

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"THE Self is the assemblage of the Gods. The universe rests in the Supreme Self. It is the Self that accomplishes the series of acts emanating from animate beings. So the man who recognises the Supreme Self as present in his own soul, understands it is his duty to be kind and true to all."— *Manu*, XII, 119; 125

## CLEANING OUR OWN AUGEAN STABLES

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

**I** SUPPOSE THAT the world, which means men and women, has never been, at least since the downfall of the Roman Empire, in such a state of uncertainty and indecision with regard to spiritual and moral and human values, as it is in today. Prophets of new creeds, would-be saviors of their fellows, spring up like mushrooms on every hand over night, and like mushrooms die down as quickly.

Our minds are bathed in an actual psychic maelstrom of conflicting theories and emotions, and as most men and women have little or, alas! perhaps no guiding light at all, the result is either one of two things, that, seeing no light they believe there is none, and in some cases even mock at the thought

that there is any light; or, on the other hand, pass beyond all bounds of moderation and plunge into this maelstrom of swirling passion, unguided emotions, unilluminated thoughts, and are thus sucked into the vortex of spiritual and intellectual nonentity.

We humans of the twentieth century are in much the same condition of mind and confronted with much the same types of problems that characterized and faced the peoples surrounding the Mediterranean Sea at about the time of the supposed beginning of the present Christian Era. The same lusts for sensation, the same ungoverned wills and frantic moods, afflict us now that afflicted the peoples of southern Europe eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago. Also is there among us as was among them

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the same welter of religious and philosophical opinions and beliefs and creeds and dogmas and what-not.

The situation is a serious one; for if lessons of history are to be the test by which we shall judge the present course of human events, we are rushing madly forward in the same career of spiritual blindness and intellectual imbecility which brought about the downfall of former civilizations, which in no sense of the word were inferior to ours.

The most striking and pathetic aspect, as the present writer sees it, of the present condition of our mental world, in other words of our present civilization, is the almost universal overthrowing of moral values, and the almost universal loss — temporary to be sure, but none the less dangerous — of that self-restraint and that self-respect which have always characterized nations and peoples when the course of their evolution is in the ascendant.

Were it not for the fact that here and there shine the inner lamps of men and women with a luster the more brilliant from contrast with the almost universal obscuration around them, and for the efforts, mostly unrecognised, that these stronger and greater minds and wills are making to stem the common current and tide in the affairs of men, the situation of course would be much worse than it is. Fortunately it is always

the few, as history shows us, who, marching in the van, guide the army of their fellows following them, and who save because they direct and guide.

Nevertheless I do not look upon the picture as it is as one which should make us pessimistic, for the dual nature of man comprises instincts of recuperation and intuitions of truth which are a salving force or power, as well as the degrading impulses, and what is much worse perhaps, the willful self-seeking in the spiritual blindness of the self-indulgent multitude.

No, there is no call for pessimism at all, but there is a most decided call for action — an action however which each must originate and follow from his own inner sense of right and impartial truth. Preaching won't help us much. The world is weary with preachments; and example, extolled by so many moralists as the saving power, is indeed most excellent, but the circle reached by its illuminating and helpful influence is relatively small for any individual.

What then, is needed? There is the question, and fortunately it is one easily answered. We find the answer in the teachings, as well as, it may be said in passing, in the examples, of all the great spiritual seers and sages of all the ages, for it is these leaders of men who have laid down the principles of conduct and the rules of action which have made civilizations, and which have endured in their saving influences

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for periods of greater or less time.

If we examine these various messages given by these saviors of men, we shall find that the appeal they make is one which the human heart, equally with the human intelligence, recognises immediately as true; and therefore the Universal Message of which I am going to speak, and which is behind and within these teachings, is irresistible in its persuasive logic.

Examined impartially, we see that the fundamentals of these various world-messages are identic in all of them, and that the greatest factor in them all is one and the same. It is this: Within man's constitution, behind and back of externals, there exists that Light which ne'er hath shone o'er sea or land, because it is no material thing, but is indeed, as the Christian New Testament puts it, that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The results of our present civilization are just what might have been expected from what has preceded in past centuries. Man has been taught to look outside of himself, instead of within, for this saving Light. He has been taught that he is but a miserable worm of the dust, whose whole salvation depends upon some mysterious and saving power, originating in a focus of spiritual illumination in which he himself has no intrinsic and inseparable part.

Result: disbelief, mockery, indifference, and the manifold evils

that flow from these negatives.

Teach man, on the contrary, that he is an inseparable part of the universe, and therefore has within the core of his being this supernal Light which is an everlasting guide and illuminator of his life: that his entire destiny depends upon himself and what he himself shall do or leave undone: teach man that his position in the universe is one of immense dignity as a child of the gods, and that he has within himself practically boundless power, which becomes ever greater in manifestation in his life by its cultivation — and you then provide him with not merely an ideal to follow, but you offer to him the very keys of life as well as of death.

A friend has called attention to a recent English literary work by a writer called Lawrence Hyde, called *The Learned Knife*. This book the present writer has not read, and consequently he certainly cannot recommend something he has not read; but *Public Opinion* of London in its issue of November 16, 1928, contains a short review of this book; and the extracts cited contain no small number of thoughts pregnant with truth; and it is these extracts upon which I venture to make a running commentary.

"I think that it is becoming evident to reflective minds that our vital modern problem is not so much that of securing liberty as that of dealing with its abuse. What we are confronted with in the present epoch is

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the logical conclusion of the principle of *laissez-faire*.

"We are realizing that a state of things in which everybody is free (to adapt a famous phrase of Matthew Arnold's) to read what he likes, conceive of God as he likes, spend his money as he likes, make love as he likes, is latent with infinitely more disastrous possibilities than one in which everybody was maintained in a state of unremitting bondage by ecclesiastical and temporal authority.

"With this shifting of the center of gravity the need is arising for the services of a thinker of a new type. The modern problem is not that of liberating the subject from the bonds which have been laid upon him by material tyrants, but that of releasing him from a servitude infinitely more degrading and perilous — his enslavement by his own private passions and desires.

"Our task is that of somehow checking the enormous orgy of self-gratification which is at present being indulged in by all sections of this population all over the world. Control will only be established by dealing with the evil at its source in the human psyche. And it is, therefore, the people who have a right to the title of psychologist in a far deeper sense than it can be claimed by the modern orthodox practitioners of the science, who will really count in the period which is immediately before us.

"The attempts to deal with the problem on the level of pure mechanism are, I am convinced, doomed to failure. In spite of all the appearances to the contrary, they belong to the order of phantasy rather than to that of realistic thinking. Further, I believe that large and increasing numbers of people all over the world are becoming convinced that it cannot be done this way. They are turning instead to the cultivation of the inner life, because they realize, with different degrees of completeness, that we must at all costs begin again at the beginning. And it is as a modest contribution to that enterprise that I would offer this book."

The present writer is very dubious of the wisdom of the course suggested by Mr. Hyde in more than hinting that almost uncontrolled personal freedom and even

moderate moral license is more dangerous than a condition "in which everybody was maintained in a state of unremitting bondage by ecclesiastical and temporal authority."

With this single proposition the present writer is in profound disagreement. For the life of me, I cannot understand why mankind should be divided into two inevitable classes, libertines on the one hand and moral bond-slaves on the other hand. The ordinary observation of men and the smallest practical experience of life, quite outside of the lessons of history, would show us that these two classes are extreme instances in human existence and human conduct; and why there should be no choice between Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other, passes comprehension. It does seem an extreme thing that intelligent men cannot see that there is a *via media*, a Middle Way between self-indulgent license on the one hand and will-less servitude to ecclesiastical and temporal authority on the other: and this is the point upon which I find it impossible to agree with the author of *The Learned Knife*.

Unquestionably it is true that "our vital modern problem is not so much that of securing liberty as that of dealing with its abuse," but I venture to call attention to the fact that it is quite unreasonable to suggest this contrast as a necessary moral antinomy in human life.

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The securing of liberty is attained at the price of endless vigilance, and man never can reach a point where too much liberty, in the proper sense of that word, works evil in his life. But most certainly is it necessary to deal with misunderstandings and abuses of liberty which infallibly lead to a wrecking of life's opportunities.

After all, it is only the weak in vision and in will — moral and mental and spiritual — who abuse the divine gift of spiritual and intellectual and political and physical freedom, and Mr. Hyde seems to think that these weak ones are so large in multitude in the present world that they outnumber the men and women who instinctively feel, and, instinctively feeling, follow, a nobler path than self-indulgent unrestraint.

It is finding the *via media* that is needed: self-control, self-restraint, an impassioned love of freedom not merely for the self but for others as well as for the self. And this *via media* is, after all, much easier to follow than is the path of self-indulgent abuse of the privileges of human liberty, and every sane man and woman knows this fact perfectly well.

Any abuse is revolting; indeed, any abuse is disgusting — it disgusts its followers as quickly as it does those who stand apart and watch. Diseases, mental as well as physical, are the ineluctable fruits of abuse of any kind.

It all comes back to what I

said before. A new spirit is needed in the world, new teachings, a new outlook on life, and the situation would be a sad one indeed if these teachings and this new outlook were not to be had. But they *are* to be had, and in hunting for them it is very well that the researcher should remember that neither the fanatic practices of the ascetic on the one hand nor the unrestrained self-indulgence of the libertine on the other hand, are productive of any other thing than human wretchedness and misery.

Most heartily does the present writer agree with the statement of Mr. Hyde that "with the shifting of the center of gravity the need is arising for the services of a thinker of a new type. The modern problem is not that of liberating the subject from the bonds which have been laid upon him by material tyrants, but that of releasing him from a servitude infinitely more degrading and perilous — his enslavement by his own private passions and desires."

Ah! here indeed does Mr. Hyde put his finger definitely upon the crux of the problem, and an amazing thing it is that he does not state more powerfully that this enslavement of which he speaks, to a man's private passions and desires, is not liberty but libertinism, and is the very fruit of the abuse which he is keen enough himself to point out.

Most admirable indeed are Mr. Hyde's remarks regarding the 'psy-

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chologists,' so miscalled, of our present time, and his ringing appeal for a more intuitive study of man's nature intermediate between the spiritual and the material, which is commonly called the psychical nature.

Yes, as a Theosophist sees it, the key to the entire situation lies in the age-old and luminous teaching of the Sages of all the ages and of all the lands, that within man himself lies the pathway of salvation. When the individual is firmly convinced that within the core of his being is that same supernal Light which ne'er hath shone o'er land or sea, and which is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, then and then only, when men realize this, and realizing it follow it, shall we have a new race, a race of men and women who, because they see, are at inner peace and concord with their own natures, and therefore follow with unremitting perseverance the intimations of truth and the dictates of high moral action which flow forth from this inner fountain of splendor.

How natural is the appeal of these teachings! To us Theosophists it is the first step forward into a richer and more luminous and therefore a higher life. Self-gratification, feeble self-indulgence, the following of one's wayward and dictatorial passions, lead to nothing but profound disillusionment and sorrow, and the fruits of such a life turn to bitter ashes of repen-

tance and pain in the mouth.

Oh these human hearts! Hearts so full of aching hungers, hearts so full of misunderstood aspirations, hearts craving light and love and kindly sympathy, and receiving it so infrequently! But how could it be otherwise? Love and sympathy in yourself are the only things which can evoke love and sympathy in others, and until one's own heart is attuned to these truths and rings in true concordance with them: until this happens, I repeat, all preachments and talk is useless, and perhaps worse than useless.

I think that some day some high-minded Theosophist will write a book along the lines of the teachings which our three great Theosophical Leaders have given us, H. P. Blavatsky, William Quan Judge, and Katherine Tingley, and the title of this book will be: "Following One's Inner God."

I feel impelled to make the following observation: unless man's spiritual and intellectual dignity be restored to him by and through this teaching which is based on one of Nature's most wondrous facts, our civilization will follow the same pathway towards degeneration that has been followed by all the civilizations of the past which unsuccessfully passed through the trials of a period closely similar to the one in which we now find ourselves.

The entire matter is one of natural facts, and it is this idea upon which I must lay special em-

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phasis. When men lose all the best that is in them, they lose themselves, and this spells decay and ultimate death. Fortunately, the outlook is brighter than some may think, because contemporaneously with the things working for evil, of which I have been speaking, the energetic antidotes native in the hu-

man soul are equally in evidence everywhere, albeit they have not yet been fully synchronized in active work. This synchronization of efforts towards a common end will be but a matter of honest work when a common understanding of the sublime truth that I have above spoken of, is reached.

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

(Stenographic report of the eighteenth 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 October 23, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSB San Diego — 499.7-600)

**F**RIENDS: ONE of the most momentous questions, I suppose, that every thinking man or woman asks himself or herself, is this: Whence do we come into this physical world that we know? And another question is of equal moment, intellectual moment and heart-moment to each one of us, and it is this: Who are we, and what are we? There is also a third question that comes to the mind when it ponders over the former two: Whither go we at death? We come here on the stage of life as it is on this planet Earth; we make a few gestures and movements, suffer somewhat, rejoice somewhat, are ill or well as the case may be; and then we pass

off that stage, which apparently knows us no longer, and of us apparently naught but a memory remains, and perhaps not even that.

But in a universe governed by law and order and progress, as the saying runs, the sufferings that we have endured, the joys that we have had, the ideals fulfilled and unfulfilled, arose somewhere, that is, must have had their origin somewhere, and they had a partial fruition perhaps, though small; and then we leave the stage of earth-life. Is all then ended? How can that be?

All that we were, as well as our sufferings and our joys and our ideals, manifest or unmanifest, were all forces playing through us. They came somewhence out of the dark,

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out of the invisible, and played through us a little while. What, then, has become of them? They played their part on the stage of life, and that very playing was a cause of other effects and effectual relations which in their turn are forces acting as causes of future effects; and these must have their appropriate stage or stages of action somewhere, somewhen.

It is these same questions, *mutatis mutandis*, that occur to the thinking mind when it reflects upon the nature, origin, and destiny of the worlds which bestrew the spaces of infinitude. Whence came they? What are they? What is their destiny? These questions are at the background of the minds of all thinkers, of all scientists, of all researchers, and of all lookers into the mysteries of the cosmos or universe surrounding us.

They are questions which have answers. The mere fact that these things are, shows that there is an answer to be had somewhere to the questions concerning them, as I have just outlined.

Where shall we look for this answer, or rather these answers, except in the things themselves; and where is the interpretation of the facts which constitute the answer or answers which our mind takes in, except in us ourselves, for we are the interpreters. Not alone in that something, supposed to reside within our physical bodies, which reasons and feels and weighs the evidence and draws conclu-

sions therefrom, but also in the faculty still more recondite and subtile, more ethereal and high, which men commonly call their spiritual natures as contrasted with the former, commonly called the thinking soul or mind. The union of these two, the spiritual and mental, it is common to call an intellectual and spiritual entity, and so it is; an entity which is a child of the universe, and therefore having all things in it, latent or active, that the universe, its parent, has.

We are all, respectively, parts of this universe; we are the children of the earth in one very true sense on the one hand; and at the same time are we, on the other hand, the offsprings of heaven. Our earth has not produced that Wonder-Thing within us which directs and governs our lives, which gives us thinking and feeling and aspirations and longings for better things; no, that part which the earth produces is the physical vehicle; but the Wonder-Thing is we ourselves, and is native in the realms of spirit and ineffable light.

Out of the invisible into the visible come the worlds and come the hosts of lives including the men and the other entities of many various kinds who are on those various worlds which fill the spaces.

On last Sunday and on the Sunday before the last, we began to speak of that branch of our general subject, Theosophy and Modern Science, which Katherine



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Tingley, our Leader and Teacher, has asked me to call "The Building of Worlds and the Making of Man."

We pointed out then, we called your attention then, to the fact that our physical world and our physical universe is but the shell, the outer seeming, of the inner and teeming life-forces which work through that shell, and through the various smaller entities which compose that shell in its turn, even as the small cells and the atoms of those cells which form our body, and the protons and the electrons which chemically form those atoms, are the carriers or vehicles of forces which work through them, springing partly from us ourselves, that is, from each man who ensouls his body and who is the over-soul as it were of each one of the molecules or cells or atoms composing that body; and likewise do we originate from our spiritual root, our inmost Self reaching back into the Heart of the Universe, which Heart is in the heart of each one of these atoms, and which actually forms these atoms, and then casts them forth, excretes them as it were, and thereupon lives in them; much as man in a similar fashion, on his own microcosmic scale, builds up his body from his own interior life-forces, and works through it and manifests his various life-fires in it.

As the old Hermetic axiom has it: "As it is above, so is it below; and as it is below, so is it above."

That is to say, man even in his physical encasement copies the working of the universe which in its turn manifests the Divine Soul, the Divine Spirit-Soul, which ensouls it and of which we all, and all other sensitive and animate and thinking and cogitating and aspiring and living things and beings, primordially are the offsprings or children. These are all bound together in irrefragable bonds of destiny, unbreakable, inseparable, inseparable verily, and thus forming the vast organism which the cosmos or universe is, and which the universal life ensouls; just as the life of man's body ensouls, as I have said, all the smaller things which compose that body, and thus life springs from within the man himself, and is one of the life-streams originating in the higher parts of his being.

Now the worlds are builded, as I have pointed out on last Sunday and on the preceding Sunday, of the substances which fill the cosmic spaces, the universal spaces, and these substances are generically called matter. We Theosophists prefer to say matters, because such is the case and because they exist in many degrees or grades or stages of ethereality and physicality; that is, first the physical; then what we call the astral, or ethereal; then the more ethereal; then the still more ethereal; then the intellectual, if you like so to call it; and then the spiritual; and at the acme, forming the summit of the hierar-

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chical progression below, as it were, is the Divine substance; and even so is man likewise builded in the same fashion.

