

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“THE evil-doer suffers in this world, and he suffers in the next; he suffers in both. He suffers when he thinks of the evil he has done; he suffers more when going on the evil path. (17)

“The virtuous man is happy in this world, and he is happy in the next; he is happy in both. He is happy when he thinks of the good he has done; he is still more happy when going on the good path.” (18)

—*Dhammapada*, i. Translated by Max Müller

I WILL BE JUST: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

JUSTICE is a word very often in our mouths, but we are apt to take a one-sided view of it. It is common for people to say that they love justice; it is common for them to demand justice; it is common for them to inveigh against what they deem the injustice of fate or providence. But in the great majority of these cases they are thinking only of recompense for merit; whereas justice includes also recompense for demerit. People do not often complain because they are getting more than they deserve; they do not clamor for retribution for their sins; and, if ever they are ready to see the retributive side of justice exacted, it is usually against others rather than against themselves. Yet justice, in its true sense, includes retribution as well as reward.

This is one reason for rebellion against the powers that rule the universe: we over-estimate our merits, and are too blind to our demerits, and so we misjudge the great assessors accordingly. Shakespeare, in *The Merchant of Venice*, expresses this finely in Portia's speech, where she says that if Divine justice were not tempered with mercy, we should all fare very badly.

Another reason for our failure to see the justice of Providence is that we take too short and narrow a view of the vast and intricate skein of causes and effects which Providence has to administer. Bulwer Lytton, in a passage in *The Last of the Barons*, says that, as his story is from actual history, he cannot treat his characters on the principles of 'poetical

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justice'; a kind of justice which, he says, does not exist, either in history or in the ancient Greek drama; for

“Millions upon millions, ages upon ages, are entered but as items in the vast account in which the recording angel sums up the unerring justice of God to man.”

And a knowledge of the great truth of Reincarnation is necessary to complete the thought.

If we invoke the law of justice, we ought to be willing to accept both sides of the balance — the debit as well as the credit. It is unjust to reward a person who does not deserve it. If we suppose the existence of a Being who administers perfect justice, we should have to expect that that Being would take due account of all our shortcomings. And such a Being would be likely to win more ingratitude than thanks for his services to shortsighted humanity, ever alive to their merits (real or imaginary), but strangely forgetful of their faults. A cynic might say that it is impossible to benefit people and win their gratitude at one and the same time; but that is taking too hard a view of human nature. The lower nature of man might answer this description, but men are compact of the Higher and the lower, and the wisdom of the Heart may oftentimes rebuke the sophisms of the emotion-ruled mind. Yet it is true that one who obeys the Higher Law must often offend the lower laws — the laws of our unruly lower nature; and a real Teacher will incur ingratitude; but, though he has a heart and can feel it, he will not be swerved from his purpose of serving the great Law of Justice, Mercy, and Divine Harmony.

Theosophists recognise the existence of a universal Law of justice, called Karma, which requites every man according to his deserts. An intellectual acceptance of this Law is good, if it be considered as preliminary to a more serious acceptance. It is to be hoped that those who take this first step will proceed to the second, but let us pause and think what it entails.

We invoke the great Law of justice, throwing ourselves upon it, and declaring ourselves willing to stand by its unerring decisions. But have we remembered that this Law is not like any human judge or tribunal, judging by appearances and frail testimony, but an all-seeing and infallible Law, that cannot be deceived by any hypocrisy, however deep, but will judge us by what we *are*, not by what we seem to others or to ourselves? Are we really ready to be weighed in the balances, judged according to our record in the Book of Life, taken at our true valuation instead of at our face-value?

Even when arraigned before the tribunal of exact and impartial science, an apparently strong and healthy man may be convicted of radical

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weaknesses sufficient to disqualify him for an enterprise of strength and endurance. The machines test his real strength and ignore any forced and temporary development; the doctors probe his vital organs, regardless of his roseate bloom. A man who subjects himself to the searchlight of Justice incurs just such a drastic test; the tinsel is peeled off and he stands bare; moral stamina alone counts, and moral fatness is reckoned as deadweight. His own valuation will not be accepted on faith but tested; his exact worth and weight will be found.*

Yet it is the man himself who is the judge; he it was, and none other, who arraigned him before the tribunal of Justice; so he cannot assume a complaining or critical attitude towards any assessor, unless he wants to criticize himself. He has asked to have his account squared with the great Assessor, and is unwilling to sail any longer under false colors. He has constituted himself the arbiter of his destiny.

A man who refuses stimulants and artificial aids brings out his constitutional strength; and, though at first he will find himself weaker, he will soon acquire real strength. This is often seen when people submit to a hygienic discipline, such as change of climate or drill or new rules of health. Patience is required to avoid impatience and despondency due to the temporary loss of vigor. And so with the corresponding moral treatment. A man who has been swimming by the aid of an instructor who walks along the edge of the tank and supports him with a kind of fishing-rod, begins to have trouble when the instructor lets go. He is thrown on his own resources.

The events of life test us, in response to our own behest — the behest of that real Self within, whose aid we invoke when we have a heartfelt aspiration for what is just and right. It is very helpful to think that the power which rules our destiny is our own Higher Self, acting under the universal Law of Justice; for by such a thought we at once rise from the level of an unwilling recipient of the dispensations of an inscrutable providence or fate, to the level of a responsible being, acquiescent in a destiny which he feels intuitively to be just and beneficent.

Rightly viewed, retribution becomes opportunity; for the obstacles which we have created in our own path are the very means best calculated to develop our strength by overcoming them. The notion of reward and punishment belongs to a state of affairs where the personal feelings of people are played upon; it relates to the policy pursued by those who influence people through their hopes and fears. But need we allow this notion to color our ideas of universal justice and the law of Karma?

*“When veracity *is* complete, he is the receptacle of the fruit of works.”— Patañjali, *Yoga Aphorisms*, II, 36

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What should we think of an explorer who should kneel down and thank heaven every time he found good camping-ground, and curse the stars whenever he encountered an obstacle? We should consider him a very pious and emotional explorer. We might attribute such conduct to an explorer who had forgotten all about the object with which he set out on the expedition and who was therefore living entirely in the sensations of the moment. But, if he kept before his mind the object of his expedition, he would realize that the difficulties and the blessings that beset his path were equally incidents that he had brought upon himself by his own choice, and he would not import any needless emotion into the business but would take a practical view of it. And so with life. We do not have to destroy our emotions — they have their uses; but we can at least decline to be blinded by them.

Justice in the moral world corresponds to equilibrium in the physical: we speak of a 'just balance,' referring equally to the literal and the figurative sense of the words. But when justice is administered by an individual, then we are prone to allow personal feelings to intervene, and to suspect that individual of partiality or error. An honest self-examination will suffice to show us whether it is ourself or the individual who is wrong. This shows that it is our own honesty that is the final test after all; in other words, it is within our own heart that we must seek justice. A lover of justice will not tolerate duplicity in his own heart, and he will therefore set to work to rectify matters there; and perhaps he may find that, after doing that, there is not much else left to do.

This personal examination requires sincerity and candor, and the man who makes it must be prepared to sacrifice pride, should he find that sentiment standing in his way. But how frequently do we find that he is unable to do this! Impressed perhaps with an inveterate conviction that he cannot by any possibility be in the wrong, yet under the necessity of finding some explanation for his experiences, he finds no alternative but to fix the blame elsewhere and to attribute injustice to somebody else. An instance that will be familiar to all who have been members of a society is the case of the individual who, finding himself unwilling or unable to continue his affiliation, and aware that his desertion is really due to his own shortcomings, is nevertheless unable to face this fact, and therefore tries to fix the blame elsewhere. He has determined to accomplish his object, and yet to save his face; and he begins a process, that will perhaps take him a long time, of searching for a peg whereon to hang a grievance. The real reason for his defalcation is known to his secret heart; in some cases he may even admit it to himself; and then he is a full-blown hypocrite. But more often he refuses to admit, even to himself, what he knows in his heart; and he begins a work of self-

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hypnotization. He keeps telling himself that he is not to blame, but is an injured party, and at last he believes it. An ostensible reason, creditable to himself, discreditable to someone else, is found for his defalcation; and, fully persuaded by this time that he is a victim, he goes off with his grievance and sinks deeper into the mire of delusion. For want of courage or sincerity to face a candid self-examination, he has violated the principles of justice; he has put pride before truth, and has therefore achieved delusion instead of wisdom.

People are cynical and pessimistic about the value of logic as a means of eliciting truth; but how often do they give logic a fair chance? Listen to two people arguing, and how often (if *ever*) do you find either of them arguing for the purpose of eliciting the truth? Is not each man trying to force his own opinion, and will not even the most worthy and respectable people shift their ground, if they can, and resort to any possible trick to win a fictitious victory and save their face? Then how can we expect that the goddess Truth will, or could if she would, respond to such tactics? People who resort to those tactics are not likely to discover anything but error, and they do not mend the case for justice by blaming logic instead of themselves. But the corollary to this proposition is that the sincere man will find the truth -- as surely as a clear eye will see what is before it. Hence *justice is the key to knowledge*; the reason I do not know what I would like to know, may be merely because I am not sufficiently loyal to the truth.


Justice can be considered as a pious or religious obligation, or as a social duty; here we have considered it as a state of harmony and rectitude in the soul. Thus it may be pursued as we pursue health and happiness — in obedience to an urge and a hunger. It is one aspect of that undefinable Good to which we all aspire. Its worship will bring knowledge and wisdom. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”



INQUISITION INTO MAGIC UNDER VALENTINIAN AND VALENS

“THIS infamous inquisition into sorcery and witchcraft has been of greater influence on human affairs than is commonly supposed. The persecution against philosophers and their libraries was carried on with so much fury that from this time (A. D. 374) the names of the Gentile philosophers became almost extinct; and the Christian philosophy and religion, particularly in the East, established their ascendancy. . . . Besides vast heaps of manuscripts publicly destroyed throughout the East, men of letters burned their whole libraries lest some fatal volume should expose them to the malice of the informers and the extreme penalty of the law. Ammianus Marcellinus, xxix, 2,” — *Milman's note on Gibbon*, xxv.

ZEN IN JAPAN: by **E. S. Stephenson**, Professor in the Imperial Naval Engineering College, Yokosuka, Japan.

HE method of meditation known as *dhyāna* was introduced into China by Bodhidharma from India at the invitation of the enlightened Emperor Wu. In China it became *Zenna* (according to the Japanese reading of the Chinese characters) and in Japan it has been contracted to *Zen*, as it is now commonly called, and is written with one expressive Chinese ideograph. In its application to daily life and conduct it is called *Zen-do*, which is also the title of the principal magazine dealing with the subject. 'Do' is the same as the Chinese 'Tau,' meaning 'Path' — hence *Zen-do* means literally 'The Path of Zen.'

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between *Zen* itself and the *Zen* sect or school of Mahāyānā Buddhism. Neither has any dogmas or fixed teachings of any kind, as such would be contrary to the essential principles of *Zen*; but many books have been written on the subject by Japanese, especially in recent years. These, however, deal mainly with the accumulated traditions of many centuries, anecdotes about famous *Zen* priests and their methods, and the things by which *Zen* in Japan has become enriched — or encumbered, as the case may be regarded.

To Western people, accustomed to religious dogmas and authoritative teachings, it may seem strange that such a school as *Zen* should exist and thrive; but it is just the absence of these things together with the innate vitality and naturalness of *Zen* that constitute its strength.

The object of *Zen* teachers is not to instruct by verbal teachings but to arouse the internal perception and power of concentration of the student. Like Rāja-Yoga the aim is to give a balance of the faculties and to enable one to find Truth within. As an objective example of *Zen* methods the story is told that once when a great crowd assembled to hear the teachings of Buddha, the Master simply held up a lotus blossom before them without speaking a word. Amidst the puzzled faces one was lit up with a smile of recognition which showed that the silent lesson of the lotus was understood. This interior perception without verbal explanations was what the Master desired; and the story has always been used as a model by teachers of *Zen*. In Chinese and Japanese the whole story is graphically summed up in four expressive ideographs; *nen* (present, or hold up) *ge* (lotus) *bi* (small) *sho* (smile), four insignificant syllables when written in this way; but striking and impressive when written in the Chinese ideographs. This is taken as the title of a book on *Zen* by Shaku Soen, a well-known authority and writer on the subject. He points out that *Zen* is not limited to Buddhism by any means. "*Zen*

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is heart," he says; for "in the heart the answer to all the great problems must be found."

One of the first injunctions given to the pupil by *Zen* teachers is: "Away with your idle thoughts!" As an aid to concentration certain *koan* (questions or seeds of meditation) are given to the pupil, and he is expected to find the answer in himself. He is given ample time for this, but when he comes back with a carefully reasoned answer and proceeds to explain it to the teacher, he finds that "brain-mind" stuff of that kind is not what is wanted at all.

The pupil must learn to free himself from *shujaku* (attachment to objects of sense), and get back to *hon shin* (literally the 'real heart'). For with Confucius and the Taoists, *Zen* teachers hold that the 'real' heart is good. The objects to be attained are expressed in Japanese as *gedatsu* (freedom from attachment) and *satori* (enlightenment). This is of course relative, and it is not merely for priests and saints but for farmers, workmen, and people of every class, that they may come to understand the right relations of things, and their true position in the great world life.

Steadiness and poise result from this training and great has been its influence here in every walk of life. It is said that a Japanese officer trained in *Zen* can be as calm and collected on the battlefield as if he were in his own home.

In art also this influence has been great: as a very discerning and well-informed writer on this subject says:

"To the *Zen* votaries the contemplation of the life of nature was, above all, an effort towards the realization of one's self. They too, contemning book-lore, held, like Wordsworth, that 'one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of *man* than all the sages.' By passing out into the non-human world, the life of trees and flowers and animals, man could get rid of his devouring egotism, his belittling self-aggrandizement, realize his true place in the universe and be braced thereby and fortified. For the *Zen* sages . . . the contemplation of nature was no sentimental indulgence but an invigorating discipline."

For people living so near to nature and free from dogmatic theology, it needed but a touch sometimes to adjust them to the right relation with the soul of things — the divine everywhere present for those whose eyes are open to its beauties:

"This is its touch upon the blossomed rose:
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves
In dark soil, and the silence of the seeds,
The robe of spring it weaves.

"This is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train.
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

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“It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than what had been.
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.”

“Countless numbers of the common people have entered the Path by these gates,” says another Japanese writer on *Zen*. The sight of plum blossoms in the early spring; the maple leaves in autumn; or the sound of the temple bell — that deep, throbbing tone that murmurs through the silent hills like a mystic word — a tone that “stirs the ghost in a man” as Lafcadio Hearn says — these simple things have served to give an awakening touch. It is this loving contact with nature and a life in harmony with it that earns the benediction of those “Wistful hands.” This the *Zen* teachers insist upon: right performance of duty and a life in harmony with the Law, if the peace and happiness of this interior life are to endure. And this peace and happiness are open to all.



“MUSIC is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul. The world has a wrong conception of the ideal in music, and not until it has rectified this conception can it perceive that the true harmony of music can never proceed from one who has not that true harmony within himself. We find, therefore, that in all the musical life at Lomaland, the money consideration is entirely absent, and that personal vanity cannot enter at all. There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the other; and only that deserves the name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. Music is a part of the daily life at Lomaland, not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated time and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the activities.” — *Katherine Tingley*

“THE soul-power which is called forth by a harmony well delivered and well received, does not die away with the conclusion of the piece. It has elicited a response from within the nature, the whole being has been keyed to a higher pitch of activity, and even the smallest of the daily duties, those which are usually called menial, will be performed in a different way, upon a higher plane, as a result. There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed. A knowledge of the laws of life can be neither profound nor wide which thus neglects one of the most effective of all forces.” — *Katherine Tingley*

MATERIALISM: by T. Henry, M. A.



AN article on the question, 'What is Materialism?', which we clip from a newspaper, shows that the word is used in so many different senses, and so vaguely, as to lead to endless and unprofitable dispute. Many authorities are quoted, and among them John Fiske, who says:

"Those persons are popularly called materialists who allow their actions to be guided by the desires of the moment, without reference to any such rule of right living as is termed 'a high ideal of life.' Persons who worship nothing but worldly success, who care for nothing but wealth and fashionable display or personal celebrity or sensual gratification, are thus loosely called materialists."

And he objects strongly to this loose usage of the word, because it implies a slur upon many philosophical materialists whose character does not at all fit the description.

Materialism is generally contrasted with idealism, and one authority goes so far as to say that the difference between the two reduces itself to a war of words. Both are monistic systems, or attempts to derive the universe from a single root; and, as neither matter nor idea are definable, except in terms that carry us back to fundamental hypostases, there really does not seem to be much difference between the two. H. P. Blavatsky couples them together, as when she says:

"We prefer the charge of folly in believing too much, to that of a madness which denies everything, as do Materialism and Idealism."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 520

And where she speaks of

"Modern 'Psychologists,' so-called, whose *idealism* is another name for uncompromising materialism."— I, 620, footnote.

The vagueness of the word 'matter' enables materialists to play hide and seek with critics. For argumentative purposes they may define it as the fundamental substance of the universe, thus endowing it with the attributes of deity; while for practical purposes they may define it as "that which can be handled and weighed," or "that which can be perceived by the bodily senses."

