

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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AND thus we come from another life and nature unto this one, just as men come out of some other city, to some much-frequented mart; some being slaves to glory, others to money; and there are some few who taking no account of anything else, earnestly look into the nature of things: and these men call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers.

—PYTHAGORAS; a fragment in Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, v, 3; translated by C. D. Yonge

IS MAN HIS OWN SAVIOR?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

E say that Theosophy proclaims truths, not dogmas; and the difference between the two is that truths prove themselves to our perceptions by their obviousness, and to our judgment by their practical usefulness; while dogmas may fail at one or both of these tests. One truth proclaimed by Theosophy is that man is his own savior; and the reality of this truth is recognised by man himself in his behavior; for in the last resort it is always upon his own intelligence and efforts that he relies. Whatever his professed belief, he speaks and acts on the presumption that his welfare and progress depend on efforts of his own devising; and it is amusing to see how the most avowed skeptic or materialist, declaring a belief that man is a minor creature at the mercy of vast unintelligent forces, stands erect upon the pinnacle of his own pride and self-confidence and lays down schemes for the future conduct of the human race. The fact is that man, like other creatures, acts in accordance with his own nature; and being actually endowed with an introspective and creative intelligence, he cannot do otherwise than use it.

It is recognised that the governance of human societies rests finally on the individuals composing them, whatever be the form of government prevailing; for even the most tyrannous despot cannot override beyond a certain point the wills of his subjects. Hence we soon get back to the point

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that reform must come through a reform in the conduct of the individual. It was to show how the individual can be reformed that Theosophy was promulgated.

Two great facts were pointed out for this purpose: that there are in all men faculties which have been latent during recent history, and which can be revived; and that the past has records of higher human attainment, which are not obliterated, but have been preserved through the dark ages by custodians, in readiness for when they are needed.

The works of H. P. Blavatsky may be summed up under these two heads. The study of the spiritual powers latent in man, and the investigation of sciences, religions, philosophies, and their symbology, have from the first been principal objects of Theosophy.

As to the spiritual powers, a careful distinction has always been drawn between *spiritual* and *psychic*, the nature of which distinction can readily be understood by a study of *The Key to Theosophy*, which explains it fully and shows how it is concerned with the sevenfold nature of man. The crucial point is that the culture of psychic powers does not necessarily imply the conquest of selfish motives, but may on the contrary simply arm the selfish passions with new weapons. People have been so accustomed to materialism that they think that anything beyond the material and physical must be holy and spiritual. This is far from being the actual case. We find illustration in the proclaimed ideals and the actual conduct of very many people engaged in the study of psychism; for personal desires are all too frequently made the primary object of their quest. Some of these cults are frank and undisguised in their appeal to selfish motives; in other cases we may detect illustration of the well-known law that the devil in man, if repressed, is apt to crop up again in a specious and attractive guise. Vanity is fostered under the guise of a high motive; ambition wraps itself up in the mantle of devotion.

Hence we find H. P. Blavatsky, in her demonstration of the principles of Theosophy, and also her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, insisting very strongly on the distinction between spiritual and psychic powers, and warning seriously against the culture of the latter. The harmonious development of man requires that, before developing psychic powers, he shall have acquired the power to wield them; that is, that he shall not use them for selfish purposes. It is evident that, if he cannot resist the temptations to which he is subject in the normal state, he can never resist those greater temptations to which he will be subject when to his physical powers are added the far subtler and stronger psychic powers.

The spiritual powers in man are those which emanate from his higher nature and inspire right conduct and unselfish motives. These are the

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powers to cultivate first; for their development stabilizes the whole nature, freeing the man from the dominion of his passions and thus saving him from the danger of speeding down the path of self-undoing and sorrow.

Nothing is more obvious than that what the world needs is, not more powers, material or psychic, but right ideals of conduct. We can see this readily enough when we think of mankind in the mass, or of other people; but our self-love is apt to make exceptions in our own personal case.

As to the preservation of knowledge from past ages, Theosophy has never failed to lay great stress on the importance of archaeology; and since H. P. Blavatsky's day, great advances have been made in this science, all tending to bear out her statements. As time goes by, we find it more difficult to blind our eyes to the fact that man has indeed possessed great knowledge in bygone ages; and that this knowledge is rendered accessible by means of that universal symbolism which at once hides its true meaning from the superficial and reveals it to the student. To throw out hints and give a few clues to the interpretation of this symbolism is one of the objects of H. P. Blavatsky's works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*.

If man is to be his own savior, it must be through his knowledge and conduct — through the higher resources of his own nature; for otherwise he might become his own destroyer, as is indeed the case when he yields to the forces emanating from his lower nature. The problem for humanity in the mass is not different from that for man the individual. I find that the impulses of my nature, permitted to grow strong, each in its own direction, are at last threatening to pull me to pieces; and the instinct of self-preservation bids me seek out that in myself which is stable. I am obliged to still my emotions and chase out the horde of distracting thoughts, so that my vitality can take refuge in the stable center, thus giving me freedom, equilibrium, and control. Theosophy gets ready for the time when, the violent and contrary forces prevalent in society having brought it to an impasse, it will turn to seek something stable. Then the Theosophical teachings will be to hand, and also the demonstration of what their application can effect.

If man is to rely on himself, he must discriminate between that in himself which is trustworthy and that which is not. He must begin by rendering himself *free* — a much-abused word, which ought to imply freedom from the bondage of delusions and uncontrolled desire, rather than the claiming from other people of supposed rights which we assert they have taken away from us. No one can free us but ourselves.

ESOTERO

KENNETH MORRIS

A SCARLET ember burns where flamed the sunset gold
But now, and rubied through, and glowing somberly
O'er the dim silver waste grown all severe and cold,
Looms the long cloudbank low between the sky and sea:
Gloom with the sunken sun's passed splendors shotten through,
What secret shines therethrough? what lambent memory
Sunk in the west of time is imaged forth anew?

Yonder maroon cloud-bastion rubiately aglow
Caught never its grandeur save from human hearts on fire,—
Enanguished hearts, that of their myriad wars and woe
Sometime wrought out the peace that shines beyond desire.
It is all human there. The Spirit within us feels
The pride and ecstasy of the Spirit throb through the sun's
dim pyre.
Hush! more than eyes can see the quiet heart reveals.

Portents and pageantries! From what vast city ways
Hid in the abyss of time, what echoes of proud songs
Drift o'er the wan expanse? Listen! the wine-flushed haze
Yonder is solemnly vibrant as with a boom of gongs
Quivering, and cry of harps far off, and grandiose motion
Where in procession pass hierarchic beautiful throngs
Flame-vestured like the Gods, 'twixt the dark air and ocean. . . .

What proud untroubled eyes shine there! what peace and power
To dominate the storms and treacheries of fate!
Our Mighty Mother dreams: her antique ages' flower
The waning fires and glooms of sunset reinstate.
The Eternal shining through the rubiate murk of Time
Quickens the visible, and suddenly elate,
Time lifts his drooping head, one moment grown sublime.

Memory or prophecy, who knows? Behind the veil
The senses weave, still bide their hour in the Unseen
All the beauty and glory that are an olden tale,
And shall rebloom here. — Fade the topaz, the jade-green
Liquescence in the sky, the splendors aureoled;
'TwiXt this and the dim island wanes the beryl sheen;
But the glory shall be again, that hath been of old.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE, FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT

R. MACHELL

THE continuity of life is evident to the most casual observer, but also to the same observer death is undeniable and seemingly universal. But this merely shows how very loosely we use words: for it is easy to see that the death of a creature does not mean cessation of life in the dead body of what was a living creature. When a body dies the momentary paralysis of active life is promptly followed by decomposition, which is a manifestation of intense life. Millions of small lives get to work propagating destroying lives, all of which work with enormous energy to complete the change that death began. Anyone who has turned over a dead body of an animal or bird that has lain neglected for some time, will remember the shock of disgust that comes when the dead carcass is found to be a seething mass of worms and maggots bred and begotten in that dead body. Life does not cease at death, but rather enters on a new cycle of activity.

“Oh!” but you say, “the animal is dead.” Yes! but the carcass is alive. It has ceased to be an animal; but it is teeming with living creatures produced from the substance of the body of the animal. The body is no longer an animal, and it will soon cease to be a body. All that will remain will be a skeleton. And in a little longer while that too will disappear and be converted into mineral and vegetable forms of life, which in their turn may be devoured by other animals for the upbuilding and support of bodies that then are living and that will surely die and in their turn disintegrate, as the great tide of life may ebb or flow.

There is an ebb and flow in life, as in the sea, and in the seasons of the year. The summer comes and goes, the flowers spring up and wither, and death liberates the life within for new activities: but there is no end of life.

When the tide of the ocean ebbs, in places where the shore is level, the sea may go so far that seaside villages are left some twenty or thirty miles inland. A stranger arriving at one of these seaside resorts when the tide is out and the sea far away out of sight may think he has been fooled by the proprietor of a summer residence described as within a stone's throw of the sea and which he has rented in good faith. But when the tide turns the sea comes racing up a thousand gullies and channels faster than a horse can gallop and in a few hours the sandy desert will have disappeared and the broad surface of the ocean stretch from the village street out to the horizon unbroken by a sign of land. So too the tide of

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life ebbs and flows, and we call the incoming tide life, and the outgoing death, being careless of the words we use, and often thoughtless or unobservant of the facts of life.

Look back in fancy to the time when Nineveh and Babylon were as luxurious and perhaps almost as dissolute as some of our modern cities, teeming with life, wealthy and populous, doing business with all the nations of the earth by land and sea. That was when life was at the flood-tide. Now life has ebbed, and archaeologists dispute about the dates of the various sandhills that conceal the ruins of those great cities, whose actual existence was doubted by the men of a short time back. Yet the tide of life that ebbed in Assyria was flowing strong and sure elsewhere. There is no lack of people on the earth. Life has not ceased, because the gardens of Babylon are now sandhills.

And when the sea sweeps over the sunken land that once was called New York and when Chicago has become as populous as the Mojave desert and more difficult to find than Troy or Babylon, life will flow on as evenly as now elsewhere. Life is continuous although no form of life endures. Change is the law of life, on this earth at least. Life means the birth and death of creatures as well as their growth from seed to full-grown plant or animal; and life is present in decay. What we call death is but a change of life. What we call life is a long process of decay, or as one might say death long drawn out; for all the atoms of the body change continually while the creature lives its bodily life on earth.

Yet when we speak of life and death as opposites we are not speaking foolishly but merely carelessly: for Life itself is not what we mean when making the contrast of life and death: but we speak loosely perhaps of the life of an individual creature as life in general, whereas what we mean is a particular form of living body, a manifestation of life, to which death puts an end as a form of life by changing an organic unit into its constituent elements, which are living entities innumerable.

This principle of continuity, on which the manifested universe depends, was embodied in the old formula employed to express the eternal ideal of monarchy: "The king is dead. Long live the king" — a paradox in words, a philosophic truism; to those who looked upon the right of kings as a principle in nature when nature included the divine idea. And precisely the same idea is to be found in the old Latin adage *vox populi, vox Dei*. The voice of the people is the voice of a god, or a divine voice; because the people as a unit were regarded as a spiritual entity embodied in vast numbers of material creatures, not dying when the separate creatures change their form and die. The advent of materialism marked the passing of the god-idea. Materialism is disintegration of ideals marking the passing of the soul of a people, such as in past ages heralded

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the decay of civilizations and the disappearance of great nations. The soul passed on and left the body to disintegrate. But the soul is life itself; it does not die with the bodies it insouled. Something there is that dies: what is it? The body that is dead we know is full of life, repulsive forms of life no doubt, but living creatures all the same — worms and their kin.

The soul that has passed on, discarding a worn-out or unmanageable body, finding it too dead for use, that soul has not died. What then is dead? That which is dead is the illusion that we persistently regard as a reality, the *personality*: the *appearance* that results from the presence of a spiritual being in the soul of a bodily creature.

To understand this problem we have to study the Theosophic teachings on the complex nature of man and the universe in which we live. The keys are there: without them we are met with endless contradictions, paradoxes, and perplexities. But use the keys, and life becomes intelligible to just the degree in which the student is able to apply them for himself, for no teaching can supply a lack of comprehension.

Madame Blavatsky, who reintroduced Theosophy to our generation, said that to every mystery there are seven keys and each key must be turned in the lock seven times before the secret is disclosed in its completeness. She laid much stress on the importance of understanding the sevenfold nature of man and the universe. And she devoted a great deal of space in her writings to the elucidation of the doctrine of Reincarnation which enables us to solve the many problems of life, death, and rebirth, which seem so unintelligible without the aid of this key. When she founded the Theosophical Society the doctrine of Reincarnation was strange to the majority of her readers; today there are few educated people who have not some sort of acquaintance with the word at least. Unfortunately the teaching is often misunderstood, and one of the commonest mistakes made is to confuse the doctrine of Reincarnation with the degraded superstition still prevalent and known as the transmigration of souls: by which is generally understood the idea that the human soul at death may reincarnate in an animal. No! Once a human soul has entered the human kingdom it cannot go back and become an animal.

I spoke just now of the strange mass of creatures that are generated in a decomposing animal body. It is not to be supposed that the immortal soul has reincarnated in the worms and maggots that the dead body produces so plentifully for its own disintegration!

When the philosophical Oriental speaks of transmigration of human qualities into lower kingdoms of nature, he is not referring to the human soul, but to a purely animal principle that is not the soul proper, but which functions in the physical body of man, as a director of the lower

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lives that are wholly concerned with the upkeep of the physical body and the performance of its purely animal functions. To call this lower principle the soul is to confuse the spiritual self-conscious entity with the body it temporarily inhabits. Now it is evident that some people are so degraded that their true self, the spiritual soul, seldom gets a chance to make its presence effective as a guiding and controlling power in their lives. In such cases the soul is a prisoner, and it is the victim of those lower animal intelligences that have got control of the body and brain of the man. Such a man is almost soulless. But so long as the man has not become an idiot or a lunatic it is still possible that the soul may yet assert itself and regain some degree of control over the degraded mind and body. When, however, the spiritual soul has left the body, and the man is entirely controlled by the lower principles: when, in fact, he is insane, then it may be possible that these lower principles set free by the death and destruction of the body may be drawn back to that lower stratum of animal intelligences from which they were never truly parted. It is probable that an ignorant person might see in this obviously natural process something akin to the crude superstition that represents the spiritual soul as going back where it no longer belongs, to that stratum of animal consciousness through which it had evolved ages and aeons ago on other worlds, in previous cycles of evolution on other planets. For Theosophy teaches the eternal processes of evolution as taking place on planets in a corresponding state of evolution, through periods of time that to us might seem incalculable.

And thus the spiritual soul of man is spoken of as overshadowing man until he reaches a stage of evolution at which incarnation of the true human soul can be begun. The completion of this incarnation of the divine spirit is only possible in the perfected man, who then becomes a Christ, a Buddha, an illuminated man.

The teaching of Theosophy is that all men must reach perfection in some kind and on some planet. All evolution naturally tends towards perfection, however long the process and however far away the goal may seem. And here I would suggest that all our terms are relative to our state of evolution, and consequently there must be degrees of perfection, or perhaps I should say perfection of each state in evolution, which when attained would open a new cycle of experience for the evolving soul.

What are the states of consciousness existing between the animal and human kingdoms, may be a subject of investigation: but it would seem reasonable to suppose that there is no confusion of species in the plan.

We all know that even the lowest kind of man may show a singular mastery over animals. And sometimes it would appear that while man may mistake himself for a mere animal and may act accordingly, no

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animal would make that mistake. Men do at times sink lower than the brutes; but even then the brutes know that the men are of a superior race, even if they (the men) forget it. This may be seen in the fidelity of dogs to utterly unworthy masters. A dog may seem superior to his master, but the dog knows, if man forgets, that between dog and man there is a gulf set that neither dog nor man, as such, can span. That gulf may represent incalculable periods of time and countless intermediary stages of evolution upon other planets offering the necessary conditions.

Granted then that man reincarnates upon this earth as man, what is it that comes back? What is the immortal reincarnating principle? What, in fact, is a man? The reincarnating principle is the Ego, the 'I am I.' Behind this is the Great 'I am,' the universal consciousness, of which we can say nothing, and to which all our thoughts and aspirations tend, the Divine, the inexpressible, whose 'word' is the universe and the law of its being. But the reincarnating ego is to most of us as a god in heaven watching his shadow on the earth.

Who has not some time tried to solve the eternal problem 'what am I?' or to go still deeper and to ask 'Who am I?' "I am that which began, out of me the years roll, out of me God and man; God changes and man and the form of them bodily, I am the soul." (Swinburne's *Hertha*)

To know the self is probably the last word of human enlightenment: for the self supreme is not separate from other selves which are its shadows on the screen of time and space; it is universal.

But speaking as human beings with our brain minds striving to grasp the universe, are we not like the kitten chasing its own tail? Or we may choose a more ancient emblem of the soul, the serpent with its tail in its mouth. The serpent cannot swallow itself, nor can the brain-mind know the spiritual self. For the brain-mind thinks objectively; and it can only swallow just so much of its own tail. The spiritual Self is back of the brain-mind: and a man cannot bite the back of his head if he tries ever so hard. There is that which is unthinkable to the brain-mind: and it is just that which we all want to know. Ridiculous perhaps, but so it is. As soon as we begin to think about life and the meaning of things we come up against the unthinkable. We know that it is beyond the reach of thought, and yet we want to know it. How can that be? How can we even want to understand that which we say is unthinkable, unless indeed there is within us a higher consciousness, a higher kind of mind than the one that does our ordinary thinking for us? Unless we have a spiritual mind capable of direct perception of truth, how account for this unreasonable desire to know the reality behind the illusions of the world?

Study Theosophy, and find the key to this problem in the dual nature of the human mind; the spiritual mind that overshadows the lower

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thinking mind and tries to illuminate and guide the lower man, the earthly shadow of the divine.

It is the duality of mind that causes all the tragedies of life, all the heroism, and all the disappointments. To that duality we owe our highest aspirations and our noblest ideals; and to that we are indebted for our strange relapses from the plain path of duty. The duality of mind it is that makes men lightly pledge themselves to high ideals that seem so easy of attainment and this is what blinds them at some critical moment and may perhaps land them behind the bars, where they do not belong. The recognition of this strange duality in human nature must make us tolerant of the mistakes made by those ignorant of their own weaknesses as well as of their possibilities and power.

Without this knowledge one who has made a bad mistake may well believe himself irretrievably degraded and give up all attempt to rise: but understanding this he will take warning from his fall and gain by his lesson; knowing that there is in him a noble nature that will lift him out of all weaknesses if he will let it guide him. And he will not despair of ultimate perfection if he knows that countless lives and opportunities of progress will be his until the lessons of experience are learned and he has found the path of conscious evolution.

To know the Self — that is the aim of evolution. And the first step is to learn all we can about ourselves. The Theosophical teachings are old and yet eternally young, like Truth itself. Each truth as we approach it seems a new proposition and yet when we have learned some lesson by experience and can say we know that thing, then we discover that we knew it all the time, in a vague useless sort of way. But now we really know it.

So it is with all experience, it forces us to realize our knowledge; to make our theories practical. We have to digest information and assimilate it before it becomes really practical knowledge. To accomplish this how foolishly inadequate would be one little life on earth: how absolutely necessary is Reincarnation.

Without continuity of life and consciousness what possibility can there be of any progress? And then again how necessary are the periods of rest, of sleep, of death, or that interval between two lives that so misleadingly is called death. How necessary are the seasons of the year! How the tree sheds its leaves and grows a new crop to carry on the operation of its growth!

And like the tree the ego sheds the temporary personalities which fall “like leaves from the oak-tree of the world, that are caught by the wind and whirled away and away, and none may say whither they go wind-borne.” So fall the personalities, the shadows, the leaves on the tree of

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the ancient Self that shall outlive a thousand seasons ere it fall into decay releasing the eternal Self that will endure until perfection is attained.