These worlds come out of the invisible into the visible, carrying their burdens, their freights, of living beings which are parts of themselves, because this substantialness, or substance behind all physical on the one side and inner manifestation on the other side, in its various grades or degrees of differentiation, is likewise material, although a more ethereal matter than the physical, being the matters of which I have just spoken; and all these matters or substances in their turn, of all the various degrees of ethereality or physicality (facts which even modern physical science is beginning to recognise, as I shall later show) are builded of what? Little lives forming composite vehicles in which the informing, invigorating spirit works even as our bodies are composite of those other little lives, through which the human spirit-soul works, of which I have spoken. "As it is above, so is it below, as it is below, so is it above."

One general law and common system of manifestation rule throughout the universe, and in this fact, so sublime and suggestive to our minds, is the meaning of that wonderful Hermetic axiom which I have already quoted once or twice: "As it is above, so is it below; as it is below, so is it above."

I have spoken of this axiom as

being 'Hermetic' and so it is; but it is one of the stock-teachings of mysticism of all antiquity, and so far as we know, of the entire ancient world, eastern and western. It is found likewise in the *Katha-Upanishad*, chapter third, verses 10 and 11, where the Teacher is setting forth the absolutely essential identical nature of the universe and the human spirit-soul. The words there are:

(Verse 10) "What is here [that is to say in the world which our senses cognise] the same is there [that is to say in the invisible world of the spirit] and what is there, the same is here. He who sees any difference here [that is to say between these two, between the invisible and the visible] goes from death to death" — the meaning being that he fails to recognise his essential identity with the spirit-life of the spaces, and is therefore plunged in illusion or *mâyâ*, which means that he is enchained by the attractions of matter, and therefore follows those attractions from birth to birth in physical and ethereal bodies.

(Verse 11) "'Tis by the consciousness that this [the universe we cognise] is to be understood, and then there is no difference at all [the meaning being that then the essential identity of all things is recognised]. He passes from death to death who sees any difference here"— the meaning being that Reincarnation is the destiny of him who cannot see the essential iden-

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tity spoken of, and imagines that he is different from the essence of the universe which is the heart of his heart, the soul of his soul, and the spirit of his own spirit. This of course is likewise the teaching of esoteric Theosophy.

What is in the Macrocosm or the great Universe, is in the microcosm or the little universe, whatever that little universe may be, in other words, in one of the smaller parts which compose the whole. What does this wonder-thought therefore mean and imply? This: that any one of these incomputable hosts of little lives or living entities, as a growing and learning thing, has infinity for its playground of progress and evolution, because in itself are contained all forces, latent or active, and all possibilities which inevitably seek their fields of action sooner or later, and therefore require infinity in space and eternity in time for the expression of incomputable possibilities.

There is no absolute gulf separating part from part anywhere; there are no jumping-off places beyond which is nothing, not anywhere. Everything is connected together, as I have said, by unbreakable bonds of law and order, of causation and of effectuation. Everything is expressing its own inherent powers as well as endless capacities for learning, and thereby developing other powers in the latent, learning each time that it expresses them to express them more fully, and thereby to grow

larger in comprehension inwardly, and more powerful in the expression outwardly of the spiritual forces within.

This is Evolution, for we Theosophists use that word strictly in its etymological sense, as meaning the unfolding, the unwrapping, of potencies which have been infolded and inwrapped in previous cycles of being and which await the appropriate times and fields for their expression. Evolution is the unpacking of inner faculties and powers and forces, and the finding a field for their manifestation.

In saying that we Theosophists are strict evolutionists, this does not mean that we accept the modern transformist doctrines of scientific theorists, that a thing magically, — oh, very magically indeed! so magically that the Theosophist refuses to accept it, — suddenly, or by degrees, becomes something else, or turns into something else by fortuitous and haphazard transformation; as, for instance, that a stone may become a plant, or a plant a beast, or a beast a man, or a man a god, as the old kabbalistic axiom rightly has it. We likewise do indeed accept that kabbalistic axiom in its fullness, but in accepting it we do so by our own interpretation, which is the right interpretation, as a little thought will show you.

What body of man can become a god, as the word-meaning of the saying has it? No; of course not; the body is but a form, a name, and nothing more. That

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which composes the body is the hosts of lives which I have spoken of and which make it and give it all the substance and actuality and reality that it has. What we call body is very largely mere shape or form, and a name manifesting certain habits or thoughts.

It is the learning, and therefore the progress, of these hosts of lives, composing the bodies: the perfection, as it were, of their ability to express the inner and outflowing forces, which constitutes growth, evolution, unfolding, unwrapping, the bringing out of that which is within. Thus man evolves; thus all things beneath him evolve; thus, as we Theosophists say, all things above him evolve likewise: all the spiritual entities, gods and all the rest, which fill the spiritual spaces, even as the entities of matter fill the material spaces. Thus likewise do the worlds evolve.

Man evolves in this way because the worlds evolve in this way, and he evolves in this way because he is the child of the worlds, and can evolve in no other way than in the general law of the parent from which he springs, and in which he lives and moves and has his being.

Why, our globe itself, as well as all the other globes of space of which we as yet know so little, together are a multitude, a host, a collection, an aggregate, of smaller lives of various degrees. But life itself: what is life? It is movement; it is force; it is the expression of something within seeking an

outlet through self-expression. It is force, energy.

Now, as to the method: what is the method by which worlds, and we men and other beings, their children, evolve? What is the method by which we come from the invisible into the visible, out of the darkness, as it is to us, into the light as it seems to us — which is the exact reverse in the case of the spirit within each one of us, for to it material existence is death, and existence in its own realms of spirit is life.

Yes, this life to it is death and darkness and the tomb, and the pit; and what we call the darkness of the inner worlds is the supernal light of its own realm to the spirit of us; and these realms are composite of higher forces, higher matters, and more subtil and more ethereal are they than are, as is obvious, the matters of the lower garments of the universe, of which we live at present in the lowest or physical one.

The method by which these entities, worlds and men and all the rest, seek expression is a cyclical method, that is to say, a procedure in and through cyclical progress, and that method works somewhat as follows, as the great seers of the human race have put it on record for us, seers who were and who are the most fully evolved men that the globe has yet produced, and who have recorded their experiences and have handed them down to us as the guide of our life.

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Beginning, each entity, each spirit-soul,—each Monad, as we say, which Monad is at the heart of every individual entity, as an unselfconscious god-spark, it seeks self-expression and the building up of appropriate vehicles through progress, until finally such method produces a vehicle which can express the spiritual energies and forces of the Monad within, more or less fully. This is the method, and we call it evolution as I have said a few moments ago.

When this point of progress has been reached, man then from an unselfconscious god-spark has become a selfconscious god, a selfconscious spirit, because he selfconsciously manifests the sublime powers and faculties of the Monad within, and he likewise lives in appropriate realms of existence where he builds for himself vehicles capable of expressing somewhat of the sublime inner faculties.

The world, the universe, compositely is but the expression of the universal soul or life of which I have spoken; and yet, numerous as are the brilliant stars which we see, and doubtless also the innumerable planets which revolve around those stars, their sun luminaries, they are so few as compared with the incomputable hosts of worlds which must exist in the invisible realms; because the entire universe is composite of these hosts, each one of which holds its character and its individuality and has its own particular origin, the last in the spiri-

tual world it is true, yet each following its own particular pathway of progress.

All come from the Central Fire, yet from the moment of their issuance therefrom each such Spark follows its own especial line. Why? Because it is a magazine or treasury of sleeping faculties particular to itself: in other words, because it is ensouled by its own characteristic force, its own individuality, what we call the *Swabhâva*, to use the Sanskrit term; and this amounts to saying that each such god-spark follows a path of self-development, of self-evolution, eventuating in what our present Teacher, Katherine Tingley, calls Self-directed Evolution, when a vehicle capable of expressing self-consciousness has finally been builded to enshrine the god-spark working through it.

So again is it with the worlds. They follow the same general course that I have just outlined in the case of man and all other entities whatsoever, below man or above him. The worlds issue forth into physical manifestation from the bosom of great Mother Nature as nebulae which are composed of most ethereal matter, matter so quasi-spiritual that we cannot see it as it is either with our physical eyes nor indeed see it as it is with our physical instruments as aid to our vision; for each such world as it passes on its downward and cyclical way into the matter-worlds, seeking expression and therefore knowledge on and of these lower planes

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and in these lower spheres, undergoes concretion or materialization of its substance, partly by the gathering into itself of inferior and smaller lives which help to build it up, even as man gathers into his body these inferior and smaller lives which help to make that body; and partly by the outflowing from its own core of subordinate lives. Each such world thus takes a form and a quality and a substance which is a mass of atoms expressing the inner forces of it.

This course or progression of a Monadic Ray (or of a world also) through the spheres, from higher to lower planes, is naught else but a succession of states, spiritual, ethereal, astral, physical, which follow each other continuously, each being a continuation on a lower plane in the descent from a preceding higher state; it is like a flow of water. Thus downward from its spiritual origin in any one life-cycle, passing cyclically through various planes, it continues that flow of successions of states, one succeeding the other, as it progresses forward until it reaches the lowest point of matter attainable in that life-cycle, and then it begins its ascent on its return to more ethereal realms, and then to those realms which our majestic Theosophical philosophy says are its original source — spirituality.

At the end of its period of existence on any one plane,— our own physical plane for example, which is the most material sphere

and therefore its turning-point before it reascends,— a world passes into the invisible realms when its life-cycle is run in these realms of matter, even as man passes into the invisible realms when his life-cycle is run on this earth; finally for that particular life-cycle, when it has attained its primordial point of departure, but then it is greater, grander, because more evolved; and after a long period of rest, such a world follows a new cycle down into newer substances and matters, forming for itself a new body, even as man does in his case when he incarnates from the intermediate realms into a new earth-life.

Yes, these worlds must have their period of repose, even as man must have his, when his cycle is run; when that period comes they rest in the invisible realms with all their freightage or burden of lives, and after that rest return and repeat the cycle of evolutionary manifestation, but at each recurrence on higher planes than the preceding.

Let us now take another step in advance, in the outlining of our doctrine. What is it that causes this materialization or concretion or thickening of the original substance of a world, of which I have just spoken? Some of you, friends, may recollect that at a former study we called attention to a very recent declaration of our greatest scientific physicists, which is also an old Theosophical teaching; to wit, that matter and force (or

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energy) are fundamentally one, even as we Theosophists say that spirit and essential substance are fundamentally one.

Now this seems like a dark saying and a hard saying at first sight, but it is the newest dictum of modern scientific physics, thus re-echoing our age-old philosophy. When we first openly taught this fact of Nature some forty-five or fifty years ago, it was then listened to with a smile of incredulity by our audiences, or the readers of our books; but now the identity of these two bases of the universe, that is of matter and force, is an accepted scientific fact.

At a certain stage of its movement forwards and downwards, or progression, or evolution, force passes the frontiers of any particular world-sphere and becomes very ethereal matter, because actually force is ethereal matter, so to say; or, to put it as we prefer to put it, matter is crystallized force.

This gives you a hint as to how the materialization or concreting or thickening of the original substance forming all things in any universe takes place. It is forces passing into matters, just as the dematerialization or de-concretion or etherealization of matter or substance is the passing of matters back into forces.

It is these two procedures that take place during the passage of a world from the invisible into the visible, and then from the visible aback into the invisible; beginning

life as a spiritual entity in the womb of Nature; and it issues therefrom by degrees, by a gradual concretion or thickening of the forces which compose it, as they pass into a stage which we call substance or matter, and this continues until the lowest stage of its cyclic progress has been reached, which for us is the physical stage; then making the turn it begins to reascend, and the passing of matter back into force gradually leads it upward and upward through progressive etherealization and final spiritualization, until it finally attains the realms of spirit whence it originally set forth on its long evolutionary cyclical journey, but greater in quality and of superior texture in all senses is it when it returns to that primordial source.

When an explosion takes place, what happens? A certain portion of matter then is violently converted into gas. Now if we did not know this true explanation of the fact, we should say that the matter had disappeared or vanished into nothingness, and that force had replaced it; that is to say, that matter had become an energy; which indeed is the actual fact; but energy as so used in such ignorance of the true explanation would mean what it meant forty or fifty years ago — that some unknown thing called force had suddenly appeared in the explosion to which matter had given birth in an unknown way.

My point is this: Gas is matter; hence when an explosion takes

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place through the conversion of solid matter into a gaseous, it merely means that matter has become etherealized and energetic; it does not mean that matter and force are two utterly separate, distinct things. If we could again explode the gas resulting from the first explosion and thus turn it into a matter or substance still more ethereal than that gas, the same process would have taken place, and the gas would have been turned, as just said, into a matter or substance still more energetic than the preceding, but it would still be matter.

Reverse the idea and consider a condensation of ethereal substance into a more material or concrete substance, into a crystallized form of that substance, which before we called force or energy. That is all there is to it, and this will give you an inkling of the idea which our teaching on the subject and the modern scientific declaration both comprise.

Spirit and substance are fundamentally one. Matter passes into force or energy, or substance passes into spirit, when the material or substantial cycle of either is completed; that is to say, the cycle of any particular evolving entity, be it globe or anything else; that is to say, when its time of dissolution or vanishing again into the invisible world arrives, which in the case of a man is death; or of a cosmic globe when its course is run and its death ensues. In either

case it is for each a period of rest when the transition is completed. Matter is thus metamorphosed into force again, force being ethereal matter, because matter and force are one, as I have said.

Now listen to what a very eminent English physicist has to say on this point. I quote him, Sir Oliver Lodge, not because the Theosophical philosophy approves all that this very eminent gentleman has declared in the course of the last twenty or thirty years as regards his private beliefs, but because this particular scientific declaration that he has made is likewise our belief; and it is the latest pronouncement of scientific physics on the subject.

In a recent lecture Sir Oliver Lodge stated that the Universe is composite of something which he called 'substantial,' but which, he said, we cannot as yet understand or grasp the meaning of; yet this 'something' is an old story in our age-old philosophy, and was familiar to the Sages of the past as well as to those of the present. We Theosophists call this something 'substantial' of which modern physics speaks, one of the garments of *prakriti*, that garment being called the *âkâśa* — a Sanskrit term meaning 'luminous' or 'brilliant'; and indeed that is exactly what primordial or original physical matter is: that something substantial which Sir Oliver speaks of is the lowest or most material form of our *âkâśa*, and perhaps we might call it Ether.



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Original physical matter, even as we see it in the heavens at night manifesting as the so-called irresolvable nebulae — that is to say, nebulae which cannot be resolved by the telescope into groups or clusters of separate stars — is supposed to be of a gaseous nature; but, as a matter of fact, if we could put some of it into our test-tubes, we should not know it was there, nor would it respond to any physical test or chemical reagent to which we might try to subject it, because it is a matter entirely different from the physical matter that we know; it is original physical matter, as likewise is, by the way, the substance of comets, which will account for the extreme tenuity of the cometary substance and the curious behavior of a comet's tail when it approaches and recedes from the sun, as is well known to astronomers, apparently defying the laws of physical astronomy.

Sir Oliver further said that this substance or 'fluid' is "in a violent state of spinning, and is the seat of an immensity of energy such as has never been imagined. 'Matter' is a temporary appearance or effect in the substance, which can vanish entirely in a burst of energy."

This is really a wonderful remark for a modern scientific physicist! This conversion of force into matter and its re-conversion through a 'burst of energy' into force again, is exactly the thing that happens; and it is exactly what our Theosophical philosophy has

been teaching for ages and ages in the past, and in our modern occidental world for the last forty or fifty years through the instrumentality of our Society.

In another lecture, Lodge previsions one more of our Theosophical commonplaces of philosophy, in his statement that matter disappears into energy at the consummation of the vast life-cycle of the universe, only to reappear as matter again at the beginning of a new life-cycle of the universe in some future Age.

Just as I have pointed out this afternoon when I spoke of the fact of man dying and resting and re-appearing again in a new physical body, which actually, in very large degree, indeed, springs forth from the spiritual and invisible forces inherent within him: it is these forces which make that body and control it and govern it, and give it its shape and hold it together. This force of coherence, and all the other physical energetic phenomena which the body manifests, have sprung from the inner fountain; for it is within the individual or the entity that lie the springs of energy or force, and therefore of all action.

Lodge supposes "physical evolution to evolve in a cycle. . . . All things lasted forever if what he had been saying was true, but while physical things lasted by a kind of evolution, spiritual things advanced continually through higher and higher stages to perfection, and

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that was the real aim and purpose of the infinite and intimate term 'God.' ”

Yes, so say we: unquestionably things evolve in cycles. But why does this eminent physicist make such a sharp distinction between matter and spirit, after having himself declared the fundamental identity of the two? Is it not because he is still under the influence of the old materialistic teaching that matter and spirit are two fundamentally different and distinct things, entirely separate, and that in some wonderful and mysterious way, which no human ingenuity has yet succeeded in solving, spirit works upon matter? How can that be, we ask? It is contrary to all the teaching of modern scientific knowledge, physics or other. Only that which is material in some degree can work upon and affect other material things; and therefore do we say, quite in line with this last teaching of physical science, that force and matter are one fundamentally, as is proved by the one working upon the other.