Modern science is called materialistic on account of this latter limitation. When Tyndall said that he saw in matter the promise and potency of every form or quality of life, he meant the ordinary physical matter with which physicists deal. Evolutionary theories are called materialistic when they try to represent man as derived from the lower kingdoms by the self-evolution of matter; and when they deny the operation of any other than material forces in the process. A materialist is one who believes that there can be no thought apart from brain, and no survival of consciousness after the death of the body. This is the popular view

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of materialism, and the correct view in general, despite the fact that people can be named who have called themselves materialists and who yet believe in immortality and God.

Theosophists are prone to judge the question ethically rather than philosophically, and to weigh materialism by its results. Any philosophy or science which has the effect of discouraging man's belief in his spiritual nature, and of concentrating his attention and desires on the physical life, is materialistic. The materialistic attitude is that of the man who sets more store by worldly things than by high ideals of conduct and high aspirations. Religion may be very materialistic, in spite of its dogmas about God and the soul; and conversely a professed sceptic may be the reverse of materialistic in his attitude towards life.

Materialism as a religion worships force and wealth, and denies the efficacy of the higher sentiments. Perhaps it might be better to avoid mistakes by substituting the word 'animalism' for materialism. Animalism, then, accentuates the animal nature of man and regards those propensities which man shares with the animals as being the dominant forces in his life. It denies his divine origin and nature, and scoffs at the idea of unselfish motives. H. P. Blavatsky considered that modern science was not by any means helping to stem the tide of materialism; and that, whether as promoter or unwitting accomplice, it stood in need of severe criticism, which she administers.

If a Theosophist should say: "I believe that, by thinking noble thoughts and molding my conduct to high ideals of duty, I can actually throw out a force which will influence other people for good and thus help to overcome evils"; and if then a man claiming to speak for science should reply: "I will not believe in this force of yours unless you can demonstrate it to me by laboratory methods, and publish it in such a way that any man can repeat the experiment for himself"; — would this latter speaker be a scientific materialist? And if he did his best to make the world accept this view of the matter, and wrote books urging people not to believe in anything that could not be thus demonstrated, should we be justified in convicting him of materialism?

And here we come upon the game of hide and seek again; for the man of science may *say* that his studies are limited to those things which can be experimentally repeated by any other man; and yet in actual practice he may be striving to limit all knowledge to that category. He may be a *denier*, a man who declares that there *is* nothing beyond what can be so demonstrated. Science may limit the field of its studies to things which can be experimentally verified by laboratory methods, but has no right to deny the existence of other things. If it does, it becomes a dogmatism and a bigotry. But we find people claiming to speak for science, and

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ready to shift their ground from one attitude to the other as suits the immediate convenience; now disavowing, now asserting, a dogmatic attitude.

A scientist true to professed principle, if confronted with the doctrine of Reincarnation (for instance), might say that it lay outside his province, because it cannot be demonstrated by the rules of scientific procedure. But he must not say that Reincarnation is nonsense.

Materialistic views as to the purpose and method of education; as to the real meaning and object of the marital relation; as to the nature of art and music; as to the best policy in government or economics; as to medicine, alimentation, etc. — all these have prevailed to a dangerous extent, and their prevalence constitutes materialism. The question arises as to what function scientific and philosophic views have performed in the process. This question is solved *practically* (as questions usually are) by Theosophy, in its policy of proclaiming higher and broader ideals; for whatever theory we may hold, it is evident that the situation demands such a policy. The danger of materialistic sciences and philosophies is recognised in practice, and countered in practice. Theosophists do believe that the promulgation of Theosophy will stem the tide of materialism; they do believe it is important to counteract the effect of materialistic teachings. Paradoxically enough, materialists recognise the value of the individual and the idea in their propaganda, so Theosophists are merely using the same weapons.

Theosophy is working to impress upon mankind a nobler idea of man; and Theosophists would define materialism as anything which tends to degrade man in his own estimation. Theosophy strives to give man a nobler happier idea of life, and materialism can be described as that which tends to make man regard life as a drifting in the tide of blind forces and resistless desires. Theosophy exalts the individual, and materialism exalts the circumstance; Theosophy sees intelligence where materialism descries only blind force.

It is sufficiently clear for practical purposes what is understood by materialism from the Theosophical viewpoint. It is futile to make such a point out of not being able to define a thing; the simplest and most familiar notions may be the most difficult to define.

It sounds like a paradox to say that materialists are superstitious. Yet, as they have so strictly limited the possibilities of nature, when convinced beyond denial that something has happened that cannot be explained by their philosophy, they are driven to the expedient of the supernatural. They believe in miracles. Or, having limited the possibilities of man, they resort to a belief in some kind of superman. Again, the body and its life being all in all to them, the soul and any higher

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faculty becomes reduced to a mere inspiration from a superior being. The intellectual habit of materialism often survives the formal rejection of the doctrine. And there is a materialism of the heart, felt by people who profess and perhaps honestly persuade themselves that they have embraced noble and unselfish ideals; but who, under the stress of trial, find that their aspirations are not strong enough or genuine enough to carry them through. Materialism is of the earth, earthy; and perhaps no better definition of it could be given than to say that it is the downward gravitation in man — the attraction towards his animal nature — however manifested, whether in philosophy, sentiment, or conduct.

Against the dread chill of materialism, both the individual and society must eventually react, by force of the light of life within them. Has not such a reaction already taken place in the world? The individual, pining and suffocating in a prison of materialism, amid doubts and fears and the disillusionment arising from misplaced affections, calls aloud in the silence upon “whatever gods may be” to deliver him and bless his life once more with the light and the glow. This is his salvation, and that of society must be similar. Society calls for nobler ideals and a vital philosophy; Theosophy answers: The Soul knows not defeat, and can rise again from any tomb. Man calls upon his own Soul to rescue him from the tomb in which his doubts and wayward desires have buried him.

That call will not be made in vain; for Helpers stand ever ready to respond. The Souls of the great and good, who departed from our sight in the full tide of their high aspirations, still live as mighty powers for help. And the Souls of those yet living have power to reach through viewless aethers in fellowship with those whose aspirations are akin to their own. Materialists perhaps do not believe that such influences exist; and we are not prepared to demonstrate them. But there comes a time when our need for belief is so great that we do not stop to philosophize, but make the experiment for ourselves.

Enough has now been said to show that we are not much interested in the precise definition of philosophical materialism; but that, for practical purposes, we regard materialism as whatever tends to chain man down, mentally or morally, to the lower side of his nature.



“MATTER itself is a perfectly uncertain substance, continually affected by change. The most absolute and universal laws of natural and physical life, as understood by the scientist, will pass away when the life of this universe has passed away, and only its soul is left in the silence.”— *Light on the Path*

TALKS ON THEOSOPHY: by Herbert Crooke (London, Eng.)

II — THEOSOPHY AND RELIGION

ANOTHER day I met my friend in his comfortable home not far from the sea-shore. He had been busy in his garden till sundown, and now we chatted together in his library. I told him how I had thought much about our last talk a week ago, and of the new ideas that it had opened up for me. I had always been religiously inclined and had attended the services and participated in the usual routine of an active church-member's life, with its Sunday-school, Bible and other classes. Without being troubled at the possible effect Theosophy might have upon my religious views, I was a little curious to know whether it would clash with them in any way. So I reminded my friend of his reference to the teachings of Buddha, and said:

"Surely the Indian school of religious thought must be very different from that of ordinary Christian teaching, or else why should there have been so much effort and expense in missionary work?"

"Yes," he replied, "there is undoubtedly a difference, but that may be due to the different environments in which these religions have been cradled. The one dates back at least five hundred years before the other, and the conditions of family and social life at such periods were very different. Each, however, is the outcome of some form of religion that preceded it, and neither was flashed upon the world like a bright luminary which was to shut out all other lights. We are too apt to think that what is the commonly-accepted teaching of our day is inherently superior to and far removed from anything that preceded it. A study of comparative religions will show us this is not the case, though it will not reveal to us the source of our own or any other religion. Theosophy, on the contrary, does lift the veil of the dim and distant past and points to the unerring evidences of a continuous and constant source of enlightenment which has influenced mankind from the earliest ages."

"But how can this be," I said, "since Theosophy is a teaching of but yesterday?"

"Nay, there you are mistaken," said my friend, "for Theosophy is very, very old; even its name has come down to us from a school of teaching which was active over two thousand years ago. And as for its philosophy, its doctrines, these can be shown to have been professed and acted upon as far back as the times of ancient Egypt, whose monuments are today the wonder of our archaeologists, and even those probably more ancient ones of Central and South America. Theosophy claims that all the great religions have sprung from one common source of knowledge, and that in each of them parallels can be found to support this contention."

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“Well,” I rejoined, “it would be too big a task for us now to hunt up the authorities for such a statement. Can you at least show me how Theosophy stands in regard to what is called the revealed Christian religion?”

“Let us see,” said he. “First, what are the elements of the Christian religion? Are they not briefly expressed in the words: ‘The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man’?”

“Yes,” I replied, “that is a comprehensive statement, if not sufficient to describe its details.”

“But,” he continued, “Mohammedanism says the same thing, so also Buddhism, and even the elaborate doctrines of Brâhmanism are not to be excluded. Is it not a fact, however, that in spite of some such common factor in the doctrine of the various sects of even the Christian faith, there are divisions and apparently irreconcilable antagonisms due to other elements of belief which have to do with the condition of the believer and the non-believer, heaven and hell, the priesthood and the laity, the church and the congregation, and the several ranks of officials with their respective power to give or withhold spiritual consolation from their followers?”

“Ah! yes,” I said, “there is much division in Christendom, but that is surely the fault of the people, not of the Christian teaching.”

“So we are told,” said my friend, “but when we look for some definite doctrine or school in which the truths may be taught and demonstrated in actual practical life so that unity of purpose and harmony in practice may be attained, we seek in vain. Paul wrote of the body, soul, and spirit, but the modern theologian makes little or no distinction between soul and spirit. The terms for him are synonymous and are used interchangeably. Then as to the meaning of sacrifices, the old idea of offering of lambs and first-fruits having a definite symbolical meaning is relegated to an old dispensation as typical of the offering supposed to have been made by Jesus on the cross, as ‘the lamb of God,’ since which sacrifice, none other is said to be needed. But this teaching is vague and meaningless and many learned scholars are not content to accept the old teaching that man was born ‘in trespasses and sin’ or that a child who may die unbaptized shall be denied the solemn privileges of a Christian burial, being regarded, forsooth, as damned — a lost soul. The idea of Deity condemning mankind in its unregenerate state to an everlasting torment is abhorrent to all sense of even human justice, not to say that of a divine all-gracious world-loving Father. The absurd contradictions of the modern religionist’s doctrines are becoming more and more unsatisfactory as men contemplate the idea of universal justice and an unalterable Law of Harmony, a divine condition of order, operative alike on the ‘just and the unjust.’”

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“True, there is much unrest among the advocates of religion, and an uncertainty of vision and doctrine in the religious bodies, but in what way can Theosophy remedy this? What has Theosophy to say of man’s origin and destiny?”

My friend was silent for a few moments, as if anxious to formulate his ideas in such a way as to enable me to grasp them. At last he said:

“It seems to me that the Divine Law must be equally operative in all the kingdoms of nature, and the events in any kingdom will be found to have their due correspondences in those of any other kingdom.

“Now there is one constant source of evidence we can use to help us in our researches. There is a law of periodicity operative in nature, the effects of which are continually before us. The alternations of waking and sleeping states, day and night, winter and summer, life and death, are the experiences of everybody. Also certain times of sowing and reaping, illustrative of cause and effect, the seed and the fruit — all set forth with remarkable clearness, even in Biblical writings, as un-failing lessons for mankind. Theosophy holds that there is no such thing as chance in the universe, every effect we may observe having its precedent cause. Given any effect and, with a knowledge of the law operating, the cause can be traced back with absolute certainty. The New Testament shows Jesus as asking in derision if men gather figs of thistles — the answer being obvious. As in the physical world so it is in the mental. A man’s life is the outcome of his former desires and aspirations. If in any one life there is no evidence of a cause for the sane or insane acts which now characterize it, search must be made for the cause in the acts and aims of that man’s preceding life, for ‘Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap’ is an absolutely correct statement of the operation of this law.”

“But do not the teachings of Jesus suggest to us the ideas of mercy, forgiveness, and salvation? There does not seem much prospect of these conditions arising in a system of strict law such as you have described.”

“These terms are utterly misapplied in modern religious systems. They convey the notion that a superior power will not visit upon a transgressor the results of the law he has broken, that the sinner shall be freed by the fiat of this great one from the effects of his sin, and that freedom and purity shall be established apart from any power or effort on the part of the slave or degraded one to correct his habits or rid himself of his vice. This notion, according to modern religious ideas, is clearly indicated by what are called death-bed repentances. Theosophy, on the other hand, holds that mercy is rather compassion, such as the wise man exercises in his effort to communicate his wisdom to a more ignorant fellow-being. For forgiveness it substitutes *adjustment* whereby the wrongdoer, per-

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ceiving his erroneous course, exercises his own divine power to correct it and thus gradually becomes at one in harmony with the law and 'works out his own salvation.' For salvation (by the merits of another) it predicts that ultimate attainment to a true knowledge of man's own inherent divinity which is the heritage of every 'son of God' upon earth, the fight for which can be commenced at any time he wills."

"You speak of man's inherent divine power"; I said: "Is not this a new conception of man's make-up? It is certainly not a part of the ordinary church creeds."

"No," replied he, "but in that the churches differ from the teachings of Jesus. Theosophy holds that man is a composite of seven principles, or rather that he is a spiritual being, a soul, enveloped in conditions which limit his understanding until he has mastered them and which it is his business to modify. These seven principles correspond with other septenates in nature such as the seven sounds of the musical scale, the seven rays of the one white light. Briefly they may be described as (1) the material body, (2) its inner model, (3) its life principle, (4) the animal, passionate nature, (5) the mentality or reasoning faculty, (6) the spiritual or discriminative faculty, and (7) the inherent spiritual nature. The last gives quality and power in all conditions, being the foundation, as it were, of man's self-conscious nature. When the harmonious adjustment of all these several principles is attained, then we have a man developed into something godlike in character. The process of adjustment is really the cause of all the varied characters we see in human life. Now one condition prevails, now another, and man is carried away by his own desires and powers without knowing their nature."

"But," I said, "are you not subdividing unnecessarily — making seven of what are but three or at most four principles? Paul specifies three, the body, soul, and spirit — in what does his classification differ from yours? His idea of body surely includes the passions, etc., for he speaks of the body of this flesh with all its carnal tendencies. Then his soul must include what you call mind or intelligence. Though I am not clear what he means by spirit apart from soul."

"The Theosophical septenary in no sense contradicts Paul's trinity but is a fuller elaboration of what must have been his real teaching. It also explains the dual nature of man — body and spirit — which Paul calls Adam, the man of earth, and the new man, the Lord from heaven. It is easy to see on reflexion that Paul had the septenary system clearly in mind, for he speaks of consciousness which may function 'in the body or out of the body.' The body then is only an outer envelope. Its composition is flesh, as there is the flesh of beasts and other creatures; clearly one principle. Then there is that ethereal body in which the

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consciousness would be when 'out of the body,' a second principle. Then coursing through the body there is the life principle, which was 'breathed into man' — the third principle. The fourth has been called the animal soul, the seat of those passions and desires to which Paul refers when he tells us of the carnal mind 'which is enmity against God.' The fifth has been called the human soul, which according to one of the early church fathers oscillates between the animal tendencies and the spiritual. To these as a distinct principle may be added the spiritual soul or that power of understanding and creating those fine concepts as in music and the fine arts, and all those moral precepts which center around altruism as opposed to selfishness."

"Grant all these more or less scientific principles or departments of being which go to make up your septenary man," said I, "where does Theosophy lead us in grappling with the problems of life or the 'whole duty of man?'"

"Ah!" said my friend, "now you have expressed in few words the fundamental idea of all religion. A teacher of wisdom in a very ancient past declared: 'That only which is a realization through the soul of the known and the knower is esteemed by me as wisdom.' Here surely is the great path to freedom, along which the devoted pilgrim may go, acquiring essential knowledge every day of his life, and through many lives, until one day he shall stand at the apex of this knowledge, when he will no longer be involved in a round of activities which constantly alternate between pleasure and pain, life and death, and all those antagonisms of what are called the opposites in earth-life.

"This truly desirable consummation," he continued, "is very powerfully portrayed by Sir Edwin Arnold in those exultant words he puts into the mouth of the Enlightened One:

'Many a House of life
Hath held me — seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!

'But now
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle — Thou!
I know Thee! Never shalt Thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken the house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence — deliverance to obtain.'

"The knowledge of oneself in relation to lesser nature, on the one hand, and on the other hand to that stupendously greater Self, the Supreme

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Spirit of the universe — so vaguely called God, Allâh, Brahma, Ahura, the Father in secret, the Divine within each one of us — this is truly the purpose of all religion, of whatever race and time and place. It is this knowledge of ourselves which is the object of Theosophy.”

“GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD, CONSIDER HIS WAYS AND BE WISE”: by R. Machell



HAT is a very old admonition, and one that has not been seriously considered by many who believe that they have assimilated the advice contained in it.

Usually, I suppose, it is taken to mean that the ant is such an excellent illustration of industry, and consequently of wisdom, that a man must necessarily become more virtuous by the mere consideration of his ways and that his wisdom will thereby be increased.

