

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry."

— Socrates' prayer, in *The Phaedrus*; p. 279; translated by Jowett

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FEEL that it would be an act of omission on my part, if I did not again and again bring to my readers' attention the life of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society. Her whole career shows she was a most remarkable woman who made a great reputation throughout the world by her erudition and her great interest in humanity. She passed through the experience of persecution and martyrdom, as other great teachers have; but my object in introducing her to you is to show you what her mission was and what was the urge that led to her forming this International Theosophical Society which I represent.

She was a Russian, and was brought up in affluence; her family was of the nobility; she had everything in life from the ordinary standpoint to induce her to love worldly pleasures and follow the path of ease and comfort. But even in her childhood, when only twelve years of age, it is said, she began to talk seriously of the deplorable conditions in Russia. She saw the great difference that existed between the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, and these great contrasts in human life sent her thoughts out on a line of compassion and pity for the world's children.

She came to America in the seventies. She brought a message of hope to the world, and it was the time of all times, it seems to me, when the materialistic mind of the age needed a touch of something uplifting, and a conception of life quite different from what it had. She encountered many drawbacks and obstacles and persecution, as all reformers do; but she accentuated the message of Brotherhood, she declared that Brotherhood was a fact in nature, and she pointed out

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the divinity of man more definitely than any other writer or preacher or teacher I have ever read of or heard. She drew the line between the higher and the lower nature. In her wonderful English, which was acquired in a very short time, she made word-pictures that are absolutely thrilling and convincing, of the two natures in one -- the duality of man: the lower nature which responds to the passions and the selfishness and the love of ease and greed, and the other, the higher nature, the immortal. She placed the brain-mind of man as an instrument only, played upon by these two powers, the higher and the lower. She brought to man the message not only of his divinity, but of his responsibility; and in doing this, she made clear the part that he must honorably play. She looked upon life very seriously. She re-introduced the ancient doctrine of Reincarnation, which about thirty or forty years ago used to make people shiver when they heard it mentioned; they simply would not think towards it; their prejudices and mental limitations held them bound. Now it is different! I can understand how it was, because through our own experiences as we know them from the world's standpoint, it is quite natural to feel that there is more of misery and suffering in the world than there is of happiness, and it is not a very pleasant picture for the human mind to contemplate -- the thought of returning and living such a life over again.

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But when one studies Mme Blavatsky's wonderful book, The Key to Theosophy, and especially her two great works, The Secret Doctrine and Isis Unveiled, and her other writings, one will see that she opens up a vista that is very wonderful in the spiritual sense; that she lifts the veil on the future of man and outlines to him, in such a logical way that one cannot get away from it, the fact of his possibilities in the line of spiritual attainment. She shows that a human being must have a larger field than one earth-life to work out its soul-fulfilment; and hence it returns again and again, through schools of experience, until it attains a state of perfection.

This is very rational -- it is easy to believe, it is more easy to follow; it is glorious and infinitely inspiring to be so in touch with these optimistic ideas, to feel them pulsating through one's very life and one's very blood. That is what we need: to have the consciousness of these truths for all time, to have them come home to us in such a way that the human mind cannot turn from them, and to feel them forever with us as the divine urges of our lives.

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So my message, my effort here, is to bring to the public mind as much as is

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possible a conception of a New Order of things, a new order of living, and a new order of dying. If we look at the world in its present state, or go back through the centuries, we shall find that we have been going down the line, so to speak, of human effort, half-satisfied, shut in with limitations that are really pathetic, doubting, fearing the tomorrow, dreading death; that, as a race, we have lost our way in a very true sense; and the reason is that in the ages past those sublime truths taught by Jesus and other great spiritual Teachers have not been rightly interpreted. We have attempted to explain these divine ideas and these immutable laws of life by the brain-mind alone, when the interpretation should have come from the divine side of man — the soul. The light must be sought for in a higher state of consciousness, which can be attained by effort and by striving to reach the highest point of rectitude all along the way.

I have always said that we have many, many ideals, and we need no new ones. All we need is to try to put ourselves in place, so that we can truly support those great, ancient ideals by the example of our lives.

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What is this mystery of death? How can it be explained? What is the meaning of life after all? Theosophy is optimistic, and we all know we cannot have too many optimistic ideas now; it shows most clearly that the soul in seeking its goal moves to other conditions, and here we Theosophists define death as rebirth. The body, when it ceases to be useful and is worn out, drops away from the soul, it disintegrates and blends with the earth-forces to which it belongs. We know also that the part that dies — not the part we love — holds an association of sacredness and tenderness about it, because it had enwrapped the soul of the one we loved; but the soul, according to Theosophy, goes into a state of rest through rebirth into another world, and there, through the essential power of its divine nature, works on a line of self-improvement — self-evolution — in a condition that belongs to that state; and then, when ready, it returns and is reborn on earth, that it may continue the path it began ages ago.

What a new hope, what a new meaning all life would hold, if we could only impress upon the minds of the age that out beyond all hearing and seeing and thinking and living, there are infinite powers controlling human life, that they are the immutable laws of life, and that these sacred and divine laws of the great universe hold us in their keeping just as far as we permit.

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My argument on the question is, that as a people and as a race we have lived so long on the outer plane, in the external life, that we have limited our views

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of life to seventy-seven or a hundred years. We have not had that grand, inspiring picture of Reincarnation — a future that appeals to our reason! We have been told in our catechism and in our religious education that life is limited to three-score years and ten, and that if we do our best we shall go to some point in space, called Heaven! and we were also told, right up to within twenty or thirty years ago, that if we did not do our best we should go to the very antithesis of that place, to Hades! So with this psychological condition over humanity, can we expect anything different from what we have? Certainly in the last few years we have had enough nightmares to awaken us. Among us as a people there has been more questioning in these last five years, I am certain, on the subject of death, than at any other time. The air is filled with the questioning as to whence we came and whither we go. One sees it in the faces of humanity, among all classes, the cultured and the uncultured. It is everywhere, and that sweeping, seething power of unrest among all is becoming too much for one to bear.

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Now, how are we going to change the deplorable conditions of life at the present time, what facilities have we for reconstructing the human race, and particularly for reconstructing America? How are we going about it? We know that we are bound to follow on a line of retrogression, even in our best efforts, without that knowledge which I have spoken of. One system of thought will urge one thing, another system of thought another, and there will be separation, a pandemonium of ideas and good motives without any possibility of permanent result.

We know that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; we know that all life is governed by Immutable Law, and that Deity in this great universal plan of evolution has given us the privilege of finding our real selves, finding the richer part of our nature, reaching up to those ideals we have of effort and action, of self-sacrifice and love and service for our fellows.

If we had not been separated all down the ages by false teachings, we should not have had the late war. If we had been living even approximately to the ideals and the teachings of Jesus and others, there could not have been a war, because there would have existed a spirit of unity running through the very blood of the whole race. Unity is based on the spiritual life of man; intellectually we have separations, in our ideas and our opinions, and the world is worn out with opinions and half-efforts and mere intellectualism.

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There seems to be pulsating in the very air of the silence about us and in

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nature the prayers and the questions of the dying, of those who passed out into the Unknown without a moment's notice, under the great pressure and agony of war—the millions who have sacrificed their lives. This wonderful silence, which Mrs. Browning called the "orchestra of the silences," is something indescribable; we do not often reach it; but we know at our best, when we are most unselfish, when we forget our weaknesses and our prejudices and our troubles, that we do rise to heights of conception and confidence in the beneficence of the Universal Laws. Then we have glimpses of spiritual life, and feel the infinite touches of the immortal symphonies.

As long as we feel that our lives depend entirely on the material side of nature, we shall educate ourselves and our children and our nation on merely intellectual lines. There must be a psychological wave of the New Life, there must be established in every nation a quality of trust in the divinity of man, and a rare quality of trust in our fellow-men. We must bury our prejudices and our misconceptions and our dislikes; we must set aside our mere opinions and step out in a godlike way, as we know we can, for our very hearts tell us so. If the heart-life that Mme Blavatsky brought to the Western world had been lived, there would indeed have been no war.

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So, if we are to reconstruct on a basis of security for a permanent peace and a permanent confidence between the nations, we must undoubtedly take ourselves in hand. It seems to me that, in this aftermath of the war, every human being is challenged now as never before. It is as if the very powers of the universe were pressing in upon us to bring to our consciousness a realization of the menacing conditions that surround us, warning us against the possibility of another war. If we are to rise and go forth in the glow of our soul-life, we must begin to study our own individual strength and our own individual weaknesses; and as far as I can see, I cannot conceive how the world is going to reach the point of understanding the laws of life, the laws that govern human beings, until Theosophy, in all its simplicity and beauty, is understood. Its optimistic teachings are enough to lift the world, if we would consider them, take them home, so to speak, and make them a part of our lives.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THERE are many ways in which the Theosophical teachings supply the missing link in the speculations of current thought, and remove the confusion into which people fall from the want of a key by which to interpret their own intuitions. And not the least important of these ways is in the Theosophical teachings as to the composition of human nature and the distinction to be made between Individuality and personality.

These two words, Individuality and personality, are used interchangeably by ordinary custom; so it is important to observe that we shall here use them in the sense in which they were employed by H. P. Blavatsky in writing on these subjects, and in which they have been used ever since by her pupils.

As thus defined, the Individuality is the real Self of man, and the personality is the false self. In connexion with the doctrine of Reincarnation, the Individuality is the reincarnating Ego, and the personality is the temporary self that is engendered during the earliest years of one particular incarnation, and which endures for the period of that incarnation. Thus it is not correct to speak of personality in the singular, for evidently there are as many personalities as there are incarnations, while the Individuality remains one and the same throughout.

In reference to the teaching as to the seven principles of man, we find that the Individuality is Manas when united to the two higher principles, Buddhi and Âtman; and that the personality is produced by the union between Manas and the Kâma-Rûpa. Manas (the mind or thinking principle) is dual in man, one half aspiring towards the divine nature, and the other half gravitating towards the animal nature; and it is this circumstance that produces in man the eternal conflict, destined eventually to end in the triumph of the Higher over the lower — in the redemption of the mind from its enslavement to matter. Bearing this in mind, we may approximate to a conception of the distinction to be made between Individuality and personality.

From what has been said it follows that, in reality, man is living in a state of delusion, as though he were asleep and dreaming. He is wearing a mask; he is acting a part, and has become so absorbed in it as to have forgotten who he really is when off the stage. It appears to be necessary, in fulfilment of his evolution, that he should be thus obscured. We may get an idea of the nature and the possibility of such illusion by means

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of a comparison. We often hear people say, 'I am not myself today'; or plead the excuse, 'When I did that, I was not myself.' And afterwards they may add, 'Now I am myself again.' This implies that even the personality may stand superior to certain other states, still more evanescent and delusive than itself. A man under the influence of drink, anger, nightmare, may quite forget *himself* and wear an altogether fictitious personality for the time being; and afterwards he may regain self-possession, knowledge, and equilibrium. Applying this analogy, we may the more readily understand that even what we regard as our true self is but a dream in comparison with a deeper, fuller, and more real and permanent I, that lies behind the veil of our ordinary consciousness.

It is the task of man, in fulfilment of his gradual evolution throughout successive incarnations, to arouse within himself this real permanent Self, that thus he may find his anchorage in the true center of his being, and from that vantage-ground reign supreme over the mere personality, which then becomes his obedient minister.

It is owing to this want of distinction between Individuality and personality that we find so many writers and thinkers confused when they try to formulate gospels of human conduct and social policy. It is owing to this that we find that continual oscillation between the extreme ideas of 'individualism' on the one hand and 'collectivism' on the other; between the doctrines of individual rights and state rights; between the ideas of man's duty to himself and his duty to society. Using the words Individuality and personality as synonyms, without any such distinction as we have indicated, writers arrive at conclusions that are inconsistent with themselves, and enunciate gospels which lend themselves readily to misconstruction.

But when we say that man should accentuate his Individuality, but subordinate his personality, and when we keep in mind the above distinction, the confusion disappears and we arrive at a practical solution of the difficulties. When we say that a man should subordinate his personality, we do not mean that he must not assert his Individuality; and when we say that he must assert his Individuality, we do not mean that he is to assert his personality.

The trouble with too many people is that they do *not* assert their Individuality, but assert their personality instead. The result is that the well-disposed people remain inactive, leaving the field of action to the self-seeking people. The man of Individuality is one who believes in the Higher Laws of life sufficiently strongly to act upon them, not to remain negatively good. He believes in justice and honor as motives that should influence conduct; and when he acts he does not assert his personality, but he asserts the majesty of the Higher Laws of conduct

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in which he has faith. He permits his Individuality to manifest itself through him.

Some misguided people have sought to invoke the aid of occultism to enhance their personality, and have started 'metaphysical' schools and cults which teach 'concentration,' etc., for this purpose. They will but accomplish their own undoing, for the personality is the foe of man's real interests and needs not to be intensified; it is strong enough already. True Concentration means that we shall become one-pointed in our devotion to conscience and duty; that we shall expunge from our nature all those discordant elements of personal desire that prevent us from attaining to the desired state of peace and usefulness.

The drama of life centers around the strife between two forces, with which all are familiar, though it is more intense in some characters than in others; and in the latter case the man has reached a more advanced stage of his evolution (in the course of successive incarnations). Eventually the struggle becomes so keen that it seems as though there were two selves in the man, each struggling for mastery over the other and over the whole man. It is then that the choice must be made, compromise being no longer possible; and this is a crisis we all must reach one day. Meanwhile similar though lesser moments of choice present themselves every day and every hour. It is always difficult to determine philosophically the nature of our mysterious power of choice, but this is because we are using the mind for the purpose of analysing itself. In practice, however, problems which cannot be solved theoretically are often quite readily solved — by action. And this problem we solve one way or the other by the choice which we make of one or other of the two paths before us at any given instant. It is given to man that he shall have the power consciously to choose whether he will act in accordance with personal desire or principle, whenever these two possibilities present themselves as alternative courses which cannot be compromised. Then is decided whether it shall be his Individuality or his personality that is asserted.

Selfishness should not be regarded as something we have to give up, so much as something from which we are to be rescued. It is a task-master, to whom we have bound ourselves, and he has us in the bonds of usury, so tightly and ingeniously bound that our very efforts to pay off the obligation increase our indebtedness. Personal desires bind us to the chain of cause and effect, which is endless; and the only escape therefrom is to find the motives for action elsewhere than in personal desires. Impersonal work and aspiration give the Individuality an opportunity to express itself.

We all recognise nowadays that the pursuit of personal advantage

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is no way of producing a harmonious community; but we do not see so clearly what is to be substituted therefor. But the question is answered if we recognise that every man owes loyalty and allegiance to the Higher Laws of human life. Upon an observance of these laws his welfare depends, and he can no more disregard them with impunity than he can disregard the laws of physical health. Man insists on his rights, but he forgets that his Higher Nature has its rights, and he continually indulges the lower nature at the expense of the Higher.

There must be a truer self-respect among people generally, and a more adequate estimation of nobility of human nature. A single self-poised individual exercises an incalculable influence for good wherever he goes by the mere force of example which he unconsciously exercises. It is true that we must first conquer the empire of ourself. Let no one complain, then, that he is denied a field of action or an opportunity; for the complaint is not valid, since every circumstance is an opportunity.

PUNCTUALITY

R. MACHELL



THE importance of punctuality is not to be disputed. It is more than a virtue, for it is a necessity in all the business of life. But when one begins to think about it, with a view to understanding why it is so necessary, one finds that it takes on new aspects. It becomes the expression of a great principle in nature, that great organizing, co-ordinating, harmonizing principle that we call rhythm. But what is rhythm?

The rhythmic beat of a drum which marks time is easily recognised as a controlling power in a band or in a marching company; but such a rhythm is no more than a mechanical repetition or accentuation of recurrent measures. The rhythm of complicated music may be more difficult to recognise, particularly when the measure is varied deliberately in an attempt to break away from strict form into freedom. But however free may be the form, that form exists, and is expressed by rhythm. Formlessness is inconceivable to the human mind; and the looser the form the less intelligible it is to the general public. Disorder may exist, but it is merely confusion of forms, not formlessness (strictly speaking).

We are often told that music does not exist in nature, though we

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can all hear musical sounds. But the statement, like all other generalities, is only intelligible when the terms are clearly defined. If by music we mean the kind of ordered sequences of sounds familiar to human beings, then of course it may be true that the winds and waters, the birds and beasts, are not musicians. And the most obvious reason is that there is no apparent rhythm in the sequence of sounds uttered by them.