Force is ethereal matter, or rather, as we prefer to say, matter is but 'crystallized' force. But in talking of these things we find that language is inadequate. We of the Occident have no terms by which to express these utterly new thoughts in our mental world. Therefore the most that we can do, in order to give some idea of our meanings, is to hint at these meanings, convey the idea by graphic symbol, or by

analogy, or by suggestion. Therefore do we repeat that matters, substances, are 'crystallized' forces, and vice versa.

Before we close this afternoon, I desire to call your attention to the fact that we have spoken here in this, our Temple of Peace, on many occasions, of the scientific doctrine mis-called 'Evolution,' and we have given to it the name which the French give to it, 'Transformism,' because it is a more appropriate and a better term for that scientific doctrine. Transformism is what modern scientific biologists teach, and they do not teach evolution, properly speaking. Yet we Theosophists are Evolutionists through and through, from *alpha* to *omega*, but we are not Transformists.

Things do not by any mysterious magic of nature or in any other magically mysterious way merely just become something else, or merely just turn into something else; nor by chance nor by fortuity, nor by what is called law. It is the indwelling lives which form anything that evolves, because these have the capacity of evolution within them, which utterly dead, inert substance, according to scientific theory, would not have, if such a substance could exist. These indwelling lives evolve because they have life — that is, force, energy, self-expressing itself.

Yes, they evolve. It is they that learn; it is they that build the vehicles in which they manifest,

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and it is they which hold these vehicles together in bodily coherence or astral coherence or spiritual coherence, as the case may be; and these forces, or life-forces in very truth, are so tremendous in their inner power and reaches, in their higher powers and reaches, that even modern physical scientists, in a commonplace of their teachings, speak of the releasing of atomic energy, and frequently tell us of the immense reservoirs of force that lie locked up in the atom.

But while the teachings of Darwin, or transformism, are now more or less 'a back number,' to use the vernacular of the street, that is to say are more or less moribund or dying today, a number of eminent biologists are still trying to resuscitate those older teachings, but they will fail unquestionably, because the strong current of discovery and the consensus of opinion of the larger number of eminent scientific men, run forcibly in another direction.

In this connexion let me read to you extracts from an article by an eminent American professor, L. T. More of Cincinnati University, writing in the April, 1927, issue of the well-known review, *The Hibbert Journal*, on 'Man's Nature,' who has the following to say, among other things of interest, on the inadequacy of the mechanistic biologic theory of Transformism, usually mis-called Evolution, and of the misuse of that theory, such as it is, by most of the popu-

larizers of scientific hypotheses.

Evolution as used in science is misused, for the proper name of it is transformism, and thus has it been understood, and thus Darwin understood it, and the vast number of scientists and so-called evolutionists have so understood it and have so called it. We call attention to this difference in meaning between our views and the scientific views on account of the necessity of having that difference of meaning clear in our minds, if we wish to understand the Theosophical teaching.

Professor More writes:

"For many decades the world has been governed by the philosophy of progress and evolution which was established by the work of the biologists of the nineteenth century. To them we owe not only the solid foundations of the science of biology, but also the dogmatic assumptions of the Darwinian theory of natural selection and a philosophy of monistic naturalism."

Let me interrupt a moment to say, friends, that these scientific theories are not proved facts of nature, as I have pointed out several times before. They are speculations, hypotheses, elevated to the rank of truths of being; but now in common with us our modern scientific theorists know better.

Professor More continues:

"In the meanwhile, later biologists have proved, by their own experimental work, that the Darwinian theory is entirely inadequate to explain the appearance of new species, and they have found no other satisfactory cause of variations. They are thus reduced to the position of asking us to accept a general theory of evolution on faith."

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Let me again interrupt a moment. This seems to imply that there is a scientific church, friends, wherein if we wish to be in good standing and popular, and not to be considered as 'cranks' by the unthinking, we must accept things on faith. The statement by Professor More we do not believe to be one iota overdrawn or exaggerated. He continues:

"While these results are known by all well-informed biologists, they have permitted, without protest, the popularizers of science, the sociologists, and the clergy, to present the subject as one founded on positive evidence. And, still worse, students in schools and colleges are taught biology in such a manner that they are convinced that the special theories of evolution are established as indisputable facts, and that the philosophy of naturalism is the logical conclusion of those facts."

I again interrupt a moment. How many times during the last five months have we not used practically identical language here in this our Temple of Peace, and we have given the reasons why we then so spoke, bringing out specific instances in biology and arguing our case on scientific and biologic technical teachings, as the reports of our past lectures will show.

Professor More concludes the extract which we quote:

"There is little wonder that the world at large confuses Darwinism with evolution, and atheism with biology and scientific theory in general. Popular accounts of 'missing links' are constantly appearing, and they are not contradicted authoritatively by biologists. And yet they know that to look for a 'missing link' means that we have not only the two ends of a chain, but also most

of the intermediate parts. The truth is, we have one end of a possible chain, ourselves, and we have certain fragments of fossil remains which have some of our characteristics. But biologists do not know what, if any, animal ancestor forms the other end of the chain, or what links connect us with the past. . . .

"Since the biologist knows neither the cause nor the method of variations, he is unable to predict the characteristics of even the next generation."

Is not this a most remarkable plea of ignorance, and yet how honest and straightforward and forthright it is! Yes, evolution is indeed a fact of being. Growth, learning, advancement, progress, is the general law of the universe. That is one thing which any sane man today admits; but the theories, the ideas, the dogmatic assumptions, the teachings, the hypotheses, the fads, of any particular popularizer of science, be he small or great, are another thing; and we, as thinking men and women, have perfect right, and are upheld by the greatest biologists themselves, in accepting such ideas or in refusing to accept them, as we please and as we will or as we nill, in other words, as we find them true or untrue.

The great thing in life — and let this be a parting word between us this afternoon — is the understanding of self, because understanding yourself you understand all else in the universe, for the roots of you go back into the heart of being, and you have but to follow those roots on and on, inwards and inwards, and daily your

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experience and knowledge and aspirations and conceptions, yea your vision, all will grow larger and greater and deeper.

The secret of life is in man. In us is the understanding of our own hearts, and the understanding of

the hearts of our fellows.

As the Theosophical Leader, Katherine Tingley wrote very beautifully some time ago: "The Secret is sympathy for the souls of men, the courage to go fearlessly forward for that which is true."

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H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"Religion and science can be reconciled on condition that both shall cleanse their houses."—H. P. BLAVATSKY



AND THEY *are* doing it, both of them. Mutual friction seems to be generating energy in each. Religion has had to unfold itself more, to keep pace with the progress of science; but science, in its turn, finds that it must somehow cater for the religious feelings of mankind. Clearly there must be some third power, distinct from each, which is working like a leaven and causing expansion and growth in both.

What is this third power? Some exponents of religion take the view that — Christianity, let us say — was never a final revelation, made once for all in the past; but is a gradual and progressive revelation, and that God is now revealing more. Science, on its part, may endeavor to straddle the situation and claim credit for the general expansion. But to many others the view we have suggested will seem more likely — that a third

power is causing the stir in both camps. In other words, we see *evolution* in progress. The spirit of man is revealing more of itself; man is growing.

But can we believe in blind forces, in mere abstractions? If we forget that evolution is a process, and try to represent it as an agent, shall we not be erecting such an abstraction? What causes evolution? Not evolution itself surely. That would be juggling with words.

If you look back through history you will find that great movements among men have been caused by men themselves, and started or headed by great men. If you look abroad today you will find that strong and endowed individuals are at the bottom of every great enterprise.

Evolution is a process of growth caused by the moving of a Spirit within a form, as the 'Spirit of God' is said to have brooded over the waters. And man, being made

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(as the Christian sacred writings say) in image of Divine Powers, is essentially a Spirit, unlimited, unfettered, working unhurried, with all time at its command, to manifest itself in ever-growing forms, until it shall have built a temple worthy of itself. Thus we see all the world of Nature around us, growing and evolving under the ceaseless urge of the Spirit that inspires the countless varieties of forms.

And so may we not say that these years are witnessing a new outpouring of the human Spirit, that is expanding all forms; religious, scientific, what not; breaking up old molds, creating new ones?

The impulsive force in humanity comes from great Souls who incarnate. Such people have progressed far in their own evolution, and have gone beyond the illusion of personality: they no longer live to promote the dreams and desires of a personal ego; they have found a deeper meaning to life. Such persons, filled with impersonal ardor to promote great causes in the interest of humanity, are comparatively rare. They are seldom understood; for we judge others by ourselves, and find it hard to imagine that there can be anyone who is not actuated (in the last analysis) by some form of self-interest, however disguised and glorified. Hence, as their deeds are obvious and cannot be denied, some motive has to be found for them, and the person

is dubbed impostor or fanatic.

Such is the burden which such a great Soul has to take on himself; but there can be no victory without a fight, and his great purpose upholds him in all tribulation. It is only after he has disappeared from mortal vision that his work begins to be recognised; when, fears and jealousies having died down, men are willing to accord a tardy acknowledgment.

Another factor to be considered is the law of cycles. There are always particular times when corners are being turned, and progress is much faster than at other times. The present is such a time of acceleration. H. P. Blavatsky foresaw the imminence of this epoch, as we may see from her own statements. She was the channel through which poured the great evolutionary force, whose effects on the mind of mankind we are witnessing. Where casual observers saw nothing but an inexplicable personality, those who knew her personally or through her work discerned a great Soul, 'troubling the waters,' and striking many new keynotes.

Her career cannot be explained by any of the familiar personal motives; but becomes daylight-clear when we realize how she was actuated by the single motive of bringing light and help. She has set a higher standard for humanity, and that is why religion and science and the rest are feeling the necessity of cleaning their own houses.

## MY KINGDOM

R. MACHELL

**I** FOUND MYSELF a wanderer upon the earth not knowing whence I came nor whether I should go: my very name seemed strange to me. Only I felt that somewhere on the earth some place awaited me, some home, some dwelling-place that I could call my own.

A strange idea possessed me that in reality I was a king dethroned seeking in exile for the palace that was mine: and yet I knew not where my kingdom lay: I was a stranger in a strange land.

So I inquired who was the ruler of that land wherein I wandered, meaning to seek employment at the court until such time as I could solve the riddle of my life.

It seemed that there were many rulers in the land while all agreed that the chief ruler of the universe, the King of kings, was GOD.

But when I sought to know where he held court, and which road I must take to reach his palace, none of them seemed to know just where it lay nor how to go there. The general opinion was that it was not approachable by mortal man, but stood wide open to the dead, provided that they had declared their faith in him before they left their bodies.

This did not satisfy me, for I

thought the ruler of the universe cannot be so securely hidden from the living that none should know his dwelling-place, nor can approach him while they are alive. I told them that I wished to find their God and offer him my services.

They answered, I must wait and pray; for God loves prayers.

I prayed; but nothing came of it. I waited; but I found myself no nearer God.

They said I was impatient, I must wait longer and pray more earnestly.

They spoke of legendary times when God had walked with men. That which had been might some day be again.

But why not now? The past is gone, I said; it cannot be recalled; the future is no nearer than it was a thousand years ago. And in a thousand years from now it will not be the present, which is always NOW: the future never comes.

That is the mystery of Time, they said. I must have faith.

Can faith transmute the processes of Time? I asked. Are not all things subservient to Time, which was ordained by God immutable? Can faith revoke God's ordinance?

They answered: Faith can accomplish miracles. Seek faith. . . .

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'Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

And so I searched the secret places of my heart and found there in the shadow of my soul's desire, and called it Faith, and followed where it led, in hope to solve the mystery of Time, the great magician, who is divine vice-regent of the manifested universe, than whom there is no higher power on earth, save only the supreme, the Self divine, whose name is the Unutterable.

Following this shadow of myself I came at length upon the boundaries of earth, and stood before Time's castle-gate and knocked; but no man answered: only the wind sighed sadly, whispering a message that I could not understand.

And then the sound of waves came to me from beyond the castle-walls; and I thought I heard the roar of Chaos surging round the rocks of Time, and the long murmur of the pebbles on the beach uttered Time's challenge to Eternity.

So there I sat me down despairingly to count the grains of sand, each one a century; and as they fell to earth they rang like bells that chime the passage of the ages. Then looking up I saw the gate was gone; and where it stood, behold! the open way.

The ocean lay before me and the sun was low. Then stepping down I crossed the shifting piles of pebbles on the shore, and stood upon a rock laid bare by the receding tide, which gleamed and glittered to my feet, like liquid

jewels molten by the setting sun, to mock my longing with that glowing semblance of a path where no road lay.

There was no bridge nor any boat to bear me over that unmeasured waste. Was this the end of all my wandering? Was this the boundary of Time's domain, the ocean of infinity?

The daylight died upon the rocky shore. I strained my eyes, yet failed to pierce the gloom or grasp the limits of the night. The realm of form seemed merging into all-pervading nothingness. Even thought itself dissolved in impotence.

I cried: What am I that I should seek to know the mystery of Time and of Eternity? Only the Absolute can comprehend Infinity. But what am I if not a radiation of the Absolute? Am I not I, the knower; I, the thinker; I, the Self? There is in me the root of consciousness, the seed of all that is.

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

God changes, and man, and the form of them  
bodily; I am the soul."

That spark of consciousness in me, that says I AM, in degree reflects the Absolute, and is itself the bridge between the finite and the infinite. My kingdom is the everlasting Now. And from the deep I heard a voice that cried: "Take thou the scepter of Truth and ascend. Thou art a soul!"



## A SPELL

KENNETH MORRIS

NOW here's the witchcraft  
Will keep you from sorrow  
For twenty days after  
The dawn of tomorrow:—

Get gorse-blossom, lady fern,  
Gold of the broom,  
Wall-ruewort, green rushes,  
Marsh-marigold bloom;

Flower of the meadowsweet  
Plucked by a river  
That's chattering Welsh  
Where the ripple-gleams quiver;

Wet sands from the estuary  
Moon-glozed over;  
A last Autumn's alder-leaf;  
Scent of pink clover;

A phial of foam from the  
Ninth slow shore wave;  
A bloom from the nettles  
On Glyndwr's grave,


And brake from the mountain  
Behind Wernoleu,  
And the poems of Taliesin  
Chanted slowly. . . .

And rain on the mountains  
And rain in the vales —  
Seven raindrops from every wild  
Cantref in Wales. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## BACH'S FUGUE IN D MINOR — AN INTERPRETATION

KENNETH MORRIS

HE SUN rose over a world of barren mountains that were nowhere peaked or jagged, but all round of brow, and ruddy purple now that the sunrise lit them. They were all of the same height; so that you could see hundreds of thousands of them: mountaintops stretching away to the edge of the world.

Down deep in the valleys between them was the Worm of Abomination; lying half sunk in marshlands; his immense length sprawled through valley after valley. People said, 'If the Worm should awake the world will be destroyed . . . by the feter of his breath . . . by the principle of death inherent in his coldness.' Through seven-score continents nothing was so much dreaded as that the Worm of Abomination should awake.

But the Prince of the Sun thought otherwise; and determined to awake the Worm.

So now, when his Sun-car had risen over the Mountains of the Worm midway between dawn and noon, he leaped down from it on to the rounded surface of the nearest mountaintop.

His helmet of flaming gold rises in a peak above his head; he is clad in luminous golden armor in-

tricately worked and designed, with peaks jutting out over the shoulders and at the knees. From every inch of it a dazzle of little flames arises; so that his whole mien is scintillant and quivering. His limbs are never still; their motion is flamelike; he dances rather than leaps from the sun on to the mountaintop, with a quick tremulous rhythm not easy to make out. His girdle-ornaments, the only things not golden about him, are of glowing, flaming sapphires and topazes, rubies and emeralds and amethysts, chrysoprase and diamonds and beryls; they make myriads of broken rainbows about him as he moves.

He dances down towards the valley. The mountainside is of barren rock; but where his feet fall a little life-light quivers. Here and there he drops a jewel; where they touch the rock, clearest waters bubble up from it in little pools and basins, round which, all in an instant, flowers spring up and bloom. Blue hyacinths glow where the sapphires fell; purple irises where the amethysts; the rubies have become crimson peonies, the emeralds, floors of moss.

The Prince of the Sun goes dancing down . . . and discovers at last, in the cold darkness of the valley-bottom, the head of the Worm. This is the venomous

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region of peril; as he enters it, his golden armor fades out; he is now shadowy in dark olive-green, trembling up from the ground.

He drops an amethyst on the Worm's head, and a diamond. . . . The head begins to glow and become luminous. Waves of light travel down from it along the spine. Through valley after valley, in which its enormous length lies sprawled, the light-waves travel.

It lifts its head out of the filth — its head that has now grown luminous and beautiful altogether. It lifts its long length, along which the waves of ever-increasing light go speeding. It throws out beautiful and bediamonded pinions, and rises in the air singing and glorifying

the Gods. Light from its scintillant gem-lit scales falls on the barren mountainsides, and flowers spring up and into bloom everywhere. The flowers are singing the praises of heaven, and glorifying the Beauty at the Heart of Things. The Worm, coiling and wreathing its lovely length in the firmament, sheds light on the worlds and on the worlds of worlds; is glorious after the fashion of a galaxy of stars; gives birth to music upon music. The world has become luminous and beautiful altogether, and there is no fear of any peril in it anywhere.

But in the swamp at the bottom of the valley, where the head of the Worm once rested — there lie the bones of the Prince of the Sun.

## SCIENTIFICO-RELIGIOUS ALLIANCE AGAINST THEOSOPHY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**P**OLEMICS MAKES strange bedfellows. Puritans have been known to find themselves allied with bookmakers in opposition to a law for the governmental regulation of betting; and prohibition laws may enlist among their supporters not only those who hate the drink traffic, but also those who profit by the efforts to prevent it.

