

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1921

"There is one path, however, which is narrow, and straight, and rough, and is not much frequented, but which leads to the end of the journey. Weary and laborious souls, who aspire after the region to which this road conducts, who love the mysteries and predict their beauty, scarcely, and with much molestation, labor, and sweat, arrive through this path at the desired end. But when they have arrived thither they rest from their labor and cease to desire. . . . Come, then, be initiated, ascend to this region, embrace the good, and you will not desire anything greater than this."—MAXIMUS TYRIUS, *Dissertation* xxiii; trans. by Thomas Taylor

"YOURS TILL DEATH AND AFTER, H. P. B."

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE*



SUCH has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless life, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, appearing under the outer *mortal* garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the city of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eyes that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had ob-

*Originally published in *Lucifer*, (London) 1891.

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scured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if but the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:

"Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it — in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what I *have* to do. I live an artificial life: I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then — good-bye! . . . Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other — nominal but ambitious — Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as you in *America will prevail*, if you only remain staunch to the Teacher's program and true to yourselves. . . ."

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a program embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart, and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do.

Once, in London, I asked her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing-desk, she said:

"When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of Theosophical ideas — it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists*, but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Teachers are a part, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have

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come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realize a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view."

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan — Humanity."

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BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE*

THAT which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured. So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many ages ago — the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind.

I met Mme. Blavatsky in 1874 in the city of New York where she was living in Irving Place. There she suggested the formation of the Theosophical Society, lending to its beginning the power of her individuality and giving to its President and those who have stood by it ever since the knowledge of the Theosophical teachings. In 1877 she wrote *Isis Unveiled* in my presence, and helped in the proof-reading by the President of the Society. This book she declared to me then was intended to aid the cause for the advancement of which the Theosophical Society was founded. Of this I speak with knowledge, for I was present and at her request drew up the contract for its publication between her and her New York publisher. When that document was signed she said to me, "Now I must go to India."

*From an article published in *The Path* (New York), 1891.

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In November, 1878, she went to India and continued the work of helping her colleagues to spread the Society's influence there, working in that mysterious land until she returned to London in 1887. There was then in London but one Branch of the Society — the London Lodge -- the leaders of which thought it should work only with the upper and cultured classes. The effect of Mme. Blavatsky's coming there was that Branches began to spring up, so that now they are in many English towns, in Scotland, and in Ireland. There she founded her magazine *Lucifer*, there worked night and day for the Society loved by the core of her heart, there wrote *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and *The Voice of the Silence*, and there passed away from a body that had been worn out by unselfish work for the good of the few of our century but of the many in the centuries to come.

That she always knew what would be done by the world in the way of slander and abuse I also know, for 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. Nor was she unaware of the future of the Society. In 1876 she told me in detail the course of the Society's growth for future years, of its infancy, of its struggles, of its rise into the "luminous zone" of the public mind, and these prophecies are being all fulfilled.

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts — however small itself might be -- would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom-Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable truth, and thus to make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles in the very paucity of the language,— obstacles harder than all else to work against.

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

By Some of her Students*

IN the hearts of those who are endeavoring to make Theosophy a real factor in their lives, there must remain an overwhelming sense of gratitude to her who has inspired them with the will to do so; and this sense of gratitude, love and respect will never be content until it can find fit expression. No material memorial, nothing that money can purchase, will ever be judged a sufficient tribute to her memory. There is but one way in which the debt can be paid and that is by making the Theosophical Society a world-wide success and Theosophy known throughout the whole globe. The work to be done is one not only of head and hands but also of heart, the well-spring of all right actions and the real magnet-point of our humanity. The tremendous burden of responsibility that lay so heavily on H. P. Blavatsky, but which she so gladly bore for the Society, must now be shared among ourselves. No longer can H. P. Blavatsky stand as a 'buffer,' as she herself phrased it, to the Society and be the scapegoat of all its shortcomings. While she lived, every mistake and wrong-doing of those who surrounded her were set down to Mme. Blavatsky and she had to bear the blame for all. This is now no longer possible. The Theosophical Society and each of its members must stand upon their own merits, and the day of vicarious atonement is past. If the world is to respect Theosophy, we must make it first of all respect the Theosophical Society, both for its labors for others and for the immediate good it does to those who come within its pale. We must teach and exemplify: teach what Theosophy is in plain and simple words, and exemplify its redeeming power by our right conduct in all the affairs of life.— G. R. S. MEAD, F. T. S.

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WHAT phenomenon could well be greater than the production of Mme. Blavatsky's monumental works, in a language and country foreign to her, unless it were the union in one individual of such great knowledge, such spiritual wealth, with so much geniality and consideration for the meanest brother or sister who showed aspiration for truth or goodness, so much sympathy and ready help in difficulties of every kind, material as well as psychical and spiritual.

Each can only speak as he or she has been personally affected; and such egotism, if egotism it be, is but a triumphant verdict in favor of her we fain would honor, whose greatest glory was the number of hearts and minds she won for the pursuit of truth and virtue.

— EMILY KISLINGBURY

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THE OPINION OF A HINDÛ ABOUT H. P. BLAVATSKY

THOSE who call Mme. Blavatsky 'a fraud' are much mistaken, they do not know her. I would be glad to give up everything I have in this world to become such a fraud, if anybody will come forward to teach me. Is it not sufficient for the Westerns to know that a proud Brahman, who knows not how to bend his body before any mortal being in this world, except his superiors in relation or religion, joins his hands like a submissive child before the white *Yoginî* of the West?— RAI B. K. LAHERI, F. T. S.

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HOW AN AGNOSTIC SAW HER

SHE was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and felt the contrast, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it. But she did not call even those who reviled and wronged her by a more bitter epithet than 'flap-doodles.' Such assailants as even the Coulombs and Dr. Coues she referred to with expressions equivalent to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even when these assailants were doing their best to cut her, soul and body, with numerous and ghastly wounds, and to fill them with salt and salve them with vitriol.

Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday the world had one Madame Blavatsky — today it has none. The matrix of hereditary environment in which she was molded has been broken. Through the coming ages of time or eternity shall the shattered fragments of that matrix be gathered up and refixed, and another Helena Petrovna Hahn be born upon the earth, when the earth is sane enough not to misunderstand her, to persecute her, and seek to bury her name in a cataclysm of falsehood, hatred, and slander?— SALADIN (In *Agnostic Journal*)

*Extracts from Tributes published in 1891, shortly after Mme. Blavatsky's death.

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To all who assisted her work she was ever ready to give counsel and help, and only those who received her help can appreciate it at its just value. But though they feel it, they cannot talk of it, for it is not possible to bring the deepest feelings to the surface. Personally, as I know her, I may say that I found in her the wise teacher, the loving friend who knew how to cut for the purpose of curing, and an example in practice when the need arose of how to regulate action to theosophical ideas. I may close by saying that I regard myself as most fortunate in the Karma which brought me in association with H. P. Blavatsky and enabled me to assist so far as I could in the work of the lion-hearted leader of the Cause of Theosophy.

— ARCH. KEIGHTLEY, M. D., F. T. S.

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It is doubtful whether there ever was any great genius and savior of mankind, whose personality while upon this earth was not misunderstood by his friends, reviled by his enemies, mentally tortured and crucified, and finally made an object of fetish-worship by subsequent generations. H. P. Blavatsky seems to be no exception to the rule. The world, dazzled by the light of her doctrines, which the majority of men did not grasp, because they were new to them, looked upon her with distrust, and the representatives of scientific ignorance, filled with their own pomposity, pronounced her to be 'the greatest impostor of the age,' because their narrow minds could not rise up to a comprehension of the magnificence of her spirit. It is, however, not difficult to prophesy, that in the near future, when the names of her enemies will have been forgotten, the world will become alive to a realization of the true nature of the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, and see that she was a messenger of Light, sent to instruct this sinful world, to redeem it from ignorance, folly and superstition, a task which she has fulfilled as far as her voice was heard and her teachings accepted. . . .

In calling her 'the greatest impostor of the age' the agent of the Society for Psychical Research, who presented her with that title, merely certified to his own incapacity to judge about character, for H. P. Blavatsky — as all who were acquainted with her will testify — was never capable of disguising herself, and any imposture, great or little, which she could have attempted, would have immediately been found out, even by a child. Mme. Blavatsky was in possession of that in which most of her critics are sadly deficient, namely, *soul-knowledge*, a department of 'science' not yet discovered by modern scientists and would-be philosophers. The soul that lived in her was a great soul. This great soul, and not the dress which she used to wear, should be the object of our investigation, not for the purpose of gratifying scientific curiosity — but for profiting by the example.— FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

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How keenly she felt the shameful attacks upon her character we who knew her well, realized and regretted; and I often tried to reason her into a feeling of indifference for the opinions of those who knew nothing of her except what they gathered from garbled and prejudiced accounts in newspapers. But although she personally felt these slanders, a large part of her suffering arose from a fear that the Cause which she had at heart, and for which she worked as I have never seen anyone else work in any other cause, would be injured by the calumnies against her. I always felt astonished at the untiring energy which she displayed; even when ill she would still struggle to her writing-table and go on working. It fills one with contempt and anger to think that even when she was beyond the reach of slander some of the papers degraded their pages with abuse, and republished the falsehoods which have found credulous audience among a class who pride themselves on their incredulity. . . .

Still to show that I had ample opportunities for knowing her well, I will mention that during both her visits to Simla I saw her almost daily, in fact I was in the same house for three months, in and out of her room at any and all times of the day. She was always affectionate towards me, and I had a real affection for her, and shall always, as hitherto, defend her before the world. And we who know what a wonderful woman she was, and how interesting and profound is the philosophy which she has brought prominently forward, know also that a day will come when the world will acknowledge her greatness, and will realize that we who defend and reverence her memory are not such foolish and gullible people as the conceited and usually ignorant public of today assume.— ALICE GORDON, F. T. S.

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WHAT SHE TAUGHT US

If I were to write this short memoir simply as an imperfect expression of what H. P. Blavatsky was to me personally, and of the influence of her life and teachings upon my own life and aspirations, I should merely be adding one more testimony to that affection and reverence which she inspired in all who learnt to understand her in some degree. There were those who were attracted to her by the magnetism of her personal influence, by her extraordinary intellect, by her conversational powers, and even by her militant unconventionality. But I was not one of these. It was her message that attracted me; it was as a teacher that I learnt to know and love her. Apart from her teachings I might have looked upon Mme. Blavatsky as an

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interesting and unique character, but I do not think I should have been attracted to her, had not her message spoken at once right home to my heart. It was through that message that I came to know her, not as a mere personal friend, but as something infinitely more.

Let me dwell therefore upon Mme. Blavatsky as a teacher, let me endeavor to express what it was that she set before me, and before so many others, the acceptance of which united us by ties which death cannot sever.

First, and above all else, she showed us the *purpose of life*. And when I say this I mean much more than might be commonly understood by this phrase. I mean much more than that she gave us an interest and a motive in this present life, and a belief or faith with regard to the next. Those who have learnt the lesson of the illusory nature of that which most men call *life*, whether here or hereafter, need to draw their inspiration from a deeper source than is available in the external world of forms. . . .

And thus she did something more than teach us a new system of philosophy. She drew together the threads of our life, those threads which run back into the past, and forward into the future, but which we had been unable to trace, and showed us the pattern we had been weaving and the purpose of our work.

She taught us *Theosophy* — not as a mere form of doctrine, not as a religion, or a philosophy, or a creed, or a working hypothesis, but as *a living power in our lives*.

It is inevitable that the term *Theosophy* should come to be associated with a certain set of doctrines. In order that the message may be given to the world it must be presented in a definite and systematic form. But in doing this it becomes *exoteric*, and nothing that is *exoteric* can be permanent, for it belongs to the world of form. She led us to look beneath the surface, behind the form; to make the *principle* the real motive power of our life and conduct. To her the term *Theosophy* meant something infinitely more than could be set before the world in any *Key to Theosophy*, or *Secret Doctrine*. The nearest approach to it in any of her published works is in *The Voice of the Silence*; yet even that conveys but imperfectly what she would — had the world been able to receive it — have taught and included in the term *Theosophy*. . . .

Individualism is the keynote of modern civilization; competition and survival of the fittest, the practical basis of our morality. Our modern philosophers and scientific teachers do all that is possible to reduce man to the level of an animal, to show his parentage, his ancestry and his genius as belonging to the brute creation, and conditioned by brutal laws of blind force and dead matter. What wonder then that one who believed so ardently in the divine nature of man, in the divine law of love, should oppose with scornful contempt the teachings of both religion and science which thus degrade humanity.

And she paid the inevitable penalty. Misunderstood, slandered, and vilified to the last degree, she lived a hero's life, and died a martyr's death. Only those who were her intimate friends knew how she suffered, mentally and bodily. The man who dies with his face to the foe, fighting to the last though covered with wounds, is accounted a hero. But in the heat of battle there is oblivion of pain, there is a superhuman strength of madness and frenzy. How much more should she be accounted a hero who could hold on to life, and work as no other woman has worked, through years of physical and mental torture. . . .

She chose the cross. And thus not merely did she teach us the meaning of *Theosophy* by precept, but also by example. She was herself the greatest of the Theosophists, not merely because she founded the movement, and restored to the world the treasures of ancient wisdom, but because she herself had made the "*Great Renunciation*."— WILLIAM KINGSLAND, F. T. S.

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FROM INDIA

"Gone is the glory from the grass,
And splendor from the flower!"

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY has ceased to exist on this earthly plane. She is gone from among us. Madame Blavatsky's death is a blow to all the world. She was not of this nation or that. The wide earth was her home, and all mankind were her brothers, and these brothers are now plunged in mourning for the loss of a priceless sister. . . .

Madame Blavatsky was decidedly the most remarkable person that this age has produced. The whole of her life was simply extraordinary. There is no existing human standard by which to judge her. She will always stand out alone. There was only one Madame Blavatsky, there never will be any other. It was always difficult to understand her at all points, she was often the greatest puzzle to her most intimate friends, and the mystery of her life is yet only partly revealed.— BABULA

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FROM SPAIN

EVERY time I saw Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, my affection, loyalty and admiration for her increased. To her I owe all that I know, for both mental tranquility and moral equilibrium were attained on making her acquaintance. She gave me hope for the future; she inspired me

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with her own noble and devoted principles, and transformed my everyday existence by holding up a high ideal of life for attainment; the ideal being the chief object of the Theosophical Society, *i. e.*, to work for the good and well-being of humanity.

Her death was a bitter grief to me, as to all those who are working for the common cause, Theosophy, and who having known her personally, have contracted a debt of undying gratitude towards her.

I have lost my Friend and Teacher, who purified my life, who gave me back my faith in Humanity, and in her admirable example of courage, self-sacrifice, and disinterestedness, and virtue, I shall find the strength and courage necessary for working for that cause which we are all bound to defend.

May her memory be blessed!

These, dear brethren and friends, are the few words which I wished to say to you, greatly desiring to declare before you all that I shall never forget what I owe to H. P. Blavatsky.

Let enemies and materialists explain, if they can, the power and attraction of H. P. Blavatsky, and if they cannot, let them be silent.

The tree will be known by its fruits, as actions will be judged and valued by their results.

— JOSÉ XIFRE

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H. P. BLAVATSKY AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

"WHO am I," she said, answering one question with another, "who am I that I should deny a chance to one in whom I see a spark still glimmering of recognition of the Cause I serve that might yet be fanned into a flame of devotion? What matter the consequences that fall on me personally when such an one fails, succumbing to the forces of evil within him — deception, ingratitude, revenge, what not — forces that I saw as clearly as I saw the hopeful spark: though in his fall he cover me with misrepresentation, obloquy and scorn? What right have I to refuse to any one the chance of profiting by the truths I can teach him, and thereby entering upon the Path? I tell you that I have no choice. I am pledged by the strictest rules and laws of occultism to a renunciation of selfish considerations, and how can I dare to assume the existence of faults in a candidate and act upon my assumption even though a cloud may fill me with misgivings?" . . .

At this time I learned little more concerning *The Secret Doctrine* than that it was to be a work far more voluminous than *Isis Unveiled*, and that it would give out to the world as much of the esoteric doctrine as was possible at the present stage of human evolution. "It will, of course, be very fragmentary," she said, "and there will of necessity be great gaps left, but it will make men think, and as soon as they are ready more will be given out." "But," she added after a pause, "that will not be until the next century, when men will begin to understand and discuss this book intelligently." . . .

Incidents, such as this [referring to one who had come to her, asking for help, but later turned against her], of ingratitude and desertion, affected Mme. Blavatsky most painfully. I mention it here to show an example of the mental distress which, added to physical maladies and weakness, rendered progress with her task slow and painful.

Her quiet studious life continued for some little time, and the work progressed steadily, until, one morning, a thunderbolt descended upon us. By the early post, without a word of warning, Mme. Blavatsky received a copy of the well-known *Report of the Society for Psychological Research*. It was a cruel blow, and, in the form it took, wholly unexpected. I shall never forget that day nor the look of blank and stony despair that she cast on me when I entered her sitting-room and found her with the book open in her hands.

"This," she cried, "is the Karma of the Theosophical Society, and it falls upon me. I am the scapegoat. I am made to bear all the sins of the Society, and now who will listen to me or read *The Secret Doctrine*? How can I carry on my work for Humanity? . . ."

Her sensitive nature was too deeply wounded, her indignation at unmerited wrong too strongly stirred, to listen at first to counsels of patience and moderation. Nothing would serve but she must start for London at once and annihilate her enemies with the truth. Every post only increased her anger and despair, and for a long time no useful work could be done. She recognised at last that for her there was no hope or remedy in legal proceedings in this country any more than in India. This is proved by a passage from a "Protest" which she contributed to Mr. Sinnett's reply to the *Report* entitled "'Occult World Phenomena' and the Society for Psychological Research," and which I will quote.

"Mr. Hodgson [the agent of the Psychological Research Society and author of the P. R. S. report] knows," she wrote, "and the Committee doubtless share his knowledge, that he is safe from actions for libel at my hands, because I have no money to conduct costly proceedings against him." . . .

To conclude this episode I may perhaps be permitted to quote a letter of my own, addressed to ———:

"From a worldly point of view Madame Blavatsky is an unhappy woman, slan-

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dered, doubted, and abused by many; but, looked at from a higher point of view, she has extraordinary gifts, and no amount of vilification can deprive her of the privileges which she enjoys.

"On account of the extensive knowledge which she possesses, and which extends far into the invisible part of nature, it is very much to be regretted that all her troubles and trials prevent her giving to the world a great deal of information, which she would be willing to impart if she were permitted to remain undisturbed and in peace.

"Even the great work in which she is now engaged, *The Secret Doctrine*, has been greatly impeded by all this persecution. . . ."

In the following year [1888] another account appeared in *The Theosophist* for July, which may also be of interest to my readers:

"Madame Blavatsky continues to labor as ceaselessly as ever, and under conditions of such physical disability as render not simply her working, but actually her living truly marvelous. I may say as a physician and not simply upon my own authority, but as a fact known to some of the leading medical practitioners of London, that never before has a patient been known to live even for a week under such conditions of renal disorder as have been chronic with her for very many months past. Lately they have been somewhat modified by the action of strychnia, of which she has taken a little over six grains daily. Very frequently she has attacks of cerebral apoplexy, but without any treatment known to medical science wards them off and goes on, firmly confident as ever that her present life will not end before its work is fully accomplished. And in that work she is indefatigable. Her hours of labor are daily from 6:30 a. m. to 7 p. m., with only a few minutes' interruption for a light meal just before the sun reaches the meridian. During that time she devotes a great deal of her time to preparing the instructions for the Esoteric Section, giving out such knowledge as is permitted her to impart and its members are capable of receiving. Then the editorial labor connected with the production of her magazine *Lucifer* devolves entirely upon her. And she also edits the new French Theosophical monthly magazine *La Revue Théosophique*, published by the Countess d'Adhemar, who, by the way, is an American by birth. Her magazine is now publishing a series of brilliant articles by Amaravella, and a translation in French of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. . . .