Certainly, music without rhythm of some kind is unthinkable. And so is life. Rhythm is the soul of life, the organizing principle in every manifestation of life on the physical plane. We can all see it working out its marvels in the flowers and trees, in the lower forms of organic life, as well as in the mineral world; order and organization of form is everywhere, obvious in all realms of existing beings, and is only emphasized by occasional variations in the regular order.

But when we come to human life, the rhythm is less apparent. Not that there is any lack of order: on the contrary, we are largely occupied as individuals and nations with questions of order and organization. The attempt to dispense entirely with order of any kind is like trying to speak without words, to think without thought, to live without food, to move without control of the limbs, to retain health without any system or regularity of bodily function; in fact, to live without life.

If we are to live *on this plane* we must conform to the laws that are the natural expression of natural forces on this plane: and the most obvious law of all is form. Without form there can be no existence on the physical plane. And form is the ordered manifestation of force. The ordering or arranging power is rhythm. So rhythm is the essential power behind creation.

But man is not merely a physical body, nor is he a mere mental function: he is a complex being, an outward manifestation of inner forces, tendencies, qualities, potentialities, that in their latent state may be considered formless; but that can only come into action, on this plane, by the creative, organizing power of rhythm.

So it may well be that in a man's soul there may exist conditions that are beyond the power of thought to express, and that may be a reflexion either of the higher regions of pure rhythm, or of the lower world of chaos — "the great deep" of primordial matter, unorganized by the light of spirit, which latter manifests in the middle world, in which we live, as rhythm.

The mind, being a mirror, may occasionally reflect aspects of these higher and lower worlds; and these reflexions may become ideas, more or less vaguely formulated in the lower mind as thoughts; and a man, trying to express these vaguely conceived ideas, will probably find himself in conflict with all existing conditions of the world in which he lives:

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for the first necessity of clear thinking is the power to give to an idea the form that is suitable to the plane on which it is to act. A man who cannot keep his ideas on the plane to which they belong is a dreamer at best.

In all such ordering of ideas the guiding and controlling power is rhythm, which is the manifestation of the spiritual creative impulse. Thus rhythm is an essential element in the life of man: and, being so, we must find it constantly asserting itself in our lives.

Most of us have at times rebelled against order, and have tried to free ourselves from restraint by disregard of punctuality, for the unthinking man sees nothing but an expression of a superior will in the demand for punctuality in life. But experience soon shows us that this quality is highly desirable in other people even if it is not quite necessary for ourselves. We are forced to recognise its expediency: but we may not trouble to think further or to understand what it really is.

Madame Tingley once spoke of punctuality as the rhythm of life; and that set me thinking: for we often hear of the 'Song of Life,' and we may as often have wondered if that phrase was more than a pretty form for a vague fancy.

The Song of Life is a fine idea; it is like the Brotherhood of Man. But few have the power to reach beyond the discord of life to the song, which for them must remain a pure ideal, or perhaps a discarded hope. But when a body of people meet together united by a common ideal, and are energized by a common purpose, and when they begin to organize their life for the better accomplishment of an unselfish object, punctuality in the performance of every act of life ceases to be a matter of discipline and becomes the voluntary response to the inner urge of the common life. The punctuality of each individual is the rhythm of life in the common body of the community. When this is established, life becomes harmonious; when the whole life is then attuned, the orchestra is ready to make music; and when each individual feels in himself an immediate response to the beat of the conductor's bâton, the duty of keeping time becomes a voluntary act of self-control, a willing response to the need of the moment; more, an eager expression of an inner rhythm that becomes outwardly manifest in the music of life.

Punctuality is not a mere obedience to rule; it is rather the prompt performance of the duty of the moment, the recognition of the eternal fitness of things that is superior to all law, and which in fact is the sole law of Nature. The rhythm of life expresses itself in punctuality, and therefore in the perfect man punctuality would be natural and spontaneous: for it is said, "The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes."

DAWN AT THE MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

FROM THE CHINESE OF CHIANG CH' IEN, BY KENNETH MORRIS

MORNING, clear as a diamond, steals into the Halls of Zen;
Over the tilted eaves dawn-sweet the larch-tops glow;
Glow the tops of the beeches, dawn-cool, dawn-golden: — and then,
From the midst of the trees overbranching the low eaves, lo,
Dropping into the quietude, comes lonely, sweet and slow,
Lonely and slow, the boom and tinkle of the altar bell,
Hushed and deep, to the far margin of the morn to outflow: —
Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! It is well, it is well!

As I came by the winding path from the world of men,
I watched the birds midst the green larch-branches flit to and fro,
Moving jewels in the air; the sweetness and the peace of Zen
Filled them with the morning worship, in music to overflow.
This is their paradise. The hymn they are singing I know. . . .
Or is it from Choirs of Lohans those sweet tones swell?
Diamond beauty of the morning, what stirs, what thrills you so? —
Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! It is well, it is well!

It is the peace of the mountain morning meditates in the Halls of Zen
All the valley is a monastery, over-roofed with the blue glow
Of heaven; as yonder lake are the clear hearts of the men
Who dwell here; noon and night and the calm stars o'er them flow —
Theirs; and the golden quiet is theirs; and the wind tiptoe
O'er the larch-tops and the beeches sings through them the spell
That opens the beautiful heart of the morning, murmuring low, —
“Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! It is well, it is well!”

L'Envoi:

Silence . . . And I am one with the morning beauty; returned again
To the Refuge; to the Heart of Things; to the Golden Place, where dwell
Peace and wisdom everlasting: I am come into the Halls of Zen;
Om! the Jewel is in the Lotus! It is well, it is well!

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WHAT IS RĀJA-YOGA?

II. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT is not easy to render the phrase Râja-Yoga into English; and the attempt to translate the phrase may necessitate the abandonment of a too close adherence to the meaning of the separate words. 'Royal Road' may be suggested as an approximation, and has the advantage of being terse, euphonious, and full of meaning in our tongue. But it hardly does justice to the meaning of the word Yoga. This means 'union,' being cognate with the Latin *jugum*, the Greek *ζυγόν*, and our own 'yoke'; but this does not convey the idea with sufficient readiness, and our word 'communion' would be better. That however has a theological smack, as does the word 'atonement,' which is said to be really 'at-one-ment,' meaning the union or making one of the mind with its Divine counterpart the Soul. But *yoga* also means a method or a practical philosophy whereby such union is to be attained. Such words as 'road,' 'way,' 'path,' therefore, seem better adapted to convey the meaning. *Râjâ* means a king; and, when thus used as a prefix, denotes superexcellence. So the phrase indicates that the method it denotes is the supreme method, the royal road to the attainment of emancipation from the thralldom of the lower nature and the obscurations of the wayward mind.

The key to an understanding of the matter is to be found in the Theosophical teachings as to the constitution of man; where it is shown that the special feature of Man is his possession of a self-conscious mind, which hovers midway between the attractions of a higher and a lower nature. In fulfilment of his destiny, the object of his existence, Man wages a continual contest between the higher and the lower. He falls a prey to his passions and to the delusions thereby engendered; but finds that this is not the true law of his life; and the tribulation thus caused leads him to forsake the path of self-gratification and to seek that of unselfishness and obedience to the promptings of his higher nature. Such methods as that of Râja-Yoga are designed, by the great Teachers who promulgated them, to show Man the way in which he may fulfil his great destiny and attain to happiness and peace. The world can show many such philosophies and methods, the work of various Teachers; and, though they may differ in details according to the requirements of particular times and peoples, yet in essence they are all the same means to attain to Wisdom and emancipation.

The essence of Râja-Yoga may be said to be that it teaches that

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the mind is to be controlled by the will, in accordance with the laws of Man's spiritual nature. In this respect it is to be distinguished from any system of yoga which advocates the attempt to control the mind mainly or exclusively by means of the body, and which therefore sets chief store on physical methods of self-development. Important as physical methods are, as part of the whole system of development, they must be regarded as strictly subordinate to the main method of mastering first the mind and its delusions by means of the will guided by conscience.

It will thus be seen that Râja-Yoga coincides with Theosophy in its meaning and tendencies; while, on the other hand, there are certain travesties of Theosophy, and certain cults of psychism and so forth, which would seem to lean more in the direction of the inferior kinds of yoga and to attach undue importance to physical methods, while at the same time losing sight of the one great purpose — that of attaining to selflessness. Ambition is said to be the great curse of human nature, leading Man, as it does, away from the true path to his happiness, and setting his feet on a road that leads to self-undoing and delusion. Should such a motive, whether acknowledged or lurking in the background, be his inspiration, it will lead him astray and sooner or later bring him much affliction until he recognises the true path.

The phrase Râja-Yoga, as applied to the system of bringing-up and education established by Katherine Tingley in fulfilment of the plans of H. P. Blavatsky, is eminently calculated to express the essential character of this system — namely, the mastery of the whole nature, through a recognition of the essential divinity of Man.

The words Râja-Yoga are of course Sanskrit and refer to Aryan Hindû ideas; but Theosophy is universal, as is well shown by H. P. Blavatsky in the very first pages of her *Key to Theosophy*, where she explains the use of the word *Theosophia* by the Alexandrine philosophers and takes both Plato and the New Platonists of the Third and Fourth centuries A. D. as illustrations of Theosophical teaching. The Soul is immortal and divine, but becomes a prisoner during incarnation, and strives to regain recollection of its free and divine state. Its work, during incarnation, is to raise the mind to its own level, to redeem the human soul and bring it into conscious union with its divine counterpart. Thus again we find the idea of *union* between the mortal and the immortal, as in Râja-Yoga.

The Soul is quite a vague conception in ordinary modern occidental thought, and Theosophy seeks to make it a reality — something that exercises a telling influence in our life. So children brought up under the Râja-Yoga system are accustomed from the beginning to recognise

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this duality in human nature, and to regard their passions and selfishness as unruly forces of the lower nature, which should and can be mastered by obedience to the promptings of the higher nature. This is Râja-Yoga; and a salient characteristic of it, which distinguishes it from all fads and crazes, is that it is perfectly sane, healthy, and normal, producing natural, harmoniously developed men and women, without anything weird or extraordinary about them. And this is the type of men and women that are needed.

There is nothing *neurotic* about Râja-Yoga. This is said because there exists in the world today a certain mistaken form of self-development (so called), which is not a development of the higher nature at all, but merely an intensification of some of the forces of the lower nature. This species of 'development' produces an instability of character and physique, running to extremes, reaching states that are believed to be high and exalted, and reacting to the opposite extreme. In short, the neurotic element in our nature is played upon by this species of development. The reader will recognise in this characterization an allusion to the sundry cults of psychism and 'occultism' that prevail, often under the very name of Theosophy and accompanied by perversions of its teachings. All this is avoided by Râja-Yoga, which is genuine Theosophy. The neurotic element is regarded as the chief obstacle to normal regular development.

The essential truths of philosophy remain ever the same; for human nature remains the same, and the laws governing its conduct must also continue unchanging. But, whenever the truth has been preached, perversions have arisen, which serve both to mislead people and to obscure for them the real path. Thus it behooves all truth-seekers to beware of spurious imitations of Theosophy, which can show no useful results, and which merely add to the already too numerous useless crazes in the world. And it behooves Theosophists to keep the real Light ever burning, so that the original message of H. P. Blavatsky may not be unheard and unheeded.

As a proof that the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is really practical, we can point to the Râja-Yoga system of education, which is carried out in Lomaland as a fulfilment of the ideals of education indicated by H. P. Blavatsky. Here is something visible and tangible, that people can see, and that demonstrates the truth of Theosophy. Here are obtainable conditions which cannot at present be obtained elsewhere: the right conditions both in the home-life and in the school-hours. Under the conditions that ordinarily prevail, the teachers' work, even if excellent, would be undone by the heedlessness or ignorance of the parents; and we usually find indeed that the un-

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fortunate teacher has to shoulder a good deal of blame that does not belong to him. And even in the schools there is no way of applying such tests as will insure that the right kind of teachers will be engaged and the wrong kind excluded. So the Râja-Yoga School at Lomaland provides conditions at present unique, for the children have not only their school hours, but their hours of recreation and their home-life, guided and protected by the beneficent Râja-Yoga method.

If one could attempt to enter into details as to the many ways in which the principle is worked out and brought to bear on particular circumstances, one would have a long story to tell; for there is virtually no part of a child's life where the two paths of right and wrong do not confront him as alternatives; and thus every hour is one of choice, fraught with weal or woe for the future. It should not be inferred, however, that the method is one of constraint and undue interference; much of it consists in merely refraining from teaching wrong things. On the other hand, there is avoidance of the disastrous mistake made by certain recent fads in education -- a mistaken idea of liberty, a relaxation of discipline, a fond and fatuous reliance on what is called the guidance of nature. The nature of a child is very mixed, and is apt to lead it into wrong paths -- which is obvious enough. The very birds have to guide and protect their young. Discipline is always necessary; *but* it should be made clear that the ultimate source of discipline is the child's own higher nature and will. The guardian and teacher simply interpret and guide. A child makes to his guardians a double appeal -- from the lower nature and from the higher. If the appeal of the lower nature alone is responded to, then indulgence ensues and the child's nature is spoilt and the seeds of future sorrow are sown. The teacher must be able to recognise the appeal of the child's higher nature and to respond to it; thus manifesting true kindness, earning real gratitude, and sowing the seeds of future weal. Such are some of the principles of Râja-Yoga education, and they are vindicated by the visible results.



“O, there were other duties meant for thee,
Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!
O, there are brother-hearts that dwell in gloom,
Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,
So crusted o'er with baseness that no ray
Of heaven's blessed light may enter in!
Come down, then, to the hot and dusty way,
And lead them back to hope and peace again —
For, save in Act, thy Love is all in vain.”— LOWELL

THEOSOPHY, THE NATURAL AND UNIVERSAL RELIGION *

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



ME. H. P. BLAVATSKY said that Theosophy is not *a* Religion but that Theosophy *is* Religion itself. Her writings are unique in proving that man is by nature a religious being, because he is essentially divine. Moreover, she shows that the primeval instructors of the infant humanity were the legendary gods of the Golden Age, and that the impress of their Divine Wisdom, or Wisdom-Religion, upon the young race has never been effaced, but has been revived, in part, by the teachings of the many Saviors who have come to help men throughout the ages.

Mme Blavatsky's work was most timely. She came at a time when the enterprising West, which was setting the pace in world activities, was discounting all religion, in discarding the narrow and illogical dogmatic theology which long had posed as authority, and which had exacted blind faith in followers. The sudden awakening of science, at this time, was giving *it* a new authority in the world of affairs. But the scientific researches were largely a reaction from the old régime of blind belief, and consequently the scientific influence was purely materialistic. The search for truth was now directed toward acquiring a larger knowledge of natural forces. Fascinating new fields of the refinements of matter were opened up by the eye of the microscope and by the subtle analyses of chemistry.

Knowledge of matter increased apace among scientists, but ignorance of man's real nature still held in every line of thought. The truth that man is a soul had been long forgotten -- ever since the teachings of the Nazarene had been obscured by the ambitious priesthood of the early Christian era.

In Mme Blavatsky's two works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, there is a wealth of authentic quotations presented which show that the sages and philosophers of all times have told, in many different words and in various languages, the same story of racial history and of the creation. These books gave, for the first time, the key to the seemingly hopeless confusion of beliefs and theories about man and deities. As the author says:

"The best and most spiritual men of our present day can no longer be satisfied with either Science or Theology. . . . *Universal* tradition is indeed the far safer guide in life. And uni-

*An address given at Isis Theater, San Diego, California

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versal tradition shows primitive man living for ages together with his Creators and first instructors . . . in the World's 'Garden of Eden.'” — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 349

Mme Blavatsky knew, from the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, that the direction of modern progress was neither right nor wise, and she continually protested that, without a better knowledge of man himself and of his relation to the natural world around him, the results would be disastrous. How could a human being evolve naturally in the essentially human qualities of mind and heart, without true knowledge of the sacred science of life? The chaotic state of civilization today proves only too well the truth of her words of warning. And as the message of Theosophy which Mme Blavatsky brought some forty years ago is now being more widely known and understood, the world feels something of the great compassion for humanity which breathed in the words of this “lion-hearted” messenger. That she was a Teacher and Guide, by virtue of the divine right of a great Soul, is proven by her life of service in demonstrating Theosophic truths, and by her greatest work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which is even now far in advance of the latest word of the scientific and religious world. She said that the truths she presented were not revealed, nor was she a revealer of original mystic lore, but that *The Secret Doctrine* matter was to be found “scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil.” Supplementing all these data was the remarkable career of travel and personal research by this woman, who was born with unusual sensibilities and an intuitive genius for finding truth. For many years she journeyed on a world-wide itinerary, closely studying the peoples of all countries, not the least of her time and attention being given to primitive and out-of-the-way communities, and to the study of the prehistoric ruins which are yet a puzzle to the archaeologists.

