



THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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INVISIBLE WORLDS AND THEIR INHABITANTS

FRRIENDS near and friends afar: This afternoon I am going to continue with the subject of study which I tried to conclude on last Sunday and did not then succeed in doing, because there are so many bypaths of thought upon which I felt that it was necessary to enter in order to give you some idea of what the Theosophist means when he speaks of invisible worlds and the populations of them; and along these bypaths I shall ask you to accompany me today for a certain distance on each. As I said on last

Sunday, I repeat that I am not going to say anything spooky or weird or uncanny, but I shall try to tell you of the truth that comes out of the heart of Nature direct to us human beings who have minds and hearts built to receive that truth, because indeed it is in ourselves as inseparable parts of the great Kosmic Whole.

The Theosophical philosophy is not something which has been invented by anybody at any time: it is the formulation of the truths of Nature — not of outer Nature alone, which is but the

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effectual mirroring of hid causes; but more particularly of the vast causal realms behind the outer Nature which our senses know — behind the outer veil of Reality; for these inner and causal realms are the inner Heart of Things. These truths were originally formulated in systematic manner in far past time by Great Seers. This formulation of natural truth has come down to our own times checked and tested in every age by new generations of these Great Seers. This formulation today is called Theosophy.

We sometimes speak of Theosophy as Esotericism or the Esoteric Philosophy, when we refer to its deeper, more recondite, more hid and difficult doctrines; and we contrast it then with the exoteric or outer forms of religious or philosophic or scientific belief or faith, that have existed in the world at various times, and so exist today. Esotericism, therefore, *reveals* the truth; exotericism — that is to say, the outward and popular formulation of religious and philosophic doctrines — *reveils* the truth; the self-assurance of ignorance, alas, always *reviles* the truth. All pioneers of thought in every age have experienced this; many a human heart has broken under the revilings of the ignorant; but the greater ones of mankind, the Seers of whom I have spoken, have marched steadily on through time and have carried the torchlight of truth from race to race; and it has come down to our own time as Theosophy in the guardianship and charge of these Great Seers, who today even, yea, even in our own time,

compose what we call the Great White Lodge. These men are not excarnate spirits, but men — relatively perfected men, it is true, men therefore who know, men who have so raised themselves by spiritual training and by 'living the life,' as the saying goes, and by following that 'small still pathway within us,' leading ever more withinwards towards the 'heart of the Universe,' that they thus gain at first hand knowledge and knowledges concerning Nature, which they report back to us, their younger brethren, in proportion to our capacity to understand.

Now, friends, with regard to our subject of study this afternoon, I cannot go over again all that has been said on other Sundays, nor have I time even to recapitulate heads of thought. But the first thing to grasp, if you will get some adequate conception — at least some skeleton-outline, some clear-cut ideas, of what the Kosmos or Universe really consists of — this first thing to grasp, I say, is as follows: Matter and Energy are fundamentally one thing, not two things. Our ultra-modern science is teaching us today this same old Theosophical doctrine.

The next point of importance to understand is that man, indeed every other entity everywhere, not on our own globe alone, our own planet, but every thinking, every intelligent, every feeling entity everywhere in the vast fields of the spaces of Space, is an inseparable part of the vast Whole, the vast Organism of the Universe in which we all live, and move, and have our being,— inner being and outer being; and

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the outer being is but a veil hiding the inner and causal essence of us.

The third point is that our Universe, as popularly supposed, consists of space and matter and energy; but we Theosophists say that Space itself is substantial; it is in fact the root of the other two, matter and energy, which, as I have said, are fundamentally one thing, and this one thing is SPACE: that is to say, their essential and also their instrumental cause as well as their substantial cause: and this is the REALITY of being, which I have called the Heart of Things.

Furthermore, our teaching is that there are many universes, not merely one, our own home-universe; therefore are there many spaces with a background of a perfectly incomprehensible greater SPACE inclosing all — a space which is still more ethereal, tenuous, spiritual, yea, divine, than the space-matter that we know or rather conceive of, which in this lowest aspect manifests the grossness of physical matter of common human knowledge. Space, therefore, considered in the abstract, is an entity, filled full, so to say, with other entities and things, of which we see a small part — globes innumerable, stars and planets, nebulae and comets. SPACE is the REALITY of which I have spoken on another occasion.

But all these material bodies are but effectual products or results of the infinitudes of the invisible and inner causal realms — by far the larger part of the spaces of SPACE. And yet how wonderful are even these celestial bodies! Look into the dark, violet

dome of night and see how they besprinkle the spaces above us! That our physical vision, such a poor and imperfect reporter as it is, can take in only a certain part of the gamut of the song of life, is merely because our vision as well as our other senses has not been built to take in more of Nature's vibrational rates than they do, and hence their range of activity is very limited indeed. This thought alone should make us pause, comes there ever a time to dogmatize upon our knowledge or to become self-assertive in the egoism of our human perceptions.

Space therefore is an entity. Will you then call it a god? You may if you like. Fundamentally it is a spiritual entity, a divine entity indeed, of which we see naught but what we humans call the material and energetic aspect. But is there nothing behind and within the spatial range our senses tell us of? Why, of course there is. There must be. There must be the causal life, the causal intelligence, of which we all, human beings, are the sparks from the central fire of that life. But is this 'God,' in the modern or rather old-fashioned occidental religious sense? No, because there are many other universes, and therefore many other spaces,— in fact, infinitude, in which these 'sparks of eternity' live, and move, and have their being, even as we do in our own Home-Universe, as Paul of the Christians said.

You know, friends, our Theosophical ideas are more readily understood by the public today than was the case in the past. We Theosophists have been

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working for some fifty years or more, since our modern Theosophical Society was founded, in order to spread these ideas abroad in the world; and we are succeeding wonderfully well. Why, our Theosophical thoughts are permeating the life and the consciousness of all men and women who think. In the most unexpected places you will find acceptance of such doctrines of ours as, for instance, Reincarnation, by men whom perhaps you never would have thought likely to be interested in or to give attention to these subjects.

For instance, I will cite one case. I refer to a very famous American of today, Henry Ford, internationally famous likewise as a humanitarian. He is a Reincarnationist, boldly confessing and proud of it, not merely because of the peace of heart but also because of the peace of mind that this doctrine gives to him. Let me read to you an extract from a very interesting interview that Henry Ford recently gave to a well-known American journalist, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck. This interview was printed in *The San Francisco Examiner* on last Sunday, August 26th. Mr. Ford says:

I adopted the theory of Reincarnation when I was twenty-six. . . .

Religion offered nothing to the point — at least, I was unable to discover it. Even work could not give me complete satisfaction. Work is futile if we cannot utilize the experience we collect in one life in the next.

When I discovered Reincarnation it was as if I had found a universal plan. I realized that there was a chance to work out my ideas. Time was no longer limited. I was no longer a slave to the hands of the clock. There was time enough to plan and to create.

The discovery of Reincarnation put my mind at ease. I was settled. I felt that order and progress were present in the mystery of life. I no longer looked elsewhere for a solution to the riddle of life.

If you preserve a record of this conversation, write it so that it puts men's minds at ease. I would like to communicate to others the calmness that the long view of life gives to us.

We all retain, however faintly, memories of past lives. We frequently feel that we have witnessed a scene or lived through a moment in some previous existence. But that is not essential; it is the essence, the gist, the results of experience, that are valuable and remain with us.

Now, if Mr. Ford were a Theosophist — I mean in the sense of an active member of our Society — and were working with us, he could not have written more clearly, more to the point, and more correctly, than he here has spoken: it is perfect.

This example shows how our wonderful ideas are permeating the world. Why shouldn't they? They are so helpful, so comforting. They give peace and rest and inspiration. They leave nothing unexplained. They tell us all about the mystery of life and of the outer universe; they show us also the infinitudes of being — that which lies hid within and causal within. The Theosophical doctrines tell us about these things, and tell us with no uncertain voice; they explain to us the mysteries of the invisible worlds, of their populations, their inhabitants, telling us who they are, what they are, what their origin, and what their destiny is.

Mind you, friends, how we here have spoken of 'invisible worlds and their

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inhabitants,' following what would be the usual manner of expressing the idea. There is an awful note of egoism about the way in which that phrase is couched. Do you know that we ourselves on our world are one of the invisible worlds to the inhabitants of other spheres, who do not see us any more than we see the spheres invisible to us, and for the same reason: inadequate sense-apparatus of report arising out of almost infinitely differentiated vibrational rates of matter?

But there is something higher in man than the sense-apparatus. He has his spiritual and intellectual natures; and best of all he has within him this Path of which I have spoken—in very truth he himself is that Path — along which he may march direct to the Heart of the Universe and thereby and therefrom know all truth. This is precisely what Jesus, in the saying of the New Testament, meant when he said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"; and in fact every man whose spiritual nature is awakened and active can say the same thing precisely, with the same amount of truth. It is thus that these Great Seers of the past have gained the Wisdom, the Truth, and knowledge of the Reality of Universal Nature which they have formulated in this majestic system of religion-philosophy-science today called Theosophy. That is all there is to it: it is as simple, when you understand it, as is A B C.

Now, friends, my time is rather limited this afternoon, and I shall have to rush ahead direct to our points of study. I have drawn up a list of twelve

items of study and thought; and as these items comprise the outline of what we are going to think about together this afternoon, I will read them to you first, in order that you may have a general picture of what I have in mind to say: I shall touch upon all these points directly or indirectly according to what seems more or less needful.

1. Every one of the physical globes that we see scattered over the fields of space is accompanied by six invisible and superior globes, forming what in Theosophy is called a Chain. This is the case with every sun or star, with every planet, and with every moon of every planet. It is likewise the case with the nebulae and the comets: all are septiform entities, all have a seven-fold constitution, even as man has, who is a copy in the little of what the Universe is in the great, there being for us one life in that universe, one natural system of laws in that universe. Every entity in that universe is an inseparable part of it; therefore what is in the whole is in every part, because the part cannot contain anything that the whole does not contain: the part cannot be greater than the whole.

2. Each such chain is a Kosmic Unit. As regards the various chains of the planets of our own Solar System, every globe, visible or invisible, of the seven globes forming each such chain, has its own population. But these seven populations of any one such chain are all connected; and during the course of their common evolutionary journey through time, they pass through one

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globe to the other and all around the seven globes. Our own Earth-chain, for instance, is composed of seven globes, of which only one, our earth, is visible on this our earth-plane to our physical sense-apparatus, because that apparatus is builded to cognise this earth-plane and none other. But the populations of all the seven globes of this Earth-chain pass in succession and following each other, from globe to globe, thus gaining experience of energy and matter and consciousness on all the various planes and spheres that this chain comprises.

3. The other six globes of our Earth-chain are invisible to our physical sense, of course; and these other six globes are existent, two by two, on three planes of the Solar System higher than and superior to our physical plane, where our Earth-globe is — this our earth. These three superior planes or worlds are each one superior to the world or plane immediately beneath or inferior to it.

4. Our Earth-globe is the lowest of all the seven globes of our Earth-chain. Three globes precede it on the downward arc, and three globes follow it on the ascending arc, of evolution.

5. The populations of our Earth-chain, as we may therefore call it, pass around the chain seven times during the course of their immensely long evolutionary journey; and to complete this planetary evolution requires several billions — that is thousands of millions — of human years. Further, the time passed on any one globe of the chain of our earth, for instance, re-

quires several scores of millions of our human years.

6. But these other six globes of our own Earth-chain are by no means the only invisible spheres of Nature; for such spheres are simply innumerable, so great is the number of them, even in our own small Solar System. There are hosts of invisible Worlds and Spheres, each bearing its own population or populations, even in our small Solar System, although these last have no direct connexion with the evolving hosts of beings forming the populations of the seven globes of our own Earth-chain. These other Worlds and Spheres and Planes interpenetrate our world and sphere and plane, blending with our physical world and with the worlds superior to our physical world and plane, and are as unperceived by us with our own gross physical senses as their inhabitants are unconscious of us and of our world and sphere.

7. Seven of the planets of our solar system together form what the ancients called the 'Seven Sacred Planets,' because with our earth they form a Planetary Family, as it were; they are closely connected in evolution and destiny, and their respective populations are as closely connected as are their respective Mother-planets. But, as I have just hinted, friends, these seven and the earth are much more closely connected among themselves than they are with the innumerable hosts of other worlds of the Solar System and of the Kosmos or Universe: the reason being, as I have just stated, that the Seven Sacred Planets and our Earth compose

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a Planetary Family, and exemplify one of Nature's fundamental processes: the aggregating or unification of similar entities and things.

8. As set forth in other lectures here in this our Temple of Peace, the Monads or spiritual primaries, or the roots of every living entity on our earth and on the other Seven Sacred Planets, pass from planet to planet of these eight, including our earth, whenever the death of a body releases any such Monad, thus transferring the spiritual principles of the respective populations of these seven from planet to planet. But these Monads have no such direct connexion or intercommunication with the vast numbers of other Worlds and Spheres composing the background of the Solar System and indeed of the entire universe; for these latter, these others, in their aggregates form or compose still other and different Families or Races or Hosts of evolving entities. All, including our own Planetary Family, are 'marching on' in Kosmic Evolution.

9. Nevertheless, the populations of each and every planet of the Solar System form a distinct group of closely allied entities; and therefore each such group is most closely connected in evolutionary development and growth with its own particular Chain, naturally. Our earth and its populations are instances in point. Man, the individual, connected and evolving with his own especial Group, the nation; the nation, connected with other Groups or other nations, forming one human Family; the Families of the earth, all connected

and evolving together and forming the Earth-population; the seven populations of our Earth-chain all connected and evolving together again and forming one Planetary Hierarchy, as we call it; and with the seven Hierarchies of the Seven Sacred Planets, all connected together, forming one Solar Hierarchy, a Kosmic unit on a still larger scale. This is one meaning of what the Hebrew Prophet, Ezekiel, meant, when he recounted his vision, so called, of 'wheels within wheels'—and all revolving, all in motion, as individuals, yet forming a unit of movement on a larger scale.

10. But the closely connected populations just spoken of are they which belong to our own Earth-chain and to those of the seven other planets in direct evolutionary alliance with our earth, because they have a common origin and an identical or nearly identical destiny. They do not comprise the innumerable and literally countless hosts of other entities, possessing widely varying degrees of intelligence, which belong to yet other Worlds and Spheres of the Universe; and these latter, so vastly more numerous than our own multitudes, have no direct connexion with us, although it is quite true that they in their Worlds and Spheres interpenetrate our own Globe and Chain, we moving through them and they moving through us, and yet each totally, or almost totally, except for those who know and can see, unconscious of the others. The reason of this is that the vibrational rates of substances and energies composing these

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Worlds or Spheres are quite different from those of our own physical world, and of our Chain, thus preventing us from 'tuning in,' to use the modern expression. Yet true seers with spiritual training and with the 'inner eye of vision' awakened in them, can and do have direct knowledge of these Worlds and Spheres outside of our own Hierarchy. This 'opened eye,' as we call it, this spiritual faculty of vision, all normal human beings can obtain by 'living the life,' as the saying goes, which fits them for it, and by training under a proper teacher such as our three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and our great-hearted Teacher, Katherine Tingley.

11. Some of the populations of the superior Spheres or Worlds are far ahead of men of our earth in evolutionary growth; and the substances and matters of their various worlds being so much finer and more ethereal than are ours, their inhabitants would seem to us like gods; even the state corresponding to our animals here, on such Spheres or in such Worlds as these, is higher than our own human state here. Do you understand me? This is an instance of the wide degrees in evolutionary development that there are; there are Spheres and Worlds, and vast numbers of them, in which the states of existence and form are so high as compared with our own, that the very beasts there, or the equivalents to beasts on earth, are higher than our noblest humans here. Imagine then, what must be the state of their great 'humans'! On the other hand, the in-

habitants of Worlds inferior to our own are of much coarser fiber in all respects than we are.

12. Man's future destiny is to become a divine being, taking a self-conscious part in the great Kosmic Work. What a destiny, and what a gospel of hope!

Now, pray do not imagine for a moment that the Theosophical philosophy is claimed by those to whom it has given such unspeakable hope and peace — by us Theosophists in other words — to have a monopoly of all the truth in the Universe. Please do not misunderstand me thus. We humans on this earth can all have truth in proportion to our respective capacities, if we but *will* to take it. We Theosophists have investigated all other systems, as far as known to us; but in Theosophy alone have we found the complete formulation of natural law and fact — Truth. That only is what we claim, and frankly claim, as a result of individual honest research and experience.

Space, as I have already outlined in the items that I have read to you, according to our philosophy, instead of being a mere container, is an entity; and whether we look upon it as the physical vehicle of a kosmic intelligence or not, in either case the Theosophist does not worship it. Is this the Christians' God? No; because in our Theosophical conception, our Universe with all its invisible and causal background, is but one of a host of other Universes. The boundless infinitudes are full of gods, who are but links in an

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endless chain of kosmic intelligences.

It is more directly along this line of thinking that we find the Theosophical teachings to be so helpful and inspiring, and that is the reason why we are so enthusiastic in our propaganda-work, recognising withal that all the great world-religions and world-philosophies of the past have been enunciated and formulated each one by some great Seer, and that they therefore contain, each one of them, more or less of these same Theosophical doctrines.

There is another reason which calls for modesty on the part of the Theosophist in making any monopolizing claims, even for his own majestic teachings. It is as follows:

On other Spheres superior to ours, in other, higher Worlds, the thinking and intelligent and feeling entities of these other Worlds or Spheres, know more about the illimitable Truths of Being than do even the noblest men on earth, because they are higher and more evolved than we are; but Knowledge, Truth, Reality, in themselves are without frontiers. You can never come to the end of them. There is always more to know, always veil upon veil in front of you — as well as behind you — veils which you have passed in your own growth. And Evolution consists in passing veil after veil, casting them aside; or, put in other words, it consists in following that 'still small path' of which the Hindû Upanishads speak so beautifully, which is Yourself, within you in the spiritual sense, leading all those who follow it faithfully 'to

the heart of the Universe'— not to an ending however, for that 'Heart' is infinitude.

H. P. Blavatsky, the first founder of the Theosophical Movement in modern times, wrote the following in her *Secret Doctrine*, Volume I, pages 604-605: (May I read it to you? I think that it is wonderful):

From *Gods* to *men*, from Worlds to atoms, from a star to a rushlight, from the Sun to the vital heat of the meanest organic being — the world of Form and Existence is an immense chain, whose links are all connected. The law of Analogy is the first key to the world-problem, and these links have to be studied co-ordinately in their occult relations to each other.

. . . The Secret Doctrine [which is Occultism, or Esoteric Theosophy] . . . teaches that every one of the higher, as of the lower worlds, is interblended with our own objective world; that millions of things and beings are, in point of localization, around and *in* us, as we are around, with, and in them; it is no metaphysical figure of speech, but a sober fact in Nature, however incomprehensible to our senses.

Now, friends, I sometimes smile when I think that these thoughts are so simple that any intelligent man or woman can understand the principles of them; they simply require a little honest thinking, a little searching of your own self, wherein lie all mysteries and their solutions. Yet sometimes — more so in the past than today — when people who knew nothing of Theosophy heard a Theosophical speaker, they said: "Where did he get those ideas from?" Why, these ideas, as I have said, are not imagined; they are Nature's truths; you can find them all

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within yourself: your inner self is a mirror of the Universe; and you may find them in all the literatures of the great world-religions and world-philosophies, if you want to look for them there. It is a good place to look for them in.

But of course you have to have some kind of key; you must have some directing principle, some Ariadne's thread; and Theosophy gives you that. Therefore do we say: Study Theosophy, not only for what you will get for yourself, because you won't get much if that is your sole purpose; for selfishness closes in the vision, limits it; whereas on the other hand impersonality and unselfishness are expansive qualities or forces; they expand the soul and raise it also so that its vibrational rates, to use modern terms, begin to 'tune in' to the vibrational rates of these inner and invisible Worlds.

Our scientists, as I have often said, are today dreaming dreams of truth and seeing visions of reality. They are saying at present some amazing things, if we contrast them with the scientific ideas of even fifteen or twenty years ago; and they are so rapidly and steadily approaching our Theosophical teachings that it is always a delight to quote them. Now here is something very interesting. A friend handed to me yesterday an English paper, *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, in which I found an article entitled 'New Vision of the Universe,' the paper being the issue of August 3, 1928, and the article written by a well-

known scientific author, and he has this to say:

Why should all the matter in the universe have divided itself up into millions of fairly uniformly sized and distributed systems of stars and gas and dust? Why should these systems be about a million and a half light-years apart, and why should each system be about five times as broad as it is thick, and contain some decades of millions of stars? These astonishing uniformities in the universe imply that the laws of mechanics are being obeyed everywhere, under comparatively simple conditions. In the scale of magnitudes we have first the universe. The second order of objects are the great nebulae. These are approximately uniform in size and constitute the second scale of magnitude. In the great nebulae the chief unit is the star. Like the great nebulae themselves, the stars have extraordinary uniformity, in mass if not in brightness. The stars give the third scale of magnitude. From the stars we have to plunge down to the puny, dark and cold objects called planets. These are about one ten-thousandth the mass of the sun. Then there are the planets' satellites, which make a fifth scale of magnitude. . . . Smaller things than these nature has huddled together in a miscellany of oddities, until the uniformity of molecules and atoms is reached. Ourselves are in the miscellany, looking round proudly and feeling a little hurt. We regret our size but admire our intelligence.

Where did the primeval cloud come from? Possibly from the fifth dimension! Sir J. H. Jeans considers that the difficulty of explaining the shape of the spiral arms in the great nebulae may only be solved by the discovery that the centers of such nebulae are taps through which matter pours from some other universe into ours. . . .

I interrupt a moment. Immortal gods, think of it! A modern scientist talking here like a mystical Theosophical seer! I now continue my quotation:

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If this should be true, what of the fifth dimension? What is the hyper-universe of the fifth dimension like? What sort of entities populate it? Where did the fifth dimension itself come from?

This ends my quotation from this English writer. Now, friends, what do you think of that? We have this modern scientist, I tell you truly, speaking like an ancient seer! Talking of these other 'dimensions,' as he calls them, about which I shall have a word to say before closing, and saying that it is from these other 'dimensions' that there pours into our own physical universe matter, which means energy, from the universe superior to our own — which is an old, archaic teaching of Theosophy and of the great religions and philosophies of past times!

Sir J. H. Jeans, whom this writer quotes, calls these points or centers (which this English writer calls 'taps') 'singular points,' and we Theosophists speak of them as *laya-centers* or *laya-points*, *laya* being a Sanskrit word meaning 'dissolution,' hence 'dissolving centers' or 'dissolving points,' where the matter of our world or sphere passes out in a burst of energy into a higher world or sphere; and inversely, where matter and substance flow down into our world from superior ones as energy. The amazing thing about it is that these *laya-centers* are one of the most secret and esoteric parts of our Theosophical teaching, and here we have a European scientist discovering them; and not merely this, but speaking of them in a manner that is purely Theosophical.

But this usage of the word 'dimen-

sion' we object to, first because it is inadequate; second because it is inexact; and third because it is non-descriptive. 'Dimensions' is a term of mensuration, of measurement. But, after all, what does it matter if the idea is there? This 'fifth dimension,' of which this writer speaks, he calls 'fifth' because, according to modern science, following the wonderful deductions of Dr. Albert Einstein of Relativity-fame, the 'fourth dimension' is time; and time is rightly so called, because time is subject to mensuration or measurement; but otherwise these 'dimensions' of this very interesting scientific writer and of other modern scientists today, we Theosophists call 'worlds,' 'spheres,' 'planes,' according to the case; and we say that they form the causal background of all the universe we see, and that our own higher human principles, the superior parts of our constitution, live in these invisible realms, in these so-called 'other dimensions.' We are at home there, even as our physical bodies are at home here on our physical earth.

In closing I ask you to remember one thought and take it away with you this afternoon: Man, and equivalently the human stage in all other worlds and on all other planets, visible or invisible, is in his essence a spark of the Central Fire. Friends, I am obliged to speak to you in words, for thought-communication is as yet inadequate for the transmission of thinking from one to another; but pray take away with you the idea, the thought behind the words that I am now using. Being

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a spark of that Central Fire, man is inseparable alliance with all that the Universe contains, and therefore, as I have said several times already today, this alliance with the Central Fire of the Universe is in all of man's inner constitution — his inner nature; it is written there in bonds of flaming energy; and by following the terms of this our alliance with Nature, this natural

alliance, these bonds of being with the Central Fire: I say, by following these bonds of flaming consciousness ever inwards into ourselves, and ever more withinwards of ourselves, man can reach heights of wisdom and knowledge utterly beyond present human understanding.

Friends, set your feet on the Path of your Spiritual Self!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF MYTHOLOGY?