And now we find (haply in a private letter — but it is typical) a man arguing for his Christian

beliefs, as against Theosophy, and pleading on his side the at-present orthodox scientific doctrines as to the evolution and past history of mankind! Why this thusness? What is the common ground between the wonted opponents, which has overmatched their customary mutual hostility and lined them up together on the one side? Of course it is the usual thing — opposition to something else: they are both opposed to some Theosophical teaching; and, though united

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in their opposition, their reasons therefor are not at all necessarily the same.

And what in this case is the common enemy that has for the moment leagued together orthodox evolutionism and Christian apologetics, prompting my controversial friend to wield over my head the bludgeon of scientific authority? It is the desire to controvert the Theosophical belief in the great antiquity of human civilization. "You talk about the great men of old; is it possible you are not aware that in those days man was killing his fellow-man with a club in order to grab from him the raw quivering flesh on which he fed? Science says so; Sir Somebody Soanso has proved it." Etc., etc. It reminds us of when you see a man and his wife quarreling, and you interfere, and both drop their quarrel and join to set on you.

Let us ask then what is this common bond of interest, about which these two are willing to quarrel when it pleases them, but which they will join to defend if you presume to mix in. They have neither of them any use for the antiquity of civilization and the greatness of our remote ancestors, evidently. Might we classify them both under the heading of 'crampers'—people holding beliefs which tend to cramp?

Can it be that science is not yet fully emancipated from bygone religious ideas which held that man's appearance on earth was com-

paratively recent—some six thousand years ago? Else why does science seem so reluctant to grant a great antiquity to man, yielding ground inch by inch with bitter resistance? And why, even though science has perforce allowed greater and ever greater antiquity to the human *race*, should it be so anxious to refuse antiquity to civilization and culture? Is it the facts they plead? But the facts are against them rather than for them. Instead of finding proof of the recent origin of civilization, and then forming their theory on these facts, they seem to have formed the theory first and then gone searching—and how unsuccessfully!—for facts to support it.

And so here am I, whose business for forty years has been so largely concerned with the advocacy and defense of Theosophy, and who have been so familiar with the scientific theories of evolution, and with the much larger view of evolution taken by Theosophy;—here am I, asked by a Christian apologist whether I can possibly have heard what science has to say about the origin and history of the human race. I *have* heard, many many times; and I still think that many scientific men are striving to find support for preformed theories, rather than estimating the facts adequately.

In particular I cannot accept their view of the origin of the human mind—that the human self-conscious ego is a transformation-

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product of the animal soul. Bones of low types of humanity are found naturally enough; the earth has always been in parts tenanted by such types; but I consider it far more likely that such races were retrograded types than steps on an upward evolution. Where metal implements would decay in the long lapse of time, it is only natural that stone implements will mostly be found.

The argument about the 'recapitulation' *in utero* has a much better explanation in Theosophy than in science. The facts in general support better the Theosophical teachings on evolution than the theories of science; and science every day has to yield ground in our favor.

Theosophy throws down the gauntlet to all tendencies which belittle human nature, cramp the aspirations of the human mind, or deny the greatness of the human soul. "Our Higher Self is a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost," says H. P. Blavatsky; a belief heartily accepted by Theosophists in general.

And it is affirmed that the discoveries of archaeology will confirm the fact that very advanced civilizations have existed in the far past. Yet even the theories of science must either assume that man has now reached the summit of his evolution, or else admit that he has greater heights to climb. If, in face of this undeniable proposition, science or religion assumes a halting or retrograde spirit, then surely it is Theosophy that is progressive.

Religion, again, when we study its professed doctrines, declares that man is inspired with a Divine Spirit, the Third Person of the Trinity, left with him by Christ.

Finally, how is it possible for so universal and broad a philosophy as Theosophy to ignore all the great pre-Christian religions; especially in a world which is being drawn so closely together as ours is today? Theosophy, in short, stands for breadth of view; and it is its universal comprehension that forbids it to cramp itself by any one partial set of views, whether religious, scientific, or otherwise.



"MEN may talk of peace, and work for peace, but it is mockery unless they try to find peace within their own natures. You cannot gain the power to adjust civic affairs, let alone international affairs, until you begin self-adjustment."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

"EITHER civilization must destroy war, or war will destroy civilization."— JUSTICE CLARK, *United States Supreme Court*

## THE POWER OF HABIT

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.



HERE SEEMS to be a universal *vis inertiae* affecting all but spirit, which makes the repetition of an act or thought a near certainty, and shortly creates an overwhelming tendency to its continuance. It soon becomes quite natural, scarcely noticed in a way, as if belonging to the eternal order of things. To a conventional, uncritical mind, when applied to individuals, it is as Crabbe says:

“. . . all the test of truth.  
It must be right. I've done it from my youth.”

Yet it is, indeed, one of those essential attributes of matter, upon which all manifestation, growth, and evolution depend, having, like all else, its use and misuse. Without it, confusion, chaos, would be inevitable.

Through the great cosmic channels of force, the Rulers of this universe, at every fresh cycle, start the various centers working in the right direction, harmoniously one with the other, so that under the majestic order which prevails, they can be depended upon to persist as initiated.

Imagine, on the contrary, that only constant supervision of every minutest detail of Nature's infinite manifestations would ensure order and right action; that every point in space were *not* endowed with a conscious sense of its own kind to

be relied upon, once it is charged with the necessary impulse. Simply to turn the mind in this direction, is sufficient to prove not only the value but the necessity of the power of habit.

Any part of Nature thus can be counted upon to master thoroughly one set of conditions, until the time that its Guardians initiate a change, a further step in evolution.

Also be it observed that in the regal harmony of Nature, these changes come gradually. Until a chapter is closed, and a Night's reign is at hand, so gently do these transformations occur that they move from one condition to another without shock.

The ancient records show, for example, that three hundred million years were consumed in preparing this planet for the appearance of physical man. Changes since then are said to have been radical, and would be incomprehensible to us, yet they have come too quietly, too imperceptibly, even to startle the forms of the moving panorama.

It might be noted in passing that the Great Teachers have worked in this way with the various races and ages with which they have had to deal. Each one came with a special mission to counteract tendencies leading off the path of normal evolution, yet doing this in a way to avoid mental confusion and prevent an ultimate reaction.

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True reformers in our day also, who have sincerity, discernment, and wisdom, do not, so to speak, slap one in the face with their reforms, but gradually through needed adjustments educate the minds to work out their own reforms, guiding rather than coercing.

But to return to our subject. While the lower orders of life have had their habits formed for them by higher Beings who knew their needs: when human life appeared, there was a change. The teaching is that each race has been started on its journey by the Guides of our planet, but then allowed to form its own habits. Of necessity, of course, for man is on the road to become a Guide in his turn, and must learn through bitter experience the tyranny as well as the value of habit.

Providing that one's habits are formed as they should be — in harmony with universal law, or at least with unselfish motive, — they become literally a protecting shield, steering earth's children safely past dangerous reefs, leading them even through fires unscathed. Naturally and simply they will alter them without shock or anguish, to meet the growing needs.

But, unfortunately, the undeveloped races of our present humanity do not easily so form their habits. Their interests to a preponderating degree are still with the lower, personal, impermanent part of themselves. And the impulse is to satisfy this first, then

generosity for others may be considered afterwards. So, insidiously, they become chained to habits along this line, which have rooted themselves so deeply and woven their tentacles so closely throughout all the fibers of being, that life without them cannot easily be faced.

The first time a questionable action presents itself for consideration, there may be an inward protest, but if this is disregarded, the second temptation of a similar nature finds the victim an easier prey; and ere long clear vision is lost and what seemed wrong in the beginning, now appears quite right. No one need flatter himself that he is free from this adaptability to wrong. It is simple, undeveloped human nature. All are alike. There is a line in Ovid, which runs:

*"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."*

People are caught in the chains that they have riveted before they realize it. But sooner or later they have to burst them voluntarily, or suffer a violent wrenching. For the Heart of the Universe is merciful and is constantly forcing a cleansing process, within and without. If gentle tremors do not weaken them, stronger follow — a veritable earthquake, if necessary. What is contrary to the compassionate, divine order, cannot endure.

The average man, however, is not wholly given over to bad habits.

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They exist, to a degree, perhaps universally. But the average man does not intend to have them. And probably when he squarely faces an issue, with senses all alert, he decides in favor of right and justice. It is when taken off guard that he is in danger. He allows himself small and what seem to be comparatively 'innocent bad habits,' and yet just these have brought to many a man consequences that would make one shudder.

The average man loves joy and pleasure, which in degree are natural and right; he loves the kind of ease he likes; he is filled with little personal ambitions and vanities; and mingled with these so confusedly that he overlooks them are his fine sentiments, his higher aspirations, and his worthy ambitions. But so long as the former have a real grip on him, they are dangers and will trip him in an emergency. If in any event calling for instant decision, these have the *habit* of coming first into the foreground of the mind — hence a sword hangs over his head. And in the sad future he may be in a position to realize the truth of these lines of Hannah Moore:

"Small habits, well pursued betimes,  
May reach the dignity of crimes."

Quite probably, almost certainly, were there time to reconsider,

personal considerations might be pushed aside. But the problem for decision may seem simple on its surface, and the situation may not be recognised as a crisis. Yet, in fact, who can know with what trail of causes any action may be entangled? So this well-intentioned man *may* find himself involved in a chain which has wrecked the happiness of one he loved; or in some shady transaction; or even he may find himself behind the bars.

The little bad habits are the treacherous ones. Their effects may pile up unseen. But Nature has her judgment-days — her examination-days, one might say, to show a man where in very truth he stands in the scale of evolution. She may *seem* cruel or unjust in exacting such penalty for a small offense, but some time, surely, every soul must learn that she is compassionate and fair; and must perceive that until one has absolutely conquered the habit of thinking first of himself — torn it out, root and rootlets — he cannot stand on firm ground.

The universe is not built up on the principle of separatism. It is a consistent Whole, and every man is a part of the scheme; unconsciously at first, but later in full consciousness, he *must be*.



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





## KARMIC LAW

**Q**UESTION: ARE the good actions of a person set off against his bad ones after death, or are they rewarded or punished separately in the next life?

ANSWER: IF the closing of accounts at the end of the life of an individual were balanced up, and a preponderance of good were found to result, we should surely expect to find that his next life would be one of only happiness. If, on the other hand, a preponderance of evil were found, nothing but misery would ensue. However, we see that this is not the case. The life of no single person is one of complete happiness, or of complete misery, but an admixture of both pleasurable and painful experiences.

Bad actions cannot be offset by good ones, because each act is a force which expends itself in an effect of its own nature. Moreover, it not only affects the doer of the action, but others also, to whom a debt has to be repaid to the extent of the suffering caused. Any good done in other directions will never compensate those who have been harmed by a wrong done to them.

The following example may help to show something of the many ramifications which may ensue from one act, each of these again becom-

ing a cause, the result of which falls back upon its originator.

A man was assaulted and injured by another, with intent to inflict an injury upon him. The man became seriously ill, and died in consequence, leaving a wife, three children, and several others who were dependent upon him, in straightened circumstances. His death resulted in the disruption of the family, and a whole series of other misfortunes ensued which were decisive, in varying degree, in altering the life-course of each individual concerned. Thus the consequences of one bad act affected a number of others; and that stretching over a protracted period of time.

However, time does not count in the ceaseless and unfailling operations of the Karmic Law. Finally every act reacts upon its originator; even as the rings caused by throwing a stone into a pool, after spreading out and out, till they reach its limits, return again, until they reach the place whence they sprang. Meanwhile every drop of water in the pool has been affected, and set in motion.

It being assumed that the motive for the deed cited above was to inflict an injury, the karmic re-

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sults of the ensuing misfortunes will inevitably fall in proportion upon the perpetrator of the original act. Whatever the ramifications may be which result therefrom, a magnetic point of attraction remains within the originator, which, in due course, draws to him the karmic reactions which finally result either in the same life, or in a subsequent one. Unfailingly his good or bad thoughts and deeds thus 'come home to roost.'

Hence we see the unswerving justice of the Karmic Law, which, however, is an impersonal power or force, working unceasingly throughout the manifold realms of Nature for the re-establishment of harmony wherever this is disturbed. It neither 'rewards' nor 'punishes.'

Man, because he is a self-conscious being, sees the workings of the Karmic Law from the standpoint of his own personality. He is, to himself, the very center of the universe, and judges everything according to the manner in which it affects his well-being. He calls Karma 'good' or 'bad' according to the way in which it affects his feelings.

But what may to one be a heavy blow, an overwhelming sorrow, may affect another, of a different character, in quite a different way. This shows that it is not the Karmic Law that punishes or rewards, but that each man suffers or enjoys in a manner in accordance with his own nature and disposition; which latter each

creates for himself by his conduct.

Each tinges the happenings that influence his life with the color of his own desires. The more selfish these are, the more will he be the slave of alternating pleasure and pain.

As long as a man is swayed by his personal cravings and passions, he remains bound by fear, and is the victim of all sorts of imaginings; but when he reaches a point in his development where he realizes that he is an immortal spiritual soul, and commences to build his own character and re-form his nature according to his best aspirations and highest ideals, he begins to look upon every event as an opportunity for growth, and no longer lives in fear of what the Karmic Law may have in store for him.

From this viewpoint, suffering gains a new aspect. It also is an opportunity, an experience, from which often even more may be learned than from happiness and peace. For all experience is precious to one who seeks to extract its essence and make it his own.

Thus increasing wisdom and discrimination may be gained, and the power developed to rise above the Karmic Law; *i. e.*, to act more and more courageously and fearlessly, in the confident knowledge that when acting in accordance with principle to the best of his knowledge and capacity, man is working increasingly in harmony with the Law, which eternally operates for the consummation of peace and perfect well-being. E. L. N.

## USES OF THE PERSONALITY

**QUESTION:** I HAVE read in your magazine, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, that the 'personality' is the great obstacle in the way of the practice of Universal Brotherhood, and also that spiritual progress is impossible unless it is suppressed. Is not this in flat contradiction to the prevailing idea, so dear to the Western mind, that the accentuation of the personality is the main thing, and the pathway to success?

**ANSWER:** Personalism has been for so long the dominant note in Western civilization, that it is no wonder that many people find it difficult to accept the Theosophical teaching concerning the necessity of an impersonal attitude towards ourselves and others. And yet Jesus taught: Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live; and the great mystics of all ages have proven that it is only by losing and forgetting self, that one can find the Self. Āryasangha, a direct disciple of the Buddha, remarks: "The wise man, who always seeks the good of others, realizes his own good, even when not seeking it."

Common sense bids us attach much less importance than we ordinarily do to 'personalities,' that is, to personal feelings and insults, the latter being generally said without evil intent and regretted as soon as uttered. It is a great mistake,— for which self-analysis and observation give no warrant,— es-

pecially if we have a chip on our shoulder, to look upon ourselves as isolated entities among other equally isolated entities, each actuated by purely selfish motives.

In fact, our actions are generally the result of very mixed motives, the personal self being never clearly defined and always including more or less of the not-self. As Professor G. de Purucker has pointed out in his Sunday afternoon lectures to the public, we are really 'life-atoms' in a far greater Being, collective Humanity.

Even if they come but rarely, we have all experienced those supreme moments when we seem to commune with the All, and realize with startling clearness the underlying unity which makes us sharers in the joys and sorrows, the aspirations, the victories and defeats, of our fellows, wherever or whenever they may have lived or be living. We suffer and exult at one and the same time. Isolation is impossible; we are living throbbing units of humanity and realize our significance and worth as such.

William Q. Judge puts the whole matter in a nutshell. He says: "There are two gigantic obstacles in the way of true progress: the misconception of what we believe to be *God*, and the misconception of what we believe to be *Man*."

Many pious people think of 'God' as outside of and separate from themselves, and so find it

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difficult to practice the Christian precept to 'love God' above all things; and in the effort to do so they live a stunted life, denying themselves much that is undeniably good and which certainly comes from the divine.

A juster idea of the Divine's relation to man is needed, which — while not losing sight of the great fact that It infinitely transcends the manifested universe, which we cannot conceive of as showing forth the Divine *exhaustively*: and, in this connexion, we do well to bear in mind what Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*: "I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate" is to see the divine *in* everything like the light that shines through a crystal and gives it whatever luster it has; and that It is best loved in loving and serving others.

It is this love, the only pure, true love there is, that Theosophists call 'impersonal love.' For in loving the goodness and truth and beauty that is in others, we are loving and serving their essential Essence, the divine that is in them and in ourselves.

And to believe that the personality, the Mr. Smith or the Mrs. Jones, whom we contact in life,—is the real Ego, is equally fatal to the soul's development and progress. To live solely in our personality, to make our personal likes and dislikes the measure of all things, is the path to self-stultifica-

tion and self-disintegration. Fortunately for us, as H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*, "the nearest approach to that selfish state which the laws of life permit is in the intent or motive."

There is in every man something that is greater than the personality, and that is the spiritual soul, a *Ray of the Eternal*, which constitutes him a divine being. The last words of Plotinus: "The divine in me is struggling to reunite with the divine in the All," are true of every one of us, not only in the hour of death, but at every moment of our lives.

It must not be thought, however, that the personality,— "which is great in its way," as Katherine Tingley declares,—is without its uses. If it had none, it would not form part of the divine scheme of evolution, that the Ego should assume so many varied and different personalities in its repeated incarnations.