So too at each new birth a new brain is secured, unburdened with memories. In our characters we find our inheritance from the past. No need to remember how we gained experience. We all know how to walk without wanting to remember how we learned it. And as we all forget the most important event for each of us, our birth, and early days, so too we are spared the memory of past lives. Surely we may be content. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Death, that releases us from a load of memories, is a gentle friend whom wise men welcome at the last. Only the illuminated sage, the knower of the Self, could bear to gaze upon the record of his own past lives.

The continuity of life is not more certain than its ebb and flow. The year is all made up of days and nights, of waking-time and sleep, nor does this alternation break the continuity of the year. Nor is the continuity of life in any way disturbed by birth and death: nor is the continuity of individual consciousness dissolved by change in the recording instrument of memory, the brain, which dies with the body while the resulting character remains as the inheritance of the new-born personality. The law of Karma is the law of continuity. Karma and Reincarnation and the Duality of Mind. These are three keys that will unlock innumerable mysteries and simplify the difficulties that beset the thinking man or woman. And if a master-key is needed, I would suggest the spiritual unity of the Universe, with its natural corollary in life—the universal brotherhood accepted by Theosophists as the essential principle in their Society. This is the basis of Theosophic optimism, the only true foundation for the reconstruction of the world. — the only guarantee of progress, the only thing that justifies belief in the perfectibility of man.

METAPHYSICS BY MACHINERY

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."



HE scientific publications are serving up advance notices of a machine that Edison is working on, to facilitate communication with the spooks,—if such there be. Of course, he is ready to say the last word in clever inventions; but he is not quite sure of his shades yet. However, true to form in this mechanistic age, he is going to diagnose them by machinery, or live doubtful ever after.

He proposes to give psychic investigators an apparatus that will

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lend a more scientific aspect to their work than do the ouija boards, mediums, etc. If this apparatus fails to reveal anything of exceptional interest, he says, he will lose faith in the survival of the "personality as we know it in this existence."

How about the other side of the question? As it is, the soul has almost no voice in the sordid Babel of our "brassy-blare civilization." It gets scant attention from its own personal animal body or from the herd at large. Why, then, should the liberated Self remain earth-bound, and forego its needed rest between lives, on the smaller chance of a belated hearing in mundane affairs? If, while here, it fails to record the fact of its reality on the living register of its brain-mind instrument, it would be less able to communicate by an artificial wireless from the hereafter.

Edison holds that life, like matter, is indestructible, and can neither be created nor destroyed. This is good logic; though he does not follow it far enough to find that life is consciousness; man is the most alive creature known; nothing is immortal but spirit, and the indestructible man is essentially divine. Perhaps Edison, like many another, is unwittingly affected by the unseen miasma from decaying myths of the human soul as a special creation at birth, and of a world only a few thousand years old. True, the old theology no longer frightens us into moral chills and fever, with its fire-works and negations and inhibitions. Nevertheless, this generation suffers with the dumb ague of fear that lurks in the racial blood, still tainted with centuries of false teachings. We have an inherited dread of going too far back in creative search, lest we lose foothold on tangible earth, and fall off the edge of things into nowhere and nothingness. Does not the Christian limiting of deity to Jehovah, — a god of generation, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, — line up with the popular idea that man's creative role is primarily a physical one rather than a spiritual one? Quite different is the ancient teaching in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, where Krishna speaks for the Christ-principle in every man:

"Even though myself unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all existence, yet in presiding over nature — which is mine — I am born but through my own *mâyâ* [illusion], the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind. I produce myself among creatures. . . ."

The esoteric reading of all Scriptures makes the man of consciousness antedate his world and his body. Solomon calls him Wisdom, in saying:

"I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.

"When there were no depths, I was brought forth. . . ."— *Proverbs*, viii, 23-24.

The scientists, of course, deny any theological taint of fear in their make-up, and assert their utter freedom and fearlessness. None the less, do they not all shy at the ancient truth that man is a spiritual being?

Edison thinks that our bodies are composed of myriads of infinitesimal

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entities — each a unit of life,— and that these “band together” to build a man. This sounds like the working model of the ideal labor-union of which the sociologists dream. The finished product of such united action, in the form of composite man, would argue for a magical quality of co-operative and cohesive power in his creative fractions.

Evidence of such a band of workers might lead the puzzled religious world to say: “Blest be the tie that binds”: while educators might hasten to copy a system of such fine, upbuilding work. To the mere man in the street, in these days of general disintegration, here would seem to be the unifying clue now being vainly sought for use in ‘church-unity,’ in Leagues of Nations, and in industrial circles. However, even if “little drops of water,” and “little grains of sand” make up a planet, it takes something more than a group of ultra-microscopic units to make a man.

The Theosophical student, believing that *all* matter is alive, of course includes the embodied units, which are of both the creative and destructive kind in action. Furthermore, he accepts the unit of humanity, which is the sum-total of a varied group of live units, and then some,— the composite man of matter and consciousness,— emotional, mental, and spiritual consciousness. Besides the physical body, Theosophy explains both the conscious personality which survives death for a limited time, and the immortal individuality, which antedates birth and survives death, and re-embodies itself periodically, life after life.

It seems that Edison questions the existence of a conscious man, apart from his body. It is only on suspicion of surviving personalities gone before that he is building a subtil bridge by which they may ‘come across’ with messages. In arguing how live units create the human creature, he points out how finger-prints persist throughout life, while the tissues change constantly. He even burned the skin on his own thumb, to find the original markings exactly reproduced on the new skin. Incidentally, the vivisectors may claim that this departure in ‘animal experimentation’ shows how the devoted scientist nowadays cheerfully burns himself for his belief, while in pre-vivisection times, the devotee only burned the heretics.

Edison concludes, truly enough, that the reproduction of the finger-prints did not just “happen,” and that “some one had to plan the new growth and supervise it.” He adds that the brain plays no part in all this, and so, as the conscious man did not plan it, it must be due to the remarkable memory of the ultra-microscopic entities.

The ancient Wisdom-Religion accounts for all the facts by showing how the physical cells are arranged upon a design-body or astral mold. Moreover, this astral body of invisible, tenuous, ethereal *matter*, is the organ of the special senses and of sensation. This desire-body is the center

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of all nervous and emotional awareness,— of the gradations of consciousness from that of the earth-body up to that of spiritual levels. Over-shadowing the physical and the astral bodies is the immortal self, the antecedent and survivor of the mortal man of earth and sensation. *The Voice of the Silence* teaches the candidate for self-knowledge:

“Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee knows, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.”

This is the ultra-microscopic Ego, the separate ray of the One Life, which is the noumenon back of all phenomena.

Mme. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* gives the cosmic biography of the spiritual Self, gradually embodying itself in progressive densities of matter. It has taken ages of evolutionary experience on earth for the human soul to acquire its “coats of skins,” which familiar vesture is mistaken for the real man by materialism. Meantime, each soul's experience, life after life, regulated by the eternal law of cause and effect, leaves its markings on its individual character. Just so much of its earthly gains in self-consciousness as is to influence its next life, is symbolically checked off in every line and lineament of the body it takes on. All the hereditary ‘finger-prints’ of soul experience, etched upon the mold body, are the lines upon which the new coat of skin is fitted and renewed, cell by cell, during the life-time.

It is the higher consciousness,— the real Self — that remembers its past. It is the immortal Ego which, as many cases resuscitated from drowning testify, glimpses in a few moments the whole detailed panorama of its life so nearly ended. The sinking man's every-day consciousness of body and brain is brushed aside by the emergency shock. Then, aware of his real selfhood, he sees the pictured career which his living thought and action have stamped upon the invisible astral screen of time that envelops the solid earth. The astral realm not only envelops but interpenetrates the earth-matter, just as his astral body surrounds and interpenetrates every part of his body of the same earth-matter.

During this experience of momentary death, the man finds himself intensely alive and illuminated. The numbness and gloom of death are all on this side of the grave. His awareness is so vivid, that even its reflexion upon his brain-mind enables him to bring back some memory of it. Without understanding the sacredness of this glimpse behind the veil of matter, the resuscitated men do not chatter about it. They feel instinctively that no words could convey the inner meaning of a man's life to another. Much less is the soul, liberated by death, likely to return to talk the usual twaddle heard in séance-rooms, or to switch on the current

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of a psychic talking-machine. It would not convince the skeptic of immortality. As the Nazarene said two thousand years ago:

“If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.”— *Luke*, xvi, 31.

Theosophy offers the only logical explanation of the messages given out by mediums, whose psychic development of their astral senses makes them clairvoyant, clairaudient, etc. They may even become mouthpieces for some disembodied astral entity, which — soulless and earth-bound by its desires, and dreading its final disintegration,— fastens upon the body of any negative sensitive in order to live vicariously when and where it can. Among these entities of strong impulses and no conscience, are apt to be the surviving shells of executed criminals, suddenly and violently released from their bodies by legal murder. Their strongest and latest impulses of hatred, revenge, bitterness, despair, and passion — intensified by the loss of a body in which to express them,— are beyond detection or restraint. This dangerous and unseen type of entity, or at best, one of wholly lower nature impulses, is the kind that seeks to ‘communicate’ by any available means. It is an indifferent matter to the spooks whether the means be furnished by ignorant voodooism, or by the latest scientific necromancy. Once the obsessing entities get a foothold, they are not so easily ousted; and certainly no mechanical power could invite them and then expel them by reversing its action. The Great Physician answered his trained students, when they asked why they had failed to cast out a devil from a lunatic boy:

“Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you.

“Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”— *Matthew*, xvii, 20-21.

The Galilean fishermen’s failure to realize their divine birthright was not so complete as that of the modern savants. What place has ‘prayer and fasting’ in any curriculum of our wonderful age of mental and physical ‘efficiency’?

The ancients taught the fundamental simplicity of things to be known, by beginning with the descent of spirit into matter. This original *involution* of spirit provides the universal impetus of *evolution*,— the endless coming out into progressively unfolding forms of material life, *pari passu* with gradually *regained* consciousness. Modern science goes back only half way in beginning with evolution, while denying the reality of the immortal man who consciously became involved in conditioned existence. The union of spirit and matter in incarnating man typifies the universal duality uniting the visible and invisible worlds.

When science loses sight of the soul as the motive power of growth,

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its invented beginnings do not link up the facts in the case. Note that Edison's idea of the "remarkable memory" of ultra-microscopic entities reproducing the burned skin-pattern, in no way accounts for the original design worked out in antenatal life. True, the brain did not plan it then or later. But, on the other hand, neither did the multiplying embryonic cells 'remember' what they had not yet experienced. The original pattern no more 'happened,' regardless of law, than did any reproduction of it.

Physiology points out that the human body starts from a single cell. Without Reincarnation, memory can play no part in directing this marvelous creation of a living creature out of a speck of matter. Reincarnation explains how the everconscious soul, knowing its past, again takes up its thread of destiny in a suitable body. For instance, the inventive genius of Edison represents the storage of the past — his past. Do not his doubt of immortality and his proposed machine for bridging the gulf of death, seem like a sacrilegious anti-climax to his useful and brilliant career? What shall it profit a man to gain a whole world of knowledge, and to lose sight of his own soul?

The supreme need of a bereaved world today is assurance that death is not the end, and that unselfish love can reach up to the loved ones who have gone home for a while.

It is from no lack of machinery that the march of civilization, instead of an orderly progress, has become a blind and chaotic attempt to 'muddle through.' We need no more theories or inventions based upon belittled and distorted conceptions of life and death. Mechanical psychology is a contradiction in terms. Already the world's trained army of brain-mind wizards are helplessly regarding their specialties in the disordered machinery of life,— political, diplomatic, theological, industrial, educational, social,— wondering where to tinker next.

"Man, know thyself," is the first and last word of wisdom. And since "knowledge is of loving deeds the child," it follows that Brotherhood is the truly scientific path leading to the seer's intuitive insight.

❦

"No more can misery ensnare those who do not produce it than can debt enmesh those who do not borrow. The Giver is free from misery and debt, having instead happiness and credit as assets."— *F. M. Pierce*

BRIMHAM ROCKS

JAMES H. GRAHAM



AT Brimham, nine miles south of Ripon in Yorkshire, England, there are to be found some remarkable rock formations. Rocking stones and other rocks of grotesque and fanciful shapes are to be found in great variety, all within a radius of a few hundred yards. They are much visited by the genus tourist, who solemnly rocks them and gapes at the 'wonderful work of Nature,' and departs satisfied with the explanation that these fantastic shapes are the result of some gigantic geological coincidence.

The rocks themselves are situated near the edge of a cliff overhanging the valley of the river Nidd. They are composed of some kind of millstone grit which is much stratified, with an underlying stratum of a softer rock. There are other masses of such rock in the district, but only at Brimham are the shapes worthy of remark.

Perhaps the most interesting example is the Idol rock. This is an immense mass of stone twenty feet high, and weighing some two hundred tons, resting firmly on a base about ten or twelve inches in diameter at the point of contact. Geologists state that the underlying strata have been worn away by glacial or 'epigene' action, but they do not explain how the erosion could possibly have taken place in all directions at once, as it would have to do, if the rock were not to topple over during the operation.

Near the Idol rock, there is a group of four rocking stones of large size, arranged on a couple of adjacent platforms, so close together as almost to touch each other. There is just enough space between each pair for a man to stand, and, conveniently enough, there is a coffin-shaped stone between the two platforms for the man to stand on. These rocking stones are of the kind which rest upon two rounded points of contact upon a flat table. At present it is necessary for a person to stand at one side of a stone and swing the body, in order to make the stone oscillate. Further away, at the edge of the cliff is a stone that will rock under the mere pressure of the hand.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Why then should not the rocking stones of Ireland, or those of Brimham, in Yorkshire, have served for the same mode of *divination* or oracular communications? The hugest of them are evidently the relics of the Atlanteans; the smaller ones, such as Brimham Rocks, with some revolving stones on their summit, are copies from the more ancient lithoi. Had not the bishops of the middle ages destroyed all the plans of the *Dracontia* they could lay their hands on,

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Science would know more of these. As it is, we know that they were universally used during long prehistoric ages, and all for the same purposes of prophecy and MAGIC."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 346-347.

There are many other rocks of fanciful shape to which names have been given by the guides. And certainly the names in most cases are well descriptive of the objects. There are also holed stones. At one point, near the cliff-edge there is a tunnel-like cavern which gives a peculiar sound to words spoken into it.

Would it not be possible that, at some date, intelligent persons judiciously 'helped' or modified the formations to suit their purposes?

FORGIVENESS

KENNETH MORRIS

BEYOND the wounds and blindness of today,
I take my refuge in the things that are:
I say that when we lit the Milky Way,
Star by immaculate star,

With fires of joy, in all the angelic clan
None lovelier and none loftier-hearted trod
Than you, whose chariot flamed along the van
So battle-gay for God.


And when, the cycles of our warfare done,
About the gates of God we Cherubim,
War-worn, triumphant, gather sun by sun
From the world's utmost rim,

With songs, and tales of how we once were men,
Heart-dimmed, in this oblivion quenched — I say
It is not like I shall remember then
This you have done today.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

BY A STUDENT AT POINT LOMA

 O answer the question why one should study Theosophy and become identified with the Theosophical Movement would take much space, and can only be in part replied to. A general answer might be that the teachings of Theosophy are the most complete and scientific presentation of the vital facts available about human nature and the world, and that the practical activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society offer the most promising basis for the realization of the brotherhood of man. The field of Theosophy is so wide that the most intelligent and the simplest persons who are inspired by goodwill and the desire to help can find endless opportunities to serve their fellow-men and to gain wisdom for themselves.

I became a Theosophist because I found that Theosophy attacks the cause of all our troubles at the root — human selfishness and the overmastering sense of personal egotism — and shows how to transmute the lead of common desire into the gold of spiritual aspiration in a way marked by common sense and not leading away from the proper duties of life into some fantastic dreamland.

I became a Theosophist because I found that no dogma is forced upon inquirers; that each is told that the real teacher is the divine principle latent in everyone, and that progress is only made by inner effort for self-mastery. I found that instead of being a formalized set of dogmas that must be accepted on pain of unorthodoxy, Theosophy is progressive; it is what might be called a Point of View. To illustrate this idea, imagine a tract of land with trees, flowers, animals, rocks, and streams; suppose it examined in turn by a gardener, a real-estate agent, an artist, a geologist, a fisherman, a botanist, a poet, etc., each will regard it from his own special and limited point of view; only a commanding genius would grasp the whole content of the scene. So it is in the field of life; according to our personal limitations and prejudices we only see a little of the meaning of the great world around us, but as soon as the study of nature — particularly human nature — is taken up in the light of Theosophy, the eyes are opened and the horizon widens surprisingly. This is the experience of all sincere students, and although it brings a greater responsibility it also brings more power to use it, and the ability to avoid many mistakes.

I became a Theosophist because its teachings prove that man is

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something more than the personal self, the external individual we call Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones; that the true immortal Ego is far superior, and that the object of evolution is the recognition of and union with the higher Self. Jesus referred to the divine nature of man, not the personality, when he said while walking in Solomon's porch, "Ye are gods"; and also Paul when writing "Know ye not that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Socrates revealed his knowledge of the all-important truth when he so frequently quoted the Delphic Oracle, "Man know Thyself!" This Self is the divine Self or Christos, which Paul so earnestly urged upon his followers to "form" within themselves.

I became a Theosophist because the idea of the reincarnation of the higher Ego in many earthly lives, to learn through experience of many kinds in successive ages, explains the mystery of apparent injustice to those who are born under unfavorable conditions. It makes clear the righteousness of Law under which we reap just what we sow. Even if we have to wait for a future incarnation to get our deserts, good or bad, they are of our own making. The Law of Karma or unerring justice, which is the truest mercy, is a fundamental conception in Theosophy, and the longer the student studies human life with its action made clear through the principle of reincarnation the more fully will he appreciate Theosophical teachings.

I became a Theosophist for other good reasons, but the space at my disposal has its limits. The remainder of this article will be confined to the consideration of a few Theosophical teachings which seem specially interesting to me.

It should be thoroughly understood that when we speak of the teachings of Theosophy we do not mean anything that has to be taken on blind faith or that has the flavor of dogmatism. They are offered on their merits, and students find that they are keys to knowledge which prove their efficiency by opening many closed doors. It is a source of great interest to see modern science making discoveries and evolving theories which more and more approach the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion, as Theosophy is sometimes called, and also to observe the broader-minded religious leaders abandoning the old-fashioned interpretations of medieval theology and moving towards freedom. The magnificent work of Mme. Helena P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and the efforts of her followers the world over for the last forty or more years, have permeated the thought-atmosphere, so that today we see a positive change, a change so marked that there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have carefully examined the situation that the Theosophical Movement has been a leading factor in the liberation of humanity from superstitious theology and crass materialism. Workers in the Movement

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may say then, that they became Theosophists because it is in the forefront of the great battle against ignorance and selfishness.

Theosophy has brought to light the ancient wisdom as a healer, a bond of union between religion and science, harmonizing their antagonism without surrendering truth. How many thousands of persons have seen with dismay the Bible teachings of their childhood cut from under their feet by the remorseless ax of scientific criticism! Other oriental religions have been affected similarly. But to the student of Theosophy the painful dilemma of having to choose between science and religion does not face him: he discovers that the allegories of the Sacred Books of the ages are not silly fables invented to amuse primitive minds in the so-called 'childhood of the race,' but that they are profound revelations of historical and spiritual truths, a kind of symbolic shorthand which only needs the key to make it clear in all its beauty and significance. And above all, he finds that all the ancient world-faiths agree in the essentials of their teachings; that the only real heresy is unbrotherliness, selfishness, separateness. The Theosophical teachings which prove the basic unity of religions form a tremendous binding and harmonizing force. From this aspect alone many have become enthusiastic workers for Theosophy. Think what a difference there would have been in the history of Europe if the religious wars had never taken place!

