europeans stepped out boldly. The *tohunga* said to Colonel Gudgeon: "I hand my *mana* [power] to you; lead your friends across." The Colonel writes:

"I got across unscathed, and only one of the party was badly burned, and he, it is said, was spoken to [presumably this means warned] but, like Lot's wife, looked behind him, a thing against all rules. I can hardly give you my sensation, but I can say this: that I knew quite well that I was walking on red-hot stones and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks, both at the time and afterwards, but that is all. . . .

"To show you the heat of the stones, quite half-an-hour afterwards someone remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the *ti*. His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. . . .

"The really funny thing is that, though the stones were hot enough half-an-hour afterwards to burn up green branches of the *ti*, the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire."

No preparation was applied to the feet of the Europeans and Colonel Gudgeon said he saw no explanation except the native one — *Mana!*

Three years ago, the fire-ceremony was given in Raiatea in the Society Islands after an interval of

PROBLEMS AND ACTIVITIES IN SCIENCE

many years; and in the California newspapers of April 14, 1928, a long account appeared of a quite recent fire-walk in the same island, participated in by Mr. Walden Shaw of Chicago, and friends, during a three-months' cruise in the Pacific just completed.

The writer says that the stones were heated for two days until they glowed, and after the priest had walked across the fire-pit without injury the Americans followed with no ill-effects, except in the case of the ship's cook "who made the fatal mistake of looking back, and his feet were burned. Just a few moment's before he had lighted a cigaret from the glowing stones." The priest had warned the party that if anyone looked back, while walking over the stones he would no longer be immune from burning. A young lady was in the party of walkers.

Many other similar accounts are recorded of fire-walking over hot stones in the Pacific islands, though there are very few in all in which people of European stock took part. Mention must now be made of India and Japan, where fire-walking is done over glowing wood and charcoal, and sometimes the foot sinks deeply into the incandescent embers.

Many accounts are available by Europeans and educated Hindûs who have watched the ceremony in India, and mention is nearly always made that the Brahman priest had to prepare himself by some reli-

gious ceremony before even he dared to face the fiery ordeal.

In one noteworthy case, reported by Dr. Th. Pascal in *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, July-August, 1899, a French observer wanted to try the heat of the furnace after the affair was over and the officiating Brahman had gone away, but he was warned that "the fire had recovered its activity" and it was not safe to touch the glowing embers. The ruling Mahârâjâ, however, who was present, ordered the preparatory ceremony repeated for the benefit of the Frenchman, who was then allowed to walk across the fiery track. He did so in safety though his feet were slightly blistered.

This was explained by the fact that the Brahman's assistant, officiating in the absence of his superior, was not equally qualified to perform the preparatory rite, so that the heat affected the Frenchman a little, as it had not affected the walkers who had had the benefit of the chief Brahman's services. The Frenchman was quite convinced that but for the ceremony he would have been severely burnt.

Andrew Lang tells of the feat performed by South Indian coolies in the Province of Wellesley, Straits Settlements, quoting Mr. Stephen Ponder. The men who smoothed the red-hot embers with long rakes were unable to stand near the fire-walk for more than a minute at a time, but six Hindûs walked the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

length of sixty feet without the least injury.

The fire-walk is not infrequently celebrated by Hindûs in the island of Mauritius, Indian Ocean, and the reports of the proceedings on different occasions agree very closely. The *Illustrated London News* recently published a long account of the ceremony as performed a few months ago, written by an officer in charge of the guard appointed to keep order.

The Hindû devotees marched from a river, four miles away, where they had spent many days in meditation and bathing. The trench was eighteen feet long and filled with red-hot pine-logs broken into small pieces. As customary among the Hindûs, a goat was sacrificed and dragged round the trench to form 'a protective barrier.' As the two priests and their followers walked quietly over the fiery coals, sparks rose up as they trod. The women showed less evidence of anxiety than the men, but after crossing there was no sign of burning on any of the feet.

The officer repudiates with scorn all the usual explanations, especially the suggestion that the feet are chemically prepared, pointing out that the devotees come without a stop from the river to the temple-ground and have no opportunity to prepare their feet, even if such a thing were of the slightest use. They believe that if they have not kept the rules of their fifteen days spiritual preparation they will in-

fallibly be burnt. In one case where a man was slightly injured it was stated that he had been careless in keeping the rules.

The Mauritius ceremony is essentially a religious rite, and is entered upon in gratitude for or in anticipation of favors from the gods.

Another account of the Mauritius ceremony in 1901 speaks of the radiant heat from the burning embers being unbearable several yards away to anyone except the fire-walkers.

Accounts from Japan agree in the main with the Hindû ceremony. Colonel H. A. Haggard, in *The Field*, May 20, 1899, describes the fire-ceremony as he had just seen it in Tokio. He testifies that after some waving of hands and sprinkling of salt, a number of people of all ages walked a considerable distance over glowing charcoal. He examined their feet afterwards and found them quite soft and unburned.

Dr. McGovern, the well-known traveler and explorer, is another of the few white men who have walked over the fiery coals in Japan. This took place in a Shinto ceremony, said to be celebrated annually, and he says that while his clothes were slightly scorched his bare feet were quite unaffected. He could give no explanation of the mystery, but wondered whether the salt used in the preparatory ritual had anything to do with the success.

One of the most convincing

PROBLEMS AND ACTIVITIES IN SCIENCE

cases is that of Professor E. S. Stephenson, for many years professor of English Literature at the Imperial Naval College, Japan, and recently at the Theosophical University, Point Loma, California. He passed across the fire-walk at Tokio, Japan, where the intensely heated surface was about ninety feet long and six feet wide.

Professor Stephenson told the present writer that his feet were very tender, but no preparation of any sort was rubbed on them. Some kind of ceremonial was performed before the procession of old and young people started, and salt was sprinkled as part of the ceremony, *but not rubbed into the feet*. Sprinkling with salt, he said, is part of many different kinds of religious ceremonies in Japan. He felt no heat but merely a kind of tingling sensation like faint electric shocks (such as Colonel Gudgeon describes at Raratonga mentioned above). When part way across, he felt a sharp pain in one foot and thought he would be burnt, but nothing more happened, and when he examined his foot after crossing, he found a small cut where a sharp stone had pierced the flesh. His feet were unaffected by the fire and quite cool.

Professor Stephenson, a profound student of Japanese life and philosophy and well acquainted with the most learned Japanese priests and scholars, was quite convinced that no ordinary explanation had been devised that covered the facts

of his fire-walking experience.

Many other illustrations of this strange subject could be given from ancient and modern records, but enough has been said to show the weakness of the commonplace explanations and to suggest that the true significance of the phenomenon lies in something not conceived of by western science.

The superficial explanations usually offered may be summed up as follows: fraud on the part of the natives; tough leathery skins reducing the pain while the performers skip rapidly from stone to stone; chemicals rubbed in to protect the feet from actual injury; emotional excitement or hypnotism; the use of salt well rubbed in; and credulity of the European lookers-on who describe what does not really happen.

All such explanations are either self-contradictory or they evade the crucial points and are therefore valueless. Observe the following facts, authenticated by careful observers on many occasions and even by white people who were permitted to perform the fire-walk themselves:

It is repeatedly asserted that the feet of the natives were not tough and leathery, and that Europeans and Americans with tender feet were not hurt or even singed: the hypnotic or emotional condition *might minimize* the sense of pain but would not protect against singeing, blackening, and injury to the feet and garments by the 'lam-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

bent flames' playing between the stones, or the glowing charcoal; credulity and gross exaggeration by the observers is absurd in view of the evidence of Europeans like Colonel Gudgeon, etc. (The last explanation is rarely offered.)

As to chemical preservatives rubbed or washed on, Sir William Crookes, a high authority on chemistry, when consulted about this, said he knew nothing which could protect the skin under the conditions of the fire-walk; and there is the evidence of Colonel Gudgeon, Professor Stephenson, and many others, that no preparation was placed on their feet.

That there is a very great and destructive amount of heat is shown by the evidence of the thermometer as mentioned above; by the impossibility of outsiders remaining for more than the briefest time near the fire-walk, and by the cooking of food some time after the ceremony when the heat would be greatly diminished. A noteworthy point is the immunity from destruction of the highly inflammable dry tree-fern leaves tied round the ankles and close to the flickering flames rising from the glowing embers beneath the stones.

As evidence of something entirely out of the common, we cannot fail to notice the extraordinary report, made on several occasions, that anyone disobeying the advice of the priest and looking back, was burnt, while his companions

(including white people) passed over the heat safely; and, perhaps still more significant, that in certain cases where the preparatory ceremony was imperfectly performed, the fire-walkers received only partial protection.

The remark of Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident at Rarotonga, that the best explanation of his immunity from pain or injury when walking over the fire is *Mana* (an untranslatable Polynesian term meaning, in part, magic), is significant as coming from an English official living on the spot and knowing the local conditions.

But how could those simple island-people have discovered profound laws of nature unknown and even unsuspected by learned western scientists? Is it possible that their knowledge is a relic of ancient wisdom, of a former cycle when man realized his inner soul-powers far more than he does in this age of dependence upon mental deductions drawn from external phenomena alone?

This daring suggestion may not be in harmony with prevailing materialistic theories of evolution, but the fire-walking, a conspicuous and unexplained fact, may be one of the clues — like a rare survival such as the three-eyed New Zealand lizard (*Hatteria*)— that will lead to a new revaluation of human evolution, and of the very nature of man himself, even to the constitution of his spiritual and material complex!

THE CONQUEST OF SELF BY THE SELF — A THEOSOPHICAL INTERPRETATION

GRACE KNOCHE

“SELF-ANALYSIS, self-study, self-control! These are the divine, protective power, the golden keys to an understanding of the Self. Oh that you might realize what books of revelation are piled up on the shelves of your own lives!”—KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE CONQUEST of self by the Self — the theme is mystical, obviously, for the words in their dead-letter sense would be a puzzle. Philosopher and mystic, however, see in them simply a permutation of that oracular utterance which has echoed down the ages out of Delphi, quoted by Socrates and by sages and students alike: *Man: know thyself!* There is an inner meaning — as much as this a materialist would likely grant — but to explore it one needs initiative, the mystical viewpoint, and a key.

Theosophy gives this key and it constitutes one of its deeper and fundamental teachings. *Gives* it, note, not sells or barter it, and gives it to all who search and ask, or will accept it — gives it freely. It is the teaching of the Duality of human nature — the teaching that man is not one, but *two*; that he has a Higher Self and a lower, between which the man must choose; that these two selves are constantly struggling for the mastery of the consciousness and the life, and that soon or late one of the two must conquer.

So that the world itself is a vast

meeting-ground of opposing forces. All life, all things, have their two aspects, one high and soaring higher, the other sinking low and lower — *unless* lifted up by man himself — because of the downward pull of matter.

The strangest thing about this teaching is that it is strange to us today. Neither modern philosophy nor modern religion will own it, except occasionally as a speculation, and many, first hearing of it through Theosophy, imagine it to be new. As a matter of fact it is very, very old.

Though now obscured, we find the Bible full of it, echoing the teachings of Theosophy which is older still. Both old and new Testaments teach duality, by means of proverb, allegory, parable, and directly as in those clear fine utterances of Paul. Jesus based all his so-called miraculous reforms in human nature on this teaching.