It is through contact with the transitory and the fleeting, and with other personalities, differing from our own, that we become conscious of and learn to use our spiritual faculties and powers. The 'I-am-I' feeling forms the concrete basis in which to focus a Ray of the Universal Mind, and it is in so doing that we develop our 'spiritual individuality,' which is immortal, and assimilates whatever of the personality is worthy of survival,— the 'aroma,' of the personality as H. P. Blavatsky calls it.

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In conclusion, a word on the last statement in the question, "the accentuation of the personality is the main thing, and the path to success." This is true, *if* the word 'personality' is used in its highest sense, namely, that the cultivation of the personality means the formation of a 'great character,' a finely developed man or woman, touched to great issues, so that we become a precious asset in the life of humanity and contribute something of permanent value to it. And this can only be done by the practice of Universal Brotherhood,

the expression in conduct of "the identity of soul and spirit, of real, immortal man."

Nothing really benefits us that is held by us, like misers, for ourselves alone. Theosophy bids us make the most of ourselves, as befits 'sons of God,' desirous of being worthy of our divine origin, and bent on helping others. We are to become our best selves in order to offer them up on the Altar of Humanity, and so merge our individual note, purged of all personality, all selfishness, in the Universal Harmony. — H. A. F.

## THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

**Q**UESTION: CAN you give me briefly an idea of the attitude of Theosophists towards Christianity?

ANSWER: Yes, I can. Theosophists believe that there is one fundamental and universal Religion underlying all religions, their common parent. They believe that religions have an exoteric or outer form, and an esoteric or inner form. The esoteric form was the instructions given by the founder of the religion to his immediate circle of disciples. The exoteric form was the form which the religion later took for people in general. Thus we may speak of esoteric Christianity and exoteric Christianity. Jesus himself, in the Gospels is represented as making this distinction, and as declaring that he

had special teachings for his disciples, and other teachings for the multitude.

This means that the deeper truths of Religion can only be communicated to a select few of persons who are willing and able to follow certain rules of life enjoined by the teacher; while people who do not take up this position adopt the open teachings, such as those of the Sermon on the Mount.

Thus Theosophists believe that there is much more in Christianity than most people have found in it; while at the same time they cannot accord to Christianity that status of a paramount and final revelation which most of its adherents claim for it.

To this it must be added that Christianity has, in the course of

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its history, departed widely from what it was in the beginning. Let those who are conservative in their views go back only far enough! Most Theosophical students of Christianity think that the evidence shows Christianity to have been originally a movement similar to the modern Theosophical Movement; and that the Gnostics are the best available representatives of what Christianity really was.

The Gnosis, which was the name they gave to the inner teachings of Christianity, taught that man is essentially a spiritual or divine being; that he possesses the power to raise himself by his own efforts above the plane of ordinary personal life, and thus to attain the status of an illuminated man; that this was what Jesus really taught to his disciples; that man is a miniature copy of the great Universe wherein he is a part; and other tenets which are found in Theosophy and all ancient systems which were Theosophical.

It also seems evident that this original teaching was, not long

after the withdrawal of its Founder, converted into a formal religion; and that this religion was, still later, turned by an able and ambitious barbarian—Constantine into a means of consolidating and governing a great secular empire.

Space will not allow us to follow Christianity through its many other transformations, and its various adaptations to national, local, or social conditions. But we can deduce from this that, if the real essence of Christianity is to be discovered, it will be necessary to go behind all this accumulation of external varieties.

Finally then we may say that Christianity holds out a friendly hand to all in Christianity that is broad, enlightened, universal, tolerant; but can have no parley with what is narrow, sectarian, and exclusive. We can also point with satisfaction to the fact that so many earnest and capable Christians are now coming to realize how much greater is their religion than has previously been thought.

— H. T. E.



“ . . . I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte forevermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

## WANDERINGS AROUND VESUVIUS

HANS MALMSTEDT



AFTER FIVE hours' journeying from Rome — past the arches of Acqua Felice, through green vineyards, between the Alban and Sabine mountains, with snow-clad peaks visible afar in the east, with picturesque little villages looking like castles, dotting the hills and mountainsides, past famous monasteries, ruins of ancient citadels, white dusty roads, sitting in a railway-coach which is almost red-hot with the heat of the sun,— I have now reached Naples, called Napoli by its own people. Whoever got the notion first of giving to the same city different names in different languages?

I am walking off the station-platform with my handbags after having saved them from the attacks of the *faccinos*, but on entering the hall of the station I find myself surrounded by a crowd of other porters, desperately endeavoring to tear my luggage away from me. The hotel agents shout into my ears the names of their hotels and the special advantages of each, and it is with the greatest difficulty that I get hold of a *vettura* which carries me at a jog-trot to the little Hotel Milanese, a usual haunt of Swedes.

I ride through a fine street, Corso Umberto I, which like most

of the streets here is covered with big rectangular paving-stones. In some places a stone has sunk down a little, and when one of the wheels plumps down into such a hole, the carriage threatens to lose its balance completely.

Thus I am now safely lodged in the city of which it is said: *Vedi Napoli e poi muori*, which means: see Naples and die! But what I have seen and smelt so far is hardly anything to boast about.

I walk at random along the streets through swarms of children, cats, and ill-smelling puddles. The shops have partly moved out on to the streets. And there the owners sit on little wicker chairs mending shoes or roasting chestnuts. Between the balconies of the houses covering the walls like big birds' nests, are clothes-lines with more or less clean clothes, and now and then one sees a stout old woman lowering a basket from the fourth story in order to get it filled with some of the necessities of life, issuing her dictatorial commands to the youngsters down in the street.

Through the side-streets I reach the harbor, and from there I glimpse for the first time Vesuvius with its column of smoke rising from the top. Thoughts flit by in my memory to the days of my early

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childhood, when my old grandmother told my brother and me about the fire-spitting mountain, and showed us an old engraving depicting the marvel spreading the abomination of desolation all around. How romantic this mountain seemed to the child-mind! And how prosaic it now seems, when seen as a background to a street-car just appearing. I take the car and leave the memories behind me.

Early one morning four Swedes are on their way to Pompeii by way of the Circumvesuvian railway. We see from the train forests of orange-trees, little villages, and hardened lava-rivers. After a rapid journey of sixteen miles we are at our destination.

Our first intention is to see the recent excavations. We walk through narrow streets, paved with lava-slabs. The sidewalks are high and narrow, and at the street-crossings special stepping-stones are laid out so that one may cross the streets without getting wet in rainy weather. We can see deep wheel-tracks in the stone pavement, but no wheels have rolled through them for two thousand years.

Suddenly we find the whole street closed by a gigantic gate and on its other side new excavations are going on. Our passes are carefully examined and a guard follows us everywhere. We see beautiful courtyards with glorious ponds and fountains where the ancient water-conduits are still func-

tioning, and where the little bronze statues are throwing cascades of water at each other.

We enter rooms that have just been dug out after a sleep of two thousand years under ashes and lava, where the edges of the frescoes, lining their walls, are skilfully preserved by applying cement. And here and there we see thousands of small objects, found at the place and gathered together in heaps in order to be carried to the museum at Naples: but the place where the spades are digging now is rigidly closed to all visitors.

We are now at the point in the main street where the excavations have been interrupted for the present, and look there the street disappears into the earth. When we climb upon the thirty-foot high plateau into which the sidewalks and the walls of the houses disappear, we find ourselves standing on top of the great mass of ashes and lava which Mount Vesuvius has belched forth over the city in the course of the ages.

We now continue our walk by devoting ourselves to the part of the city that has been excavated for some time. From the great amphitheater we go to Porto Marino, so as to start from the very beginning, and first take in the little museum. We here get a most powerful impression of what happened in the year 79 of our era, when viewing the many plaster casts of the men and beasts that were then destroyed. From the



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Basilica and the beautiful Temple of Apollo we come to the Forum with Jupiter's temple. All is ruins now, here and there a solitary column standing, otherwise mere broken and insignificant fragments.

Through the Triumphal Arch at Strada di Mercurio, which still is standing there intact, I now see Vesuvius. Verily, that tyrant has triumphed over this city!

We see the mills, where grain was ground, and the standards of measurement — a series of holes in a block of marble. We enter the big and the little theater without buying tickets, sit down in the seats and try to reconstruct the stage-arrangements. We see the ditch into which the curtain was lowered at the beginning of the plays, and the three doors in the back of the stage. We visit aristocratic private homes, where every line bespeaks ease and luxury; we walk through great public baths with delightful basins, and see many curious and fascinating things.

At Albergo del Sole, a Danish *trattoria* or restaurant in the neighborhood, we meet more compatriots, and after a most needed and satisfactory meal, we take the train back to Naples.

Right now the column of smoke of Mount Vesuvius takes the shape of a warning index-finger: "Woe unto you, I am still alive!"

Down by the quay, at the Piazza del Municipio, a steamer lies ready to leave. We look out over the bay. Out there we see the rocky

outlines of a high island — Capri, the blue island, just now seems to justify her name, seen through the haze of a remote distance.

We leave the dirt and squalor of Naples, and walk with pleasure on a relatively clean deck. Every five minutes a waiter comes and offers us coffee and cognac with a stubbornness that only a Neapolitan can show.

Let us once for all drop all talk about the weather. Here is sun and sun all day long! My three fellow countrymen and I are now about to 'do' Capri. There is some heavy rolling in the seas, but the young lady keeps up a brave face, and the rest of us are hardened vikings.

As squalid as Naples is, when seen at a near distance, just as clean and inviting it appears out here from the sea.

We are approaching Sorrento. A great number of passengers are to leave here, but there are no smaller boats seen around to take them ashore, and there is no pier of any kind. At last we see a small boat nearing. They have simply declared a strike and refuse to move, until they have been assured a bigger fee for putting the passengers ashore. After a two hours' wearisome wait we can finally continue our voyage.

It is dark now, but the lights in the distance are drawing nearer, and the dark contours of the island rise up against the starry sky. We glide into Marina Grande on the

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north side, are put ashore by small rowing-boats, step into the car of a mountain-line, are pulled up 460 feet to the town of Capri, and there the Hotel Windsor takes care of four tired and sleepy Swedes. This was the evening of the first day at Capri.

On opening my window next morning I only need to put out my hand to be able to pick right off the tree the most wonderful lemons. Cocks and hens are making a terrible noise, and down there in the yard may already be seen the man who is going to take us in his boat to the *Grotta azzurra*, the blue cave, the greatest wonder of the island, and the big pride of all the natives of Capri. By the side of our man is his old mother, who has necklaces of corals and pearls for sale.

We take the Funicular or mountain-line down to Marina Grande and get into a little row-boat. Our man and his aide standing up in front of us point out to us the interesting views on the shore. There is Tiberius's bath: some colossal remains of walls are the only marks of what was once the luxurious bathing-place of the emperor.

A man approaches us in a row-boat. He wants to sell coral, that he has just been fishing up from the sea. For a *lira* we get a little piece. True, it is not red coral, but what matter, when the sun is shining?

The sea is now considerably

calmer than yesterday, and we glide rapidly forward. What a glorious blue-green color this water has, when you look right down into its cold depth and your vision is unobscured by the mirror-reflexions from its surface. And what a strong, fresh saltiness!

Our rowers are genuine types of sailors, broad, thick-set and dark tanned. Suddenly they begin to sing. They have powerful, melodious voices, and the song echoes from the high rocky walls of the shore. We all know the melody of this song:

“Sul mare lucido, Lastra d'argento,  
Placida e londa, Prospero è il vento,  
Venite all' agile barchetta mia,  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.”

How differently and more beautiful these strains sound here in their native country! Hardly has the song ceased, before both rowers swing their caps in the air and cry out with all the power of their lungs: “Viva la regina svedese, hurra, hurra, hurra!” They are evidently well informed about our nationality.

Here we are at the entrance to the Blue Cave, an opening in the steep rocky wall three feet high and five feet wide. The crests of the waves cover it up altogether, but the troughs make it somewhat larger.

Outside some small boats each one with one rower are waiting. Our boat is too large to go into the cave, and thus we are compelled to trust our lives to these smaller boats, in which there is

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room for two passengers. An old man with thousands of wrinkles in his tanned face takes care of Jon-And and myself.

We sit on the bottom of the boat, and the man looks at the waves. Now,—no, not yet, a great wave hides the whole opening of the grotto. The old man holds on to a chain, fixed to an iron hook in the rock, while the other end of it evidently is inside the cave. Now the water sinks back, and the man hauls in the chain.

We lie on our backs. Everything grows dark and chilly. And then suddenly everything turns blue. But nothing is bluer than the blue-shining water all around us, and the light comes from the deeps.

The old man pulls up his shirt-sleeves, and dips his arm down into the water. It looks shining white like silver. But not so beautiful as his white hair out in the sunshine.

Then we came out the same way as we had come in, and went home the same way as we had gone there; and this is the story of our visit to the *Grotta azzurra*.

We have two glorious balconies for ourselves, and when the sun does not shine on the one, it does on the other, and we follow the sun. Down in the yard a dozen little children of all ages, more or less dirty, are quite noisy.

We are now wandering on a winding road, leading us higher and higher up between terraces, covered with vineyards and lemon-

groves. Sometimes the road changes into stairs with broad steps. Little by little we reach the highest point on the east side of the island, and are now standing on the ruins of the Villa di Tiberio, consisting of some remarkable cellar-vaults. Could an emperor have chosen a more beautiful view than this? In the east the Sorrento Peninsula; in the northeast, Mount Vesuvius; in the north Naples; and in the northwest the island of Ischia! Now a little chapel crowns the ancient foundation-walls, and nearby on a high base stands a Madonna in bronze. At a distance the statue looks red as blood.

On our return we pass further down a little house and are invited by a jovial, black-eyed old woman to come in. She has cleverly had her house built so that the road to the Salto di Tiberio goes right through her door, and she has wine for sale to be drunk at the place, and in the meantime she fetches a big tambourine from the wall and shows us how a genuine tarantella should be danced.

Then she points to a heap of pebbles and leads us on to the edge of the abyss below the rock. We are invited to throw stones down and try to watch them in their fall. It is nearly a thousand feet from our point vertically down to the surface of the water, and it takes about half a minute for the stones to reach the rocks of the shore. According to tradition, it was here that a Roman emperor

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got rid of his victims, by first treating them to a splendid banquet, and then asking them to walk into the next room. That room was the abyss.

The third day is the birthday of Jon-And, and we celebrate it in the early morning by taking a cup of coffee out on the balcony, dressed only in our overcoats.

Later on we go to the westward and take the main road to Anacapri, situated 530 feet higher than Capri. There are some wondrous beautiful sights along this road, winding up along the rocks. In a couple of places we find short cuts by mounting some flights of stairs instead of following the road.

On the highest point of the rock the road leads along the northern edge of a steep mountainside; but before getting there, we pass a cave, situated high up on the side of the rock, decorated with bushes and flowers. After having stopped for a while to admire the fine view of the bay from the highest point of the road, we continue, and are soon at Anacapri, some thousand feet above sea-level.

Almost all of the houses here on the island have a touch of the Orient. They have flat roofs with low cupolas. White is the color most in evidence. The road is now hemmed in by walls, and the view is hidden from our sight.

We should like very much to see the house where our Queen lives, so we inquire about it. Oh, yes,

the house of the Swedish Queen, *la casa della regina svedese*, is well known by every one, and we are soon there. It is a big, beautiful, white villa, situated on the southern mountain-slope on the outskirts of the village. A group of three gentlemen are standing in the vicinity, and when we approach, one of them comes up to us and inquires about our nationality. On learning that we are Swedes, we are allowed to pass on, but he accompanies us all the way.

The fourth day we head for Marina piccola, the south-side harbor of the island. Our rower directs the party. We launch a row-boat, and then the tour around the eastern part of the island begins. We view many strange things — the caprices of nature in the eternal struggle between land and sea.

We row under the gigantic stone-gate of the Faraglioni rocks, below the vault of which a great ocean-steamer could easily pass, examine the caves, where in olden times the pirate Barbarossa used to have his haunts, listen to Giovanni's songs, blink, in facing the sun, row and perspire to reach home, before luncheon. From Marina Grande we are pulled up to our waiting meal.

On the morning of the fifth day, my friends have to leave, and I am left alone with my sketch-book. I walk around at random along a road, lined with white houses and walls, behind which

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lemon-trees stand heavy under the weight of fruit, and the peach-trees are in full blossom, charming in their pink beauty.

Suddenly I find myself before a sign which reads: 'Museo Quo Vadis.' It is the home of a beautiful collection of paintings and sketches, left there by the late old painter Jean Styka, who used them as illustrations for that famous book. The garden attached to this villa is a veritable paradise in its glorious wealth of flowers.

I continue on my way. The road leads out to Punta Tragara, and there I turn to my sketch-book.

In the afternoon I stand on the highest point of Capri, the Monte Solaro, 1920 feet above sea-level. Now the island lies like a great map spread out below me, but the air is hazy, and clouds are approaching. But in the west I can see the reflexion of the sun on the water. I disappear in the cloud, the white mist surrounds me, and I climb down.

A storm is evidently gathering. The much-feared *tramontana*, the north wind, is increasing. I have seen rough weather before, but never did I see anything like this. The sea is white, the sky blue-black, and the wind thunders among the rocks and the caves. I have to take the main road from Anacapri to Capri past the abyss, and I try to make myself as small as possible, and yet it feels as if the next gust of wind would easily

blow me over the fence and down into the abyss.