"In the evening, from 7 until 11 o'clock, and sometimes 2 o'clock a. m., Madame Blavatsky receives visitors, of whom she has many. Of course many are friends, others are serious investigators, and not a few are impelled by curiosity to see a woman who is one of the prominent personages of the world today. All are welcome, and she is equally ready in meeting all upon any ground they select.

"Mr. G. J. Romanes, a Fellow of the Royal Society, comes in to discuss the evolutionary theory set forth in her *Secret Doctrine*; Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is a great admirer of *The Secret Doctrine*, finds much in it that seems to invite further elucidation; Lord Crawford, Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, another F. R. S. — who is deeply interested in Occultism and Cosmogony, and who was a pupil of Lord Lytton and studied with him in Egypt — comes to speak of his special subjects of concern; Mr. Sidney Whitman, widely known by his scathing criticism upon English cant, has ideas to express and thoughts to interchange upon the ethics of Theosophy, and so they come."— A. K.

To return, we were hardly settled in the house before people began to call on Madame Blavatsky, and the visitors grew so numerous, and she was so constantly interrupted in her work, that it was considered advisable for her to have a day for reception. Saturday was chosen, and from 2 p. m. till 11 or 12 at night there would be a succession of visitors, and Madame Blavatsky would frequently have a group around her asking questions, to which she would answer with unvarying patience. All this time *The Secret Doctrine* was being continued, until, at last, it was put into the printer's hands. Then began the task of proof-reading, revising, and correcting, which proved to be a very onerous one indeed. . . .

But *The Secret Doctrine* finished, my task is done. Let me only add my small tribute of gratitude and love to the friend and teacher who did more for me than anybody in the world, who helped to show me the truth, and who pointed out to me the way to try and conquer self, with all its petty weaknesses, and to live more nobly for the use and good of others. "Thy soul has to become as the ripe mango fruit; as soft and sweet as its bright golden pulp for others' woes, as hard as that fruit's stone for thine own throes and sorrows." . . . "Compassion speaks and saith: can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"* These are the precepts that Madame Blavatsky bade her pupils learn and follow, these are the ethics that her life of continual self-abnegation for the good of others has set like a burning flame in the hearts of those that believed in her.— COUNTESS W.

*From *The Voice of the Silence*.

WHAT IS GREATER THAN THINE OWN SOUL?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"We walk about, amid the destinies of our world-existence, accompanied by dim but ever-present *Memories* of a Destiny more vast — very distant in the bygone time, and infinitely awful.


"We live out a Youth peculiarly haunted by such dreams; yet never mistaking them for dreams. As Memories we *know* them. *During our Youth* the distinction is too clear to deceive us even for a moment.

"So long as this Youth endures, the feeling *that we exist* is the most natural of all feelings. We understand it *thoroughly*. That there was a period at which we did *not* exist — or that it might have so happened that we never had existed at all — are the considerations, indeed, which *during this youth*, we find difficulty in understanding. Why we should *not* exist, is, *upto the epoch of our Manhood*, of all queries the most unanswerable. Existence — self-existence — existence from all Time and to all Eternity — seems, up to the epoch of Manhood, a normal and unquestionable condition:— *seems, because it is*.

"But now comes the period at which a conventional World-Reason awakens us from the truth of our dream. Doubt, surprise, and Incomprehensibility arrive at the same moment. They say:— 'You live, and the time was when you lived not. You have been created. An Intelligence exists greater than your own; and it is only through this Intelligence you live at all.' These things we struggle to comprehend and cannot:— *cannot*, because these things, being untrue, are thus, of necessity, incomprehensible.

"No thinking being lives who, at some luminous point of his life of thought, has not felt himself lost amid the surges of futile efforts at understanding or believing that anything exists *greater than his own soul*. The utter impossibility of any one's soul feeling itself inferior to another; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought:— these, with the omnipotent aspirations at perfection, are but the spiritual, coincident with the material, struggles towards the original Unity — are, to my mind at least, a species of proof far surpassing what Man terms demonstration, that no one soul *is* inferior to another — that nothing is, or can be, superior to any one soul — that each soul is, in part, its own God — its own Creator:— in a word, that God — the material *and* spiritual God — *now* exists solely in the diffused Matter and Spirit of the Universe; and that the regathering of this diffused Matter and Spirit will be but the reconstitution of the *purely* Spiritual and Individual God."

— EDGAR ALLAN POE, in *Eureka*

 POE reached a very high level of thought in many of his writings, and his marvelous power of expression has availed him more than is usually the case with people who strive to convey to others the glimpses revealed to their own minds in such moments of exaltation. It will of course be understood that, in making the above quotation, we do not necessarily either indorse or reject anything that is said, but simply give it as the utterance of a gifted mind, to be judged by each reader in the light of his own intelligence. But we shall find in the beautiful language of this passage, somewhat over-emphatic perhaps in the desire to be perspicuous, many ideas familiar to Theosophists, which will nevertheless strike them with a new force from the novelty of their expression. The root-idea of Poe's celebrated essay is Unity, in which he finds the explanation of all phenomena both

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material and spiritual; and it would not be easy to find a passage anywhere in which the idea of the fundamental unity of all life, the essential oneness of all Souls, is more luminously depicted.

It will also be understood that, in asserting the greatness of the Soul, its equality with every other Soul, it is *not* that weak and wavering reflexion which we call our *personality* that is meant. The very circumstance of his attributing eternal existence in the past and the future to this Soul shows that the temporary and evanescent personality is not meant. In speaking of mere personality, we cannot patiently entertain the ideas of greatness and immortality at all; and a comparison instituted between one personality and another will be rather a rivalry of littleness. But when we rise, in moments of inspiration, to some sense (however faint) of the dignity of our *essential* nature, it is not with pride and vanity, but with awe and reverence, that we shall contemplate the grandeur of that infinite and eternal essence that lives in us all. Yet a great risk attends all who stand on such heights, a risk that has cast not a few headlong to the depths below. It is the danger that the littleness of personal vanity may intervene, making us say: "This is I; all this is mine"; instead of standing in silent respect of the sublimity in which we are privileged for the moment to share. "Be humble, if thou wouldst attain to wisdom," means that we must not try to make a personal possession of what is as free as the air and the light; a mistake whose consequences are seen in the self-deluded apostle of some cult or in the unfortunate wight who is shut into an asylum because he believes he is the Holy Ghost.

Was there ever a time when the Soul — our real Self — was not? "I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be." So says Krishna, speaking as the Soul; and so have said many other Teachers, speaking from the same standpoint. In the poet's remarks as to the intuition of childhood and its fading with maturity, we are reminded of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*. In this light it would seem that the preaching of immortality is of the nature of a *reminder*, the pointing out of an obvious truth that has been overlooked.

The nearer we approach to the center of things, the nearer do we approach to Unity. Poe's definition of gravitation in this essay is that of a universal desire of matter to return to its original unity; and he sees the aspirations of man as a perpetual longing to return to the same unity. There is unity at the heart of our being; in the extremities there is diversity. The more people live in their personalities, the more un-social and exclusive do they become.

Skeptics are always asking for 'proofs' of immortality; but we gather

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from the above passage that, in the author's view, the nature of the case does not admit of the possibility of such 'proofs' at all. He recognises a more certain kind of conviction than what is called 'proof' — namely, the convictions which arise in us from a deep contemplation of the nature of our own being. When people seek for conviction of immortality along the usual lines of scientific proof, we get spookism; which has been described by many as a proof, not of immortality, but of mortality; a proof of the temporary survival of certain disintegrating psychic remnants of the deceased person. To obtain conviction of immortality, we must examine the nature of Soul, as we find it manifested in our own being; and this is what is done by the poet as quoted. He finds, as so many like him have done, amid the medley of mortal elements, something that never was not and that will never cease to be.

The path of Knowledge implies the attainment of a realization of the infinity and immortality of the Soul; and this is to be achieved by a progressive purification of the mind from all that deludes and obscures its clear vision. The unity and brotherhood of mankind is not a thing to be brought about, so much as an existing fact that has to be recognised. We do not know what is the nature of that Individuality which distinguishes one Soul from another; but we know that, between Souls, there is no such separation and warring of interests as obtains between personalities. The light that shines in each of us is the same flame.

Death is seen to be a greater sleep, during which the Soul discards more of its temporal habiliments than it does in ordinary sleep; but it cannot perish, and the seed or essence lives on. Of its condition after liberation from the body it is not possible here to speak definitely.

One great lesson to be learned from all this is of course that we should not regard immortality as a matter relating to the after-life alone, but as a condition to be sought here and now. In essence we actually are immortal, and we have the power of living ever more and more in the immortal part of our nature, and less and less in its external and perishable features. Man is indeed utterly unimportant and insignificant, regarded as a mere personality; but in the mathematics of human nature, there is some mysterious property which makes the part, in some degree or manner, equal to the whole; and we cannot but feel, in our brighter moments, that, however insignificant may be our mere personality, we are indeed sharers in that which is infinitely vast and sublime. To find the real values in life, we must learn to forgo our concern for many things whose value is fictitious. To be really great, it is necessary to put off many littlenesses that ordinarily seem great.

It will be said that, however insignificant the personality may seem when contemplated from the isolated height of these meditations, yet

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it bulks large as an obstacle in actual life. And this observation will raise the whole question of the value of such philosophical contemplations at all. Here then we have to distinguish between two kinds of philosophy and two kinds of philosophers—the unpractical and the practical; and we should do well to remember the examples of such men as Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus, who found their philosophy a real support in all fortunes. Of course, if we are not in earnest in our desire to know and live rightly, we cannot expect our speculations to become more than an ornament of leisure; but, if we are in earnest, we shall find them a help, however much we may fail in realizing them as fully as we should like. Our ideal is the goal to which we tend; and by keeping it in mind we shall draw ever closer to it. It is a great help to know that the most enlightened efforts of the intellect confirm the great truths of universal religion, while the doctrines of unbelief and despair can only be supported on delusion and a blinking of the truth.

So it is a real help to keep before us these high ideals and conceptions; especially since we cannot do without ideals of some kind, and good ones are better than bad. And in the above passage we see, beautifully limned, the conception of three infinitudes—of space, of time, and of self; in which infinitudes the *Here*, the *Now*, and the *I* are three points each of which, like a geometrical point, may be considered either as infinitely small or as infinitely great.

Poe tells of two voices that speak within us: the voice of intuition, manifested so strongly in youth; and the voice of the World-Reason, which contradicts the other and tells us we were created and the sport of powers greater than ourself. What is this latter voice, if not that of the *limited* part of nature? This limited part of our nature *was* 'created'; there was a time when it was not; there will be a time when it will cease to be. It is the personal man, created gradually during the growth of this present earthly tenement. It is in this part of our nature that there arises *Fear*; for it knows its mortality. Yet what a privilege is ours, to be able to go beyond this and to reach up in thought and aspiration to that which is immortal! The personality is a bud put forth by the Soul. How suicidal are feelings of envy, disparaging criticism, and anger; since they intensify the sense of personal separateness and thus cause us to dwell in the mortal part of our nature. A realization of the oneness of life would render such feelings absurd. It is evident that the pursuit of objects of ambition and personal advantage, feelings of envy and anger, and all such qualities, tend to draw us away from knowledge, away from content, to harden our nature, to shut it up in a carapace; while it is the aspiring, expansive thoughts, the high ideals in mind and in action, that bring us ever nearer to knowledge and peace.

AN EPISTLE

KENNETH MORRIS

OUT in the brush I hear the crickets sing;
Down on the shore, the hoarse sea murmuring;
And through my upper window, o'er the pine,
Unquestioning Magnificences shine:
Arcturus in Boötes there, and there
Mizar, Alcaid and Alioth in the Bear;
And round my cabin in the austere night
The Spirit broodeth as a hushed delight. .

Unmoved, those stars shone on the Druids' prime;
Unmoved, on Caesar's, on the Princes' time;
And only seven hours since, were shining down
Over the crowds and trams in Cardiff town:
Perfect, serene, unpartisan,— not to heed
Cromlech or cross or chapel, creed or creed.

Now truly, if I had the trick of prayer,
I'd whisper something on the mystiered air
Of night, and to the silence and the dew
And stars, confide some messages for you.
For you — so far, so near, for whom my heart
Beats, and perhaps will always beat, apart,
Because the changing thought-tides of this world
On two so distant shores our minds have hurled.

Not as from this Earth, but as from that Star
Alioth, I'd send my words whither you are;
That no repellent tones might reach your ears,
But only the impersonal language of the Spheres,
To say: —

Here's one would climb high, high, to reach
Some starry beautiful fruitage beyond speech,—
Thought, aspiration, wonder, poesie,—
And gather it,— your banquetings to be.
Here's one would dive down deep, deep, deep and deep

AN EPISTLE

Where the sea-motions sleep
Of that vast sea whose surface is Man's mind,
And in the unfathomable antres find
Pearls wonderful, wonderful gems,
Fit to make coronals, anadems, diadems,
The brow he loves and you love best, to bind.

Who, when he seeth mountains, sea, blue air,
Knows that God hath his treasure-chambers there:
And that the Morning is filled full with gold;
That Noon hath all the sapphires she may hold;
And that the Evening cometh forth to shine
In topaz, amethysts and tourmaline;
And that Queen Night upon her lonely throne
Wears that great Sirius for an opal stone;
And that, how bright soever each appears
To these eyes dimmed with tears,
In the incommensurable worlds within
They are riches richer than any riches be,—
Thought, wonder, aspiration, poesie,
The nourishment of grandeur;—and these to win
He is athirst, ambitious,— so to bless
With gifts of timelessness,
All hearts, and yours, and hers whom all our hearts caress.

For my hope is, the best that I might be
Flows from my aspirations, not to me:
By no means for this personality's sake
A breath of rumor round the world to awake,
(Uncovetable things, not worth to win)!
Nor to make me victorious,— not to quell
Mine own apportionate opponent hell,
And leave me nought to oppose of foes within;
But the Inner Worlds to lighten and endear,
That when you wend in thought out to the Unknown,
You may be more intrepid, less alone,
For signs strown of some kinsman pioneer.

For though it hap you shall not deem me friend,
But alien, till your life's and my life's end,
In the deep Heart this show of things beyond

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There surely is a bond;
And you have had bright hours and dark, I trow,
My sorrow o'ershadowed, my hopes set aglow.
Thousands of miles are nothing; minds apart,
Nothing: let one bright motion throb in a heart,—
One aspiration toward the Eternal Things,—
And it hath wings; yea, it hath more than wings:
Omnipresence it hath, and power to thrill
Instantly, keen, armipotent 'gainst ill,
Wherever in these flesh and mind built shrines
The light of the Spirit shines,
Quickening thought, aspiration, vision, will.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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MISSING PAGES IN HUMAN HISTORY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT is reported that an eminent archaeologist is looking forward with eager anticipation to the unearthing of ancient sites in western Asia, thrown open to the spade of the explorer. He expects to find many lost chapters in the history of mankind, hidden in these buried cities. In passing we may contrast these hopes and enterprises with another also recently announced — the expedition to eastern Asia in search of the 'Missing Link.' Doubtless the various branches of science have their several uses as contributions to the whole; but also different people have their tastes as to which branch of study most enlists their sympathy. The history of the human mind and spirit may therefore command in some quarters more respect than the attempt to establish a most unwelcome genealogy for the human body.

This will naturally remind many students of the opening of H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, from which we may accordingly take occasion to quote some passages.

In the introduction to Volume I she speaks of the teachings of the esoteric philosophy which reconciles all religions and which shows each beneath its outer garments to be sprung from the same root. But when once these teachings were transplanted from the secret and sacred circle of the Initiates into other countries less prepared than India to understand them, time and human imagination made short work of their purity and philosophy; so that we find them in greatly altered guise in Buddhist countries in general and even in some schools of Tibet. She recalls that towards the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the great renaissance of oriental literature took place; but that in the hands of the orientalist it acquired a pedantic interpretation, so that the emblems and symbols were made to yield anything the symbolist wanted them to mean. There appeared a mass of works remarkable for ingenious speculations, and contradicting each other. For this reason, continues the author, the outline of a few fundamental truths of the Secret Doctrine of the ages, is now (1888) permitted to see the light; though much must still remain unsaid. This was all the more necessary in order to stem the world's mad rush to materialism.

The destruction of the Alexandrian and other libraries has not obliterated the records of the esoteric philosophy; for they were preserved by people whose duty it was to secure and conceal them. In all the large and wealthy lamæseries there are subterranean crypts and cave-libraries.

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“Along the ridge of Altyn-Tag, whose soil no European foot has ever trodden so far, there exists a certain hamlet, lost in a deep gorge. It is a small cluster of houses, a hamlet rather than a monastery, with a poor-looking temple in it, with one old lama, a hermit, living near by to watch it. Pilgrims say that the subterranean galleries and halls under it contain a collection of books, the number of which, according to the accounts given, is too large to find room even in the British Museum.”— I, xxiv,

“The collective researches of the Orientalists . . . have led them to ascertain as follows: An immense, incalculable number of MSS., and even printed works, *known to have existed, are now to be found no more.* They have disappeared without leaving the slightest trace behind them. . . . Most of them contained the true keys to works still extant, and *entirely incomprehensible*, for the greater portion of their readers, *without those additional volumes of Commentaries and explanations.* Such are, for instance, the works of Lao-tse, the predecessor of Confucius. He is said to have written 930 books on ethics and religions, and *seventy* on magic, *one thousand in all.* His great work, however, the *heart* of his doctrine, the ‘Tao-te-King,’ or the sacred scriptures of the *Taosse*, has in it, as Stanislas Julien shows, only ‘about 5,000 words,’ hardly a dozen of pages, yet Professor Max Müller finds that ‘the text is unintelligible without commentaries.’”—xxv.

Hence, in this as in so many other instances, we have not the true teachings, but only the veiled records without their keys and explanations.

“With the exception of these more than doubtful fragments, the entire Chaldaean sacred literature has disappeared from the eyes of the profane as completely as the lost Atlantis.”— xxvii.

“The traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric.* And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Kara-Korum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The Eastern and Central portions of those regions — the Nan-Shayn and the Altyn-tag — were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may ‘tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,’ they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure. . . .”— xxxii.

She then speaks of other similar sites and recalls that

“The Russian traveler, Colonel (now General) Prjevalsky, found quite close to the oasis of Cherchen, the ruins of two enormous cities, the oldest of which was, according to local tradition, ruined 3,000 years ago by a hero and giant; and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth century of our era.”— xxxiii.

After further details of this discovery she continues:

“To this the famous traveler adds that all along their way on the river Cherchen they heard legends about twenty-three towns buried ages ago by the shifting sands of the deserts.”— xxxiv.


We can quote no more at present, but the text will furnish the reader

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with additional information on this most interesting topic. To get a notion of what the future may hold in store, we have only to look at the past. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the discovery of America opened a vast new prospect to western humanity, and about the same time we recovered the literature of Greece and Rome. The translation of Sanskrit literature and the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs carried us on another stage in our recovery of the wisdom of our ancestors. The latest important discovery has been that of the ancient civilization of Crete. At intervals the vestiges of advanced and singularly modern-looking civilizations have been found elsewhere, as in Peru. The Aztec inscriptions still remain to be deciphered, thus revealing another lost chapter. It is known that whole chapters are missing from that part of history which precedes the Greco-Roman stage and which had its center in western Asia. It is this that the archaeologists now anticipate recovering, in part at least. As these discoveries go on, they tend more and more to confirm the teachings of Theosophy as to the antiquity of civilization and the existence of the Secret Doctrine. We are the heirs of a far greater ancestry than we have suspected. And in marked contrast are the speculations about the 'Missing Link.'