This woman, born with a genius for getting at the soul of things, found that human nature was ever the same, and that it had expressed its thought and feeling in the same symbols and glyphs and monuments that date the history of the race back for millions of years. It was no mere academic love of learning which impelled her to unravel the mystery of human life, which, Sphinx-like, was vainly challenging the leading minds in the religious and scientific world. Though a woman of education, culture, and refinement, she was not equipped with a specialist's training for her research work. But her heart found the way to the hidden treasures of truth to feed the hungry. Nor was she moved by the sentimental desire to reform or redeem or convert her fellow-men. Like a true disciple of the Masters of Wisdom, she united head and heart to

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learn the truth and knowingly to serve it. Hers was no blind faith or reckless sacrifice of devotion. She gave up everything in life, and finally life itself, in a selfless, untiring service; but it was ever a conscious, practical work of restoring to humanity the priceless treasures of its forgotten birthright of divinity.

Mme Blavatsky taught that as each soul evolves, life after life, it is gifted with free will to choose its own way and to set its own pace of progress. Each one thus dictates his own level of attainment, in a racial line which links the human family up to types of perfected men, and down to the unenlightened children in life's lessons. She pointed out the natural fact that, in the light of truth, every day is a judgment-day, wherein each man weighs himself, and makes his own record as to how he stands between his animal self and his divine nature. She made it clear that a man could no more be measured by his learning or his power or his possessions, than he could by his belief in certain creeds. In the world of reality each one is an incarnating soul, and he stands on his merits as to the degree in which the soul rules the body.

Mme Blavatsky found that, as her deep love and pity for humanity led her round and round the world, in seeking more light, her sympathetic understanding of different peoples opened the way to their confidence. A sincere lover of truth instinctively recognises his own kind, and honors a claim of anyone who can truly share in his sincere feelings and sentiments. So it was, that as this courageous woman sought far and wide for the link which should unite the scattered fragments of facts and of faith into one connected story of human destiny, she learned how truly he who seeks shall find. Her motive in seeking, which made all the earth holy ground, opened the doors of mystic lore and of sacred places which were forever closed to the seeking of mere scholars and novelty-hunters. That was natural, too. Do we not all draw a veil between our deepest feelings and the gaze of conventional or curious eyes? Are not the things we hold most dear and sacred too fine and inspiring for words to explain or to describe? The searcher for the facts of folk-lore who goes forth equipped with notebook and pencil and a learned air will get little response from the seemingly stolid natives of the countryside. But let a man meet them with the heart-touch, as he lives among them, and lo! he often finds the prosaic and rough personalities around him are hiding an inner wealth of fairy lore and native mysticism and nature poetry.

In time Mme Blavatsky found her Teachers, those wise and holy men who honored her claim for help, as a fellow-servant of the higher law of justice and compassion. In her reverence for them and her obedience to their wise teachings, this great soul was like a devoted child. It was a tie of sacred unity and trust with the Elder Brothers, based

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upon a likeness of nature. It was the natural bond of brotherhood which connects all things and beings on inner lines. The ancients regarded the relation of Teacher and pupil as something very sacred, because one who is fit to teach, in directing the course of the incarnating soul, is acting as a spiritual parent.

The origin of devotion, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, was the primeval relation of the Infant Humanity to those great Beings, the 'Lords of Wisdom,' whose history is recorded in the traditions and mythology of all peoples. These mysterious 'Sons of Wisdom' were not alien beings to the souls who were only beginning their earthly pilgrimage, but they were "just men made perfect." They were the primeval Teachers of the Race, akin in nature to those newly-arrived souls who were only infants in earth experience. This was the starting-point of the natural educational system of Râja-Yoga, or character-building, which Katherine Tingley has put into practical operation in her school at Point Loma. Here all knowledge and skill are regarded as part of the great science of life and the art of living. The results of Râja-Yoga training are in marked contrast to the current evidences of what modern education and religion are doing to perfect human evolution. Are not the educators frankly admitting that the educational systems in vogue are a failure in character-building; while the churches, after centuries of propaganda for different creeds and dogmas, are bewildered with the problem of how to effect church unity and to teach Christianity in its simple purity? The consensus of opinion in church circles now is, that Brotherhood is the only basis upon which people can unite.

It has taken the horrors of a world-war to make the modern teachers and leaders realize the natural necessity of unity and brotherhood among men. But it was to restore this and other teachings of the Ancients that Mme Blavatsky organized the Theosophical Society, as a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood, forty-four years ago. Theosophy says that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." The natural keynote of human life is co-operation, not competition. The animals, being devoid of the light of reason, may naturally develop their animal powers, in part, by strife. But civilized man can evolve naturally only by the survival of the morally fit. There is no parallel in Nature for the military method which makes bloody sacrifice of the flower of a nation's manhood to settle some disagreement.

Theosophy says that the natural place for competition is within man's own dual nature, for he is both angel and demon in his possibilities. As a soul, he is related to the gods; but he is handicapped by the earthly veil of flesh, in the form of an animal body. The god and the animal are ever at war for supremacy, since, as said in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, "light and

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darkness are the world's eternal ways." To the degree in which the selfish animal nature is conquered and mastered and trained for service by its natural soul master, Selfishness — the common enemy of mankind — is defeated. A moral victory, individual or social, deprives no one of valuable possessions. Upon the contrary, when the man-soul or the nation-soul is victorious in meeting the issues of life, all life is enriched and ennobled by the example of what the finer forces of human nature *can* do. Morale, which is a most subtle and powerful force, is also very contagious. There is an outgo of living truth in a selfless deed or work, which answers all argument against the existence of the soul. And the incarnating soul stands for the whole natural equation of Spirit and Matter. Man is the epitome of all the cosmic forces. The old teaching of Patañjali was that

"The Universe, including the visible and the invisible, . . . exists for the sake of the soul's experience and emancipation."
— *Yoga Aphorisms*, Book II, Aph. 18

The usual theological story of the creation and of human origin has little charm or appeal to our intimate feelings. It all seems so remote and so unrelated to life as we know it. But *The Secret Doctrine* shows that there is a cosmic foundation for our inherent sense of beauty and poetry and love and heroism, and for the sacred tenderness of home ties, and for the joy of life, and for the dignity and power of the arts and sciences, which express the great creative force in material things. The natural instinct of mother-love which tenderly broods over helpless creatures, and the natural devotional spirit which looks up reverently to the overshadowing wisdom of love, go back to the very beginning of things. The Golden Age for our present humanity was the incarnating soul's first experience on the planet, just as the new-born today, coming from the invisible realm of peace and love, is initiated into earth-life in the sheltering arms of mother-love. The babe's tender body and unawakened mind are unprepared for the physical and mental tests of maturer years. Even so, the infant appearance on earth of the entities gradually becoming *involved* in matter, was in more ethereal bodies than these dense bodies of earth out of which man is at present *evolving*. The incoming souls — like the new-born babe today — lived for a time surrounded by the pure atmosphere of their forgone home beyond the veil of birth. Does not the babe usually seem to live in a different world from the troublous one around him, much of the time asleep and unconscious of surroundings, though he may be conscious of a happier existence?

It is inspiring to follow Mme Blavatsky's interpretation of the inner teachings of all religions, and to see how closely nature and human nature are interwoven in the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," which

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Jesus spoke of to his disciples. As we go back over the true story of the race, we arrive, not at a period of darkness, in the night of time, but at the dawn of a new humanity, illumined with the tender light of a divine parentage by souls matured in other worlds. The dignity of the truth of human origin makes any Darwinian theory of ape ancestry seem like blasphemy. Mother Nature worked upward in making the physical body; but the soul descended to learn the earthly lessons, and meantime to help matter in its upward journey. There comes a sense of nearness to Mother Nature, when one thinks of the many bodies she has built for us in the countless lives of the past; how she has given us food and clothing and shelter while we lived, and absorbed our worn-out ashes after death. And as the human impress remains upon the atoms of matter, think how interrelated we must be to the matter of Mother Earth, that has served us in countless incarnations! It is small wonder that primitive races, whose instincts are still unspoiled by artificial creeds, keep the legendary truth alive by their devotion and nearness to Nature. Mme Blavatsky says:

“In treating of Cosmogony and then of the Anthropogenesis of mankind, it was necessary to show that no religion, since the very earliest, has ever been entirely based on fiction, as none was the object of special revelation; and that it is dogma alone which has ever been killing primeval truth. Finally, that no human-born doctrine, no creed, however sanctified by custom and antiquity, can compare in sacredness with the religion of Nature. The Key of Wisdom that unlocks the massive gates leading to the arcana of the innermost sanctuaries can be found hidden in her bosom only.”
— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 797

She also said that in writing *The Secret Doctrine*, the work aimed

“to show that Nature is not ‘a fortuitous concurrence of atoms,’ and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization. . . .

“The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world.”
— *Ibid.*, I, viii, xxxiv

Confucius said:

“I only hand on: I cannot create new things. I believe in the Ancients, and therefore I love them.”

The archaeologists find evidences of religious worship wherever mankind has left traces behind him. Plutarch said:

“If we traverse the world, it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theaters; but a city without a temple or that practised not worship, prayer and the like, no one ever saw.”

Theosophy is natural Religion, because it “*per se*, in its widest meaning, is that which binds not only *all* MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all

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things in the entire Universe into one grand whole." And because of this natural unity, it is in keeping with the myths and legends of all times and all peoples to find that our race, in its infancy, was guided and led along by those divine Beings, who had attained to godlike love and wisdom by traveling a like road through the mazes of matter. *The Secret Doctrine* adds that under this same protection

"all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these 'Sons of God' that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.

[Footnote 262] "Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients. . . . It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the Third Root Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece." — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 208

" . . . During its early beginnings, psychic and physical intellect being dormant and consciousness still undeveloped, the spiritual conceptions of that race were quite unconnected with its physical surroundings. That *divine* man dwelt in his animal — though externally human — form; and, if there was instinct in him, no self-consciousness came to enlighten the darkness of the latent fifth principle. When, moved by the law of Evolution, the Lords of Wisdom infused into him the spark of consciousness, the first feeling it awoke to life and activity was a sense of solidarity, of oneness with his spiritual creators. As the child's first feeling is for its mother and nurse, so the first aspirations of the awakening consciousness in primitive man were for those whose element he felt within himself, and who yet were outside and independent of him. DEVOTION arose out of that feeling, and became the first and foremost motor in his nature: for it is the only one which is natural in our heart, which is innate in us, and which we find alike in human babe and the young of the animal." — *Ibid.*, I, 210

It is a wonderful and magical thing, this striking the keynote of devotion at the dawn of creation, so that it should echo in the hearts of humanity all down the ages. It is too stupendous a thought to be grasped fully even by the most scholarly, and yet it is as simple and familiar as mother-love and protective fatherhood. It sheds a sacred light upon the home, and calls for a larger view of its responsibilities. The intimate tenderness of Deity is reflected in that verse in the Bible which says:

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

There is a natural magic of healing in the touch of a loving mother, even though it cannot be found by all the analyses of the scientist. As Mme Blavatsky said: "The Occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization." Our science has no end of mechanistic marvels to its credit. But it is so materialistic that it regards man himself as a sort of live machine. If the one truth of human duality were understood, and man were known to have the potential powers of a god and of a demon, even science would recognise the danger

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of the keynote of selfishness which has marked the strenuous life of our century. There is practically no place for devotion in the over-busy modern program, and this lack is a vital danger, because it is unnatural. Mother Nature is checking up this failure of ours to round out into a more wholly human growth. Our great cleverness and scientific efficiency is like a disease, a monstrous malignant growth compared with our stunted spirituality and our skeptical indifference and neglect to provide for the normal needs of the higher nature. Nature has evolved a quality of brain and body cells which now are capable of vibrating to the higher impulses and finer motives of action. The very body is suffering from non-expression of the higher human faculties. To keep the body itself attuned to the lower levels is no longer normal, or sane, or safe, or sanitary. Nature has not worked for millions of years to produce a human type so unmoral that its supreme achievements are mechanical and military efficiency. Years ago Emerson said, with intuitive insight:

“The reason why the world lacks unity and lies broken and in heaps, is because man is disunited with himself.”

If the lack of unity among men was so apparent to the Concord sage in the last century, what must the true inwardness of things be in this day of wreckage and upheaval? Science has analysed man's body and the world around him with the revealing eye of the microscope and the subdividing finesse of chemistry. Many secrets of matter have been laid bare, but the doctors are unable to find the cause of the steady increase in the cases of cancer and malignant disease and of nervous disorders and insanity. Even the epidemic of influenza, which swept round the earth with terrible fatality, is still unaccounted for by the profession. These modern plagues cannot be laid to the unsanitary surroundings. These abnormal conditions arise insidiously in some fault in the inner life. Certainly man *is* disunited with himself,—the soul and the body are out of tune. There is so much in the self-indulgent, restless, artificial quality of life today that is wholly and frankly lacking in ideals, so much that is degenerate, however brilliant, that any wholesome, thinking mind can sense the dangerous conflict between Nature and human nature. Nature, who knows the reality of Reincarnation, seems to be trying to arouse us to the folly of our course by these lessons of suffering. She cuts short the unnatural careers, so that no more unhappy Karma be made this time, and perhaps a better start will be made in the next life.

It is, as Katherine Tingley has said, a pivotal point in history, a crucial time. But Theosophy is equal to the crisis, and shows the wise

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and only way by which the world may arrest its downward progress and recover itself. Theosophy is vital with hope for those who will heed its message. It is not brilliant intellect that can save the day; but, as the Nazarene Initiate said, we must "become as little children." That was the simple way to tell the Galilean fishermen the story of finding the kingdom of heaven within. It was the same story of "the way, the truth, and the life," which perfected men had told disciples in every age since infant humanity first felt the natural devotion of at-one-ment with their divine Instructors.

We are no longer children in earth-life, after countless incarnations. No doubt we have paid many a bitter price for lessons in the folly of trying to seek out 'many inventions' whereby to escape the broken law of nature. Why not take the natural, easy way of the courageous, invincible Soul, and ally ourselves with our own higher natures? Devotion is the simple, practical mysticism of finding the Real Self, and putting one's best into the duty of the day. Nature leads the lower kingdoms along the universal path of progress. But *we* have the higher mind and the soul light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and the free will to step onward in what Katherine Tingley has termed "self-directed evolution."

Everywhere, today, the insistent problem is that of unity and reconstruction. How shall men work together in order to rebuild the world in a more human way? is the question of the hour. What is the vital thing which has been lacking in human life? Surely it is not intellect, for the brain-mind has done brilliant and efficient work in every direction. But with an outgrown theology, we have put aside the devotional expression which, at times, went far out beyond the creeds and dogmas, and intuitively found the truth for itself, in simple unity with the higher nature. Devotion is a necessity for sane, healthy, natural life. As the first feeling aroused in the awakening consciousness of the infant race, it has welled up in the human heart ever since, all down the ages. As souls, we are each one a member of the primitive human family that began its earthly career -- our career -- in the 'Garden of Eden,' with divine Instructors. We must become like little children again, in order to find the way to true progress, for, as Mencius said centuries before Jesus,

"The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart."

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY

MAGISTER ARTIUM



THE Path, the Way — what do these words mean? The realization of the meaning of life, the fulfilment of one's destiny, the attainment of knowledge and certainty. All great Teachers have sought to show men the Way, the Path. There are many roads at the outset of the journey; but, like the paths up a mountain, they all converge and reach the same goal. Truth, Knowledge, Righteousness, Beauty, Power, Peace — whatever high ideal we may pursue, the pursuit will, when followed unswervingly, lead us to the same goal. But we must be loyal and unswerving in our allegiance.

Many natures are attracted by ideals of Beauty, which they seek to realize through the various forms of art. The canvas, the clay, the poet's pen, are various fields for the exercise of these endeavors; but the drama of life itself is the great canvas on which we paint, the great song we sing; and conduct is our true technique. If it were not so, then the artist would not be whole; his life would be separate from his profession; there would be contrariety, disproportion, between two worlds wherein he would live; to that extent he would be a hypocrite. Is not such too often the case?

We must make our *lives* sublime, if we worship sublimity.

