

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XVI, NO 5

MAY 1919

We stand at the parting of the ways, where the one path leads down the acclivity to the dark valley of ignorance, and the other climbs upward toward the pure celestial level of being. For us it is to utter the cry of warning and the word of encouragement: HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR—AND BE WISE.—H. P. Blavatsky

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THIS is Easter morning and we are gathered here in the truest sense of the word to pay tribute to all that can possibly express the meaning of Easter-time—the Resurrection. We are going to forget all our worldly cares and misgivings; we must ignore that we ever had a sorrow or a disappointment or a trial; we must try to remember that we are divine expressions of the great Divine Life; and in the thought of Easter-time and of all its meaning, we must find ourselves close to our highest ideals.

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It is one of the greatest pities that poor humanity cannot always find itself in an exalted state, ever working in consonance with its highest aspirations and the noblest ideals that man possesses. A time like this is, to me, a very solemn time, a very beautiful time, when we can evoke from the innermost part of our natures something quite new, something that will bring home to us the power of the soul and make us feel more and more that we are essential parts of the great Universe, and that the future happiness, the future deliverance of humanity, absolutely depend upon our making nobler and more unselfish efforts.

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We all know that thought is very contagious, and that the psychological force of an aggregation of minds such as we have here can spread far and wide. Possibly

*An address given by Katherine Tingley at Isis Theater, San Diego, Easter morning, April 20, 1919

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we may find also, before we have finished our morning service, that we have done something just a little different from what other people are doing; that possibly because we are here in this theater, which is dedicated to the unconventional and the non-dogmatic expressions of Theosophy, the very atmosphere, the very ideas and the general spirit of Brotherhood that have filled this theater every Sunday for more than eighteen years, might manifest in a new way. We all know that we are mysteries to ourselves, and that we can also be revelations to ourselves. And so I have to unburden myself as to the conditions that are here and as to the glorious possibilities that are ours, if we but make the effort to cultivate the divine side of our being.

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It is by contrast that we learn life, and if we look out into the world today, no matter how far our thoughts may go, we cannot find that quality of peace which it has been taught us all down the ages should be our possession, and we have not that quality of confidence and trust in the divine side of things that should be ours. We know that there is a great lack of these in the world, and that something has happened all down the ages to deprive us of our rights — some of our rights of thinking, feeling and knowing. Then the monster, so to speak — Fear of Death — has always been in our minds from the time when we received our first impressions of the meaning of the word. It has haunted us all along the path, in spite of all our efforts to break away from its psychology — all due to the half-teachings, the half-truths that have been presented in the name of religion.

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Thinking of these things there comes before us today Madame Blavatsky, the great Reformer and Teacher. We can imagine that she is here, and I can fancy with what eloquence she would appeal to you; how she would bring your hearts closer and closer to your divine natures; how she would open the way so truly and so forcefully that she would make you see into the future, and thus give you a new and permanent hope. She had a wonderful power of diction and of oratory; she was indeed a great spiritual teacher. True, she is not here, but we can press our imaginations into service, and imagination, you know, is the bridge between the mind and the soul. We can stretch our imaginations and go so far back into the past that we come to the time before man was on earth, before there was one manifestation of human life such as we know now. There was Nature in all her strength and beauty, in all her secret and mysterious power, but it needed another and grander manifestation of the universal law to bring an added power into the world, through the birth of the soul — the inner man, and that there might

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be a new expression of divinity through him, working with Nature on lines of least resistance and bringing him up to his power of Mastership.

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That time was hundreds of thousands of years before the time of Jesus; but at the very dawn of the human race there stepped into the arena of human life Man in all his mastership, filled, held, controlled, by that divine spark that marks the higher spiritual side of human nature. Here is the picture. At the birth of the soul, out of the heart of man, and out of the heart of all the silences of Nature, came a great song that swept through the Universe. It is not difficult to believe this when we realize that even the best human voices that we hear today carry us away from ourselves, out into the higher realms of thought and feeling, out into the great symphonies that are yet unheard. We go there in imagination until we open the door into a new chamber of thought, and lo and behold, we view realities.

And so these forces, of this Master Man, and all the wonderful Nature forces, were singing together in the glorious silences. I think it was Elizabeth Barrett Browning who spoke of "the orchestra of the Silences." There is a great and wonderful meaning in this phrase. When I read it, I knew that our poetess had trodden her quiet, silent path alone, out into the larger issues, into the great broad realm of higher thought, away from the personality, and had brought back into her nature, out from her very soul such depths of meaning as are rarely understood, except by Theosophists. Only in the depths of our natures, in the secret recesses and chambers of our souls, can we know the Truth. Then we can set imagination aside, we can walk into the chambers of the divine man, the Divinity of Life, and truly live.

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At that far-away time, at the dawn of the human race, that glorious song was echoed throughout the great Universe. It became assimilated with those grand silences, and has ever been singing through the long reaches of time. Its undertones, its overtones, have ever been calling out to man: Seek thy goal; seek perfection; march on in courage; live the life; and follow justice and truth and love. Again and again as the races came and multiplied, that great song, that universal Song of Life and Peace has again sounded, again echoed, and has been echoed down through the ages, but interpreted all so differently, according to man's environment, his ideals and his religious education. To have real education, one must make religion all-in-all. It must be a divine life, a divine inspiration —

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the divine support of life. But, as peoples, we have retrograded; coming down through the centuries, we have lost the undertones and the overtones of the glorious message of Easter, and the joy of Nature and of the Master Minds of men who lived in the consciousness of the Christos Spirit.

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How many rightly interpret those words of Jesus: "I am the Resurrection and the Life"? How many about him at the time he said those words took them in the deeper and more profound meaning that I have been speaking of? It was the universal life, the Christos Spirit in man, that was speaking through Jesus, and just as far as his disciples and the people since have accepted these universal ideas, with no thought of creeds and dogmas, reaching out into the realm of the higher consciousness, moving on unafraid, just so far have they understood that sublime Easter message. And it is high time that the humanity of today should find the deeper meaning of those words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

They are not only a great mantram, but they bring home to us an uplifting answer to our pleadings, to our heart-aches, to our disappointments and our yearnings. They bring us closer to our ideals; they give us the power to sway our lives, to control them to such a degree as to make possible our going forward on the Path to which they point, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

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If we are to reconstruct ourselves — for all spiritual work must begin within — if we are to reconstruct our home-life, our national life, educational systems, reformatory systems; if we are to build anew for the benefit of the human race, we must give a broader interpretation to all that in the past has pointed to the way of man's salvation. We must take the Bible and read it with new fervor and with a Theosophical insight and understanding, and give to it a divine interpretation — that is, only certain parts of the Bible, for I have not reached that point where I can call the Bible infallible; but it holds glorious and splendid truths that were taught and lived long before the time of Jesus. When that great Initiate, that Divine Representative, came, he re-stated some of the age-old teachings — to the people in parables, but to his disciples openly — that those who should follow after him might interpret them in a new way, and might reach the meaning and intent of his proclamation.

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There is a sacred music in those words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." There is in them an inner spiritual meaning that we might understand if we could

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move out into the grand Silences, if we could just believe in ourselves, find ourselves; if in our moments of silent prayer and aspiration we could deliver our burdens to the keeping of the Universal Law, and find ourselves in mood and intent and with a spiritual love that no words can express, sitting at the feet of the Law — of Universal Truth. There is in them new life and hope and joy.

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In these processes of thought I fancy I startle many, perhaps seemingly aggressively, but with no intent to do so; and then there are others who do perhaps find within the words, or in the tones of my voice, a certain something that bespeaks my earnestness and my absolute conviction of the truth of these facts that I bring before you. I know that there is a certain quality lacking from the human mind in general, so that we as a race are afraid, in a sense. There comes a great fear sometimes lest we shall have to do something that we never did before! One of the most dangerous tendencies of the age is a sort of crystallization, a hardening of conventionalism. We become crystallized in our thoughts and ideas; we become hardened in our conventionalism, and we leave no room for the soul to act. We refuse to acknowledge the soul-life; the divine life we ignore, and so we throw aside one of the most precious keys to the solution of life — the essential Divinity of man.

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To steady our thoughts that have been running hither and thither playing hide-and-go-seek with our lives all these times — that is what we must do; to sit in silence and find that which is unexpressed, which words can never bring forth — so powerful that these great truths will dawn upon us, and we shall unburden ourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy, and never again shall we falter in the pursuit of Truth. We shall seek it because it is our heritage; we shall seek it because it is our life, it is the panacea of all our woes; we shall seek it because we can wait no longer.

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Think, just for a moment, of all the waiting souls on earth today; let your minds run for a moment over across the water into the environment of the family and national life that has been so disturbed; see the pictures of despair and distress that are in the hearts of those without homes, possibly without shelter. Without this sustaining Divine Power that I speak of, how do they exist? While they have not the knowledge of it, yet because they are essentially divine, because the spark of Divinity is within every human soul, it sometimes sweeps into their lives — God unexpressed — possibly when they are sleeping, when even thought is silent, and for a moment they lose sight of the awful pictures through which they have passed. In the quiet, in the silence, along the paths of Divine

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Service the soul breathes into the mind and into the very being a wee bit of comfort, just as far as the mind and being are prepared to receive it. And so they go on, touched in part by the Divine Spirit, but not consciously built up and sustained by it, not realizing its support, its inspiration, its life — this is why despair and hopelessness at times overshadow them.

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We must not only think of the people across the water, but of all, here and everywhere, in all classes of society and all stations of life, from the poorest to the richest, from the unlearned to the learned, from the most degraded (as the world speaks of them) up to the most spiritual — from the lives of all there is something lacking. It is the knowledge of the one great key of Truth that man must have before he can go forward, before he can realize who and what he is, why he is here, and what life means — he must have this key before he can interpret the strange and terrible happenings in the world — the seeming injustices. Then the sublime truths of the Theosophical teachings of Karma and Reincarnation will dawn upon him.

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Find the life. Live it; know the truth of all these things that strain and trouble and hurt you, and bring you to points of despair, and you will find them explained in accordance with the laws of Universal Truth; you will find that Justice overrules even what seems injustice. This knowledge once attained, I hold that man can then begin to work on lines of least resistance. It will give him such strength that he can rejoice at being under the control of these divine laws, and through his own divine will, day by day, in the different processes of his experiences, he will journey on, slowly but surely, to the sunlit heights that we are all seeking.

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Each year the Easter morning somehow echoes to us from the mighty and wonderful past something quite new. It is supposed that humanity, in intent at least, is growing slowly under the very pressures that I speak of. It is supposed that there is a time in the lives of all of us when we shall reach a point of understanding; and when we reach that point we shall then be able to attune ourselves to the broader and deeper and grander conceptions of all the teachings of the past in their true meanings as they were given, and bring ourselves to see that after all, Life is Joy. Life is Joy!

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You might find a Theosophist in some out-of-the-way mood, possibly touched by heredity, or an old memory, or disappointment, who would not say

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that Life is Joy: but the true student of Theosophy, the one who is living in the consciousness of his divinity, will tell you that LIFE IS JOY; that the sorrows and disappointments, and allow me to say, even the persecutions, can bring home to each something new; for it is in the law that man shall be ever changing, ever growing. These processes of the soul move him about from condition to condition, interiorly and otherwise, and the whole great purpose of life is to change, to grow; and how can we grow if we do not struggle, and how can we struggle consciously, how can we meet life courageously, except we know the meaning of Universal Law, at least as far as it is adapted to our development, except we know the whys and wherefores of life?

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Now comes the thought most beautiful to me, how grandly Theosophy interprets the idea of death! I have presented the subject many times to some of you, but it always has a grander meaning to me, and is connected with the thoughts that have been presented today, and with this beautiful Easter morning – this Resurrection-time. I am sure you will find afterwards, that as the soul passes out, in the silence, into the new birth, if your hearts are attuned to the deeper touches, that soul would say: "I am the Resurrection and the Life! I am the Resurrection and the Life!" And at such a time, instead of tears and regrets and pain and suffering, a great vista must open out to you, just as it has to us this morning. We have bridged the gap between the brain-mind and the soul and we are in the realm of broader thought; we are following the soul out into the NEW; we are freed from all those trials and difficulties that hold the body. While the body is going to dust, the soul is marching on, glimpsing the splendor of the Greater and the Grander Life afar.

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"Prayer opens the spiritual sight of man, for prayer is desire, and desire develops WILL; . . . Plotinus recommended solitude for prayer, . . . and Plato advised those who prayed to 'remain silent in the presence of the divine ones till they remove the cloud from thy eyes, and enable thee to see by the light which issues from themselves.' Apollonius always isolated himself from men during the 'conversation' he held with God, . . . 'When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret,' says the Nazarene, the pupil of the Essenes."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY; *Isis Unveiled*, I 434.

IS RELIGION MORE RATIONAL THAN SCIENCE?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

THAT exactitude and certainty can only be found within the limits defined by science as marking its own sphere, and that all knowledge outside these limits is vague and inexact, is a heresy which it is most desirable to combat. We may assume, for the sake of the argument, that knowledge within those limits *is* exact and certain, and then we may go on to argue that there can also be exact and certain knowledge outside those limits. Or we can go further and say that knowledge even within the limits is *not* exact and certain; adding, perhaps, that the inexactitude and uncertainty is due to the limits themselves. This second position, which is taken by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, can however be left aside for the time, while we concern ourselves with the thesis that there can be exact knowledge — even a knowledge that is more exact — outside the limits prescribed for itself by science.

Historically speaking, the vogue of physical (and so-called exact) science came in on a wave of reaction from religious chaos and philosophical vagary; and now there is a reaction tending to seek a greater certainty in realms beyond those of science. The effect of trying to monopolize exactitude and reason for the department of physical science has been that these attributes have been denied to anything beyond; and that such things as beauty, truth, faith, spirit, etc., have been labeled abstractions and non-realities. Hence a philosophy which would tend to reinstate these essentials of human life and happiness as realities would be welcome.

An article entitled 'From Science to Religion,' by Dr. W. R. Boyce Gibson, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Melbourne, appearing in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, deals ably with this point. The writer says:

"For some few years my systematic thinking was mathematically disciplined and bore a mathematical appearance; till at length, by force of habit and familiarity, I came to identify systematic thought with thinking in terms of energy and mass, on quantitative lines. It was not that I had any particular passion for these subjects. On the contrary, I had, I believe, at this time, a warmer preference for literature. But it never struck me that the deeper love might hold the secret of the deeper reason. Above all, it never struck me that religion might be more profoundly reasonable than Science itself."

This gives the keynote of his article and must commend itself to all who may have feared that, in cultivating their aesthetic, moral, or ethical appreciations, they were risking the adventure upon a trackless ocean

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and leaving behind them the safe anchorage of rationality. They need have no such fear. On the contrary, as the writer says, they are even getting upon surer ground than before. He continues by describing how he obtained a new and clearer conception of evolution than that which his scientific readings had given him. The idea he had got from the latter was that evolution proceeded without reference to any end or goal to be attained; but now he saw that the meaning of evolution lay in the end to be achieved. He discovered that

“There really was a sense in which the oak explained the acorn, and, more generally, a sense in which the later stages of a developing process explained the meaning of the earlier stages, the latter being but imperfect manifestations of a principle more completely manifested in the former. A developing process, a process of life or soul, might then be explained by reference to its end. It was not necessary, indeed it was inappropriate, to attempt to explain the later stages as a complex built up out of the simpler elements into which the earlier stages could be reduced. That was the scientific way, and I had now realized that the scientific way was not the only rational way of interpreting the universe.”

And he came to the conclusion that scientific explanation did not after all rest on any axioms or necessities of the mind, but on hypotheses and postulates — on a substratum of assumptions. Science had its limits; but philosophy might go beyond those limits and open up an inner world. This inner world was personal and concerned the self. It must be studied in terms of purpose and end.

He then points out that, in inquiring as to the Self's reality, we cannot apply the usual scientific procedure of seeking a sensory proof; for the Self is not an object but a subject. How can we become aware of ourselves as subjects? Not by the way of sensation but by the way of intuition or self-feeling.

“Inlook must be substituted for outlook, and the point of view of the experiencer for that of the external spectator. . . . I seemed to touch through feeling or intuition an order of fact other than the sensory. In self-consciousness . . . I seemed to have the consciousness of a supersensual fact, a fact I could directly grasp without the guiding help of sensory symbols.”

“We start from the recognition of the Self as real, and real primarily because it is free,— free to initiate, free to control the body, free in some degree at least to realize itself.”

But this freedom he identifies with *morality* and *obligation*. Obligation has no meaning apart from freedom, and freedom no value apart from obligation.

“It is only when the ‘I can’ and the ‘Thou shouldst’ form a single whole together that freedom first has a value. For not till then are we free to realize ourselves through service. On the other hand obligation has no meaning apart from freedom. . . . The central fact of morality, the fact of duty, is thus closely bound up with our recognition as free agents.”

From *duty* he then passes to the *ideal* which inspires it. Ideals are not mere abstractions. If ideas are forces — as they certainly are — the ideals which inspire them must be still greater forces.

Beauty, Truth, and Right, are the three converging rays which he

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sees in the supreme Good. Beauty is a real power, of a deeper and superior order to the sense which it idealizes; it is not an illusion, an abstraction, but a supreme fact. And so with Truth and Right.

But we must cut short our quotations. The author's conclusion is that

“In moving from Science to Religion we are moving not in the direction of unreason but towards the most fundamental rationality which our human nature knows: the rationality, primarily, of faith, with its intuitive grasp of spiritual reality; but further of that vitally organized venture of knowledge also, in and through which faith seeks out its own direct intellectual expression.”