H. T. EDGE, M. A., D. LITT.

IN the early days of Theosophy, people were much more cocksure about things in general than they are today. Scientists and scholars had the world pretty neatly mapped out and covered by satisfactory explanations. Anything that threw doubt on the certainty of their knowledge was regarded as superstition. Yet, as we begin to see today, the theories of the world which were thus presented for our acceptance were very largely made to order, cut to fit. For instance, historians, in judging of what to insert as worthy of credence, and what to reject as mere ignorance and superstition, violated all the laws of evidence and testimony, and selected their 'facts' in accordance with a foregone conclusion. The consequence of this is that history has presented a false picture. Things agreeable to that foregone conclusion are accepted on the most doubtful evidence; while the most strongly attested things, if contrary to foregone notions of what is possible, are rejected.

This method naturally led to many insoluble puzzles; but we propose to show, in the case of the present topic, that Theosophy, by the simple process of studying the facts with an unprejudiced view, can solve these puzzles by the method of common sense.

Why has the whole of mankind, in all ages and in every land, had a vast system of mythology and folklore and symbolism, to which great importance was attached? Why is this mythology essentially the same wherever found? Two principal theories have been devised to account for these facts. One is the theory of derivation, which supposes that the myths were passed on from people to people, and which therefore has often to find improbable theories of migration from one continent to another. The other explanation is that men, at particular stages of their evolution, always invent exactly the same myths, by a process similar to that by which one kind of animal always scratches its ear with its hind

foot, while another kind always molts in the summer.

Then we have what is known as the Solar Myth theory, according to which all the myths were invented as means of celebrating the succession of the seasons, the rebirth of the year, and so on. This theory strains to breaking-point the method of reasoning by analogy; for, while it cannot be denied that there is an analogy between the twelve signs of the zodiac, the twelve sons of Jacob, and the twelve labors of Hercules, it is incredible that the myths should have been invented for the sole purpose of symbolizing the celestial phenomena. Moreover the origin and universality of the signs of the zodiac is left quite unexplained.

But, without wearying the reader and ourselves with any attempt at an elaborate treatise on the subject, we will offer a Theosophical explanation of a few well-known myths, and leave it to the judgment of the reader.

Nothing is clearer than that a large part of these ancient and widespread myths are allegories descriptive of certain *experiences* which have to be undergone by all candidates for initiation into Wisdom — certain adventures and trials which the pilgrim on the Path of Knowledge must encounter. Anyone who has undergone any such experiences will recognise this fact readily, and the usual far-fetched explanations will make him laugh. As an example, it says in an encyclopaedia that the Harpies are now generally believed to have been bats! — says that in all solemnity. But the Harpies be-

long to a large class of similar mythical beings whose general characteristic is that they combine a bewitching beauty with a foul and destructive nature: they have the heads of most beautiful maidens, but end in the scales of fish or the claws of beasts of prey. They lure men to destruction. One of the best known is the German Lorelei, who in the well-known song sits aloft on a rock, combing her golden hair and singing an entrancing melody, until finally the waves devour ship and crew. Then there are the Sirens, whom Ulysses encounters, and many more of the same kind. We are reminded of the saying:

The name of Hall the second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy Soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled. . . . If thou wouldst cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

We need scarcely remind the reader of the nursery tales of his childhood, with their perennial theme of the hero, in search of his kingdom, or seeking to win the fair bride; and of the monsters he has to kill, the temptations to resist, the dangers to overcome. Why is this theme absolutely universal, everywhere found, where man lives? It is because it describes the actual experiences which every man, *as man*, must pass through in the quest of that knowledge which is to him as the waters of life.

For it is but too well known to students of Theosophy who have seriously set before themselves a high ideal of self-conquest that, by doing so, they throw down a challenge to all those

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forces in their nature which strive to hold them back. The law by which this happens is as natural and inevitable as that by which a daring explorer, forsaking the comfort of home, will encounter hardships. But in the former case the difficulties are not physical. The obstacles consist in the numerous and varied elements out of which is compounded our lower psychic nature and our lower mental nature. The man who is living an ordinary life, and is not striving, may meet with no opposition from these; but the aspirant who strives to rise superior to their enthrallment rouses them to determined opposition. He is surprised and perhaps appalled by the revelation of what there is within him. Fortunately, he has also roused to his *aid* the latent forces for good within him, which we also find typified in the allegories and myths.

Now we mentioned a while back the Solar Myth theory; and it must be mentioned again for the sake of the truth there is in it behind the absurdity. The labors of Hercules and other such myths may correspond with the rebirth of the year and the renewal of spring; but these latter correspond with rebirth in general, the reincarnation of man, the rebirth which man undergoes when he arouses his spiritual nature. There are certain principles or laws which run throughout the universe, and are manifested in man and in what is external to him. Of these, one is the principle of eternal rebirth, regeneration, renewal. All death is but the gateway to a new life: *mors janua vitae*. Remember, Biblical students, what

Jesus said to Nicodemus, the Jewish official who came privately to him for instruction. He said that a man is twice born — born of the flesh and born of the Spirit. But unless he were born of the Spirit, he could not enter the eternal life. The first birth was called a birth of water; the second a birth of fire.

The myths and allegories are what remains of the symbolic teachings of the Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine. Its Teachers, like Jesus, spoke in unveiled language to their disciples, but to the multitude in parables. Why in parables? Partly because the information is of such a nature that the symbolic form is the best form in which it *can* be conveyed; and partly for the double purpose of hiding the truth from the unworthy while revealing it to the worthy. For the symbolic form acts as a veil, which hides what is behind from those who cannot draw the veil, but discloses it for those who can lift the veil. Thus the myths and allegories have been the means of preserving throughout the ages the teachings of the Secret Doctrine; for beliefs and customs linger long after people have ceased to understand them. We still break bottles on the launching of a ship, and do many other such things without knowing why.

One of the greatest and most widely diffused of sacred allegories is that of a Savior, who, making a great sacrifice through compassion, comes to help humanity, taking on a fleshly form, with all its woes. He is crucified, or killed in some other way; but rises again in

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glory. This emblem belongs more properly to an article on religion, and will find fuller treatment under that head; yet its claims as an example of symbolism must not be neglected.

Many scholars, including some Christian clergymen, have written books to prove that this mythos of the crucified Savior is universal. Two of the titles which I remember are *The World's Crucified Saviors*, and Dr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity*. The great St. Augustine himself, it may be remembered, speaks of Christianity as being not new but the latest presentment of teachings already known to the world in past times.

Christianity at one time ran in close competition, for general adoption, with another Oriental cult, Mithraism. In this the Savior was Mithras, the God of Light and Wisdom, represented under the form of a beautiful youth who is slaying a bull — the bull in this case symbolizing the selfish and passionate nature of man. He was a Sun-god (his name in Greek numerals, Meithras, gives the number of days in the solar year). There was a symbolic 'blood-baptism,' afterwards degraded into a literal rite.

In short, the student of ancient cults will find everywhere the myth of a Sun-God or Savior, who comes to enlighten mankind and to show them the Path. His crucifixion means his taking on an earthly vesture, for the Cross is an emblem of matter. But these Saviors are not unique beings; they are evolved men, and their message to other men is to follow the same Path of

Enlightenment. We have each of us a crucified Christ within us.

All this is not to say that there have not always been ignorant people who did not understand the meaning of the symbolism, and who prayed, and slaughtered animals to the Gods, believing these to be spirits; or that polished skeptics of the classical ages might profess their total disbelief in the whole matter. There are always such people.

The twelve signs of the zodiac are another puzzle, quite unexplainable in ordinary lights. The notion that they are founded on resemblances in the constellations will not hold water. Moreover, when we study, for instance, the Hindû zodiac we find the signs are not always the same so far as shape is concerned. The zodiac is a book of symbols, denoting a history of evolution in twelve chapters. Astrologers recognise a correspondence between the signs and various parts of the body, beginning with Aries for the head and ending with Pisces for the feet. It takes the sun only twelve months to pass round this cycle, but the earth's node requires 25,868 years, divided into twelve periods of 2,156 years. These periods have a significance known to those versed in such knowledge or initiated into the mysteries of the Secret Doctrine.

Mathematics constitutes a master-key to the mysteries of the universe, as was taught by Pythagoras and the Platonists. A failure to understand this has resulted in such solemn absurdities as the statement by historians that

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Pythagoras offered up a hecatomb of oxen in honor of the discovery of the dodecahedron. Geometry may mean nothing to us except a mere curiosity or a means of mensuration; but to Pythagoras it was a key to many mysteries.

We cannot here enter at length into the details of the vast subject of mythology, but the reader will readily recall the familiar stories. Such stories were actually enacted in the schools of the Mysteries, and a survival is found in

the Mystery-plays and Moralities of a later date in our own lands. Such allegories, if taken literally and with a pedantic and ponderous lack of the sense of humor, make out the ancient gods to be a set of fearful reprobates.

In conclusion we would say that two questions answer each other: What proof is there of the reality of the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine? And, What is the meaning of mythology?

CROSS AND FIRE

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

(From *The Theosophist*, Vol. I, November, 1879)

PERHAPS the most widespread and universal among the symbols in the old astronomical systems, which have passed down the stream of time to our century, and have left traces everywhere in the Christian religion as elsewhere, are the Cross and the Fire, the latter the emblem of the Sun. The ancient Áryans held them both as the symbols of Agni. Whenever the ancient Hindû devotee desired to worship Agni — says E. Burnouf (*Science des Religions*, ch. x) — he arranged two pieces of wood in the form of a cross, and by a peculiar whirling and friction obtained fire for his sacrifice. As a symbol it is called *Svastika*, and as an instrument manufactured out of a sacred tree and in possession of every Brahman, it is known as *Aranî*.

The Scandinavians had the same sign

and called it Thor's Hammer, as bearing a mysterious magneto-electric relation to Thor, the God of Thunder, who, like Jupiter armed with his thunderbolts, holds in his hand this ensign of power, over not only mortals but also the mischievous spirits of the elements, over which he presides. In Masonry it appears in the form of the grand master's mallet; at Allahâbâd it may be seen on the fort as the Jaina Cross, or the talisman of the Jaina Kings; and the gavel of the modern judge is no more than this *crux dissimulata* — as de Rossi the archaeologist calls it; for the gavel is the sign of power and strength, as the hammer represented the might of Thor, who in the Norse legend splits a rock with it and kills Medgar. Dr. Schliemann found it in *terra-cotta* discs, on the site, as he

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believes, of ancient Troy, in the lowest strata of his excavations; which indicated, according to Dr. Lundy, "an Aryan civilization long anterior to the Greek — say from two to three thousand years B. C." Burnouf calls it the oldest form of the Cross known, and affirms that it is found personified in the ancient religion of the Greeks under the figure of Prometheus, 'the fire-bearer,' crucified on Mount Caucasus, while the celestial bird — the Śyena of the Vedic hymns — daily devours his entrails. Boldetti (*Osservazioni*, I, 15, p. 60) gives a copy from the painting in the cemetery of St. Sebastian, representing a Christian convert and gravedigger named Diogenes, who wears on both his legs and right arm the signs of the *Svastika*. The Mexicans and the Peruvians had it, and it is found as the sacred Tau in the oldest tombs of Egypt.

It is, to say the least, a strange coincidence, remarked even by some Christian clergymen, that *Agnus Dei*, the Lamb of God, should have symbols identical with the Indian God Agni. While *Agnus Dei* expiates and takes away the sins of the world, in one religion, the God Agni, in the other, likewise expiates sins against the Gods, man, the manes, the soul and repeated sins; as shown in the six prayers accompanied by six oblations (Colebrooke — *Essays*, Vol. I, p. 190).

If, then, we find these two — the Cross and the Fire — so closely associated in the esoteric symbolism of nearly every nation, it is because on the combined powers of the two rests

the whole plan of the universal laws. In astronomy, physics, chemistry, in the whole range of natural philosophy, in short, they always come out as the invisible cause and the visible result; and only metaphysics and alchemy — or shall we say *Metachemistry*, since we prefer coining a new word to shocking skeptical ears? — can fully and conclusively solve their mysterious meaning. An instance or two will suffice for those who are willing to think over hints.

The central point, or the great central Sun of the Kosmos, as the Kabbalists call it, is the Deity. It is the point of intersection between the two great conflicting powers — the centripetal and the centrifugal forces — which drive the planets into their elliptical orbits, making them trace a cross in their path through the Zodiac. These two terrible, though as yet hypothetical and imaginary powers, preserve harmony and keep the Universe in steady, unceasing motion; and the four bent points of the *Svastika* typify the revolution of the Earth upon its axis. Plato calls the Universe a 'blessed god,' *made in a circle and decussated in the form of the letter X*. So much for astronomy.

In Masonry the Royal Arch degree retains the cross as the triple Egyptian Tau. It is the mundane circle with the astronomical cross upon it rapidly revolving; the perfect square of the Pythagorean mathematics in the scale of numbers, as its occult meaning is interpreted by Cornelius Agrippa. Fire is heat — the central point; the perpen-

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dicular ray represents the male element, or spirit; and the horizontal one the female element, or matter. Spirit vivifies and fructifies matter, and everything proceeds from the central point, the focus of Life, and Light, and Heat, represented by the terrestrial fire. So much again for physics and chemistry; for the field of analogies is boundless, and Universal Laws are immutable and identical in their outward and inward applications. Without intending to be disrespectful to anyone, or to wander far away from truth, we think we may say that there are strong reasons to believe that in their original sense the Christian Cross as the cause, and eternal torment by hell-fire as the direct effect of negation of the former, have more to do with these two ancient symbols than our Western theologians are prepared to admit. If Fire is the Deity with some heathens, so in the *Bible*, God is likewise the Life and the Light of the World; if the Holy Ghost and Fire cleanse and purify the Christian, on the other hand Lucifer is also Light, and the 'Son of the morning star.'

Turn wherever we will, we are sure to find these conjoint relics of ancient worship among almost every nation and people. From the Âryans, the Chaldaeans, the Zoroastrians, Peruvians, Mexicans, Scandinavians, Celts, and ancient Greeks and Latins, they have descended in their completeness to the modern Pârsî. The Phœnician Cabiri and the Greek Dioscuri are partially revived in every temple, cathedral, and village church; while, as will

now be shown, the Christian Bulgarians have even preserved the sun-worship in full.

It is more than a thousand years since this people who, emerging from obscurity, suddenly became famous through the Russo-Turkish war, were converted to Christianity. And yet they appear none the less pagans than they were before, for this is how they keep Christmas and New Year's day. To this time they call this festival Sourjvaki, as it falls in with the festival in honor of the ancient Slavonian God Sourja. In the Slavonian mythology this Deity — Sourja or Sourva — evidently identical with the Âryan *Sûrya* — sun — is the god of heat, fertility and abundance. The celebration of this festival is of immense antiquity as, far before the days of Christianity, the Bulgarians worshiped Sourva, and consecrated New Year's day to this god, praying him to bless their fields with fertility, and send them happiness and prosperity. This custom has remained among them in all its primitive heathenism, and though it varies according to localities, yet the rites and ceremonies are essentially the same.

On the eve of New Year's day, the Bulgarians do not work, and are obliged to fast. Young betrothed maidens are busy preparing a large *platiy* (cake) in which they place roots and young shoots of various forms, to each of which a name is given, according to the shape of the root. Thus, one means the house, another represents the garden; others again, the mill, the vineyard, the horse, a cat, a hen, and so on,

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according to the landed property and worldly possessions of the family. Even articles of value such as jewelry and bags of money are represented in this emblem of the horn of abundance. Besides all these, a large and ancient silver coin is placed inside the cake; it is called *bábka* and is tied two ways with a red thread, which forms a cross. This coin is regarded as the symbol of fortune. After sunset, and other ceremonies including prayers, addressed in the direction of the departing luminary, the whole family assemble about a large round table, called *paralyà*, on which are placed the above-mentioned cake, dry vegetables, corn, a wax taper, and finally a large censer containing incense of the best quality, to perfume the god. The head of the household, usually the oldest in the family — either the grandfather or the father himself — taking up the censer with the greatest veneration, in one hand, and the wax taper in the other, begins walking about the premises, incensing the four corners, beginning and ending with the East, and reads various invocations, which close with the Christian "Our Father, which art in heaven," addressed to Sourja. The taper is then laid away to be preserved throughout the whole year, till the next festival. It is thought to have acquired marvelous healing properties, and is lighted only upon occasions of family sickness, in which case it is expected to cure the patient.

After this ceremony, the old man takes his knife and cuts the cake into as many slices as there are members

of the household present. Each person, on receiving his or her share, makes haste to open and search the piece. The happiest for the ensuing year, is he or she who gets the part containing the old coin crossed with the scarlet thread; he is considered the elect of Sourja, and everyone envies the fortunate possessor. Then in order of importance come the emblems of the house, the vineyard, and so on; and according to his finding, the finder reads his horoscope for the coming year. Most unlucky is he who gets the cat; he turns pale and trembles. Woe to him and misery, for he is surrounded by enemies, and has to prepare for great trials.

At the same time, a large log which represents a flaming altar, is set up in the chimney-place, and fire is applied to it. This log burns in honor of Sourja, and is intended as an oracle for the whole house. If it burns the whole night through till morning, without the flame dying out, it is a good sign; otherwise, the family prepares to see death that year, and deep lamentations end the festival. Neither the *montzee* (young bachelor), nor the *mommee* (the maiden), sleep that night. At midnight begins a series of soothsaying, magic, and various rites, in which the burning log plays the part of the oracle. A young bud thrown into the fire and bursting with a loud snap, is a sign of happy and speedy marriage and vice versa. Long after midnight the young couples leave their respective homes, and begin visiting their acquaintances from house to house, offer-

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ing and receiving congratulations, and rendering thanks to the Deity. These deputy-couples are called Souryakari, and each male carries a large branch ornamented with red ribbons, old coins, and the image of Sourja, and as they wend along, sing in chorus. Their chant is as original as it is peculiar and merits translation, though of course it must lose in being rendered into a foreign language. The following stanzas are addressed by them to those they visit:

Sôurvá, Sôurva, Lord of the Season,
Happy New Year mayst thou send;
Health and fortune on this household,

Success and blessings till next year.

With good crops and full ears,
With gold and silk, and grapes and fruits;
With barrels full of wine, and stomachs full,
You and your house be blessed by the
God. . . .
His blessing on you all. — Amen! Amen!
Amen!

The singing Souryakari, recompensed for their good wishes with a present at every house, go home at early dawn. And this is how the symbolical exoteric Cross and Fire worship of old Âryâvarta go hand in hand in Christian Bulgaria.

DRUIDISM

KENNETH MORRIS, D. LITT.

II

MR. KENDRICK'S book has helped us to a new conception of the Druids; indeed, to a new picture of ancient Europe. The bias of this age is to regard the men of old as savages: we still must bring everything into harmony with one or other of two conceptions. The first, a waning one, will have us see as little as may be of goodness, beauty and truth before the Christian era; the second, a rampant one still, sees a straight line of progression up from the amoeba to Mr. Hoover, and would club all facts into harmony therewith. Caius J. Caesar, with remarkable foresight, did his little best for this party; and still is *bemo-guing* the world.

But our new picture shows us a

northern and western Europe decently civilized in the centuries B. C.; with an order, or school, in the west with far fame for its wisdom: an order comparable to the Brahmans, the Magi, and the Egyptian priesthood; reputed to have an old friendship for the Athenians and Delians, and to have contributed to the awakening of the higher thought, as we should call it nowadays, in Greece. This picture of the Druids, we must say, is probably very far from the one Mr. Kendrick intended to give. . . . Now let us see what can be discovered of the ideas that gave the Druids their power, fame and importance.

To this, Mr. Lewis Spence's book can help us to a great degree. Very

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wisely, he uses the only real evidence extant as to their philosophy; and uses it in an unprejudiced way. The Druids had their headquarters in Britain, and not in Gaul or (as might be expected) in Ireland: from both of which countries, it seems, the sons of nobles were often sent to Britain for their education and especially priestly training. When Caesar says this about the Gaulish youth, there is no reason to think he is lying; and a good deal of reason for thinking he is telling the truth.

It is, of course, all nonsense that the Saxons killed out or drove out the whole population of what is now England, when they came there conquering in the fifth and sixth centuries; but it is true that those of the Britons who could get away from the conquered territories, did so. These would naturally be the people with means; or roughly, the aristocracy. Their nearest place of refuge was Wales; so that those who settled there carried with them, and naturally would do so, the traditions and molds of mind of the old civilization of Celtic Britain more intact than those who went farther afield — to Armorica or Cornwall, for instance. The refugees, further, were the least Romanized part of the population: we may say, the nobles and their followings of the tribes that had best kept the tradition of pre-Roman Britain. So it is among them, if anywhere, that we ought to look for remains of Druidism.

They carried with them their pre-Roman language and laws: is it con-

ceivable that they should have quite lost memory of the religion that had swayed them so absolutely for so long?*

An aristocracy is commonly conservative and extremely tenacious of its longest memories; and there is reason to think this one was no exception. It is incredible that Druidism should have been forgotten during the Roman occupation; and in fact Welsh literature proves that it was not: that there were men in Wales still calling themselves Druids — *Derwyddon* — until, say, the fifteenth century. Until modern times, if you come to that; but now with a difference . . . perhaps.

For we have the Gorsedd, or Society of the Bards: a supposed survival of the Druidic orders of ancient times; accepted as such, probably by the mass of the people, who have a vague idea that Druidism was a kind of pre-Christian Christianity; and who certainly have, or had until recently, a feeling for antiquity. But there is a new aristocracy of scholarship which pooh-poohs the whole business and laughs to scorn the notion that any relic of Druidism survived the Roman occupation: it is a reaction against old Welsh ways of thinking, which were uncritical, but with a leaning toward mysticism. The chief of this new school was the late Sir John Morris-Jones: an excellent man who did much for Welsh literature and left some fine poetry to it; he

*There are a hundred good reasons for believing Druidism a pre-Celtic system which the Celts took to enthusiastically when they came into Britain.

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'proved' his case to the huge admiration of his following; so that now it is perilous for the heretical to lift their heads. Mr. Lewis Spence is a Scotchman, and so to a degree safe from the gun-fire of the Morris-Jonesians; still, we credit him with daring! At Morris-Jones himself, for the good he did, and because *de mortuis*, we desire to poke no fun; a little of which can do his living disciples no harm: whom we will for convenience call the Jonesians. There are plenty of Joneses in that country; and thus the shade of the good Sir John may escape feeling hurt. . . .

The bone of their contention was, in the main, a working stone-mason known as Iolo Morganwg, who, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries was also an exceeding diligent antiquary, haunting the libraries of the aristocracy of his country, and transcribing in them endless documents, many of which purport to develop the philosophy of the Druids. Kuno Meyer, greatest Celtic scholar of his age, once told the present writer that he thought it likely the whole of the lost Celtic mythology might yet be recovered from manuscripts in such libraries, of which their owners know nothing; so that so far there is no inherent impossibility in Iolo's claim. One is not very clear about the story; the upshot of it is that the Jonesians have a way open for them . . . to claim that Iolo forged the lot; and to hold, perhaps, that those who think otherwise should be clapped offhand into straight waistcoats. For

the fervor of Celtic religion is in their outlook. . . .

However, there is another line of argument than the Jonesians are capable of using: a spiritual line, shall we say. Some of us cannot persuade ourselves to go in for such dogmatic condemnation; but cry, 'Hold — there are many things to consider!' Iolo's druidical documents were published, many years after his death, chiefly in a book called *Barddas*, which means *Bardism*; which contains a good deal of twaddle of various kinds, but also a good deal of deep metaphysical and philosophic thought; and when we contemplate our Wales of the last few centuries, we find it by no means a place where *unorthodox* deep metaphysical and philosophic thought is originated, or, dare we say, appreciated: *vide* the Jonesian devastation of Iolo and all his wicked works and ways. Deep, unorthodox, metaphysical and philosophic thought is, to the Jonesians, simply *bosh*, and comparative religion a thing they have never heard of.

Let us look into history a little.

In the thirteenth century, when western Europe began to awake from the sleep of the Dark Ages, most of Asia began exchanging its previous brilliant awakenment for sleep. In both regions the process was progressive: while Europe increased in brilliance, Asia sank deeper into cultural quiescence; and wherever we look into history, we find any given people in one or other of these two conditions; just as individuals are for the most part either awake or asleep. No disgrace

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is implied in being asleep at the proper times; we should die unless we were; and just so may be assured that nations, races, civilizations, unless they had long centuries of *pralaya* as it is called, or cultural inactivity, between their periods of progress and awakening, would sink into irredeemable savagery. And sleep implies an awakening to come; as night implies dawn and day, and death, rebirth. Intelligent study of history proves the truth of this.

Now, for some unguessable reason, Wales, like the other Celtic countries in varying degree, has been affected in her seasons of sleep and awakening as if she were Asiatic and not European. Her day, or time of life and awakening, or *manvantara*, to use the scientific Sanskrit term, began more or less when the Romans were expelled from Britain early in the fifth century, and ended, or began to end, with the loss of her independence late in the thirteenth. For about thirteen decades before the conquest there was a certain stir of life in her: she was advancing towards political unity, and produced at any rate one book that belongs to the world's literature. For another thirteen decades or so there was a twilight; then, with the death of Owen Glyndwr, night fell. Owen was a man of vision, who saw beyond the limits of his race and age; Dafydd ab Gwilym, his older contemporary, was perhaps the greatest of the troubadour poets of Europe; his work would live in any literature. Welshmen since have either been of no stature to com-

mand the attention of history; or, like the Tudors and the Cromwells, they have been of little importance to Wales. The Renaissance, that lit so much of Europe to splendor, stirred no ripple there.

