

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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MAIS revenons à la réincarnation, et reconnaissons, en passant, qu'il est fort regrettable que les arguments des théosophes . . . ne soient pas péremptoires; car il n'y eut jamais croyance plus belle, plus juste, plus pure, plus morale, plus féconde, plus consolante et, jusqu'à un certain point, plus vraisemblable que la leur. Seule, avec sa doctrine des expiations et des purifications successives, elle rend compte de toutes les inégalités physiques et intellectuelles, de toutes les iniquités sociales, de toutes les injustices abominables du destin.

Maeterlinck: "La Mort," p. 169

CONTINUITY OF EXISTENCE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE recent presidential address at the British Association annual meeting has aroused new interest in the discussion as to whether there is continuity of existence — in other words, life after death; and many are the comments and lay sermons which have appeared in the papers on this topic. The idea of continuity of existence hinges on to the idea that there is in man a deeper consciousness — a soul or spirit — which does not share in the mortality of his body and of his personal make-up.

But for the most part those who discuss the problem omit to sufficiently eliminate the idea of *time*. Immortality is always spoken of as if it came *after* mortal life, the two being joined end-on and lying separate from each other. But why should this be so? Are we not, in thus reasoning, putting into the problem too much of our narrow conventional notions? If there be an immortal substratum in man, must it not be existent at all times, both during and after life? If this be so, then the question of immortality becomes a question of the present and not of the future alone or particularly. And see the bearing which this consideration has on the question of attempts to communicate with the souls of the departed. Why should we expect to be able to communicate with a disembodied soul better than we can communicate with an embodied soul? What do we know or appre-

hend of the immortal part of those now living? And if we cannot recognize or discern the soul of a living person, how could we fare any better in the case of a deceased person?

It would seem likely that the so-called evidences of immortality, derived from experiments in spiritism and psychic research, have little if any bearing on the problem, and that all these experiments have proved is the existence of certain phenomena or properties of nature that have no particular connexion with the question of immortality. To be searching about in postmortem regions for evidence of the existence in man of an immortal Self seems after all a misdirected and futile attempt; and we are more likely there to find — what in fact we do often find — evidences of the temporary and partial survival of some of his mortal vestures.

Again, we carry into these researches the same mental limitations with which we are accustomed to approach problems concerning mundane and physical affairs; and consequently we make the same mistakes. Instead of looking for evidence of an immortal life, we expect evidence of a continuation of mortal life; as though the disembodied and emancipated soul lived the same kind of life as the imprisoned ego lives while on earth.

To solve the question of immortality we must evidently pursue a different line. We must pursue the line of clarifying, enlarging, and elevating our understanding. We must aim rather to approach to a knowledge of the immortal Self while in the body, than look for traces of it after death. Nor can we solve such a question by itself alone; for it is intimately mixed up with many other questions, all of which are comprised under the general head of Self-Knowledge.

It is said in newspaper comment that “occultism is everywhere and stares us in the face wherever we turn.” But what kind of occultism is this? It merely reflects the real hunger for knowledge that lies deep in the common heart. People really do desire definite knowledge about the mysteries of their own nature and the meaning of life, and are weary of statements, hypotheses, and assertions. But there is a plentiful scum of folly and superstition to be waded through. Yet the march of current thought slowly but surely follows the lines long before marked out by the pioneers; and such events as the aforesaid presidential address mark a definite wave-front of current opinion.

In speaking of the possibility of man's attaining greater knowledge while on earth, we broach the subject of *self-development* —

an idea prominently in the public mind, and the subject of much folly and futility. In speaking of immortality we cannot avoid speaking of self-development.

The most important thing to remember in this connexion, as Theosophists from H. P. Blavatsky onwards have so often said, is *the distinction between self and Self*, between the real, enduring Self in man and the numerous and varying personal selves which he creates by his thoughts and desires. What self do we propose to develop? If we are to develop any personal self, then the meaning is that we shall simply intensify vanity, self-love, ambition, desire, or some such undesirable and woe-bringing force. But the teaching of the Wisdom of the Ages is that no such personal factor is permanent or a possible source of happiness. However strong a delusion may become, however fondly it may be cherished and however enduring it may be, it has not the quality of immortality and it must end in disillusionment and beginning again. Hence the true self-development cannot mean the developing of any mere personal desire whatever. Yet is not this personal development the very thing that many popular teachings aim directly at?

To dispel the illusion that there is any value in this kind of self-development, it is only necessary to think of other people. The desires of different people do not harmonize, and the individual hopes and wishes of any particular person count very small indeed beside the interests of humanity or even those of any considerable section of humanity. How, then, can the development of personality make for harmony and wisdom? True, a man may argue that the interests of humanity are too large for him and that he will therefore restrict his efforts to a more contracted sphere. But then, in that case, he must also limit his intellectual ambitions and be content to remain in ignorance and perplexity as regards many problems. In short, Wisdom is not to be had for the mere asking, but must be won. There is no bar to man's attainment of knowledge, except the barriers which he makes himself; but he cannot expect to remain in a lower sphere and at the same time to possess the knowledge belonging to a higher sphere. In other words, if he desires knowledge about immortality, he must *win* it, *earn* it.

Of course it is our mental limitations that keep knowledge from us. And what are these? First of all, there is the limitation of personalism, which every religion teaches is the great cause of ignorance.

Personalism, we are assured, is an illusion; that is, it is a false notion, a temporary state of mind, which must disappear before the light of truth. And experience teaches us how uncertain and fluctuating the mere person is. It is evident that so long as we fail to grasp the great mystery of the difference between *I* and *Thou* — the difference between my own self and other selves — we stand helpless before a fundamental problem. In view of this helplessness, it is not wonderful that we fail to solve other problems. This question of immortality and of the existence in man of an immortal Self must be involved in the mystery of selfhood.

Personalism has been very strongly accentuated in the present order of civilization, and consequently there is a corresponding difficulty in grasping essential problems of life. The problems we aspire to solve are to a great extent concerned with the life of Man as a race, not with the life of units.

If there were not such a strongly developed personalism among us, we should not be so much impressed with the supposed importance of our own particular existence, nor so much troubled about our fate after death. We should be more conscious of the oneness of life; we should feel more that we cannot die. This feeling gains the predominance in moments of exaltation when people act “heroically” — or, shall we say? “naturally.” Now consider this point: May it not be possible that the light which now comes only in rare moments of exaltation could be with us all the time? In that case, we should be able to act *naturally* on ordinary occasions; that is to say, we should be able to act in accordance with the actual facts of our existence, instead of under the influence of false notions.

The question, “Shall I live after death?” or the similar questions, “Have I lived before?” and “Shall I be born again?” can not be even stated or formulated so long as we have failed to find a definition of the words “I” and “self.” It will be admitted that most questions are stated vaguely and without proper definition of the terms, and that this is the usual reason why they lead to fruitless verbal quarrels. It will be admitted too that the prudent man insists on having his question accurately stated. Many go so far as to say that a question accurately stated is its own answer. This certainly seems as if it might be true in the present case. Could I define to myself the word “I,” the whole question of immortality might be solved without further inquiry.

Something lives again, but what? The meaning of human life

seems incomprehensible except on the hypothesis that man is a union of permanent and impermanent elements. The problem to be solved is: Which are the impermanent elements, and what is left over after these have been subtracted?

The answer to this question is not left to the decision of our fond desires or imperfect conception of what is desirable and just. In our innermost Self we are wise and undeluded. Our habitual consciousness knows not the end and purport of our life; and its little plans, not being in harmony with the real purpose of that life, "gang aft agley." No doubt we think it would be very desirable that our precious personality should persist, in its present habiliments, purified perhaps from the griefs and pains and a few of the more inconvenient sins, but in full enjoyment of the pleasanter weaknesses. Yet we should think far otherwise, could we in a moment of awakening become aware of the fatuity and feebleness of that precious personality when seen in the light of a ray from the Wisdom within. We pray to be washed clean when we die, but what do we expect when we offer that prayer?

The passage of the Soul from life on earth to its state of liberation after decease must be of the nature of a bright awakening from a troubled dream. That gaining of light, about which we sometimes talk when we say that at death we shall know all — what does it mean? We know that in our present state we could not bear such an illumination, we could not understand a revelation, should it be vouchsafed. We must first pass to a larger sphere of consciousness. Death is a liberation from the illusions of embodied life, the chief of which is the person — a necessary limitation, doubtless, necessary for our evolution, but still a bar to the knowledge toward which we aspire.

And those friends who have gone beyond our ken — died, as we say — we knew them not when they were here, else perchance we should know them now. It was only the outer man that our dim eyes discerned, and that has faded from our vision. The mystery of bereavement should serve to lift us nearer the light of knowledge.

Theosophy comes to tell men they need not dwell for ever in the mists of ignorance, for they possess the light within them and need but to seek it. This has always been the teaching of the Helpers; but men have made for themselves formal religions with doctrines that obscure the light. The Saviors say that man can save himself by acknowledging his own Divinity; but after them come other teachers who tell man that he is a helpless sinner. It is upon man thus weakened

that the trickster then plays, deluding him with bogus philosophies and freak religions. And it is not surprising that there is much doubt and confusion in the world and that people cannot tell the true from the false.

The world will not realize for a long time what a priceless boon was conferred on it by H. P. Blavatsky, the restorer of lost ideals, which the world so cherishes, but which were in danger of being stifled under a load of despair and cynicism. To her efforts is due the great awakening that is now stirring the world in its uneasy slumbers. It is as though a new spirit had been infused. People talk of coming Christs and do not discern the signs going on around them. Mankind is awakening to a fuller consciousness. And we all know that its watchword is "Brotherhood," and that nothing which cannot give this password will pass muster. Here then is the way to distinguish the true from the false. Who is working for humanity and who not? Or which teachings make for Brotherhood and which not?

Immortality is an ideal to be sought after in the present — not longed for after death. We should aspire to reach that in us which is immortal. And this we can achieve in proportion as we can get away from our selfish limitations.

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK: by C. J. Ryan



AN DYCK was born in Antwerp on March 22, 1599, the same year that produced another great master in portrait painting, Velázquez. Forty-two years was the short span of his crowded life, in which he reached the pinnacle of fame and earthly honor, but in which he does not seem to have attained much peace and happiness. In contrast with his teacher and colleague, Rubens, or with his illustrious contemporary, Velázquez, Van Dyck possessed an excitable and passionate nature which led him into devious ways. He lived in the style of his patrons, the rich. To keep this up he had to paint innumerable portraits for high prices, more than any one man could have produced without assistance. He employed an army of students who painted in the draperies, the backgrounds, and sometimes a good deal more. The master went over their work, retouching it where necessary and painting the heads

and sometimes the hands. Of course there are many portraits which are entirely his own work, and some which are partly his and partly that of Rubens. He seems to have been a very amiable character, with a refinement plainly visible in his work; but his indiscretions and irregular mode of living, combined with overwork, hastened his death at the very early age of forty-two. Like so many of the greatest masters in painting he attained proficiency very early in life. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to Henry Van Balen, a good painter. At sixteen he was well known and had pupils of his own. At nineteen he was a full member of the Antwerp guild of painters. In 1620 Van Dyck was working with Rubens, and so famous had he become that he was soon sent for by King James I of England and appointed one of his majesty's servants. Early paintings by Van Dyck executed in London at this period are still existing, some of them wrongly attributed to Rubens. Feeling the need of some close study of the great Italian painters, he went to Italy in 1623, where he painted many fine portraits and some religious pictures. In Genoa he developed a style which has been called his "Genoese" manner: it is distinguished by richness of color and decorative magnificence, and is probably due to his recent study of Titian and the other great colorists of the Venetian school. In Italy Van Dyck found a splendor of living, a richness of costume, and an opulent beauty in nature, a wealth of marble terraces, ornamental gardens and stately pillars, very different from the dulness of the gray north. But however greatly he was influenced by Titian and the others, he never lost his own individuality. Van Dyck returned to Antwerp and England about 1627, and soon came again to be associated at intervals with Rubens.

At this period the Netherlands were recovering from the disasters of the previous century and the devout were eager to adorn the churches, which had been despoiled of their treasures, with the finest works of art available. There was, therefore, no lack of work for both Rubens and Van Dyck and their numerous pupils. In 1632 Van Dyck once more visited London, where he was so well received by the king and the nobility that he made it his permanent residence, very rarely returning to his native country for visits. Towards the end of his life he married Lady Mary Ruthven, a union said to have been promoted by his friends to save him from the consequences of his irregular way of living. King Charles I of England, whose por-

trait he painted many times, conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, but as Bode says:

Never an entirely independent talent, accustomed from his youth to follow greater masters, Van Dyck's artistic isolation in England could not but have an unfavorable effect upon his work, all the more so as the position which King Charles gave him about his person took the artist away from his profession. His enormous revenues melted away in the dissolute life of the English court. His delicate health received a mortal wound. The brilliant, outward success, the honors and wealth heaped upon him in England, had a harmful effect upon his character, upon his sensually excitable, sensitive nature. Hurrying from one enjoyment to another, with an insatiable thirst for gold and honors, exhausted in mind and body, the spoilt child of fortune was dissatisfied and at war with himself; he became arrogant and disobliging, his pretensions knew no bounds.

In the last years of his life he returned to Antwerp to make a claim to complete the commissions given to Rubens, whose death had just taken place, but his overbearing manner and excessive demands for payment put success out of the question. He then went to Paris with his wife and a large retinue, but was again disappointed in an expected commission from the French king. He returned to London where he died on December 9, 1640. He was buried in Old St. Paul's Cathedral which was burnt down twenty-six years later, during the Great Fire of London.

Van Dyck's fame rests chiefly upon his portraits, though he painted many religious pictures, particularly in the earlier part of his career. In the Prado Gallery at Madrid there are copies of two of Van Dyck's greatest pictures, the *Mocking of Christ* and *Christ taken Prisoner*, which were bought by King Philip IV in 1641 at the sale of Rubens' collection. Van Dyck's royal English patrons did not encourage him to paint imaginative works, though a suggested series of pictures illustrating the history of the Order of the Garter for the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall was projected, but the excessively high price asked by the painter, and, possibly, other reasons, caused the plan to fail. Comparing Van Dyck with his master Rubens, Dr. Bode says:

It was just the limitations of Van Dyck's talent which made him a better portrait painter than his teacher. Rubens' creative and exuberant fancy involuntarily led him into conventionality, into generalizing and exaggerating the forms when his intention was simply to render the model, the person before him. The pupil's simpler, less original talent not only compelled his dependence upon the great masters under whose influence he happened to be, but at the same time also his happy dependence upon nature, upon the personality he had to portray. This

truth to nature, this reverence, sure grasp, and ardent rendering of the individuality, united with rare taste and dignified conception are the qualities which have made the artist one of the greatest portrait painters of all times. Van Dyck is not merely a bald copyist of his model as are so many of his contemporaries in the Spanish as well as the Dutch provinces: the forms of the persons he has painted tell us of their spirit, and to their individuality he has added a piece of his own nature, and of the best he had to give, that aristocratic, chivalrous touch which constitutes the charm of his portraits.