RESTORATION OF STONEHENGE

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

RCHITECTS and antiquaries are now busy with the restoration of the ancient structure at Stonehenge, Salisbury Plain, England. Mr. E. F. Shepstone writes that no one knows where the 'blue' or 'foreign' stones came from. They are said to be of diabase and other igneous rocks. It has been found that the large 'sarsen' blocks, which stand 13 to 20 feet above the ground and weigh from 20 to 40 tons each, "were usually set in the earth to a depth of only three or four feet. With such crude foundations it is wonderful how well the stones have stood." Rather a strange statement, seeing that the majority of them have fallen. He puts their date at about 4000 years ago, and adds that "those early builders knew nothing about cranes, and only possessed the crudest tools, yet they transported and erected blocks heavier than those found in our great cathedrals and other mighty edifices." He forgot to mention that the obelisk at Locmariaquer, Brittany, 67 feet in length, is of granite foreign to the neighborhood, and weighs 342 tons. This kind of argument, namely, that people

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of archaic times had no tools, and in short, knew nothing about anything, has grown somewhat threadbare.

The structure at Stonehenge can hardly be said to belong to the class of masonry styled cyclopean. True cyclopean masonry implies the use, on an extensive scale, of very large and heavy stones, dressed, checked, mortised, and tenoned into one another. There are many thousands of miles of this kind of masonry in Peru, and undoubtedly of greater antiquity than the comparatively insignificant remains at Stonehenge. In Peru severe earthquakes, which have repeatedly razed to the ground the "mighty edifices" of modern cities, leave the cyclopean works of the 'ignorant' ancients intact. The cave of Kailâs, Himâlayas, cut out of the solid rock by man, is 401 feet in depth, and 185 wide. Inside is a conical pagoda (carved inside and out) 100 feet high, a music gallery, five large chapels, a large court, and a colonnade. Three immense elephants are there, cut out of the solid rock likewise. An image of Lakshmi reposes, with two elephants standing on their hind-legs as if pouring water over her. A passage then opens right and left. Thirty feet on, there are two carved obelisks, each 41 feet high and 11 square. There are sixteen pillars, twenty-two pilasters, and five entrances. The roof is carved to represent cross-beams, and each pillar is different from any other. The caves of Ajunta, twenty-seven in number, contain another series of wonders. In fact, all over the East are immense works of the remote past which we could not duplicate. Many are of an antiquity so great as to seem nearly incredible. Even the temple of the Sphinx, with its large granite blocks so accurately squared, fitted, stepped and checked into one another, and of an antiquity of probably not less than 70,000 years, would be modern in comparison.

William Q. Judge said we must not ignore the past, for to do so is to incur a just though mysterious retribution, because that past belongs to ourselves and was a part of our own doing and begetting. It is only by means of a broad survey of Pleistocene and prior periods embracing the cyclic rises and falls in human development, in the light of the facts disclosed in H. P. Blavatsky's works, that we can attain the necessary standpoint that affords a glimpse of the true place of Stonehenge in the historical drama.

There are two hundred ancient stone circles in the British Isles. The menhir of Champ Dolent, near St. Malo, rises thirty feet above the ground, and is fifteen in depth below. Menhirs and dolmens, many of considerable size, are found in the Mediterranean basin, Denmark, Orkney, Shetland, Sweden, Germany, Spain (near Malaga), Africa, Palestine, Algeria, Sardinia (*Sepulture dei giganti*), Malabar (tombs of the giants) and elsewhere in India, Russia, Siberia, Arabia, Peru, Bo-

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livia, and Greenland. The two stone circles at Sillustani, Peru, respectively 150 and 90 feet in diameter, are very similar to Stonehenge, but have a massive platform all round them on the outside, and the circle stones are still erect. The larger and heavier of these structures all over the world were the work of the *third* sub-race of our Fifth Root-Race:

“There are records which show Egyptian priests — Initiates — journeying in a North-Westerly direction, *by land, via* what became later the Straits of Gibraltar; turning North and traveling through the future Phoenician settlements of Southern Gaul; then still farther North, until reaching Carnac (Morbihan) they turned to the West again and arrived, *still traveling by land*, on the North-Western promontory of the New Continent (or on what are now the British Isles, which were not yet detached from the main continent in those days). . . . The archaic records show the Initiates of the Second Sub-race of the Aryan family moving from one land to the other for the purpose of supervising the building of *menhirs* and dolmens, of colossal Zodiacs in stone. . . . It was when the Pyramids of Egypt . . . were not yet in existence.” Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 742-60.

In the foregoing extract it is important to remember that the words, “the Second Sub-race of the Aryan family,” mean the *third* sub-race of our Fifth Root-Race. For the first sub-race of the latter — ‘Atlanto-Aryan’ — ended its career when the cataclysm of a million to 870,000 years ago ended, when the Aryan race, properly so-called, took its rise. Thus the period of the land-journey referred to was about 400,000 years ago.

“The earliest Egyptians had been separated from the latest Atlanteans for ages upon ages; they were themselves descended from an *alien* race, and had settled in Egypt some 400,000 years before [the time of Herodotus].” — *Ibid.*, p. 750.

After the fourth glacial epoch, which ended some 180,000 years ago, the third *Aryan* sub-race, which to a degree seems to correspond with what W. Boyd Dawkins (*Early Man in Britain*) calls the Iberians, was approaching its end, having spread from Africa through Spain, France, Wales, and southern Ireland. These people also erected dolmens and stone circles, and it is not altogether improbable that the alinement of Stonehenge, including the altar and the stone called the ‘Friar’s Heel,’ and perhaps the ‘blue’ stones, was laid out some 150,000 years ago. At that time men of eight feet or so in height may not have been uncommon, though it should be remembered that Europe and Asia, as well as other continents, were also inhabited by degenerating descendants of earlier sub-races. But at the earlier period referred to, 400,000 years ago, the Aryans must have averaged nearer twelve feet. (Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 763.) And it should be kept in view that among the Aryans cremation was practically universal up to 80,000 or 100,000 years ago.

The ‘sarsens’ which compose the outer ring, as well as the trilithons at Stonehenge, were obtained on the spot (Lubbock: *Prehistoric Times*).

STONEHENGE

There had long been a tradition that the 47 'blue' stones came from Ireland. Whether they did or not may not seem of much importance except for a very old tradition that some of such stones in Ireland were originally brought from Africa, which happens to have been confirmed by the opinion of an expert geologist (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 343). The alleged Irish (proximate) source of these puzzling stones was woven into the romances of Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, as is pretty well known to those who have read the literature about Stonehenge, which is said to extend to as much as a thousand volumes. Geoffrey asserted that those particular stones came from "Killara Mountain." Giraldus corrected this to "Kildare, near Naas," and added, "certain stones exactly resembling the rest [at Stonehenge], and erected in the same manner, are seen there to the present day," which of course means 700 years ago. Briefly, and plainly, certain stones and natural crystals have properties known to ancient teachers, but not to modern science; and let us leave it there. Some think 'henge' is a permutation of the Egyptian word *ankh*, which means 'living,' or 'life.'

The orientation of many ancient structures, including Stonehenge, was elaborately investigated by Sir N. Lockyer (see *Nature*, 1909), but he was hampered both by chronological misconceptions and by unfamiliarity with old astronomical data. So while accepting his geodetic facts, we do not endorse his interpretations of most of them. In the case of Stonehenge we have suggested the probability that the alinement (N. 50° 30' E.) was fixed about 150,000 years ago. Aldebaran was the star from which the Egyptians commenced all the calculations of the new cycle. Now it happens that Aldebaran rose at Stonehenge precisely on that alinement at that period — the ecliptic obliquity being then about 46° 30'. In summer the stars were then invisible for more than two months every summer, at that place.

As to the long land-journey of the Initiates of the second Aryan sub-race, H. P. Blavatsky in asking "What was the object of their long journey?" answered "for the purpose of supervising the building of menhirs," etc., as above. But the underlying reason stands out clearly enough in the whole second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*. And it is hopeful to find a modern anthropologist like W. Boyd Dawkins showing intuitive perception of a great truth when he remarks that the foreign stones at Stonehenge may have been obtained elsewhere "under the influence of strong religious feeling."

The truth is that a terrible and unprecedented disaster prematurely overtook the main body of the Fourth Root-Race several million years ago, owing to the misuse of nature-powers by the majority when at the zenith of a civilization which we moderns — with our gas-poisoning and

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other little ways — would probably dub ‘very wonderful.’ A similar thing happened, through the racial Karma, when the further cataclysm heralding the dawn of the Aryan race occurred. Alone relatively small groups throughout these long ages were able to “keep the link unbroken” — the link between the divine and the material in man. Finally, at the end of the second Aryan sub-race it became imperative to establish a means of conserving the spiritual element in man’s nature among at least some, during the dark shadows of the succeeding ages.

Thus the following extract, when read with the eye of intuition, will be appreciated by those who know, or suspect, that the ancient Wisdom-Religion, now called Theosophy, holds a message of the very utmost importance to the human race:

“Be ye *wise* as Serpents and harmless as doves.”

THE ARCH-ENEMY

LEOLINE LEONARD WRIGHT



It often happens that in the efforts of new students of practical Theosophy towards self-mastery, it is the quality of Rajas that appears to cause most of our sins and mistakes. Rajas is the active passionate quality of which we are all but too conscious.

Yet Tamas, the quality of ignorance and delusion — what of that? To many it seems something quite remote from the intense demands and activities of modern life. The words *civilization* and *progress*, which have become incorporated into our very idea of ourselves, lead us to feel that ignorance, mental darkness, and delusion, are not a serious part of our problem. We associate Tamas with the barbarian, the criminal, or the uneducated.

The wiser student, however, he who sees deeper into the foundations of human nature, knows that this Tamas — which is really the quality of passivity — is the arch-enemy of spiritual progress. Let us see what the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, that wonderful key to our psychology, designates as the qualities that spring from Tamas. Here are some of them: “drowsiness, fear, grief, vanity, rashness, sleep, idleness, carelessness, sloth, deceit, obstinacy, mischievousness, dilatoriness.”

A long list! and who dare say that not one of those limiting weaknesses has a place in his character? If closely analysed, every one of

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these defects will be found to originate in passivity. For passivity is the very essence of Tamas. It is a subtle quality because so often invisible to its possessor. Passivity is un-selfconscious — it does not recognise itself. It is a miasma that obscures the clear light of discrimination.

Passionate faults, such as anger, sensuality, or ambition, bring us into conflict with our environment and we soon learn to curb them. The passive faults that spring from Tamas, such as overweening vanity, vacillation, and idleness, eat into our own natures and seldom call forth from our neighbors their stimulating criticism.

Looked at even from the standpoint of material existence, passivity is the arch-enemy of progress. We need only compare the roles of the scholar and the business-man to see how high a value the world places upon commercial initiative. Even the man of genius, the man with real vision, cannot succeed without the publicity-expert who pushes that vision into publicity by means of that modern fetish — ‘Propaganda.’

If this is true in the sphere of worldly endeavor, how much more deeply is it true in the subtler world of spiritual development. Here passivity is fatal. It is the arch-enemy of the living soul of man. To drain the foundations of his character of these stagnant qualities is the initial work of the earnest student.

There are, happily, very clear indications how this regulative work may be accomplished. Here are some lucid and practical suggestions from Katherine Tingley:

“You must first learn the value of a moment, then an hour, then a day. Hold to the power of self-mastery and self-development. If you slip over a moment, an hour, or a day now, you will have to go back and go over the same ground again, even over the victories you have won.

“This time should be a challenge to conquer in self-mastery. You should not be slaves to pleasure. All pleasure is transient. Find pleasure in your efforts toward self-mastery.”

Direct and simple words, yet dynamic with spiritual power!

The one opportunity that lies ready for the student’s effort is the present time. The hour at hand has always its duty, perhaps only some neglected mending or an overlooked letter that ought to be written. Yet there within that duty lies the soul’s immediate opportunity for self-mastery. Faithfully performed, it finds the soul with a stronger, surer grasp of itself. If neglected because of laziness, vacillation, or indifference, the cloud of Tamas settles a little lower over the inner vision and obscures the path of development.

Opportunities for supreme self-sacrifice come to few. But every student, in every moment, has a vital opportunity to do some one positive thing, make one more definite step towards final perfection.

MYSTERIES OF MATHEMATICS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

IN a book on the history of elementary mathematics we find that the learned author sets out with the assumption that the quinary, denary, and vicesimal scales of enumeration and notation are due to the fact that man is equipped with five fingers on each hand and as many toes on each foot. He reinforces his argument by opining that, if man had been endowed with six digits per limb, instead of five only, we should have rejoiced in the duodecimal scale. What an oversight on the part of Mr. Chance or the Deity (whoever or whatever is responsible for the existing state of affairs), to condemn us to a scale number which will not divide by three and four! Having made this assumption, the author proceeds to treat it as an axiom.

It is surely remarkable that an author claiming such acquaintance with the history of his subject should have overlooked certain very obvious and well-known facts that militate heavily against his theory. In the regular polyhedra the number five plays a paramount part, and the mensuration of these figures abounds in ratios involving the root of five. Among the inscribed polygons we find that the chord of the decagon bears to the radius the ratio of the golden section. In botany the prevailing number of petals on a flower is five. Pythagoras attached great importance to the tetraktys, or synthesis of the first four numbers, whose sum is ten. In the Hindû systems of cosmogony and the analysis of human nature we find groups of five occurring oftener than those of any other number. It would be possible, without much research or reflexion, to give many more instances of the prevalence of the numbers five and ten in nature and of the importance assigned to them in symbology. Facts like these show that, so far from the quinary, denary, and vicesimal systems being based on the fact of man's digital equipment, they are far more likely to be based on primal facts in cosmic architecture; while the circumstance of man's anatomy is probably but one among many instances of the manifestation of this universal quinary principle.

It is not disputed that man did count on his fingers. He did. But these other facts require explaining.

It is customary for us to hear that the Pythagoreans and their successors made a great to-do about their alleged discovery of the existence and properties of the regular polyhedra; that they imparted this knowledge under great precautions and with vast solemnity, and that terrible penalties fell upon those who violated the secrecy. This sort of thing must

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be regarded as an instance of that august and solemn pedantry which would make us smile, were we capable of laughing and weeping at one and the same time.

Pythagoras was one of the most renowned and venerated sages of antiquity. After traveling in the East, among great Teachers, he settled in the Grecian world and founded a school of world-wide celebrity. It is impossible to believe that he and his followers, that Plato and his disciples, thus commanded the respect and attention of the greatest minds of their times by mere frivolities of geometry and mensuration. We have heard of the severe probations imposed by the Master upon candidates for initiation into the inner teachings of his school: of the years of silence, of the austerities, of the self-restraint and purity. We know that his moral teachings and his intellectual teachings were of a most exalted kind; and that those of Plato stand on the same lofty eminence. Yet in the same breath we accuse him of childish simplicity and frivolity. We take some of his parables literally, with solemn lack of humor: as when he "persuades an ox not to eat beans."

It is much easier to accept the hypothesis that mathematics was, for these great Teachers and Sages, something which afterwards it ceased to be. That it was a symbolism, beneath which they veiled their real esoteric teachings; a key, by means of which they unlocked the mysteries of cosmic architecture and of the constitution of human nature. Subsequently, it would appear that the mere machinery of the mathematics became a subject of industrious, pedantic, and barren research. In our own day we find it in much the same state, save that it has acquired an application to practical affairs so far as engineering and a few similar materialistic uses are concerned.

But is mathematics a thing apart, a purely abstract study? What thoughtful mind, in studying the mysteries of number and magnitude, has not felt that under them lie hid the profoundest and most momentous secrets of cosmic law? What are we really investigating when we study mathematics? Somehow we do not seem to possess the key which would render this study significant. Is it not conceivable that some ancient Sages did possess the key and were able, by means of mathematics, to impart to their disciples the mysteries which they held so sacred and so secret?

But observe: discipline had to precede knowledge. There could be no initiation without probation. And perhaps herein lies the lost key.

We have grown accustomed to regard knowledge as not conferring any particular obligation on the possessor, nor as being subject to any restriction as to its publication. The result is that the kind of knowledge we possess is that alone which is to be acquired under such conditions;

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and that knowledge which can only be attained by the severer conditions is no longer ours.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* know that the author, in interpreting the Secret Doctrine through illustrations from many ancient philosophies, has to deal constantly with the mystery of numbers and their use in symbolism. By means of a symbol we attempt to denote, in a kind of shorthand, some general principle which we find pervading in numerous forms the manifested world. This is nothing else than what all scientific thinkers do when they generalize or construct a formula; and the symbols of chemistry, mechanics, and other sciences, are not different in principle from those used by the ancient philosophers in their systems of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis. Now what more general, more universal, more abstract, can we find than a number or a geometrical form?

Numbers—the One, the Two, the Three, etc.—are thus symbols of a most abstract and general nature; and it seems evident that, when Plato, Pythagoras, and other Teachers used these numbers, they were speaking of them not merely in a mathematical sense, but in reference to their meaning as symbols. For instance, the problem of how to make the One into Two, or the Two into One, may have a purely intellectual interest for the mere mathematician, and yet mean something very important for the aspirant to wisdom and self-knowledge, who is striving to overcome the duality in his own nature and to arrive at unity and harmony. The number Four is peculiarly associated with the physical plane of manifestation; and Pythagoras, by his Tetraktys, did not mean simply ten dots arranged in a pyramid, but four successive planes of evolution, beginning with a unity and ending with a quaternary.

The real significance of the numbers is evidently a matter of supreme importance to the student of the *Secret Doctrine*. When we seek to enter realms where words no longer suffice, and even the ideas in which we are wont to think fail to serve us, we must resort to symbols more abstract and general than words or than the ideas which words express. What kind of knowledge or thought may have been present to the mind of a candidate prepared by the probationations for initiation into one of these ancient Schools, we can only conjecture; but we may well suppose that teachings were there conveyed which could not be put into language at all, and could only be expressed in symbolism.

The abstract science of number and quantity, as studied today, may be but the husk; and those who imagined they had stolen the secrets of the Mysteries, when they had merely published the mathematical symbols thereof, were their own dupes.

The pursuit of pure mathematics, apart from any intention of entering upon the path of Self-Knowledge, would seem to lead to ever-increasing

SUNSET

complexity and wealth of detail, sufficient to condemn the most capacious mind to a lifetime of research, and leading to new and vaster vistas rather than to a goal. When our mind is still, flashes of intuition may enter; but, when the brain gets hold of them, it worries them to tatters. The road to knowledge is by learning how to control the mind—how to use it.

SUNSET

KENNETH MORRIS

NOW the sun goes meditating
down through amber fields of air
To some secret sea-hid palace
of the Dragon Dynasts there,
And the sea from Coronado
to La Joya bends, a bow
Strangely jewel-green and luminous
'neath the topaz sunset glow,—
Where the kelp-bed streaks the sea-face
oily bronze and gold and chrome,—
Where the shore-wave rises, glitters,
breaks in bluebell-tinted foam,—
Where in grape-dark bloom and purple,
midst the far sea's beryl gleaming
Floats yon cragged and looming island,
what Enchanted Presence dreaming
Sets its imprint superhuman
on the mystiered evening air,
Till we feel the august remoteness
immanent with Godhood there;
And a pulsing from the sunset,
systole, diastole
Of the Master's heart-beats throbbing
through this pomp of sky and sea?
That Eternal Meditation
in whose lone ecstatic peace
Sirius and the Polar Dragon
flame their cycles through, and cease,
Sheds upon these glittering waters
here between the day and night,

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Something of its boundless beauty,
its immeasurable delight.
Rayed through timeless spaceless spaces
rainbow-stained with wings of Aeons,
Radiant with the Stars of Morning,
ringing with their seraph paeans,
'Tis the thought of That whose thinking
thrills to life the grand Pleroma,
Dimly mirrored in these pageant
skies and waters of Point Loma.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE PHENOMENAL SPREAD OF THEOSOPHY

R. MACHELL



HERE was a time when Theosophy was entirely unknown to Americans as well as to Europeans; when only a few scholars had heard the word and knew its significance; and of them not one perhaps regarded it as anything more than a lost and forgotten system of philosophy. Then came Madame Blavatsky and startled the materialistic world, and the world that considered itself educated, by the assertion that Theosophy was a live issue — in fact the only live wire in the whole field of religions and philosophies; and she shocked the fashionable world on two continents by her declaration that neither priest nor professor of philosophy had any real knowledge or understanding of the esoteric truths concealed beneath the dead shells of their own systems of religion and philosophy, and that modern science was hardly emerging from the darkness of complete ignorance as to the meaning of life and its most simple elementary problems.