Now racial *pralaya*-times, like the hours of sleep for individual men, may be rich in spiritual activity of a sort, but are quite barren intellectually. Great books are not written, nor great art produced; great movements are not started; great thoughts burgeon in no minds. Such ages are not cultureless; they retain the ghost as it were of the culture evolved in the preceding *manvantara*; but can produce nothing new. One may think, to take a great instance to illustrate a small, of the Chinese culture of fifty years ago, whose end was a polite and dignified life and beautiful manners, with, in art and literature, only the ever-waning reproduction of old forms and ideas; with no change or progress; no cognisance of extra-national movements. So, in diminutive degree, in Wales. The fine manners of an old civilization gone to sleep were there; or the Elizabethan English would not have harped so on their stock joke about Welshmen: that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them were gentlemen; that to say a 'Welsh gentleman' was to speak redundantly. But Welsh culture, then and since, consisted solely in a knowledge of Welsh poets and traditions; and anyone who knows the country as it was, and has an ounce of common sense in him, must laugh at the notion that Iolo Morganwg, the child of its old and wan-

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ing culture, could have invented a philosophy of his own, or borrowed one from current European or Indian thought. The *Welsh* Welsh of that time — using the term to distinguish them from the Welsh of the upper classes who had been educated in English schools and universities—knew less than nothing of contemporary European and especially Indian thought.

The type was not uncommon there, even in this writer's time. I remember a country butcher in Brycheiniog, and a pleasant evening spent in his company, discussing — no, listening to him discuss — the merits of poet after poet. His criticisms were keen and illuminating; he dwelt lovingly on the beauties of lines and passages from Ceiriog, Mynyddog, Islwyn, and a dozen other names you have never heard of. He was a grammarian, and spoke with acumen on intricacies of Welsh syntax: there could be no doubt he was cultured, and intensively so. Then by chance I let fall the name of Rudyard Kipling; at that time, thirty miles away across the border, at the stupendous height of his popularity, so that you could hardly get out of the sound of his lines and the tunes they were set to. My friend made me repeat the name, and again, with a puzzled look on his face. "Dear me," said he; "I do think I have had to hear of him somewhere, whatever. A writer on sky-ence is he?"

Iolo would have been something like that, I take it; though he had traveled, too, in his time: had even worked on the building of Blackfriars Bridge in

London, they say. Mighty learned within the limits of his own language; beyond them, he would have been an unschooled peasant. You might as well expect an Afghan or Abyssinian farm-laborer to invent a philosophy, a most unorthodox philosophy at that, or to collate one from the writings of Hegel and Fichte and Kant.

Iolo's transcripts—of which it seems the originals were never forthcoming — are what Mr. Spence has taken as evidence as to Druidism: with daring, but with sound wisdom.

Their evidence is neither complete nor unadulterated. We may be certain that Druidic philosophy could not have survived through all those centuries in Christian Wales: handed down by professed Christians for the most part, whose attitude toward it is almost impossible to define: perhaps one side of their brains believed in it while the other side was rigidly orthodox—without taking on a deal of color from Christianity. Monotheism has inevitably crept in; although no scholar would dispute the fact that the old Celts were polytheists. The ruins of the Brythonic Pantheon are to be found in the heroes of the *Mabinogion*: there were two great families of gods, the Children of Don and the Children of Llyr; besides many figures, such as Arthur and Merlin, who belonged to neither. But none of these have any relation to what is called in *Barddas* 'God' — *Duw*; for which term really some other word than God should be used; as, philosophically considered and cleansed of its Christian coloring,

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it cannot be equated with the *monotheos* or personal god of such Semitic systems as Christianity; although that is just what has been forcibly done. Its opposite is *Cythraul*, a common word in modern Wales for the devil of theology; but in *Barddas* this principle has suffered no such violent change as has the other.

Cythraul is destitute of life and intention; a thing of necessity, and not of will; without being or life in respect to existence and personality; but vacant in respect to what is vacant, dead in respect to what is dead, and nothing in respect to what is nothing.

— *Barddas*, p. 209

It is, so to say, the lower pole of being; 'God' being the higher; who, we are told

uniting Himself with the lifeless, that is the evil, with the intention of subduing it into life, imparted the existence of vitality to animated and living beings; and thus did life lay hold upon the dead, whence intellectual animations and vitality first sprang. (p. 209)

This 'he' did "mercifully, out of love and pity"; which is about as much of Christian coloring — that and the Hegod — as the passage contains; the rest of it is splendidly pagan, and could not have been fashioned in Christian Wales.

There are three occasions for death on the part of God: to better the condition in Abred;

to renovate life for the sake of reposing from then on endurance of Ceugant; and to experience every state of living and life. (p. 191)

The 'death' of 'God' clearly means the descent of Spirit into matter; and this is 'God's' uniting itself with Cythraul to subdue it to life.

Three circles, planes, or cycles (*cylchoedd*) of existence are postulated: Ceugant (rhymes with high' -gant), or Infinity, in which nothing but 'God' could endure to exist; Gwynfyd (*Gwunn' -veed*), the Circle of Bliss; and Abred, the Circle of Inchoation. At the lowest point of Abred is what is called Annwn, the point where spirit and matter, Duw and Cythraul, coalesce as it were, and life begins; to work itself up from thence through every imaginable form of existence, elemental, mineral, vegetable and animal, until it reaches the human stage. From humanity it may pass out of Abred into Gwynfyd; or it may sink back to a position in Annwn and Abred corresponding to its own nature. There is a curious arithmetical table on page 109:

A million millions are a mwnt; a mwnt mwnts are a rhiallu; a rhiallu rhiallus are a buna; a buna bunas are a tyrfa; a tyrfa tyrfas are a cattyrfaf; a cattyrfaf cattyrfas are a cadrawd; and a cadrawd cadrawdus are the number of lives from Annwn to Gwynfyd.



"There is but one director; there is no second. I speak concerning him who abides in the heart. This being, the director, dwells in (the) heart and directs all creatures. Impelled by that same being, I move as I am ordered, like water on a declivity. There is but one instructor; there is no second different from him, and I speak concerning him who abides in the heart."— *Anugîtâ* (P. v. 329)

AT DAWN

Kenneth Morris, D. Litt.

WHEN afar the forest's stirred
With new silence; and unheard
Is that Magian Mockingbird

Whose *glug-glug* and *treeo-tree*
Pricked groves, hillsides, moon and sea
With sweet pain and mystery

All night long; and beryl-dight
And silvered nuncios of the light
Camp along the coast of night;

And soon with linnets' glad to-do
And quails' chuckling talk, and coo
Of mourning-doves, morn's thridded through:

Let naught rise in the heart, to stay
The dawn there, or lure thought away
From the Brotherhood of Day!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

SANSKRIT, THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL

P. A. MALPAS

THAT wonderful old adept, Roger Bacon, says that magic is brought about by the spoken word. He is, however, referring to real magic, not to that objectionable pseudo-magic against which he railed all his long life.

Yet even in the lower, pseudo-magic, words and uttered formulae occupy a prominent place. Without realizing it, we all exercise some degree of magic in

our speech. There are qualities of the voice and character and soul which embody themselves in our words, often quite unconsciously to ourselves. Were it not so, printed articles could entirely supply the place of speeches and lectures; but we know that men and nations are swayed by the one who reacts far less powerfully to the other. Yet there is magic in the written word also.

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This accounts to a large degree for the difficulty in inventing artificial languages, many of which have come to life but died an early death. To date, the most successful of these artificial tongues is so because it utilizes much language-material which has already lived a long time. It is doubtful that any really manufactured language could exist long. It would be an automaton without a soul.

Naturally, there are degrees and degrees in the power, life, and stature of a language, just as there are in all other things that are born and grow and die and reincarnate, or if you prefer the word, resurrect. Some languages, like some nations, strut their little while on the stage and then disappear. Others seem to last for ever, with cycles of obscuration and manifestation pulsating like the rhythm of a blood-stream in the living arteries of civilization.

Of known languages, Sanskrit appears to be the most ancient and complete, the most highly evolved and nearest to what may be called natural language in the abstract, since there must be some such ideal somewhere in the world of mind.

Hardly a century ago, Sanskrit was almost unknown to the Western world. Then the learned professors of the day began to investigate it and decided that it must be some offshoot of Greek. Alexander — so Western history says, even though Eastern history denies it — invaded India, some three centuries before the commencement of the common era. Putting two and two together, it almost amounted to demon-

stration to them that Greek deeply influenced Oriental thought and the Sanskrit language in particular.

Certainly there are wonderful similarities in Greek and Latin and Sanskrit. But with our more modern knowledge it is easy to see that the others must have descended from the grand old language of India, and not Sanskrit from them.

As for the depth of thought and wealth of expression, the subtleties of shade and inflexion in meaning, the scope and significance of a Sanskrit Scripture, where in the world can we find their like? If Volapük or its fellows 'have no soul,' then Sanskrit is at the other end of the scale, for it is all soul. It is an actual entity in nature, one may say. One or two 'principles' may be discerned, but by analogy it is easy to imagine that there are the complete seven principles of a living entity hidden in the outer form of this wonderful old language.

"The childish lisping of infant humanity," as a European professor called one of the grandest Scriptures of the world and one of the oldest, may be called by others the tones of a real language of the soul. To the intellect they here and there appear nonsense; to the soul-sense, quite the contrary.

A learned scholar, Beharamaji M. Malabari, says:

Sanskrit is a wonderful language: almost each word of it has a double meaning, the esoteric and the exoteric. In this respect, as in others, it is the most capable of the world's languages. And when such a poet as Vālmiki writes in such a language as Sanskrit, the out-

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come of his labors must, of course, be inimitable. Each verse of the *Râmâyana* has a world of hidden meaning. Each simple line, which looks commonplace at first sight, discovers, when carefully studied, an unbroken scene of beauty under the surface, a glorious panorama of 'sweetness and light,' where the reader, drinking his fill of the freshest and healthiest sentiment, forgets himself in the contemplation of the genius that conjured up a creation so perfect in symmetry and proportion. At such times his first thought is to forswear his own namby-pamby puerilities and be content in life with a loving study of the great master.—*Gujarat and the Gujaratis*

It has been said that in due time Sanskrit will 'reincarnate.' Why not? When we have a body ready for it, there will be plenty for it to do, for it

is a fact that our modern languages are quite incompetent to express a multitude of things which can be perfectly expressed in the venerable language of Old India.

Meanwhile, even in our own languages, just as in our lives, there are many forces playing of which we are ignorant or only dimly cognisant. "Let us therefore use with care those living messengers called words," and at least let no tint of wrong or harmful motive accompany them when we create and launch them into the world, with a life whose length and scope we cannot see. Like the soul of a man, the soul of a language is not a thing to play with, but is one of the forces of the Universe.

AUM!

HADJI-ERINN (WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE)

(From *The Path*, I, 4, April, 1886)

THE most sacred mystic syllable of the *Vedas* is Aum, . . . and by some it is thought to be the sound made by a new-born child, when the breath is first drawn into the lungs. The daily prayers of the Hindû Brahman are begun and ended with it, and the ancient sacred books say that with that syllable the gods themselves address the most Holy One.

In the *Chhândogya-Upanishad* its praises are sung in these words:*

Let a man meditate on the syllable OM called the udgitha† . . . it is the best of all

**Chhândogya-Upanishad*, 1st Khanda. See Vol. I, *Sacred Books of the East*, Müller.

†Hymn of Praise to Brahman.

essences, the highest, deserving the highest place, the eighth.

It is then commanded to meditate on this syllable as the breath, of two kinds, in the body — the vital breath and the mere breath in the mouth or lungs, for by this meditation come knowledge and proper performance of sacrifice. In verse 10 is found:

Now, therefore, it would seem to follow that both he who knows the true meaning of OM, and he who does not, perform the same sacrifice. But this is not so, for knowledge and ignorance are different. The sacrifice which a man performs with knowledge, faith, and the *Upanishad* is more powerful.

Outwardly the same sacrifice is per-

formed by both, but that performed by him who has knowledge and has meditated on the secret meaning of OM partakes of the qualities inhering in OM, which need just that knowledge and faith as the medium through which they may become visible and active. If a jeweler and a mere plowman sell a precious stone, the knowledge of the former bears better fruit than the ignorance of the latter.

Śankarâchârya in his *Śarîra-Bhâshya* dwells largely on OM, and in the *Vâyu-Purâna* a whole chapter is devoted to it. Now as *Vâyu* is air, we can see in what direction the minds of those who are concerned with that *Purâna* were tending. They were analysing sound, which will lead to discoveries of interest regarding the human spiritual and physical constitution. In sound is tone, and tone is one of the most important and deep-reaching of all natural things. By tone, the natural man and the child express the feelings, just as animals in their tones make known their nature. The tone of the voice of the tiger is quite different from that of the dove, as different as their natures are from each other, and if the sights, sounds, and objects in the natural world mean anything, or point the way to any laws underlying these differences, then there is nothing puerile in considering the meaning of tone.

The *Padma-Purâna* says:

The syllable OM is the leader of all prayers; let it therefore be employed in the beginning of all prayers.

And Manu in his laws ordains:

A Brahman, at the beginning and end of a lesson on the *Vedas*, must always pronounce the syllable OM, for unless OM precede, his learning will slip away from him, and unless it follows, nothing will be long retained.

The celebrated Hindû Râjâ, Ram-mohun Roy, in a treatise on this letter, says:

OM, when considered as one letter, uttered by the help of one articulation, is the symbol of the Supreme Spirit. "One letter (OM) is the emblem of the Most High," *Manu*, II, 83. But when considered as a trilateral word consisting of अ (a), उ (u), म (m), it implies the three *Vedas*, the three *states* of human nature, the three *divisions* of the universe, and the three *deities* — Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Śiva, agents in the *creation, preservation, and destruction* of the world; or, properly speaking, the three principal attributes of the Supreme Being personified in those three deities. In this sense it implies, in fact, the universe controlled by the Supreme Spirit.

Now we may consider that there is pervading the whole universe a single homogeneous resonance, sound, or tone, which acts, so to speak, as the awakener or vivifying power, stirring all the molecules into action. This is what is represented in all languages by the vowel *a*, which takes precedence of all others. This is the word, the *verbum*, the *Logos* of St. John of the Christians, who says:

In the beginning was the Word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.
— *John*, i, 1

This is creation, for without this resonance or motion among the quiescent particles, there would be no visible universe. That is to say, upon sound, or, as the Âryans called it,

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Nada-Brahma (divine resonance) depends the evolution of the visible from the invisible.

But this sound *a*, being produced, at once alters itself into *au*, so that the second sound *u* is that one made by the first in continuing its existence. The vowel *u*, which in itself is a compound one, therefore represents preservation. And the idea of preservation is contained also in creation, or evolution, for there could not be anything to preserve, unless it had first come into existence.

If these two sounds, so compounded into one, were to proceed indefinitely, there would be of course no destruction of them. But it is not possible to continue the utterance further than the breath, and whether the lips are compressed, or the tongue pressed against the roof of the mouth, or the organs behind that used, there will be in the finishing of the utterance the closure or *m* sound, which among the Âryans had the meaning of *stoppage*. In this last letter there is found the destruction of the whole word or letter. To reproduce it a slight experiment will show that by no possibility can it be begun with *m*, but that *au* invariably commences even the utterance of *m* itself. Without fear of successful contradiction, it can be asserted that all speech begins with *au*, and the ending or destruction of speech, is in *m*.

The word 'tone' is derived from the Latin and Greek words meaning sound and tone. In the Greek the word 'tonos' means a 'stretching' or 'straining.' As to the character of the sound,

the word 'tone' is used to express all varieties, such as high, low, grave, acute, sweet, and harsh sounds. In music it gives the peculiar quality of the sound produced, and also distinguishes one instrument from another; as rich tone, reedy tone, and so on. In medicine, it designates the state of the body, but is there used more in the signification of strength, and refers to strength or tension. It is not difficult to connect the use of the word in medicine with the Divine Resonance of which we spoke, because we may consider tension to be the vibration, or quantity of vibration, by which sound is apprehended by the ear; and if the whole system gradually goes down so that its tone is lowered without stoppage, the result will at last be dissolution for that collection of molecules.

In painting, the tone also shows the general drift of the picture, just as it indicates the same thing in morals and manners. We say, "a low tone of morals, an elevated tone of sentiment, a courtly tone of manners," so that tone has a signification which is applied universally to either good or bad, high or low. And the only letter which we can use to express it, or symbolize it, is the *a* sound, in its various changes, long, short, and medium. And just as the *tone* of manners, of morals, of painting, of music, means the real character of each, in the same way the tones of the various creatures, including man himself, mean or express the real character; and all together, joined in the deep murmur of Nature, go to swell the *Nada-Brahma*, or Divine Reso-

nance, which at last is heard as the music of the spheres.

Meditation on tone, as expressed in this Sanskrit word OM, will lead us to a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine. We find expressed in the merely mortal music the seven divisions of the divine essence, for as the microcosm is the little copy of the macrocosm, even the halting measures of man contain the little copy of the whole, in the seven tones of the octave. From that we are led to the seven colors, and so forward and upward to the Divine Radiance which is the Aum. For the Divine Resonance, spoken of above, is not the Divine Light itself. The Resonance is only the outbreathing of the first sound of the entire Aum. This goes on during what the Hindûs call a Day of Brahmâ, which, according to them, lasts a thousand ages (see *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*). It manifests itself not only as the power which stirs up and animates the particles of the Universe, but also in the evolution and dissolution of man, of the animal and mineral kingdom, and of solar systems. Among the Âryans it was represented in the planetary system by Mercury, who has always been said to govern the intellectual faculties and to be the universal stimulator. Some old writers have said that it is shown through Mercury, amongst mankind, by the universal talking of women.

And wherever this Divine Resonance is closed or stopped by death or other change, the Aum has been uttered there. These utterances of Aum are only the numerous microcosmic enun-

ciations of the Word, which is uttered or completely ended, to use the Hermetic or mystical style of language, only when the great Brahm stops the outbreathing, closes the vocalization, by the *m* sound, and thus causes the universal dissolution. This universal dissolution is known in the Sanskrit and in the Secret Doctrine as the *Mahâ-Pralaya*, *Mahâ* being 'great' and *Pralaya* 'dissolution.' And so, after thus arguing, the ancient Rishis of India said:

Nothing is begun or ended; everything is changed, and that which we call death is only a transformation.

In thus speaking they wished to be understood as referring to the manifested universe, the so-called death of a sentient creature being only a transformation of energy, or a change of the mode and place of manifestation of the Divine Resonance. Thus early in the history of the race the doctrine of conservation of energy was known and applied. The Divine Resonance, or the *au* sound, is the universal energy, which is conserved during each Day of Brahmâ, and at the coming on of the great Night is absorbed again into the whole. Continually appearing and disappearing it transforms itself again and again, covered from time to time by a veil of matter called its visible manifestation, and never lost, but always changing itself from one form to another.

And herein can be seen the use and beauty of the Sanskrit. *Nada-Brahma* is Divine Resonance; that is, after saying *Nada*, if we stopped with Brahm, logically we must infer that the *m*

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sound at the end of Brahm signified the Pralaya, thus confuting the position that the Divine Resonance existed, for if it had stopped it could not be resounding. So they added an *a* at the end of the Brahm, making it possible to understand that as *Brahmâ* the sound was still manifesting itself. But time would not suffice to go into this subject as it deserves, and these remarks are only intended as a feeble attempt to point out the real meaning and purpose of Aum.

For the above reasons, and out of the great respect we entertain for the wisdom of the Âryans, was the symbol adopted and placed upon the cover of this magazine and at the head of the text.

With us OM has a signification. It represents the constant undercurrent of meditation which ought to be carried on by every man, even while en-

gaged in the necessary duties of this life. There is for every conditioned being a target at which the aim is constantly directed. Even the very animal kingdom we do not except, for it, below us, awaits its evolution into a higher state; it unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless actually, aims at the same target.

Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend—the Indestructible. OM is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. Know him alone as the Self, and leave off other words. He is the bridge of the Immortal. Meditate on the Self as OM. Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darkness.

— *Mundaka-Upanishad*, ii, Kh. 2

A U M !

HEREDITY AND GENIUS

T. HENRY, M. A.

“**H**OW did Blank come to be such a great man, such a genius, such a hero? His parents on both sides were mediocre, inferior. Could he have had some unknown ancestor . . . ?”

But surely this question implies that there is a general principle, commonly accepted, that genius springs from genius—a proposition that would need some proving. The fellow proposition, that genius produces genius, is certainly not true in general.

But, statistics apart, consider the question logically. If genius produces

genius, does the genius keep on increasing with each generation; or does it, after waxing awhile, begin to wane? Is there a rising tide, or a falling tide, or a tide that flows and ebbs by turns? What is the law? Should we expect to find a man's ancestors greater or less than himself? Can genius be produced by the combination of separate elements from both sides of the ancestry, which taken singly do not constitute genius?

In all this we seem to trace the influence of scientific philosophy upon other

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departments of thought — an attempt to interpret heredity in terms of the formulated laws of chemistry and physics. Yet, as we understand those laws, a system of heredity so constituted could never produce geniuses or result in progress; for it would resemble a river, which can never rise higher than its source; or, to apply the scientific analogy, it would suggest a series of transformations of energy, wherein the sum-total, never added to, and always diminished by losses, must continually grow less, run down, be dissipated. At best, humanity, under such a system, would stagnate, like an animal race; or slowly die out, like one of those human survivals so curiously described as 'primitive races.'

As to method in philosophy, if you do not like reasoning *a priori*, we are quite willing to submit to the scientific method of induction and experiment. Turn we then to the *facts* of heredity. The more men of science investigate heredity in animals and plants, the more they find that the fictitious 'laws' of chance, which have done temporary duty in scientific philosophy, will not work. They find certain cells, and in the cells certain smaller bodies, and so on; and that these combine with each other in certain ways; and we get formulas like AAAB and ABBB, etc. But at best what we discover is that things *are* so; but as to *why* they are so we go still a-seeking.

The plain man is left with his conviction confirmed, that what the biologist is scrutinizing with his microscope is the mere mechanism and materials,

and that these are manipulated by an intelligent agent, according to its purpose. This intelligent agent is of course the animal itself, which is being born, building itself a body; or, rather, it is not the complete animal but the animal *minus* its body — for which one finds no term available in science — the animal soul or monad, let us say.

If such is the case in the animal kingdom, how much more in the human, where the indwelling intelligence is so vastly greater and more complex. A genius or great man of any sort is the incarnation of a powerful Soul, which takes what materials it finds to hand and molds them to its purpose.

And what of eugenics? The motive may be excellent, the end proposed may be admirable; but this cannot save us from the consequences of dabbling and messing with a question we do not in the least understand. Popular writers are never tired of pointing out that certain proposed methods of eugenics would have excluded certain great men (or so they say); and certain it is that our knowledge of the subject is at best zero, and probably on the wrong side of zero; whereas that sum-total of intelligent agents, which we in our ignorance must be content to designate 'Nature,' evidently knows very much more about it. It may be said that much breeding from bad stocks goes on, and that superior stocks tend towards restriction of offspring. But if we admit the disease, we are not thereby obliged to indorse the proposed remedy. The proposed remedy may be useless, or it may, for aught

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we know, be worse than the disease.

The theories of eugenics are too much based on the purely physical or biological aspect of the matter, and do not sufficiently consider the fact that a human being is an incarnate Soul with a long and eventful past behind him. The parents do not *produce* a Soul: they provide the means by which a Soul reincarnates.

Man draws his principal energy from sources other than physical and biolo-

gical; but, as long as his attention is unduly focused on his lower nature, he will be discouraged from deriving energy from those higher sources. Hence it is always necessary to dwell on the theme of man's essential divinity; for this is the source whence the great men of history derive their force, and it is the means whereby we can 'hitch our wagon to a star,' and thus find a way of escape from the perpetual chain of physical causes and effects.

H. P. BLAVATSKY: THE MYSTERY

KATHERINE TINGLEY and G. DE PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

PART TWO: PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC

CHAPTER IX — THE GREAT SAGES AND SEERS (*Concluded*)

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where Truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error: and, to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

— ROBERT BROWNING, in *Paracelsus*. Scene 1, 'Paracelsus Aspires'

A THOUGHTFUL reading of the preceding two chapters, and reflexion on the observations contained in them regarding the nature of the great Seers and Sages, must have shown to the reader that these Great Men are what they are because they have in greater or less degree become united with that Fountain of Spiritual Energy

and Illumination within, which we have called man's 'inner god.'

It is curious that Robert Browning, in the extract from his poem *Paracelsus*, which prefaces this chapter, should have seized with such power the essential idea lying behind this Theosophical teaching — of which, of course, he probably knew nothing — and should

have so successfully expressed it in poetical form.