Thinking on quantitative lines, in terms of mass and energy, on a basis of two-and-two-is-four, has come to be regarded as the only legitimate way of reasoning. We find people, when sitting down to investigate a subject, beginning by ruling out of order certain possible methods of reasoning, on the ground that these methods are not legitimate and will therefore lead only to confusion or erroneous conclusions. The validity of such a policy may well be called in question; and their opponents may be justified in resenting such a tying of their hands. For instance, when studying anthropology, we may be told to dismiss such ideas as that there is a great purpose working itself out in human history, and to confine ourselves to ‘facts,’ after reducing our mind to the necessary condition by purifying it from all sentiment and ideality. But in actual life, these factors which we are told to dismiss play the most important part; and our ideas and sentiments are far more real to us than are those palpable objects which science calls facts.

The question is, Are facts limited to those objects which can be perceived by the physical senses? And this involves the further question as to whether there are other senses besides the physical. Clearly there are, if we give to the word ‘sense’ its full meaning. It means the faculty by which objects are perceived; also the act of perceiving. And it is possible to speak of a thought as an object, and to say that, when we think that thought, we are perceiving that object by means of a mental sense-faculty. In the same way, if an emotion is an object, we can speak of perceiving that emotion by means of an appropriate psychical sense. In brief, we would not restrict objects to those which are perceptible only under the form of physical space, but would make the meaning large enough to include *all* objects of cognition — that is, not confining it to objects of cognition by the five physical senses alone. But we must go further and aver that *facts* of this higher order are more real than what science calls facts. Scientific explanations, says our author, do not rest on axioms or necessities of the mind, but on assumptions and hypotheses. All candid and competent scientific men admit this, and do not pretend that their explanations are anything more than a means of formulating

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the palpable laws of physical nature, so that their interrelations may be studied and practical results achieved. They do not pretend to explain the causes that lie beyond the veil of perception. Yet such causes must exist; and Theosophy takes up the position that there are faculties in man which can penetrate beyond that veil and view as objects of direct perception the *noumena* which lie beyond *phenomena*. Science studies phenomena, the objects of physical sense; but there is a realm of *noumena*, objects of mental cognition, which science does not study, and cannot study under its present limitations.

The effect of overmuch insistence on the physical aspect of nature leads to states of mind and policies that impress our deeper senses by their unreality and repulsiveness. For instance, we may find it argued that the ways of animals should be studied in the light of cold observation, and that such ideas as have pertained to older schools of naturalists — as that animals are very intelligent, and that kindness to animals is a duty — must be dismissed from the mind as likely to bias the judgment. We may well ask which of the two methods of study is likely to bring the most truth or error: the method by which we regard the animals as machines, and therefore remove all ideas of love and respect from our mind, even to the extent of cruelty, while we try to formulate the behavior of the creatures in terms of laboratory experiments; or the method of going out into the woods and fields, sharing the life of the animals, and studying their behavior on the assumption that they are organized (*animal*) souls. There are some who would have us believe that the former method alone is scientific and rational, and that it alone will lead to accurate knowledge; while the latter method is perhaps all very well in its way, but it is emotional and desultory, and will lead to all kinds of errors — lovable errors, perhaps, amiable delusions, but still errors not worthy of a scientific man. But this we flatly deny, saying that the latter method is better in every way, more rational, more truly scientific; and it is that, not *although*, but *because*, it is humanitarian and has regard to the sentiments and aesthetic appreciations.

And see the effect of trying to study religion and antiquities in the false light. All mythology, religion, belief of every kind reduced to the level of 'primitive man's' reactions to physical forces. It is as though a philosophy of music were to be devised by people who are destitute of the sense of music (as some highly cultured people are). Some people are so different from the majority in their literary sense that they can see nothing in Shakespeare which prevents them from thinking that his works might have been written by Bacon — or even that they could have written as good themselves.

It is indeed necessary to stand forth in defense of Reason. True, it

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may be that, if our foot offend us, we had better cut it off and enter the kingdom without it; and some people may so have abused their reason that they cannot trust it any more for awhile. But let us not cut off our sound limbs, if we have any.

Facts which lie beyond the range of physical science must necessarily become reduced to unrealities when the attempt is made to represent them in the terms of that science. Thus all human motives, even the most lofty and impersonal, appear but as various kinds of selfishness when we insist on representing them as actions of the personal self. This is, of course, necessarily the case; and to offer it as an argument against unselfishness is ridiculous. All the stars and suns appear on the photographic plate as spots; but that does not mean that they *are* spots. In the same way it is only a matter of ingenuity to represent all the actions of animals as physical or chemical reactions; but that is simply what they would *look like* if reduced to that level.

Some of the modern evolutionists tell us that we must not study evolution with reference to an end in view. This they call 'teleology,' and are sometimes quite sarcastic and bitter about it. The natural agents (whatever they may be) are to be regarded as simply feeling their way blindly in obedience to certain laws inherent in them and to certain restrictions imposed on them by their surroundings. Thus the results achieved are casual and unpremeditated. No wonder there is revulsion from such an absurd idea. No rational idea of evolution can be conceived except that which represents it as the fulfilling of a preconceived plan. If asked to believe that this universe was created by the method of an imbecile sculptor playing with lumps of clay and filling his shop with the casual results of his aimless work; and if further required to believe that this is the only rational view to take, and that it is the scientific view, all other views being sentimental rubbish: we shall take the liberty of rebelling. We shall prefer to believe that the sculptor of the universe had a plan in his mind before he handled the clay. In brief, we shall conclude that evolution *can* be studied with reference to an end in view, and that in no other rational way can it be studied at all.

Another heresy is that the Self of man is bound by the same necessities as limit the lower kingdoms of nature. But our author asserts that the Self is free — free, that is, to follow an ideal. Its path of evolution, its way of self-realization, lies through a recognition of its obligation to certain high ideals; but that obligation is a tie of love (in the true sense of the word), a yearning of the Self to reach its true home.

Articles like the one quoted are the more to be welcomed in that they help to counteract the tendency to a dogmatism and bigotry more iron-bound and ruthless than any the world has yet heard of.

A SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE

PERCY LEONARD

HOPE includes both desire and expectation. A gardener may anticipate a killing frost on a cold, clear night; but being opposed to his wishes, he cannot be said to hope for it. He may long for rain in time of drought; but with a high barometer and a cloudless sky he dare not hope. At last the heavens are black with low-hung clouds, and now far off the dripping curtain of the rain is seen sweeping across the fields; desire and expectation coincide and new-born hope springs into active life.

The actual condition of the world can never be ideal: this is an obvious truism. The divine idea seeking embodiment in material form encounters opposition from "that blind refractory force in matter which resists the will of the Great Artificer." However plastic and responsive matter may become it can never faithfully reflect the glory of the divine idea. But we must not conclude that attainment is eternally beyond our reach. The universe is indeed "the Everbecoming"; but level tablelands are periodically gained, each the successive goal of a long upward climb. Yet even these heights of achievement are only temporary stages, the starting-points for future strenuous ascents.

Much of that which passed current for hope during the last century was nothing but a pitiful make-believe, a desperate struggle against menacing despair, heroic perhaps, but utterly without the certitude of clear un-hindered vision, that serene assurance which is the very essence of true hope. We must all remember a famous picture in which a blindfolded figure called Hope, crouches in a posture of utter collapse upon a pygmy world and makes such music as she can by plucking at the sole remaining string upon her lyre. But Hope should surely stand erect on some tall mountain's top and from her vantage-point survey a fruitful plain merely awaiting settlement by the exploring band she leads. Her face should shine with exultation as she scans the distant scene, far off perhaps, but full in view and waiting only to be occupied.

Tennyson, that faithful mirror of the sadness of his time, has compared himself to

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry" —

but no Theosophist would care to accept the simile as descriptive of himself. He claims his independent manhood and declines to clamor to reluctant Heaven. He feels the stir of 'the creative word' within him,

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his heritage from his divine Original, and with unfaltering hope proceeds to work for human betterment with all the calm deliberation of a master-builder who has duly learned his trade.

And yet in spite of all there is an element of incompleteness and unsatisfied desire in hope. Whatever good we gain, the best is always in reserve. The divine unrest which we feel with existing conditions, is proof that we have caught a glimpse of the design of the Great Architect and recognise the incompleteness of the growing work. It is this very dissatisfaction which supplies the motive-power for Evolution's still revolving wheel. It is the living impulse ever at strife with dull inertia and the indolence of satisfied complacency.

In respect of our individual lives, without hope we should all be incorrigible pessimists. Looking around us for actual accomplishments, even those who are the most successful see nothing but a wilderness of incompleted structure — rising columns suddenly cut short; spacious halls arched by no roof; foundations with no superstructure; imposing staircases leading nowhere. But while the will to build endures, Hope still looks forward to a temple worthy of a god.

This positive, sustaining, virile hope can only be possessed by those who believe in causality, and hold that future events are the outcome of past causes. A man inspired by such a hope is not depressed by dread of failure, nor does he court a dubious success. He knows the universe is ruled by law; that causes perseveringly applied can never fail of their appropriate result; that what we sow decides the harvest we shall reap.

Hope is much more than the expectancy of *coming* good. The presence of hope is an actual possession, a potent force, a gracious influence, an inner fire dispelling the surrounding gloom. It is itself a cause that brings about its own accomplishment.

Hope, irrepressible, serene, exhaustless, shines with unfading glory in a world strewn with the wreckage of the past. Undaunted by her disappointments Hope still lives on unquenchable, to comfort and sustain the teeming crowds of living things upon their upward way.

True hope is not an emanation of the mind, a simulated buoyancy, a man-made antidote to black despair. Those who have it not can never evolve it, nor would it be of any lasting value if they could, because like all created things it would have an end as surely as it had a beginning. Hope springs forever new, and yet it antedates the manifested worlds. Hope is a universal, cosmic force. It is like a river running underground in a dry and thirsty wilderness, it is like precious treasure hidden in a field, it is like the chime of far-off music that as yet we only faintly hear, it is something secret to be sought and found.

Hope prompts the lark to weave her lowly nest and tunes her unpre-

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meditated song; Hope brings the wandering swallow to mud-built home again over a thousand leagues of trackless sea; Hope makes the tender spears of wheat pierce the imprisoning clod, and calls the snow-white lily-bells from their dark tomb to breathe the freshness of the upper day. Hope drives the universal wheel of life; and when the universe sinks into slumber at the coming on of periodic night, unsleeping Hope broods in the stillness and the dark, and waits to animate and guide the children of eternal life when the Day shall break once more.

THE RAIN-GODS OF THE FOREST

CENYDD MORUS

BIRCH and larch are dripping,
And over Berry Wood
The low sky is raining,
And Oh, the world is good!

The tops of Ridley Beeches
Are tossed like waves, and straining;
And the Forest is full of Gods,
For it's raining, it's raining!

The Rain-Gods of the Forest,
Busy they are today;
They are very dear and somber,
They are never over-gay.

I saw them, shadowy, glistening,
Through the panes with the rain a-blur:
Dim 'gainst the dark green of the oak
And the gray-green of the fir.

They looked at me with strange eyes,
As though they did not see;
They were intent on forest dreams
While they looked at me.

Mysteriously whispering,
They were hastening away
To the quiet heart of the Forest
Through the green world and the gray.

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By the dark shining hollies,
And the ghostly trunks of the beeches,
They were hastening away quietly
To the Forest's secret reaches.

(Is it Mark Ash, is it Sloden
Where the yews are so somber,
Or is it in Oakley Wood
In the sunny days, they slumber?)

They have business, whispering, now,
With the little ling bloom;
They must talk with the bog-cotton
In the cold, pale gray gloom

Where the fox goes sleek and slim,
Where the badger wanders
When the wizard dusk on the heather hills
Broods and ponders.

They have business, business,
Today and tomorrow,
With the brake-fronds in Berry Wood
And the brown fronds in the hollow.

(The brake-fronds of Berry Wood,
Hush, hush! they mutter;
For they have dreams of the world's youth
They are too proud to utter.)

The bracken fronds where the deer hide,
The harebells and bell-heather,
Are all wild with wonder-dreams
This sweet rainy weather.

They have seen the pale gleam
Of the quiet Gods that love them;
And it's all delight from the sodden turf
To the gray skies above them,

Now the tops of Ridley Wood
Are tossed like waves, and straining,
And the Forest is full of lovely Gods,
And it's raining, it's raining!

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MASTER OF DESTINY OR VICTIM OF FATE?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

IN an article on 'Personality,' in *Pearson's Magazine* for February, 1919, the writer concludes as follows:

"Whatever you do, believe nothing in regard to the individual's ability to develop an especial and remarkable capacity, unless it is already inherent in him at birth. Nature works in no other way. It is not true — a passing illusion. Another thing: Life cannot do without brains, however much dissociated from beatific virtues these may be, but these are a gift and can no more be created here than you can add to your height by taking thought. What life does is to develop and train especial inherent capacities — an eye, a hand, a taste, a smell perhaps. But the instinct and the ability to foreknow, do, appreciate, understand — these things are not taught in schools."

The last sentence defines the meaning given to the word "personality" in the above article: the writer means genius and capacity, as seen in the Lincolns or Shakespeares or Caesars, which raise men above their fellows. And these, he thinks, are inborn.

"It is inexplicable to the individual himself. He does not know where it comes from, why he has it. . . . Did I make myself? Did I foreknow all? Where so profound an egotist, even with a minute brain, to claim as much?"

"The truth is, all good things are gifts — a voice, strength of body, vigor of mind, vision, the power to lead, as in war, any art, beauty, charm: . . ."

"We are beginning to suspect that there are certain things which we cannot do — make, even, as we go along — wisdom, strength, genius, or even skill in many fields and professions. That ability in many realms and forms comes without volition on our part, fate and circumstance causing it to blaze for us whether we will or no, is becoming, after many volumes of another kind of mush, rather apparent."

Probably it was only faulty composition that led the writer to designate his own remarks as "mush"! However, these extracts will suffice for our purpose.

Let us first ask what can be the purpose of such writings as the above? The only hint we can discover is contained in the remark that these sad truths are helpful because men do better when they recognise their own limitations. But this raises the whole question at issue, for what *are* our limitations? And on that point the writer seems to us somewhat dogmatic — to put it mildly. He certainly lays down the law about the workings of Nature and the difference between innate and acquired faculties, between faculties that cannot be developed and those that can. This is certainly dogmatism, though it may not be religious dogmatism; it is the old doctrine of inherent sin and helplessness, dressed up perhaps in a more up-to-date and agnostic form, but with the same old tendency — that of persuading poor man that he has no divine heritage, that he is

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in the hands of an inscrutable Power which he can neither understand nor resist, and that he must be humble and thankfully labor on the few endowments with which it may have pleased that Deity to endow him.

Never believe, he says, that you can develop anything great unless it has been given you at birth by this inscrutable Fate or Circumstance. Trust not the copybook maxims, they are a delusion and a snare. You cannot be a Washington or a Lincoln, they were born, not made. You cannot create brains if you were not born with them; all these things are gifts. We cannot make wisdom, strength, etc., they come without volition.

Our own reading of the facts of life leads to no such hard-and-fast conclusion. Taking the animal kingdom as the type of fixity, in that it does not manifest much power of self-development, but remains constant to type over long stretches of time, we find man to differ therefrom, not in degree merely, but also in kind. We find man endowed with a self-conscious mind which is wholly absent from all the animal kingdom; and this, in our opinion, constitutes a difference in kind, not a difference in degree, since no animal possesses it in any degree, while no man (not an absolute idiot) is without it. This being so, the next question is, Can any definite limits be set to the potentialities of this self-conscious mind, this special endowment of man? The writer, as we have seen, endeavors to do so; he allows us the power to modify within limits whatever powers have been intrusted to us at birth; but other powers he forbids us to aspire to. This then is his view — the view which he seems anxious that we should hold. Our own view is quite different. Finding the special attributes of man — those attributes which constitute him man, the power to contemplate his own consciousness and to change his own character by act of imagination, aspiration, and will — finding these attributes to be *indefinitely* expansible, indeterminate in their value and potency, we cannot venture to assign them any limits or to prescribe, for ourself, much less for our neighbor, what he may reasonably aspire to and what not.

The writer appears to have committed himself to a doctrine of *pre-destination*, providing for a division of mankind into the elect and the condemned. Hope not, or, if you prefer it, recognise your limitations, he says. Washington and Lincoln were elect; not so thou. Now it may be admitted that, as a fact, the majority of mankind in this age are of the mediocre type that does not progress to any marked degree; yet it is reasonable to argue that this state of affairs is due to that very kind of pessimistic, discouraging, dogmatic preaching, of which we hold the present article to be an instance. If, as the writer says, certain high qualities are not taught in the schools, then, "So much the worse for the schools; these things ought to be taught in them," say we. And they can

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be taught. If it is possible to teach men, whether under the name of religion, science, or agnosticism, that they cannot progress beyond certain arbitrary limits, so it is equally possible to teach them that they can. And the result of such teaching will be that a very much larger proportion of people will rise above the level of the mediocre and enter the ranks of prolific genius. In short, we assert the belief that the inherent special capacities in *all* men are not finite and limited, but infinite and unlimited, and that the extent to which these capacities are called into play depends to a major extent on the kind of education and teaching that is accorded to the youth of a race.

It is of course only too obvious that the writer's view of human life is so meager as to afford no adequate basis for a logical philosophy. All he can see is human souls entering upon incarnation endowed with various qualities and various degrees of ability, and without any reason, as far as he can see, except that an inscrutable and arbitrary Deity called Nature or Chance or Circumstance has willed it so. In this view, human life becomes a hopeless enigma altogether, and there would seem to be no object in effort at all. Hence we shall not attempt to construct a philosophy of life upon so narrow and uncertain a basis. We can only state the truth that the real man within the earthly tenement — the Soul — is not limited by the duration of the seventy years constituting a single incarnation; and that this gives the key to the entire problem. All men are treading the same path of self-evolution, but not all have reached the same point. The fact that some men were born with greater capacities, riper experience and self-mastery, than others, points to the conviction that the Souls which incarnated at their birth had achieved a further point in the progress which the whole human race is making, individually as well as collectively.