Velázquez, his equally great, or perhaps greater, contemporary, had to wait for his due recognition till the nineteenth century; Rembrandt was also forgotten for almost as long; but Van Dyck immediately became the popular idol and a model for numerous painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This was owing to the elegance and refinement of his style which harmonized so perfectly with the luxurious polish of the court life of those periods.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THEOSOPHY FOR CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY: by W. A. H.

(Translated from the German Theosophical Review, *Der Theosophische Pfad*, for August, by H. A. F.)



IN the religious philosophy of the Hindûs, the Upanishads are accorded the same estimation as is given by us to the New Testament in the Bible. This analogy is not merely superficial and accidental but very profound, and is founded upon the laws that govern our spiritual development. The great importance of the Upanishads for the spiritual life of the West was intuitively recognized by Schopenhauer, an opinion which he expresses very clearly in *Parerga*, II. par. 185. Houston Stewart Chamberlain also, in his valuable little work, *The Aryan Conception of the World*, shows most plainly his high estimation of the Wisdom of the East. The following quotation from Professor Dr. Paul Deussen will show the position of that eminent pioneer of German Sanskrit scholarship in regard to the question which occupies our attention. In the preface to his translation of the *Sixty Upanishads of the Vedas*, he says:

The New Testament and the Upanishads, these two highest products of the religious consciousness of mankind, are nowhere in irreconcilable opposition

(provided that one does not cling to externals), but explain and complete one another in the most beautiful way.

After showing by an example how valuable the teachings of the Upanishads are for the rounding out of Christian consciousness, and a reference to the categorical imperative of Kant, Professor Deussen continues:

But what do these timid and groping attempts signify in comparison with the fundamental conception of the Vedānta which appears on every page of the Upanishads, that the God who alone is the author of all that is good in us, is not, as in the Old Testament, a separate being external to us, but rather — and notwithstanding that he is entirely different and opposed to our depraved, empirical self (jīva) — our very own metaphysical Ego; that, throughout all the aberrations of human nature, he is, in unclouded holiness, our enduring, eternal, blessed, divine Self — our Ātman.

This and many other things we may learn from the Upanishads — we shall learn, if we will only bring our Christian consciousness to its logical and complete development.

When one of the foremost investigators in the domain of philosophy, such as Professor Dr. Paul Deussen is, and one of our greatest authorities, speaks in this way of the significance of the Upanishads, his words ought not to pass unheeded by progressive Christian theology. The value of the philosophical systems of the East for the deepening of Christian spiritual life can hardly be overestimated, and great indeed is the help that all receive who study them with an unprejudiced mind. There is offered here to modern theology a field of work that will yield a rich and unexpected harvest. Surely we can never forget that both the Old and the New Testament originated in the East, which has given the world all the great religions, and we must make ourselves familiar with the spirit of its philosophy before we can hope to comprehend the true meaning of the Mystery-language of the Christian Scriptures.

The official Theosophical school, the Headquarters of which are at Point Loma, California, has for some decades past emphasized the great importance of the comparative study of the different religions of the world for the seeker after truth. Moreover it has always drawn special attention to the fact that transcendental teachings, which, however, have been lost in the course of time, underlie all the great religions and philosophical systems of antiquity — including Christianity. It is more than probable that only a small fragment of the sublime teachings of the great Nazarene have come down to us. Can

we really believe that during the time of his preaching Jesus taught his disciples nothing about the "Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven," except the few fragments which are contained in the Gospels? We would advise those who are really interested in answering this question, to take up the study of the teachings of the Point Loma school.

We have just spoken of transcendental teachings which are common to all religions, and which also, in all probability, formed the foundation of primitive Christianity. Parts of these transcendental or esoteric teachings have been discovered in an old Coptic MS., *Pistis Sophia*. In *The Secret Doctrine*, II. 566, H. P. Blavatsky says:

Pistis Sophia is an extremely important document, a genuine *Evangel* of the Gnostics, ascribed at random to Valentinus, but much more probably a pre-Christian work in its original. A Coptic manuscript of this work was discovered by Schwartze, in the British Museum quite accidentally, and translated by him into Latin; after which text and (Latin) version were published by Petermann in the year 1853. In the text itself the authorship of this Book is ascribed to Philip the Apostle, whom Jesus bids to sit down and write the revelation. It is genuine and ought to be as canonical as any other gospel. (n. 1206.)

This important document has in the meantime been translated by Dr. Carl Schmidt and published in German by J. C. Hinrich, Leipsic. The publication was ordered by the Commission on the Church-Fathers of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences.

A study of *Pistis Sophia* will convince every unprejudiced investigator that the disciples of primitive Christianity, who are known by us under the name of Gnostics (that is, "those who know"), were men who were familiar with the highest metaphysical ideas and in possession of a system of thought, the lofty spiritual contents of which compel our admiration. The sublimity and wide sweep of their thought remind us irresistibly of the wonderful *Âtma-Vidyâ* of the Hindû Aryans. In reference to it H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, II. 569:

Let the student read *Pistis Sophia* in the light of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, the *Anugîtâ* and others, and then the statement made by Jesus in the Gnostic Gospel will become clear, and the dead letter blinds disappear at once.

And further, *Ibid.* II. 566:

The Upanishads have passed entirely into Gnostic literature, and a Brâhman needs only to read *Pistis Sophia* to recognize his forefathers' property, even to the phraseology and similes used.

We must, however, remember that later the Gnostics attempted to

alter the esoteric teachings of Jesus, so as to make them subserve sectarian purposes. H. P. Blavatsky refers to this in *The Secret Doctrine*, I. 577.

Pistis Sophia, which the greatest modern authority on *exoteric* Gnostic beliefs, the late Mr. C. W. King, refers to as "that precious monument of Gnosticism," — this old document echoes, while distorting it to sectarian purposes, the archaic belief of the ages.

But in what relationship does it stand to the original Gnosis in its pure, unadulterated form, "the archaic belief of the ages" just referred to? Whence came this teaching, and what was it? What was the real meaning of the word Gnosis? In the Glossary to *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 321, we find the following explanation:

GNOSIS. Literally, "knowledge." The technical term used by the schools of religious philosophy, both before and during the first centuries of so-called Christianity, to denote the object of their inquiry. This spiritual and sacred knowledge, the *gupta-vidyâ* of the Hindûs, could only be obtained by initiation into spiritual mysteries of which the ceremonial "Mysteries" were a type.

In order to understand the connexion of the above with the following explanations, it is necessary to bear in mind that the *true Gnosis* is essentially one and the same with *Gupta-Vidyâ* or *Âtma-Vidyâ*. "Gupta-Vidyâ" means "knowledge of that which is hidden," namely, the hidden side of Nature, while "Âtma-Vidyâ" means knowledge of Âtman, the World-Soul, or Divine Wisdom. "Âtma-Vidyâ" is the practical knowledge of the formative forces that are active in the Microcosmos and the Macrocosmos. It treats of that sublime, transcendental *knowledge and wisdom* which permits the divine Seer to contemplate first causes. This divine wisdom can only be attained through a special training; it is not inherited. We quote here a saying of the apostle Paul, which indicates very clearly the nature of this transcendental wisdom — whether we call it Gnosis, Gupta-Vidyâ, or Âtma-Vidyâ, for divine truth is *one*:

The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man, which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God. But we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God. . . . Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judges all things. — 1 Cor. II. 10-15

'The Spirit searcheth all things, even the depths of the Godhead.

Is it the "created spirit" that is meant here, which does *not* penetrate "into the inner side of Nature," as Goethe says in *Faust*? No! It is not the "created spirit," that is to say, the earthly, concrete brain-mind that can understand the secrets of Nature, the depths of Divinity, nor first Causes; but the Divine Spark in man can, when, through the development of the spiritual will, it is awakened to positive, conscious activity, and it will raise the inspired Seer into Eternity and make him a partaker of Divinity. The Mystery-Temples of Antiquity were conversant with a spiritual and transcendental system of training — we call it Râja-Yoga — which led to these lofty spiritual heights.

But let us return to Âtma-Vidyâ and see what explanations the official school of Theosophy has to give us in regard to it. In *Studies in Occultism*, Vol. I, there is a reprint of H. P. Blavatsky's very instructive article: "Occultism versus the Occult Arts," from which we quote the following:

ÂTMA-VIDYÂ, a term which is translated simply "Knowledge of the Soul," *true Wisdom* by the Orientalists, but which means far more.

This last is the only kind of Occultism that any Theosophist who admires *Light on the Path* and who would be wise and unselfish, ought to strive after. All the rest is some branch of the "Occult Sciences," that is, arts based on the knowledge of the ultimate essence of all things in the Kingdom of Nature — such as minerals, plants, and animals — hence of the things pertaining to the realm of *material* Nature, however invisible that essence may be, and however much it has hitherto eluded the grasp of Science. Alchemy, Astrology, Occult Physiology, Chiromancy, exist in Nature, and the *exact* Sciences — perhaps so called because they are found in this age of paradoxical philosophies the reverse — have already discovered not a few of the secrets of the above *arts*. But clairvoyance, symbolized in India as the "Eye of Siva," called in Japan "Infinite Vision," is *not* Hypnotism, the illegitimate son of Mesmerism, and is not to be acquired by such arts.¹ All the others may be mastered and results obtained, whether good, bad, or indifferent; but *Âtma-Vidyâ* sets small value on them. It includes them all, and may even use them occasionally, but it does so after purifying them of their dross, for beneficent purposes, and taking care to deprive them of every element of selfish motive.

The teaching that we have just quoted defines the position of the official Theosophical School in regard to the question of Occultism.

1. The above-mentioned kind of clairvoyance has nothing to do with the clairvoyance which is occasionally seen in the case of sensitive and mediumistic people. *Atma-Vidyâ* relates to that sublime form of purely spiritual and transcendental perception which was peculiar to the great Seers of Antiquity. This divine faculty can only be attained through a life of self-control and the most thorough-going altruism.

The public has, for the most part, very erroneous views on this question, especially as many false ideas concerning it have been spread abroad of late.

Âtma-Vidyâ [literally “Self-Knowledge”] is the Sanskrit term for that noble and sublime transcendental science which was practised and honored in the Mystery-Temples of Antiquity — in Greece, Egypt, Chaldaea, and India — and taught to specially prepared disciples. It was considered to be a *holy, divine* science, of which the greatest thinkers only spoke with veneration. It was unattainable by the profane and the materially-minded, and was for them an impenetrable secret. H. P. Blavatsky has rendered everlasting service to humanity in lifting once more the veil which has hidden the secrets of the ages. The world owes her eternal gratitude.

Âtma-Vidyâ (Gupta-Vidyâ) was the common spiritual possession of the Initiates of all nations. It is the primeval knowledge of the human race, and even though it was known in different nations under other names, it still remained identical in essence. Âtma-Vidyâ is the highest religion, the highest philosophy, and the highest science combined. All the truly enlightened thinkers of antiquity were either its immediate disciples or had received its teachings from those that were. They were frequently paid divine honors, as, for example, Jesus, Buddha, and Krishna: people spoke of the divine Plato, the divine Pythagoras.²

Âtma-Vidyâ is the only esotericism that deserves the name. “False” esotericism has been excogitated out of the human brain, and has been colored by the dogmas of the different churches, and made to conform to sectarian preconceptions; but “true” esotericism is based upon practical knowledge of the eternal truths of universal Nature; upon the spiritual and intuitive observation of those majestic, divine laws, which determine its existence; and upon the definite searching out and penetration into the nature of Kosmic first causes. Such is the knowledge which is offered us in works like the Gnostic *Pistis Sophia*, or the Aryan *Books of Dzryan*.

But how can such divine knowledge and wisdom be attained? How is it that the present generation, in spite of all its great achievements in other respects, possesses so little positive knowledge in spiritual things?

The Mystery-Schools of Antiquity knew a special system of psy-

2. Eminent men were called gods by the ancients. (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 24.)

cho-spiritual training, which included the physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and led to the attainment of higher perceptive faculties. In every human being there is latent the spark of divine genius, waiting to be stirred into activity and fanned into a bright flame. This divine spark is the privilege of the human race, the hope of its redemption from the bonds of matter — our true, immortal Ego. Men, nowadays, are accustomed to identify themselves with their bodies, their wishes and desires, their brain-mind. They erroneously consider the modifications of the latter, the ever-changing stream of their thoughts, as their true self. The disciples of the Temple-Schools of Antiquity were far better taught in regard to psychology than are our modern scholars. They understood the meaning of the precept: "Man, know thyself." They knew that only he could attain to true self-knowledge, that is, to a practical knowledge of his transcendental being, who had first learned through systematic self-control and the subjection of his brain-mind to an enlightened spiritual will, to awaken the immortal, spiritual part of his being into conscious positive activity. The seeker after such Wisdom must attain absolute command of his mind and *psyche*. Then — and not till then — will he understand that the truly spiritual is independent of the bodily and psychical, for then — and not till then — will he comprehend the magnificent, limitless possibilities of the spiritual will, and of concentration upon spiritual things. Then, too, he will begin to realize what spiritual immortality, which is the continuance of the spiritual center of consciousness, *really* means.

This system of training was known to the Sages of Greece, Egypt, Chaldea, and India, and indeed, of the whole of antiquity. But owing to the suppression of the Schools of ancient Wisdom and the fanatical persecution of the Initiates at the beginning of the Christian era, it was lost for the West. But like the phoenix it was destined to rise again from its ashes. For, although it was possible, through the persecution of the Gnostics, or "those who know," to deprive Christianity of its esotericism, that transcendental, psychological key to the Mysteries, those religious fanatics were not able to reach the sacred Wisdom in the distant East and to suppress it. It was reserved for H. P. Blavatsky, the pioneer of the Theosophical School, to bring again to the present generation that spiritual transcendental system, which contains the keys to the Mysteries of the great world-religions. This key is Râja-Yoga, that wonderful system of training for child-

ren and adults, which leads to the highest spiritual knowledge, to Gupta-Vidyâ, which is the last word of all religious knowledge.

Râja-Yoga and Gupta-Vidyâ are universal in their nature. The former is a spiritual transcendental system of training, the latter is the practical knowledge of first causes, the divine laws that govern the universe. It is *inspiration* in the highest spiritual signification of the word. The Theosophical teachings, as they are presented at the official School at Point Loma, are not offshoots of Buddhism or Brâhmanism, nor are they a mere eclecticism, as people too often believe, but they are the religious and philosophical presentation of Râja-Yoga and of Gupta-Vidyâ. They have a basis all their own and are independent of any modern religion, philosophy, or science. Just as the monism of the present day is the philosophical aspect of modern science, so the Theosophy of Point Loma is founded upon the knowledge of Râja-Yoga and the results of Gupta-Vidyâ.