It is perhaps but another instance of what has so often hereinbefore been said, that this Theosophical teaching of the existence in the core of man's being of a divine entity, carries with it an instinctive appeal, and, as it were, arouses intuitions of the reality, and awakens dormant memories of the past, when fleeting glimpses it may be, or it may be visions of longer duration, illumine the mind with flashes of brilliant understanding.

Yes, these great Seers and Sages are what they are because they have more or less come into self-conscious union with the inner divinity; and as has been hinted in another part of this book, this self-conscious union, temporary or of longer duration, with one's own inner god, lies at the back of one of the most sublime initiatory phases of the Ancient Mysteries.

During those initiatory periods, a man by such union with his inner divinity, became, as it were, transfigured, translated out of the common life into self-conscious understanding of a reality surpassing ordinary human imagination. Mystic records which the ancient Greeks, for instance, have left us in certain portions of their literature, enable the student very easily to get some more or less clear idea of what took place at such times.

It was said of those who succeeded in passing the severe tests which were imposed upon all aspirants, that the face shone with supernal light, that the body was surrounded with a halo of

glory, and that, for the time being, the man was so suffused with the inner splendor, that, as the ancient expression ran, he was 'clothed with the sun.'

The great Seers and Sages are, then, simply they who have been through this experience, at least once, and who have 'kept the link unbroken,' although perhaps manifesting in less power and with less transcendency in daily life — kept the link unbroken, we say, with the god within. There in that supreme fountain of our being lie all wisdom and knowledge, and faculty and power; and the Great Ones in proportion as they are evolved, draw upon this Source as they may, and more or less when they will.

It is a most stupid impression that some people have regarding the Great Teachers, and as regards the work that they do, and the powers which they are able to manifest. These people seem to think that the Theosophical Movement was founded upon what they call 'phenomena,' to use the popular expression, and that the main objective of the Theosophical Movement was, during H. P. Blavatsky's lifetime, and more or less still is, to found societies for occult or magical practices, or for the working of phenomenal wonders.

No idea could be more grotesque: no idea could wander farther from the truth. It is the philosophy of the great Sages and Seers which H. P. Blavatsky brought anew to the Western world which forms the totality of her teachings, and which it was and still is the objective of the Theosophical Movement to disseminate among men.

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In fact, so far were 'phenomena' so-called from having anything to do with the Theosophical Movement *per se*, that in the very beginning, Theosophical students were repeatedly warned, and with unceasing reiteration, that the founding of a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of mankind, combined with the dissemination of the archaic Wisdom-Religion, were the aims of the modern Theosophical Movement, and that for such purposes alone had it been founded.

This the world in general found it difficult to believe. The movement was launched in an intensely materialistic age, and as was only natural, in one sense, that which was *a priori* denied as possible, and which was falsely supposed to be proclaimed by the Theosophical Leaders as their purpose, aroused both the interest and the antagonism of most people of a conservative bent of mind.

It has not infrequently been asked by people who do not really understand what Theosophy is, why it is that these Great Teachers do not come openly before the world and declare themselves, or, at least, let the world see them for what they are. In itself, this is a question which is not unnatural; nevertheless it is one that shows entire lack of sufficient reflexion. Why should they so come openly before the world, one may answer? Of what benefit would it be, either to the human race or to themselves, for the work in which they are engaged, to do so? Obviously it can be argued with telling logic, that if they could work with larger results,

and more easily, behind the veil of invisibility, so to say, and unknown to the multitude — and this is just what is claimed — of what possible benefit either to themselves or to others would it be to these Great Souls to come out publicly into the market-places, and preach? It would surely be folly to cripple their efforts by a concentration of attention on purely personal and unimportant details which would assuredly follow from such action.

The truth is that these Great Teachers are just as much subject to the laws that govern Universal Nature, as is the humblest animate thing that is, except that their vast knowledge of Nature and of her laws and processes and secrets, and their relatively perfect self-identity with those laws, give them powers and faculties undreamed of by the average human being. But it should be noted also in passing, *that knowledge carries with it responsibilities of the loftiest moral character in the hearts of these Great Ones.*

Furthermore, were they to come out and stand before the public, as seems to be desired, that public would probably straightway begin to worship them as gods, as has already been pointed out by Theosophical writers — or, indeed, that public would persecute them, if it were possible, in the usual spirit of distrust that average men always show to what they do not understand, and therefore fear.

However, it is a matter of historical fact, that at certain critical periods in world-history, one or more of these Great Teachers, either themselves come

out from their seclusion, and teach more or less publicly: or send a Messenger to do so; and the latter was the case of H. P. Blavatsky.

It is perhaps one of the saddest reflexions that the philosophical historian draws from his studies of men's minds and temperaments, as expressed in the past, that all great men, whatever may be their stage of evolutionary development, are invariably misunderstood at first, often violently persecuted, usually derided and scorned, and occasionally even made victims of the public's hatred of innovations. How often has this already happened in history is a question which contains its own answer.

Further, that same public, after having done away with some great man, as a certain few instances of history show, after the passage of a few years begins to elevate him to the rank of the deities, to worship him perhaps, or to bow down to him as a god; in doing so usually losing sight of the noble Message that he brought to the world. Such is the fervor of personal adoration, and most assuredly this is not what the Great Teachers desire.

They come, as just said, at certain cyclical periods, when the currents of the spiritual life are running low, and usually when a wave of materialism is threatening to engulf men's spiritual intuitions and to stifle the cry for help and light uttered by wounded human hearts. At such periods, publicly appear they must and do, if they are to strike successfully the new keynote, successfully to set the new currents of

spiritual aspiration and thought in action, and successfully to direct the thoughts of men towards higher goals.

Consider for a moment two bright stars of life and thought which appeared at an interval of half a millennium or so: the great Śâkyamuni, Gautama-Buddha; and the great Syrian Sage called Jesus by his later followers. In the latter case his devotees have actually turned their noble Master not only into a god, but into the actual figure of the second person of their Trinity; and even in the former case, that of Gautama the Buddha, although due to the majestic intellect and wisdom of the Buddha in stating his doctrine and wonderful ethics, no such extraordinary apotheosis has taken place, yet even he is regarded in some, but not in all, parts of the world which recognise him as their Master, with a fervor of devotion which, while perhaps ennobling in the self-forgetfulness that it evokes, must yet be by no means fully in line with the goal which the great Indian had in mind when, leaving the Bodhi-tree, he began to preach his sublime doctrine of *self-control, duty, and universal love.*

These two examples, when reflected upon, are alone sufficient to provide all the explanation that critics seem to think is needed, as regards the attitude of Theosophists towards this fact of the great Sages and Seers. No, merely personal devotion and personal fervor directed to a human personality, however noble and great, are not what are wanted. As a dog will follow his master to the ends of the earth with a self-

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abnegation that lacks something of the divine only because so limited to one object, and not universal, so men have a quite similar way of devoting themselves to and loving only that one of the world's Great Teachers in whose family, so to say, they happen to be born.

If anything, the Theosophist learns universality, and this comes only when a man learns of his own essential divinity and tries to follow its mandates. Theosophy teaches us that while we should certainly do our whole duty all the time by those nearest to us, and do what we have to do as it comes to hand, yet we should strive continually to increase the sphere of our sympathies, to enlarge the scope of our hearts and of our minds; and in religious matters to learn to respect, ay, even to love, the greatness of soul that exists in other places among other men and which has existed in other times.

We Theosophists know from our studies, as well as from the intuitions of our hearts, that the different Messages brought to mankind by all the great World-Teachers, whether we belong to their time or not, and whether we belong to their race or not, have a profound meaning *for us also* (because these Messages are of universal import), which is ours by our human birthright, and that we greatly lose by not knowing it and accepting it as our own common human heritage.

What horrible and needless wars might have been prevented had this noble teaching of universality of thought and endeavor and aspiration

and sympathy, always been followed! What pitiful suffering and mental and physical agony might have been avoided had men known better, and knowing better, had acted more wisely!

Then again, how can one whose ideas of religion and of human brotherhood are limited by racial bonds, or, worse still, by merely artificial geographical frontiers: how can such a one know the mighty surge of sympathy, the warm flow of pity and compassion, the keen intellectual delights and strengthening of mental and moral fiber, that accrue to him whose mind reaches out eagerly towards other human minds and souls now living in other parts of the world, or who have lived and have left us the fine flowers of their lives?

It is this universality of sympathy with other human beings all over the world and with those who have lived in previous ages, which is one of the greatest blessings which Theosophy brings to us. Such an understanding of the powers and innate beauty of the human soul which this sympathetic outlook on life gives to us, is in itself a potent factor in the process of evolutionary development which works in us.

It is especially to these great-hearted men — and women, too, for the matter of that — that the world should be grateful for their leadership and inspiring Messages. The debt that is due to them from our common humanity is incomparably greater than any conception of it that could be arrived at from the mere reading of a statement of the case such as this, or, indeed, from what any other book could set forth.

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These Men, and their Messengers such as H. P. Blavatsky, have given the best that was in them—all that was in them in fact — consecrated their very souls to the cause of Truth and of human advancement, and this without any thought of individual reward or recompense. Such reward or recompense unquestionably occurs in good time, and in the proper place; but it comes naturally from the mere working of what we may call the Universal Law of Compensation.

The world's debt to these Great Ones is indescribable, and cannot be described adequately; and although, as just hinted, their own rewards take the form of individual growth, according to natural law: this in no wise should blind our eyes to the fact that in every case the work that they have done is one of immense self-sacrifice and of herculean proportions, for it has been nothing else than the "breaking of the molds of mind"—as H. P. Blavatsky herself phrased it — and there is no labor so difficult and thankless as this is.

Human minds and hearts are usually conceived of in ordinary thought as being very soft and plastic things; but actually there is probably nothing in the universe that is so steely hard at times, so adamant and inflexible in substance. It is a mere truism to say that men detest renouncing their pet prejudices or beloved predilections in favor of established custom or familiar views for something new and strange, however noble the new may be. And this observation applies very forcibly

indeed in questions of philosophical outlook or of religious belief.

In these fields men's minds and hearts are at times almost immovable; and, paradoxically enough, this is likewise the case when philosophical opinions and religious beliefs are outworn and outlived, and have more or less 'gone by the board,' leaving behind little except an aching void and the brain-mind egoism which prefers the aching void to the entrance of a new truth.

The noble Roman slave-philosopher, Epictetus, spoke truth in his well-known phrase: *Nihil humanum alienum a me puto*: "Nothing that is human is foreign to me." As a statement of a philosophical truth this cannot be criticized; but when the test comes to the individual mind and heart, of welcoming the philosophical and religious reflexions and beliefs and customs of other men, the average human is prone to make an exception of himself to the general rule, and to prefer his own self-sufficiency in knowledge, or his own aching void, if such be the case, to receiving as welcome guests the most nobly formulated religious or philosophical systems of other men.

It is in these well-known facts that we see the reason for the disinclination of a people, among whom a Messenger may appear, to receive the Message thus brought to them. Human nature is a curious mass of contradictions. It calls eagerly for more light, but it must have the light shaped after its own pattern, and the pattern is its own prejudices and predilections. It calls for

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help, but it insults and rejects the helper when he comes, unless the aid be extended after the manner that is considered customary in substance or in form.

The progress of civilization is but a series of conquests over obstacles needlessly thrown in the way of human advancement. It is but a succession of truths rejected in the first instance almost invariably, and later recovered and taken to heart as being the lessons of the gods.

Every great Sage and Seer that has appeared among men in order to help them: every great Messenger sent out from the Association of Sages and Seers when the cyclic period calls for such sending, in order to promulgate the Message confided to his faithful heart: all, we say, meet with the same difficulties in helping those whom they came to help. They will not be heard; they will not be received; they are mocked at; they are derided; they are scorned; they are persecuted often; and in certain rare cases attempts have even been made to do them foully to death.

Of course it is also quite true that this indisposition to receive new thoughts and new ideas has, in a certain sense, a distinct value, because it prevents the too ready reception of impostors, and the too easy acceptance of what the impostors may say; and to a certain degree this instinctive prudence or caution on the part of those to whom the true Teachers may come, is a good thing. It is a knowledge of this fact which has unquestionably

worked very largely in governing the form and method of presentation of the Message brought at different times by these Seers to the world. They are, all of them, peerless psychologists, and undoubtedly know beforehand, in general if not in fullest detail, just about what they will have to meet, and what will be the reception accorded to them when once they begin to deliver their Message to the usually unwilling ears of men.

It is evident enough, of course, that these reflexions in themselves constitute a perfectly sufficient and telling answer to the criticism that might be made by some, in saying that the reception accorded to H. P. Blavatsky when she came as the Messenger of the Great Ones was a proof (proof forsooth!) that she was not what Theosophists claim her to have been. For if she had been the Messenger of such great Sages and Seers, this foolish argument runs, then she would have appeared in the midst of wonders and marvels: she would have shaken established institutions to their foundations with the splendor of what she said, and perhaps with the mighty power accompanying her; and this argument, which the present writers have actually heard made, has been accompanied with a raised finger pointing with a gesture of significant emphasis to other great World-Figures who have appeared, and of whom legend records a working of marvels and the exercising of mighty spiritual powers, such as those of the Buddha and of Jesus. These critics are wise in their own generation, but

only in their own generation! Their criticism shows them as believing more in the legends which they themselves repudiate, than as having the instinctive spiritual intuition of what constitutes the individuality and work of a World-Teacher. They set themselves up as judges and jury at the same time, and seeing things as their prejudices and predilections urge them to see, they judge the case without giving the unfortunate accused even an opportunity of an impartial hearing. All this is really absurd.

Is it not a truth — and here we turn to the facts of history rather than to more or less impersonal and abstract theorizing—that every great man who has appeared in the world with a new Message to mankind, has had to face ridicule; hatred on the part of the upholders and supporters of established institutions; persecution also at the hands of those to whom he came? Probably never yet has a Great One appeared among men without having had to face obloquy and scorn, and when his Message has been given in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and the tremendous power of his character has broken through the stone walls of human prejudice and ignorance, and he has disappeared from among men, then ensues the second phase, like the first arising out of human ignorance and stupidity: he is usually worshipped!

Have these Great Ones ever failed in their duty? Have they ever flinched in the face of the difficulties before them? We know of not one. The call

of their sublime task, and the shining light of the truth which filled their souls, carried them through and over all obstacles unto the victory, which, on the face of it, the world in its blindness oft considers defeat.

But the historian, the scientist, the philosopher, know better. They held their ground, and taught, and lived as they taught, and later generations of men lived to bless them and to hold their names sacred. Persecuted, reviled, scorned as they were, they yet proved themselves to be what they were: the Messengers of the great Order of the Illuminated Ones, and in full consciousness of what they were doing, they fulfilled their duty and passed on to a destiny more sublime.

The commonplace objections that are usually made, and of which the preceding paragraphs have stated a few, seem perfectly trivial in the face of the Theosophical teaching of the fact of the living existence of such Great Men or Sages, whose spiritual standing is so high that succeeding ages, finally realizing the fact, worship them as gods or demi-gods. This very fact of a subsequent worship is, in the moral reflexions which it suggests, as important a consideration to remember as is the ignorance and stupidity which greeted such Sages when first they appeared.

It would seem sometimes almost as if men simply would *not* receive the truth; and as if their own self-sufficiency were so great, and their own self-confidence so high, that these egoistic attributes and impulses were dearer to

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men's hearts than Truth itself. The pitiful thing about it is that men will hold so straitly to their prejudices at the same time that they are yearning for light, and crying for light, and longing for light, and beseeching the very gods that be in highest heaven, to give them more light!

The simple truth is that those who oppose this teaching of the living existence of an Association of great Sages and Seers, do so through an entire misunderstanding of the case. Anyone who has studied himself will realize, probably with more or less shame, that he himself, albeit in smaller matters, has been not infrequently guilty of this same complexity of mind — of this same state of conflicting emotions sometimes running in diametrically opposite directions. We often know that we want a thing, and wilfully refuse to take it, the wilfulness of refusal usually rising out of mental pride, or the personal feeling of our own self-sufficiency.

The principles that we have already set forth, all which are based entirely on Nature and its workings (in the wide meaning that Theosophists give to the term 'Nature' as hereinbefore explained): principles which are often easily enough proved by some of the best known facts in human life: oblige us to postulate as a necessary hypothesis the existence of such spiritually and intellectually Superior Men appearing at periodical intervals among the peoples of the world. To deny their existence is simply denying a well-known truth, for one has only to turn to the records of human history to find

the existence and work of such Great Men written across those historical records in blazing flame.

Indeed, the efforts that have been made by some critics whose enthusiasm has carried them entirely beyond the bounds of reason, to show that H. P. Blavatsky 'invented' the existence of the great Sages and Seers, or Masters, or Elder Brothers, or Great Souls — call them by what name you will — that is to say, that she 'invented' the existence of the Buddha, of Jesus, of Lao-Tse, of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Orpheus, of Olen, of Musaeus, of Apollonius of Tyana, of Krishna, of Confucius, and of all the other brilliant Stars of human spiritual and intellectual power that shine so brightly in the firmament of our spiritual, moral, and intellectual life: these efforts we say, are precisely the acts of those who would deny what is common knowledge; and therefore do we rightly call them absurd.

The situation needs but to be stated as we have stated it here, or to be developed at any length that the reader may choose to do, in order that he may realize clearly that the objection to the teaching arises out of an entire misunderstanding, as before said, the more pitiful in that it is so wilful and so obstinate.

It is with deep reluctance that the authors of this book have felt the necessity of using plain, if simple, language in this connexion, but there is no intention on their part to suggest that all men belong to the ranks of the thoughtless and the unkind. We feel that once

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the matter is stated as briefly and yet as clearly as it can be done in a work like the present one, it will be sufficient to leave the reflexions and observations that have been made to produce their own fruits in the minds of the readers of this book.

The foregoing is not all that can, or indeed, should be, said upon this matter of the physical existence and reality of the living of these Great Ones. Suppose that the critic might reply: Oh no, we do not deny the former existence of these Great Men of whom you speak. But the claim is that they are still alive today among people on earth, and this is what we feel inclined to deny. Very well, then, where, pray, are these Great Men? In 'heaven' forsooth? The Theosophist has as much right to deny that, because it is a mere hypothesis, and indeed more right, than the critic has to deny a doctrine which is based on sound philosophical and scientific grounds.

The theory of 'heaven,' or again, the other theory of non-entity, (that of the pure materialists), are both of them theories without other basis of fact than what value one may choose to place upon his ignorance of the nature of life, human and cosmic.

In our general Theosophical literature, any such captious critic will find an abundance of detailed reasoning set forth, with the following object in view: to show the philosophically and scientifically necessary grounds on which the Theosophical teachings repose, and this particular one among them. After all is said, what is really

wonderful is not that a man once existing shall exist again, but if he never shall exist again, that he existed at all!

To conjure such a complex and wonderful entity as one of these Great Men, or, indeed, an ordinary man, out of nothingness, throw him into the midst of a world whose every movement proclaims an endless and inescapable chain of cause and effect, then launch him loose from this chain of causes in order to cast him again into a supposititious nothingness, or into an inadequate and irresponsive 'heaven'—this theory or complex of theories (and it is nothing else) makes such an immense demand upon one's belief and upon one's sense of logical consequence and of natural law, that it exceeds the capacity of a man of averagely developed mentality to accept it.

The Theosophical teachings, as so wonderfully set forth and developed by H. P. Blavatsky in her great works, state that man is bound into this endless chain of causes and effects because he himself in fact is intrinsically a part of that chain of living events, and that there is just precisely one thing he cannot do, and that is to go out of it. Nor is man the only one who is bound into this chain of causation, which is the work of his own individuality; the fruitage of his own thoughts and emotions and actions, the consequence, in other words, of what he has thought and done: but it may also be said that the highest god in highest heaven, to use a rather vague phrase, is as much bound by the karman or chain of causation appropriate to that sphere of be-

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ing, as is the humble ant climbing up a sand-bank very laboriously, only to go tumbling down again.

Nor is this 'pessimism' in any sense; it is simply an expression of the fact that the Universe is either consistent with itself — that is to say, that it is what is called 'governed by law and order'— or else it is lawless, a helter-skelter universe without sequence in action, causative continuity in being, or consistency in natural character; and this is just what Theosophy, as well as the common knowledge of intuitive mankind, knows the universe not to be.

So there the matter lies, the argument being, as every open-minded searcher for truth may see, entirely for the Theosophical view, which is that of law, orderliness, consistency, universal harmony, and causation, which is but another way of saying inevitable consequence. The argument therefore is obviously admitted; for if the Universe is what Theosophy proclaims it to be anywhere, it must be so in every smallest part.

Let us ask the reader a frank and honest question: What is there about this Theosophical doctrine of the living reality of these great Sages and Seers, as composing an Association existing from immemorial time and also in the present, which is repugnant either to common sense or to historical records, or to the intuitions of the human heart, or to the reasonings of the human intellect? Is there any sensible argument that can be urged against it, whether they be many or one; or is

there in fact none? And the answer comes back: None. It is simply the molds of our minds, set and crystallized around ideas which we have imbibed with our mothers' milk, so to say, which prevent the acceptance of so reasonable a doctrine, one of such intrinsic beauty and containing such high hope.

But the molds of our minds are breaking; light today from many different sources is streaming in through the crannies and cracks and crevices of the broken molds, for with the passage of every few years, the magnificent work in research accomplished by our most eminent scientific men in gaining new insights into Nature, is working havoc and ruin — thanks be to the immortal gods!—among old-fashioned and crystallized prejudices, and foolishly dear and cherished predilections. And probably it is to H. P. Blavatsky more than to any other one human being within the last half century, that is due the real credit for working this change in mental orientation in men's souls, that has been such a remarkable phenomenon in society since H. P. Blavatsky passed away in 1891.

She foresaw, and in many cases definitely outlined, the newest discoveries of science, and even wrote in her *The Secret Doctrine* that it would be the work of scientists in this present century to prove that the marvelous system which she outlined in that great book was true, because based on Nature itself.

She herself of course would have been the last to claim the gaudy honors

of the mere prophet, and we do not al-
lude to this matter with any intent to
set her before the world in a character
that she herself would have objected to
sustain. But we do call attention to
what she then said would come to pass,
for this is a fact, and proves her capa-
city in prevision and her power to judge

of the real direction which the events of
the time when she lived were taking.

“Coming events cast their shadows
before,” is a true statement of how Na-
ture works, but it takes a genius of the
highest type to see these shadows of
coming events, and to forecast what
the future will hold.

SAVAGE RACES AND THEIR FATE—IS THERE NO DISCOVERING LIGHT?

GRACE KNOCHE, M. A.

“Let us all be very strong, one united body, to save all races sitting in darkness; to unite
them under a bond of justice, that we may act to each other *as Elder and Younger Brothers.*”

(From a Greeting sent to Katherine Tingley, the former Theosophical Leader, by the Ma-
oris of New Zealand, Ngatipoa tribe, in 1899)

IN an article on the vanishing Bush-
man, a writer in *Asia* again strik-
ingly corroborates the Theosophical
teaching that the savage races which
are making their pathetic last stand
here and there over the world, are not
young races on their way to adult or
‘civilized’ status, but are perishing
remnants of peoples that once were.
In other words, they are dying, and of
old age.

It is necessary to remark, however,
that the term ‘savage’ is altogether too
loosely used. Many races — the Ma-
oris and Samoans, for example — by
no means come under this category,
for just as the ‘white race’ includes
gradations as far removed from one
another as Socrates or Confucius from
a battle-field ghoul, in the same way
between the enlightened and literate
Maoris, Samoans, and Filipinos, the

noble Algonquin and the Iroquois, and
the debased Snake tribes, the Veddahs,
or the Bushman himself, there are
wide gradations or degrees.

The article in question is by C. Er-
nest Cadle of the Denver-African Ex-
pedition, who had the advantage of
having been brought up in the moun-
tains of Uniondale in Cape Province
“among the haunts of the almost van-
ished Bushman.” From a nurse with
Bushman blood in her veins, he learned
Nama and other native dialects in boy-
hood. This made it possible for the
expedition to make friends with Kan-
na (the Bushmen are suspicious and
aloof), who was a Bushman reputed
to be over a hundred years of age.
With him they later pushed into the
desert beyond Grootfontein, where the
last pitiable remnant of this persecuted,
dying stock is slowly dwindling to the

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vanishing-point. The writer's observations, therefore, were made on the ground and at first hand. To quote:

In the early part of the nineteenth century the British government and the London Missionary Society made attempts at civilizing and Christianizing the Bushman, but failed in every case. There is not, to my knowledge, one instance on record of a pure-breed Bushman who has permanently accepted European habits of life, or shown capacity for cultural evolution. His type seems fixed and his doom sealed.

Blackstone classifies human relationships as fourfold: husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, and master and servant. The Orient holds in reverence seven great natural bonds, as follows: those between husband and wife, brother and sister, parent and child, teacher and disciple, sovereign and subject, *between elder and younger*, and between friends. It cannot be denied that the sevenfold classification is more satisfying to sympathies and reason both. It has a completeness which our own cool category lacks; and in connexion with the clear and definite teachings of Theosophy on this subject of savage races and their fate, it gives one a viewpoint that is compassionate and wholly new. Moreover, it helps disburden poor, civilized Ourselves of the common accusation that the white man is primarily responsible for the decimation and disappearance of savage races with whom he comes in contact.

