

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 1

JANUARY 1921

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

A Refutation of Recently Published Slanders against the Foundress of the Theosophical Society

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FOREWORD

THERE is absolutely nothing new or unheard of in the impulses directing the several attacks that have, at different times, been made against the character and reputation of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the great Theosophist and Revivifier of ancient Truths in our age. Such attacks always take the form of libel or slander, sometimes arising out of ignorance and prejudice, sometimes springing forth from downright malice. This melancholy fact is so well known to historians that they are constantly on their guard against its subtle influence, and refuse to be swayed in their judgments by it. From the earliest epochs of recorded history or human story, great souls, lion-hearted reformers or innovators, especially in religious thought, and the protagonists in the never-ending struggle for human betterment and human brotherhood, invariably have had to face and to overcome trials of this sort. But men and women have blessed them for it, for their unflinching courage and for their immovable determination to win through to victory in the cause of Right and Truth. Think of the great figures which flash like flame-rays over our mental horizons from time to time, heralds of the Dawn! Such were Jesus the "Prince of Peace," the compassionate Buddha, the great Confucius, the brilliant and noble-minded Hypatia, and a host of others, filled with wisdom and with burning love for the human species and for all things that are.

And such was H. P. Blavatsky, who in her supreme effort to alleviate human misery dared to speak the truth even in the face of unending

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

persecution and misrepresentation. Let it be remembered that this new outburst of ignorance and prejudice against her is but one more of the cowardly attacks upon a dead woman unable by that fact to defend herself with her own mighty pen, formerly dreaded but now still.

“In 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on.”

— *William Q. Judge* (Successor to H. P. Blavatsky)

THE *Memoirs* of Count Sergius Witte, now being published, are attracting wide attention. The second installment of these *Memoirs* contains an alleged biographical sketch of Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the illustrious founder of the Theosophical Society. The quality of the remarks of the noted author is in no way superior to the various contemptible attacks which from time to time have been made upon this great World-Teacher. But owing to the fact that the author bears the title of a nobleman, and from his kinship to Mme. Blavatsky apparently had unusual opportunities for gaining actual knowledge concerning her, his comments and statements are apt to meet with an unquestioning credulity. Particularly is this true when we realize the snobbish tendency of multitudes of readers to accept almost reverently anything that comes from a titled source.

Those students of Theosophy who have received the very breath of life from the spiritual teachings of this wonderful woman feel that it would be worse than dastardly if they allowed any attack upon her real nobility to go unchallenged.

This installment of Count Witte's *Memoirs* bears internal evidence not only of its unreliability but of its unworthiness. Is it not true that any wanton attack upon a woman ought to react to the discredit of its author? And when we bear in mind that the present attack is not only scurrilous but is made by a kinsman, then certainly his testimony is already impeached. Apart however from this vice, Count Witte's narrative and comment show that they are not even based upon his own alleged knowledge, but upon tradition and hearsay. He writes, “As I was many years her [Mme. Blavatsky's] junior, I could not have any recollections of Helena in her youth.” “From the stories current in our family I gather,” etc. . . . “Such is the family tradition,” etc. . . .

So that when the Count proceeds to state, among a great many other alleged incidents in Mme. Blavatsky's career, that “at Constantinople she entered a circus as an equestrian,” not only is this statement unsupported by the slightest offered evidence but according to the testimony of her sister Mme. Jelihovsky, when she reached Constantinople she had

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

the good fortune to meet here one of her friends, the Countess K——, with whom she continued her travels in Egypt, Greece, and other parts of eastern Europe. According also to her aunt, Mlle. Fadeyef, *it was another Blavatsky* not in any way connected with the family who was an equestrienne in Constantinople (see her statement given later).

Another illustration of the author's hearsay testimony is where he charges Mme. Blavatsky with having married an opera singer, one Mitrovich, without having secured a divorce from her husband, and again with having married "a certain Englishman from London" without having obtained a divorce either from her legitimate or illegitimate husband. His authority for these statements is that from the second and third 'husbands' respectively letters were received by Mme. Blavatsky's grandfather to the effect that they, in turn, had become the old gentleman's 'grandsons.' This is hearsay upon hearsay, to which no judicial tribunal on earth would give the slightest credence. Count Witte does not state that he ever saw these letters. We are left to presume that the actuality of their receipt was evidenced only by "stories current in the family," and by "the family tradition." And moreover, if he had seen such letters he furnishes us no evidence of their authenticity or, granting that the letters were genuine, that they contained any proof of veracity further than the bare statements of the writers. Certainly such evidence as this should not be allowed in any way to bind Mme. Blavatsky or her disciples.

The following very definitely defamatory suggestion of Count Witte about Mme. Blavatsky is also confessedly made upon hearsay. Speaking of the Governor-general of Kiev, Prince Dundokov-Korsakov, he says, "The Prince, who at one time served in the Caucasus, had known Helena Petrovna in her maiden days. *I am not in a position to say what was the nature of their relationship.*"

In this instance not only does Count Witte's statement involve an unpardonable suggestion against Mme. Blavatsky that is admittedly based upon hearsay or rumor or gossip, but his willingness to impugn by such means the character of a member of his family — his own first cousin — and his ready disposition to injure her reputation, necessarily show to any man with a spark of chivalry in his nature, that there was a serious defect in the author's own nature. And because, forsooth, for many years there had been a feud between the Blavatsky family and his own, it ill became him to vent his spleen upon his own cousin Helena, whose misfortune it was to bear the name Blavatsky.

A further proof of the untrustworthy nature of the author's *Memoirs* consists in the astonishing confusion which he has exhibited in his alleged attempt to trace the career of Mme. Blavatsky in the two decades between 1851 and 1861, and between 1861 and 1871; for in the main his account

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the period between 1861 and 1871 refers to occurrences happening between 1851 and 1861, and, *vice versa*, the occurrences of the latter decade are ascribed to the former.

Another instance of inaccuracy: the Count states that Mme. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in England, whereas the facts are that she founded it in New York City in 1875, not settling in England until about thirteen years later. Again, he states that after her return from India she settled in Paris, the facts being that after her return from India she settled in London. Again, he states that Mme. Blavatsky learned her "occultism" from Mr. Hume, a celebrated spiritualist. The fact is that the celebrated spiritualist of that period to whom the Count refers was not named 'Hume,' but was a Scotsman, one David D. Home, while Mr. Hume was a high Government official resident at Simla, India, who was one of Mme. Blavatsky's early disciples.

Very different is the testimony given by Mme. Blavatsky's aunt, Mlle. N. A. Fadeyef, and her sister, Mme. Jelihovsky, who of all her relatives were most closely associated with her. Mlle. Fadeyef writes thus of her illustrious niece:

"Faint rumors reached her friends of her having been met in Japan, China, Constantinople, and the Far East. She passed through Europe several times but never lived in it. Her friends therefore were as much surprised as pained to read, years afterwards, fragments from her *supposed* biography which spoke of her as a person well known in the *high life*, as well as the *low*, of Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw, and Paris, and mixed her name with events and anecdotes whose scene was laid in these cities at various epochs, *when her friends had every proof* of her being far away from Europe. These anecdotes referred to her indifferently under the several Christian names of Julie, Nathalie, etc., which were really those of other persons of the same surname, and attributed to her various extravagant adventures. Thus the *Neue Freie Presse* spoke of Madame Heloise (?) Blavatsky, a non-existing personage, who had joined the Black Hussars — *les Hussards de la Mort* — during the Hungarian revolution, her sex being found out only in 1849. Another journal of Paris narrated the story of Mme. Blavatsky, 'a Pole from the Caucasus' (?), a supposed relative of Baron Hahn of Lemberg, who after taking an active part in the Polish revolution of 1863 (during the whole of which time Mme. Blavatsky was quietly living with her relatives at Tiflis), was compelled from lack of means to serve as a female waiter in a 'restaurant du Faubourg St.-Antoine.'"

It is certain that in all her travels Mme. Blavatsky's father not only knew where she was, but that in a measure she was under his protection. Her aunt writing about this says:

"For the first eight years she gave her mother's family no sign of life for fear of being traced by her legitimate 'lord and master.' Her father alone knew of her whereabouts. Knowing however that he would never prevail upon her to return home, he acquiesced in her absence and supplied her with money whenever she came to places where it could safely reach her."

Of similar import is the following statement regarding Mme. Blavatsky made by her sister Mme. Jelihovsky:

"As later in life, wherever she went, her friends in those days were many, but her enemies, still more numerous. . . . Thus, while people of the class of the Princes Gouriel, and of the Princes Dadiani and Abashedse, were ranked among her best friends, some others — all those

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

who had a family hatred for the above-named — were, of course, her sworn enemies. . . . Some years later, to these were added all the bigots, church-goers, missionaries, to say nothing of [a certain class of] American and English spiritualists, French spiritists. . . . Stories after stories were invented of her, circulated and accepted by all, except those who knew her well — as *facts*. Calumny was rife, and her enemies now hesitate at no falsehood that can injure her character.

“She defied them all, and would submit to no restraint, would stoop to adopt no worldly method of propitiating public opinion. She avoided society, showing her scorn of its idols, and was therefore treated as a dangerous iconoclast.”

In view of this testimony of Mme. Blavatsky’s aunt and sister, is it not more than probable, does it not approach certainty, that Count Witte has availed himself of the infamous stories which maliciously and falsely attribute to Mme. Blavatsky experiences which were either fictitious or which centered about some other Blavatsky in no way connected with her or her family?

There are only two instances which the author mentions which by his own account rest in his own knowledge. He says: “On one occasion she [Mme. Blavatsky] caused a closed piano in an adjacent room to emit sounds, as if invisible hands were playing upon it. This was done in my presence, at the instance of one of the guests.”

And again, commenting on Mme. Blavatsky’s presence at Odessa, the Count refers to her having for a short time made and sold artificial flowers, and in this connexion he says: “In those days she often came to see my mother, and I visited her store several times, so that I had the opportunity of getting better acquainted with her.” It should be observed, parenthetically, that if the Count’s cousin, H. P. Blavatsky, was on terms of such friendliness with his mother, a decent respect for his mother should have prevented him from insulting her guest and niece.

Though the Count recites this last incident in a form that seems intended to disparage Mme. Blavatsky, yet even if it is true, no right-thinking person ought to allow himself to condemn Mme. Blavatsky if, from the stress of circumstances or for any other legitimate reason, she found herself engaged in a rather commonplace employment. And if the piano story is true, not only is this phenomenon extraordinary but it shows a somewhat aesthetic and poetical characteristic that her marvels should take such musical form. The piano incident illustrates not any evocation of ‘spirits’ by Mme. Blavatsky, but an effort to exemplify the latent powers in man and the finer forces of nature. The scant information that we have about Jesus indicates that he was a carpenter and may have been a fisherman, and that Buddha followed the avocation of a beggar, although the son of royal parents. Is the making and selling of artificial flowers less honorable?

The author does state something further on his own knowledge, though strictly speaking it is a conclusion or opinion of the witness. He says:

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

“I was especially impressed by the extraordinary facility with which she acquired skill and knowledge of the most varied description. Her abilities in this respect verged on the uncanny.” The choice of the word ‘uncanny’ in this connexion shows the author’s instinctive prejudice. Otherwise he would have said ‘miraculous.’

The author goes on to say: “A self-taught musician, she was able to give pianoforte concerts in London and Paris, and although entirely ignorant of the theory of music, she conducted a large orchestra. Consider also that although she never seriously studied any foreign languages, she spoke several of them with perfect ease. I was also struck by her mastery of the technique of verse. She could write pages of smoothly flowing verse without the slightest effort, and she could compose essays in prose on every conceivable subject. Besides, she possessed the gift of hypnotizing both her hearer and herself into believing the wildest inventions of her fantasy.”

In the last sentence the instinctive prejudice of the author is again revealed. He himself says in another place: “Although a young boy, my attitude toward these performances was decidedly critical, and I looked on them as mere sleight-of-hand tricks.”

If as a mere boy the author had not presumed to be “decidedly critical” in the presence of transcendent genius, and if he had not presumed to adjudge his august kinswoman to be a sleight-of-hand performer, then he might have discovered that neither she herself nor her hearers were “hypnotized” into believing any invention or any fantasy, but that her hearers were momentarily translated by the magic of her divine consciousness so that they could in some degree participate in its beauties and wonders.

The author further says: “She has enormous azure-colored eyes, and when she spoke with animation, they sparkled in a fashion which is altogether indescribable. Never in my life have I seen anything like that pair of eyes.” Again he says: “The Moscow editor, Katkov, famous in the annals of Russian journalism, spoke to me in the highest terms of praise about her literary gifts, as evidenced in the tales entitled *From the Jungles of Hindustan*, which she contributed to his magazine.”

The closing paragraph of the second installment of Count Witte’s *Memoirs* reads: “Let him who still doubts the non-material origin and the independent existence of the soul in man consider the personality of Mme. Blavatsky. During her earthly existence, she housed a spirit which was, no doubt, independent of physical or physiological being. As to the particular realm of the invisible world from which that spirit emerged, there may be some doubt whether it was inferno, purgatory, or paradise. I cannot help feeling that there was something demoniac in that extraordinary woman.”

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

Except for the ugly traits already pointed out in the Count's nature, he could never have reached such a conclusion. Perhaps he was aided in arriving at this doubting opinion by the hereditary bent received from his religious ancestry and from his theological affiliations, particularly with a high ecclesiastical dignitary. But the question has arisen in the minds of many: Did Count Witte himself really write these defamatory statements against his cousin, Helena P. Blavatsky, or have they been interpolated in his *Memoirs* by another?

Socrates must drink the hemlock because his conventional judges, looking through the eyes of their egotism and their sacerdotal prejudices, determined that this Grecian Savior was "corrupting the youth of Athens." Hypatia, who is now recognised as having been one of the most exalted Spiritual Teachers since the days of the Nazarene, was seized by a mob of Christian monks, murdered, and her flesh scraped from her bones, because these Christians decided that her chaste wisdom sprang from demoniacal regions. Jesus was condemned by the Pharisees because, forsooth, he was a "wine-bibber" and consorted with "publicans and sinners," and also it was said of him, "He hath a devil."


Count Witte seems never to have heard of his kinswoman's immortal works, *The Key to Theosophy*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*. If he had known of them, and if he could have read them without being "decidedly critical," then, despite the unmanly traits which he has displayed, despite his presumptuous egotism, despite his instinctive theological predilections, he might have been forced into paying his illustrious relative an unqualified tribute. In one of these immortal works Mme. Blavatsky writes:

"There is a road, steep and thorny and beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte forevermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward beyond all telling: the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come."

If Count Witte had been able to invoke that nobility of spirit which would have enabled him to read this language profitably, he could not have asked whether its source was "inferno, purgatory, or paradise." He could not have felt "that there was something demoniac in this extraordinary woman." He would have known that such limpid streams of spiritual waters flowed through Paradise and had their fountain-springs in the Eternal Realms beyond.

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
Point Loma, California, December 16, 1920.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE-HISTORY OF HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

ELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, daughter of Colonel Peter Hahn, was the granddaughter of General Alexis Hahn (a noble family of Mecklenburg settled in Russia). On the mother's side she was the daughter of Helene Fadeyef, and the granddaughter of Privy Councillor Andrew Fadeyef and of the Princess Helene Dolgoruki. Born at Ekaterinoslaff in South Russia between July 30 and 31 in 1831, she was married in 1848 to the Councillor of State, Nicephore Blavatsky, late Vice-Governor of the province of Erivan, Caucasus.

1830-1840 — Her mother, Helene Fadeyef, was an authoress — the first novel writer that had ever appeared in Russia — under the *nom de plume* of Zenaida R —.

1846 — Colonel Hahn married his second wife Baroness Von Lange by whom he had a daughter, "Little Liza."

1830-1832 — Time of the great plague. During the baptismal rite of Helena, a child holding a candle set fire to the long robes of the officiating priest, and besides the priest several persons were severely burnt. Helena was a great pet of her grandparents and aunts, and from earliest years was brought up in an atmosphere of legends and popular fancy.

1833-1834 — Because of the date of her birth she was called by the serfs the *Sedmichka*, meaning one connected with the number seven. She was carried round the house every July 30th by her nurse, through the stables and cow-pen, and was made personally to sprinkle the four corners with water, the nurse repeating all the while some mystic sentences, to purify the places from the *rusalka* (undine) and other evil spirits (*domovoys*) from whom it was believed she was free.

1835 — About this time she had an English governess, Miss Augusta Sophia Jeffries, but this lady did not seem to have the capacity for managing her charge.

1837 — About this time she and her younger sister Vera — afterwards married to an officer in the Guards at St. Petersburg, named de Yahontoff, and later the widow of a civil officer named de Jelihovsky, who formerly belonged to the government at Tiflis — were sent to live with their father and for two or three years were chiefly taken care of by their father's orderlies, petted on all sides as *les enfants du régiment*.

1842 — After the death of her mother, Helena was taken to live at

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

Saratoff by her grandmother, her grandfather being civil governor there, as he was formerly at Astrakhan. She was difficult to manage on any uniform system. Though excitable and passionate she had "no malice in her nature, no lasting resentment even against those who have wronged her, and her true kindness of heart bears no permanent trace of momentary disturbances." Her aunt says: "From her earliest childhood she was unlike any other person. Very lively and highly gifted, full of humor and of most remarkable daring."

1845 — Helena's horse bolted with her, and, as she fell, her foot caught in the stirrup. Notwithstanding her great peril she felt a sustaining power holding her up.

1846 — Her father took her to Paris and London and when in England they stayed a week at Bath. Her English at this time had a very strong Yorkshire accent.

1848 — Married to General Blavatsky, (a man nearer 70 than 60 years of age). She became engaged to him in a sort of joke and afterwards her friends would not let her break it off. Finally the ceremony of marriage took place on the 7th of July, and she was then taken to Daretchichag, a summer retreat. For three months she struggled against the claims of her husband and finally rode off to Tiflis. Thence she took the steamer *Commodore* and landed at Constantinople. Here she met the Countess K—— and traveled for a time in Egypt, Greece, and other parts of eastern Europe.

1849 — Visited Paris and London. Stayed at Mivart's Hotel in London with Countess B——.

1850 — Touring about Europe with the Countess B——.

1851 — At Paris in January. In July she was in Canada at Quebec and subsequently at New Orleans.

1852 — About this time went from New Orleans through Texas to Mexico. At this time also had a legacy left her of 80,000 rubles.

1852 — At the end of this year, Madame Blavatsky set out for India. She wanted to go into Tibet through Nepal, but was hindered by the British Resident at Nepal. From there she went to Southern India, Java, and Singapore, returning to England.

1853 — At the end of this year she passed to New York, thence to Chicago; thence to the far West, across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco.

1855 — Returned to India *via* Japan and the Straits.

1856 — At Lahore met a German friend of her father and from that place made a second attempt to get into Tibet.

1858 — Returned to Europe *via* Madras and Java in a Dutch vessel and spent some months in France and Germany, afterwards rejoining

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

her own people at Pskof, about 180 miles from St. Petersburg, in north-west Russia. Madame Yahontoff (afterwards Madame Jelihovsky) her sister, was staying at Pskof with General N. A. Yahontoff — Maréchal de Noblesse of that place — her late husband's father. During this visit, Madame Blavatsky secured the interest of her brother Leonide, by holding, untouched, a small chess-table against his strong efforts to move it, and that of her father by reading his unspoken thought "Zai-chik," the name of his favorite war-horse in his first Turkish campaign.

1859 — Early in this year H. P. B. went with her sister, Madame Y. to a village called Rugodevo, in the district Novorjef in the government of Pskof, about 200 versts from St. Petersburg.

1860 — In the spring of this year H. P. B. had a terrible illness. She had received a remarkable wound (possibly when traveling in the steppes of Asia.) This re-opened occasionally and she suffered intense agony — the sickness would last three or four days, then the wound would heal suddenly and no trace of it remain. It was near the heart. She left Rugodevo for Tiflis in the Caucasus *via* Moscow. At Zadonsk they saw the learned Isidore, then the Metropolitan of Kiev and later (1884) Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, whom they had known as a friend of the family when he was Exarch of Georgia (Caucasus), who on parting blessed H. P. B. with the following words: "As for you let not your heart be troubled by the gift you are possessed of, nor let it become a source of misery to you hereafter, for it was surely given to you for some purpose and you could not be held responsible for it. Quite the reverse, for if you but use it with discrimination, you will be enabled to do much good to your fellow-creatures."

About 1862 H. P. B. resided at Tiflis less than two years and not more than three in the Caucasus; the last year she passed roaming about in Imeritia, Georgia, and Mingrelia. In the latter country she had another serious illness, was often comatose, and was with great difficulty brought to Tiflis, where she arrived apparently dying. Soon she was restored to life again and left the Caucasus, going to Italy.

1863-1866 — Always traveling.

1867-1870 — This period was passed in the East and if recorded, would probably be found the most interesting period of H. P. B.'s eventful life.

1870 — Returned from the East *via* the Suez Canal, spent a short time in the Piraeus, thence took passage for Spezzia on a Greek vessel, which was blown up, *en route*, by an explosion of gunpowder and fireworks (part of the cargo). H. P. B. with a small number of passengers, was saved, but everything was lost of her belongings, and she went to Alexandria and thence to Cairo to await supplies from Russia. At this

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

period she passes from "apprenticeship to duty" and she alone appreciated the magnitude of her mission.

1871 — She set to work in Egypt, where she happened to be — founded a society, which should have the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena for its purpose, designing to lead it through to paths of higher knowledge in the end. Here she met Madame Coulomb. She was very much disgusted with the class of people who flocked around her, and she very soon shut up her *Société*, going to live at Bulak, near the Museum. She afterwards returned to Europe *via* Palestine, lingering for some months there and making a voyage to Palmyra and other ruins.

1872 — At the end of this year she returned to her family who were now staying at Odessa.

1873 — In the early part of this year H. P. B. left Russia and went to Paris, where she stayed with her cousin, Nicholas Hahn, in the Rue de l'Université, for two months. Thence she was directed to visit the United States, and arrived in July 1873, at New York, where she was for over six years and got her naturalization papers, only visiting for a few months other cities and places.

1874 — During this year she lived in apartments in Irving Place, New York, and in October she went to the Eddy farmhouse, Vermont.