It is a great consolation, when we are vexed and puzzled with the conflict between right and wrong, and find all our motives, those we call good and those we know to be evil, alike tinged with the weariful element of personality and self-consciousness; — it is a great consolation to be able to escape into a realm of impersonality, and to feel that we have some impersonal ideal to cherish. Thus we may escape for a little rest from the turmoil; thus perchance, we tell ourselves, we may achieve our salvation. And so, instead of viewing actions as good or evil, it may often be a help and a relief to view them as beautiful or ugly. Let us review our past, and see how hideous some of it has been, and how far we have fallen away from our own ideals of beauty and seemliness. Let us view our conduct as though it were that of another and judge it by the light of our artistic standards. Then there may arise in our heart a longing to achieve something more beautiful; not because of any supposed gain to ourselves, or to fulfil any ideal of sanctity, but because we yearn to realize our ideal of beauty and harmony.

How personality and self-consciousness mar the enjoyment of beauty! There are many innocent and happy experiences which we cannot enjoy

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while in our ordinary state; and I daresay a good many of us have sometimes had the experience of realizing such states in dreams. Then they are possible, because a large part of our mind is asleep, suppressed, so that it does not interfere. No self-consciousness is present, no fear, no vanity, no uncomfortable introspection of any kind. The slightest grain of self-consciousness would shatter the vision, break the charm, instantly, like the fall of a house of cards; and we should awake to the bitterness of regret. Such dreams may be teachers, if we can learn the lesson.

The lesson is that it is our complex artificial personality that is the enemy, and that we must lay this ghost if we are to achieve our heart's desire. But how lay it? It seems to me there are two possibilities in view: to go back, to go forward. We cannot very well go back: to do so would imply a certain loss of sanity, a relapse into dotage, the insensitiveness of old age — as sometimes happens. So we must go forward.

The disciple, we are told by various teachers, must reach the child-state he has lost, must become as a little child, if he would attain wisdom, if he would enter the Kingdom. But surely not by a process of retrogradation and going back to toy bricks and dolls? Must there not be a state in advance, resembling in its simplicity, its wholeheartedness, the state behind, but yet as far superior to the middle state as the middle is to the first?

But to aim at creating for oneself alone a character of superiority and excellence is simply to worship personal ambition over again in a new form, and such an aim is therefore doomed to the bitterness of disappointment, sooner or later; not from the decree of a jealous Providence, but from conditions inherent in human nature; for such a state is not the Soul's true aim and cannot satisfy it. And it has been truly said that the humble artist in love with his work may be much nearer the Light than the superior personality, adorned with many excellences, but still bound to self-admiration. The artist has his love centered on something outside of himself. "He also is my beloved servant . . . who is the same in honor and dishonor," says the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, meaning that, if a state of stability and true content is to be reached, it must be independent of self-gratulation and able to sustain a man when a cycle of dissatisfaction is on; it must be able to sustain him when he is under a cloud of disesteem from others. In this way the personal element can be eliminated.

It is also said that a man should be lighted from within, not from without, for thus alone can he be independent of circumstances. The true fount of beauty, therefore, must be sought in a region beyond the personality, and in the loyalty to impersonal ideals. He who loves the Law and understands it well enough to be able to realize that it may

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demand the sacrifice of his personal ambitions, has successfully followed a high ideal in spite of the allurements of lesser ideals.

One great aim of Theosophy is to teach people to recognise the truth that the home of beauty and peace is not merely a state to be yearned for after death in some heaven, but a state that can be achieved on earth. "In the land of the heavenly love, Only there shall I find my ideal"; but why wait till we are dead and our present opportunities gone?

Harmony ensues on the removal of discord, and we must remove the discordant notes from our life; we must resolve the discords or blend the whole into a greater harmony: interesting analogies will be found in musical theory.

The decay of beauty in our architecture, costume, and many other external features of our civilization, has been much commented on and deplored; so has the rise of 'individualism' as a social and political creed. Are the two phenomena connected?

The ideal of Beauty is one that calls for absolute loyalty and the sacrifice of all "other gods but me"; and, if faithfully pursued, can lead its devotee nowhere else than to the true goal - his heart's home.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS (ENGLAND) AND PSYCHIC RESEARCH

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT is instructive and somewhat amusing to Theosophists to see the way in which ancient errors are repeated again and again, as exemplified by the recent vogue of a form of psychic research, in which learned men of science are mistaking mere simulacra and phantoms for the immortal spirits of the departed.

If an actor, wearied with his exertions on the boards, should cast aside his stage costume, preparatory to taking a well-earned rest in his proper person; and if some mischievous sprite should thereupon don the discarded habiliments and masquerade in them behind the foot-lights, some of the audience might be edified and most of them would not.

This analogy is near enough for our present case. It is evident to a discerning mind that the entities (whatever they may be), that are taken for the souls of the departed, are no better than dummies, empty shells, wearing the outer form, but devoid of anything that suggests the presence of an informing spirit within. Some people are already devising theories to account for these phenomena in other ways than the usual one.

The actual explanation is familiar enough to those who have a slight

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acquaintance with Theosophy, and it is given in *The Key to Theosophy* by H. P. Blavatsky and *The Ocean of Theosophy* by W. Q. Judge. A certain amount of acquaintance with the teaching as to the seven principles of man is necessary; and this knowledge alone would have sufficed to prevent the investigators from falling into their errors. The dissolution of the body severs the connexion between the Higher Triad and the Lower Quaternary. The former, taking with it the cream of all that was best in the earth-life, passes to Devachan, there to await in its state of bliss and rest the time for a new incarnation. The discarnate principles of the Lower Quaternary survive the body for awhile and gradually fade out. The existence of this surviving and mindless shell of the deceased person was well known to all antiquity, and this knowledge is the reason for many funerary rites appointed and observed for the purpose of 'laying the ghost,' propitiating its unwholesome influence, and preventing it from molesting the living. But this spook was never mistaken for the Soul of the departed; it has been left for modern wiseacres to do that. The distinction between Hades, the temporary abode of the shells, and the Elysian fields whither the released Soul passed for its rest and reward, was well understood. All tampering with the spook was looked upon as an infernal art, highly pernicious and dangerous; for it was understood that influences hostile to the human race might masquerade under the cast-off astral mold of the deceased.

What occurs at the séances of these experimenters bears out the above; for there is always a progressive deterioration in the character of the communications. A medium is necessary — a person with a certain looseness of constitution which enables him to act as a go-between. It is matter of familiar knowledge that the medium is liable to deterioration in various ways, if he persists in his functions; and the reason is evident when we reflect that he is passively subjecting himself to unknown influences from a world that teems with the excreta of human thought and passion.

All reasonable people must be struck with the singular fatuity and unsatisfactoriness of the results obtained by these means — just such results, in fact, as might have been expected by anyone conversant with the teachings as to the constitution of man. The triviality of the alleged communications precludes the belief that any Souls are concerned in the business; for the general level of the mental atmosphere is not equal even to that of living souls, let alone liberated ones. The future life revealed seems but a continuance of our present existence, and a narrowing rather than an enlargement even of that; it holds out no rosy prospect to anyone of imagination or cultured tastes. The problem of immortality is not solved by a prospect of continued mortality — a term which

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appropriately describes the condition attributed to the departed by these revelations or discoveries.

The Church Congress in England has felt itself impelled seriously to consider the subject of spiritism; and we learn from the *Westminster Gazette* that the Archbishop of Canterbury has arranged for the appointing of an authoritative committee which will undertake this work and endeavor to restate the doctrine of a future life. The editorial comments on this are significant: if the churches are to be filled again, there must be a new doctrine not only of the future but of the present life. This is a point we have often made. Immortality is a question of the present, for eternity is not a mere extension of time, and the present is always the sphere of work and opportunity. The relegation of immortality to a distant future is equivalent to a removal of the problem from the real to the ideal, from the practical to the speculative. It is a shelving of the question. This was also emphasized by Dean Inge of St. Paul's at the Congress. He said that our loss of interest in heaven and hell was due to the transference of hope from the ideal to the actual, from heaven to earth; to our belief in a law of perpetual progress. And he added that the feeling of our time leads us to lay most stress on the indwelling Spirit of God as that by which we lay hold on eternal life. The recent outbreak of psychic research he characterizes as a pitiable revival of necromancy; adding that, if this kind of after-life were true, it would be a melancholy postponement or negation of all we hope and believe about our blessed dead. Thus he agrees with what we have said above.

The Dean of Manchester also spoke on the subject. He criticises the phenomena in much the same way as we have done above, asking whether the hypothesis of communication with the spirits of the departed, if the easiest hypothesis, is necessarily the right one, and suggesting other ways of explaining the phenomena. He does not feel disposed to confound the modern researchers with the ancient witches and wizards, and does not advocate the death-penalty for Sir Oliver Lodge. Indeed, now that we think of it, we do not recall any mention of Sir Oliver having been seen riding a broomstick. He quotes Lombroso to the effect that, while many of the alleged spirits are sincere, the greater part are rude and unseemly jesters; and the Rev. Stainton Moses to the effect that

“ ‘the shades of the departed seem to retain beyond the veil all the desires and appetites, even the evil ones, of the world, which they seek to satisfy by proxy, and even keep urging incarnate men to involve themselves in vice, in spite of the efforts of more highly developed souls who seek to hinder them in their nefarious task.’ ”

The Dean asked how far Church authorities were responsible for the existing state of affairs by their neglect of the subject of departed Souls, and pleaded for a restoration of the custom of praying for the deceased.

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Canon Storr of Farnham touched an important point when he said that the question of survival is involved in our notion as to what is meant by *personality*. Our ideas, he said, had changed: they were more fluid, and we no longer took the old atomistic idea of personality. Instead of looking for a perpetuation of our own separate personality, we aspired to attain bliss rather by a transcending of the personal limits — by a blending or merging of the personality, by a better realization of the meaning of solidarity and of the essential unity of all Souls. We think of the future state rather as one in which the barriers between personalities will melt. Another important point which he made was that we have learned to apply to the future life the idea of growth, and have overcome our old static ideas. The universe must be judged to have failed, if man, with his ideals and spiritual capacities, perishes at death. Is there no future of renewed effort for the millions of promising young lives suddenly cut off?

The Rev. A. V. Magee of St. Mark's, Marylebone, emphasized the almost invariable fatuity and frequent fraudulence of the communications, and also the mental, moral, and physical dangers encountered by those dabbling in these practices; and the Archbishop of Canterbury wound up by giving the aforementioned promise of an authoritative discussion of the subject.

From the above cursory account we see that the Theosophical views are virtually comprehended in the remarks of the various speakers, but that unity is lacking because there are only the dogmatic ecclesiastical teachings and sundry philosophical speculations at the back, instead of the luminous and consistent Theosophical teachings. The general sense of the conference was that this spiritistic research is not the right way to go to work at solving the question of immortality; that it is a side-track, and a foolish and dangerous one at that; and that the real solution of the problem lies in a more intimate and intelligent study of our own nature, with a view to discovering the illusory character of our personality and the reality and permanence of that greater Self which emerges when we subordinate that personality to larger and more unselfish aspirations. So says Theosophy.

When a man goes to sleep, you may perform experiments with his inert body and galvanize it into a seeming life; or you may mesmerize a man and make his body perform all sorts of tricks at your will. But you cannot touch the man himself, the thinking being, for he is elsewhere and knows naught of what is passing. And so with the dead. As we said at the beginning of this article, the man, in dying, leaves behind him certain decaying relics, which we compared to the cast-off robes of an actor quitting the boards. No amount of experimentation with

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these cast-off relics, accomplished through the aid of persons of a neurotic and mediumistic physique, will throw light on the question of immortality or on the status of those loved ones whose absence so afflicts us. What has really happened when a person has died, is that he has thrown off the limitations incident to earth-life, and his liberated Soul is now existing in a state of light and freedom which we cannot conceive so long as we remain subject to those earthly limitations. We cannot pull that Soul back to earth; any violent attempt to do so would be a grievous wrong to it, so far as successful. But we can and should make the endeavor to rise in thought and aspiration to the level whereon such emancipated Souls dwell. But the liability to delusion is considerable, and it is essential to remember that the departed has laid aside his *personality*, so that any imagined recognition of him *as the well-known and beloved personality* would necessarily be a trick of our own imagination, and would lend itself to the possibility of impersonation by evil influences as mentioned above. Communion with a liberated Soul could only result in an increase of Spiritual power, an uplifting of soul, an increased power of high resolve, in ourselves; not in any fancied intercourse with a personality now thrown aside like a worn-out robe.

Nor let it be forgotten that man is not forever doomed to his present condition of nescience; for, as surely as there is a veil drawn between earthly consciousness and the Light beyond, so surely has man the power to draw that veil. And it is an essential teaching of Theosophy, a conviction that most potently inspires all true Theosophists, that a faithful following of the path of right conduct will eventually lead to that illumination. But this has to be accomplished, not by forceful attempts to burglarize the unseen realms, but by patient endeavors to achieve the ideals of rectitude and perfection laid down in the sacred teachings which Theosophy has derived from the wisdom of all ages.

And right here that most suggestive preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's, seems to us to fall short of his usual felicity, for he says (as reported in brief) that "the belief in perpetual progress as a law of nature is a superstition," and says it has no basis in history or science or religion; civilization has made hardly any appreciable change in human nature. He takes much too small a view of human history. But Theosophy, with its view of human history on a scale of millions of years — consistent with the figures demanded by science itself in geology, astronomy, and palaeobiology — sees in the historic period, to which the Dean refers, merely a passing phase. And this phase has been, according to the teachings, one of decline, when just such a lack of progress, such a fall into materialism, was to be expected *a priori* from those teachings. Theosophy definitely teaches a law of perpetual progress, and that that

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progress is achieved by alternate rises and falls, in accordance with the general spiral plan of evolutionary progress. Man in the far past has stood at a far higher level of real knowledge than ever within the historical period; and the return of cycles is destined to bring him again to that level and to surpass it. He is the inheritor of the past, and even now is turning his eyes in the direction whence comes wisdom.

In other respects the Dean of St. Paul's acquits himself in a manner more evocative of our appreciation.

"Heaven is not another place or time, but another mode of being, of which, while we are in the body, we can form no clear conception, though the light shines through the curtain in many places, and we know something of the blessed existence whenever we pray, whenever we love, and whenever we see traces of the Divine beauty in God's creation, and of his wisdom in the wonders of science."

"Not only philosophy but the deepest religious feeling of our time leads us to lay most stress on the indwelling Spirit of God as that by which we 'lay hold on eternal life.'"

"We are imperfect personalities; and we can neither wish nor expect that our half-baked selves shall be immortal. Immortality belongs to the hidden man of the heart, which is not always conscious in us."

Now what is the summing up of the matter? That the deeper problems of life — including those that concern immortality and the fate of the departed — are to be solved by the acquisition of true Knowledge, which means that we must strive to perfect our nature by following the principles of conduct laid down by the wise Teachers in all ages. Thus, and thus alone, may we hope to remove the veils that darken our understanding, so that the Light from within may penetrate and illumine our minds. We live in a state of illusion and imperfect knowledge, due to the imperfection of our understanding; and that imperfection is due to the fact that we are bound by our sense-attractions to the material world. Yet the material world and the spiritual world are not two states separated from one another in space and time, but two states that are interblended; and whether we live in one or the other depends on the state of our own development. The attempt to solve the problem of immortality, and to enter into communication with the Souls of the departed, through séance-room practices and mediums, is a mistaken quest, and is destined to lead us into more delusion, besides being fraught with grave danger physically, mentally, and morally. We shall expect to find that there will be much dabbling in these mistaken paths, but that people will eventually realize the truth of what has just been said, and will set their feet upon the only right way to Knowledge. And the whole matter is an illustration of the way in which the Theosophical teachings interpret those intuitions to which our foremost thinkers are trying to give utterance, but which, owing to the lack of those teachings, they have not been able to express in definite form.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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X — “SUCH A ●NE”

“I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.”
— *Bhagavad-Gītā*

“The world had fallen into decay, and right principles had perished. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds had grown rife; ministers murdered their rulers and sons their fathers. Confucius was frightened at what he saw, and undertook the work of reformation.”—*Mencius*



EN were expecting an avatar in old Judaea; and, sure enough, one came. But they were looking for a national leader, a Messiah, to throw off for them the Roman yoke; or else for an ascetic like their prophets of old time: something, in any case, out of the way; — a personality wearing marks of avatarship easily recognisable. The one who came, however, so far from leading them against the Romans, seemed to have a good deal of sympathy with the Romans. He consorted with centurions and tax-gatherers, and advised the Jews to render unto Roman Caesar the things which were his: which meant, chiefly, the tribute. And he was not an ascetic, noticeably; bore no resemblance to their prophets of old time: but came, as he said, ‘eating and drinking’; even went to marriage-feasts, and that by no means to play killjoy; — and they said, ‘Behold, a gluttonous man and a winebibber!’ (which was a lie). — Instead of supporting the national religion, as anyone with half an eye to his interests would have done, he did surprising things in the temple with a whip of small cords. — “Here,” said they, “let us crucify this damned fellow!” And they did.