The first facts are against us, true. These races do dwindle, and they do disappear — those which are indubitably savage, that is — wherever white

races invade; but the fact is, they were well down the disappearing scale before we ever took a hand. We cannot be held responsible for that. On the other hand, for the cruelty and selfish unconcern with which they have been treated by white men going among them, there is not a shadow of excuse.

Here is where the Theosophist has a light, and is absolutely challenged to hold it high as may be over the long path of human relationships that is today such a dark and thorny path. We cannot look down upon even Bushmen, since the last war. The Theosophical position is succinctly stated by H. P. Blavatsky:

A process of decimation is taking place all over the globe, among those races whose 'time is up' — among just those stocks, be it remarked, which esoteric philosophy regards as the scum representatives of lost archaic nations. It is inaccurate to maintain that the extinction of a lower race is *invariably* due to cruelties or abuses perpetrated by colonists. Change of diet, drunkenness, etc., etc., have done much; but those who rely on such data, as offering an all-sufficient explanation of the crux, cannot meet the phalanx of facts now so closely arrayed. "Nothing," says even the materialist Lefèvre, "can save *those that have run their course*. . . . It would be necessary to extend their *destined cycle*. . . ." Ethnology will sooner or later have to recognise with Occultists that the true solution has to be sought for in a comprehension of the workings of Karma.

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 779-780

Instead of making curiosity, exploitation, sentimentalism, or the money-bag the point of departure in our dealings with old and decadent races, why not meet them on the basis of this most

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sacred of the seven great natural bonds, that between Elder and Younger? From undisputed accounts we know that these races, upon their first contact with the white man, almost invariably looked to him as decrepitude looks to the exuberant strength of youth, expectant of tenderness, consideration, justice, guidance, love. With so few exceptions as to be negligible they have received brutality, injustice, persecution, misunderstanding, vitiation of morals and of blood, free initiation into bestiality and vice, and lofty examples in greed. Where eagerness for 'converts' has taken the place of the customary eagerness for territory or for gain, they have been so utterly misunderstood that results have been unfortunate or nil. One aim has done about as little as the other to loosen up the world's mired wheel.

Yet wherefore? By what blurred logic do we justify our utter misconception of this ancient and sacred bond between Elder and Younger? Their racial life-course almost run, all the illimitable vistas of the future plead with us to let these decadent, tired races pass out in happy, trusting peace. But we seem to be deaf, blind, and mad. Treatment that we would decry as unthinkable, in the case of an aged individual, we have tolerated almost without protest in the case of more than one aged or dying race. We forget that although the race-body dies, as do the unit-bodies that compose it, the Soul of that race lives on and is as imperishable as our own. We forget that Karma and Cycles are immutable laws,

and that at the cyclic hour this elder people whom we have failed so cruelly, will return in another and a younger racial body, to present to us its awful due-bill — with interest, perhaps.

This is better expressed by William Quan Judge, who says in *The Ocean of Theosophy*:

The rise and decay of nations and civilizations, the total extinction of nations, demand an explanation found nowhere but in Reincarnation. . . . Races die out because the Egos have had enough of the sort of experience that sort of race gives. So we find the . . . Hottentot, the Easter Islanders, and others, as examples of races deserted by high Egos, and as they are dying away, other souls who have had no higher life in the past enter into the bodies of the race to go on using them for the purpose of gaining such experience as the race body will give. . . .

A time comes when the whole mass of Egos which built up the race leaves it for another physical environment more like themselves. The economy of Nature will not permit the physical race to suddenly fade away, and so in the real order of evolution other and less progressed Egos come in and use the forms provided, keeping up the production of bodies, but less and less in number with each century. These lower Egos are not able to keep up the limit of the capacity of the congeries or energies left by the other Egos, and so while the new set gains as much experience as is possible, the race in time dies out after passing through its decay. . . .

Or, as H. P. Blavatsky states it:

Those who realize that every Root-Race runs through a gamut of seven sub-races with seven branchlets, etc., will understand the 'why.' The tide-wave of incarnating EGOS has rolled past them to harvest experience in more developed and less senile stocks; and their extinction is hence a Karmic necessity. Some extraordinary and *unexplained* statis-

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tics as to Race-extinction are given in de Quatrefages' *Human Species*. No solution, except on the occult lines, is able to account for these.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 780

In the last analysis it has been from ignorance that the white, the younger, races have so failed the elder, dying ones, who in their simplicity and natural devotion would have been glad for some one to be devoted to. There is nothing in history more pathetic—and history is chiefly one gory, pathetic encounter — than the whole-hearted welcome extended by the kingly Montezuma to Cortez, to receive, in exchange, persecution, extortion, treachery, abuse, and the destruction of his people. For one Columbus, who treated the savage tribes discovered by him in the West Indies with the greatest kindness and consideration, there have been a thousand copyists of Cortez. For one who, like 'Isabella of Peace and Good Will,' retained and fostered a heart-memory of this mystic relationship, there have been thousands who forgot, or did not care.

There is neither space nor need for an array of convincing incidents. We all know what the facts are, essentially. The obvious thing is that unless we follow Theosophical methods and philosophy in our dealings with savage or so-called savage races, we are merely wasting time — as the vanishing Bushman can show; for Theosophy alone can supply the two supreme requirements: first, the keynote of *sympathy*, and second, *knowledge*. Senile races do not want our 'civilization' any more than a centenarian, whether senile

or not, wants a young boy's Euclid or his clothes. They do not want our religion — their own better satisfies their heart, and better suits their needs. Many of them can teach *us* on lines of religious tradition, not to mention morality and justice. The fact is, that the savage races, in general, have more to impart to us than we are willing to learn. With very few exceptions they are peace-loving, honest, and clean. The mystic hope for the Elder and Younger races: "to unite them under the bond of justice" is as dear to the Maori Chieftain as to Immanuel Kant. The healthy, absolutely moral Sakais of Malaya; the handsome Menangkabous of Sumatra, within whose matriarchate explorers tell us immorality and dishonesty are unknown, do not, of a certainty, wear sufficient clothing to suit our civilized taste, but their conduct needs no cloak. The subject is a large one — and if, in the case of debased, utterly senile tribes, they *can't* and *won't* be lifted up, why should we go on blindly to manifold forever the classic missionary mistake?

We have facts enough, but how much enlightenment do they bring? H. P. Blavatsky pointed out in regard to psychological research, as far back as 1877: that what it has long lacked is not facts. These it has had in abundance. The need has been for their recording and classification — for trained observers and competent analysts.

Equally with this old question of savage races and their fate. What is needed most is something that will ex-

plain the facts we already have, and give to willing analysts and observers a key that will open the old, closed

doors. This Theosophy can do. Truly, it has light on this moot subject — a strong, discovering light.

THE NEW PHYSICS: WHAT IT SIGNIFIES

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

SCIENTIFIC and philosophical papers, and to some extent the lay press, teem with disquisitions on the new ideas in physics; but the general public is left somewhat bewildered both as to the meaning and as to the implications of these new ideas. The first and greatest implication is that a certain materialistic and mechanical philosophy of life, which seemed to have the backing of science, can no longer claim that support; for science itself, so far from championing materialism and mechanism as against more idealistic and spiritual philosophies, is actually disturbing the comfortable philosophy of non-scientific people by advocating ideas too transcendental for their comfort.

The atomo-mechanical theory of the universe no longer reigns supreme. And what in brief is that theory? It treated the universe as a system of masses moving in accordance with certain dynamical principles. The engineers and mechanics could study the actual behavior of masses of material, and calculate such things as stresses and strains, velocities, accelerations, and the like. They had of course to assume certain postulates, such as mass and motion, just as a mason has to have his bricks before he can build the house.

But, given these, and without attempting to inquire into their intimate nature and origin, a dynamical system could be constructed such as would work infallibly in practical operations.

The atomo-mechanical system was an attempt to apply these same spatial and dynamical laws as a formula for the constitution of matter and an explanation of the physical and chemical properties of matter, such as sound, light, heat, and the laws of chemical combination. For this purpose it had to be assumed that matter is composed of an aggregation of very small masses (atoms or molecules), and that these were endowed with the same mysterious property called 'mass' which had been assigned to the larger (or molar) masses, and that the interaction of these atoms was governed by the same dynamical laws as in the case of the larger masses. This theory was also found to work very well; but, as an explanation of the fundamental nature of things, it is obviously unsatisfactory; for it merely states that large masses are made up of small masses, and leaves the initial postulates as unexplained as they were before.

And now physicists have explored more deeply into the inner constitution of matter, and have arrived at a region

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where these spatial and dynamical laws will no longer suffice to explain what happens. This result is of course only what was to be expected and had often been predicted. If we are to dissect the atom to find out what it is made of, we cannot expect to find that it is merely composed of smaller atoms; or, if we did find that, our investigation would have carried us no further into the heart of the mystery. It is obvious that we cannot reach the core of things by continually cutting up matter into smaller and smaller pieces of the same kind.

Another implication of the new ideas in physics is that the physical universe is now seen to be much less important in the scheme of things than it used to be considered. And what is the physical universe?

The physical universe is the universe as it appears to our present five bodily senses, and as it is conceived in the imagination which our mind creates from the records of those senses. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this is but a small part of the universe; it is merely a particular view or aspect of a part of the universe. We actually live a great part of our lives in a world of thoughts and emotions which has an entirely different set of laws and properties. The physical universe is conceived under the form of three-dimensional space.

And here it is important to point out that some people, in trying to construct this three-dimensional space out of points and lines, which they conceive to be its elements, begin by as-

suming their conclusion. For, if we imagine a point, where are we to place it? The only answer is that we must place it in space; that is, we assume beforehand the existence of that very space which we have set out to construct. And then what is a line? Most people think of it as a long row of points. Two points cannot make a line, unless we have previously assumed the existence of three-dimensional space. For, without this, there could be nothing between the two points. So, in this kind of problem of construction, we have to postulate space beforehand before we can start; and the process is therefore futile. A point may be considered as a mark made somewhere in the air in a large empty room; but if we try to think of a point alone, without any space for it to be in, it loses its physical character altogether.

What is force? In physics force has been defined as an effect produced by mass when in motion. This conception is useful for practical purposes, as when a mechanic calculates the force which will be exercised by a given mass moving with a given speed. It has also been applied in molecular physics, using as data figures for the mass of the molecules and for their speed. But it leaves unexplained the essential nature of either mass or motion; and it is clear that, though 'force' in one sense may be a *result* of mass in motion, in another sense the word may be used to mean the *cause* of that motion. Thus a moving locomotive exercises a certain force on the stationary buffers into which it runs; and this force is due to the mass

of the engine and to its speed of motion. But what causes that motion? The steam. And we may go farther and inquire what causes the force of expansion in the steam. Thus the real meaning and origin of force must continually elude us; and in the physical world the only forces we can expect to find must be the results of subtler forces outside the physical world.

To utilize the conception of force in formulas, we have had to postulate the existence of a property called 'mass.' Force operates on mass, resists mass, is correlative or complementary to mass. But no notion of what mass is in itself had been formed; it was assumed to be a primitive and inalienable property of matter. But now we are told that mass is merely energy, energy regarded in a static as opposed to a kinetic aspect. A stationary body possesses an energy of resistance; when force overcomes inertia, it is simply one force overcoming another, one amount of energy overcoming another amount of energy.

Thus the physical universe has been reduced to forms of energy. We get a very good idea of energy and force when they are seen operating in large masses of material; but when we try to conceive of energy and force as things in themselves, with no masses for them to act in or to move, where do we find ourselves?

And so the attempt to regard the electron as a physical particle obeying physical laws has led to extraordinary results. The familiar equations connecting volume, mass, and density, if

strictly applied, yield weird consequences; the equations connecting mass, velocity, and energy, no longer work out in the accustomed way.

And what shall we say of light and electricity? If light is propagated as an undulation in a fluid medium what is the medium? And both the undulatory and the emissive theories of light are found to be necessary, while neither is sufficient, to explain the observed phenomena. Physicists find themselves confronted with the dilemma of making a necessarily futile attempt to conceive of these things under the old spatio-mechanical form, or of striving to acquire some altogether novel mental conception. Mathematical formulas may be devised, but without any corresponding power of mental conception, just as we can calculate the properties of a transcendent four-dimensional magnitude, though unable to imagine it.

The plan of the universe is uniform throughout, and everywhere we find *life* resulting from the interaction of *spirit* and *matter*. Spirit and matter are the two poles, inseparable, mutually complementary, eternal. That which we call 'matter' in the physical world is the product, the result, of the interaction of spirit in its physical manifestation and universal Matter in its physical grade or degree. The word physical 'matter' would thus be more appropriately applied to the physical *substratum* of matter, that substratum wherein the physical life-forces act. This substratum can never be perceptible to the senses; what we perceive is

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only the results produced in it by the action of spirit, this action thus producing life.

Should not electricity therefore be defined as the physical aspect of life? or perhaps as one form thereof?

This paper may be summed up and concluded by saying that all these new discoveries and conceptions point to the truth that the whole universe is consciousness; and that, when we study what seems external to us, we are really studying our own minds and faculties. The philosophical journals may tell us that there is an indefinite number of cosmic philosophies, idealistic, materialistic, etc.; but we say that Theosophy is grounded on the work of ages and ages of profound study in these realms, by minds in comparison with which our own are pygmies. We can assure the student that the respec-

tive claims of all the possible schools of philosophic thought have been duly weighed and considered, as may be seen from a study of *The Secret Doctrine*.

And so we get back to the Delphic maxim, "Know *thyself*"; two reasons for following which are: (1) That there is nothing else to know; (2) That thus ye shall know all things. Science has always been, as a whole, honest and earnest in its pursuit of truth, anxious to expose error. The result of such a motive can never be otherwise than beneficial, as long as adhered to. And accordingly we find science today standing forth as the champion of the spiritual as against the material. But in some other branches of science there is still a lagging behind, still a tendency to accentuate irresponsible and fatalistic views of human life.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D., M. A.

"Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air. So must you press forward to open your soul to the eternal."

WE are all ready for changes in this living Theosophical Movement. New developments greet us on every side. It has all the charm of the kaleidoscopic turn, all the inspiration of a mighty purpose, all the satisfaction of a real need filled.

These changes are often so simple, so natural, that they seem to us to have happened by accident, casually; and

then suddenly they show themselves to be a part of the Great Plan. We open our eyes with wonder as they reveal themselves. For our human minds today, being adjusted to the commonplace, are slow to look beneath the surface, and when these touches of reality are injected into the scene we often do not trust them, or they elude our critical, unseeing minds. To our dull vis-

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ion some simple accident has induced a change, and we pass them by unnoticed.

But is it by chance? When in thought we move from this confused earth to the region which animates and lights it, these sudden appearances here do not seem so strange. There we find an infinite company of ideas ready, their expression planned, waiting only our readiness to be revealed. For from that inner Center where lie in majestic repose all things past or yet to come, there is ceaselessly urged down through the descending chain of worlds all the manifold expressions of life, clothed in forms related to their realms. On they come, singing their way in glorious freedom like a flood of light, in ample, generous, natural expression until they reach that powerful, mighty obstruction, that organ of stupendous resistance — the human mind, the world we now live in.

Behind that dense and unyielding mass, hovering over it tenderly, pressing on it steadily, is a world lighted with joy, love, and beauty, eager to burst through the crust of matter and reveal to us its fruits and blossoms. A part of ourselves it is, and awaits only a fortuitous combination of events, to send, now here, now there, a shoot from its vigorous soil into our minds. These events may come suddenly, perhaps in the midst of ordinary life, and we are deceived by their modest entrance. But as water may hold concealed within itself forces not dreamed of until the magical moment of saturation, when suddenly a beautiful star of crystal

may flash into being, so may there suddenly appear on this earth of ours forms of brightness which we, in our moments of stupor, believe to have entered by chance.

Forms of this sort are on the eve of appearance now in Lomaland. Little children are finding their way, through all the myriad windings of the past, to this ancient, sacred spot. It is no chance. It means that the time has come. Humanity is once more offered the gift of the gods. There is something in the soil today which permits an ancient flower, known to us all in the past, once more to take root on earth. So young and tender is it as yet, that we, only vaguely feeling the joy and promise in the air, and not understanding, would surely leave it poorly nourished were it not for our ever-watchful Teachers and Leaders.

It is as if they had carried to our outer senses those impulses sent from our Higher Selves, which often do not pass through our dense minds. It is as if this world in which we now live were between two suns, so that in the circle of their shining it, too, may become luminous and offer no obstruction to the onward procession of the carriers of life.

Perhaps at this critical period of the world, if we stand ready to help, a ray may pass from one to the other sun through us, blending a little their light. Perhaps a new current may be thus established, a part of that mighty stream of light which shall in the end burst all bonds, complete its circle, and return to its primal source. How can

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we tell, or even understand, these things? Perhaps a new note is being sounded, one destined to have its place in the symphony yet to be played.

For surely, with the proper rearing of children, a new era *will* begin for the race. If, instead of covering the soul deeper and deeper with the growth of selfishness and self-seeking, each day the work of uncovering the soul goes on, under the guidance of one who works in the light and not in the dark, shall not once more a golden age appear, and humanity burst into flower as never before? The hardening and toughening of the mental shell — an almost constant process for the humanity of today — for these children can be reversed. Their bodies will grow more and more porous under these new conditions, undreamed of now by the world.

Think of what it means! From an early age our children will be placed on a soil that is pure, in an atmosphere laden with health-giving power. They will be dealt with, and thought of, as

souls — and as souls that have a work of vital importance to do. Their habits will be most carefully observed and molded. They will be taught their innate powers and how to use them wisely. They will learn how to serve, and will learn to love to serve.

Those who can be reached directly may seem small in number, but is it difficult to imagine that they may become the yeast which shall leaven the whole? In them lies our greatest hope. They are the promise of the future. In their young, blossoming life, they become archetypal of the life about to blossom in the race, if we all do our part sincerely, honestly, without reserve.

The opportunities for humanity are great; the responsibilities likewise are great. May all resolve to seize them; to cherish and guard this beautiful flower which is now planted in our human soil; to water and feed it; and in our hearts and through our deeds to convert its divine possibility into a living, glowing reality.

MARYA THE SINNER

OLEG KURSKY

“**I**SN'T it a beautiful morning, Petr Ivanovich,” said Nikifor Stepanovich to his friend, as they were waiting in front of the house for Mitka, the coachman, to drive up with his *brichka*.

“A wonderful morning, Nikifor Stepanovich,” replied the host. “Just the kind of morning for traveling. Can you smell the steppe? If you can't, I

do,” he added, filling his lungs with the fragrant air of dawn. “It's going to be a warm day, I believe.”

“Very warm indeed, Petr Ivanovich. That was a splendid idea of yours, to start before sunrise.”

“Yes. . . . That's the best time with us. Later in the day we get such heat — such heat! . . .” Here Petr Ivano-

vich threw open his coat, the color of coffee diluted with chicory, and shook it a couple of times to show how hot it was in July in this part of the country.

At that moment a springless ante-diluvian *brichka*, one of those strange conveyances which can be seen nowadays only in 'Holy Russia,' drawn by a little bay horse, clattered out of the cart-shed. A long strap of leather — lining from its peeling interior — was dangling on one side. A box of food noisily danced on the bottom. Mitka, a boy of about twenty, sat gaily in the front part of the carriage, on an improvised seat made of an old tea-box. He held a long whip in his right hand and whistled with all his might.

"Please, Nikifor Stepanovich," said the host, inviting his friend to take a seat in the ramshackle carriage.

"Oh no, Petr Ivanovich. After you, after you."

"By no means, Nikifor Stepanovich, my dear. Only after you."

"No, but this is really too much of you, Petr Ivanovich. I cannot allow myself."

"Nor I, my dear Nikifor Stepanovich. Please do get in."

Nikifor Stepanovich stepped clumsily into the *brichka*. The vehicle uttered a loud scream which apparently was meant to convey its suffering under the respectable weight of Nikifor Stepanovich.

Petr Ivanovich followed immediately after his friend. As he clutched at the seat with one hand, and seized the shoulder of Mitka with the other, the *brichka* squeaked with a shrill, heart-

rending note, as if to say: "Oh, why should I suffer so much?"

Both friends were now sitting in the carriage. Mitka began whistling a more cheerful melody, as he knew that now he would have behind him the knees of his master and his friend to lean against, and thus would have a better chance to avoid falling off the *brichka* when the speedy little horse went at his best pace.

"All right, Mitka; let's go," said Petr Ivanovich to the boy.

Mitka whipped the little horse, and the *brichka* started at full speed. The road was rough at first. Deep ruts were left over from the last rainy season, so that the driving was a bit risky and the two friends held to the seat with all their might. The bucket fastened on behind jingled at every bump of the road, and the box rattled incessantly on the bottom of the carriage, however hard Petr Ivanovich tried to keep it steady with his feet.

Soon, however, the road became a little better, so that both friends were able to stop holding on, and light their pipes. When they reached the end of the village and the *brichka* drove into the wide steppe, the road became perfectly smooth, and even Mitka, instead of leaning against the knees of the passengers, turned on one side and let his legs hang down, occasionally sharpening his sole on the swift-revolving wheel.

"What a wonderful morning, Petr Ivanovich," said again Nikifor Stepanovich looking at the sky, where a few larks stood almost still over

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the sweet-smelling earth, acclaiming the dawn.

"The best morning I've ever seen, Nikifor Stepanovich!"

And truly, the morning was ideal. The sun had already made its appearance and slowly began rising in the deep blue vault of the summer sky. A few scattered clouds on the eastern horizon were floating like fairy-boats on an ethereal ocean, presaging a hot day. The wide rolling plain, with a few hillocks here and there, stretched endless before the eyes of the travelers. The far-off distance was suffused in a lilac glow. The reaped corn, the high grass, the wild hemp, covered the limitless steppes, and the wild flowers opened their hearts to greet the rising sun. A covey of partridges rose up from the ground and flew away as the *brichka* drove by. Far away one could hear a peewit wail mournfully. A kite soaring high over the earth watched its prey. The air was filled with the music of crickets and grasshoppers and field-mice, and the fragrance of the steppes spread far and wide.

Petr Ivanovich and his friend were going to the fair at Astrakhan. Neither of them liked to travel on a steamer, and therefore instead of taking the shortest way down the Volga, they decided to cross the steppes in the old-fashioned way.

Both were apparently in the best of spirits this early July morning. Nikifor Stepanovich, with his clean-shaven, rosy chin, rather thick nose, and little pig-eyes set deep in the head, had a smile so broad that it seemed as if it

would reach the brim of his wide, yellow straw hat.

Petr Ivanovich, with his rather square face, small turned-up nose, and whiskers, was looking just a wee bit more stern than his friend, and was busy cleaning with a handkerchief the spectacles which he had just taken off. He was a resident of the little town of V—— which the *brichka* had left but a few moments ago. Indeed, he was a judge in that town, and was respected by every one of its inhabitants.

His friend, Nikifor Stepanovich, was on his way from Moscow to Astrakhan, and had stopped for a short visit in the house of Petr Ivanovich. He had described to his host in glowing words the expected richness and variety of the Astrakhan fair, and Petr Ivanovich, fascinated by the description, had decided to accompany his friend on the trip. In his turn, Petr Ivanovich had converted Nikifor Stepanovich to his idea of traveling by land, and it was therefore by mutual agreement that they started this morning on their long journey across the rolling steppes.

Some time went by. The little bay horse was running as fast as it could. The heat of the day began to be felt already. A cloud of white dust rose behind the *brichka*. Mitka, his head drawn into his shoulders, his arms hanging helplessly between his knees, his face covered with perspiration, overcome with drowsiness, had been sleeping for the last half hour or so. The reins of the carriage were idly falling off on both sides of the tea-box.

But the little horse did not mind apparently, and steadily followed the winding road.

"A beautiful country, Petr Ivanovich," said the friend, looking over the wide sweep of the steppes. "What mighty grass is growing here. It's twice as high as with us. And what wheat down there. Just look at it! I think your peasants must be quite well-to-do people. Aren't they?"

"Oh yes indeed! Each one of them in our district has some fifteen acres at least. They are quite rich even. Those fields yield a magnificent harvest as a rule. Besides, the peasants have a good many sheep and pigs. With such grass as you see around that hillock, you can imagine that the cattle do not suffer from starvation."

"How long since you've settled here, Petr Ivanovich?"

"I believe I bought the little house some twelve years ago," said Petr Ivanovich frowning slightly as if trying to remember. "I paid five hundred rubles for it. I wouldn't sell it for a million, Nikifor Stepanovich. It's a gold mine, this land here. A real gold mine. You plant a seed, and you've got a pumpkin that two men can hardly carry away."

"Yes, a beautiful country. A rich country. A gold mine, just as you say." Saying this Nikifor Stepanovich once more lighted his pipe which the wind had blown out.