1875 — In October and November of this year H. P. B. with the help of W. Q. Judge and others founded the Theosophical Society in New York City. The objects of the Society as stated in an early code of rules were as follows:

- (a) To keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions.
- (b) To oppose and counteract — after due investigation and proof of its irrational nature — bigotry in every form, whether as an intolerant religious sectarianism or belief in miracles or anything supernatural.
- (c) To promote a feeling of brotherhood among nations and assist in the international exchange of useful arts and products, by advice, information and the cooperation of all worthy individuals and associations: provided however, that no benefit or percentage shall be taken by the Society for its corporate services.
- (d) To seek to obtain a knowledge of all the laws of nature, and aid in diffusing it: and especially to encourage the study of those laws least understood by modern people, and so termed the occult science. Popular superstition and folk-lore, however fantastical, when sifted may lead to the discovery of long-lost but important secrets of nature. The Society therefore aims to pursue this line of enquiry in the hope to widen the field of scientific and philosophical observation.
- (e) To gather for the Society's library and put into written forms, correct information upon the various ancient philosophic traditions and legends, and, as the Council shall decide it permissible, disseminate the same in such practical ways as the translation and publication of original works of value, and extracts from and commentaries upon the same, or the oral instruction of persons learned in their respective departments.
- (f) To promote in every practical way, in countries where needed, the spread of non-sectarian education.
- (g) Finally and chiefly to encourage and assist individual fellows in self-improvement, intellectual, moral and spiritual. But no fellow shall put to his selfish use any knowledge

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

communicated to him by any member of the First Section: the violation of this rule being punishable by expulsion. And before any such knowledge can be imparted, the person shall bind himself by a solemn oath not to use it to selfish purposes nor to reveal it except with permission of the Teacher.

1874-1875 — H. P. B. removed from Irving Place to Thirty-fourth Street, New York, and thence after a few months to Forty-seventh Street, where she stayed till December, 1878.

1877-1878 — At the latter address, she wrote *Isis Unveiled*, in 1877.

1879 — In this year H. P. B. went to Bombay; she was much annoyed by being watched by the authorities, but soon afterwards this espionage was dropped. In December she visited Allahâbâd.

1880 — During this year she was at Simla where many of the events recorded in the *Occult World* occurred.

1880-1881 — At this time H. P. B. took a trip to Ceylon.

1881 — The Headquarters of the Theosophical Society were established at Beach Candy, in a bungalow called Crow's Nest. Here it was that the magazine *Theosophist* was edited. Later this year H. P. B. visited Allahâbâd and Simla again.

1881 — On December 16th or 17th the Calcutta newspaper, *Statesman*, apologized for an attack on H. P. B. under threat from her solicitors.

1882 — The autumn of this year was spent at Bombay, when H. P. B. was taken very seriously ill, suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Her Teacher sent a *chela* from the Nilgerri Hills, requiring her to go somewhere in the Himâlayas. She was across the frontier in Tibet only for two or three days and then returned practically well again. In December a valedictory address was delivered to H. P. B. and her helpers on the eve of her departure for Madras, in which it was stated that many "brave hearts from Lahore and Simla to Ceylon, from Calcutta to Kathiawar, from Gujerat and Allahâbâd — Pârsis, Hindûs, Buddhists, Jews, Mohammedans and Europeans" attested how far her attempts to establish Universal Brotherhood had succeeded during the brief stay of four years.

1883 — Established at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, in a house with extensive grounds. The upper rooms of this house were the private domain of H. P. B., and here many leading Anglo-Indian residents went to see her.

1884 — In this year H. P. B. went to Europe, arriving at Nice in March, thence to Paris, where Solovyoff and others were met at the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, 46, which was the center of the Theosophical Society at Paris, and which was visited by W. Q. Judge, and others, including Madame Jelihovsky (H. P. B.'s sister) in June. On April 7th H. P. B. arrived in London, on the evening of a meeting of the

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

London Lodge, which, in the preceding March, she had described as being in its "sharpest crisis." She only stayed a week, returning to Paris and again going to London on the 29th of June. Thence in August she visited friends at Elberfeld, Germany, named Gebhard.

1885 — H. P. B. returned once more to India and had a great reception from a delegation of native students of the Madras Colleges. Their address signed by over 300 students declared that "we are conscious we are giving but a feeble expression to the debt of endless gratitude which India lies under to you." Soon afterwards she had a bad illness from which she had another remarkable recovery to comparative health. About the month of May she returned to Europe, staying for a time near Naples, and thence removing to a quiet little town (Würzburg) in Germany some three months later. In October of this year and at this little town H. P. B. commenced *The Secret Doctrine*, and was very busy at it. She writes enthusiastically of it, saying in one letter of it: "I begin to think it shall vindicate us. Such pictures, panoramas, scenes, antediluvian dramas, with all that! Never saw or heard better."

1887 — H. P. B. removed to London, and a new impetus was given to the work there, which was subsequently centered at No. 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N. W.

1888 — Publication of *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky.

1889 — *The Key to Theosophy* and *The Voice of the Silence* written and published by H. P. Blavatsky.

1891 — May 8. Death of H. P. Blavatsky at 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London.— *Extracts from Various Sources*

[Reprinted from *The New Century*, Vol. V, No. 4, December 8, 1901]

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

by some of her Students and others at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

EVERY attack upon H. P. Blavatsky must be welcomed by those who knew her and have remained loyal to her work and purposes. For it is one more opportunity for them to put on record their love of her and their reverence for her as a Teacher, and also their gratitude to her for having awakened them to recognition of their higher possibilities. They know that her life was ideal in its unselfishness and devotion, wholly consecrated to the work she had taken upon herself, wholly motivated by love of the race. In the coming centuries she will take her place as one of the line of the great spiritual Teachers of Humanity.— HERBERT CORYN

*

OUR first great Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky — while iconoclastically tearing to shreds most of the conventionally accepted dogmas, scientific or otherwise — stands revealed in her writings as a Master-builder in possession of a constructive philosophy of practical life and equally of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis, as taught to the few by Elder Brothers of the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

race through incalculable ages. She brought to east and west important truths, long obscured, regarding the great laws of karma and reincarnation, especially as related to the dual nature of man; and outlined a spiritual philosophy whose nobility can furnish keynotes to many lives of endeavor.—FRED. J. DICK

*

THE crowning privilege of an eventful life has been my intimate personal relationship with H. P. Blavatsky, as pupil of that great Teacher. This extended from 1887 until her death, while she was carrying on at her London residence her work of promulgating Theosophy, by her receptions to inquirers and the publication of her books and magazine. She showed me that Theosophy is the most serious movement of the age, and that it requires of its adherents entire devotion to the Heart-Doctrine; and her own life was the noblest exemplar of her teachings. In the face of illness, incessant and malicious opposition, and at great pecuniary sacrifice, she toiled heroically at her great work for the bringing of Truth, Light, and Liberation to discouraged humanity.—H. T. EDGE

*

I MET Madame Blavatsky in 1886 and joined the Theosophical Society in the following year, attending the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge first at her house in Lansdowne Road, London W. and later at Avenue Road, N. W. My interest in Theosophy was to a great degree due to my conviction of the absolute sincerity of the Foundress of the Society, as well as of her ability to give the highest instruction in every branch of the subject. I saw that her devotion to the cause was absolute and was entirely disinterested; my faith in her and my interest in Theosophy have grown with the years.—REGINALD W. MACHELL

*

WHAT most deeply impressed me when I met Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1889 was her deep insight into human nature, her marvelous wisdom, her sincerity, her generosity. I became a member of the original Theosophical Society in the same year, and have ever since been an active worker in it. Words fail to express the gratitude I feel to Mme. Blavatsky. Only her peers can estimate the greatness of her character, her wisdom, her self-sacrifice, her devotion to Truth and the Cause of Humanity; and she was without peer in the nineteenth century. As Foundress of the present Theosophical Movement, and its first Teacher, she proclaimed again the Truths of the ancient Wisdom-Religion. Through its teachings—the Divinity of Man, the Freedom of the Soul, Universal Brotherhood, Karma, Reincarnation,—she gave a new meaning to life and opened the way for a new understanding of its problems; she brought new hope to the world and has made Humanity her debtor.

—ELIZABETH CHURCHILL SPALDING

*

FOR four years a pupil of Mme. Blavatsky, for thirty-four a close student of her writings, I regard it an inestimable privilege to pay homage publicly to her ability, her devotion to the welfare of humanity, her boundless COMPASSION. It was she who brought forward, in the midst of a selfish civilization, the unselfish doctrine of life for the sake of others and the renunciation of personal salvation through the attainment of bliss in a Heaven of egotistic happiness. Through her work and her teachings mankind is being guided to a goal of attainment heretofore undreamed of.—H. T. PATTERSON

*

WITH the discovery of new facts in physical science come the verifications, one by one, of the suggestions and affirmations which were made with assurance forty years ago by H. P. Blavatsky, when she so courageously braved the obloquy and hard-headed prejudices of materialistic tendencies of the last century. Also in the vindication of Ancient Wisdom, concerning the origin, development, and destiny of man, slowly-growing knowledge concedes now what she then declared with such certainty.

How long will it be before her immeasurable service to Humanity will be fully recognised, and the once implacable traducers are silenced for ever? —E. A. NERESHEIMER

*

“At the roaring loom of time I ply, and weave for God the garment thou seest him by.”

IN London, in the year 1889, I stood for the first time in the presence of H. P. Blavatsky and listened to her words of wisdom and the cheering optimism of her voice; words that changed the whole current of my life, until, in course of time, I grew to recognise her as my Teacher and as one of those Great Souls who, from century to century, again and again, appear among men as benefactors of the human race.

In her versatility and erudition she had that ‘grand manner’ that soared above and swept

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

aside her would-be detractors. — As said by one of her pupils: “Those who do not understand H. P. Blavatsky had better not try to explain her.”
She stands in the forefront of the IMMORTALS — and, with her, her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.— C. THURSTON

*

WHEN the Great Theosophist H. P. Blavatsky brought her wonderful message to us in the last quarter of the century just closed, loyal friends and followers, and bitter and spiteful enemies stood arrayed, these against those: the former in defense and support; the latter, to destroy if they might. At present, the defamers and their parasitic satellites have been beaten all along the line, but the fight is not yet ended. As Katherine Tingley, H. P. Blavatsky's Successor, has very lately said, most propitious and most promising is the present time for dealing a smashing blow at cowardly attacks upon a dead woman's reputation and good name.

To that wonderful woman, H. P. Blavatsky, and to her great Successors, my heart goes out, and will return to me never again. I *know* H. P. Blavatsky; knowing her, I love her; loving her, I follow her and her Successors, forever.— G. V. PURUCKER

*

I ATTENDED meetings conducted by Mme. Blavatsky at the London Headquarters of the Theosophical Society during the months of March and April 1891 — having applied for membership to the Society which she had founded.

Mme. Blavatsky impressed me as one who personified what she urged others to establish in their own natures. Her example compelled one to realize that spiritual life is not a 'free gift,' but the product of self-effort along true lines. Her writings abundantly testify that each man's perception of truth is strictly relative to the exercise of the powers of his spiritual will to overcome and become, and that by sounding the depths of his nature he may attain identity with the Divine Law which regulates all life. Her influence upon modern life is that of having re-introduced a mode of thought which embraces hitherto detached fragments of knowledge and experience as integral parts of one whole, pointing the way by which the will, the intellect, and the sensibilities may be blended into one power under the control of the spiritual and essentially divine Higher Self.— WILLIAM A. DUNN

*

EVERY student of H. P. Blavatsky owes to her a debt of gratitude inexpressible in words. She possessed not only the desire to serve the world, but the rare and needful knowledge. Her superb courage knew no limit; her devotion to duty was absolute; her love for humanity, boundless.

The keenest minds, the sincerest lovers of mankind, have evidenced their recognition of this, and bow in reverence before her transcendent genius for Service. The longer those live who have felt her influence, the more do they regard with wonder that towering figure of the nineteenth century, who kindled the light in an era of spiritual darkness.

— GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

*

HER writings reveal her soul. Profoundly helpful, with compassion for all that breathes, spiritually uplifting and intellectually illuminating, they reflect her high intelligence, nobility of character, and love of humanity. They attract those who would lead better lives, and who would learn how to promote the brotherhood of man. Her life was in accord with her teachings, pure, unselfish, and generous. Her work has succeeded; the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity has been established on lines she outlined, the only ones that could succeed, on the basis of the Divinity of Man. The 'Ancient Landmarks' have been recovered.

— CHARLES J. RYAN

*

A LOVING and loyal tribute to Helena P. Blavatsky, the World Teacher of the nineteenth century, who restored to man the knowledge of his divine origin and of the glorious ancient past; who pointed him to a path of spiritual effort worthy the godlike nature; and who, in her writings, left a lamp of wisdom to guide him upon the way.

The radiance of this Diamond Soul is reaching the heart-life of the world; the mighty fearlessness of her devotion is rending the veils that hid the oneness of Truth; her sublime compassion shall yet be the ideal of men of every race and age to come; the clarion challenge of her selfless life echoes around the world and calls men to true conceptions of the unity and purpose in the destiny of humanity.— MARJORIE M. TYBERG

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

BRIGHT flame of pure compassion, warrior tried and true, once more we hail you as the rolling years recall your pioneer endeavors for the Race.

Mere wordy eloquence or flowery praise is valueless in your discriminating gaze, nor would we offer verbal homage in the place of dedicated lives. Rather we give ourselves anew to that great enterprise in which for many lives you have poured forth your energies. Shoulder to shoulder will we march, casting aside the petty hindrances retarding our advance, and with a concentrated adamant will, resolved to blend our separated lives in that great river of devoted force in which all lofty souls are merged.— H. P. LEONARD

*

“She has no need of any man’s praise; but even she has need of Justice.”—*William Q. Judge*

FOR the courage of your world-wide Mystic Quest to find God and the Soul in Man; for your loyalty to the mighty perished Past which you made live again; for your revelation of Man to Himself and your restoration of his Birthright of Divinity; for your compassionate vindication of the rights of the animal world whose “long hymn of suffering” smote your heart; for the Divine, Immortal Wisdom of your imperial Books, and your example as a woman and a Soul:

For these and more than these we pay you tribute, “H. P. B.,” as one who “being dead, yet speaketh.”— GRACE KNOCHE

*

“For a good tree bringeth not forth evil fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.”

“My own principle has ever been to make the Light of Truth the beacon of my life,” wrote Mme. Blavatsky. In all her voluminous writings, not once does she offend the moral sense. She taught the highest morality, love of truth, purity of life, service of humanity; of these her own life was a shining example. Attacks against her are but signs of the vigorous strength of Theosophy. Men attack only that which they fear; they who love darkness ever hate the light. Her glorious teachings and the work of her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, are a complete refutation of all the calumnies uttered against her.

I became a member of the original Theosophical Society in 1890, six months before Mme. Blavatsky’s death, and since 1892 have been actively engaged in Theosophical work. My gratitude and devotion to H. P. Blavatsky and my reverence for her have grown with the passing years. For me she stands as one of the Great Teachers of the ages.— JOSEPH H. FUSSELL

*

H. P. BLAVATSKY’S life and her work were essentially prophetic. In her own make-up she was a living example of a stage of development which, compared with the average human being, made her teachings of human perfectibility seem not only possible but natural. She exemplified the character of one who had consciously traveled farther along the path of destiny than her fellow-men. Her knowledge of life and of natural laws were the undoubted heritage of ages of past experience, which nothing but reincarnation could account for. Her selflessness and tireless energy in laboring to restore the ancient truths to the world, showed how truly brotherhood is a fact in nature, and that the tie is founded in the unity which originates in man’s birthright of divinity. In an age steeped and blinded at the lowest point of a densely materialistic cycle, she showed how one could overcome the illusions of matter by self-conquest, and could travel along the upward arc of the cycle.

Her teachings, touching life at every point, foretold the inevitable changing and crumbling of the foundations of institutions which were confidently regarded as secure and promising. The vexed and seemingly unrelated problems of the industrial, educational, religious, and social worlds she synthesized and harmonized into the single question of man’s progressive growth and self-development. She explained how, instead of the individual being lost in the general racial advance, the law of karma restored to him his just due, life after life.

Madame Blavatsky warned the nations of the disasters which to the average mind seem to have fallen out of a clear sky. But in pointing out the karmic effect of ages of unbrotherliness,— which are expressed in the terrible war and its aftermath — she no less confidently predicted the uprising of a great spiritual wave, such as this humanity had not yet known. When her heroic soul had worn out its body, she left her work of hope and inspiration in the hands of a worthy successor, William Q. Judge.— LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

*

“Others abide our question; thou art free.”

SHE sowed the fields of thought with poetry, aspiration, faith in the divine order of things. She made spiritual thinking possible. Her fiery energies, her dynamic strength of will, heart, intellect, allowed none to remain indifferent: here was one out of the Heroic Age, who challenged all souls. The ethics of the Christs and Buddhas, grown faint with time, she wrote anew in letters of fire; and reinforced with a majestic and irrefutable philosophy. No Great Soul appears, but sets the kennels of malignity yapping and snarling: for the attacks that were made on her, it is enough to say that they are lies.— KENNETH MORRIS

QUEENS OF THE NILE-LAND

KATE HANSON

EGYPT, that land of inexhaustible wonders, has not yet given up all her secrets. The horizon of her history recedes with each new discovery. Those who love her and approach her reverently feel the collective might of centuries in her presence. Like some high priestess of the mysteries she guards her ancient wisdom from the unworthy — unmoved by force or temptation. Throned among those purple hills that slowly creep across the tawny desert, the Spirit of “this wonder-working Nile-land” looks out from the eyes of the Great Sphinx, whispers in the murmurs of the old river, and still dwells in the ruins of every shattered temple. Myriad ages lie behind her, the glories of centuries yet unborn await her in the future.

Through the hazy morning of her first history move grand and mysterious figures — Sons of the Sun, kings and warriors, the friends of great gods, who themselves fight her battles, lead her victorious armies and walk familiarly with men. Through this mist of years one catches glimpses now and then of stately, queenly personalities, moving graciously in the procession of martial and priestly forms — now crowned with the sacred uraeus and wielding the scepter of empire; again half-veiled in incense and wreathed with lotus blooms, standing in the temples as teachers and guardians of the mysteries; now loved and honored as the wives and mothers of sovereigns.

Egypt has never been as other lands. “Its extraordinary culture, the high standard of its art, the breadth of its philosophies, perfection of its mechanical skill and brilliancy of its conquests, make up the most remarkable and fascinating story in the annals of nations. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this Ancient Empire was the very unusual position held in it by the Egyptian woman, a position unique and unparalleled in the history of womankind.” (Janet Butts.) “She had a large share not only in the government of the family, but also in religious ceremonies and in the affairs of the exterior world. Her importance in the State seems to have been supreme, and many writers of Egyptology hold that woman was the sole heiress” (Maspero). Prof. Petrie says: “It is very doubtful if a king could reign, except as the husband of the heiress of the kingdom, the right to which descended in the female line, like other property. . . . From very early times the possession of the realm appears to have been claimed as a divine inheritance.”

This dates from the time when Egypt, like the other nations of an-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

tiquity, was ruled by King-Initiates, whose wisdom and great power insured the prosperity of the country and kept alive the knowledge of the mysteries which were the inner light and life of the primeval religions.

Little remains now but a memory: a fable, an empty tomb; a jeweled arm or hand, and once a tress of golden hair. The romance of discovery lies in this: searching in the dust and silence for fragments of lost splendor, the sympathy and imagination of the explorer must resurrect and endow with their aforesaid charm these crumbling bodies of the royal dead; must remove them from the glass cases wherein they lie, build again their splendid palaces, and let them move and sway the scepter as in days now long gone by.

As a fossil leaf or bone calls up before the geologist whole ages of evolution, so does a fragile vase or a jeweled bracelet unroll before the inner eye of the archaeologist long panoramas of unwritten history. As with a magician's wand he peoples the desert wastes of time with busy races, calls up vanished cities from the sands, changes the mirage of glittering minaret and carved walls into polished bronze and stone. Tomb and pyramid yield their treasure; the heavy sarcophagi of red and rose-pink granite shelter not only the bodies of the royal dead, but objects showing the art and skill of the ancient craftsmen. Tradition comes to our aid and paints for us the temples in their glory, with silver-paved corridors, ceilings studded with golden stars, gates of bronze and electrum, the gorgeous hangings of the east, with jeweled censers and inscriptions of carnelian and lapis-lazuli. And there were palaces, brightly painted, carved, and gold-adorned, in which the shining blue ceilings were of lapis-lazuli and the doors were of copper.

From the tombs come most exquisite examples of the richness and beauty of ancient arts and crafts. A bracelet found in one of the archaic tombs was "composed of turquoise, and small gold plaques surmounted by hawks, finely-cut amethysts, and gold flowers, tinted stones and a sort of glass paste, all of very delicate workmanship. . . . The tomb of Nub-Hetep-Takrutid, the daughter of Amenemhat III, was also found to contain articles of the greatest beauty. The mummy was laid in a gilded wooden coffin. The jewels of the dead princess were beautifully wrought in gold and sparkled with Egyptian emeralds, carnelian, and lapis-lazuli. There were diadems, necklaces, bracelets, scepters, daggers, and amulets, besides various articles for the toilet. In a case of alabaster vases, each vase was marked with the name of the perfume which had filled it. The outfit contained also a mirror of blue enameled silver, vases, and plates of pottery."

During the troublous Hyksos period, when Egypt was in the throes of freeing herself from foreign dominion, the throne was filled by queens

QUEENS OF THE NILE-LAND

and Pharaohs of commanding character. Foremost among these is Aah-hetep, the wife of Se-quenem-Ra. Her life was long and eventful. "Her husband died on some distant battlefield fighting for the liberty of his country. Three of her sons in turn wore the uraeus." When Aahmes the Third returned after final victories he gave his mother the royal state and dignities befitting her. She was the making of Egyptian history through the reigns of her husband, son, grandson, and great-grandson, Thothmes I, outliving even her daughter Aahmes-Nefertari, considered one of the most brilliant of Egyptian queens. This last was possessed of a vigorous character and kingly spirit, fitting her to share the throne with her brother Aahmes, with whom she reigned jointly. She continued to reign after the accession of her son and after her death was paid divine honors — being raised to the rank of a goddess. A special priesthood was devoted to her worship, which became one of the most popular cults.