But perhaps the statement that was most hotly disputed was her assertion that there still exist living teachers of Theosophy, who knew more about science, religion, philosophy, and art, than all the leading lights of modern institutions put together, and who could control forces as yet unsuspected by scientific men. She further declared that she herself was a disciple of such teachers, and proceeded to found a Theosophical Society in accordance with instructions received by her from them.

In a very short time the word Theosophy was known, and all who wished to be considered intelligent made themselves acquainted with its dictionary meaning; while a large number of seekers for hidden truth

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flocked to the new society and endeavored to persuade the new theosophical exponent to give them all the keys to the knowledge of life without any special study on their part. In many cases she did bring forward facts that greatly disturbed the scientific world, and brought upon her both denunciations and accusations of a kind that seemed by the nature of the attacks to be impossible for anybody to repudiate. This apparently impossible task she accomplished in a measure that is in itself the most stupendous marvel of modern times. For despite the hostility of the vast majority of orthodox scientists, she gathered around her a nucleus of men and women of devotion and intelligence who understood to some measure her message to the world, and who pledged themselves to the cause of Theosophy.

The new society grew stronger, and before her death, Madame Blavatsky saw the word 'Theosophy' familiar in all cultivated circles of society and the principal teachings of the new movement accepted by thousands on two continents. It was about that time that I remember hearing a fashionable lady in a London drawing-room say scornfully: "We don't want any Theosophical Society to teach us Reincarnation, we know all about that already."

I thought that was the most sincere tribute to the great Teacher of Theosophy, because it was so entirely involuntary and so perfectly conclusive. That was in 1890, or thereabouts. The same thing has been said by many since, no doubt: for the plan of appropriating the teachings while rejecting the teachers has been well carried out in every civilized community, so that today it is hardly possible to take up any popular magazine without meeting the word reincarnation several times in a single issue. The word was practically unknown when Madame Blavatsky founded her society in 1875, in New York.

Already Reincarnation is a topic for novelists, so irresistible as to be almost unavoidable; and numbers of novels have been built around some misconception of the real teaching. The 'movies' have got it, but in such a distorted way that it is a question whether one can take it seriously or not, for it is just such distortions that hold people back from the truth.

If the teachings of Theosophy were not the clearest statements of truth their general acceptance would be impossible; for truth is simply the inherent nature of things, and exists everywhere, even beneath the distortions of the human mind, which so dearly loves falsehood. Truth is like sunlight, the ocean is like the mind of man, the broken reflexions of the light on the waves are like the innumerable distortions of truth that the mind delights in, which, false as they may appear, are also true reflexions of the light from a disturbed reflector. Such is the mind of man, a disturbed reflector. So the mind loves falsehood, even while reflecting

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truth: and the teachings of Theosophy suffer, as the sunlight suffers, by reflexion in a moving mirror. But so the light is spread, and so Theosophy is spread throughout the world.

Intolerance forbids the reading of Theosophical books and thereby advertises their existence and stimulates the curiosity of the mind. The enemies of Theosophy spread lying slanders as to the Teacher of Theosophy who lives at Point Loma, which sends many visitors to our gates to see for themselves what sort of a place this is, this Theosophical Headquarters; and some of these have intuition as well as common sense and see the absurdity and incongruity of the charges loosely flung around. Sometimes the Leader of the movement, Katherine Tingley, finds herself forced to prosecute the slanderers and to exact retractions, thus compelling more publicity. And where truth is beautiful, publicity is beneficial. So the work of spreading a knowledge of Theosophy goes on, and even the enemies of the truth are forced to aid it. The lies that they have circulated would have sunk the ship if they had been more than ripples on the surface of the ocean of mind, on which the good ship of the Theosophical Society sails safely with a pilot at the wheel who understands the ocean-currents and steers the ship accordingly.

Theosophy would not have spread as it has done if the Leader, Katherine Tingley, had not understood the human mind and had not felt in her own heart the needs of those who seek the light. She has not spent the energies at her command in catering to the morbid curiosity of dabblers in occult mysteries, whose motives are too closely blended with vanity and love of mere emotionalism.

The teachings of Theosophy are spreading rapidly, because they meet the demands of people whose hearts yearn for more light upon the dark problems of life and darker mysteries of death. Those who are actively engaged in Theosophic propaganda know how wonderfully widespread is the demand for the books published at Point Loma, which go to every corner of the earth. Visitors come to Point Loma who have read of it on steamers far away, or found our literature in foreign libraries and hotels. From such inquirers one learns how wide is the demand for knowledge of Theosophy, the very name of which but a short while since was utterly unknown, and which has not been popularized in the ordinary way by spending millions upon millions in advertising. No millions have been spent, but the work goes on, and every effort of the individual workers seems to gain added power from the source that furnished the original impulse and that still sustains the work.

But there is another explanation of the strange spread of the Theosophic teachings throughout a world that but a short time ago was steeped in absolute materialism and wholly absorbed in mere commercialism.

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These things have brought about calamities; and millions of people have been forced to ask themselves what they are doing here on an earth so full of misery. Some are inquiring what has brought down on them this terrible visitation, what has so suddenly upset the calm self-satisfaction of the wealthy and turned their famous civilization into a mockery, a barbaric chaos, in which the most destructive energy is stimulated to its limits 'in the interests of peace.' Some are beginning to suspect that there are truths that have escaped their observation: some to discover that they have no sort of a philosophy of life by which they can explain the evident insanity of the age in which they live. And so they turn towards Theosophy for light, finding none where they thought that it was stored for their future use in just such a crisis as has come upon them.

Theosophy is spreading because its teachings are what the world needs, and because so many people realize that the great disaster that threatens to swallow up their civilization has come about by lack of just such a system of philosophy, and by the neglect of universal brotherhood. Some are still dreaming the old dream of selfish wealth and personal prosperity, not realizing that the whole edifice of this civilization is actually tottering to its fall, and will go down in such a ruin as will leave the earth a desert once again, unless a nucleus of universal brotherhood can be established so securely as to redeem the errors of the past and create a civilization worthy of the name.

Such thoughts are coming now to minds that formerly were closed to anything but pleasure or excitement; and such minds are seeking for the solution of this great problem, how to save our civilization from collapse and our race from mutual extermination. Seeking, they find Theosophy; and finding that, they find the key to all the mysteries of life.

To find the key is but the first step towards the unlocking of the doors that bar the path of progress, but it is a big step, and there are thousands who have taken it and who know now that the key is within reach. The war has made people think about life in a new way, and the aftermath of the war is forcing them to search the teachings of the various religious systems which were formerly considered adequate. The result is in so many cases disillusionment that the real truth-seekers are bound to look deeper into the sources of religious and philosophic systems in order to find the principles of life; and when found, those fundamental principles are bound to be recognised as pure Theosophy.

So in a sense Theosophy is being sought for by thousands of people who do not yet know what they are looking for; or rather, I should say, who know that they are looking for the light of truth, but who do not know just in what form it will appear to them. Naturally many will expect a revelation of new truths, not understanding that truth is eternal,

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and that every revelation of truth is new simply because the truth that is revealed is so extremely old.

The terms *old* and *new* lose their significance in presence of the truth which is eternal. What is new is the application of an eternal truth to immediate necessities. Every new occasion calls out a new expression of fundamental principles. Every new well taps buried sources from which the same old water flows to satisfy the needs of man and fertilize the earth, changing a wilderness into a garden of delight. The water is no new invention and yet it is a great discovery, without which civilization in dry lands must fail. And when a spring is found the water is the newest, freshest thing on earth to thirsty mortals and to the parched earth.

Water is like Theosophy: it falls from above and rises from below; it may be found by digging deep enough in many barren lands; and it may be gathered in a temporary reservoir for useful distribution: but those who build the dam must build it wisely and provide the necessary outlets, else the stored water will not be available for irrigation, except in times of flood; and then the dam may break, and the stored water suddenly let loose may do more harm than good. There are a good many points of similarity between water and Theosophy, and the irrigation-problem has many lessons for the educator: for education is a means of distribution for the stored waters of acquired knowledge. The store of gathered wisdom must be carefully preserved, but solely for the purpose of its distribution to the people in useful quantities according to the general requirements. The reservoirs must not be turned into fishing-ponds, or be reserved for the delectation of those who have the charge of them. The water is for distribution to the people in the arid lands. If this little lesson had been learned in its application to the stores of acquired wisdom, hidden in the sanctuaries of ancient times, the people surely would not now be starving for want of knowledge of the mysteries of life. They would not now be trying to destroy each other in order to preserve themselves from quite unnecessary evils sprung from ignorance.

Another lesson might be learned from the same analogy. When such a reservoir of water has been found hidden in the mountains, it is not safe to allow some ignorant enthusiast to open a channel in the dam in order to let the water out; for if the outflow is not regulated it will wash the dam away and sweep the valley bare, and cause a terrible disaster.

The analogy holds good. Those who discover hidden stores of energy or knowledge, and who rashly liberate the stored-up forces, may find the flood of natural energy let loose without control become an element of general destruction.

It is a common misconception to suppose that all the evils arising out of ignorance may be at once removed by knowledge, more knowledge.

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The ancients were more wise, who taught: "Discipline must precede instruction,"—a wise saying that is unpopular today, when discipline has come to mean punishment or tyranny. But discipline means self-control, without which more knowledge means simply greater opportunities for wrongdoing.

This is the reason why the true teachers of Theosophy reveal only so much of the old wisdom as can be assimilated by the people and can be usefully employed. This too may account for difficulties that the curious investigator may encounter in his search for knowledge. He has to qualify himself to handle the powers he aspires to control, so that he shall not be a danger to the whole community. There are those who sin in this way through simple ignorance and vanity, who publish to the wholly ignorant some fragmentary knowledge of some psychic energy that may easily be aroused in nature or in themselves without any adequate assurance that the knowledge will be used with any sort of care or consideration.

Katherine Tingley, in establishing her Râja-Yoga system of education, has made self-control an absolute essential. In that school "discipline precedes instruction" and is recognised as simply the first step in wisdom, without which knowledge is valueless. It is also taught that such self-discipline is the very foundation of all happiness. The Râja-Yoga motto is "Life is Joy"; and joy in life is not to be attained by self-indulgence, which is the root of all unhappiness.

Hardly a day passes now without parents, who have seen the Râja-Yoga boys and girls, and who have understood what they have seen, making inquiries as to the possibility of giving their own children similar opportunities. And these inquiries frequently come from people who have no knowledge of Theosophy, but who act on the old axiom that "a tree is known by its fruit."

Those who are working under Katherine Tingley are not trying to dazzle the eyes of the beholder or to acquire reputations as occultists by publishing their personal experiences for the stimulating of public curiosity. They find their whole energies can be more profitably employed in the attempt to satisfy the legitimate demands of those who want to know what help Theosophy can give them in the daily task of finding a solution to life's problems. Point Loma stands for the Theosophy of human service rather than for the Theosophy of individual accomplishment as preached and practised by some misguided students of the occult arts, whose thirst for knowledge is a fever that consumes the soul.

The ocean of Theosophy is wide and deep. Its pure waters may be used for irrigating the waste lands as well as for navigation, but this vast ocean must be revealed to the dwellers in the desert before its ut-

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most depths or distances need be explored. Those who believe its magic waters are for the healing of men's woes, will spend their lives in the endeavor to reveal the presence of the lake and to make roads by which it may be reached, and irrigation systems by means of which its waters may be made serviceable to those who live in lands of drought. When these most urgent needs are satisfied it will be time enough to think of pleasure-trips across the lake in astral boats to devachanic health-resorts, at rates proportioned to the credulity of the would-be tourists.

The world is calling for the water of life, which is Theosophy; and there is work to do for those who hear the cry and understand the desperate need that prompts it. But there are some who have seen a mirage in the desert and who are leading others in pursuit of the delusion. The waters of Theosophy are not a mirage. Let each one look for himself. The mirage will not quench your thirst nor make grass grow upon the burning sands, though it may make a pretty picture for a little while. The ocean of Theosophy is not a dream, it is Eternal Truth: it is the fabled fountain of eternal life. Its waters have not lost their virtue. Seek and ye shall find!

SOUND AND SILENCE

KATE HANSON



SOUND is the servant of silence. Out of the stillness that is All, at the dawn of the world's day there proceeds an unspoken Word. Thrilling across space in measured vibrations, it calls universes into being. This voice of the silence, the Logos of infinity, is the will of the Absolute bringing life into manifestation. As warriors leap to arms at a trumpet-call at night, so does this unuttered Word waken and marshal the forces that create "all worlds and systems of worlds." Not until the first Logos forms itself in the universal mind is the first faint image of primordial matter reflected into space, for the spoken Word to shape it.

Through seven planes it vibrates, as the great Geometer speaks. Thus the evolution of cosmos was the first poem; for poetry is "the power that makes," as Greek and Goth well believed. In their languages they preserved a memory of this mystery, deriving the word for poet from the verb — the word of action — 'to create,' 'to make': — in Greek *poietes* from *poiein*; in German *Schöpfer* from *schöpfen*, and the noun *Schöpfen*, the Creation; and in West-English the word *Maker* from *make*.

The universe is built on number; and on the number and quality of vibrations in a given sound depend the strength and beauty of the

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forms into which it throws the atoms of cosmic dust. The atmosphere we call empty space is laden with these forms. The quality of the vibrations is influenced by the sound-board which emits them, and in their turn, they react upon the person or body which sent them forth. Musical instruments are among the best examples of this. In an old violin, the instrument gives back something of its own, implanted in it by the perfect vibrations of a master's playing, making the particles of wood sympathetic and responsive as nothing else can. The most powerful agent for producing sound-forms is the human voice, because to the possible development of its quality and number of vibrations are added thought, will, and feeling, in the production of acoustical forms. The low standard of physical development prevalent today: the feeble vitality and vitiated morality consequent upon the nervous tension of our race-life: have made of the physical organism an instrument of deadly use. It is a sound-board that emits, and responds to, astral forms of low type. Ungoverned talking is a disease of our day. It is not only a constant escape of energy, but by reflex action, subjects the victim to harmful influences from without. Talking opens the sluices of the mind, letting loose wild ungoverned words, which are a man's worst foes. They return to confront him long after, and he wonders at the progeny of his own lips, and the difficulties they raise up before him. Gossip, slander, idle or malicious talk, have wrecked as many lives as any other vice, strewing the surface of life with their prey. But in the untroubled depths are the vast continents and hidden worlds of long past splendor.

The sages and philosophers of antiquity were well acquainted with the power of words and their connexion with the forces and beings of the occult world. Among the Greeks, Pythagoras in particular made practical application of this knowledge. In his famous school at Croton, the students underwent a discipline of silence from two to seven years long. Such a course would be an unspeakable hardship for modern students, with their intense objective life and aggressive individualism. By imposing outer silence, till a measure of inner silence and control had been established in the mind, the Greek sage surely saved his pupils from many pitfalls, by not allowing them to overburden the atmosphere with these dangerous and unsymmetrical forms, until the students understood the forces they were dealing in.

H. P. Blavatsky states that in the schools of the mysteries no instruction was given, and no replies were permitted, in which events and persons were spoken of in simple definite words. This was to prevent the return of the forces connected with the event. Things were communicated in symbols, and thus grew up such symbolic languages as the Egyptian and the Chinese, the former claiming that the forms on

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their monuments and in their scripts were drawn from the figures of the unseen world.

The Orientals had a deep knowledge of the power of words and sounds. The Chinese use a different system of diatonics for the three periods of the day, because the vibrations of the air are different, and affect human beings, as well as musical sounds, differently. In their temples, mantrams have been sounded for so many centuries that the atmosphere is charged with musical vibrations, caused by the repetition of sacred texts. They say that these holy words have occult powers that attract higher beings, and keep the temples purged from all evil influences. Hence their atmosphere of mystery and repose, and the power to uplift the mind and feelings of those who are sensitive to it.

Stories of a mystery-language come from many of the older races. These survive, and are copied in modern tales, as in Juan Valera's story of *The Green Bird*. In it he tells of a magician who knew a language so powerful that he dared not speak it for fear of the convulsions it would cause, and the djinns it would raise. The Egyptians and Finns have very similar beliefs as to the power the real name of a person or thing has to call up occult properties connected with that object or being. The Finnish God of creation sang the sky and stars and earth into being, and heroes chanted words of wisdom that would forge for them swords and shields. The name was closely associated with the individuality, or soul, and even the gods could be compelled to serve men if called upon by their secret names. When an Egyptian commanded a god to come to his help, it meant that by the force of his will he identified himself with that god — evoked that power in his own nature, and so became possessed of the power and properties of the god addressed. In view of our ignorance as to our real natures, it is rather suggestive to think what might happen if we knew our own secret names, and the godlike possibilities that go with them.

Poetry, which is probably the latest form of the mystery-language — built on vibration, color, number, and the magical forces attached to each letter, has been recognised as a creative force on all planes. Thus, in the mouth of the Druids, or their Teachers, it became an active magical power, by which, legend says, they raised the trilithons of Stonehenge. The natives of India claim that Chandra-Gupta's palace at Pâtaliputra was raised in a night by powerful djinn to the sound of unearthly music. Old Indians in Peru will tell you that their ancient fortresses were built by the use of magic words, which commanded the huge blocks of stone to rise and take their places in the cyclopean walls.

These legends still find their way into modern literature. In the following passage from *Gareth and Lynette*, Merlin tells Gareth:

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“For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever.”

The Bible-story of Joshua's seven trumpets that were to blow down the walls of Jericho is but another instance of this widespread and applied knowledge. Only a flippant mind will say that Pythagoras dealt in pretty fancies when he taught that the spheres make music in their evolutions. Confucius and other Chinese sages said that music is the most powerful means of communicating with the gods. H. P. Blavatsky wrote: “Sound is the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals.”

In one of the Egyptian stories of the Creation, sound was the third and highest gift in the power of Osiris when he had made the world, and was seeking to cheer his creature, man, who was sad and silent in the dumb world in which he had been placed.

That speech is a god-given power, one can well believe, and properly belongs to man as the most highly evolved being on our earth. As to the abuse of this power, there are equal proofs; and when W. Q. Judge said, “Use with care those living messengers called words”, he meant that they can cause moral disease as well as material destruction.

The development of speech has kept pace with the evolution of intellect, until with the temporary predominance of brain-mind over Soul, we have attained the brilliant, but rather hard-boned languages of the present race. While eminently fitted for some needs of the age, of which they are an outgrowth, they also are woefully lacking in terms for spiritual knowledge. As a result, when Theosophy came, it had to borrow an eastern vocabulary from those races whose spiritual attainments had felt the need of, and consequently had fashioned a vehicle for, these teachings.

As in all departments of life, Theosophy is producing a change in the realm of words, and is teaching the knowledge of Silence. Discouraging lip-talk as waste of time and energy, it encourages the student to accentuate those moments of mental silence in which the soul has time to grow.