Aftertimes, however, recognised him as an avatar; and then — so perverse is man! — as the one and only possible avatar. If ever another should appear, said our western world, it could but be this one come again; and, because the doctrine of avatars is a fundamental instinct in human nature, they expected that he would come again. So when the pressure of the times and the intuition of men warned them that a great incarnation was due, they began to look for his coming.

That was in our own day, say in the last half-century; during which

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time a mort of books have been written about a mysterious figure turning up in some modern city, whom you could not fail to recognise by certain infallible signs. Generally speaking, the chief of these were: long hair, and a tendency to make lugubrious remarks beginning with *Verily, verily I say unto you*. In actual life, too, lots of men did grow their hair long and cultivate the *verily-verily* habit; hoping that, despite their innate modesty, their fellow-men might not fail to take the hint and pierce the disguise afforded, often, by a personal morality you might call *oblique*.

But if an avatar had come, it is fairly certain that he or she would have followed modern fashions in hair and speech; first, because real avatars have a sense of humor; and secondly, because his or her business would have been to reform, not the language or style of hair-dressing, but life. — ‘He or she’ is a very vile phrase; for the sake of novelty, let us make the feminine include the masculine, and say ‘she’ simply. — Her conversation, then, instead of being peppered with archaic *verilies* and *peradventures*, would have been in form much like that of the rest of us. It is quite unlikely she would have shone at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, or Bazaars of the Young Women’s Christian Association; quite unlikely that she would have been in any sense whatever a pillar of the orthodoxies. As she would have come to preach *Truth*, you may suppose Truth needed, and therefore lacking; and so, that her teachings would have been at once dubbed vilest heterodoxy, and herself a charlatan.

“Below with eddy and flow the white tides creep
On the sands,”

says Ssu-k’ung T’u,—

“. . . in no one form may Tao abide,
But changes and shifts like the wide wing-shadows asweep
On the mountainside”; —

the sea is one, but the tides drift and eddy; the roc, or maybe the dragon, is one, but the shadow of his wings on the mountain sword shifts and changes and veers. When you think you have set up a standard for Tao: when you imagine you have grasped it in your hands: — how fleet it is to vanish! “The man of Tao,” said the Fisherman of the Mi-lo to Ch’ü Yüan, “does not quarrel with his surroundings, but adapts himself to them”; — and perhaps there you have the best possible explanation of the nature of those Great Souls who come from time to time to save the world.

I think we take the Buddha as the type of them; and expect not only a life and character that *we can recognise* as flawless, but also a profundity of revelation in philosophy and ethics. But if no two blades of grass are alike, much less are two human Souls; and in these Great Ones, it is

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the picture of Souls we are given. When we think that if all men were perfect, all would be alike, we err with a wide mistake. The nearer you get to the Soul, and the more perfect is the expression of it, the less is there monotony or similarity; and almost the one thing you may posit about any avatar is, that he will be a surprise. Tom and Dick and Harry are alike: 'pipe and stick young men'; 'pint and steak young men': they get born and marry and die, and the grass grows over them with wondrous likeness; — but when the Masters of Men come, all the elements are cast afresh.

Everyone has a place to fill in the universal scheme; he has a function to perform, that none else can perform: a *just what he can do*,— which commonly he falls far short of doing. When he does it, fully and perfectly, then he is on the road of progress; that road opens up to him; and presently, still exercising the fulness of his being, he becomes a completeness, like Heaven and Earth; their 'equal,' in the Chinese phrase; or as we say, a Perfect Man or Adept. Does anyone know what place in history he is to fill? I cannot tell; I suppose an Adept, incarnated, would be too busy filling it to have time or will to question. But here perhaps we have the nearest thing possible to a standard for measuring them; and here the virtue of Taoism, and one greatest lesson we may learn from it. Are we to judge by the impressiveness of the personality? No; the Man of Tao is not a personality at all. He makes one to use, but is not identified with it; his personality will not be great or small, or enchanting or repellent, but simply adapted to the needs. — Is it the depth and fulness of the philosophy he gives out? No; it may be wiser and also more difficult to keep silent on main points, than to proclaim them broadcast; and for this end he may elect even not to know (with conscious brain-mind) too much; — not to have the deep things within his normal consciousness. But he comes into the world to meet a situation; to give the course of history a twist in a desired direction; and the sign and measure of his greatness is, it seems to me, his ability to meet the situation at all points, and to do just what is necessary for the giving of the twist,—no more and no less. And then, of course, it takes a thousand years or so before you can judge. One is not speaking of common statesmen, who effect quick changes that are no changes at all, but of the Men who shepherd the Host of Souls.

I like to imagine, before the birth of Such a One, a consultation of the Gods upon the Mountain of Heaven. A synod of the kind (for China) would have taken place in the sixth century B. C., no doubt; because in those days certainly there was a "decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world." Transport yourselves then, say in the year 552, to the peaks of Tien Shan of Kuen Lun, or high Tai-

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hsing, or the grand South Mountain; and see the Pantheon assembled.

They look down over Chu Hia; they know that in three centuries or so a manvantara will be beginning there, and grow anxious lest anything has been left undone to insure its success. They note Laotse (whom they sent some fifty years earlier) at his labors; and consider what those labors would achieve for the Black-haired People. He would bring light to the most excellent minds: the God of Light said, "I have seen to that." He would in time waken the lute-strings of the Spirit, and set Chu Hia all a-song: the God of Music said, "I have seen to that." They foresaw Wu Taotse and Ma Yüan; they foresaw Ssu-k'ung T'u and the Banished Angel; and asked "Is it not enough?" And the thought grew on them that it was not enough, till they sighed with the apprehensions that troubled them. Only a few minds among the millions, they foresaw, would have proper understanding of Tao. . . .

Now, Gods of whatever land they may be, there are those three Bardic Brothers amongst them: He of Light, who awakens vision; He of Song, who rouses up the harmonies and ennobling vibrations; and He of Strength, whose gloves hold all things fast, and neither force nor slipperiness will avail against them. It was this third of them, Gwron, who propounded the plan that satisfied the Pantheon. — "I will send one among them, with the Gloves for his treasure," said he.

They considered how it would be with Such a One: going among men as the Gods' Messenger, and with those two Gloves for his treasure. — "This way will it be," they said. "Not having the treasure of the God of Light, he will seem as one without vision of the God-world or remembrance whence he came. Not having the treasure of the God of Music, he will awaken little song with the Bards. But having the Gloves, he will hold the gates of hell shut, so far as shut they may be, through all the cycle that is coming."

With that the council ended. But Plenydd God of Light and Vision thought: "Though my treasure has gone with the Old Philosopher, and I cannot endow this man with it, I will make him Such a One as can be seen by all men: I will throw my light on him, that he may be an example through the age of ages." And Alawn God of Music thought: "Though my lute has gone with Laotse, I will confer boons on this one also. Such a One he shall be, as draws no breath but to tunes of my playing; the motions of his mind, to my music, shall be like the motions of the ordered stars." — And they both thought: "It will be easy for me to do as much as this, with his having the Gloves of Gwron on his hands."

— At that time K'ung Shuhliang Heih, Commander of the district of Tsow, in the Marquisate of Lu in Shantung, determined to marry again.

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Now China is a vast democracy: the most democratic country in the world. Perhaps I shall come to proving that presently; for the moment I must ask you to let it pass on the mere statement, satisfied that it is true. Despite this radical democracy, then, she has had two noble families. One is descended from a famous Patriot-Pirate of recent centuries, known to Westerners as Koxinga; with it we have no concern. The other is to be found in the town of K'uh-fow in Shantung, in the ancient Marquisate of Lu. There are about fifty thousand members of it, all bearing the surname K'ung; its head has the title of 'Duke by Imperial Appointment and Hereditary Right'; and, much prouder still, 'Continuator of the Sage.'

Dukes in England sometimes trace their descent from men who came over with William the Conqueror: a poor eight centuries is a thing to be proud of. There may be older families in France, Italy, and elsewhere. Duke K'ung traces his, through a line of which every scion appears more or less in history, to the son of this K'ung Shuhliang Heih in the sixth century B. C.; who in turn traced his, through a line of which every scion appeared in history, and all, with one possible exception, very honorably, to a member of the Imperial House of Shang who, in 1122 B. C., on the fall of that house, was created Duke of Sung in Honan by the first of the Chows. The House of Shang held the throne for some five centuries, beginning with Tang the Completer in 1766, who traced his descent from the Yellow Emperor in mythological times. Duke K'ung, then, is descended in direct male line from sovereigns who reigned beyond the horizon of history,— at the latest, near the beginning of the third millennium B. C. The family has been distinguished for nearly five thousand years.

The matter is not unimportant; since we are to talk of a member of this family. We shall understand him better for remembering the kind of heredity that lay behind him: some seventy generations of nobility, all historic. Only one royal house in the world now is as old as his was then: that of Japan.

Some generations before, the K'ung family had lost their Duchy of Sung and emigrated to Lu; where, in the early part of the sixth century, its head, this Shuhliang Heih, had made a great name for himself as a soldier. He was now a widower, and seventy years old; and saw himself compelled to make a second marriage, or the seventy illustrious generations of his ancestors would be deprived of a posterity to offer them sacrifices. So he approached a gentleman of the Yen family, who had three eligible daughters. To these Yen put the case, leaving to them to decide which should marry K'ung. —“Though old and austere,” said he, “he is of high descent, and you need have no fear of him.” Chingtsai, the youngest,

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answered that it was for their father to choose. —“Then you shall marry him,” said Yen. She did; and when her son was to be born, she was warned in a dream to make pilgrimage to a cave on Mount Ne. There the spirits of the mountain attended; there were signs and portents in the heavens at the nativity. The *k'e-lin*, a beast out of the mythologies, appeared to her; and she tied a white ribbon about its single horn. It is a creature that appears only when things of splendid import are to happen.

Three years after, the father died, leaving his family on the borders of poverty. At six, Ch'iu, the child, a boy of serious earnest demeanor, was teaching his companions to play at arranging, according to the rites, toy sacrificial vessels on a toy altar. Beyond this, and that they were poor, and that he doted on his mother — who would have deserved it, — we know little of his boyhood. “At fifteen,” he tells us himself, “his mind was bent on learning.” Nothing in the way of studies seems to have come amiss to him; of history, and ritual, and poetry, he came to know all that was to be known. He loved music, theory and practice; held it to be sacred: “not merely one of the refinements of life, but a part of life itself.” It is as well to remember this; and that often, in after life, he turned dangerous situations by breaking into song; and that his lute was his constant companion. He used to say that a proper study of poetry — he was not himself a poet, though he compiled a great anthology of folk-poems later — would leave the mind without a single depraved thought. Once he said to his son: “If you do not learn the Odes, you will not be fit to talk to.” “Poetry rouses us,” said he, “courtesy upholds us; music is our crown.” You are, then, to see in him no puritan abhorring beauty, but a man with artistic perceptions developed. — At what you might call the other pole of knowledge, he was held to know more about the science of war than any man living; and I have no doubt he did. If he had consented to use or speak about or let others use that knowledge, he might have been a great man in his day; but he never would.

At nineteen, according to the custom, he married; and soon afterwards accepted minor official appointments: Keeper of the Granaries, then Superintendent of the Public Parks in his native district. He made a name for himself by the scrupulous discharge of his duties, that came even to the ears of the Marquis; who, when his son was born, sent the young father a complimentary present of a carp. — It would have been two or three years before the beginning of the last quarter of the century when he felt the time calling to him, and voices out of the Eternal; and threw up his superintendentship to open a school.

Not an ordinary school by any means. The pupils were not children, but young men of promise and an inquiring mind; and what he had

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to teach them was not the ordinary curriculum, but right living, the right ordering of social life, and the right government of states. They were to pay; but to pay according to their means and wishes; and he demanded intelligence from them; —no swelling of the fees would serve instead. —“I do not open the truth,” said he, “to one not eager after knowledge; nor do I teach those unanxious to explain themselves. When I have presented one corner of a subject, and the student cannot learn from it the other three for himself, I do not repeat the lesson.” He lectured to them, we read, mainly on history and poetry, deducing his lessons in life from these.

His school was a great success. In five years he had acquired some two thousand pupils: seventy or eighty of them, as he said, “men of extraordinary ability.” It was that the Doors of the Lodge had opened, and its force was flowing through him in Lu, as it was through the Old Philosopher in Honanfu. — By this time he had added archery to his own studies, and (like William Q. Judge) become proficient. Also he had taken a special course in music theory under a very famous teacher. “At thirty he stood firm.”

Two of his disciples were members of the royal family; and Marquis Chao regarded him with favor, as the foremost educationist in the state. He had an ambition to visit the capital (of China); where, as nowhere else, ritual might be studied; where, too, was Laotse, with whom he longed to confer. Marquis Chao, hearing of this, provided him with the means; and he went up with a band of his pupils. There at Loyang, which is Honanfu, we see him wandering rapt through palaces and temples, examining the sacrificial vessels, marveling at the ancient art of Shang and Chow. But for a few vases, it is all lost.

He did interview Laotse; we cannot say whether only once or more often. Nor, I think, do we know what passed; the accounts we get are from the pen of honest *Ben Trovato*; *Vero*, the modest, had but little hand in them. We shall come to them later.

And now that he stands before the world a Teacher, we may drop his personal name, K'ung Ch'iu, and call him by the title to which paeans of praise have been swelling through all the ages since: K'ung Futse, K'ung the Master: latinized, Confucius. It is a name that conveys to you, perhaps, some associations of priggishness and pedantry: almost wherever you see him written of you find suggestions of the sort. Forgo them at once: they are false utterly. Missionaries have interpreted him to the West; who have worked hard to show him something less than the Nazarene. They have set him in a peculiar light; and others have followed them. Perhaps no writer except and until Dr. Lionel Giles (whose interpretation, both of the man and his doctrine, I shall try to

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give you), has shown him to us as he was, so that we can understand why he has stood the National Hero, the Savior and Ideal Man of all those millions through all these centuries.

We have been told again and again that his teaching was wholly unspiritual; that he knew nothing of the inner worlds; never mentions the Soul, or 'God'; says no word to lighten for you the "dusk within the Holy of holies." He was all for outwardness, they say: a thorough externalist; a ritualist cold and unmagnetic. --- It is much what his enemies said in his own day; who, and not himself, provide the false-interpretors with their weapons. But think of the times, and you may understand. How would the missionaries feel, were Jesus translated to the Chinese as a fine man in some respects — considering — but, unfortunately! too fond of the pleasures of the table; "a gluttonous man and a winebibber"?

They were stirring times, indeed; when all boundaries were in flux, and you needed a new atlas three times a year. Robbers would carve themselves new principalities overnight; kingdoms would arise, and vanish with the waning of a moon. What would this, or any other country, become, were law, order, the police and every restraining influence made absolutely inefficient? Were California one state today; a dozen next week; in July six or seven, and next December but a purlieu to Arizona? — Things, heaven knows, are bad enough as they are; there is no dearth of crime and cheatery. Still, the police and the legal system do stand between us and red riot and ruin. In China they did not; the restraints had been crumbling for two or three centuries. Human nature, broadly speaking, is much of a muchness in all lands and ages: I warrant if you took the center of this world's respectability, which I should on the whole put in some suburb of London; — I warrant that if you relieved Clapham, — whose crimes, says Kipling very wisely, are 'chaste in Martaban,' — of police and the Pax Britannica for a hundred years or so, lurid Martaban would have little pre-eminence left to brag about. The class that now goes up primly and plugly to business in the City day by day would be cutting throats a little; they would be making life quite interesting. Their descendants, I mean. It would take time; Mother Grundy would not be dethroned in a day. But it would come; because men follow the times, and not the Soul; and are good as sheep are, but not as heroes. So in Chow China.

But the young Confucius knew his history. He looked back from that confusion to a wise Wu Wang and Duke of Chow; to a Tang the Completer, whose morning bath-tub was inscribed with this motto from *The New Way*: "If at any time in his life a man can make a new man of himself, — why not every morning?" Most of all he looked back to

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the golden and sinless age of Yao and Shun and Yü, as far removed from him, nearly, as pre-Roman Britain is from us; he saw them ruling their kingdom as a strong benevolent father rules his house. In those days men had behaved themselves: natural virtue had expressed itself in the natural way. In good manners; in observation of the proprieties, for example.— In that wild Martaban of Chow China, would not a great gentleman of the old school (who happened also to be a Great Teacher) have seen a virtue in even quiet Claphamism, that we cannot? It was not the time for Such a One to slight the proprieties and ‘reasonable conventions of life.’ — The truth is, the devotion of his disciples has left us minute pictures of the man, so that we see him . . . particular as to the clothes he wore; and from this too the West gathers material for its charge of externalism. Well; and if he accepted the glossy top-hats and black Prince Albert coats; — only with him they were caps and robes of azure, carnation, yellow, black, or white; this new fashion of wearing red he would have none of; — I can see nothing in it but this: the Great Soul had chosen the personality it should incarnate in, with an eye to the completeness of the work it should do; and seventy generations of noble ancestry would protest, even in the matter of clothing, against red riot and ruin and Martaban.