It may be true that I shall not find energy or time sufficient in this life to enable me to develop certain powers in which I find myself deficient; but there is indefinite time before the Soul. It seems to me that the only factors necessary to my development are time and the power of independent will. By the mere accretion of time and patience I can multiply small degrees into mighty steps of progress; and at any moment I may, by the exercise of faith and aspiration, greatly increase my rate of progress. For I hold that faith is an indeterminate power, capable of raising a man at any time to unforeseen heights.

It is my belief, as a Theosophist, and as the result of many years' testing of life in the light of Theosophy, that every man is endowed with an infinite power of self-development, but that mankind has been kept back for ages by teachings which tend to kill his faith in his own divinity and to discourage all effort. But under wiser and more humane

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teaching, marvels can be accomplished. Perhaps the writer would say that such a teaching amounts to inspiring men with vain and delusive hopes, thereby turning them into futile visionaries and destroying their practical usefulness; but I claim that the inherent divinity of man is a *fact*, and that, in telling men of it and inspiring them to recognise it, we are not deluding them with false hopes but showing them the true path of life.


In place of the exhortation with which the writer concludes, and which stands first in our quotations from him, we would place this: Never believe that your innate capacities are limited by your own pessimistic view of yourself, or by the dogmatic assurances of others. How can you know wherewith you were endowed at birth? The only way you can tell what is in you is by seeing what can come out of you.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime”

is not a pious fraud of the copybooks; it is a truth, and the human intuition declares it such, in spite of all the efforts of those who would have us think otherwise. And those great men *did* make themselves; their qualities were not gifts of an arbitrary and senseless Nature; they were qualities for which these men had toiled and aspired. Choose now whether you will be a helpless tool of inscrutable powers or a Man holding the reins of destiny and wielding the *real* and *actual* powers of love, faith, will, aspiration. Believe not that birth begins the life of your immortal Self, or that death ends it; and strive on in joyful aspiration, with all time before you; and with an infinite power behind you so long as your aspirations are consecrated to service and not sacrificed on the altar of selfishness.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM

R. MACHELL

 WONDER how many people would admit that they are impractical? Nothing is more common than to hear speakers denounce others as unpractical dreamers or idealists; and one must suppose that they have some foundation for their charges; but none of those concerned seem willing to indorse the accusation.

It would seem as if each one accepts some standard of reality by which to measure his own actions as well as to test the practical value

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of the efforts of others; and that this standard is the expression of his or her own personal limitations and peculiarities: for reality is only measurable by the standard of intelligence. That is to say, no one can accept as real that which is to him wholly unintelligible. That which transcends intelligence may be accepted by faith: but faith is different from understanding, in ordinary parlance; and intelligence is usually taken to imply understanding. Neither faith nor intuition depend upon reason; yet both are aspects of the higher intellect: but as they deal with ideas they are not generally considered necessary or even useful to a 'practical' man, whose constant effort is to find a material expression for ideas. He employs his energies in realization of ideals, but is generally inclined to look upon those ideals as pure abstractions, unrealities, until he has given them solid form or practical expression. Then they become real, in his eyes.

But to the man who has any sort of 'vision,' or faculty of visualizing thoughts, those abstract ideas were realities, such as lie behind all the illusive forms in which they find temporary expression. To him thoughts are things, and ideas are the realities that ensoul thoughts: whereas the visible, tangible, material things produced by thought are but emblems of ideas, the outer clothing that conceals the inner reality.

When the 'practical' man gets to work and makes a stir in the workshop then he feels that 'something is doing': but when the thinker is at work he may seem to be doing nothing. Then he is called a dreamer: and it might be a difficult thing to say how far the charge was justifiable. The difference between the dreamer and the thinker is just about the same as that between the worker who is really 'doing things' and the dilettante who is amusing himself with a plaything or a hobby.

The philosopher is apt to look upon all 'practical' work as little more than the riding of a hobby-horse. He sees reality only in ideas, which are the moving power in things.

It is probable that reality is always looked upon as a self-supporting fact, and that the test of its genuineness is different in each class of minds or in each temperamental group. So that even among practical people there may be the widest divergence of opinion as to the bounds of reality, whilst in the ranks of the thinkers the term seems to be the only fixed thing associated with an infinity of floating theories and speculative fancies.

At such a time as this, when the whole civilized world is seething with a craving for reconstruction, people who want to do something for their fellows are at a loss to know which way to turn their energies, because they have no clear idea of what is really wrong with society, nor of what is the real foundation on which to build. There is a pretty general sus-

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picion that the old standards of reality have broken down. There is a growing feeling that some factors of importance to civilization have been overlooked, and a conviction that a new basis must be found for the establishment of peaceful relations between individuals and nations. Even the most practical people show signs of a disposition to think, and to inquire into causes: they seem to be awaking to the fact that the old remedies are out of date. When they merely wish to patch up the machinery and give it another trial, they find that there are new devices that will not fit the old works, and that only make matters worse. The new devices belong to another age, and it has become necessary to understand the new age.

Where is the key to the problem to be found? There where it always has been. In the Wisdom-Religion, that has for long been called Theosophy, which is as old as humanity, and to which at the close of every age or cycle of evolution humanity must return for guidance and for light upon the path of evolution, as well as for knowledge of the fundamental principles of reconstruction, to enable them to build a road whereon the nations may travel to that new age that forever is dawning.

When men come to understand that every civilization falls into decay, that every religion grows old, that every standard of reality is temporary, then they are not alarmed at the signs that foreshadow the close of an epoch; and they can go forward calmly into the new age, undisturbed in spirit by the chaotic conditions that accompany such a change. For they will realize that behind the confusion lies the solid foundation of Truth, with its ancient hierarchy of Great Souls eternally pledged to the service of humanity. From these can be heard the Word of Wisdom, that runs round the world before the dawn of a cycle, awaking currents of thought that stir the thinkers, and that let loose the creative powers working for peace and harmony.

It is from these Teachers of Man that come the periodic revelations (or unveiling) of eternal verities, which are in turn the seed of new religions, new science, new philosophy. All of which new things are only new in the same sense as that in which we speak of the dawn of a new day. But also it is true that each day is new and brings with it new opportunities. Truth is neither new nor old, it is Eternal. The new day comes into the domain of Time from the bosom of Infinity. And the new age is not a mere repetition of the past, it is a new expression of Eternal Energies. So that the key to the new civilization is a new form of the eternal Word, forever lost, even in the finding.

It is not enough to rearrange the ideals of the passing age. There are new thoughts born from the vibration of the Spoken Word, and these new thoughts embody eternal Truth. To understand them men must

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turn to the new revelation of the ancient Wisdom and learn the simple lessons that embody world-renovating ideas such as the assertion that "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature."

At the commencement of the Christian era a teacher told his followers that the essential necessity of life was to "love one another." But the founders of the new religion knew better, and we reap the consequences of their wisdom in the discord of a premature dissolution of our civilization, and the collapse of the edifice their successors erected by violence and intolerance.

The civilized nations consider themselves highly educated because illiteracy is reduced and because reading is a popular distraction. But in the higher sense, it may almost be said that modern instruction in schools and colleges is opposed to education. The latter is a process of *drawing out inherent faculties*, and it is an aid to evolution. The former is an attempt to inject ready-made ideas, and to impart information, which may even, in unwise hands, be made a process of destroying the reason and blinding the intuition. This makes the mind retentive of theories and formulae but incapable of appreciating principles or of applying spiritual ideas to material necessities. That is to say, modern education makes the student unable to find Truth in his own soul and to translate that higher wisdom into practical rules of life.

"Love one another." That seems too simple and childish for a modern scientist to take it seriously. Perhaps if it were translated into the jargon of his particular 'science' he might find it interesting. But this false education too often destroys the power of the mind to grasp the key of simplicity, which is the birthright of genius. Simplicity is the last word of Wisdom, in Science, Philosophy, or Art: and it is invariably despised by the lower mind, which revels in complexity, and prides itself on elaboration of detail.

But the climax that has come upon civilization has thrown men back on first principles, and many are for the first time trying to find out what those principles are. Fate, Chance, and the Will of God, have had their day, and thinkers are now looking for real principles that are something more than theories, dogmas, or speculations. It is of the utmost importance that they be saved from the mistakes of their ancestors who held on to some form of words and made of it an article of faith, which still survives as an obsession in the minds of some of their descendants.

Therefore the old teaching of Theosophy (which is not old, but eternal), that "Brotherhood is a fact in Nature," must be brought down from the shrine in which it has been so long immured and be given its place in human life as a reality.

The practical man wants to see results. To get them he must plant


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causes; they are inseparable: and the most truly practical is he who can recognise a principle when he meets one, and who will immediately make it active in his own life. When that is done something real has been accomplished, something practical, something that has life in it and that will produce results of similar nature elsewhere.

This is the practical work that Katherine Tingley has been doing for the last nineteen years at Point Loma, and this practical work includes the highest kind of idealism; nay, it demands it. Ideals are like water that must be poured out and kept flowing to retain its virtue. The water is fresh or foul and yet in its essence it is eternal; so it is with Truth — it must be applied if it is to become a working reality in life.

RECONSTITUTING RELIGION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

T is not possible for humanity to continue for any considerable time without religion. Religion is a primary need of man's nature; he is so constituted that religion is a necessity for him. A full definition of religion being impracticable within brief limits, it becomes necessary to use partial definitions, adapted to the immediate occasion; accordingly we may define religion for the present occasion as being the belief in a guiding power superior to the ordinary human intelligence. Such a belief is rendered necessary by the curious fact that our mind is conscious of its own limitations. The human mind is at once capable of philosophizing about life and about its own nature, and unable to reach a conclusion that will satisfy it — unless it postulates the existence of an intelligence superior to it. It is this superior intelligence that is usually meant by the word 'God.'

Questions as to the nature of God may be postponed temporarily, while we ask a preliminary question. That question is, Whether there is or is not in man himself an intelligence superior to his ordinary intelligence. Theosophy answers this question in the affirmative. Every man has within him a spark of the great Intelligence whose workings we see everywhere in the universe; in much the same way as every man has within him a spark of Nature's vitality, constituting his own individual vitality. In this view, it appears that the divine spark in man is an intermediary between the mind of man and the universal Intelligence; so that we approach a knowledge of things divine through the intimate

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study of our own nature, and may expect to find light on problems which the unaided mind is incompetent to solve.

Religion is reborn among men from age to age, for the human spirit is a perpetual lamp, and the failure of all lesser lights serves but to reveal anew its shining. We may read in history how the translation of the Bible burst as a herald of joy and light upon peoples that had long been starving on outworn traditions. Later on this enthusiasm became outworn; but we have rediscovered the still more ancient scriptures of many other lands, thus greatly broadening the base upon which we can build. In general, mankind has vastly broadened its ideas by the extension of its intercourse with living peoples, as also with the peoples of antiquity. One result of this broadening is that we are becoming aware that much more enlightened views as to the nature of God and man have prevailed in the world than those views upon which our own immediate ancestry was nourished.

The part which Theosophy has played in familiarizing men's minds with these more enlightened ideas is well known. In seeking for what is universal in religion, we can find nothing more general than the teaching that man himself has a spark of the divine Intelligence, which is his path to knowledge and his guide in life. It is this teaching that is revived from age to age, whenever it tends to die down through human weakness or to become obscured by a weight of doctrinal interpretation.

It is within the depths of his own nature, then, that man must look for light. And not only must he look for conscience but for wisdom and knowledge also. This latter point is apt to be overlooked. In our ancestry we find that the religious quarrels of the seventeenth century gave rise in the eighteenth century to a reaction, whereby people lost faith in religion altogether and became cynical. They found relief in science, which sprang up at that time. But this pursuit of knowledge was restricted to the physical world. Subsequent waves of religious enthusiasm, like that of Methodism, had no connexion with this desire for knowledge. Thus have the aspirations of human nature been divorced from one another.

Man ought to expect from his own higher nature, not only the impulse to do right, but the wisdom to see how to do it. Religion in its true sense is not merely emotional and devout, not merely a creed and set of formularies, but it is a *Gnosis*, a knowledge, a divine science. This it has been in antiquity; but this it has not been in recent ages. Yet the time must come for it to be so again.

The time has come, and Religion is being re-established on the old sure basis — on the light communicated to man through his divine nature — on conscience and intuition. Thus will be avoided the opposite

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poles of reliance on tradition and dogma on the one hand, and reliance on the physical senses on the other. We have only to look back through the history of our race to see how the human mind has expanded and broken new ground from time to time; and thus we can anticipate that the process will be continued and that new knowledge, new resources, will open up. Such changes come about through a gradual quickening of the nature and intelligence of the mass of people; and this quickening is preceded by the powerful efforts of pioneers, who stand in advance of their time and perform laborious and unappreciated work for future generations.

The future of religion is a topic that engages the interest of many pens and voices. There is general agreement that, while old forms must go, the spirit will remain and will even be greatly enhanced. Much resistance is of course to be expected from influences that strive to keep things as they are; influences that dread change; influences which feel their reign threatened by progress. This kind of opposition the work of Theosophy has to encounter continuously; and the strength of the opposition is the measure of the genuineness of the Theosophical work. But spiritual forces grow in proportion to the resistance they encounter. As long as we remain loyal to truth, falsehood will destroy itself by its own momentum. The same opposition is met by each of us individually when we begin reforms in our own character: the forces in us which fear change rise up against our endeavors. In the world it is the same thing on the large scale.

The world needs, just now especially, a body of people who will hold together loyally in support of the principles inculcated by Theosophy. Such a body will be an anchor in the storms and conflicting tides, a lighthouse amid shifting beacons. Each member of it must be staunch to his own higher nature, realizing that he can only influence others for good in proportion as he makes headway in self-mastery. The Theosophical teachings are intended to enable us to do this, not for our amusement or to gratify ambition.

People of cultivated and sensitive nature are bound to suffer so long as they go on the theory that they can live their life as a separate unit without regard to the interests of the generality. Such people will inevitably find themselves drawn by their own aspirations and desires into obligations that conflict with their personal desire for ease and gratification. They will have to realize sooner or later that man is not separate, and that the purely personal idea is artificial and cannot be maintained beyond a certain stage of development. Religion can be defined as the recognition of our oneness with humanity, and as the formulation of those laws which define the relation of the individual to the whole. Many

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people have lately had forced upon them the idea that their personal rights must bend before larger ideas of right when occasion demands it. They have thus been enabled to see that what they claimed as personal rights was in reality held only by favor of their membership in a community; and that they exercised these rights on the tacit assumption that corresponding obligations might at any time be demanded of them. The same thing is true universally: we cannot claim privileges that are inconsistent with obligations; and what we enjoy as members of the human family we must stand ready to requite by the duties entailed on us by that membership. Religion is the recognition of the common bond and the study of the laws that govern it. A broader conception of religion extends it to the whole human race and oversteps the limits of sect and nation. But the common factor of humanity is not to be sought in his physical nature merely, but in his spiritual nature. We must level up rather than down. To unify mankind on the basis of his common physical nature would be to prune off all growths and reduce mankind to the mere stem. It is an inclusive unity that we want, not an exclusive one.

Theosophy has shown what are the true fundamental principles of religion, and has acted as a leaven in the lump of human thought. The presence of its ideals in the world at this juncture is of the highest import, because it will make possible a reconstruction upon better and surer lines.

It is sometimes remarked by historians that changes seem to come over the order of society suddenly, but that a closer examination shows that the changes had been preparing all the while, but had so far lacked an opportunity of expressing themselves. Existing forms of government and social institutions had held things fixed in the former mold; yet all the time there was a change in the spirit of men, and thus a state of strain existed. Then came some sudden upheaval — a war, a revolution — and society, temporarily dislocated, re-formed itself on new lines. The same thing occurs in chemistry: a solution may remain in an over-saturated condition until a slight shock is given, when the whole springs at once into crystals.

The world has just received a dislocating shock; and in setting itself again, it will not set in the same mold as before. A condition of strain had existed, due to the spirit having outgrown the form. Now the spirit will determine the set of the new form. Here then we see the importance of a work like that of Theosophy, which has been making such great changes in the thoughts and opinions of men; for these changes are bound to register their impress on the coming order of things.

It is more than likely too that variance of opinion and perplexity will induce people to find in Theosophy that certain basis which they will fail to discover elsewhere. For Theosophy can certainly point to some

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very definite and positive factors which it has introduced into the resources of our minds. The teachings of Reincarnation and Karma are of course prominent among these. Truths, such as these are, cannot be mentioned at all without producing conviction in many minds not strongly prejudiced or inert; and they have surely leavened the whole of modern thought since they were proclaimed by H. P. Blavatsky.

It may then be claimed that Theosophy has both leavened the modern spirit and also given form and meaning to what was already working in that spirit. It has laid the foundations for a renewal of Religion in the true sense. If there is truth in the doctrine that individual freedom will lead to harmonious progress, that truth is surely dependent on the condition that individual conduct be ruled by high principles. Individual freedom to grind one's own axe regardless of other people's interest is one thing; and individual freedom to follow principle is another. We must diffuse a knowledge and acceptance of those principles, so that people will come to see that those principles are laws of nature that cannot be violated with impunity, just as the laws of health are inviolable. Thus Religion will be the general recognition of certain immutable laws of man's higher nature; and the profound and luminous teachings of Theosophy will be found to be, not entertaining and unpractical speculations, but simply the warrant and interpretation of our conscience.

THE TOMBS OF ATHENS

C. J. RYAN

THE Greeks, like so many of the nations of antiquity, attached the greatest importance to the proper burial or cremation of the dead. It was considered a serious misfortune for a body to lie exposed to the elements or neglected after death. The Greeks did not compete with the Egyptians in their care of the remains; they never mummified, and their funeral ceremonies were less elaborate, but from what has been ascertained in various ways it is clear to the student of Theosophy that their funerary practices were derived from the same source of once-universal Wisdom as those of the Egyptians, though they were perhaps farther removed.