Besides reviving the practical knowledge of the laws of sound and vibration known to the ancients, Theosophy is bringing into the West an entirely new stream of philosophy and sciences, and therefore causes the need for new words to express new ideas. Such a stimulus upon the

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the resources of the race-mind will quicken it to evolve its own words and methods of expression. When the poetry of the next few centuries is written, it may be that we too shall move stones, and charm the brutes, and summon the gods at our will. Having returned along the spiral of evolution to the changed language of our 'spiritual prototypes,' plus all we have gained through aeons of struggle and pain in conquering the world of matter and its illusions — our language may be

"like an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

SERMONS IN STONES

CLARK THURSTON



MID ruins of massive buildings in the depths of tropical forests, are still standing gigantic monolithic statues of an Atlantean race of men — a race of men that are known to have been conscious of their divine nature. Their portrait-faces look out from the sculptured stone; instinct with a virile individuality and force of character incomparably superior to those of any of the existing races.

In a nimbus surrounding their forms the stone is sculptured with symbolic faces and figures interlaced with glyphic designs that, viewed in the light of Theosophy, tell some part of the history of the mighty cycle in which such men lived.

Their living descendants are known to hold in their possession the knowledge acquired by their grand ancestors — a knowledge held to be indispensable to the welfare of the human race, in the near future, if it is safely to pass on to the greater responsibilities confronting it.

Archaeology is one of the sybilline books that modern man must learn to decipher and understand if he is to go further forward in this cycle of the life of humanity; for there are 'sermons in stones' that are of the greatest practical consequence to the human race both individually and collectively; and, when the time comes, they must and will be read and their knowledge added to the very meager stock that Christendom has thus far been allowed to avow.

There, with quiet composure, in the impassable shades of the forest, still stand these monoliths of men like sentinels between the ancient and modern world. Remote from spoliating hands, hidden in their leafy seclusion, they await the appointed time and its authorized messenger to pass on their knowledge, garnered through thousands upon thousands of years.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

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

XXIII — "THE DRAGON, THE APOSTATE, THE GREAT MIND"



THE time is the middle of the fourth century A. D. The top of the Crest-Wave is in India, now the greatest country in the world. The young Samudragupta, about thirty years old now, has been filling the whole peninsula with his renown as warrior, poet, conqueror, patron of arts and letters, musician. The Hindûs are a busy and efficient people, masterly in this material world. Their colonies are spread over Java, Sumatra, and the other islands; Formosa (think where it lies) has a Sanskrit, but not yet (so far as we know) a Chinese, name; all those seas are filled with Indian shipping. — And with Arab shipping, too, by the way; or are coming to be so; and spray of the Wave (in the shape of Indian and Arab ships) is falling in the port of Canton. But China as a whole is in a deep trough of sea: an intriguing, ceremonious, ultra-elegant, and wily-weak court and dynasty have lately been expelled from precarious sovereignty at Changan in the North to Nankin south of the Yangtse; there to abide a little while un-overturned, looking down in lofty impotent contempt on the uncouth Wether Huns, Tunguses, and Tíbetans who are sharing and quarreling over the ancient seats of the Black-haired People in the Hoangho basin, after driving this same precious House of Tsin into the south. — Persia is on the back of the Wave, something lower than the Crest: Sapor II, a dozen or so years older than Samudragupta, has been on the throne since some months before his (Sapor's) birth; and has now grown up into a particularly vigorous monarch; conquering here and there; persecuting the Christians with renewed energy since Constantine took them into favor; — and of late years unmercifully banging about Constantius son of Constantine in the open field, and besieging and sometimes taking his fortresses. This, you may say, with one hand: with the other he has been very busy with his neighbors in the north-east, the nomads: he has been punishing them a little; and incidentally founding, as a protection against their inroads, the city of New Sapor in Khorassan,— famed later as Nai-shapur, and the birthplace of a certain Tent-maker of song-rich memory. In Armenia an Arsacid — that is, Parthian — house has survived and holds sovereignty: and Armenia is a sort of weak Belgium between Persia and

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Rome; inclining to the latter, of course, because ruled by Arsacids, who are the natural dynastic enemies of the Sassanids of Persia. Rome has turned Christian; so, to cement his alliance with Rome and insure Roman aid against powerful Persia, the Armenian king has had himself converted likewise, and his people follow suit with great piety; — which sends Shah Sapor, King of the kings of Iran and Turan, Brother of the Sun and Moon, to it with a missionary as well as a dynastic zeal; and a war that is to be of nearly thirty years' duration has been in process along the frontier since 336. Persia, better called a kingdom, perhaps, than an empire, commands about forty millions of subjects; as against imperial Rome's — who can say? The population there must have gone down by many millions since the days of the Antonines, with all the civil wars, plagues, pestilences, and famines that have harrowed the years between.

The sons of Constantine have succeeded to the throne of their father; and the portions of Constantine II, the eldest of the three, and Constans, the youngest, have at last fallen into the hands, or the web, of Constantius, — a sort of cross between a spider, an octopus, and an elderly maiden aunt,— and in general about as unpleasant a creature as ever sat on a throne. Constantine the Great, indeed, had willed the succession into the hands of a much larger number of his relatives; but this Constantius, his father once decently buried, had taken time by the forelock, and insured things to his two brothers and himself by killing out two of his uncles and seven of their sons; so that now, Constantine II and Constans being dead, no male scions of the house of Constantius Chlorus remain as possible rivals to him, except two boys who had been at the time of the massacre, the one too young, and the other too sickly, to count. We shall come to them by and by.

Christianity is well established; though Constantius, following his father's wise example, is deferring his baptism until the last possible moment: he partly knows the weakness of his nature, and desires to have license for a little pleasant sinning until the end, with the certainty of a glorious resurrection to follow in despite of it. — Dismiss your kindly apprehensions; God was good to Constantius; no untimely accident cut him off unbaptized; his plan worked excellently, and providing an Arian heretic may go to heaven, in heaven he is to this day, singing his Alleluias with the best of them,— and perhaps between whiles arguing it out with the various uncles and cousins he murdered.

Meanwhile, however, priests and bishops are the great men of his empire; and they enjoy immunities from duties and taxation to an extent that throws the whole rational order of government out of gear. Thus, for example, the upkeep of the great roads and the posts system,— the lines of communication,— falls upon a certain class called the Decurions,

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who in each district at their own expense have to maintain all in order. But churchmen,— an enormous class now,— are immune from the decurionship; and are allowed further the use of the post-horses and inns free of cost; — with the result that, practically speaking, no one else can use them at all. Because these churchmen are forever hurrying hither and thither to conference, council, or synod: there each sect,— Arian and Athanasian chiefly,— to damn to eternal perdition (and temporal excommunication when possible) the vile heretics of the other: Homoiousian to thunder against Homoousian, Homoousian against Homoiousian: *Arius contra Athanasium*, and *Athanasius contra mundum*: — till the air of the whole Roman world is thick with the fumes of brimstone and the stench of the Nether Pit. Taxation, on those left to tax, falls an intolerable burden; — we have seen how Shah Sapor is dealing with one end of the empire; — at the other end, in Gaul, one Magnentius rose against Constantius, and the latter thoughtfully invited in the Germans to put him down and help themselves to what they found handy; — and a certain Chnodomar, a king in those trans-Rhenish regions, has taken him much at his word. Result: a strip forty miles wide along the left bank of the Rhine from source to mouth has been conquered and annexed; three times as much this side is a perfectly desolate No-man's land; forty-five important cities, including Cologne and Strasbourg, have been reduced to ashes, with innumerable smaller towns and villages; all open towns in north-eastern Gaul have been abandoned; the people of the walled cities are starving on what corn they can grow on vacant corner lots and in their own back-gardens; hundreds of thousands have been killed out, or carried off into slavery in Germany; and King Chnodomar has every reason to think that God is behaving in a very reasonable manner. — As for the rest of the empire, whatever may be its population in human bodies, there is a plentiful lack of human souls to inhabit them; the Roman world has fallen on evil years, truly, but is by no means unchanged; — and the one thing you can prophesy with any decent security is that affairs cannot go on in this way much longer. Rome has conducted a number of funerals in her day, of this nation and that conquered and put an end to; not much intuition is required now, to foresee that the next funeral will be her own. — (Though indeed, I doubt you should have found half-a-dozen in the Roman world who could foresee it.)

Now there is a Way, narrow and most difficult to find,— a Way of conducting the affairs of this life and this world, in balance, in equilibrium: in that fine condition through which alone the life-renewing forces from the vaster worlds within may flow down, and keep existence here in harmony, and forefend decay. This was, of course, the essence of Chinese thought, Confucian and Taoist. You maintained the inner harmony,

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and the forces of heaven might use you as their channel. You found Tao (the Way), and grew never old; you succeeded in all enterprises; walked through life unruffled,— duty flowing, beautifully accomplished, at every moment from your hands. You met with no snags or downfalls; adjusted yourself always to conditions as they arose, and over-rode them in quietest triumph. — They said that, possessing Tao, one might live on many times the common threescore years and ten; very likely there is some truth in it; it seems as if it were true, at any rate, of the life of nations. China caught glimpses, and lived on and on; grew old, and renewed her youth time and again. But normally, what do we find with these un-Taoist nations of the West? — They go easily for some period; then it becomes harder and harder for them to adjust themselves to conditions. They become clogged with the detritus of old thought and action. What is the meaning of the incessant need we see for reform? Under whatever form of government a nation may be, it arises perpetually; it carries us round the ring of the -archies and -cracies, and there is no finality anywhere. — No; there is no straight line of political progress; but round in a ring you go! You turn out your kings, because they are tyrannical: which means that their government is no longer efficient, and cannot cope with affairs: there is a lack of adjustment between the inner and the outer, between the needs and the provision made to meet them. The monarchy, which was at first representative and the true expression of the nation,— because it, or anything else, when there was no detritus, but things were new and the inner air uncluttered, gave freedom to the national aspirations to pour themselves out in action,— gives such freedom no longer: it irks; it misfits; you feel it chafing everywhere. And yet it has not ceased by any means to be representative: it represents now a nation which has lost its adjustment to the inner things and is clogged up by the detritus of old thought and action; and it is that detritus that irks and misfits and chafes you. So you rise and smash an astral mold or two: turn out your kings; shout freedom and liberty, and are very glorious for a time under a totally free and independent republic; — which means, at once or after a while, government by a class. And this succeeds just as well and badly as its predecessor: neither has found Tao, the Way,— following which, your detritus should be consumed as it goes, and life lifted above the sway of Karma. So once more the detritus accumulates, and blocks the channels; and the life of the nation labors and is oppressed. Need arises for reforms; and the reforms are difficultly carried through: the franchise is extended, and there is loud talk about political growth and what not; we see the Millennium at hand, and ourselves its predestined enjoyers. And the old process repeats itself, till you have a very full-fledged democracy: you make all the men vote,

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and all the women; and presently no doubt all the children; but even when you have all adult dogs and cats and cows voting as well,— you will not find that that order is Tao, the Way, any more than the others were. The presence of a cow or two, or an ass or two, more or less, in your parliament will not really insure efficiency of administration. The detritus grows again, under the most democratic of democracies; and weighs things down; — and you cast about for new methods of reform. Democratic government, somehow, does nothing of what was expected of it; is not the panacea; — you see that, to bring the chaos of affairs into order, you must stop all this jabber and tinkering, and set up some undivided council,— some *Man*, for God's sake!— a Dictator who can keep his own and other people's mouths shut and hands busy, and get things done unimpeded. So you make one more grand reform for the sake of efficiency, and set up your Emperor, and have peace, and decent government; and you have, wittingly or not, started up old bugbear Monarchy again; and things go well for a time. But, bless you, you have not found the Way; you know nothing about Tao, which is not to be discovered in the fields of politics, and has nothing whatever to do with forms of government. So you go in search once more for a political method of dealing with that one and only oppressing thing, the detritus,— your karma; — and away you go squirreling round the changes again; — and all this you call political evolution, as I dare say the squirrel does his own gyrations in his cage; — whereas if you found Tao,— if you lived balancedly,— if you kept open the channels between this and the God-world,— there would be no political evolution at all — no squirreling,— but only calm, untrammelled beautiful life. All the claptrap about Western Superiority to the Orient, and the growth of freedom in the West, in contrast with Eastern political immobility, simply means that the Orient is less fond of squirreling than we are; taking its ages by and large, there has been a little more Tao with them than with us: more consuming the detritus as they went; more balanced living, and thus more keeping the channels open. — At least, I imagine so.

Now Rome was very old; and, since Augustus' day, the detritus had grown and grown. Diocletian had devoted a political sagacity amounting in some respects to genius to setting things right, and had accomplished something. He had moved out of Rome itself, where the psychic atmosphere was too thickly encumbered; had gone eastward, where the air, after long pralaya, was clearer; had propped up imperial authority, now for the first time, with the definite insignia of imperial state: wore a tiara, was to be kneeled to, addressed as *Dominus*, and so forth: — all outward expedients, and Brummagem substitutes for that inner adjustment which Laotse called Tao: the Way that you are to seek by retreating within,

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and by advancing boldly without; and not by any one road, because it is not found by devotion alone, nor by religious contemplation alone, or by ardent progress, self-sacrificing labor, or studious observation of life, alone; but the whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter it. Diocletian knew nothing of this; so, great statesman as he was, his methods were effective only while he sat on the throne: in his old age and retirement he had to watch, from his palace at Spalato, the empire he had piloted banging about in a thousand storms again; and to plead in vain to those to whom he had given their thrones for the safety and life of his own wife and daughter; — the total failure of his life and labors thus miserably brought home to him before he died.

“Where there is no vision the people perish,” said that learned Hebrew of old, King Solomon; and by that one saying proclaimed his right to his title of ‘the Wise.’ Look into it, and you have almost the whole philosophy of history. The incessant need of humanity is this thing *Vision*: men and nations go mad for lack of it: they seek in hell the joys of heaven which should be theirs, and which they cannot see. It means, vision of the Inner Worlds, of the heaven that lies around us. Oh, nothing spooky or foolish; one is far from meaning the Astral Light. People who go burrowing into that are again seeking a substitute for Vision, and a very poisonous one. — If I may speak of a personal experience: coming to Point Loma from London was like coming from the bottom of the sea into the upper ether. There, in the heart of that old civilization, the air is thick with detritus; here — if only because a long pralaya and fallow time have made the land new,— the detritus is negligible; perhaps it is not even forming, but consumed as we go; because at least we have glimpses of the Way. Result: the mental outlook that extended there, in visionary moments, to some six inches before one’s nose, here has broadened out to take in some seas and mountains; — in comparison, it runs to far horizons. I take it that this is the experience of us all. So this is what that wise Solomon meant: “When the detritus has accumulated to the point where, like a thick fog, it shuts away all vision of the True, then the nation must go into abeyance; it must fall.” — Rome was very near that point.

One wishes one could say something about those Inner Worlds of Beauty. When the voices of self are silenced, and desires abashed and at peace,— how they shine through! This outer world, truly, reflects them; but another and ugly world of our own making

“is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

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The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune.”

Sometimes; not always, thank God! Look again: there are the mountains, and above them the mournful glories of the anti-sunset; the mute and golden trumpeting of the dawn; — there is the sea, and over it the wistfulness and pomp and pageantry of the setting sun, and the gentleness of heaven at evening; — there is the whole drama of Day with its tremendous glories; and the huge mystery of Night-time: Niobe Night, silent in the heavens,

“Glittering magnificently unperturbed;”

— and there are the flowers in the garden, those *Praeclarissimi* and *Nobilissimi* in the Court of God, the Pansy, the Blue Larkspur, the Purple Anemone; — and what are all these things? — Just symbols; just mirrorings of a beauty in the World of Ideas within; just places where the Spirit has touched matter, and matter, at that fiery and creative touch, has flamed up into the likeness of God, which is Beauty. — What is Vision? — It is to have luminous forms rising in the imagination, like Wordsworth had, like Shelley; it is with shut eyes to see the beauty and wonder of the Gods; it is to have no grayness or dearth or darkness within; but to have the ‘bliss of solitude’ crowded with beautiful squadrons of deities, trembling with the light of legions on legions of suns. For

*Not all we are here
Where this darkness oppresses us;
Not this oblivion
Of Beauty expresses us.*

*Gaze not on it,
To be stained with its stain;
The Lonely All-Beautiful
Calls us again.*

*In galleried palaces,
Turquoise blue,
With the sweetness of many suns
Filtering through,—*

*In the Sun's own garden,
Where galaxies flame
For lilac and daffodil,
Each on his stem,—*

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*Where apple-bloom Capricorn
Hangs from his tree,
Glittering dim o'er
The dim blue sea,—*

*And billowing dim o'er
The dim blue lawns
Of heaven come the nebular
Sunsets and dawns,—*

*We too have the regallest
Part of our being,
Far beyond dreaming of,
Hearing of, seeing.*

*And the Lonely All-Beautiful
Calls to us here: —
“My knights, my commissioned,
My children dear:*

*“The hell where affrighted,
Enchanted, ye roam,—
Ye set forth to make it
A heaven for my home!”*

— And it is Vision, not to mistake mankind for less or other than Deific Essence cruelly encumbered over with oblivion; it is to see the flame of Eternal Beauty and valiant Godhood in all men; and not to rest or sit content without doing something to uncover that Beauty, to rescue that Godhood. — You go into the slums of a great city; and you do not wonder that the God-essence, inmingling and involved in the clay which is (the lower) man, goes there quite distraught and unrecognisable; where life is so far from the great reflexion of the Worlds of Beauty; where the Sun is no bright brother and confidential friend, but a breeder up of pestilences; where the sky is shut away and there are no flowers to bloom; — whether we like it or no, these things, the unperverted manifestations of the formative pressure of the Spirit, are needed to keep men sane. Beauty you must have, to nourish the Divine within you; alas for him that thinks he may attain to the Good or the True, and in a thin meager or Puritan spirit, strives to shut out their divine sister from his needs and aspirations! — But there, in our hideous modern conditions, there is no vision, without or within; so men go mad with fearful lusts and despairs; and it is the van of the Battle, in one sense, between Godhood and Chaos; and reeks with the slaughter and bloodshed and the madness

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of that conflict; — there too the Holy Spirit of Man is incarnate; there the Host of Souls; — but in the shock and din and the carnage, there on the slippery brink of yet unconquered hell,— all the divine descent and ancient glory of the Host is forgotten: — *there is no Vision, and the people perish.*

(It may seem I go a long way round to come to him; but in reality I am already trying to draw you a character-sketch of the subject of this evening's lecture: to present you the permanent part and significance of a strange incarnation of Vision that appeared in Rome's dark and dying days: the man to whom Saint Gregory Nazianzen, in his grand attack, applied that ringing triplet of epithets I have taken for the title of the lecture: "The Dragon, the Apostate, the Great Mind." Know him first in his impersonality thus: a great white flame of Vision; a tremendous Poet of the Gods in action; — and then, when you come to his personality, with what it might have retained of personality, of hereditary impairments, perhaps, that should have vanished had he lived past his young manhood, these will not hinder you from understanding the greatness and beauty and tragedy of that life apparently wasted. But we shall come to him in our time.)