No one could teach it more clearly or matter-of-factly than his interpreter, Paul, who says plainly that “there is a natural body and a spiritual body,” and in several passages of self-confession refers to the fact that there is a constant struggle

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

going on within himself; that he is continually fighting to subdue that 'self' which makes him do that which he says 'I would not do,' and omit doing 'that which I would.' In other words, life is a psychological warfare and man's business therein is to conquer one self by the other.

Science, now so occupied with discoveries touching 'multiple personality,' 'complex human nature,' and so forth, is slowly pushing towards recognition and acceptance of this great truth. Not much has been discovered as yet, but enough to show the direction or the drift, and it is significant.

The convincing thing, however, is what we discover for ourselves, and this mystical discovery is made as soon as we begin to grow acquainted with ourselves. A very little self-examination shows that with every step we take, with every experience we meet, with every decision we are obliged to make, two paths confront us without, and two opposing impulses within. And we have to choose. We are absolutely obliged to exercise the power of choice (or dumbly drift nowhere or anywhere which means destruction in the end), for man is not one but *two*, and this strange (to us) Duality is fundamental in the makeup of man.

If we could separate these two 'selves,' so that the Higher could go its way undisturbed by the lower (taking us with it of course when such a flight suited our mood), and

the lower could follow *its* path without any prickings of conscience should we choose to go along with it, how simplified everything would be!

It was that which seemed to Dr. Jekyll the one thing to be desired, you recall, in the remarkable story written by Robert Louis Stevenson, to which H. P. Blavatsky refers in several passages. It was that which the fictional (but typical) Dr. Jekyll finally succeeded in accomplishing by means of a powerful drug, thus enabling him to lead the cultivated, humane, aspiring life when he felt like it, without any downward pull to annoy him, and also, when he chose otherwise, the debauched and criminal life as Mr. Hyde. But the end was inevitable: the soul was driven out completely and only the monster Hyde was left, hideous, craven, beastly, and a fugitive insane from fear — the man himself aware at last of the horror and the folly of it all.

No man can serve two masters nor travel diverse paths at once. There is no such thing as dilly-dallying with these two selves, or the problems our position between the two brings to us in such legions. One self must be conquered by the other, and it is for us to say with which self we shall identify our conscious life, the Higher or the lower. All life is a becoming, and *that* self we will become.

But how shall we make this work? How shall we apply it to

THE CONQUEST OF SELF BY THE SELF

the life, this idea of 'the conquest of the self by the Self'? How shall we manage things so that Man, standing as he does, and must, between the Higher and the lower poles of his being, shall turn to the higher naturally, easily, continuously, promptly, joyfully? That is the ideal, no doubt. And there ought to be nothing blind or difficult about the process, for as Katherine Tingley has often said, it is the right way that is the 'easy way.' It is a misconception to call the wrong way so.

How do we make anything work? Do we not study it first of all? To manipulate anything we must know something of its nature or it is useless to expect success. One seed will only decay if thrown into a pond; another can live only in deep water. What success is possible to one who does not, or will not, inform himself as to the nature of the seed he plants?

What success is possible to the legislator who knows nothing of his city or his nation, nothing of their history, their aims, their laws, and the Constitution behind these laws? Or to the would-be navigator who knows nothing of the makeup of his craft, nothing of the nature or possibilities of his engines, nothing of the stars above or the compass beside him? And yet how many, starting out upon the (to them) uncharted path of life, make any study of what life is, or more essential still, their own possibilities and powers? How many, plunging

boastfully into the world's deceptive counter-currents, know the one thing needful to be known if they would avoid disaster: themselves?

There are those who sense the need of self-knowledge, it is true, and they constitute a slowly increasing number, but how many are being deluded and merely sent more hopelessly astray by the twaddle of this or that sham 'philosophy' or so-called 'psychology,' today hawked on every corner? Even the sacred name of Theosophy is not exempt. Some of the most destructive 'occultism' afloat is dishonestly labeled with that name, as many inquirers already know.

Those who have studied true Theosophy sincerely know that no friendlier help could be extended to one who is searching for the true path than the simple words: 'This way.'

For as has been said again and again, Theosophy is not new. It is as old as the ages. It is not experimental, for it has met the test of the ages. It makes no appeal to selfishness or to ambition, for it offers man 'the garnered wisdom of the ages.' It has definite teachings which can be tested, demonstrated, and their principles shown to be true. All it asks is sincerity, determination, love of right, trust in oneself, willingness to study and to work, and willingness to think.

It is the Constant Light on that path of which Plato wrote in his wonderful letter to Dionysius of Syracuse: that path, which once

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

having found and traveled, 'any other manner of life is unendurable.' It points to the shining goal; it encourages to the Ultimate Victory. It guides the real traveler to that haven where the conquest of self by the Self is complete, where all problems are solved and all perplexities left behind. As Katherine Tingley has so often said, and William Quan Judge before her, and H. P. Blavatsky earlier still, it is the panacea for all of life's ills.

No: if one's heart is right, head clear, and courage undimmed, the conquest of self by the Self is no

summer dream or mystic fantasy, but a plain spiritual theorem, as demonstrable as the Pythagorean proposition. And what Euclid said to King Ptolemy when the latter asked him if there were no easier way to learn geometry than by studying his *Elements*, (we have the word of Proclus for this):—"There is no royal road"—is said in every age to the seeker for truth, the inquirer.

Just because of this no friendlier service can be done, as said, than to point to true Theosophy with the simple words, 'This way.'

PISTIS AND CREDO

P. A. MALPAS



ABOUT THE year 1267, that grand Oxford scholar, Roger Bacon, wrote:

"What sounds well in one language is absurd and ridiculous in another. Jerome says that when you translate Homer into Latin you will see how ridiculous it is, and the most eloquent of poets is scarcely a speaker at all. . . .

"In the texts of theology and philosophy an infinity of words are used from other languages, which cannot be written, nor pronounced, nor understood, except by those who know the languages. And this situation necessarily came about because the sciences were composed in their own language, and the translators have not found adequate words in the Latin tongue. . . . Many things have been badly translated, especially in philosophy. *For it is necessary that the translator should know the science which he wishes to translate* and that he should know

the two languages from which and into which he translates. . . ."

In a general way it may be said that the whole of the New Testament is based upon three words: *Christ, Faith, and Resurrection*. Not one of these words, as it is understood in English today, has the meaning which it had in the minds of the Gnostic writers of the original texts of the Gospels and Epistles. The word *Christ* is especially curious, since it is much of the time a plain blunder for the word *Chrest*, which means something very different, although a *chrest* may become a *christ*.

The word *Christian* seems to have been used at first in a hostile

PISTIS AND CREDO

sense, as if in depreciation of the ignorant folk who did not hesitate to use it of themselves, without realizing what a tremendous claim they were making; it occurs only three times in the New Testament. Now if they had called themselves *chrestians*. . . .

A volume might be devoted to the matter, and possibly would have been, to the great benefit of the Christian world, had not H. P. Blavatsky's writing on the subject been interrupted by the incessant hostility of enemies.

The word *resurrection* is the 'Excelsior' written on the banner of Paul of Tarsus. It means many things. What it does *not* mean is the restoration of the fleshly body from the grave. And that, even in his own time, is what it was made to mean. Paul is so amazed at the dullness and stupidity of such a perversion and its natural corollaries and extensions, that he actually suggests that the 'French' colony, the Galatians or Gauls in Asia Minor, must have been bewitched or hypnotized into such a belief. The idea of a man of Paul's attainments imagining people, fat, lean, short, tall, handsome, ugly, bandy-legged, bald and blind,—rising from the grave in their physical bodies, however well repaired and reconditioned, is positively grotesque in its materialism.

But here we would pay a little more attention to the third keyword of the curious collection of treatises known as the canonical

New Testament. It is the word translated 'Faith.' In the original it is *Pistis*. The original *Greek*, that is; it is difficult to overcome the habit of forgetting that we never had the original *Hebrew* Gospel, which Jerome saw and refused to follow, and that when we talk of the original gospels (and epistles too, but for a slightly different reason), we are using a misnomer. So we ought to say, perhaps, the sub-original.

'Faith' occupies a very large place in the present day program of official Christianity. And it may be said in a loose way to mean 'belief.' But *Pistis*, the word it claims to translate, does not mean the same kind of belief at all as the English word 'Faith.' There is more than a spice of shrewd observation in the schoolboy's definition of faith as 'believing something you know isn't true'! Certainly *pistis* in common Greek meant faith, trust, belief (Liddell and Scott's Lexicon), but the lexicographers are careful to say, "the Theological sense, . . . must be sought elsewhere."

But in the original Evangelion, the gospel, we are not dealing with theological language, but another, which, although expressed in Greek words, might more correctly be termed 'Gnostic.' And in Gnostic terminology '*pistis*' means *knowledge*.

Here again we are in a difficulty. The English language, unlike, say the Sanskrit, is so crude and inade-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

quate that the word 'knowledge' only faintly shadows the real meaning. It is not brain-mind knowledge; it is not psychic knowledge, which is so dangerous because once in a thousand times it is apparently right; it is noetical, divine, soul-knowledge, which in its highest expression is infallible.

The Gnostics, then, were those who had divine soul-*knowledge* of what they taught. The Gnosis is what they taught. The Gnosis is spiritual knowledge. Naturally, their disciples soon came to be called Gnostics while they were as yet only students, and sometimes not even that, just as Christians came to be called by a name whose meaning they did not know, although they thought that they did. Equally naturally, in both cases, there were hundreds and thousands of imitators who saw money in it, or money's equivalent: fame and honor and power. So the real thing always remained quietly in the background, untroubled by the world, while its genuine professors when known were almost invariably persecuted.

Now the Evangelion, the Gospel, is a Gnostic book. It is only later that we find it split up into different forms, each labelled 'according to' (which does not mean 'by'!) such and such a man. It was a private ritual or text-book. But when appropriated by the public or given to the public, who had not, and could not have, any real conception of what *pistis* was and is, it is

plain that it remained, for practical purposes, a secret book, in this respect at least. But the public are not going to say that they do not understand what looks like their own language — it is not in human nature. So, since *pistis* had to become something, it became *belief*.

The grand and glorious Virgin-Mother Isis of hoary Egyptian antiquity became, or became blended with, the beautiful Phrygian Cybele, with Ceres, the Demeter, the Mother of the Gods, of the Greeks, and the various Virgin-Mothers of some other religions. The divinely dignified Virgin-Mother with her wheat-ear in hand, standing by a fall of water, whether you call her the Sign of the Virgin in the heavens, or Ceres, or Cybele (perhaps pronounced by some 'Shibbele,' or approximately so), is the same.

Certain Hebraisers have, ingeniously enough, made the name of this goddess refer to the שִׁבְלֵה, the *shibboleth*, the wheat-sheaf, or ears of corn, or alternatively the water-course, running or falling water, used at the fords of 'Jordan' as a password, when 42,000 Ephraimites who could not 'pronounce the word' were slain.

Isis, is of course, the one who brought the unspeakable boon of the wheat to the inhabitants of our planet — it has never been found wild, although some have thought they have found wild wheat.

About 130 A. D., Justin Martyr

PISTIS AND CREDO

tells us that bread, wine, and water, were used in the Christian Eucharist. There had been a time when the mysteries of Bacchus, the wine-god, the True Vine, were blended with those of Ceres. In symbolical language this phase of the Eleusinia might quite well be described as the 'marriage' of Ceres and the radiant Bacchus, when the water was turned into wine.