Owing to the apparently contradictory statements of Greek writers, scholars have been bewildered as to the actual beliefs of the Greeks concerning the future state of the soul. This is due partly to the modern point of view which, when it is allowed to believe in the existence of

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the surviving soul at all as separate from the bodily organism, regards it as nothing but the ordinary personality — Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones of everyday life — minus the corporeal vehicle it has used; and partly to the care with which the poets avoided committing the real secrets they may have learned through initiation in the Mysteries to writings which anyone might read. Yet it is not so difficult to read between the lines when the key is known, and it will be found that enough was given in plain language to satisfy thoughtful minds.

Homer and other poets tell us that Hades is filled with hosts of shadowy ghosts, *eidolons*, leading a dreary existence. They are powerless, almost senseless, phantasms of former men of strong intellect and physical vigor, their strength and passions only renewed temporarily by the vapor of the sacrificial blood-offerings. Homer describes the shades of Agamemnon and other heroes of the Trojan War living in Hades in the memory of the past, looking forward to no future. The Shade was not supposed to return from Hades once the funeral rites had been properly performed, yet food and drink were offered at the tombs of the departed as a matter of course, as if the spirit lingered there in some form! This has puzzled the investigators. Furthermore, how are we to reconcile the dreary Hades with the equally well-established belief that the heroes and the virtuous, who were supported by what they had learned in the Mysteries, went to the Isle of the Blessed, the Elysian Fields, where all was joy and peace; and that there were even happy regions in Hades? In the Heaven-world,

“There life flows on in easy course,
There never snow nor rain
Nor winter tempests vex the land;
But Ocean sends amain
Fresh Zephyr breezes breathing shrill
To cool th’untroubled life. . . .” —*Odyssey*

In marked contrast to the gloomy idea of Hades we frequently find representations of the deceased supping with the Gods on ambrosia and nectar.

A learned writer, in commenting upon Homer’s Hades as described in the *Odyssey*, declares that the Greeks were scandalized by the notion that Hercules could be languishing in Hades, and asserts that an interpolator added the famous passage which describes the hero enjoying the delights of the Upper World among the Gods. This suggestion is unlikely, and if the Theosophical teachings were better known it would be seen to be unnecessary. The reader who wishes to learn how Theosophy clears up the obscurities of the fragments of Greek thought about the soul that have come down to us, will find what he needs in *The Key to*

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Theosophy (pp. 96-97) by H. P. Blavatsky, from which the few quotations that follow are taken:

“. . . your translators, their great learning notwithstanding, have made of the philosophers — the Greeks especially — *misty* instead of mystic writers. . . . Plutarch divides [the complex nature of man] into three groups, and makes of the body a compound of *physical frame, astral shadow, and breath*, or the triple lower part, which ‘from earth was taken and to earth returns’; of the middle principle and the *instinctual soul*, the second part, derived from . . . and ever influenced by, the moon; and only of the higher part or the *Spiritual Soul (Buddhi)*, with the *Ātmic* and *mānasic* elements in it, does he make a direct emanation of the Sun, who stands here for *To Agathon*, the Supreme Deity. This is proven by what he says further as follows:

“ ‘Now of the deaths we die, the one makes two of three, and the other one of [out of] two. The former is in the region and jurisdiction of Demeter; whence the name given to the Mysteries, *τελεῖν*, resembled that given to death, *τελευτᾶν*. The Athenians also heretofore called the deceased sacred to Demeter. As for the other death, it is in the moon or region of Persephone.’

“Here you have our doctrine, which shows man a *septenary* during life; a *quintile* just after death, in *Kāmaloka*; and a threefold Ego, Spirit-Soul and consciousness, in *Devachan*. This separation, first in ‘the Meadows of Hades,’ as Plutarch calls the *Kāmaloka*, then in *Devachan*, was part and parcel of the performances during the sacred Mysteries, when the candidates for initiation enacted the whole drama of death and resurrection as a glorified spirit, by which name we mean *Consciousness*.”

Of late it has been more than suspected that the Orphic Mysteries contain a truer version of the real beliefs of the Greeks than the popular mythology of the anthropomorphic Olympians. The myth of Orpheus is designedly allegorical, as we know from many ancient writers. For instance, Proclus says:

“The Orphic method aimed at revealing divine things by means of symbols, a method characteristic of all writers on divine wisdom.”

About forty years ago eight golden tablets were found in Italy and Crete, dating from the third or fourth century B. C., and containing Orphic Instructions for the soul in its journey through the Underworld and a Confession of Faith. In general tone they strongly resemble the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which is a “guide-book” for the journey through the perils of the Egyptian Hades to the abode of the gods. Professor Maspero, in *New Light on Ancient Egypt*, says:

“The ancient Greeks admitted that they owed some of the elements of their civilization to the great nations of the East, to the Egyptians in particular. . . . Foucart shows that the resemblance of the two goddesses (the Eleusinian Demeter and Isis) is not accidental, but must be sought in the depths of their nature. . . . The double benefit she has conferred . . . the invention of agriculture, and the initiation into mysteries that assured them happiness in the other world. The revelations made to the neophytes consisted of three elements — a drama performed during the vigils of initiation, objects shown to them, and formulas taught to them. The words of the hierophants have not been preserved, but the Orphic documents furnish an equivalent. The Orphics deposited engraved plates with the secret instructions for the *descent into Hades*. For instance: ‘You will find a spring on the left in the domains of Hades, and near it a white cypress; you will not approach that spring. You will find another

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which has its source in the lake of memory, and guardians stand in front of it. Then say: "I am the Child of the Earth and of the Starry Sky, but know that my origin is divine. I am devoured by and perish with thirst: give me, without delay, the fresh water that flows from the lake of memory." Also he has to say: "Pure, and issued from what is pure, I come towards thee, Queen of Hades, and towards you, Eukles, Euboleus, and towards you all, immortal gods, for I boast of belonging to your race. . . ."

"The resemblance to the Egyptian chapters which gave entrance to the gods' domain is striking. Like him who was initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Egyptian dead personage encountered dangerous or salutary springs on his way, as well as monsters whom he pacified by his singing; he went through opaque darkness, and at last reached fertile islands, brilliant with light, the *meadows of sweet cypress*, where his master, Osiris, offered him a peaceful asylum on condition of repeating the password."

Of course, in both Egyptian and Greek belief, after a long stay in the Heavenly World the soul returns to earth, resuming its personal embodied condition and forgetting its divinity in most cases. This alternation of rest and activity continues until the individual, by his own exertions, has transcended mortality and has attained perfection. It is a remarkable fact, proving how difficult it is for a certain order of minds — leaders of thought and scholarship — to attach importance to unwelcome ideas, that in one of the most excellent works on the Sculptured Tombs of Hellas, which includes an elaborate inquiry into the Greek beliefs relating to the fate of the soul after death, *there is not any mention of the central, pivotal idea — reincarnation!* Yet without the principle of rebirth the entire scheme is chaos. With it, the story of Hades with its shades, the cast-off 'shells' of the diviner part which, purified, has entered the Isle of the Blessed, the meaning of the Waters of Lethe in which the returning Ego plunges to lose the memory of the past as it re-enters earth-life, and the rest, become intelligible and harmonious with the Theosophical teachings of other races.

In Athens, near the Dipylon Gate, there is a magnificent group of funerary monuments in remarkable preservation. The majority of the finest belong to the period 480-300 B. C., and it is known that Praxiteles and other illustrious sculptors of the second period of Athenian sculpture executed some of them. The usual form of *stele* or tombstone is a tall, tapering slab, surmounted by an acanthus ornament and an inscription or a single figure in high relief. More elaborate ones were wider and contained two or more figures, usually family groups. Strong color was extensively used, deep blue backgrounds being frequent. We are accustomed to associate classical statuary with pure white marble, the color having faded or washed off in the course of time, and it is rather a shock to find that the Greeks colored their statues with vivid tints, the grave-figures as well as those that enriched the temples. From our knowledge of their exquisite taste, it is perfectly obvious that the colored statues must have been admirable in appearance, impossible though it

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may be for us to produce anything in that line better than waxworks.

Many of the Athenian sepulchral monuments take the form of a small temple inclosing the figures. The family groups are specially designed to touch the heart of the spectator. Their pathos is simple and unaffected; never overdone. They are dignified and appropriate in design, and the execution is of a high order. Nothing else in Greek art, except perhaps the Tanagra statuettes in terracotta, make us realize so fully that the Greeks were a warm-blooded people like ourselves, with a strong sense of family affection, and not cold abstractions stalking with formal stride through ghostly white ruins.

Two conceptions are prominent in the groups: that of leave-taking, and, among the women, of adornment preparatory to a journey. There are many scenes of parting where the relatives or friends of the loved one are giving a farewell hand-clasp in the most modern way, but there are no harrowing scenes; everything is done with grace and decorum. Dr. Percy Gardner says it was a radical feeling in the Greek mind that he who died put away the accidents of his personal individuality and became in some degree a phase of the deity of the lower world. The portraits of the deceased were rather typical of a class than those of particular men or women. In later periods they became more individualized and life-like; particular idiosyncracies triumphed at the expense of the larger feeling.

There has been a question among scholars whether the leave-takings may not be really greetings in the next world by former deceased relatives, but the suggestion has not been generally accepted. Another possibility is not out of the question; may they not carry an impression of rebirth, of meeting on earth in some future incarnation those whose strong affection will irresistibly draw them together when the law of Karma permits?



“MORE than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder . . . who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyta* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mystical disguise.”

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

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919*

II — HOMER (CONTINUED)

HOMER'S contemporary, Hesiod, tells in his *Works and Days* of the plebeian and peasant life of his time. Hesiod had not the grace of mind or imagination to idealize anything: he sets down the life of the lower orders with a realism comparable to that of the English Crabbe. It is an ugly and piteous picture he gives. Homer, confining himself in the main to the patrician side of things, does indeed give hints that the lot of the peasant and slave was miserable; he does not quite escape some touches from the background of his own day. Nor did Shakespeare, trying to paint the life of ancient Athens, escape an English Elizabethan background; Bully Bottom and his colleagues are straight from the wilds of Warwickshire; the Roman mob is made up of London prentices, cobblers and the like. Learned Ben, on the other hand, contrives in his *Sejanus* and his *Catiline*, by dint of sheer intellect and erudition, to give us correct waxwork and clockwork Romans; there are no anachronisms in Ben Jonson; never a pterodactyl walks down *his* Piccadilly. But Shakespeare rather liked to have them in his; with his small Latin and less Greek, he had to create his human beings — draw them from the life, and from the life he saw about him. The deeper you see into life, the less the costumes and academic exactitudes matter; you keep your imagination for the great things, and let the externals worry about themselves. • Now Homer was a deal more like Shakespeare than Ben; but there was this difference: he was trying to create Greeks of a nobler order than his contemporaries. Men in those days, he says, were of huger stature than they are now. And yet, when his imagination is not actually at work to heighten and ennoble the portrait of a hero, real Greek life of his own times does not fail sometimes to obtrude on him. So he lets in bits now and again that belong to the state of things Hesiod describes, and confirm the truth of Hesiod's dismal picture.

— Well, he wandered the islands, singing; “laying the nexus of his songs,” as Hesiod says in the passage from which I quoted just now, “in the ancient sacred hymns.” As Shakespeare was first an actor, then

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a tinkerer of other men's plays, then a playwright on his own account; so perhaps Homer, from a singer of the old hymns, became an improver and restorer of them, then a maker of new ones. He saw the wretched condition of his people, contrasted it with the traditions he found in the old lays, and was spurred up to create a glory for them in his imagination. His feelings were hugely wrought upon by compassion working as yoke-fellow with race-pride. You shall see presently how the intensity of his pity made him bitter; how there must have been something Dantesque of grim sadness in his expression; he had seen suffering, not I think all his own, till he could allow to fate no quality but cruelty. Impassioned by what we may call patriotism, he attacked again and again the natural theme for Greek epic: the story of a Greek contest with and victory over West Asians; but he was too great not to handle even his West Asians with pity, and moves us to sympathy with Hector and Andromache often, because against them too was stretched forth the hand of the great enemy, fate. In different moods and at different times, never thinking to make an epic, he produced a large number of different poems about the siege of Troy.

And the *Odyssey*? Well, the tradition was that he wrote it in his old age. Its mood is very different from that of the *Iliad*; and many words used in it are used with a different meaning; and there are words that are not used in the *Iliad* at all. Someone says, it comes from the old age of the Greek epic, rather than from that of Homer. I do not know. It is a better story than the *Iliad*; as if more nearly cast at one throe of a mind. Yet it, too, must be said not to hang together; here also are discrepant and incompatible parts.

There is all tradition for it that the Homeric poems were handed down unwritten for several centuries. Well; I can imagine the *Aoidoi* and *Citharaoidoi* and the rest learning poems from the verbal instruction of other *Aoidoi* and *Citharaoidoi*, and so preserving them from generation to generation to generation. But I cannot imagine, and I do think it is past the wit of man to imagine, long poems being composed by memory; it seems to me Homer must have written or dictated them at first. Writing in Greece may have been an esoteric science in those times. It is now, anywhere, to illiterates. In Caesar's day, as he tells us, it was an esoteric science among the Druids; they used it, but the people did not. It seems probable that writing was not in general use among the Greeks until long after Homer; but, to me, certain that Homer used it himself, or could command the services of those who did. But there was writing in Crete long before the Greco-Phoenician alphabet was invented: from the time of the first Egyptian Dynasties, for example. And here is a point to remember: alphabets are invented; systems of writing are lost

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and reintroduced; but it is idle to talk of the invention of writing. Humanity has been writing, in one way or another, since Lemurian days. When the Mânasaputra incarnated, Man became a poetizing animal; and before the Fourth Race began, his Divine Teachers had taught him to set his poems down on whatever he chanced at the time to be using as we use paper.

Now, what more can we learn about the inner and real Homer? What can I tell you in the way of literary criticism, to fill out the picture I have attempted to make? Very little; yet perhaps something. I think his historical importance is greater, for us now, than his literary importance. I doubt you shall find in him as great and true thinking, as much Theosophy or Light upon the hidden things, as there is in Virgil for example. I doubt he was an initiate, to understand in that life and with his conscious mind the truths that make men free. Plato did not altogether approve of him; and where Plato dared lead, we others need not fear to follow. I think the great Master-Poets of the world have been such because, with supreme insight into the hidden, they presented a great Master-Symbol of the Human Soul. I believe that in the Iliad Homer gives us nothing of that sort; and that therefore, in a certain sense, he is constantly over-rated. He pays the penalty of his overwhelming reputation: his fame is chiefly in the mouths of those who know him not at all, and use their hats for speaking-trumpets. We have in English no approximately decent translation of him. Someone said that Pope served him as Puck served Bully Bottom, what time Peter Quince was moved to cry: "Bless thee Bottom, how thou art translated!" It is not so; to call Pope an ass would be to wrong a faithful and patient quadruped; than which Pope was as much greater in intellect as he was less in all qualities that call for true respect. Yet often we applaud Homer, only upon a knowledge of Pope; and it is safe to say that if you love Pope you would loathe Homer. Pope held that water should manifest, so to say, through Kew or Versailles fountains; but it was essentially to be from the kitchen-tap — or even from the sewer. Homer was more familiar with it thundering on the precipices, or lispings on the yellow sands of time-forgotten Mediterranean islands. Which pronunciation do you prefer for his often-recurring and famous sea-epithet: the thunder-on-the-precipices of

polüphloisboio thalasses,

or the lispings-on-the-sands of

polüphleesbeeo thalassace?

(pardon the attempted phonetics). — For truly there are advocates of either; but neither I suppose would have appealed much to Mr. Pope.

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As to his style, his manner or movement: to summarize what Matthew Arnold says of it (the best I can do): it is as direct and rapid as Scott's; as lucid as Wordsworth's could be; but noble like Shakespeare's or Milton's. There is no Dantesque periphrasis, nor Miltonian agonistic struggle and inversion; but he calls spades, spades, and moves on to the next thing swiftly, clearly, and yet with exaltation. (Yet there is retardation often by long similes.) And he either made a language for himself, or found one ready to his hand, as resonant and sonorous as the loll and slap of billows in the hollow caverns of the sea. As his lines swing in and roll and crash, they swell the soul in you, and you hear and grow great on the rhythm of the eternal. This though we really, I suppose, are quite uncertain as to the pronunciation. But give the vowels merely a plain English value, certain to be wrong, and you still have grand music. Perhaps some of you have read Matthew Arnold's great essay *On Translating Homer*, and know the arguments wherewith wise Matthew exalts him. A Mr. Newman had translated him so as considerably to out-Bottom Bottom; and Arnold took up the cudgels -- to some effect. Newman had treated him as a barbarian, a primitive; Arnold argued that it was Homer, on the contrary, who might have so looked on us. There is, however, perhaps something to be said on Mr. Newman's side. Homer's huge and age-long fame, and his extraordinary virtues, were quite capable of blinding even a great critic to certain things about him which I shall, with great timidity, designate imperfections: therein following De Quincey, who read Greek from early childhood as easily as English, and who, as a critic, saw things sometimes. *Bonus dormitat Homerus*, says Horace; like the elder Gobbo, he "something smacked." He was the product of a great creative force; which did not however work in a great literary age: and all I am going to say is merely a bearing out of this.