It is indeed no waste of time to study the Theosophical interpretation of the Hebrew and other scriptures; without dogmatism it sets forth a view which has never appeared before. It is not possible for the critic to look upon the alleged books of Moses as primitive folk-lore after giving proper attention to what H. P. Blavatsky has to say; neither is it possible to look upon them as uniquely inspired works, totally different from every other scripture. In her modest way H. P. Blavatsky says in her greatest book, *The Secret Doctrine*:

"These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore, now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation."—Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*

One of the departments of the School of Antiquity, established by Katherine Tingley in 1897 for the purpose of higher studies on Theosophical lines, is that of archaeology, and many students have found great profit in pursuing the history of the past in the light of the hints given by

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H. P. Blavatsky. In her works she shows that wisdom and intelligence of a high order were in the possession of certain races long before the time when some suppose that the human race had only just emerged from animalism. It is curious that in this age of transition so many church authorities have been scared by the bold claims of positive science and have succumbed wholesale to the persistent assaults against the stories of *Genesis*, and have accepted the convenient explanation that they are nothing but the poetic folk-lore of a primitive culture. Yet, without the Fall of Man from the 'Golden Age' in the Garden of Eden how would there be need for a Redemption? Theosophy, and apparently Theosophy alone, has the responsible task of defending the essential truth of the Bible and the other world-scriptures from the assaults of modern skepticism. Theosophy, however, does *not* uphold the dead-letter forms of any one of these systems. The surface meaning is always incomplete, often misleading if taken literally. No Theosophist imagines that the Serpent in the Adam and Eve allegory, for instance, was an ordinary reptile which held a long conversation with Eve, or that Noah collected all the myriads of species of animals into an ordinary vessel or Ark and kept them there for weeks without their accustomed food and with very imperfect ventilation! Archaeology proves that the serpent-myth is found widely distributed, and that the Flood story is practically universal, but it is not able to show the scientific basis for these and the other prehistoric legends unless helped by the clues brought forward by Theosophy. I wonder how many Sunday School teachers have puzzled over the remarkable saying of Jesus: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." (*Matt.* x, 16) Obviously he did not mean the ordinary snake, for it is low in the scale of intelligence; an elephant or a dog, an ant or a bee, would have been more suitable if he really meant to draw a comparison from the animal kingdom. But Theosophy points to the real meaning of his words which, as he himself said, were veiled in mystery. "Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." (*Matt.* xiii, 13). The serpent allusion is easily penetrated. In old times the wise teachers were known as 'serpents' and their habitations as Serpent's Holes or Mounds. In Egypt and Ancient America, among the Druids and Indian Hierophants, the wisest teachers were called Serpents, sometimes Dragons.

The study of the symbolism of the cross is full of interest, and it alone would lead to the conviction that there was a real brotherhood of religions in ancient times, for it is found almost everywhere. Since Madame Blavatsky revealed some of the deeper meanings of the cross, archaeologists have discovered new evidences corroborating her teachings.

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For instance, the Rev. W. W. Seymour in a recent work on the cross, says:

"It is well known that the leading truths of the primeval religion imparted to man by his Creator in Paradise may be traced through the principal pagan mythologies; and that a symbol of the fundamental article of the Christian creed and hope has been recognised as sacred in the very earliest records of antiquity. In nearly every kind of relic which time has spared, it is clearly to be read. . . . This fact has been almost unnoticed."

No, not unnoticed, but *deliberately obscured*, because it cuts at the root of bigotry and dogma. The same writer quotes St. Augustine's remarkable pronouncement from his *Retractationes*:

"That in our times is the Christian religion . . . called according to that name, but not according to the thing itself, of which it is the name; for the very thing which is now called the 'Christian' religion really was known to the ancients, nor was it wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race up to the time Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called Christian, and this in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received that name."

That universal religion was the Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy, but modern Christianity has lost many of its most important features. From the few illustrations just mentioned, but which only give a faint glimpse of the wide field opened to Theosophical students of archaeology, it will be understood that this department offers many attractions to inquiring minds.

It is not long since a hard and narrow theology controlled the acts and thoughts of our forefathers. The harsher laws of Moses, combined with a limited interpretation of the New Testament, were made the guide of life. We need not dwell on this as we all know its main features. The Puritan age has passed with its tyranny of conscience and also with its good side. By degrees the ancient dogmatism, as a dominant authority in everyday life, was supplanted by a science which, claiming to be enlightened, was colored by materialism, a natural reaction against bigotry.

But today science is one of the controlling factors in the affairs of nations. The world pays far more attention to sanitarians than to Sabbatarians; the sick man calls for the physician sooner than the priest. Legislation is powerfully affected by scientific thought. In an address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an eminent professor warned his colleagues, saying, "Scientific men are looked up to as authorities, and should be careful not to mislead." It is indeed necessary that science should be freed from the taint of materialism before it becomes too powerful. Theosophy has delight in scientific discoveries; students of Theosophy follow the progress of scientific research with appreciation and interest, but do not necessarily assent to all the conclusions of the scientists, to theories which are continually being revised and even repudiated as new discoveries are made or fresh minds criticize them. Theo-

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sophy has a far greater body of facts back of it and has been in existence enormously longer than modern science.

The question of Evolution, of the origin of man and the universe, is of immense importance, because according to the view we take so are our life and conduct likely to be. In regard to man, it is universally accepted by the academies of science, and very widely (though not always officially) by theologians, that man is but a superior animal, descended from some apelike ancestor, and that the great apes — the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan—fairly well represent and are descended from the primitive ape-stock which existed before man gradually separated from it. We may see in our museums models showing the supposed descent of man from apelike creatures. The appeal of these exhibitions is quite hypnotic. "Look!" they say to our children, "only a few thousand years ago your ancestors were brutal ape-men, and it is not so very many generations ago, at the rate of thirty generations a thousand years, that your progenitors were swinging and gibbering in trees like the creatures in the monkey-house! Where is your boasted superiority to the other beasts that perish?" What a contrast in psychological effect such a picture offers to the words of the wise teachers of old, "*Ye are gods.*" How differently it must affect the susceptible mind of the child.

The scientific claim that man is nothing but a higher animal comparatively recently evolved from the irrational animals through the mechanistic laws of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, has spread very widely and has enormously affected the social relations of mankind. Professor Delage, of the University of Paris, says that "a narrow and distorted interpretation of Darwin's struggle for life, helped on even by eminent naturalists, was responsible for a set of social theories which justified present industrial and social methods and denied the rightfulness of humanitarian ideas and efforts."

Professor Haeckel of Jena, the famous exponent of the descent of man from the anthropoid ape family, promulgated the most extreme materialism as the outcome of his researches, and his followers and admirers are still very numerous. In the practice of vivisection, decried by many as utterly misleading, and so closely associated with cruelty, we see one result of the materialistic spirit, which blinds so many to the deeper principles of life upon which a true science of healing and prevention should, and ultimately will, be raised.

The general idea of Evolution from lower to higher conditions is, of course, true, though man is by no means a more fortuitous product of blind natural forces, the descendant of some Tertiary ape, and the world is indebted to the brilliant scientific pioneers, the Darwins and the Huxleys, for what they have done in breaking down the superstitious views of

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creation founded upon the literal interpretation of Bible stories, and in so energetically pushing the broad idea of progress with all its possibilities.

While not trying to sketch even in outline the process of evolution according to Theosophy or to indicate the places in ancient literature where it is referred to, one crucial point must be mentioned because it is appropriate to the present time. This is the teaching of Theosophy that the great family of anthropoid apes, represented today by the gorilla, the orang-utan, the chimpanzee, and to a less extent by the gibbons, instead of being older than man and his progenitor, are in reality a younger branch, *thrown off from the imperfect human stock* during the Tertiary period of geological time. The great apes are a retarded, degraded family, partly animal partly human by descent. The full explanation of how this came about, and how, as Madame Blavatsky says, the modern biologist has been confused and sidetracked by the existence of the anthropoids, modern and fossilized, must be studied in her books. Now, any one would think that a biologist who would risk his reputation and scientific standing by casting doubts upon the evolution of man from the ape-stock would be a very bold man, and would have to be very sure of his ground. Yet there are a few such who have not been convinced by the arguments in favor of the ape-theory; among them is Professor Wood-Jones, professor of anatomy at the University of London. His recently published brilliant criticism of the current theory of man's evolution is based partly upon anatomical researches in which he is an expert, partly upon the whole trend of recent anthropological discovery, and partly upon a consideration of extremely ancient human bones found in Australia. About the latter he says:

“And the astounding fact emerges that at a period in the world's history when, only a year or two ago, the most advanced anatomists were satisfied that man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors, a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals, to be a boat-builder and navigator, was actually in Australia, and to an astonishing degree the reasoning master of his own fate.”

Here are a few more quotations from a report of Professor Wood-Jones' startling address on the 'Origin of Man':

“That man is not, as has been held till quite recently, descended from the anthropoid apes; that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man; *that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch; that compared with him, the chimpanzee and the orang-utan are new-comers on the planet* — these were the assertions made by Professor Wood-Jones and which he claimed to have been proved. . . . (He) made a moving appeal for the whole reconsideration of that post-Darwinian conception of man's comparatively recent emergence from the brute kingdom, which he claimed to have been so disastrous to the world's thought in view of present tragic events. The 'missing link' of Huxley, he asserted, if ever found, would not be a more apelike man but a *more human ape*. Such phrases as 'the will to live,' 'the struggle for existence' and 'the survival of the fittest,' — the whole idea of what he described as end-on evolution from lower to higher forms — must be

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abandoned in view of our newer knowledge. Man as man is inconceivably more ancient than has ever been supposed even by so original and daring an investigator as Professor Arthur Keith in his last book, *The Antiquity of Man*. Finally, the whole theory of brute striving, red in tooth and claw, for the world's mastery, and the philosophies founded thereon, are gross misinterpretations, from which not only on sentimental but on scientific grounds it is imperative for human thought to free itself." (Italics ours.)

Professor Keith puts the age of humanity — modern man — at not less than one million years. If, as Professor Wood-Jones says, "man is inconceivably" older than that, he would not be surprised at the claim of Theosophy that physical man has lived on earth at least eighteen million years.

Another supremely acute observer, Henri Fabre, the great French naturalist, found that Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest did not explain the habits and forms of the animal life he studied so carefully, and many thinkers are now considering very seriously whether that quiet, modest Frenchman has not completely toppled over some of the leading theories of modern biology.

And yet, in view of the array of powerful intellects who have been satisfied with the ape-ancestry theory, and considering the general abandonment of the Adam and Eve story, it is certainly difficult to see what the intelligent world could do but accept the scientific claims on human evolution. What rival was there in the field? None, unless the ancient legends of India or China, of ancient Egypt or Greece — about the origin and primitive history of man — were accepted; and how could any modern thinker look seriously upon these when nothing but the surface meaning was known? Yet these oriental fantasies, as they seem, including the early part of *Genesis*, contain a consistent and reasonable account when freed from the accretions of ages and properly interpreted. To do this, however, required an interpreter possessing the knowledge and training of Madame Blavatsky. The interpretation she brought from the East is available to all who desire light in the pages of her greatest work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

The illustration above taken from biology showing the approach of a leading scientist towards the Theosophical position about the ape-ancestry question, could be paralleled on other lines, but enough has been said to suggest one answer to the question "Why am I a Theosophist?"

Finally, I am a Theosophist because Theosophy is the hope of the world, and I am a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society because, in it, under the wise and compassionate guidance of a Leader who knows the real needs of humanity and how to apply Theosophy to the healing of the nations, the highest ideals of practical brotherhood — which is Theosophy — are being demonstrated. There is much to be done before the Kingdom of Heaven can come upon Earth;

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it will not be brought down by miracles but by downright hard work, and everyone will have to take his share. The means of doing this glorious work are within ourselves; the way will open to each one just in proportion as he learns to distinguish the voice of the true immortal and divine self from that of the personal and selfish nature. As Katherine Tingley says:

“it is Theosophy that challenges, for while American in center, this school of Theosophy [the School of Antiquity at Point Loma] is international in character — a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth.

“Through this school and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical, moral, and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes; they will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world.”


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.*

XXVI — “SACRED IERNE OF THE HIBERNIANS”*

“I could not put the pen aside
Till with my heart's love I had tried
To fashion some poor skill-less crown
For that dear head so low bowed down.”— *From the Celtic*

T is but a step from Wales to Ireland. From the one, you can see the “fair hills of holy Ireland” in the heart of any decent sunset; from the other, you can see Wales shining in any shining dawn. No Roman legion ever landed in Ireland; yet all through Roman times boats must have been slipping across and across; there must have been constant communication; and there was, really, no distinction of race. There was a time, I believe, when they were joined, one island; and all the seas were east of the Severn. Both peoples were a mixture of Gaels and Cymry; only it happens that the Gaelic or Q language survived in Ireland; the Cymric or P language in Wales. So, having touched upon Wales last week, and shown the Crest-Wave flowing in there, this week, following that Wave westward,

*The stories told in this and the following lecture, and the translations of Irish poems, etc., are taken from Mr. T. W. Rolleston's delightful *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*, or from M. de Jubainville's *Irish Mythological Cycle*, translated and published in Dublin in the 'nineties.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

I invoke the land of Ireland!
Shining, shining sea!
Fertile, fertile mountain!
Gladed, gladed wood!
Abundant river, abundant in water!
Fish-abounding lake!

— It was what Amargin the Druid sang, when the Gael first came into Ireland. Here is the story of their coming: --

Bregon built a tower in Spain. He had a son named Ith; and one fine evening in winter Ith was looking out over the horizon from Bregon's tower, and saw the coast of Ireland in the distance; for "it is on a winter's evening when the air is pure that one's sight carries farthest." So says the eleventh century bard who tells the tale: he without knowing then that it was not in Spain was Bregon's tower, but on the Great Plain, which is in the Atlantic, and yet not in this world at all. Now this will tell you what you ought to know about Ireland, and why it is we end our lectures with her. We saw Wales near the border of things: looking out from that cliff's edge on to the unknown and unseen, and aware of mysterious things beyond. Now we shall see Ireland, westward again, down where the little waves run in and tumble: sunlit waves along shining sands; and with boats putting out at any time; and indeed, so lively an intercourse going forward always, that you never can be quite sure whether it is in mortal Ireland or immortal Fairyland you are, —

"So your soul goes straying in a land more fair;
Half you tread the dew-wet grasses, half wander there."

For the wonder of Ireland is, that it is the West Pole of things; there is no place else nearer the Unseen; its next-door neighbor-land westward is this Great Plain, whither sail the Happy Dead in their night-dark coracles,— to return, of course, in due season; and all the peoplings of Ireland were from this Great Plain. So you see why the Crest-Wave, passing from dying Europe, "went west" by way of Ireland.

I will tell you about that Great Plain: it is

"A marvelous land, full of music, where primrose blossoms on the hair, and the body is white as snow.

"There none speaks of *mine* and *thine*; white are the teeth and black the brows; eyes flash with many-colored lights, and the hue of the fox-glove is on every cheek. . . .

"Though fair are the plains of Ireland, few of them are so fair as the Great Plain. The ale of Ireland is heady, but headier far the ale of the Great Country. What a wonder of a land it is! No youth there grows to old age. Warm streams flow through it; the choicest mead and wine. Men there are always comely and blemishless."

Well; Ith set sail from the Great Plain, with three times thirty warriors,

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and landed at Corcaguiney in the south-west of Ireland; and at that time the island was inhabited less by men than by Gods: it was the Tuatha De Danaan, the Race of the Danaan Gods, that held the kingship there. Little wonder, then, that the first name of Ireland we get in the Greek writings is "Sacred Ierne, populous with the Hibernians."

Well now, he found MacCuill, MacCecht, and MacGrene the Son of the Sun, arranging to divide the kingdom between them; and they called on him to settle how the division should be. —"Act," said he. "according to the laws of justice, for the country you dwell in is a good one; it is rich in fruit and honey, in wheat and in fish; and in heat and cold it is temperate." From that they thought he would be designing to conquer it from them, and so forestalled his designs by killing him; but his companions escaped, and sailed back to the Great Plain. That was why the Milesians came to conquer Ireland. The chiefs of them were Eber Finn, and Eber Donn, and Eremon, and Amargin the Druid: the sons of Mile, the son of Bile the son of Bregon; thus their grandfather was the brother of that Ith whom the Gods of Ireland slew.

It was on a Thursday, the first of May, and the seventeenth day of the moon, that the Milesians arrived in Ireland; and as he set his right foot on the soil of it, Amargin chanted this poem:

I am the wave of the Ocean;
I am the murmur of the billows;
I am the ox of the seven combats;
I am the vulture upon the rock;
I am a tear of the sun;
I am the fairest of plants;
I am a wild boar in valor;
I am a salmon in the water;
I am a lake in the plain;
I am a word of science;
I am the spear-point that gives battle;
I am the god who creates in the head the fire of thought.
Who is it that enlightens the assembly upon the mountain, if not I?
Who telleth the ages of the moon, if not I?
Who showeth the place where the sun goes to rest?

They went forward to Tara, and summoned the kings of the Danaan Gods to give up the island to them; who asked three days to consider whether they would give battle, or surrender, or quit Ireland. On that request Amargin gave judgment: that it would be wrong for the Milesians to take the Gods unprepared that way; and that they should go to their ships again, and sail out the distance of nine waves from the shore, and then return; then if they could conquer Ireland fairly in battle, it should be theirs.

So they embarked, and put the nine waves between themselves and

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the shore, and waited. And the Danaans raised up a druid mist and a storm against them, whereby Ireland seemed to them no more than the size of a pig's back in the water; and by reason of that it has the name of Innis na Wic, the Island of the Pig. But if the Gods had magic, Amargin had better magic; and he sang that Invocation to the Land of Ireland; and at that the storm fell and the mist vanished. Then Eber Donn was exulting in his rage at the thought of putting the inhabitants to death; but the thought in his mind brought the storm again, and his ship went down, and he was drowned. But at last the remnant of them landed, and fought a battle with the Gods, and defeated them; whereafter the Gods put a druid invisibility on themselves, and retired into the hills; and there in their fairy palaces they remain to this day; indeed they do. They went back into the inwardness of things; whence, however, they were always appearing, and again vanishing into it; and all the old literature of Ireland is thriddled through with the lights of their magic and their beauty, and their strange forthcomings and withdrawings. For example: —

There was Midir the Proud, one of them. In the time of the great Caesar, Eochaid Airem was high king of Ireland; and he had for his queen Etain, reborn then as a mortal,— but a Danaan princess at one time, and the wife of Miidir. It was a fine evening in the summer, and Eochaid Airem was looking from the walls of Tara and admiring the beauty of the world. He saw an unknown warrior riding towards him; clad in purple tunic; his hair yellow as gold, and his blue eyes shining like candles. A five-pointed lance was in his hand; his shield was ornamented with beads of gold.

—“A hundred thousand welcomes to you,” said the high king. “Who is it you are?”

—“I know well who you are,” said the warrior, “and for a long time.”

—“What name is on you?” said Eochaid.

—“Nothing illustrious about it in the world,” said the other. “I am Midir of Bregleith.”

—“What has brought you hither?”

—“I am come to play at chess with you.”

—“I have great skill at chess,” said the high king; and indeed, he was the best at it in Ireland, in those days.

—“We shall see about that,” said Midir.

—“But the queen is sleeping in her chamber now,” said Eochaid; “and it is there the chessboard is.”

—“Little matter,” said Midir, “I have here a board as good as yours is.”

And that was the truth. His chessboard was of silver, glittering with

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precious stones at each corner. From a satchel wrought of shining metal he took his chessmen, which were of pure gold. Then he arranged them on the board. —“Play you,” said he.