In this way there was a blending of the old sacred symbolisms which traveled westward. In many cases the old gods took on a new name. Your oriental Magna (Sanskrit *Mahâ*) Mater and Bona Dea of the Phrygians, the Virgin-Mother with the many breasts, becomes the Artemis of Ephesus. But our worthy translators were more at home with Latin than Greek, so they translated Artemis into *Diana* of the Ephesians (*Acts*, xix, 28). This is an instance of the kind of translation with which we are concerned. Yet there is a subtil oriental aroma about the name Diana.

Similarly, when the Roman culture died in its old form and took on new aspects in the silence and secrecy of the temples, the Greek Gnostic terminology became Latinized. *Pistis* meant 'faith' in Greek, but in the background it always had its real meaning for anyone who could understand it.

But when, say, a Jerome, however learned a man he may have been, 'translated' the Greek into Latin, then *pistis* became simply a *fides*, a *credo*, a belief or faith, and

nothing more. In his own time, when he published the Vulgate, Jerome was violently assailed as a corrupter and forger of the Scriptures; so much so that he says he dared not in every case translate correctly.

It was long before the cycle came round and the translators of Jerome were in their turn accused of corruption for differing from him in the light of modern knowledge and research. In reality, simply through ignorance, not of Latin or Greek or Hebrew, but of Gnosticism, Jerome did mistranslate, as in the case under consideration, thereby founding or perpetuating a precedent.

So, once having become Latin, our word *pistis* loses its identity altogether. It becomes *fides*, which our pandits tell us means "trust, faith, confidence, reliance, belief, credibility, honesty, allegiance, etc. etc." (Dr. Smith's Latin Dictionary). Not a word about *knowledge* any more than in the Greek Lexicon, either in a vulgar or technical sense. But if there was this Gnostic meaning behind *pistis*, there was none such behind *fides*, or *credo*, which latter word is given as meaning 'putting faith,' and in ordinary Latin means 'I believe.'

Thus the process of translation has shifted the meaning of *pistis* down the scale to mean no more than simple *belief*. The meaning of words is often tremendously important. Many may say, "Well, what does a little thing like that matter?"

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It has mattered very much to millions of well-meaning folk down through the ages. Instead of looking to themselves, their own inner divinity, for their salvation, they have been taught to look outside to something material, to other men or formulae, or, if you like, exterior gods.

Theosophy, Divine Wisdom, gave birth to early Gnosticism as a branch. It teaches that man can and eventually *must* 'know himself,' if he is to fulfil his destiny. In Luke, the Founder of Christianity is made to appeal to Theosophy as an authority. It is the part of Theosophy to keep alive the divine intuitions in man, not blind beliefs in dogmas or personalities.

It is not denied that there is much in faith as ordinarily understood; in certain circumstances it can work wonders. Roger Bacon includes it as one of nine conditions requisite for obtaining certain magical results which may be either evil or good. Physicians are well aware of its use. Possibly it sometimes overlaps *pistis* on a middle ground, since the brain-mind and intellect can never entirely inhibit the working of the soul, the real man.

The intellectualist may have faith, but it is the 'pure in heart' who 'see God.' It is the pure in

heart who have *pistis*. Or better, since it is in all men, it is more nearly liberated in them than in others.

Almost every religion contains the symbolism of a buried temple hidden under a mass of rubbish which needs clearing away. This figure is possibly better than the one which talks of 'cultivating' faith, because the Divinity in Man, the Divinity of Man, the Divinity which is Man, is always there, but it needs liberating from the bonds of matter and self and personality.

The Eternal Pilgrim is on its way back to the Divinity it left aeons ago, and is held back only by the personality. Yet it has undertaken the task of transforming as much of the personal into the Divine impersonal as it can. It is the process so beautifully described by the alchemists as 'transmutation into gold.' It is the Christ on the Cross of Matter, trying to carry back with it the 'penitent thief.' In one aspect it is the Gnostic Christ rescuing the Pistis Sophia from the depths of Chaos.

And it is the unquenched spark of the *pistis* which enables the soul to aspire upward to the Christ within and so make possible the ascension, the resurrection, the anastasis.



"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*

SOME WEEKS IN BRITTANY

ANNA REUTERSWÄRD

BRITTANY IS one of those countries around which song and saga linger and influence the mind to come under their magic spell.

We know that about two thousand years ago there lived in France the Gauls, also called Celts; that no solid ties existed uniting them; that they were robust warriors who used to say that the only thing they feared was that the sky should fall on their heads.

We read about their expeditions to Greece, where they destroyed the Temple in Delphi. The names Galicia and perhaps Galilee show how far they journeyed from their home-land. But perhaps the most famous of their expeditions was to Rome, which they captured. There they demanded and received a big sum of gold as ransom. A discussion arose about the weights and then the chief of the Gauls threw his heavy sword on one of the scales and said: "Woe to the conquered!"—a saying still in use!

From their manner of counting we know that they said *quatre-vingt* for 'eighty'—a word that in French still signifies eighty.

Their religion was Druidism. The Druid priests were very much respected and free from military service. They believed in the im-

mortality of the soul; they had no temples but carried on their worship in the forests, and we know that they cut the mistletoe for their services from the oak-trees with golden shears.

Then we have the legends and the songs; and all over Brittany are the dolmens and the menhirs. In the study of them we shall find the Celtic soul that is "l'âme intérieure et profonde de France," as E. Schuré says in his book *Les grandes Légendes de France*.

The legends about the sunken city of Ys, about the noble King Arthur and Merlin, about the Grand Master among the Bards, Taliesin, are so well known that I shall not repeat them here: I will quote only from the same source mentioned above, Taliesin's answer to Elfinn and Fahlemona to their question:

"O Master, our Guide, who are you?"

"You do not know my ancient names nor my origin. But you have loved me, you have followed me: that is the true recognition. I am a messenger of the divine wisdom that is hidden under many veils in the nations' turmoil. From age to age we are born again and we repeat the ancient truths with new words. Seldom are we recognised, more seldom honored, but we do our work. All the sciences

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the world are gathered in the wisdom whose rays we carry. I know through meditation that I am born more than once."

"Then, who are you?"

"I am a magician."

"What is a magician?"

"He who possesses knowledge, will, and power. With these three forces united, he commands the elements; he does more than that, he leads souls. But much is given out as magic wisdom and many say that they are magicians, but they are not."

"By what sign are the true magicians recognised?"

"The true magician is not he who changes lead to gold, not he who calls forth the tempest, or he who invokes the spirits. All these things can be accomplished through disguise and mirage, and hell imitates them. The true magician is he who has the gift to see the soul in man and call it forth. To call forth the soul is to create man anew; it is to let man know himself, to let man know his birthright, his divine nature — as our ancestors the Druids said. The true magician is he who loves the soul and gathers together those who are destined for each other, binding them with a diamond chain, with a love that is stronger than death."

Let me further quote from the same book the following:

"According to an old Celtic custom, written down in Code d'Hoël, there are three sacred things which cannot be taken from a free man:

the Book, the Harp, and the Sword. The book represents, in the bards' symbolic language, tradition with all its mysteries, the perfect science. The harp? It signifies the voice of the soul, the word in all forms translating the book's mysteries: the music, the poetry, and the divine art. The sword? It is always the active will, the manly courage, and the strength of justice that puts into action the truths of the book and the inspirations of the harp."

Like an echo of the Druid-wisdom the Bards said: Three things have existed from the beginning: man, freedom, and light. In this triad have the ancestors of Ver-tingetorix and Taliesin summed up the genius of the whole race.

Brittany of today is very different from Brittany two thousand years ago, when large oak-forests covered the land and big hedges of holly, as high as the trees, made communication difficult. Buffalos, elks, and deer lived in the forests.

It is of Brittany of today that the traveler wishes to give some glimpses. But there still remains the old Celtic language with its open vowels and melodious consonants: "tantôt rude comme un cri d'oiseau de mer, tantôt douce comme un gazouillis de fauvette" — the language that was spoken at Caernarvon, among the Cymri in their land and on the hillsides at Snowdon, the sacred mountain of the bards.

Two years after the war, a

SOME WEEKS IN BRITTANY

happy little traveling company of three stepped out from the train at St. Malo, on a beautiful summer morning. Our rooms at a hotel were ordered months ahead and soon we were ready to look at the city. The narrow streets, the old buildings, the wall that surrounded the town, the fresh salty breeze that blew through the streets, all combined to captivate us at once.

Then we chose a restaurant wherein to take our meals, an inviting, delightful place called 'Duchesse Anne.' We were of course sitting out on the sidewalk and then, when enjoying the yard-long crisp French bread and delicious fish, we observed that dogs and cats in great number ran around the tables and in the neighborhood. We thought that the inhabitants were in an unusual degree fond of animals but we soon discovered that all these dogs and cats were a kind of sanitary police for the city.

Walking around, we saw that in many ways the customs were the same as in the Middle Ages. We found everything so quaint, so different from what we had seen elsewhere. At times we looked at each other and smiled: yes, we were people of the twentieth century, but just then living in centuries back from our own time.

The evening found us walking on the city wall, facing the ocean. The big waves were rolling in, conquering a strip of land for each wave. Soon Chateaubriand's tomb was lying on an island: at low

tide we could walk out to it. At last the waves were just under us. Looking out over the mighty ocean it was not difficult to understand the Breton proverbs: "Secourez-moi, Grand Dieu, ma barque est si petite et la mer est si grande"; and: "On ne peut rien contre la mer ni contre Dieu."

Duchess Anne, Brittany's last duchess, lives in the memory of the Bretons. Buildings, squares, etc., bear her name. In St. Malo there is a tower of her time called 'Quiquengrogne,' because the Duchess had put on it this inscription: "Qui qu'en grogne ainsi cela, c'est mon plaisir"—"nobody may murmur about this, it is according to my wish."

Across the bay is Dinard, at which delightful beach, people rest and bathe. Like St. Malo the city has many old, interesting buildings.

Another little city is Dinan, situated about two hours' trip by steamer or by railroad from St. Malo. There some friends of ours lived during the summer.

When we stood outside a rather unattractive house where they lived, we were not prepared for what was hidden from the public. There was a garden perfectly shut in. All the flowers were in full boom — an old-fashioned garden! There was such a vividness of color, such a scent of spices; the bees were humming; I closed my eyes and listened but soon looked up, I was anxious that all should be a dream. Our friends

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

said that they made sketches from all corners of the garden. That little city was an Eldorado for artists.

Later during the summer I tried to get a glimpse behind the walls that surrounded the houses out in the countryside and was at times rewarded by seeing, as I expected, another garden of the Middle Ages, redolent with old-fashioned flowers and spices.

One day we took the street-car to its terminus and then walked to Rothéneuf. We passed a stone hut where a hermit had lived. He was dead now, but his life-work remained and we went to see it. On the rocky beach he had hewn out strange, grotesque figures in the stone. Maybe it was a life-story, maybe the expression of his longing for beauty and truth. Is not a longing, an aspiration, an effort, a knocking at the door of the kingdom of beauty and truth? Another life will surely give him better opportunities!

We continued our walk out to Cannes where there were big oyster-banks. The beach was divided up like the squares on a chess-table. Each square had small walls all around, and when the big waves came they brought the oysters with them and when the water withdrew the walls hindered the oysters from being carried away. The squares were divided among the fishermen. Everyone went to his square and took his haul.