First there is his poverty of epithets. He repeats the same ones over and over again. He can hardly mention Hector without calling him *megas koruthaiolos Hector*, -- "great glittering-helmeted Hector"; or (in the genitive) *Hectoros hippodamoio* -- "of Hector the tamer of war-steeds." Over and over again we have *anax andron Agamemnon*; or "swift-footed Achilles." Over and over again is the sea *poluphiloisboisterous*, as if he could say nothing new about it. Having discovered one resounding phrase that fits nicely into the hexameter, he seems to have been just content with the splendor of sound, and unwilling so to stir his imagination as to flash some new revelation on it. As if Hamlet should never be mentioned in the play, without some such epithet as "the hesitating Dane." . . . But think how the Myriad-minded One positively tumbles over himself in hurling and fountaining up new revela-

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tory figures and epithets about everything: how he could not afford to repeat himself, because there were not enough hours in the day, days in the year, nor years in one human lifetime, in which to ease his imagination of its tremendous burden. He had Golconda at the root of his tongue: let him but pass you the time of day, and it shall go hard but he will pour you out the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. A plethora, some have said: never mind; wealth was nothing to him, because he had it all. Or note how severe Milton, almost every time he alludes to Satan, throws some new light of majestic gloom, inner or outer, with a new epithet or synonym, upon his figure or his mind.

Even of mere ancillaries and colorless lines, Homer will make you a resounding glory. What means this most familiar one, think you:

Ten d'apameibomenos prosephe koruthaiolos Hector?

-- Surely here some weighty splendid thing is being revealed? But no; it means: "Answering spake unto her great glittering-helmeted Hector;" or *tout simplement*, 'Hector answered.' And hardly can anyone open his lips, but it must be brought in with some variation of that sea-riding billow or roll of drums:

*Ton d'emeibel' epeita anax andron Agamemnon.
Hos phalo. Ten d'outi prosephe nephelegereta Zeus —*

whereafter at seven lines down we get again:

Ten de meg' ochthesas prosephe nephelegereta Zeus;

— in all of which I think we do get something of primitivism and unskill. It is a preoccupation with sound where there is no adequate excuse for the sound; after the fashion of some orators, whom, to speak plainly, it is a weariness to hear. But you will remember how Shakespeare rises to his grandest music when he has fatefullest words to utter; and how Milton rolls in his supreme thunders each in its recurring cycle; leads you to wave-crest over wave-trough, and then recedes; and how the crest is always some tremendous thing in vision or thought as well as sound. So he has everlasting variation: manages his storms and billows: and so I think his music is greater in effect than Homer's — would still be greater, could we be sure of Homer's tones and vowel-values; as I think his vision goes deeper into the realm of the Soul and the Eternal.

Yet is Homer majestic and beautiful abundantly. If it is true that his reputation gains on the principle of *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* — because he is unknown to most that praise him — let none imagine him less than a wonderful reservoir of poetry. His faults — to call them that — are such as you would expect from his age, race, and peculiar historic

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position; his virtues are drawn out of the grandeur of his own soul, and the current from the Unfathomable that flowed through him. He had the high serious attitude towards the great things, and treated them highly, deeply and seriously. We may compare him to Dante: who also wrote, in an age and land not yet literary or cultured, with a huge racial inspiration. But Dante had something more: a purpose to reveal in symbol the tremendous world of the Soul. Matthew Arnold speaks of the Homeric poems as "the most important poetical monument existing." Well; cultured Tom, Dick, and Harry would say much the same thing; it is the orthodox thing to say. But with great deference to Matthew, I believe they are really a less important monument than the poems of Aeschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, or Milton, or I suppose Goethe — to name only poets of the Western World; because each of these created a Soul-symbol; which I think the Iliad at any rate does not.

Here, to me, is another sign of primitivism. If there is paucity of imagination in his epithets, there is none whatever in his surgery. I do not know to what figure the casualty list in the Iliad amounts; but believe no wound or death of them all was dealt in the same bodily part or in the same way. Now Poetry essentially turns from these physical details; her preoccupations are with the Soul.

"From Homer and Polygnotus," says Goethe, "I daily learn more and more that in our life here above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact Hell." A truth, so far as it goes: this Earth is hell; there is no hell, says H. P. Blavatsky, but a man-bearing planet. But we demand of the greatest, that they shall see beyond hell into Heaven. Homer achieves his grandeur oftenest through swift glimpses of the pangs and tragedy of human fate; and I do not think he saw through the gloom to the bright Reality. Watching the Greek host from the walls of Troy, Helen says:

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor, fleet in the car, Polydeukes, brave with the cestus --
Own dear brethren of mine,— one parent loved us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedaimon?
Or, though they came with the rest in the ships that bound through the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight, or stand in the council of heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"

And then:

*Hos phato. Tous d'ede katechen phusizoos aia,
En Lakedaimoni authi, phile en patriidi gaie.*

"— So spake she; but they long since under Earth were reposing
There in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedaimon." *

*From Dr. Hawtrey's translation, quoted by Matthew Arnold in *On Translating Homer*.

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There it is the sudden antithesis from her gentle womanly inquiry about her brothers to the sad reality she knows nothing of, that strikes the magical blow, and makes the grand manner. Then there is that passage about Peleus and Cadmos:

“Not even Peleus Aiacides, nor godlike Cadmos, might know the happiness of a secure life; albeit the highest happiness known to mortals was granted them: the one on the mountain, the other in seven-gated Thebes, they heard the golden-snooded Muses sing.”

You hear the high pride and pathos in that. To be a poet, he says: to have heard the golden-snooded Muses sing: is the highest happiness a mortal can know; he is mindful of the Soul, the Poet-creator in every man, and pays it magnificent tribute; he acknowledges what glory, what bliss, have been his own; but not the poet, he says, not even he, may enjoy the commonplace happiness of feeling secure against dark fate. It is the same feeling that I spoke of last week as so characteristic of the early Teutonic literature; but there it appears without the swift sense of tragedy, without the sudden pang, the grand manner. The pride is lacking quite: the intuition for a divinity within man. But Homer sets the glory of soul-hood and poet-hood against the sorrow of fate; even though he finds the sorrow weighs it down. Caedmon or Cynewulf might have said: “It is given to none of us to be secure against fate; but we have many recompenses.” How different the note of Milton:

“Those other two, equal with me in fate,
So were I equal with them in renown —”

or:

“Unchanged, though fallen on evil days;
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and by dangers compassed round.”

And Llywarch, or Oisín, would never have anticipated the blows of fate; when the blows fell, they would simply have been astonished at fate's presumption.

We might quote many instances of this proud pessimism in Homer:

Kai se, geron, to prin men, akouomen, olbion einai —

“Thou too, we hear, old man, e'en thou wast at one time happy;”

*Hos gar epeklosanto theoi deiloisi brotoisin
Zoein achnumenous. Autoi de t'akedees eisin —*

“The Gods have allotted to us to live thus mortal and mournful,
Mournful; but they themselves live ever untouched by mourning.”

Proud — no; it is not quite proud; not in an active sense; there is a resignation in it; and yet it is a kind of haughty resignation. As if he said: We are miserable; there is nothing else to be but miserable; let

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us be silent, and make no fuss about it. --- It is the restraint -- a very Greek quality --- the depth hinted at, but never wailed over or paraded at all --- that make in these cases his grand manner. His attitude is, I think, nearer the Teutonic than the Celtic: -- his countrymen, like the Teutons, were accustomed to the pralaya, the long racial night. But he and the Celts achieved the grand manner, which the Teutons did not. His eyes, like Llywarch's or Oisin's, were fixed on a past glory beyond the nightfall.

But where does this Homeric mood lead us? To no height of truth, I think. Katherine Tingley gave us a keynote for the literature of the future and the grandest things it should utter,— for the life, the art, the poetry of a coming time that shall be Theosophical, that is, lit with the splendor and beauty of the Soul -- when she spoke that high seeming paradox that "Life is Joy." Let us uncover the real Life; all this sorrow is only the veil that hides it. God knows we see enough of the veil; but the poet's business is to tear it down, rend it asunder, and show the brightness which it hides. If the personality were all, and a man's whole history were bounded by his cradle and his grave; then you had done all, when you had presented personalities in all their complexity, and made your page teem with the likenesses of living men, and only shown the Beyond, the Governance, as something unknowable, adverse and aloof. But the Greater Part of a man is eternal, and each of his lives and deaths but little incidents in a vast and glorious pilgrimage; and when it is understood that this is the revelation to be made, this grandeur the thing to be shadowed forth, criticism will have entered upon its true path and mission.

I find no such Soul-symbol in the Iliad: the passion and spiritual concentration of whose author, I think, was only enough to let him see this outward world: personalities, with their motive-springs of action within themselves: his greatness, his sympathy, his compassion, revealed all that to him; but he lacked vision for the Meanings. I count him then less than Shakespeare: whose clear knowledge of human personalities -- ability to draw living men -- was but incidental and an instrument; who but took the tragedy of life by the way, as he went to set forth the whole story of the Soul; never losing sight of Karma, and that man is his own adverse destiny; finishing all with the triumph of the Soul, the Magician, in *The Tempest*. And I count him less than that Blind Titan in Bardism, who, setting out to justify the ways of God to men, did verily justify the ways of fate to the Soul; and showed the old, old truth, so dear to the Celtic bards, that in the very depths of hell the Soul has not yet lost all her original brightness; but is mightily superior to hell, death, fate, sorrow and the whole pack of them; -- I count him less than

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the "Evening Dragon" of *Samson Agonistes*, whose last word to us is

"Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail
Or knock the breast: no weakness or contempt."

And I count him less than that One with the grand tragic visage, whose words so often quiver with unshed tears, who went forth upon his journey

*pei dolci pomi
Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;
Ma fino al centro pria convien ch'io tomi: -*

"to obtain those sweet apples (of Paradise) promised me by my true Leader; but first is" -- *convien* -- how shall you translate the pride and resignation of that word? -- "it behoves," we must say, "it convenes" -- "first it is convenient that I should fall as far as to the center (of hell);" -- who must end the gloom and terror of that journey, that fall, with

E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle,

--"And then we came forth to behold again the Stars;" and who came from his ascent through purifying Purgatory with

*Rifatto sì, come piante novelle
Rinnovellate di novella fronda,
Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle --*

--"So made anew, like young plants in spring with fresh foliage, I was pure and disposed to come forth among the Stars;" -- and who must end his *Paradiso* and his life-work announcing

L'amor che muove il sole e le altre stelle,

--"The Love that moves the sun and the other Stars." Ah, glory to this Dante! Glory to the man who would end nothing but with the stars!




"METHINKS the excellency of the soul's own faculties and operations, above all material agents, should alone be sufficient to afford to every contemplative man certain glimpses of both the divine origin and immortality thereof; and the desire of posthumous glory, an affection congenial and natural to all noble minds, together with a secret fear of future unhappiness, common to all, give pregnant hints of its eternal existence after death."

— STRABO, *Geography*, Book XV.

HEREDITY: PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL

T. HENRY, M. A.

 HE familiar aphorism that a little learning is a dangerous thing finds exemplification in the pessimistic and despondent attitude of mind which we may fall into by accepting too dogmatically the scientific teachings about heredity. A person who, if ignorant of these teachings, might be inspired to energetic and useful deeds by his own natural force, might be paralysed in his efforts by dwelling on the notion that his heredity was all against him. In this case he would have been better without his little learning; but to those who would say, "Let learning alone," we may give the reminder that the poet offers an alternative:

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

So we have the choice of learning a good deal more about heredity and thus removing the danger.

Many people must, at some time or other of their lives, have found themselves in a state of despondency about themselves, asking themselves, "Who am I, after all?" And perhaps they cast back the eye of memory over parentage and childhood, compare themselves with other people, whom they deem more fortunate in these respects, and come to the conclusion that their hopes have been too high and vain, and that no valuable fruit could have been expected to spring from such a stock; that they have had all that was coming to them and are now just about 'played out.' What an instance of the paralysing power of brain-mind thought — of a little learning — of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought!

Pious people sometimes speak of 'flying in the face of providence'; and though this is not what they mean, it is as good an interpretation of the words as any other. For the person who adopts the above attitude of mind is surely abrogating the divine grace, if he believes in such a thing; and if he does not, perhaps he believes in manliness or courage, in which case he is flouting that. He is flying in the face of whatever gods he believes in, or else denying the existence of any power whatever above the mere animal laws of life. In short, he lays himself open to the charge of being a coward, a weakling, a poltroon, and various other kinds of villain or small-spirited fellow.

When a man wants to do a thing very badly, he does not stop to ask himself whether the laws of heredity are against it or not; he just does it, or tries to. It would seem, then, that there is a conflict between innate

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force, acting by its own initiative, and ideas or notions which we have created in our mind, and which hinder and limit our action.

What is known to science as heredity is but a fragment of the whole matter; for there are other lines of heredity for man besides that ordinarily recognised. This fact should serve to remove our discouragement and to give us a new star whereto to hitch our wagon. Physical heredity provides the house in which the man is to dwell; it supplies a set of circumstances with which the man has to deal. Thus the parentage and physical heredity can show what tendencies we are likely to inherit, but it cannot show what we shall make out of them.

What does science know about the heredity of the immortal Man that incarnates in the physical mold? This heredity belongs to past lives that the Man has lived, and it may have energy and initiative enough to overcome the adverse tendencies of physical heredity. The power of the spirit in man is quite indeterminate.

All depends on the attitude of mind which we assume. If we say that we are no good, then we identify ourself with the physical lower man; but we can identify ourself with the higher Man, and then we set our feet on a path that leads to liberation.

But now comes a very important consideration. Let us, in the name of all that is decent, avoid the ugly selfish attitude of personal self-culture or absorption in our own salvation. This sordid, narrow, selfish element, whether seen in religious piety or in self-culture, is what repels people from these things, and makes them prefer no culture at all to such a self-seeking form of it. In the present case this selfish attitude would defeat its own purpose. And why? Because what we set out to do is to dethrone the materialistic pessimistic lower nature in favor of the hopeful and aspiring immortal nature; whereas a selfish self-care would simply foster the lower nature — give strength to the enemy. Therefore, when striving to rise above the plane of the personal ego, we should beware lest we merely retain it in another form.

We have spoken of the spiritual heredity of man; but if we are to give this a meaning that shall be effectively different from that of the merely personal heredity, we must eliminate from it the notion of personal exclusiveness. In the saying,

"I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings,"

we see the idea that the separateness and isolation which is characteristic of our personal life does not pertain to our spiritual existence. Though each man has a spark, it is a spark of the same flame. Therefore the dawning within us of a brighter and better life should be attended by self-forgetfulness, not by an increased concentration upon our little self.

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It is mysteriously within man's power to make the choice whether he will identify himself with the lower or the higher side of his nature --- whether he will bow down before the destiny given him by his physical heredity or modify it by attending to his spiritual heredity and destiny. If the former, then the man may live and die without once knowing of the latent powers within him; but if the latter, he may at any time strike out a new line and call into play unsuspected resources.

The Theosophical teachings thus give ample food for optimism, for they give a rational interpretation of the facts of life as we find them. Study *Theosophical Manual No. II; 'The Seven Principles of Man'* for a key to the problem --- a key that unlocks more and more, the more we apply it. There we find that the essential man is *Manas*, the Thinker, who hovers between the animal nature below and the spiritual nature above, partaking of both, blending the two natures, and destined to conquer the lower by means of the higher. A man who fails to recognise his higher nature misses the purpose of his incarnation.

No doubt moods of despondency will come from time to time as long as we dwell in the clay and have not triumphed over it; but they need not be prolonged more than is necessary. A sound philosophy at the back will hasten the moment of recovery and enable us to avoid the causes that tend to engender such fits in the future. The threats of the lower nature, when it finds that it cannot rule and have its own way, may frighten us, unless we realize the impotence of these threats in view of the power of the enlightened Will.

Parentage provides the physical vehicle for the incarnating soul, and other elements are drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere of the race and country. But who knows the history of the reincarnating soul itself?



“ ‘HE abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,’ --- in those who harbor such thoughts hatred will never cease.

“ ‘HE abused me, he beat me, he defeated me, he robbed me,’ --- in those who do not harbor such thoughts hatred will cease.

“For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love, this is an ancient rule.” --- *Dhammapada*, 3, 4, 5 (Translated by Max Müller)

TOLERANCE

P. FRANKLIN



THE poet Lessing, in one of his great dramatic works entitled 'Nathan the Wise,' gives to us a helpful lesson of the real spirit of tolerance, so rarely met with today.

The subject-matter of this particular incident is not widely known, but it is yet of sufficient interest, even in these times of supposed religious tolerance, to warrant its reproduction here.

In the reign of Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, who was so beloved by his subjects as a benevolent ruler and reformer, there lived Nathan, a Jewish merchant. Through thrift, prudence, and honesty, Nathan had amassed great wealth, but notwithstanding this, he had also gained the goodwill and love of his fellowmen. Nathan was a profound student, and philosopher, and under the cognomen of 'The Wise,' he enjoyed great popularity in the surrounding country. Now, although the royal household was counted among the great patrons of Nathan, yet the Sultan had never met the merchant in person, since all business transactions were carried on in general by Sittah, Saladin's sister.

Taking the occasion of the first meeting of the Sultan and of Nathan, the poet depicts Nathan's character, his wisdom, simplicity, and sincerity, in true colors. Nathan's modesty, on being summoned before the great Saladin, leaves him altogether unconscious of the latter's purpose to discuss deep religious and philosophical subjects with him. He rather imagines that the Sultan desires certain information pertaining to the purveying of supplies for the royal household, and is in consequence taken by surprise when Saladin addresses him:

"Nathan, tell me what belief or law has mostly impressed you."

Nathan answers: "Sultan, I am a Jew."

Saladin replies: "And I am a Mussulman. The Christian stands between us, and one of the three religions must be the true one."