But although, considered in themselves, these teachings are entirely independent of all modern religious systems, it is most important to remember that Râja-Yoga and Gupta-Vidyâ are alone able to lift the veil which hides the origin and the true nature of Christianity. The Christian religion is full of mysteries, and the allegorical language of the Gospels, of the Epistles, and of the Apocrypha, appear to us in quite a new and far loftier meaning when considered in the light of the higher knowledge of Theosophy. The independent investigator can have no doubt that Jesus was most probably an Initiate of the Egyptian Mystery-Schools. The recently discovered and published Benan epistle, may, in so far as it is authentic, be regarded as a justification of this supposition. The secret teachings of the Egyptian Temple-Schools were identical with those of the other nations, for they were all (of necessity) based upon the same facts of the Microcosm and Macrocosm. The student should read, for example, *Pistis Sophia*, and judge for himself. This book also proves the correctness of the Theosophical teaching in regard to the identity of Aryan and Christian-Gnostic esotericism. In the light of Theosophy, Jesus no longer appears as a mere well-meaning philosopher and a sentimental friend of humanity, but as the true "son of God," the great Initiate, knowing the secrets of life, who, through the power of his spiritual concentration has overcome the attraction of the world, and obtained a new consciousness, a new power over Nature, and who has attained divine knowledge (Theosophia). For us, Christos is the Victor, who

crushes the head of the serpent of Materialism, unmindful of the wounds which, according to the verse in the Bible, he suffers. All who are courageous enough to study the Christian Scriptures in the light of esoteric psychology will find it the greatest help to a right understanding of them. But we warn investigators to hold to the authoritative writings of the Point Loma School, for not all who sail under the flag of "esotericism," know what true, universal Esotericism is.

The real students of esotericism teach that only those can attain to union with the Divine who, through the Promethean fire of the spiritual will, have purified the "lower self" and have realized the ideal of the highest perfection. It is said in *Revelation*, III. 12, "Him that *overcometh* will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out"; and this overcoming of our lower tendencies demands a powerful, active will, and no common self-sacrifice. Psychic practices do not lead to the goal, but are rather an actual hindrance to the development of the truly spiritual. And just as there exists a pseudo-Theosophy today beside real Theosophy, so there existed in the time of the apostle Paul, beside true Gnosis or spiritual knowledge, a "false" gnosis also, against which he warned his disciples. Speaking of the true Gnosis or knowledge, he says:

Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of *this* world, nor of the princes of *this* world, that come to nought. But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom [Theosophia], which God ordained before the world unto our glory. . . . Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

1 Cor. II. 6-8, 9-10

From this confession it follows that Paul was more than a mere zealous religious preacher. His own words express clearly that he was an Initiate, one who had been entrusted with the secrets of Divinity. The psychological mystery that underlies the development of the Initiate can only be understood by the students of Râja-Yoga. It would be very much in the interests of religious progress if theological students would make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the teachings of Râja-Yoga. Thanks to the efforts of the official Theosophical School authoritative works on the subject are accessible to all. Here we can only allude to the recension of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* and the little treatise on the *Culture of Concentration* by William Q. Judge, and to

the priceless *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*,³ which give the practical key to genuine, universal esotericism. In the light of these Aphorisms the student recognizes the deeper meaning of many texts and sayings in the Bible which formerly appeared obscure and contradictory to him, but of which he now sees the full significance. In fact, *The Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*, a key, unique in its kind, to the psychological and metaphysical Mysteries of *all* the great world-religions and philosophies of antiquity, is also the touchstone by which to prove the various systems of modern thinkers.

Without a knowledge of the psychology of the ancients (Rājā-Yoga), modern theology will never succeed in discovering the essential truths of the religions of the East — in the number of which we place Christianity. Without this knowledge the student will have to content himself, more or less, with the dead-letter and external meaning. Rāja-Yoga teaches us, first of all, *how to form the Christos within us*, in conformity with the words of Paul to the Galatians (iv. 19), “I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you”; in other words, how to fan the Divine Spark that is in us into an undying flame, that we may become one with the Christos, the Logos, or Cosmical Consciousness.

The great importance that H. P. Blavatsky attaches to the Aryan Sage, Patañjali, appears from the following remarks:

Patañjali's Yoga is, however, more definite and precise as a philosophy, and embodies more of the occult sciences than any of the works attributed to Yājñavalkya. (*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 356.)

As to the antiquity of Rāja-Yoga and Gupta-Vidyā, she expresses herself as follows:

Yoga, a school of philosophy founded by Patañjali, but which existed as a distinct teaching and system of life long before that sage. . . . The Upanishads are much later than the *gupta-vidyā*, or the “secret science,” which is as old as human philosophical thought itself. (*Ibid.* pp. 354-5.)

The origin of Gupta-Vidyā, or transcendental knowledge and wisdom, is lost in the night of time. It is the Mother, from whom all religions originated; to go back to it is to advance.

If progressive theology were to lay aside its prejudices and become conversant with the teachings of Rāja-Yoga and Gupta-Vidyā, both of which form the basis of Theosophical teaching, the world would witness a mighty renaissance of the religious consciousness of man-

3. These works are published by the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California.

kind. Then Christianity would reappear in its pure and original form, the apparent opposition between religion and science would disappear, and spiritual knowledge would take the place of blind faith. The Christian world would realize that the truths contained in its Scriptures are far greater, loftier, more comprehensive, than has been hitherto supposed, and that many precious treasures, whose existence was not even suspected, are only waiting to be brought forth. The great Nazarene would be transfigured again and his glory would enlighten us; he would stand forth as a triumphant announcer of divine wisdom, and would show discouraged humanity once more the path to knowledge and spiritual power. Such is the aid that Theosophy can and does afford.

MAORI LORE AND LEGEND: by the Rev. S. J. Neill



THE two countries now known as the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand are only about 1200 miles apart, but they are separated from each other in more ways than by a strip of ocean 1200 miles wide. From a very distant past they have had a very different history. According to geologists New Zealand has been many times below the ocean, and up again, while Australia, during much of this time, has been "like a vessel half filled with the water in which it sits." The Archaean, the very old rock formation of the western half, and of some other parts of Australia, it is true, reaches across beneath the ocean and crops out on the West Coast of the South Island of New Zealand, but how many changes, and what aeons of time followed from then until the more recent geologic periods! The very long separation of New Zealand from Australia, and the very different geologic fate of the two countries, are reflected in their fauna and flora. While there are no serpents in New Zealand, and no marsupials, except those brought there during the last century, and no tribes the remains of a very ancient past, all these are to be found in Australia. The whole past of the two countries seems to perpetuate itself in making and keeping them unlike still. While the continual intercourse between Australia and New Zealand tends to bind them together commercially; and while they are almost wholly peopled from the same "old country" — Great Britain and Ireland,

yet there remains an inexplicable something which separates and distinguishes them quite as much as we sometimes notice in the same family one brother differing from another brother. But in nothing, perhaps, do they differ half so much as in the aborigines that inhabit them. The Maori of New Zealand is but a late arrival comparatively — only a few hundred years, while the Australian native has been in the great Island-Continent during a period so vast that the imagination cannot grasp it. The Australian native has no legends, no native lore, no talent for cultivating the earth, etc.; the New Zealand native has made considerable advance in many ways, he can make boats and is a good seaman. He can carve in wood as all know; and as to legends and ancient knowledge he will compare with any ancient people. The Australian native has no notion of the past of his race; the Maori has distinct accounts of where his ancestors came from, what were the names and commanders of the boats they came in, and where they landed. This old home of the Maori is known as Hawa-iki, and is generally supposed to be Samoa and Tonga. The distance from these islands to New Zealand is about 2000 miles, and it is estimated that the journey could have been made inside one month without any great danger, the sea being often placid, and the trade winds favorable. Anyhow, the Maori tells of how some of his ancestors visited New Zealand, returned to Hawa-iki and again, with others, made the voyage to Aotearoa, New Zealand, so called from the name of one of the boats.

The lore and legends of the Maoris were in danger of passing into oblivion, for the Maori had no written records, and all tradition and ancient teaching had to be passed on by word of mouth, by trained teachers, to prepared pupils in the *Whare-kura*. This danger was averted by the Governor of New Zealand, Sir George Grey, gaining the confidence of the Maori Chiefs and acting as the recorder of their ancient wisdom. This was done in 1855, and the second edition appeared in 1885. As it is now difficult to procure either edition a new edition has been issued by the Government of New Zealand, having been compiled by Mr. James Izett. The compiler says of Sir George Grey:

No man ever stood in New Zealand who more greatly possessed the power of influencing the minds and thrilling the hearts of his hearers. What infinite power of expression was his! Biting sarcasm, flashes of humor, tenderest sympathy, in turn he could pour forth. A man naturally of the most tender and

affectionate disposition, yet he put all his great powers aside so that the world should have the legends of the Maori simply as the Maori told them.

Mr. Izett has departed from the severe primitive simplicity of the original form, and given us the old legends in what he believes to be a more readable form. He has also added a few legends from other sources.

In a short article like this it will not be possible to do more than give a few items of the lore and legends of the Maori.

The Maori lore was handed down orally by the teachers in the *Whare-kura*, sacred college, esoteric school, masonic lodge, or whatever it may be likened to. The *Whare-kura* in New Zealand was no doubt a faithful copy of the *Whare-kura* in the old home, *Hawa-iki*. The manner of building and dedicating it was somewhat as follows. The priests built it of materials given by the people. During the building the priests abstained from food each day until the work was finished, so that the *Whare-kura* might be "unstained by any exhibition of mere animal grossness." At each stage of the building sanctificatory rites were performed; and when completed, a sacrifice in front of the building was offered. While this was being offered outside the building "a sacred fire and an *umu* (oven) had been lighted within the building. At the close of day another fire was lighted in the courtyard where food was cooked and eaten by the sacred men."

The *Whare-kura* being now ready, the candidates had to be made ready also. Twenty or thirty youths of the highest rank were chosen and led to a stream or lake near by. While the youths stood in the water the priests dropped some water into their ears from a stalk of *toe-toe*. Then the priests entered the water themselves; ladled it several times over the candidates, and repeated the proper incantations. This will at once remind one of the ancient rite of baptism. Water represents truth, as we read: "Sanctify them in the truth: thy word is truth"; and, "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." The touching of the ears with a little water was no doubt symbolical of opening the mind to understand knowledge. All the other parts of the ceremony were also full of meaning, to those who understood. One of the strangest parts of this ceremony of initiation was the use of fresh sea-weed which priests and candidates took, and having repeated over it incantations, threw it from them as they came out of the water, and proceeded to the *Whare-kura*. This is thought to have some reference to a "flood" legend which

was thus kept alive in the memory of Maoridom. It may have been so, or it may have been a symbolical representation of something else, for the Maori has several "flood" legends which appear to stand out apart from this initiation ceremony.

Another strange thing was that the only female permitted in the Whare-kura was an aged woman. This woman was supposed to have power by incantation to ward off all evil influences. As in the case of ancient Egypt, those engaged in the sacred College lived in the college and therefore apart from their families during the time of instruction. All things in and around the Whare-kura were tapu or sacred, and woe to the person who invaded the sacred place. All food had to be prepared at a distance, and left at a given place from which appointed persons brought it to the Whare-kura. The teaching began at sun-down and lasted till midnight. All slept from then till dawn. For a pupil to become drowsy during the time of instruction was a grave offense. The students had to repeat the teaching verbatim. This repetition lasted for a month so as to fix it for ever in the minds of the pupils. The scope of instruction, the curriculum, as we would say, extended over many things, especially incantations; a knowledge of the gods; the histories of the race; songs; the powers to procure death or to cure the sick, and many other things.

When the time came to close the Whare-kura a test of the power imparted to the pupils was made before the whole tribe. Even in comparatively recent European days Maoris have been said to die just when they made up their minds to die. That the *tohungas*, or priests, and those whom they trained, obtained some powers not common is pretty certain. They seem to have obtained a knowledge of the power of vibrations, the power of concentrated will, and other things now fast dying out. One of their incantations called *Hiki* was said to be able to change the polarity of objects — "to make heavy things light," as we read in the legend when Maui drew up the islands of New Zealand from the depths of the ocean.

A very peculiar closing ceremony was performed by the chief *tohunga* before the door of the Whare-kura was closed, not to be opened again till the following year. This ceremony consisted in a small mound of earth in the shape of a lizard being made before the Whare-kura. The *tohunga* placed a foot on either side of this heap of earth in the shape of a lizard, and reciting a certain incantation he would crush the lizard under foot. Pupils attended the Whare-kura

for several years — from three to five — before they were regarded as duly instructed.

Besides the “ Sacred School ” there were other schools open to all, to men and women, all except the priests and their pupils of the Whare-kura. There was the school which gave instruction in agriculture; which told about the care of the kumara, taro, and other vegetables; and all about fishing, and snaring, and spearing. There was the astronomical school, for the Maoris had some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, for which they had names. This school was also very sacred and only those of the highest rank belonged to it. The scope of the school of astronomy, among other things, included much that we still find in some almanacs. It considered the time to plant and sow; the time for gathering in crops; for fishing and catching birds; for visiting, and many other things. The Maori belongs to the great Polynesian stock, and some parts of this interesting stock, such as that of Hawaii, seem to have excelled the Maoris in respect to the elaborateness of their ancient lore, and the different degrees of initiation. The priesthood of Hawaii consisted of ten sacred colleges, the sixth of which was devoted to medicine and surgery. The fifth was devoted to the science of divination, and the transference of the spirit which had just departed, “ from the dead to a living body.” The name *Uli*, in Hawaii standing for the Great Supreme — the Highest, the Eternal God — was the god invoked in the sacred schools. Among the Maoris the name *Io* was given to the same god. He was the unseen, incomprehensible One. That the Polynesians had descended from a people whose initiates, at least, possessed a very great knowledge, is evident from many things that have come down to us. It is not possible here to give at any length an account of Maori lore in regard to Nature, using this term in its most comprehensive sense. All that can be given is to repeat a few names with their meanings; and to leave a comparison of the Maori, Oriental, and other systems to those who make a study of Comparative Religion, or Comparative Philosophy.

As the Oriental postulated *Being* as prior to all manifestation, so the Maori taught that *Kore* was at the back of all things. It is not very clear if *Uli* or *Io*, the Great Supreme, the Eternal God of the Polynesian, was the same as *Kore*; when we deal with the Infinite we must of necessity find difficulty in expressing our ideas. *Kore* seems to have been the Void, the *thohu vabohu* of the first of *Genesis*,

the limitless space. It may have been the Maori form of designating "The Eternal Parent, wrapped in her ever-invisible robes," etc., which we read of in the first Stanza of *The Book of Dzryan*. For Kore, although the "void (the ethereal space, absolute nothingness), it nevertheless contained the elements and forces of all things that were to be, that were still unborn. From *Te Kore* (absolute no-thing-ness) were evolved in ever descending degrees nine other kores: the First Void; the Second Void; the Great Void, etc.; and lastly, the Fast-bound Void (*Te Kore tamaua*), and the Black Void (*Te Mangu*). *Te Mangu* is said to be the son of *Te Kore-tamaua* — the proper name is alleged to be *Maku*, signifying moisture. And from the union of *Te Mangu* with *Mahorahora-nui-a-rangi* (the Vast Expanse of Heaven) sprang the four supports of the heavens."