When Aah-hetep's tomb was discovered, it was a 'find' of unusual interest. The massive gilt cover of the sarcophagus was carved in the likeness of her face and the "body was covered from head to foot by the great folded wings of Isis." The jewelry found with her was of pure gold, very soft and bright, set with beautiful gems, wrought in designs of great delicacy and beauty. One of the collars worn by the queen was "made of twisted cord, and flowers of four outspread petals intersected with many figures of lions, antelopes, hawks, jackals, and vultures and winged serpents. A second necklace is composed of rosettes of gold set with precious stones, while others have golden flies as pendants. Among the treasures of this tomb were two small boats of gold and silver. Each little craft is supplied with twelve tiny rowers, helmsman, and chief officer, all made of silver."

In other tombs are found pieces of elegant and graceful furniture, work-boxes of gold and sky-blue enamel, and richly inlaid wood-work; pink cushions stuffed with pigeon feathers, mirrors, and cups in the shape of lilies made of turquoise-blue faïence veined with gold.

One of the most commanding figures of all Egyptian history is that of Queen Thiy. The discovery and opening of her tomb and that of her parents is a romance no one should deny himself the pleasure of reading. She was the wife of Amenhetep the Third, who married her in defiance of law and custom, for she was of foreign, probably Asiatic birth, and of humble lineage. Both were young when the prince found in this girl a character so remarkable that he raised her to be queen of the foremost country of the world, and bestowed on her royal titles belonging only to queens of full royal descent.

The queen's beauty and ability are proved by the many tributes

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

made to her by the king in inscriptions, commemorative scarabs, and sculptures representing the two together. Her influence was felt powerfully in affairs of state and it is said of her "that in more than one instance a foreign potentate appealed to her directly in affairs affecting international relations." To the queen is perhaps attributable that strange era in Egyptian history when a complete revolution in religion and art was ushered in by her son Akhnaten. It is not yet certain whether the queen was of Egyptian or Syrian descent, but at any rate through her influence, her son, when grown to manhood, endeavored to resist the growing power of the priesthood and to free the Egyptian religion from the shackles of political partisanship and straight-laced dogmatism. Egyptologists are very much at variance as to whether this was a period of swift decline or an attempted return to freer standards of art and a more natural, less ceremony-encumbered, ritual. Certainly the young king was right in teaching his people to reverence the Light and Life in the Sun rather than its material form, and his effort to bind together a great empire on the principles of peace and universal brotherhood was surely a noble one. It was as impossible to accomplish such an end at that remote period as it is now, and the sudden reversion from one god to another was more than the nation could understand or endure. While the king preached peace, he forgot that unruly and warlike neighbors were preying on his frontiers, and it required the utmost strength of Horemheb, the strong-handed general who succeeded Akhnaten, to lift Egypt again to her proper place among the nations. While the king lived art flourished, and the beauty of the goldsmith work is easily seen in the rich furnishings with which Akhnaten buried his exalted mother. The palace in which she lived had its ceilings, walls, and floors painted in delicate designs of bright birds, butterflies, and running waters, where swim life-like fish and ducks amid the lotus and papyrus plants.

In this palace she lived and reigned independently after her husband's death, even during his lifetime receiving ambassadors and embassies from foreign lands. The famous Tel-el-Amarna tablets deal with this period, and show that the queen alone was informed about certain relations of her husband with foreign powers.

Her last resting-place was of unsurpassed richness. Her head was encircled with the wings of the vulture-crown, shimmering and iridescent, while sheets of gold surrounded the coffin and enveloped the body from head to foot. The coffin was gorgeous with inlaid lapis-lazuli, carnelian, and turquoise, set into a ground of solid gold. The canopic jars show a face of rare beauty, delicate and flower-like, and as examples of an idealized likeness they are unrivaled.

Hatshepsut, the queen of Thothmes the Second, was associated with

A SYMPOSIUM

her father in the government of Egypt even before he died. The death of her husband and children left her sole ruler, and her active, busy life was filled with peaceful increase of every kind. She built the famous temple of Deir-el-Bahari, under the Theban hills, and on various journeys through the land, restored and enriched such of the temples as were falling into decay. Her patronage led to the remarkable expedition to Punt in search of gold, strange plants, and animals, and of the incense-trees, whose sweet gum was indispensable in the worship of Amen-Ra. The story of her life and activities is sculptured on the walls of her temple, and till her death she held the reins of government firmly in her hands, overpowering even her warlike and imperious nephew, Thothmes III.

There is a wonderful fascination in stepping from this crude modern time with its glaring life into the glamor and stateliness of these remote centuries. It is a grateful relief from the trivial and commonplace to escape down the long corridors of time into ages when life was long enough to be enjoyed, when the sunlight of morning was still fresh and the dew still undried on the lotus-petals. A goodly company for lonely hours are these gods and warriors and queens. The chambers of the mind can be richly furnished from the stores of the Pharaohs and their court; the resurrection becomes an article of daily faith when at every turn one meets the winged sun, or sees the scarab hourly rising from the sands into the burning blue, and finds flowers heaped high on the coffins lest the tomb shall be too gloomy for its occupant. These narrow doorways into the Theban hills are small and dark, but they lead into sunlit realms so vast that fifty centuries have not served to explore them fully.

A SYMPOSIUM

R. MACHELL

A. — WHAT a queer world it is, to be sure. Nobody seems satisfied: every one wanting what someone else has, although knowing well that those they envy are no more contented than themselves. The young want to be grown up; a wish whose fulfillment will bring with it a longing to be young again, in spite of all experience proving the fallacy of the supposition that youth's capacity for enjoyment brings contentment. Enjoyment is a most unsatisfying experience.

B.— A foolish world! Everyone toiling to gain experience, which when gained will show them how unsatisfying is the attainable: and consequently how futile is any hope of happiness in life.

C.— What then are we living for? What is the purpose of life?

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

D.— To satisfy desire. We live because we hope to reach satisfaction.

C.— Is satisfaction happiness? Is satiety a state of bliss? It means the paralysing of desire, leaving life purposeless. If death is the object of life, why are we born at all? If on the other hand desire is insatiable, then life is a mere waste of effort to attain the unattainable.

D.— That's what I say. There is nothing to live for, unless it be forgetfulness, oblivion, an end of life — the satisfaction of desire.

C.— How can there be an end of life? Have you tried to think of an end to that which is? What is the end?

D.— The end is nothingness: the complete satisfaction of all desires, even of the desire to live. The end is satisfaction. When all desire ceases then life ends automatically. There is no beyond.

C.— It seems to me that even in your denial you recognise the beyond as something, whose existence you deny but whose reality you admit, in that you make it inclose and surround the something you call life. That makes indeed "not one incomprehensible but three incomprehensibles." First the illusion we call life; then the cessation of life, which we call death; and then the pure nothingness, that lies beyond. Which is the reality?

D.— Life is real so long as it lasts: but it has an end.

C.— The end of something is the beginning of something else, and the beginning of anything is the end of what was before. So if life has one end it must have two, one of which must be called the beginning. The surface of the ocean is where the water ends and the air begins; and that surface has no substance of its own, it comes between the air and water and yet it is only the place where they meet. It is more like nothingness than the air or water, and yet it is the only starting-place for measuring either of them. It is nothing in itself, but it is necessary to both as separate states of matter, which, while different in kind, are yet contiguous. The end of one is the beginning of the other; there is no need of any bridge between them, because there is no space between to be bridged over. Such is the end that joins our life on to the future, which is another state of consciousness. Such an end is death.

D.— But death is oblivion.

C.— Is there such a state? Can consciousness become unconscious? Unconsciousness is unthinkable: it is mere nothingness, and the mind can not hold the concept of mere nothingness. It is quite possible to stop objective thinking, but only by making the mind act subjectively. Consciousness goes on, but changes from the contemplation of objects to the subjective state of meditation. Death may be such a change, but it is not oblivion even if all earthly memories be obliterated by the destruction of the body. Oblivion means more than just forgetfulness,

A SYMPOSIUM

which is the inability to recall the picture of a past experience. Forgetfulness is merely failure of a function, it is not unconsciousness. It is an expedient of nature by means of which the thinker may recover hope of happiness, while he forgets his past experience, which might serve to convince him that happiness is not attainable in life and so would encourage him to destroy his body in the hope of reaching happiness by a short cut, which is not in Nature's plan apparently.

If memory were entirely destroyed there would be no record of events and consequently no consciousness of time: that would mean, not duration but infinity, which is unthinkable to the mind.

D.— That's what I say. Death is oblivion.

C.— Death may look like oblivion to a living man, but not to the dead. Death is a personal affair, a change of state. People are dying all the time but life goes on unaffected. Life is impersonal. It is consciousness. Death is not even an interval between two states of consciousness; it is the passing of the soul from one state to another. There is no end to life: though lifetimes end, there is no end to consciousness; and as to Death, that is the greatest fraud of all. There is no death. We live eternally because we cannot die. That's all about it.

A.— Not all by any means. The conditions under which we live seem to me more interesting than the fact of mere existence, and the personal purpose of a life is more important than either. There are people who seem to have a clearly defined purpose in life that gives them a certain significance, and that makes other people wonder why they themselves cannot keep up a permanent or sufficient interest in anything enough to make life seem purposive. The generality of people just go on living and do not want to stop. Both mind and body may become causes of suffering; yet each drives on the other in the pursuit of that which the mind at least knows to be unattainable.

B.— A mad world! Madness is the real motive power in man's life. Reason is out of place in such a bedlam.

A.— No! Reason is necessary to man; without it one could not know what madness means.

C.— What does it mean? What is this power, this madness that is superior to reason, that makes life endurable to creatures calling themselves reasonable, who yet by reason can prove to themselves the foolishness of living and the impossibility of death?

A.— There was a time, before men lost their faith in Gods, or God, when madmen were considered to be under a divine protection and to be liable to be employed by higher powers as agents of communication between the divine and human worlds. Lunatics were more or less sacred creatures. But when materialism killed religion there was no longer any

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

place for lunatics but the asylum, and their utterances were no longer thought to be inspired. But lunacy is steadily increasing, and the madness of the world still claims to be reasonable and to be able to decide what kind of lunatic shall be confined in an asylum or a prison, or be elected to the legislature or to the judiciary. It seems that we are able to discriminate, and that is an evidence of reason, surely.

B.— Certainly the madness of the world is different from that which it calls lunacy. The madness that makes men live in spite of their pessimism is a sublime infatuation amounting to inspiration; it can translate despair into a philosophic ecstasy that makes life quite endurable. It can take all the chill out of fatalism and make it glow with the fire of faith. It is as utterly unreasonable as faith is, and as sublime. It seems to be a fire that issues from the heart of things, that simply burns up all the temporary scaffolding of logic that the mind builds as a framework for its scheme of life. By its light the inevitable appears as the desirable, necessity becomes the law of life.

C.— That sounds like a very reasonable kind of madness. Is it not reasonable to bow to the inevitable? What is more rational than to identify our will with that which rules the universe?

B.— Why, it has been the task and pride of reason to prove to man the absurdity of believing in any universal mind or will. Reason supports the rule of chance. It is reason that overrides experience and declares all men are equal, and proves it in face of the obvious diversity of types and of the infinite variety of powers and possibilities in individuals. Reason has banished faith and chilled the fires of evolution. The madness of the world is all that saves humanity from extinction; the sublime insanity of hope, and faith, and intuition.

E.— I should be sorry to introduce a jarring note into this charming symphony of pessimism; but really it does seem to me as if you were all confusing the various parts of a machine with the motive power that drives it, while entirely ignoring the driver who controls the whole. The steering wheel is not the motive power, but it is necessary. The motive power is not self-controlled; the driver is not part of the machine but he is essential to its use. He is not mad because he has faith in the principles on which his engine is constructed, even if the machine fails to respond to his will. The driver is not necessarily insane even if the machine acts like a lunatic. The parts of the machine may all be adequate to their legitimate purpose and yet be useless for lack of co-ordination or for failure of the motive power. All that is needed then is the superior will and knowledge of the mechanic, the constructor, or the controller of the machine. That guiding power is not madness.

B.— It certainly is not reason. Now a machine is an embodiment

A SYMPOSIUM

of reason; it is perfectly logical. It is an expression of the purpose for which it was created. It is not human, it has no original ideas and no ideals. And if a machine acts like a lunatic the reason is always ascertainable. The driver's motives are more likely to be emotional than reasonable. A man will often know immediately what is the matter with his machine without thinking about it in a rational manner. A clever driver in handling a machine uses a quality of intuition that is not reasonable. It is the same in all things: man's superiority to reason lies in his madness; that is in his recognition of a power that lies outside the bounds of reason and that ignores the laws of logic.

E.— That is intuition, which is the highest kind of pure reason.

B.— On the contrary, intuition is the direct perception of truth. Reason is argumentative: it proceeds from experience to anticipation by a calculation of probabilities. Intuition looks straight to the heart of things and knows the truth. Such a faculty is super-intellectual, it is the action of a being of a higher order using the mind of man as a man uses a machine. The machine may be reasonable, not the man.

A.— Now you are talking as if intuition were the most ordinary faculty of man, instead of being so rare as to be almost a negligible quantity in man's general make-up. If intuition were general the world would be divine, a paradise, and not a vast lunatic asylum, as you declare it is.

B.— Say rather, if intuition were generally operative, instead of being as it is, latent. Without it man is a reasoning animal, not a lunatic. He acts from instinctual desires like an animal, and reasons about his acts, explains them to himself, and finds reasons to account for his conduct, all of which is due to his having latent in him this intuition that makes him more than an animal, but which being inoperative makes him a little less than man.

C.— If he is neither god, nor man, nor animal, what is he?

B.— A lunatic! He tries to imitate the animals, and falls below them: he apes the gods, at the same time denying his own divinity. Mad! very mad!!

E.— How can he recover sanity?

A.— He must invoke the driver of the machine and having found him he must take his proper place and let the driver have control.

B.— He must awake his intuition and recognise it as the light of Truth.

A.— The old Greek philosopher said "Man know thyself!" and the advice is still good. To be self-conscious and to understand the strange complexity of human nature is to rise far above the animal and to be really man, a younger brother of the gods, with consciousness of such inherent possibilities as would make men divine indeed. But as soon

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as this self-consciousness awakes and man begins to feel the god within him stirring, he goes mad.

B.— Exactly! The animal man, with his lower intellect awakened, feeling the urge of the divine man within and not understanding the difference between his lower and his higher self, takes credit to his personal self for the high ideals awakened by the soul. His vanity breaks loose and makes a fool of him, and the poor soul within is helpless, for the machine is not in control, but is ‘running free.’ The man is mad — and it is the divine urge within that makes him so. If the truth were known, I think we should have to admit that the soul is no better than a lunatic on this plane until it has got a reasonable mind in a healthy body for its machine. Then it would be a master, a genius, a god-like intelligence, a leader and teacher of men. When such an enlightened being finds support in the world and a fitting following, then a great age begins. But without recognition such an one is but “a voice crying in the wilderness,” whose message is unintelligible to mankind. Just as the soul in man speaks unintelligibly unless it can command the service of an intelligent and reasonable mind housed in a sane and healthy body.

C.— But if the soul itself is no better than a lunatic on this plane, how can it guide the lower man and enlighten his reason?

B.— In the same way in which a high ideal can ennoble a man’s mind; that is, by inspiring it with an unselfish motive, and by releasing it from delusions such as the belief in matter as the one reality, and the belief in separateness as a permanent condition. A man who has high ideals and no common sense, no reason, no sense of the fitness of things, is a lunatic in spite of the elevated character of his ideals. And that is what the civilized world suffers from all the time. Some men have cultivated reason to the exclusion of spiritual ideals, and so have become intellectual machines, by-products of evolution, nature’s failures, for they cannot progress any further. Others have misused their reason entirely and have tried to live as animals, while not conforming to the laws of animal life. So they have become degenerate, having perverted both their physical body and their rational mind. The rest are mad.

C.— Then evolution is a failure?

B.— Not at all. Progress is not a continuous development: you have not to look far to see that in all growth there are periods of activity and repose. The tree is not dead because it sheds its leaves; the leaves have not failed because they perish from the tree.

C.— Then madness is a necessary phase of evolution?

B.— Who can say? It seems almost unavoidable as a temporary affliction at this stage of our development. It is the urge of Nature makes men mad. She knows their possibilities and is impatient of their

A SYMPOSIUM

stupidity; so she urges them to know themselves, to find their true selves. She calls the soul to animate the semi-torpid intellect, and the first result is inflation of the personal vanity. The lower mind is flattered by a vision of unsuspected power, and at once proceeds to deify the passions, calling them divine impulses to be immediately gratified. Pride appears justified and the man gives it full play, seeking to domineer over his weaker fellows instead of mastering himself. The soul inspires him with ideals such as self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and he accepts them as warrant for his egotism and selfish pride, not having learned that his personality is not his true self. So the first effort of the awakening soul may result in temporary insanity. And that is where the world seems to be at present.

C.— What is the remedy? Will things right themselves? What can man do for himself if he is only a crazy degenerate?

A.— A man in a nightmare cannot help himself much until he wakes. A drunkard must get sober. It is the same old story, "Man know thyself!" The first thing necessary is that he shall awake.

C.— Who will awaken him?

E.— The Self. The effort to find himself is the awakening from the bad dream of separateness. The secret of the redemption is the mystery of Self. The whole task of evolution is the finding of the Self. The mystery lies in the fact that, while man does not know what or who he is, he is intensely aware of his personal self: just as, in a dream, he may be fully convinced that he is wide awake. The first step in the awakening process is the dawning of altruism, which is the recognition of other selves as of equal importance with his own. Selfishness is blindness to this equality of all selves, in fact to the existence of other selves with equal rights. Egotism is merely blindness caused by ignorance and what we call heartlessness.

C.— Ignorance is intellectual blindness perhaps, but heartlessness is another thing altogether, surely.

E.— Certainly. The soul acts through the heart because the heart is more responsive to spiritual vibrations than the brain. When the heart awakens the brain becomes more or less illuminated in a new way. A heartless man may be highly intellectual, but he will be lacking in the deeper quality of true wisdom because incapable of sympathy, which is really a spiritual quality. Men of intellect frequently despise the heart and its emotions while they glorify the brain and its ratiocinations. But they have not understood that there is a heart in man that is not identical with the physical organ, and that there are emotions of the heart which are as much superior to the reasoning processes of the brain-mind as intellectuality is superior to the lower sensuous emotions, wrong-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ly attributed to the heart. Physiology is dual, as is all else; there is a higher and a lower, an exoteric and an esoteric science, the one intellectual, the other spiritual; and unless this duality is recognised man cannot awaken from his dream of egotism to the reality of true self-consciousness.

C.— Again I ask who can awaken him?

E.— And again I say the Self. The one Self, that is within all the little personal selves. It is constantly trying to find expression in the universe, even when its reflexions in matter mistake themselves for the reality and deny their origin. It is constantly calling them to awaken from their dream of separateness and to realize the one true Self in all. The call goes out from the central Supreme Self, and it is echoed here and there by selves that are seeking self-knowledge. These half-awakened souls cry out to the other dreamers, who have not heard the call of the Supreme, and finding their efforts to awaken the sleepers fruitless they call for help, and a great soul is born in answer to their call. A Teacher comes and says, “You are all brothers, children of one family; love one another! There is but one self, and that is Universal.” A memory of the truth is roused in their hearts and men say, “This is Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, the Wisdom of the Gods.”

A.— Then they arise and try to silence the Teacher, for men hate the truth.

C.— Why should they?

B.— Because they fear it.

D.— With good reason. If life is all a delusion, truth would put an end to it. Men love life and fear death; why should they not hate truth?

E.— The death of a delusion is the awakening to a reality. Truth does not destroy life, it glorifies and transmutes it. The delusion lies in mistaking the temporary, separate, life of the personality for true life. Truth would free men from this delusion and would give them a reality in place of it — the conscious dignity of Soul-life, which would not destroy the ordinary existence, but would ennoble it and set men firmly on the path of evolution.

C.— What is that path?

E.— Duty. The path of Wisdom and of Love. It has many names.

C.— And what is the goal?

E.— Perfection. The awakening of the Soul to full Self-consciousness. Have you forgotten the old invocation of the Sun, the prayer for light? “O Thou that givest light and sustenance unto the Universe; from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return; Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may know the truth and do our whole duty, as we journey towards thy sacred seat!”

THE PAST HOLDS A MIRROR TO THE FUTURE

T. HENRY, M. A.

IT is the purpose of the present article to give some extracts from the presidential address delivered before the 1916 meeting of the British Association by Sir Arthur Evans, the celebrated archaeologist and explorer of the ancient Minoan civilization in Crete; and to show in what a remarkable manner they justify the forecasts made by H. P. Blavatsky nearly thirty years earlier, as to the coming discoveries of archaeology; and how these discoveries agree with the Theosophical teachings regarding the antiquity of civilization and the law of cycles in human history.

It is well known that Theosophy has always combated the too narrow and foreshortened view of human history ordinarily taken, declaring that the available facts do not warrant such a view; and that it has pointed out the evidences upon which a far broader view may be based. Theosophy has declared not only that humanity is much older than science had supposed, but even that civilization, culture, and advanced knowledge are much older. It has stated that progress is cyclic in its movement; that is, that there is a successive recurrence of periods of knowledge and culture, alternating with periods of decline and ignorance; also that civilization passes in waves over the face of the land, the light being handed on by one race to another. All this, together with many important deductions therefrom, is found admirably confirmed in the presidential address to which we have just referred; and we may proceed at once to our extracts and comments on them.

“In recent years . . . the patient exploration of early sites, in many cases of huge stratified mounds, the unearthing of buried buildings, the opening of tombs, and the research of minor relics, has reconstituted the successive stages of whole fabrics of former civilization, the very existence of which was formerly unsuspected.”

And one is led to wonder how much more, still unsuspected, remains to be revealed, and to what extent we may be justified in relying upon the assurances of H. P. Blavatsky, as they have so far been vindicated.