The dialog is hereupon suddenly interrupted by the presence of a courtier who desires to obtain some necessary information, and Nathan, soliloquizing how to answer Saladin's question without arousing antagonism, decides to narrate a tale, by which he may obtain his benevolent purpose. The tale is as follows:

Many years ago there lived in the far East a man who was the possessor of a priceless ring, given to him by a dearly loved friend. The stone was an opal reflecting many beautiful colors, and had the inherent power of charming everybody with whom the wearer came in touch. It was,

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therefore, no wonder that he never permitted it to leave his finger, and he legally provided that it should always remain in the family, and in such a way that the ring should invariably become the inheritance of the most beloved son in each generation without regard to age or station, and that its possession should make him the ruling head of the house.

After many generations, the ring finally came into the possession of a father with three sons, all of them obedient and beloved by him. In consequence thereof the man was sorely tried in endeavoring to make his decision to which one of his sons he should leave the ring. Whenever he found himself alone with any one of his three beloved sons, it caused him great pain, because each seemed entitled to the dignity as head of the house and the ownership of the ring. In his perplexity, and not wishing to disappoint any one of his sons, he sent for a goldsmith in secret, and gave him the order to make two more rings exactly like the original. When the artist returned the three rings, the father was greatly pleased with the result of the craftsman's labor, but he himself was unable to detect the original from the two copies. He then called each of his sons separately to him, gave him his blessing and a ring, and died.

In order to observe the effect of his tale upon Saladin, Nathan paused here, as though resting a moment or two; but being urged to continue to the end of his tale, he replied: "The rest was quite natural. Scarcely was the father dead, when each son came forward with his ring and claimed to be the head of the house. Disputes and quarrels arise, but the right ring is not distinguishable -- almost as indistinguishable as is the true religion to us."

"How!" replied Saladin. "Is this the answer to my question?"

NATHAN: "I merely wish to excuse myself. Because the rings which the father had intended to be not distinguishable, I do not trust myself to distinguish."

SALADIN: "The rings! Do not play with me. I thought the religions I named ought to be distinguished in themselves, and barring questions of clothing, food, and drink."

NATHAN: "The basis of the three is the same; all are founded on history transmitted by tradition or writing, and history must be accepted on faith and belief. Is this not so? Whose faith and belief do we doubt the least? Our own people's, of whose blood we are, and who in our youth never lacked in their love for us and never deceived us. Can I trust my forefathers less than you yours? Or *vice versa*? The same holds good with the Christian."

Saladin murmured to himself: "The man is right; I must be silent."

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Nathan continued: "But let us return to our rings. As said before, they went to law, and each swore before the judge that he had received his ring directly from his father's own hand, as was perfectly true; and, said they, before believing in wrong-doing by their venerated father each one of them must rather accuse the others of false play.

"The judge somewhat impatiently replied to the contestants as follows: 'I am not here to solve riddles, and the right ring will not open its mouth. But wait! I hear that the genuine ring possesses the power of making its possessor amiable before God and men. This must decide the matter, as the false rings cannot do this. Now, then, which of you loves his two brothers the most? -- You are silent. You all, I doubt not, are deceived; your rings are not genuine. The right one likely was lost and to replace the loss the father had three others made. My advice is this: Leave the matter precisely as it now is. As each of you had a ring from his father, let him believe it to be the genuine one. No doubt your father loved you all alike, and did not wish to favor one and disappoint two of you. Therefore, let each one strive to live in accordance with his heart's noblest love without prejudice to anyone, and endeavor to bring into action the powers of the ring. Do this with forbearance, patience, compassion, and devotion to God and mankind. Then when the powers of the stones shall have manifested themselves in your children's children, I invite you in a thousand years from now again to come before this tribunal, and a wiser man than I will occupy this seat and will speak. Go in peace.' Thus spake that wise judge."

Saladin, who was very much affected, pressed Nathan's hands and said to him: "The 'thousand years' of your judge are not yet completed. His seat is not mine. Go in peace, and be forever my friend."

Lessing was a contemporary of Spinoza, and like him believed in many of our Theosophic principles. His teachings are filled with pure and lofty philosophy and his life was a practical demonstration of his writings. In a short treatise entitled 'Striving after Truth,' he says:

"Not the truth, whose possession man has, or believes that he has, but the sincere effort which he makes to obtain it, constitutes the real value of the man. Because, not *possession* but *search* after truth widens his powers, and herein lies his continuous growing perfectibility. Possession causes stagnation, idleness, and pride. If God held hidden in his right hand all truth, and in his left only the desire for truth with the possibility of being eternally in error, and were to ask me which of the two I preferred, I should fall in humility before his left hand, and should say: Give me the desire for truth! the pure truth is with you alone."

SOME PORTRAITS BY TITIAN

CAROLUS

TITIAN was born in 1477 at Cadore, a rather poor village in the Italian Alps, on the Piave river, a boiling torrent which washes the base of the high cliffs upon which the castle stands. Cadore had only recently been united with Venice, but owing to its position, always had Italian sympathies. Titian's house, which is still shown to travelers, stands amid magnificent scenery, surrounded by rugged snow-peaks, forests, mountain streams, and romantic castles on craggy heights. Though Titian left Cadore in early childhood to seek his fortune in Venice the grandeur of the scenery made a powerful impression upon his mind, and undoubtedly helped to make him the greatest landscape painter of the Venetian school.

It is remarkable that at the time Venice was becoming a great center of culture, its political power was on the decline. The sea-passage to the Indies had been discovered and the Venetian merchants were losing their monopoly of the Eastern carrying-trade. It is interesting to observe that Venice has greatly increased in prosperity since the opening of the Suez Canal.

Owing to the necessities of commerce and the presence of a large foreign element brought to Venice by trade, a certain cosmopolitanism and breadth of view on many lines became characteristic of the people. The pretensions of the Church were always held in check, as strongly evidenced by the unwavering support given to Fra Paolo Sarpi, the famous scholar and statesman, in his defiance and rebuttal of the Papal claims which threatened the liberties of Venice.

Titian was a true representative of his age and country. He was deeply imbued with the commercial spirit of the Venetians, and in the conduct of the business side of his profession he was extremely shrewd. When asked to send some religious pictures to one of his pious royal or princely patrons he would generally include a Venus or some voluptuous classical subject, knowing well that the purchaser would be glad to get it without definitely asking for it. Titian's portraits of himself, particularly the one in the Uffizi, Florence, display a curious combination of the shrewd business man and the idealist. The features are handsome and strongly marked, and betray high intelligence.

Titian arrived at the moment of the transition from fresco painting to oil painting, and he was thereby enabled to display his genius for color in the new medium in a way that was quite impossible in fresco.

SOME PORTRAITS BY TITIAN

"Some time elapsed before the Venetians mastered the new process; but when they did so, many qualities which had merely germed expanded into luxuriant life. Colors began to acquire tones which in gorgeousness and brilliancy vied with the Venetian dyes, or with the hues of Muranese glass, and those Levantine tissues for which Venice was, above all other countries, celebrated. The waters of the lagoons, the bays of the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts, and the harbors of the Adriatic, were studied by Carpaccio with an effect altogether new. The softer expanses of the Paduan plain, with its distant fringe of Alp, fettered the attention of Giovanni Bellini. There came into Venice also a new class of painters, bred on the verge of the Brescian Bergamesque provinces, or born in the Friulan hills, each of whom added something to the richness of Venetian coloring. The Venetians were, as we have seen, losing their mastery of the seas. . . . They were making Venice what it had not been before — a center of Italian culture. They attracted a rising generation of artists . . . and the ground was laid for the grand edifice of Venetian art." (*Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 'Titian'*)

Titian traveled a good deal in order to execute his commissions but had no adventures. He had his share of trouble, such as the loss of his wife after about seven years of married life, the worry of a vicious and dissolute son, and difficulties in getting paid for his pictures at times. His second son, Orazio, was a successful painter and a support in his old age. On the whole, his outer life must have been happy, and his highly developed aesthetic consciousness must have made his inner life rich indeed. He was good to his family and friends at Cadore, his native village, which he visited annually. We hear nothing of his taking part in the stirring public events which convulsed Venice during his long life, nor does he stand out as an heroic and supremely great spirit like Michaelangelo or Leonardo. He was not a universal genius; his ability was confined to one line, oil-painting — he was not even distinguished as a fresco painter — but his supreme endowment in that art was so commanding that it was recognised by the bestowal of the highest honors ever given to a painter till then. That great potentate, the Emperor Charles V, created him a Count of the Empire, Knight of the Golden Fleece, etc., and he received the curious privilege of being allowed to legitimize the illegitimate offspring of persons beneath the rank of Prince, Count, or Baron. He once used this power to legitimize the two sons of a priest of Cadore! After he became rich and famous, and one of the triumvirate who ruled over literary and artistic circles in Venice, he lived in luxurious surroundings and gave splendid entertainments. We hear of him exchanging a picture for a fine organ.

But it is by his productions that Titian's fame must stand. W. M. Rosetti says:

"Titian's province is that of oil-painting, and of painting on a scale which, though often large and grand, is not colossal either in dimension or in inspiration. Titian may properly be regarded as the greatest manipulator of paint in relation to color, tone, luminosity, richness, texture, surface, and harmony, and with a view to the production of a pictorial whole conveying to the eye a true, dignified, and beautiful impression of its general subject-matter and of the objects of sense which form its constituent parts. In this sense Titian has never been deposed from his sovereignty in painting, nor can one forecast the time in which he will be deposed. . . ."

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Pre-eminent inventive power or sublimity of intellect he never evinced. Even in energy of action and more especially in majesty or affluence of composition the palm is not his. . . . Titian is a painter who by wondrous magic of genius and of art satisfies the eye, and through the eye the feelings — sometimes the mind."

It was Titian's custom, whenever possible, to design his pictures to harmonize with the places they were intended to fill. He would take the preliminary sketch to the spot where it was to stand and finish it there. He never allowed himself to be hurried, and he often delayed finishing a picture so long that his patrons lost all patience. He suffered financially at times from his procrastination.

Titian's method of painting has been the subject of an endless controversy and his pictures have even been dissected, or what may be called vivisected, in order to find some presumed trick of manipulation by which he produced his remarkable richness and opulence of color. Probably every portrait-painter of later times has studied Titian with extreme care, but it is not now believed that he had any adventitious aid in getting his effects. His supremacy is due to genius. Palma, one of his followers, says:

"Titian prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment, which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with color, the half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modeled into relief by touches of the same brush dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation he would turn the picture to the wall, and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. . . . It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises cannot hope to form pure verses. But of . . . last touches he was particularly fond. . . ."

The portraits illustrated herewith give some idea of his greatness of style, its apparent simplicity and dignity. There is no attempt at 'cleverness' but a strong impression of perfect ease and mastery. Titian painted few female portraits; the *Bella* and the *Flora* are from unknown sitters, but the painter repeated their faces in some of his classical subjects. He appears to have been greatly impressed by the patrician beauty of the lady who sat for the *Bella*. In this portrait, which is in the Pitti Palace in Florence, Titian displays his methods very plainly. The harmonizing of the tones by means of successive glazings of transparent color and scumblings of opaque tints can be traced, though restoration has somewhat injured the picture. Titian's method of working on a picture with thin color was a great contrast to that of the direct painters such as Jordaens or many of the modern school. The slashed sleeves of the *Bella* are tinted alternately in blue and white, and white and purple. Her face is repeated in the wonderful *Venus* of the Uffizi gallery in Florence.

The *Flora* of the Uffizi is apparently not the portrait of a patroness but of a regular model from whom he and his pupils frequently made

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studies. It is strongly imbued with the spirit of the antique. A remarkable number of copies, most of which are in England, show the popularity of the work.

Portrait called *Il Duca di Norfolk*: There is some doubt about the authenticity of the title of this magnificent work, but none as to the authorship of the picture, for, though the date of its execution is unknown, it is undoubtedly one of Titian's masterpieces. A critic says:

"There is life in every feature of this grand likeness, life in the eye, life in the pose, but life displayed in its most elevated form, and with all the subtlety of Titian's art in its best days."

Roberto Strozzi's daughter: Roberto Strozzi was son of the great party chieftain who refused to acknowledge the usurpation of Alessandro the Magnificent in Florence and went into exile with other patriots. Roberto was a rich patron of art and letters. His daughter's portrait, painted about 1542, is one of Titian's most brilliant works, and is in very good preservation. Aretino declared on seeing it: "If I were a painter I should die of despair . . . but certain it is that Titian's pencil has waited for Titian's old age to perform its miracle." The picture is on canvas, life-size, and is executed with a wonderful breadth of handling; it is one of the most vivid portrayals of youth ever executed by any painter. The landscape, which is hardly indicated in the reproduction, contains a lake and swans with hills and distant mountains in the background.

LEMURIAN AND ATLANTEAN RELICS IN CHINA

STUDENT

IF the outline of human history given in *The Secret Doctrine* is true, it will be confirmed by future discoveries. We believe that it is true, and are not surprised when these vindications come. We take pleasure in recording such evidence of this kind as comes under our notice, and hereby present the following item as to the ancient races in western China.

Dr. Joseph Beech, President of the West China Union University, has traveled into certain little-known regions of western China, and the account of his adventures is quoted in part by the New York *Sun*. Availing ourselves of a summary in *The Literary Digest*, we quote as follows from the latter publication:

"Forty tribes, including men that represent almost every known race, are hidden away in Western China, where they have preserved their tribal characteristics through unnumbered ages. 'The oldest human melting-pot' this crescent of land has been called, for here, it seems, men of all colors and statures and tongues were mixed at some prehistoric time, and then sent

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forth again to populate the world; but each tribe, it appears, left a remnant that has lingered, distinct and individual, to the present day. Because of their isolation and the unwarlike character of the neighboring Chinese, they are actually independent. . . . The Chinese, after generations of contact, . . . have decided to let them alone. Not only are there representatives of the white, brown, and yellow races among them, . . . but representatives of the race the North American Indians sprang from. He even traces the origin of the totem-poles of Alaska to the tree-ladders still used by a tribe in this ancient community.”

Quoting from the *Sun*:

“I have seen people — men, women, and children — in West China whom it would be absolutely impossible to distinguish from the Indians of the Western States if they were dressed alike. . . . In the cliff-houses of West China the stone dwellings are built tier on tier up the hillside like a flight of great steps. The second floor cannot be entered except through an opening in the ceiling of the first floor, and so on up to the top. . . . When they started on their great migration, as I believe they did, going north through China and Siberia to Bering Strait. . . .

“History handed down by word of mouth by the Chinese of the southern provinces has it that the races now living in the mountainous regions, or one of these races, was once spread all over southern China. So too says the tradition of the Tibetans on the other side. The tribesmen too have this tradition and relate that they were driven back and back and finally into the mountains.

“Perhaps the most interesting and most highly developed of the tribes are the Sung-Panese, living in the northern section of the region on the most fertile land. These undoubtedly are of the Aryan stock. . . . ‘They are as white as you, and look like you,’ the guide told Dr. Beech. . . . They are well above the European race in average stature, most of them being six feet or more. . . .

“‘Undoubtedly the Chinese of the southern provinces are not the original inhabitants of the country,’ Dr. Beech said. . . . ‘There are caves along the rivers which were inhabited by some primitive people before the Chinese and possibly before the tribesmen lived there. Traditions of these people may still be found among some of the Chinese.’”

One tribe is described as resembling the Czecho-Slovaks of Bohemia. Most of the tribes are described as exceedingly fierce, despising the Chinese and all foreigners. The black Lolos are worshipers of the black arts. There is a tribe of Jews who settled centuries ago and now look like Chinese.

This of course illustrates the fact that theories of the origin of the human race, or the ‘cradle’ of the human race, have to be altered from time to time in the light of fresh discoveries which do not fit them. We have to keep pushing the alleged origin or cradle farther back in time, and to keep changing the place. Such a process is inevitable, and each step brings the current hypotheses nearer to the teachings outlined by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*.

A well-known part of these teachings is that of the seven Root-Races in every Round. A Round is one of the greater cycles of evolution, and for present purposes we must limit ourselves to the present Round and consider only the Root-Races pertaining to that one Round. The present Root-Race is the Fifth, and has been in existence as a separate race about one million years. (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 435) Preceding it were

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the First, Second, Third, and Fourth. Each Root-Race is subdivided into sub-races, these again into family races, and these again into still smaller divisions. The duration of a sub-race is given as approximately 210,000 years; that of a family race as 30,000 (*loc. cit.*). The existence of these Root-Races is connected with those cycles of time traced by geologists in the record of sedimentation, with its alternations of uniformity and cataclysm. The existence of the former continental areas whereon the Fourth and Third Races respectively flourished — Atlantis and Lemuria — is every day becoming more freely acknowledged by scientific authorities.

Now as to the Chinese, it is stated that they are one of the oldest nations of our Fifth Race (*S. D.*, II, 364); *but also that there are some Chinamen who belong to the highest and last branch of the Fourth Race* (p. 280) and some again who are a mixture of the two races. (*Ibid.*) To quote from *The Secret Doctrine*:

“‘What would you say to our affirmation that the Chinese — I speak of the inland, the true Chinamen, not of the hybrid mixture between the Fourth and Fifth Races now occupying the throne, the aborigines who belong in their unalloyed nationality wholly to the highest and last branch of the Fourth Race — reached their highest civilization when the Fifth had hardly appeared in Asia.’ And this handful of the inland Chinese are all of a very high stature.” (*Vol. II, p. 280*)

On the same page the *Shu-King* is quoted as referring to the Mao-Tse, “‘that antediluvian and perverted race, . . . which had retired in the days of old to the rocky caves, and the descendants of whom are said to be still found in the neighborhood of Canton.’”