He is made to cite the ‘Superior Man’ as the model of excellence; and that phrase sounds to us detestably priggish. In the *Harvard Classics* it is translated (as well it may be) ‘true gentleman,’ or ‘princely man’; in which is no priggish ring at all. Again, he is made to address his disciples as ‘My children,’ at which, too, we naturally squirm a little; what he really called them was ‘My boys,’ which sounds natural and affectionate enough. Supposing the Gospels were translated into Chinese by someone with the gluttonous-man-and-winebibber bias; — what, I wonder, would he put for *Amen, amen lego humin?* NOT “Verily, verily I say unto you”!

But I must go on with his life.—

Things had gone ill in Lu during his absence: three great clan chieftains had stopped fighting among themselves to fight instead against their feudal superior, and Marquis Chao had been exiled to Ts’i. It touched Confucius directly; his teaching on such matters had been peremptory: he would ‘rectify names’: have the prince prince, and the people his subjects: — he would have law and order in the state, or the natural harmony of things was broken. As suggested above, he was very much a man of mark in Lu; and a protest from him,— which should be forthcoming — could hardly go unnoticed. With a band of disciples he followed his marquis into Ts’i: it is in Chihli, north of Lu, and was famous then for its national music. On the journey he heard Ts’i airs sung, and

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'hurried forward.' One of the first things he did on arriving at the capital was to attend a concert (or something equivalent); and for three months thereafter, as a sign of thanksgiving, he ate no flesh. "I never dreamed," said he, "that music could be so wonderful."

The fame of his Râja-Yoga School (that was what it was) had gone abroad, and Duke Ching of Ts'i received him well; — offered him a city with its revenues; but the offer was declined. The Duke was impressed; half inclined to turn Confucianist; wished to retain him with a pension, to have him on hand in case of need; — but withal he was of doubtful hesitating mind about it, and allowed his prime minister to dissuade him. "These scholars," said the latter, "are impractical, and cannot be imitated. They are haughty and self-opinionated, and will never rest content with an inferior position. Confucius has a thousand peculiarities"; — this is the gluttonous-man-and-winebibber saying, which the missionary interpreters have been echoing since; — "it would take ages to exhaust all he knows about the ceremonies of going up and down. This is not the time to examine into his rules of propriety; your people would say you were neglecting them." — When next Duke Ching was urged to follow Confucius, he answered: "I am too old to adopt his doctrines." The Master returned to Lu; lectured to his pupils, compiled the Books of Odes and of History; and waited for the disorders to pass.

Which in time they did, more or less. Marquis Ting came to the throne, and made him chief magistrate of the town of Chungtu.

Now was the time to prove his theories, and show whether he was the Man to the core, that he had been so assiduously showing himself, you may say, on the rind. Ah ha! now surely, with hard work before him, this scholar, theorist, conventional formalist, ritualist, and what else you may like to call him, will be put to shame,— shown up empty and foolish before the hard-headed men of action of his age. Who, indeed,— the hard-headed men of action — have succeeded in doing precisely nothing but to make confusion worse confounded; how much less, then, will this Impractical One do! Let us watch him, and have our laugh. . . . — On the wrong side of your faces then; for lo now, miracles are happening! He takes control; and here at last is one city in great Chu Hia where crime has ceased to be. How does he manage it? The miracle looks but the more miraculous as you watch. He frames rules for everything; insists on the proprieties; morning, noon, and night holds up an example, and, says he, relies on the power of that. — Example? Tush, he must be beheading right and left! — Nothing of the sort; he is all against capital punishment, and will have none of it. But there is the fact: you can leave your full purse in the streets of Chung-tu, and pick it up unrifled when you pass next; you can pay your

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just price, and get your just measure for it, fearing no cheateries; High Cost of Living is gone; corners in this and that are no more; graft is a thing you must go elsewhere to look for; — there is none of it in Chung-tu. And graft, let me say, was a thing as proper to the towns of China then, as to the graftiest modern city you might mention. The thing is inexplicable — but perfectly attested. Not quite inexplicable, either: he came from the Gods, and had the Gloves of Gwron on his hands: he had the wisdom you cannot fathom, which meets all events and problems as they come, and finds their solution in its superhuman self, where the human brain-mind finds only dense impenetrability. — Marquis Ting saw and wondered. — “Could you do this for the whole state?” he asked. — “Surely; and for the whole empire,” said Confucius. The Marquis made him, first Assistant-Superintendent of Works, then Minister of Crime.

— And now you shall hear Chapter X of the *Analects*, to show you the outer man. All these details were noted down by the love of his disciples, for whom nothing was too petty to be recorded; and if we cannot read them without smiling, there is this to remember: they have suffered sea-change on their way to us: sea-change and time-change. What you are to see really is: (1) a great Minister of State, utterly bent on reproving and correcting the laxity of his day, performing the ritual duties of his calling — as all other duties — with a high religious sense of their antiquity and dignity; both for their own sake, and to set an example. What would be thought of an English Archbishop of Canterbury who behaved familiarly or jocularly at a Coronation Service? — (2) A gentleman of the old school, who insists on dressing well and quietly, according to his station. That is what he would appear now, in any grade of society, and among men the least capable of recognising his inner greatness: ‘race’ is written in every feature of his being: set him in any modern court, and with half an eye you would see that his family was a thousand years or so older than that of anyone else present, and had held the throne at various times. Here is a touch of the great gentleman: he would never fish with a net, or shoot at a bird on the bough; it was unsportsmanlike. (3) A very natural jovial man, not above “changing countenance” when fine meats were set on his table: — a thing that directly contradicts the idea of a cold, ever play-acting Confucius. A parvenu must be very careful; but a scion of the House of Shang, a descendant of the Yellow Emperor, could unbend and be jolly without loss of dignity; — and, were he a Confucius, would. “A gentleman,” said he, “is calm and spacious”; he was himself, according to the *Analects*, “friendly, yet dignified; inspired awe, but not fear; was respectful, but easy.” He divided mankind into three classes: Adepts or Sages;

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true Gentlemen; and the common run. He never claimed to belong to the first, though all China knows well that he did belong to it. He even considered that he fell short of the ideal of the second; but as to that, we need pay no attention to his opinion. Here, then, is Chapter X:

"Amongst his own countryfolk Confucius wore a homely look, like one who has no word to say. In the ancestral temple and at court his speech was full, but cautious. At court he talked frankly to men of low rank, winningly to men of high rank. In the Marquis's presence he looked intent and solemn.

"When the Marquis bade him receive guests, his face seemed to change, his knees to bend. He bowed left and right to those behind him, straightened his robes in front and behind, and sped forward, his elbows spread like wings. When the guest had left, he always reported it, saying: 'The guest has ceased to look back.'

"Entering the palace gate he stooped, as though it were too low for him. He did not stand in the middle of the gate, nor step on the threshold. Passing the throne, his face seemed to change, his knees to bend; and he spoke with bated breath. Mounting the royal dais, he lifted his robes, bowed his back and masked his breathing till it seemed to stop. Coming down, his face relaxed below the first step, and bore a pleased look. From the foot of the steps he sped forward, his elbows spread like wings; and when again in his seat, he looked intent as before. He held his hands not higher than in bowing, nor lower than in giving a present. He wore an awed look and dragged his feet, as though they were fettered."

— Which means that he felt the royal office to be sacred, as the seat of authority and government, the symbol and representative of heaven, the fountain of order: in its origin, divine. He treated Marquis Ting as if he had been Yao, Shun, or Yü; or rather, the Marquis's throne and office as if one of these had held them. There is the long history of China to prove he was wise in the example he set.

"When presenting royal gifts his manner was formal; but he was cheerful at the private audience. — This gentleman was never arrayed in maroon or scarlet; even at home he would not wear red or purple. In hot weather he wore unlined linen clothes, but always over other garments. Over lambskin he wore black; over fawn he wore white; over fox-skin he wore yellow. At home he wore a long fur robe with the right sleeve short. He always had his night-gown half as long again as his body. In the house he wore fox- or badger-skin for warmth. When out of mourning there was nothing wanting from his girdle. Except for court-dress, he was sparing of stuff. He did not wear lamb's wool, or a black cap, on a visit of condolence. On the first day of the moon he always went to court in court dress. On fast days he always donned clothes of pale hue, changed his food, and moved from his wonted seat. He did not dislike his rice cleaned with care, nor his hash chopped small. He would not eat sour or mouldy rice, putrid fish, or tainted meat. Aught discolored or high, badly cooked, or out of season, he would not eat. He would not eat what was badly cut, or a dish with the wrong sauce. A choice of meats could not tempt him to eat more than he had a relish for. To wine alone he set no limit; but he never drunk more than enough. He did not drink bought wine, or eat ready-dried meat. He did not eat much. Ginger was never missing at his table.

"After sacrifice at the palace he would not keep the meat over-night; at home, not more than three days. If kept longer, it was not eaten. He did not talk at meals, nor in bed. Though there were but coarse rice and vegetables, he made his offering with all reverence. If his mat were not straight, he would not sit down. When drinking with the villagers, when those with staves left, he left too. At the village exorcisms he donned court dress, and stood on the eastern steps.

"When sending inquiries to another land, he bowed twice and saw his messenger out. On K'ang's making him a present of medicine, he accepted it with a low bow, saying: 'I do not

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know; I dare not taste it.' His stables having been burnt, the Master, on his return from court, said: 'Is anyone hurt?' He did not ask after the horses."

— Set down in perfect good faith to imply that his concern was for the sufferings of others, not for his personal loss: and without perception of the fact that it might imply callousness as to the suffering of the horses. We are to read the recorder's mind, and not the Master's, in that omission.—

"When the Marquis sent him baked meat, he set his mat straight, and tasted it first. When the Marquis sent him raw meat, he had it cooked for sacrifice. When the Marquis sent him a living beast, he had it reared. When dining in attendance on the Marquis, the latter made the offering; Confucius ate of things first. On the Marquis coming to see him in sickness, he turned his face to the east and had his court dress spread across him, with the girdle over it. When summoned by the Marquis, he walked, without waiting for his carriage. On entering the Great Temple, he asked how each thing was done. When a friend died who had no home, he said: 'It is for me to bury him.' When a friend sent a gift, even of a carriage and horses, he did not bow. He only bowed for sacrificial meat. He would not lie in bed like a corpse. At home he unbent.

"On meeting a mourner, were he a friend, his face changed. Even in every-day clothes, when he met anyone in full dress, or a blind man, his face grew staid. When he met men in mourning, he bowed over the cross-bar. Before choice meats he rose with a changed look. At sharp thunder or fierce wind, his countenance changed. In mounting his chariot he stood straight and grasped the cord. When in his chariot, he did not look round, speak fast, or point."

There you have one side of the outer man; and the most has been made of it. "Always figuring, always posturing," we hear. I merely point to the seventy noble generations, the personality made up of that courtly heredity, whose smallest quite spontaneous acts and habits seemed to men worth recording, as showing how the perfect gentleman behaved: a model. Another side is found in the lover of poetry, the devotee of music, the man of keen and intense affections. Surely, if a *poseur*, he might have posed when bereavement touched him; he might have assumed a high philosophic calm. But no; he never bothered to; even though reproached for inconsistency. His mother died when he was twenty-four; and he broke through all rites and customs by raising a mound over her grave; that, as he said, he might have a place to turn to and think of as his home wherever he might be on his wanderings. He mourned for her the orthodox twenty-seven months; then for five days longer would not touch his lute. On the sixth day he took it and began to play; but when he tried to sing, broke down and wept. One is surprised; but there is no posing about it. Yen Hui was his Saint John, the Beloved Disciple. "When Yen Hui died," we read, "the Master cried, 'Woe is me! I am undone of Heaven! I am undone of Heaven!' When Yen Hui died the Master gave way to grief. The disciples said: 'Sir, you are giving way.' —'Am I giving way?' said he. 'If for this man I do not give way, for whom shall I give way? . . . Hui treated me as a son his father; I have failed to treat him as a father his son.' " Confucius was old then, and near his own death. . . . But what I think

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you will recognise in his speech, again and again, is the peculiarly spontaneous . . . indeed impetuous . . . ring of it. He had that way of repeating a sentence twice that marks a naturally impetuous man. — Of his sense of humor I shall speak later.

He dearly loved his disciples, and was homesick when away from them. — “My batch of boys, ambitious and hasty — I must go home to them! I must go home to them!” said he. Once when he was very ill, Tse Lu “moved the disciples to act as ministers”: — to behave to him as if he were a king and they his ministers. — “I know, I know!” said Confucius; “Tse Lu has been making believe. This show of ministers, when I have none, — whom will it deceive? Will it deceive Heaven? I had rather die in your arms, my boys, than be a king and die in the arms of my ministers.” — “Seeing the disciple Min standing at his side in winning strength, Tse Lu with warlike front, Jan Yu and Tse Kung fresh and strong, the Master’s heart was glad,” we read. He considered what he calls ‘love’ the highest state, — the condition of the Adept or Sage; but that other thing that goes by the same name, — of that he would not speak; — nor of crime, — nor of feats of strength, — nor of doom, — nor of ghosts and spirits. Anything that implied a forsaking of middle lines, a losing of the balance, extravagance, — he abhorred. — And now back to that other side of him again: the Man of Action.

The task that lay before him was to reform the state of Lu. Something was rotten in it; it needed some reforming. The rotten thing, to begin with, was Marquis Ting himself: who was of such stuff as Confucius referred to when he said: “You cannot carve rotten wood.” But brittle and crumbling as it was, it would serve his turn for the moment: it would give him the chance to show twenty-five Chinese centuries the likeness of an Adept at the head of a state. So it should be proved to them that Such a One — they call him *Such a One* generally, I believe, to avoid the light repetition of a name grown sacred — is no impractical idealist merely, but a Master of Splendid Successes here in this world: that the Way of Heaven is the way that succeeds on earth — if only it be honestly tried.

Ting was by no means master in his own marquissate. As in England under Stephen, bold bad robber barons had fortified their castles everywhere, and from these strongholds defied the government. The mightiest magnate of all was the Chief of Clan Chi, who ordered things over his royal master’s head, and was very much a power for the new Minister of Crime to reckon with. A clash came before long. Ex-marquis Chao — he that had been driven into exile — died in Ts’i; and his body was sent home for burial with his ancestors. Chi, who had been chief among those responsible for the dead man’s exile, by way of insulting the corpse, gave orders that it should be buried outside the royal cemetery; and his

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orders were carried out. Confucius heard of it, and was indignant. To have had the corpse exhumed and reburied would have been a new indignity, I suppose; therefore he gave orders that the cemetery should be enlarged so as to include the grave; — and went down and saw it done. —“I have done this on your behalf,” he informed Chi, “to hide the shame of your disloyalty. To insult the memory of a dead prince is against all decency.” The great man gnashed his teeth; but the Minister of Crime’s action stood.

He turned his attention to the robber barons, and reduced them. I do not know how; he was entirely against war; but it is certain that in a very short time those castles were leveled with the ground, and the writ of the Marquis ran through Lu. He hated capital punishment; but signed the death warrant for the worst of the offenders; — and that despite the protest of some of his disciples, who would have had him consistent above all things. But his back was up, and the man was executed. One makes no excuse for it; except perhaps, to say that such an action, isolated, and ordained by Such a One, needs no excuse. He was in the habit of fulfilling his duty; and duty may at times present itself in strange shapes. It was a startling thing to do; and Lu straight-way, as they say, sat right up and began to take concentrated notice of a situation the like of which had not been seen for centuries.

He had the final decision in all legal cases. A father brought a charge against his son; relying on the bias of the Minister whose life had been so largely given to preaching filial piety. —“If you had brought up your son properly,” said Confucius, “this would not have happened”; — and astounded plaintiff, defendant, and the world at large by putting both in prison for three months. In a year or so he had done for Lu what he had done for Chung-tu during his magistracy.