—“I will not play without a stake,” said the king.

—“What will the stake be?” said Midir.

—“All one to me,” said Eochaid.

—“If you win,” said Midir, “I will give you fifty broad-chested horses with slim swift feet.”

—“And if you win,” said Eochaid Airem, sure of victory, “I will give you whatever you demand.”

Midir won that game, and demanded Etain the queen. But the rules of chess are that the vanquished may claim his revenge,— a second game, that is, to decide the matter; and the high king proposed that it should be played at the end of a year. Midir agreed, and vanished.

The year ended, and Eochaid was at Tara; he had had the palace surrounded by a great armed host against Midir; and Etain was there with him. Here is the description of Etain:

“A clear comb of silver was held in her hand, the comb was adorned with gold; and near her, as for washing, was a basin of silver whereon four birds had been chased, and there were little bright gems of carbuncles on the rim of the basin. A bright purple mantle waved round her; and beneath it another mantle with fringes of silver: the outer one clasped over her bosom with a golden brooch. A tunic she wore, with a long hood that might cover her head attached to it; it was stiff and glossy with green silk beneath red embroidery of gold, and clasped over her breast with marvelously wrought clasps of gold and silver, so that men saw the bright gold and the green silk flashing against the sun. On her head were two tresses of golden hair, and each tress plaited into four strands, and at the end of each strand a little ball of gold. Each of her two arms was as white as the snow of a single night, and each of her two cheeks of the hue of the foxglove. Even and small the teeth in her head, and they shone like pearls. Her eyes were blue as the blue hyacinth, her lips delicate and crimson. . . . White as snow, or the foam of the wave, was her neck. . . . Her feet were slim and white as the ocean foam; evenly set were her eyes, and the eyebrows of a bluish black, such as you see on the shell of a beetle. . . .”

— What I call on you to note about that is something very unpoetic. It is not the flashing brightness, the grace, the evidence of an eye craving for beauty, and of a hand sure in the creation of beauty; — but the dress. The Irish writers got these ideas of dress without having contacted, for example, classical civilization, or any foreign civilization. The ideas were home-grown, the tradition Irish. The writer was describing what he was

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familiar with: the kind of dress worn by an Irish princess before Ireland had seen foreign fashions and customs. He was heightening his picture for artistic effect, no doubt; but he was drawing with his eye on the object. I am inclined to think that imagination always must work upon a basis of things known; just as tradition must always be based on fact. Now then: try, will you, to imagine 'primitive savages' dressing like that, or sufficiently nearly like that for one of their bards to work up such a picture on the actualities he had seen. I think you cannot do it. And this picture is not extraordinary; it is typical of what we commonly find in the ancient Irish stories. What it proves is that the Ireland that emerges into history, war-battered and largely decivilized by long unsettled conditions as she was, remembered and was the inheritor of an Ireland consummately civilized. — But to return to the hall of Eochaid Airem: —

Every door in it was locked; and the whole place filled with the cream of the war-host of the Gael, and apprehension on everyone, they not knowing would it be war and violence with Midir, or what it would be. So it had been all day; so it was now in the dusk of the evening. Then suddenly there stood Midir in the midst of them: Midir the Proud; never had he seemed fairer than then. No man had seen him enter; none knew how he had come. And then it was but putting his spear in his left hand for him, and putting his right arm about the waist of Etain, and rising through the air with her, and vanishing through the roof. And when the men of Ireland rushed out from the hall, they saw two swans circling above Tara and away, their long white necks yoked together with a yoke of moon-bright silver.

It was a long time the Gods were ruling in Ireland before the Milesians came. King after king reigned over them; and there are stories on stories, a rich literature for another nation, about the time of these Danaan Gods alone. One of them was Lir, the Boundless Deep. He had four children by his first wife; when she died, he married her sister, Aoife by name. Aoife was jealous of the love he had for his children, and was for killing them. But when it came to doing it, "her womanhood overcame her," and instead she put swanhood on the four of them, and the doom that swans they should be from that out for nine hundred years: three hundred on Lake Derryvaragh in West Meath, three hundred on the Straits of Moyle between Ireland and Scotland, three hundred on the Atlantic by Erris and Innishglory. After that the enchantment would end.

For that, Bov Derg, one of the Gods, changed her into a demon of the air, and she flew away shrieking, and was heard of no more. But there was no taking the fate from the swan-children; and the Danaans sought them on their lake, and found they had human speech left to them,

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and the gift of wonderful Danaan music. From all parts they came to the lake to talk with them and to hear them singing; and that way it was for three hundred years. Then they must depart, Fionuala and her three brothers, the swan-children, and wing their way to the northern sea, and be among the wild cliffs and the foam; and the worst of loneliness and cold and storm was the best fate there was for them. Their feathers froze to the rocks on the winter nights; but they filled the drear chasms of the tempest with their Danaan singing. It was Fionuala wrapped her plumage about her brothers, to keep them from the cold; she was their leader, heartening them. And if it was bad for them on the Straits of Moyle, it was worse on the Atlantic; three hundred years they were there, and bitter sorrow the fate on them.

When their time to be freed was near, they were for flying to the palace of Lir their father, at the Hill of the White Field in Armagh. But long since the Milesians had come into Ireland, and the Danaans had passed into the hills and the unseen; and with the old centuries of their enchantment heavy on them, their eyes had grown no better than the eyes of mortals: gorse-grown hills they saw, and green nettles growing, and no sign of the walls and towers of the palace of Lir. And they heard the bells ringing from a church, and were frightened at the "thin, dreadful sound." But afterwards, in their misery, they took refuge with the saint in the church, and were converted, and joined him in singing the services. Then, after a while, the swanhood fell from them, and they became human, with the whole of their nine centuries heavy on them. "Lay us in one grave," said Fionuala to the saint; "and place Conn at my right hand, and Fiachra at my left, and Aed before my face; for there they were wont to be when I sheltered them many a winter night upon the seas of Moyle." So it was they were buried; but the saint sorrowed for them till the end of his days. — And there, if you understand it, you have the forgotten story of Ireland.

She was once Danaan, and fortunate in the Golden Age. Then she was enchanted, and fell from her high estate; and sorrow and the wildness of ages of decivilizing wars were her portion; but she retained her wonderful Danaan gift of song. Then came Christianity, and she sang her swan-song in the services of the Church; — when she had overcome her terror of the ominous sound of the bells. She became human again: that is, enjoyed one more period of creative greatness, a faint revival of her old splendor; and then.— Ah, it was a long time ago; a long time the hermit has been sorrowing over her grave! But listen, by the lake of Derryvaragh, on the seas of Moyle, or by Erris and Innishglory, and you will hear still the ghostly echoes of the singing of Danaan swans. *Danaan* swans: — music better than of the world of men!

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O Swan-child, come from the grave, and be bright as you were of old
When you sang o'er the sun-bright wave in the Danaans' Age of Gold!
Are you never remembering, darling, the truth that you knew well then,
That there's nobody dies from the world, ashore, but is born in the world again.

It brings me naturally to the place where we take her up in our history. At the end of the fourth century, "the sea," says the Roman poet Claudian, "was foamy with the hostile oars of the Irish." Niall of the Nine Hostages was high king of Tara; and he was all for a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep. He raided the coasts of Britain annually, and any other coasts that came handy, carrying off captives where he might. One of these was a boy named Sucat, from Glamorgan: probably from Glamorgan, though it might have been from anywhere between the Clyde and the Loire. In time this Sucat escaped from his Irish slavery, entered the Church, took the Latin name of Patrick, and made it his business to Christianize Ireland. That was about the time when the Britons were throwing off the Roman yoke. He was at the height of his career in the middle of the fifth century.

Even if he did not make a clean and bloodless sweep of the whole country, Patrick was one of the most successful Christian missionaries that ever preached. There was some opposition by the druids, but it was not successful. He went to the courts of the kings, and converted them; and to say you had baptized a king, was as good as to say you had his whole clan captured; for it was a fractious unnatural clansman who would not go where his chieftain led. We are in an atmosphere altogether different from the rancor and fanaticism of the continent. Patrick,—there must have been something very winning and kindly about the man,—roused no tradition of animosity. He never made Ireland hate her pagan past. When the Great Age came,—which was not till later,—not till the Crest-Wave had passed from Wales,—and Christian Irishmen took to writing down the old legends and stories, they were very tender to the memories of the Gods and heroes. It was in pity for the Children of Lir, that were turned into swans, that they were kept alive long enough to be baptized and sent to heaven. Can you fancy Latona and her children so received by Greekish or Latin monks into the Communion of Saints? But the Irish Church was always finding excuses for the salvation of the great figures of old. Some saint called up Cuculain from hell, converted him, and gave him a free pass that Peter at the Gates should honor. There was Conchobar MacNessa again. He was king of Ulster in the days of the Red Branch, the grand heroic cycle of Irish legend; Cuculain was the chief of his warriors. A brain-ball was driven through the skull of Conchobar from a sling; but sure, his druid doctors would never be phased by a trifle like that. They bound up the wound and healed him

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in a cauldron of cure; but warned him never to get excited or over-exert himself, or the brain-ball would come out and he would die; barring such accidents, he would do splendidly. And so he did for some years. Then one day a darkness came over the world, and he put his druids to finding out the cause of it. They told him they saw in their vision three crosses on a hill in the east of the world, and three men nailed on them; and the man in the middle with the likeness of the Son of God. With that the battle-fury came on Conchobar, and he fell to destroying the trees of the forest with his sword. "Oh that I were there!" he cried; "thus would I deal with his enemies." With the excitement and over-exertion, out came the brain-ball, and he died. And if God Almighty would not take Conchobar MacNessa, pagan as he was, into heaven for a thing like that,—sure, God Almighty was not half such a dacent kindly creature as the Irish monk who invented the yarn.

So nothing comes down to us that has not passed the censorship of a race-proud priesthood, with perhaps never a drop of the wine of true wisdom in them, to help them discriminate and truth to shine through what they were passing on; but still, with a great deal of the milk of human kindness as a substitute, so far as it might be. They treasured the literary remains of druid days; liberally twisting them, to be sure, into consonance with Christian ideas of history and the fitness of things; but still they treasured them, and drew from them inspiration. Thus the whole past comes down euhemerized, cooked, and touched up. It comes down very glorious,—because the strongest feeling in Irish hearts was Irishism, race-consciousness. Whereas the Latin Church was fierce against antiquity and all its monuments, the Celtic Church in Ireland was anxious above all things to preserve Celtic antiquity,—having first brought it into line with the one true faith. The records had to be kept,—and made to tally with the Bible. The godhood of the Gods had to be covered away, and you had to treat them as if they had been respectable children of Adam,—more or less respectable, at any rate. A descent from Noah had to be found for the legendary kings and heroes; and for every event a date corresponding with that of someone in the Bible. Above all, you had to pack the whole Irish past into the few thousand years since Noah came out of the Ark. — You get a glimpse in Wales of the struggle there was between Hebrao-Christian chronology and the Celtic sense of the age of the world: in the pedigree of an ancient family, where, it is said, about half way down the line this entry occurs after one of the names: "In his time Adam was expelled from Paradise." In Ireland, indeed, there was at least one man from before the Flood living in historic times: Fintan, whom, with others, Noah sent into the western world while the Ark was building. Here is one of Fintan's poems:

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“If you inquire of me concerning Ireland, I know and can relate gladly all the invasions of it since the beginning of the delightful world. Out of the east came Cessair, a woman, daughter of Bith, with her fifty maidens, with her three men. The flood came upon Bith on his mountain without mystery; on Ladru at Ard Ladran; on Cessair at Cuil Cesra. As for me, for the space of a year, beneath the rapid flood, on the height of a mighty wave, I enjoyed sleep which was exceeding good. Then, in Ireland, I found my way above the waters until Partholan came out of the East, from the land of the Greeks. Then, in Ireland, I enjoyed rest; Ireland was void till the son of Agnoman came, Nemed with the delightful manners. The Fir Bolg and the Fir Galioin came a long time after, and the Fir Domnan also; they landed at Erris in the west. Then came the Tuatha De Danaan in their hood of mist. I lived with them for a long time, though their age is far removed. After that came the sons of Mile out of Spain and the south. I lived with them; mighty were their battles. I had come to a great age, I do not conceal it, when the pure faith was sent to Ireland by the King of the Cloudy Heaven. I am the fair Fintan son of Bochra; I proclaim it aloud. Since the flood came here I am a great personage in Ireland.”

In the middle of the sixth century he was summoned as a witness by the descendants of Niall of the Nine Hostages against King Dermot MacKerval, in a dispute as to the ancient divisions of Ireland. He came to Tara with nine companies in front of him, and nine companies behind: they were his descendants. This, mind you, is in strictly historical times. The king and his people received him kindly, and after he had rested a little, he told them his story, and that of Tara from its foundation. They asked him to give them some proof of his memory. “Right willingly,” said Fintan. “I passed one day through a wood in West Munster; I brought home with me a red berry of the yew-tree, which I planted in my kitchen-garden, and it grew there till it was as tall as a man. Then I took it up, and re-planted it on the green lawn before the house, and it grew there until a hundred champions could find room under its foliage, to be sheltered there from wind and rain, and cold and heat. I remained so, and my yew remained so, spending our time alike, until at last all its leaves fell off from decay. When afterwards I thought of turning it to some profit, I went to it, and cut it from its stem; and I made of it seven vats, and seven keeves, and seven stans, and seven churns, and seven pitchers, and seven milans, and seven medars, with hoops for all. I remained so with my yew vessels until their hoops all fell off from decay and old age. After that I re-made them; but could only get a keeve out of the vat, and a stan out of the keeve, and a mug out of the stan, and a cilorn out of the mug, and a milan out of the cilorn, and a medar out of

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the milan; and I leave it to Almighty God that I do not know where their dust is now, after their dissolution with me from decay.”*

Now here is a strange relic of the Secret Teaching that comes down with this legend of Fintan. Each of the four Cardinal Points, it was said, had had its Man appointed to record all the wonderful events that had taken place in the world.† One of them was this Fintan, son of Bochra, son of Lamech, whose duty was to preserve the histories of Spain and Ireland, and the West in general. As we have seen, Spain is a glyph for the Great Plain, the Otherworld.

From this universal euhemerization,— this loving preservation and careful cooking of the traditions by the Christian redactors of them,— we get certain results. One is that ancient Ireland remains for us in the colors of life: every figure flashes before our eyes in a golden mellow light of morning, at once extremely real and extremely magical: not the Greek heroic age appears so flooded with dawn-freshness, so realistic, so minutely drawn, nor half so lit with glamor. Another result is that, while strange gleams of Esotericism shine through,— as in that about the Four Records of the Four Cardinal Points,— things that it seemed undangerous to the monks, because they did not understand their significance, to let pass,— we hear nothing in Irish literature about the philosophy of the Druids. Ireland retains her belief in magic to this day; and his would be a hard skull that could know Ireland intimately and escape that belief. So it seemed nothing irreligious to the monks to let the Druids remain magicians. But philosophy was another matter entirely; and must be ruled out as conflicting with the Christian scheme of things. From this silence our Druid-Medicine-men Theorists draw great comfort and unction for their pet belief. Reincarnation appears in some stories as a sort of thing that might happen in special cases; because “God is good to the Irish,” and might be willing to give them sometimes another chance. But nothing is allowed to come down to imply it was known for a law in Nature; no moral or philosophic bearing is attached to it. This is just what you would expect. The Christian censors of the literature had rejected it as unchristian doctrine. They would hate to have it thought that Irishmen could ever have believed in such things; they would cover such belief up in every possible way. You would find peasant-bards in Wales to this day, men learned in the national tradition, who are deacons in their chapels and druids of the Gorsedd, and firm believers in Druidism. They have founded a Gorsedd here in America lately, with an active propaganda of Druidism, and lecturers touring. They think of it as a

*De Jubainville, *Irish Mythological Cycle*: whence also Fintan's poem quoted above.

†See *The Secret Doctrine*, for the Theosophical teaching.

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kind of Pre-Christian Christianity; and would open their eyes wide to hear that Reincarnation was the cornerstone teaching in it. This may throw a little light on the attitude of those early Irish Christians. — But on the other hand there were tales that could not be preserved at all, that you could not tell at all, without bringing a touch of reincarnation into them. The universal doctrine survived in that way in Ireland, as it survived as a rumor in the folk-lore in Wales.

There is the story, for instance, of Mongan son of Fiachta, a historical chieftain killed in 625. According to Tigernach, the oldest of the Irish annalists, Finn MacCool died in A. D. 274. Finn, you will remember, is the central figure of the Fenian Cycle of sagas; he was the father of Oisín and the leader of the Fenians; next to Cuculain, he is the chiefest hero of Irish legend. I quote this story from M. de Jubainville.*

Mongan had a quarrel with Forgoll, his chief bard or *file*, as to the place where Fothad Airgtech king of Ireland had been slain by Cailte, one of Finn's companions. Mongan said it was on the banks of the Larne in Ulster, near his own palace; Forgoll said it was at Dubtar in Leinster. Forgoll, enraged at being contradicted by a mere layman, threatened to pronounce awful incantations against Mongan, which might put rat-hood on him, or anything. The end of it was that Mongan was given three days to prove his statement; if he should not have done so by that time, he and all his possessions were to become the property of the file.

Two days passed, and half the third, and Mongan did nothing, but remained at his ease entirely, never troubling in the world. As for his wife, poor woman, from the moment he made the wager her tears had not ceased to flow. —“Make an end of weeping,” said he; “help will certainly come to us.”

Forgoll came to claim his bond. —“Wait you till the evening,” said Mongan. Evening came, and if help was coming, there was no sign of it. Mongan sat with his wife in the upper chamber; Forgoll out before them waiting to take possession of everything. Pitiless and revengeful the look of Forgoll; the queen weeping and wailing; Mongan himself with no sign of care on him. —“Be not you sorrowful, woman,” said he; “the one who is coming to help us is not far off; I hear his footsteps on the Labrinne.” It is the River Caragh, that flows into Dingle bay in the southwest; a hundred leagues from where they were in the palace at Donegore in the north-east of Antrim.

With that she was quiet for awhile; but nothing happened, and she began weeping again. —“Hush now!” said Mongan; “I hear the feet

*But without word-for-word exactitude; hence the absence of inverted commas. The same remark applies to all the stories quoted, or nearly quoted, from Mr. Rolleston's book.

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of the one that will help us crossing the Maine." It is another river in Kerry, between the Caragh and the north-east: on the road, that is, between Mongan's palace and the Great Plain.

That way he was consoling her again and again; and she again and again breaking out with her lamentations. He was hearing the footsteps at every river between Kerry and Antrim: at the Liffey, and then the Boyne, and then the Dee, and after that, at Carlingford Lough, and at last at Larne Water, a little to the south of the palace. —“Enough of this folly,” said Forgoll; “pay you me what is mine.” A man came in from the ramparts; —“What news with you?” asks Mongan. —“There is a warrior like the men of old time approaching from the south, and a headless spear-shaft in his hand.” —“I told you he would be coming,” said Mongan. Before the words were out from between his teeth, the warrior had leaped the three ramparts into the middle of the dun, and in a moment was there between Mongan and the file in the hall. —“What is it is troubling you?” said he.

—“I and the file yonder have made a wager about the death of Fothad Airgtech,” said Mongan. “The file said he died at Dubtar in Leinster; I said it was false.”

—“Then the file has lied,” said the warrior.

—“Thou wilt repent of that,” cried Forgoll.