Next day is again quiet and peaceful, and I take a walk up towards the ruins of the old fortification on a hill near the town of Capri. Out there, far in the distance, beyond the white houses, one can see the smoke from Vesuvius. By and by I climb the hill towards the ancient ruins, and stories of mediaeval heroes and pirates come before my inner vision, while I am looking at the remains of what was once the stage of their deeds and struggles. But it grew towards evening of that day, and the round, big moon is rising over the rocks of Faraglioni.

A couple of days have gone by, filled with serious work. I hunt for suitable subjects to sketch, and here are indeed subjects enough to last a painter for a lifetime. But I have to go on, and this morning a little motor-boat leaves directly for Naples. The sea is calm with only a slow swell. I glance back towards the blue island, that becomes steadily smaller and smaller and bluer and bluer. And slowly I turn my back on it and look forward to new destinies.

We approach a school of dolphins. Their black fins may be seen sticking up in front of us. And then they dive under the boat and are gone. Some fishing-smacks with funny-looking three-cornered sails pass astern of us.

But all the time I thoughtfully contemplate Mount Vesuvius. How

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long, how long? Quiet and peaceful like a great, sacrificial altar. . . . And the thin smoke, vanishing over the sea, gives no answer.

I have seen Pozzuoli's Solfatara with its boiling mud in the middle, have been inside Nero's bath and smelt the sulphur-vapor, and have felt an inclination to see more of the nether regions. Today I am about to 'do' Vesuvius together with a singer, Mr. Pedro Renholm, from Stockholm: not by way of the Cook mountain-line, but all the way on foot.

We put on our oldest clothes and shoes. Taking the Circum-vesuvian train, we journey in the early morning to Boscotrecase, which is the station immediately before Pompeii. From here we have four and a half miles to the crater itself. We have each provided ourselves with a lunch-box, and then we start our hike.

Boscotrecase has not waked up yet. The last house of the village is a little inn, and here we get an early breakfast.

The inn-keeper declares that we will not be able to climb the mountain without a guide, and we accept his offer. Soon an eighteen-year-old boy comes running to show us a dirty paper. It is the proof in black and former white, that he is *guido di Vesuvio*, and so we leave. Giuseppe Izzo walks ahead of us.

We step on brown-gray ashes. Every step we take, our feet slip back a little. It is a tiresome trip.

We pass a cemetery. The cypresses come up behind the white walls. Then we go through a region all covered with low bushes. It suddenly ends, and now we walk on the hardened lava-rivers of 1906. No life, only stones and ashes. The dust whirls all around us. Then again more bushes. The road is growing steeper.

We meet two mounted men. It is a Swiss and his guide. He complains to us in German about the heavy charges he had had to pay to go down into the crater. It is an indefensible system of fleecing the tourists, who have dared to ascend the mountain.

A little further on we meet a solitary man on horseback. It is the head-guide in person, the much-feared chief of the mountain, who looks like a robber. He regards us in a dark and threatening manner, calls Giuseppe aside to talk to him, and after having received his orders, we are allowed to pass on.

After a while we find ourselves outside a small white building, where a man and a boy have wine for sale, canes for rent, and keep a look-out, so that no unauthorized strangers get on to the so-called Fiorenza road, leading from here zigzag up to the outer edge of the crater.

Here we leave our lunch-boxes, fetch the canes, and begin a wearisome ascent. We are now at the foot of the outer cone of ashes, and every step forward takes us half a step back. But we are

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getting on nevertheless. In the hollow between two ridges we discover a patch of snow, but we are now 3500 feet above sea-level. The height of the mountain varies with the eruptions, being sometimes 3900 feet and again 4300 feet.

Large and small boulders of lava lie strewn around on the ashes. We are soon there. Big clouds of smoke and steam belch forth from behind the crater's edge. The last stretch up is the steepest. And then, at once, the whole crater is there spread out before our feet.

A unique spectacle is going on down there. The inner crater, a cone of some 200 feet in height and a hole of some 65 feet in diameter at the top, belches forth veritable clouds of white steam or yellow smoke, colored red from the fires down there in the abyss. At intervals of a few minutes, great red-glowing boulders of lava and slag come out of the mouth of the crater, make a curve in the air, and fall down on the sloping sides of the cone with a roaring sound. It is smoking and glowing from holes and cracks in the great bottom of the crater everywhere. It consists of blue-black lava-slag, scarcely hardened yet after the last monthly eruption.

We now follow a path along the edge of the two thousand-foot wide crater, walking towards the west, and soon arrive at the place where the road leads down into the crater itself. A guard dressed in a heavy fur coat, meets us to let us down.

He wants a large sum of money, but we know the practices of these people, and quietly remain where we are, without making any sign of desiring to go down. And then we leave the same way that we came, and just as we had expected, the guard follows us, wondering if the *signori* do not wish to visit the crater, and we make our terms to suit ourselves now, and we go down.

A narrow path winds down at a sharp angle into the interior of the crater. We tread very carefully. Some small pebbles roll down behind us. Suddenly a big stone comes shooting down before me, and we can hear from up the edge, how a mass of stones begin moving. It is growing into a regular land-slide. We have to hurry to save our lives and we are now running downwards. Great boulders thunder down all around us. It is a perfect miracle, that we reach the bottom of the crater unharmed. Some minutes later the slide has ceased, but stones still roll down the slope.

We hear cries from up the edge, intelligible only to Giuseppe, and we notice that he is getting pale. The road has been destroyed behind us. We have to ascend on the other side of the crater, if we ever get that far without being roasted in the meantime. We are walking on a thin layer of hardened lava, so hot, that the soles of our shoes are smoking.

A small elevation in the crust

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of the lava, looking like a smoke-stack, is sending out a yellow-white smoke. We approach the inner crater. Sulphur-gases envelope us, and we find it very difficult to breathe. By the side of the crater, which belches forth tremendous clouds of smoke and vapor with a rumbling sound, the crust, that we are walking on, forms a low cupola, out of the top of which smoke rises. We get a little closer, and look down into the hole, which has a diameter of about three feet, and we see the fire. It is like looking into a red-hot oven. But we have to turn away on account of the gases.

At this moment there is a terrific eruption from the crater. We hear a rustling, thundering sound, when the lava in bigger or smaller lumps comes roaring down along the outer side of the cone. A lump, large as a saucer, falls down at my feet. It is glowing hot, but slowly the red color disappears, as if being sucked in by the ground.

Now we go on right across the bottom of the crater. We have to jump over wide cracks in the lava, and keep running in order to reach the other side, before the soles of our shoes are completely gone. Here the crater wall is not more than 140 feet high, but it takes some time before we can find the

road, and then we have to climb up with the utmost care. It is with a feeling of indescribable relief that we again stand on the edge of the crater.

We slide right down the ashy cone with long steps at terrific speed, to our waiting lunch-boxes, dirty, black with smoke, covered with dust, and with our shoes all torn to pieces and filled with pebbles. By sunset we reach Boscotrecase, and are given flowers to put in the button-holes by dark-eyed girls, who have already heard of our adventure.

On our train to Naples there are a number of musicians. They have brought drum, flute, tambourine, accordion, and violin, and it is not long before the whole car has been infected by their lively music. The tones of the tarantella sound. Before me there is sitting a stout matron with dark curly hair. Her feet mark the rhythm, her eyes sparkle, her head wags to and fro, and her hands gesticulate. And so the director comes along with a little copper bowl and takes up a collection. And then they continue playing.

Now I feel as if the train were gliding into a long, long tunnel, that never ends. I hear a dull rumbling. And now I see deep down there the great fire, whence come life and death. I am asleep.



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



## A WORD ADVENTURE

M. G. GOWSELL

WHILE conning words from out a tongue long dead,  
Outworn of folk far older than the Greek,  
I met a verb that I was urged to speak;  
And lo! the soul of it, for ages fled,  
Was beckoned back, its ancient ghost re-fed!  
Pronounced again, it conjured dreams unique:  
Vague memories, that played at hide and seek,  
Recalling, dimly, words once heard or read.  
  
Intoned today, the spell will linger long.  
I sometimes wonder if that magic power  
Had ever left its vowels for an hour:  
If bygone words but bide their seasons' gong  
To rouse them forth once more on wings of song.  
We know that trees re-leaf and bud and flower.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## “UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD MEANS UNIVERSAL PEACE”

GRACE KNOCHE

“‘But,’ some judicial mind may say, ‘how can we hold the nations of the world at peace when differences exist, seemingly irreconcilable differences?’ My reply must be: What holds together a family when differences arise? Kinship, the basic love of brother for brother, that is teeming within its life. That will suffice to hold it together always if it has grown and evolved in the spirit of justice. Why not, then, the larger family of the world?”

“Brotherhood is the way; that is the keynote of the new age. *Universal Brotherhood means Universal Peace.*”—KATHERINE TINGLEY in *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic*



NONE denies that spiritually the world is in arrears. Many are beginning to feel that it cannot be kept this side of spiritual bankruptcy unless some calm new greatness enters in. But through what channel? By what means? Peace-plans — and more peace-plans? Nations; societies, individuals are evolving these year after

year, as though they held some magic in themselves. Yet do they? Obviously not, for no one is able to make them work.

The prospect for world-peace is exceedingly tenuous. Every thinker will admit as much, yet everyone, thinker or otherwise, wants peace. The nations want it. Their diplomats and statesmen are hammering away, as never before in written

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history, trying to forge it. But the fire is not there; nothing melts and you cannot forge a thing till its elements, its ingredients, are melted down.

If the advance guard could win the battles for the army, the world would have stepped into sunshine and happiness long ago, and if political efforts could suffice to lift humanity into virtue, we might afford to shirk the burden of thinking for ourselves. But the two or three, the leaders, can no more than point the way. Political means are futile as long as human nature does not change. These are facts, older than history and as old as thinking man.

Virtue and contentment are qualities of mind and heart, and no *fiat* from whatever source can create them *for* humanity. In the templed inner world of these great things, man alone, individual man, is the creator, though he may be fortunate enough in some eras to have, it is true, the fine bulwark of good treaties and just laws. But these latter, of themselves!—we need not bring up that old issue.

The record of treaties and treaty-making, not in one or two nations but in all of them, is a delicate subject. Naturally, for treaties, laws, plans, whatever, that discount the supreme value of the personal equation, are handicapped from the start. It is well known that every attempt to legislate men into virtue is followed by a mad upflaring of the very evil sought

to be suppressed. Which never proves that the law-making method is wrong, however, but merely that something else is needed.

So that however we deviate or twist and turn, we are brought up finally flat against the adamant fact that human nature is the crux of the matter, for it strikes its roots into deeper levels than legislation of itself can ever hope to reach—levels of conduct, of our relations with each other and our attitude towards ourself.

When Seneca 'discovered' that conduct was "three-fourths of life," he missed it, according to Katherine Tingley, by just twenty-five per cent. Levels of conduct are the only levels upon which the world's moral foundations can rest without danger of 'settling' or worse. They are the only levels upon which real regeneration can rise with no fear of an ultimate fall. They are the levels into which the Peace-Tree of the ages is waiting to strike root. The problem is, how can we reach them?

Back of all problems lie principles, and the thinker who grasps them can unravel the worst enigma, if he does not lose heart and will persist. Now obviously problems of human nature and character-building cannot be solved for us by governments or special committees or religious convocations: they cannot be solved *for us* at all. They must be worked out by each one for himself, but the principle by which a solution is arrived at

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may be received by us from another source—from a teacher, from books, from our own inner and wiser Self. Once received, once grasped, they must be respected and applied, however, else it is only a scramble in the dark.

The actual processes of that very practical thing called the application of principle to practice will differ with each human being, but with a sacred difference. We stand here, in truth, in the sacred tribunal of the soul, wherein no person, no agency, has any least right to intrude.

But comparatively few, as the world goes, have the hero-stuff in their makeup that will give them grasp of the principles of things and then compel them, at whatever cost, to test these principles out. Most of us sit back and clamor for a receipt — which shows how spiritually crippled we are, for such a course is a virtual denial of the Divinity within. If we know the principle involved, we can make our own receipts. Clear understanding of principles is a sort of celestial mortar, holding the bricks of our ideal in their place.

We are in an era of cruel pressure and heavy loads. It is heartless to fold our hands and wait for the few to fix things up for us. Every back should be bent to the burden, not just a few, and that burden of burdens today is how to create world-peace.

It is criminal to sit down meekly and say, “Greater minds than

my own will have to settle this. I will wait and see what they say about it — and meanwhile take my ease.” It shows ignorance of our own nature, ignorance of the powers and possibilities of the mind itself, and greater still, ignorance of the infinite resourcefulness of the Divinity that resides in these perambulating bodies of ours and can kindle and illumine the mind with holy fire — if only we allow it. Ignorance of one’s resources so gross as this would not be tolerated in the world of the dollar. Dwellers in that world would wipe you out very nicely and very soon.

Those who have studied most deeply into the nature of mind — and Theosophy alone can throw real light upon this — know that no limit can be set to its service in respect to world-needs excepting those set by that quantity known as human nature — in a word, by selfishness, conceit, passion, prejudice, hatred, extremism, insularity, or fear.

The mind in its nobler aspect is a river of light and fire, flowing down into us, to the extent that we permit it to inflow, from its source in the Divine. Our task, obviously, is to clear out the stream-bed of character, so that the former may flow unimpeded in its course.

This does not square with theories of modern psychology, but no one can say anything as to that, for they do not square with themselves. They do square with conditions as we find them in bedrock life, however, and that ought to be

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enough, for here is the *why* of what is today such a pitiful anomaly: the fact that a certain few who pose as leaders of thought, who hold great theories and can talk you into unconsciousness on the now popular ideas of brotherhood and international fraternity, utterly fail to make good when confronted by the practical test.

Obstructed by the débris in the *character*, the great tides of spiritually illumined thought — which sweep round us all, all the time, seeking ingress — are stopped before they can get to the fields of practical work and application, either to stagnate and be dissipated (how often we can observe just this) or — and the world has farflung examples of this, too, alas! — to burst all barriers and spread death and destruction around. And thus, with channels of character so clogged that truth cannot flow through in its large purity, instead of an orderly progress, with problems all taken care of and beneficent, constructive results, we have no describing what stagnation, what destructive and mischievous results.

The remedy for all this mis-carriage must be apparent, and Theosophy would suggest that it is not too soon to begin to apply it.

It may be objected that with stricken millions in China, in Russia, in India, at our own doors, crying out with famine, urgently needing medical help, housing, and bodily care, there is not time to think of anything but how quickest

to hand out bread. But is that all there is to do? Bread — yes. But then what? Over and above the cry for bread, more heart-breaking and more shrill, is the cry for the *bread of the spirit* — for some explanation of what seems like hideous injustice, for some real basis on which to build a new hope, for something to nourish the heart-life, something that one dare trust.

According to those who stand near the center of things, outwardly, this appeal is not being met. To quote but a single expression: in an address given by the Honorable Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, while on a visit to San Diego, he said, “The war was a simple matter compared with what is to follow. The world is full of despair; *man has lost faith in government.*”

Man had lost a nobler faith than that, we think, and it is still far from him — he has lost faith in self-government. It is that which complicates the problem of world-peace, which is *the* world-problem now. Restore that and faith in government will be restored automatically, for government is only man’s creation, bearing his image, his very mood, his stamp.

We may hand out legislation by the volume and bread by the million loaves, but until man is aroused to search for the essential Divinity within himself—how plain it is now: the purpose and single aim of the Theosophical Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Quan Judge, and Katherine Tingley —

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until it dawns on man with the power and force of conviction that he can *believe in himself*, he is only building houses on the sand. The next storm will blow them down or sweep them into the sea, just as the next excuse — oh, how many both admit and fear it! — will precipitate another war.

To bring about universal peace — one of the aims of the Theosophical Society from the beginning as its history amply shows — is a very large order, but surely it will have to be filled.

No one is ready to say, in spite of the pessimism afloat and all the excuses for pessimism, that the tide cannot be turned, that civilization must go out, as civilizations have gone out before, “like a torch dipped in water.”

We hear more or less about the melting-pot of the nations, and America in particular is called the melting-pot of the world. What is needed more — and how many times Katherine Tingley has pointed this out, as H. P. Blavatsky did before her — is a melting down of the diverse and warring elements in the individual character to the end of a simple harmonious blend or quantity marked by wisdom and power and love. And there is no reason why this cannot come to pass save the unreason of man himself. No wonder the Spirit of Peace has to wait, as the deadlock of disagreements over peace-plans is waiting for the hammer-stroke of some great, resourceful, new idea to break it.

Great hope lies in the fact that ideas of Brotherhood are in the air; and with increasing numbers, Service, from being the impulse of a moment, has become the habit of a life. It begins to look as though Theosophy spoke with authority after all, and not as a harmless scribe. Katherine Tingley declared that had Theosophy — which be it remembered is the philosophy of *Universal Brotherhood* and whatever of power and wisdom may be incidental to it — been made a living power in men’s lives prior to 1914 the great war would not have occurred. Of course it would not have occurred. We all can see that now.

Brotherhood is a popular theme in our pulpits, now, at our conferences, in the diplomacy of the world. Brotherhood is exactly the key with which the world is now eagerly locking up the stable-door. Perfectly clear — afterwards — for where Brotherhood is a living power nations will learn to settle their little differences, as you and I would do, without cutting each other’s throats.