By this time Ts’i and Sung and Wei and the whole empire were taking notice too. There was actually a state where crime was unknown; where law ruled and the government was strong, and yet, the people more than contented: a state — and such a state! — looming ahead as the probable seat of a Bretwalda. Lu with the hegemony! This old orthodox strict Lu! — this home of lost causes! — this back number, and quaint *chinoiserie* to be laughed at! — As if Morgan Schuster had carried on his work in Persia until Persia had become of a strength to threaten the world. Lu was growing strong; and Ts’i — renowned military Ts’i — thought she ought to be doing something. Thus in our own time, whenever somnolent obsolete Turkey tried to clean her house, Russia, land-hungry and looking to a Thanksgiving Dinner presently, felt a call to send down emissaries, and — see that the cleaning should not be done.

Duke Ching of Ts’i, at the first attempt, bungled his plans badly.

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He would not strike at the root of things, Confucius: perhaps retained too much respect for him; perhaps simply did not understand: but at that harmless mutton Marquis Ting whom Confucius had successfully camouflaged up to look like a lion. To that end he formally sought an alliance with Lu, and the Lu Minister of Crime concurred. He intended that there should be more of these alliances.

An altar was raised on the frontier, where the two princes were to meet and sign the treaty. Duke Ching had laid his plans; but they did not include the presence of Confucius at the altar as Master of the Ceremonies on the side of Lu. There he was, however; and after all, it could hardly make much difference. The preliminary rites went forward. Suddenly, a roll of drums; a rush of 'savages' out of ambush; -- there were savage tribes in those parts; -- confusion; the Marquis's guard, as the Duke's, is at some little distance; and clearly it is for the Marquis that these 'savages' are making. But Confucius is there. He steps between the kidnappers and his master, "with elbows spread like wings" hustles the latter off into safety; takes hold of the situation; issues sharp orders to the savages -- who are of course Ts'i troops in disguise: *Attention! About face! -- Double march!* -- snaps out the words of command in right military style, right in the presence of their own duke, who stands by amazed and helpless; -- and off they go. Then spaciously clears the matter up. Finds, no doubt, that it is all a mistake; supplies, very likely, an easy and acceptable explanation to save Ching's face; shortly has all things peaceably *in statu quo*. Then brings back his marquis, and goes forward with the treaty; but now as Master of the Ceremonies and something more. There had been a land question between Lu and Ts'i: Lu territory seized some time since by her strong neighbor, and the cause of much soreness on the one hand and exultation on the other. By the time that treaty had been signed Duke Ching of Ts'i had ceded back the land to Marquis Ting of Lu,-- a thing assuredly he had never dreamed of doing; and an alliance had been established between the two states. Since the Duke of Chow's time, Lu had never stood so high.

Was our man a prig at all? Was he a pedant? Have those who have sedulously spread that report of him in the West told the truth about him? Or -- hath a pleasant little lie or twain served their turn?

Duke Ching went home and thought things over. He had learned his lesson: that Ting was but a camouflage lion, and by no means the one to strike at, if business was to be done. He devised a plan, sweet in its simplicity, marvelous in its knowledge of what we are pleased to call 'human' nature. He ransacked his realm for beautiful singing and dancing girls, and sent the best eighty he could find to his dear friend

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and ally of Lu. Not to make the thing too pointed, he added a hundred and twenty fine horses with their trappings. What could be more appropriate than such a gift?

It worked. Ting retired to his harem, and day after day passed over a Lu unlighted by his countenance. Government was at a standstill; the great Minister of Crime could get nothing done. The Annual Sacrifice was at hand: a solemnity Confucius hoped would remind Ting of realities and bring him to his right mind. According to the ritual, a portion of the offering should be sent to each high official of the state: none came to Confucius. Day after day he waited; but Ting's character was quite gone: the lion-skin had fallen off, and the native egregious muttonhood or worse stood revealed. —“Master,” said Tse Lu, “it is time you went.” But he was very loath to go. At last he gathered his disciples, and slowly went out from the city. He lingered much on the way, looking back often, still hoping for sight of the messenger who should recall him. But none came. That was in 497.

The old century had ended about the time he took office; and with it, of course, that last quarter in which, as always, the Doors of the Lodge were open, and the spiritual influx pouring into the world. So the effort of that age had its consummation and fine flower in the three years of his official life: to be considered a triumph. Now, Laotse had long since ridden away into the West; the Doors were shut; the tides were no longer flowing; and the Gods' great Confucius remained in a world that knew him not. As for holding office and governing states, he had done all that was necessary.

SOME SCIENTIFIC VAGARIES

BY HYPERCRITICUS



WRITER in the *English Mechanic* states that he floated some gold on the surface of mercury. This contradicts the usual formulae in physics books, because the specific gravity of gold is much greater than that of mercury. But gravity is not the only force present; there is such a thing as surface tension, and this makes all the difference practically, though apt to be overlooked theoretically. In the same way many metals will float on their own molten liquids, though the densities of the solids are given as greater than those of the respective liquids. Here surface tension may come into play, as also the fact that solid metal, *when hot*, may be lighter than liquid — as pointed out by another writer in the same journal.

Some scientific books give, in illustration of the laws of falling bodies,



CONFUCIUS

Photogravure from a Chinese lithograph of great antiquity. Though the personal appearance of Confucius is a matter of dispute, this picture is commonly accepted in China as his best likeness.

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a picture of an apparatus in which balls roll down an inclined plane. The idea is that the velocity acquired will be proportional to the time taken, and the distance traveled over proportional to the square of the time, according to the usual formulae. But they neglect to take into account the fact that the balls acquire a rotation, and that this rotational velocity increases in proportion to the linear velocity of the balls; so that some of the force of gravitation is used up in creating this rotation, and therefore not all of that force is available in increasing the velocity. This is described as Galileo's experiment, by which he is said to have demonstrated the laws of falling bodies, and doubtless for short distances the error would not be perceptible. Atwood's machine can be used instead.

Elementary science books must often, of course, be content with approximate statements, unless the student is to be hopelessly confused with details and side-issues. Also it is necessary, in explaining laws, to abstract them from their surroundings in a way that never happens in actuality. We are all familiar with the frictionless inclined planes and the dimensionless particles hanging from weightless strings, etc. In the descriptions of systems of pulleys, where some of the pulleys hang in loops, the weight of the pulley itself is seldom taken into account, but reveals itself perplexingly when the experiment is tried. It is necessary to use small pulleys and large weights; but any error introduced by the weight of the pulley is usually masked by the effect of friction - two errors thus counterbalancing each other.

Friction is often a by no means negligible quantity. To illustrate the parallelogram of forces, you are sometimes told to hang a string over two pulleys, with a weight at each end and another in the middle. The string is then supposed to take up a position conformable to the well-known requirements of the laws of combined forces acting at an angle with each other. But the experimenter usually finds that the weights will stay wherever you put them, owing to the friction of the pulleys, which increases as the weights are made heavier. So friction wheels are needed; or, better, no wheels or weights at all, but three spring balances pulling against each other.

The same effect of friction comes into play disastrously when you test the laws of vibration of strings with a sonometer or monochord. If you hang the weight over a pulley at the end, you will find that a very large component of its pull acts towards the axis of the pulley, so that you cannot estimate the tension of the string by the amount of the weight. The remedy is to hang up the instrument on the wall and let the weight hang straight down; or else to include a spring balance between the weight and the string, so that the tension may be read.

It is known that the velocity of sound may be determined by sounding

SOME SCIENTIFIC VAGARIES

a tuning-fork of known pitch over the mouth of a resonance tube, and adjusting the length of the tube to the position of maximum reinforcement of the sound. Then, as the length of the tube represents a quarter wave-length, the velocity of sound equals four times this length multiplied by the frequency of fork. But this experiment never comes out accurately, because the open end of the tube introduces an error. At the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge they used to give you a correction, based on the width of the tube. But at the Royal College of Science in South Kensington they had a much better method. You performed two experiments, one for the quarter wave-length, and one for the three-quarter. The difference, as measured on the tube, is the half wave-length, and all error due to the open end is eliminated.

The same error upsets the calculations respecting the length of organ-pipes. The square wooden pipes given you in a laboratory do not answer to the theory, and organ-builders will tell you the same. It is the open end that makes the confusion, and the error varies with the shape of the pipe. I have found that, if the length of the pipe is taken from the end of the nipple, where it enters your mouth, the results come out correct; it happens to be so in the case of the particular pipes I have used.

Sometimes we find in science books errors that are quite inexcusable. For instance, here is one which memory has treasured up — in a book issued by a government department. To illustrate the difference between suspended matter and dissolved matter in a liquid: Mix some chalk in water; filter it off; that is suspension. Then dissolve some copper sulphate and try to filter it; it passes through; that is solution. All well so far, *but* — the learned chemist then tells you to put the chalk and the copper sulphate together into the same water and pour it on the filter. He asserts that the copper sulphate will go through and the chalk remain. But what does the poor boy find when he tries it? That the two chemicals react on each other, carbonic-acid gas being given off and the liquid clogging up with a copious precipitate.

Another book asks you to find the heat of a furnace by heating a copper ball in it and then dropping the ball into a pail of water, and noting the rise of temperature of the water. But a large amount of steam would be generated, and, the latent heat of steam being so high, would most seriously affect the result.

The same book asks the student why, if a copper wire is fused into a glass rod, the glass always cracks. We have always found that the copper drops out; and this is what we should have suspected from the figures given for the coefficients of expansion of glass and copper.

The following question reminds one of the familiar one about how many cow's tails it would take to reach to the moon. "An iron ball

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suspended from the cupola of St. Paul's makes 176 vibrations in half an hour. Find the height of the dome above the floor."

The aneroid barometer is useful in telling the heights of mountains. If it gives these to within twenty feet or so, that is near enough; but in determining the height of a building such an error is ridiculous. Yet this is what the student may have to do in a laboratory, especially in one where mountains are not provided in the list of apparatus. He is sent to the top of the building with his aneroid; and the results, as shown in the book of students' records, give the height of that building as anywhere from two feet to a couple of hundred. And all this difference may be made by simply tapping the glass of the instrument and so making the needle give a jump. Speaking of results of experiments as entered in books, one finds such entries as the specific gravity of wax, 0.874329673, or the time of vibration of a pendulum, 1.658349605 seconds. If we may assume the validity of these results, it is evident that the accuracy of the worker can compensate for the imperfection of the mere apparatus.

The value of H , or the horizontal component of the earth's magnetic force, has sometimes to be calculated. In a certain laboratory there was a long passageway made of sheet-iron running along the outside of one of the walls; and the result of this was that the value of H was enormous on the side near the passage, and much less at the opposite side; so that the actual value of the magnetic force had to be experimentally determined beforehand by the head demonstrator, for different parts of the room, so that the students might find due justification for their own results.

It is often broadly stated that water cannot rise higher than its source. But it can, and sometimes does. If water is contained in a U-tube, the hydrostatic pressure in both limbs will be equal when the height of the water is the same in both limbs; but if there is a bubble of air — say, a few inches long — in one of the limbs, the water must rise higher in that limb in order to maintain the equality of pressure. This condition is said to obtain sometimes in nature, and a diagram can readily be drawn to demonstrate its possibility in the case of springs and reservoirs in limestone rocks.

We may conclude these observations by appending our own solution of a very famous problem, supposed, but quite erroneously so, to be insoluble. "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?" Answer: the irresistible force goes on its way, and the immovable body stays where it is. *Quod erat solvendum*. The writer would also like to add, to assuage the uneasiness of his mind, that, in case he has himself committed some oversights of the kind he is criticising, he will not be offended, but on the contrary edified, if his attention is called to them. It is human to err, and at present he is still human.

WE ARE CHALLENGED

STUDENT

"Surely we can all agree that in the present condition of the world's affairs we are challenged to do more than merely announce principles."
— Katherine Tingley



WE must *demonstrate* them. We must vindicate our faith in them by acting upon them. We must reduce them from the plane of contemplation to the plane of action. Otherwise they will remain dead letters so far as results go. For how can we expect others to put them into action if we do not ourselves?

Are the Theosophical principles to remain beautiful theories, lip doctrines, a philosophy of the study, apart from daily life? Not thus were they proclaimed; not thus dare we, who have received them, treat the trust given us to be handed on to others.

When H. P. Blavatsky proclaimed the Theosophical teachings, many were attracted. Ambition and intellectual enthusiasm moved them. But they found that H. P. Blavatsky had not stepped forth as the head of a school of philosophy, and that she had no private ambitions. Her mission was one of pure devotion to the interests of a great cause; it was by such devotion that she had won her own knowledge; such devotion was the condition she was bound to exact from those who aspired to that knowledge. Some could not stand the test, and turned away, losing interest in Theosophy, even sometimes turning into enemies. For often self-love, smarting under the self-revelation, turns its anger against the innocent teacher. But others accepted the conditions and saw that the path of Knowledge is the path of Duty.

The world today will not be satisfied with a mere enunciation of principles; they will not even listen. What the world wants is demonstration. They are looking for something that will work, that will give results. Are not Theosophists therefore challenged?

Some people think that the path of knowledge and the path of service are different, and that one of them must be given up if the other is to be followed. But the more I study Theosophy, the more mistaken does this view seem, the more convinced do I become that the two paths are one. True, there is a pursuit of knowledge that seems to exclude obligations of duty and conduct; but this I should call a wrong path, leading not to knowledge but to an accumulation of learning. What a Theosophist means by knowledge is something different. The world has enough and to spare of accumulations of learning and of abstruse philosophies and sciences and creeds; and Theosophy claims to be better

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than this. The student of Theosophy, therefore, would be missing his way if he were to treat the Theosophical teachings in the same way as so many other things are treated, and merely try to turn them into a matter of intellectual study and curious lore, or into food for ambition or enjoyment.

It seems to me that the only way in which one *can* learn Theosophy is by practising it. This is more evident in the case of some doctrines than in that of others. Brotherhood, for example, must obviously be practised before it can be understood; for a purely theoretical brotherliness amounts to nothing at all. But in the case of such a doctrine as that of Reincarnation, the truth of the idea may not be so obvious. And yet, what is the use of studying Reincarnation if that study is to be of no use to us or to anybody else within our circle of influence? Or can we truly be said to understand it at all, so long as our knowledge is confined to intellectual acceptance?

Theosophists must be able to show that their beliefs influence their lives, otherwise they will be belying their own professions; for they profess to believe that Theosophy is the greatest boon for the individual and for society.

The world needs knowledge, but there is danger that it will be misused. It may be used for merely intellectual study, as said above, or there is another way in which it may be abused. We have today certain cults of 'psychics,' calling themselves 'Theosophists,' who have taken some of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, twisted them, added to them, and used them to buttress up their psychic notions. The activities of such cults are at best useless in the cause of human betterment; and too often they are worse than useless, they are harmful. Now what is the great touchstone that distinguishes these travesties of Theosophy from Theosophy itself, and spurious Theosophists from real Theosophists? It is, that the real Theosophists adhere to the original principles of Theosophy as so clearly enunciated by H. P. Blavatsky and her successors. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from these Leaders showing that Theosophy was never intended to found a school of magic or a new cult of curious learning; but that its one and only purpose was to help humanity and stem the tide of materialism that was leading civilization into dangerous waters.

There is a distinctive *atmosphere* about real Theosophists and their meetings, which is very noticeable and is often commented on by inquirers. This sympathetic atmosphere is due to their simple honest purpose and desire to help. The students at Lomaland all work without remuneration, having devoted all their time and services to the work, expecting no reward but the joy which recompenses duty faithfully

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performed. It goes without saying that a large body of such people must have such an atmosphere about them, which the inquirer can feel. There is nothing mystic, uncanny, or grotesque about the real Theosophist.

The doctrine of Karma is very illuminating as a theory; but how much more vital does it become when we make it the rule of our life! Then our actions show that our belief is not vain but real, not hypocritical but genuine. It means much to feel convinced that you have your destiny in your own hands, and that all which you incur is the just consequence of your own thoughts and acts.

The world has lost faith in the simple old rules of human life, and it behooves Theosophists to help them to revive that faith. For Theosophists believe in the simple old truths, such as are to be found expressed in the teachings of Christ and of the other Teachers. The world knows that there can be no welfare and happiness for humanity unless these eternal laws of morality are believed in and acted upon. Theosophy shows that these rules are but the logical outcome of man's divine nature; they are as much the natural laws of his higher nature as the rules of health are the laws of his bodily nature. Theosophists have to show by their conduct that Theosophy has a real meaning for them, and is not a mere intellectual belief. This is the path of duty, and it is also the path of knowledge; for there can be no real and useful knowledge that does not include practice. By study without practice we may grow in learning, but not in wisdom. The true meaning of Karma does not reveal itself to the student until he has lived his life by its light. Not until he has experimented on his own nature can he begin to understand the teachings as to the constitution of man. Thus, in making the teachings known to others, he makes them vital to himself.