Our rooms waited for us at

Saint-Jean-du-Doigt, a little seaside resort, off the beaten track; so we had to leave St. Malo, which we did with tender regret.

We changed cars at Morlaix, which later on we several times visited, and when we walked on its steep streets, looked at its museum, as in St. Malo, we were captured by its charm.

It seemed to me that every day brought something interesting, that every day was a gift from the gods. The beautiful walks on little pathways between the small villages or out into the wilds, the quiet hours at the beach, either bathing or at low tide walking far out investigating unknown ground, lifting the small stones to find crabs, and learning to see a new side of Mother Nature.

The peasant-houses looked like small fortresses, without windows to the road, and usually there were walls protecting the grounds. The idea behind the construction, though in smaller size, was the same, as much as possible, as for castles in the Middle Ages: a courtyard encircled by buildings. When the gates were closed both people and cattle were well protected from small groups of enemies.

One day we visited the woman who kept the village bakery. When we came in, big loaves of bread were lying all around on the tables, with different signs in dough on them. The woman explained that she did not make up the dough but only baked the bread because she

SOME WEEKS IN BRITTANY

had such a big brick oven. Every family came with their unbaked loaves to her and every one had a family sign on it, so when the loaves were baked each one got in return his own bread.

She invited us to see her home a room at the side of the bakery. It was a rather good-sized room with a little window so high up that we could not look through it. We wondered at the floor — it was quite like black cement and went up like a hill towards the further end of the room. The woman told us that it was not a wooden floor but that we stood right on the ground and the house was built partly on a rock. She showed us the top of granite in one corner. And in this room she had a beautiful carved sideboard, a clock, and other furniture which a museum would be glad to include in its collection.

In harvest-time we saw in one place how the men cut the grain with small hand-shears in the shape of the young moon — maybe the shape was a remembrance from the time when the Druids used the golden sickle.

All villages we visited had, each one, a monument on which were engraved in long rows the names of the men from the place who had never come back from the great war.

One evening when I stood near such a monument and read the names, it seemed to me that I saw all these young men now passing by. There was a light in their eyes —

the veil was drawn, they saw things as they are. Then suddenly I heard a voice — was it Brittany's soul? First like a whisper, then broadcast in clear, ringing tones: "Above patriotism is Brotherhood!"

It seemed to me that I could follow the tones on the ether waves out into the world. I saw a gathering of statesmen in a big hall. They had just had a learned discussion about their rights and where the frontiers should be between the different countries. They had used diplomatic language, had used well-chosen arguments — the brain-mind had triumphed

Then suddenly I saw the word 'Brotherhood' reach their hearts (heart-mind?). A moment — a new light, an inner light, shone in their eyes, the veil was drawn, they saw things as they are. I saw hands clasp each other; words from the heart came to the lips: "Between hearts there are no boundaries, no rights! Let us help each other, let us support each other, let us live like brothers!"

I saw another picture: a gathering of financiers in a big hall. They had just had an important discussion about certain world-embracing money-operations. They intended to start a finance-war in order to drive through their plans. The brain-mind was master. Then suddenly the word 'Brotherhood' touched their hearts. A moment — a new light, an inner light, shone in their eyes, the veil was drawn, they saw things as they are. Hands tore

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the agreement, a moment ago so precious; words from the heart came to their lips: "Let us help each other; let us share, let us live like brothers!"

Then it seemed to me that the voice rang out softer, as a child talks to its beloved mother. The tones went to the mothers in the world, to every home where there was a mother, and I had to listen hard to hear. I heard: "Boundless, Mother, has your love been to your child; boundless is its love for you; but, Mother, have you in your heart promised through my son no sword shall go through any other Mother's heart?"

At those words there was a pain in my own heart. I looked up. I saw the starry sky; had I been looking at it the whole time? I saw a falling star. Was it a tear, a tear of compassion from our upper Home falling down on this sorrowful Star? It may be it carried a promise of a redeemed world, when it is not only a poet's vision, 'all men shall be brothers,' but a living reality.

A little longer trip that we made during this time was to Brest, in order to see the big harbor, and from Brest out to Saint-Mathieu, the point of Cap Finistère; also from Brest to Morgat.

In Brest we found the streets filled with American soldiers, who were to embark from there to America. We received permission through our Consul to visit a warship. Every inch of the space in the ship was utilized. In rows the

hammocks for the soldiers hung; and we went up and down stairs and a polite guide explained what we saw.

It was a great pleasure to look at the shopwindows of antiquarian stores. Beautiful, interesting things from all quarters of the world were gathered there, brought to Brest by seamen.

At Saint-Mathieu we admired the imposing ruins and the view over ocean and countryside. We were right out at the very farthest point. It was like standing in the forepart of a ship and feeling the wind blow in the face and around.

But the best part of the trip was that we found a dolmen out in the wild. There we rested for a while.

At Morgat we looked at the caves that are there. We were carried out to small boats and then we were brought to the land of dreams or imagination. Big spaces filled with water, everything so quiet. Beautifully arched roofs, daylight coming and going, a play of light and shadows, often reflexions in the water of colors. Over and over again we said: "How beautiful, how wonderful, is our earth!"

After a few days we returned to Saint-Jean-du-Doigt in order to make preparations to go to the south of France.

The last evening before leaving, I was sitting in my favorite place in the old burying-place that seemed to have been abandoned for cen-

SOME WEEKS IN BRITTANY

turies. I said farewell to the valley and the beach — over which there was a good view from here.

At a distance there was a group of trees on a hill. When in the sunset the last sun-rays touched them they looked like big flames and the evening breeze waved the branches. It gave a mystic impression, like big bonfires. It was so easy to imagine that I saw a sacred grove, that Druid priests in white costumes walked around there and put fuel on their altars that they had adorned with mistletoe, cut with golden shears. I lived so vividly in my picture that I asked myself: "Have I seen this before, is it possible to remember anything from former lives, is there a recognition?"

Like the thoughts of friends that hasten to meet each other and change the rhythm of the song of the heart into a jubilant hymn, thus the memories come.

I meet a glance that stirs my heart. Maybe I saw it when we looked at the stars or at the colors in the sunsets; I hear a voice that awakens my soul; maybe I heard it when we wandered in the forests

and in the fields and talked to the flowers and all living things.

Thoughts and words come to me that I feel have been my guiding-stars before, as they are now. Then, as the sun breaks through the veil of a cloud, I am in the sun; the spiritual sun from within radiates through every atom of my being: I know, I have seen, I have heard, I have loved, I have lived before!

Like Parsifal holding the Holy Grail, I hold with tender hands my treasure, the mystery of the heart, the wonder, and put it down on the Altar of Eternal Love.

Beautiful Brittany — mystic, spiritual Brittany, whose atmosphere lifts the mind and the heart to a higher plane of consciousness, farewell!

The following day we left for Nancy, an interesting city, too. On the yellow water of the Loire we went out to St.-Nazaire, the big harbor, and also to Beaulieu, that had the most wonderful beach I ever saw. Then we continued to Biarritz and the French Pyrenees, about which there may be another story to tell at some later time.



"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!" — *Katherine Tingley*



ARE THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS SECTARIAN AND DOGMATIC?

QUESTION: Is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society a religious organization, or a philosophical association, or a scientific society?

ANSWER: No, the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is none of these three; but in one sense of the word it may very truly be called an organization in which these three methods of viewing Nature — Religion, Philosophy, Science — form the main subject of study of the members composing that Organization.

Theosophy itself has been defined by its great Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, as the synthesis of Religion, Philosophy, and Science, and such it is. But this definition must be understood in a sense not too literal. It does not mean that the Theosophical Movement, still less the system of thought and truth called Theosophy, are, on the one hand, an association formed for the study of such mere philosophies, religions, and sciences as the literatures of the world afford; nor, on the other hand, is Theosophy nothing but a syncretistic, that is, an artificial, system formed of more or less coherent ideas taken from

the great literatures of the world.

H. P. Blavatsky's definition does mean that Religion, Philosophy, and Science, in the abstract, are three expressions of the operations of the human spirit, which thus naturally have produced in the world, religions of various kinds, philosophies of various kinds, and sciences of various kinds, the varieties being due to the varying powers of the human mentality to express these three fundamental operations of the human spirit. But all these three, religion, philosophy, and science, are today more or less degenerate from an original unveiling of esoteric truth — in other words original revelations of the truths of Nature communicated at different times to the world by some spiritual and intellectual genius of surpassing power and insight.

These world-reformers, for such they truly were, in all cases have been members of what Theosophists call the Great White Lodge: in other words, of a body of great and noble Seers, or relatively Perfected Men, who have carried down from immemorial time this perfectly coherent system of truth, or original unveiling, regarding Nature and its so-called laws and opera-

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

tions. This system of thought is Theosophy.

But modern Theosophy as given out to the world by H. P. Blavatsky, the Messenger of these Great Souls or Perfected Men, of course does not comprise nor could it comprise the entirety of this grand system, for the simple reason that the world at any time can receive only a portion of the Truth of Being.

This is but common sense, as the questioner will immediately see when he reflects that the slowly growing but only partial truths regarding physical Nature that modern science is attaining with such relative rapidity, take a long time before they are generally accepted by the mass of men — a delay arising out of the 'molds of mind' in which we humans live and which are very hard to break.

The mind does not easily give up its old forms and formulas, nor does it easily accept new ideas, however true they may be. In one sense this reluctance to accept a new idea may be good, because it operates as a protection to men; were the case otherwise we should be a notion-ridden world, going crazy at the communication of every new truth or half-truth, and running wild after any new thing or idea.

But admitting so much, we must likewise recognise that this reluctance does spring from our own human mental inertia which can operate in diametrically opposite vein to prevent us from accepting

a truth because when communicated it may seem to us at the moment to be outlandish or strange or inexplicable.

This is the main reason why the great World-Teachers throughout the ages have insisted that coordinately with their presentation of any grand and natural verity, their students and followers should use their own intelligence to the full extent of their power, and cultivate individual responsibility and judgment. This is very good because in so doing this faculty of judgment and the sense of responsibility grow with exercise, thus making men more truly human and at the same time strengthening these noble faculties of the human intellect.

No, I repeat, Theosophy is no mere religion, nor is the Theosophical Movement or Society a mere religious organization; nor is it a mere philosophical association; nor is it a mere scientific body changing ideas and views with every lustrum; nor is it a mere society or Movement formed of students desirous of knowing more of physical nature, which is but the shell of the real Nature.

Theosophy is that system, as I have already hinted at it, of primeval truth, originally communicated to the first truly self-conscious and thinking humans on our earth by spiritual beings from other spheres, who had in long past aeons themselves passed through and beyond the human stage into what we can

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

truly call individual divinity. This sublime and imperishable treasure is given out from age to age when conditions warrant its communication to men, and the method of giving it out is the formation of a society or association of human individuals who rally to the call, intuitively if you like, and intellectually also; but in any case individuals who recognise that here is a new presentation of ancient truths which their judgment and intellect tell them is true.

You see it is somewhat difficult to convince the average person of this fact, because men today have largely lost faith in the eternal verities, and they do not always know a truth when they see it or hear it; and due to so many religious and philosophic and scientific deceptions the human heart has sickened with sorrow, leaving deep scars of pain and grief, and this breeds distrust. For this reason we Theosophists do most solemnly affirm, and venture to insist, that our teachings must be studied if they are to be understood, and that it is radically unfair to judge, or rather to misjudge, our teachings from the false presentation of them that have been so popular and that one still occasionally hears.