An important point is raised by our next quotation: that of the bearing of these discoveries upon our future attitude of mind — the influence of the past on the future. For in combating the too narrow views prevalent, H. P. Blavatsky had chiefly in mind the effect which such narrow views have upon our attitude towards life; or, to be more exact, the mutual action and reaction between our attitude of mind and our theory of history. Sir Arthur Evans says:

“Thus evoked, the past is often seen to hold a mirror to the future, correcting wrong in-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

pressions — the result of some temporary revolution in the whirligig of time — by the more permanent standard of abiding conditions, and affording in the solid evidence of past well-being the 'substance of things hoped for.'"

Is our present civilization, with all its accompaniments both physical and mental, a "temporary revolution in the whirligig of time"? And are our views merely wrong impressions, due to be corrected by reference to a more permanent standard? What are "abiding conditions"? Surely this must mean the continuous thread of human soul-life that runs beneath all the times and changes that agitate the surface. And indeed it is true that a knowledge of the great things achieved by humanity in the past inspires us with hope for what it may achieve in the future. It shows us how great man is, and how old, and how immortal.

"The evocation of the past carries with it living responsibilities,"

adds the lecturer in another place.

With respect to the Roman empire, it may help us to realize the importance of that particular unification and consolidation of humanity, if we reflect on what it accomplished in the diffusion of knowledge and culture. Well may the Gods have had an interest in founding and preserving that mighty institution to help keep the links unbroken through a dangerous period of history. Near Newcastle, as the President points out, there was found an altar of Jupiter Dolichenus, the old Anatolian God of the Double Axe, the male form of the divinity once worshiped in the prehistoric Labyrinth of Crete. And in one of his scintillating phrases he adds:

"The Orontes may be said to have flowed into the Tyne as well as the Tiber."

No part of H. P. Blavatsky's works is more important than those which deal with the preservation of the symbolism and rites of the eternal Wisdom-Religion, and the diffusion thereof over the earth from race to race.

Birthplaces and cradles are things which all races are supposed to have, and great is the competition waged among authorities in locating them. Dr. Evans is able to assign a new birthplace for European civilization, though he is not so dogmatic as to deny that it may be supplanted by some still more ancient claim.

"The marvelous Minoan civilization . . . shows that Crete of 4000 years ago must unquestionably be regarded as the birthplace of our European civilization in its higher form. But are we, even then, appreciably nearer to the fountain head?

"A new and far more remote vista has opened out in recent years, and it is not too much to say that a wholly new standpoint has been gained from which to survey the early history of the human race."

And he goes on to speak of the high level of art and appliances in the last Quaternary period, and of discoveries therein which

"have revolutionized our knowledge of a phase of human culture which goes so far back

THE PAST HOLDS A MIRROR TO THE FUTURE

beyond the limits of any continuous story that it may well be said to belong to an older world.”

As to the polychrome masterpieces of the bison executed on the ceilings in the Altamira cave, we may recall that the darkness there is complete, and that there is no trace of smoke to be found; so that great progress must have been made in artificial illumination. And this, at a modest estimate (says the speaker) was 10,000 years earlier than the most ancient monuments of Egypt or Chaldaea.

“Nor is this an isolated phenomenon. One by one, characteristics, both spiritual and material, that had been formerly thought to be the special marks of later ages of mankind have been shown to go back to that earlier world.”. . .

“It is now seen that the civilization which we call Babylonian, and which was hitherto known under its Semitic guise, was really in its main features an inheritance from the earlier Sumerian race. . . . Even the laws which Hammurabi traditionally received from the Babylonian sun god were largely modeled on the reforms enacted a thousand years earlier by his predecessor Urukagina, and ascribed by him to the inspiration of the city god of Lagash. . . . Even beyond the ancient Mesopotamian region . . . the researches of De Morgan, Gautier, and Lampre . . . have opened up another independent field, revealing a nascent civilization equally ancient, of which Elam — the later Susiana — was the center. Still further afield moreover — some 300 miles east of the Caspian — the interesting investigations of the Pampelly expedition in the mounds of Anau, near Ashkabad in southern Turkestan, have brought to light a parallel and related culture.”. . .

“Turning to the Nile Valley, we are again confronted with an extraordinary revolution in the whole point of view effected during recent years. . . .

“A truer perspective has now been opened out. . . .

“The modernness of much of the life here [in Crete] revealed to us is astonishing. The elaboration of the domestic arrangements, the staircases story above story, the front places given to the ladies at shows, their fashionable flounced robes and jackets, the gloves sometimes seen on their hands or hanging from their folding chairs, their very mannerisms as seen on the frescoes, pointing their conversation with animated gestures — how strangely out of place would it all appear in a classical design.”

Not the least striking in the points brought out by the above quotations is this: that civilization has not proceeded in a single rising line, from barbarism, up through various ascending grades, to its present level, as has been hitherto supposed by our historians; but that it has followed a wave motion, consisting of ebb and flow, appearance and disappearance, as taught by Theosophy. The ancient Cretans, four millenniums ago, were more like us than the Romans, two millenniums ago. See in this connexion the accounts of the ancient Chimus, discovered not long ago in the Chimcana Valley, Peru, whose civilization is placed at anywhere from 5000 to 10,000 B. c., and as to which the same remarks about modernness were made. (*Century Path*, Vol. XIII, Nos. 2 and 12). It may be remarked (as it naturally is by a first inquirer, and sometimes by hasty thinkers who ought to know better) that the idea of progress is thwarted by these conclusions as to the great antiquity of civilization and the continual recurrence of cycles. Such objections of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

course vanish in the light of further study or more careful thought. We must not confound the human soul with its bodily tenements. The matter can be made clearer by a reference to the animal kingdom. There we witness no visible progress, as the same species, with the same habits, are repeated century after century and millennium after millennium. Yet we know that this scale of organic forms, which remains for such long periods unaltered, is but the stairway up which hosts of intelligent monads are continually climbing in their march of evolution. And so with the human Soul. Its progress is constant, though this visible earth may witness again and again the same forms and the same institutions, as newer Souls in their turn pass through the stages we have left behind.

We find no cause for perplexity or doubt in these new revelations as to human history. We merely recognise that the scale of progress is both larger and more variegated than had been supposed. But to us this circumstance seems to multiply the prospects and opportunities, and to allow the mind a more ample field for conjecture. At all events, since we are here dealing with facts, and not with theories artificially designed to content the mind, we had better face those facts.

Nor shall it be mine to presume to limit and narrow down, by the feebleness of my thoughts, the mighty scope of that work which is being carried on by the host of immortal human Souls throughout the cycles. The crest-wave of evolution rises now aloft to the skies, and now sinks to the trough; but its sweep is ever onward; nor shall I think any slighter of my Soul or the Souls of my race, if I find them now passing through a phase of obscurity in the accomplishment of a work which may well, in remoter ages, have conducted them through halls of light. We must agree with the learned archaeologist that the knowledge of our past achievements is the spur to our present efforts and the promise of our future attainments.

‘The more permanent standard of abiding conditions’ is a happy phrase which one feels reluctant to leave. It is contrasted with the fluctuating standards of fleeting conditions. These latter give us false valuations; we correct them by reference to the former. ‘Human nature is always the same,’ people are fond of saying; but then they are usually sarcastic and mean the lower human nature. But what of the higher human nature? Is not that likewise ever the same? Is it not this that sets the more permanent standard of abiding conditions? Man in all ages has heard the voice of his own divine Soul and seen the light of his intuition from within. The permanent standards are those set by our innate human sense of right, justice, duty and harmony. It is these that guide the pilgrim through all his adventures, glorious and dismal. It is to these that we must recur for salvation in the existing crisis of affairs.

THE MAGIC OF THE INFINITELY SMALL

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

NOTHING is great, nothing is small in the divine economy." Thus runs an ancient saying. How curious are our ideas as to relative values! We look through distorted lenses and think we see with the naked eye. The shadows among which we dwell, as they lengthen and shorten, toy with our senses. We live on one side of a screen; through it oozes out a drop of the infinite and we call it small. More appears on this side. As it takes form we call it large, but do not recognise the early drop. Again it is withdrawn, and we say it is no more, and make our little human plans accordingly. And yet all is, and was, and ever will be.

The unity of life -- these words are spoken as a truism. But not often does the idea that they embody seem to be followed to its heart. The seen is but an infinitesimal part of the unseen. In space we find the evidences of innumerable universes, greater than our own. The unity of life binds us to them all, and stops nowhere. Every atom is part of a Mighty Being, revealing the nature and trend of the parts related to it. Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*: "Understand that all things are in me even as the mighty air which passes everywhere is in space." Then there is that statement so well known to Christians: "In him we live and move and have our being." Interrelations so intimate bring interactions exquisitely sensitive, which spread out to infinity. What then is small? Is it the acorn, in which lie sleeping all the potencies of the great oak? Only familiarity could dull the keenness of surprise at this magic. When a vital manifestation appears in a new place, it is small there, until it has transferred itself and assimilated its new environment. This is part of life's illusions. The human form at first is but a cell of protoplasm, and even the universe itself was once but a point in space.

If everything were not so terribly alive, it might be safe to ignore the small, but there is no possibility of imagining any speck outside of the great throbbing Life. All space is packed with it. Every atom has, besides its own life, that which it shares as a part of the grand organic whole; and every separate and compound life from this atom up to the Unknowable is charged with force, creative power, and the faculty of reproducing itself. Immersed thus as we are in a world whose every point is instinct with energy, it behooves us to be wary of despising the little things. From them come the big things. Cities are built from the rocks made of tiny lives of protozoa; each one too small, one would have

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

said, to have been worth any serious consideration. But age after age, these small lives deposited their carapaces and at last succeeded in making mountains from which has been quarried the greater part of the stone used in the building of the city of Paris. The marvelous Pyramids of Egypt are built of a species of stone made by innumerable little bodies called nummulites. The whole Arabian chain of mountains was formed in the process of time by these small lives. Such are concrete and striking examples of the potency of small things, but a moment's reflexion reveals the fact that they only image the making up of universes.

And who knows when he sees the action of a slight force, what may be the overwhelming sweep of power of which this gives the hint? Watch the sea-bottom on a quiet sunny day in some salt-water bay, at low tide. It is suggestive. Every little blade of green, every little floating speck turns gently toward the outlet. The motions grow fainter and fainter. One would say, were this not a phenomenon as old as time, that all would soon be at rest. Finally comes the dramatic moment when there is absolute stillness, when not a spear stirs, not a drifting bit of seaweed moves. The forces are in equilibrium. An eternal peace seems to brood over the surface of the sea-bed. But only for a moment. Then comes an almost imperceptible turning of all life toward the shore. It is a mere breath, the lightest touch conceivable; yet in this gentle impulse lies all the promise of the sweeping irresistible tide, which gathers force and momentum, and eventually carries all before it.

Our lives have their tides, great and small, innumerable, lapping, overlapping and intermingling. Every moment, probably, some tide rises, because life moves by tides. It is the eternal, changeless way. But in the human tides there enters a creative element. They are not fixed in character like the earth-tides. This is the great line drawn between the human kingdom and all those below, and fully explained in Theosophical literature. Man belongs to another hierarchy, is fairly launched on the road which leads to godhood. He qualifies by his attitude not only the lesser tides or cycles in his individual life, but also the great racial and cosmic cycles. This is but a natural corollary of the axiomatic truth that the great is made up of the small. And besides altering the character of the universal and fixed tides, he constantly creates little individual tides, which may be reinforced or subsequently neutralized by new creations.

There is a law that everything tends to repeat itself. Even a brilliant spot of light reflected on the retina, will be seen at intervals of a few seconds after the eyes are withdrawn, for several times until the force is exhausted. So a thought which once enters the mind, comes again and again, unless intercepted and finally overcome by a stronger one. It has often been

THE MAGIC OF THE INFINITELY SMALL

shown by our Theosophical Teachers, particularly by Mr. Judge, that the way to move forward rapidly is to antagonize those thoughts which are weakening by thoughts of an opposite nature; to arouse the will, and force into the mind that other truth (for there always is one) which is the exact opposite of a thought which is perhaps causing despondency, ambition, jealousy, vanity; or, in one of the many possible ways, producing disintegration and misery. It is only a little flashing thought at first which is called into the mind by the will, but under the law that everything tends to repeat itself, it will appear without effort in time as a sequence to the lower thoughts. The cycle then is modified in character, and little by little, if the will is kept active, the greater thought which is really in line with truth will completely replace the lower, which belongs to the realm of illusion. The latter unchecked leads to insanity; the former, to that peace which passeth understanding. This is the process of self-directed evolution of which Katherine Tingley speaks so constantly. Out of right thought grows right action, which leads in time into the land of freedom.

But long before and after this self-directed process begins, the mobility and subtlety of the elements of human nature, its infinite possibilities in the direction of either right or wrong, make guidance a necessity, and a guidance which is of the utmost wisdom. The origin of all life is the same, and in its right place, all must be good; but when creation begins there is a choice of action. The materials for use are furnished, but they *may* be combined in such a way as to make failure certain. Just as the human form was once a cell of protoplasm, and the universe a point in space, so is every conceivable trait in character, every human power in its beginning, like a dot on paper. The monster of cruelty; the incarnation of selfishness; the flowering genius; the divine ruler: were all alike at one time innocent plastic beings with all the possibilities of life lying before them. Traits do not reveal themselves clearly to the inexperienced in their inception. This knowledge belongs to the science of life, perhaps might be called a knowledge of mental and moral chemistry. Yet every tendency, before even it becomes established as a trait or habit, has its trend. It is like a seed — a small thing which is a great thing. For it is the way things are headed, the point to which they inevitably tend, which is of importance. So it is in the manipulating of these vital sparks on the threshold of life, that the magic of the infinitely small is seen in superlative degree. The future career of men, the history of nations, the character of *racés*, are here in the making. Great Ones reveal themselves not only by the attention they pay to small things, but in the discrimination they show about them. They see the end in the beginning and the beginning in the end.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Undeveloped, inexperienced souls will quite likely coddle the devil in embryo, and hardly hear the first faint stirrings of the spirit. That is the reason we have so many failures in life. The wise know that every smallest thing has its bent to be encouraged or altered, and they know furthermore that the time for action is in youth, when the matrix is soft and pliable. It is said that they do difficult things when they are easy. An old tree must go its way, but young shoots are in the power of the gardener. Thus they do not scorn to occupy themselves with what the conceited ignorant call trifles. Perhaps it is by this discrimination chiefly that the older souls reveal their presence. Defects of character become so transformed with the years. Many of them do not seem serious at first; to certain people, even have an attractiveness. There is a leniency in regard to youthful faults because of a common belief that they will be outgrown. But it is not realized that they simply grow into something (seemingly) different; that they are *not* outgrown without effort and discipline and training. The natural process is for them to fasten themselves stronger. Why not, if they are fed? They are a part of life. They will most certainly take root, deeper and deeper; perhaps become so camouflaged through the action of pride that the whole nature is riddled with them before it is realized; perhaps develop into something monstrous which the parents do not dream is none other than the simple little defect which they encouraged by not discouraging it, now come to its regrettable maturity. One would think from the results in the youth of our day and generation, that the blind are leading the blind to their destruction. With a recklessness that is appalling they seem to be pampering larvae which are but venomous serpents to be. Vanity is developed in every possible way. There are notable and numerous exceptions, of course, yet quite enough of ignorant carelessness to color our civilization. How can we ever become great if these things continue? In the olden times, in glorious eras of enlightenment, one can be sure there were wise teachers of the youth; those who knew where and how to strengthen; what ideals to hold up; how much to demand; in short, the meaning of real guidance. For races are made up of their units, and the units are strong from little seeds of purity, love of truth and justice, sown in their youth. And not only sown, but watered and guarded. Just as the tiny protozoa have patiently built up mountains, so must each build his character into strength and grandeur moment by moment. No one can be small and selfish every day, and great on occasions. The crises in life are but the accumulated expression of all the energies which have been quietly dammed up through the months or years when it seemed as if nothing were happening; then comes the awful revelation, which may bring remorse, humiliation, despair; or the

THE MAGIC OF THE INFINITELY SMALL

inexpressible joy, the expansion, the peace, the supreme satisfaction of having done one's duty, than which there is none greater. This does not seem to be clearly sensed in our era, for besides criminal carelessness we have absolute lack of understanding in many of the adults of our race. Parental control reaches the vanishing point. Self-control cannot then be expected. Rather, custom, habit, the neighbor's opinion, and finally headstrong desire carry the day. It is the opposite of this program, namely, discriminating attention to small details, that makes the Râja-Yoga System what it is.

There is a grass known as foxtail which grows over the hills in this country, making them soft and green in the early spring — a refreshing cover for the bare hills. A new comer would welcome it gladly, but the old settlers who have time, plow it up, knowing that ere long it will be an ugly, sear, and faded mass of strong pricklers. A real teacher makes no mistake as to the nature of such weeds in the heart when they first appear, but directs attention to their danger and the source of power within each one. He shows the youth that it is by means of thoughts that they move forward. They are the feet which will carry them to the goal, when servants; just as they are the feet which will carry them willy-nilly into a slough of despair, into the desert, into a Hades, when masters. Yet it is the higher will, and not the thoughts themselves which produce the magic. Of what value alone are even the most beautiful ones unless they lead into a higher consciousness? They gild the moments of the present, but tarnish in the early future. They may surround the soul with pictures which absorb it wholly in pleasure, but soon fade, succeeded by empty galleries or ugly unwelcome scenes. In time there is an utter nausea of all life, unless the reins are seized, thoughts controlled and guided to noble ends. Not even the most dazzling beauty can drown the sense of unrest in the background which glorifies even as it darkens the secret inclosure of the soul. For it is only the right state of consciousness which brings happiness, and this is independent of and superior to all the outer layers of moods and feelings. All real growth is a growth in consciousness, and much of what passes for growth is but a means to this end. An intellectual comprehension of the real philosophy of life, for instance, great as this is, avails nothing unless it is lived and made a part of one's being; that is, unless it gradually raises the consciousness. In fact, lacking this, it becomes added misery, because of the discords brought into being; the sense of dissatisfaction and disapproval. The living of a great truth *must* follow its acquisition, or there will be disintegration and absolute degeneration. Krishna says in one of the ancient books: "When this Path is beheld, whether one sets out to the bloom of the east or to the chambers of the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

west, *without moving*, O holder of the bow, is the traveling on this road. In this Path, to whatever place one would go, *that place one's self becomes.*"

The atmosphere of this interior carries its own aroma, sweetening and harmonizing the discordant elements it touches. All have felt it at times and perhaps wondered why on some magical day, no antagonisms could disturb and life seemed athrob with an inner joy. It might be that the soul had strolled unawares into some passing splendor; or it might be that the path of duty had brought it to one of its own earned lighted spots. So clear, and fresh, and simple has life seemed on these days. One asks why they need vanish. It would seem as if one might be alert for the slightest sign of fading, might learn the process by which it dissipates and hold it in the very act. But alas! unperceived they pass, and one finds oneself again on the unprotected road, with the old enemies out in force. Yet such days are not lost. We have their memory, their inspiration, and their promise. They cannot be held until we have thoroughly learned the potency of, and mastered power over, the moments. They are like the great divides one crosses in climbing over a mountainous country, when the whole scene changes in an instant. There is a wonderful one in Switzerland, leading from the south to the Bernese Oberlands. One mounts step by step over a road whose aspect and surroundings are severe. Tall peaks, draped in clouds, are ever in view. The vegetation seems ragged. There is a grandeur, certainly, in such proportions, but at times it is forbidding, and one does not feel at home. It is a long, long climb, seeming as if it would never end. Then suddenly, without warning, one comes upon the top of the great divide. The startling change of scene is overwhelming. One's whole being thrills with new sensations. Is all this in the same world separated by about a foot in space? The glowing picture of beauty now revealed is indescribable. Soft rich colors, warmed by sunlight and deepened by shade; graceful curves of landscape, dotted with lakes set like gems over its rolling surface; light playing over all like a thing alive, sending with every beam a message of friendliness and welcome. Not the last step alone of the climb brought the beautiful vision; each step over the long wearisome road was as necessary. At any time, had discouragement conquered and the climb been abandoned, no reward could have followed.

The Long Journey of life is crossed by an infinite series of such divides, and it is not always from a bleak to a fertile valley that it leads. Possibly more often the reverse takes place. The true art, of course, would be to hold the inspiration and breadth of vision of the heights through the details and intricacies of the valleys; never to forget the truth of the splendor of the journey even though fogs seem impenetrable and clouds threatening; never to let weariness destroy courage and hope; never to

THE CREST-WAVE OF OF EVOLUTION


lose faith. But such power can only come through long training and attention to each step. If one wanders half dreaming, the road is lost, the vision is lost, and lives of time are wasted. There are some old lines which we often quote, and which suggest themselves here. They run thus:

Listen to the Salutation of the Dawn.
Look to this day, for it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the possibilities and realities of your existence.
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well-lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day.
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

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

XXII — EASTWARD HO!

 HE point we start out from this evening is, in time, the year 220 A. D., in place, West Asia: 220, or you may call it 226, — sixty-five years, a half-cycle, after 161 and the accession of Marcus Aurelius; and therewith, in Rome, the beginning of the seasons prophetic of decline. So now we are in 226; look well around you; note your whereabouts; — for there is no resting here. You have seen? you have noted? On again then, I beseech you; and speedily. And, please, backwards: playing as it were the crab in time; and not content till the whole pralaya is skipped, and you stand on the far shore, in the sunset of an elder day: looking now forward, into futurity, from 390, perhaps 394 B. C.; over first a half-cycle of Persian decline,— long melancholy sands and shingle, to — there on the edge of the great wan water,— that July in 330 when mean Satrap Bessus killed his king, Codomannus, last of the Achaemenidae, then in flight from Alexander; — and the House of Cyrus and Darius came to an end. What a time it was that drifted into Limbo then! One unit of history; one phase of the world's life-story! It had seen all those world-shaking Tiglath-pileasers eastward; all those proud Osirified kings by the Nile; — and now it was over; had died in its last stronghold, Persia, and there was nowhere else for it to be reborn; and, after a decent half-cycle of lying in state under

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

degenerate descendants of the great Darius, had been buried (cataclysmal obsequies!) beneath a landslide of Hellenistic Macedonianism. Its old civilization, senile long since, was gone, and a new kind from the west superimposed; — Babylon was a memory vague and splendid; — the Assyrian had gone down, and should never re-arise; — Egypt of the Pharaohs had fallen forever and ever; — Aryan Persia was over-run;—

“Iram indeed had gone, with all his rose,
And Jamshyd’s seven-ringed cup, where no one knows;”

— and the angel that recorded their deeds and misdeeds had written *Tamám* on the last page, sprinkled sand over the ink, — shut the volume, and put it away on the shelf; — and with a *Thank God that’s done with!* settled down to snooze for six hundred years and ten.