What is the matter then? It is simply this (again Theosophy): that it is one thing to accept Brotherhood in the mind, and quite another to believe in it in the heart. The heart is greater than systems, greater than all the schools. And Theosophy — what has it been called from the beginning but the *Doctrine of the Heart?*<sup>2</sup>

Now we see why peace-plans, skilfully thought out, laboriously

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evolved, quite perfect — as plans — are not pulling us out of the mire at all. The wheels are settling all the time. The heart-touch of soul is not in them. The world can be taken for Brotherhood only by the strategy of the soul. Systems and nations both would surrender before the sheer surprise of such an attack, but its generalship is not in parliaments, not in council-halls or convocations, but in conduct —

the conduct of you and me, the conduct of nations, that are only you and me larger grown.

And life itself is getting out of patience. It is demanding something more than has been given it in the past — not temporal but permanent peace, not a few decades of civilized behavior, but a whole perpetual future of it. The soul is that calm new greatness that, entering in, will bring peace home to stay.

## ON DEATH AND BEREAVEMENT

KENNETH MORRIS



HERE IS a certain solemnity about birth and death; at our coming and at our going we are lifted above commonplace levels, and are interesting then, if never else. Most men would feel it to be — what shall we say? — *bad taste* . . . almost to amount to blasphemy, to insult the dying. There is that present then which does not belong to common day; eternity whispers behind a thin curtain, and the unseen becomes the nearly visible.

So too when death has done his work: we stand before the gates of an existence on a greater scale than this one that we know; there is a grandeur in the air, as of the Infinite suggesting itself to our finite minds. . . .

Half the grief that we feel, I think always, at a death, is not

born of the sense of loss, but is the awe and crushment of our personal selves, (flotsam and ephemerality) in the presence of the huge impersonal Reality. The ocean is introduced to the drop; and the drop is without comfort, menaced with such vastness: the divided is abashed before the Indivisible. We cannot bear to hear the motion of the Everlasting Wings.

Even if we came out of 'Nothing,' and went out into 'Nothing' again, that Nothing would still be Infinity. All the deeds, the thoughts, the characteristics, the strivings, the unrest or the goodwill, that we saw active in a human shape, have passed now from personality and the tale of daily doings, and are merged in the sum of the experience of Universal Being . . . out of which they some time since appeared mysteriously,

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a manifestation, fragmentary, of that Unknown.

The mystery of man! Who knows who he is? A force-center of infinite potentialities let loose here for a period of years: a piece of infinity caught and imprisoned in the finite, and escaping at last into infinity again.

So bereavement is one of the inestimable experiences of our lives: the grandest, and the richest. It is our own Grand Self then in whose presence we stand. Here was one, as near and familiar to ourselves as the workings of our own minds; now he is inexorably remote; he has taken on augustness; is to be contacted only as we contact the stars, the sky, the far peaks of the mountains, the distant solitudes of the sea, or poetry, or music. In the same way, if we know how to make these beautiful things our auxiliaries and kind companions.

I remember hearing as a child of certain ascetics in Italy who speak but three words daily, and those always the same: *Bisogno morire, fratello!* — and are answered, *Fratello, bisogno morire!* The beauty of the sounds left no sadness (for me) in the meaning; there was nothing morbid in it; it was like a bell sounding sweet and mysteriously out of the infinite, to give the assurance that infinity endured, sole reality, behind the dullness and petty flashings of color, the irritations and trivialities of things.

*The 'Nothing' we set out from . . .*

and brought out of it (but out of nothing, nothing!) this angel and this demon,—this odious little inhabitant of today, and these thoughts that wander through eternity. . . .

And whatever the actual facts about death, whatever survives it, it yet stands symbol and assurance for us that all our personalities, in which is the whole sum of evil, shall be merged at last and absorbed in the clean impersonality of Infinite Being.

When a dear comrade dies, we come nearer to the Heart of Life; we are not bereaved; a part of our riches is laid up in the treasure-house beyond time and space; the love remains, though it be anchored now in something vaster and more enduring than a human personality. We say, 'He was,' when in a sense he has only just begun to be,—the durable *es* of the Spanish, in place of the temporary *está*. His greatnesses are now for our daily use, in so far as we perceive and can make them so; formerly his and our personalities lay between,—and in personality there is always at least potential misunderstanding. What can take from me that which belongs to me? If there is any true link between souls, though it be stretched as far as from here to Betelgeuse, it cannot be broken.

Such an august thing is "eloquent, just, and mighty Death": eloquent truly, because speaking so loud with his insistent silence of the greatness of our Greater Selves.

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He too belongs to and is a part of us, having his place of origin in the unexplored secret reaches of our will; which is the Universal Will; -- if we emerge from the Universal, and our beings are drops or aspects of that Consciousness, Its Will is the root or cause of ours.

Comrade passed out, that have no name now expressible in the syllables of human speech, but are a note in the Symphony which is Divinity, for what more than this shall we bless you, that you remind us that we too are parts of that mightiest Music?

## VICTORY

LAFAYETTE PLUMMER

**T**HE sounds of the Battle no longer distress me;  
The sweets of Illusion no longer shall sicken me;

Alone with my God  
I ride through the Mystical Blue,  
Piercing the clouds of Morning,  
Straight to the Heart of the Sun.

I raise my voice in song with the Gods ---  
A paean of Victory.

Till the Evening bids me go.

. . . . .

Straight from the Heart of the Sun,  
Piercing the clouds of Evening,  
Alone with my God  
I ride through the Mystical Blue.

Till the sounds of the Battle surround me;  
(Oh! the cries of the fallen still haunt me!)

But I blend my voice with the voices of Men  
In a paean of Victory:

Till the New Dawn bids me come.  
And my God and I are made One.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*



## JOTTINGS

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

### OUR LITTLE PLANS

"THE one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work — to do every moment's duty aright — that being the part in the process allotted to us."—GEORGE MACDONALD



**T**HIS MEANS that our plans are too narrow, and so we must adapt ourselves to a larger plan.

Life is large; but the area with which the mind has to do is small. We cannot plan successfully unless we can see ahead and all around. We do not possess the material to make a successful plan for our life. Again, our intelligence is not free from the distorting influence of desires, passions, prejudices, fears; and for this reason it is not fit to make a plan.

And so our little plans have to be broken. We have to break them; they will not serve. Lucky for us, or what a fine mess we should get ourselves into!

We are all compact of two — the great man and the little man. The little man does not seem to know what he is here for, or what he is about. It is the great man that has laid down the plans for the life, and irresistibly he carries them out, in despite of all the schemes of the little man. The little man, finding that his schemes are always thwarted, is fain to recognise a superior power; and

he calls it God or fate or what not. He does not realize that it is *himself* after all — but his great Self, his wise Self, himself stripped of all hindrances, the gold without the dross.

And so the wise thing to do is to recognise that it is not our desires and plans that rule our life, but the will and wisdom of the real essential Man within us, the Spiritual Soul, the real I. And we must fall in with this guidance, first by faith, later by knowledge.

There is plenty of use for our planning powers in the small things of life. Let this part of our mind be occupied with the things germane to it. But if we use this faculty to lay down large plans for ourselves or for people in general, we are sure to limit and confine growth and development.

#### CHANCE IS LAW

"ALL nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good."—POPE

THERE is no room in a sound philosophy for such a conception as 'chance'—except as a mere counter for docketing a group of

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things temporarily until they can be duly explained. Try to satisfy your reason with a universe ruled partly by law and partly by — *unlaw*. Hence the so-called casual events must be related, as effects to causes, in some way that we cannot trace.

But knowledge is progressive. Science has already taught us to trace to their cause many events which formerly were not so traceable. Diseases, once called visitations of Providence, are now shown to be due to avoidable causes. It is reasonable to think that our knowledge may at some future time disclose to us the causes of still other things which we now have to call fortuitous.

The whole subject of luck, which science is prone to consider a superstition, but which continues to flourish in the popular belief, is a blind recognition of the truth that events are related causally to one another. Of course there *is* much folly and superstition mingled with the truth in these matters; but that circumstance should not induce us to throw over the whole thing without further examination.

The various arts of divination are grounded on a belief that signs which seem casual are not really so, but indicate things removed from immediate observation — things in the past or the future, or out of the range of our physical senses. But here again we tread on doubtful ground, owing to the folly and superstition attaching to this subject.

The connexion of this idea with the Theosophical teachings of Karma and Reincarnation is obvious. We know that some of our experiences are due to our own acts; and it is easy to infer that other experiences are also due to our own acts, even in cases where we fail to discern the connexion.

### WHAT COLOR IS THE SUN?

WE hear that there has been a controversy as to whether the sun is yellow, as the man in the street says; or blue, as science tells us. We are glad to find the question has been settled; but the answer is somewhat unexpected. The sun is green!

This is quoted in a weekly on the authority of somebody or other in the scientific world, who has been making experiments on the eye and color-vision. The sun may *seem* yellow, but it is *really* green.

This opens up the whole question as to what is meant by reality; and we see no reason why we should not retort upon the scientist by saying that the sun seems green but is really yellow. In such a confusion of relativity and illusion it is best to stick to practical purposes; and the old-fashioned yellow sun will do very well for most users. A green sun is altogether too much. Perhaps that is why the trees and grass are all red, and why the sky is black with purple spots.

It used to be feared that scientists would soon have nothing left to discover; but we see now that,

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE: ON SILENCE

when they have found out all there is, they can still go on discovering things that aren't so.

### MATTER — MADE OF WHAT?

WITH regard to the composition of matter, the following dilemma has often been pointed out both by ourselves and by others. Either we must resolve matter into constituents which are themselves material, in which case we get 'no forrader'; or else we must resolve matter into constituents which are not material, in which case it is foolish to try and conceive them under material form.

It would seem that some scientific minds which had not foreseen this are now being forced to see it; for it is found that no picture which we can imagine of the structure of the atom will satisfy the requirements of observed facts. But surely

this is only what was to be expected. If the properties of matter are functions of its structure, then, when we analyse that structure, breaking matter into its constituents, these properties must disappear. And so long as we go on endowing the electron with the properties of a physical body, it will of course not be an electron at all, but only a particle of matter.

In an examination of these excessively small regions our senses will no longer serve, even when aided by our most delicate instruments. Also our imagination will no longer serve; for that is filled with images derived from our experience of the physical world of our physical senses. So what is one to do? And here is a jumping-off place for the adventurous mind, ambitious to explore new realms of knowledge.

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE: ON SILENCE

E. J. DADD



AS I SPENT a lesiure hour along the western slopes of Lomaland, I came by the wayside upon an exquisite early spring blossom, a wild hyacinth, swaying on its long, slender stem. A butterfly at rest upon it flew away at my approach, and as it did so I caught the dim, slowly growing bewilderment of the flower at its sudden loss. Delighted at perceiving the

consciousness of the flower, I approached and looked in silence — in Silence. I found there the same pure beauty of consciousness before which one worships in a child.

Continuing on my walk, I pondered on the difficulty of putting into words what is felt in the silence. Yet it is sometimes helpful to try.

All along these westward hills there rests a great serenity, a

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sense of vast antiquity, of knowledge, of a quiet waiting -- waiting in the certainty of something great and good to come.

Presently, turning into one of the canyons leading away from the sea, and following the path until a turn behind a spur modified the roaring of the surf to a dim murmuring, there was a sudden refreshing silence, so marked, so compelling, that it was obviously more than the mere cessation of noise. The scene itself was beautiful in its gracefully flowing outlines and pleasing vistas; but the silence was more poignant than the sense of beauty.

Why does the word Silence, spelt with a capital, seem best to express that something, that pres-


ence? Is it not because the moment the ordinary current of thought begins to flow, with its memories and its speculations, the Silence is not perceptible? To be conscious of that Silence is an act of direct perception, without the intervention of thought.

Why do I find the Silence in that canyon, and not in others, or why in certain places on the hillside and not elsewhere? Point Loma is sacred ground: may it not be that good work has been done at those places ages ago?

In the long stretch of cycles all humanity must find that Silence. They that have it now must unfold with it those that have it not, until they too shall find it. It is the only real cure for 'problems.'

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.

INCE the sides of the great pyramid of the sun situated at San Juan Teotihuacan, twenty-seven miles east of Mexico City, have been completely cleared of grass and weeds, the monument stands out in almost pristine magnificence. The excavations in the pyramid-area (about 500 acres) are being conducted by the Mexican government under the able direction of Dr. Gamio, and it reflects

great credit upon the government that, notwithstanding political troubles, nothing has been allowed to hinder the work.

Nearly all the archaeological researches in Mexico, especially in the Maya region, have been conducted by foreign scientific bodies, but at Teotihuacan the work has been carried on with great skill and success entirely by Mexican scientists. When finished, the area will be almost a second Pompeii

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and without doubt an object of the greatest interest not only to students but to the ordinary tourist.

The Pyramid of the Sun, while not so high as the great pyramids of Egypt, is an enormous structure and must have required the resources of a well-organized and highly-skilled state to construct it. It is 216 feet in height and 721 by 761 feet at the base, and is built in five sections with broad terraces between. It contains some chambers, but the interior has not been thoroughly explored and there may be surprises in store. Stairways rise to the top at the center of the western side.

There is a legend that an immense statue of the sun carved from a single block of porphyry and with a golden breastplate stood on the apex of the pyramid, but nothing of the kind remains.

From the summit of the monument there is a splendid view of the so-called 'Cradle of Mexican civilization.' Half a mile to the north is the Pyramid of the Moon, rather smaller than the great pyramid, and not yet completely uncovered. A mile to the east is the great quadrilateral temple which was recently exhumed and is very impressive in its simple dignity. Its rear walls are decorated with remarkable carvings of mythological subjects which, according to some, bear considerable resemblance to Egyptian sculpture.

This temple has been known as the 'Temple of Quetzalcoatl,' the

Mexican Savior, but, according to Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, American archaeologist of international repute, in a recent communication to the leading scientific society in Mexico, her researches have conclusively proved that this is a mistake. She convinced her auditors that it is really the temple described by Ixtlilxochitl, the native historian, as having been built and dedicated to the Goddess of Water by Mitl, the sixth Toltec king, eleven centuries ago.

Mrs. Nuttall gave many reasons for her claim, especially the fact that decorations are of an aquatic nature and not of the kind associated with Quetzalcoatl. Many frog-images were found, and the shell-like serpents' heads are identical with those on a mask worn by the goddess in pictures from other sources. This discovery is considered of very great importance in view of the opening up of great possibilities in the unraveling of the mystery of the buried city of Teotihuacan, one of the great riddles of archaeology.

In addition to this commanding temple and the two great pyramids which stand so boldly above the plain, numerous other relics of past greatness are scattered around, including several other temples, large underground chambers, concrete sidewalks and walls.

The 'Camino de los Muertos' (Path of the Dead) is flanked by human bones, obsidian knives, jewelry, and hundreds of clay masks

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of special interest because of the variety of types represented, including Egyptian, Mongoloid, and Negroid.

These extensive and magnificent ruins grouped around the pyramids are evidently the sacred center of what was once a rich and highly cultivated State, but we actually *know* nothing about its founders, its origin, or history. Even in the time of Cortés (1519) the great pyramid was thickly covered with soil and vegetation. At whatever early date the Toltecs arrived — generally supposed to have been about 648 A. D. but, according to some, more than a thousand years earlier — pyramids and other monuments were already there whose origin was even then entirely unknown.\*

However ancient Teotihuacan may be, whether two or three thousand years, and even if Dr. Byron Cummings of Arizona University is correct in the estimate upon geological evidence, that the temple of Cuicuilco near San Fernando, Mexico, is not less than eight thousand years old, there can no longer be any reasonable doubt that intelligent man lived in America millenniums earlier.



MENTION was made in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July, 1927, page 64, of new discoveries of well-made arrowheads associated with extinct animals of the Pleistocene

geological age, when northeastern America was periodically covered with ice-sheets and various extinct animals flourished. This period is generally reckoned to have lasted about a million years and to have closed perhaps 25,000 years ago. Little was announced about these arrowheads except that they were of an unknown type and of high grade.

Further information is now to hand regarding certain of these stone weapons found at the Folsom quarry, about twenty-eight miles from Raton, New Mexico.

Mr. Barnum Brown, palaeontologist to the American Museum of Natural History, recently read a paper before the International Congress of Americanists at the Museum in which he contended that the Folsom discoveries indicate the existence of man in America at least from 15,000 to 20,000 years ago or more.

Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, anthropologist of the National Museum at Washington, who is one of the leading representatives of the school which opposes any great age for man in America, disagreed with Mr. Brown, but in the ensuing debate the latter was able to refute Dr. Hrdlička's objections, and finally Dr. Albrecht Penck, eminent

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\*Students will find interesting statements by H. P. Blavatsky on the Frog-symbol in antiquity and even in Christianity in relation to resurrection or reincarnation, and also about the Pyramid-Symbol in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 327, 385, 386 and 354.

## NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

geologist and official German delegate, conceded the great antiquity of the arrowheads. The following quotations are from the report in the *New York Times*:

"The articles found at Folsom consist of skeletons and partial skeletons of an extinct type of buffalo which were found in association with stone arrow-heads of a unique type, distinctive from any other implements ever found in America, under sedimentation which shows that they had lain there since the late Pleistocene Age, toward the end of the glacial period, according to Mr. Brown. . . .

"Sixteen arrow-points were found, but only one was perfect. The others had been broken. Mr. Brown explained that the prehistoric Indians who killed the Folsom bisons probably recaptured the undamaged points for subsequent use, just as modern Indians used to do.

"Mr. Brown said that the arrow-points were unlike those of modern Indians found on the surface of the *mesa* country near Folsom. In technique, he went on, the Folsom arrow-points were equal if not superior to anything found in the Nile Valley in Egypt, indicating that the Folsom Indians were not by any means a crude or primitive people, but were of a highly developed aboriginal culture.