We insist that in order to know any truth it must be examined impartially and honestly; and we insist further that those who examine Theosophy should honestly and sincerely abide by the results of their examination and by the con-

clusions which they are forced to draw from such examination.

No religion is stronger than its weakest link, and the Theosophical Movement has never hankered after gaining a large membership of more or less erratic 'philosophers,' so-called, nor of people who might agree to join the ranks of some new organization if they saw possibilities of place or power awaiting them. The joys that Theosophy brings in the unspeakably precious illumination that study of it gives to the student are a more than sufficient reward.

We have no dogmas in the Theosophical Movement, of course, which is equivalent to saying that no Theosophical teaching is based upon any Teacher's dogmatic utterance. But while this is true, it is likewise well to remember that there is another side to this question of communication of natural truths. It is this:

There must be a Teacher, someone capable in the first place, and responsible in the second place, if we are to have a Theosophical Society or Organization which is something more than a mere mob or horde of self-seeking individuals, whose natural but not spiritual incentives and morals would ultimately wreck the organization to which they belonged, for the same reason that diversity of interests and lack of wisely co-ordinated activities tend to wreck any society.

There must be a Teacher, there must be a Leader, a wise and

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

responsible head. Otherwise two courses of destiny may be open for any unhappy association. One, that of blind belief and trust in forms and dogmas, making an organization which is strong in form but dead in the spirit; or, on the other hand, a mere association of men and women with conflicting interests and a more or less anarchical, that is uncentered, government — which spells dissolution.

In concluding this answer, I have the following to say: Theosophy is not a religion, but Religion *per se*; it is not a philosophy, but Philosophy *per se*; it is not a science, that is co-ordinated knowledge, but Science *per se*. These are not great claims, made without foundation. They can be proved by any student for himself.

Every archaic religion-philosophy in the world, and every ancient scientific system, contains more or less of truth; and a part of our studies is the illustration of the various truths of Nature contained in these great old religions and philosophies.

But the modern Theosophical Movement was not started merely as an association for dogmatic study of philosophic and religious principles of bygone ages; but more especially for a *new presentation of that original revelation of which I have spoken*, and as a *system of living*, leading to inner light and wisdom, and outward and visible brotherhood. — G. DE P.

QUESTION: Is Theosophy Hindûism, or Buddhism? You Theosophists use so many Sanskrit and Pâli words that many people think the Theosophical Movement is a western organization for the propaganda of these two oriental religions.

ANSWER. The answer to this question may be very short and emphatic. It is a positive NO. The Theosophical philosophy, so far as its technical terms are concerned, has been couched to some extent in these latter languages for the simple reason that no words of equivalent meaning exist in Occidental languages, and do exist in Oriental languages, and from their literatures we have taken over such words for use, in lieu of other words which would have had much less chance of being understood in the West.

Every true Theosophist has a profound respect for the noble religious faiths or beliefs or philosophic systems which are commonly called, in the West, Hindûism and Buddhism, precisely as every such Theosophist has the same reverence for all the other great world-religions or philosophies; and if this querent will read a little farther and think a little more, he will see that we use words from the Greek and from the Hebrew in some instances, which words have been taken from the old Greek teachings as well as from the Qabbâlâh of the ancient Jews. This does not

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

mean that we are modern Greeks, nor modern Hebrew Qabbâlists.

As the present writer has often before pointed out, there is truth in all the great world-religions and philosophies, because they all originally came from one source: that sublime, primeval revelation of aeons gone by which today is called Theosophy. Theosophy, thus, is the mother of them all, and these various religions are its children, or *were* its children perhaps would be more truthful; for all such great religions and philosophies, if they still exist in our days, have more or less degenerated from their primeval purity.

Furthermore, much of the Theosophical philosophy of the modern Theosophical Movement, so far as form goes, has adopted certain form-expressions from these various old religions and philosophies, because they conveniently express the archaic Theosophic philosophy. But these adoptions of form-expressions or of terminology have in all cases to be construed in the Theosophical manner.

The Theosophical Movement invites into its membership all good and sincere men and women of whatever country and of whatever truly religious or philosophical belief, telling them at the same time that in Theosophy they will find fully satisfying explanations and elucidations of difficult and hitherto dark teachings of their own respective faiths.

But while this is so, it would be

an imposition upon the good faith of the readers of this magazine were I to allow this statement to pass without making a further observation, which is this: in practically every case, at least in the vast majority of cases of those who have sought in Theosophy explanations and elucidations of their own respective religions or philosophies, these seekers of truth have finally joined whole-heartedly the Theosophical ranks, and in many cases have become some of the best and most enlightened workers. This is only natural. When a man finds that something to which his heart and mind are drawn receives full and larger exposition, explanation, elucidation, and illumination in some larger system, which he then clearly recognises as the source of his own faith, it would be unnatural if he turned away from the larger light.

I do not think anything can be more heart-satisfying and more convincing to the mind than the splendid exposition which Theosophy gives of spiritual and physical Nature, the Great Mother of us all. This is so wholly sustained, so absolutely coherent, in all its parts, that the inquirer's mind is at first swept away in admiration, and then finds in it an everlasting anchorage, an unshakable conviction. And I know no greater blessing in life than an unshakable conviction of Reality, and the realization that Reality — Truth — has been found.

— G. DE P.

KU CHIH FEELS THE WISTFULNESS OF SPRING

KENNETH MORRIS

THE days grow longer, and greener glows the grass,
And overhead the yellow willow-catkins swing,
And through peach-bloom and plum-bloom and almond-blossom pass —

And through cherry-bloom and pear-bloom — the breezes of the Spring;
And merrily the earth blooms, golden, blue, and rose;
And merrily the mango-birds and orioles sing.

But is there singing in the heart? — Ah, who knows?
And are there flowers in blossom there? I would that I could say!
Is it pain glooms crimson there, or blue joy glows?

Have the Spring winds power to blow the Winter's cares away?
Shall the thoughts flit sweet with the swallows on the wing?
Or is it grief goes lengthening with the lengthening of the day,
And sorrow where the yellow willow catkins swing?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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ARE YOU A SECRETION OF YOUR OWN BRAIN?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



WE FREQUENTLY have occasion to illustrate the change for the better which has come over the views of representative men in religion, in science, and in other departments; showing how the old materialistic narrow views have given place to views which admit the existence and the superior importance of mind and spirit. But now and again we come across a curious throw-back or anachronistic survival from the past.

One such is found in the views

of a prominent man of science in England, which have lately been attracting attention. The views to which he has given utterance are those of half a century ago; but the reception which they have met is very different.

For, judging by what we read in a weekly review, which quotes his remarks, together with a selection of comments from the Press and from various prominent and representative people, we should describe the result as a chorus of disapproval; not from narrow sec-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tarians defending their theological views against the assaults of science, but from broadminded and intelligent people in various walks; while his claim to represent the views of reasonable scientific men in general does not appear to have been vindicated. Where there has not been direct protest from this quarter, there has been an ominous silence.

It seems strange in our day to hear thus influentially advocated the view that —

“The brain consumes fuel and transmutes energy into feeling, thought, and memory.”

We had thought the days had gone by when our psychal and mental nature could seriously be interpreted as a product of chemical and molecular action; or when the human mind could represent itself as being nothing more than a product of the matter which it was investigating. But it seems we were mistaken. We read next that —

“If we withhold the supply of oxygen or fuel, the sources of its energy, the brain ceases to function, just as certainly as a fire ceases to burn when its supply of fuel or air ceases.”

Nobody having sense would deny this; what then is the purport of the remark? If it is intended as an argument in favor of the proposition which we first quoted, then the speaker has assumed his conclusion. The argument would run as follows: “Because the brain ceases to act when deprived of fuel,

therefore thought is a secretion of the brain.” The argument in the speaker’s mind must have been as follows: “The brain ceases to act when deprived of fuel; but (as I have assumed) thought is a secretion of the brain; therefore thought ceases when the brain is deprived of fuel.”

So far then we have nothing but mere assertion. If we look further for support, we find the assurance that —

“Every fact known to medical men compels them to the inference that mind, spirit, and soul are the manifestations of the living brain, just as the flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle. At the moment of extinction both flame and spirit cease and have no separate existence.”

It would be interesting to know just what these alleged medical men would expect to find in the brain to convince them to the contrary. Anything which comes under their observation as dissectors is matter, subject to decay when deprived of fuel and oxygen. If there is anything else, then it is not ‘matter’ and could not be found by the processes used by the medical men.

To find this other component, if such there be, they would have to discard the methods of physical observation and exploration, and turn their faculties into a new direction. It is not matter now, but mind, that they are in search of: they desire to ascertain whether, the brain being dead, anything has survived. This surviving element,

ARE YOU A SECRETION OF YOUR OWN BRAIN?

if such there be, is of course not pure physical matter, it is mind or spirit. Therefore it is foolish to look for it with the instruments and by the methods employed for physical observation.

Our investigators must become psychologists: they must adopt some sure and certain means of ascertaining whether, the brain being dead, any mind or spirit has actually survived or not. Has the speaker, or any of the alleged medical men in whose name he speaks, done this? So far as one can judge from what has been said, the question has been neither proved nor disproved, but simply answered by a negative assertion.

And we must add that we fail to see just where and how medical men are better fitted to form an opinion on this question than other people. Again, it cannot be denied that there are numbers of medical men, some of great distinction, who have come to the opposite conclusion.

The fact is that dissection and kindred methods used by medical men afford no evidence either way; so that each man is left free to arrive at his conclusion on other grounds. Is it not thus that the conclusion in the present case has been arrived at? If so, the so-called argument is no argument at all, and simply assumes the conclusion which it purports to establish.

Let us now give the inferences to which our own observations of

facts, and our reflexions thereon, have led us. We regard mind as superior to any object which it can contemplate. It is therefore superior to physical matter. It is antecedent to such matter, uses such matter as an instrument, can create such matter. When the particular matter through which it is manifesting — say the brain, or some other part of body, or the body in general — ceases to be serviceable, the mind can no longer manifest itself through that particular instrument. The dissector has now lost sight of it: he is perhaps looking for it where it is not. But it continues to exist, functioning through another instrument, which instrument is not necessarily composed of the kind of matter which we call physical matter.

Thus far we have spoken very loosely, using the words 'mind' and 'spirit' in a broad general sense without any definition. To pursue the question farther would require that we should enter into an elaborate analysis of the nature of human consciousness, distinguishing between thought, emotion, selfhood, and various other principles. It would be necessary to inquire whether the human soul is perhaps compact of several parts, each part having a different function and a different destination after death. In a word, if knowledge is to be attained, it is needful to study human nature comprehensively, as a whole, and not piecemeal.

This is what the Theosophical

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

teachings, which we have studied intimately for very many years, have enabled us to a considerable extent to do; and we now leave the subject with an invitation to others to seek light in the same quarter.

Just one word, however, in conclusion. When a man, proclaiming as his own the views which we quoted at the head of this article, undertakes to inform us on so great a question as the origin and history of the human race, should we not be careful how we accept

his statements? True, so far as he may be able to convince our reason by indisputable facts and sound arguments, we shall of course feel ourselves indebted. But when it comes to bare assertions with nothing behind them but the allegation that 'this is what scientific men think,' then the question is at least open; while the views on the subject of brain and mind may well be considered to justify a prejudice against any conclusion which may be arrived at by a man holding such views.