FREEDOM AND COMPULSION

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN yielding to a lower impulse — to the passion of anger, for example, or to a fleshly lust — we feel as if we were scarcely free agents. We yield, either because we are the slaves of an acquired habit, in which case we are no longer free, or because the impulse comes upon us like a whirlwind and constrains us, as it seems, from without.

“On the other hand, when we surrender ourselves to the pressure of a higher motive, we feel that we are free; and the higher the motive, the stronger does our sense of freedom become. I find it difficult to account for these feelings except on the hypothesis that *freedom is spiritual necessity or compulsion from within.*”

“The man who does right is constrained by a higher impulse. But the higher impulses

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belong to the spiritual side of man's nature, or, in other words, to the true self; and action that is initiated by one's true self is obviously free."

No; not from a Theosophical writing, but from current literature; from an article on 'Freedom and Growth' by Edmond Holmes in the *Hibbert Journal* (July). Theosophical ideas are certainly pervading current thought. We especially commend the words we have italicized in the above quotation, as a fine definition of freedom and a neat resolution of the antithesis between freedom and necessity. Freedom is spiritual necessity. The author shows, in the course of a lengthy discussion, that freedom and necessity are not contradictory but antithetical (and therefore correlative). One is unthinkable and impossible without the other. The man who insists on treating them as inconsistent with each other, and on striving to do away with either the one or the other, is attempting a futile task; and, if he could succeed in destroying either freedom or necessity, he would have "canceled an entire category of human thought." You cannot have a workshop composed entirely of servants or entirely of bosses. Parts of Nature are subject to other parts, but ultimately we must arrive at some supreme point where there is freedom. Nature *as a whole* is free. And, in proportion as man can identify himself with Nature, he achieves freedom for himself.

"The heart of the Universe is the fountain-head of freedom. What follows with regard to man? In what sense and to what extent is he free? He is free, with the full freedom of unfettered Nature, so far as he can draw life into himself from the heart of the Universe, so far as he can live in the infinite and the eternal, so far as he can make the soul of Nature his own"

This is what Theosophists have been teaching over and over again. And, as the writer goes on to say, they have further pointed out that the attainment of freedom, as above defined, can and probably must be gradual and progressive. We need not expect to be ushered at one bound into the sublime, nor repine because this does not happen. We can go by steps, and be happy over each small advance.

As a man escapes from compulsion, he attains responsibility — another name for moral obligation. A slave, a man who works absolutely under guidance, is not responsible; hence a man who achieves emancipation from thralldom becomes responsible.

"The goal of self-realization is oneness with the One Life. . . . If the Universe is a living Whole, the only way for each of us to integrate himself (and so win freedom), without disintegrating it, is to become one with it. He who thinks to win freedom, not by growing into oneness with the living Whole, but by becoming a living whole on his own account, by integrating himself independently of the supreme Integer, by separating himself from the Cosmic life and finding the fulness of life in a little world of his own, has renounced his high birthright in the act of laying claim to it prematurely, and has become a disintegrative and morbid influence in the body politic of the great world to which, in spite of himself, he still belongs.

"Separatism, individualism, aggressive egoism, self-realization, with the stress on the word

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self, is the sin of sins, the malady of maladies, the exact equivalent, in the pathology of the soul, of the disease of rebellious and therefore malignant growth which we call cancer in the pathology of the body."

The author concludes with the statement that his destiny is to become one with the soul of things; and that he can either thwart this destiny by attaching himself to a lower destiny, or realize it by claiming his freedom.

Thus man's Savior is his own Divinity; and yet it is not his own Divinity in any exclusive personal sense, but the Divinity which he shares in common with all men, and which ensouls the Universe. What impels him to seek salvation by this means? It is surely sorrow and affliction. People in ease and contentment do not have much use for philosophy. It is trouble that is the great teacher. We find that we cannot make life bearable unless we recognise and follow its true laws. We go on developing our intellect, and increasing the fineness of our senses and feelings; and at the same time we intensify our personality; and the result sooner or later is that we feel a terrible conflict between our capabilities and aspirations on the one hand and our limitations and bonds on the other. And then we have to seek a way of release from those bonds. We appeal to the Light within, and set our feet on a path that leads into the free air.



"THERE are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves 'Occultists,' who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the reflexion of the absolute, causeless and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay—the human body."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

AUTUMN WOODS

MARTIN E. TEW

WHO does not love the woods when autumn lingers
And troubled thoughts give way to reveries,
When sunset's goddess twines her rose-tipped fingers
Through tangled tresses of the dreamy trees!

The elfins of the frost in myriad numbers
Built campfires here among the shrubs and sprays;
Awakened by Aurora from their slumbers,
Lo! they beheld the forest all ablaze.

The glow among the sumacs rises higher,—
Streams up with tongues of flame along the vine,
And lights the maple with a mystic fire,
Where rainbow tints and sunset gleams combine.

Sage alchemists, as told in ancient story,
Essayed to change base metals into gold.
Whence came their dreams but from the woodlands' glory,
When autumn's miracles they saw unfold?

What chimes from high cathedral spires pealing,
Touching the chords of tenderest memories —
What soft sonata through the moonlight stealing
Could fill the soul with lovelier harmonies?

O Thou, whose Presence fills unfathomed spaces,
Whose perfect works reveal a Law of love —
Here in Thy temples, holiest of places,
Man's thoughts aspire to reach the heights above.

LOWELL'S VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay,
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not;
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

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To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART FIRST

I

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew.”
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,

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Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

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But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbéd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;

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He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms”; —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, — “I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,

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But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need, —
Not that which we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoon: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."


X

The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

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COMMENTS

BY KENNETH MORRIS

 TIME has dealt unkindly with the fame of the giants of nineteenth century American poetry. Two names only still remain unshaken; and of those two, Poe's doubtfully, for his inspiration was not from the right and inner source, or was deflected and perverted on its way outward to expression. Whitman stands, and one might prophesy, will stand,—if only by virtue of *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed*.

And yet those others, Lowell, Whittier, and even Longfellow, were in their degree great and eminent men of letters; and they were not to blame that they lived in an age in which great poetry was impossible, and which could not discriminate the functions of prose and verse. Tennyson too, and Browning, in England, almost always wrote essential prose in verse form. Lowell remains one of the greatest masters of the Essay in the language, — as Emerson does: — there was no lack of greatness to do great things in prose. And if Longfellow had discarded verse-form, and suffused his stories, prose-written, with the faint atmosphere they have,—how excellent they might have been!

All this is very apparent indeed to literary and especially poetic America now. We hear the cry constantly: "How far we have progressed since the days of their ignorance! How much better we understand what poetry is and is for!" — In some respects it may be true; but beware! We stand on no secure pinnacle: time will not deal gently with us. *They* thought moralizing, done into meter, constituted true poetry; *we* see (rightly) that it does not. But what we do not see is that true Art presupposes the Good, or the Moral: that that is the soil from which it must grow. Stable Art must be based on stable and balanced living; and must reach up from that to illumine the hidden worlds of the Soul.

America now is singing from ten thousand throats: poets are thicker than blackberries in September. If there is much more growth of this sort, it will be your chief distinction never to have rhymed a couplet, or arranged your prose eccentricities in queer line-lengths as 'free verse.' We think we are in the midst of a golden age; but are we? One may read reams on reams of verse irreproachably written — that leaves no mark upon the mind at all. It paints nature excellently; one must grant it beautiful; but nearly always it is uninteresting and unimportant. Or one may read reams and reams that are bizarre; that are interesting; that attract and hold attention, and glitter. Here again, probably not

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one line will remain in the memory; but the atmosphere will . . . with a certain odor, not natural . . . a breath as from a druggist's shop. You wonder at first at the genius that produced such great work; and then grow into the conviction that the work is not great at all; does not come from genius, properly so called: draws its inspiration not from the Heart of Things and the Divine Soul in man,—but from absinthe, opium, cocaine, morphine, or some such devil's-trap.

The first mark of beauty in Art is balance, poise, naturalness. It gathers like a wave on the Sea of Being, calmly rising to its height, orderly crashing into its magnificence of foam. There is nothing in it of straining for effect, of impatience; nothing hectic; nothing of ambition or the desire to shine. Why, for instance, are the works of the old Dutch Masters beautiful? They seem to ignore beauty altogether: to make only for the prosaic and domestic; to be unaware of the Soul and the Divine Side of things. The answer is that those Dutchmen painted from the one position from which Art can be created: the inner poise or balance. They did not strive nor cry; they did not fillip their faculties for a supreme effort to conquer fame; their Open Sesame to the worlds of inspiration was never a dose of something with a 'kick' in it: they felt the serenity of things, and painted that serenity into the homely scenes they knew. A Dutch kitchen, with Mevrouw peeling turnips? That is merely the outside; what it stands for, and what is eternally satisfying and beautiful in the picture, is the Quietness, the Peace of the Eternal.

From the stillness of that balance-point, the *excitement* of true art or poetry begins, and works upward. Because there is an excitement there: the Soul does not crawl or slouch or shuffle into action, but rides grandly. But it must have the ground clear, or will not stir. All those things in the personality,—drugs, ambition, unrest, desire to shine,—it simply will not tolerate; they are obscurations of vision; there is no room for them and for the Soul. The world today is thoroughly jerked away from the center of balance, and one stroll through any of our towns full of hectic, unrestful, poiseless faces, should tell us that this is not an age when great art is likely to be produced.

The poets of the nineteenth century approached life from a different angle. They, decidedly, possessed the balance: their failure lay in looking down from it over the path they had traveled, and not in looking upward. That is to say, a prosaic age and land forbade them to go on into the excitement of the Soul, and create grandly. They were supremely aware of the value of the Moral, and often marred their Art by turning back to preach it; whereas Art only begins where those lessons are learnt. A reaction has shown us the imperfection of their method; so we have grown tired of them, and feel ourselves very superior. In reality we

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are not superior at all; are in fact further from the mark than they were. The business of poetry is to make discoveries in the Spiritual, and illumine

“the dusk within the Holy of holies”;

it cannot turn and busy itself crying, ‘Be good and you will be happy’; still less can it exist or endure in an atmosphere that ignores that precept.

Lowell and his contemporaries made, perhaps, no great revelations of the Beautiful; so they fell short of great art. But they attained their honorable stature, and will live; because though the Soul spoke not very loudly or with distinction through them, it yet found in their consciousness the Point of Balance, and so was able at least to speak. No great tones; but true tones such as they were. They wrote what the age permitted them to write: they were true, if not great, teachers, giving the pabulum needed. Where they were asked for bread, they did not give caviare: their bread was bread, of wholesome dough and yeast,—and that was the diet needed for the age. It was not the ambrosia of the Gods; nor was it any dangerous drug-savored glittering confection. They will go on satisfying those who do not ask too much, and have no palate for ambrosia; because they were true men writing the best that was in them, cleanly and well. It is the perfervid, the hectic, the drug-inspired writing that, though it catches the eye quickly, and pleases piquantly at first, comes to taste vilely after awhile. In normal times there will always be a following for Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell: one that will grow away from them, as it grows in artistic perception; but whose place will always be taken by others.

Of the three, Lowell had learnt most of that which is to be learnt, in writing, from a study of literature. He was the nearest to being a conscious artist; and indeed, when he took prose for his medium, he was an artist of a very high type. One can think of few better pictures than those he gives in his essay on Winter; where he paints like a master; the freedom of his medium allowing him fullest use of his powers. He re-draws the same objects, in verse, in his *Vision of Sir Launfal*; but they are not so good; they do not shine so, or stand out so clearly. Still, as always, they are true and just, and written with the eye on the object.

This is probably his greatest poem: in thought, in symbolism, it lacks nothing of being great poetry. Only the manner was denied to him. It is the essayist (not the poet) you hear in such lines as

“What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.”

Translate that into some other language, and you would never guess from the result that it was taken from a poem. But if you were to translate the lines almost immediately before that:

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“ 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking”;

their poetic origin would be clear enough. Indeed, they might easily be made to seem more like poetry in the translation, than they do in the original; — which shows that it was not the substance or the vision that he lacked, but only the manner.

So when he speaks of giving

“to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,”

and says that “a god goes with” gifts so given: — this is indeed real illumination of the worlds within; and though the language is, properly speaking, that of prose (for it lacks the march and intense proud exaltation of the other), the substance is eternal Poetry or revelation of the Soul.

Taken as an essay, a sermon, a parable on life, this poem is transcendent. There is the Divine Self of the world, neither mine nor thine; — and all real goodness, all salvation, all excellence, is the giving up of the personal self to that. Selfishness, and not any other thing, is the worst of sins. To have an eye to your own soul's safety and bliss is to be, “if the truth should be told, one of the wicked”; because these are the two poles: to be given to mankind, and to be encased in the sense of one's separate selfhood. The first is the pole of good, the second that of evil. Do you remember Christian's burden, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*? You can make a dogma of it, and a theological idea without relation to life and realities, — and do ill by yourself and Truth in doing so; or you can see it a glyph of true and practical things. That burden is self. To wear out the sense of self, — that is the one grand aim. But how easily one may nourish that sense with what passes for doing good! How one may inveigh against this people or that, — and all in the name of that *Christ* that, to have any true meaning at all, must be understood as the Universal Divine Spirit, the Higher Self of all humanity, — and therefore the symbol and bond of Human Brotherhood.

The symbol in the Gospels is glorious and full of truth, if we would read it simply and naturally, and not bolster it round and fudge it up with meaningless dogmas. Here is the outcast, condemned to capital punishment (crucifixion was the capital punishment of the day): but he is also the S on of Man, and the Son of God! True *now* and everlastingly; not *then* alone! The one we condemn, that we rail against in our newspapers, — in him also is the Holy Spirit of Man. Whomsoever we hang is also the Son of Man; and it is the Divine Innermost of Humanity that we sin against; that, and that alone, that we condemn and execute;

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there is never an execution, but Christ is crucified again. Oh, in us who do it, as much as in the victim!

You cannot offend against anyone, though he be the chief of sinners, without offending against the Sole Reality in yourself,— the One Thing in any of us that is worth while, and eternal, and that keeps all life from rottenness. In the separate selfhood of all of us is all the Original Sin, all the vile-wormishness, that exists: in our common humanity is the whole of salvation, the one Christ, the everlasting Glory of God. —There is that about justification by faith, and that good works are valueless in themselves; — rob it of its stale air of dogmatism and the cobwebs of theological subtlety, and it is wholly beautiful Truth. Because good works done for the sake of self and one's own salvation are not good at all, but evil: and 'faith' is, faith in the Divine Spirit of Humanity; and that alone, belief in That, the giving of self to That,— is right, and salvation. So Faith, in its expression, is Brotherhood. You may wear out your knees in prayer, you may conquer the flesh, and walk rigidly, wholly an ascetic,— and still be worthless and positively evil: all your security of salvation may be nothing but the pilgrim's huge burden that you are to stagger under through many lives; — because you lack that supreme 'faith,' — which again is what Paul calls "Charity," --

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Lord, what a lesson there is in it for the present day! We seek to patch up the broken world, and for lack of Brotherhood, are as tinkling cymbals! How easily we robe ourselves in the leper's mantle of 'righteous indignation,' and thunder from our pulpits and editorials against — dare I say it? — an offending nation! But there is this one and only thing, Humanity, from which we cannot separate ourselves: we are part and parcel of every Human Being in the universe, and one substance with him; and to condemn him, is to condemn our own souls. The attitude of condemnation *is* our condemnation. There, if you like, is your true damnation! Not eternal; because the Merciful Just Law of Life will not tolerate that attitude; and it is in the nature of things that he who hates or condemns another shall be led on through many disciplines and afflictions to sanity at last. That is precisely why we suffer. That is the *raison d'être* of our absurd wars and our calamities.

But do we love this long round of human sorrows? Do we love recurring wars and plagues and destitution? Are we enamored of earth made hell? No indeed; we hunger after a world in which happiness, secure and durable, should be possible; and it can only be brought into being through the knowledge of our human oneness, and the practice of brother-

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hood. By forgoing the imagined right to condemn and punish; and instead, seeking ever the means to remedy evil.

Just divest them of dogma; just see them clear and sparkling in the sunlight of Theosophy and common sense, — and the teachings of Jesus, — which are also those of a thousand Teachers before him and since, — become the panacea for the world's ills. Of course the leper with whom Sir Launfal shared his crust was the Christ. Every human being in whom we will allow the Divine in us to see the Divine, *is* for us the Christ.