For what had he to do with what followed? With Alexander’s wedding-feast in 324,— when upwards of ten thousand couples, the grooms all Macedonian, the brides all Persian, were united: what had he to do with the new race young Achilles Redivivus thus proposed to bring into being? These were mere Macedonian doings, to be recorded by his brother angel of Europe; as also were the death of Alexander, and his grand schemes that came to nothing. There was no West Asia now; only Europe: all was European and Hellenized to the borders of India, with periodical overflowings beyond; — just as, long afterwards, Spain was a province of West Asia; and just as Egypt now is submerged under a European power.

Only the trouble is that the seed of something native always remains in regions so overflowed with an alien culture; and Alexander dreamed never of what might lie quiescent, resurrectable in time, in the mountains of Persis, the Achaemenian land, out of the path of the eastward march of his phalanxes; — or indeed, in those wide deserts southward, parched Araby, that none but a fool — and such was not Alexander — would trouble to invade or think of conquering: something that should in its time reassert West Asia over all Hellenedom, in Macedonia itself, and west beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the limits of the world. But let that be: it need trouble no one in this year of 324 B. C.! Only remember that “that which hath been shall be again, and there is nothing new under the sun.”

In this study of comparative history one finds after awhile that there are very few dates that count, and they are very easy to keep in mind. The same decades are important everywhere: and this because humanity is one, and however diversified on the outside, inwardly all history is the history of the one Host of Souls. Take 320 B. C. Alexander is dead three years, but the world is still vibrating with him. Chandragupta Maurya

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

has just started his dynasty and great age in India, which is to last its thirteen decades until the neighborhood of 190. Seleucus Nicator, the only one of the Macedonian *diadochi* who has not divorced his Persian bride, is about to set up for himself a sovereignty in Babylon,— which Scipio Africanus, thirteen decades afterwards, struck from the list of the Great Powers when he defeated Seleucus' descendant Antiochus at Magnesia,— in 190 again; at which time the Romans first broke into Asia. And it was in the one-nineties, too, that the second Han Emperor came to the Dragon Throne, and the glorious age of the Western Hans began.

Though the Seleucidae possessed for some time a great part of Darius Hystaspes' empire,— and, except Egypt, all the old imperial seats of the foregone manvantara,— they do not belong to West Asia at all; their history is not West-Asian, but European; they are a part of that manvantara whose forces were drifting west from Greece to Italy. The history of all the Macedonian kingdoms is profoundly uninteresting. There was enough of Greek in them to keep them polished; enough of Macedonian to keep them essentially barbarous; — they sopped up some of the effateness of the civilizations they had displaced, Egyptian and Asiatic; but the souls of those old civilizations remained aloof. There was mighty little Egypt in the Egypt of the Ptolemies: what memories and atmosphere of a grand antiquity survived, hid in the crypts and pyramids; all one saw was a sullen fanatic people scorning their conquerors. So too in Seleucus' Babylon there was little evidence of the old Chaldaean wisdom, or the Assyrian power, or the pride and chivalry of the Persian. It was Europe occupying West Asia; and not good Europe at that; and only able to do so (as is always the case) because the Soul of West Asia was temporarily absent. The Seleucidae maintained a mimic greatness in tinsels until 190 and Scipio and Magnesia; then a mere rising-tide-lapped sand-castle of a kingdom until, in 64 B. C., Pompey made what remained of it a Roman province,— just twice thirteen decades after the marriage-feast at Babylon; just when the great age of the Western Hans was ending, and when Augustus was thinking of being born, and (probably or possibly) Vikramâditya of starting up a splendor at Ujjain. What Pompey took,— what remained for him to take,— consisted only of Syria; all the eastern part of the Seleucid empire had gone long since.

In 255 Diodotus, the Seleucid satrap of Bactria, rebelled and made himself a kingdom; and that the kingdom might become an empire, went further on the war-path. On the eastern shores of the Caspian he defeated one of the myriad nomad tribes of Turanian stock that haunt those parts,— first cousins, a few times removed perhaps, to our friends the Huns; a few more times removed, to that branch of their race that had, so to say, married above them and become thus a sort of

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

poor relations to the aristocracy,— the Ts'inners who were at that time finishing up their conquest of China. Thus while the far eastern branch of the family was prospering mightily, the far western was getting into trouble: I may mention that they were known, these far westerners, as the *Parni*; and that their chief had tickled his pride with assumption of the Persian name of Arsaces; — just as I dare say you should find various George Washingtons and Pompey the Greats now swaying empires in the less explored parts of Africa. South of this Parnian country lies what is now the province of Khorasan, mountainous; then a Seleucan satrapy known as Parthia; — also inhabited by Turanians, but of a little more settled sort; the satrap was Andragoras, who, like Diodotus in Bactria (only not quite so much so), had made himself independent of the reigning Antiochus (II). With him Arsaces found refuge after his defeat by Diodotus, and there spent the next seven years; — whether enjoying Andragoras' hospitality, or making trouble for him, this deponent knoweth not. In 248, however, he proceeded to slay him and to reign in his stead. Two years later, Arsaces died, and his brother Tiridates succeeded him and carried on the good work; he was driven out by Seleucus II in 238, but returned to it when the latter was called westward by rebellions soon after. Thenceforward the Parthian kingdom was, as you might say, a fact in nature; though until a half-cycle had passed, a small and unimportant one, engaged mostly in reinvigorating the native Turanianism of the Parthians with fresh Parnian importations from the northern steppes. Then, in 170, Mithradates I came to the throne, and seriously founded an empire. He fought Eucratidas of Bactria, and won some territory from him. He fought eastward as far as to the Indus; then conquered Media and Babylonia in the west. In 129 Demetrius II Nicator, the reigning Seleucid, attacked Mithradates' son, Phraates II, and was defeated; and the lands east of the Euphrates definitely passed from Seleucid to Parthian control.

Why not, then, count as manvantaric doings in West Asia this rise of the Parthians to power? Why relegate them and their activities to the dimness of pralaya? Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

“The Parthian Empire as founded by the conquests of Mithradates I and restored, once by Mithradates II (the Great, c. 124 to 88 B. C.), and again by Phraates III (B. C. 76 to 70), was, to all exterior appearances, a continuation of the Achaemenid dominion. Thus the Arsacids now began to assume the old title ‘King of kings’ (the shahanshah of modern Persia), though previously their coins as a rule had borne only the legend ‘great king.’ The official version preserved by Arrian in his *Parthica*, derives the line of these Parnian nomads from [the Achaemenian] Artaxerxes II. In reality however the Parthian empire was totally different from its predecessor, both externally and internally. It was anything rather than a world empire. The countries west of the Euphrates never owned its dominion, and even of Iran itself not one half was subject to the Arsacids. There were indeed vassal states on every hand, but the actual possessions of the kings — the provinces governed by their satraps — consisted of a

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

rather narrow strip of land stretching from the Euphrates and north Babylonia through southern Media and Parthia as far as north-western Afghanistan. . . . Round these provinces lay a ring of minor states which as a rule were dependent on the Arsacids. They might, however, partially transfer their allegiance on the rise of a new power (*e. g.*, Tigranes in Armenia) or a Roman invasion. Thus it is not without justice that the Arsacid period is described, in the later Persian and Arabian tradition, as the period of the 'kings of the part-kingdoms' — among which the Ashkanians (*i. e.*, the Arsacids) had won the first place. . . .

"It may appear surprising that the Arsacids made no attempt to incorporate the minor states in the empire and create a great and united dominion, such as existed under the Achaemenids and was afterwards restored by the Sassanians. This fact is the clearest symptom of the weakness of their empire and of the small power wielded by their King of kings. In contrast alike with its predecessors and successors the Arsacid dominion was peculiarly a chance formation — a state which had come into existence through fortuitous external circumstances, and had no firm foundation within itself, or any intrinsic *raison d'être*."

-- A Turanian domination over Iran, it had leave to exist only because the time was pralaya. When a man dies, life does not depart from his body; but only that which sways and organizes life; then life, ungoverned and disorganized, takes hold and riots. So with the seats of civilization. One generally finds that at such times some foreign power receives, as we are getting to say, a mandate (but from the Law) to run these dead or sleeping or disorganized regions,—until such time as they come to life again, and proceed to evict the mandataries. — As well to remember this, now that we are proposing, upon a brain-mind scheme, to arrange for ourselves what formerly the Law saw to: — the nations that are now to be great and proud mandataries, shall sometime themselves be mandatariated; and those that are mandatariated now, shall then arrange their fate for them: there is no help for it: you cannot catch Spring in a trap, or cage up Summer lest he go. — It seems now we must believe in a new doctrine: that certain 'Nordics' are the Superior Race, and you must be blue-eyed and large and blond, or you shall never pass Peter's wicket. One of these days we shall have some learned ingenious Hottentot arising, to convince us poor others of the innate superiority of Hottentottendom, and that we had better bow down! . . . But to return: —

The Parthians remained little more than Central-Asian nomads: something between the Huns who destroyed civilization, and the Turks who cultivated it for all they were worth (in a Central-Asian-nomad sort of way). All their magnates were Turanian; they retained a taste for tent-life; their army and fighting tactics were of the desert-horseman type: mounted bowmen, charging and shooting, wheeling and scattering in flight,—which put not your trust in, or 'ware the "Parthian shot." They were not armed for close combat; and were quite defenseless in winter, when the weather slackened their bow-strings. True, Aryan Iran put its impress on them: so that presently their kings wore long beards in the Achaemenian fashion, made for themselves an Achaemenian descent, called themselves by Achaemenian names. They took on, too, the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Achaemenian religion of Zoroaster: — so, but much more earnestly and adventurously and *opera-bouffe*-grimly, Ts'in Shi Hwangti took on the quest of Tao. There was also a stratum of Hellenistic culture in their domains, and they took on something of that. When they conquered Babylonia, it was inevitable that they should move their headquarters down into that richest and most thickly-populated part of their realm — to Seleucia, the natural capital, one might suppose? — a huge Hellenistic city well organized for world-commerce. — But let these nomad kings come into it with their horde, and what would become of the ordered civic life? Nomads do not take well to life in great cities; they love the openness of the everlasting plains, and the narrow streets and high buildings irk their sensibilities. For this reason, and perhaps because they recognised their deficiencies, they shunned Seleucia; and built themselves lumbering straggling gawky Ctesiphon across the Tigris to be their chief capital; — for they had many; not abiding to be long in one place, but gadding about as of old. Still, Greek culture was not to be denied. They coined money, copying the inscriptions on the coins of the Seleucids, and copying them ever worse and worse. Not until after 77 A. D., and then only occasionally, do Parthian coins bear inscriptions in Aramaic. Yet sometimes we hear of their being touched more deeply with Greekness. Orodes I,— he who defeated Crassus,— spoke good Greek, and Greek tragedies were played at his court. — As with nomads generally, it was always easy for a Parthian king to shark up a great army and achieve a striking victory; but as a rule impossible to keep the horde so sharked up together for solid conquests; and above all, it was impossible to organize anything.

But they played their part in history: striking down to cut off the flow of Greek culture eastward. It had gone, upon Alexander's impulse, up into Afghanistan and down into India; may even have touched Han China,— probably did. I do not suppose that the touch could have done anything but good in India and China; where culture was well-established, older, and in all essentials higher, than in Greece. But in Persia itself the case was different. Persia was under pralaya, in retreat among its original mountains; and submergence under Hellenisticism might have meant for it oblivion of its own native Persianism. Consider: of the two great centers of West-Asian culture, Egypt fell under Greek, and then under Roman, dominion; and the old Egyptian civilization became, so far as we can tell, utterly a thing of the past. When Egypt rose again, under the Esotericist Sultans of the tenth century A. D., I dare not quite say that her new glory was linked by nothing whatever to the ancient glory of the Pharaohs; but that would be the general — as it is the obvious — view. Fallen into pralaya, she had no positive strength of her own to

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

oppose to the active manvantaric influence of Greekism under the Ptolemies; and in Roman days it was her imported Greekism that she opposed to the Romans, not her own old and submerged Khemism. Her soul was buried very deep indeed, if it remained with her at all. In Persia, on the other hand, West Asia retained much more clearly its cultural identity. Persianism was submerged for about thirteen decades under the Seleucids; then the Parthians cut in, and the drowning waters were drained away. The Parthians had no superior culture to impose on the Persians; whereas the Greeks had,— because theirs was active and in manvantara, while that of the Persians themselves was negative, because in pralaya. One might say roughly that a nation under the dominance of a people more highly or actively cultured than itself, tends to lose the integrity of its own culture,— as has happened in Ireland and Wales under English rule:— they take on, not advantageously, an imitation of the culture of their rulers. But under the dominance of a stronger, but less advanced, people, they tend to seek refuge the more keenly in their own cultural sources: as the Finns and Poles have done under the Russians. This explains in part the difference between Egypt and Persia at the dawn of the new West-Asian manvantara. We have seen that in the former the seeds were ready to sprout, and did,— in Ammonius Saccas and his movement. They were Egyptian seeds; but the soil and fertilizers were so Greek that the blossom when it appeared seemed not Egyptian, not West-Asian, but Neo-Greek; and turned not to the rising, but to the setting sun. The new growth affiliated itself to the European manvantara that was passing, not to the West-Asian one that was to begin. Persia was in a different position.

Certain events went to quicken the Persian seed within the Parthian empire. One was the rise of the Yueh Chi. During the period between the end of the brilliance of the Western, and the beginning of that of the Eastern Hans, these people were consolidating an empire in Northern India, and figuring there as the Kushan Dynasty; their power culminated, probably, in the reign of Kanishka. They had wrested from the Parthians some of their eastern provinces; — really, the overlordship of these rather than the sovereignty, for the Parthians held all things lightly except the ground they happened to be camping on; and this made a change in the center of Parthian gravity which was of enormous help to the Persians.

The heart of Persiandom was the province of Fars or Persis, the mountain-land lying to the east of the Persian Gulf, and between it and the Great Persian Desert. Mesopotamia, where were Ctesiphon, the Parthian's chief capital, and Seleucia, their greatest city,— the richest and most populated part of their empire, stretches northward from the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

very top of the gulf, a long way from Fars; and the main routes eastward from Mesopotamia run well to the north of the latter avoiding its mountains and the desert beyond. So this province is remote, and well calculated to maintain appreciable independence of any empire not born in itself. The Parthian writ had never run there much; nor had the Median in the days when the Medes were in power; though of that empire, as of the Parthian, it had been more or less nominally a dependent province. It was from these mountains that a chieftain came, in the five-fifties B. C., to overturn Astyages the Mede's sovereignty, and replace it with his own Achaemenian Persian; and to take Persianism out of mountain Fars, and spread it over all West Asia. Back to Fars, when the Achaemenians fell, that Persianism receded; there to maintain itself unimportantly aloof through the Seleucid and Arsacid ages: probably never very seriously menaced by Greekism, even in Seleucid times, because so remote from the routes of trade and armies. The conquests of the Yueh Chi put Fars still nearer the circumference of Parthia: threw the center of that more definitely into Mesopotamia, and closed the avenues eastward. The change made Fars the more conscious of herself.

But there were Persians all over the Parthian domain; and had been ever since they first went down out of their mountains under Cyrus to conquer. It was in accordance with what I may call the Law of Cyclic Backwashes, that the rise of the Yueh Chi should have stirred up Persian feeling in them everywhere. Thus: the impulse of Han Wuti's westward activities passed as a quickening into the Yueh Chi; and on from them, not into the Parthians, who were but an unreality and mirage of empire, but into these Persians, the true possessors of the land whose turn it was to be quickened. They began remembering, now, their ancient greatness; and turning their eyes to their still half-independent ancestral mountains, whence — dared they hope it? — another Cyrus might appear.

Then came another psychic impulse, from the west: when Trajan's eastward victories shook the Parthian power again. Then,— you will remember how the Roman world was shaken at the time of Marcus Aurelius' accession: how Vologaeses seized the opportunity to attack; how Verus the co-emperor went against him, and made a mess of things; how Avidius Cassius (who brought back the plague to Rome) saved the situation. In doing so, he conferred unwittingly untold benefits on the Persian subjects of Parthia. He destroyed Seleucia as a punitive measure. Now Seleucia had been the cultural capital of the Parthian empire; and it was a Greek city. Its culture was Greek; and Greek culture had ever been, for Persianism, a graver danger and more present check than Parthian ignorance; for it submerged and abashed, where the other only ignored, the Persian spirit. So when Seleucia was wiped out, in 165,

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

the chief and real enemy of the National Soul had vanished. The Persians might no longer look to Hellenism for their cultural inspiration; might no more set up *its* light against the Parthian darkness; they must find a light instead proper to their own souls; — and must look towards mountain Fars to find it. Within a half-cycle they were up. They were due to be up, as you will remember, in the two-twenties: the decade in which we saw the stream in China, as in Rome, diminish. Troubles had begun in Rome in 162, the second year of Aurelius. 162 plus 65 are 227. In 227 Persia rose and Parthia vanished.

In the second century A. D. there had been a man in Fars named Papak the son of Sassan, who took as his motto the well-known lines from Marlowe:

“Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?”

— Persepolis, indeed, was gone, and only its vast and pillared ruins remained in the wilderness; but near by the town of Istakhr had grown up, to be what Persepolis had been in the old Achaemenian days,— the heart and center of Fars, which is, spiritually, the heart and center of all Iran. Papak thought he would make Istakhr serve his purpose; and did; — and reigned there in due course without ever a Parthian to say him nay. In 212 he died; and what he had been and desired to be, that his son Ardashir would be in turn, and much more also. This Ardashir was very busy remembering the story of the Achaemenidae: men, like himself, of Fars; men, like himself, of the One and Only True Religion; but further, conquerors of the world and Kings of the kings of Iran and Turan. And if they, why not he? — So he goes to it, and from king of Istakhr becomes king of Fars; and then unobtrusively takes in Karmania eastward; — until news of his doings comes to the ears of his suzerain Artabanus king of Parthia, who does not like it. Artabanus has recently (217) received in indemnity a matter of seven and a half million dollars from a well-whipped Roman emperor; and is not prepared to see his own underlings give themselves airs; — so whistles up his horde of cavalry, and marches south and east to settle things. Three battles, and the Parthian empire is a thing of the past; and Ardashir (which is Artaxerxes) the son of Papak the son of Sassan sits in the great seat of the Achaemenidae.

Now this is the key to all the history of the west in those times; and we may include West Asia in the west: — the world was going down, and each new phase of civilization was something worse than the one before. I cannot but see degeneracy, and with every age a step further from ancient truth: Rome with less light than Greece; the Sassanians a feeble copy of the Achaemenians: — knowledge of the Realities receding ever into the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

past. A new spirit had been coming in since the beginning of the Christian era, or since the living flame of the last-surviving Mysteries was quenched. It is one we are but painfully struggling away from now; it has tainted all life west of China since. China, with her satellite nations, alone in the main escaped it: I mean, the spirit of religious intolerance.

The odium of introducing it belongs not (as you might think) to one particular religious body, but to the evil in humanity; on which, since the Mysteries were destroyed, there had been no effective check. The corner-stone of true religion is the Divine Spirit omnipresent in Nature; the Divine Soul in Man. As well forbid the rest of men to breathe the air you breathe, or walk under your private stretches of sky, as try to peg yourself out a special claim in these! You cannot do it, and the first instinct of man should be that you cannot do it. But lose sight of these Divine Things; lose the sense that perceives them, and their essential universality, their inevitable universality; — and where are you? What are you to do about the inner life? — Why, for lack of reality, you shall take a sham: you shall hatch up some formula of words; or better still, take the formula already hatched that comes handiest; call it your creed or confession of faith; fix your belief on that, as supreme and infallible, the sure and certain key to the mysteries within and around you; — then you may cease to think of those mysteries altogether; the word-formula will be enough; it is that, not thought, not action, that saves. I believe in — such and such an arrangement of consonants and vowels; — and therefore I am saved, and highly superior; and you, poor reptile, who possess not this arrangement, but some other and totally false one; — you, thank God, are damned. You are lost; you shall go to hell; I scorn and look down on you from the heights of the special favor of the Maker of the Stars and Suns: as if I lay already snug in Abraham's bosom, and watched you parched and howling. — The Mysteries were gone; there was no Center of Light in the West, from which the thought-essence of common sense might seep out purifying year by year into men's minds; Theosophy the grand antiseptic was not; so such tomfoolery as this came in to take its place. You must react to this from indifference, and to indifference from this; — two poles of inner darkness, and wretched unthinking humanity wobbling between them; — so long as you have no Light. What then is the Light? — Why, simply something you cannot confine in a church or bottle in a creed: and this is a proposition that needs no proving at all, because it is self-evident. There was a fellow in English Wiltshire once, they say, who planted a hedge about his field to keep in the cuckoo from her annual migration. The spirit of Cuckoo-hedging came in, in the first centuries A. D.