Back in the sixth century B. C., when all those Great Teachers came: when the forces that until then had been pent up in the Mysteries were suddenly let loose upon the world,— and the more vehement for their having been so pent up, and their now being so let loose; — what a flood of vision they brought with them! In Greece, to rouse up almost at once that wonderful wave of artistic creation; in Persia, to create quickly a splendid and chivalrous empire; in India, (so far as we know) to pervade as an ethical illumination the life of the people for some centuries before manifesting in art or empire; in China, to work in a twofold current, on one side upon the imagination, on the other upon the moral conceptions of the race, until the Chinese manvantara began. Its effect in each case was according to the cyclic position of the country at the time: those, seemingly, being the most fortunate, that had to wait longest for the full fruition. Thus it struck China in the midst of pralaya, and lay in the soil fructifying until the pralaya had passed; then, appearing and re-appearing according to cyclic law, was a saving health in the nation for fifteen centuries at least; — India, I imagine, when the manvantara there was some five centuries old, and under a minor shadow; which shadow once passed, it produced its splendors in the Maurya time; and was in all effective for a thousand years. But it came to Persia in the autumn of the great cycle, when the forces it brought had to ripen quickly, and descend at once on to the military (the lowest) plane; — and to Greece just at noon or early summer,— just before the most intellectual moment,

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— and so there, too, had no time to ripen, but must burst out at once in artistic creation without ever a chance first to work in and affect the moral life of the race. This last is what Pythagoras at Croton had in mind to do: had Croton endured, there would have been a stable moral basis for the intellectual splendors. — I believe that you have here the very archeus and central clue to history. In China, it was enough for Laotse to float his magical ideas, and for Confucius to give out his extremely simple (but highly efficient) philosophy, and to provide his grand Example; in India it was enough for the Lord Buddha to teach his Wisdom and to found his Order; he might trust the future to them; — for Persia, one cannot say: the facts as to Zoroaster are not enough known: there might seem to have been some failure there too; — but in Greece, it was imperative that Pythagoras should establish his Lomaland; nothing else could save the forces from squandering themselves at once, in that momentous time, on the intellectual and artistic planes, and leaving life unredeemed and unaffected.

Which indeed they did; and thence on in Europe we see century by century vision waning and the world on a downward path, until the moment comes when a new effort may be made. Augustus calls a halt then: moves heaven and earth; works like ten Herculesees, along all lines, to bring about an equilibrium in outer affairs: and so far succeeds that in his time one or two men may have the Vision, at any rate: — Virgil may catch more than glimpses of the Inner Beauty, and leave the outer world a little less forlorn. But in place of the rush and fine flow of the Grecian Age, what painful strivings we find in the Augustan! — When too, Teachers labor to illumine the vastnesses within: Apollonius; Moderatus; shall we add, the Nazarene? — So the downward tendency is checked; in the following centuries we see a slow pushing upward,— in the heroic effort of the Stoics, not after Vision — that was beyond their scope and ken,— but after at least that which should bring it back,— a noble method of life.

And then, at last, a dawn eastward: and the bugles of the Spirits of the Dawn heard above the Pyramids, heard over the shadowy plains where Babylon was of old; — and out of that yellow glow in the sky come, now that the cycle permits them, masters of the Splendid Vision. They come with something of light from the ancient Mysteries of Egypt; with some shining from Star Plato, and from Pythagoras; and at their coming light up the dark worlds and the intense blue deeps of the sky,— wherein you can see now, under their guidance, immeasurable and beautiful things to satisfy the highest cravings of your heart: winged Aeons on Aeons, ring above ring,— mystery emanating mystery, beauty beauty, from here up to the Throne of the Lonely All-Beautiful. — What growth

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there had been in Roman Europe, to prepare the way for the spread of Neo-Platonism, I cannot say; but imagine Gnosticism had something to do with it; and that Gnosticism was a graft on the parent stem of Christianity set there by some real Teacher who came later than Jesus. If we knew more of the realities about Simon Magus on the one hand, and Paul of Tarsus on the other, we might have clearer light on the whole problem; at present must be content with saying this much:— that Gnosticism, with its deep mystical truths, emerges into the light of well-founded history about neck and neck with orthodox Christianity; was considered a branch of the same movement, equally Christian; but was at least tinged with esoteric truth, and deeply Hellenized, and perhaps Persianized; — whereas the orthodox branch was the legitimate heir of exoteric Judaism. How much of real vision there may have been in Gnosticism; how much of mere speculation, which is but a step towards vision,— I am not prepared to guess; but have little doubt that Gnostic activities made ready the ground for Neo-Platonism; so that when the latter's Mânasaputric light incarnated, it found fit rûpas to inhabit.

This was the Lodge's most important effort to sow truth in Europe since Pythagoras. Says even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (without help from Esotericism): —

“Neo-Platonism is in one aspect . . . the consummation of ancient philosophy. Never before in Greek or Roman speculation had the consciousness of man's dignity and superiority to Nature received such adequate expression. . . . From the religious and moral point of view, it must be admitted that the ethical 'mood' which Neo-Platonism endeavored to create and maintain is the highest and purest ever reached by antiquity. . . . It is a proof of the strength of the moral instincts of mankind that the only phase of culture which we can survey in all its stages from beginning to end culminated not in materialism but in the highest idealism.”

It asserted the Gods, the great stars and luminaries of the Inner World; it asserted the Divinity of Man,— superior, truly, as the *Encyclopaedia* says to (the lower) Nature, but of the Higher, one part or factor in the whole. It came into Europe trailing clouds of splendor and opening the heavens of Vision. The huge menace and perils of the age, the multiplying disasters, were driving men to seek spiritual refuge of some kind; and there were, in the main, two camps that offered it: — this of Neo-Platonism, proclaiming Human Divinity and strong effort upward in the name of that; and that other which proclaimed human helplessness, and that man is a poor worm and weakling, originally sinful, and with nothing to hope from his own efforts, but all from the grace, help, or mercy of Extracosmic Intervention. It was a terribly comfortable doctrine, this last, for a race staggering towards the end of its manvantara under a fearful load of detritus, a culture old and thoroughly tired. No wonder Europe chose this path, and not the Neo-Platonist path of flaming

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idealism and endeavor. Ammonius, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus,— they had worked wonders; but not the crowning wonder of establishing that which could save the age and the ages to come: Plotinus had failed of that, because there was no tool at hand for the Gods, but a silly, weak Gallienus. — So now Constantine has made the great change; and the empire that was Roman is now Roman no longer: you owe your first allegiance now, not to the state or to the emperor at its head, but to an *imperium* within the state which claims immunity from laws and duties: the kingdom is divided within itself, and must look for the fate of divided kingdoms. Zeus on Olympus now weighs the Roman empire in his scales,— — and finds the fate is death, and no help for it: there are to be thirteen decades of moribundity, and then Christian burial, with Odoacer and sundry other the like barbarians to be mourners and heirs; and then — blackest night over the western world for God knows how long: night, with nightmare and horror, and no Vision, no beautiful dreams, no refreshment, no peace. For the party that Constantine has now made dominant despises cordially all the ancient light of Hellenism: Aeschylus, Homer, Plato, Sophocles, Euripides,— everyone you could call in any sense a light-bearer that came of old, to bring mankind even the merest brain-mind culture,— these people condemn and abhor for heathen, and take pleasure in the thought that they are now, and have been since they died, and shall be forever, frizzling in the nether fires: they condemn the substance of their writings, and will draw no ideas, no saving grace, from them whatever; — will learn from them nothing in the world but grammar and eloquence with which to thunder at them and all their like from barren raucous pulpits. So, Vision having gone, culture is to go too, and all you can call civilization; and therewith law and order, and the decencies of life: all that *soap* stands symbol for is to be anathema maranatha; all that the Soul stands symbol for is to be anathema maranatha; — a pretty prospect! Zeus sighs in heaven, and his sigh is a doleful thunder prophetic of the gloom that is to overspread all these western skies for many centuries to come.

— And then comes Helios, the Unconquered Sun, and lays a hand on his arm, and says: “Not so fast! Never despair yet; look down — *there!*”

And the Gods look down: to a gloomy castle upon a crag in the wild mountains of Cappadocia; and they see there a youth, a captive banished to that desolate grand region: well-attended, as befits a prince of the royal blood, but lonely and overshadowed; — not under fear, because fear is no part of his nature; but yet never knowing when the order for his death may come. They read all this in his mind, his atmosphere. They see him deep in his books: a soul burning with earnestness, but discontented, and waiting for something: all the images of Homer rising

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about him beckoning on the one hand, and on the other a grim something that whispers, These are false; I alone am true! — “What of him?” says Zeus; “he too is a Christian.” — “Watch!” says Sol Invictus; “I have sent my man to him.” — And they watch; and sure enough, presently they see a man coming into this youth’s presence, and pointing upwards towards themselves; and they see the youth look up, and the shadow pass from his eyes as a great blaze of light and splendor breaks before him,— as he catches sight of them, the Gods, and his eye meets theirs, and he rises, illumined and smiling; — and they know that in the Roman world there is this one man with the Grand Vision; this man who may yet (if they play their cards well) wear the Roman diadem; — that there is Vision in the Roman world again, and it may be the people shall not perish.

It was Julian, “the Dragon, the Apostate, the Great Mind”; — I thank thee, Gregory of Nazianzus, for teaching me that word! — and the one that came to him there in Cappadocia was Maximus of Smyrna, Iamblichus’ disciple. His story has been told and re-told; I expect you know it fairly well. How he was a son of Julius Constantius, son of Constantius Chlorus,— and thus a nephew of Constantine the Great, and a first cousin to the Octopus-Spider-Maiden Aunt Constantius then on the throne; — how he because of his infancy, and his half-brother Gallus because of a delicate constitution which made it seem impossible he should grow up, were spared when Constantius had the rest of the family massacred; — how he was banished and confined in that Cappadocian castle; — of Gallus’ short and evil reign that ended, poor fool that he was, in his being lured into the spider-web of Constantius and beheaded; — how Julian was called then to the court at Milan, expecting a like fate; — how he spent seven months there, spied on at every moment, and looking for each to be his last; — how he was saved and befriended by the noble Empress Eusebia (a strangely beautiful figure to find in those sinister surroundings); — and sent presently to the university of Athens, there to spend the happiest moments of his life; — then called back to be made Caesar: he who had never been anything but a student and a dreamer, called from his books and dreams at twenty-four, and set to learn (as Caesar) his elementary drill,— which he found very difficult to learn indeed; — and then sent to fight the Germans in Gaul. How Constantius tried always to thwart him while he was there: setting underlings over him with power to undo or prevent all he might attempt or do; — how in spite of it all he fought the Germans, and drove them across the Rhine, and followed them up, and taught them new lessons in their own remote forests; and took the gorgeous Chnodomar, their king, prisoner; and sent for him; prepared to greet friendlily one so great in stature and

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splendid in bearing; but was disgusted when the gentleman, on coming into his presence, groveled on the floor and whined for his life,—whereupon Julian, instead of treating him like a gentleman as he had intended, packed him off to his (Chnodomar's) old ally the Maiden Aunt at Milan to see what they would make of each other; — how he fought three campaigns victoriously beyond the Rhine; restored the desolated Cis-rhenish No-man's land, and brought in from Britain, in six hundred cornships, an amount Gibbon calculates at 120,000 quarters of wheat to feed its destitute population. — And this fact is worth noting: if Britain could export all that wheat, its surface was not, as some folks hold, mainly under forest: it was a well-cultivated country, you may depend, with agriculture in a very flourishing condition,—as Gibbon does not fail to point out.

— And you know, probably, how Julian loved his Paris, and governed Gaul thence in civil affairs in such a manner that Paris and Gaul loved him; — how his own special legions, his pets, his Tenth, so to say, were the *Celts* and *Petulants*, and after these, the *Herulians* and *Batavians* (or shall I say *Dutchmen*?); — how Constantius tried to deprive him of these, ordering him to send them off to him for wars with Sapor in the east; — how Julian sorrowfully bade them go, judging well by Gallus his brother's experience (whom Constantius had treated in the same way as a first step towards cutting off his head) what the next thing should be; — but how they, (bless their Celtic and Petulant and Herulian and Dutch hearts!) told him very plainly that that kind of thing would not wash with them: “Come!” said they; “no nonsense of this sort; be you our emperor, and *condemn* that old lady your cousin Constantius! — or we kill you right now.” Into his bed-room in Paris they poured by night with those terms,—an ultimatum; whether or not with a twinkle in their eyes when they proposed the alternative, who can say? — What was a man to do, thus taken *in pyjamis*, so to speak? — What was a young hero to do, whom the Gods had commissioned to strike the grand blow for them; and who never should strike it, that was certain, if Constantius should have leave to take away from him, first his Celts and Petulants, and then his head? So he accepts; and writes kindly and respectfully to his Maiden Aunt-Spidership the Emperor telling him he must manage *without* the legions, and *with* a Co-Augustus to share the empire with him,—ruling (it was to be hoped in perfect harmony with himself) the west and leaving the east to Constantius. However, all will not do: Constantius writes severe and haughtily, Send the men, and let's-hear no more of that presumptuous fooling about the second Augustus! — So Julian marches east; whither, accompanying him, the lately rebellious Celts and Petulants are ready enough to go now; and Constantius might after all have fallen

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in battle, and so missed his saving baptism; — but his plans had gone awry, and the whole situation was extremely disturbing; and you never knew what might happen; and really, when you thought how you had treated this Julian's father, and his two brothers, and numberless uncles and cousins, you might fear the very worst; — and so, good maiden-auntish soul, he fell into a sadness, and thence into a decline; and while Julian and his Petulants were yet a long way off, got baptized respectably, and slipped off to heaven.

And you know, too, probably, how Julian, being now sole emperor, reigned: working night and day; wearing out relays of secretaries, but never worn out himself; making the three years of his reign, as I think Gibbon says, read like thirty; disestablishing Christianity, and re-founding Paganism,— not the Paganism that had been of old, but a new kind, based upon compassion, human brotherhood, and Theosophical ethics, and illumined by his own ever-present vision of the Gods; — how he reformed the laws; governed; made his life-giving hand felt from the Scottish Wall to the Nile Cataracts; — instilled new vigor into everything; forced toleration upon the Christians, stopping dead their mutual persecutions, and recalling from banishment those who had been banished by their co-religionists of other sects; — made them rebuild temples they had torn down, and disgorge temple properties they had plundered; — and amidst all this, and much more also, found time in the wee small hours of the nights to do a good deal of literary work: Theosophical treatises, correspondence, sketches. . . . — And you will know of the spotless purity, the asceticism, of his life; and how he steadfastly refused to persecute; — whereby his opponents complained that, son of Satan as he was, he denied them the glory of the martyr's crown; — and of his plan to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, and to re-establish Jews and Judaism in their native land: — of his letter to the Jewish high priest or chief Rabbi, beginning "My brother"; — of the charitable institutions he raised, and dedicated to the Lord of Vision, his God the Unconquered Sun; — of his contests with frivolity and corruption at Antioch, and his friendship with the philosophers; — and then, of his Persian expedition, with its rashness,— its brilliant victories,— its over-rashness and headstrong advance; — of the burning of the fleet, and march into the desert; and retreat; and that sudden attack,— the Persian squadrons rising up like afreets out of the sands, from nowhere; and Julian rushing unarmed through the thickest of the fight, turning, first here, then there, confusion into firmness, defeat into victory; — and of the arrow, Persian or Christian, that cut across his fingers and pierced his side; and how he fainted as he tried to draw it out; and recovered, and called for his horse and armor; and fainted again; and was carried into a tent hastily run up for

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him; — and of the scene there in the night, that made those who were with him think of the last scene in the life of Socrates: Julian dying, comforting his mourning officers; cheering them; talking to them quietly about the beauty and dignity of death, and the divinity of the Soul; then suddenly inquiring why Anatolius was not present,— and learning that Anatolius had fallen,— and (strange inconsistency!) the dying man breaking into tears over the death of his friend. — And you will know of the hopeless march of the army back under ignominious Jovian, all Shah Sapor's hard terms accepted; — and the doom of the Roman Empire sealed.

That was the Man: that is the record, outwardly, of a Soul fed upon the immensities of Vision. Vision is the keynote of him: the intense reality to him of the ever-beautiful compassionate Gods. . . . It is true there was a personality attached; and all his defenders since have found much in it that they wished had not been there. A lack of dignity, it is said; a certain self-consciousness. . . . Well; he was very young; he died a very boy at thirty-two; he never attained to years of discretion: — in a sense we may allow that much. You say, he might very well have followed the reasonable conventions of life; and condescended, when emperor, not to dress as a philosopher of the schools. So he might. They laughed at his ways, at his garb, at his beard; — and he went the length of sitting up one night to write the *Misopogon*, a skit upon his personality. Only philosophers wore beards in those days; it was thought most unsuitable in an emperor. I do not know what the men of Antioch said about it; but he speaks of it as unkempt and,— in the Gibbonistic euphemism,— *populous*; indeed, names the loathsome cootie outright, which Gibbon was much too Gibbonish to do. In the nature of things, this was a libel.

I read lately an article, I think by an Irish writer, on the eccentricities of youthful genius. It often happens that a soul of really fine caliber, with a great work to do in the world, will waste a portion of his forces, at the outset, in fighting the harmless conventions. But as his real self grows into mastery, all this disappears, and he comes to see where his battle truly lies. Julian died before he had had time quite to outgrow the eccentricities; but for all that, not before he had shown the world what the Soul in action is like.

Every great soul, incarnating, has still this labor to carry through as prolog to his life's work: — he must conquer the new personality, with all its hereditary tendencies; he must mold it difficultly to the perfect expression of the glory and dignity of himself. Julian had to take up a body in which on the one side ran the warrior blood of Claudius Gothicus and Constantius Chlorus, on the other, the refinement and culture of the senatorial house of the Anicii. Two such streams, coming together,

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might well need some harmonizing: might well produce, for example, an acute self-consciousness,— to be mastered. What he got from them, for world-service, was on the one hand his superb military leadership and mastery of affairs; on the other, his intense devotion to learning and culture. Thus the two streams of heredity appeared, dominated by his own quality of Vision. The paternal stream, by his generation, had grown much vitiated: it was pure warriorism in Claudius Gothicus, and even in Constantius Chlorus; it was warriorism refined with subtlety and cruelty in Constantine I; it was mere fussy treacherous cruelty in the Spider-Octopus,— and sensual brutality in Julian's brother Gallus. The vices of the latter may indicate how great a self-conqueror the unstained Julian was.

He was a Keats in imperial affairs, dying when he had given no more than a promise of what he should become. His laws, his valor, his victories, his writings, are no more than *juvenilia*: they are equal to the grand performance, not the promise, of many who are counted great. He came out from his overshadowment and long seclusion, from his books and dreams; was thrown into conditions that would have been difficult for an experienced statesman, and won through them all triumphantly; was set to conduct a war that would have taxed the genius of a Caesar, a Tiberius, or an Aurelius,— and swept through to as signal victories as any of theirs. He learnt the elements of drill, and was straight sent to conquer the conquering Germans; and did it brilliantly. He came to a Gaul as broken and hopeless as Joan of Arc's France; and found within himself every quality needed to heal it and make it whole.

Joan conquered with her Vision; Julian conquered with his. He set out with this before his eyes and in his soul: — The Gods are there; the beautiful Gods; uttermost splendor of divinity is at the heart of things. The glory of the Gods and of their world filled his eyes; and the determination filled his soul to make this outer world conform to the beauty of his vision. The thing he did not care about,— did not notice, except in a humorous way,— was that queer thing of a personality that had been allotted to himself. How could he have succeeded, in the world that then was? — And yet even a Christian poet was constrained to say,— and to rise, says Gibbon, above his customary mediocrity in saying it,— that though Julian was hateful to God, he was altogether beneficent to mankind.

I do not know how to explain the Persian expedition. He himself said, when dying, that he had loved and sought peace, and had but gone to war when driven to it. We cannot see now what were the driving factors. Did he go to reap glory that he might have used, or thought he might have used, in his grand design? Did he go to break a way into India, perhaps


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there to find a light beyond any that was in Rome? . . . Or was it the supreme mistake of his life . . . one would say the only mistake? . . .