But if one does go to the ant, which is an easy matter if one does not try to enter his abode, and if one considers his ways, which is certainly an entertaining occupation, one will be amazed at the extraordinary lack of efficiency and waste of energy displayed by these industrious workers.

One calls their restless activity *work*, supposing that it is all purposive and effective; but observation seems to refute this supposition.

I have seen these indefatigable operators travel back and forth and round about in various directions, as if diligently searching for something. Finally one of them will seize upon some large object, that he and the rest had passed by and over many times before, and taking hold of it by his head-end he will pull backwards laboriously, changing the direction of his journey as circumstances may determine. The others continue to ignore him and his prize until some one of them seems to be struck with an idea and attaches himself by his front-end to the object, but not with any intention of co-operating in the labor of his fellow, nor in opposition, but simply, as it were, obeying a similar impulse to take hold and pull backwards, in whatever direction his tail-end happens to point.

If the two happen to be holding on in the same direction the journey continues until one of the two decides to get a new grip. Then he proceeds to pull as energetically as before in whatever direction he may find himself, always pulling backwards. If his pull is just exactly opposite to the other fellow's then the object stops. Then perhaps a third and a fourth lay hold, each one acting in the same manner, with admirable singleness of purpose and utter disregard of consequences. The result

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is observed to be that the object will travel in a manner that illustrates the scientific law of the resolution of forces, the direction and rate of progress being the result of the balancing of these various forces.

After some considerable expenditure of force in this manner and some devious wanderings of the prize which is the object of their industrious attention, they seem to lose interest in that occupation; and, abandoning their treasure, to recommence their search, if it be a search, with undiminished energy.

You may observe that the ants seem to be always active and always energetic; hustlers, in fact.

Returning to the abandoned prize the observer may find that it has attracted the attention of some other industrious searcher, who also has passed the said object many times before recognising its value. Then the whole performance begins again and the object travels for a time in some other direction, to be later abandoned as before. This kind of thing goes on for hours and there is never any relaxation of activity or mitigation of industry.

Occasionally a worker seems to succeed in striking the direction of the hole, by which the cave is entered, and he disappears with his treasure. But of all the extravagant displays of apparently wasted energy, mis-directed effort, ineffectual exertion, and lack of co-operation, that I have witnessed, the ways of the ant are the most remarkable.

All of which is, of course, an evidence of man's lack of wisdom. It would seem that his mode of observation must be defective, or his intelligence unsuited to the task; for a consideration of the ways of the ant, so far, would hardly seem calculated to excite his admiration for these inefficient hustlers. Perhaps that is the lesson he was to learn. Perhaps the folly of hustling had been discovered in the old days when that proverb was new.

I remember an old workman replying to an impatient superintendent, who had reproached him for not hustling, with the quiet retort: “There's no time for hustling when there's work to be done.”

Now that sounds like human common sense, but evidently it would be nonsense to an ant. And here comes in the chance to extract wisdom from the consideration of the ways of these remarkably organized creatures. There is apparently a different mode of consciousness operative in men and ants; and unless a man can think as an ant thinks (if it does think), feel as an ant feels, see as it sees, and know as it knows, and can remember these experiences on returning to his normal human condition of mind, he will not be able to know the purposes that guide these creatures, or to judge of the efficiency of their labor.

So it may be that before we are able to go to the ant and consider

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his ways, we must first gain intuition, which is surely akin to wisdom.

Man's intellect usually acts on the most material plane of mind, which is in the field of reason and logic. The higher side of the intelligence is imaginative, intuitive, perceptive. That is to say, there is in man a power to put his inner consciousness into direct connexion with truth, or with facts as they are in themselves, so as to attain to what the ancients called wisdom or direct perception of the nature of things: while in his brain-mind operations he can only observe appearances, compare his observations, reason and deduce results, all based on the observation of the appearances alone.

It is probable that the ants do not reason as we reason, that they do not see as we see, that they are not individualized as we are to the point of forgetting our underlying unity of consciousness. In fact, it is probable that they are in a different line of evolution from ours.

If this is so then man ought to understand that before he can learn wisdom from the consideration of their ways, he must be able to look on the world through their eyes, and through their perceptive apparatus (not to use the word intelligence). Failing that, he cannot be rightly said to have complied with the admonition "Go to the ant." He has not gone to the ant but has remained just where he was — a man among men, looking on from his world at the operations of beings whose consciousness may be active on a different plane of mind.

From this point of view it is not so easy to go to the ant; and if we got there we might find it hard to bring back the memory of our experiences in that state. Just as it is difficult to bring back to memory the experiences of deep sleep. Most people know that on waking up they are sometimes aware of having had some interesting experience which seemed quite vivid to their mind until they opened their eyes and fully woke up. Then it was gone. Now this shows that we cannot even 'go to ourselves' and bring back the result of our consideration of the ways of that inner world, in which we spend so much of our life without gaining any wisdom that is profitable to us in the waking state.

May it not be that in that state of deep sleep the real man, freed from the limitations of his brain-mind, lives in a state of direct self-consciousness which is only intelligible to the brain-mind when translated into terms of time and space? that is to say, unrolled like a picture-film in a series of views that express continuity of action. It may be that there was no such succession of events in the inner state: it may be that our inner consciousness has a mode of operation that is not subject to time and space, as understood by the brain-mind in its waking state; and it may be that the ants are no further removed from human beings in their mental methods than the waking man is from the sleeper.

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If some one should therefore say: “Go to sleep, consider your dreams and be wise,” he might be giving good advice, but advice that would certainly prove very misleading; for the only dreams known to the untrained student are delusions and distortions of half-remembered sleep-experiences. Not until we can go to sleep consciously, and carry our consciousness through the change of state, can we profitably consider our dreams, and be wise.

If our measure of time is variable even as our moods, and if we are dependent upon the clock as umpire in the game of hide-and-seek that we call life, so are we almost equally dependent upon mechanical instruments for the establishment of a reliable measure of space. In fact one might almost say that we measure distance by time, for we do really estimate distance more by the time it takes for us to get to a place than by any abstract value that miles have as units of space.

What is a unit of space? What possible unit can there be for a man other than the size of his own body, or of its parts, or of the distance he can stretch or cover in his stride. These certainly have a definite meaning to him; but as to what size his body itself is, he has no idea. He may say it is five or six feet tall, but then what size is a foot? Oh, you say, a foot is so many inches and an inch is the length of the first joint of the thumb, and so on; but as to what size the last of these units is in terms that really mean something, he has really no idea. The world we live on may be very small or very big; all we know is that it is measurably proportionate to our body and to the time it takes us to go from one point to another. So we make maps and plans in order to check and control our personal impressions of distance, and we indicate the height of mountains and the depths of oceans in the same way by mechanical means, without which we should be unable to agree. Even as it is, men who are trained in such matters regard their personal judgment as entirely unreliable for anything like accurate measurement; and the generality of men have but the vaguest notions as to size, distance, height, or depth; and, as to direction, are dependent upon reference to the position of the sun and stars. Few have any independent sense of direction.

This is even more noticeable when we come to the way in which men of different races indicate objects and express distance and direction in space. A casual glance at the art of other races, or of men of our own race at remote periods, will make us wonder if they saw as we see.

Art critics of the past were in the habit of assuming that these differences in modes of representation were entirely due to lack of knowledge or of technical skill. But as our own knowledge of history has advanced, we have come to see that some of these earlier races were more highly educated than men of our own age, while the average of intelligence

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also was in their favor. From this it would appear probable that the difference in their manner of expressing form and distance pictorially was not due to their inferiority in intelligence, but to an actually different conception of space from that with which we are more or less familiar.

I say more or less familiar advisedly, for there are some rather remarkable differences of opinion as to the right mode of expressing form in art among men of our own day, and of our own race, who are all engaged in the study or practice of art.

Would it not be more intelligent to credit these men with sincerity in their efforts to express their own conceptions of space, of form, of light and shade, and of color, in a manner that in some way corresponds to their own peculiarity of vision, than to attribute the differences to lack of education or of intelligence?

The more advanced art critics of today are taking a broader view of such matters, it is true, but I venture to doubt if they have begun to realize how extremely personal is the usual idea of space, form, or distance, when thrown back upon itself and deprived of mechanical instruments or methods of measurement and computation.

Here again we find that space has a different meaning in dreams, in some dreams, though of course all dreams are promptly translated into terms of the waking consciousness. Yet we know how easily we pass from one place to another. Also in thought we know how capricious is our idea of distance. It is a matter of common experience that we may live in close, very close proximity to another person and yet never get near him in any real sense. And in saying this I mean that the distance between our bodies is not a real, true, or satisfying expression of the nearness of our real selves.

We may have acquired the habit of declaring that distances measurable in feet, yards, or miles, are real; and that distances which can only be felt and expressed in terms of emotion are purely imaginary; but I ask you, is not this contrary to our actual feeling and knowledge? Is the mechanical measure the real test of nearness between human souls?

Be that as it may, we certainly have experience of occasions upon which our conceptions of space have given the lie to our accepted rules of measurement, and these experiences must prove to us that even human beings may see space in an unusual way. If so, why should we imagine that other creatures do not see it in even a more widely different manner?

It is a fact that a painter sees space (that is of course objects in space) in a way that differentiates him from a sculptor. There is a pictorial vision and a sculptural, as also an architectonic way of seeing. Thus a sculptor who is essentially a sculptor, and not merely a painter who has missed his vocation, sees a figure 'in the round' or, as it were, syn-

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thetically; mentally grasping the form as a whole, as if his vision permeated the form and felt it rather than saw it. A painter sees a picture; and he might see a form from a number of points of view, and conceive of a group or a single figure, and model it in this way with some success, but he would not be seeing as the true sculptor seems to see. Of course in all such questions there is difficulty in finding out how another person sees; because we are not generally trained to intuitive perception or to sympathetic vision. Indeed the average education ignores such modes of vision and perception, and tends to unify and standardize the functions of the mind as if they were mechanical motions controlled by mechanical means. The result is the deadening of the more delicate functions of the inner man by the use of which alone true knowledge is to be achieved.

Probably most people today doubt the possibility of consciously passing through those gates that we call death, and sleep, and birth, and of passing consciously out of the limits of the personality and returning to the normal state with memory of what was seen or heard or experienced in the other states. But the ancients declared that this was the only way to attain to wisdom.

One who could do this might profitably study dreams and might translate his knowledge so gained into language intelligible to ordinary men, but few appear to have escaped the delusion peculiar to this field of investigation. True Teachers are rare, while the number of those who undertake to impart occult instruction for money is beyond belief, and the number of self-deluded dreamers who though (spiritually) blind are willing to be leaders is astonishing.

The vanity of the human heart encourages all dreamers to ascribe a high source to all their experiences, and so makes them a danger to themselves as well as to those who look to them for guidance.

There is a world of quiet sarcasm in that injunction “. . . and be wise.” It is slipped in so gently and innocently, as if wisdom comes to any one who considers the ways of the ant.

I venture to think that the last should be first: “Be wise, and then you may learn from the ant or from any other creature, even from your self, for all creatures have their correspondences somewhere in the complexity of human nature.”

The possibility of the existence of creatures on this earth whose consciousness is operating on a different plane from that on which the human mind is usually active, may seem a wild hypothesis, until we recall the fact that we ourselves spend one-third of our life in a state that is generally a complete mystery to us.

When we remember that even in our waking state, which we would probably declare to be absolutely controlled by conditions of time and

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space, we are so uncertain as to our measure of time that we are compelled continually to regulate our minds by reference to a machine, which is supposed to record the passage of time but which has little enough correspondence with that 'succession of our states of consciousness' which constitutes actual time; then we may hesitate before attributing to other creatures any such conception of time as we human beings have agreed to recognise.

If we will go to the consideration of the ants in a more liberal frame of mind we may indeed gain wisdom, which the world lacks most of all.

You may say that if all creatures have their correspondences in the nature of man, it is therefore better to study ourselves than the other creatures. But there is a real advantage in such observations, for they tend to take the mind away from the personality, which is its prison-house. There is a vast difference between real self-study and the self-absorption in which most people are so deeply involved; and from which they must free themselves before they can begin really to study their own nature.

But if we do carefully consider our own experiences in sleep or waking, we shall be forced to admit that we have a thousand different rates of time which have to be artificially corrected by references to a clock of some kind. Certainly, we may find that we have in the body itself a time-keeper, not to speak of the sun above, but we also know that thought and emotion have a measure of time that seems to be altogether capricious, and dreams defy all known systems of measurement.

Consider these things and be wise.

Know that the real man is something more than a body with desires and appetites, something more than a mind with thoughts and emotions, something that is not living in the same measure of time and space as that which conditions the life of the body.

Know this, and you will be on the path that leads to wisdom, for you will be on the path that leads inward and upward to knowledge of the real Self and to freedom from the delusion of the false.



"I PRAYED, and understanding was given me: I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. . . .

"He hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements. . . .

"The natures of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts: the violence of winds, and the reasonings of men: the diversities of plants, and the virtues of roots:

"And all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know."

— *Wisdom of Solomon*

THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U:
by Kenneth Morris

NOTE



SSU-K'UNG T'U (A. D. 834-908) was the last of the great poets of the Golden Age of Chinese poetry, the epoch of the T'ang Dynasty (A. D. 618-908). Little is known of his life; like most of the giant poets of that extraordinary period, he was also a statesman in some sort; holding for a while the office of Secretary of the Board of Rites. Later he retired into the mountains to follow poetry and the life of meditation.

This version is made from Professor H. H. Giles' non-metrical translation — the first, I believe, in any European language — in his book on *Chinese Literature*. Professor Giles says that the poem may be taken as showing what Taoism stands for in the minds of cultured Chinese Taoists: what it did stand for in those splendid and spacious days when so many poets and artists drank their inspiration from the fountains of its haunting mysticism, its magic of mountains and wild waters. He says, too, that Ssu-k'ung T'u's poem is held in very high estimation by Chinese critics — which one may well believe; and that its language and thought are somewhat obscure; his own rendering certainly bears this out.

So in the present version, some interpretation has been attempted. The greatest freedom has been used: the endeavor has been, to grasp Ssu-k'ung T'u's thought and spirit, and to render these as intelligibly as possible; abiding faithfully the while by his color, atmosphere, and imagery. There are passages in Professor Giles's translation, to the thought behind which the present writer could find no clue: these were boldly omitted. One might have metrified and crammed them in of course, but —. This is particularly the case with the stanza called *Conservation*.

Stanzas they are: parts of a single poem; although each has its own title, and they seem disconnected enough. Yet there is a thread running through; and Ssu-k'ung T'u meant it as a single poem. Also he uses the same form throughout: a verse of twelve lines; although here it has been found very convenient to vary the forms as often as possible.

It is of course impossible to render the T'ang verse forms in English; strangely enough, the Chinese had some of our own metres and forms in pre-T'ang times; but when their poetry came to its age of splendid fruition, they passed beyond. The T'ang poets did *not* use free verse, or anything like it: their forms were intricate in the extreme, *artificial*: carvings in jade and ivory; filigree and jewel-work. The nearest things we have to them, in the *effect produced*, are the old French forms: rondels, rondeaus, villanelles, and the like: which for the most part have been used here. They do not seem to use refrains in Chinese; yet the refrains

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proper to these old French forms render, as perhaps nothing else could, a musical effect in the originals: in the Chinese, tone answers to tone, and echoes it, with wonderful results musically; and in a manner we have no conception of in English. Even spoken Chinese is chanted, each syllable having its appropriate note to indicate its meaning; and the musical resources of the language — for that reason much greater than any European tongue possesses — were employed to the uttermost to make the chanted verse, speech more than half asleep, song considerably more than half awake. It is well to note these facts now, when fresh volumes of translated Chinese poetry are appearing yearly here and in Europe; and when more than one critic or translator have expressed the egregious idea that free verse is the only vehicle for it — because forsooth the Chinese poets knew nothing and cared less for form and music! The fact is that they knew much more of these things, and used them with greater skill, than any Occidental has ever done: that seems, soberly, not a bit too much to say. There was also an age of free verse in China — the age of Ch'ü Yüan and his successors in the first three centuries B. C.; but the T'ang masters reformed all that very thoroughly. They knew that the secret of Art is harmony, harmonious development: in poetry, a perfect adjustment of Vision, Music, and Form; and where they gave flashing or delicate pictures (as they always did), they also gave wonderful melodies, and perfect and exquisite forms.

Some may ask: What is this Tao of which Ssu-k'ung T'u speaks? He defines it himself over and over again: it is the "Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet"; it is the NO THING in which we are to seek the lonely Way; it is the Universal Spirit, Divine, and the Path to that; the One Reality; the Way, the Truth and the Life.

I: Energy
Absolute

SPENDING our strength we drift down to decay;
But in the Spirit is all strength renewed;
In that NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

This side the clouds; this side the lightnings' play;
This side the void where morn and midnight brood;
Spending our strength, we drift down to decay.

Ay, but beyond the common things of day,
Midmost of all abideth Quietude;
In that NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

Here, where aw whirl our little concepts stray
Backward and forth, a restless multitude,
Spending our strength, we drift down to decay.

Freighted with everlasting calm, essay
The infinite Beyond, the Eternal Mood,
In that NO THING seeking the lonely Way!

There, without effort holding fast, to sway
Time and the world in moveless solitude.

Spending our strength, we drift down to decay;
In the NO THING seek ye the lonely Way!