"Whereas the ordinary arrow-head is triangular and rather thick and heavy, he continued, the Folsom heads are artistically curved along both edges, and have two 'fish-tails' at each end of the base. Besides being almost as thin as paper, they are fluted along the side like a hollow ground razor or a bayonet blade.

"The significance of the unique arrow-heads, according to Mr. Brown, is that the Folsom Indians were of sufficiently advanced intelligence to do fine workmanship and to develop a distinctive style in archery. . . .

"The fossils showed a type of buffalo now extinct, entirely different from the modern buffalo. It was much more massive. . . . Extreme care was used and the bones were not removed until their association with the arrows was determined.

"Dr. Hrdlička's paper said that the Folsom find did not conclusively show great antiquity because the skeletons were piled on top of each other and were incomplete. Mr. Brown replied by showing pictures to prove this was not the case. He also said that Dr. Hrdlička had declined invitations to visit Folsom and see the find for himself. If he had done so, Mr. Brown added, he would have seen that the skeletons lay just as they had been defleshed by a prehistoric people.

"Dr. A. V. Kidder of the Carnegie Institution supported Mr. Brown, saying that of 1300 Indian implements taken from various excavations in the Southwest, none resembles even remotely the workmanship of the Folsom arrow-points."

In connexion with the fact that arrowheads have been found elsewhere in the Southwest associated with bones of extinct prehistoric animals, it seems difficult to realize why a certain school of archaeologists keeps up so strong an opposition to the evidence for very ancient intelligent man in America. The fight in favor of the great age of prehistoric human remains in Europe required hard hitting before it was won, and the same process is being repeated here.

According to the teachings of Theosophy, science will ultimately learn that the real origin of physical mankind took place millions of years earlier than the boldest scientist suspects, and that civilizations have existed long before the Stone Age, which was a long period of degradation between a high culture of the far past and the one in which we find ourselves. The law of Periodicity or cycles acts in the great as in the small.

## THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

*(Continued from the January issue)*



ARTHUR COULTER said that Willie Barnet was 'all right,' and a very 'decent sort of a chap' at bottom, and saw no reason to make a fuss about his family, because they were all dead; which seemed to settle the matter; and Sir John with some snorts and a tirade against the vulgarity of money-worship retired as usual to the library, and left the field open to the plebeian plutocrat who was put upon the list for an invitation to Lowthorpe at an early date.

It was suggested that Arthur should ask him to come and see a horse one morning, and then he could be invited to stay to luncheon, so as to break the ice and pave the way for a dinner-invitation if he passed muster on his first trial-visit.

Willie knew nothing of all this and was asking what had become of Arthur, and when Barker was coming back, which was tactless; Mrs. Maynell referred him to the parson, who, she said sweetly, was an old friend of Arthur's. This made the poor man supremely uncomfortable, for he recalled his interview with Sir John and the way he had spoken of his present hostess. Also it embarrassed him, for he really had no idea of how the land lay as regards Arthur's intimacy with Mrs. Maynell.

John Marchmont took some interest in studying this new type of man; his path in life had not led

him amongst the clergy, as his youth had been spent in London, except when he was at school and college, and his people were all more or less in the Civil Service. His father had been a judge in India and had settled in Kensington on his return, passing the rest of his life in daily visits to his club, a walk across Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and a round of social functions.

The Anglo-Indian does not generally cultivate the clerical section of society: whereas in the country the clergy and their families are an important addition to a thinly scattered aristocracy, and are always kept in stock for filling up gaps in social entertainments.

There was a delightful incongruity to his mind in the very presence of the churchman in the house of the gambler, as she called herself. It did not surprise him for he had a keen sense of humor, and gave his hostess credit for a similar faculty for appreciating the charm of the incongruous.

He concluded that Chawley had come to beg for subscriptions to some local charity, which was the only capacity in which he had known such men in London, but the idea of a friendship between such a man and Arthur Coulter, whom he knew by name only, gave him a peculiar idea of the latter's character. A man is known by his friends, it is said, and he had heard so much about



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Arthur Coulter and Captain Barker from Willie, that it seemed hard to fit this little man into the picture.

Seeing his embarrassment, Mrs. Maynell changed the subject, and thanked him for telling her about Jane Heathcote, whom she said she had met in London some years ago, and whom she proposed to take into her own service by and by, as Mary was leaving soon to be married.

This was even more embarrassing, for he had told the story of Jane's fall from grace in a most dramatic and effective manner, and had pictured her as sunk in the depths of crime and degradation; and here was this refined and charming woman speaking of her as a girl of noble character and of great qualities.

However, he expressed his pleasure at the good news, and hoped Mrs. Maynell would have no reason to regret her generosity; it was a noble task, he said, to raise the fallen and to give them opportunities, though he feared that gratitude was not common in the lower orders and he sincerely hoped she would have no reason to regret her experiment.

For a moment Mrs. Maynell was angry, and John saw a gleam in her eye and slight compression of the firm mouth that gave warning of danger; but Chawley was sublimely dense, and knew no more of the meaning of such signs than he knew of the Chinese alphabet, or of the real meaning of his own religion; so he continued to expatiate on the difficulties met with by charitable societies in their attempts to deal with released convicts, unheeding the danger-signals which were only mo-

mentarily visible even to John's keen eye.

At last the hostess languidly remarked: "If I were an ex-convict, I think I should be ungrateful for the kind of patronage offered by certain charitable societies I have known. I don't blame them in the least. What is this gratitude that is expected? Why, what *is* gratitude, but paying back what you have received, and don't they do that? What other payment does hypocrisy deserve? Every convict knows that his chief sin lies in being caught by people who have escaped themselves but who might be in his place if the light was turned on to their secret lives.

"And then good ladies, well housed, well fed, and well dressed, by husbands whose private lives are seldom entirely free from those mistakes that serve to put men behind the bars when found out and exposed, these charitable ladies go to the victims of the law, the outcasts of society, and treat them as if they were an inferior race whom they propose to pour blessings upon from a serene height of superior sanctity. And for these insults, these offenses against our common humanity, they expect gratitude? Well, they get it! They are repaid in their own coin, but they have not the wit to know it.

"Oh! I know there are plenty of good people who are really trying to help those who have been in trouble to get on their feet again; but I also know that there are a great many more who try to hound them down, and keep them in the criminal class, and who never allow them to forget their past nor lose an opportunity to

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remind other people of it. Such people are the worst criminals of all; they are the real enemies of society.

"I don't profess to understand social problems, but it does seem as if some people were full of hatred for humanity and only took pleasure in making others miserable. Do they want to make more criminals?"

"Oh! Mr. Chawley, if I were a clergyman, I would preach sermons that would wake people up and make them think a little about their 'dearly beloved brethren.'"

She laughed and poured out the tea which Mary had brought in while she was holding forth. And now she seemed only anxious to make everyone at home, paying particular attention in a delicate way to the poor parson whom she had so severely chastised, for though pretty thick-skinned, he had felt the lash, and had not the skill to hide the fact.

Willie Barnet did not make matters much better by saying: "By Jove! Mrs. Maynell, if you were in the pulpit I'd be in church every Sunday to hear you; that's a ripping sermon you've just given us; that *sort of thing* stirs a fellow up! John talks like that sometimes, I always thought he ought to have been a bishop."

"Thanks," said John rather sardonically. "I'd rather be —" then catching sight of the parson he checked himself and said "a barrister, and devote myself to defending the virtuous criminals and returning them to the bosom of their loving families."

"Oh, I say, now you're rotting! You know, Mrs. Maynell, he doesn't mean that; he really has lectured me

about the brotherhood of man till I felt as if I should have to think about it seriously, some day, but you know I'm not clever and don't understand these things.

"I don't see how we could do without police, and prisons, and all that, and of course if you have prisons you must have convicts. I mean, that's what the prisons are for, and if you make them so jolly comfortable, why then a lot of poor devils outside will turn criminals in order to get into a good home and be well fed."

Mr. Chawley brightened up and nodded approval, but his mouth was too full to allow of his saying anything at the moment, so John 'took up his parable' and said:

"That's just the harm these sensational reformers do; they go to such ridiculous extremes that common-sense people turn against the whole question, as if there were nothing else to do but coddle criminals as an alternative to the present system.

"What I say is, that when people have gone wrong, they should have a chance to go back on to the right path; and I think they want more than a chance, they want help; just as a man who has been ill wants help to be well again.

"What is the difference between a man whose body is diseased, and one whose mind is diseased? Surely the diseased mind needs as much care as the diseased body. You say we need prisons, yes, just as we need fever-hospitals for contagious diseases and protection against epidemics, and all that: but when a patient is cured and sent home, he is not

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hounded down and branded as if he were still dangerous."

"But, my dear sir, that is just the point, the released convict *is* dangerous," put in the parson, anxious for an opportunity to regain his dignity and so assert his superiority.

"Well, then, he should not be released, any more than a patient is released from hospital till all fear of contagion is past."

"There I quite agree with you; indeed, some prison-authorities declare that a man who has once become a criminal is never fit to go back into society again."

"I say! doesn't that look as if there was something wrong about the prisons?" asked Willie Barnet.

"It certainly does," said Mrs. Maynell thoughtfully. "What should we say if the hospitals could not cure people sufficiently to send them home better than when they went in?"

"Ah! but my dear Mrs. Maynell," said Mr. Chawley in his most unctuous manner, "there is a vast difference between disease of the body, and crime. Crime is worse than insanity, and you know many alienists say that insanity may be alleviated, but is never cured. Crime is sin, and for that there is no remedy."

Mrs. Maynell looked at him in wonder, and said: "Indeed?"

Then, as if tired of the subject, she asked if Mr. Marchmont had any horses down here and meant to hunt in the country. The conversation fell into sporting topics generally, and Mr. Chawley took his leave, feeling that he had had the last word, and had rebuked Mrs. Maynell for her impetuosity; indeed, he

felt so well satisfied with himself that he forgave her for the 'spanking' that he had received, and promised himself another visit when there should be no sporting men present.

Marchmont, it appeared, had brought no horses, but was riding his friend's and the latter was very anxious for Mrs. Maynell to try one he had just got, and which he thought would just suit her. She was always glad to try a new horse, and accepted, promising to ride the new horse next week when there was a meet of the hounds at Burley Wood not far from there.

The season was early yet and the 'fields' were not likely to be as crowded as they would be later in the season, when it was not so pleasant to be riding a horse you don't know in a crowd.

It was arranged that the horse should be at the meet, and Mrs. Maynell should drive over in her covert cart; and Marchmont and Willie Barnet should divide the honor of piloting the lady, as Barker was away. The latter was a first-rate pilot, and had never made a mistake in showing her the way across country; that was one of the things he really did well: but in this case the two pilots were more likely to be guided by her than she by either of them, for Barnet was not remarkable for his good judgment in cross-country riding, and John did not know the country; but the arrangement pleased everyone.

The two men went home more than ever delighted with their hostess, and she watched them drive away with feelings of real friendship.

It seemed to her that John March-

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mont's influence on his friend was distinctly good, and spoke well for his own character; he had given her a new idea in that comparison of criminals to fever-patients; there was something in that. She sat thinking over the subject and could not shake off the hold it got of her mind, though she had plenty of other things to think about.

Jane's story had stirred her indignation and pity, and Jane's generous and courageous conduct in risking a return to prison by getting those bills from old Richardson in the way she did, had touched her more than she could say.

She felt she had blundered in losing her temper with that poor parson, and feared she had made an enemy, to no purpose, for nothing was gained by beating such people. It only brought out their meanness and made them more spiteful, but she wished she could have made them all feel as she had felt when she thought of Jane, and reflected that there must be some noble qualities in many of those who go wrong which would make their lives beautiful, if they were brought out by proper treatment.

She had never thought about the subject as a problem, or a proposition; such things did not appeal to her as abstract propositions, but she could see and feel the wrong done to an individual, and she could try to help one who came in her way; that was as far as she had gone.

But to John Marchmont the subject appeared in a wider way, as a great social problem, a puzzle, to which the key had not yet been found so far as he knew. Yet he

did know that there were ages, and nations, in which such things had been managed better: why had we lost the key?

Vaguely he felt that this woman had spoken from a deeper wisdom than he possessed; there was a ring of feeling in her voice that told of sympathy, and that was a great mysterious power. He had a curious respect for those deeper feelings, those intuitions, that his education had taught him to mistrust. He was a mystic philosopher spoiled by a materialistic education. He was an unborn poet; he was a potential statesman, who had not yet awoke to his own possibilities, and who was waiting for some one to stir his dormant faculties or for some event to force him to arouse his own energy.

As they drove home they both were silent, and thoughtful. The parson had done his work well, he had stirred three people, and made them think of the needs of their brother-men, and of their own responsibilities, in a way that he little dreamed of. It may be that he was himself guided by something higher in the inmost recesses of his soul that was leading him unconsciously in the path of ministration, which he had adopted as a profession, and practised as a means of self-glorification; but which that higher self determined that he should serve, whether his mean little nature wished it or not.

There is a divine spark in the meanest soul and it may be invoked by even one moment's pure aspiration, or by one unselfish effort; and, once invoked, it may compel a man to act in spite of himself.

## THE DRUID STONES

He had often preached on the subject "Be sure your sin will find you out," but he had never heard of the equally certain axiom contained in the warning "Be sure your soul will find you out." Yet the highest aspiration of the soul in a moment of enthusiasm is as surely a cause as is a low vicious desire or thought, and each will produce its own result, for effects follow causes as the furrow follows the plow.

### X

THE Rowton races, which had been already so disastrous to the hopes of Captain Barker and of Arthur Coulter, passed pleasantly enough for Willie Barnett's party. Mrs. Maynell never risked much on such uncertain creatures as horses; she was too practical; but she loved them, and took a keen and intelligent interest in all that was connected with them.

Arthur came and paid his respects to her in a perfectly natural manner, but made no allusion to his trouble, nor asked after Barker; he had natural tact as well as the cultivated article, and seemed to be perfectly happy. He said he had been backing all the winners, and was in high spirits apparently.

Nor were his high spirits entirely assumed, for he was quite able to put aside any unpleasant thoughts that did not require immediate attention, and there were some weeks yet before that bill became due, so he devoted himself to Beatrice Masters, who was one of Lady Bolting's party, and made small bets for her and larger ones for himself, and,

though he could not get long odds, yet he won quite a good sum and felt duly elated.

A little success was enough to make him feel confident, and, as he did not analyse his prosperity too closely, nor compare the amount of his winnings with the sum required to redeem the bill that hung over his head, he soon felt perfectly at ease and beamed on the object of his admiration in a most unreserved and undisguised manner, feeling perfectly secure in the assured approval of his family, who were on the family coach, which Arthur had driven to the course.

His father had seen him, as he passed round the enclosure visiting the various county-families represented there, for all the world turned out on such occasions and this was the last meeting of the season before the hunting began in earnest, so that all the hunting men were there.

Arthur had followed Mrs. Maynell's good advice, and had no reason to regret it: his father had been very much surprised at his change of attitude; he was delighted with the proposed marriage, and wished him success, assuring him that, in that case, he would settle the estate upon him definitely, and would take the first opportunity to have a talk with the agent of the Conservative party in the county and with the leading parliamentary party men, and would get him introduced properly and well started on a political career. He wound up with a fine specimen of somewhat involved rhetoric, in which personal prospects, patriotism, loyalty, temperance, and economy, all came in for a share,

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But the really solid substance, the immediate financial proposal, was a little disappointing. Sir John merely said that he would see that Arthur's allowance was adequate, and that after Christmas he would go into the matter with him. And there was that cursed bill due long before Christmas, not to speak of the regular Christmas bills for clothes and for his horses and groom, which his present allowance was intended to cover but which it did not approach; because such things could wait, and gambling debts could not, nor could such bills as that held by Styles.

Still, there was time yet, and something was sure to happen; he was not going to worry about it. At the worst he would have to tell his father, and ask him to give him an advance on his year's allowance, and offer Styles a good round sum to carry over the balance of the two thousand pounds on a new bill, on his own security, and on the improved prospect guaranteed by his father; so as to be able to prevent any call being made on his Uncle Richard; he had promised to do that, and he saw no difficulty about it now.

If he had seen the malignant expression on Styles's face as he held that bill, and knew that Richard Coulter's signature was a forgery, he would have had reason for anxiety; for one thing was certain, and that was that Styles would hold that bill if he could and would present it in due and legal form to Richard Coulter and leave him to repudiate his sig-

nature, and the law to take its course.

He had waited many years for his revenge, but, when he thought of Sir John living to see his eldest son convicted of forgery, he felt that he had not waited in vain. All the vindictiveness of his nature was centered in this one desire for revenge on Sir John Coulter and his family.

He was not an evil man, as some said; on the contrary, he was just and even generous in a guarded way, and as conscientious in his business as most other men, rather sharper and rather keener at a deal than others, and very tenacious and persistent in forcing his own views and in upholding his own interests or his clients'.

But he had nursed this grudge till it grew to an obsession and assumed colossal proportions in his eyes; it had become almost a sacred duty at last, a true vendetta, a moral obligation. And now his hour was at hand.

But Arthur knew nothing of this, and had no sense of impending ruin; he felt perfectly secure, as if he were a child of fortune shielded by some protecting genius. The future would take care of itself. Yes, no doubt! But not unless some active agent appeared to guide and direct the events that make up the future.

Fate itself is powerless if the agents of destiny fail to do their share. The agents of destiny are human beings mostly, and one is sacrificed that another may go free, if we look only at the surface of things. But the fates of all are inextricably interwoven.

*(To be continued)*