It failed, and he died, and his grand designs came to nothing; and Rome went out in utter darkness. And men sneered at him then, and have been sneering at him ever since, for his failure. Perhaps we must call it that; it was a forlorn hope at the best of times. But you cannot understand him, unless you think of him as a Lord of Vision lonely in a world wholly bereft of it: a man . . . for whom all skies were transparent, and the solid earth without opacity, but with the luminous worlds shining through wherein Apollo walks, and all the Masters of Light and Beauty; — unless you think of him as a Lord of Vision moving in an outer world, a phase of civilization, old, tired, dying, dull as ditch-water, without imagination, with no little vestige of poetry, no gleam of aspiration,— with wit enough to sneer at him, and no more; by no means with wit enough to allow him to save it from itself and from ruin.

THE BATTLE OF THE AGES

ALFRED A. SMITH

HE Battle of the Ages is a constant effort of man towards perfection. It is a battle between the two sides of man's nature, known as the higher and the lower self. The battle takes place in man's mind, and when man knows more and understands better how like a sensitive plate his mind is, and how liable it is to take impressions and to be affected by the subtlest vibrations, it is then he will begin to realize how little he controls by will his own destiny, and how far more than he at present thinks, it is possible for him to control his own destiny.

No intelligent man can altogether have failed to notice how Nature seems to be ceaselessly playing a double part. Nature seems to be always constructively building up and as constantly breaking down. This is most readily seen in the physical world. The outer garments of plants, animals, and man grow, change and decay unceasingly. But the forces which produce these — growth, change, and decay,— are not so readily seen. That they really exist cannot be gainsaid. And what takes place on the physical plane of Nature is typical of what takes place on the mental plane and in the heart of man. But here the forces of construction and destruction are of far greater power and more subtil. The whole mental world is charged with the corresponding forces of construc-

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tion and destruction. It is on this plane that man's mind is all important. We are all familiar with the aphorism, "As a man thinks, so he acts"; but man is too seldom aware that his acts are the results of lack of thought, rather than of conscious intention. If we pause a moment, we must see that the mind is a sensitive plate receiving both noble and ignoble impressions, and our acts are oftener than not the result of impulses received unawares. If we realize this we can see what the battle is. It is so to polarize or sensitize our mind, which will also similarly affect our brain, that we receive thoughts from the higher and nobler side of our nature and so live and perform acts of a corresponding quality.

We are now openly instructed that we are each an immortal, divine soul. We are no longer satisfied to believe that we merely have a soul, and the truth is daily dawning on us that we are the soul. But the soul is immortal: it has always existed before we took on the present body that we function in and garner experience with. Now if the soul has done this once, as in the present bodily instance, does it not strike us it may have done so many times before? The truth put before us is that we have so lived before, hundreds of times, having a new mind and body for each life. Hundreds of lives have taken ages of time, and the battle in our minds that the soul has waged against the passions and desires and selfishness of our bodily nature, has gone on every time. The soul is destined and determined ultimately to gain the mastery over the lower pain- and misery-producing forces of the animal nature, and it is associated through the mind with the animal nature to gain the experience necessary to win that lower-self conquest.

But just here it would be well to notice that all souls have the same spiritual origin in the Universal Oversoul. This spiritual identity of all souls in the one Universal Soul is our Universal Brotherhood. Hence the self-conquest of one soul is the gain of all souls. But in the plane of the mind, where we will whether we shall delude ourselves into fancying we can live to and for ourselves alone and so follow the evil destructive and selfish lines of thought and life and thus hinder the progress of all; or whether shall to seek the truth and try to realize our spiritual unity and so learn to live unselfish lives for the benefit of all; — is the battle of the ages fought.

This battle when thought of seriously, shows the necessity of reincarnation as well as its great value, for we see friend after friend broken down in sickness and even death in the slipshod struggle for existence, and reaping falls and failure, troubles and trials — all the result of effortless or heedless indifference to the lessons of past lives, and even of the present life.

Yet if we thought out this law of reincarnation and the law of cause

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and effect known as Karma, we would know that no effort was wasted, and that mental efforts of a spiritual nature are most potent in building us up and helping us to gain that point where mastery is certain. Let us but be conscious that we are souls, and that by our resolves and efforts we can lift ourselves and all others towards that point, and we will so aid the coming of that day which savior after savior all down the ages has lived, suffered, and died, and returned again and again to achieve for us. They are working still and ever, but we know that against man's stupidity the gods fight in vain. They cannot help us if we do not will to be helped. We must resolve and act on our resolutions and they can and will help us, and through us the whole world. The battle you and I fight is fought for all, and the more who take part in it persistently the better and sooner will all know the reality of life, receive this enlightenment of the soul, and bring about the glorious reign of Universal Brotherhood.

THE "STATE INVISIBLE"

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN the *Hibbert Journal* for July, Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, writes on 'Religion and the State,' and sums up in his usual able manner the reflexions of the most earnest people of today. He surveys the various theories and forms of government that have been tried, diagnoses modern civilization, shows the causes of its trouble, and suggests the remedy in the "state invisible," which resembles the "church invisible" of the late Professor Royce.

We are unhappy because "we have lost faith in the values which are the motive force of our social life." The Christian attitude is, "Value spiritual things for their own sake, and the things of sense for the sake of the spiritual."

"We are not to regard this world as an end in itself; its deepest reality is the complex of divine purposes which are being worked out in it; and since these purposes have their source and their goal in the eternal world, it is only by knowing the eternal world that we can know things temporal as they are."

"The State Invisible is the kingdom of absolute values, the kingdom of eternal life. It is because we have been misled into attaching absolute value to things that have it not . . . that our faith in immortality has come to burn so dim."

"The eternal values are commonly classified as Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and we cannot improve on that classification."

Thus we have a definition of the church invisible as the informal union of all people who worship these real values; and the writer touches on the question whether this church can or should be formally organized.

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Some kind of mutual support he deems necessary. But his answer to the question is more the expression of a hope than the conviction of an immediate possibility or the indication of a means. He indorses the idea that the church is the nation under its spiritual aspect; but considers it impracticable while we have on the one hand the Roman and on the other the conflicting sects.

"But if the State could once more be placed under protection of religion — not in the sense that it should be controlled by priests, but that it should be recognised by all, as it was in Greek antiquity, as a moral institution, existing to promote the highest possible life among its citizens, — we might hope to see a great improvement in the lamentably low standard of international morality, and a diminution in the sordid corruption, class-bribery, and intrigue which make up the life of democratic politics. If politicians came to regard themselves as the priests or officers of a holy corporation, pledged to stand or fall by the noblest ideals, the whole spirit of political life would be altered. . . ."

He concludes by saying that some day

"The truths which underlie both Hebrew theocracy and Greek political philosophy may be brought together in some form of polity which can also find room for the ideals of a spiritual world-commonwealth, and of a purified and exalted patriotism."

At the beginning of his article the Dean opines that every form of governmental polity that has been tried contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. This is of course markedly true of the period of history commonly accessible to our observation. But this period is brief in comparison with the whole extent of human history, and represents the cycle called Kali-Yuga or the black age, whose characteristics are the loss of faith in real values, the pursuit of false values, and a rapid and accelerated progress around the nadir of an evolutionary arc. Prior to this cycle there were civilizations which endured much longer; and to them the Dean's stricture applies less; they were grounded on more lasting principles. Yet, even so, we may well ask whether anything in this world can be permanent, seeing that we are dwellers in Time, and not in Eternity, and that all things in this world are characterized by that duality which involves a beginning and an end. We must not look in externals for perpetuity and continuity; these belong rather to that invisible and spiritual life that lies within the visible. Nevertheless we may combat the rapid disintegration of time and circumstance, and tend ever more to more enduring expressions of the eternal spirit; thus realizing the true work of mankind in molding earth to the pattern of heaven.

Diagnoses of civilization, like the above, are portrayals of a phase in human evolution, wherein we are witnessing the disruption of a former polity by the force of its inherent defects. But to what extent are we justified in viewing evolution as an automatic or self-accomplishing purpose, in which men are merely spectators or victims? This question be-

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comes more pregnant when we consider one particular circumstance of this evolution — that the air is full of high hopes and ideals, that our civilization has not crumbled utterly into despair and dust, that we bid fair to survive the disruption and steer safely into new and serene waters.

We cannot forget that evolution is accomplished by the efforts of minds; the *individual* element must not be left out. Nor can we ignore the fact that, nearly half a century ago, a titanic force appeared among men, breaking up the molds of current thought, boldly striking out new lines, and sounding the keynote of all subsequent thought. We allude to H. P. Blavatsky and her work, a work which will be better recognised by futurity than contemporary times; for we cannot get a true perspective of the times in which we live, and our views are warped by prejudices which death and lapse of time obliterate. Since the coming of H. P. Blavatsky her pupils have labored strenuously and continuously to till the field she cleared and to cultivate the seed she sowed.

In tracing the effects of all this work we can point to not a few overt instances, where the influence has been direct. There are some who have admitted their indebtedness to H. P. Blavatsky, and many more whose speculations suggest to students of Theosophy an indebtedness which is not acknowledged. But far more subtle and potent has been the influence conveyed through unseen channels; and here, be it noted, we need invoke no views of our own as to the reality or nature of those unseen channels. For we have the words of Dean Inge himself in support of the reality and potency of the “state invisible” and the world of spirit which contains the real values in life. Such being the case, we may reasonably ask what has been the effect upon current opinion and current sentiment of the vigorous and unceasing labors of Theosophists, who by pen, voice, and brain have done so much to color and people that invisible world with the ideas started by their Leader. Surely this cannot be ignored!

Cyclic law ordains that all organisms which are born shall grow to maturity, decay, and die; but it rests with the spiritual quality of the organism whether or not that outer death shall mean a total destruction. And if the spirit of our civilization survives the dislocation of its organism, it will be because of the strength of that spirit, which will have been preserved by the efforts of H. P. Blavatsky and her successors and pupils.

As to the question of organization, raised by the writer, we would point out that the organization of any external and visible form is the result and expression of its interior and invisible organization; that a thing must be organized within before it is organized without. The bodies of plants and animals are constructed on the invisible models that exist perpetually on their appropriate plane and are transmitted by

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the processes of heredity. In the same way we should look to see the church invisible or the state invisible (whatever we may call it) grow to coherence in the spirit ere it manifests an articulate outer form. The attempt to construct prematurely such a form would involve that artificiality which we at once recognise as a fatal objection.

For illustration we may refer to the Theosophical Movement itself, which, loosely organized in its inception, has grown, by degrees both continuous and discrete, to a condition of compact and efficient organization. Its loyal members had reached a point where they could recognise, appreciate, and even demand such a form of organization.

And here we arrive at an important point: that organization requires headship, leadership — the invariable rule in the organic world, the standard form of government wherever efficiency is demanded. But leadership, if it is not to be of priestcraft or tyranny, must rest securely on the confidence and willingness of those who are led. It may be that our civilization will be reduced to the necessity of seeking for guidance, and then they will accept it wherever they can find it. And it would be quite in accordance with the scheme of things that a supply would appear in answer to the demand.

Through the work of Theosophy the lines have been more sharply drawn between real and false values; the mixture in the crucible is separating into its clear and its turbid components, and the contrast becomes ever more patent. When compromise is no longer possible, choice must be made; and it may well be that humanity will be driven by the need of self-protection to forsake the old ideas of force and injustice in favor of those truer, better, and more beautiful ideals of which the writer speaks.

One part of his article, to which we have not yet alluded, is that which discusses the value of science. He denies that science is materialistic, but allows that the values which it seeks are not the real values.

"We are therefore compelled to reject the idea of a purely scientific State as the solution of our problem: not because science is 'materialistic,' for it is not; but because science concentrates itself upon a particular kind of values, leaving others out of account. And when an attempt is made to construct a rounded scheme of reality, those values which are excluded are virtually repudiated."

But *knowledge* is a very different thing; or perhaps we might say *science*, in a truer sense of the word, is a very different thing. In considering the *ethics* let us not forget the *dianoetics*; the Wisdom-Religion has its philosophical as well as its moral side. Religion should be contemplated under the form of a gnosis, as well as under the form of a moral law. And the Dean, we perceive, is quite a Platonist. A new world-view was presented by Theosophy; for the false world-view of secular-

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istic science was threatening to undermine our faith in the moral law and in the sanctions of religion. A world-view at variance with our intuitive perceptions of an all-pervading moral law foreshadowed disaster; and Theosophy has reassured us that the *facts* of nature cannot be inconsistent with the intuitions of our finer perceptions. It is evident that the state invisible must comprise not only hearts that yearn for justice and purity, but minds clear and open to the truth. In this connexion a quotation from 'Religion and Research,' in the same magazine, is appropriate:

"If we agree that there is a Moral Law in the Universe, our life and thought cannot proceed with impunity along lines contrary to it."

Also, remembering the category of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, we may include each and all of these in Religion, and not the first alone; thus bringing into the religious sphere the domains of science and art. And here we give another quotation, from "Ethical Religion?" in the same magazine:


"A purely moral religion must probably be regarded as a somewhat incomplete one. If religion, in its most developed form, is, as I believe, concerned with ultimate values, it is concerned, directly or indirectly, with everything that contributes to human well-being. It is concerned directly with truth and beauty, and somewhat more indirectly with the promotion of individual health and happiness and of a stable and righteous social order."

Now, with the above in mind, turn to the program of Theosophy and observe how all-inclusive it is. In the world we find ethical movements, scientific movements, artistic movements; and we may add social movements and hygienic movements, etc. Theosophy embraces all these interests and applies to our whole life those key-principles which underlie every department, and which may perhaps be designated in their entirety by the words Truth and Right in their very widest sense. Living is at once an art, a science, and a duty: it is a privilege. If there is to grow up among us a church or a state invisible of faithful souls, it must include all of these categories. Theosophy, in the model it is shaping out, includes them all; its activities embrace the application of Theosophical principles to every concern of human life, from the greatest to the least, from social polity on the large scale down to the management of personal life and the home. It deals with laws physical, mental, and moral; includes physical hygiene along with moral right-living; finds new ideals and incentives for the artist and the researcher. Above all, it grapples successfully with the problem of youthful education and rearing.

In short, Theosophy sows and cultivates right ideas and ideals in the mental soil of humanity; thus planting the seeds of harvests to be.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM

*From a lecture to the young generation read in London,
the 14th of December, 1919, by Professor N. Roerich.*

 O the sacred ideals of nations in our days the watch-words: 'Art and Knowledge' have been added with special imperativeness. It is just now that something must be said of the particular significance of these great conceptions both for the present time and for the future. I address these words to those whose eyes and ears are not yet filled with the rubbish of everyday life, to those whose hearts have not yet been stopped by the lever of the machine called 'mechanical civilization.'

Art and knowledge! Beauty and wisdom! Of the eternal and still renewed meaning of these conceptions it is not necessary to speak. When but starting on the path of life, every child already instinctively understands the value of decoration and knowledge. Only later, under the grimace of disfigured life this light of the spirit becomes darkened, while in the kingdom of vulgarity it has no place, and is unknown. Yes, the spirit of the age attains even to such monstrosity!

It is not the first time that I have knocked at these gates and I here again appeal to you:

Amongst horrors, in the midst of the struggles and the collisions of the people, the question of knowledge and the question of art are matters of the first importance. Do not be astonished. This is not exaggeration, neither is it a platitude. It is a decided affirmation.

The question of the relativity of human knowledge has always been much argued. But now, when the whole of mankind has felt directly or indirectly the horrors of war, this question has become a vital one. People have not only become accustomed to think, but even to speak without shame about things of which they evidently have not the slightest knowledge. On every hand men repeat opinions which are altogether unfounded. And such judgments bring great harm into the world, an irreparable harm.

We must admit that during the last few years European culture has been shaken to its very foundation. In the pursuit of things, the achievement of which has not yet been destined to mankind, the fundamental steps of ascent have been destroyed. Humanity has tried to lay hold of treasures which it has not deserved and so has rent the benevolent veil of the goddess of Happiness.

Of course, what mankind has not yet attained it is destined to attain

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in due time, but how much man will have to suffer to atone for the destruction of the forbidden gates! With what labor and with what self-denial shall we have to build up the new bases of culture!

The knowledge which is locked up in libraries or in the brains of the teachers again penetrates but little into contemporary life. Again it fails to give birth to active creative work.

Modern life is filled with the animal demands of the body. We come near to the line of the terrible magic circle. And the only way of conjuring its dark guardians and escaping from it is through the talisman of true knowledge and beauty.

The time when this will be a necessity is at hand.

Without any false shame, without the contortions of savages, let us confess that we have come very near to barbarism. For confession is already a step towards progress.

It matters not that we still wear European clothes and, following our habit, pronounce special words. But the clothes cover savage impulses and the meaning of the words pronounced, although they are often great, touching, and uniting, is now obscured. The guidance of Knowledge is lost. People have become accustomed to darkness.

More knowledge! More art! There are not enough of these bases in life, which alone can lead us to the golden age of unity.

The more we know, the more clearly we see our ignorance. But if we know nothing at all, then we cannot even know we are ignorant. And that being so, we have no means of advancement and nothing to strive for. And then the dark reign of vulgarity is inevitable. The young generations are not prepared to look boldly, with a bright smile, on the blinding radiance of knowledge and beauty. Whence then is the knowledge of the reality of things to come? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Whence is unity to come — that unity, which is the true guarantee of steady forward movement? Only on the bases of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

The path of animosity, roughness, and abuse will lead us nowhere. Along that way nothing can be built. Does not a soul, does not a conscience, still remain in human nature? The real being in man still seeks to attain justice.

Away with darkness, let us do away with malice and treachery. Mankind has already felt enough of the hand of darkness.

Let me tell you, and, mind you, these are not platitudes, not mere

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words, I give voice to the convinced seeking of the worker: the only bases of life are art and knowledge.*

It is just in these hard days of labor, in this time of suffering, that we must steadily recall these kindly guides. And in our hours of trial let us confess them with all the power of our spirit.

You say: "Life is hard. How can we think of knowledge and beauty if we have nothing to live on?" or "We are far away from knowledge and art; we have important business to attend to first."

But I say: You are right, but you are also wrong. Knowledge and art are not luxuries. Knowledge and art are not idleness. It is time to remember this: they are prayer and the work of the spirit. Do you really think that people pray only when over-fed or after excessive drinking? Or during the time of careless idleness?

No, men pray in the moments of greatest difficulty. So, too, is this prayer of the spirit most needful, when one's whole being is shaken and in want of support, and when it seeks for a wise solution. And wherein lies the stronger support? What will make the spirit shine more brightly?

We do not feel hunger or starvation; we do not shiver because of the cold. We tremble because of the vacillation of our spirit; because of distrust, because of unfounded expectations.

Let us remember how often, when working, we have forgotten about food, have left unnoticed the wind, the cold, the heat. Our intent spirit wrapped us in an impenetrable veil.

"The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible and is not to be dried away; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable. . . . Some regard the indwelling spirit as a wonder, whilst some speak and others hear of it with astonishment; but no one realizes it, although he may have heard it described."— *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, ch. ii

Of what does the great wisdom of all ages and all nations speak? It speaks of the human spirit. Penetrate in thought into the deep significance of these words and into the meaning of your life. You know not the limits to the power of the spirit. You do not know over what impassable obstacles your spirit bears you, but some day you shall awake, unharmed and everlastingly regenerated. And when life is hard and weary and there seems to be no way out, do you not feel that some helper, your own divine spirit, is speeding to your aid? But his path is long and your faint-heartedness is swift. Yet does the helper come, bringing you both the 'sword of courage' and the 'smile of daring.' We have heard of a family which in despair put an end to their lives with fumes

*From the standpoint of Theosophy, art and knowledge are but secondary aspects of the real basis of life. The basis of all life, conscious or unconscious, is the essential divinity underlying all, and of which the universe itself is a manifestation. See the three fundamental propositions in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 15-18, by H. P. Blavatsky. Art and knowledge in their highest sense are manifestations of this essential divinity.— EDITOR.