II: Tran-
quil Repose

Unspeakings, all the quietude it fills;
It soareth heavenward with the Lonely Crane;
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

As some bamboo-flute tune with little trills
Heard in the twilight into silence wane,
Unspeakings, all the quietude it fills.

As some warm breeze a-flutter from the hills
Stirs a silk robe, and then is mute again,
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

Essence the eternal harmony distils,
Where the white suns in lonely splendor reign
Unspeakings, all the quietude it fills.

Chanced on, it blendeth facile with our wills,
Sought, we may seek a hundred years in vain:
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

Form after form it brims and over-spills
And flows away; who grasps shall not retain;
Unspeakings, all the quietude it fills;
Unseen, the unimagined vast it thrills.

III: Slim-
Stout

Down in the green and lonely dale
A maid the lilies gathering —
It is the old and oft-told tale!

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

'Neath the soft wind the willows pale
Midst the wild loveliness of Spring
Down in the green and lonely dale —

Yonder the peach-bloom flushing frail;
Yonder the orioles a-wing —
It is the old and oft-told tale!

The winding path the willows veil —
The little brook meandering
Down in the green and lonely dale —

High in the blue a crane a-sail;
Down here the mating songbirds sing —
It is the old and oft-told tale!

And I am wondering what can ail
My heart — then turn, remembering,
Down in the green and lonely dale,
That — 'tis the old and oft-told tale. . . .

IV: Con-
centration

Green pines, and a cabin here on the mountainside,
And the sun going down through the molten topaz air. . .
I wander down through the trees and muse, head bare. . .
There's a twitter of birds in the gathering eveningtide;
High up the wild geese winging the loneliness ride;
And afar and afar, that One — ah, who knows where? . . .
I dream: — in the cabin there on the mountainside
When the sun's gone down through the dimmed and
golden air.

The night-dark clouds are blown o'er the waters wide,
And all moon-glossed the hundred eyots fair
On the breast of silvered Yangtse. — Nay, but there,
Thought-wrought, heart-heard, though the width of the
world divide,
With me in the cabin room on the mountainside
When the sun has long gone down through the pearl-dim air.

V: Height
— Antiquity

He is upborne beyond the gulf of time;
He holdeth in his hand the Lotus-Flower;
He journeys through the infinite sublime.

THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

When the white moon comes forth the heavens to climb,
Issuing from Alioth in dragon power
He is upborne beyond the gulf of time.

He hears the clear-toned bells of Hua chime;
He sees Mount Hua dark beneath him tower;
He journeys through the infinite sublime.

He dwelleth in the Spirit's lonely clime;
The storm his chariot and the meteor-shower:
He is upborne beyond the gulf of time.

Where the huge stars chant their eternal rhyme
He shines, and far below the tempests lower:
He journeys through the infinite sublime.

To them that reigned ere earth was stained with crime
I saw him pass, and death beneath him cower:
He was upborne beyond the gulf of time;
He journeyed through the infinite, sublime.

VI: Re-
finement

A patter of rain on the roof as the storm goes by;
A kettle of jade at his side; he sitting alone
Hearth the lutanist waterfall tinkle and drone,
Seeth the white clouds drift in the new-clear sky,
Seeth the bamboos sway, and the small birds fly
In the depths of the pines, by needle-cluster and cone; —
A patter of rain on the roof as the shower goes by;
The poet-scholar musing, sitting alone.

He hath no more grief to live, nor fear to die,
Than the golden placid chrysanthemum newly blown;
He notes in his tome the beauty and glory unknown
Of the autumn flowers, and the fallen leaves that lie
Strewn on the ground, as the patter of rain goes by
And the heart of the autumn is shown to him, sitting alone.

VII: Wash
— Smelt

Make the heart of thee clean, as silver ore from the lead;
As the limpid pool that mirrors the leafage green
And the blue of the skies and the white bright clouds o'erhead,
Make the heart of thee clean!

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Riding the moonbeam, mount to the Infinite Sheen;
Thy gaze where the stars their myriad splendors shed,
Thy heart as the hermit alone on the hills, serene.

Year upon year, the years of our living are sped:
Yesterday shineth afar as the bright Moon-Queen;
Today floweth by as a stream going down to the dead;
Make the heart of thee clean!

VIII:
Strength

The mind as though in the lonely abysm of space;
The life in the veins, as kindled and quivering through
With the rainbow aflame o'er the toppling Peaks of Wu,
Where the flying clouds and the dragon stormwinds race;
The heart filled full with the Spirit's splendor and grace:—
In the thoughts that are thought, in the daily deeds to do,
One with the Glory that all things anew and anew,
Exertionless, maketh, unmaketh and holdeth in place.

So, mind, life, heart, thoughts, actions, firm and elate,
Shall the strength and the length of thy life be unwasted; so
Shall thy self be upraised from its frail and lonely estate
To be Peer of Earth and Heaven while the ages flow:
Co-worker forever with Time and Change and Fate
And the winds of Spring, and the Winter's beauty of snow.

IX: Em-
broideries

If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold:—
The white sea-mist o'er the breast of Yangtse rolled;
Pink almond-bloom on the bare twig starred and strown;
A cottage under the moon, wisteria-grown;
A bridge with its arc on the water glassed, two-fold;—
If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold.

For the spirit hath joy of the simplest things alone;
It seeth the pomp of the world, and is mute and cold.
The golden cup half full; one loved of old
To awaken the lutestrings' trill and ripple and tone —
If the mind hath inward wealth and rank of its own
It shall count such things as these its yellowest gold.

THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

X: The
Natural

The Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet,
Neither to right nor to left shall it ever be found:
Touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet.

A whisper, and Spring flows in with her bloom-breath sweet,
And the year new-born, and the lotus-bloom full-crowned—
The Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet.

Snatch it away for thyself — and lo, it is fleet
To vanish, and leave thee never a sweet nor sound;
Yet touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet.

As the hermit alone in his mountainside retreat,
Oh to abide, unfretting and unrenowned,
At the Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet!

Quiet as sedge on the willowed pond; no whit
To heed what cries within, what strives around —
For, touch but the ground, and there It is at thy feet!

Quiet — when passion stirreth the heart to beat,
Resigning it all at once to the Calm Profound
At the Center of Things, where all roads wandering meet.

.
Touch but the ground, and there it is at thy feet!

XI:
Set Free

Through Tao at last Eternity attained,
The Universe is on my side with me:
I breathe the Empyrean pure and free;
I joy in all Earth's blossoms unrestrained.
Lashing my huge sea-monsters crystal-reined,
I take the splendid spaces of the sea;
Through Tao at last Eternity attained,
The Universe is on my side with me!

Sun, moon and stars in all their glory unwaned
Before me singing through the immensity;
Behind me, silvery winging in their glee,
The Phoenix and the Dragon mighty-maned:—
Through Tao at last Eternity attained,
The Universe is on my side with me!

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XII: Con-
servation

Naught is made known -- no wisdom gained --
From written words or speech alone:
Of what deep wound the heart is pained
Naught is made known
Save without speech that grief be shown.

Why this man all he sought obtained,
Wherefore was that man overthrown --
Here you shall find it all explained:--

Speechless the Soul comes to its own;
Save first that Silence be attained
Naught is made known.

XIII: Ani-
mal Spirits

Oh that they might return again and again!
That we might lose them never -- the splendid things:
The parrot that shone through olden lovelier Springs;
The River flashing fathomless down through the plain;
The dark-flushed Changpu bloom bejewelled with rain;
The moonlit terrace where one bright nightingale sings;
And hushed, or a-quiver a little with unseen wings,
The willows down by the stream in the daylight's wane --

The coming of one for whose coming we longed, who came
From the purple hills bringing joy; the cup of gold
Overflowing with joy! -- For life to be free and aflame,
And endless, and no dead ashes of writing cold
To mock the soul with the waning phantom fame --
But only Eternal Beauty to clasp and hold!

XIV:
Close Woven

In all these things are hidden lives aglow
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen,
To form and beauty and vital being keen.

Where the buds break to bloom; where waters flow;
Where the sun lights the dewdrop's diamond sheen --
In all these things are hidden lives aglow
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen.

Lest thou impede their upward journeying slow,
Be thy whole life a harmony serene
As moonlit snow, as the Spring's veil of green,

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In all which things are hidden lives aglow
Struggling to leap forth from the deep unseen,
To form, and beauty, and vital being keen.

XV:
Seclusion

Here 'neath the pines on the hillside,
I'll build my cabin small, and bide
With none beside me to control,
And mine own soul for mine own guide.

For my delight, until I die,
Here are the green pines and blue sky;
And for wealth — why, while following Tao,
There's *here* and *now*, and what comes by.

Here, head bare, pondering poesie,
I'll never know what the date may be;
So that I see the sun and moon,
Know night from noon — enough for me!

If we may win but calm self-sway,
Why fume and fuss the soul away
In deeds — or say there's more to gain
Beyond this plane of night and day?

XVI:
Fasci-
nation

A clear blue sky, and the far peaks faint in snow;
(There's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!)
Green and shadow and sun in the pine-rimmed glade;
Eddy and flash of the Yangtse far below,
And away and beyond, the boats of the fishermen go,
And afar and afar, the sails of the fishermen fade
In the clear blue sky and the mountains faint in snow.
— There's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!

And I turn from watching the broad stream silver and flow,
To the red-stemmed, dark pine-needled quiet and shade;
And my mind of a sudden is rapt from the world, unafraid,
To a light and a splendor forgotten, from ages ago,
In the clear blue sky and the mountains faint in snow —
For there's One in the dark wood calling me, brighter than jade!

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XVII: In
Tortuous
Ways
On the mountainside, on the green and lonely steep
Of high Tai-hsing, where flower-breath far and wide
Is blown o'er the soft jade-green of a world asleep —
On the mountainside

A weariness comes on my soul that I may not hide;
A cry breaks forth of my lips that I may not keep —
Though indeed, but a moment after, I doubt I have cried —

For below with eddy and flow the white tides creep
On the shore: in no one form may Tao abide,
But changes and drifts as the wide wing-shadows sweep
On the mountainside. . . .

XVIII:
Actualities
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,
From the gloom of the pines to the green of the mountain glade,
Suddenly I was aware of the heart of Tao.

I was making a poem — simple thoughts enow,
And choosing the simplest words — and then, somehow,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade,

At the sound of a lute blown down through the pinetrees' shade,
The spirit within me thrilled and leaped and swayed,
And suddenly I was aware of the heart of Tao.

First there was one came, bent, and the sweat on his brow,
Bearing a load, 'twixt low-hung bough and bough,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade;

And then, that One unseen in the wood, who played;
And then, this one that heard, in the woodland strayed,
Was suddenly wholly aware of the heart of Tao.

But suppose I had only striven and searched and prayed,
And not gone forth where my fancy took me — how
Should I so have suddenly come on the heart of Tao,
There where the brook comes down in a white cascade?

XIX:
Despon-
dent
The rain trickles in through the old thatch; the winds scream;
In the driving storm the pines strain and moan and crack;
Dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

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I loved, I sought — and lo now, never a kindling beam
Of the Light I loved shines through; my thoughts grow bitter
and black,
And the rain trickles in through the old thatch, and the winds
scream.

A hundred years slip by as a river with ripple and gleam,
No more to return again than the sea-spiced waves come back
Where dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

As the ashes cold on the hearth are wealth and the world's esteem;
Whereto shall I turn for hope? Whereto shall I turn? Alack
How the rain trickles in through the old thatch; how the winds
scream!

Whereto shall I turn for hope? Whereto? As a glittering dream
Fleeteth Tao afar, where none may its courses track;
As, dragonlike, whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream.

The soldier draws his sword; tears flow — the endless theme
Of this long lamentation, life — this ruinous welter and wrack
With the rain dripping in through the old thatch, as the winds
scream,
As dragonlike whitens and darkens the gale o'er Yangtse Stream!

XX:
Form and
Feature

He that hath fixed his gaze on any outward thing,
Some glimmering from within, a spirit form, hath seen;
As when we seek to draw the sea-wave rolling green,
As when we seek to paint the airy glory of Spring.
So I have seen the huge wind-swept cloud-dragons wing
With ever-changing forms, white on the blue serene;
So in the flowers discerned an inward grace of mien;
So seen the breaking waves a secret splendor fling;

So watched the precipice, the mountain crags, uprear
Sheer heavenward in their grand majestic loneliness,
And felt the immanence of Tao reflected here —
Some shining from the Deep inmingling here, did guess.—
So sometime shall the forms we see by disappear,
And that Lone Light be ours, untrammelled, fathomless.

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XXI: The
Transcendental

It is not of the essence of the mind,
Nor of the atoms of this cosmos born;
Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!

Afar, it seemeth nowise hard to find;
At hand, from out the hand that grasps 'tis torn;
It is not of the essence of the mind.

Yet in the piled-up mountain-tops outlined
It shines, and through the golden light of morn;
Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!

One with the Tao itself, 'tis not to bind
In bonds of this mortality forlorn:
It is not of the essence of the mind.

Yet with its seal the trees are countersigned;
Its hieroglyphs the mossy rocks adorn:
Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!

Listen! its croonings faint and undefined
Out of the deeps within thy soul are borne —
Not of the essence of thy mortal mind!

.
Seek it beyond the white clouds and the wind!

XXII:
Abstraction

Far from the crowd, of That Eternal fain,
I seek the Light our daily dreamings shroud,
As o'er Mount Hou soareth the Lonely Crane,
Far from the crowd. . . .

.
As o'er Mount Hua floats the lonely cloud,
Floateth this leaf now on the boundless main. . . .
Hush! the old wonder wakens, pure and proud. . . .

.
Light we draw near; Flame that we never gain!—
Who knows It thus, attaineth, peace-endowed;
Who hopes to grasp It — hath come forth in vain
Far from the crowd. . . .

THE MEDITATIONS OF SSU-K'UNG T'U

XXIII:
Illumined

The Grand South Mountain shone, a far faint lotus flower,
A candle lit with God, white in the dim blue sky!
I had been brooding thus: *How frail a thing am I!*
How brief the life of man — a hundred years — an hour!
Some refuge from its moil in this wisteria bower,
With pale sweet trailing blooms swayed as the breeze goes by—
When sudden on my gaze, a far faint lotus flower,
The Grand South Mountain shone, white in the dim
blue sky.

I had been brooding thus: *One goblet, whilst the shower*
Bedecks with pendent gems these pale blooms ere they die;
Then, strolling in the sun — How swift the wild years fly!
How soon we age and die! — Oh Secret Dragon Power!
The Grand South Mountain shone, a far faint lotus flower,
A candle lit with Tao, white in the dim blue sky!

XXIV:
Motion

Let me not liken Life to a whirling wheel;
Let me not liken Life to pearls on a tray
Rolling this way and that, and falling away
As the hands of Fate may tilt, as Chance may reel.
These — yes! — the outward guise of life reveal,
But Life! — there is Earth on her axis, Night and Day,
And the Pole of Heaven, and the sweep of the Milky Way
To reveal the sweep of Life — and again conceal.

May I grasp the meaning of these, and be one with the Glory
That surging swings through the vast and void of time,
An orbit of myriad years, primeval, hoary!
Let me heed the stars with their infinite rhythm and rhyme!
This is the key to Life — our own Life's story,
Revealed, concealed, imperishable, sublime. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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HABITS: by H. Travers, M. A.



HABIT may be defined for present purposes as an automatic tendency which we have set up and wish to stop; or as an automatic tendency which we wish to establish; the former kind being bad habits, the latter good.

The universe is made up of organisms of various grades and kinds, each embodying a certain amount of mind or consciousness which it expresses by its actions. In the lowest kingdoms of which we are cognisant, the power of action is very limited, and the force of habit so strong that the organisms can always be relied on to behave in the same way. Thus the chemicals and materials of science are constant in their behavior, and this makes it possible for us to calculate what will happen when we utilize them. When we pass to higher kingdoms — the plant and animal, we find that the force of habit is not so strong and may be modified to some extent. We can change the habits of a plant to some degree by transplanting it from the field to the garden, changing its nutriment, etc.; while the habits of an animal may be still more altered. Nevertheless all these creatures tend to go on doing the same things indefinitely, and have little or no power to change their own habits. When we come to man, we find him endowed with the power to reflect upon his own nature and to change his habits.

The universe is built on a numerical plan, we are told, and the first number is One; after that comes Two, which denotes repetition; its motto is, 'Do it again, please!' There is a universal tendency in Nature to do things again. Teach a parrot a word, and it will say that word for all the hundred years of its life, unless you teach it another word. There are minute and simple organisms whose whole life consists in the continual repetition of one act. This is habit — a universal principle. It is that cosmic law of multiplication by which a type becomes converted into copies, and moments are spun out into time.

Our body is built up of minute organisms, each of them being a living creature, with a little life of its own, and knowing how to perform some simple act, which it does over and over again. Thus the processes of the body can go on without attention. Man finds himself seated in a kind of automatic machine, which he has to learn how to use. He may yield unresistingly to its habits, or he may modify them by his will and intelligence; and he may do the latter in varying degrees. He can set aside the habits of the body and of the body's mind.

Time is required in the formation of habits, and they grow stronger in proportion as the time is longer. Therefore time is required to change them. Time, expressed from another point of view, is patience — one of the virtues. To change a rooted habit, we must employ the same

HABITS

method as that which rooted it — iteration; continual reiteration of conscious effort is needed. Time is either our enemy or our friend, according as we choose to regard it; the impatient man may make it his enemy.