The two friends remained silent for a while. The *brichka* rattled along between newly-harvested corn. The dew had evaporated by now. The grass

was gradually drooping, and the birds disappeared one after the other seeking shade under the thick vegetation. The air had lost the freshness of early morning and the July heat began to dry the palate of our passengers.

"Isn't it getting hot?" said Nikifor Stepanovich taking off his coat.

"Yes, awfully hot," said Petr Ivanovich, wiping the perspiration off his forehead.

Soon, to the right, about five miles from the road, appeared a small village. On the opposite side, two hillocks rose from the plain. One of them was a little higher than its neighbor, and something white crowned it, but owing to the violet mists hovering over the steppes, one could not discern very well what it was. Great stretches of wheat covered the hillside almost down to the very road. On the smaller hillock the corn was already gathered into sheaves. On the other it was still standing.

The road was seen to lead right towards the hills, run along their side for a while and then again cut clear through the infinite expanse of the steppes.

As the *brichka* was approaching the two hillocks, leaving the village to its right, Petr Ivanovich began apparently to feel uneasy. He changed his position several times; he took off his spectacles; he replaced them again on his nose, then he suddenly took off his hat and began crossing himself repeatedly, as if uttering a silent prayer.

"Don't you feel well, Petr Ivanovich?" inquired the friend with utmost consideration in his look.

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"Perfectly well, dear Nikifor Stepanovich, perfectly well!"

Petr Ivanovich, however, continued to move uneasily and to cross himself once in a while.

Nikifor Stepanovich looked at him with anxiety.

"Petr Ivanovich," he asked him finally, "why are you crossing yourself so often? I do not see any church around. Is that a holy spot?" and Nikifor Stepanovich took off his hat and began crossing himself also.

"Ah, that's true," said Petr Ivanovich, as if awakening from a dream, "I forgot that you are a stranger in our country. You see, that's the Sinner's Hill," he added pointing to the larger hillock on their left.

"The Sinner's Hill?"

"Yes. I suppose you haven't heard the story of Marya the Sinner? Have you?"

"No. Never heard of her. Who was she?"

"Just a moment, just a moment. Let's drive past the hill, and I'll tell you all about it. You will see from the other side the white ruins of the church on the very top. That's where she is buried now," and Petr Ivanovich placed on his rather large breast a few more crosses in the old Russian style.

Nikifor Stepanovich's curiosity was aroused. He wanted to know who Marya the Sinner was, and who had built the little church on the top of the hill. He would have liked the little horse to run quicker so that they would pass the hill as fast as possible. At last the horse turned around the hillock. The

burnt expanse of the steppes appeared again; the scorched hillside began receding behind the *brichka*, and Nikifor Stepanovich could easily see the walls of the half-ruined church crowning the hill as if with a white cap.

"Do you see the ruins, Nikifor Stepanovich?" inquired Petr Ivanovich after a moment's silence.

"Yes, I do. How white they appear against the blue background of the sky."

"That's where she is buried — Marya the Sinner."

"You promised to tell me about her. Who was she?" inquired Nikifor Stepanovich with a note of impatience in his voice.

Petr Ivanovich took off his spectacles, moved slightly on his seat, looked around over the steppes, gave a croak, and put on the spectacles again.

"Marya the Sinner," he began at last, "was a girl of that village there." Saying this, Petr Ivanovich pointed to the small hamlet slowly receding on the right. "She was a good girl in every way. I knew her well. She used to bring milk and butter down to the little town. Her folk were rather poor, but honest and sincere beyond description. They were proud of their girl. They were proud of their honesty too. One day they learned that Marya had fallen in love with Vanka the Cripple. Now Vanka the Cripple was rather a good boy then. But a few years before that time he behaved badly in the village, and the peasants did not like him. Poor Vanka tried hard to recommend

himself by working for the peasants, but the peasants disliked him just the same. The father of Marya, when he learned of her foolishness, scolded her severely and threatened her with expulsion from their home if she did not cast away her wretched lover. But Marya had made up her mind and no threats availed. One day she went away with Vanka the Cripple, and disappeared for quite a while. Nobody saw the poor girl, and her parents, after a few days of terrible anger, gave up searching for her."

Petr Ivanovich stopped. He wiped off the perspiration which was pouring over his face, scolded the sleepy Mitka, who was still dozing on his tea-box, and took several puffs at his pipe.

"Yes," he continued, "but I must tell you first, dear Nikifor Stepanovich, that we used to have at that time in our little town another priest than the one you saw at the church last Sunday. Father John was his name. A strange-looking man he was, the Lord forgive me for saying this of him. He was quite a young man. I'll never forget his snub-nose, his fat face, his bright red cheeks, and the funny little eyes, which changed their color from time to time. Just like two little bright spots were his eyes, like a pig's eyes, you know?" Here Petr Ivanovich made the funniest grimace Nikifor Stepanovich had ever seen on a man's face.

"Father John had red, smooth, dry hair, which barely reached down to his shoulders. And the beard . . . ha, ha, ha, the beard," and Petr Ivanovich began shaking with laughter. Nikifor

Stepanovich, without knowing why or how, began also laughing, apparently to keep his friend company.

"The beard, the beard," continued Petr Ivanovich, "just think of it, it was a good-for-nothing beard, a little clump of hair, scarce and scraggy. You could not comb it at all. It could hardly be smoothed. But you could snip it once in a while. You know, just come and snip it a little, as with one of our he-goats."

Here Petr Ivanovich and his friend burst out laughing.

"Well, you know, this little Father John of ours, was a funny man in every way. Nobody had ever seen a clean cassock on him. He wore as a rule a mud-stained one, patched and re-patched all over. He had a wide-brimmed hat, always mud-bespattered and very much too large for his head. Well, this Father John was a nice kind of a priest all around, anyhow. He was a little stupid, slovenly and rude. But he was well-intentioned, you know. He liked to come to me and eat my cracknels on Sunday afternoon. The poor man probably went hungry the rest of the week. I did not mind it, God knows!

"Father John used to know Marya and her parents in the village yonder. He went to see them many a time, if I remember rightly. Once Father John was sitting at home. You know that house which is on the opposite side of the church, just below the market-place? Don't you?"

"Yes, I think I've seen it," said Nikifor Stepanovich indifferently.

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“Well that was his home then. —Yes, but I must tell you first about the hill we’ve just seen. That’s a remarkable hill. They say it’s as old as the ages. Long ago, before Holy Russia became a Christian land, the heathen worshiped their goddess Lada there. They had other gods too, but Lada, the spring-goddess, the mother of light, was the most revered in this part of the country. They had a special cult for her and her son Lado, the god of youth and health. When Vladimir the Little Red Sun baptized Russia, the Greek monks who came from Byzantium did not like it that the people should worship the heathen gods on this hill; so they built a little white church on the top of it, and thought that, in building it, they would banish the pagan gods, and replace their worship by that of the Holy Virgin. But it is said that the Slavs worshiped their goddess Lada and the Holy Virgin at the same time, and no amount of preaching could make them forget their heathen gods.

“Many years passed by. Tribes crossed the wild steppes on their way to the north. The little church on the hill was abandoned and soon fell into decay. It is said that during one of the raids made by the Tatars, it caught fire and was demolished. Since then it is but a ruin covered with wild flowers in summer, and with heaps of snow in winter-time.”

Petr Ivanovich once more used his red handkerchief to whip off the heavy drops which crowned his forehead. He lighted his pipe for the third time and continued: “Down there,” he said

pointing again to the village, “they say that someone was inclined to rebuild the church, but somehow or other the plan never took shape, and so the ruin is standing to this day.

“Well, once in the early autumn, when the evening was stormy, and the wind was howling like a flock of wolves, and the sky was laden with heavy clouds from which the rain poured in cold streams, Father John, sitting in his house, drinking tea with cracknels, heard a strange sound outside the door. He listened attentively. He heard the same sound again. It was like a faint sobbing, and a very slight knocking against the panel. Father John stood up and went to the door. He put his ear to it and listened. The same faint wailing sound reached him once more. This time it seemed to him it was a human sobbing. He opened the door just enough to see what it was that produced this weird sorrowful note. The wind rushed in violently. Drops of cold rain lashed his face. He peered into the darkness but didn’t see anything. He opened the door a little wider, squeezed half of his body through it and strained his eyes to see. And then he saw, on her knees in the mud, soaked through with rain, barefooted, bareheaded, with flowing hair, Marya, the village girl who had disappeared a short time before.

“Marya was bent low, almost lying on the ground. She was weeping bitterly, and her body was shaking with sobs. Father John stepped out, as he was, without overcoat or hat. Marya, seeing him approaching, tried to stand

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up, but she was so weak that she could not rise from the ground. She lifted her head a little and, wiping her tears with her hair, she pleaded with Father John to shelter her but for one night and give her something to eat, as she was almost dying from hunger and weariness, and anguish.

"She told him how Vanka the Cripple had deserted her on the third day. How he had left her alone in the wild wind and the pouring rain, without food or shelter, and how she had come back to the village to seek refuge in the house of her parents. But her father had, with curses, bidden her be gone, and her mother had cast stones on her, as she could not bear such disgrace. Therefore she had come to Father John, to seek pardon for her sins, and shelter from the storm.

"But Father John, the Lord God forgive him," and Petr Ivanovich crossed himself three times, "said to her that her sin was indeed very heavy, and that the best thing for her to do would be to go once more to her parents' house and seek pardon there. He did not speak harshly to Marya, because he pitied her, but firmly and gravely. He explained to her with a kind smile that if he took her in and let her spend the night in his house, he would dishonor the holiness of his office and the sanctity of the church. He was supposed to take care of the souls of the peasants entrusted to him, and therefore if he were to allow her to find shelter in his home, he would lose his power over the wicked and bad things would be thought of him. He enjoined Marya

to return to her father's home and say that Father John sent her thither with his blessing.

"Marya slowly rose from the ground. She was not weeping any more. Suddenly she had regained some strength. She knotted her hair, looked with a smile at Father John, and walked away into the stormy darkness, while the Father stepped into his nice little warm house, and shut the door."

Petr Ivanovich stopped for a moment. He turned his head and looked once more at the little hillock, which by now was gradually disappearing from sight wrapped in the lilac mists of the far-off distance. He sighed deeply and stared for a while into vacancy. He was apparently deeply impressed by his own story.

Nikifor Stepanovich, plunged in thought, remained perfectly silent. The *brichka*, white with dust, was rattling away along the road. The little bay horse was doing its best, and Mitka, after a nice sleep, had just awakened and looked cheerfully around.

The sun was high up in the deep, pellucid sky. The coolness of early dawn had given place to a sweltering heat, the summer-heat of the wild steppes. The air was still and silent. The rooks had taken refuge under the grass; the mole-rats did not strike up any more their squeaking music; the marmots ceased calling to each other from their tiny holes in the ground. The distance with its lilac tints was veiled in a soft mist rising from the earth under the scorching rays of the midday sun. Everything appeared tor-

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pid with heat. Not a sound, not a hush.

"Yes," continued Petr Ivanovich, "Father John closed his door. But when he closed it, he was troubled and thought perhaps he had done wrong. That night his sleep was disturbed with awful dreams. He woke up a couple of times and each time he seemed to see Marya standing in front of him, her hair loose, her scanty garment soaked with rain, her hands imploring for help.

"Father John rose early the next morning. He could not sleep, however hard he tried. The weather had cleared up a little, so he put on his overcoat and his dirty wide-brimmed hat, and went to the village some five miles across the plain. He wanted to see Marya and to speak about her to her parents. But he did not find Marya where he thought, and the peasant, speaking scornfully, told him that she had not come back during the night.

"Then Father John began to feel seriously alarmed. Fear crept into his soul and, leaving the village, he went searching for Marya all over the countryside. But nowhere could he find her that day. He went far into the steppes, visited some other small villages and hamlets scattered hither and thither, in hope of finding her, and when the night fell he realized that he had lost his way.

"In vain he tried to recollect the road on which he came, and retrace his steps, but somehow or other his memory failed him this evening, and he could

not understand where he was. When it became quite dark, and the stars were lit above his head, twinkling as if saying to him: 'Well, what are you looking for, you fool?' he glanced once more around him and lo, he found himself quite near to the hillock where stood the ruined church."

Here Nikifor Stepanovich turned his head towards Petr Ivanovich and looking at him with inquisitiveness and utmost attention, opened wide his mouth as if getting ready to catch his next word before it was uttered.

Petr Ivanovich, however, did not stop or make any sign, and, undisturbed, continued in the same calm voice.

"Father John recognised where he was. He knew that the hill was some ten miles from the village where Marya used to live. As he was not inclined to walk this evening for over twenty miles to regain the town, he decided to pass the night under the shelter of one of the sheaves of corn left over from the harvest. But as he stood there, looking at the hill and the little church on its top, he suddenly saw a great light enveloping the hillside from every direction. In this effulgent light he beheld wondrous beings, beautiful shapes moving slowly along the slopes, ascending towards the church. Majestic, stately forms, wrapped in light, swept noiselessly on their course and seemed to vanish as mysteriously as they had appeared. In the midst of them all stood some one grand and imposing. He did not know why, but the conviction came to his mind that it was the

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ancient goddess Lada, who watched over her people.

“Father John made the sign of the cross and invoked God to have mercy on him in the presence of the heathen goddess. Soon he perceived a shining light coming out of the church itself. A distant chant reached his ear, and it seemed to him that he had heard it before, many a time. He listened and listened, and recognised finally the ancient prayer that the church ordains for the repose of the soul of the faithful. Innumerable voices sang the requiem, and it seemed as if all the beautiful beings joined in that holy chant. Down the hillside flowed a heavy and sweet perfume, as if of incense, mingled with the soft fragrance of white lilies. It wrapped the hill in its ethereal waves. Then gradually the chant grew fainter and fainter until it slowly died away. Then after a moment, a grand melody of love and victory leaped forth from the ancient ruins. It was a triumphant hymn, and so marvelous were the tones it struck, that poor Father John fell on the ground and worshiped and worshiped. The trooping hosts with the wondrous figure of light were now receding on all sides and soon vanished in the darkness. The light faded away, and there was nothing left but the faint gurgle of a brook, and the whisper of the night-wind through the sheaves of corn.

“A heavy sleep overtook Father John. He did not wake up until late in the morning. When he recollected what he had seen the night before, he gathered all his courage and ascended

the hillside to the little church. The day was bright and warm. A few late flowers opened their hearts to drink in the rays of the autumnal sun. Father John walked with reverence and even fear. His head was bare, his hands were clasped, and his eyes were directed towards the top of the hill.

“When he reached it, he stood before the ruin, hesitating to enter it. Finally he resolutely stepped inside. The dead outcast lay in the ruined church, where she had gone to seek shelter. Pitying, though not mortal hands, had closed her eyes, and crossed her hands on her bosom. Overcome with grief and shame, poor Father John kneeled down and prayed that morning as he had never prayed before. Soon after he left our little town and took the habit in a far-off monastery.

“That’s the story about Marya the Sinner,” concluded Petr Ivanovich significantly, crossing himself three times.

“Yes,” said Nikifor Stepanovich, “poor girl, she was misunderstood.”

“Poor girl,” repeated Petr Ivanovich, “may the Lord God forgive her her sin.”

“Mitka,” he added suddenly, “let’s stop here somewhere. I begin to feel as if a dozen *brichkas* were driving over my palate. Don’t you feel the same, dear Nikifor Stepanovich? — Let’s have something to drink!”

“Certainly, Petr Ivanovich, it’s a very good idea you’ve got there. Let’s stop and have a drink!”

At the first sign from Mitka, the little bay horse stopped almost short. The passengers got out of the carriage, which resumed on that occasion its

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heart-rending cries, to which was added this time a rather supplicatory note, as if the *brichka* was asking: "Won't you give me a drink also?"

In a few minutes, both friends lay down on the thick fragrant grass of the steppes. The box was extracted from the bottom of the carriage and opened. Cold tea, cracknels, a dozen huge pears, and a few sandwiches with cheese and bacon made their triumphant appearance. And while Mitka was unharness-

ing the little bay horse and dusting off his *brichka*, Petr Ivanovich and his friend attacked the reinforcements, looking at each other with delight.

"Say, Nikifor Stepanovich," said Petr Ivanovich biting gaily into a juicy pear, "wasn't it the most beautiful morning?"

"The best one I've ever seen, Petr Ivanovich," answered Nikifor Stepanovich, and his smile that time almost reached to the brim of his wide hat.

EXILED

Kenneth Morris, D. Litt.

WHEN I so misuse my tongue
As to speak when morning's young,
Save in heart-beats to rehearse
My brotherhood with the Universe,
And what sympathy's 'twixt me
And stars and mountains, sun and sea:
All that day I live apart
From the home within my heart.

When I turn myself away
From the blue-bloom beauty of day;
And give freedom of my mind
To aught but sunlight and sea-wind
And such thoughts as mountains brood
Midst their skies and solitude:
I am exiled all day long
From the Spirit's Land of Song.

When in sombre and golden skies
O'er the dim sea daylight dies;
And Cassiopeia or the Bear
And all their train shine solemn there:
Save I rise hierarchic then,
And mediate 'twixt their glory and men:
That night I'll hear no mountain streams
Sing me comfort through my dreams.

THE LAW OF CYCLES

H. T. EDGE, M. A., D. LITT.

THIS is best explained by familiar illustrations. Cycles may be artificial or natural. Artificial cycles are those of the two hands of a clock, the one of an hour, the other of twelve hours. These two, by their intersection generate a third cycle, which is that of the interval between the successive moments when the two hands are together. There are eleven such conjunctions of the hands in twelve hours, taking place in various positions around the dial. The intervals between them are twelve-elevenths of an hour, to obtain which figure we divide the product of the two periods by their difference:

$$\frac{12 \times 1}{12 - 1} = \frac{12}{11}$$

As an instance of natural cycles we may take the revolutions of the sun and moon, which are 365-odd days and 27-odd days respectively. To find the periods of the conjunctions of the sun and moon, that is, the period of the lunation, we divide, as before, the product by the difference, and obtain 29.5306 days as the mean interval between two new moons. The word 'mean' has to be used because the movements of the sun and moon are not regular like those of the hands of a clock, so that the lunation period is somewhat variable in length, and the given figures are the average.

Still another cycle is generated from

the two original ones, and that refers to the times when the two cycles shall coincide *in the same place*. In the case of the clock, this occurs every twelve hours. If the hands are together in any place, they will be together again in the same place twelve hours later. This period is obtained by finding the least common multiple of the numbers expressing the two cycles. Thus the least common multiple of 12 (hours) and 1 (hour) is 12; or the least common multiple of 60 minutes and 720 minutes is 720 minutes; etc. But in the case of the solar and lunar cycles, the numbers expressing these periods are in the form of interminable decimals, whatever unit we may take; so that no least common multiple can be found; and we must conclude that, if the sun and moon are in conjunction in one place at one time, they will never again be *exactly* together in *exactly* the same place — unless it be at the end of some very long cycle, perhaps a manvantara. But there are various periods when the conjunctions of sun and moon recur in *nearly* the same place, the best known being the Metonic cycle of nineteen years; and others of closer approximation can easily be calculated.

So far we have considered the case of a pair of cycles generating other cycles by their interaction; now we must consider the case of three cycles. To take first the artificial — consider

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a clock with a seconds hand moving round the same center as the other hands and with its pointer moving around the same circle. Given that the three hands are together, when will they be together again? The three periods, in minutes, are expressed by the numbers 1, 60, 720, the least common multiple of which is 720; so that the conjunctions of all three will occur once every 12 hours and not oftener.

Now take natural cycles. The mean period of the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter can easily be calculated, as above, by taking their periods of revolution in days or any other unit, and dividing the product of these numbers by their difference. The period works out at about 19.859 years.

But now take a third planet — say Mars. How often will all three planets be in conjunction? The numbers expressing their periods are interminable decimals, no least common multiple can be found, and we must conclude that, given the three planets together, they will never again be all three *exactly* together — unless, as aforesaid, at the end of a manvantara or some very long period. This refers to an *exact* conjunction; but if we change the meaning of the word ‘conjunction,’ and say, for instance, that there is a conjunction when all three planets are within a space of five degrees, then such a conjunction will occur periodically at long intervals. If we define a conjunction as occurring when the three planets are comprised within a space of one degree, such conjunction will be much rarer. So all depends on what defini-

tion one chooses to give to the word ‘conjunction.’

We have said that Saturn and Jupiter are in conjunction after a mean period of about 19.859 years; but these conjunctions do not occur in the same part of the zodiacal circle. When, if ever, will the conjunctions recur in the same place? As shown before in the case of the sun and moon, no exact period can be given, but successive approximations can be made. These can easily be calculated from the periods of the planets by the method of continuous fractions.

It seems agreeable to one’s sense of the harmony of the universe that there should be some enormous cycle marked by two successive conjunctions of *all* the planets, and also of the revolutions of their nodes and apsides; but to calculate such a period is an indeterminate problem.

The above, however, shows that the course of time is marked out by innumerable cycles and intersections of cycles; and it is a Theosophical teaching that each and all of these are significant in human and cosmic affairs and as signposts or milestones on the path of evolution. For to a Theosophist all the workings of the universe are symmetrical and interdependent, and nothing can happen for its own sake alone or apart from connexion with other events.

Moreover, the belief is but an extension or generalization of certain items of common knowledge. For no one denies the significance of the cycles of the solar day and the solar year, with

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their effect on the seasons and on human life; nor the effect of the lunation cycle on the tides, on gestation, etc. More than this, old knowledge, laid aside for awhile, is now being revived, and we are readier to admit that the moon's motions affect the growth of plants and certain periodic psychic tides in sensitive individuals. The recurrence of a sunspot cycle is now seen to have relation to electric and magnetic phenomena, with all their climatic and other effects; and curious minds are busy at work to trace out the connexion between such cycles and sundry cycles in human affairs.

Thus we have a mathematical key to the evolution of worlds and of living races; a delimited chart of time; a clue to countless mysteries concerning whatever is interrelated with these cyclic epochs. The true significance of the word 'astrology' begins to appear in an enhanced light. An adept, thoroughly versed in this knowledge, would need but to know *when* you were born, in order to ascertain your Karma; *when* an event happened, in order to trace its sequel. But that 'when'—what does it mean? It means an epoch of time, as measured on a vast cosmic clock with many hands moving over the dial. Further, if the adept knew exactly where any planet was, he might be able to tell where any other planet was; for, when we consider the motions of nodes and apsides, it may be doubted whether any planet is twice in exactly the same place.

It may be said here that astrology in its modern form is not recommended

as a pursuit for those anxious to advance in Theosophical study and achievement. The science has degenerated very greatly, and is a time-waster like a difficult cross-word puzzle. It is concerned with minor influences in human life, upon which the attention is unduly concentrated; and the student is prone to become more and more sensitive to these influences, instead of rising above them as he should.

One of the most important cycles in Theosophy is that of the precession of the equinoxes, whose sidereal revolution is calculated by modern astronomers to be 25,868 years; and its division into twelve parts, according to the zodiacal signs, giving periods of about 2,156 years. These periods are said to mark the appearance of great Incarnations, who initiate great reforms and strike the keynote for the cycle; and the character of each such cycle is said to be determined by the meaning of the zodiacal sign into which the node enters at that time.

But it is also said that the figures given by astronomy are not the true ones that should be taken; and much reserve is used as regards the real figures, because a knowledge of them would give clues to certain things which ought not to be revealed at present. We must remember that the Guardians of the Sacred Wisdom, whatever may be thought as to their motives, are obliged to withhold much of the knowledge of which they are the trustees, when they know that its premature disclosure would be detrimental to the interests of humanity.

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Other cycles are those of the revolutions of the nodes, and of the apsides, of the various planets; and it is a notable circumstance that the *Sūrya-Siddhānta* gives, for these revolutions, periods enormously different from those given by astronomy, the former being in general hundreds of times greater than the latter. All these periods can of course be regarded as interacting with each other and thus yielding many other cycles; while each of them progresses through the several signs and degrees of some celestial circle. Thus the whole subject is seen to be of great complexity; especially when we add the fact that there are planets not known to astronomy at all, because not detectable by the customary means of observation.

The doctrine of cycles has a vital connexion with the doctrine of Karman. It has been said that man strews his track in space with his deeds, and runs across them again when his track returns to the same part of its cycle; and this gives a very good picture of the workings of Karman, as seen in one aspect. The moods that we pass through, the ups and downs of our health and spirits, even the so-called casual happenings of our life, can be interpreted as conditions which we ourselves have laid down on a previous lap of our cyclic journey. Self-observation must convince us of the reality of such cycles in our life, and of their variable and incalculable length. It would pass the wit of man to compute the resultant effect of the many influences that must combine to determine the

incidence of such return-cycles. Nevertheless, a knowledge of the bare fact will be of great help, if only by enabling us to realize that such happenings are not 'fortuitous' or arbitrary but logical and controllable. Our conduct should be (1) to accept without complaint what has already been made inevitable; (2) to avoid strewing our orbit with undesirable obstacles for our future encountering; (3) to avail ourselves of the law by choosing to bestrew our orbit with helpful influences.