The time-aspect of the Cosmos, looking along the evolutionary path upward, extended from the lowest forms of life to time illimitable. Omitting the Maori terms we have the following: "Void; darkness; seeking; following on; conception of thought; enlarging; breathing or godly power; thought; spirit-life; desire; Holy Spirit, or supernatural power; form of beauty when in the Spirit-Glory; Love in force, coming into Good; Possessing; Delightful; Possessing Power; and lastly *Atea* (Space, Void, Nothingness). The aspect downwards was tenfold, the last being *Meto* or *Ameto* (Extinction). The heavens were tenfold. The fourth of these, counting upwards, was "*Te wai-ora-a-Tane*, the water of life of Tane; from this water comes the spirit of the child about to be born. The seventh is *Autoia*; or the heaven in which the soul is created. The tenth and highest is *Naherangi*, or *Tuwaharea*, the Supreme Temple of the Heavens, inhabited by the great gods. Here *Rehua* is the chief and ruling power."

The above is but a brief outline of the teaching. There were others. According to one genealogy, "God is alleged to have commenced His chant of the order of Creation at Te Po (the Darkness) and sang: Te Po begat Te Ao (the Light), who begat Ao-marama (Daylight), who begat Ao-tu-roa (Long standing Light)," etc., etc.

The stories of the gods were no doubt attempts to explain to the pupils in the Whare-kura various aspects or ways of contemplating the Cosmos, some being much more metaphysical than others. When we come to the personification in Nature we see that the human mind, whether under the Southern Cross, or in Greece, or Rome, or India, fashions the legends of its divinities in much the same way. *Rangi*

(heaven) was of course not the first god; indeed, he was the ninth in order of descent from the Supreme God; and everything about him was known, not only his genealogy, but all the things he did, very much after the fashion of the Greek Zeus. *Te Reinga*, the heaven or place of departed spirits, should not be confounded with *Te Rangi*, the sky.

The children of *Te Rangi* were numerous. By his wife *Poko-harua-te-popoko* he had four children, and afterwards twelve. "These twelve constitute the family that dragged mankind down to earth; they are they who first persisted in following evil courses, through which resulted the appearance of confusion, sorrow, anguish, in the world. By another wife *Rangi* had seven children who dwell with him in the sky." By still another wife, *Hotu-Papa*, he had twenty-nine children and they became "the progenitors of the human race which now inhabits the earth." These numbers might, in the eyes of those critics who see an astronomical meaning in everything, be made to represent the year in its four seasons, and twelve months with twenty-nine or thirty days in each month. This is fanciful, and the Maori probably gave the story a much deeper meaning. Another tradition may be mentioned, if for nothing else than the fact that it tells us the Maori has the same name for the sun which we find in the old Egyptian. It will be remembered that from the last *Kore* (*Te Mangu*) and *Mahorahora-nui-a-rangi* sprang the four supports of heaven. From one of these called *Rangi-potiki* descended four children, the last being called *Haronga*, from whom sprang *Ra*, the sun, and *Marama*, the moon.

There were many other gods, some of whom were of human form. The war-god, among a fighting people like the Maori, held a place of special honor. His full name was *Tu-mata-uenga*, but he was generally known as *Tu*.

A very important god was *Tane Mahuta* (Mahuta is one of the names of the present "Maori King"), the god of the forests. It was Tane who fastened some of the constellations on the breast of *Rangi*. He also prepares the living water in which the moon renews herself. It is from the waters of Tane, the fourth heaven, that the soul is sent to animate the human child.

There is another story which reminds us of Egypt and the judgment of Osiris and the forty-two assessors. The Maoris, according to one story, believed that there were two great giants which every

man had to pass at death. If he were bright and gay he could pass in safety, but if he were heavy and clogged he was promptly destroyed. The moral of which is, "Go to rest with a smile."

Some of the other gods were: *Tangaroa*, the god of the ocean; *Ru*, the god of earthquakes, whose full name was *Ru-wai-moko-roa*. He was said to be the son of earth (*Papa*) and sky (*Rangi*). *Tahu*, the merry god, presided over feasts and everything pertaining to food. A mighty god was the god of tempests, *Tawhiri-matea*. It was owing to a great contest between this god and his brother that part of the earth sank. It will be remembered that the presiding deity in the tenth heaven was *Rehua*. It says much for the spirit of Maori lore that this deity was represented as Goodness, Compassion itself. The heart of the universe is goodness. One is reminded of the words in *The Light of Asia*:

"The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet — obey!"

It is impossible to mention here half of the stories, and their variations. Those who have given to them much study confess that a great difficulty exists in unraveling the various legends, which, in some cases are at variance with each other, and in other cases dovetail into each other. Probably in the teaching of the Whare-kura all was made plain; but, as is so often the case, in the exoteric form there is much which is perplexing, if not misleading.

It would not be fitting to conclude even such a brief account as this of Maori lore without mentioning the name of *Tiki*. His fame is known throughout Polynesia. Some say he was the original man, others that he created man. It is important to remember that *Tiki* himself was created by the Supreme Deity, the Eternal, whose name is *Io* or *Uli*. When woman was created the name given to her was *Io-wahine*, thus connecting her with the Supreme Deity, surely a very noteworthy thing in Maori lore. The name of the place where she was made is said to be *Tapu-tai-roa*, or *Kura-waha*, which of course is situated in *Hawa-iki*.

The legends of Maoridom are numerous; some of them are evidently allegorical, others are stories probably founded on facts. Of the allegorical kind we may mention the legend of *Maui*, who went out with his brothers to fish and drew up New Zealand, known as "the fish of *Maui*," from the depths of the sea. "Then *Maui* said: 'This fish which I so fortunately have been enabled to bring to the surface

was in ages past the source of much disturbance. It was constantly roaring as if distracted with pain, and vomiting as if suffering from long-continued sickness. Then it was wounded grievously, and so it sank to the bottom. There in its agony it writhed and twisted and trembled so as to be still a source of annoyance to the world. Knowing of these things I have brought you here so that I might raise this fish again to a new life.' " etc.

Now according to geologists, New Zealand has been several times beneath the ocean and raised again. But how could the Maori of New Zealand know this, a teaching of the geologists during the latter part of the nineteenth century? The legend of Maui is clearly a New Zealand legend, not one from Hawa-iki, and it appears to refer very plainly to a teaching of geology of recent date. How did the Maori get the idea? Was there in the teaching of the Whare-kura more than the *pakeha* (white man) supposes? One can only wish that H. P. Blavatsky, who threw so much light on the teachings of the East, had also taken up the lore of the Maori; then, no doubt, we should see the ancient legends in a new light, and perceive that they do not stand alone, but have a more or less intimate connexion with the mythology of other ancient peoples.

THE POOL THAT LOST ITSELF: by Percy Leonard



LITTLE pool among the boulders on the beach lay warming itself in the sunshine. A gentle breeze rippled its surface, and tiny wavelets softly lapped upon the margin of the basin where it lay. "Here is my little kingdom," thought the pool every time one of its wavelets broke upon its boundary line. Other pools lay in sight and it was pleasant to compare its ample size, its graceful contour, and its flashing surface, with the lesser attractions of the neighboring pools. Far down the beach lay the ocean; a vast pool which seemed to have no boundaries and whose immeasurable range terrified the timid little pool lying in its petty isolation, behind the guardian ramparts which protected it from all association with its kind. "Here in solitary splendor I shall lie forever," it mused, "shielded from all contamination with inferior pools and widely separated by a sloping stretch of sand from that appalling ocean whose rhythmic murmurs sound so faint and far away."

Small fish and gray shrimps darted to and fro about its shallows,

and it was pleasant to feel itself the patron and protector of these small fry, and to reign as a monarch without a rival in its little kingdom. The sun grew hotter, and mounted the blue arch overhead, while the murmur of the distant waves grew louder as the time went by. "What would become of me if the waves should ever flood the beach?" thought the little pool. "My beautiful, clear water would be mixed with the other pools, and one and all would be engulfed in that vast ocean whose waves sound louder and louder."

The tide was surely creeping up the beach. The long, blue breakers glided to the front and broke in thunder thereon. The liquid ruins were drawn back over the rattling pebbles; but always rose again with added volume and a louder roar. The pool trembled at the thought of its approaching destruction, until at last one towering billow breaking loose from the tossing multitude fell headlong with a sounding roar, poured its white cataract of boiling foam into the pool, and floated it away to mingle with the mighty deep.

No longer capable of thinking as a pool, an exultant surge of feeling soon drowned all sense of separated life. Its outlines melted in immensity. It had become the boundless sea itself. The petty throbbing of its individual life took on the grander rhythm of the ocean's giant heart. The breaking up of the limits of personal existence was the moment of its triumphant entry into the larger life, just as the man who loses himself in serving his fellows, grows suddenly great, and finds himself one with the Soul of the Universe.

COLOMANDY ARCH, MOLD, FLINTSHIRE, NORTH WALES

THIS arch stands at the boundary of the Welsh counties of Flint and Denbigh, near Mold, a busy town in the south-east of Flintshire. Mold is the center of a great coal and lead mining district, and is the assize town of the county. An interesting discovery has lately been made at the Fferm Farm, near Mold, which is four-hundred years old. In repairing an ancient fireplace workmen discovered a revolving stone, which, when moved revealed a hitherto unknown secret chamber in which were antiquated oak furniture, fire-arms and the remains of a meal. Many old houses were provided with such hiding-places in the troublous times of religious persecution, but it is remarkable that this one should have been unknown so long.

TWO VIEWS IN THE ISLE OF MAN

THE Isle of Man is a highly picturesque island lying about equidistant from England, Ireland, and Scotland, in the Irish Sea. The Calf of Man is a tiny islet at the extreme south of the island, and Port Erin is close by on the mainland. Near here traditions say that many ships from the Spanish Armada were wrecked, and the southern extremity of the Isle of Man is called Spanish Head, in consequence. The Isle of Man is a favorite resort for tourists, and constant communication is kept with Liverpool and other ports in Great Britain and Ireland by steamer. The representative branch of the Island Legislature, the House of Keys, is one of the oldest legislative bodies in the world, but has only been elected by the people since 1866. The governor, the council, and the House of Keys, constitute the "Tynwald," which is the governing body. The Isle of Man is largely independent of the British Parliament, but the approval of the British Sovereign is essential to every enactment. The laws of the island retain many of their ancient peculiarities. The writings of Hall Caine have brought the life and customs of the people of the Isle of Man before a wide public in a very interesting way.

MEMORY AND MIRAGE: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee knows, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life; it is the man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.—*Voice of the Silence*



IN a far-away forgotten past, so long, long ago that even the world was younger, there was a fair, beloved homeland, safe and warm upon the sunlit breast of mother earth. The vivid blue sky above was reflected in the winding river that refreshed and gladdened the thirsty ground. Golden-hearted water lilies, resting amid their rounded leaves, drew the changing light and warmth into their own disks of sunny beauty, and breathed out again a magic fragrance. In the soft clearness of the air, dark outlines of regal palms in the broad landscape seemed etched into the deep blue background of horizon. All nature was vibrant with generous, joyous, untainted life; and the sun shone over all with near and tender glow as if it loved the smiling earth.

The men in those days who were close to nature, repeated her

rhythmic note of noble purity and simple grandeur in their works. Their temples, of massive and lofty simplicity, glowed with an exquisite life of color and carving that has survived the withering touch of unmeasured time. Only a sacred sense of unity between the man within and his world without could have created the builded wonders that still hold in their ancient ruins a sentient air of peace and beauty and mystery, though the human hearts that lived and loved then are ages deep in dust. So vivid a reality haunts these old monuments of silent power, that restless, skeptical man seems in their majestic presence, like a jaded phantom of uneasy dreams.

As the ancient spirit of the dignity and sweetness of life still lingers round the ruined temple stones, so the old home memories live in the souls that left this land to travel long and far, seeking initiations in many another temple of human dust. Like the caravans of draped pilgrims that join in journeying over desert wastes, the enveiled souls move in groups across the unknown sands of time.

Too often the largeness of life and the great purpose that links the single journeys are forgotten in the passing day's round of cares and pleasures. Few have the faith and courage to face themselves and find the truth. Sometimes a sleeping soul awakens in the luminous hush of a starlit world to hear the faint music of earth's heart-beat, patiently singing to soothe the old, old hurt of wayward children of men. Sometimes a fleeting vision of the brave, delicate face of unveiling dawn calms the fever and fear in beclouded eyes. Rarely, in the steady noonday blaze a pilgrim forgets the whole caravan as he looks out over smooth seas of yellow sand to where the curtained sky shuts in earth's rounded stage on every side. He stands alone at the center, without human cue to his lines, or the foil of another figure to soften his defects. The all-revealing sun overhead leaves his naked soul not even the familiar shelter of its little shadowing personality. The air is charged with Truth's challenge to play his part nobly and well. Nothing else matters; and the delusion that anything outside can make or mar him is gone. The caravan is mere stage setting, to be left behind with his worn-out traveling garb. Alone he will join new groups, to play other parts. Tragedy and romance, drama and farce, are all one to the masked soul learning the whole human play to regain its birthright to act worthily with its divine kindred. Alas! that its real sense of home should be so often lulled to sleep or stupefied by pain or pleasure, or even by the droning bigot's call to prayer.

In the dear old homeland two pilgrims journeyed together as the father and the child. Strongly linked together by great love and tender trust from other lives, they had no eyes for mutual faults. It was a kinship like nature's own unity of elements that forms deep roots and grows upwards to expand and flower upon the parent stem in the joy of fragrant fulfilment, unquestioning and satisfied. The father, busy with affairs of state, saw the young girl grow strong, free, beautiful, clear-eyed and unspoiled by admiration, wealth, and power. His love left no wish unanswered; but in the satisfying rest and comfort of this strong, unselfish tie, it was forgotten how young life must needs have its part to play, its duty to perform, its puzzle to work out. Idle as a flower, free to come and go, she heard fragments of the endless story of human affairs. With impartial mind she read the hidden motives that puzzled even seasoned courtiers.

What did it all mean? The question brought a vague unrest, an unnamed longing to the home-nest where untried wings ached to test their own strength. One day, alone but for the inner Sphinx claiming an answer, the awakened soul looked out and felt the challenge of the sunny desert. All the luxury and easy freedom of her place in the caravan became as nothing to the sacred dignity of her real part. The meaning of the great mystery-play of life must be learned, alone and unprompted. Not even a father's fondest love could do that for her.

It came to pass that this well-sheltered child strayed into strange, unhappy paths, seeking to read the larger word of life. Somehow she lost her way and wandered ever deeper into cruel tangles of events, poisoned and wounded by rank and thorny growths of evil, all too rich in the lessons she had been spared.

The sad father left the homeland, and he too lost his way. Again and again he traversed the weary desert by different routes, and ever more deeply disguised in matter that obscured his vision even of fellow travelers who also sought the reality in many a promising mirage. At last a great Chief who had learned all the ways of men looked into his eyes and knew him and showed him the path that led to the old-time peace. Wise with past pain and with growing faith, he traveled on this path, slowly and with clearing vision, and one day he and the lost child met. Both had journeyed so far and were so weary with suffering and numbed with chill homesickness that they did not know each other. They had been apart so long, so long; and now they bore

strange names and wore unfamiliar garbs, all travel-bested with bitter wrongs and doubts. But the soul knew its own; and though it was unheard in the day's discord, it waited for the night wind to carry its message across the purple plains of peace.