The adoption of a new rule causes opposition, because the body and its mind do not understand and do not want the new rule, but want to run by the old rules. By trying to alter the course too quickly, you may swamp the boat; too sudden an application of the brake may cause a catastrophe. A wise man will not be discouraged if he fails to change in a moment what has taken years to establish. And some habits have taken lifetimes to establish. Temporary set-backs will not daunt him, for he was taught to expect them; his purpose will remain firm.

Often it seems as though the will itself were involved in the evil habitude which we wish to change; and in this case it is necessary to take our stand in a higher stratum of the will, one which is not thus involved. A man may lift one leg at a time out of a bog, but he cannot lift both unless he has a purchase on firm ground. Here is where Theosophy comes in with its assurance of the higher nature of man, whereby he acquires firm standing-ground from which to act while extricating himself. Let a man only entertain the thought that his real Self is an immortal Being, standing outside of the turmoil and changes of life, and he at once obtains a new point of view; he is able to stand more outside of himself and look on. In great measure he has destroyed the illusion by which he was bound. He realizes better now that what he had regarded as his philosophy was only a bundle of habits of thought. He is like a swimmer who has descried the shore and can now find strength to battle with the tide as he makes for his newly-found goal. He acquires a new power to deal with habits.

Thoughts are much more powerful than acts. The body acts on the mind, and thereby its habits grow much stronger by reason of the thoughts that are connected with them. It is as though the body were trying to *steal* the mind and use it for its own glorification. We must therefore prevent the body from doing that. Habits come around in cycles; and when the cycle arrives, the body will try to set up the corresponding thoughts in the mind. Then we have to control the mind and so confine the habit to the body, when it will have but little power, and will not be so strong the next time it comes. But if we allow the mind to dwell on the bad habit, the habit will gain new strength and new power of reproduction. Bad habits are like machinery which will run down if let alone and if we do not keep winding it up again.

What Theosophists understand by 'Karma' is habit on a large scale. A man's Karma is the bundle of habits and tendencies which he has

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gradually set up and woven for himself as a snail makes its house or a spider its web. The student of life has to learn to dissociate himself from Karma and leave it to work itself out and run down.

The word 'automatic' has been used two or three times in the above; it means 'running of itself.' A function which runs without our attention is considered as automatic in the sense in which we are using the word. The power of *attention* in man consists in looking at, and to a greater or less extent identifying himself with, some action that is going on. When we first learn to tie a shoe-string, we have to do it with full attention to every detail; but gradually it becomes automatic and is accomplished by a part of our mind without any attention from the main portion of our mind.

There are lowly animals, like sea-urchins, whose whole life and soul is probably focussed on the processes of eating and digestion; they are nothing more than a stomach, with enough brain-matter to run it, and perhaps a leg or two to carry it about. But in man these functions are automatic. And many other functions in man are performed without attention, because they have been perfected by long habit in the lower kingdoms. Hence his attention is free to be directed to other concerns. How far may this process be carried? May we not learn to divert our attention from private and personal concerns, and direct it to those larger issues that concern our duty to the humanity of which we are a part, so that thus we may take an upward step to a higher platform, and become initiated by our own voluntary effort into a broader, fuller life?



“‘HE planteth trees which shall benefit another age,’ says Statius in his *Synephebi*— but with what view, unless future ages may in some sense belong to himself?” — *Cicero*

“I CAN never be persuaded that the soul lives no longer than it dwells in this mortal body, and that it dies on separation. For I see that the soul communicates vigor and motion to mortal bodies during its continuance in them. Neither can I be persuaded that the soul is divested of intelligence on its separation from this gross senseless body; but it is probable that, when the soul is separated, it becomes pure and entire, and is then more intelligent. It is evident that, on man’s dissolution, every part of him returns to what is of the same nature with itself, except the soul; that alone is indivisible, both during its presence here and at its departure.”—*Xenophon*

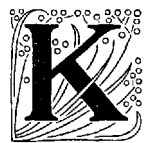
DUALITY: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

"THERE is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change; for this reason — that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right. The action which before commission had been seen with that blended common sense and fresh untarnished feeling which is the healthy eye of the soul, is looked at afterwards with the lens of apologetic ingenuity, through which all things that men call beautiful and ugly are seen to be made up of textures very much alike."— GEORGE ELIOT

"It was on the moral side and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man. . . . With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, I thus drew steadily nearer to the truth . . . that man is not truly one, but truly TWO."

— R. L. STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

"WE stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that we will not solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily, there is not an accident of our lives, not a misshapen day, or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life. . . . The law of Karma is inextricably interwoven with Reincarnation."— H. P. BLAVATSKY



KARMA, Reincarnation, and man's Dual nature are a trinity of causes which consistently solve the majority of life's most baffling problems. Small wonder that, in losing sight of these ancient truths, modern civilization has lost its way. Without knowledge of these interwoven facts, students of heredity, of education, of science, of psychology, of history — all who are accountable for molding public opinion — each finds that the last word of his specialty still leaves its issues confused and out of alinement with its accepted theories.

In line with a prevailing uncertainty and disorder, note that the great majority, both of learned and ignorant, neither have any definite philosophy of life and death, nor are conscious of their lack of one. How many even suspect that there *is* a well-ordered universal scheme of things, which is violated by a vague and blind course in life, as well as by frank evil-doing? By what science of the soul does the matter-of-fact Occident relate the practical issues of life and death? Just now, current reports from overseas reveal a striking spiritual questioning and self-answering by the entrenched soldiers sent across to help settle the world's case. Their physical and mental fitness shows great latent power to respond to intensive training; but evidently they have not been equipped with that natural certainty of immortality which relates the individual life to the universal law of existence.

Law is accorded a place in the special fields of religion, science, education, the arts and industries. But, strange to say, the composite human life, wherein all these lines are blended, is treated as a matter of hap-hazard or of blind fate. The usual motive for action is to do what one must needs do, or, if free to choose, to do what one likes best. The idea

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that man, as the central fact in the universe, is subject to universal laws of growth and retrogression, is seldom reckoned with. The modern analytical spirit, absorbed in minutiae and externals, has quite overlooked the great mainsprings of the inner life.

Recognition of "the thorough and primitive duality of man," pictured in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, would come home to any one who took pains to follow the old Greek maxim, "Man, know thyself." Doubtless even Stevenson's ready pen could not fully reveal the subtle interplay of forces "from both sides" of his intelligence, which sought outlet in actions of opposing character. What was true of his frank nature would be no less surprising in others who, honestly wanting to know themselves, had courage enough to face the facts. Schopenhauer said: "We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do our own selves."

Human duality is 'thorough and primitive' because it harks back to the very beginning of things, the first linking of spirit and matter for the creation of a conscious humanity. At first, it was a 'Garden of Eden' experience. Matter, as yet unsullied, was not vitally insistent with the impress and urge of human thought and feeling from many incarnations. Spirit was fresh and filled with the buoyant courage native to its recent state of freedom from the limiting 'coats of skin.' The soul, knowing itself *to be*, knew also that its task was to retain this conscious selfhood, however deeply it became *involved* in matter. But gradually the real man became more closely enmeshed in the senses and sensations of his earth-body. Each time, he returned to take up a larger heritage of karmic impulses and characteristics, from former lives, until knowledge of his divinity at last faded into the many vague but persistent traditions of a Golden Age. Think of the humanized quality the earth's very atoms must have acquired in their continuous journey of 18,000,000 years of intake and outgo through the sentient body of man! Sensitives, who, by psychometry, describe the associate conditions of an article hundreds of years before, are giving suggestive hints of the lasting, unwritten record imprinted by man upon his earth home.

Theosophy says that human life has swung around the cyclic rise and fall of many prehistoric civilizations. It has become more and more deeply involved in matter, until now, having reached the depths of materiality, we have begun to evolve on the ascending arc of 'the cycle of necessity.' Theosophy is unique, in this day of devotion to intellect, in emphasizing the ancient truth that the mind is not the real man, but the connecting link between the god and the animal nature in him — the middle ground between spirit and matter. Mind is the moral No-Man's Land whereon is waged the endless struggle for supremacy

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between the opposing forces of light and darkness, of good and evil, of desire and devotion. This is a timely restoration of a needed truth to a world painfully awakening from a nightmare of deceptive progress, and vainly challenging the soundness of its every institution.

Daily it grows plainer that the brain-mind's brilliant power and intricate efficiency is a dangerous guide to follow blindly. It leads into labyrinths of confused issues, of involved and selfish interests, of dead-letter answers to the cry of the hungry soul for light. Education, the erstwhile panacea for the many-sided ills of ignorance, has awakened ambition and has increased efficiency and power; but it has led to new dangers, because it left out of account a like cultivation of the spiritual nature. The whole composite range of thought and feeling has been intellectually potentized, until selfishness has been sublimated into many new and subtle phases that elude detection, in oneself and in others. Without conscious hypocrisy, even humanitarian work may express a hidden ambition or vanity, that willingly works from love of power or praise. Demosthenes said:

"Nothing is so easy as to deceive oneself."

The mind, whether keen or dull, is two-edged and cuts both ways, carving the way either to good or evil ends. It can inform and enlighten the ignorant, and aid the noblest purposes of the soul. But it also can add edge and skill to brute force in cruel or sordid hands, and can lend subtle ingenuity to "spiritual wickedness in high places." Education without training in self-discipline, is equal to launching a full-sailed ship on the high seas without chart or compass. The fine line between right and wrong is no more visible to ordinary view than is the equator. Many things, seemingly innocent, are on the wrong side of the line, and they can be located only by their tendencies. No parent or educator can judge wisely for the child, and certainly not for himself, unless he realizes the deceptive duality of the brain-mind.

The two poles of man's being extend from the depths of the animal brain to the heights of the higher mind, running the gamut from depravity to spirituality. The conscious man may act at any point of this line reaching from the animal to the god, and things are *to him* what they seem to be, at whatever level he views them.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A man's character is an index of his average point of view, and beyond this there are unimagined heights and depths in every nature. The strange lapses in reputable persons which suddenly startle others, reveal a hidden, unworthy point of view. And likewise it is an inner vision or longing for

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ideals that suddenly flares forth, on occasion, and makes prosaic figures play heroic parts.

Man's mental range of conscious selfhood extends from the caverns, jungles, and desert ways of the animal nature, out and on and up, over diverse paths that wind slowly, or lead more directly, through progressive levels of clearing air, liberating light, and widening horizons, to the mountain heights of "just men made perfect." To the animal vision, reality lies in the things which can gratify his strongest impulses and desires. Experience in creeping forth to prey upon weaker creatures, gives him a widening mental vision that adds boldness and craft to strength. From ruthless domination of the weak, he gradually learns to use his brain in outwitting the strong, at times. His crude, bloodthirsty appetite becomes more refined and potent as his desires move on to mental levels, where the lusts of the flesh are supplemented or transformed into the lust of power and ambition. Brute force gains a new, subtle, and penetrating power when it is conserved to operate in mental outreach. Selfish and personal motives in action move upon the lower levels of human nature, however wide their range and skilful their method becomes.

George Eliot well says:

"There is a terrible coercion in our deeds, which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver and then reconcile him to the change."

As the deeds are the children of the thoughts, the parent mind of these ties feels the instinct to stand by them. The honest man, by his misstep, has crossed the fine line separating right and wrong, and has changed his viewpoint from some level of the higher mind to some stratum of his lower mind. His brain is a morally neutral instrument, and reports what it sees from the level where he is standing. If his conscience is awake, trying to bring him back to view his deed and to judge himself in the searchlight of ideal conduct, his position feels small and mean. But it takes courage to go back, carrying his unworthy mental child, to compare it with more perfect progeny and to recognise its defects. The defective child, undeniably his, dreads the light of exposure, and clings to him, whining for pity, or boldly threatening vengeance if deserted. His hesitating position calls for need of self-justification, to explain to himself and to others what were the conditions and people that inclined or persuaded or compelled or goaded him to do as he did.

What George Eliot calls the lens of apologetic ingenuity is in the eye of the personality, which can instinctively focus the facts so that the animal brain can 'make out a case.' The old idea of a be hoofed and behorned personal devil was a crude conception of the actual crafty entity, which incarnating man has created *in himself, out of the impulses of his lower*

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nature. The animal brain can out-argue its owner, as surely as he gives ear to it on its own ground. The 'snake of self' knows how to present the attractions of the tree of knowledge, and how to convince a man against his own better convictions. Family heredity and environment together never have explained, and never can account for individual character. The heights and depths to which each rises and falls, mark previous levels of experience in other lives. The 'terrible coercion' of our wrong-doing comes from the combined force of old habit and many past mistakes with which the present misstep has linked us anew. William Q. Judge said that whenever we find ourselves at a breaking point, it is that we have arrived at that point in the cycle where we failed before. "Let us see that we do not fail in this incarnation."

The ease with which we gravitate into error argues for a downward pull beyond the force of the mere present occasion. Do not most of us withstand greater temptations than the ones to which we yield? Surely the little fault is a stumbling-block now because we neglected to clear it from our path in other lives. Katherine Tingley says:

"Self-mastery is gained through attention to the smallest weaknesses in oneself."

Paul was keenly aware of his duality, even when his valiant soul was vigorously enlisted in the cause he had as actively persecuted.

"The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." *Romans, vii 19*

It is an ancient teaching that the degree of sincerity in a disciple reacts in extra effort of the lower nature, instinctively aware of its waning power and threatened mastership. The more recent idea that a genuine revival of religion made the devil more active, is based on the same fact in psychology. In the struggle, the greatest danger is not in the increased force of old desires, but in the confusion of issues, by which the animal nature makes out a plausible and desirable case for itself. It argues that the health demands the old indulgences; that a change will injure the feelings of near and dear ties; that the time is not ripe; that one's weaknesses are more than offset by his good qualities; that he is much better than many others who stand well; that he must stand up for his rights, even if others are crowded a little; and a thousand and one delicate shadings of color are added to camouflage the whole truth.

The lower nature has an unerring animal instinct of self-preservation, and it knows its power, from its use of the brain in many lives. The idea that one is thus largely controlled by his impulses rather than by his intelligence, will meet with popular denial. But how many have analysed themselves and their motives, so that the issues of their lives are clear-cut and wholly worthy? How many of us truly believe that the

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world would be fairly ideal if every one acted with just our *quality* of motives? Suppose the present variety of people were no better and no worse than we actually are, would not the social atmosphere grow tiresome — or something worse? If Altruria is pictured as a place where 'our rights' are duly respected, human nature feels that secondary affairs of right ethics will follow as a matter of course.

Stevenson saw his duality from the *moral side* of his nature — the only level from which both sides *can* be seen. The lower mind viewpoint does not reach above the fine line where the personal instinct becomes less active than the individual intuition. All the wealth of learning may be acquired by the clever brain-mind, and may be spread out before the personality as its possession by virtue of education and training. But no man can really know the truth unless he becomes it; nor can he see himself and his fellows and facts in right relation, except in the pure, impersonal light of the higher mind. Some of the hopelessly insane have brains of unusual power and development, and very many of them are mentally quick and clever about various things. But the alienists point out that they are all defective in moral sense, that they are antisocial in their selfishness and out of right relation to others in their egotism, and that their greatest knowledge never rises to the level of wisdom. Our civilization is suffering with intellect plus; but by knowledge of duality, the fevered delirium of human life will give way before the healing power of the calm light of devotion to the divinity 'within.' *Light on the Path*, a little devotional book which seems, to any disciple-nature, like his own inner experience photographed, tells of the power that comes from self-knowledge, and says:

"By your great enemy, I mean yourself. If you have the power to face your own soul in the darkness and silence, you will have conquered the physical or animal self which dwells in sensation only."

Among many gems of ancient wisdom which H. P. Blavatsky restored to the modern world was this:

"For mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions. Seek, O Beginner, to blend thy Mind and Soul."



"THE Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its presence and character in every land, together with the teaching of all its great adepts, exist to this day in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxiv

SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE: by William Scott

II

“Though my mind’s not
Hoodwinked with rustic marvels, I do think
There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood.
Yea, and the charnelled earth, than what wise man
Who walks so proud as if his form alone
Filled the wide Temple of the Universe,
Will let a frail mind say. I’d write i’ the creed
O’ the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,
Holy or reprobate, do page men’s heels;
That shapes, too horrid for our gaze, stand o’er
The murderer’s dust, and for revenge glare up,
Even till the stars weep fire for pity.”

BEFORE beginning to tell about the fairies of Scotland, it will be of interest to quote, in part, a description of them written by the Rev. Robert Kirk, Minister of Aberfoil, in the year 1691. It is interesting because it is the dry chronicle of a learned man’s opinion of fairies, and of Fairyland, which, no doubt, fairly represents the prevailing beliefs of some two hundred and fifty years ago. He says:

“The Siths, or Fairies they call Goodpeople, it would seem, to prevent the dint of their ill attempts, are said to be of a middle nature betwixt man and angel, as were the demons thought to be of old, of intelligent studious spirits, and light changeable bodies (like those called astral), somewhat of the nature of a condensed cloud, and best seen in twilight. These bodies be so pliable through the subtlety of the spirits that agitate them, that they can make them appear or disappear at pleasure. . . . They remove to other lodgings at the beginning of each quarter of the year, so traversing till doomsday, being impotent of staying in one place, and find some ease by journeying and changing habitations. Their chameleon-like bodies swim in the air, near the earth, with bag and baggage; and at such revolution of time, Seers, or men of the second sight (females being seldom so qualified) have very terrifying encounters with them, even on highways, who, therefore, awfully shun to travel abroad at these four seasons of the year, and thereby have made it a custom to this day among the Scottish-Irish to keep church duly every first Sunday of the quarter to hallow themselves, their corn and cattle, from the shots and stealth of these wandering tribes; and many of these superstitious people will not be seen in church again till the next quarter begins, as if no duty were to be learned or done by them, but all the use of worship and sermons were to save them from these arrows that fly in the dark.