—“That is not a good speech,” said the warrior. “I will prove what I say.” Then he turned to Mongan. “We were with thee, Finn MacCool,” said he, —

—“Hush!” said Mongan; “*it is wrong for thee to reveal a secret.*”

—“Well then,” said the warrior, “we were with Finn coming from Alba. We met Fothad Airgtech near here, on the banks of Larne Water. We fought a battle with him. I cast my spear at him, so that it went through his body, and the iron head quitted the shaft, and went into the earth beyond, and remained there. This is the shaft of that spear,” said he, holding up the headless shaft he had with him. “The bare rock from which I hurled it will be found, and the iron head is in the earth a little to the east of it; and the grave of Fothad Airgtech a little to the east of that again. A stone chest is round his body; in the chest are his two bracelets of silver, and his two arm-rings, and his collar of silver. Over the grave is a stone pillar, and on the end of the pillar that is in the earth is Ogham writing, and it says, ‘Here is Fothad Airgtech. He was fighting with Finn when Cailte slew him.’”

Cailte had been one of the most renowned of Finn's companions; he had come now from the Great Plain to save his old master. You will note that remark of the latter's when Cailte let the fact escape him that he,

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Mongan, had been Finn: "Hush! it is wrong for thee to reveal a secret." That was the feeling of the Christian redactors. Reincarnation was not a thing for baptized lips to speak about.

But we are anticipating things: the coming of Patrick did not bring about the great literary revival which sent all these stories down to us. Patrick Christianized Ireland: converted the kings and established the church; and left the bulk of the people pagan-hearted and pagan-visions still,— as, glory be to God, they have been ever since. I mean by that that under all vicissitudes the Irish have never quite lost sight of the Inner Life at the heart of things, as most of the rest of us have. Time and men and circumstance, sorrow and ignorance and falsity, have conspired to destroy the race; but there is vision there, however thwarted and hedged in,— and the people do not perish: their woods and mountains are still full of a gay or mournful, a wailing or a singing, but always a beautiful, life. Patrick was a great man; but he never could drive out the Danaan Gods, who had gone into the hills when the Milesians came. He drove out the serpents, they say; and a serpent was a name for a Druid Adept: Taliesin says, in one of his poems, '*Wyf dryw, wyf sarff,*' 'I am a druid, I am a serpent'; and we know from H. P. Blavatsky how universal this symbol was, with the meaning of an Initiate of the Secret Wisdom. So perhaps Patrick did evict his Betters from that land of evictions; it may be so; — but not the God-life in the mountains. But I judge from the clean and easy sweep he made of things that Druidism was at a low pass in Ireland when he came. It had survived there five centuries since its vital center and link with the Lodge had been destroyed at Bibracte by Caesar; and, I suppose, thus cut off, and faced with no opposition to keep it pure and alert, might well, and would naturally, have declined. Its central light no longer burning, political supremacy itself would have hastened its decay; fostering arrogance for spirituality, and worldliness for true wisdom. — How then about the theory that some life and light remained or was revivable in it in Britain? Why claim that for Britain, which one would incline to deny to Ireland and Gaul? — Well; we know that Druidism did survive in Gaul a long time after the Romans had proscribed it. But Gaul became very thoroughly Romanized. The Romans and their civilization were everywhere; the Celtic language quite died out; (Breton was brought in by emigrants from Britain;) — and where the Celtic language had died, unlikely that Celtic thought would survive. But in Britain, as we have seen, while the Romans and their proscription were near enough to provide a salutary opposition and constant peril, there were many places in which the survivors of Suetonius' massacre in Mona might have taken refuge. I take it that in Ireland it suffered through lack of opposition; in Gaul,

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it died of too effective opposition; but in Britain there were midway conditions that may well have allowed it to live on.

Beyond Christianizing the country, it does not appear that Patrick did much for it. It is not clear that Ireland made any progress in material civilization then,—or for that matter, at any time since. We should know by this time that these things are a matter of law. Patrick found her essentially in pralaya, essentially under the influence of centrifugalism; and you cannot turn the ebbing tide, and make it flow before its time. There was a queer mixture of intensive culture and ruthless barbarism: an extreme passion on the one hand for poetry and the things of the spirit,—and on the other, such savagery as continual warfare always brings in its train. The literary class was so strong that in the little kingdom of Tir Conall in Donegal alone the value of ten thousand dollars of the revenue was set aside yearly for its support and purposes;—whereby one would imagine that for all things else they could but have had a nickel or so left. This is culture with a vengeance. There was, besides, wonderful skill in arts and crafts, intricate designing in jewelry-work;—and all this is not to be called by another name than the relics of a high civilization. But there was no political unity; or only a loose bond under the high kings at Tara, who had forever to be fighting to maintain their authority. There was racial, but not national consciousness.

But where in Europe was there national consciousness? We should remember that it only began to exist, or to reincarnate from times beyond the horizon of history, in the thirteenth century A. D. There would be a deal less sneering at Ireland were only these facts known. England was perhaps the first country in which it became effective: the wars of the first and third Edwards called it into being there. Joan lit the fires of it in France; she mainly;—in the fourteen-twenties and thirties. Spain had to wait for Ferdinand and Isabel; Sweden for Gustavus Vasa; Holland for William the Silent; Italy for Victor Emmanuel; Germany for Bismarck. Wales was advancing towards it, in an imperfect sort of way, rather earlier than England; but the Edwardian conquest put the whole idea into abeyance for centuries. So too Ireland: she was half-conquered by the Normans, broken, racked, ruined and crucified, a century before the idea of Nationhood had come into existence, and while centrifugalism was still the one force in Europe. It is thus quite beside the point to say that she was never a nation, even in the days of her native rule. Of course she was not. Nor was England, in those times; nor any other. In every part of the continent the centrifugal forces were running riot; though in some there were strong fighting kings to hold things together. This by way of hurling one more spear at the old cruel doctrine of race inferiorities and superiorities: at Unbrotherliness and all its wicked works

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and ways. It was the European pralaya; when your duty to your neighbor was everywhere and always to fight him, to get in the first blow: to kill him before he killed you, and thank God for his mercies. So Ireland was not exceptional in that way. Where she was exceptional, bless her sweet heart, lay, as we shall see, in the fact that while all the rest were sunk in ignorance and foulest barbarism, and mentally utterly barren,— she alone had the grace to combine her Kilkenny Cattery with an exquisite and wonderful illumination of culture. While she tore herself to pieces with one hand, with the other she was holding up the torch of learning,— and a very real learning too,— to benighted Europe; and *then*, (bedad!) she found another hand again, to be holding the pen with it, and to produce a literature to make the white angels of God as green as her own holy hills with envy! *That* was Ireland!

The Crest-Wave rolled in to her; the spiritual forces descended far enough to create a cultural illumination, but not far enough to create political stability. We have seen before that they touch the artistic creative planes, in their descent, before they reach the more material planes. So her position is perfectly comprehensible. The old European manvantara was dying; elsewhere it was dead. Its forces, when they passed away through Ireland, were nearly exhausted: in no condition whatever to penetrate to the material plane and make political greatnesses and strengths. But they found in her very soil and atmosphere a spiritual something which enabled them to produce a splendor of literary creation that perhaps had had no parallel in Europe since Periclean days: yes, surely Ireland was much more creative than Augustan Rome.

Have any of you heard of literary savages? Of wild men of the woods, your true prognathous primitives, that in a bare couple of generations, and upon no contact with civilized races, rose from their native pithecanthropism to be the wonderful beacon of the West or East? You have not, and cannot imagine it; nor could it ever be. A great literary habit is only acquired in long ages of settled civilization; and there were long ages of settled civilization behind Ireland; and when, about thirteen decades after Patrick's coming, she flamed up into cultural creation, she was but returning to what was proper to her soul: in the midst of her dissolution, she was but groping after an olden self. That olden self, very likely, she had even by that time more than half forgotten; and we now can only see it *refracted*, as it were, through the lens of those first Christian centuries, and with the eyes of those Christian monks and bards. How would they have seen them? — There was that spirit of euhemerization: of making ancient things conform to new Christian ideas. They had the Kilkenny Catterwauling in their ears daily; would they have allowed to any Pagan times a quieter less dissonant music? Could

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they have imagined it, indeed? -- I doubt. Kilkennyism would have appeared to them the natural state of things. Were you to look back into Paganism for your Christian millennium, to come not till Christ came again? Were you to search there for peace on earth and mercy mild? — there in the long past, when all the near past was war? — Besides, there was that ancientest of Mariners, Noah, but a few thousand years back; and you had to make things fit.

So I find nothing in it conclusive, if the legends tell of no conditions different from those Patrick found: Kilkenny Cattery in politics, intensive culture in the things of the spirit; and I see no difficulty in the co-existence of the two. The cultured habit had grown in forgotten civilized ages; the Cattery was the result of national or racial pralaya: of the break-up of the old civilization, and the cyclic necessary night-time between it and the birth of another. Let us remember that during the Thirty Years War, in mid-manvantara, Europeans sunk into cannibalism; let us remember the lessons of our own day, which show what a very few years of war, so it be intense enough, can do towards reducing civilized to the levels of savage consciousness. So when we find Ireland, in this fourth century, always fighting,— and the women as well as the men; and when we find a tribe in Scotland, the Attacotti, with a reputation for cannibalism; — we need not for a moment imagine that things had always been like that. It is not that man is naturally a savage, and may from the heights of civilization quickly relapse into savagery; it is that he is a dual being, with the higher part of his nature usually in abeyance, and its place taken, when it is taken at all, by the conventions of law and order; and so the things that are only thought, or perhaps secretly practised, in times of civilization, as soon as war has broken down the conventions, find their full expression in action,— and others along with them. So Patrick found Ireland, what she has been mostly since, a grand Kilkenny Cattery; but with the literary habit of an older and better day surviving, and nearly ready to be awakened into transcendent splendor. The echoes of the Danaan music were ringing in her still; and are now, heaven knows; — and how would they not be, when what to our eyes are the hills of her green with fern, to eyes anointed, and to the vision of the spirit, are the palaces of the Danaan Sidhe, and the topless towers of Fairyland?

I shall come to my history next week; meanwhile here for you is the *Song of Finn in Praise of May*, a part of it, as Mr. Rolleston translates it, to give a taste of the literary habit of Pre-Christian Ireland:

May day! delightful day!
Bright colors play the vales along;
Now wakes at morning's slender ray,
Wild and gay, the blackbird's song.

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Now comes the bird of dusty hue,
The loud cuckoo, the summer lover;
Broad-branching trees are thick with leaves;
The bitter evil time is over.

Swift horses gather nigh,
Where half dry the river goes;
Tufted heather crowns the height;
Weak and white the bog-down blows.

Corncrake singing from eve till morn,
Deep in corn, the strenuous bird;
Sings the virgin waterfall,
White and tall, her one sweet word.

Loaded boughs of little power
Goodly flower-harvests win;
Cattle roam with muddy flanks;
Busy ants go out and in.

.

Carols loud the lark on high,
Small and shy, his tireless lay,
Singing in wildest, merriest mood
Of delicate-hued delightful May.

— And here, from the same source, are the *Delights of Finn*, as his son Oisín sang them to Patrick:

These are the things that were dear to Finn,—
The din of battle, the banquet's glee,
The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing,
And the blackbird singing in Letterlec.

The shingle grining along the shore,
When they dragged his war-boats down to the sea;
The dawn-wind whistling his spears among,
And the magic song of his minstrels three.

— Whereby you may know, if you consider it rightly, what great strain of influence flows in from the Great Plain and the Land of Youth, that may yet help towards the salvation of Europe. When you turn your eyes on the diaphanous veil of the Mighty Mother, and see it sparkling and gleaming like that, it is but a step to seeing the motions of the Great Life behind; but a step to seeing

'Eternal Beauty wander on her way;'

— that Beauty which is the grand Theophany or manifestation of God. It would not be, it could not exist, but that the Spirit is here; but that the Gods are here, and clearly visible: talk not of the Supreme Self, and shut your eyes meanwhile to the Beauty of the World which is the light that shines from It, and the sign of Its presence! And the consciousness of this Beauty is one which, since Ireland, thrilled from the Otherworld,

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arose and sang, has been forcing itself ever more and more through the minds, chiefly of poets, of a Europe exiled from truth. I cannot over-estimate the importance of this delight in and worship of Beauty in Nature, which the wise Chinese considered the path to the highest things in Art. Europe has inherited, mainly from the Greeks and the time the western world fell into ignorance, a preoccupation with human personality: in Art and Literature, I mean, as well as in life. We are individuals, and would peg out claims for ourselves even in the Inner World; and by reason of that the Inner World is mostly shut away from us; — for there, as the poem I quoted about the Great Plain says, “none talk of ‘mine’ and ‘thine.’” But down through the centuries of Christendom, after our catching it so near its source in magical Ireland, comes this other music: this listening, not for the voices of passion, and indecision, and the self-conceit which is the greatest fool’s play of all, within our personal selves, — but for the meditations of the Omnipresent as they are communicated through the gleam on water, through the breath and delicacy of flowers, through the

‘blackbird’s singing in Letterlee,’

-- this tendency to ‘seek in the Impersonal’ (Nature is impersonal) ‘for the Eternal Self.’


So here, in these fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, I find the forces ‘going west,’ through Gaul, through Wales, through Ireland, to the Great Plain; there to recover themselves bathing in the magical Fountain of Youth which is so near to the island the Greeks called “Sacred Ierne of the Hibernians.” It may be that the finest part of them has not come back yet; but will re-emerge, spiritual and saving, through this same gateway. One would be ashamed of the Host of the Gods, were they not doing strenuous battle in the unseen for the regeneration of this poor Ireland, that will yet mean so much to the world; -- and one would marvel at the hellions, indeed one would, were they in their turn not moving heaven and earth, with their best battle-breaking champions in the forefront, to maintain their strangle-hold on her tortured and beautiful soul.



“WE are in the Kali-Yuga and its fatal influence is a thousandfold more powerful in the West than in the East; hence the easy preys made by the Powers of the Age of Darkness in this cyclic struggle, and the many delusions under which the world is now laboring.”— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE ANXIETY ABOUT EDUCATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

HE question of our default in education is now agitating the public mind and is a topic of general interest which may be treated in this magazine and on which Theosophy may throw some light.

Of course we are striving not to educate a comparative few but to educate the entire community, and this broad area must be considered responsible for a corresponding thin spreading of our educational forces. But this is by no means all the evil. The lack of adequate support for teachers is one symptom out of several showing that not enough interest is taken in education as compared with other matters for which there is no lack of resources either in men or money.

For this state of affairs we must hold responsible the wave of materialism so characteristic of last century, when the minds and energies of men were directed to the accumulation and development of material resources and the finer values of life were disregarded and were sneered down by obliging humorists. This spirit still exists, though it has passed its acme. With a certain scientific school interested in emphasizing the supposed brute origin of humanity, and ignoring or even denying man's mental and spiritual heredity; with crank psychology studying the reflexes and animal instincts in man, while ignoring the higher nature in him; with the minds of statesmen and reformers set on questions of material prosperity and national rivalry; with these and other forces at work, can we wonder that education takes a tinge from our general color and shows itself lacking in essentials?

Technical and vocational education — so-called 'practical' instruction — may be required to fit men and women for their work in life; but first we must have the men and women. We cannot teach anything to the unteachable, nor graft any good fruit upon a feeble or unsound stock. And this is just where our education is said to be failing: it does not instil the rudiments of efficiency in the moral character or in the mental make-up of the prospective student. Hence what is sought to be added drops off; and it is like trying to teach scientific calculation to pupils who cannot work a simple equation or do correctly the first four rules in arithmetic.

The Athenian culture under Pericles was a kind of brief sunset glow reflecting the glories of a forgotten past when brighter civilizations lived

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on earth; and its mission has been to help preserve ideals for later times. We find that the object of education was then considered to be to round out the entire man, body, mind, and soul, so as to make him a worthy, happy, and useful member of the community. Education did not aim to fit the youth for any particular calling, but so to equip him as to be fit for any call that might be made upon him. It consisted of training for the body, training for the mind, and that third famous branch of education called 'music,' which cultivated the tastes and produced harmony and balance in the character. The athletic training did not aim at producing sheer muscular strength, as was the case in certain other parts of Greece, but at giving an equal proportion and a due combination of vigor with flexibility.

In contrast with this we find that the ideal of pushing on one's personality and achieving material success is still quite dominant as a motive in education; and one even speaks of it with fear and trembling, as though obligated to make some concession to popular feeling. One finds too the tendency to scoff at idealism and the cultivation of tastes as being 'unpractical,' and to set up a standard of superiority based on one's vaunted freedom from all such visionary and unpractical pursuits.

So it is not hard to see one good reason why education has not come up to expectation. We are learning by actual experience that what we have considered practical may not be so practical after all, and that ideals are quite important in the sense that they are the very essence of life. Practical applications are merely the exploitation of ideals, just as actions proceed from thoughts; so that we have been living on the interest accruing from a capital laid up by those before us — the pioneers who broke the way for us.

Education must begin in the home, as Katherine Tingley so often insists; for it must begin as soon as ever the child is able to express himself in any way at all — that is, as soon as he is able to choose between right and wrong. This stage arrives in the cradle, and hence it is there that education must begin. This of course means that the parent is the first educator. For we are hardly prepared in our day to go back to those ideas which Plato, reviving institutions familiar to the audiences of his day, proposed: that children should be taken early from their parents and brought up by the state. Had Plato lived in our time he would probably not have suggested ancient Spartan and Cretan ideas; it is necessary to adapt oneself to one's age. The home means so much more for us than it has meant at some past epochs.

The way in which we treat our teachers shows what kind of relative value we assign to their functions. For, whatever we may *say*, in actual practice these most important functionaries find themselves elbowed out in the struggle. As in the case of ministers, if we are to estimate the

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value assigned to people by their position in the wage-scale, we cannot place the teacher very high.

As to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, it is doing two things for education: holding up the lamp of truth, as it has always done; and giving a working example of a school conducted in accordance with the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky as being those of Theosophy. Under the first head we must put the wide influence which Theosophy, during the years of its literary and other activity, has exercised on current thought, in counteracting materialism and insisting on the importance of recognising the spiritual values in life and the higher nature and destiny of man. This is an influence which is growing all the time; and it is only a question of time before it will profoundly change our whole outlook on life, thus benefiting education in company with all other institutions. The Râja-Yoga system serves as a visible illustration, which commands wider and wider attention, as the work it is accomplishing is shown to more and more visitors.

THE MYSTIC PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNÂTH

GRACE KNOCHE

"In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."— Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

"For every nation had and many still have *holy* mountains; some Himâlayan Peaks, others Parnassus and Sinai. These were all places of initiation."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 494



THE interesting photographs of the mystic pilgrimage to Amarnâth Cave in the Himâlayas, reproduced in this issue, were received recently by Mme. Katherine Tingley from W. Y. Evans-Wentz, A. M. (University of California), M. A. Oxon, Docteur ès Lettres (Rennes), a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Mr. Wentz made this pilgrimage in the summer of 1919, the only European in a company of pilgrims, who, he writes, treated him with the utmost consideration and kindness, the High Priest in charge of the cave paying him special honor. This pilgrimage carries one to a height of nearly 15,000 feet and requires a week, often longer, for the ascent. The interesting notes sent by Mr. Wentz with the photographs taken by him induce many reflexions, for pilgrimages are as old as man; and the one made yearly to the Cave of Amarnâth in an almost inaccessible part of the Himâlayas is probably

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the most notable of our own day for the incredible difficulties to be surmounted, the large numbers who essay it, and the marvelous nature-panorama that unfolds before the pilgrim from day to day.

The second of the illustrations shows a group of *sâdhus* or Hindû ascetics resting on their way, the third another group in front of the Cave of Amarnâth. At the lower edge of the picture near the center an unclad pilgrim is seen just emerging from the cave, his body smeared with the chalky substance of the cavern rock. For this is one of the limestone caves so associated all over the world with mystical and prehistoric events. Within the cave the High Priest, who sits there to welcome the pilgrims and to receive their offerings, placed the chalky mixture in the *sâdhu's* hand.