To the restless, doubting mind the truth was only a beautiful dream. Then the hand of soul memory swept over the muted heart-strings and awoke forgotten tones that had long quivered into silence. The everyday air was stirred with strange currents of unbearable discord, bitter heartache, minor notes of grieving and sickening longing, with faint, far-off tones of harmony and freedom, and with rare touches of such peace as the angels know as "home." At times the sluggish heart throbbed with such vivid sense of an age-old, buried past that the present faded into blurred shadows of unreality. Never did the great desert lure with more glowing and subtle mirages; the only safety was to follow in the path of the Chief. The father's love poured out around the lost that was found. To the chilled and fainting child it was like the grateful, tender warmth of the sun that shone on the dear homeland, when the soul's fresh touch on the unspoiled earth made life sweet with trust, and the world was young.

THE EGO AND ITS PERSONALITY: by R. Machell



GOING and coming on one's daily path one often falls into a train of thought that makes one oblivious to all that is to be seen or heard on the way; oblivious in so far as ability to recall the details of the picture or the incidents of the journey, and yet apparently not so inattentive to these things as to incur the danger of falling over an obstacle, of running into passers-by, or of being one's self run over in crossing streets; nor is one so far removed from the normal plane of consciousness as to be deaf to the sound of one's own name if pronounced unexpectedly within range of hearing. This kind of semi-abstraction is even more marked in sleep, when we are just so far asleep as to be under the delusion of a dream and yet sufficiently awake to know that we are in our own room. Sometimes one may even be aware that we are not quite awake, and yet be unable to waken ourselves completely.

These familiar experiences ought to convince us that it is possible to change the plane on which our consciousness functions, without any

loss of individual identity. Furthermore these experiences ought to convince us that there is a difference between the knowledge that I am I, and the belief that I am a person called X. For, while most people have the assurance that "I am I" through all the changes of surrounding conditions, it is extremely rare for any one to lose that kind of fundamental egoity and to be conscious of being merged in a larger being as a drop of water in the ocean.

While this latter experience must be very rare, the loss or confusion of personal identity is very common. Sometimes a dreamer will see his own body in bed; sometimes he will be aware of having a different body; but in all such cases he retains a clear conviction of his own egoity; his "I am I" is not lost, and in fact it would seem as if he retained enough of the personal self-consciousness to be able to make a comparison between his proper person and his assumed one. Now if he had really lost all knowledge of his normal personality he would not know that the dream-body was not his own proper person. So it is evident that in these cases there is only a partial loss of or separation from the body and personal attributes of character, costume, name, belongings, etc., and this temporary abstraction is even slighter in the cases of waking absorption in some day-dream.

If at birth we could at once have control of the new brain, and be able to think clearly and to express our thoughts intelligibly, it might be that we should have just the kind of shock we get on waking suddenly from a vivid dream; and we might ask, "Where am I? How did I get here? Why am I in this body?" But I cannot think that we should have any doubt as to our egoity, that sense of "I am I," that seems to be the very essence of individuality. But fortunately the memories that go to make up one's personality are inherent in some subtle substance, of which the brain mind is the active center, and only those essential elements of personal memories that have been absorbed into what we call our character would seem able to cling to the individual ego through the change we call death, and through the after-death states which precede the reappearance of the ego in a new body. The new body can hardly be called a personality until it has gained some personal experiences of its own; but the character of the individual that inhabits it is almost immediately apparent to one who can observe intelligently the conduct of the new-born babe. It seems clear that the individual ego has brought over from former lives not only his sense of "I am I," but also all the main peculiarities of character

that will modify the as yet undeveloped personality as it grows up.

This long process of growing up is really the building of the personality in conformity with the character of the indwelling individual; and this work may be helped or hindered, or indeed almost entirely prevented, by education.

Unfortunately, the true philosophy of life having been so long forgotten, our educators too often devote all their energies to the obliteration of individual character, and to the building up of an artificial personality that is likely to be quite unable to respond to the needs of expression of the individual ego.

As a reaction from this old system of "prison building" a new method has sprung up which aims at allowing the growing personality free play for all the instincts and desires which it is the task of the individual to control. That is to say these new educators, unable to distinguish between the impulses of the lower nature and those that come from the higher (the true self), are really adding enormously to the difficulties that lie in the path of every soul that incarnates on this earth. For the Soul or Ego, with its own tendencies to deal with, has not only all the forces of the lower animal nature playing through the new body, but it is like the half-sleeping person, partially awake, really helpless and dependent upon its nurses and teachers to enable it to know what is harmful and what is harmless in its new surroundings. It does not yet know how to impress its own will upon the new brain and body, and has to rely largely at first upon those who undertake its education.

To suppose that a child's every impulse is good is only possible to one who is completely ignorant of the dual nature that clearly exists in all human beings; and to allow it to gratify every impulse or desire is to betray the confidence the new-born ego necessarily reposes in its teachers. Never was the need of Theosophy more apparent than today, when such systems of education can find adherents.

The old rigid methods were bad, but there was in them an ideal of discipline and duty that could prove helpful, and that did not throw such difficulties in the path of a noble soul incarnating in a sensual body, as are deliberately developed by the new methods of total suspension of discipline. Whereas the self-indulgence, thus encouraged, makes ultimate self-mastery almost impossible for this incarnation, and it renders extremely probable the total loss of a life destroyed by the abuse that follows indulgence of caprice, emotion, or desire.

WHAT IS "LIFE"? by H. Travers, M. A.

IT is admittedly the function of physical science to examine, analyse, and classify the processes which take place in Nature, with a view to systematizing the information thus obtained and thereby applying logical methods to the discovery of principles and new facts. It is also admitted that individuals have sometimes gone beyond these limits and have elaborated philosophies of life having for their starting-point the data obtained through the physical organs. In pursuance of the latter policy they have, by a logical confusion, substituted the phenomenon itself for its cause, thus giving rise to what may be called a reign of abstractions. It is thus that the word "life," for instance, has been used. The word may denote either the group of phenomena manifested by living beings, or else the unseen cause of those phenomena. These two meanings have usually been confused, and statements have been made equivalent to saying that the phenomena of life are the cause of life.

A speaker at the recent meeting of the British Association said, as reported, that the elementary processes in living organisms

were not thrown together without order in the living body; they were united by an invisible string or chain, and this invisible chain or force that maintained the order among the elementary processes represented the true difference between life and any event in lifeless nature. He called it the "Lebensprinzip." The single processes were accessible to physiological analysis; not so the Lebensprinzip. Therefore the elementary processes formed only one part of the living creature; the Lebensprinzip formed the other part. By the latter the former were united to a living unity, an individual, and it could continue the individual in its offspring.

Unfortunately, however, the speaker seems to make the familiar mistake of "reifying a concept," or giving reality to an abstraction, for he goes on to say that

The Lebensprinzip was the ordered connexion of the elementary mechanisms within the living body; its ordered efficacy excluded an accidental aggregation of the elementary mechanisms in the body of plants and animals. . . . The Lebensprinzip was no force or power: it was a principle of succession, of order, of regulation, of harmony.

The last sentence seems to contradict what precedes it; for how can a mere principle of order accomplish anything? Apart from this last confusion of thought, the speaker's "Lebensprinzip" answers fairly well to that which in the Theosophical enumeration of the Seven

Principles of Man is called Jiva or Prâna or the Vital Principle. Or rather it corresponds to the *two* principles, Prâna and the Linga-Śarîra; and perhaps we should also add as a third, the Kâma-Rûpa. The inquirer will find these described in No. 2 of the "Theosophical Manuals."

It is evident, however, that we need on similar grounds to postulate something of the same sort in the mineral kingdom even. For why should we suppose that chemical combinations and crystalline aggregations occur by haphazard and not by the direction of some ordering power? True, there is a difference between the mineral kingdom and the vegetable, or between what is called inorganic and what is called organic; but this may mean that the latter has in addition something which the former has not. In short, all matter is living, but the life in the different kingdoms is at a different level of evolution. The speaker does not appear to have made a break between the vegetable and animal kingdoms; but it is evident that there is a great difference between them; the animal kingdom has a still higher order of life; more principles are developed in it than in the vegetable kingdom.

But after all, a "life-principle" is a mere abstraction, unless the word be used as equivalent to a *living being*. What, after all, *can* be real but a being, a living conscious being? Everything else is merely a quality, or attribute, or function, pertaining to a being. Even mind is only the attribute of some being; a being can be conscious, but consciousness is an abstraction (unless the word is used as an equivalent to a conscious being). So it comes to this — that plants are in some way the manifestation of living beings. In the case of animals we the more readily believe this, for the reason that they are more akin to ourselves. It is still easier to believe that our fellow-men are living beings. When we get down to the stones and chemical substances, whose life and being is so different from our own, we are apt to deny them any individuality, and to invent special terms to describe their nature. But this is not very logical. The problem which many thinkers set themselves is this: Given that a living thing is dead, to explain why it is alive. Thinkers should begin by accepting as a primary postulate that natural objects are living beings, and then proceed to analyse the various manifestations and modes of manifestation of their life and consciousness.

The assumption we have thus suggested may perhaps be called

unwarranted. If so, then why do so many make that other assumption — that the natural objects are *dead*? One assumption is as good, or as bad, as another. We must begin by assuming or accepting something. Some may prefer to postulate "matter" as the starting-point. But what is matter? we may ask. You may start with matter (whatever it is) and from it build up mind; and I may start with mind and from it build up matter. You may start with the percepts of the physical senses as your primary data; and I may start by postulating *myself* as the starting-point of my philosophy.

The trouble about beginning with "matter" is that matter itself is found to be resolvable into something very imponderable and very lively; so it is not a good starting-point.

And what is "force"? What better definition can be given than that it is the visible manifestation of *will*, which *will* is in some way connected with the presence of an idea in a mind? Apart from this, force becomes reduced to a mere abstraction; we cannot conceive how it originates or is set in motion. And what are the laws and properties of matter but plans and ideas in process of being carried out by beings, living and conscious?

If we are to study realities, then, we must study mind and will; and it will be convenient for biology and physics to accept these as axioms and to study their effects in nature. A higher branch of science may occupy itself in studying mind and will as they manifest themselves in the human being.

There was another speaker at the same congress, who seemed to think that because he could produce by physical and chemical means certain complex compounds which are also produced in living matter, he was therefore on the track of a possible artificial synthesis of life. In this case, however, the wonder is no whit diminished, since we must then attribute to the said chemical and physical forces all the marvellous attributes which hitherto have been attributed to beings endowed with intelligence and volition.



THE universe being one and not diverse, and everything within it being connected with the whole and with every other thing therein, of which on the higher planes there is perfect knowledge — no act or thought occurs without each portion of the All feeling and noting it. — *W. Q. Judge*

THE IMMEMORIAL ROAD: by G. K.

A road there is and a road it is of the blessed Gods,
And by those whom the Gods love will that road be traveled.

Fragment of the *Oracle of Apollo at Delphi*

Whether one sets out to the bloom of the East or the chambers of the West,
without moving, ● holder of the bow, is the traveling on that road.

Krishna, in the *Jñāneśvarī*

Things Divine cannot be realized by those whose intellectual eye is directed
to the body. But only those can succeed in possessing them who, stript of their
garments, hasten to the summit. — From one of the *Chaldaean Oracles*

Remember thy journey's end, whilst thou travelest. For when souls return
to the light, they wear as hideous scars upon their ethereal body all the sins
of former lives, which they must wash away by returning to earth.

An Orphic Fragment

There is a road . . . and it leads to the Heart of the Universe.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

. . . Knowing the prize at the end of time, and not deterred by the clouds,
the storms, the miasms, and the dreadful beasts of prey that line the road.

William Quan Judge

The wrong way is miscalled the "easy way." In reality, it is the hard way.
The true Path, the Path of Self-conquest, is really the easy way, if you travel
it as you should, remembering your purposes, conscious of your Divinity, and
obeying the rules. For the rules are your protection.

Katherine Westcott Tingley



THE sun was just setting over the ocean, a great gold-orange
disk, living and luminous. As its lower rim touched the
horizon, it became, through an optical illusion frequently
noted in Lomaland, strangely jar-shaped, at first angular,
then with a softening of the contour, until it hung, for a
few moments' space, a great translucent *amphora*, as if piercing the
far mid-Pacific with unseen conical base, as if brimming with the
Oil of Sacrifice Celestial or the Wine of a Diviner Life. Set in the
amethyst-pink of the twilight sky, a jewel with heart of fire, it threw
across the purpled waters, landwards, a long narrow path of sheen
and light.

Nor did this light-path fade, as customarily, when the sun sank
out of sight. Instead, it added silver to the gold, and then I saw
that the light upon it came from a far distant mountain, which rose
in the heavens where the sun had been, and towards which the gleam-
ing pathway led, straight as an arrow.

Clear of outline through the enveloping purple haze, it bore upon
its summit a Temple of some rare design, magnificent in its contour

and strange in the simplicity of its plan. Before this stretched lovely gardens, and before these, in turn, rose a gateway, narrow, strait, rich, adorned, and lofty. Surmounting the Temple was a dome which glowed with an inner light and served as a beacon. And I saw that the light which now illumined the narrow path came from the Temple itself, streaming through the door and outward through the pillars of the lofty gate.

The road thus lighted was clear and defined and beautiful; but lining it on either side were quagmires, precipices, pitfalls, slimy pools where large things and small fought and crawled; there were serpents, wild beasts, quicksands, traps, and nets. But, cleverly arranged so as to conceal these horrors as far as possible from the travelers on the narrow road itself, were luscious fruits, piles of gleaming gold, and all the myriad things of glamor belonging to the false in art, in music, in philosophy, in beauty, in intellect, in womanhood, and in love. At intervals, gray, hideous Hags of Pessimism waited and mumbled and crouched.

There were travelers on this road. All save one were scarred, in some degree, all save one were wrapped and fettered by grotesque and ill-fitting garments. Many clung to these garments, though a few stripped them off as they felt the bondage of them. Many tried to conceal their scars, but a few fearlessly exposed them to the light which seemed to have some curious power to dissolve them or to heal.

All along this path were guide-posts bearing warnings, signs, and rules. Their evident purpose was to protect the traveler by enabling him to avoid being drawn out of the path, where alone lay safety, into the bedlam of horrors that lined either edge. One traveler, as said, was unscarred and free of all wrappings save a single garment that was white and without seam; and this traveler repeated in earnest tones, again and again, the rules and warnings on the guide-posts. While a few listened, many others rebelled at the injunction to keep within the narrow strip of light, the margins of which the savage beasts and miasmatic horrors of the outer tract, it appeared, had no power to cross. Even the poisonous air, that seemed at times to try to sweep across the lighted way, lost its power to kill, the moment it touched that narrow road. Within its borders all was safety, all was peace: the goal was ever undimmed and to reach it the only thing necessary was to keep right on.

But very, very few seemed to be willing to follow the warnings

and the advice. I questioned why; and then I came to see that some strange inner connexion existed between the scars and garments, and the horrors just over the edge. Indeed, at times the garments seemed to have a life and will of their own, fearful, demoniacal, as if of their own weight they would drag the unwary out of the road and into the pitfalls beyond.