UNIVERSAL PEACE

EDITH WHITE



THE HEART-CRY of the world today is for peace, and, although there is no lack of formulas for its realization through various legislative methods, yet the call has not been answered. It is still the burning question in every earnest mind. It thrusts itself upon the individual and in its answer he is forced, at length, to analyse himself, and in so doing, find his duty.

In the search, if he be sincere, there will be many surprising discoveries. In the revelation of habitual trends of thought and action the average person, under an awakened conscience, cannot fail to stand aghast at the many small ways in which his daily life expresses the same errors that he

must recognise in a larger way to be the causes of international conflict. He finds that we must establish a state of peace in our own lives before we have any light to radiate into the chaotic darkness of a war-worn humanity.

This then is our task, and "human thought is measureless in its power," says our Teacher, Katherine Tingley.

We cannot teach others to do that which we have not actually done ourselves; so evidently the problems in world-harmony are resolved into matters of self-correction, for each individual who has awakened to a sense of responsibility.

As long as we dwell in disharmony with those of our own environment we are not peacemakers,

UNIVERSAL PEACE

although we may be able to discourse ever so eloquently upon the causes of war.

There is no lack of revelation regarding the crimes of greed and injustice, the lust for power, the exploiting of the weaker nations by the stronger. The sin upon the larger scale is plainly evident; but if in daily intercourse we overlook justice, in contending for our personal rights, or even if we render ourselves incapable of seeing another's viewpoint without friction, or if we habitually carry in thought a condemnation of others, how are we better, except in degree, than the nation which declares war? It is a little thing in us, but the psychology of it widens into brutality when it touches the mental atmosphere of the world.

In a word, the aggregate of world-need can be met only through spiritual conquest by the individual. The altars of peace must be built around the hearth-stones of

the nations. Tennyson says:

“Put down the passions that make Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! Cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside
With the evil tongue and the evil ear
For each is at war with mankind.”

Many organizations and all earnest thinkers are pondering over methods for the accomplishment of universal peace. To the Theosophist the way seems plain. No one having a conception of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy could possibly expect any benefits to nations or races through conflicts destructive of human life.

Katherine Tingley says that “war is merely the effect, the symptom, the result, of inner moral weaknesses.” The teachings of Theosophy, then, being the most effectual helps known to mankind for the correction of its evil propensities, may well be regarded as the world's greatest power in the establishment of universal peace.



“THE forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly — the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly or unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.”

— ROBERT E. LEE

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.

THE MOST striking piece of news in this field is the discovery, by the expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History to the Aleutian Islands off the Alaskan coast, of four mummified bodies apparently of immense antiquity, one being clearly that of a great chief or king. They were found in a wooden tomb hidden away in an almost inaccessible island, and are elaborately wrapped in bird and animal skins, some of which are richly decorated.

The tomb is said to show traces of Mongolian influence, whatever that may mean precisely, but the experts have yet to be heard from. One of the bodies is being preserved exactly in the condition in which it was found.

The discovery has aroused immense interest as it probably will lead to valuable and unsuspected information about prehistoric man, and especially about the connexion between America and Asia.



THE latest report from the Dyott expedition in search of Colonel Fawcett in Brazil says that his tracks have been picked up on the Kulisevu river on the outskirts of the Amazonian forests. Colonel Fawcett traveled downstream and stopped at the camp of an Indian chief for several days, and Commander Dyott expects to get some-

thing authentic about him from the same chief.

The expedition is already having strenuous times, having been almost eaten alive by the terrible insects of the tropical forest, while building canoes out of the bark of trees. Communication is being sent from the party by radio through Brazilian and American amateur radio-stations.

Colonel Fawcett, who went in search of the mysterious 'lost city of the burning light' and other traditional centers of former civilization spoken of so frequently by the Indians, has not been heard of since May, 1925.



Dr. VICTOR LEBSELT, Custodian of the Austrian Museum of Natural History, has returned from the heart of South Africa with accounts of many valuable prehistoric finds. He believes he has succeeded in establishing the first scientific chronology of extinct cultures there, and makes the remarkable claim that the negroes of South Africa are somehow related to the Australian Blackfellows.

He speaks of finding the 'missing link' to the fossil Rhodesian Man in the Munknayama race, in which the men are all more than seven-and-a-half feet tall. Both sexes are beautifully built, he says, and far surpass, mentally and physically, all the neighboring tribes.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

The Rhodesian Man belonged to some very early race, and H. P. Blavatsky says that the African negroes have lived on their continent for several hundred thousand years.



WE are gradually learning more about what is called the Old Kingdom of Egypt, which flourished before 2500 B. C., than seemed possible a few years ago. Dr. Lutz, of the University of California, has been studying about a hundred grave-tablets (stelas) from the neighborhood of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh which were brought over by Dr. Reisner about twenty years ago.

By means of the names on the stelas some knowledge of the relationship of families and of the social structure of the Old Kingdom has been acquired, but the intensive research now being made is expected to provide a more complete chronology of that distant age and a large amount of information about matters which are very obscure. It has already been established that the feudal system was not in operation during the Old Kingdom. There was, of course, a hereditary monarchy, but titles of nobility were not hereditary, high positions being dependent upon individual effort.

Recent discoveries in the tomb of Queen Hetepheres, mother of King Cheops, have revealed the wonderfully high development of

arts and crafts in her time, not less than five thousand years ago. Inside the golden casing which covered the arms of her carrying-chair, the wood is perfectly preserved, and it shows the mortises and tenons of its construction, a method which has not been improved on to this day.

Another curious discovery in this tomb brings the hoary past very close in imagination. Within the canopic chest containing certain parts of the body, a preservative fluid was found consisting of water in which three per cent. of natron (sodium carbonate) was dissolved. This is the first time water has been found in any Egyptian tomb, and it dates from almost the earliest period of authentic history. Being tightly closed in an alabaster box fitted into a niche cut in the rock one hundred feet beneath the surface, it has not evaporated in more than fifty centuries.

King Zoser, the supposed builder of the famous Stepped Pyramid at Sakkara, fifteen miles south of Cairo, was probably the first king of the Third Dynasty and lived five or six thousand years ago at the latest. There is such a conflict of opinion about these early dates that it is impossible to be exact, and it is not improbable that future research will extend rather than diminish the length of Egyptian known history.

Anyway, King Zoser (or Neter Khet) built a tomb at a very early period when quite primitive or

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

crude workmanship might be looked for, but it is actually so splendidly constructed and beautifully decorated with figures of the king in low relief, carved panels, and arched designs enriched with delicate blue tiles, that a recent writer is compelled to exclaim:

“The work is amazingly good. The reliefs are exquisite. It is a positive revelation to find such reliefs so early as the Third Dynasty . . . enough has already been found to force the re-writing of the history of Egyptian architecture and sculpture during the earliest and greatest period.”

The chapels of the beautiful Pyramid-temple of Zoser, now uncovered, contain remarkable fluted columns, resembling those ‘invented’ in Greece thousands of years later, and there are other splendid buildings with great colonnades within the precincts of the great surrounding wall or Temenos which is 500 yards long by 300 yards wide. These buildings are called ‘the oldest stone buildings in the world,’ but we are disposed to think that the Great Pyramid is far older than the date given for Sakkara or that Sakkara itself has been greatly foreshortened in date.

And when we speak of ‘the oldest’ buildings it is well to remember the enormous basalt platforms, or *ahus*, of Easter Island, which are splendidly built of cut stone, and whose origin or use is absolutely unknown. The problem of Egyptian chronology is not settled, and according to the Theosophical teachings there are surprises in store in that connexion.

It is now established, thanks largely to Sir Flinders Petrie, that Egypt possessed a high civilization thousands of years before the time of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty of united Egypt.

An exhibition was held some years ago in London of examples taken from a pre-dynastic cemetery thirty-five miles south of Cairo, a relic of some utterly lost but important city which preceded the founding of Memphis (itself long disappeared). From the objects found in the graves, which are in perfect preservation though seven thousand years old at the least, we can realize how modern these prehistoric folk were. They had more of the comforts and even luxuries of life than many of the present inhabitants of the same district. The Egyptian housewife of that far-off age possessed excellent basket-work articles, elegant bracelets, dinner-trays, carved wooden bedsteads, and linen finer in weave than modern cambric handkerchiefs.

The wealthier classes were buried in handsome coffins shaped like wooden houses, and others used wicker basket-coffins.



ANOTHER of those curious coincidences is reported that are disturbing to those who still take the view that America was entirely removed from Old World influence in ancient times, or that the only possible connexion was with north-

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

ern Asia through the Alaska route. We refer to the following statement in the *Atlanta Constitution* of April 14, 1928:

"Evidence has been found in the Museum at Emory University to support the theory that Egyptians settled in Guatemala, Central America, before Columbus discovered America. . . . The evidence is based on the fact that two small idols are in the Emory museum, one of them from Guatemala, the other from Egypt. These idols bear the same inscription on them and are similar in all respects.

"One of the idols was placed in the museum by Dr. W. A. Shelton, professor in the school of theology, who got possession of the idol upon his visit to Egypt. The other was put there by J. P. McClusky, who brought it back from Guatemala on a visit there in the summer of 1923. McClusky claims to have found his idol near a mountain-top.

"Last fall McClusky saw Dr. Shelton's idol in the museum and noting its likeness to the one he had at home, sent for it. On

being compared they were found to be exactly the same size and to have the same Egyptian inscription on them. Dr. Shelton is a recognised student of the Hebrew and Egyptian languages."

So many similar reports are current that, allowing for errors and exaggerations, it looks as if a strong case is being built for some connexion between America and Egypt in ancient times, but this connexion need not necessarily have been direct.

The hypothesis of the lost Atlantis, or great insular remains of it, from which civilizations of somewhat similar type spread in both easterly and westerly directions, explains, without straining probability, the strong resemblances, though not exact identities, of the many cultural features which are found on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WORK

GEOFFREY BARBORKA

[A Paper read at the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club Meeting of July 8, 1928]

IN THE ancient land of Āryāvarta lived once a householder, Râma by name, who having fulfilled his duties according to the scriptures and having placed his son in charge of his family was desirous of retiring into the forest — there to devote himself to spiritual ends.

Having decided on such a course, Râma settled his affairs, and set out. On his way he encountered by the roadside a beggar, who was in a

pitiable state, and so requested help of him. His cry fell on deaf ears, however, for, thought Râma, it is time to leave all such worldly affairs alone; let others less occupied care for the wretched. Yet, as he passed on, he seemed to hear a voice: "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin."

Well, he had left the world and its ways behind: yet the words somehow weighed on his mind, and after going on his way a little, he

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

looked back, but saw nothing of the beggar. That is strange, he mused — but continued on his way, — surely the Bright Ones do not descend nowadays on our earth of strife, and yet, mayhap. . . .

Later, on his way, he saw one clad as he, but going the opposite way from him, and therefore upon meeting, he had no scruples about addressing him; and after greeting him properly as befitting one in such a station of life, he inquired as to his destination, saying that he himself was bound for the forest and asking whether he was not pursuing the correct course.