The fourth is a view of the marvelous *Śishta-Nâg*, or lake of the World-Serpent, which according to the legend supports the world in its folds. Tradition has it also that the lake owes its origin to the tears which fell from the eyes of the lovely Sitâ when the demon Râvana carried her away from her consort Râma. This is immortalized in the *Râmâyana*, India's great epic. Both the lake and the glacier which feeds it are to be seen on the journey to the Cave.

We take pleasure in referring to a description of this pilgrimage in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1920, to the author of which, Mr. L. Adams Beck, we acknowledge our indebtedness for facts which supplement the notes sent with the photographs, and for the following citations made from his article, which shows a truly Theosophical sense of the mystic and the beautiful. Referring to the "wild and terrible beauty of the journey, and the glorious close when the Cave is reached," the writer declares this pilgrimage to be "the experience of a lifetime even for a European," and asks:

"What must it not be for a true believer? Yet, in the deepest sense I should advise none to make it . . . who cannot sympathize to the uttermost with the wave of faith and devotion that sends these poor pilgrims climbing on torn and wearied feet to the great Himâlayan heights, where they not infrequently lay down their lives before reaching the silver pinnacles that hold their hearts' desire. . . . As for the beauty and wonder of the journey, all words break down under the effort to express them."

This Cave is sacred to Śiva, the third of the Hindû Trinity of the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer — or Regenerator, as Theosophy renders the word.

"He is the God especially of the Himâlayas — the Blue-Throated God, from the blue mists of the mountains that veil him. The Crescent in his hair is the young moon, resting on the peak that is neighbor to the stars. The Ganges wanders in the matted forests of his hair before the maddening torrents fling their riches to the Indian plains. . . .

"He is also Nâtarâja — Lord of the Cosmic Dance; and one of the strangest and deepest wrought parables in the world is that famous image where, in a wild ecstasy, arms flung out,

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head flung back in a passion of motion, he dances the Tândava, the whole rapt figure signifying the cosmic activities, Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. 'For,' says a Tamil text, 'our Lord is a Dancer, who, like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses his power in mind and matter, and makes them dance in their turn.'

"The strange affinity of this conception with the discoveries of science relating to the eternal dance of the atom and electron gives it the deepest interest. I would choose this aspect of the God as that which should fill the mind of the Amarnâth pilgrim. Let him see the Great God Mahâdeo (Magnus Deus), with the drum in one hand which symbolizes creative sound — the world built, as it were, to rhythm and music. Another hand is upraised, bidding the worshiper 'Fear not!' . . . thus is embodied a very high mysticism, common to all religions."

It is possible to make this pilgrimage only in July and August, for during the rest of the year, the heights are barriered by snow and ice. The start is made from Pahlgam on the Lidar river in Kashmîr, this at a height of about 8000 feet. While the Hindûs undertake it on foot and clad in only the thinnest of cotton garments, where not entirely unclad, the European nearly freezes in his wool and furs. Mr. Beck further had the additional aid of the hill ponies. These are rough, unshod, wonderful little animals, almost human in intelligence at times and with incredible endurance,

". . . slipping, sliding, stumbling, yet brave, capable, wary as could be. I shall forever respect these mountain ponies. They are sure-footed as goats and brave as lions and nothing else would serve in these high places. In Tibet they have been known to climb to the height of 20,000 feet."

The ascent is perilous and steep — over tumbled boulders, often along paths less than a foot in width, with mighty walls on one side and abysmic depths on the other, where a misstep would mean destruction; over and through maelstromic torrents, and across snow-bridges where at a certain stage of melting there is constant danger of their giving way, to hurl the pilgrim down to death. Yet the journey, in spite of hardship and danger,

"was like climbing from story to story in a House of Wonder. The river was rushing by our tents when they were pitched, pale green and curling back upon itself . . . and the mountains stood about us like a prison. And when I stood outside my tent just before turning in, a tremulous star was poised on one of the peaks, like the topmost light on a Christmas tree, and the Great Bear lay across the sky glittering frostily in the blue-blackness."

Up and up they went, stage by stage and day after day, camping each night in the bitter chill of ice-bound fastnesses — one cannot say 'wastes,' for by some strange benignity of Nature the softening miracle of her beauty was constantly before them, to the very top. Trees were early left far below — but flowers never. In the very shadow of snow-bridge and glacier

"the men gathered and brought me tremulous blue and white columbines, and wild wall-flowers . . . and there was a glorious thistle, new to me, as tall as a man, and with blue-green silvered spears and a head of spiky rays. Bushes, also, like great laurels, but loaded with rosy berries that the Kashmiris love."

The next mountain climbed — and there were still flowers:

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“beds of purple anemones, gorgeous golden ranunculus holding its gold shields to the sun, orange poppies, masses of forget-me-nots of a deep glowing blue — a *burning* blue. . . . We could hardly go on for the joy of the flowers.”

Another ‘story’ in the House of Wonder — snow and ice, wild crags and towering rampart and scarp, and bitter winds, yet on the level ‘marg’ or meadow, “cloven down to the heart of the earth by a fierce river,” were — flowers. Higher still by a mountain’s height — and there, too, were flowers:

“in another wild marg, all frosted silver with edelweiss, and glorious with the flowers of another zone — flowers that cling to the bare and lichened rock and ask no foothold of earth.

“That was a wild way . . . and round us were rocks clothed with rose-red saxifrage, shaded into pink, and myriads of snowy stars, each with a ruby in its heart. Clouds still of the wonderful forget-me-not climbed with us. . . .”

Height after height and story after story followed, as day succeeded day, with the nights terrible in their chill and the days wild and hard, with ice and snow everywhere, overhead and underfoot, save in these strange margs, warmed by the summer sun a few hours each day, and putting forth their miracle of flowers.

“Next day we should reach the Cave, and the morning looked down upon us sweet and still — a perfect dawn.

“First we crossed the marg, shining with buttercups, and climbed a little way up a hill under the snows, and then dropped down to the river-bed under caves of snow, for the path above was blocked. It was strange to wade along through the swift, icy waters, with the snow-caves arching above us, sending their chill through us in the glowing sunlight. The light in these caves is a wonderful, lambent green, for the reflected water is malachite green itself. . . . The strain was great. At one point I felt as if my muscles would crack and my heart burst. We did the worst in tiny stages, resting every few minutes, and always before us was the *sâdhu* winning steadily up the height. . . .

“We rode along the face of the hill — an awful depth below, and beside us flowers even exceeding those we had seen. Purple asters, great pearl-white Christmas roses weighting their stems, orange-red ranunculus. . . . And above this heaven of color was the Amarnâth mountain at last — the goal.”

To the mystic this is very symbolic. We cannot wonder that the writer asks:

“Had any God ever such an approach to his sanctuary as this great God of the heights? We climbed through a huge amphitheater of snows, above us the ribbed and crocketed crags of a mighty mountain. It was wild architecture — fearful buttresses, springing arches, and terrible foundations rooted in the earth’s heart; and, above, a high clerestory, where the Dawn might walk and look down. . . . But there it stood, crowned with snow, and we toiled up it, and landed on the next story, the very water-shed of these high places — a point much higher than the goal of our journey. . . . Sometimes the snow was rotten, and we sank in; sometimes it was firm, and then we slipped; sometimes riding was impossible, and then we picked our way with alpenstocks . . . but nothing seemed to daunt the flowers. . . . My feet were set on edelweiss and the buttercups were pure gold.”

One morning on the ascent they found that a *sâdhu*, or ascetic, had reached the same height and seeing that he was both cold and weary they

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invited him to their fire and to share their simple food. His own was simpler still, rice and a sort of lentil, and he was journeying unclothed in that inclement air. Says Mr. Beck:

“Sometimes these men are repulsive enough, but this one — I could have thought it was Kabir himself! Scrupulously clean, though as poor as human being could be. He would have come up from the burning plains with his poor breast bare to the scarring wind, but that some charitable native had given him a little cotton coat. A turban, a loin-cloth looped between the legs, leaving them naked, grass sandals on feet coarse with traveling. . . . I thought of Epicurus, the saint of ancient Rome, and his one tattered cloak.

“This was a man of about fifty-five, tall, thin, with a sensitive face, yet with something soldierly about him; dignified and quiet, with fine hawk-like features and strained bright eyes in hollow caves behind the gaunt cheek-bones. A beautiful face in both line and expression: a true mystic, if ever I saw one!”

He had walked from far Bengal, and for sixteen years had been journeying from one holy place to another, and to help, as it proved, rather than be helped, he went on with the company to their common goal, the sacred Cave. It was situated high in the cliff, yet lower than the heights to which they were obliged to climb on their way to it, and was reached only by a final terrible descent. And at last it was before them, its entrance a great arch, the cave itself well lighted by the vast opening. Icy frozen springs issued from the mountain just beyond it, one of them, eternally frozen, having rushed and swirled into the form of the lingam, symbol of life,

‘as it is seen in the temples of India — a very singular natural frost sculpture. Degraded in the associations of modern ignorance, the mystic and the educated behold in this small pillar of purest ice the symbol of the Pillar of Cosmic Ascent. . . . It represents That within the circumference of which the universe swings to its eternal rhythm — That which, in the words of Dante, moves the sun and the other stars. It is the stranger here because before it the clear ice has frozen into a flat, shallow altar.’

Before this altar the *sâdhu* knelt in prayer, placing upon it no blood offerings but simple flowers, and says the writer:

“I laid my flowers on the altar of ice beside his. . . . And if some call the Many-Named ‘God,’ and some Śiva, what matter? To all it is the Immanent God. . . . Later we climbed down into the snowy glen beneath the Cave, and ate our meal under a rock, with the marmots shrilling about us, and I found at my feet — what? A tuft of bright golden violets — all the bright penciling in the heart, but shining gold. . . .”

The *sâdhu* went back with the company, down the long, toilsome descent, and then salaamed and with kindly words went on his way.

“But always I see him, lessening along the great roads of India. . . . Was it not the mighty Akbar who said, ‘I never saw any man lost in a straight road.’ . . .”

“Who can express the faith, the devotion, that sends the poorer pilgrims to those heights? We had all the help that money can give. They do it as that *sâdhu* did it. Silence and deep thought are surely the only fitting comments on such a sight.”

As the land of pilgrimages India is unparalleled. No other land ap-

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proaches it for the frequency of them, for the vast multitudes who make them, or for the unbroken continuity with which they have been observed through the centuries. But it is not the only land. The Nile saw how many no one knows. To Bubastis in honor of Artemis or Bast they went in boats year after year, singing, and playing on flutes and castanets. They went to Busiris to honor Isis — but always there with ceremonies of mourning. They journeyed in multitudes to Saïs to the shrine and temple of the great Neith, Mother of Gods and Men, the counterpart of Umâ or Pârvatî, spouse of Śiva to whose worship the Cave of Amarnâth is sacred — Umâ, the ‘Mystic Mother of India.’ She is especially identified with the Himâlayas, for it was in one of their ice-bound lakes that she floated for an age “like a lotus upon its icy deeps,” that she might win the love of the great ascetic; Umâ the “lover of mountains, the Dweller in the Windhya Hills.”

Greece had her pilgrimages, her mountains and her caves: her pilgrims worshiped Apollo at Delphi, Zeus at Dodona, Aesculapius at Epidaurus, others at other shrines; she had her Parnassus and her Olympus, her caves upon Dicte and Ida — but with no such fierce toil to reach them as the Cave of Amarnâth demands, no such fierce battle with nature. And thus too in Rome, Arabia, Incan and pre-Incan Peru, ancient Mexico, China, Japan, Ceylon. The Christian pilgrim with his staff, scrip, and palm had his prototype in earlier and other lands.

The world has always had sacred mountains, and caves have been — from time so ancient that in Blackstone’s quaint words, “the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” — places of initiation and instruction, the dwelling-places of sibyls or of wise men. It was in a cave that Buddha taught the ancient wisdom to those who were able to receive it, and, says H. P. Blavatsky:

“It is from this cave — called in the days of Śâkyamuni, Saraswatî or ‘Bamboo-cave’ — that the Arhats initiated into the Secret Wisdom carried away their learning and knowledge beyond the Himâlayan range, wherein the Secret Doctrine is taught to this day.”

— *Lucifer*, II, 427.

Caves have been sanctuaries from the dawn of time, and in all ages and all lands, objects of pilgrimage — journeyed to for instruction, for healing, for the worship of some invisible Divinity there, or for some indefinable good believed to arise from the one-time presence in them of sainted teacher or ascetic. It was in a cave that Elijah dwelt on Horeb when he heard “the still small voice.” Obviously, the Bible story is a story of initiation.

A custom so universal in respect to both time and place must have had its rise in some mystic appeal of the soul, in some urge born of soul-memory. In Theosophy — and this means in the archaic texts — the

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soul is referred to as “the Divine Pilgrim,” and the long series of earth-lives, stretching down from Deity like a gold and iron chain, is described by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* as

“the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul . . . through the Cycle of Incarnation (or ‘Necessity’).”
— Vol. I, 45.

This explains it in part, but the symbol has many interpretations. As the outer world has its caves and sacred mountains, and as the soul itself is journeying on the Great Pilgrimage, so within each human heart, where the Real Man lives, are the lofty levels of aspiration and the secret hidden places where spiritual knowledge is to be found. Nor is it chance or accident that the open way to these lies often in communion and sympathy with nature — nature, the Divine not the earthly Isis, who sheds her healing dew upon the weakened body or the distraught soul, and who brings to the weary pilgrim, chilled and toiling amid the hardships of disillusion, the sweet aroma of flowers! It is one of the miracles of life, one of the sweet supernal evidences that the soul always welcomes as proof.

THE ZODIAC AS EVIDENCE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



CHIEF among the teachings of Theosophy stands the affirmation that, not only humanity, but civilized humanity, is far older than has usually been supposed. Now the inquirer into Theosophy, when confronted by this affirmation, will naturally raise the question of evidence. To this we may reply that few and rare indeed are the minds capable of estimating evidence with entire impartiality and with total freedom from bias; and that consequently such evidence as is available has not been appraised at its true value. For reasons into which we need not for the moment inquire, scholars have hitherto for the most part evinced a desire to restrict the time-limits of the human race, and more especially of the civilized human race, within as narrow bounds as possible; whether in deference to scientific theories of evolution, or from an unconscious yielding to the hereditary bias imparted by many generations of a somewhat narrow theological teaching. But it may reasonably be argued that, setting aside these preconceptions and prejudices, there is no first-sight reason for thus limiting the chronological range of humanity or even of civilization. Geology having thoroughly

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accustomed us to the contemplation of vast vistas of time for the evolutionary changes in the strata of the earth and in the fauna and flora inhabiting those strata, and astronomy having rendered our minds equally tolerant of huge stretches of time in the history of worlds, it would seem but natural that, bias apart, we should be willing to concede a similar amplitude of scale to the human race and to the history of human achievement. And in such a view the impartial mind would find itself supported by the testimony of readily ascertainable facts. It has become a very commonplace nowadays that, in studying the history of ancient Egypt, we can find no trace of a beginning, but that, on the contrary, as we recede backwards in our view, the stages which we reach are not those of immaturity and incipient growth, but those of maturity pointing yet farther back to ages which must have witnessed its gradual attainment. And such indeed is the conclusion to which we are led by the study of antiquity in general. It is noteworthy in this connexion that, during the closing years of the eighteenth century, as during the closing years of the nineteenth — in accordance with a Theosophical teaching to the effect that the last quarter of every century is thus characterized — we find an uprising of interest in the question of ancient knowledge and the antiquity of civilization. This intellectual movement brought to the fore several men of distinguished attainments, abilities, and character, who are cited by H. P. Blavatsky on these very subjects: Bailly, Volney, and Voltaire; all of whom may be regarded as forerunners of the Theosophical Foundress in calling the attention of the times to this neglected truth of the ancient Knowledge. We refer the inquirer to the conclusions of these writers and to Madame Blavatsky's quotations and comments in *The Secret Doctrine*.

For the present we are not concerned with the bulk of the evidence in support of the theme; nor indeed would the limits of an article suffice to do justice even to a summary. Our immediate purpose is to adduce the Zodiac as one item in the list. And what has just been said as to the faulty estimation of evidence applies forcibly in this case. For the Zodiac has always proved a great puzzle to scholars — and why so? Because, instead of using the facts concerning it as a basis of inference, and thus arriving at a conclusion by the approved method of scientific procedure, they have for the most part endeavored to fit those facts into a scheme already formed, and with results disastrous to the interests of consistency and probability. One familiar disadvantage of this kind of reasoning is that the hypotheses devised to meet a particular case are not infrequently contradictory to the hypotheses conceived by other people to meet other cases — a disadvantage attendant upon the piecemeal study of a large subject, as contrasted with the investigation of that subject in its entirety.

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Again, one finds that the theorist will adopt an explanation which fits some of his facts but not all the facts of the same class, leaving those other facts unexplained or else fitting to them additional theories. These disadvantages are avoided, when we investigate the facts either with an open mind or with a preconceived theory sufficiently large to accommodate them.

In speculating on the Zodiac, we have to try and account for its antiquity and its wide diffusion. Among ancient lands which had it we find mentioned: Egypt, Chaldaea, India, China, Tatar, Arabia, Persia, Greece, Rome; and writers on the subject are busy with theories as to which of these nations originated it and in what way it was derived or borrowed (if such was the case) by one from another. The problem becomes aggravated when we find the zodiac with its familiar signs among the Aztecs of Mexico and the Mayas of Guatemala. But this particular difficulty arises also in connexion with other items of culture that have been found to be similar in the Old and New Worlds, and to explain which various theories of migration or intercommunication in past ages have been devised. Difficult to explain as these facts must seem when one tries to accommodate them to accepted historical views, they present no difficulty to those prepared to entertain the more liberal and adequate prospects at the disposal of such capacious minds as those of the aforesaid French scholars. When it is borne in mind that, according to the scheme outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*, and in support of which H. P. Blavatsky adduces the calculations of the ancient Hindû astronomers and the conclusions of the learned French academicians, we have to contemplate the existence of seven Root-Races of humanity, each of which is subdivided into seven sub-races, it is seen that there is no need to worry overmuch about routes of migration. Especially is this the case when we take into consideration the chronological figures appended to this list of human races; for we have to allow one million years for the duration, up to date, of the present (Fifth) Root-Race, in whose fifth sub-race we are at present, and 850,000 since the submersion of the last great island of Atlantis. As will be seen, these figures are indicated by the motions of celestial bodies through the circle of the Zodiac; and, large as they may seem, they are by no means so when compared with the stretches of time demanded by geologists and astronomers. But it is clear that the few thousand years, in terms of which we have been accustomed to think, do not bulk very large by comparison with such a vista as 850,000. It is no longer necessary to suppose that the various peoples who had the zodiac borrowed it the one from the other; they may each have derived it from a common and older source. And indeed this supposition obviates the evident difficulty of imagining *why* they should borrow it at all,—

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why such great importance should ever have been attached to it as to cause it to be considered as worth borrowing in preference to so many other matters, apparently of far greater importance, which were not borrowed.

The reason for the twelvefold division of the ecliptic has been supposed to be that there are twelve lunations in the year; but this explanation is qualifiable by the fact that the soli-lunar division thus made is unequal, there being a large fraction of a lunation over the even twelve. On the other hand the conjecture is supported by the fact that the Zodiac is also divided into 27 lunar mansions and also into 28 lunar mansions, thus marking approximately the diurnal motion of the moon. We find however that at one time there were only ten signs instead of twelve; and, as this division does not correspond to any existing motion of the sun, we are left to interesting conjecture as to its significance. Students of ancient chronological systems may perhaps discover other facts that seem to fit in with this idea of the denary division. One's researches naturally lead to conclusions on such subjects, but it is usually better to leave each student to his own devices. There are other modes of dividing celestial circles, as may be seen by reference to the authorities on the Zodiac: for instance, into 24 and 108; did these divisions indicate the passage of heavenly bodies or of nodical points, etc., through the circle?