Here was one who was pulled aside to grasp at the piles of gleaming gold — that turned to dust at his touch and left him a maniac, pursued by the Hags of Pessimism until the mire closed over his altered form. Another was drawn, by garments coarse and red, to grasp at the luscious fruits so temptingly near — and he risked and dared, thinking to step outside the path for only a moment and still keep foothold *on* it; but the fruits dissolved into ashes, and the quicksand sucked him down.

Still another, pulled by his wind-blown rags to the edge until blinded by glamor, rushed over it, thinking to find love, happiness — and I saw him the victim of vampires, sucking his blood. Many, indeed, seemed to be those who believed they could walk the path and *also* take occasional little excursions over the edge of it. Nearly all such were lost, though some were finally saved through the efforts of their fellows — if to be pulled in and laid aside as wreckage, albeit in harbor, is to be *saved*.

All felt the pull and the glamor and the lures upon their garments, and the pull of the garments upon themselves. Their fate depended wholly upon whether they believed these garments to be an actual part of themselves, necessary to their very existence, or whether they knew them for what they really were — the shreds and dangling rags of desires, *no part of the Self at all*.

All felt the heat and burning ache of their scars whenever they turned their faces to the right or to the left, for the outer miasms were as fire and deadly gases in power, and though these could not cross the line of light of themselves, something in the old scars, as in the garments, *crossed over to them* and made, as it were, an unseen bridge. A few, wiser than the many, turned their faces only to the light and bathed in it these scars of old sins until they were no more; they stript off the coarse rags as they ran. But why only the few? It was so much easier. Were the many simply irrational? were they stupid, not sane?

Young and unwearied, though leagues were left behind by their

flying feet, were the few who followed the simple laws that ruled the world of that narrow light-path. Harassed, old, bent, strained, and afraid, the many still journeyed slowly on, pulled to danger's edge by the garments which they *would* not throw away, their nerves shattered with the burning scars they *would* not uncover. The few were as though winged of Joy; the many — aye, what weights are ever so leaden about the feet, so heavy, so cruel, as regret? And again and yet again the tender pleading voice of the One who had traveled the same path ages ago, and had now returned to render aid, spoke out its warnings in compassion. Still and still there were those who would not heed!

Slowly the sunset picture faded from view. It passed and the night sky shone out in stars. But on the Screen of Time its mighty record will gleam and glow and live adown the ages, and one day shall come a humanity able to read its message, able to understand.

It is all so simple, so clear. Within the gleam of that narrow line of deathless light, *Duty*, the traveler is safe — but nowhere else. It is all so easy — one has but to go right on, turning neither to the right nor to the left, ever the goal in sight, following the simple *Duty*. No faintest breath of horror can cross that magic marge. Abandon it — disillusionment and horror await you, destruction in the end.

But the garments of desire pull one. Strip them off, then. Others have done so; it can be done again. But the old scars sting and hurt, and shame us to keep them hid. Uncover them, that the healing light may make you whole. Others have had the courage to do this: so it can be done.

But the horrors of old Karma — they crowd in, they crush, they threaten. Nay, they have no power whatsoever over one who looks neither to the right nor to the left.

Few perhaps are those who can follow unflinchingly this high course. But all can essay it. What is the testimony of those who know, those who have traveled the path before, and now, in compassion, sound the old warnings anew? Upon the desk lies open one of the priceless writings of William Q. Judge:

I do not say that you must attain to that calm now or give up seeking the way; but I do say that you must admit that such an attainment must be absolutely tried for. For of such is the trial, and why should we care?

It is all a delusion. It is only one consequence of our past Karma now burning itself out before our eyes. The whole phantasmagoria is only a picture

thrown up against the Screen of Time by the mighty magic of Prakriti (Nature). But you and I are superior to Nature. Why, then, mind these pictures?

Beside it lies the latest Theosophical magazine, and, like a breath of fragrance, the joy and optimism, the wisdom and the tenderness and the truth of the last address given by Katherine Tingley during her recent journey to Holland and the Hague, waft their sweetness into my questioning heart and fill the very room with answerings and with light:

“Man, Know Thyself.” The teachings of Theosophy engrave these words on every human life. . . .

I am daring to look ahead, daring to bring to you a picture of future years — the picture of humanity no longer dreaming, no longer sleeping, but awake, aroused in the spiritual sense, living the true life, walking unafraid with an affectionate devotion to *duty and right action* — the whole world feeling a revelation of spiritual life.



MR. DUROISELLE, of the Burma Archaeological Survey, says that six enormous volumes of inscriptions found in that province have already been transliterated into modern Burmese characters and issued, and they must throw a flood of light on the political and religious history of the country from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. About a century ago a Burmese king collected from all parts of Upper Burma more than seven hundred inscriptions and placed them near a pagoda at Amarapur, and a large number of them have been deciphered. But epigraphy appears to be still in its infancy in Burma, and the local Government has decided to recommend the appointment of a special epigraphist for the province. The history of Burma before the eleventh century is involved in much obscurity. The ministers of the cult which prevailed in Upper Burma before the introduction of Hinayana Buddhism by King Anawratha in the eleventh century are called Ari, but nothing definite is known about the character of their beliefs and worship. Then again, nothing is known about a people called Pyus, who, according to an inscription, formed part of the army of a king in the twelfth century, and have since completely disappeared. Their name is forgotten and their language, in which a dozen of the inscriptions as yet found are written, is not understood by any one; only about forty words are believed to have been interpreted, and yet the Pyus must have been an influential tribe in a part of Burma up till the twelfth century. Clay votive tablets are said to have established the existence of active intercourse between Burma and northern India before Singalese influence began to predominate. — From *Indian Spectator*

THE MIRROR OF LANGUAGE: by H. Coryn, M. R. C. S.



HABAIÐÊÐEIMA is a Gothic word simply and fully translated by our *had*. *Habaiðêðeiwa*, *habaiðêðeiþ*, *habaiðêðeits*, are likewise Gothic words, also completely rendered in *had*. There are fifteen of these shrapnel charges, accomplishing what we do with our one little bullet. They are inflections of a verb, various moods, persons, numbers. Modern languages move towards brevity and simplicity, not sacrificing clearness. What did the older ones gain by this elaborate inflecting?

What are the inflections? It is generally taught that they were originally separate words which gradually got fused on to elemental roots. "In the beginning" each word, root, had meaning only; relation was indicated by the position of the words in the sentence. *John's hat* would be expressed by *John — hat*. Chinese is a language of this kind; it is supposed to be still "in the beginning."

In the next stage two roots would be stuck together to indicate relation. A root meaning something like *ownership* would be made to lean up against *John*. *John's hat* would be *John-owner hat*. This is agglutination, such as we see in Finnish.

The relational word now becomes smoothed out and worn away into a mere inflection — we have an inflectional language, say Gothic or Sanskrit or Latin.

In the fourth stage the inflections have mostly disappeared, as in English.

But if this has really been the course of evolution we must find it curious that no inflectional language is visible in its earlier stages of agglutination and isolation. We have the passage of the third stage into the fourth, but not that of the second into the third or the first into the second. And as to most of the inflections, it is not known what they are.

The roots have been favored with several theories of origin. There is the *bow-wow* theory — imitation of sounds made by animals; the *natural* theory — just as any natural object when struck gives out a sound peculiar to itself, so primitive man, *struck* metaphorically by the sight of anything, emitted a sound which henceforth became the name of that thing; the *pooh-pooh* or emotional ejaculation theory, not so very distinguishable from the previous; and the *yo-heave-ho* theory, according to which primitive man, engaged in

occupation, emitted certain rhythmic sounds comparable to those of sailors winding the capstan or grooms cleaning a horse. These characteristic sounds became the name of the action or of the things acted upon or worked with.

Modern language expresses concrete *thought*. To make it express *emotion* is a rather difficult work almost peculiar to poets. Poets have two methods. (1) They arrange the words so that the vowel and consonant sounds acquire a special musical quality. (2) They select words that have emotional associations — for example, ocean, moonlight, dove, star; or such few words as directly indicate emotion — for example, moan, weep, majestic.

And this leads naturally to a new theory of the origin of language as a whole, the theory of Jespersen the Danish philologist.

Men *sang* out their *feelings*, he says, long before they were able to *speak* their *thoughts*. In other words, language was originally the chanted expression of feeling or emotion, not of thought. Early man voiced the pulse of the life-current, not for communication, but because he could no more help it than a bird can. He did human-wise, and therefore very complexly, what the bird does very simply. Jespersen draws a parallel, as respects their evolution, between the arts of speech and writing:

In primitive picture-writing, each sign meant a whole sentence and even more — the image of a situation or of an incident being given as a whole; this developed into an ideographic writing of each word by itself; this system was succeeded by syllabic methods, which had in their turn to give place to alphabetic writing, in which each letter stands for, or is meant to stand for, one sound. Just as here the advance is due to a further analysis of language, smaller and smaller units of speech being progressively represented by single signs, in an exactly similar way, though not quite so unmistakably, the history of language shows us a progressive tendency towards analysing into smaller and smaller units that which in the earlier stages was taken as an inseparable whole.

In the beginning, then, the chant was a continuous stream, a natural expression of feeling. As the feeling would change with the changing phenomena of nature, sunrise, rain, wind, and so on, so would the chant change. At first it would perhaps be unconscious; then conscious; and finally a mode of communication. Then the continuous flow was broken into something corresponding with sentences, each "sentence," as evoked by some definite and limited natural event, constituting a sort of description of that event. Then verbs — that is, the doings — and nouns — the things doing the doings — would

separate out. The verbs would express a good deal of doing, would be quite lengthy pieces of chant, gradually shortening *pari passu* with accurate understanding of what was being done. Finally they would stand as elaborately inflected forms, each form containing, as in the known inflected speeches, a notice of the person or things acting, the nature of his action, and the action's relation to time past, present, or future. In certain languages the verbs also contain notice of the sex of the person speaking and the sex and number of the persons addressed.

Chanting continued down to Greek times. The Greek word was intoned, was a phrase of music; the sentence was a melody. Now in our day and speech, the inflections are nearly all gone, the word being shortened to its comprehensible minimum; song has separated from speech and pure music from song; whilst song has mostly divorced itself from dance or bodily motion. The poet, the dancer, the speaker, the singer, and the player, are five persons instead of one.

We may speculatively add more to Jespersen's theory, for it may be quite harmonizable with the usual one. In chemistry it does not follow, because we know only of the breaking down of heavier elements into the simpler ones, that there was no period of putting together. Though neither does it follow that radium was built by the putting together of those very elements into which it breaks down.

Speech may at first have been a chanted flow of open vowels. The first consonants would doubtless have been those which permitted the chant to go on unbroken: m, n, l, r, th, v, z, ng, zh. Then each definite bit of phrase might, we may suppose, have been closed by one of the other consonants, p, b, d, and so on. As ideas sharpened, short roots would evolve, each with its one vowel opened or shut, or both, by a consonant, each root corresponding with one thing or one doing. Then a thing root, a doing root and a form of one of the three time roots, might be agglutinated together. Lastly would come inflections proper. And yet the whole might be encased in a matrix of song, persisting down to Greek times, a long inflected verb being admirably suited for the chanted feeling perfusing it.

The deduction of all which would be that we brain-think far more than early man, and sense far less. Let us hope that history may not have to record a stage of gabble and clack succeeding to speech as speech succeeded to intonement and intonement to song.

Theosophy makes primitive man spiritual in origin and essence.

And it sees in sound, audible and aerial or inaudible and ethereal, the fashioning-force of the universe. Behind sound lies the guiding will. Primitive man was a part of that guiding Logos, gradually losing most of his power as he became negative to — because increasingly desirous of — the sensations of matter. He lost spirituality in brain-mentality. He passed from creative spirituality to emotionality and sensuality. Now, after childhood, the enfeebled life-pulse no longer suffices us; we have to stimulate it in various ways to give us the intensity we want.

All of which history is reflected in the history of language.

DAWN: by Annie P. Dick



SUMMER had taken a lingering farewell, and the life of the drooping leaves in the woodlands ebbed slowly away. The unseen presence of autumn slowly approached. Her magic breath tinged with glory the forsaken leaves, and she tenderly weaved over them a mantle of gold and red and bronze. Through the woodlands a winding pathway led to a secluded and lonely glade. The branches of the trees intertwined overhead, and through them the morning sun shone brightly, transforming the withered leaves into shining golden flakes as they fluttered to the ground.

There a woman paced to and fro. Suddenly she raised her arms as if in mute appeal to the swaying boughs above her, then stood with breath stilled and eyes intent. As from afar came a voice sternly rebuking. “Dost thou hope for victory in times of peace? Hopest thou to conquer life’s mighty waters while sailing on a tranquil lake? Thy bark thou must guide on troubled waves, with calmness as a beacon-light and courage as a helm.”

The woman stood with bowed head, then with a look of despair on her pale face, she walked towards one of the trees and leaning against it remained motionless. Now and again around her fell a withered leaf. Hush, hush! The quivering soul sways in anguish. Hush, hush, ye fluttering leaves, be still! Over her head is a bud of light struggling to open its petals. Its leaves slowly unfold. Its fragrance wafts a cooling breeze and peace gently falls.

A circle of golden mist obscured with its dazzling light all else

that lay beyond. Near her stood a marvelous green font of crystalline transparency. Awed and entranced she gazed, for softly from its beauty there rippled in continuous radiations a wondrous joy, and in her heart was the tremulous flow of awakening spring. Bending over it she gazed into its clear waters, then stooped and drank a deep draught. And lo! she stood a glorious being in whose eyes burned the steady flame of eternal youth. The golden mist lifted its shining veil.

Far, far in the past she saw herself — a dreamlike self — joyous with the happy freedom of youthful hope and trust. Ideals, untried by experience, clouded her vision on life. Slowly shadows crept across her path. Startled and surprised she anxiously tried to thrust them aside, but thick and fast they fell. Her despairing cry arose to the heavens. Her shattered ideals lay in burning fragments in her bleeding heart. Hope and trust faded from her eyes. But while the anguish pierced and wounded, far above a star appeared, growing brighter, shedding at times a mild ray which softened the wounds and brightened the weariness and gloom. Again the shadows fell, making denser the darkness.

Yet onward came the dream-form, through despair, hope, joy, and grief, swaying this way and that, ever onward, following unknowingly the light from the star above.

A bright ray pierced the gloom, and the shadows disappeared as mist in a sunbeam. The dream-form stood bathed in a soft glow of light. Hope and trust once more dawned in her eyes. Courage! brave dream-form. On the horizon appeared a cloud black as night, rolling like a mighty wave. Nearer, nearer. It wraps the dream-form in its mighty folds.

Forms swarm around her, peering from the darkness with mocking eyes. The light from the star shone dimly — fainter, fainter. All grew dark.

The mocking shapes faded away. Beautiful forms appeared, offering gifts of joy, love, and happiness. With her hand she waved them aside, and overcome with weariness stumbled and fell. All was still in a great silence.

Suddenly a faint light glimmered through the darkness. A spark in the heart of the dream-form.

With lightning swiftncss there burst from the star above a shaft of flame. Through the gloom it flashed, and kindled the faint spark

into a brighter glow. A glittering thing lay by her side. A shining sword. Grasping it the dream-form arose, and stood with head erect, majestic.