“They are distributed in tribes and orders, and have children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials in appearance, even as we (unless they do so for a mock show, or to prognosticate some such things among us). They are clearly seen by these men of the second sight to eat at funerals and banquets. Hence many of the Scottish-Irish will not taste meat at these meetings, lest they have communion with, or be poisoned by, them. So they are seen to carry the bier or coffin with the corpse among the middle-earth men to the grave. . . .

“Their houses are called large and fair, and unperceived by vulgar eyes, having fir lights, continual lamps, and fires, often seen without fuel to sustain them. Women are yet alive who tell they were taken away when in child-bed to nurse fairy children; a lingering, voracious image of them being left in their place (like their reflexion in a mirror). . . . When the child is weaned, the nurse dies, or is conveyed back, or gets her choice to stay there. But if any superterraneans [earth-folk] be so subtle as to practice slight for procuring the privacy to their

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mysteries (such as making use of their ointments, which, as Gyges' ring, make them invisible, or nimble, or cast them in a trance, or alter their shape, or appear at vast distances, etc.), they smite them without pain, as with a puff of wind, and bereave them of both the natural and acquired sights in the twinkling of an eye (both of these sights, when once they come, being in the same organ and inseparable), or they strike them dumb. . . .

"Their apparel and speech is like that of the people and country under which they live; so are they seen to wear plaids and verigated garments in the Highlands of Scotland, and suanachs (plaids) in Ireland. They speak but little, and that by way of whistling, clear, not rough. The very devils conjured in any country do answer in the language of that place. . . . Their women are said to spin very fine, to dye, to tossue, and embroider; but whether it be as manual operation of substantial refined stuffs, with apt and solid instruments, or only curious cobwebs, unpalpable rainbows, and a phantastic imitation of the actions of more terrestrial mortals, since it transcends all the senses of the seer to discern whether, I leave to conjecture as I found it. . . .

"They are said to have aristocratical rulers and laws, but no discernible religion. . . . They do not all the harm which appearingly they have the power to do, nor are they perceived to be in great pain, save that they are usually silent and sullen. They are said to have many pleasant and toyish books, but the operation of these pieces only appears in paroxisms of antic, corybantic jollity, as if ravished and prompted by a new spirit entering into them at that instant, lighter and merrier than their own. Other books they have of involved and abstruse sense, much like the Rosicrucian style. They have nothing of the Bible, save collect parcels for charms and counter-charms, not to defend themselves withal, but to operate on other animals, for they are people who are invulnerable by our weapons, and albeit were-wolves' and witches' true bodies are (by the union of the spirit of nature that runs through all, echoing and doubling the blow towards another) wounded at home, when the astral assumed bodies are stricken elsewhere [repercussion] — as the strings of a second harp, tuned in unison, sound, though only one be struck — yet these people have not a second or gross body at all, to be so pierced; but as air which when divided unites again; or if they feel pain by a blow, they are better physicians than we are, and quickly cure. They are not subject to sore sickness, but dwindle and decay at a certain period, all about an age. . . .

"Their weapons are most-what solid earthly bodies, nothing of iron, but much of stone, like to yellow soft flint spa, shaped like a barbed arrow-head, but flung like a dart with great force. These arms have somewhat of the nature of thunderbolt subtlety, and mortally wounding vital parts without breaking the skin, of which wounds I have observed in beasts, and felt with my hands. They are not infallible Benjamites, hitting at horse-hair breadth; nor are they wholly unvanquishable, at least in appearance. . . .

"As our religion obliges us not to make a peremptory and curious search into these abstrusenesses, so the history of all ages [gives?] as many plain examples of extraordinary occurrences as to make a modest inquiry not contemptible. How much is written of pygmies, fairies, nymphs, sirens, apparitions, which though not the tenth part be true, yet could not spring from nothing."

Here we have a minute description of the nature and habits, and of the political, social, and domestic relations of the little people of Fairy-land, as accepted by learned men of two or three hundred years ago. We will now proceed to give specific instances of their relations and encounters with the Scots.

In Scottish Folk-lore, however, there is a much greater variety of fairy-folks than the Reverend minister's description would lead us to believe. Some are Home Fairies, like the Brownies; other species are woodland; others prefer the hills and mountains; and some are under-

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ground fairies; other varieties are amphibious and inhabit the ocean, the sea-shore, the harbors, or the streams, lakes and rivers: some are wholly friendly and benign, others are capricious and are regarded with suspicion; and some are wholly bad, mischievous, and malignant; but nearly all are diminutive and are generally clad in green, although all have the magic power of presenting themselves in almost any shape or color.

The Fairies proper were mostly capricious little fellows, who inhabited the interior of green hills, and were also found among the mountains and woods. When a green patch, nearly circular in form, was seen among the trees or the hills, there was no doubt about its being a fairy ring, on which they lead their dances by moonlight.

“And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring.”

It was very dangerous to be found on one of these magic rings after sunset; and to go to sleep within one of these charmed circles was about the same thing as the end of earthly existence.

In the seventeenth century a scion of the noble family of Duffers, inadvertently stepped within one of these fairy rings, near his own house, after the forbidden hours. Directly he heard the noise of a whirlwind, and the sound of voices crying, “Horse and Haddock” — a call of the fairies when they remove from one place to another — whereupon he also cried, “Horse and Haddock,” and was immediately caught up and carried through the air, and the next morning he was found in Paris in one of the French King’s cellars, with a silver cup in his hand. He said that the fairies had treated him very kindly, that he had spent a glorious night, banqueting and dancing, and that he had drunk rather heartily, and had fallen asleep, and did not awake till his fairy companions had gone. The King gave him the cup which was found in his hand, and dismissed him. It is affirmed that the cup is preserved to this day, by Lord Duffers, and is known as the fairy cup.

To remove a sod from one of these fairy rings was also a most dangerous deed, and was sure to be followed by calamity. Early in the seventeenth century, John Smith, a farm laborer, near Merlin’s Craig (Rock), was sent by his employer to cut sod from one of these mysterious rings.

He had only been at work a short time when a little lady about eighteen inches in height, robed in a green gown and red stockings, with long yellow hair hanging down to her waist, appeared before him and demanded how he would feel if she sent her husband to uncover his house, and at the same time commanded him to replace every sod as he had found it.

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The terrified man quickly obeyed, and went and told his master what had happened. The farmer laughed at his delusion and superstition and ordered him to take a horse and cart and bring the divots (sods) home immediately. John reluctantly obeyed.

There were no immediate consequences; but on the same day of the following year, as John was going home with a pitcher of milk in his hand, he was spirited away and did not reach home till seven years afterwards, when he returned, pitcher in hand, on the very anniversary of the unfortunate day. The account that he gave of his captivity was that on his way home he suddenly fell ill, and sat down near Merlin's Craig to rest. He soon fell asleep, and when he awoke, as he thought, about midnight, he found that there was a troop of fairies, male and female, dancing around him. They insisted upon his joining the sport, and gave him, as a partner, the finest girl in the company. He soon became so happy that he felt no inclination to leave. The amusements were protracted till he heard his master's cock crow; when the whole troop immediately rushed to the front of the Craig carrying him along with them. Then the little woman who first appeared to him, when he was casting the sods, came and told him that the grass had again grown green on the roof of her house, and if he swore an oath which she would dictate to him, never to reveal what he had seen in Fairyland, he would be at liberty to return to his family. John took the oath and kept it religiously, but it was observed that he would go a mile out of his way rather than pass Merlin's Craig, after the sun had gone down.

Brownies were the much-beloved home fairies. Like most other fairies, they were active diminutive little fellows; but they were said to have had a brown, shaggy, and a rather wild appearance. They were very good-natured, however, and performed all sorts of useful services about the houses and barnyards, such as sweeping, churning, and even threshing oats in the days of the flail — no easy task. These services were all done at night when no one was around. But the Brownie was no hireling. He scorned reward; and if anything of that nature were offered him, he immediately took offense, and left the premises never to return.

It is told of a particular Brownie who had served long and faithfully a border family, now extinct, that on the occasion of a new arrival by the stork route, the lady fell suddenly ill, and a servant was ordered to ride, in all haste, to Jedburgh for the midwife. He showed no great alertness in setting out, so the Brownie slipped on the domestic's overcoat and rode to town on the laird's best steed, and returned with the midwife forthwith; who, by the way, had a rather exciting experience

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during the journey. Notwithstanding the Brownie's haste, during the short space of his absence, the Tweed, which they had to ford, had risen to a dangerous height; but this was no obstacle to the Brownie. He plunged through the stream with the terrified woman, and quickly landed her where her services were needed. Having put the exhausted horse into the stable, he proceeded to the room of the tardy servant, whose duty he had performed, and finding that he was just in the act of putting on his boots, he gave him a merciless drubbing with his own horsewhip.

This important and timely service aroused the gratitude of the laird; and, having heard that the Brownie had expressed a wish to have a green coat, he ordered a vestment of that color to be made and left in the Brownie's haunts. The green coat disappeared, but so did the Brownie, for that was the last that was ever heard of him.

It is said that the last of the Brownies in Ettrick Forest was the faithful servant of a family at Bodsbeck; a wild and solitary spot near Moffat Water. After many years of loyal service the scrupulous gratitude of an old lady induced her to repay the devoted Brownie, by placing in his haunt a pitcher of milk and a piece of money. The whole night thereafter the Brownie was heard howling "Farewell to bonnie Bodsbeck," which he left for ever.

III

AMPHIBIOUS FAIRIES

THERE were several species of amphibious fairies among the Scottish varieties, called Nymphs, Kelpies, Mermen and Mermaids, Sirens, etc. Although Greek in origin, the Nymphs were once well-known in Scotland. They were all females, and inhabited mountains, forest, and meadows, as well as lakes and streams. They were wholly beneficent, and were well beloved. Shakespeare hits them off well when he implores:

"Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered."

The Kelpies were little horse-like creatures, with semi-human intelligence, who had the gift of prophecy. They inhabited the streams, lakes, and rivers, and even the 'little burnies' (small creeks) in country places. Their prophetic instinct enabled them to display lights, and to make hideous noises in order to forewarn persons who would otherwise have been drowned.

On the river Conan, in the woods near Conan House, there are the ruins of an 'auld papist kirk,' in the midst of an 'auld kirkyard,' which

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once upon a time was the haunt of a water kelpie; but that was about two hundred years ago, when the kirk was entire, and a field of oats grew near by. One day during the harvest when the Highlanders were reaping the oats, they heard a voice at high noon coming from the river, crying "The hour has come but not the man."

The startled harvesters looked towards the river, and there, sure enough, was the Kelpie standing in the midst of the false-ford, just beside the 'auld kirk.' In the middle of the ford there was a treacherous ripple which looked like shallow water, but was nevertheless so deep that a horse might swim. There stood the Kelpie, and again it repeated, "The hour but not the man has come"; and darting through the water like a drake it disappeared in the pool. The harvesters stood wondering what the creature might mean, when presently there came a man on horseback, in hot haste, making straight for the false-ford. They had now no doubt as to the meaning of the Kelpie's prophetic warning, and four of the stoutest of the Highlanders rushed in front of the rider, and warned him of his danger, telling him what they had seen and heard, and urged him to take another road. But the rider was both skeptical and in a hurry, and would have crossed the ford, had the Highlanders not determined on saving him whether he would or not. They gathered around him, pulled him from his horse, and to make sure of his safety they locked him up in the church. When the fatal hour had gone by they flung open the door, and told him that he might now safely continue his journey. But they got no answer. They called a second time, and still there was no reply. Then they went to search for him, and found him lying with his face immersed in the water of the baptismal font, a stone trough which is still to be seen *in situ* among the ruins to this day. His hour had come to be drowned, and all the efforts of both Kelpie and Highlanders were futile to avert his doom.

The Mermen and Mermaids of Scotland were not only amphibious but they were polymorphous as well. They preferred to live among the Islands, where they had submarine openings to subterranean chambers where they spent the most of their time as homekeepers, and appeared to be very much like human beings. These habitations were beautifully ornamented with pearl and coral productions of the ocean. When they appeared above water, however, they could assume the well-known mermaid form — human to the waist and terminating in the tail of a fish; or they could take a form so seal-like that they were often mistaken by seal-hunters for these animals. This accomplishment was due to an extraordinary inherited power, which their ancestors had possessed for many ages. By this magic power they could enter the hides of seals

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in such a manner that they not only assumed the seal form, but they also became completely identified with the skin; yet whether they were entering or leaving the seal-skin it took no more than a moment of time. Thus they were as perfectly at home in the ocean as seals, or they could land on some rock and relieve themselves of their sea-dress, resume their human form, and explore the haunts of men. Unfortunately, however, they each possessed but one seal-skin, and if that garb happened to be stolen in their absence they were doomed to remain in the upper world as terrestrial inhabitants, for without their seal-skins they could neither take to the sea, nor return to their underground home.

A story is told of a boat's crew of Shetland seal-fishers, who landed on a small island for the purpose of hunting seals for their valuable fur coats. After they had caught a number of seals and stripped them of their skins, a tremendous swell arose, and all made haste to reach their boat with their skins, leaving the carcasses on the rocks. One of their number imprudently lingered to get another hide, till it was too late. His comrades tried to save him, but the surge had increased so fast that after several attempts had been made to reach the unfortunate wight, they had to leave him to his fate.

The abandoned Shetlander saw no prospect in store for him but death from cold and hunger, or of being swept into the sea by the breakers, which threatened to overwhelm the small island. At length he perceived many of the seals that had escaped the huntsmen approach the skerry, disrobe themselves of their amphibious hides, and resume the shape of the sons and daughters of the ocean. He was amazed to observe that their first object was to revive their friends who had been stunned by the huntsmen, having been in that state while they were deprived of their skins.

When the flayed seals had regained sensibility they assumed the forms of Mermen and Merwomen; and began a mournful lament for the loss of their sea-dress, which would prevent them from returning to their beloved coral mansions beneath the sea.

But their chief lamentation was for Ollavitinus, the son of Gioga, who was one of the unfortunates who had been stripped of their seal-skins.

In the midst of their dolorous dirge, they observed the unfortunate Shetlander shivering with cold, and frantic with despair. Gioga immediately conceived the idea of rendering the safe return of the man subservient to the recovery of the seal-skin belonging to her son Ollavitinus, and proposed to carry him safely to Papa Stour, for the recovery of the precious skin. A bargain was struck and Gioga donned her amphibious garb, and offered to take the man on her back. But the Shetlander

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became alarmed lest the fury of the waves should wrench them asunder, and for his greater safety prudently begged the matron that he might be allowed to cut a few holes in her shoulders and flanks, in order to get a better hold for his hands and feet, between the skin and the flesh. The request was granted, and she soon landed him safely at Acers Gio, in Papa Stour, from whence he proceeded to Hamna Voe to get the precious skin, and honorably fulfilled his part of the contract; and Gioga returned contentedly to the skerry with her treasure.

On one occasion, a citizen of Unst while walking along the sandy margin of a voe saw a band of Mermen and Maids dancing by moonlight, and their seal-skins lying on the ground beside them. At his approach they immediately rushed into their marine garbs, and plunged into the sea. After they had gone the Shetlander saw a seal-skin lying at his feet, which he conjectured belonged to one of the dancers who had wandered from the rest, and had not yet taken to the ocean. He took the skin with him and placed it in concealment, and returned to the shore to see what would happen.

On his way he met a damsel, fairer than had ever been seen by mortal eyes, lamenting the loss of her ocean garb, for she knew that she must be an exile in the upper World until she found it. She implored the Shetlander to return it, but he was inexorable, for he had become so deeply enamored with her that nothing could have induced him to part from her. He begged her to accept his protection and become his betrothed spouse. The Merlady perceiving that she must remain an inhabitant of the earth, concluded that she could do no better than comply with his request.

The Shetlander's love for his Merwife was unbounded, and the strange attachment continued for many years, and the couple had several children. But the lady was not contented. She would often steal away to the seashore, and hold converse with a large seal, in an unknown tongue.

At length, while one of her children was at play, he found a seal-skin concealed beneath a rick, and thinking it a great prize he ran with it to his mother, who immediately recognised it as her own long-lost treasure. Her eyes glistened with rapture as she burst forth into an ecstasy of joy at the thought of returning to her beloved home and husband. Her joy was only moderated as she thought of her children, whom she must leave behind. She hastily embraced and kissed them all, and fled to the ocean. The Shetlander, perceiving what had occurred, ran to overtake her, but he only arrived in time to see her transform herself and bound into the sea, and soon the big seal appeared by her side. Before she dived to the depths of the ocean she cast a parting glance at the wretched man,

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saying: "Farewell! may all good attend you. I loved you very well, but I always loved my real husband better."