“The forest lies in that direction, truly,” replied the hermit. “But as to the correct course in life, I am convinced that a life in solitude leads not to final emancipation any more than a life in the city’s midst.”

“And does not a solitary life lead to final emancipation?” queried Râma, “for when action ceases, fresh causes are not set in motion.”

“Quite so,” replied the hermit. “Yet many have found comfort from distress, relief from cares and troubles, and solace after disappointments in *work* — in loving service for others. Even Janaka and others attained to liberation by the performance of action.”

“Aye, and the scriptures also say, ‘Yet the performance of works is by far inferior to mental devotion,’” countered Râma.

“And likewise, ‘Do not be incited to actions by the hope of

their reward, nor let thy life be spent in inaction,’” replied the hermit.

“Yet the whole trend of the scriptures has for object self-attainment, self-mastery, and Knowledge, and is this not greatly enhanced by a life of quiet meditation and freedom from the pairs of opposites?” Râma continued.

“Listen further to another sacred text,” said the hermit:

“‘Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests, in proud seclusion and apart from men; believe thou not that life on roots and plants, that thirst assuaged with snow from the great Range — believe thou not that this will lead thee to the goal of final liberation. Think not that breaking bone, that rending flesh and muscle, unites thee to thy “silent Self.” . . . The blessed ones have scorned to do so.’”

“And yet the man of supreme meditation is considered greater than the performer of actions,” persisted Râma.

“True, but the supreme meditation is most difficult of attainment; even the perfect control of the mind has been likened to the difficulty of restraining the wind.”

“And,” continued the hermit, “even when the mind is restrained and no fresh causes for action are set in motion, there are still the unexpended effects to be reckoned with, and canst thou say that these are fully exhausted? Take, for instance, the fact of thy coming thus far; was there no work left undone by thee?”

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WORK

“Now that you mention it, on the way there was one who begged for help — yet I passed him by, though even at the time I seemed to hear a chiding voice: ‘Inaction in a deed of mercy’ ”—

“ ‘Becomes an action in a deadly sin,’ ” concluded the hermit; “and the scripture continues:

“ ‘If thou art taught that sin is born of action and bliss of absolute inaction, then tell them that they err. . . . Shalt thou abstain from action? Not so shall gain thy soul her freedom. To reach Nirvâna one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.’ ”

“Yet when I did turn back there was no one there,” said Râma.

“Is it possible that a deva has made his station there?” mused the hermit; “truly by thy non-performance of work didst thou greatly miss.”

“Let me hasten on,” said he, “and see what may befall me — the Bright Ones are rare to see in this yuga. Fare thee well! Though the forest-life may benefit thee, do not hesitate to return to a life of action!” he added in parting.

In a cool secluded place in the forest, Râma made his retreat; neither too high nor too low, and spread with the sacred kusa grass. At break and close of day he greeted the Sun with proper observance; likewise in the middle of the day when the Sun had reached its highest point.

And though he had ceased performing fresh cause for action by abstaining from work, in the thought-world affairs were active enough: he experienced the sensation of his thoughts becoming an army; and strived valiantly to master them.

One day messengers from his home reached him, telling him that his faithful wife had passed on; and his son urged him to return.

He was still firm in his purpose, however, replying that death must come to all creatures that are born, and that grief for the missing ones should not be indulged in.

And so his days passed by in quiet seclusion.

Again messengers came to Râma, this time telling him that his son had been taken ill unto death, and that now his aged parents were dependent on him for support and attention. The news moved him deeply; and they urged him to return to his home.

Remembering his converse with the hermit upon his entry into the forest, Râma decided to return to a life of action in order to give his aged parents proper support.

The first thing that he saw after setting forth on his journey back to his home in the city was a youth plowing with a pair of bullocks. Râma admired the strength shown in the task, and the beautiful way in which the furrow turned over the fresh earth — this reminded him of the simile that effect follows cause as the furrow

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the plow. And then the sowing that would follow: "Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition."

On nearing the city he saw a chândâla at work cleaning the walls; it was a delight for him to watch the marble gleam in contrast to the rest of the begrimed surface: thus, thought he, should the mirror of the mind be cleansed of all that soils it.

The varied activities that he witnessed as he passed along on his way took on greater significance: the weaver at the loom not only produced a beautiful piece of work, but wove his destiny in and out among his fellows; the goldsmith in his intricate designing, the artist at his easel, the sculptor at his bust — each at his appointed task was creating something more than just their particular piece of work. Best of all he admired the potter at his task: to see the lump of clay transformed into an object of beauty by the skill of the craftsman was a wonderful sight.

Everywhere there was the hum of activity; the production of work — action; should anyone cease another would come to take his place urged on with even keener effort: action and work, its fitting result; effect after cause; waking after sleeping; life after death; rebirth again and again. . . .

His musings were interrupted by cries of "Mad elephant; mad elephant; out of the way; clear

the street!" And the crowd surged in all directions, each one hastening to safety.

Alone remained in the center of the street a little child, utterly oblivious to his surroundings, forgotten in the general panic of the moment. Without a moment's hesitation, Râma rushed out, picked up the child tenderly and turned back for safety; but before he could make the necessary steps, the maddened brute was upon him. With a desperate effort he thrust the little one into safety — himself collapsing from the untoward effort after his rigorous forest-life.

A shriek from the terror-stricken crowd, and it was over — the elephant rushed madly on; such a delicate human frame being as nothing to its fury.

The fine chord uniting Râma to his body was snapped, and the soul passed out; but even with its last physical pulsation, so to speak, appeared at his side what to the gaping throng bore the semblance of a wretched beggar, but to Râma's awakened vision, resplendent in aethereal light, poised the form of a deva. And the vibrations that were transmitted to his mind formed themselves:

"Râma, thou hast learned thy lesson, this time. *Action* in a deed of mercy. . . ."

Silence; while the procession of his life's events were reviewed; — and then a deeper silence; — the change had come. Another entity had joined the bright realms.

THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the August issue)

IV

WHEN Captain Barker arrived at Byham Cottage it was evident by his manner that something serious had occurred, but Mrs. Maynell seemed undisturbed and unobservant: no servant ever caught her tripping by any display of emotion in their presence, or by any sort of indiscretion. She was mistress of herself, so far as that went, at all times. Barker felt strengthened by her presence and pulled himself together, so as to be apparently at his ease till they were alone, then he gave way:

"It's all up this time, we're cornered! Luck has been against me too long: I'm beaten!"

She looked at him rather scornfully, and said: "Come, come! You have seen enough to know that there is always a way out, if you have the courage to take it."

"No! I have gone to the end of my tether; perhaps you are right though — perhaps there are things I dare not do."

He looked at her as if he were afraid of what was coming, like a dog that fears his master, yet dares not quite disobey.

"Come now, tell me all about it," she said seating herself.

He stood by the fireplace with his side-face to her, and she watched him closely. He hesitated, but she waited, as if his hesitation told her things she wished to know. Then

he began: "You have heard of Roanoak's accident; it was in the paper?"

She nodded, and said merely: "Yes, I saw it."

"And of course you know what that means. Arthur is heavily involved; there is nothing to be got out of him now. And he will be down on me to repay what I have borrowed from him. I had to stave off old Richardson, who was threatening to sell me up: and I have had to renew bills at enormous rates, and then I had to back a bill for Arthur; Richardson has got that.

"I counted on this wretched horse to pull me through the worst, and I thought I might manage to 'save my face' and gain time to look round for an heiress more amenable to my influence than that girl at Shareham. I have wasted time there; Arthur has cut me out, and has not won anything by it either. The young fool has lost all his ready money to other men; we are no better than a pair of fools to have him here and let other people get his money when we need it so badly."

"You had your chance. I could not do more"; she spoke coldly.

But Barker ignored her remark and went on: "He has given Styles a bill for two thousand pounds payable in a month; I had to help him with that, and now he will not be able to meet it and it will be presented to his uncle, who endorsed it

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

at my request and on my assurance that it was quite safe. But he will certainly disown it, and lay the blame on me. Then Sir John will be down on me, and, well — this is the jumping-off place.

“Richardson’s bills are due next week; he knows I was backing Roanoak and will be on my trail unless I get away tonight. I shall be tracked and then! — The game is all against me.”

“Yes,” she said slowly, “I’m afraid the game is against you this time, and yet if you had the courage to face it we might find a way out; if you would take my advice in time I could have saved you from this, but you come to me when it is too late. Yet even now there might be a way if you had the courage to face it.”

“What do you mean, Maria,” he asked in a scared voice.

She looked at him scornfully and said slowly: “Nothing. I know that there is always a way out if you have courage to face things, and faith in yourself; but you have neither. You are bold enough to do a rash or a foolish thing, but you have not the courage to face the consequences.”

He looked at her reproachfully and said: “Maria, I came to you for help and advice and you give me abuse.”

She softened somewhat as she answered: “No, Frank, not abuse. I would help you again, as I have done since you were a boy, if I could, but this time you have gone where I cannot follow. You have not told me all. No, no, it is too late now; I can guess all I need to know. You are right, you must go,

and go at once — change your name and disappear. It is not the first time; and leave me to save what I can from the wreck of the ship. Yes, you must go; let Drixoll have your address; he will give it to me, and if I have any news for you I will send it to him. I may be able to save your name. How? Heaven knows; but I have never yet failed when I made up my mind to succeed. Now go!”

He looked at her in admiration, then flushed, and answered hastily: “No! no! I can’t go and leave you, a woman, to stand the racket, while I slink off and hide.”

She looked coldly at him, and said quietly: “You will, you must!” Then more kindly: “A woman can sometimes deal with a situation best alone, and I am not afraid; leave it to me, and get away — yes, now — before the boy comes. He will be here later to see you, and you will do no good by staying; just go before anyone can suspect your intention; you have no time to lose. Stay! take this, you may need it.”

She handed him a diamond ring, but he hesitated again, until she spoke sharply: “Don’t be a fool. There is no time now for ceremony. Go!”

At that moment the bell rang.

“That’s Arthur,” said Mrs. Maynell, and, as the servant appeared in the dining-room before answering the door, she said cheerfully, “If that is a visitor show him into the drawing-room, Mary.”

Then she waited till the visitor was safe inside the room, and herself fetched Barker’s hat and coat from the hall, opened the low French win-

THE DRUID STONES

dow and pointed to the stable.

Barker took the hint, and his dog-cart was soon heard rattling over the stones in the stable-yard; then she sauntered into the drawing-room and received Arthur's excited demand for Barker with a soothing command to him to sit down and listen. He obeyed like a child, quieted at once by contact with her strong will.

"Captain Barker has been here, and is just gone; he had to go, he said, because there was no time to lose in making arrangements to meet this piece of bad luck which would hit him rather hard, as well as you, but he seemed quite confident of being able to arrange matters so as to be able not only to meet his own engagements but also to help you; and further," Mrs. Maynell added, "he said particularly that there was no need for you to feel worried, though it was certainly an unclucky chance, but nothing could be done for a few days till he returned. I think that was about the gist of it. He was very sorry not to see you, but I said I would explain it to you.

"Now won't you tell me all about it and let me try to advise you? You know I am much older and have seen a good deal of the world, and have known what it is to be in difficulties, and, if you will trust me, believe me, I will give you good advice."

She spoke so earnestly and so frankly, that Arthur was touched. Of course she was older and cleverer than he was, and he felt no hesitation in trusting her, but he said he had told her all there was to tell.