The light shone from her heart, and as it fell on the forms in the blackness they shrank away. Sometimes with greater courage they returned, and as they approached, the light from her heart ran like lightning along the uplifted sword, burst into tongues of flame, darted like arrows encircling the forms of her foes, and as they darted here and there soft music filled the air. Onward, onward came the dream-form, the dark shapes ever approaching, the flames ever flying from the sword.

Lo, the darkness is vanquished, the gloom is lost in the light from the darting flames. The bright star above her paled; it disappeared. The light from the darting flames grows brighter, brighter. It breaks into a dazzling radiance.

The star and the dream-self are one in its glorious depths. All vanished in a volume of music and song.

The golden mist dropped its shining veil.

Some withered leaves fell, and as they rustled to the ground the woman raised her head, the eyes filled with wondrous depths.

Slowly memory returned, with quivering arrows awakening the anguish in her heart. Again the bell-like voice fell on her ears. "The fleeting thou must leave behind if thou art to become and know that which thou hast now been. By aspiration thou shalt draw into thy being a breath of the changeless from the brilliant star ever shining above thee. Through its rays thou shalt see the beautiful. Sometimes a radiance will descend on thee and thou shalt feel its peace. The radiance will fade; only a memory shalt thou keep. Listen well and remember. Hold fast even to the shadow of its memory. Be strong, be true in the darkness. Only in the darkness can *thy* star begin to shine." The voice grew faint. All was silent.

Hush! music falls softly on the air. Something white gleams in the distance. A white bird, with plumage like sunlit snows. Swiftly it flies on motionless wing. Lo, it comes! It nestles in her heart.

THE FETISH OF HEALTH: by E. D. Wilcox, M. D.



FOR many years there lay within the outskirts of an inland village, a bowl-shaped hollow, rimmed by wooded hills and fertile upland fields, with its depth of marsh and dark pooled center, lonely and untenanted save by its varied water-life and feathered flocks. Not even the hardy urchins of the town would venture down to its stagnant, green-scummed edges, and the adjacent farms showed unkept fields and abandoned dwellings. The village history told of many lives laid low by fever, until no one would buy the land or even approach its poison-laden shores. Pieces of rusty pipe scattered about the hollow gave mute testimony to efforts made to drain the swamp, yet had each attempt proved fruitless as though the pool were fed by unseen springs.

At last a former owner, wiser grown, returned and bought the place, and to the wondering questions raised, gave answer that he had learned that all who had tried, had worked the wrong way. The swamp is full of mire because its waters had grown stagnant from disuse. He should turn it to the service that it can give, that it might bear its fruitful part in the autumn's harvest.

Soon, in the length and breadth of the hollow, cutting the center pool, extending out to where the shores grew steep towards the upland meadows, deep trenches measured off the swamp in even squares upon whose surface were planted thick the moisture-loving cranberry, and the vines spread and throve so that as the year went by the fame of their fruit made a demand too great for the hollow's area to produce, while the farms around awoke once more to the sound of the plow and the human voice.

We may pick up any paper or listen to the conversation of those about us, whether in public or private, and in most cases we shall find both permeated by the subject of health, how to be well, how to do away with the outer symptoms of our diseases, our discomforts; how to hide from our consciousness the effects of our misdeeds or of our stagnant faculties, because disuse as well as misuse fouls the field of our outer and our inner nature. We may deny our responsibility, we may seek to drain it away and perhaps succeed for a time, or finally we may flee from it; but to make use of our ill-health, to transform it into rich, fruit-bearing soil, *that* we do not try to do.

In the great crises in life, in moments of danger when death suddenly looms large before us, we expect bravery, and in most cases, we find it. If we do not, in all the tales of human tragedy there is scarcely

a sadder one than the daily life of him who has failed in courage at the crucial time, because henceforth he dwells judged and shunned by his fellows.

We are not only hero-worshippers but we demand the heroic in the great moments of life to whomever such may come, however meager the character or humble the life he may have lived heretofore.

If we demand a forgetfulness of self in service to others in the great events of life, why should we not exact a like response in each day's living?

It is because we do not, it is because we are content to be cowards in the humdrum monotony of daily tasks that the field of our human endeavor is green with the stagnant swamp of selfishness. We rebel at the fever of discontent which it causes, we seek to oil it into acquiescence by fresh interests, or drain it away through new channels of desire. Failing all these, we run away to seek the opportunity which we believe another environment will afford us.

Where we scorn the man who tramples another to save his own life, in our inconsistency we accept as a part of our human right the equal cowardice which we show in a selfish sacrifice of others to our demand to be well.

However far we may travel in a mad rush for a false health, the day will come when we shall return to the abandoned field of our troubles, where, squaring our fever swamp by deep trenches of service to others, letting into the under-soil the warmth and sunshine of unselfishness, we shall succeed in growing rich crops of fruit for the public, and a truer well-being for ourselves.

EARTH-IMBEDDED: by W. D.



WE cannot fly away at will to the star of our predilection. We are earth-imbedded. We call ourselves mortal; and this means that the real being we say "I" about is liable to lose its present strong interest in mundane concerns. In plain words, we acknowledge that our bodies have a tendency to die. Many times we have gone away, old, bitterly wise, and very weary of the ways of life; and often we have come back ready to begin all over again; eager to learn, and oh, so very truly trailing our glory-clouds. What a pity it is that the real immortal "I" should

ever again become earth-imbedded, covered over with worldliness!

A continuing general disregard of the facts of our immortality makes our lives meaner than we know. We work for time. We feed our appetites. We think into our pocket-books. Our strong, downward-groping roots of cares and wants pierce deep into the subsoils of our earthly consciousness. Often they go below that consciousness; and we stand fixed, rigidly upright, or stiffly inclined, apparently immovable. Earth-imbedded, we vegetate.

Earth-imbedded? Yes; but there are two ways of answering the accusation. To look with the eyes of the modern poet * who wrote ancient wisdom into the lines,

Even the dust that blows along the street,
●nce whispered to its love that life was sweet,

we must think of the substance of the earth with a degree of awe. Our bodies, surely enough, are earth-born and earth-fed. Who, then, denies that there may be a possibility, even in his quiet days, to be often working over the leavings of his old lives, with their old thoughts, old desires, and old aspirations, so characteristically his very own that they determine now the exact rate of his evolutionary progress?

Our bodies are out of the earth; nourished and renewed in it; part of the street-blown dust. They, our so-high, so-heavy, so-fine, so-ugly bodies, cannot leave earth; not even when they die. They are world-stuff; they belong here; and being needed in the economical utilization of all waste products that is a part of the general world-arrangement, they are not to be taken away. They are not the personal property of those who inhabit them. Living, they co-operate with that temporary resident in changing a very little the aspect of the globe; dead, they shall not cease to contribute to its transformations.

It is small, the earth; and advancement upon it and with it is slow. However, it is a well-regulated little sphere; and now and again it is our place. It affords us periodically an opportunity to grow. It is probably one of the most fortunate of evolutionary events to become earth-imbedded; to be up to our ears (physically, and — if we have acquired them — our mental and moral ears, too) in the difficulties of living.

* Richard le Gallienne, in his translation of parts of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Earth-imbedded? Well, only they who wish need to call that fact a sad one. We are like any other planted thing, and have taken our foothold here in order that we may more securely draw down from the sun. When we were out somewhere in space and had not this perfectly glorious chance, we must have missed something of this *terra firma* security. We may have wished often through those thousand years of waiting for a good sound body, equipped with a good, clear brain, and that body standing with good firm footing in a place of its own on the green earth. Karma working now in daily obligations is the answer, no doubt, to some such wish. We demanded the right again to direct a part of earth's affairs, and our demands were satisfied. Are we not here, planted in our own old places once more?

As there is an invisible, covered-over force that lifts every rooted thing in the ground at least a short way towards the sun, so at the center of our will to grow there is a something, an inspirer, a force pushing onward, subtle and swift and terrifically strong. However deeply imbedded in the earth it might become, it would always shine through. It opens ever outward and upward, drawn towards the higher currents of life and light. Fire-o'-gold, it flashes out of the black depths into white bloom. Dead and buried though it might seem, it is the imperishable flaming flower of the ages. It can never die.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS: by the Busy Bee

EVOLUTION OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS



IN *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the chemical elements as having been developed or concreted out of cosmic matter, the process taking place within terrestrial regions. Especially in connexion with comets and cometary matter does she mention this point; and elsewhere she quotes some remarks of Professor William Crookes on protyle and the genesis of the chemical elements therefrom. The statement has been confirmed, both in the realm of astronomy and chemistry; for the electronic theory has provided astronomers with a convenient means of reducing their surmises to scientific language. What more natural than that interplanetary regions should be the workshop where

uncondensed matter, existing as electrons, is concreted into elements, thereby forming comets, nebulae, and finally worlds?

Mr. Frederick Soddy, speaking at the Chemical Section of the British Association, said that the chemical analysis of matter is not the ultimate analysis. In certain parts of the periodic table of elements the evolution of elements is still proceeding; and in these parts, instead of single elements having atomic weights fitting into the numerical scale, we find groups of elements, with atomic weights near together, which groups, taken together, represent the single elements which are required to make the scale complete. From this he infers that the other elements too — the ones that do fit into the scale — may really be groups of elements, the alleged atomic weight not being a real constant but a mean value. This certainly provides a means of accounting for the fact that the atomic weights usually approximate closely, but without ever coinciding, with the calculated weights. It also indicates, as the lecturer remarked, that we may have been making too much fuss about these atomic weights after all — they are of much less fundamental interest than has hitherto been supposed. He also suggested that the discrepancies in the periodic table being thus conveniently accounted for, the problem of the atomic constitution of matter may also be thereby simplified.

This verification of the fact that the chemical elements are in a state of evolution is replete with suggestions. It illustrates the general law of evolution, as defined in *The Secret Doctrine*. The chemical elements are, as it were, stages or stopping-places in a continuous progress, and in this respect are analogous to the animal and vegetable types which we find occupying the earth in any given age. Biologists have always had a difficulty in understanding how the process of evolution goes on. They feel that there is such an evolution, that the types form links in a continuous chain; and yet these types seem so constant and unchanging. In the same way, we do not find iron turning into copper by gradual transformation through intermediate stages. Yet the chemist of today has shown us the actual process of chemical evolution — carried on, however, upon a different plane, upon the plane of radio-active matter. This is similar to what H. P. Blavatsky declares of biological evolution. The causal changes proceed, for the most part, on a plane other than the physical; on the physical plane life appears in a gradation of forms, discontinuous, with gaps between, just like the chemical elements in Mendeleeff's

table of atomic weights. And just as chemists, while they remained ignorant of radio-active matter, were at a loss to define the relations of the elements to one another, and formulated various theories to explain the significance of the atomic weights, whereas now these theories are rendered unnecessary by the discovery of the new facts; — so the biologists speculated as to the manner in which one animal type is derived from another, and formulated sundry theories of heredity and transmission, gradual or by saltation. And similarly, the discovery of new facts may enlighten the biologists and facilitate their labors; for it may be found that causal biological evolution, like chemical evolution, is carried on upon a plane other than that whereon the ready-formed species appear.

We have spoken of the evolution of chemical elements, but is this an accurate expression or only an expression used for temporary convenience? Is it the elements that evolve? Or is it not rather the radio-active matter out of which they are formed that evolves? It is this finer grade of matter that is continually moving on and changing, while the elements remain constant — constant for long periods of history, at all events. And the plant and animal types remain constant for long periods. It is the Life-Monads that are evolving, as they pass in their continual progress from one form of manifestation to another. This is the general law of evolution. But it requires to be studied carefully and not made the subject of unrestricted speculation; otherwise we may be led into strange theories about transmigration and so forth.

The difficulty is that biologists have not taken into their calculations the existence of any other plane than the physical. No wonder they were handicapped — trying to solve a problem whose mere statement implies conditions which they will not accept. For is not all motion relative, and does not all evolution imply two factors — one static and the other moving? A child evolves into a man, yet remains the same person. It is the individual that has grown, and the child and the man are his successive states. So the lead and the gold are the successive states of ultra-physical matter; and the different types of living organisms are successive stages attained by the universal life-impulse that is circling around its wheel of evolution.

But the subject of evolution is vast and complex, needing, as said, much careful study. The impatient mind of the student is all too prone to seek small and circumscribed theories, regardless of the vast

scale on which cosmic nature must necessarily work, and of the multitude and diversity of her concerns. Just as animals are divided into groups, and plants into groups; so organic nature is divided into those larger divisions called kingdoms. The teachings speak of Vegetable Monads, Animal Monads, Mineral Monads, etc., and these have to be kept distinct. But this is not our present subject, and enough has now been said to show how these new discoveries in chemistry bear out H. P. Blavatsky's teachings and illustrate the general law of evolution.

But the types themselves, though relatively fixed, are not changeless. In bygone times, as the strata show, there flourished types now extinct. What, then, of the chemical elements? Have they always been the same? It seems impossible. Hence in the remote days when those extinct monsters trod the globe with their ponderous feet, they may have trod quite other elements than we have now, breathed other air, sailed on their pinions through another atmosphere. What boots it that the soil which bears their imprint is *now* composed of familiar earths? It does not follow that it was so composed *then*, nor would the theory even lead us to expect that matter pertaining to another age would survive into an age to which it did not belong.

This hinges on to what H. P. Blavatsky says about the testimony of the spectroscope as applied to the light from distant orbs. That instrument is of the earth, earthy; and speaks to us in an earthly language that we can understand. In other words, the light which reaches us, and which we analyse, *may or may not* have been the same when it started. Our knowledge as to what there is on these far-off globes is only inferential. And H. P. Blavatsky definitely states the teaching that the matter on these globes is not *in toto* composed of the same lot of elements as is the matter on our own globe; but that the light is altered when it comes into terrestrial regions.

MAN AND APE

Notwithstanding the marked changes that have come over scientific views, there are still some views advocated which sound like reminiscences of an older day. The ape-theory of man may be said to be making a last stand in some quarters. Speaking of this, perhaps we shall be scolded for using the term "ape-theory," and shall be told that this is not the right word; man was not derived from the ape, but man and the ape were both derived from a common ancestor.

Very well, but how about the following, clipped from the (London) *Times* report of the British Association meetings:

He said man's evolution from the ape had essentially been a mental evolution.

There seems no mistake about this. The column is headed: "Evolution from the Ape." The lecturer went on to say that in order that an advance in intelligence might increase the chance of survival, the individual must be endowed with the means of turning it to practical account. Only a being possessed of prehensile hands, capable of giving effect to the dictates of mind, could evolve into man.

This seems to conflict with the theory that man, and also the apes, descended from an animal without prehensile hands. The trouble with these theories is that there are too many of them. It is a case of "How happy could I be with either!" The next sentence is verbatim from the report:

An oyster endowed with the mind of a Newton would in no way be advantaged in the struggle for existence.

True; and we pity that unfortunate bivalve. Besides, as he would probably be in an estuary, where there are no apple-trees, how could he discover the law of gravitation? He might formulate various laws of motion, but what would be the use, and he without any legs or the gift of speech? But then might not the oyster *evolve* prehensile hands? If he could not evolve them, how did the ape evolve them? It would certainly appear that the evolution of prehensile hands came *before* that of intelligence, according to this theory. Or perhaps enough intelligence is evolved to enable the creature to develop prehensile hands, and then he develops more intelligence and becomes a man. The theory is pretty but we doubt very much whether it is correct.