It was totally unknown to the Roman polity. Whatever inner things

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

any man or nation chose to bear witness to, said the Roman state, were to be supposed to exist; and might be proclaimed, were they not subversive of the public order, for the benefit of any that needed them. There were two exceptions: Druidism; we have glanced at a possible reason why it was proscribed in Gaul by Augustus; another reason may have been that the Druids clung to the memories of Celtic — and so anti-Roman — great things forelost. The other exception was the first historical world-religion that proclaimed the doctrine,— *Believe or be damned!*

Over the portals of the first century A. D., says H. P. Blavatsky, the words “the Karma of Israel” are written. Judaism had never tried to impress itself on the world, as the religion that was born from it did. — It is rarely that one finds sane views taken as to Jewish history; it is a history, and a race, that provoke extreme feelings. A small people, originally exiled from India, that had had eight thousand years of vicissitudes since: sometimes, it is necessary to think, high fortunes; — no doubt an age of splendor once under their great king Solomon, or some one else for whom the traditional Solomon stands; oftenest, perhaps, subjected to their powerful neighbors in Egypt, Babylon, or Assyria, and latterly Rome: you may say that no doubt they were in the long run no better and no worse than the rest of mankind. They had great qualities, and the failings correspondent. They had, like all other races, their champions of the Light, their Prophets and wise Rabbis; and in ages of darkness their stiff-necked fierce materialism incased in dogma and enthroned in high places in the national religion. Their history has been lifted to a bad eminence,— bad for them and the rest of us,— by the ignorance of the last two millenniums; in reality, that history, sanely understood, and not gathered too much from their own records, amply explains their failings and their virtues, and should leave us not unduly admiring, nor unfraternally the reverse. They were human; which means, subject to human duality, to cycles of light, and cycles of darkness. The centuries after the sixth B. C. were, as we have seen, a cycle of growing darkness for most of the world. The position of the Jews, a small people surrounded by great ones, and therefore always liable to be trampled on, had intensified their national feeling to an extraordinary pitch; and their religion was the one lasting bond of their nationality. So, at the beginning of the Christian era, they were notoriously the most difficult people to govern in the Roman world. The passing of the Egyptian Mysteries had left those Egyptians who still were Egyptian sullenly fanatical; but the reaction from ancient greatness kept that fanaticism aloof,— the energies were dormant: Egypt, thoroughly conquered, turned her face from the world, and hoped for nothing. But the Jews maintained an inextinguish-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

able hope; they nourished on it a fighting spirit which entered fiercely into the religion that was for them the one and only truth, and that lifted them in their own estimation high above the rest of mankind. Romans and Egyptians alike worshiped the Gods, though they called them by different names; but the Jews abhorred the Gods. The Maker of Sirius and Canopus and the far limits of the galaxy was a good Jew like themselves, their peculiar property; He had his earthly headquarters in Jerusalem; spoke, I suppose, only Hebrew, and considered other languages gibberish; of all this earth, was only interested in a tiny corner at the south-east end of the Mediterranean; and of all the millions of humanity, only in the million or two of his Chosen People. I say at once that, considering their history, and the universal decline of the Mysteries, and the gathering darkness of the age, there is nothing surprising in their attitude. Much oppression, many conquests,— never accepted by themselves,— had driven them in on themselves and kept their racial self-consciousness at a perpetual boiling-point; and it all went into their religion, which compensated them with unearthly dignities for the indignities they suffered on earth . . . *them* . . . the Chosen People of the Lord! It bred in them scorn of the Gentiles, for which there was no solvent in the Roman polity, the Roman citizenship, the Roman peace. — There must have been always noble protest-ants among them. The common people,— as the picture in the Gospels shows,— were ready enough to fraternize humanly with Gentiles and Romans; but the fact remains that at the time Judaism gave birth to Christianity, this narrow fierce antagonism to all other religions was the official attitude of the Jewish church. It was, perhaps, the darkest moment in Jewish spiritual history; and it was the moment chosen by a Teacher as that in which he should be born a Jew.

The story in the Gospels cannot, I suppose, be taken as *au pied de lettre* historical; but no doubt it gives a general picture which is true enough. And the picture it gives shows the Jewish proletariat in very favorable contrast with the officials heads of the church and state. They, the common people, received the Teacher well; to them, he was a gracious figure whom they came in multitudes to hear. He was in fierce opposition to the hierarchic aristocracy,— the “Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,” as he called them: the body that nourished the tradition of exclusiveness and intolerance. He preached pure ethics to the people, and they loved him for it. He gathered round him disciples,— men eager to learn from him that which it would have been ridiculous to have tried to teach the mob: the Secret Wisdom, without which to keep them sweet, ethics become sentimentalism, and philosophy a cold corpse. It is a law in the Schools of this Wisdom that seven years of training are necessary before the disciple can reach that grade of insight and self-mastery which will

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

enable him in turn to become a Teacher: seven years at the very least. Within four years of the beginning of his mission, before, in the nature of things, one single disciple could have been more than half-trained, the hierarchic aristocracy had had this Teacher crucified.

Who, then, was to transmit his doctrine? He wrote nothing of it down; in the truest sense it never can be written down: had never had time to teach it; from any writings whatsoever each student can only gain the nexus of what he is to learn from life: for teaching does not mean giving dissertations, arguments, proofs; enunciating principles, and explaining them, or the like. It means, so far as one dare try to express it, bringing such experiences to bear on the lives of those who are to be taught, as shall awaken their own inner perceptions to truth. So this Man's doctrine *was never transmitted*. His disciples, good and earnest men, as we may imagine, had not the weapons spiritual wherewith to wage effective warfare for the Light. Supposing H. P. Blavatsky had died in 1879 . . . ?

The next step was, the inevitable materialization of the whole movement. It followed the course all such movements must follow, that are without spiritual leadership at the head, spiritual wisdom at the core. It reacted against the exclusiveness of Judaism,— and at the same time inherited it. Feelings of that sort lie far deeper than the articles of belief; a change of creed will not remove them; it needs special, defined, and Herculean efforts to remove them. You might, for example, react from a bigoted creed to one whose sole proclaimed article was universal toleration, and become a fierce bigot in that,— for the creed, not the idea; because creeds always obscure ideas: when a creed is formulated, it means that ideas are shelved. So now Christianity inherited the Chosen People dogma, but transferred it from a racial-ecclesiastical to a wholly ecclesiastical basis; and, since every Teacher comes upon a cyclic impulse outward, took on a missionary spirit. The Chosen People now were the members of the church, who might belong to any race. Within that churchly pale you were saved; you were a special protégé of the Maker of Sirius and Canopus and the far limits of the galaxy; who had — for a dogma had to be invented to explain the untimely disastrous death of the Teacher,— incarnated and been crucified in Judea. Outside that pale you were damned,— from Caesar on his throne to the smallest news-boy yelling false news in the Forum. While such a spirit had been confined to the Jews, it had been comparatively harmless; now it was spreading broadcast through the Roman world, an entirely new thing, and the darkest and most ominous yet.

Whom, then, shall we blame? These sectarians? — NO: to understand is to forgo the imagined right of apportioning blame. It was that

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

humanity had entered on a dark region in time: a region whose terrors had not been forefended; to be entered perforce by a humanity, or section of humanity, that had no Center of Light established in its midst. Had Croton of Pythagoras survived; or the Mysteries at Gaulish Bibracte: had there been but one firm foothold for the Lodge in the world of men; — I think none of these things could have come about; and that for the same reason that you cannot have total darkness in a room in which a lamp is lighted. But this darkness was total: intolerance is the negation of spiritual light. Of all the various movements in the Roman world that had not actual members of the Lodge behind and moving them, Christianity had the greatest impetus; and it was the one that first entered into this murk and deadly gloom. So that it may seem, to an impartial but not too deeply-seeing eye, as if it were Christianity that invented the gloom. Not so; nor Judaism neither; nor any Christians nor Jews. It was the men who burned Croton; the man who killed the Mysteries in Gaul. For every disaster there are causes far and far back.

Christianity had spread, by this third century, perhaps as much through the Parthian empire as through the Roman. The Parthians, Zoroastrians, had been as tolerant as the Romans; much more so to Christianity; — though the motive of their toleration had been pure indifference to everything religious; whereas in Rome there was statesmanship and wisdom behind theirs. The Persians reacted against Parthianism in all its manifestations. They were shocked at Parthian indifference. The Persian is as naturally religious as the Hindoo; and has the virtues and vices of the religious temperament. The virtues are, a tendency to mysticism, a need to concern oneself with the unseen; the vices, a non-immunity to fanaticism and bigotry. They came down now from their mountains determined to combat the slackness, the indifference, the materialism of the world. The virus of intolerance was in the air,— a spirit like the germ of plague or any epidemic: one religion catches it from another. Let it be about, and you are in danger of catching it,— unless your faith is based on actual inner enlightenment, and not faith at all, but knowledge; or unless you have a Teacher so enlightened to adjust you, and keep you too busy to catch it; — or unless you are totally heedless of the unseen. The Persians were not indifferent, but very much in earnest; and they had no knowledge, but only faith: so they stood in peculiar danger. And presently a Teacher came to them, and they rejected him.

His name was Mani; he was born in Ctesiphon, of noble Persian family, probably in 215; and came forward as a Teacher (according to the Mohammedan tradition, which is the most trustworthy) at the coronation of Sapor I, Ardashir's successor, in 242. Sapor at first was disposed

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

to hear him; but the Magi moved heaven and earth to change that disposition. Ardashir had bound church and state together in the closest union: no worship but the Zoroastrian was allowed in his dominions. This was mainly aimed at the Christians, and must have caused them much discomfort. But Mani, it would seem, rose against all this narrowness. It has been said that he taught Reincarnation, and again denied; — this much he taught certainly,— that all religions are founded on one body of truth. He drew his own doctrine from Zoroastrianism, Christianity (chiefly Gnostic), and Buddhism; taking from each what he found to be true. Manichaeism spread quickly, through the Roman world as well as through Persia; in the former it replaced Mithraism, another Persian growth, that had come to be pre-eminently the religion of the Roman soldier. Sapor looked on him favorably; Hormizd, the heir apparent, was more or less a disciple; but the Magi agitated. They arranged a great debate before the king, and therein convinced him; persuaded him, at least, to withdraw from the Teacher the light of his countenance; — and Mani found it expedient, or perhaps was compelled, to go into exile. In China; where the family of that Ts'ao Ts'ao who expelled the Eastern Hans, was reigning as the House of Wei in the north. There Mani busied himself, less in teaching his religion than in studying Chinese civilization,— especially its arts and crafts, and most of all, carpet-weaving. Presently he ventured back to Persia, with a large knowledge of Chinese methods and a large collection of specimens; — with which he gave a new impetus to Persian art and manufactures. Hormizd came to the throne in 271, and befriended him and his doctrine; but reigned only a single year. His successor Bahram I in the name of Zoroastrianism had him flayed and crucified.

So Sassanian history is, on the whole, uninteresting. Their culture stood for no great ideas; only for a narrow persecuting church. West Asia was not ready yet for great and world-important doings; it must wait for these till Mohammed, who struck into the very least promising quarter of it, and kindled in the barbarous wilderness a light to redeem the civilization of the western world. I shall hardly have to turn to the Sassanians again; so will say here what is to be said. We have seen that their empire was quite unlike the Parthian; it was a reversion to, and copy in small of, the Achaemenian of Cyrus and Darius. It never attained the size of that; and only late in its existence, and to a small degree, overflowed the Parthian limits. But it was a well-organized state, with a culture of its own; and enough military power to stand throughout its existence the serious rival of Rome. Its arts and crafts became famous,— thanks largely to Mani; in architecture it revived the Achaemenian tradition, with modifications of its own; and passed the result on to the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Arabs when they rose, to be the basis of the Saracenic style. There was a fairly extensive literature: largely religious, but with much also in *belles lettres*, re-tellings of the old Iranian sagas, and the like. Its history is mainly the record of gigantic wars with Rome; these were diversified later by tussles with the Turks, Ephthalites or White Huns, *et hoc genus omne*. Its whole period of existence lasted from 227 to 637; 410 years; — which we may compare with the 426 of the Hans, and the Roman 424 from the accession of Augustus to the final division of the empire. Of its cycles, there is little information forthcoming; but we may say this: Sapor I came to the throne in 241, succeeding his father Ardashir; he had on the whole a broad outlook; favored Mani at first; was at pains to bring in teachers of civilization from all possible sources; — with his reign the renaissance of the arts and learning, such as it was,— and it was by no means contemptible,— began. Three times thirteen decades from that, and we are at 631. The thirteen decades (less a year) from 499 to 628 are mainly filled with the reigns of Kavadh I and the two Chosroeses,—

“Kai-Kobad the great and Kai-Khusru,”

— all three strong kings and conquerors. When Chosroes II was killed in 628, after a war with Heraclius that began brilliantly and ended in disaster,— the empire practically fell: split up under several pretenders, to be an easy prey for the Moslems a few years later. Was the whole Sassanian period divisible into a day, a night, and a day? Information is not at hand whereby one might gauge the life of the people, and say. The last thirteen decades, certainly, seem to have left their mark as an age of glory on the Persian imagination, and to have been remembered as such in the days of Omar Khayyam. — And here we must leave the Sassanians, having other fish to fry.

We saw the Crest-Wave strike Rome (at Nerva's accession) in 96; then, 131 years later, raise up Ardashir and Persia in 227; — and so, I suppose, should incline to look east again, and jump another thirteen decades, and land in India, in 357 or thereabouts,— praying God to keep us from a bad fall. *India* I allow; but look before you leap; — or, if you will, in mid-air turn over in your minds the old Indian cycles, as far as you know them, and see if they offer you any prospect of a landing-place. As thus: there were the Mauryas, 320 to 190 B. C.; thence on thirteen decades to 60 B. C.,— and near enough to the reputed 58 of the reputed Vikramāditya of Ujjain. On again (thirteen decades as usual) to the seventies A. D.,— and good enough in all conscience for that slippery Kanishka who so dodges in and out among the early centuries, and is fitted with a new date by everyone who has to do with him. On again,

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

from 70 to 200; nothing doing there, I regret to say, (that we know about). Never mind; on thence to 320,— the nearest point to our 357; let us land in the three-twenties then, and see what happens.

On solid ground: for India, remarkably solid. There actually was a Golden Age there at that time; and everybody seems to agree that it lasted, say, one hundred and twenty-nine years: from 326 to 455. This you will note, was the period of the last phase of the Roman Empire: that of its rapid decline. In 323 Constantine came to the throne, and began making Christianity the state religion; in 330 he moved his capital. After 456, no emperor ruled in the west but four puppets set up by the German Ricimer, two set up by Constantinople, and Romulus Augustulus, the last,— and all within twenty years. There is no bright spot within the whole thirteen decades, except the two years of Julian. The faucet was turned on in India; and the Roman garden went waterless, and wilted.

What happened was this: in 320, one Chandragupta Gupta married the Princess of Magadha; and an era was dated from their coronation on the 26th of February in that year. Their son Samudragupta succeeded his father in 326, and reigned until 375. It is characteristic of India that this, probably the greatest monarch since Aśoka, is absolutely unmentioned in any history or contemporary literature: the sole evidence for his reign and greatness comes from coins and inscriptions. One of the latter is to be found on a pillar originally set up and inscribed by Aśoka, now in the fort at Allahabad. It shows him a mighty conqueror, reigning over all Hindûstân; victorious in the Deccan; and, by influence and alliances, dominant from Ceylon to the Oxus. His coins picture him playing on the lyre; the inscriptions speak of him as a poet and musician; in his reign began a great renaissance in art, architecture, literature, and perhaps especially in music,— a renaissance which reached its culmination in the reign of his successor. Another thing to note: when of old time Pushyamitra overturned the Buddhist Mauryas, he showed his Brahmin orthodoxy by performing the great Horse Sacrifice; — a sign that the ancient religion had come back in triumph. They let loose a horse to wander where it would, and followed it with an army for a whole year; then sacrificed it. Samudragupta performed the same rite; — and it is known that the Gupta age was one of strong reaction against Buddhism. I know that it is disputed now that there was ever a persecution of the Buddhists in India; but the tradition remains; and one of the Teachers, in a letter that appears either in the *Occult World* or *Esoteric Buddhism*, speaks of India as a land from which the Light of the Lodge had been driven with the followers of the Buddha. Certainly there were Buddhists in India long after this time: even a great Buddhist king in the seventh

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

century: but it seems more than probable that the spirit of intolerance went east with the eastward cyclic flow we have noted this evening: from Christianity to Zoroastrianism; from Zoroastrianism under the Sassanids to Brahminism under the Guptas.

Not, perhaps, that there was actual persecution, yet. Emissaries from the king of Ceylon found the shrine at Buddhagayâ fallen into decay; and they themselves were not well treated at the site. The Buddhist king, however, determined to remedy things as well as he could. He sent ambassadors with rich gifts to Samudragupta; who called the gifts tribute, and permitted him, on consideration thereof, to restore the shrine. The monastery then built by the Sinhalese was afterwards visited by Hiuen Tsang; who describes it as having three storeys, six halls, three towers, and accommodation for a thousand monks. "On it," says Hiuen Tsang, "the utmost skill of the artist has been employed; the ornamentation is in the richest colors, and the statue of Buddha is cast in gold and silver, decorated with gems and precious stones."

A revolution took place in architecture in this age: the Buddhist style was abandoned, for something which, says Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,*

"more ornate, less self-evident, served to reflect the new and elaborate pretensions of the priesthood."

It is summed up, says Mrs. Steel, in the words

"*cucumber and gourd* . . . tall curved vimanas or towers, exactly like two thirds of a cucumber stuck in the ground and surmounted by a flat gourd-like 'amalika.' . . . Exquisite in detail, perfect in the design and execution of their ornamentation, the form of these temples leaves much to be desired. The flat blob at the top seems to crush down the vague aspirings of the cucumber, which, even if unstopped, must ere long have ended in an earthward curve again."

The age culminated in the next reign, that of Chandragupta II Vikramāditya. Heaven knows how to distinguish between him and his half-mythological namesake of B. C. 58 and Ujjain. Very possibly the Nine Gems of Literature and Kâlidâsa and *The Ring of Sakoontala* belong to this reign really. At any rate it was a wonderful time. Fa-hien, the Chinese Buddhist traveler, obligingly visited India during its process, and left a picture of conditions. Personal liberty, says Mrs. Steel, was the keynote feature. There was no capital punishment; no hard pressure of the laws; there were excellent hospitals and charitable institutions of all sorts. — We are to see in the whole age, I imagine, a period of great brilliance, and of humaneness resulting from eight centuries of the really civilizing influence of Buddhism: far higher conditions than you should have found elsewhere to east or west at that time; — and also, the

*To whose book *India through the Ages*, I am indebted for these facts concerning the Gupta Age.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE

moment when the impulse of culture had reached its outward limit, and the reaction against the spiritual sources of culture began.

Chandragupta Vikramāditya reigned until 413; Kumâragupta, great and successful also, until 455. Then, thirteen decades after Samudragupta's accession, came Skandagupta; and with him, the White Huns. He defeated them on a large scale in the fifties; but they returned again and again to the attack; during the next thirty years their pressure was breaking up the empire; till when Skandagupta died in 480, it fell to pieces.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

"Our Higher Self is a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost."

— H. P. Blavatsky



HIS is one of the seeds that the Teacher sowed. Like other seeds, it contains much in little. It is for the husbandman to tend the growth and expansion of the seed. The husbandmen whom H. P. Blavatsky left behind her to care for her work have seen the unfolding of many seeds she planted. Such ideas as those inshrined in the above saying are gaining ground everywhere today.

Some think poets are people who merely express ideas in beautiful language and play upon our emotions; but the true poet is a seer and interpreter to man. Many poets have sung of that vision within us that tells of a life beyond the personality, an immortal life without beginning or end, where all is true and beautiful, and that enables us to view our ordinary life as from outside and to lament over its imperfection. These intimations of immortality come from the Higher Self, the Soul.

Some people who have received such intimations imagine they have been favored with an interview with the supreme architect of the universe. Our own Soul is not greater than the supreme, but it is greater than many people's notions of the supreme.

The regaining of that which was lost is often typified in allegories; among which may be mentioned that at the beginning of the Bible, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. The legends of pilgrimages and knight-errants in quest of the truth are similar allegories. They all represent the drama of the human Soul on its journey to regain that which was lost.

Whatever may be the truth or error of the speculations about the origin and genealogy of man's physical vesture, the question of the origin and genealogy of his Soul is not touched. There can be no evo-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

lution of matter and organisms without a vital spark to promote it and an intelligence to guide it. Embryologists can see the cell dividing and multiplying; they can see the foetus developing step by step into the semblance of the future organism. They can see the scenery shifted to and fro, but not the movers who move it; they discern the work of building, but not the builders.

A higher law of gravitation attracts our soul to its sublime origin, just as gross matter tends to aggregate about a center of its own kind. Our Soul can never be satisfied as long as it is yet remote from its home. It is of the utmost importance that we should accustom ourselves to regard ourselves as pilgrims on the way to regain what we have lost. Thus alone can we retain that self-respect essential to a worthy performance of our journey through life.

All said and done, a man is ultimately thrown on his own resources; props and stays fail one after another, and he realizes sooner or later that he must stand on his own feet, rely on his central strength. Perhaps he has lost his faith in religion, and so finds himself without a God and the old trust in a savior. He may have turned to science and found it but a cold comforter. Creeds bid him distrust himself and pray for aid to an unknown God. Science points to a dishonored ancestry and leaves him at the mercy of hereditary and biological forces. It is well that he should know that his real essence, the Soul, is more than mortal, and is a spark of the universal Life.

As we review our past life, we often see what little basis there was for our early dreams of achievement. We see but a commonplace atom of humanity, subject to innumerable odd chances of good and ill, warped and twisted this way and that by the prejudices and notions of parents, nurses, and teachers. The resultant personality — what is it but the absurd outcome of all these concurrent influences? What eternal values can it have? And indeed the *personality* is small; but is the personality *all*? Alas for man, if that were all, and naught beyond! But it is not all. There has always been something else — a silent spectator of the life, as it were; a consciousness within the consciousness. When we were born, something incarnated and grew up with the growing body and personality, noting all the various influences, reflecting on them, modifying them, resisting them. There was a real Self, somewhere hidden behind the mask. If we could but unmask that real I!

It has often seemed to thoughtful people that they might one day awake, as from a long and weary dream, and realize for the first time who and what they were. The pilgrim might gain a height and catch a glimpse of the goal, the home.

It has always been a favorite theme of philosophers and poets that

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE

the Soul is a prisoner on earth and has memories of its former home of beauty. This constitutes the essence of religion, though often obscured by formal creeds and built over by dogmas. One imagines that the most materialistic and skeptical theorist finds his speculative webs a poor comfort at times, and has to resort to the source of strength which he finds in his own intuition and will.

One hardly knows what kind of a goal the theorists of evolution place before humanity in the future — they are so engrossed with speculations about its past — but it is difficult to imagine humanity ever scaling heights that do not exist until they are scaled. The ladder of evolution seems to unfold itself rung by rung before our advancing feet. The idea of a pilgrim returning to a lost home is more tenable.