It has been said much of late, and undoubtedly often in the past, that there is not much distinction to be made between space and time, on the large scale. Thus we may choose to regard our earth as moving through the ages of time, or as cycling through the boundless regions of space, arriving at different epochs or at different places; but any attempt to be too precise or to avoid confusion must be excused, since it is impossible to eliminate time from our thoughts without destroying thought itself (as the word 'thought' is commonly understood). In the same way an individual may be regarded as a traveler, and the place at which he arrives is determined by his own movements, and the whole of humanity would then seem like a host of planets cycling in orbits and making innumerable encounters.

One feels sure that some readers will bring up a familiar objection and say that we are here outlining a doctrine of determinism, according to which the entire drama of the universe and all its beings is determined finally

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and unalterably from the outset. The same objection is sometimes brought against the doctrine of Karman. It is the old problem of free-will and necessity. But it ought to suffice to remember that such paradoxes are inherent in the nature of our thinking faculties, and are to be met with at every step, in the most rudimentary geometry and arithmetic, and, in a word, at the beginning, not at the end, of our inquiries.

We must also bear in mind the principle, of which a particular aspect has lately come to be spoken of as 'relativity.' Just as a traveler may be at rest relatively to the car, and in motion relatively to the ground, thus being (in a manner of speaking) at rest and moving at one and the same time; so may an individual be free and bound at one and the same time: free in relation to one law, bound in relation to another. Thus, let us ask whether I am bound by the law of gravitation. I cannot suspend the law, but nevertheless I can jump and climb; I can even, with a balloon, utilize the power of gravitation as a means of ascent.

Now, applying this to the law of

cycles, it is easy to understand that we can be independent of the influence of some cycles. The alternation of day and night does not necessarily suspend human labor in these days; and it needs but a step farther to understand that I may shake my fist in the face of any modern astrologist who may venture to prescribe a horoscope for me. He can at best show me what I am liable to do if I don't watch out; he can show me certain tendencies, certain things which might happen if not overruled by some stronger influence outside his ken. But it is quite possible I may be strong enough or skilful enough to overrule the influence of the small cycles with which he deals.

And so, continuing the argument, I see before myself a continuous progress in the direction of emancipation, as I gradually rise superior to one thing after another; but this does not mean that I will expect to set my personality supreme over all. It means that I will seek to blend my own being with that of greater Beings, and to exchange my servitude to petty laws for willing acquiescence in greater ones.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. RYAN, M. A.

FOR some time we have heard nothing about alleged discoveries of remains of prehistoric giants, but the idea that men of great size once existed — much as it has been ridiculed by scientists because such beings

are not easily fitted into the Darwinian scheme of evolution — will not down. The former existence of physical races of men of great size (considerably larger than any of the 'sports' occasionally exhibited at shows today) pos-

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sibly of double the height of the present normal, is a definite teaching of the Eastern Wisdom, which shows that such beings are a natural part of the complex evolution of mankind. All the ancient traditions speak of giants, the Bible included. At the present time, there is a great variety in the size of human races, from the pygmies of Africa and Malaya to the very tall races of Africa and Patagonia, and it is an established scientific fact that many species of land-animals were far larger in former geological periods than their diminutive descendants of today.

So many false or exaggerated reports of the discovery of enormous human bones have been made that the student of Theosophy has to be careful in taking notice of such accounts, but a report of apparent circumstantiality has just been announced from a source so respectable that it is worth our attention. It says that a cavern has been found in Calaveras County, California, containing parts of more than two hundred human skeletons of such magnitude that the jawbones are twice the normal size and the ribs nearly as large as those of a steer! A number of leg bones, smaller than normal, were also found, and a granite bowl fourteen inches in diameter, superior in workmanship, it is stated, to any other Indian types. The story is curious and is vouched for, according to the press, by Dr. J. Kroeck, professor of Biology at the College of the Pacific, Stockton, California.

It should be noted that this report comes from the Calaveras region, which

is famous in scientific records as the place where the 'Calaveras skull' and certain artifacts were found, buried in ancient gold-bearing river gravels under tides of lava which swept the western flanks of the Sierra Nevada as far back as the Miocene and Pliocene periods of the Tertiary age. When discovered, they provoked a tremendous controversy, not settled yet, for if really as old as the Pliocene they prove that modern-appearing men, with modern utensils, lived in America long before the Glacial period, and when nothing but the most primitive ape-like 'missing links' *should* be found, according to scientific orthodoxy.

Southern California has not been a very fruitful field for prehistoric archaeology, but of late more intensive research is being rewarded by unexpected discoveries.

A report just published in *The San Diego Union* gives some details of an announcement by Professor Ralph Glidden, curator of the Catalina Museum. He claims overwhelming proof that a fair-skinned, fair-haired, highly intelligent race of great stature lived on Catalina Island, off the southwestern coast of California, perhaps three thousand years ago, and that his excavation of a huge *cache* of skeletons, domestic utensils, urns, wampum, etc., is quite out of the ordinary class of Indian discoveries.

A skeleton of a young girl, evidently of high rank, within a large funeral urn, was surrounded by those of sixty-four little children, and in various parts of the island more than three thousand

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other skeletons were found, practically all the males averaging around seven feet in height, one being seven feet eight inches from the top of the head to the ankle, and another being nine feet, two inches tall.

A singular passage in a writing by a missionary who visited Catalina Island in 1602 to the effect that "the women are very smiling and decent. The children are white and ruddy and very smiling," is no longer a puzzle. They were evidently the descendants of these mysterious fair-haired and intelligent prehistoric people whose remains have now been found. Professor Glidden is still looking for the remains of a temple to the Sun-god which seems to have been buried under a landslide.

Once more we hear of surprising discoveries about ancient man in South Africa and, in the latest report, of gigantic man! Full details are not yet to hand, but from reliable sources it seems that Professor Lidio Cipriani, of the Italian Research Expedition on the Limpopo River in Rhodesia, has discovered an imprint *on stone* of a gigantic type of prehistoric man, a full description of which, and of his other startling discoveries, has been sent back to Italy to the Florence University, of which he is a professor. He declares he has found rock-carvings and paintings, tombs and temples, of a civilization dating back seven or eight thousand years. This would be earlier than the Egyptians of the dynasties of united Egypt (though not by any means earlier than the pre-dynastic Nile-dwellers who were civilized enough to make ex-

cellent linen at least fourteen thousand years ago, according to Petrie). Some of the pictures represent small men attacking gigantic men.

The reports so far received do not indicate clearly whether the pictures belong to the same civilization as the temples, etc., but it seems improbable that all of them can do so, for he mentions the fact that many of the animals represented are 'antediluvian' and long extinct. Antediluvian, as loosely used, properly means before the Glacial period, or at the end of the Tertiary. He also says that palms are represented. As palms have been extinct in that part of Africa for long ages, it would seem that proof of the existence of highly intelligent man at an extremely ancient period — more than a million years ago — has been found.

Professor Cipriani speaks of one remarkable little effigy carved with great care and accuracy on a rock half buried in the ground, and representing a man in Babylonian robes! He says that Rhodesia offers an unlimited field for research into archaic civilizations hitherto utterly unsuspected. According to *The Secret Doctrine*, Africa was connected by chains of islands with Atlantis and communications were easy and frequent. As many of the Atlanteans were of far greater stature than the present normal, the appearance of giant Atlantean invaders in Africa would be most probable.

We are looking forward with great interest to receive full details of Professor Cipriani's researches, especially for more precise information re-

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garding the size of the giant footprint.

It is generally believed that the 'Basketmakers' are the earliest inhabitants of southwestern United States about whom we can be certain. The little that has been unearthed of their culture indicates primitive conditions, but a new discovery by Mr. C. A. Bernheimer, head of the American Museum Expedition, throws a new light on their intelligence. In September he announced that a mummy, a boll of cotton, and a boomerang had been found in caves in southeastern Utah. He says:

The boomerang, so far as I know, is the first of such weapons to be discovered in this country. The boll of cotton is an astounding phenomenon, since no one has yet proved that cotton was used by the Basketmakers in this region.

Cotton is said to be indigenous to South America. Magnificent boomerangs were found in Tutankhamen's Tomb, and they are, of course, still in use in Australia, but it is very interesting to find that they were employed also by the prehistoric Basketmakers. This may prove to have great significance in regard to the theory that colonies from Egypt passed round or across the Pacific to Central America carrying many of their cultural forms. The Basketmakers cannot have been so desperately 'primitive' as we have believed if they cultivated cotton and used the ingenious boomerang.

According to the Theosophical teachings, many of the supposed barbarians of the 'Stone Age' had plenty of intelligence and were quite removed from the

ape, but yet were unable to take full advantage of their opportunities because of the weight of unfavorable Karma which held them down for ages. It is interesting to find certain scientists who recognise that 'primitive man' was far from unintelligent. Dr. H. F. Cleland, in *Our Primitive Ancestors*, gives many instances of their ability and inventive faculty which should reduce that modern conceit which brags so loudly of its powers. He says:

There is no evidence that civilization is producing a race of greater mentality. It is probable that never before have men needed so little brain in order to secure food, shelter, and protection.

Sir Arthur Keith says modern man does not use one-tenth of the brain power he possesses.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace wrote:

Savages, when sympathetically studied, are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers, which is proved by their complex language, their elaborate social regulations, and often by an innate nobility of character.

The rude stone implements found in the Tertiary gravels do not prove that their makers were more degraded than present-day savages, whose innate capacity is spoken of so favorably by Wallace and others, and who are entirely human, and both physically and mentally far distant from the animals. Another writer rightly points out the fact that 'primitive man' lived and flourished in the midst of terrible and ferocious beasts, far more powerful and dangerous than those of our

jungles, and even exterminated some species. This is an absolute proof of very high intelligence.

One of the Eastern Teachers, with access to prehistoric records unknown to the West, testifies that man has hardly changed at all in essentials, during the last million years, and that during that long period there have been ages

of barbarism and advanced culture *with spiritual development not by any means always coinciding with the crest-waves of material advance.* This point is worth the attention of Theosophical students as it opens a door to ideas of human evolution not yet recognised by science and only slightly suspected by philosophers.

AN OLD CHEMISTRY BOOK

JAMES H. GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

“**Z**ORABABEL says, Wine is strong, the King stronger, lust strongest, but above all things, Truth beareth away the victory; all the earth calleth after truth; the Heaven praiseth it, it is always strong, etc.”

Otto Tachenius was a Venetian chemist who lived in the seventeenth century. He was a follower of ancient learning and made it his duty to present such lore in what at the time was modern language, in opposition to the more materialistic members of his craft. How like the present day it was! for the Ancient Wisdom was yet ignored by the multitude. He, however, gained the approval of the British Royal Society for his efforts in the cause of science and his works were translated into several languages.

His books have an undercurrent of mysticism; as if there were one interpretation for the elect and another for the outside world. The interpreter of the English edition states that the author “doth sometimes leave his Sense to be picked out by the Analogy of his

Doctrine. That every Language hath its idiom, which is not properly transferable to another.” Tachenius, in his preface, asks the reader to “remember Hippocrates his Advice, which is, not to divulge or make known any thing, but what is within the Ken and Cognizance of Rusticks and Plebeians,”

The indestructibility of matter is shown in a chapter heading, “for it will remain in some form or other.” At another place he speaks of what would be called magic — in a chapter devoted to the means of regenerating the astral form of plants.

In this chapter he writes:

Out of what hath been spoken and declared, we may discover the foundation, on which Spiritual Representation of Plants ought to be built, of which Quercetan speaks in his Book against Anonymous, which he said he had seen at a certain Cracovian Physician’s, who knew how to prepare the ashes of every plant so Elegantly, and how to preserve their Spirits (the Authors of their Vertues) so Exactly; that, having above thirty of them in several Glass Vessels, sealed with Hermes’s Seal, if anyone asked to have a Rose, or a

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Marigold shewed him, then he would put the bottom of the Vessel, wherein was the Rose-ashes (and the like of any other Flower, which he was to shew) to the Candle, to warm it a little, and then that fine and impalpable Ashes of itself, would represent the evident form of a Rose, increasing and growing by degrees, manifestly exhibiting the figure of a living florid Rose, which shadowy Representation, when the Vessel was removed from the Heat, would again return to Ashes.

But this Spiritual Resuscitation of Plants, seems not so difficult to the Hippocratical Philosopher, especially when it is prosecuted, not with a violent, but with a soft fire, therein imitating Nature, as our Master teaches.

The author goes on to describe in detail the process of accomplishing this effect. The conclusion is perhaps the most interesting part, in which the author states that he had attempted the experiment, but had failed because he had not been able to obtain pure dew in the vicinity of his home. He explains that the exhalations from a town defile the atmosphere so as to render the conditions impure for such a process.

There is a touch of Bulwer Lytton's *A Strange Story* in his speaking of the loadstone being the

Mother of Iron, which perceives the smell of her Son, because she loves him, but not being sufficiently satisfied with the smell of It, for that Cause it attracts and allures Iron to it.

In H. P. Blavatsky's work *Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* there is a reference to the story of the curative powers of the stone taken from the head of a living snake, when applied to a snake-

bite. There is an interesting parallel in the book under review. Tachenius has a slightly different use for such a stone.

The Stone of the hairy Serpent is attractive; Kircher describes it, in his Book intitled, *The Magnetick Kingdom of Nature*. I have plenty of this stone by me, and do apply it to the bitings of mad Dogs, to which it sticks strongly for about eighteen hours; and I applied it to another Girl, hurt by a mad Dog, for seven days and nights, and yet the Ablution of this Stone had not done the feat. . . . And as the Magnete of all the Things and Metals in the World draws nothing but Iron, and is delighted with its Spirit, and the Stone of the hairy Serpent, rejoices to attract the Odor of the Poison, infused by the venomous bitings, but it doth not attract Arsnick, Wolfs-bane, nor any other Poison.

The Island Elbe is full of Load-stones, yet it was never seen nor heard of, that it did incommode Ships passing by, nor injure the Needle of the Compass, because the Mother Magnete is there saturated with Spirit of Iron; so also the Stone of the hairy Serpent, being saturated with the Odor of the Poison which it drew from the biting of the Mad Dog, received not beyond its measure, it neglects the rest, and spontaneously falls from the Wound.

Scientific problems are still the same. We have the 'exact' scientists; who in truth are far from being exact, since they choose to ignore that vast domain, the astral regions, and are thus lacking in important data. And there are the scientists of a humbler and less flamboyant mien, who say not "This I know" but like those "who in humbleness have garnered, low confess: 'Thus have I heard.'"

ELIMINATE THE NON-ESSENTIALS

HUGH PERCY LEONARD, B. A.

“Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”—*Hebrews*, xii, 1

IN this world of manifestation there is always the inner and the outer, the essence concealed which endures, and the visible form that passes away. In every communication which we make to our fellows, there is always the fact or idea to be conveyed, and the words in which it is clothed; and though we cannot altogether dispense with the wrappings, for they are necessary to its expression, let us beware of smothering the essential thought under a load of superfluous drapery, lest it prove a winding-sheet.

A keen and cultivated mind will always try to reduce the wrappings of its thought to the smallest possible compass, and the message will always be delivered in sentences with only just sufficient substance to convey the meaning; because every word beyond what is actually required is a distinct hindrance to the understanding of that which is to be expressed.

A mind which is dull and untrained seems to be unable to discriminate between the essential and that which is merely accessory, and in telling its story, it wraps around it so much irrelevant verbiage that the essential idea is often almost totally obscured.

As good an example of this irrelevant prolixity as can be found in literature is the reply of the Hostess to Fal-

staff's question: “What is the gross sum I owe thee?”

The proper answer would have been “A hundred marks” to which she wished to add a claim that he should make good a previous offer of marriage; but note the roaring torrent of unconnected fluency in which her thought is drowned:

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me thy lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me Gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath: deny it, if thou canst”

— and not a word about the hundred marks!

How much it facilitates the despatch of business when the parties concerned

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confine their discussion only to what is pertinent to the matter in hand! Such conferences are like paths leading directly to the destination in view, whereas a desultory confabulation *around* the topic is like an aimless ramble over a tract of varied scenery where the traveler is very likely to get lost, and the objective never achieved.

The journey of the Monad through the 'many mansions' of the Cosmos is arduous and long-drawn-out, and if we would travel light, we must learn to discriminate between what is really needful for the journey, and the impedimenta which are non-essential. Many a pilgrim loads himself with a vast accumulation of household stuffs which delay his progress and waste his energies, who would be better served by a simple staff and a cloak against the weather. A robber who deprived him of his superfluity would be a benefactor in disguise; and thus it often happens with the Pilgrim of Eternity. He falls among thieves, and the vicissi-

tudes and so-called misfortunes of life strip him bare; but instead of being incommoded by his loss, the Pilgrim discovers to his surprise that he was never better equipped for his journey.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that we should penetrate to the core of a subject, and learn to separate the fundamental characteristics from those aspects which are merely superficial and contingent.

On this plane of manifested forms, the profusion of beautiful objects often tempts the unwary to possess himself of the pretty trifles that lie about his feet; but those who are truly wise seek the source whence beauty flows, the mother-lode from which the glittering fragments are derived, and willingly let the rest go.

The soul of things is sweet
The heart of being is celestial rest.

Be it therefore our chief desire to seek that central place of peace which is the Pilgrim's home.

HELL, HEAVEN, AND BEETHOVEN

SUGGESTED BY THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF
THE FIFTH SYMPHONY

BINGHAM T. MOLYNEUX

AS all the world knows, there came a knocking at the door; and he rose from the low couch in front of the fire to open to it. But even as he rose the room was full of them.

"Eh?" said he; "What ——?"

"We are the Bailiffs of Hell," said

the foremost of them. "Your hour has come."

The high mantelpiece and lofty white walls of the room were gone: a sulphurous blast blew in and they crumbled away. The lamp-light gave place to the howling glare and gloom of Hell;

on all sides the infinite cliffs of Hell loomed up spaceward forever. This was the bottom of existence, the ignoble ultimate profundity: millions of light-years away from the light of any star.

He stood in a waste desolation filled with gloomy shapeless figures that swam and drifted above and round him, and were venomously inimical and armed with barbed stings; between him and natural being was the weight of all existent and imaginable evil and measureless unilluminable despair.

"You are in Hell the Inescapable, Ludwig van Beethoven!" the malignant shadows wailed at him. "Forever and ever you are in —."

"Little you understand, you others," said he; and picked up his bâton. "Listen you, Hell — and Heaven!" said he in whose heart and mind were all the orchestras of the stars. "Listen you!"

There are things you can do in Hell that you cannot do on earth and embodied. So now: he had but to swing his bâton and Hell was alive and loud with the music of his soul. Formlessness flowed into form; terror grew slowly into beauty.

"Why do you weep, you others? Why does this fiery joy bring you tears?"

"You have imposed order on us, and we begin to remember. We weep because of the condemnation that was put on us of old, when we desired a greater beauty than Heaven's."

The bâton swayed and shook with power as the beauty in the burning soul

of him fountained itself out over conquered Hell. "Alas, where is our ancient valor?" cried Azazel that had been the standard-bearer of Hell.

"Alas that ever we were contented with this!" wailed Asmodeus; and Demogorgon: "Behold the pale-green armor glinting on our bodies; and from our shoulders re-budding the stateliness of wings!"

Then a voice rang out from the purlieus of Hell: "Where art thou, our Battle-Leader against the Angels-without-Vision? Where art thou, Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and Chieftain of the Spirits that aspired?"

And the music surged forth and eddied through the chasms and flooded Hell with glory, crying, "*Behold, I am here!*"

Hosts on hosts, armed and beautiful, marshaled themselves on the waves of it. Gone were the horrible shadows; in their place were the angels that aspired and fell. "Lead us, O Lucifer; and we shall not fail you!" they cried. Mounting through the murk between the precipices the hosts soared upward on invincible wings; and the Son of the Morning, the Master of Music, at the head of them.

The light-years of deep space fell headlong beneath them; they were music, and they aspired again towards Heavens greater than Heaven. The thought in their hearts was *war*; the shout in their throats was *war*; and *war* the music on the lips of them. War against the old oppression; war upon the limitations imposed on things. Were they not the noblest third of the

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stars; and in such order of battle as could not come by defeat? — Up they rose on wings of music; and the precipitous walls of the abyss fell away beneath them; and the stars and constellations dropped down like rain.

From the battlements of Heaven the horns rang out in warning.

“What is it you see in the depths below, Lord Michael, Lord Gabriel, Lord Uriel, Lord Raphael?”

“A host of angels and archangels ascending, who are nobler of aspect than the captains of Thy host: yea, who are nobler and more beautiful than we!”

“Let the hordes of Heaven descend and oppose them; because what is Better is the enemy of what is Good. Let the grand Constellations descend, well armed and well charioted, horde by horde under its captains!”

And Heaven poured forth its mightiest: rank on rank, battalion by battalion they came; and Michael Archangel at the head of them.

“Lord Gabriel, Lord Gabriel: who is this that comes against us? Not on these hymns transcending Heaven’s hymns was Lucifer wont to come warward of old.”

“Lord Michael, Lord Michael, what is this music that disangels us? I would make war but for the love of them that arises in my heart.”

“Who art thou, O Most Beautiful, Most Sublime? Who art thou who with thy music drivest us headlong in through the ports of Heaven?”

But the music swept on and on, up and up, to the Throne; and swirled and eddied round about the Throne, and forth from the Throne; and was fountained from the Throne through space; kindling up suns and planets on the confines of chaos.

And the angels and archangels, victors and vanquished, circled through space about the Throne; not one of them now without vast aspirations; not one of them without vision of the Glory-that-Might-Become.

They sang to the music of the One on the Throne; and the beauty of their magnificent *Alleluias* crashed out through chaos beyond the ultimate borders of space. There was no more war between Heaven and Hell; there was no Heaven or Hell: but only the choirs of constellations that sang, and the music that moved them to their princely singing, and the Burning Heart and Mind from which the Music came. . . .

The bâton dropped . . . and silence collected itself together again from the regions beyond chaos itself. . . . “Little they understood, those others!” sighed Ludwig van Beethoven. . . .



“Mortals, O dear friend! by their actions which are of a mixed character, or which are meritorious and pure, attain to this world as the goal, or to residence in the world of the gods. Nowhere is there everlasting happiness; nowhere eternal residence. Over and over again is there a downfall from a high position attained with difficulty.”

— *Anugîtâ*, P. v. 297

REINCARNATION, A WORLD-WIDE BELIEF

STEELE O'HARA

"Nature never says one thing and Wisdom another."— JUVENAL, *Satirae*, xiv

"Jesus, the Adept we believe in, taught our Eastern doctrines, Karma and Reincarnation foremost of all."— H. P. BLAVATSKY

"Reincarnation was once universally believed. Only a comparatively small portion of the world has ever at any time obscured this beneficent teaching."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

HOWEVER strange the teaching, or unfamiliar the word itself to those reared in the tenets of orthodox Christendom, belief in the doctrine of Reincarnation is a world-wide belief, and has been so from remote antiquity. Yet, so long obscured has it been in the Occident that those who are unfamiliar with Theosophy or have made no study of comparative religions are apt to regard it, when first encountered, as something curious, whimsical, even bizarre, with an archaeological interest perhaps, but assuredly not a living one. "How odd!" "But I don't wish to come back again to another earth-life!" "It cannot be true — I never heard of it before!" Unanswerable as arguments every one — and the lid that stood just a chance of being pried open to stay, shuts down upon the mind again with the old historic snap.

In spite of this, the teaching is now generally known, and a sincere interest in it is becoming increasingly apparent. A few brave clergymen come out boldly in favor of Reincarnation as the only hypothesis worthy of consideration in the ancient case of Jus-

tice *versus* the damaging facts of life. While our liberal pulpits are advancing many teachings closely linked to it — teachings that a generation or two ago, when Spurgeon and others were dangling over the brimstone pit the trembling unelect, would have been *anathema*: man's essential Divinity, the mystic Christ, the Over-soul, Universal Brotherhood, Karman, and so on.

The following citation is of especial interest in this connexion, coming as it does from a clergyman's pen. Says the Reverend William R. Alger, in his *Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*:

No other doctrine has exerted so extensive, controlling and permanent an influence on mankind as that of the metempsychosis [*i. e.*, Reincarnation, as the context shows] — the notion that when the soul leaves the body it is born anew in another body; its rank, character, circumstance and experience in each successive existence depending on its qualities, deeds, and attainments *in its preceding lives*. [Italics added]

Such a theory, well matured, bore unresisting sway through the great Eastern World long before Moses slept in his little ark of bulrushes on the shore of the Egyptian river. Alexander the Great gazed with astonishment

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on the self-immolation by fire to which it inspired the Gymnosophists; Caesar found its tenets propagated among the Gauls beyond the Rubicon; and at this hour it reigns despotic, as the learned and traveled Professor at Oxford tells us, without any sign of decrepitude or decay, over the Burman, Chinese, Tatar, Tibetan, and Indian nations, including at least 65,000,000 of mankind.

There is abundant evidence to prove that this scheme of thought prevailed at a very early period among the Egyptians, all classes and sects of the Hindûs, the Persian disciples of the Magi, and the Druids; and, in a later age, among the Greeks and Romans as represented by Musaeus, Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinos, Macrobius, Ovid, and many others.