In reference to the more degraded types, of which Dr. Beech mentions examples among his forty tribes, we find the following, where the author speaks of a certain semi-animal hairy race, a mountain tribe in China, as being, in common with some other races mentioned, “the last descendants in a *direct* line of the semi-animal latter-day Lemurians.” (II, 195)

The reference to the high stature agrees with the account of Dr. Beech. As the race from which these are descended was previous to our present Fifth Root-Race, it had already passed through its seven sub-races, and had therefore attained a higher point in its own cycle than our Race has yet attained in its; for we are at present only at our fifth sub-race. This is an important feature of the teachings given in *The Secret Doctrine*: the law of *cyclic* development provides that races shall follow one another as do men and generations of men, passing through youth, maturity and decline, so that we may expect to find in the records of the past the traces of civilizations that were greater than any we have witnessed. Yet this does not contradict the general law of progress; it only implies that progress is not uniformly continuous, but is cyclic; periodic — as is indeed the observed case in Nature’s workings in general. We also

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note the allusion, in the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*, to degraded remnants, which also agrees with the traveler's narrative. It is an essential part of the ancient teachings that, after the sinking of continental areas and the termination of the cycle of a Root-Race, the remnants that survive the cataclysm become scattered on various portions of the land that is not submerged, and thus form isolated tribes, which continue for long ages, not progressing, and preserving many of the characteristics and memories of their remote ancestry. Thus —

“The yellow-faced giants of the post-Atlantean day, had ample time, throughout this forced confinement to one part of the world, and with the same racial blood and without any fresh infusion or admixture in it, to branch off during a period of nearly 700,000 years into the most heterogeneous and diversified types. The same is shown in Africa; nowhere does a more extraordinary variability of types exist, from black to almost white, from gigantic men to dwarfish races; and this only because of their forced isolation.” (II, 425)

The following quotations also are apposite. Speaking of Lemuria:

“It is certain that, whether ‘chimera’ or reality, the priests of the whole world had it from one and the same source: the universal tradition about the third great continent which perished some 850,000 years ago. A continent inhabited by two distinct races; distinct physically and especially morally; both deeply versed in primeval wisdom and the secrets of nature; mutually antagonistic in their struggle, during the course and progress of their double evolution. Whence even the Chinese teachings upon the subject, if it is but a *fiction*? Have they not recorded the existence once upon a time of a *holy* island beyond the sun (*Tcheou*), and beyond which were situated the lands of the *immortal men*? Do they not still believe that the remnants of those *immortal men* — who survived when the *holy* island had become black with sin and perished — have found refuge in the great desert of Gobi, where they still reside invisible to all, and defended from approach by hosts of Spirits?” (II, 371-372)

“H. A. Taine . . . shows that the civilizations of such archaic nations as the Egyptians, Aryans of India, Chaldeans, Chinese, and Assyrians are the result of preceding civilizations during ‘*myriads of centuries*.’ (*History of English Literature*, p. 23)” — II, 334

“China has also her tradition and the story of an island or continent, which it calls Ma-li-ga-si-ma. . . . Kaempfer, in his *Japan* (*Appendix* p. 13), gives the tradition: The island, owing to the iniquity of its giants, sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and Peiru-un, the king, the Chinese Noah, escapes alone with his family owing to a warning of the gods through two idols. It is that pious prince and his descendants who have peopled China. The Chinese traditions speak of the divine dynasties of Kings as much as those of any other nations.” (II, 365)

It is therefore to be expected that we should find in various shut-off parts of the world the descendants of Lemurians and Atlanteans, and that these would be very multiform in their characteristics. For we have to bear in mind that the Atlanteans were not a mere race, as we understand the term race, but rather an entire humanity; the term Atlantean is even more comprehensive than such a term as Asiatic or European. Hence the descendants are of various types. China is mentioned specially in the above extracts as one of the places where such survivals are to be sought.

No theory of migrations will ever suffice to serve more than a temporary purpose or a particular case; and such theories, devised by various

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scientists to explain various cases, will conflict with each other, and will have to give way to any subsequent facts that may be discovered and that confute them. Our brief references to the scheme given in *The Secret Doctrine* may invite to further study thereof, when it will be found that this scheme is one self-consistent whole that explains the facts of archaeology, ethnology, and history as we find them.

The immense antiquity of the human race, the civilized human race, as given in *The Secret Doctrine*, may scare some people; but this is only because of the unfamiliarity of the idea to modern western minds. For there is no inherent improbability in it. The geological record gives undeniable proof of the vast age of the earth, even during the period of sedimentation; and equally undeniable proof of the antiquity of animal and vegetable life. This came as a shock at first, but we have accustomed ourselves to it. So also we have accustomed ourselves to deal with immense figures, both of space and time, in astronomical matters. But prejudice fights hard yet in the case of human civilization; and, as to the question of evidence, let it be said that, when scientists leave off trying in every possible way to minimize the evidence in favor of this antiquity, they will find themselves on easier ground. But in view of the rate at which such evidence is accumulating, it will not be possible much longer to ignore it. The idea of Atlantis and Lemuria is supported by geology, and many eminent minds are now coming round to an acceptance of the existence of these continents, not merely as areas of dry land, but even as scenes of civilized races. The important inference to be drawn is that we are the heirs of a great knowledge from the remote past, and that we cannot by any means regard the meager pages of ordinary history as representing the highest achievements of our ancestors.



“THE Dhyânis watch successively over one of the Rounds and the great Root-races of our planetary chain. They are, moreover, said to send their Bodhisattvas, the human correspondents of the Dhyâni-Buddhas during every Round and Race. Out of the Seven Truths and Revelations, or rather revealed secrets, four only have been handed to us, as we are still in the Fourth Round, and the world also has only had four Buddhas, so far. . . . But as every new Root-race at the head of a Round must have its revelation and revealers, the next Round will bring the Fifth, the following the Sixth, and so on.”—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 42

OF THE THREE ROADS

AND HOW IT IS BY OUR THOUGHTS THAT WE TRAVEL THEREON

STUDENT



HAD been reading Spinoza and I suppose that for a moment I had fallen asleep. This was what I had read:

“After experience had taught me that all the usual surroundings of social life are vain and futile . . . I finally resolved to inquire whether there might be some real good which would affect the mind to the exclusion of all else; whether, in fact, there might be anything of which the discovery and attainment would enable me to enjoy continuous, supreme, and unending happiness. . . . All the objects pursued by the multitude, not only bring no remedy that tends to preserve our being, but even act as hindrances, causing the death not seldom of those who possess them and always of those who are possessed by them. . . . But love for a thing infinite and eternal feeds the mind wholly with joy, and is itself unmingled with any sadness, wherefore it is greatly to be desired and sought for with all our strength. . . . One thing was evident, namely, that while my mind was occupied with these thoughts it turned away from its former objects of desire and closely considered the search for the new principle; this was a great comfort to me, for I perceived that the evils were not such as to resist all remedies. Although these intervals were at first short and rare, yet afterwards, as the true good became more and more perceptible to me, they became more frequent and more lasting. . . .”

It appeared to me that I went on reading from the book, coming to this passage, though when I came to myself in a moment I saw that the book contained no such words:

“Opening before me were roads, three in number. Of these three, the middle one, as I saw, whilst seeming to lead on and on, in truth led round and round, so that by it the poor weary travelers finished their journey where they had begun it, or nearly so, not forwarded at all.

“And another led downward, whither I could not see. But the third upward and forward to a Height crowned and flooded with unimaginable Light.

“Now, the going upon these three roads was by thoughts. It was by their thoughts that the wayfarers were carried. And the most part of them, as I said, choosing but the common thoughts for their steps, went round and round and in the end had come back to the place whence they started, in no wise changed save for their weariness.

“But some few kept their thoughts steadfastly upward and were therefore borne steadfastly upward. Their thoughts were ever of the Light ahead; and with thought of the Light they ever cast off those unkindly thoughts of their fellows and those thoughts of pleasures past and to come that were constantly delaying and misconducting the other travelers. Yet the common and innocent pleasures of the road, if they came by such, they accepted and enjoyed, refusing only to look back to any that were past, or forward to any that might be ahead. Thus filling themselves ever more and more with thought of the Light, they moved constantly forward; and I saw that one by one they entered it in joy and content, and then, shining therewith and as it were robed, they turned back to show their fellows the way and the method whereby they themselves had attained.

“But of the downward road, save that it led into ever-deepening gloom and shadow, I saw nothing.”

‘A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM’



THE announcement that the Râja-Yoga Players of Point Loma are to give *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Isis Theater on the 24th of April, gives us an excuse for looking a little into this earliest of Shakespeare's masterpieces; the one in which he discovered his poethood and perhaps more than in any other was content to exercise the purely poetic function of 'making beauty' and setting fairy lanterns in the twilight world of fancy.

It is one of the earliest of his plays; written, probably, in 1590 or '91, when he was about twenty-six years old; he wrote into it memories of his childhood; and from it we get perhaps the only glimpse we do get of what he saw and did as a child. For in 1575 Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth, Leicester's seat in Warwickshire; and Leicester, aspiring to her hand, entertained her royally and made love to her upon the finest scale that the gorgeous imagination of the England of that time could devise. We get an account of the festivities in a letter written by Master Laneham (a mad wag, so please you!), who was a mercer of London in attendance in some kind of domestic capacity upon one of the noble lords present; he wrote the letter to a fellow-tradesman in London, his countryman born and good friend withal; and excellent reading it is. He tells how on the evening of the 14th of August a fairy masque was given for the Queen's entertainment in the park; ladies riding upon dolphins over the waters of the lake, sang greetings to Her Highness; all of which eleven-year-old William Shakespeare had, it is supposed, been brought over from Stratford-on-Avon to see; since his family was well-connected by marriage, and such a privilege was extended to the neighboring gentry. The sight lived in his memory, it seems; and now, fifteen years or so afterwards, he turned back to it for some fairy coloring for his fairy play, and wrote:

“Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's musick.”

And then he minds him of Leicester's bootless wooing of the Queen, that had been the occasion for all those pageantries, and writes:

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“That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon:
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy-free.”

— Which is precisely what Elizabeth did.

Here Shakespeare takes you out of the hard and solid world of things and facts, and gives you freedom of a world beyond the borders of our common consciousness. Is it a world that exists, or has he indeed given

“to airy *nothing*
A local habitation and a name?”

— Oh, most certainly it exists! Popular belief — popular intuition, let us say — has always divined in Nature a life, a consciousness half-guessable; and so populated pinewoods and gardens and mountainsides with aerial-flamey beings that dance and dance, and whose life is all to wild music. Let the robust of imagination think of Nature as lifeless if they can; poets and peasants and whoever could share her life at all, have, it would appear, caught glimpses from time to time. — But here the great poet of humanity invades the fairy world under the standards of the Human Spirit; annexes it, and makes it a province of the Empire of Man. See how he has made his fairies. —

Oberon is from the French romance, *Huon of Bordeaux*; he has a fine international genealogy. He was the son of the Welsh Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister, and of Roman Julius Caesar; but then before that he was Auberon, Alberon, Alberich — which is a Teutonic name probably of remote Celtic origin, meaning ‘king of the elves.’ He figures as the guardian of the Rhine Gold in Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs*. Titania, it would seem, is taken from Ovid; Puck is the Welsh Pwca, the Irish Puca; a very familiar sprite in those countries. Perhaps Shakespeare found this fairy in its native haunts; for there is a valley in Wales where local tradition says he wrote the play; and this is not impossible; he certainly had Welsh blood and connexions. Still, Puck survived in places in England from Celtic days; witness the wood called Puckpits in the New Forest.

But what Shakespeare did was what his predecessors (such as Spenser) who had also drawn upon fairyland, did not do. He gives us a picture of fairy life, which is human life dehumanized. We have that life in us; only all that is nobly human or basely animal in us obscures and mili-

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tates against its manifestation. There is no conscience in the Court of King Oberon; nor is there any real baseness. What will Titania do for her lover? Feed him with apricocks and dewberries, or from the honey-bags of bees. The things they treasure are blossoms and forest-music; their enemies and abhorrences, spiders, bats and the like. They are gay, sensuous, beauty-loving, mischievous; they play no part in the eternal warfare of good and evil; but a human being, if he is rightly human, must take one side or the other. And yet, truth to say, there are many of us that do not: who are irresponsible, and live for the enjoyment of the moment; whose actions and motives cannot be accounted for; who *think* with their senses alone, and whose passing whims and feelings serve them for a human soul. There are many who are like this; and with many more, it enters as a component element in their being; so it is a phase of that conglomeration of many kinds of consciousness which we call human.

Then he contrasts with these whose nature is to be aesthetic and who need beauty as we need air to breathe, sweet bully Bottom and his companions, who advance from their native rawness with the conscious intent to produce a play — to make a work, you may say, of *art* “for the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.” The fairies’ real *life* is a little frivolous tragi-comedy of exquisite sensuous beauty; these mechanics’ *art* is a piece of clownish-foolish ridiculously unreal realism, without beauty or imagination, or higher *raison d’être* than the chance of sixpence a day for life. And among them we find a really great man — great in that curious rude fashion of greatness which belongs to him — the serious Bottom, puffed up, as much as ever Caesar was, with the vaunting vastness of his dreams. “Let me play the lion too!” says he; or a part “in Ercles’ vain, a tyrant’s vein”; or one “to tear a cat in.” He is fully aware of his human dignity, is Nick Bottom; and they must treat him with due respect, or let them look to it.

And then, between these two poles, there are the lovers. They are not greatly characterized; and for a very good reason. In this business of love you are verging upon the fairy world (this is the teaching of the play); you do not act humanly, upon motions of reason and the human soul; but upon fancy, the witchcraft of eyes; there is something irresponsible in it; you are the victim of external and fairy forces: Cupid’s arrow, or the mischief and magic of Puck. This so far as these four lovers, Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena, are concerned. All for their feelings’ sake, Hermia will disobey her father; she and Lysander will break the Athenian law; Helena will betray the pair of them to Demetrius; Demetrius, flitting from flower to flower, from Helena to Hermia, is the fairest and least responsible of them all. So of course

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they drift upon currents rising within themselves into the fairy world, the Midsummer Night's Dream-world; and are chastened by tricks played upon them, and spend a night of fears amidst bog and briar — and are at last brought into their sane senses. As for the clowns, they drift in there upon their quest of art: they are going to do great things; perform a tragedy, nothing less; step out of their own sphere of hempen homespuns, and figure as artists and tragedians. Very well; into fairy-land they must go, and their chief must have an ass's head clapped on him.

But you will note that that fairy world has a world of significances of its own: it is the place where poetic justice is done, and where each one comes to his own. You fall into it when, upon a whim of your own and personal feeling, you set out to break the laws -- of Athens, or say of life; you fall into it when, for such a motive as a probable sixpence a day, you play the vulgarian parvenu and would-be artistic, or strike into spheres higher than those to which you belong. And once fallen into it, you do not come out without getting some taste of your deserts; and perhaps, through a measure of suffering, the disentanglement of your problems, the adjustment of your being to its place in the scheme of things. We shall not begin to understand Shakespeare, until we see him throwing floods of light on the hidden places of the inner nature of man. "Our true intent is all for your delight" is often quoted as if it were his own motto and motive; but remember the words are not so much Shakespeare's as Peter Quince's, who with them introduces the tedious-brief clown-comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe to Duke Theseus and his court. Had Shakespeare spoken for himself, he might have put it: "Our true intent is that you shall know yourselves" — look in a mirror held up to (your own) nature, and see that which escapes you in common life.

The play, as given by the Râja-Yoga Players, is excellent throughout, and the fairy parts are especially fascinating: the dancing, the singing, the forest beauty and magic — these things carry you away into another world, the enchanted world of Faerie to the very life. Cobweb and Peaseblossom, Moth and Mustardseed, capture all hearts. The clowns' parts, too, are well done — have been, in past presentations; "excellent good fooling i' faith," well calculated to keep you not much this side of hysterics.— K. M., in *The San Diego Union*, April 20, 1919

PERPETUAL MOTION

T. E.



THE following is quoted from a speech of Lloyd George, the British Premier:

“The only way to carry any great purpose is not on your shoulders but in your heart. Carry it on your back, and it will gradually wear you down. Carry it in your heart, and it will lift you along.”

The point is in the last clause. One might have expected the saying to end: “Carry it in your heart, and it will be much easier,” or, “You will not feel the weight.” But the speaker goes further, and says that, not only will the burden cease to press, but it will even become converted into a help, lifting you along.

This reminds one of a remark in *Isis Unveiled* to the following effect:

“One thing is certain, when a man shall have discovered the perpetual motion, he will be able to understand by analogy all the secrets of nature; progress in direct ratio with resistance.” Vol. I, p. 502

Does not this mean that, as in the moral world, so in the physical, there is an energy which increases in proportion to the resistance opposed to it; and that therefore perpetual motion is theoretically and practically possible? Or, to quote again from the same page:

“As everything below is like everything above, who would presume to say that, when the conservation of energy is better understood, and the two additional forces of the kabalists are added to the catalog of orthodox science, it may not be discovered how to construct a machine which shall run without friction and supply itself with energy in proportion to its wastes?”

The principle of the conservation of energy has been supposed to do away with the idea of perpetual motion. But an examination of this principle leads to the conviction that it is merely a formula defining the relationships between known facts, and that it stands always ready for modification, should the discovery of new facts render that necessary. A writer on perpetual motion says that:

“If any machine were produced whose source of energy could not at once be traced, a man of science . . . would in the first place try to trace its power to some hidden source of a kind already known; or, in the last resort, he would seek for a source of energy of a new kind and give it a new name.”—Prof. Chrystal in *Enc. Brit.*, Ninth Ed.

So the theory of the conservation of energy is prepared to accommodate itself to facts, and, in fact, to bestraddle any emergency that may arise. Can we then accept it as a prohibitive dogma? Illustration is provided by the discovery of radioactive minerals. Here was a fount of energy arising from a new source; and the source was duly acknowledged and christened. The theory of conservation simply expands and takes in the

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new ground. The equations are adjusted accordingly. I bow down to the inexorable truth of the equation that $x=y$; which does not prevent me from claiming a large liberty under it just the same.