In the allegory of the Fall of Man, known to every religion, we find a reminiscence of part of the past history of the human pilgrim. There was a time — perhaps there have been many such times — when humanity took a step that plunged it into the mist and strife of worldly life; when its finer faculties became covered over with 'coats of skin,' and when the bliss of innocence faded into a fond memory. No doubt it was as necessary for man to take this step as it is for the daring swimmer to take the water; without it the greater purpose could not be accomplished. But now his eyes are set on what lies before, on the shore he will regain.

Shakespeare's well-known comparison of life to a stage, on which the people are playing parts, is more full of meaning than may appear at a superficial glance. The very word personality is derived from a word meaning an actor's mask. The difficulty found in explaining life is due to the fact that life is relative to something beyond. The physicist cannot explain matter in terms of matter; he must look deeper, to some ether or substratum beyond matter. So with our life: we see but the outside, the vesture, the effects; and the cause behind escapes us.

Looking back over life, we can see that we have not accomplished our desires. We have been driven along a path which we did not plan, by a power which was not that of our own inclinations. We have fulfilled a destiny which we did not comprehend. All the while, amid fond desires and imaginings, the real purpose of the incarnated Soul has been worked out.

The important thing is to try and realize that this mysterious power beyond personal desire, that some call fate and others providence, is our veritable Self — the pilgrim himself. When we say, 'Thy will be done!' we should think of this higher will that is guiding our life. And we are not forbidden to try and understand that will.

The path of liberation and illumination, as defined by the great

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

mystics and teachers, consists in the endeavor to blend our mind with the Higher Mind within; in the effort to make our will one with that higher Will. It would be difficult to find an apter statement of what is common to religions and great philosophies. This is thought to be the real meaning of At-one-ment.

Let us consider the practical value of this teaching; for this is an age of verbal facility, literary prolificness, and mental agility, when it is fatally easy to elaborate beautiful but barren systems.

The world is full of people looking for a light; this has brought to many what they were seeking. In this way it has proved and is proving its practical value. It is no new speculation but a clinging to old and well-tried wisdom. It restores lost self-respect, and anything which can do this is of obvious practical value. It does not divert our thoughts from the world in which we live and work, to some visionary or future sphere; but arms us for the conditions which, willy nilly, we have to encounter. No man can argue himself out of the knowledge that he is here and that he has before him a life which he must lead somehow or other. These teachings explain the meaning of that life and show him how to live it. "Why has the Creator denied us knowledge and yet endowed us with the everlasting itch for it?" — some ask petulantly. But is it so? Man was not *gifted* with Wisdom; for Wisdom cannot be given, it has to be chosen. And Man was given the choice, and he chose Wisdom. Henceforth he was thrown on his own resources; and though he may weakly wish to be led, his true interests demand that he should act. We are not forbidden to know; or, if we are, we are not to take the prohibition seriously. Let us try to understand this life which we are called upon to lead.

The outstanding fact about it is that it is all relative to some other and greater condition which lies at present beyond the grasp of our intellect. The capital error is in regarding this higher Wisdom as being that of some superior and detached power, and as being unattainable by man. Instead of this belief, let us try to grasp the truth — that man is himself endowed with knowledge, which at present is veiled by the imperfection of some of his other faculties; and that he can progressively remove the veils and thus attain to an ever clearer and clearer understanding of his situation and duties.

As these teachings are as old as man, there have in all ages been people who have followed them, and many who have achieved. Such are the world's Teachers whose work lightens our path. When these ideas become more widespread, history will be interpreted anew. At present history is interpreted to suit the views or convictions of writers of various creeds and various brands of belief or non-belief. The aware-

RELIGION AND LABOR

ness that knowledge exists and is attainable has always been a powerful motive in history; and everywhere we see the evidences; but many scholars try to explain them away. The ancient Mysteries were widely venerated, and the greatest men sought initiation into them. In those schools were undoubtedly taught such eternal truths as that of the Divine nature of man, while the earnest candidate was accorded the tests whereby he might secure the opportunity of entering upon the practical work of the Mysteries and thus fitting himself to become a Teacher.

RELIGION AND LABOR

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

PEOPLE are finding out that life cannot be run on a basis of material values alone, and that *religion* is a prime necessity. Hence the existence of such a body as the International Conference on Labor and Religion, of which we learn that at one of its meetings in London the subject discussed was, "Can the religion implicit in the labor movement, made explicit, become the theme of world-wide evangelism?" This question assumes that there is religion implicit in the labor movement, implies that this religion can be formulated, and asks whether the religion, thus formulated, can be made practical. One of the speakers said that many in the labor movement felt that the churches were more against them than with them, and that it was necessary to realize that Japan, China, and other parts must be associated in their attempt to formulate the divine will and to pray for the establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth. Another said that, if the labor movement is to carry on the kingdom of God, it must possess a religious power. The first attempt in propaganda must be to make clear that Christianity is an adequate religion, and that this faith is of more effect than a materialistic basis.

Bishop Gore, at the same conference, said that the spirit of the labor movement might be expressed as 'Not charity but justice.' Charity was nothing but justice with a heart to it. He supposed that the people were met because they were conscious of the need the movement had of an explicit basis of principle. Having in view the fact that it was harder to rebuild than destroy, he expressed anxiety to know what were the principles of the religion said to be implicit in the labor movement.

In seeking to answer this question, the Bishop gave his conception of the meaning of brotherhood. He said:

"I am sure the real hope of brotherhood lies in the belief that the instinct for brotherhood

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

which manifests itself in the labor movement is not a belief generated in the heart of man, but represents the purpose of the universe."

This was the only way in which brotherhood could be rendered stable and real; for otherwise it was so apt to be merely the interests of a class or group. Demurring from a view attributed to Huxley — that the great force which rules the universe is a force to be *fought* — he asked 'Is there any slow-growing force in the universe with which man can *co-operate*?' Could labor respond to the cry that the power of God is the power that rules the world? Could it be rallied to the recognition of the moral sovereignty of Jesus Christ?

It may be remarked that, although the universality of the movement is insisted on, China and Japan being specifically mentioned, yet it is not universal religion that is advocated, but *a* religion, namely Christianity; and Jesus Christ is mentioned particularly by the Bishop and by another speaker who said that the speakers had a real respect for Jesus Christ and had not turned him down. Evidently Christianity will have to enlarge its borders so as to lose its distinctive character, or else to take its place side by side with other religions as one of the family of religions all derived from universal Religion. But perhaps we should not expect too much at once, and may hope that this will come later. The comparative study of religions is quite an important part of a program which aspires to unite all mankind in an intelligent, heartfelt, and practical solidarity.

In these circumstances it would seem necessary to find a more universal meaning for 'Jesus Christ,' one that will appeal to non-Christian nations of the world; and this can be done if the gospel is interpreted in a broad and intelligent spirit. If we do this, we can recognise Jesus as one of a class of World-Teachers, who, having himself attained to a knowledge of the divine nature of man, and to the wisdom and emancipation consequent upon that knowledge, had found his mission in striving to bring others into the path of liberation. Such a Teacher, whether Jesus or Buddha or what not, is not merely a personality but a type of human nature in general, a witness that all men and any man can tread the same path and attain to a knowledge of the divine nature of man. In short, the key to the situation is to be found in the ancient truth, common to all religions in their purity, that the mediator between man and the divine is man's own God-given spirit — his higher Self — that speaks to him in the voice of conscience and reveals to him the true laws of human life and conduct. This is a basis on which men of all nations and creeds can unite. It at the same time unites them and raises them above the futile negations of materialism and skepticism.

What is that universal law of nature with which man can co-operate,

RELIGION AND LABOR

as one of the speakers said? It is simply the law (or laws) of man's spiritual nature, as distinguished from those of his animal nature. Science has been emphasizing the latter and thus reinforcing the reign of doubt and materialism that has led us into this pass. It now behoves us to investigate the laws of our spiritual nature, and therefrom to deduce a more practical theory of life and conduct. This is exactly what Theosophy was intended to do and has been doing. The main ideas are recognised, as we see from the above quotations, but they need formulating, making more definite — as the speakers have indicated by their question about the implicit religion being made explicit.

It requires, therefore, to be definitely stated as an article of faith, that *man is a compound being, divine and animal*; and that, whatever evolutionary speculations may say as to the lineage of his physical parts, the question as to the origin and nature of his higher faculties remains as it was before. The proposed body of world-workers would have to subscribe to this doctrine of man's spiritual lineage, and to declare that they will make it the basis of their rules of conduct. It is not enough to say that they will eschew selfishness, both of the individual and of the class, and that they will embrace the principle of solidarity and care for the welfare of all; there must be a doctrinal sanction, an intellectual basis, for this policy. And that is to be found in the ancient doctrine that man is essentially an immortal Soul, and that his way of salvation lies through a recognition of this divinity in his nature, and through governing his conduct in accordance with its laws.

The higher nature of man is striving to express itself, to make its voice heard, however confusedly, in these utterances of the workers and the bishops. After a long reign of materialism in science, in religion, and in sociology, it demands its rights. The very word 'rights' has changed its meaning, as we begin to realize that man has other and more valuable rights than those which for so long he has been insisting upon. No doubt circumstances have been such that it has been necessary to insist on these more material rights; but now, a measure of success having been achieved in that respect, there is leisure to think of more important rights. The workers, we are told, are not content to be conceded merely the right to eat and drink; they demand to be recognised as men, to have their minds and tastes provided for, and to be given equal opportunity for development. They are insisting on their right to be regarded as men. But what is a man? An immortal Soul, we repeat, in a house of clay. And, as there is nothing to prevent people of any class from standing upon their dignity as human beings, so long as they will but recognise that they are immortal Souls, it may be that the workers, instead of emulating the other classes, may find

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

their salvation in a new conception of the dignity of their own calling.

Religion is continually being reborn. It follows the laws of growth, which require that the spirit shall be expressed in a form, but that the form shall change and adapt itself as the form of a growing tree adapts itself. Thus religion becomes from time to time hidebound; a new growth appears within, as the old growth begins to crack and scale off. What is essential and unchanging and eternal remains; what is temporary passes away. The essence of religion is founded on human nature itself: the promptings of man's own divine nature, and the light of his own intuition. Yet the aspirations of mankind are usually focused in the work of some great movement; and the work of the movement is focused in that of some great leader or teacher, who towers above the generality. The conservative spirit, which preserves what is valuable of the past, and the spirit of progress, which looks to the future, must blend harmoniously; their common aim and result being to show that Religion itself is coeval with humanity. Of those who would cling to the past we may well ask, 'How far back do you propose to go?' If they plead conservatism, we will outdo them in it: we take them back to the origin and root of religions.

The divinity of human nature is the key; but we should be foolish to neglect the garnered wisdom of the ages. Theosophy has not only insisted on the divinity of human nature, and given a masterly analysis of the constitution of man, but it has shown how the symbolism and allegory of ancient religions and philosophies may be interpreted so as to reveal the existence and the sufficiency of the eternal Wisdom-Religion. In this movement between religion and labor we see one of many converging tendencies. The work of the scholar and antiquarian will also be required. Broader views of evolution will be needed among scientists. A masterkey will be required for the solution of the general problem of human life; and such can be found in Theosophy.



"I AM convinced that could every life be subjected to a truly searching analysis, could be plainly read as an open book, we should discover but one thing in all cases — prevailing justice. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' The greater the pain, the greater the fortitude vouchsafed, the greater the character builded. Many the man who carries within a perfect physique a mental pain more onerous and intolerable than any happy-dispositioned cripple could know."

— T. S. HARDING in *The Open Court*

SONNET

H. T. P.

WORLD sorrow, world distress, unrest, no one
Can be exempt from it, although alone
No one the racial burden bears,— no none —
For life's full song holds in itself a moan.
Each one is of the Past — its good and ill —
An heir; hath played his various parts in it;
Hath scribed therein those lines the pages fill
And made his book of life as it stands writ.
This book cannot be closed until the end;
The words therein can never be effaced;
That which therein in former times was penned
Remains therein indelibly there placed.
This latent record in the soul will stay
E'en when its transient sheaths shall fade away.

TRUTH: JUSTICE: SILENCE

M. MACHELL



TRINITIES abound in religion, philosophy, life, and nature, and there is a certain mystic completeness about the triune aspect of life and philosophy. The exoteric is ever a reflexion, however distorted, of the esoteric; and "As above, so below" is a truth which obtains universally, as we see when we learn to look deeply enough.

In religion we have the triune expression of the godhead, Isis, Osiris, Horus; Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Śiva; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, etc. In *Isis Unveiled* H. P. Blavatsky calls attention many times to the occurrence of trinities in the most ancient religions. She reminds us that the Chaldaeans had their Bel-Saturn, Jupiter-Bel and Bel or Baal-Chom. She explains further that the Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Śiva referred to above, correspond to Power, Wisdom, and Justice, which in their turn answer to Spirit, Matter, Time; Past, Present, and Future. The Persians, again, have their Ormazd, Mithra, and Ahriman; the Egyptians their Emeph, Eicton, and Ptah, and the same idea is to be found with the Chinese, Peruvians, Tatars, and doubtless all peoples that have inhabited the globe.

Modern Christianity has so crystallized and dogmatized its con-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ception of the trinity, so literalized and materialized it, that it has become something vague and aloof, unrelated to our daily needs and problems. Yet since all spiritual teachings depend for their value on their application to life, it must be that this trinitarian concept originated as a response to the need of the spiritual pilgrim, man. Undoubtedly the time was when the human race did move and live on a higher spiritual plane than it does today, at which time words and symbols of things divine were living realities needing no exposition or elucidation, since their outward symbol was but an expression of that which was enthroned in the heart of every man. But as men tended more towards materialism and selfishness the vitality of spiritual teachings waned, and what was once reverently cherished and inshrined in every man's heart, became a dead-letter formula with ever lessening power to affect the daily actions of those who accepted the words. Today we have numberless words, phrases and formulae which contain profound and sacred truths, but which have in the course of time lost most of their power to guide, heal, or uplift.

The three words that stand at the head of this paper form a triune expression of frequent use and great significance in the lives of Theosophical students. At first thought one is tempted to ask, "Why these three words more than any others?" Looked at from the ordinary standpoint they seem to lack relation one to another, and in repeating them they have a peculiar way of refusing to coalesce, refusing to become a commonplace formula. Truth and Justice may well express each other in either of the single words, since what is true must be just and justice is impossible where falsehood exists. On the other hand, why associate Silence with Justice or with Truth, since Justice must ever depend both on action and pronouncement. And surely we should never tire of lifting up our voice in defense or in proclamation of Truth.

Yet clearly, three such significant words as these — Truth, Justice, Silence, brought together in the form of a watchword have not been chosen haphazard or without meaning. And in the study of this subject of Trinities as treated by H. P. Blavatsky, the following, which one comes upon, throws an interesting light on our quandary: "The first eternal number is the Father, or the Chaldaean primeval, invisible, and incomprehensible *chaos*, out of which proceeded the *Intelligible* one: the Egyptian Ptah, or 'the *Principle of Light* — not the light itself, and the Principle of Life, though himself *no life*.' The *Wisdom* by which the Father created the heavens is the *Son*, or the Kabalistic Adam Kadmon. The Son is at once the male *Ra*, or Light of Wisdom, Prudence or *Intelligence*, Sephira, the female part of Himself; while from this dual being proceeds the third emanation, the Binah or Reason, the second

TRUTH: JUSTICE: SILENCE

Intelligence — the Holy Ghost of the Christians.” Here, then, we have our trinity of the Principle of Light, Wisdom, Reason. Realizing, as one must, that words change in value and significance with times and peoples, it is not too much of a departure from reason to trace a parallel between the Principle of Light, and ‘Truth’; the ancient Wisdom, and our ‘Justice’; the ancient Reason, and our ‘Silence.’ Is there not the same mystical note in the conception of the Holy Ghost and in that arcane and unfathomable mystery of Silence? Again, as to the relation of these words one to the other: in Truth we have the sum and origin of all — an aspect of the Absolute, the Father or parent of the entire manifested universe. In Justice, synonymous with the ancient Wisdom, we have the element of Harmony, Equilibrium, Balance: creative proportion productive of our formative conception of all manifested life. In Silence we are naming the all-creative Soul of things — the inwardness of every outward manifestation — the mystery that underlies every exoteric phenomenon. Here then are three individual elements in our life, each one essential and each having an intimate relation to the other two.

“Truth, Justice, Silence!” — What effect might these words exert when entering as living factors into the life of a human being?

‘Truth!’ That which *is*. The actual essence of things. *Reality*, as opposed to the illusions and superficialities of existence. Surely if I can rise with each morning’s sun attuned to this one keynote of truth I am taking the first step in the banishment of sham, of make-believe, of illusion in my life. I face the realities of life as a reality. All that there is of immortality, of spirituality, of nobility, dignity, worth, in the universe — all that I have aimed to attune myself to. My aim is far from accomplished; were it so I should be one with the saviors of the race — an Elder Brother. But I have sounded the keynote, I have set the atoms of my being, the forces and energies of my life, into vibration with the Soundless Sound, the singing of the spheres, the pulsating of the universal life. The door is opened in me for the entry of some breath, some note, some fleeting vision — call it what you will — of the greater life. Insofar as I succeed in dedicating that day to truth I have come as near as is possible for me at that time and in that point of growth and evolution, to identifying myself with the Heart of the Universe. Because I have done this I myself have achieved a larger growth, have pushed back the limits of my possibilities for growth. Better still, because I have done this all whom I have contacted have been benefited, have perhaps sensed an urge to greater aspiration, more daring efforts, have been challenged to strive for greater things. Unquestionably, for every human being who sounds this keynote of truth in his life, truth

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

— universal truth — receives by that much its fuller incarnation in the world's thought-atmosphere.

Justice — how difficult it is to be at any time absolutely just to oneself and to others! There are so many things to consider — so much both unknown to us and known to us. And when it comes to exercising absolute justice on the human plane, whether towards ourselves or towards others, we discover that our real knowledge of it is pitifully inadequate. One thing we may be certain of: that danger of undue severity in our judgment of others is far greater than undue severity of judgment of ourselves. We have to take H. P. Blavatsky's injunction to heart to "Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable towards others than towards yourself." Indeed, judgment is not ours; we have but to observe, discriminate, and learn from our observation. The observation and the learning are our chiefest duties; neglecting these, we are missing the purpose of human existence, idling away our time in life's class-room. There has to be the practical, common-sense basis to work upon. We are called upon to meet conditions as they are, not as we conceive them to be or as we would like to have them. Duality is an ever existent fact and has to be taken into account in dealing with human nature. To be blind to expressions of the lower self in ourselves or in our fellows is to make just dealing impossible. But our duty is not to condemn our fellow-man but to learn by his mistakes, remembering always that perhaps were we in his position, with his weaknesses, his heredity, his Karma, we might do no better or not as well. Experience will teach us that there is only one path to perfect justice, so far as any human justice is capable of being perfect, and that is the path of impersonality. So long as we are absolutely disinterested and impersonal we need have no fear of doing an injustice, for where the personality is eliminated or controlled mere intellectual judgment is superseded by the intuition of the higher mind, and where intuition is in action in a mind free from all personal discoloration or bias, facts and conditions are swiftly seen in right relation and proportion, and justice becomes possible.

It is an ample ideal, this of justice, to carry in the heart and mind and make practical even for one day. Try it and see. Think of many interweaving skeins of human destiny and human happiness, depending in some way, small or great, on your administration of justice in the minute tribunal of your day's duties. Think of yourself and feel yourself administering justice to the utmost of your ability in every detail of the day; in the duties you find distasteful and usually get through as lightly as may be; in the relationships with personalities that always rub you the wrong way and with whom you usually get on with no more violent outbreak of mood or temper than you feel is after all justified by

TRUTH: JUSTICE: SILENCE

their (never your own) idiosyncracies; in regard to the little tasks and duties you should do each day, but which being so insignificant and easily overlooked, you usually slight. Try all these small forms of administering justice in your own little life-world, and see if the word itself is not a tonic for your whole being. Justice — how close it lies to balance, poise, harmony — the great secret, Râja-Yoga, that Katherine Tingley is teaching her pupils. It is the one thing, the absence of which today is driving the world to insanity. “Selfishness is the insanity of the age,” says Katherine Tingley, and selfishness is monumental injustice, monumental unbalance, monumental disharmony. Let us, a few of us, for the sake of the welfare of the rest, begin to introduce this vital leaven of justice most intimately and conscientiously into our daily lives, that sanity, poise, and strength may find their way once more into the world’s living.

And Silence — mystery of mysteries; most potent of all potencies; the philosopher’s stone of human character. Silence — its own best definition. Profaned rather than elucidated by words, it is the gateway to the eternal mysteries of man’s deepest self. To quote again from the words of Katherine Tingley to her students, “But few of you have learned the power of silence; if you had, there would be less unrest in each nature.” Is it not this very unrest we would all be freed of, this tossing hither and thither on the troubled tides of moods and emotions, seldom knowing the calm clear depths of the ocean of spiritual life within us? Nature’s supreme creation, Man, is a strange paradox. He prays for “the peace that passeth all understanding”; he sings of the golden Jerusalem, and the more conscientious of his order strain a robust faith calculating the chances of a final cancellation of all previous obligations in the vicarious atonement of a personal god. Yet within his heart the golden gates stand closed. He seldom if ever hears the choring hosts he sings about. But moving restlessly and clamorously up and down before the temple he lacks the temerity to turn the key and enter the temple. The question always is, of course, does he really *want* to enter. If he really wants to enter he can enter; when he really wants to enter he will enter; until he really wants to enter, entrance is utterly forbidden. And he can only approach this abiding-place of peace through the Hall of Silence.

“When he has ceased to hear the many, he may discern the ONE — the inner sound which kills the outer.

“Then only, not till then, shall he forsake the region of *Asat*, the false, to come unto the realm of *Sat*, the true. . . .

“Before the Soul can hear, the image (man) has to become as deaf to roarings as to whispers, to cries of bellowing elephants as to the silvery buzzing of the golden firefly.

“Before the soul can comprehend and may remember, she must unto the Silent Speaker

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

be united, just as the form to which the clay is modeled is first united to the potter's mind.

"For then the soul will hear and will remember.

"And then to the inner ear will speak — THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"Let there be a few moments of silence," says Katherine Tingley, at the close of all sacred observances (and which of the real observances of life are *not* sacred, when rightly performed?)