As to the significance of the signs, it is of course a commonplace that, in general, we can find no resemblance among the stellar groups near the ecliptic to the figures by which the divisions are designated. But, even if we could, it becomes necessary to remember that, in the southern hemisphere, the whole scheme would be reversed; for, unless we are to make the spring come in with Libra, and the autumn with Aries, it will be necessary to assign the name of the Ram to the stars occupying Libra, and so on. In short, we must change either the direction of the signs or their significance. Furthermore one finds that the Chinese Zodiac began with our Aquarius and proceeded in a contrary direction, so that Capricorn in our system was Taurus in theirs, and so on. Thus, even if it is suggested that there actually are figures in the heavens, resembling the Zodiacal animals, but no longer visible, or visible only to the trained eyes of seers, the facts just cited need additional explanation.

We shall find the authorities venturing various conjectures as to the reasons for naming the signs: as that the Ox indicates the season of plowing; the Lion (emblem of fire), the solar heat of July; but again, how about the southern hemisphere and the retrograde Chinese Zodiac? As to the explanation of the Crab — that the retrograde movements of that animal indicate the retrograde motion of the sun's rising and setting-points after the summer solstice — we suggest that, as the Chaldaeans

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did not have Johnson's dictionary, they may have thought that a crab walks sideways; and again we remark that the Crab in Australia indicates the winter solstice. But it is recorded that Creation was supposed to have begun under Aries, and the creation of man under Taurus. That starts another thread in the unravelment; it points to a vastly greater cycle than the annual one; and we are reminded that, not only the sun in his annual course, but the nodes of the ecliptic pursue a path through the circle, which lasts 25,868 years — the precessional year. Even this cycle, however, would be too small, as giving but 26,000 years from the Creation of the world to its end; but then there are obviously cycles of all kinds of lengths, marked by the passage of various nodes, apsides, or conjunctions, through the whole circle. Evidently, then, the Zodiac represents a duodenary division of a circle, applicable to cycles of time of various lengths.

The allusion to Romulus and Remus in connexion with Gemini shows that the theorist has seized upon the beginning of yet another thread; for the story of these twins is not of a piece with the Creation and the creation of humanity. In fact, the theorist has grasped a number of different threads, and it is clear that the Creation, the foundation of Rome, and the solar heat in July, do not pertain to the same category.

Reference may here be made to astrology, wherein are recognised other meanings for the zodiacal symbols: as that they correspond to parts of the human body, to certain temperamental characteristics in human nature, to certain places on the earth, to certain plants, animals, colors, etc., etc., as laid down in astrology, genethliacal, horary, mundane, and so forth. This branch of the subject is introduced as part of the general argument, and not for the purpose of descanting upon modern astrology — or, as we would prefer to call it, astrologism. For that, in our opinion, comes under the head of the proverbial “little knowledge” which is “a dangerous thing.” The configurations and changes of the bodies moving in the ecliptic zodiac, in common with the shape of the head, the lines on the hand, the character of the caligraphy, indicate certain influences to which a man may yield, or which he may set aside. Like heredity and the influence of environment, they do not mark resistless laws of his being, permanent traits in his character, or ineluctable events in his fate. To study one's nature and one's destiny by any of these plans, is to run the risk of falling into an unhealthy and unpractical frame of mind, wherein false hopes and groundless fears delude the votary into assuming the attitude of a dreamer and thus losing his opportunities of action. Neither do we propose here to enter into any methods for finding stray cows or lost jewels, or for ascertaining the proper time to marry or to start a business. We merely wish to point out that, in astrology, the zodiacal

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signs have many other significances than are recognised by astronomers. Modern astrology is but a poor dwarfed remnant of one branch of the mighty Science of antiquity; and in this respect it may justly be compared with some of those lowly tribes in the heart of Africa, whose pedigree might be traced back through long ages to the great civilization that flourished on Atlantis. Nevertheless, just as these tribes have preserved some traces of their mighty past, so modern astrology — or, rather, medieval astrology — has preserved something which may serve as a stepping-stone introducing us to that ancient Science.

The zodiacal duodenary is evidently a sort of book in twelve chapters, giving the heads of an order of evolution. This epitome of evolution is a master-key, applicable to the solution of many problems; and hence the innumerable correspondences which may be found to these symbols.


“The descent and re-ascent of the Monad or Soul cannot be disconnected from the Zodiacal signs.” — *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 668

What a vastly different view this gives us of the meaning of the signs! Here at least was something worth borrowing and spreading abroad and celebrating and preserving. We cannot understand why such overwhelming importance should have been attributed to these signs, except upon the supposition that they had a meaning of the greatest possible moment. They were a symbolic epitome of Evolution in its very widest sense; they were a key to Cosmic law, a mighty scientific generalization (using the word ‘scientific’ in its highest sense). They embodied the knowledge attained by the greatest Sages and Seers of all ages. They are on a level with the Seven planetary symbols and with the universal Trinity. They constitute one of the great number-keys of the Secret Doctrine. Applied to the division of celestial circles, they gave the key to the great order of ages, both cosmic and human. Applied to the human race, they gave the key to the drama of human evolution; and applied to man the individual they gave the key to his complex nature and to his destiny.

The zodiacal signs are twelve types — archetypes, and their correspondences may be found among the multitude of other symbols, such as those of the theogonies and mythologies. They form a part of the great ancient Science, and must be studied in connexion with the other parts; and they are one of the most valuable evidences and relics which have come down to us of that Knowledge. Yet, in seeking to revive that Knowledge, we do not have to rely upon tradition alone; for Knowledge is always accessible as long as there are men who possess the faculty to know.

SUN-WORSHIP OF THE HOPIS

T. HENRY, M. A.

 IN 'Sun Worship of the Hopi Indians,' by J. Walter Fewkes, Chief, Bureau of American Ethnology (Smithsonian Report, 1918), the author gives an able account of the beliefs and ceremonies of these people, to which we are indebted for much interesting information; notwithstanding which we do not find ourselves in entire agreement with his conclusions. It is true that he limits the scope of his treatment and makes no claim to go into the depths of his subject; but this is all the more reason for dealing with the matters which he passes over, in order to bring them into due proportionate prominence and to remove the slight which is inevitably implied in ignoring them. He states at the beginning of his paper:

"So far as can be judged from ceremonies, the Hopi religion, so called, is materialistic, and the object of the rites is to secure food and material blessings. There may be another and deeper meaning, but this is of no concern at this time; the object of this article is to discuss their sun worship from an exoteric point of view."

The writer is of course entitled to limit his treatment of the subject to the scope of his immediate purpose or abilities. But we feel it advisable to call attention to certain implications that may arise from such limitation. One is that the other and deeper meaning may be regarded as subsidiary, incidental, and comparatively unimportant; whereas it is proper to maintain on the contrary that this other meaning is the primary and essential one, and that the materialistic meaning is the adventitious and less important one. Another implication, which might arise in the mind of a reader, is that this Indian cult arose in accordance with the naturalistic theories favored by many ethnologists and students of religion; whereas it is possible to hold a brief for the view put forward by Theosophy — that such cults are derivatives of an ancient profound and widely diffused knowledge, which has been handed down in stunted form to the descendants of the great races in which it flourished. In particular, is sun-worship a system invented by uncultured tribesmen for the purpose of formulating a ritual for the propitiation and invocation of the natural powers, or is it the traditional remnant of a once great and elaborate philosophy, relating, not merely to natural forces, but to the entire field of knowledge summed up in the words cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis? For it is impracticable to study the matter through isolated instances; and, if error is to be avoided, sun-worship as a whole, wherever and whenever practised, must be studied. It is well known that, in comparing the cultures of different and widely-separated peoples, we discover analo-

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gies too close in detail to be explained by the theory that they are due merely to a similarity in human needs and human circumstances in all places and times. This theory has been pushed much too far. One feels that it has derived more support than its intrinsic merits deserve, from the circumstance that there does exist a widespread desire to explain the facts of ethnology in a way that shall not be repugnant to certain accepted views as to man's origin and evolution — views which are seriously disturbed by the prospect of cosmic and human evolution set forth by Theosophy. In short, ethnologists have frequently been urged to advocate difficult theories in order to avoid a far simpler explanation, because an acceptance of the latter implies an acceptance of views which science is not yet prepared to embrace. To explain the existing sun-worship among the Hopis as a heritage from a remote past and from greater ancestors, instead of trying to interpret it as a crude religion and ritual invented solely or even mainly for materialistic purposes — this is a thesis that may at least merit attention. It is characteristic of great principles that they can be applied equally to every concern in life; and the same general knowledge which would enable a candidate for Wisdom to prepare himself for initiation into sublime mysteries, would also enable the farmer to work in harmony with nature for the production of crops. It may well be, and must often be the case, that the higher significance of such knowledge has departed from memory with the dispersal and dwarfing of the race; or it may be that some at least of such higher still survives, but not in a form accessible to the modern occidental ethnologist, unless indeed he is willing and able to give practical evidence of sympathy and receptivity, such as might be deemed indispensable for an imparting of carefully guarded secrets.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky, writing on the prevalence of the number seven in symbology, speaks of the Zuñi Indians, saying that —

“Their present-day customs, their traditions and records, all point to the fact that, from time immemorial, their institutions — political, social, and religious — were (and still are) shaped according to the septenary principle. Thus all their ancient towns and villages were built in clusters of six, around a seventh. Again, their sacerdotal hierarchy is composed of six ‘Priests of the House’ seemingly synthesized in the seventh, who is a woman, the ‘PRIESTESS MOTHER.’ . . . Whence this identity of symbolism?”— II, 628.

The Zuñi priests —

“receive an annual tribute, to this day, of corn of seven colors. Undistinguished from other Indians during the whole year, on a certain day they come out (the six priests and one priestess) arrayed in their priestly robes, each of a color sacred to the particular God whom the priest serves and personifies; each of them representing one of the seven regions, and each receiving corn of the color corresponding to that region.”— II, 628-9.

After giving other particulars of these rites, she mentions Frank Hamilton Cushing, who became a Zuñi and was initiated; he found that

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there *was* a deeper meaning to the rites than the exoteric meaning, but he had earned the right to know it. It would be easy to multiply instances of the actual existence of such mysteries among the Indians, but the above will suffice for an example of what we mean.

The Sun is of course the symbol of the All-Father, the Great Spirit, called Osiris among the Egyptians, Apollo among the Greeks, etc. The visible sun of our planetary system is but a single aspect or manifestation of that universal Spirit; and it is materialism and degeneration alone that would lead people to reduce the ancient knowledge and ritual to the level of a mere adoration and invocation of the physical source of terrestrial light and heat. A similar perversion of ancient mysteries has frequently led to the worship of the Sun under his aspect as the physical vitality in man; thus giving rise to rites and practices materialistic at best and often profligate; of which history and even modern times will afford instances. But it is important to remember that the original Sun-worship is pure and lofty; the symbol in that case standing for no less than the divine spark in the human breast. An invocation of the Sun meant, therefore, a dedication of oneself to the universal spirit of Truth, Light, and Compassion. This is in contrast with Lunar worship, implying a veneration of that lesser light that rules the night of mere mentality and obscurantism.

Much is said in *The Secret Doctrine* about the contrast between Solar and Lunar; and it would seem the contrast is the same as that between ages of light and harmony and ages of strife and speculative philosophy and cults and theories. These tribes that thus preserve the ancient solar rituals are keeping up traditions that may be found useful later on.

“There is a deep philosophy underlying the earliest worship in the world, that of the Sun and of Fire,”

says H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 120, giving on the same page the following excerpt from an ancient catechism, where the Master asks the pupil:

“Lift thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?”

“I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.”

“Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?”

“It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, “Thy Soul and My Soul.””

This illustrates the real meaning of sun-worship in its purity — the recognition of the oneness of life, of the essential unity of all men, not as a mere lip-theory, but as a practical maxim. It may be that the

SUN-WORSHIP OF THE HOPIS

Hopis, besides their use of their knowledge for the purpose of agriculture, actually have and practice a deeper meaning, and that this deeper meaning concerns them a good deal more than it may concern some of their critics.

The writer of the Report alludes to the attribution of sex to the sky and earth, saying that "the Indian, knowing that to a union of sexes he owes the birth of his own life, ascribes the origin of life to the same powers." This is a familiar inversion of reasoning. Duality is the most fundamental principle in the cosmos; it pervades all manifestation. In its highest aspect it is the All-Father and the All-Mother, Osiris and Isis; and it is Spirit and Matter, Creator and Creation, Ego and Non-Ego, Wisdom and Love, etc. etc., through an endless number of applications. Sex is nothing in the world but a particular manifestation of this universal duality; and, of sex, the physiological part is the lowest and least important. To say that, in representing Deity as twofold, Father and Mother, we thereby attribute sex, and that we do so on the analogy of our own physiological functions, is one way of expressing the matter; the other way is to begin by recognising polarity as universal, and our sex-function as merely a particular instance of its operation. Symbolism has often been misunderstood in this way; for emblems that were intended in a perfectly chaste and disinterested way as keys to the understanding of some question, have been taken literally, thus giving rise to profligate cults. Probably the Indians do not regard the sky and earth as imitating poor man, with his animal body; but rather they regard poor man as clumsily copying the sky and earth. All the manifested universe and all creatures are produced by the interaction of polar forces, which may be designated Spirit and Matter, Will and Idea, etc.; and the observed fact that, in the growth of plants, light, heat, and air from above blend with earth and water from below, is but an illustration of a universal law. Thus we may well question whether the Indians or anyone else derived the universal idea of the marriage of earth and heaven from an inferior analogy, or whether it constituted an essential part of the esoteric teachings handed down from their forefathers.

We observe too in this connexion that, though the writer claims to confine himself to a discussion of sun-worship from an exoteric point of view, this does not preclude him from considerable speculation in matters that might be regarded as somewhat esoteric. For, speaking of the above sex-analogy he says:

"With this fundamental idea firmly fixed in the human mind, in time myths would cluster about these conceptions; the imagination through poetry would define them objectively until science should lead to rational explanations. When once symbolized or conventionalized they became more and more complicated and took a strong hold on the primitive mind. . . . The magic powers of earth and sky were personated, and when once personated the possibility of man influencing these personations arose in the human mind, and with it the belief that man

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could control them by a more powerful magic. Influenced by this belief, he invented many ceremonies, etc. etc.”

“We know that rain in clouds is water evaporated from the earth, falling on account of changes of temperature in the air. The primitive man did not know this. Our scientific explanation of lightning is that it is the result of electrical difference in tension. The mind of primitive man had no such idea. The primitive agriculturist ascribed forces of earth and sky to supernatural magic powers, and from their influence on the life of the agriculturist these powers are regarded as above all others; sky and earth are considered parents of all life.”

Here crops up the ‘primitive mind’ myth, invented not by the Indians but by their critics. If we assume that the mind which gave birth to these beliefs and practices was primitive, we shall have to exercise our ingenuity in speculating as to how that primitive mind produced these elaborate results; but if we adopt the contrary plan of inferring the nature of the mind from its products, of judging the tree by its fruits, we may reach the conclusion that the mind was not so primitive after all. ‘Primitive man’ all over the earth seems to have displayed a remarkable power of inventing the same myths, even down to minute details in many cases; and we prefer the hypothesis (if it were no more) that a great race of highly-cultured men transmitted their knowledge to their dispersed descendants, who preserved its symbolism, much of its ritual, and even a considerable part of its inner significance. Thus alone can be explained the uniformity of symbolism everywhere. But the subject cannot be understood by confining one’s researches to particular cases; one must study symbolism as a whole.

But we do not know what electricity is, nor can we control the weather. Our scientific knowledge leaves us helpless at the mercy of flood and drought, wind and lightning. Either we have substituted for the All-Father and All-Mother, for the Sky-God and the Earth-Goddess, a ruthless deity called Chance; or else, back of all our scientific knowledge of mere detail and secondary agencies, we still dread and revere deific and supernal powers, as does the Red Man.

The so-called primitive mind is said to have personified the forces of nature. It is we who have depersonified them. In place of intelligent and beneficent powers we have put blind ruthless forces. To such uses have we put our own intelligence! The Red Man is blamed for using analogy instead of inductive inference. It would seem that analogical reasoning has led him to the belief that the universe is pervaded by intelligence, whereas inductive reasoning has led us to believe in chance and blind forces. Reasoning by analogy from his own intelligence, the ‘primitive man’ inferred that the universe, so much greater than man, is operated by intelligent beings. Scientific reasoning, if justly represented in the above treatise, places man as a lonely intelligence amid a limitless chaos of dead matter, whirling globes, and mindless forces. Once pene-

ABNER DOUBLEDAY

trate beyond the limited sphere of immediate causes, to which science mostly confines its discoveries, and we find ourselves as much in the dark about the meaning of the universe and the life of man as ever any mind, however primitive, could be. Under these circumstances, it may be well to study more attentively and with a more open mind the symbology which the Red Man has preserved from his remote sires, if thus we may discover clues to mysteries more vital than those of atmospheric electricity. In fact, let us study reverently the whole book of symbology, as has been done by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, thus learning that the ancient Wisdom-Religion actually existed as a uniform and widely-spread master-science, on the earth in bygone ages; and that it is the fount and origin of all cults.

Every day we are finding out that peoples we had been wont to regard as in a state of childhood in comparison with us are really the heirs of a long past; that, though devoid of many arts characteristic of modern civilization, they understand more of the real art and science of life than we do. Every new discovery tends to support the thesis that the Red Men are the heirs of a great civilization, of whose knowledge their traditions are the memory; not a race on the way up from a hypothetical 'primitive' stage.

ABNER DOUBLEDAY

STUDENT



MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY was one of the earliest members of the Theosophical Society, joining it almost immediately after its formation. He was frequently present at those memorable earliest meetings of the Society in New York, and in this way came into close association with Mme. Blavatsky. In 1878, Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were appointed "a committee of the T. S." in New York to visit foreign lands and report to the Society, General Doubleday being left in charge of the original, parent Theosophical Society as President *pro tem*. On the arrival in India of this committee, their photographs were taken and sent to America, indorsed by Col. Olcott as "the delgation to India." General Doubleday's election as President *pro tem*. "to serve during the absence of the President," was never revoked, and the position was held legally by the General up to the time of his death, in 1893.

The following is from an article published in *The Path*, March, 1893. The article is unsigned, being by the Editor, William Q. Judge, himself.

"Major-General Abner Doubleday, F. T. S., died at his home in Mendham, New Jersey, on January 26, 1893, of heart failure. He was born on June 26,

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1819, at Ballston Spa, N. Y. His father served in Congress during Jackson's Presidency, and his grandfather fought at Bunker Hill and Stony Point. Abner Doubleday was graduated from West Point in 1842, and afterwards served through the Mexican War and later in the Seminole campaign. He was second in command under Major Anderson at Fort Sumter when the last war began, and sighted the first gun fired for its defense on the 12th of April, 1861. During the war he was in continuous active service, and took part in the bloody battle of Gettysburg, and in that military event he was a prominent figure. After the war a series of promotions followed until he was made Brevet Major-General on the 13th of March, 1865. Thereafter he was stationed in the South for three years. On the 11th of December, 1873, he was retired from the active list of the U. S. Army at his own request. During succeeding years he wrote many articles relating to the war, as well as two books, *Reminiscences of Forts Moultrie and Sumter* and *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*. His body was carried to New York, where it lay in state, and then was taken to Washington and buried in the National Cemetery, escorted by a guard of honor and receiving a military salute. This is the rough record of a noble and gentle life.