A clock has been made in which the energy was provided by the casual rise and fall of mercury in a barometer; as this energy was found to be far more than sufficient, some of it could be stored, so as to make quite certain that the clock would not at any time cease running. Why was not this perpetual motion? The source drawn upon was the variations in pressure of the atmosphere, and the clock might be supposed to have some infinitesimal influence in slowing down the motions of the celestial machine and thus bringing on the end of the cycle of manifestation a little sooner. But this point is not worth considering; especially if we say that the universe periodically winds itself up again. It is evident that other machines can be constructed which draw upon the motions of the earth, as for instance a tidal machine.

So much mechanical work produces so much heat, but radium was found to furnish heat without the expenditure of mechanical work. Hence this energy had to be referred to a new source; and the atom was said to possess a vast potential energy, normally occupied in the maintenance of the integrity of the atom, but set free when that integrity collapsed and the atom disintegrated. This means a widening of the theory and a consequent readjustment of the equations. How often may the process be repeated? The more weighty discoveries, it appears, are empirical, and theory follows in the wake. Tomorrow I may discover some new fact which will necessitate an alteration of the theories. Thus doctrine formulates revelation; and binds only so long as no new revelation supervenes.

The theory of 'relativity' goes behind the propositions of conventional mechanics by digging into the axioms and postulates thereof; and the architects of cosmic theory find themselves planning the erection of a house on the supposition that the foundations are in constant motion and the corner posts in a state of indeterminate oscillation. This turning of constants into variables raises the burning question as to what new constants we can find or select as our standards of reference. The old adage, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* finds a new application when we ask what is the use of nailing a thing down in a certain place if the place itself cannot be trusted to stay still; or when we make an appointment to arrive at a certain time, and then find that the time has moved.

So, with all this in view, it does not seem so very absurd to imagine that you or I may discover a machine whose internal energy increases in proportion to the resistance offered; and then we can employ a mathematician to devise an equation which shall duly formulate what we have

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discovered. And it shall go hard with him indeed, if he does not succeed, by selecting the requisite values for his terms, in making that equation balance.

The distinction made in our initial quotation, between the effect of a burden when carried on the shoulders and when borne on the heart, may be said to define a distinction between the lower and the higher nature of man — between the material and the spiritual. The shoulders, coming under the laws of matter, tire, and must be given time to recuperate. The heart draws new strength from resistance. Perhaps it takes its energy from a bottomless fount and is thus a kind of perpetual lamp. The perpetual lamp was another quest of medieval philosophy — now classed as one of the seven great delusions. But what we have said about perpetual motion applies to it. Again we find radium coming to our aid with suggestive facts.

The rigid quantitative rules of physical science have usurped the dominion of our minds to such an extent that we apply them where their influence does no good. People speak of themselves as though they were engines having a measured quantity of energy, which run down after a measured quantity of work, and which need a measured quantity of food. But times of emotional excitement upset all these calculations, because then energy is drawn from a higher and fuller source. And so it may be surmised that within each is an *exhaustless* fount of energy, making our possible resources incalculable, except by an equation where $x = \textit{infinity}$; and the *perpetuum mobile* is discovered in human nature at any rate.

FOR THE BROKEN LIVES

KENNETH MORRIS

I WATCHED this morning, and behold!
the sky above the mountains wet,
Where the sun rose in frenzied gold,
with agony and bloody sweat.
And as I thought of you, I knew
'twas memory of your griefs retained
With such Gethsemanean dew
that keeps the Front of Morning stained.
Because your sorrow is not yours
alone, but ripples back and runs
Along the universe's shores
up to the Fountain of the Suns;

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And in the far and void of night,
 stabbed with the reflex of your pain,
The constellations lack delight
 until your hearts are healed again. . . .

I watched this evening by the sea,
 and saw the somber sun go down,
And knew tomorrow's dawn should be,
 and the heavens' splendor not to drown.
And when the sea-tides ebbed away
 and left the rocks and shingle bare,
I knew tomorrow they would sway
 again their plummy beauty there;
And that the tides of life would rise,
 and reflux o'er this waste of pain,
Cover away your agonies
 and bring you human life again.
Yes, you! Such depth of mercy lies
 hid in the inmost heart of Fate,
You yet may view with dauntless eyes
 these outraged years disconsolate,
And all beyond the clouds of awe
 that hide from us the Heart of Things,
Discern the splendor of the Law,
 the perfect peace, the healing wings. . . .

Dear hearts! I know that though you die,
 and leave this earth unprofitd,
There is a dayspring from on high
 on all your aspirations shed;
A quickening in the dusk beyond:
 seeds of resurgence in the tomb,
Whence, called as by some wizard's wand,
 you shall re-burgeon forth and bloom!
And all the frustrate deeds and dreams
 you would have dreamed on earth, and done,
Shall yet have ripening 'neath the beams
 of our own dear and daily sun.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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IS THEOSOPHY PRACTICAL?

MONTAGUE MACHELL

HERE is a question often asked, which for the sake of inquirers deserves to be exhaustively answered. The search for an adequate philosophy of life is a tremendous business — far more vital than the search for a profession, the choice of a wife, the question of one's political platform, etc. It concerns not a man's one life merely, but his entire evolution; success or failure in his search may mean a difference of many life-times of progress. Probably the most pathetic picture life holds is that of a man seeking Truth and failing to find it. To be sure, he who demands it and will accept nothing else, will in his own way and in his own time find it. But who has not felt his heart ache for the battling and bruising such a nature must experience in the search? So that any man who comes to a Theosophist with the question "Is Theosophy practical?" whether his question be due to a disinclination to admit that he sees that it is, or whether he really wants to know, is entitled to the deepest consideration and most exhaustive explanation of the matter.

When bringing her philosophy to the West in 1875, H. P. Blavatsky declared that she brought nothing new, but only the most ancient world-truths linked together and freed from the obscurations of creed and dogma: in other words — the Ancient Wisdom-Religion. Now it must be conceded that if there is any surety or stability in man and the universe, the basis of all things must be TRUTH. Also, that anything which has lasted from time immemorial and whose presence can be traced from the earliest antiquity — identical in essence in its earliest and in its latest manifestation — must be TRUTH or some portion of it.

Theosophy can be shown to be identical with the essential religions and sacred teachings as far back in history as research is able to go. Upon this identity of Theosophy with the deepest wisdom of all ages Theosophists base their right, in part at least, to call their philosophy TRUTH. I say they base their claim *in part* upon this identity. Its further justification lies in their own test and experience of the teachings as applied to the problems of life. In it they have sought satisfaction for their hunger for Truth and it has satisfied that hunger.

Let us look at the essentials of this philosophy and see if these claims really are justifiable. Happily there is no Personal God here to warn us off the premisses or discourage our earnest desire for enlightenment by an all-befogging inscrutableness — did someone say 'camouflage'?!

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-- into which it is sacrilege to pry. "Man, Know Thyself," is the open sesame to those wide planes of thought and meditation characteristic of the ancient healthful Truth-lovers of Hellas. And if "God" — or better, The Infinite — "moves in a mysterious way his (Its) wonders to perform", the key to the mysteriousness, Theosophy says, is locked up in our own hearts, and we have full liberty to seek it out whenever we choose — the sooner the better, for us and for our fellows.

First, we have the fundamental Theosophic keynote of man's immortality, as "he was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be — 'Life' without end, Amen!" As has been pointed out by other writers on this subject, the one eternal fact, undeniable, which forever confronts a man, is that which is summed up in two words — the expression of the only fact he really knows concerning himself — "I AM!" — I AM! Of that much I am sure. I may be an adherent of this sect for a time, or I may subscribe to another creed, or I may learn that I am after all nothing but an illusion of Mortal Mind; I may be a millionaire, a beggar, a thief — the one thing that cannot change about me is my I AM-ness. Through all my change of faith and fortune I never change my conviction that I AM.

Suppose that I try to think of myself as ceasing to be — can I do it? Can you do it? Can you think of yourself as a negation — as *not*? Try the experiment and see if when you have succeeded in achieving extinction in thought from the realm of Be-ness, some aggravatingly intrusive little brain-wave does not ripple in with that annoying query: "Now I wonder how I shall feel when *I am* like that?" — you notice it's still "I" and "I AM" although you are contemplating yourself as "a thing of nought."

No, it simply cannot be done! Drive your thought back to the limit of elimination and you will never be able to eliminate the consciousness of consciousness. And just as consciousness refuses to grasp or contemplate a *finis*, so it is likewise incapable of contemplating its beginning. It is simply I AM in one form or another, in the past, now, and all the time.

So here is one principle of Theosophic thought which seems to be fairly justified in calling itself TRUTH. And it is, moreover, a restatement of the belief proper to the most ancient races of mankind, one of the age-old concepts of the Wisdom-Religion.

The next principle we may take up is the Theosophical teaching that man *is* a Soul — his essential Divinity.

Two poles of contemplation inhere in all religious thought, which, by the way, originate not in creed or dogma, although now so firmly crystallized there, but in the nature of man himself. These are, theo-

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logically expressed: God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell, Angel and Demon, Righteousness and Sin, Bliss and Damnation; in Theosophical terms, Duality. There is no quarrel, I believe, between Theosophy and theology as to the existence of a Divine Source of all things; the difference arises in the conception each holds as to the nature of Deity. Each, however, is agreed that all things in this universe spring from a divine source. To this divine source or Deity is universally attributed omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and immortality. This being the case, a logical mind will argue that Truth must be an attribute of Deity, must indeed be the very nature of Deity, in which case Truth must be, as we know it to be, eternal and undying — it always has been and always will be. Arguing from this premiss then, what must we think, from the standpoint of mere logic and reason, quite independently of what our own hearts tell us, of the nature of that in us which says 'I AM' eternally? Are we not to argue that it must necessarily be an aspect of Truth and hence of Divinity, and hence of Deity Itself — *and hence indwelling and identical in all men* — WHENCE THE INEVITABILITY OF HUMAN SOLIDARITY — UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD?! So it appeals to me, and were I looking for the support of logic to an already firmly-established conviction of man's divine nature, such would be my argument. The alternative — that the opposite pole, the demon, wrong, sin, *untruth*, should be the origin of the universe and source of all, is certainly unthinkable. There may be those who harbor such a monstrous thought as this — all things being possible in this world — but certainly no rational-minded Theosophist. So the essential Divinity of man can be justly shown to be one of the aspects of eternal TRUTH.

Now as to the third great Theosophic doctrine — Karma — or the law of absolute harmony between cause and effect.

Truth is ever just, harmonious, symmetrical; it is the one word adequately applied to all that is rightly and justly fashioned: of *true* proportion, *true* in form, of *true* construction, and so forth. Hence, if we postulate a universe called forth by Divine Will, fashioned in accordance with that Will, and governed by It, the laws of that universe must be laws of absolute justice, absolute proportion, absolute order and symmetry, which, despite apparent inequalities and injustices, really bring to each man the exact resultant of his own actions. Such are the laws which the Theosophist accepts under the workings of Karma — absolute justice without possibility of chance or caprice; this justice, to be sure, is only rendered evident taken in conjunction with its complementary doctrine of Reincarnation, the latter being in itself a recognition of the innate symmetry and proportion of the universal plan.

So, upon grounds of pure logic and reason, quite independent of the

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inner and unanswerable conviction of the heart of man, essential teachings of the Theosophical philosophy of life are shown to be in harmony with the most rational conception of Truth, as far as we are able to understand it. And having at some length, endeavored to satisfy the inquirer of this fact, we are in a position more justly to consider the question, "Is Theosophy *practical*?"

As far as I have been able to make out, this question is asked by two main classes of mind: the superficial materialist, and the ardent intellectual searcher for the truth. The deep thinker who is spiritually-minded, immediately on finding Theosophy, is drawn to it without questioning, because it satisfies his deepest thoughts and yearnings. The man whose intellectualism is warmed and tempered by the heart-force, sees by the light of the heart that the doctrines of Theosophy *are* true and *do* satisfy. Each of the above-mentioned inquirers means something different by his question. The first generally means: Can I make it add to my success in gaining a name in the world, in amassing worldly possessions and acquiring fame and position? The second means: Will it fit in with the general scheme of the universe which after long research and intellectual study I have worked out?

Needless perhaps to say, there are some who have asked the question with these thoughts in mind and have satisfactorily proved, as they think, that the answer *must* be in the negative. Well, to a large extent it must; although it can be shown that a little of the right kind of study and application of Theosophy will make of a business man a better business man, and of an intellectualist a better educated and more perfectly equipped intellectualist. But here is the question: Does the world want more business acumen, more skill in amassing wealth, more ability in driving a hard bargain, in order to render it a better place to live in --- in order to hasten human evolution? Does it need more intellectualism, more theorizing, more formulae, to solve the problems of life? Theosophists think not and would never have accepted or championed the doctrines of Theosophy did they merely tend to these ends.

But the materialist, who despite his materialism is earnestly seeking something bigger and better than he has yet been able to find in life, can certainly receive an affirmative answer to his question, if he chooses to seek it himself. So also can the intellectualist who is willing to enlarge his viewpoint and perceive something more than intellectualism in life.

Theosophy is practical — when put into practice. Theosophy is applicable to the needs of daily life for him who will apply it.

Now a philosophy of life is required in order to answer a man's mental and spiritual *needs*, not to bolster up or corroborate his personal view

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or theory of life, not to satisfy a personal and peculiar *want*. The philosophy will not answer all his questions, no philosophy will; the most it can do, if it be a genuine philosophy, is to show him *how* to find his answers: *he must do all the finding*.

Theosophy *is* practical: why? Because it is a sure and certain help in fulfilling the function of life. And the function of life is — whether we are willing to admit it or not — *to develop character*, to gain experience for the sake of the Divine Self in us. Oh, to be sure, I can hear certain eminently ‘practical’ minds objecting: “That’s soaring. Where would the world be if we all shut up our business offices and went to cultivating our souls?!” Well, where would it be? — it certainly could not be much nearer perdition and dissolution than it is today. But as a matter of fact you are not asked to stop doing business — although there would be no harm in doing it a little more like human beings and less heartlessly. You are not asked to relinquish any of the normal and necessary activities of your daily life, but you are asked to realize that these represent but one side of the picture. And here is the gist of the matter — the actual point at which Theosophy *is* more practical than any other philosophy or religion to be found today. It shows a man the *essentials* of life and it shows him *where to seek the answer* to his questionings. That is what we want today — not to know more about how to do what we are already doing, but to know *why* we are doing it and whither the doing of it is to lead us. For centuries men have been taught to look *outside* of themselves for light and guidance. At some point in world-history those powers which assuredly represent the Lower Self of humanity, succeeded in getting hold of religion, and once having got control of it they deliberately gave it a twist so as to make it serve their own ends. The devil in every man is continually seeking to cow him with *Fear* — to kill his self-confidence and keep him in subjection to its behests. Enemies of human progress have deliberately adopted the same plan — and the majority of humanity has allowed itself to be fooled. Practical? Why orthodox religion is, for the most part, the most ridiculously *unpractical* doctrine that could have been devised! And if a man nurtured in the accepted religious dogmas of today achieves true spiritual enlightenment and liberation from the Lower Self, it is *in spite* of his religious training, not because of it!

Who ever heard of a man attaining self-confidence, self-respect, self-mastery, brought up on the doctrine that he is naturally, innately, originally, and by the very nature of things, a miserable sinner; that he is absolutely impotent to redeem himself, his only chance being to rely on some external power, some personal God, who being responsible for getting him into this state of sin, “out of his infinite love and mercy,”

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is alone capable of extricating him, "to his infinite glory and praise"?

So the materialist may find the practical help of Theosophy in the injunction it gives to "Look inward." Those two words, rightly understood and followed out, by changing his point of view from the superficial to the inner life, at once give him a sense of proportion and show him where to seek for guidance in all his perplexities — to the ever-present God within, impersonal, universal, immortal. Outwardly his course of action may change but little, yet by obeying that injunction, every act of his life down to the smallest detail becomes infused with a new meaning, the ultimate result of which must be the reconstruction of his entire course of action and habits.

To the second questioner Theosophy brings practical assistance by supplying the missing note in his life, in the Heart-Doctrine. He has become confused and cold in his outlook on life by supposing that it could be interpreted and understood from the standpoint of the intellect alone. Theosophy shows him that it is not an intellectual scheme worked out intellectually — it is the expression of a great Heart-Force whose laws are rhythmical and harmonious. Find that heart-force in your own life, it tells him; find the wells of sympathy in your own being — *look inward*, and you will find that "There is Africa and all her marvels in us." Then the narrow one-sided outlook which has been responsible for so many of your perplexities and confusions will broaden its scope so as to take in all its phases, enabling you to see life from other points of view besides your own. You will then become a *practical* idealist, in place of an unpractical theorist; your philosophy of life will be based on knowledge instead of assumptions.

The great idea to be borne in mind is that the *practical* things of life are not necessarily the tangible, material things; indeed, some of the wisest peoples of all ages have shown that these are the illusions of life, as opposed to the things of the spirit which are truly the realities. Obviously, the practical things of life are those most essential to the right living of it. Since the only real and lasting thing in man is his inner nature, the practical things of life must be those pertaining to a clear and rational understanding of the constitution and laws governing this nature, and concerning these things a practical philosophy of life must give enlightenment. Theosophy does give this enlightenment, and he who after *studying and applying* it to his life still maintains that it is not practical, has either got hold of a bogus form of Theosophy, or else is in need of recognising and acknowledging honestly what are the really *practical* things of life. Let him study history and remember that no nation has been able to throw off decline and ultimate annihilation by means merely of a thriving commercial life, tremendous material re-

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sources, brilliant intellectual activity, boundless wealth, and the comforts and conveniences of a high order of civilization. As all growth is from within outward, so all decline is from within outward. That life is alone entitled to be called sane and practical in which there is balance and harmony between the forces of head and heart, in which there is equilibrium between the outer and the inner, between matter and spirit.