Long ago, in the far North, near John O'Groat's House, there lived a man who gained his livelihood by catching all kinds of fish: but, on account of the long price that he got for their skins, his speciality was seals. As this narration will prove, many of these animals are neither dogs nor cods, but true fairies.

It happened one evening, after this notable fisher had returned from his day's efforts, that he was visited by a stranger who represented himself as the agent of a seal-skin dealer, who was in immediate want of a large number of skins; and who wished to see the fisher that very night. Pleased at the prospect of a good bargain, and never suspecting duplicity, he willingly consented to go with the stranger. Both mounted a steed, which the stranger had in readiness, and took the road with such velocity that although there was a strong wind in their backs, the fleetness of their movement made it appear to be strongly in their faces. Soon they came to a stupendous precipice overhanging the sea, where the stranger stopped his steed and ordered the fisherman to dismount.

"But where is the seal-skin trader?" he asked.

"You shall see him presently," replied the guide; and immediately hurled him into the abyss below.

After sinking down, and down, no one knows how far, they at length reached a door, which being opened, led them into a range of apartments filled not with people but with seals, who, nevertheless, could speak and feel like human folk, and the seal-killer was surprised to see that he himself had become as one of them, but he was reconciled to the transformation for it was quite plain that he would have died for want of breath in his natural form.

The seals were all very melancholy, and appeared to be in distress, but perceiving the seal-killer's terror they assured him that he had nothing to fear from them, although they had many grievances against him. But he was by no means appeased, for his conscience began to trouble him sorely when he remembered how many seals he had murdered.

At length the stranger, his guide, confronted him with a jockaleg, saying, "Did you ever see this knife before?"

The guilty fisherman instantly recognised it as his own knife, which that very day he had stuck into a seal, that escaped, knife and all. He saw that denial was useless, and at once acknowledged that it was his own.

"Well," said his guide, "that which appeared to you to be a seal was my father, who is now dangerously ill from the wound you gave him, and without your aid he cannot be saved. I trust that my filial

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duty will be ample excuse for the artifice I have practised to bring you hither."

The trembling seal-killer was led into another apartment, where he saw the identical seal which had escaped with his knife earlier in the day, suffering grievously from a tremendous gash in his hindquarters. The seal-killer was then requested to cicatrize the wound with his hand. This being done, the seal immediately arose from his bed in perfect health; not even the mark of a wound remained. The demeanor of the seals changed from mourning to rejoicing, and all was mirth and glee.

Very different, however, were the feelings of the unfortunate seal-killer, for he expected to remain a metamorphosed man for the rest of his days and that he would see home and kindred no more. But in this he was mistaken.

His guide now addressed him, saying: "Now Sir, you are at liberty to return to your wife and family, to whom I am about to conduct you, but it is upon the express condition, to which you must bind yourself by a solemn oath, that you will never hereafter maim or kill a seal in all your allotted days."

To this condition, hard as it was, he joyfully assented, and the oath being administered in all due form, he bade his new acquaintances most heartily and sincerely a long farewell. Taking hold of his guide, they issued through the door, and swam up and up till they reached the very cliff from which they had descended earlier in the evening; at the top of which stood the same steed, ready for a second ride. The guide breathed upon the fisherman, and they both became like men. They mounted the horse, and fleet as they came, they returned twice as fast. In an instant the honest fisher was at his own door-cheek, where his accomplished guide made him such a present as far more than compensated him for the loss he made through his resolution to kill no more seals.

(To be continued)



"TOUCHING musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects hath it in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action."—*Hooker*

WHAT IS SCIENCE? by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IN one of his newspaper articles, Professor Garrett P. Serviss deals with a correspondent's question, asking whether telepathy and such-like phenomena should not be investigated by science, and whether the word 'science' does not comprehend such investigations. He writes:

"Science says: 'Whatever impresses the physical sense must have a physical basis; its physical basis may be obscure and hidden from me at present, but I will search for it, and until I find it I will not include these particular phenomena in my categories of things known. They may be facts or they may be illusions.'"

He also says that knowledge is not knowledge in the scientific sense until it is the common property of all minds sufficiently trained to apprehend it. You must show me your ghost before I can believe it is not an illusion. And again:

"The writer of this letter thinks that science does not end where physical laws end. But it does end just there, or else the name of science must be so indefinitely extended that it will become but a mental mist. But let no one imagine that in saying this I am setting myself against religion — the two things are not commensurable."

The professor seems to have divided his cosmos into two main parts — that which is studied by science and is amenable to physical laws, and that which is not amenable to physical laws and belongs to religion. The former is supposed to be definite, exact, and real; the latter vague and imaginary. The crucial test to be applied, in deciding to which class a thing belongs, is whether it impresses the physical senses. No allowance is made for the possibility that there may be other senses, not physical, and yet true and reliable organs of perception; or that there may be other forms of objectivity besides that described as physical. But there are guarding phrases, such as the phrase, "minds sufficiently trained to apprehend it." And this phrase can be used against the professor. For, if I cannot make him see my ghost, I can say that his mind is not sufficiently trained to apprehend it. It is a genuine phenomenon, I may say; and I can show it to all other people (provided their minds are sufficiently trained); therefore it is a proper study for science; and, as it impresses our physical senses, it must have a physical origin; (or, if the senses impressed are not physical, I catch the professor on the other horn of the dilemma.) The youthful Pasteur, who is quoted as convincing the eminent chemist Biot by showing Biot how to perform an experiment for himself, could not thus have convinced the proverbial Tomlinson or his wife; they would have had to go into training for the rest of their mortal lives first. And even I myself cannot thus be convinced of the truth of certain recondite mathematical operations: my training does not permit me to perform the experiment for myself in this case.

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Hence, if science includes all knowledge susceptible of being imparted to other minds (provided only that they are sufficiently trained), I am ready to propose an entire new curriculum of scientific studies for Professor Serviss, and to start him at once on the road to the necessary training. In the meantime, until he has completed his training, he will kindly suspend his judgment.

We feel bound to protest against the suggestion that all which lies beyond the plane of physical objectivity is cloudy and illusive. The case appears to us to resemble that of a man who should restrict all exact knowledge to the solid state of matter alone and ignore liquids and gases as being non-solid and therefore vague and metaphysical. But the liquid and gaseous states are as real as the solid, and have their peculiar laws, which, though different, are definite. Similarly, the physical state of objectivity may be but one of several, all real and definite, but having different laws. The physical senses may be but one of several sets, each set correlated with its appropriate plane of objectivity. In this case the domain of science could very properly be extended to include the investigations pertaining to these other planes and senses. An alternative to this would be to extend the meaning of the word 'physical' so as to include these other planes and senses. In either case the meaning of the word 'science' would be enlarged beyond the limits suggested by the professor.

In fact the word 'science' has a general sense, and more than one specific sense. The dictionary says:

“(1) Knowledge; knowledge of principles or facts.

“(2) Specifically — accumulated and accepted knowledge, which has been systematized and formulated with reference to the discovery of general truths or the operation of general laws; knowledge classified and made available in work, life, or the search for truth; comprehensive, profound, or philosophical knowledge.

“(3) Especially — such knowledge when it relates to the physical world and its phenomena; — called also *natural science*.”

Number one is the widest and most general meaning; number two includes philosophy and politics; number three is the kind the professor means, and is better distinguished as natural science. It is the study of physical phenomena; but the word 'physical' needs definition.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

“The daring explorer, who would probe the inmost secrets of Nature, must transcend the narrow limitations of sense, and transfer his consciousness into the region of noumena and the sphere of primal causes. To effect this, he must develop faculties which are absolutely dormant — save in a few rare and exceptional cases — in the constitution of the offshoots of our present Fifth Root-Race in Europe and America. He can in no other conceivable manner collect the facts on which to base his speculations.” — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 477-478

A noumenon is defined by the dictionary as an object of rational

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intuition; that which is apprehended as an object solely by the understanding, apart from any mediation through sense. Thus noumena are objects and can be apprehended by faculties of cognition. But these faculties are not the physical senses. Those qualities which are cognisable by the physical senses are called phenomena.

From this it is evident that we may transcend the prescribed sphere of natural science, and yet without finding ourselves in a sea of wild phantasy and illusion, or even in a particularly religious sphere. We merely postulate that a human being possesses other organs of direct knowledge besides the physical senses, and that Nature contains real objects, which can be apprehended by these organs. Hence we recognise the possibility of an extended domain of science, which would investigate the facts discoverable in these other realms of Nature, and by the use of these other faculties, and which would arrange and formulate the laws and general principles involved. H. P. Blavatsky, as we see, declares this to be not a mere possibility but a fact; that is her position and that of probably most Theosophists. The skeptic will say, "Prove"; and we shall answer, "Come and let us give you the necessary training!" You must develop those faculties which are at present dormant in our race. First, of course, comes the moral test; for it would never do to let such extensive knowledge loose upon such a world as ours; and if a teacher should attempt to give it you prematurely, he would merely wreck you. Hence a book like *The Voice of the Silence* is a good one to begin with.

H. P. Blavatsky concedes the right of natural scientists to define the limits of their sphere of investigation; but objects whenever they overstep those limits by dogmatizing about what is beyond, or by denying that there is anything beyond. It cannot be denied that some men of science have done this, or that it has been done by scientists *as a body*. As to individual scientists, they are too often willing to avail themselves of the prestige of that body, while disclaiming complicity in its misdeeds. Thus it is hard to pin them down. In spite of the most modest and reasonable definitions of their objects, they may, on the whole, be considered as usually a trifle too dogmatic as to the limits of Nature. But the difficulty is one that necessarily confronts an organized body devoted to definite pursuits; it is the difficulty of reconciling liberty with authority, so as to avoid bigotry on the one hand and disorder on the other. A creed of some sort would seem inevitable, if coherence is to be maintained; and for natural scientists to admit within their body psychic researchers, astrologers, and what not, would be like a church opening its pulpit to a variety of sects and freak religions.

Now the desire of man is to know the truth; and that, not as an abstract inquiry, but as the means of solving the practical problems of

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life. He is confronted therefore with the following alternatives as regards science: if he restricts the scope of science, then he must seek elsewhere for the truths that science does not touch; but if he includes all pursuit of knowledge under the name of science, then he must enlarge the scope of science. If he limits the scope of science, and at the same time declares it to be the only means of knowledge, he shuts himself out from the truth by a dogmatic system. This is the practical side of the question. And Theosophists think that science has asserted more authority than its own declared limitations justify.

Science deals with phenomena — that is, with the physical effects produced by ultra-physical causes. We are justified in calling these causes ultra-physical, because, whatever definition we may give to the word 'physical,' it cannot be made to include that which lies beyond its own limits. And the methods of observation used by science penetrate only up to a certain point, while at the same time the reason compels us to admit that undiscovered regions lie beyond this point. Science can study the phenomena of attraction; it knows there must be a cause for attraction; but it cannot discern that cause. If that cause be called physical, then the problem remains unsolved — it is merely pushed back a stage. The alternative is that the cause is ultra-physical. And so in every other case. The movements of the body can be studied, but their cause lies in the sphere of mind. The scientific method cannot carry us beyond the hypostases of (physical) space and time, for these are physical units or ultimates, and cannot be further analysed without getting off the physical plane of objectivity altogether.


Since natural science is thus admittedly limited, the question is, Are we to limit our inquiries correspondingly? Or again, is it impossible to investigate the ultra-physical causes which natural science cannot investigate? Does this inquiry come under the head of 'religion' (to which a sop must be thrown)? I opine that we shall not find much light on this subject emanating from the pulpit. If religion is to have a separate sphere at all, this cannot be its sphere. Hence a wider science is certainly needed.

But this will raise in the mind of our worthy scientific friends visions of cranks and mountebanks of all sorts; and with good reason. Not even all the wealth of teachings left by H. P. Blavatsky could prevent vain, useless, and even harmful promiscuity, without the help of the *Key* — the key of right motive, alluded to above. And so the basis of the higher science is ethical, and conduct and duty become requisites in its pursuit. If I am to transcend the limits of physical space and time, and the veils of my physical senses, in order to render my mind sensitive to perceptions of a higher order, I must first purify my own character. For I find that I am chained

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down to these limitations by my desires and my personal passions. Further, I am convinced that the pursuit of knowledge from any but an impersonal motive, leads to disaster both to myself and society. Therefore Theosophy proclaims the science of right-living, and declares that there are vast worlds of discovery open to those who can obey the conditions.

THE DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT: by Montague Machell

 ADAME TINGLEY in one of her recent talks to her students dwelt upon the importance of accentuating and maintaining the devotional spirit in their daily living. She warned her listeners of the tendency to allow this attitude to become spasmodic, to save it for special occasions, and to depend upon certain events and conditions to arouse it.

We are all familiar with the devotion which is brought out with the Sabbath clothes in order to glorify the Lord on that day, and which is put by during the week either for its own convenience or for that of the professor. Most of us have seen, too, that type of devotee from whom a church, a crucifix, a sacred name, even the word 'religion,' will draw forth a sudden attitude of beatific reverence quite mystifying taken in conjunction with his customary mode of life and action. Then, again, we have probably met the 'infidel' whom these same objects and symbols excite to the most bitter scoffing and irreverence. What is the devotion of these various types?

In the case of exclusively Sunday-go-to-meeting devotion, what, one may ask, replaces that state in the devotee on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc.? In the large majority, devotion of another part of themselves to other interests, devotion of the acquisitive side of their natures to acquiring wealth, devotion of the personality to acquiring fame or reputation, devotion of the physical man to gratification or enjoyment. In the pursuit of these there may be no flagrant violation of any one of the commandments, but merely evidence that the personality chose to dwell in one or another of the many mansions of the Father's house, rather than with the Father himself. In the second case, that of startlingly spasmodic expressions of devotion evoked by some emblem of the faith professed, quite foreign to the daily course of action, one is reminded of the principle of reaction to a familiar stimulus, or association of ideas. Heredity or long training has induced a scrupulous and almost involuntary reverence for all things pertaining to that rather vague and lifeless con-

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cept carefully stored away in an obscure corner of the mind and labeled RELIGION. And in this case it is probable that any really worthy attributes which the man may possess, have long been entirely dissociated from the ideas lying under the label. And it would not be surprising if these same qualities, never openly alluded to, should break forth in noble action at a crisis, whereas those lying under the label are the devotee's devitalized 'profession of faith.'

The 'infidel,' even though he be exceptionally violent, may possess more true devotion to a true ideal than either of the former two, but he is sick of the shams and hypocrisies which he sees about him. He holds the ideal to which he has devoted himself too sacred to be desecrated by an open demonstration of his feelings.

Yet so complex and paradoxical is human nature that we find distortions of the true devotional spirit in most unexpected places. Who has not known natures innately good and naturally religious in the largest sense, who in the performance of their devotions become sober, aloof, strained, and unnatural? Seeing them at such moments one would suppose that all the joy had gone out of their life; and the person who under all other circumstances shows perfect taste and poise, in the matter of devotional expression causes embarrassment to himself and others. The only explanation one can give is that of the personality stepping in and distorting the natural expression of the true Self.

We have to free ourselves from the supposed necessity of an abnormal sense of exaltation or of an extinction of natural human joyousness in our devotions: the great heart of us is ever singing paeans of praise to the Most High do we but allow it expression; true devotion is its truest rejoicing.

The first essential quality of any genuine and abiding spirit of devotion in the human being is *Sincerity*; the second, an awakened Heart-Force in the life. Just as the real devotional spirit is impossible with a purely intellectual conception of life, so it is equally beyond the reach of the insincere nature. For when we seek to frame a true definition of the genuine devotional spirit, is it not a recognition of and a doing reverence to the Divine Principle of the Universe, whether we call it God, Truth, The Self, or any other name?

According to the Theosophical teachings, every human being as a ray from the central source of Divine Life, is essentially divine. This Divine Self, they teach, is the real man; and the personality, the mentality, the physical body and its appetites, are illusory vehicles for use in what is to the Divine Self an illusory (but very necessary) universe. During his life on earth, man tends to become absorbed in these illusory qualities and in earthly existence and so drifts away from the real Self.

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It is one thing to understand this truth intellectually; it is quite another thing to make it a part of one's life and being. For even when one has accepted and fully comprehended the truth of his innate divinity, he is still confronted with life's great problem, how to retrace his steps back to the god within, from whom ignorance has led him away. But as soon as a student starts on this path of self-conquest *sincerely*, all life holds new values for him. He perceives the Divine Breath imbuing all nature and every human being, he perceives himself a part of that Divine Self, permitted to know its joy and inspiration in as far as he reaches inward to that center of light within himself.

In this state he begins to see that *natural* life is a constant awareness of the divine, a constant dwelling with the Inner Self. The effect of this is absolutely to reverse his former point of view: from estimating values from the *half-truths* of exterior phenomena, he comes to look out upon life from the entire eternal truth of the interior Self — that which is not only my true self and your true self, *but the only true essence of everything in the universe* — that of which all material effects of the universe are the vehicles.

For the average good or aspiring nature it is almost always possible at a given time and under given conditions to *work itself up* into a state of devotional feeling, but it will be merely a temporary state, not a true expression of the devotee, hence it will be marked by strain and lack of poise.

In a recent address at the Isis Theater, San Diego, Madame Tingley said:

“ We must stimulate the will with a quality of *thought* that has its origin back of the intellect.”