She looked at him anxiously, and

asked: "Have you borrowed from other money-lenders? I mean, have you any other bills out except that one you told me of?"

"I have lots of tradesmen's bills."

"No. I mean bills of exchange or promissory notes that anybody else has backed, as your uncle backed that one."

"Oh no! that one cleared up the others that Styles held. I have not any others out. That one is enough and more than enough!"

Mrs. Maynell was silent and thoughtful. At last she said gently: "Tell me, are you engaged to Miss Masters?"

He blushed violently, but answered frankly and simply: "No."

She smiled and said: "I am playing the part of a grandmother to you, so you must not mind my questions; but tell me, would your parents have any objection to such a marriage?"

"Oh no! they would be delighted, but really I had not thought of marriage yet; my father did say he wished I would marry and settle down the last time I went to him for money to meet my tradesmen's bills, but I did not think of it seriously then. Why do you ask me?"

"Because you ought to let them see that you really mean to give up this racing and betting and cards, and that you are going to take your position in the county as heir to Lowthorpe. You ought to prepare for public life. Now, if I were you, I would make up my mind to do that at once: then go to your father and ask him to advise you how to set about it, I mean the parliamentary career, not the matrimonial; you

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

need no help in that, I am sure.”

She spoke so kindly that he did not blush this time, but seemed struck with her proposal as a new idea.

“Then,” she continued, “if this little betting-affair causes any trouble, your father will be ready to help you out, but there is no need to anticipate trouble. I am sure that it will all pass over without a hitch; just wait till Captain Barker returns. But now promise me you will do this, and do it at once. I will help you to give up gambling by never inviting you here again when any of my friends are coming.”

Arthur began to protest, rather awkwardly, but she went on:

“Yes, I am to blame for letting you come here, and I want to make it up to you now by helping you to stay away. Of course your father knows you came here; someone is sure to have told him that we had card-parties, and no doubt he looks on me as an adventuress who wants to rob and ruin you.

“No, let me speak plainly. I know the world, and I know what people say about me; that is why I tell you you must go to your father at once and say that you have decided to propose to Miss Masters if he does not object to the marriage; and then you can say you have also decided to drop Mrs. Maynell and her friends; and, if I know anything of humankind, I think I can promise that your father will back you up even if trouble does come out of that bill and you have to ask his help; but remember, as I may not have another chance to talk to you, that you must not wait till that bill becomes due. You must either re-

deem it or you must tell your father about it before the date — you have the date correctly, I hope?”

“Oh, yes! I have the date all right; it was for one month.”

“Well, then, remember, and promise me! Won't you promise to do this?”

She almost pleaded with him, and Arthur was really touched; besides, he saw how wise was her advice and he promised.

“Now you must go. It is late and I am alone, and you must not stay here. You know someone will probably report it to your father; and you must not come again, or, if you do, it must be in the daytime. You don't know, as I do, what gossip can do to ruin a man's career, as well as a woman's, and you must not run risks now.”

Arthur pondered over all she had said, on his way across the park, and felt ashamed of having thought of her disparagingly when he had contrasted Byham Cottage with Shareham. Of course she was a woman of the world, and her friends were mostly fast men of a rather doubtful character, and all that, but she had talked to him tonight as no one else had ever done; and, as he thought of it, he felt as if he had never had a mother, or as if something had been lacking in his life, a guardian, or a friend, who knew, and who gave warning of danger ahead. No one had ever done that, at least not as if they really meant it.

All the sermons he had heard simply passed unnoticed, as something not meant to be taken seriously; his father's outbreaks were like storms that had to be borne and

THE DRUID STONES

forgotten as soon as past; while his mother, well, of course he loved her very much but she did not occupy any place in his mind as a guardian, or teacher, or counselor; she was well - she was meant to be loved, that was all.

When he was gone, Mrs. Maynell stood by the fireplace staring into the fire with a peculiar look on her face. It was not cold but it was very firm, almost rigid. It was the look of one who had faced a crisis and chosen an alternative; of one who knew the price to be paid, and who would not flinch or falter in carrying out what she had decided.

There was a strength that might have recalled to anyone who had seen her then, the expression that Captain Barker assumed so successfully when he was most imposing, but which he could not have done if not helped by the heavy mustache that masked his weak mouth. In her face strength was revealed, in his it was assumed; but there was a curious likeness just for a moment.

Then she sat down and knitted her brows in thought, following out the details of the stories she had heard tonight, comparing them with other things from her own knowledge, and at last she saw clearly what she was in search of.

She arose and went to her writing-table and wrote a note addressed to Robert Styles, then rang for Mary and asked her if the groom had gone home yet, and, hearing that he was just going, told her to ask him to leave the note at Kentham as he passed; there was no need to ring, he could just drop it in the letter-box at the gate as he passed.

Then she took a pack of cards, and began to play 'patience'; her face was stern and her attention concentrated on the cards, as if she saw in them her fate and read it without fear and without doubt, facing the decree with a will as firm as fate, as fixed and calm as destiny itself. She did not fight against it, she accepted it, and made it hers by force of will as if it were her own choice.

"So be it!" she muttered, "I follow the inevitable. But why is it my fate to be linked with the weak? Must I give my whole life to paying other people's debts, when, if I had but a man who had strength enough to keep his head cool and sense enough to accept advice, I could raise him to a position that few would despise, and through him I would rule, and rule well. I could do it. I could do it — if I had but a chance.

"I put Frank in the army, I made him an officer and a gentleman, but I could not make him a man; he is only a make-believe, poor fellow; what a mess he has made of it! — and he might have saved himself yet, if he had dared to face the results of his own acts. What fools such men are! not strong enough to be honest nor bold enough to be the other thing; they are impossible! Now he must stand alone, or — well, I can do no more for him for there are others to think of. What a tangle he has made of it!

"Styles I can manage, but those other bills with Arthur Coulter's signature! I suppose Richardson holds all those, he would not part with them. Well, he cannot do anything till they are due, then Frank will be out of reach. Young Coulter

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

will repudiate his signature and then there will be a hunt for the forger; his history will be traced, and I shall be involved, perhaps suspected.

“Well, no one can implicate me in any of his mistakes; still, it is bad to be suspected just now,— the time is so short, and it will kill my credit. Fortunately the servants are all paid up, and most of the tradesmen. Willie Barnet will take that horse off my hands for more than Arthur paid for it; things are not so bad as I have seen them, but then it was only debt we had to face, there was no danger of a charge of forgery: that is a new experience.

“If I could get those bills — if I only had a man that I could trust! There must be a way; it would save poor Frank from the worst; they could not follow him for mere debt; but the other thing means extradition and all that. I must try — I promised myself I would make a man of him, and I have failed. I have made him an impostor — a criminal — but a convict! No! he must not become that!”

She leaned forward, gazing into the fire, and pictures rose in her mind of Frank as a boy, such a bright, clever boy; and then one that lay further back, when his mother died and she was but a girl and Frank almost a baby; she had pledged herself then to make a man of him; and he had come to this! How had it come about?

He had leaned on her, he came to her in all his troubles, but he only came when unpleasant consequences threatened and he was frightened. If he had leaned on her altogether she could have kept him

straight; but he was just independent enough to make mistakes, and then he became frightened and came to her to ask her to put things aright. She had never failed to do so before; but this was the worst yet. Still, there must be a way.

Again she took the cards, and shuffled them with a fixed expression on her face, her whole mind concentrated on the problem before her. Again and again she tried, but the solution evaded her each time. She read the meaning of the cards according to her own method and saw trouble all around, but there was always the promise of a way out. She tried to pick up the clue to this path but it was involved in combinations that baffled her skill to unravel.

At last she put down the cards and said to herself: So be it! The cards can do no more: they tell me that there is a path; now it is for me to go forward blindly. That means faith. Well, I do not need to see the path; I can go on by faith and I will go on. I accepted the unknown when I undertook to be a mother to the boy and I will not fail. If I let him sink now I should despise myself and then there would be nothing worth living for. He has almost gone beyond me this time, but I will save him from jail, and maybe save his reputation. I cannot hope for more: but I will not fail in this. While my life lasts I will not turn back from what I have undertaken. If I cannot save him from his own weakness, I can at least save my own self-respect. I will not fail!

In the days of chivalry adventurous knights rode out, as they said, ‘upon adventure’ trusting to their

THE DRUID STONES

fate to lead them to some chance of noble deeds. Well, I will 'ride forth upon adventure,' I too will trust my destiny.

Poor Frank! --- if he were only a little stronger or a little firmer, I could make a position for him and for myself; but when a crisis comes he weakens and fails me, or goes his own way, and then I have to help him out of trouble. And I have no sure position, no base to stand on: a woman needs a position in the world, or else she is at the mercy of any tattling scandal-monger who can keep her busy defending herself against the fruits of gossip.

I am in the dark; this man Richardson --- an unknown quantity --- and it is he that holds the key that may lock up a better man than himself as a convict. No! It shall not be! Tomorrow I will 'ride upon adventure.' I will find the path!

V

MRS. MAYNELL rose early next morning and the first thought that came to her mind was about the horse that Arthur had bought for her and which she must rid herself of at once. That was a starting-point. She rang for Mary and asked her to order the horse to be saddled and ready for her after breakfast.

Then she decided that Willie Barnet must buy the horse. He was a gilded youth, who had rented a house at Catthorpe for the hunting and had a string of hunters there. He professed a huge admiration for Mrs. Maynell, who rewarded his devotion by inviting him to her card-parties and by winning his money, which delighted him and made him

feel he was 'a devil of a fellow.'

She knew she could get her own price from him and that he would pay cash, so she could send Arthur Coulter the promised check. She had not expected this trouble and had paid away nearly all her ready money, and her small dividends were not yet due, but her credit was still good and her servants were all paid up, so that she was in a better position to face the situation than she had been on some previous occasions when luck had been hard on them.

But though she meant to sell the horse to Willie Barnet, she did not start out in the direction of Catthorpe. The horse started in the opposite direction and she let him have his way. "He knows best perhaps," she said to herself; she was riding upon adventure and was ready to follow any clue that offered itself. She knew that the plan was not in her hand; all she could do was to follow boldly where fate led.

They passed the village and turned into a bypath where there was good grass for a gallop; the day was fine, and the rider's hopes rose. Turning into a wider road she let the horse walk, and looked around keenly alert for a clue to her adventure. There was a cottage or rather a group of cottages, or cottage-buildings, and an old man chopping kindling near the fence.

She rode alongside and wished him good morning, to which he answered cheerily enough, asking if the hounds were out already. Then seeing she was alone, he took a look at her and seemed to like her, so he came to the gate and praised her

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

horse; he was fond of a horse himself, and had a likely colt in the yard, at the back of the house, one he had bred himself, and meant to make his fortune with. Would the lady like to see him?

The lady was delighted, and dismounting led her horse inside, and hitched the bridle to the old apple-tree, while the old man threw a piece of a horse-cloth over him.

Then he proudly led the way to the yard, where the colt was: the other cottages were turned into stabling; there was an active-looking

young fellow grooming a nice-looking horse, and altogether quite an air of business about the place that the outside hardly seemed to suggest though everything was rough and simple enough.

The old man called to the youth: "Johnnie, bring out the colt for the lady to see."

Then he went off into the pedigree of the colt and the history of how he came to own a mare that could produce such a likely animal as this remarkable colt.

(To be continued)