It was generally adopted by the Jews at the time of the Babylonian captivity. Traces of it have been discovered among the ancient Scythians, the African tribes, some of the Pacific Islanders, and various aboriginal nations both of North and South America.

The existence of this belief among so-called 'savage' peoples is of especial interest, for these, according to Theosophy, are with a few exceptions the decaying remnants of once mighty nations, and this mystic tenet of their faith is a downgleam of the now dying Torch of Truth which burned so brightly in its prime. To give an instance of this traditional belief from very near home, as related by Mr. Wesley Bradfield of the American Institute of Archaeology at Santa Fe, while in charge of excavations at Otowi, New Mexico. In the course of a lecture delivered at the International Theosophical Headquarters a few years ago at the invitation of Madame Katherine Tingley, the former Theosophical Leader, the lecturer described the excavation of a huge jar, containing the skeleton of a

babe, from beneath the hearth of the ruins of an ancient house. There was no explaining the find — the house had been unearthed at quite a depth and its age and history were unknown — until an Indian woman of the vicinity told Mr. Bradfield of a belief that had always been cherished in her tribe, to the effect that a babe taken by death would surely return, and that if the mother would keep the little soul from losing its way on the journey back to rebirth, she must bury the little body beneath the hearth of the ancestral home. This done, the child would return to the same mother.

On the other side of the world we find the same beautiful belief, and among people far more 'savage' than any we know in America — the Ibibios of Nigeria on the African slave-coast. 'Savages' they certainly are; they go practically unclothed; yet they have a high regard for honor and morality and one of the cardinal tenets in their religion is a belief in Reincarnation. Especially do they believe that those who die as children will be reborn later in the same family if right conditions are maintained. Trees, plants, stones, and certain pools and streams are sacred to them because of their belief that within them are the spirits of the dead, *waiting to be reborn*.*

A few years ago Professor Baldwin Spencer was commissioned by the government of Australia to make special investigations in the Northern Terri-

**Woman's Mysteries of a Primitive People*, by Mrs. D. Amaury-Talbot.

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tory among the aboriginal tribes. He reported, among other things:

Amongst all the tribes examined by the expedition the belief in the reincarnation of the dead *is universal*.

There is the familiar legend that Hiawatha, the Teacher or Messiah of certain Red Indian tribes in prehistoric days, is to reincarnate among his people and teach them again, at a future and more propitious time. It was belief in the same universal doctrine that led the trusting Aztecs to welcome Cortez as at least the forerunner of 'the Fair God' who was described in their books as a prophet destined to return.

The islands of the South Seas teem with legends touching upon the rebirth and return of great teachers, heroes, or helpers. From Hawaii we have the peculiarly significant one of the woman-teacher Pélé, who, disheartened by the wrangling and unfaithfulness of those whom she had left in charge of the sacred Lihua fires when she departed on an errand of mercy to a distant land, left them to their fate. But, legend has it, at a later period she reincarnated and returned to teach them again.

Hertha of the white bulls, King Arthur, Frederick Barbarossa — how many legends of ancient and medieval days are pillared by the same belief! So that one who knows something of the Theosophic Law of Cycles and has studied the cyclic progress of races and of nations from infancy and youth through maturity and then on to decline and decay, can readily see why this belief, persisting as it does in folk-

lore and in legend dating from an immemorial past, must have been widespread throughout a long antiquity of culture. And so it was, says Theosophy, not only throughout historic time but in those prehistoric days of spiritual enlightenment of which archaeology is today affording us such glimpses and confirmations.

Those who believe in Reincarnation today, therefore, rank with the distinguished majority — not merely with average humanity, but with the greatest, the noblest, the most scholarly minds of all time: the world's philosophers, her religious and moral reformers, her really great scientists, her loftiest writers, her poets, her sages, her mystics, teachers, and devotees. Indeed, to give the names of the men and women of the far past who not only held this doctrine but in many cases inculcated it in their writings and from the teacher's chair, would be to give a roster of cultivated antiquity. The long chain of culture has never lost this one important link to the present day. From Manu to Ralph Waldo Emerson it is next to impossible to find a genuine moral reformer who ignores Reincarnation or denies it.

The thread of a firm belief in Reincarnation or Rebirth has woven its long way, unbroken, from the dawn of time to the busy practical present. It has circled the globe again and again, touching nation after nation and leaving out not one. Consider, also, that it has never been upheld by the bigoted nor by agencies of persecution, but invariably by the broad-minded, the

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wise, the good, the mystical, the faithful, and the brave among the sons and daughters of men. Consider how the Bright Immortals have held to men's lips in age after age its Cup of Wine and Fire and men have drunk and have felt it an honor to do so.

Verily a noble company those keep who dare throw aside preconception and prejudice and look this great truth in the face, who dare challenge the sentinel of that deep place within them where the intuition waits to give truth spontaneous confirmation. What companionship, what a legacy is theirs! Surely it is not to be left unconsidered or despised! Think! If kings or princes or the great savants of earth were to single us out for an invitation to their presence, to walk and talk with them and share their most intimate thought, would we ignore them and turn away? Yet here we stand, in the deathless presence of the philosophers of every age, the poets, mystics, and saints, their very hearts bared to our understanding, the thread of their innermost belief, their crowning intuition, almost within our very grasp, to examine, to hold and to keep — and let some ignoramus or enemy of progress pass by with a sneer, how we start guiltily, how we hide or drop this thread, as though it were a something to apologize for or conceal!

"An Oriental idea," they tell us, an "importation from the effete East," and suddenly we forget that we have minds of our own. An 'importation' indeed! Archaeological research is proving that America is older than Egypt, older than

India; so that if 'importation' is any factor in the equation more likely the peoples of the Indus and the Brahmaputra, the Euphrates or the Nile, 'imported' this doctrine from us. But be sure it is no 'importation' from anywhere. It is man's spiritual birthright, a precious legacy, the dower of all nations alike, coming down to us from that higher world which sent us Manas — Man, the Thinker — in the first place: coming down therefore from that ancient day when the earth was not ridden by countless isms and sects but knew only one great body of truth, the world's ancestral Theosophy, in whose white temple Reincarnation has always been one of the great hewn stones.

Who believes it? Plato and Pythagoras pre-eminently in old Greece, with Socrates, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Epimenides, and uncounted others. Plutarch believed in Reincarnation; so did Philo Judaeus, and Josephus the great historian of the Jews; Cicero held the belief, as did the Roman Senator Longinus — these latter two inevitably, for we know that the one had been initiated into the Mysteries of Eleusis while the other had been a pupil of Hypatia. Orestes, Prefect of Alexandria, was also a pupil of Hypatia, and of a surety the great teachers of the Neo-Platonic School at Alexandria taught this doctrine: Proclus, Plotinus, Porphyry, and the martyred Hypatia herself. Vergil, too, comes to mind, for who that has not forgotten his fourth-year Latin work can fail to recall the poet's description of the dis-

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embodied souls as they drink from the river Lethe to win the boon of forgetfulness before being *reborn* upon the earth.

Who believes it? Jesus the Christ believed and taught this doctrine as H. P. Blavatsky declared many years ago and as has been well brought out by William Quan Judge and by Katherine Tingley, her Successors. He never took up the subject of Reincarnation as something especial and new, a topic to be introduced cautiously (as he might have to do today) and explained carefully and well. But neither did he seek to persuade men that day followed night or that houses made good shelters when it rained. There was no need, for Reincarnation was a prevailing belief not only in the Pagan but in the Jewish world of his day. And Jesus was a Jew; he had been educated in Jewish religious lore; he confounded the Doctors in the temple when a mere child, and in one of its aspects his whole mission can be considered as another link in the long chain of Jewish mystical thought. The Kabbalah, the immemorially ancient system of Jewish Theosophy, is meaningless if Reincarnation be left out; while the Zohar, the Bible of the Kabbalists, affirms it again and again. To cite a single passage from the latter:

Souls . . . must develop all the perfections, the germ of which is planted in them; and if they have not fulfilled this condition during one life, they must commence another, a third, and so forth, until they have acquired the condition which fits them for reunion with God.— E. D. WALKER: *Reincarnation*

It would be difficult to make any-

thing out of such a passage excepting Reincarnation. But returning to the immediate subject, Jesus was, in addition, probably an Essene, a member of an ascetic body of whose tenets Reincarnation was undeniably one. There is much to indicate that he spent some time in study in Egypt, also, and for aught we know to the contrary, he may have visited certain centers of instruction still farther East, and studied in these centers in which Reincarnation is one of the doctrines taught. For Jesus to have dwelt upon this as though it were an unfamiliar doctrine which needed hammering into people's minds, would have shown a bluntness of perception of which real Teachers are not guilty. Certainly he nowhere denies it, but on the contrary, there are several New Testament passages in which he refers to it as an accepted belief or truth, as for instance the one in which he is reported to have said of John the Baptist:

If ye are willing to receive it, this is Elijah, which is to come. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.— *Matthew*, xi, 14-15, Revised Version

As William Quan Judge suggested, if Jesus had held the doctrine to be false, he assuredly would have said so, for many opportunities presented themselves inviting him to place the stamp of approval or disapproval upon it. Suffice it to say, therefore, that not only did Jesus leave the then popular belief in Reincarnation undisturbed, even strengthened, but there are compelling reasons for believing that he may have given his disciples special

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teachings in regard to it. We know that he gave them teachings withheld from the general ear for he tells them distinctly that to them alone was it given to know the "Mysteries of the Kingdom of God," while the multitude must content themselves with parables; it is known that the ancient Schools of the Mysteries were founded to perpetuate the truths of the once universal Wisdom-Religion (Theosophy), of which Reincarnation was a basic tenet; and a comparison of Christ's teachings with the teachings of the Mysteries in every age, shows them to be one and the same. What Christ's Mystery-teachings were, we do not know, of course, for no shred of them has come down to us excepting in some of the apocryphal writings and in the discredited writings of the Gnostics; but archaeological research will doubtless some day throw a light upon all this, and in the meantime we ought to be able to put two and two together and use our common sense. Very much light is thrown upon this indirectly by H. P. Blavatsky, in her little writing (never completed) *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels* and also in *Isis Unveiled*, especially in passages treating of the Gnostic Schools. She shows that the early Nazarenes must be numbered as "among the Gnostic sects," all of which believed in Reincarnation; and with regard to the Fourth Gospel, she says distinctly:

It is needless to state that the Gospel according to John was not written by John but by a Platonist or a Gnostic belonging to the Neo-Platonic School—*Isis Unveiled*, II, 91, footnote

Which brings us back again to Plato, "the world's interpreter," and the various Platonic Schools which owed their fire to the flaming torch he brought.

The Neo-Platonic School of Alexandria has already been referred to. Centuries later we find the doctrine clearly and definitely stated by the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Henry More the mystic, Bishop Rust, the Reverend Joseph Glanvil, Rector of Bath and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, King Charles II.* And before leaving the seventeenth century we must mention Dr. Thomas Burnet, who wrote in his *Telluris Theoria Sacra (Sacred Theory of the Earth)*:

But though we cannot certainly tell under what circumstances human souls were placed at first, yet all antiquity agrees, Oriental and Occidental, concerning their pre-existence in general, in respect of these mortal bodies. . . . The doctrine of pre-existence and revolution (or rebirth) of souls . . . was very ancient and universal, if any ever was so, since it prevailed not only through all the East but also in the West. . . . This doctrine, I say, as if sent down from heaven, without father, without mother, and without any genealogy, has made its progress through the universe.

In the eighteenth century we find Reincarnation, either expressed or implied, in the writings of Kant and Jacobi, Schopenhauer, Lessing, Schleiermacher, Herder, Richter, and Goethe. Fichte, too, must be named, who described his age as one

*Mentioned by former writers in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

REINCARNATION, A WORLD-WIDE BELIEF

in which morality was torn up by the roots and duty blotted out of the dictionary,

and who felt, as great minds do today, the need of basic truths if the age were to be saved from itself.

We find Reincarnation in the writings of Cousin and Constant, Victor Hugo and Béranger. Lamartine could explain the strange familiarity of certain places he had visited about Jerusalem in no other way, and he once wrote:

Almost never did I encounter a place or object the first sight of which was not to me as what I remembered. Have we lived twice or a thousand times? Is our memory simply an impression that has been obscured, which the breath of God brings out again vividly?

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Hedge of Harvard, Thoreau of Walden Pond, George Ripley, Dr. Amos Bartol, Theodore Parker, A. Bronson Alcott and his daughter Louisa, have been mentioned by former writers on the subject of the New England School, as believers in Reincarnation; but others not mentioned previously may well be included here for while we cannot, in every case, put our finger upon the doctrine of Reincarnation stated in the definite Theosophical way, yet all believed in pre-existence. That was, indeed, the rock on which they split off from the modern church, just as did those brave dissenters, miscalled 'heretics,' from the church of the sixth century, and all of them fought and suffered in varying degrees for this belief.

There was William Channing, co-worker with Ripley, contributor to *The Dial*, and joint author with Emerson

and James Freeman Clarke of the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*. There was Samuel Johnson, the deep student, penetrating and heroic; Samuel Longfellow of whom it was said, "his sermons are lyrics, his writings serene contemplations"; David A. Wasson, the poet, who so bravely defended the cause of soul in the tribunals of materialistic science; John Weiss, who won honors at Heidelberg for his understanding of Kantian philosophy; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a born Theosophist if ever there was one, and equally at home lecturing on comparative religions, editing Epictetus, or fighting like a gladiator for the soul's right to opportunity. There was Convers Francis, too, of Cambridge, among whose pupils were three of the philosophers just mentioned, Higginson, Longfellow, and Johnson; and there was James Freeman Clarke, more widely known than the others although less of a 'Separatist' if one may use the term, for he was the only one of the entire group who managed to reconcile his actual philosophy of life with his calling as a theologian. Yet even he committed himself to a belief in Reincarnation, forced into it by his study of comparative religions, and this in a day when the light of modern Theosophy had not dawned and the ancient light was only to be found by "strong search and by humility." In his best-known book, *Ten Great Religions*, he writes:

Evolution has a satisfactory meaning only when we admit that the soul is developed and educated by passing through many bodies.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's writings

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are accessible if not familiar to everyone, and so need no citation. Even where he does not definitely state his belief in the doctrine of many earth-lives for the soul's experience, his writings are incomprehensible without the postulate of this conviction in the background of them. Yet he never wrote anything more beautiful or more true, mystically, than the following—taken from the journal of his brother Charles, and little known:

The reason why Homer is to me like a dewy morning is because I too lived while Troy was, and sailed in the hollow ships of the Grecians. . . . The rosy-fingered dawn as it crimsoned the tops of Ida, the broad sea-shore covered with tents, the Trojan hosts in their painted armor, and the rushing chariots of Diomedes and Idomeneus—all these I too saw; my soul animated the frame of some nameless Argive. . . . We forget that we have been drugged by the sleepy bowl of the present.

Thoreau wrote to Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1843 in a similar vein, something that he doubtless never remembered at all in any such detail; but he chose, as an artist would do, to proclaim by making a picture the innate conviction of his soul—for that a man of such a stamp could write in such a fashion who thought Reincarnation an unholy doctrine, an invented scheme, or the vagary of a dreamer, is unthinkable. Knowing Thoreau, we know that he simply believed it, and there is nothing more to be said. To quote:

Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered in old heroic times along the banks of the Scamander and amid the ruins of chariots and heroes.

Margaret Fuller, although not stating the doctrine in so many words, is one in whose celestial map we know the rosy star existed, for without it there is no accounting for the phenomena of that spiritual galaxy of great truths which she espoused and taught. A few great thinkers there have been who failed to understand her, and small minds failed entirely; but her literary work was cut off before its prime, and we shall never know what insights that fated history of Italy may have held. But we do know that she was a philosopher of antique temper and mold; we know that her habit of mind was prophetic because it was pure, and that Time's sybil seemed, on occasions, to open her lips; we do know that she laid down her life in the end for those she loved, and that her short and deeply compassionate career was no less than an invocation. She was both mystic and philosopher.

A very little research suffices to convince one that, as Katherine Tingley has said, "Reincarnation was once universally believed," and we find it, even in ages when it has been most obscured, in the writings and utterances of their spiritual pioneers. It persists through all, a beautiful thematic line in the counterpoint of soul-life, a thread of light and fire running through, and binding together, like beads upon a string, the Theosophies of every age. As a world-belief it is secure, for it rings like an immortal Voice down the corridors of all time, and onward and outward, over the whole wide earth.

And what is the objection to this

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tenet? Does belief in it make one immoral, selfish, cowardly, cruel, untruthful, negative, indolent, irresponsible, or weak? Quite the contrary. To one who comes to hold this dignified and inspiring conviction, the personal life means something that it never meant before. Life is no longer to be dozed away or trifled with as though it were "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." It becomes real, vital, a magic sequence of power and choice, holding within itself vast congeries of facts that are merciful-sweet to one who finds in them the Eternal Clue. And the philosophy that the world needs today is one that will fit the facts. Humanity is drifting and the compass needed is one that points unflinchingly, dependably, to the North, not one that wobbles everywhither it listeth; certainly not one whose needle has been wrenched out and thrown away.

Man is so battered and incomplete

already that the need is not for doctrines to make him more so. The need is for strong, inspiring ones like Reincarnation, Karman, Cyclic Law, and the Perfectibility of Man: doctrines that round man out spiritually, and take off his chains, and open the windows of the higher consciousness, and let in the light, and allow him — just *allow* him — to be as godlike and free and supernal and pure as the forgotten Divinity within him desires him to be.

Such a tenet is Reincarnation, for it challenges the Imperishable in man. Believed and understood, it brings man face to face with himself, for it invites to that self-examination and that care in conduct which are the first indispensable steps on the pathway of the spiritual life. It is a fresh, sweet breath from other and happier spheres. It makes the hardest lot endurable and the happiest sublime, with the glow of an infinite hope.

"THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE" BOOK REVIEW

H. T. EDGE, M. A., D. LITT.

"OH if I had only known of this before!" "I had often heard of Theosophy in a vague sort of way, but I never thought it was anything like this."

Such are the kind of remarks we often hear, the practical answer to which will be furnished by such books as the one before us.* Dr. de Pu-

**Theosophy and Modern Science*, by G. de Pu-

rucker has certainly proved that he has something real and definite to teach, which it can be worth no man's while to pass by. What is his attitude towards science? Some might hastily think that the title of his book implies a contrast or antagonism between Theosophy and science; or jump to the conclusion that, because he is a Theosophist, therefore he is not a man of science. A mere glance over the

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pages will suffice to show the error of both these conclusions. The author is evidently fully posted in up-to-date science. There is nothing about the evolution-theories, or about the new atomo-electro-physico-chemics, that he does not seem to know.

Two points strike us at once: (1) That the perplexities and contradictions in modern science are in some marvelous way reduced to order, and the difficulty which scientists have in co-ordinating their facts is overcome; (2) that the author shows a masterly skill in utilizing his examination of science as a means of introducing the teachings of the Esoteric Philosophy. His clarity will render the book of eminent service to people who have not the time, the disposition, or the ability for close and intensive study.

As befits the lecture-form in which this matter was originally delivered, he returns often to the same subjects, recapitulates his remarks, and refers continually to his fundamental principles as new occasions afford the opportunity for illustration. His attitude towards men of science is thoroughly fair and appreciative, as is always the case with those familiar with modern science and its worthy professors. And whenever, as often, he finds it necessary to demur from the too frequent practice of putting forth mere speculation for established fact, or erecting hard-and-fast dogmas on a basis of shifting sand, he but does science a service, which its worthy exponents will gladly recognise, in championing what is true and ster-

ling against the opprobrium of charlatanism.

The book is written in the cause of Truth; and, in vindicating Truth, it must necessarily vindicate modern science just in so far as the findings of science are valid. Accordingly we shall not be surprised to find that the most recent discoveries and conclusions of science concur in a remarkable way with teachings which Theosophists have been upholding for half a century as being those of the Ancient Wisdom. Though science, in pursuit of a necessary reaction from superstition, has been materialistic, nevertheless its loyal devotion to truth has now conducted it to brighter paths; and its professors are found proclaiming the unity of knowledge and the inescapable ethical basis of all inquiry.

The main thesis of this book is of course that there exists a traditional system which is Religion-Philosophy-Science in one; that this system is the result of the studies of great minds throughout the ages; that it has been preserved; that it is available to all whose earnestness and sincerity earn them the right and the power of approach; that the Masters of Wisdom, who are its guardians, send forth into the world from time to time Messengers to teach this arcane knowledge; and that, appealing to the reason and intuition of all, it will be found to prove its truth by the only real method of proof — by the force of conviction. Those who read this book with an unbiased mind may well find themselves asking what is the source of the writer's

knowledge. And it is to be hoped that, instead of demanding credentials and then estimating the book in accordance therewith, they will reverse the process, and will infer the worth of the source from the merits of the teachings. Where did these teachings come from? they will ask.

With these preliminary and general remarks we pass to a brief notice of a few of the particular subject-matters of this volume. A study of evolution forms a predominant part of these fourteen lectures; and it is shown that, while evolution is the very law and framework of the universe, yet the word must be understood in a very much wider sense than that which modern science gives it. So far, therefore, from contraverting the scientific principle of evolution, Theosophy pleads for a far deeper understanding and wider application of that principle. It is shown that one of the chief difficulties experienced by science in interpreting evolution is the failure to recognise that it is not the physical organism which evolves, but the living conscious Monad within that organism. Hence it is futile to seek for a continuous chain of graduated types; and the failure to find such a chain constitutes no argument against evolution. Forms remain true to type, and variations often tend to retrovert to the standard type; yet the indwelling Monad, passing in succession from one organism to another, accomplishes its evolution.

The analogy, or, rather, the intimate connexion between the universe or macrocosm, and man the microcosm, is

insisted on; on this depends the fact that man, by self-knowledge, can unlock the deepest mysteries of the universe. The age-old Path to Knowledge is the same today as ever; it is the Path of Self-knowledge, which means Self-mastery.

In connexion with evolution, it is shown that the ancestors of man were men, and not animals, a point now admitted by eminent scientific opinion; that the anthropoids and apes sprang from the human stem, and not vice versa; as is also conceded by many eminent men of science: and that man is indeed the root-stock of the entire animal kingdom.

The new physics, with its discoveries and speculations regarding the electrons, etc., is here fully considered; and we see how Theosophy clarifies the whole matter. The ideas, not so new even to science as some imagine, but now so much to the fore, that mass and energy are fundamentally the same, or are different aspects of the same thing; the relativity of motion; the life-cycles of the disintegration products; radioactivity, etc., are fully dealt with. Theosophy teaches that the universe is entirely composed of animate and conscious beings, and that the atom and even the electron are universes in themselves, the difference being merely one of scale in an orderly evolution; and these also are ideas widely conceded by modern science.

The author frequently refers to Theosophy as Religion-Philosophy-Science; by which is implied that Knowledge is, and should be consi-

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dered as, one and single. The three things included in this compound name are convenient categories, but must not be allowed to degenerate into limitations. The futility of recognising three several and distinct kinds of knowledge, often conflicting with one another, is obvious; moreover the attempt to weld them into one would be like making an artificial fabric out of fragments by hydraulic pressure. What we must do is to find the original unity out of which Religion, Philosophy, and Science have been abstracted. And we shall find that, as we eliminate from each of them what is merely speculative or superficial, preserving only what is essential, they will approximate more closely to each other, and thus the underlying unity of knowledge will be outlined.

The Secret Doctrine, therefore, serves as a masterkey to the mysteries alike of Religion, Philosophy, and Science; and, as before said, in the case of the present book this statement is no bare assertion; for the thesis is most amply demonstrated.

If there is one thesis which, more than others, forms the groundwork of this book, we would say it is the doctrine of the conscious universe, the sentience of Nature. The distinction of things into living and dead, conscious and unconscious, organic and inorganic, is not valid. There is no dead matter anywhere; all is alive and conscious, each in its own degree and kind. Further, all is evolving: and evolution means the working of a conscious living entity (monad) within a form or

organism, whereby are achieved ever more and more perfected expressions of the cosmic Life and Mind. It is hardly necessary to point out to what a degree the most recent findings of science favor this view of the universe. The most eminent scientific men realize, and shrink not from declaring, that they can discover no substratum for the physical universe except life, mind, consciousness. In religion, too, the general trend is from the particular to the general; and creeds are seen to be superficial limitations to the great underlying truth of Religion. In both religion and science the crucial point is recognition of the dignity of human nature; and we may surely congratulate ourselves that the 'miserable sinner' theory and the 'improved ape' theory of human nature are being put on the shelf in favor of a view that recognises man for what he is — a God in essence. Blind chance on the one hand, and an arbitrary divine will on the other, give way to a renewed reliance on the power of man's own divinely-inspired Intelligence and Will.

We feel that we must now reluctantly bring to a close this inadequate attempt to digest a work which cannot be overlooked. But we hope that we have said enough to invite its study by the reader. For nothing better can be desired than that the book should be read, even though the motive for doing so should be hostile; the attempt to contravene what is said will surely be a most useful mental exercise for whoever undertakes it.