Here we have the key to the situation: that to which Madame Tingley referred in the same address — “The Power of Thought and Action — that still silent power that can overcome every obstacle.” We have to begin with our thoughts, tone them up, vitalize them to a really high potential, for after all the only strong thing is Truth, and the one eternal truth is — *Divinity!* By convincing ourselves of this and training ourselves to think from this standpoint and along this line, we shall transform the atmosphere of the mind, charge it with new currents, and in time that quality of thought “which has its origin back of the intellect” will begin to illuminate our thinking principle. Then we have to become ‘at home’ in this mental atmosphere; having built our sanctuary, we must love to dwell in it, to say with the psalmist: “How lovely are thy courts, O Lord!” so that there will be no set moments when we can say exclusively that we are at our devotions, but that all our minutes, hours, and days are filled with “a loving intent to the Divine Self of the world.” This is the true and eternal goal. The Devotional Spirit is nothing more


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than a reverent loyalty to our own godhood, carried to the point wherein that godhood shines through and hallows every detail of daily life.

William Q. Judge has said:

“Persevere, and little by little new ideas and thought-forms will drive out of you the old ones. This is the eternal process.”

THE USE OF THE IMAGINATION IN THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE: by Percy Leonard

 HE use of the imagination is discouraged by many scientists in favor of the cold, dispassionate study of facts; but one of the most successful lecturers seems to have given this master-faculty the freest play with the happiest results.

It is related of Agassiz that he once exhibited to his class some recently-acquired fossils of the huge, unwieldy monsters of the earliest times. He was led on to give a general review of these colossal lizards, and by blackboard sketches he traced their affinities with their puny representatives of modern days.

As he warmed to his subject the dead past seemed to come to life again. The faded photographs of those great “dragons of the Prime” flashed clear and sharp again upon the screen of time; the echoes of their terrible encounters sounded in the lecturer’s ears. Agassiz glowed with emotion as he held his listeners spellbound; but before the lecture hour had reached its close he asked to be excused, for, as he explained:

“While I have been describing these extinct monsters they have taken on a sort of life; they have been crawling and darting about me, I have heard their screaming and hissing, and I am really exhausted.”

We need not suppose that his impressions were the creations of his heated fancy; they may have been the actual records of the cosmic memory, revived by his imagination and perceived by virtue of an unusual exaltation of sensitiveness. The ‘Book of Remembrance’ is no fiction, and Theosophy teaches that the flight of a mosquito and the sweep of a comet are equally preserved in the faithful record of the Ākāśa, and may readily be deciphered by those who know the way.

Almost anyone can visualize a flower or an animal with such distinctness that it is clearly visible to the inner sight, and when lecturers can make their mental ‘movies’ visible to their pupils, their lenses and lanterns, their films and machinery, may then be discarded.

It is said that Turner, wishing to introduce a dragon into one of his

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pictures, and lacking a living model, was thrown back on his imagination. Some years afterwards a fossil came to light presenting a striking resemblance to the 'figment of his mind.' Perhaps it was no 'figment' after all; but an actual record of the past which he had picked out of the cosmic picture-gallery and transferred as he saw it to his canvas.

GIANTS: by Magister Artium



THE universal stories, legends, and myths about giants may be taken as sure proof that there is a basis of fact in the belief. It would stretch credulity much too far if we were asked to believe that all this arose out of nothing at all. By far the simplest way of explaining this universal testimony is to accept the idea that gigantic human races have actually existed in the remote past; and that the remembrance has been handed down by tradition and embalmed in myth. As it is quite in accordance with scientific procedure to seek analogies in the animal kingdom, we may reasonably refer to the fact that, in the remote past, gigantic animals lived, whose huge bones are now found, but whose descendants of the same kind have now become dwarfed into little creeping things. There were the vast Mesozoic saurians, now represented mainly by the lizard that basks in the sun, and but feebly replaced even by the alligator and crocodile. There were gigantic monsters of the air, now feebly imitated by the noisome bat of the night. Even in the vegetable kingdom we find that

"the pretty ferns we collect and dry among the leaves of our favorite volumes are the descendants of the gigantic ferns which grew during the carboniferous period."— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 276

It is pertinent to ask whether the human kingdom has been an exception to this rule of dwarfing.

Perhaps the most familiar guise in which giants have been brought to our notice is in the fairy-tales of our childhood — Jack the Giant-Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Grimm's Household Stories, etc. The pages of the Jewish Bible, made familiar to those who attended Sunday-School or read daily Bible-lessons, tell us that, before Noah's Flood, "there were giants in the earth in those days." Greek legend tells us how the Titans, offspring of Uranus, were overthrown by Zeus, who had on his side the Cyclopes, also giants; and how later on another war ensued between Zeus and a race of Giants that had sprung from the

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blood of Uranus. Scandinavian myth is full of giants, such as Thor, who have been made familiar to us in modern versions.

The word giant seems to have two significances — a gigantic human being, or a non-human monster of huge size. Giants are very generally represented as having sprung from the earth, fertilized by an influence from the gods — as in the case of the Greek Gigantes, sprung from the spilt blood of Uranus. The Bible tells us that “the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose”; and thus sprang the giant race which the Flood destroyed. The Titans sprang from heaven and earth. The writer in an encyclopaedia says that it was the common belief of the ancients that the human race had degenerated in size. Thus we have two ideas to deal with: that of giant men, and that of beings half man, half god, one-eyed monsters, etc.

It naturally occurs to people to ask what has become of the bones of the giants. But we do not state that the human race has changed in size during the last racial cycle. The Giants belonged to a remoter period, when the distribution of continental and oceanic areas was different; and their bones have long ago been reduced to the minutest dust beneath the waters of ocean. Besides this, a fossil is really a comparatively rare occurrence, and a human fossil very much more so; not only because of the very small ratio of fossil remains to living forms, but also on account of the universal practices of burial and cremation. But the discovery of evidence is only a matter of time; palaeontology is yet young; we have scarcely scratched the surface; and prejudice has so far sought to evade, rather than to find, evidence. The most obvious things lie hid until they are looked for, and negative evidence is very unreliable — if I see a thing, I can swear it is there; but, if I do not see it, I cannot swear it is not there.

Another scientific argument in favor of the former existence of gigantic human races is that of what is known as ‘atavism’ or ‘reversion to type.’

“Had there been no giants as a rule in ancient days, there would be none now.”—*Op. cit.* 277

But we find frequent instances of people of abnormal size. In Africa are some swarthy races whose average height is considerably above that of ordinary humanity. And it was in Africa that were preserved many remnants of very ancient human races which survived from the terrestrial cataclysms that submerged former continents.

Man was originally a colossal pre-tertiary giant, existing 18,000,000 years ago (II, 9). Of one of these early races an ancient commentary says:

“They built huge cities. Of rare earths and metals they built, and out of the fires vomited, out of the white stone of the mountains and of the black stone, they cut their own images

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in their size and likeness, and worshiped them. They built great images nine *yatis* (twenty-seven feet) high, the size of their bodies. Inner fires had destroyed the land of their fathers. The water threatened the fourth. The first great waters came. They swallowed the seven great islands."— II, 21

There were men on those continents which geology admits to have existed and to have been submerged. They were civilized, and, under the guidance of their divine rulers, built large cities, cultivated arts and sciences, and knew astronomy, architecture, and mathematics to perfection. After the great Flood of the Third (or Lemurian) Race, man decreased considerably in stature and in the duration of his life. Yet this next Race, the Fourth or Atlantean, are they who built the images nine *yatis* high, the size of their bodies. Speaking of this, H. P. Blavatsky calls attention to the well-known statues on Easter Island, a portion of an undeniably submerged continent, which measure almost all twenty-seven feet high and eight across the shoulders.*

"The Easter Island relics are, for instance, the most astounding and eloquent memorials of the primeval giants. They are as grand as they are mysterious; and one has but to examine the heads of the colossal statues, that have remained unbroken on that island, to recognise in them at a glance the features of the type and character attributed to the Fourth Race giants. They seem of one cast, though different in features — that of a *distinctly sensual type*, such as the Atlanteans (the *Daityas* and 'Atalantians') are represented to have been in the esoteric Hindû books."

But not all giants were evil. The quotation continues:

"Compare these with the faces of some other colossal statues in Central Asia — those near Bamian for instance — the *portrait-statues*, tradition tells us, of Buddhas belonging to *previous Manvantaras*; of those Buddhas and heroes who are mentioned in the Buddhist and Hindû works, as men of fabulous size, the good and holy brothers of their wicked co-uterine brothers generally. . . . These 'Buddhas' . . . show a suggestive difference, perceived at a glance, between the expression of their faces and that of the Easter Island statues. They may be of one race — but the former are 'Sons of Gods'; the latter the brood of mighty sorcerers."—II,224

With regard to the Easter Island statues, a writer in the *London Magazine* of several years ago says:

"The features and general expression of the faces of all the statues are utterly unlike in every detail any known type among the Polynesians of the present time. . . . There is evidence that both a race of giants inhabited the land and that they were destroyed by a cataclysm."

*It must be observed that we do not give the size of these statues as evidence that the people who built them were of that size. People who build statues, especially if for worship, generally make them colossal. Besides, these statues vary in size. One authority says they vary from seventy feet to three. Another says that most of them are from fourteen to sixteen feet (this being doubtless the height from the hips up), and that the largest is thirty-seven feet and the smallest four. The statement that the men who built them were twenty-seven feet high, therefore, rests upon other evidence. But the fact that such statues should be found at all, and in such a location, is evidence of the strongest kind in support of the teachings as to Lemuria and the Atlanteans.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Easter Island lies isolated in the Southern Pacific, two thousand miles from the west coast of America. It is twenty-nine miles around and volcanic in structure, with ancient craters. It contains 555 gigantic statues, beautifully carved in hard trachyte. They consist of a head and bust almost to the hips, and rest on large platforms, of which more than a hundred were found, some of them over five hundred feet long and ten feet high and wide, of immense stones uncemented but admirably dressed and fitted; many weighing over five tons each. Easter Island is a relic of that former South Pacific continent, to which geologists have given the name of Lemuria. The island was afterwards the refuge of some Atlanteans, the gigantic sorcerers who built the images. The continent disappeared several million years ago; and the Atlanteans, in their turn, disappeared several hundred thousand years ago. Think of these hundreds of millenniums during which those silent witnesses of the ages have stood there in their solitude, while the cycles of history rolled! The thought moves our awe as we strive in vain to contemplate it. Yet what more enduring than these hard igneous rocks, whether cut or in their original mountains?

Of course the great point of difference between geology and Theosophy is that, while both recognise the vast antiquity of the globe and of its living inhabitants, Theosophy recognises the existence of human races and civilizations far back in geological time. Prejudice has so far prevented geology from accepting this; and it may seem strange that, having thrown over so much theological dogma, geologists and anthropologists should cling so tenaciously to the notion that man is a very recent product, and civilization still more recent. But the advance of knowledge will soon sweep this prejudice into the lumber-room of antiquated notions.

As to that class of giants which are represented as monsters, and as bred of the commingling of heaven and earth, let us quote the following from *The Secret Doctrine*:

“The pithecoïds . . . can, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do* descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age. The ancestry of this semi-human monster is explained in the Stanzas as originating in the sin of the ‘mindless’ races of the middle Third-Race period.”— II, 683

This explains the passage quoted above from *Genesis*. Man had reached his utmost point of materiality; as he is now on his upward arc of evolution, he will never again become so physically vast and gross.

Some people have adduced the fact of cyclopean architecture as evidence of the existence of giants. But we prefer not to press this point. Those monuments usually evince, not merely size, but also minute

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skill and delicacy, such as might rather be attributed to a race of dwarfs. It is hard to see in the mind's eye a giant cutting out of a quarry a monolith sixty feet long, and then carrying it to a building and laying it with microscopic accuracy. Such architecture is evidence of ancient scientific skill, but not necessarily of the existence of big men. None the less we do believe in the former existence of giants; and the case is only made better by the removal of questionable arguments.

TRAVELERS: by a Traveler

I FOUND myself occupying a section with an elderly, kindly-appearing man, in a train that was full. We soon fell to discussing various things. Continuing, my companion remarked that when traveling he was always reminded how much life itself was like a great journey.

"Have you never felt," he inquired, "as if you had boarded a train at birth and had been going, going ever since, bound for some distant place? Beyond the earth, of course," he added.

"Why no," I answered. "I can't say I have. In fact I never have been able to make anything satisfactory out of this jumbled-up affair we call living. But tell me what you mean?" I asked.

"I certainly agree with you that most people's lives are jumbled-up affairs, and very few look as if they were conscious of going anywhere, do they? But there may be a reason for it. I can imagine, let the track be ever so well laid, that if this train we are now on, did not run on a strict schedule, as does every other train in the land also, and if there were no regulations that passengers were bound to respect, but any one of us could stop the train when he felt like it and get out to make some purchases, pick flowers, or what not, that with the delays, accidents, and ill-temperers that would result, this trip would be a jumbled-up affair too. And no one would wonder at it."

"No one would, that is certain, and I doubt if we should ever reach our destination," said I, wondering what application he was going to make.

"Well, we should be a long time getting there, anyway," he responded, "and it seems to me that is just the WHY of the confusion in people's lives, on this other trip I am thinking of. For we are on a very real journey, a journey through material things into the spiritual realm, with a well-laid track ahead too, yet many of us do not even see the track nor concern ourselves as to where we are going, what to do or not to do in order to reach the end. This is the beginning of the trouble with our lives. Also, to continue with my simile, we can make this trip as slowly

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or as quickly as we will. When we stop off at any of the stations, governed by the thousand and one wishes, desires, hates, selfish loves, and so forth, we delay our train, and it doesn't go on till we are willing to leave and climb aboard again. Generally we have been gone so long, or have become so side-tracked that when death overtakes us we have not yet reached the destination, and back we have to come and travel it over, till we succeed in making a through trip."

"A lightning express, eh? Well, where do you get your motive power, your steam?"

"Why, you see, life's experiences turn the wheels backwards or forwards or keep them at a stand-still, just according to what use we make of them, that is, we must convert experience into steam, which is knowledge, force, strength, if we would go on. Just as much as we gain of true knowledge and wisdom, just so much of the right kind of power we shall have for the purpose. The events of life are the milestones that mark the way. From them we must get the power to advance beyond them. If we don't meet them rightly when they present themselves to us, we have lost the opportunity, for the time, of getting this force, and we are at a standstill until we do. As a higher law rules in every detail of life, we have sooner or later to meet those events again; in other words, we repeat the trip in order that we may do so, in order that at last we may learn."

"Gives a man another chance, I see. I suppose then man is really the whole thing — the train, the engineer, and the steam."

"Exactly! and the track as well. All great men have said that man is himself 'the way', the 'Path'; that 'in man begins and ends the Path.' So a man is himself the maker of his own destiny; it is he who decides whether he shall go backwards or forwards along the path. For he can run back along the track as well as ahead, you know. The track that leads to this other land is built of unselfishness, compassion, purity, goodness."

And then he told me of what he had heard and read about our destiny, the place for which my life-train was headed. He said that it was all beauty, for nothing not beautiful could take you there; that it was all goodness, for nothing that was not good could advance you. It was to the soul of things, back to the unseen side of them that we were traveling. And he spoke of those who had reached the goal, how they continually warned us of the dangers along the route and pointed out the best way.

"You might call them the Conductors," I ventured, for I was much interested. Then I asked him why it was that we did not all have an equal chance. "Isn't it unjust?" I asked.

"Well, son," he replied, "I shouldn't wonder that we all did start out even in the long ago. But many of us have been stopping at the pleasant

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places or going back to revisit others, while the rest have kept their eyes on the goal and either have passed by those temptations or stayed only long enough to learn never to stop there again. Then of course when we begin the trip at the next birth we naturally start at the place or station where death caught us. We have to pull out of that place before we can go on, you know, and," he added gravely, "it often means much suffering to do so, too. But that's the way we learn. I see that we are nearing my town and I must say good-bye; I hope that I have not bored you with my talk?"

"Well! I should think not," I hastened to assure him. "It seems very sensible and I hate to see you go. Indeed, I feel as if I had more steam in the way of knowledge to go on with, than I had before I met you."

"Perhaps we shall meet again somewhere along the way," he said, as he extended his hand to me. I looked into his clear, keen eyes, and truly hoped so. I helped him to the platform, and the train sped on. And I sat a long while thinking of the dear old traveler and of what he had said to me.

SCIENCE ITEM: by C.

ANOTHER scare about water. We had been warned before that it was always percolating down through the crust and getting lost, and that in X years there would be nothing to drink. Now we learn that as electricity, when attending to business, decomposes water, and as lightning *is* electricity attending to business, every flash deprives us of some of our drink (or what would be drink when it came down as rain) and replaces it with its composing equivalents of mere oxygen and hydrogen. Moreover the hydrogen, when high enough up in the air, escapes forever from Mother Earth's attraction and floats away into space.

Surely this should be looked into by government and something done about it. . . . But yet, come to think of it, just as radium turned up in the nick of time to enable us to understand one way at any rate in which the sun may be able to keep up his heat supply without bankrupting himself in any thinkable period, so something may turn up to explain to us how the lost hydrogen may be reined in after all — or perhaps integrated *de novo* from electrons: how, in fact, the interests of our earth and its humanity may be quite efficiently looked after by the Power that brought the two together for important reasons of cosmic policy.



THE concluding chapters of 'The Red Rose and the White' by R. Machel will appear in an early issue. EDITOR