But to proceed. The ape abandoned his tree-climbing habits, it seems; why, we do not know. But he did; he hungered for animal food and descended to the ground to find it. But not being endowed with claws and teeth, like his brother the tiger, he had to use his wits; hence intelligence developed, being a useful quality and thus tending to survive. We give the words of the report:

It was the abandonment of an arboreal for a terrestrial life, in the search after animal food, which determined man's evolution from the ape. While the carnivorous mammal was a perfect butchering machine, endowed with the necessary instinct for scenting and stalking its prey, and the necessary equipment of muscle, tooth, and claw for seizing and destroying it, the pre-human ape, lacking these endowments, but gifted with hands and no small degree of intelligence, was

obliged to rely upon these in hunting his prey; for blind instinct he had to substitute strategy; for natural weapons, weapons made by hand. Intelligence thus began to count in the life struggle, and mental evolution was correspondingly accelerated. The first employment of crude weapons by the few created a new standard of mental fitness, and (by the elimination of those incapable of attaining it) compelled a leveling up of the entire species to that standard.

The address concludes with the remark that intellectual evolution has ceased, not because it has reached its possible limit, but because supernormal intelligence no longer promotes survival. On the other hand moral evolution is proceeding by the survival of superior moral types.

Man, in short, would tend to become better, if not cleverer.

Our mind cannot help speculating about that "possible limit" of intellectual evolution. This raises the whole question as to what defines the *possible* limits, if there *are* any possible limits. It would seem as though the whole plan had been thought out beforehand. This idea relieves the mind greatly, as it always was difficult to understand any creature evolving intelligence before there was any intelligence to evolve. We can understand a man climbing a ladder; but the orthodox evolutionists would have us believe that the ladder itself grows, rung by rung, in front of the climber, as he plants tentative and experimental feet in the empty air. Lord only knows what may evolve in the future; something quite unexpected, very likely. Where is it all going to stop? It is surprising that man has not evolved a coat of Krupp armorplate, as that would surely enable him to survive.

The next speaker announced, according to the report, that his object was to try to explain why man has a chin. Passing lightly over the suggestion that it was due to sexual selection, owing to its being considered an ornament by the other sex, he concluded that the chin was due primarily to the need for speech; and his remarks were directed to showing how important this organ is in speaking.

In the discussion after the papers, a professor said he thought it was perfectly clear that man had evolved from the ape because a certain branch of the higher anthropoid apes had been exposed to difficulties. So here again we find justification for saying that some scientific men hold that man descended from the apes. The growth of the brain, he said, had been the primary factor in the evolution of man, "though it seemed to be a heterodox opinion among archaeologists that the brain had had anything to do with it." We are not

sure what the quoted sentence means, but think it means that the archaeologists do not agree with the professor on this point. There is almost a smack of predestination in this view; what is the use of working one's wits, when all depends on whether or not one's brain happens to grow? If my brain should start growing, I would become more intelligent; if it refuses to grow, I cannot become more intelligent. How does this idea agree with that of the previous speaker? One says the ape developed intelligence by his desire to kill animals for food; the other says he developed intelligence because his brain grew. There seems to be a good deal of liberty in the matter.

This speaker evidently had the brain "on the brain"; for, in criticising the theory about the chin, mentioned above, he said that he thought that human beings had learned to speak because of certain changes in the brain. A parrot could speak, yet where was the parrot's chin? This speaker again was taken up by another, who disagreed with him.

It is interesting to note that *The Secret Doctrine* teems from cover to cover with remarks on these differences and contradictions in theories of human evolution; and that consequently very much trouble might be saved by reading that over first.

The whole outlook upon this question of evolution is colored by the over-emphasis laid upon the material and animal nature of man. When a theorist of this school of thought says "Man," he thinks apparently of the animal body and but little else. But what is Man in reality? What is he primarily and essentially? Surely he is a living Soul, a Thinker. The essential feature in Man is his marvelous reflective self-consciousness. The animal equipment with which, for special and temporary purposes, he happens to be furnished, is quite subsidiary. This animal equipment has striking analogies with those of the beast creation. This is but one of man's vestures; and to say that it evolves intelligence sounds like speaking of man's hat as evolving his head. Intelligence pre-existed, and animal bodies have furnished vehicles therefor. The dog on my stoop and the bird hopping over my floor are (for me at least) primarily intelligent beings, with feelings, able to appreciate love and attention; companions, aware of me, as I am aware of them. Also these fellow-creatures have bodies, and the bodies very likely have been evolved in a particular way. But the bodies certainly did not evolve the beings.

Man was man long before he became endowed with a "coat of

skin," as *Genesis* calls it. 'The evolution of mind is quite another thing from the evolution of matter. And in Man, as the essential feature, there is *that* which makes him the self-conscious being that he is — a potential God. 'The *conditions* of evolution are not the *causes* of evolution. It is not the friction that makes the train move, nor the obstacles that make the man evolve. It is not evolution that makes man develop, any more than it is motion that makes the train move. Where is the viewless vapor that actuates the machinery of organic growth? Where again is the engineer whose mind directs the process, and the designer from whose brain the whole originated? According to these theories, the engine itself evolves its own steam, its own engineer, and its own builder.

It is absolutely necessary to admit that living beings can exist in supersensuous realms, and from thence enter into physical life and depart from it; otherwise the data for solving the problem of evolution are wanting. Growth and evolution mean nothing except as the product of the interaction of two factors, one of which is evolving, the other involving. Anything which grows fills out a ready-formed pattern. 'The idea of intelligence being evolved, without having been previously existent, is monstrous; but the idea that mind was an existent reality, and that certain living creatures have come in contact with it, absorbed it, acquired it, is understandable.

We cannot in the brief space at our disposal sum up what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* on the subject of evolution; to attempt that would be to handicap the case by inadequate presentment. We can only touch on the chief headings and refer for details to the source. The law of evolution is true, but modern science has so far discerned only a fragment of it; the clement of truth lends color to many absurdities. What is needed is to sift the truth from the error. 'This can only be done by accepting the principles outlined by H. P. Blavatsky; and these principles will surely be accepted, bit by bit, for it is inevitable. *Causal* evolution in the lower kingdoms is in large part carried on upon ultra-physical planes of existence; and this is surely in accord with observed facts, for we do not see the process going on, but discern only its results. It is the same with the chemical elements. As elementary physical substances, they are discrete and of definite and fixed atomic weight; yet we are assured by science that the one can pass into the other during a state which is not that of ordinary physical matter. It is obvious that the evolutionists have suffered from the

lack of this detail, and that there is an apparent contradiction between the facts and the theory.

All the kingdoms of nature, from the mineral upwards, are animated by *monads*, atoms of the Universal Life, living and conscious souls. Though the monad contains the potency of all intelligence, it is only partially manifested in the lower kingdoms; in the mineral kingdom least, more in the vegetable, and still more in the animal. In man the latent potencies are much more fully manifested, though many are still latent. But it is most important to bear in mind that *animal evolution alone cannot produce man*. This is a cardinal tenet of the Wisdom of the ages, and is symbolized in religious allegories, where there is always described a stage at which the gift of self-consciousness was bestowed upon the hitherto "mindless" man. The teachings speak of a time very far back in the history of this world-cycle, when natural evolution had produced a perfectly adapted physical form, needing only to be ensouled; and man, already existent as a Spiritual being, took on robes of flesh and became the divine-human progenitor of present races.

As to the higher anthropoids, they are, as not a few scientific men suspect, by-products of evolution, not links in the chain.

The study of evolution is of absorbing interest and importance, when carried out on an adequate scale. Science has discovered a vast number of valuable facts, but these need marshaling, and this can only be done in the light of Theosophy.

A word might be added on the future evolution of man. What is he to become? He is gifted with self-consciousness and is thereby enabled to be aware of the Divine power within him and to reflect upon it. He has reached the stage where he can progress by his own efforts — and *only* by his own efforts. His further evolution depends on his recognition of the Divine spark that is striving to be manifested through him. His task is to subordinate the animal to the Divine.



THE September bulletin of the Seismological Soc. Am. contains a record of the east-west displacements, for thirteen years, of a Milne horizontal pendulum, which indicate that, apart from barometric, tidal, solar, and other forces, certain annual or secular movements of the Earth's crust "appear to be controlled by several mysterious forces of different periodicities." Is the Earth alive? J.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

THE NEGATIVE VIRTUES: by A Student



THE "Christian" virtues are seven. They are the theological three — Faith, Hope, and Charity; and the cardinal four — Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. If one has not inherited, absorbed, or by practical cultivation acquired one or another of these qualities, he cannot be said to be a good man. Yet many people do pass for good who seem to have none of these seven virtues. There is a real disinclination towards their opposites, the "seven deadly sins," on the part of many who have no conscious possession of the Christian virtues. They are negatively good, this kind of people. They stand neither with the saints nor with the sinners, but are like lookers-on at a play — as if life were a representation of what is good and bad. They are really, as far from the right path that they admire, as that great distance which they imagine intervenes between them and the wrong one that they abhor.

The number of negatively virtuous people is not limited to a few; but the best of workers among us is only intermittently positive in motion and execution.

If all were positive, consciously determined to do, to build, considering how short is life and how slow a process is the making-over of character, every event would ascend in the scale of importance; and as the athlete who upon discovering his weakest point brings all his attention to the strengthening of that one defect, so he who found in himself undeveloped moral muscle would begin to exercise that part of his nature. He would cultivate Charity if Charity were the lacking virtue. Out of every experience he would extract something to count towards the accumulation of strength in that one positive quality, the need of which had begun to embarrass him.

Theosophy counsels all, old and young and the middle-aged, to know their own treasure-house of character. This is wise advice; for we ought to know whether the predominance in us is with the good or bad, exactly as a business man is bound to keep himself informed about the amount of his expenditures and his income. As the man of affairs gets rid of all his worthless documents, even the fairest-looking stocks and bonds if they are valueless, so the earnest and practical student of Theosophy would know where to put his pretty little negative virtues, and that would not be on the same page with his moral assets.

For robust natures the negative virtues are not enough. For the workers, the winners of the Bread of Life, the helpers-on of others, there must be one sure and certain, one positive, steady, advance towards Right. For them it will not do to say as many others may and do: Faith, Hope, and Charity we may not possess fully, but at least we are not unbelievers in Right, we do not wholly despair, we are not cruel. The other virtues we may not have but at least we are not altogether unjust or imprudent; surely we are not intemperate, and we are not conscious of cowardice. There is no reason for concern about *us*. You may go further and meet worse than *us* any day."

Proverbs xxx. 12, says:

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness.

Not being washed from one's filthiness may be a strong way of expressing the condition of those whose only title to goodness lies through these smug negatively not-bad qualities. Not to be bad is certainly not to be in the fairest sense good.

When there sounds a call to arms, there are two ways of response. One is the fighter's; the other is the coward's. If a person openly followed the line of an army's march, carefully to conceal himself whenever danger presented itself, that would parallel the acts of a person who set himself up for a model of virtue simply because he had done no wrong. He who merely has done no wrong has been hiding. We need the positive act for Right. The sight of a scarred and mutilated veteran is sweet to those who have also, like him, dared and won *and lost* in actual fight; the one who came out unhurt has several explanations to make — to himself and to others.

What should strike a student of the Christian Scriptures very forcibly is the positive attitude that Jesus Christ took when giving instructions. There are those two little rules of his, so simple to read, so hard to follow: whom we should love, and how, and why. Are they not positive, precise, clear? They contain, as he said, the whole law. An understanding of the difference between these virtues that Jesus exemplified, the acquisition of which he very definitely taught, and the negative almost-virtues that the average worthy person is content to possess, may be approached by contrasting the methods of study followed by a thorough student and a dull one.

The eager young person recognizes first that he is confronted by

something of which he is ignorant. When he opens his thought to the new lesson, it is strange to him, no part of his life. His work is to master it, take it into his own experience, learn it by mind and by heart. Determined to conquer, he examines its intricacies, compares it to other facts that are like it, or contrasts it with those that are unlike, and thus enters his field of battle by the shortest route. He will not let escape him any part that he can possibly make over into his own thinking. He is, indeed, like a terrible fighter such as you read about in old tales: he will attack and fall back, rise and continue striking, until he has gotten a victory.

The other kind of scholar, though often he too really thinks he wishes to know the thing, constitutionally is able to make but a feeble attack. It is not in him to fight and he, of course, experiences none of the pleasures of conquest. He does not even know that he has not learned his lesson. He may absorb something that is in the proposition; but all the new knowledge he gets out of it is his almost in spite of himself.

Some of us are good in spite of ourselves. We cannot help it. Goodness is in the air and we refrain from doing wrong somewhat as we should refrain from committing a barbarism or solecism in conversation. What attack has been made towards the learning of any positive goodness; towards the acquiring of a little positive prudence, a little positive faith?

It seems reasonable to think that we can gain knowledge of life in the way that we learn our other lessons. There was a time when we did not know or had forgotten the multiplication table; we did a certain amount of repetition first upon belief and then upon knowledge, and we have gained now a place for our mental selves in the infinite realms of mathematics. Two and two do always make four for us and the knowledge is ours for the rest of our lives. In the same way we shall get knowledge of the other things we need to know, shall we not?

You may be the most imprudent person imaginable. You may do and say much that advertises your deplorable lack of the virtue of prudence; but is there any reason why you, even at your age, cannot begin now to learn it? Others have learned more difficult lessons than that. The whole matter will rest upon the quality of your scholarship. You will fight for mastery or you will try to let this very desirable virtue sink in, hoping that you may be able to absorb it. It

is possible that you absorbed the multiplication table; but if so — now answer quickly! How much is seven times eight? Well, some day when prudence might have saved a critical situation you will remember the opportunities for studying prudence that were once at hand.

To strong natures it seems as if this sinking-in process would require aeons for accomplishment; and this idea alone would lend spurs to the heels of the thorough scholar in life, the determined rider-at-arms who sallies forth with a definite idea of where he is going and what he is to attain.

The average person is endowed from birth with at least one virtue. Surely our own particularly-appointed fairy godmother had the responsibility of fastening upon our baby brows that one pure gem, Hope, the indestructible, the everlasting.

We may lack all the other positive six virtues; we may be living in a fool's dream of virtue, imagining brilliance in the disordered heaps of our negative tawdry goodnesses; but our one living, light-radiating jewel of Hope shines on. Perhaps it is an heirloom, this Hope, of glorious kingly lives wherein all the virtues were ours; when we *were* these positive qualities; when we embodied, expressed them. Hope is often pictured as a star; and it *is* a star. Beaming eternally upon our inner lives, it points out to us the way to go. Facing its clear and steady shining, we must get courage from somewhere to push through the veil of our negative virtues towards the full light of perfect Faith and Love and of all those other radiances that shall lead us to our hereditary mansions.



18. The Universe, including the visible and the invisible, the essential nature of which is compounded of purity, action, and rest, and which consists of the elements and the organs of action, exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation.

20. The soul is the Perceiver; is assuredly vision itself pure and simple; unmodified; and looks directly upon ideas. — *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*