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of charcoal. Now this was intolerably faint-hearted. When the coming victory of the spirit arrives, will not they who have fled without orders, suffer fearfully because they did not apply their labor to that to which they should have applied it? It matters not what labor. The drowning man fights against the flood by all possible means. And if his spirit is strong, then the strength of his body will increase without measure.

But by what means will you call forth your spirit? By what means will you lay bare that which in man is buried under the fragments of his everyday life? Again and again I repeat: by the beauty of art, by the depth of knowledge. In them and in them alone are contained the victorious conjurations of the spirit. And the purified spirit will show you what knowledge is true, what art is real. I am assured that you will be able to call your spirit to your aid. That spirit, your guide, will show you the best paths. It will lead you to joy and victory. But even to victory it will lead you by a lofty path, whose steps are bound together by knowledge and beauty alone. . . . An arduous trial awaits the whole world: the trial by assimilation of truth. After the mediaeval trials by fire, water, and iron, now comes the trial by assimilation of truth. But if the power of the spirit upheld men against fire and iron, then will that same power raise them also up the steps of knowledge and beauty. But this test is more severe than the trials of antiquity. Prepare to achieve! Prepare for that achievement which is a matter of daily life. Meanwhile have care for everything that serves to advance the perception of truth. Approach with special gratitude all that shows forth the stages of beauty. At this time all this is especially difficult.

And for us Russians, besides the knowledge pertaining to the whole world, stand apart our own Russian art and Russian learning. For us this universal language of the soul is of infinite importance. And it is with special care and tenderness that we should speak the names of those who realize in life that of which we are justly proud.

There are many serious questions before us, but among them the question of the true culture of the spirit will be the cornerstone.

What can replace this spiritual culture? Food and industry are but the body and the digestion. But it is enough for men to reach out temporarily to the body and the digestion while the spiritual life starves. The spiritual level of the nations has sunk. And in the face of all that has happened, in the face of the threatening indubitable return to savagery, any farther sinking of the level will be fatal. In the whole history of mankind neither food nor industry, nor intellect unenlightened by the spirit, have ever built up true culture. And it is with especial care that we should treat everything that yet may raise the level of the spirit. I am not dreaming, but asserting.

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In every process of reconstruction the level of education and beauty should be raised; in no case should it be forgotten even for a moment. This is not an abstract judgment; on the contrary it is the task before us.

A great period of reconstruction awaits humanity. You of the new generation — apart from all your daily needs, prepare for the achievement of true joyous labor.

In Sweden I said: "We know that Russia has not ceased to be a great country; after enlightened reconstruction on popular principles it will assume a fit place in the sphere of culture, based on its spiritual and natural wealth. We know how incomprehensibly uninformed the West is concerning Russia — even the best of its people; we know with what injurious incorrectness they judge Russian possibilities. But while respecting all the cultural attainments of the East and of the West, we feel that we too can justly set forth truly universal treasures and in them express the cultural physiognomy of the great Russian people. For the language of art and knowledge is the only true and international language, the only language of a firmly established public life. In our internal reconstructions we must, under the benevolent standard of enlightenment, indefatigably introduce beauty and knowledge among the broad masses of people; we must introduce them firmly and actively, remembering that what now lies before is not ideology, not the work of formulating, but work itself, creation — the essence of which is clear and comprehensible, without saying many words about it. Not words, but deeds! We must remember that the image of beauty and knowledge will heal the people of slackness of thought, will inspire them with the bases of personal and public resources. It will make plain the essence of work and show the people, in a more comprehensible light, the path to the lofty attainments of the spirit.

"But to attain to these simple, basic forms of assimilation the Russian intelligentsia, despite the smallness of its numbers, must show, self-sacrificingly, mutual goodwill, union, and respect toward the manifold ways of spiritual searching.

"The intelligentsia must spiritually guard itself against the vulgarity and savagery surrounding it. Out of the fragments and the precious stones lovingly discovered it must build up the Kremlin of a great freedom, lofty beauty, and spiritual knowledge."

Again, we know that the material side of life has treacherously seized on mankind, but we do not conceal the fact that the intelligentsia must seek out the path of achievement.

And here in London it has already been said:

"We must by all means seek to proclaim and widely realize in life the tasks of true art and knowledge, remembering that art and know-

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ledge are the best international language, remembering that the strength of a people lies in its spiritual might, which is reinforced from sources of living water. Recollect the wise popular tale: the spring of dead water, *i. e.*, all that exists only for the body, caused the limbs of the body to be broken in pieces, but the body could only be brought to life again when sprinkled from the spring of living water. Those sacred springs must be laid open for the healing of Russia. There are no lookers-on, there are only workers.”

We have to speak in plain clear language, as if we were in the open street. Now life is filled with the old banners of political parties, worn out like defaced, useless coins. Now life is filled with innumerable conventional names. Now ‘man’ is forgotten. Human words are plain and clear, but yet plainer and clearer is the universal language of creative effort with all its mysterious convincingness.

The young generation has before it the task of bringing art and knowledge into life. Art and knowledge have often existed in life like locked libraries, like pictures turned with their faces to the wall. But the generation of the young must approach this task actively, vitally, in an ideal way; and their work, the simplest everyday work, must be illuminated by searchings and victories. The paths of art in their age-long stratification lie so deep and are so innumerable, and the sources of knowledge are so bottomless! What a life of joyous labor lies before you, — you, who are beginning to work!

Beauty and Wisdom! It is the prayer of the spirit that will raise the countries to the level of majesty. And you, young men and women, can demand the opening of these paths by all means. That is your sacred right. But for the realization of this right you yourselves must learn to open your eyes and ears and to distinguish truth from lies. Remember clearly: what is needed is not ideology, but effectual effort.

Iron rusts. Even steel is eaten away and crumbles if not vitally renewed. So does the human brain ossify, if not allowed to perfect itself indefatigably. And therefore learn to draw near to art and knowledge. These paths are easy later, but difficult in the beginning. Surmount them! And you, young people, have before you one of the most wondrous tasks: to raise the bases of the culture of the spirit; to replace mechanical civilization by the culture of the spirit. Of course you are witnesses of the cosmic process of the destruction of mechanical civilization and of the creation of the foundations of the culture of the spirit. Among national movements the first place will belong to the re-valuation of work, the crown of which is a widely understood creation and knowledge. Moreover only these two motive powers make up that international language of which feverishly-seeking mankind stands in such need. Creation is the pure prayer of the spirit. Art is the heart of the people.

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Knowledge is the brain of the people. Only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding. Now to understand is to forgive. The new governments will inscribe on their banners "the prayer of the spirit, art and knowledge," and will understand that he who bears with him the true spirit of national life must not even for a moment forget the achievement of spiritual life. Otherwise the builder will have no path before him and ruin will await him.

You, the young generation, have the right to demand from the governments the opening of the paths of art and knowledge. You must be able to say with clear conscience that even when circumstances were hardest you did not forget those great foundations of life — beauty and wisdom; that you not only remembered them, but according to your powers you realized in your lives this achievement which replaces the joy of destruction by the true joy of creation. And in the consciousness of this lies the guarantee of a brighter future for you. You know that outside of art religion is inaccessible; outside of art the spirit of nationality is far away; outside of art science is dark.

You also know that the achievement of the life of the spirit is not the privilege of hermits and anchorites alone. It may be achieved here, in our midst, in the name of that which is most sacred and nearest to the Great Spirit. And the consciousness of the achievement of life will open out to you new and daily possibilities of creation.

And so now I speak to you of the young generation about art and knowledge. I know that you, the knights of the people, the knights of the spirit, will not remain in the city of the dead; you will build up a country which will be bright and most beautiful and full of wisdom. Every word should end not in destruction, but in upbuilding. We know how mighty is creative thought. So now, in the presence of great searchings we must speak words which proceed from the best sources: "Put aside all prejudices; think freely!" And all that is thought in the name of beauty and wisdom, will be beautiful.

And again I will say unto you. Remember that the time has now come for harmonizing the centers. This condition will be of the first importance in the conflict with 'mechanical civilization,' which sometimes is erroneously called culture. The spirit, buried under the petty details of everyday life and barbarously ground down is already raising its head. Its wings are growing. O my young friends! preserve your bright enthusiasm and your eye of kindness.

There is no other way, O friends now scattered! May my call penetrate to you. Let us join ourselves by the invisible threads of the spirit. I turn to you, I call to you: in the name of Beauty and Wisdom, let us combine for struggle and work.

THEOSOPHY EXPLAINS THE MYSTERIES OF HUMAN NATURE

T. HENRY, M. A.

"A complex sometimes grows until it seems to form a separate self which may gain the ascendancy over the normal self, and give rise to alternating personalities, as though two souls occupied the same body."— *Discovery*, March 1920



UT what makes the 'complex' grow, and why does it grow sometimes and not grow at other times? This is the important practical point. We should be in a bad way if we were at the mercy of complexes, or anything else, which grew according to a plan of their own, thus making us the victims of their caprice or of some unknown law.

The fact is that all these things which take place in the psychology of man are reflexions of his own behavior and habits. The complex grows because the man feeds it. He dwells on it lovingly and lingeringly, recurs to it again and again, and puts more and more of his very life into it. Insanity is distinguished by fixed ideas which have become so real and solid that they delude the victim, who imagines himself haunted.

Alternating personalities: this lets in a little light as to the nature of personality. It would seem that, if a man dwells long enough and strong enough on any idea or set of ideas, it acquires at last a sort of personality of its own, and drives out his normal personality. Personality is a bundle of ideas and moods and memories and impressions, lighted up by our consciousness. We have none at our first cry; but one gradually grows up in us as we grow. It changes continuously throughout life; but gradually, so that there is no violent revolution and the sense of continuity and identity is preserved.

But this is hardly all; for it might be truer to say that in many cases two personalities at least thus grow up, one of them kept in the background. Sometimes the secondary or background personality becomes so strong that a case of Jekyll and Hyde ensues, and the man leads a double life. This of course explains many mysterious occurrences reported in the papers, where people suddenly kill their relatives and then themselves. The act looks sudden and isolated, but it must be the culmination of a long course of secret internal life, kept hitherto successfully in the background. One day this secondary personality becomes so strong that, seizing a weak moment, it breaks out.

It was stated long ago by H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, that humanity was due to become more sensitive and complex; and this is what is now happening. For this reason we need

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ways of dealing with delinquents different from the rough and ready methods that have sufficed for other times. We need more wisdom and patience, though we shall have to avoid a tendency to run to extremes in the direction of undue leniency and laxity.

Nothing can be more helpful at this juncture than that most enlightening key to the structure of human nature which was supplied by H. P. Blavatsky when she gave to the world her masterly interpretation of those ancient truths comprised in Theosophy. We find psychologists and sociologists alike at fault in failing to grasp the real facts as to the complex human nature; and it is easy for a student of Theosophy to see in what way the Theosophical teachings would solve their difficulties.

It is said that philosophical teachings do not count for much, but this is only half a truth. We are bound to have some notion or other about the nature of man, either right or wrong; and it is better to have a right notion. Moreover the Theosophical teachings do not speculate but point out facts — they demonstrate. Now a demonstrable truth is one that we can verify for ourselves; and if you show a man something about his nature that is really there for him to see, but which he did not see before, you have enabled him to learn something of real value; and his knowledge is not mere belief but actual knowledge of a fact. In this way the Theosophical teachings have been found to be a key for the interpretation to us of our own inner convictions. They give an explanation of facts which is seen to be reasonable.

Psychology confines its attention too much to the lower aspect of mind, and thus emphasizes unduly the influence of body on mind. But it is only the lower aspect of our mentality that thus comes under the influence of the body, the higher aspect of our mind being independent.

Now let us take a quotation from *The Key to Theosophy*:

“I have long tried to impress the distinction between the individuality and personality on people's minds. . . . To understand the idea well, you have first to study the dual sets of ‘principles’: the *spiritual*, or those which belong to the imperishable Ego; and the *material*, or those principles which make up the ever-changing bodies or the series of personalities of that Ego. Let us fix permanent names to these, and say that:

“I. *Âtmâ*, the ‘*Higher Self*,’ is neither your Spirit nor mine, but, like sunlight, shines on all. . .

“II. *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, is only its vehicle. Neither *Âtmâ* nor *Buddhi* separately, nor the two collectively, are of any more use to the body of man than sunlight and its beams are for a mass of granite buried in the earth, *unless the divine Duad is assimilated by, and reflected in, some consciousness*. . . . This consciousness or mind is

“III. *Manas*, the derivation or product, in a reflected form, of *ahamkâra*, ‘the conception of I’ or ‘EGO-SHIP.’ It is therefore, when inseparably united to the first two, called the SPIRITUAL EGO, and *Taijasa* (the radiant). This is the real Individuality, or the divine man. It is this Ego which — having originally incarnated in the *senseless* human form animated by, but unconscious of, the presence in itself of the dual monad, since it had no consciousness — made of that human-like form a *real man*. It is this Ego, this ‘Causal Body,’ which overshadows every personality into which Karma forces it to incarnate. It is this Ego which is held res-

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possible for all the sins committed through and in every new body or personality — the evanescent masks which hide the true Individual through the long series of rebirths.”

As to number III, we are further told that the source of Manas is *Mahat* or the universal mind. When individualized in man, this becomes the real permanent individuality, which, in reincarnating, puts on successive masks of personality. It assimilates the divine duad, *Âtmâ-Buddhi*; and, during the Devachanic state between incarnations, enjoys the bliss of that association.

The important point about this is that Manas is a principle which can associate or lend itself to either the divine principles above it or the animal instinctual ones below it. A further analysis of the septenary nature of man shows that next below Manas comes the principle called *Kâma*, often defined as the animal soul. Thus we find in ourselves a dual nature, one part due to the association of our mental consciousness (*manas*) with *Kâma*, and the other part due to the aspirations of *manas* towards the divine (*Âtmâ-Buddhi*). Hence the two souls that are said to dwell within our breast and the age-long struggle of the pilgrim Man.

The *Kâma* principle embraces a multitude of instincts, such as we see vividly illustrated in the animal kingdom; and these, reflected and illuminated by the human reason, become harmful passions, often much refined and beautified, but still selfish and personal. It is these that modern psychology for the most part studies; yet it is realized by most people that a large part of our nature is not to be included in this category. Theosophy affords the rational explanation of this: that we contain a higher soul as well as this instinctual one.

It is of great importance, now that the world has had a shock that has shaken people from their familiar moorings and shaken the confidence of religious authorities too, that the eternal foundations of Religion should be clearly defined. Religion is the power by which a man recognises what he really is, the power which keeps him ever in remembrance of his divine nature and enables him to resort thereto for aid and guidance. The divine nature of man speaks to the heart in the voice of conscience; it sheds upon his mind an intuition of the truth; it fills his soul with aspirations to beauty and harmony. In a word, it raises him above his lower selfish nature. The working of the higher nature in man can be witnessed in many different stages of its operation; for we see around us people of various grades, from simple uninquiring natures, up to the most complex and introspective characters.

The higher nature of man is what differentiates him absolutely from all animals; for no animal, however highly developed, has any trace of the human mind. Never in the eye of the animal do we catch the gleam that betokens the characteristic human quality of self-consciousness.

LIFE'S RICHEST GIFT

It is of no use for us to try and explain away this divine attribute which we possess. We have it, cannot get rid of it, and must therefore study it.

It is the inevitable destiny of man some day to take a further step in his mental evolution, which will make him more than the mere man of today; his nature and its evolution can lead to no other result. The strife between the higher and lower nature becomes ever more keen, and can only end in the triumph of one or the other. If we do no more than recognise the fact that we have a higher nature, this recognition alone will become a great power in shaping our lives; it will restore our faith.

Theosophists, like others, have dark hours; but their faith in the truth of the Theosophical teachings gives them a recuperative power, and this they wish others to share with them. As they have benefited by the noble work of others in making these teachings known, so it is their duty to do the same for yet others. It is always a consolation to be able to feel that the darkest hours can be turned into the brightest opportunities, so long as we realize that such trials force us to fix our eyes on the real source of help — the help that comes from within.

In fact, all these mysterious impulses which psychology tells us about are but intrusive forces that we have suffered to invade the sanctum of our mind and to steal away our emotional control; but we can oust them and subdue them by invoking the aid of that higher divine nature which we share in common with everything that is *human*.

LIFE'S RICHEST GIFT

WILLIAM C. WICHMAN, 31786 San Quentin

THIS is the richest gift Life can bestow,
Heart-Love, the sweetest joy man can e'er know.
Each one should prize it — the love that is true;
Heaven devised it,— for me and for you,
All Nature tells it, in words plain and few.
Rare are the shadows that love cannot chase,
Making a Rainbow shine forth in their place,
Oh, there's no burden that Love will not bear,
Were there a danger, yet love would it share!
Is there a heart-wound Love cannot heal?
Nameless the sympathy Love does not feel.
Heaven of Happiness shall for us make
Every day perfect and whole for Love's sake!
Spirit and Song of Life, harmonious, wake!

THE DIVINING-ROD

H. T. E.



SCIENTIFIC minds, skilled and judicious in weighing circumstantial evidence, are often prejudiced and partial in estimating the value of human testimony. It is but a poor excuse to say that witnesses are often unreliable either from deceit or incompetency, since the skill of a judge is shown in discriminating between what is reliable testimony and what not. In considering the possibility of occurrences outside the range of ordinary experience, and for which no scientific explanation has been provided, we inevitably allow our prejudices to color our estimate of the value of testimony which we should unhesitatingly accept in support of a normal occurrence.

This has happened in the case of the divining-rod; but recently scientific authorities have shown a more tolerant disposition, influenced partly by the overwhelming character of the testimony in its favor, and partly by their own greater freedom of mind and decreasing 'cocksureness' as to the laws of nature.

Discovery for September reviews an article on the divining-rod by Sir William Barrett in another journal. It admits that the fact is well established and cites several cases of the successful use of the rod in test cases. As to explanation, resort is had to the theory that the dowser possesses a mysterious physical or psychical power which enables him subconsciously to detect the presence of the water and causes him to twist the twig by involuntary motion. We have heard it said, however, that the twig is often bent in the hands of the operator and even broken, as though pulled by an external force against the resistance of the hands. No mention is made of this in the article. The writer admits that there are so many forces in nature which we cannot explain that there may well be others. And in truth it seems always necessary to remind ourselves that we have not the ghost of a real understanding of some of the commonest and simplest phenomena — for example how the mind acts on the body in causing an ordinary movement of the arm. The usual mechanistic explanations given by science do not touch the root of the matter. These explanations are of course mere formulae, conceived mentally, and applied to actuality for the purpose of attempting to measure and define it. They enable us to achieve many things, but they do not explain the bottom mystery. No mechanistic formula can carry us further than the essential concepts of such formulae — particles separated by spaces. When we apply such a formula to actuality we find things which it does not explain: for example the phenomenon of attraction. Hence we are

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obliged to assume, to predicate, that phenomenon. To attempt, as some do, to explain the phenomenon of attraction by means of the atmo-mechanical formula, is futile. It is reasoning in a circle; it is trying to deduce our postulates from our theorems. Action at a distance has to be assumed before we can construct a mechanical theory; how then can we expect to explain action at a distance by deduction from the theory which we have deduced from that assumption?

As far as theory goes, then, one can see nothing more wonderful in the divining rod than in the power of sight or muscular movement. Both work by forces that are invisible and even inconceivable (in terms of our customary conceptions). The difference is that one is very familiar and the other not. But we know that human powers are largely influenced by our beliefs as to what we can do and what we cannot; so it is likely that the divining-rod, under encouragement, will become more familiar than it has been under contumely. Then we may feel as comfortable about it as we now do about wireless telegraphy, though the one is not a whit more wonderful or inexplicable than the other.