"How will some of you use this opportunity of Silence? By trying to see how long it will last, or how soon it will be over? When a personal or selfish thought creeps in during silence, the door is shut and the light cannot find its place. The Soul is barred, and the day will bring little to you that will satisfy the better side of your nature."— *Katherine Tingley*

There you have the secret and solution of this mystery of silence. Generally with most of us "the door *is* shut" and "the Soul *is* barred." Yet this need not be. Can we not call back to our midst something of the depth and sincerity of the ancient days — something of the calm strong dignity that broods in the eye of the sphinx as it looks out over the golden deserts, under the splendor of full mid-day, under the quiet pale rose twilight, under the blue still night, when hosts of choring planets and myriad stars, age-old, passionless, beautiful, call forth beneath their silent gaze the sacred memories of a mighty past? With the builders of the pyramids, of the Sphinx, of Karnak, reposed secrets of silence now unknown to us, but still discoverable were we willing to turn to the interior of our own souls. There we shall find at once the peace we seek, together with the power and wisdom wherewith to attain and hold it. It is the old, old question of self-knowledge and becoming actually that which we are potentially. Truth — justice — silence. In our best moments we are the expression of truth. Justice abides with us ever and takes its rise from this same Eternal Self. Silence is the language, the only true and adequate expression of the Warrior within. All these things we have, all these things we are. But we have wandered so far away from ourselves in the esoteric sense, that we can see little of this trinity save as reflexions of the original in words, spoken or written, or the living token of the Teacher's life. To be sure, in this bodily mansion we can but see truth as through a glass darkly; justice is ever relative and conditioned and the singing silence seldom sounds within. But let us cherish these words, love them and live them. There will be moments — moments of change, of stepping forth into the vale of peace when the 'I' that now so cramps and troubles us falls away, and That which *is*, traversing the asphodel meadows of Eternity, will know that It is Truth, It is Justice, It is Silence.

JUSTICE AND MERCY --- DO THEY HARMONIZE OR CONFLICT?

GRACE KNOCHE

"Let your heart speak! It is not sentiment but the divine law of our being that makes all men our brothers. True justice, the highest reasoning, the strictest logic, all take into account the higher laws of life and thus proclaim mercy, compassion, and mutual responsibility. *Let your heart speak!* By so doing, alone can you do justice to the criminal, justice to society, and justice to yourself!"— KATHERINE TINGLEY in an address upon the subject: 'Capital Punishment and Prison Reform.'

"Justice and Mercy are only opposite poles of one single whole. . . . That which man calls Mercy and Justice is defective, errant, and impure."— *From an ancient Aphorism*

JUSTICE and Mercy — do they harmonize or conflict? This question has been asked all down the ages and it is paramount today, the crowning query in every project of reform. Theosophy, whose mission it is pre-eminently to throw light upon the vital questions of the day, can hardly be deaf to the challenge, for Theosophy is essentially the Religion of Justice. Yet it declares itself to be also the Religion of Mercy and over all the laws that it announces as acting to secure perfect justice, the Law of Mercy is supreme: 'Compassion is the Law of laws'; conditioning, vitalizing, and ruling all the rest. Obviously, under Theosophy these two great ideals harmonize — but how? And what if they do? Is it worth the world's while to find out?

Among all the great pictures in the vast gallery of Shakespeare's art none shines out with more transcendent conviction in support of the Theosophic stand upon this question than the one set in an old Venetian court-room in the trial of a cause involving consequences of the most serious kind. It is an action for debt, and as the debtor did not pay at the date agreed upon, and the lender will not accept the payment at a later date, the bondsman has been brought into court.

We cannot dwell on the beauty of the scene, wrought as it is by Shakespeare's consummate art and radiant with the culture and the romance of Venice in her prime, nor even on the causes leading up to the issue which is now to be tried in the senate-house before the senators of Venice and the duke. We can touch upon only the issue. The lender will have nothing but "justice and my bond"; the debtor feels outraged, trapped, deceived; the bondsman feels that his life is to be forfeited not on principles of justice but of revenge. The duke has no power to declare what the law ought to be but simply must uphold it as it is; he threatens to dismiss the proceedings altogether unless a certain learned

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

doctor of the law, whom he has sent for in the emergency, can come into court that day.

But counsel cannot come and at the last moment sends a young, unknown advocate to plead the cause in his stead. The situation is anything but a promising one. The young lawyer first questions the bondsman: "Do you confess the bond?" and the latter replies, "I do." Such was the law of this city-state that no recourse was possible there, so the next words are addressed to the lender, who replies to the simple assertion that therefore he "must be merciful," with an indignant, "On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!" Instead of answering him directly the young advocate follows with that superb Theosophic announcement which has so fired the great common heart eternally pleading for justice that it is more familiar, perhaps, than any other single passage in the whole of Shakespeare's works:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his scepter'd sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

Portia was not a lawyer, though Shakespeare with even more truth to local tradition might have made her so, for in the Italy of the days of the doges the law was freely open to women, who even held professorships of law in her great universities. It was a custom so elemental and accepted, and so well known to the rest of Europe — which, less well-equipped educationally at the time, sent many of her youths to Italy for study — that Shakespeare could hardly have been ignorant of the fact. Yet in this greatest of his Italian plays, *The Merchant of Venice*, he makes Portia a simple woman — highly educated, it is true, as he is at pains to tell us, and one whom the learned Bellario did not hesitate to recommend to the most august tribunal in the state as fully competent to plead a cause in his place, but still a woman, unlearned in any law but that of the heart. And while it is true that her argument — if we may call it such — availed nothing against the heartless demand for 'justice' on brain-mind lines; and while it is also true that the happy unraveling of the knot came from no acceptance of the supreme rule

JUSTICE AND MERCY

of mercy, but instead from sheer acumen and woman's wit — which pushed the logic of brain-mind 'justice' much farther than the plaintiff had ever intended it to go — still the great Theosophic principle was set forth, and with such clarity and beauty of language that it cannot be forgotten or obscured. Taken in connexion with the whole picture, it is worth a thousand arguments to show that justice and mercy are not warring opposites, nor is mercy a poor, weak suppliant with no foundation in life's great Law of Justice for her plea. Rightly interpreted and defined, they are not two but one; they harmonize and never conflict.

The question arises: why have these principles, justice and mercy, such compelling interest, such power to fire the human heart? This is why: they touch the most basic fact in human nature, the fact that man himself is not one, but two, divine and human both. He is mortal, but he is also immortal, only a sojourner here from another and purer world. He is doomed to die at the end of about so many years, but he is equally doomed to live on and on, forever deathless, forever imperishable. He is animal in his needs and desires, granted; but he is godlike, too, in both, for he has needs that touch the Godhead and the stars and has desires that only spiritual perfection can satisfy. In short, he is a Soul, a spark from Deity, the very child of God — but he dwells in a house of flesh and in that house are tenants that are not imperishable and divine. Grant so much as this and justice takes on a new aspect altogether. You have entered another world, with another language, another logic, new ideals, new vistas opening out and a new fire flaming up in your heart. And in that world no man living can lay down hard and rigid lines; no man living can say, *Let Mercy attend to her affairs and Justice will see to his*, for with hands clasped they go forward together.

This looks like a challenging statement, taking the world as it is, with the cry for 'justice' clamoring on every hand and with 'mercy' pleading to be heard in the wild turbulence, but powerless to still it or call a halt. "Justice! All we ask is justice!" The cry is heard here, there, everywhere: from the lips of those who suffer, broken and crushed, and equally from those who pity them and would lift them up in love; from those who love humanity and the truth, and from those others who would desecrate any ideal to keep themselves in power. Justice! It has been the slogan of lust for power and of hypocrisy all down the centuries — but it has also been the pure ideal of the compassionate Saviors of men. And today, as life has become complex and disordered in a superlative degree, and human action a choppy sea of cross-currents and fitful storms, it is time that someone or some philosophy came forward with a definition. Are there two sorts of justice — or what?

This is not an irrelevant question in this case for the Soul of man,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

for from antiquity to the present, justice has been the issue and some conception of it the ideal. Go we back as far as we will and we find it the great glowing point of departure in all world-systems of religion, philosophy, government, and law. In Israel, Greece, and Rome; in still older Babylonia; in China and Egypt, Persia and ancient Peru, justice has ever been the great standard to be defended, the goal to be striven for, the light to be kept aloft. The central question in all the miserable conflicts of our collective life has ever been, "What is the just and what is the unjust thing?" — and the centuries have written nothing more pathetic than their constant reachings-out for justice on the one hand and harsh denials of it on the other. The long battle of the Roman *plebs*; the slow emergence out of the cruelties inflicted in many nations in the wake of unpaid debt; the sharp campaign of pressure that forced John's unwilling signature at Runnymede; the struggles of every reformer and the long roll of every bitterly fought reform, are instances that might be multiplied many times. And the end is not yet, for the cry is as loud and persistent today as it ever was — this cry for 'justice!'

But, again, what is 'justice?' All down the centuries we can trace faithful efforts to define it and to stick to the definition. But no satisfactory definition has as yet been framed — satisfactory, we mean, in the sense that it answers our questions and is something that people on opposite sides of an issue can agree upon. In addition, mercy as a factor has been ignored. The result is that the world is now a seething caldron of evil forces, open and secret, seen and unseen. Crime, suicide, and insanity are increasing so fast that unless something happens to stop or deflect this tide, civilization will be submerged. What else can be expected, however, when mercy has been set aside so long — as a consideration, that is, in large and august affairs: affairs of governments, for instance, and great tribunals and weighty law. Justice as an ideal commands both recognition and respect — nor can we be too thankful for that, in the present mad whirlpool of things — as the crowning ideal of the world; but to talk of mercy as a factor in straightening out the world's disheveled affairs — that is to say, as a substantial, workable, practical, common-sense factor — is simply to talk over people's heads. It is too intangible altogether, while in justice you give us something that is tangible, something worth taking a statesman's time. This is the accepted view and the majority of minds appear to endorse it. But then, why don't we get somewhere? Is there a missing link, a slipped cog, at some point in the chain or the machine? We would save time in the end to pause a moment and find out.

Probably not in recorded history have so many fine minds, taking humanity as a whole, bent their efforts towards the furtherance of justice.

JUSTICE AND MERCY

They are in our courts, our schools, in our industries, and in affairs of state; but they are not succeeding as they had hoped to do nor as they logically should. There are many working on lines of great injustice, it is true, but not so many as to explain the deadlock fully; and there are apathy and selfishness and a thousand other qualities in general human nature that would act in any period or anywhere to block the path of reform. But neither do these things explain it. There is something else and we believe it arises from the general limited understanding of what justice really is. The goal to be arrived at is not at all clearly understood, and the drifting human units that must be guided until they reach it — we do not understand them, either, in the least. Under such conditions how can we expect the wheels of progress to move any faster than they do? The wonder is, at times, that they are able to move at all.

If you are given some living thing to foster and care for, you first of all study its nature. You find out *what it is*, and knowing that, you will know what to do. You would not think of planting a lotus seed in desert soil or a cactus-runner at the bottom of a pond, for you know their nature, their limitations and their needs; and it is thus with everything, all the way up the long ascending rungs of evolution's ladder from the lowest to the highest life in nature — until we arrive at human nature. Something seems to clap down a lid upon the average mind at that particular point, so that the average person plunges ahead without a guess at the nature of the human material he is working for and with, prescribing remedies that cannot cure, punishments that cannot reform, regulations that are powerless to regulate, and so on through the list. But he rarely gives a moment's thought or study to the *nature* of the human thing with which he deals. The results of such a course are disheartening and are instanced on all sides. How often do we see reformers working desperately to secure justice, only to find injustice springing up like dragon's teeth all along the way. They become discouraged; they lose faith in human nature, then faith in their own ideals; then comes decay of character — and they recede from view. It is a sequence typical of the age, and just because this is the case Theosophy is challenged to bring forward the Ancient Wisdom, for this explains the downward-trending cycle that is so fatal and shows how it can be turned in another direction and made to trend upwards into the light.

Theosophy demands for justice a higher than the common interpretation: one that is based upon a knowledge of *what man is*: a being both human and divine. Without a clear understanding of man as twofold in his nature, with two selves as distinct and opposite as day and night — one of them trending upwards and the other leading down — it is

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

useless to talk of justice, for it cannot be secured nor even premised. What we call justice in such case is bound to be a travesty and mercy a troublesome nuisance, always in conflict with it.

In her public lectures Mme. Katherine Tingley has a compelling way of bringing truth to the minds of her listeners by means of contrasting pictures. Let us try that way here. We may take our illustration from any walk in life, from any period, ancient or modern, from the history of any despotism or of any successful reform: there are myriads. But as criminology and prison reform are very much in the public mind just now, and as the theme of justice and mercy is peculiarly related to these, we may as well find our pictures along these lines. Let us follow the logical working-out of a justice that is based on the usual brain-mind view, the selfishness that accompanies such a view, and ignorance of the nature of man. Then let us follow the same method under the Theosophical interpretation, based upon a clear understanding of *what man is*: a twofold being both human and divine.

Somebody — my neighbor, say — falls a bit behind in the struggle for subsistence. He comes to me for help and I lend him the money he requires, expecting him to return it to me later with something added to repay me for the service it shall have done. That is only just. But he is weighted in the race with life and runs slowly: it may be due to heredity, a limited outlook, the burden of debts prior to mine, increasing calamities of one or another kind, it does not matter: the point is that he keeps falling behind. Yet I am entitled to have back what I lent him — heavy pressures may be on me, too. Justice demands that he pay — but he cannot. He *must* pay — still he cannot. So I force the issue — *justly*. In an earlier age I may put him into the stocks or into prison; I may thrust him beyond the Tiber or into slavery in chains. The law protects me in so doing, for what am I asking more than ‘justice and my bond’?

This is a beautiful situation! The very ideal invoked by mankind that justice may be done is corrupted to purposes of injustice the moment things do not go as planned. There is no thought of that man as my brother, as a member with us all of ‘God’s great family,’ as a Divine Soul entitled to a soul’s fair chance to recover. My mind is on ‘justice and my bond.’ Mercy is out of the case. It is as if I were to declare that the world shall have one pole only; so I will delete the other — to find in the end, however, that the world itself has disappeared and I am left but a drifting speck in chaos. Have we not here a partial explanation of the miserable chaos of today? Mercy may be an abstraction, as statesmen seem to think — but the consequences of ignoring it are apt to be very concrete. Mercy and this sort of justice are in conflict,

JUSTICE AND MERCY

you may be sure—but is there not another sort of justice and mercy?

Now let us look at the question under the higher interpretation of Theosophy, and see where that will lead us in the logical working-out. Let us take the case of a man in prison, a mere youth perhaps and yet a murderer, condemned to die on the gallows. The prospect of sending out into the darkness that struggling, pleading soul, with no chance given it to do better or become better *here* where the soul must evolve — for bear in mind that under Theosophy the soul is the man, not some hazy conjectural possession of the man — to many such a prospect is a shock. They set up a plea for mercy at once, to offset the cruel workings of so-called ‘justice,’ and the result is that in practically every such case, numerous as they are at the present time, the public mind is torn between conflicting views. Some will have ‘justice’ and the carrying out of the law; others demand ‘mercy’ and let ‘justice’ go to the winds; far too many hold back apathetically to see ‘justice’ and ‘mercy’ collide and fight it out in a test of strength.

But the student of Theosophy knows that as no one can reach a true standard of justice and ignore the law, so no one can reach it and ignore the divinity of man. In the case of this criminal youth — let us even suppose that his victim was someone near and dear to ourselves — justice demands that he pay the proper penalty for the crime, but it demands of us that before adjusting that penalty we study the nature of this unfortunate from whom the law is waiting to wrest all it can. Justice demands that we search, among other directions, into that of causes: the intimate, hidden causes of the crime; and that we study with the greatest sincerity and care the agencies that contributed to put that man or youth just where he is. We can do no less than this and still be just. So we probe below the surface and, as Katherine Tingley has advocated in public so many times, we study this man’s heredity first of all: is it tinged with criminality, with insanity, with tendencies to ‘temper’ and ungovernable moods, or with manliness, high honor, and self-respect? These questions and many others ask themselves, and if the answer is against the man, in justice we must make allowances for him. We give a long handicap to one who is crippled or mutilated or sick in body, and yet trying to run a race; surely it is but just to make the same allowance for one who is morally crippled, spiritually sick. That is not ‘mercy’: it is only common justice, common sense.

Then, if we can do so, we study this man’s mother and father and their home-life; their contribution to it in devoted care, or in neglect; in wise management of their children, or the reverse. We study his childhood, with its record, perhaps, of bad associates, of limited opportunities, of mistakes in thought and act made innocently at first and

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

yet which put their fatal mark upon a mind that was a sensitive plate, as all young minds are. We study prenatal conditions if that is possible, with their record of that mother's struggles and fears and failures and distrust, or crushed, pathetic love. We are not at all guided by sentiment, for to do so little as this, even, is almost less than just. And we are urged to do this by an urge that cannot be denied, for we see in this man something more than a cross-section of time, or of molecular matter like a slice of beet under a lens. He is a soul — write the words in letters of fire! — *a soul*, with the whole of eternity written upon his nature. He is not that shrinking body which he merely *wears*, but existed long before it did, and he will continue to exist when that body is cut down from the gallows — if it is. He came into this world as we all did, from an infinite other world, “trailing clouds of glory” maybe, and maybe trailing clouds of another kind, but in any event with something greater than and something different from the merely mortal side. We have to ‘think upon these things’ to be even measurably just. But before we know it our heart has opened and something new has entered in. This subject of our study, this despised murderer — is no longer an enemy, an outcast, a stranger, a piece of useless timber in the state; he is a son, a brother, a striving, suffering fellow-man. Before we know it every bit of compassion in our nature is stirred and aroused: it flames up like a fire, a light. We are in the realm of pure mercy and yet we haven't left the realm of justice by so much as a single step. They are one.

Those who will follow the great principles of Theosophy to their logical conclusion by practically applying them will find justice walking hand in hand with mercy in every department of life. To such as these human nature ceases to be a ‘mystery,’ only to be unveiled by mental violations and inquisitions, but a revelation, understandable and plain, and with its moral mutilations and diseases at last susceptible of diagnosis and of cure. Were these great principles to become a power in human life, we would have a machinery of justice so flexible and so beautiful in its powers that it would secure even Theosophic justice in any case brought into its tribunals; we would be able to do away with nine-tenths, probably, of the social turbulence and discontent that now are racking the world — for nothing so settles one in contentment as the certainty that justice will be done, while nothing so makes for anarchy and discontent as a feeling of injustice.

But we have to take this knowledge home. It is a mistake to think of the state as the only dispenser of justice. Each one of us in his private life is an ever-open tribunal and how we dispense justice from day to day as we contact our duties or our fellow-men, or ourselves in the secret chambers of self-examination, depends upon what our ideal of justice is.

JUSTICE AND MERCY

With Louis Quatorze each one of us can truthfully say, though not with the meaning he gave it, "*L'état c'est moi*"; and so we are in a profound sense, for each is responsible in some measure for the conditions which make crime possible and human uplift so problematical a thing. We cannot shrink in conscience from even the most debased of these unfortunates whom our very apathy has helped to push over the edge. How pitiful is our attitude, after all! Here we stand on this vantage called 'earth-life' — a little narrow isthmus of experience between the dark of two unknown seas — perfectly aware that souls are coming in all the time, just as we did, and that they have to take just what we have made ready for them: conditions that are a misery to the body in myriad cases and an insult to the soul, conditions that practically insure a weak nature going wrong. What kind of justice is that? Do you not agree with Theosophy that, in our day at least, even the very worst criminal has some little balance due?

Justice is not weakened but strengthened when mercy comes to its aid. Mercy is not made cold and hard when clasping hands with justice, but more beautiful, more tender, more balanced, and infinitely more wise. Every home is a tribunal of justice in one or another degree and every mother is a judge in that tribunal when she settles even childish disputes. Will anyone contend that the more heartless she is or the more merciless, the more just she is able to be? Quite the contrary, for justice has no abler ally than true love. To the ancients love and justice were parts of a single great power, which they personified in their goddess 'Justicia,' regal and majestic, with the woman's figure and the woman's heart, the magnificent head and balanced mind of the ideal man — or shall we say 'the ideal woman and man'? — and with the scales held in strong and steady hand. Justice to the ancients, like a temple or statue, must have heart as well as head, beauty as well as balance, poise and symmetry and measure, yes, but also the charm of surprise; and art has perpetuated this ideal down the ages in color and line and the fire of myth and song. We ought to begin to perpetuate it in life. We will have to do so if the world is to be improved.

We are psychologized with the idea, however, that justice and mercy conflict necessarily and that when they do try to work together cross-purposes are in the nature of things. This is the great obstacle in the path of better achievements and because we think it cannot be surmounted we try to find ways around it. Our efforts are thus directed mainly to compromise, from the nursemaid settling a quarrel over a doll to diplomats writing the constitution of a newborn state. How can we manufacture some sort of relationship between mercy and justice that will keep them from tearing each other's eyes out? That is our idea,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

in essence, in the customary case, but there is nothing inspiring in it nor in the half-view from which it springs.

The truth is, there is no need to manufacture anything: we merely have to recognise a unity that already exists. Like the leaves of one tree, the children of one parent, the fingers of one hand, like man and his brother man, justice and mercy, however separate they may appear to be outwardly at times, in essence are always one. The same life-stream of love and power pulses through both, a stream that takes its rise in the supreme fountain of justice and mercy, the Godhead.

Our modern ideas of justice are detached and scattered, it is too true, but both our statesmanship and our efforts towards reform show in many ways that we are not satisfied with them and are seeking for something better, more stable, more complete. Nearly everyone is conscious of the fact of a 'missing link'; but as H. P. Blavatsky said of science in respect to its search for this debatable quantity, we are looking for it "at the wrong end of the chain." That chain is the vast chain of sentient life, extending down from Deity, the 'Father's house,' to the mire and entanglement of matter. The 'missing link' is of spirit, not matter. We shall never find it in compromises nor intellectualisms nor in any institution bearing the stamp of material things. The only path that can lead us to it lies through the open heart, for it is hidden in the Soul of Man.