"Almost immediately after the Theosophical Society was formed he joined its ranks, attended its meetings, met Mme. Blavatsky very often, and on her arrival in India was made the President *pro tem.* here, with William Q. Judge as Secretary, January 17, 1879. He was often at our meetings, and his beautiful voice was heard many and many a time at the Aryan Branch to which he belonged. His name is the second on the roll-book of this Section. A varied experience furnished him with a fund of anecdote of many strange psychical experiences of his own, and these, told with such gentleness and sweetness, could never be forgotten. He was an old and deep student of Theosophy, a genuine Theosophist. A gift from him of over seventy books to the Aryan Branch was the nucleus for its present large library.

"A translation into English of the *Dogma and Ritual of High Magic* by Éliphas Lévi was made by Gen. Doubleday, and presented to his friend, Bro. Judge, but as yet has not been published. He also translated Lévi's *Fables and Symbols*. Another Theosophical work, yet unfinished, is a complete Index and Digest of the early numbers of *The Theosophist*. Both of the last named are also in the possession of Bro. Judge.

"An official letter from the Indian office signed by H. P. Blavatsky and dated the 17th of April, 1880, notified Gen. Doubleday of his election to the office of Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, and is now on file in the office of the General Secretary. After the organization of the Aryan T. S. in New York he was made Vice-President of that Branch, and continued a member of it to the day of his death."

In concluding this sketch of his old friend and colleague, Mr. Judge, who probably knew him better than any other person, writes that he was "one who ever tried to follow out the doctrines he believed in. It will be

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difficult to find another such gentle and sincere character as that of Abner Doubleday.”

The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from an old number of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War*, published soon after the conclusion of the war.

HISTORIC DAYS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

ELIZABETH WHITNEY

MAY EIGHTH



THE custom of celebrating the birthday anniversary of great benefactors of humanity makes the commemoration of May 8th of unusual import in its association with the death instead of the birth of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

But the very name, 'White Lotus Day,' which she herself gave to this memorable date, is recognised as highly symbolical of the doctrine of rebirth, the knowledge of which she brought back to a world that had almost entirely forgotten it, and for which countless thousands proclaim her a world-benefactor.

The month of May as the crowning month of springtime blossoming is indeed a proclamation by Nature of the fact of rebirth, of which we are given visible proof in the continuity of life from seed and bud to blossom time; thence onward to fruitage, and back again to the seed time, thus giving to us the key to the mysteries of our own individual natures by the analogy we find in the ever-recurring cycles of the seasons.

May 8th has an added significance in its association with William Quan Judge as the date on which the legacy of the organization passed into his guardianship. The fact that his death should also have occurred in the spring season associates the name of his successor with the date of his death in the same way in which his own name is associated with that of his predecessor, so that in commemorating May 8th we find the Three Teachers so linked with this spring cycle that we cannot indeed separate them in our thoughts, so closely interwoven are the threads of their work, and so firmly linked with Nature is the work itself, making it a basic part of life as that factor which *persistent* within the changing seasons which come and go. We see these three Teachers pouring forth mental and spiritual treasures with the same prodigal generosity which Nature bestows in her physical realms. The source of the supply is known to them, and in the work of the organization, Nature's methods are followed. Just as storm follows sunshine, and sunshine follows storm, and yet the

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power that holds the opposing elements in balance is never-failing in Nature's processes of readjustment, so in the organization of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, an analogy is perceived in the constant attacks that aim to destroy every forward move, yet are rendered futile by the ability of the Teachers to hold the work in balance. Their power to do this stands out perhaps as the most impressive feature of their vast work for the human family, for it links the work with the basic principles that govern the universe in the power to maintain an equilibrium which renders it indestructible.

Thus in commemorating May 8th we pay homage not only to the vast work done by H. P. Blavatsky from 1875 to 1891, but to the continuity of her work from 1891 to 1921, in which her name is so indissolubly linked with W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley that the three become as one in the manifestation of those attributes with which we associate the indestructible elements in Nature.

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Mme. Blavatsky's work is thus living in the Lomaland life of today, in which we see the same imperishable vitality that Nature so clearly reveals in the springtime awakening of the year, when so joyously she pictures to us the wonderful fact of rebirth, and offers so much to live for in the spring promise of hopes to be fulfilled for the betterment of all life. Nature asks no returns for her beneficence, nor do the Great Teachers. "Needless to say, I won't accept a penny for this sort of teaching," said Mme. Blavatsky, echoing Nature. And in her footsteps followed William Q. Judge, giving his all and asking nothing in return. Katherine Tingley's work throughout has been characterized by this same attitude. In the very beginning at the April Convention of 1896, resolutions were adopted in disapproval of giving tuition in spiritual knowledge, Theosophy, for money consideration. On the great Crusade that followed, this attitude was signalized by the fact that no money was collected by the crusaders. And at the close of the Crusade the organizing of the International Brotherhood League still further accentuated this attitude by the unique stand it took as an organization, namely, that no officers or workers were to receive salaries for their services to humanity. Free education for homeless children has always been a marked feature of Katherine Tingley's work, in which she consistently follows Nature's laws in the basic method of education which reveals that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

On May 8th we pay tribute not only to the great personality, H. P. Blavatsky, but to the cosmic force which actuated the Foundress who

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drew from the same source as the Sun and planets that which she portrayed for us in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Nature gives us a drama which is a continuous performance amid the incessant changes of the scenery of life, in which everything that lives is taking part, each thing in its place being vitally necessary to the complete drama. Mme. Blavatsky in her writings depicted for us the great world-drama that evolution enacts in the periodical manifestation and withdrawal of universes. This drama is on a mammoth scale that suggests wonderful possibilities for the rapidly expanding moving-picture industry. The ordinary brain simply falls down in an attempt to absorb *The Secret Doctrine* as a whole, in the tremendous cyclic changes that occur in the development of the universe and all the life on it. But to a student who takes it in small portions such as half-an-hour daily, with continuity, it becomes mental food for which one hungers the same as for the daily meals for the physical body. It also becomes a form of recreation like that of going to the theater every evening. No 'movies' ever portrayed on the screen can equal in point of thrills, and swift moving action, the wonderful bursts of illumination that flood the mind at the sudden opening of inner realms which reveal the actual working of the machinery of the universe. It is as though in ordinary life one stood outside the theater trying to imagine from the pictures and bulletins what was going on inside. Then H. P. Blavatsky comes and opens the door for one to enter the real theater, and carries her readers into the charmed region behind the scenes in the unfolding of the panorama as seen by the writer.

Mme. Blavatsky wrote her books for the twentieth century, expecting only the few to receive great benefits before that time. The story of evolution which she told was translated for beginners by William Q. Judge into language which showed that evolution and ethics went hand in hand on the upward way. He made clear that Nature was both visible and invisible with an energizing power beyond, and that man was also triune, being a copy in miniature of Nature, and that within himself he must search for the answer to the riddle of life. Katherine Tingley took up the work at the pivotal time — the closing of the century and opening of a new era.

When she took up the work in 1896 the Theosophical Society was twenty-one years old. In the stupendous task which she at once undertook of encircling the globe she was aided by former students of her predecessors, among whom were some so devoted to the cause of Brotherhood, that they determined to aid the Teacher in carrying her message, even to the point of *walking* around the earth should resources give out before the plan could be fulfilled. Some of those students are in Lomaland today at the present pivotal time, when it in turn has reached its majority, and

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again a stupendous task is presented. These workers are now reinforced by a generation of youth who are equally determined to stand by their Leader though the heavens fall. Many eyes are turned towards Lomaland today with an instinct that here self-preservation may be found, for in Lomaland, where east and west meet, stands today the Great Center of Learning, as the fruitage of the seed sown by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875.

MORAL LEADERSHIP

The world today is looking for moral leadership that will lead the way out of the darkness of night that has fallen over the nations. Many, seeking the Light, are asking for the *real* Theosophy which, through the work of Katherine Tingley in Lomaland, they associate with her predecessors, W. Q. Judge and Mme. Blavatsky, identifying these three Teachers as the original source, the fountain-head of true Theosophy.

In commemoration of May 8th, we see that Mme. Blavatsky's writings, which reveal the *Great Within*, are being illustrated by Katherine Tingley's educational system of developing the human faculties from within, the results of which are now visible in a generation of young folk who, in 1921, are becoming the guardians of the legacy left by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1891, and who, by sustaining the moral standard entrusted to them, have become the hope of the world and of generations to come.

UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO PRINCIPLE

MONTAGUE MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

“Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle is what all students need.”



THESE words are taken from some valuable suggestions given out in a letter to her students by Katherine Tingley. Words are at all times misleading, inasmuch as there are generally as many interpretations to be read into them as there are minds to read them. In seeking a satisfactory definition of 'principle,' I took occasion to look up the word 'etiquette.' This word, of French origin, and meaning literally "a little piece of paper, or a mark or title affixed to a bag or bundle expressing its contents"—hence the sign or evidence of the contents of human character — has as one of its definitions "conventional decorum." Decorum, again, is defined as "grace arising from suitableness of speech and behavior to one's own character." Given as synonymous with 'dignity,' the distinction is made that "decorum is that which is *becoming* in outward act or appearance. Dignity springs

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from an inward elevation of soul producing a correspondent effect on the manners." From the above definition of etiquette one may perhaps be permitted to frame a definition of it in the words: 'A proper appreciation of the eternal fitness of things,' in relation primarily to our dealings with our fellow-men.

Now if there exists a certain innate fitness of things in our human intercourse and relationships, there should likewise also be an innate propriety or fitness of things in our relations with the facts and phenomena and experiences of life. In fact, if this is not the case, what do we mean when we refer to certain lines of conduct as 'unprincipled'? In many instances they may be shown to bring no real harm or injury to others and may apparently greatly benefit the one indulging in them. Why do we censure them? Because they violate the sense of moral or ethical fitness. Hence the man of principle is the man whose conduct is governed by a constant sense of moral fitness in the phenomena and experiences of daily life. And the strength of a man's principles will depend generally upon the strength of his convictions. The doubter, the pessimist, the misanthrope, have small ground on which to rear sound principles, for they have no conviction of the soundness or justice of the laws of life. The philosophical mind, on the other hand, devoted to a calm study of the ways of life, given to meditation and introspection, becomes aware of a certain innate beauty and grandeur of his own life and being; once aware of this, he looks out from the glory within to the glory without — the phenomenal world takes the color of his subjective consciousness. Without the aid of creed or formula he *knows* that so soon as he shall have acquired vision to see deeply enough, "the outward and the inward are at one." He has discovered the origin and the nature of what we call principle — the *oneness* of the interior nature of man and the interior nature of the Universe and its laws. Just as the truest and highest form of culture and etiquette is an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things based on a conviction of the divinity of every human being; so principle, truly defined, is an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things based on a conviction of the divine origin and divine laws governing the universe and all the affairs of life.

Why, then, should "preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" be what all students need?

Well, in the first place, it is one thing to know a fact intellectually, and it is quite another thing to have made that fact your own. In all lines of art are to be found those who have long since attained fluency in intellectual grasp, and power of exposition of the canons of art and the rules of execution, but a large percentage of those in this class are very, very far from being entitled to the name of 'artist.' They will only really

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know these canons of art and rules of execution when their very finger-tips and nerve-ends become capable instruments for the visible demonstration in their art of those laws. In the same way, it is one thing to subscribe to and indorse certain principles in life, and quite another thing to become a devotee of those principles. And when we use this word absolutely, as 'principle,' meaning, as the Theosophist does, the recognition of certain Divine Laws governing man and the universe, the holding to it implies far more than such words usually do. The mere acceptance of 'principle' in this sense implies a recognition of man's divinity, as well as of a divine governance of the universe.

"*Unselfish* devotion to principle" are the words employed. Why unselfish? Surely devotion to principle must be unselfish! Well, perhaps, and perhaps not. It all depends upon the motive. When a man tires of the petty and superficial things of life and begins to delve into his nature and sound the depths, he at once becomes a different man: necessarily a more interesting man; necessarily a bigger man; necessarily a man of more significance — a more vital factor in the great drama of cause and effect. All this is true; but it is a mistake to believe that in taking this step of living the deeper life any man whatsoever becomes changed in his own intrinsic qualities without a distinct effort to bring about that change. His strength and his weaknesses are just what they were before, but his possibilities in *both* cases are enhanced. Therefore, should he espouse this larger "devotion to principle" with a selfish motive — the motive of cultivating psychic qualities in his nature, the motive of acquiring 'powers' of an unusual (though it must be confessed, rather tawdry) nature, or with even the desire of feeling that 'Lord-I-thank-Thee-I-am-not-as-other-men' sense of exaltation, then his possibilities for gigantic failure and catastrophe are mightily enhanced. And without question, as experience has shown, it is possible for human nature to enter upon the path of self-development and so-called self-improvement, and at the same time cling with unbelievable tenacity to the old desires and weaknesses, and continue so to cling until the very forces of the nature, at war with themselves, bring about inevitable calamity possibly ending in insanity. Hence the wisdom of the word 'unselfish' qualifying 'devotion to principle.'

It is not an easy thing to maintain this steady and unwavering devotion to principle, for the reason that the physical body, the material world, and the material questions and problems of daily life, all prevail upon us to look for results; from an age-long heredity we 'want something for our money.' If there is lurking in my nature a desire to be esteemed virtuous or to be admired for my steadfastness in treading the straight and narrow path, I shall so comport myself that my fellows will have an

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opportunity of realizing my worth. I shall receive their esteem and bask in the sunshine thereof, and all things will be as I wish them to be — I shall feel that 'it is worth while' leading a virtuous existence. If it affords me pleasure to exercise generosity towards my fellow-men I shall, so far as my circumstances will permit, give vent to my generous impulses at all times and under all circumstances and shall enjoy the pleasure which the giving affords. But should I adopt this unselfish devotion to principle, conditions change at once. In the first case named, the important thing is that the right thing be done in the right place and at the right time. What is thought by others of that act is of no consequence. The chances are that if it be done sincerely, and always impersonally, it will not meet with the favor of all and may be misinterpreted by many; yet if it be done 'on principle,' as we say, it matters not. In this case I am doing what I know to be right, I am acting in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, and to go deeper still, I am causing the divinity in me to 'be at one' with the divine harmony of the Universal Law. In the second case — that of exercising generosity — I shall no longer respond to my personal impulse merely, but shall have regard to the effect of that generosity upon the one on whom it is bestowed, that it may truly help and benefit him rather than that it should gratify myself.

"Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" — those words are a magnificent talisman when we fully understand them. They imply the power to say 'Yes' at the right time and 'No' at the right time. To say it impersonally, positively, and fearlessly. They imply that high quality of impersonality which so few possess, but which enables the possessor to do the best thing always, not the easiest or most pleasant. They imply an acquaintance with the power of silence — the silent communion with the Greater Self within, which is the Greater Self of the Universe and of all men. Through that communion alone is it possible to keep ever before the mind the greatness of human destiny — the great goal of human perfection which is held up before all Theosophists. Through that communion alone is the devotee enabled to weather the storms of cyclic growth — to hold on through the dark hours of striving with the lower self, conscious and certain of light ahead, even though the hours of conflict be dark, and knowing that every cycle must have its heights and its depths and the important thing is to keep ever before him the consciousness of that Immortal Warrior within who is invincible.

"Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" — there is a breadth and freedom to such an ideal; it is refreshingly unsectarian and un-dogmatic; it suggests freedom from small aims and petty ambitions, and calls to mind Jesus' invitation to those who would be his disciples, to "forsake all and follow me." To forsake all and follow Truth — it is

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not all who have the strength and courage to do it, for it is not all, indeed very few, who love Truth so sincerely and undividedly as to cleave to her loyally and solely. Yet sooner or later each must do this. Preparation for this is made in our effort to give unselfish devotion to principle. It is the throwing away of our burdens, our prejudices, our preconceived notions, and sitting,— as Katherine Tingley has so often said — like little children at the feet of the Great Law. There are men and women who have done this, who are doing it in varying degrees. One meets them occasionally in the workaday world, and the meeting is a blessed experience. A man who throughout life has clung to the inwardness of things in this way, has refused to sacrifice the great and precious things of his own interior life for the sake of lustrous but deluding superficialities, carries with him a sense of power and a sense of freshness. He has defied the passage of time, carrying ever in his heart a breath of the springtime of life, immortal because of its spiritual origin. He stands alone, a glad and glorious exception and a rebuke to the commonplace mediocrity of the multitude. Most beautiful about him is his utter unconsciousness of difference from his fellows, his entire simplicity and sincerity. His thought is on the plane of the best thought of all mankind and he takes it for granted that all mankind thinks as deeply and fully on that plane as he does. He is not bothered with his creed or his religion; he has probably delved deeply into many of them and found in none all that his heart desired. So swinging clear of the pitfalls of dogmatic religion, he has erected a philosophy of life on principle and the dictates of his own Soul, and is able to breathe the pure free air of an unfettered spiritual conscience. Assuredly, "Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle is what all students need," — what all humanity needs, to free it from the toils of personality and mind-made formulas of faith.

THE SEER

Æ. (G. W. Russell)

OH, if my spirit may foretell
Or earlier impart
It is because I always dwell
 With morning in my heart.

I feel the keen embrace of light
 Ere dawning on the view
It sprays the chilly fold of night
 With iridescent dew.

THE REINCARNATION OF ELIJAH

The robe of dust around it cast
Hides not the earth below,
Its heart of ruby flame, the vast
Mysterious gloom and glow.

Something beneath yon coward gaze
Betrays the royal line;
Its lust and hate, but errant rays,
Are at their root divine.

I hail the light of elder years
Behind the niggard mould,
The fiery kings, the seraph seers,
As in the age of gold.

And all about and through the gloom
Breaths from the golden clime
Are wafted like a sweet perfume
From some most ancient time.— *Selected*

THE REINCARNATION OF ELIJAH

STUDENT'

[Reprinted from the *Universal Brotherhood Path*, May 1901]



THE subject of reincarnation may be approached from many points of view. We may show that it is one of the most ancient of all religious beliefs. We may point to the fact that it is held by more than half the human race. We may take up the writings of philosophers, ancient and modern, and show how these leaders of thought have been convinced of its truth. We may reason from analogy, and demonstrate its harmony with nature. We may show reason demands it,— or we may take another ground, and show how many historical works can be brought forward to support it, and we may point to one and another who have brought back the memory of other lives on earth. Perhaps the strongest evidence anyone can have is to remember one or more of his own past incarnations; but while this is very convincing to the person who has the memory, it is only a second-class evidence to any one who accepts it on his testimony.

There is another class of testimony, that of Sacred Scripture, which appeals to many with peculiar force. If a writing is really from God,

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it needs be authoritative. If it be even from some wise and exalted being, it is deserving of reverential and careful study. Various writers have shown that reincarnation is taught in the Christian Scriptures. It would be strange if it were not, seeing the belief is found in all, or almost all, other Sacred Scriptures, and that it has such strong evidence to support it from reason, from history and from facts in life every day.

The subject of reincarnation may be approached from various points of view, but the one we now propose to take up is the evidence of the Bible, and that portion of it especially which deals with the reincarnation of Elijah in the form of John the Baptist. Jesus says in the gospel of Matthew: "I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." On a former occasion when the Baptist was *still alive*, in the prison, and had sent two of his disciples to Jesus, Jesus speaking of the Baptist uses the present tense saying, "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. For this *is* he, of whom it is written, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.'"

But when we reach the seventeenth chapter of the same Gospel, John the Baptist has been beheaded in the prison; hence, in speaking of him Jesus naturally uses the past tense, "Elias *is come* already, and . . . they *have done* unto him whatsoever they listed." It is in little, scarcely noticeable, things like this, that we find the best evidence for the trustworthiness of the narrative. If we go back to the Old Testament we shall find in the third chapter of Malachi the passage here referred to. It reads thus: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." The messenger here spoken of is evidently the same as Elias, for Jesus uses this quotation: "This is he of whom it is written, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face.'" And he adds: "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was to come." The book of Malachi speaks of a messenger in the future, coming at a special time and for a special purpose. Jesus in the eleventh chapter of Matthew says that messenger *is* here; he is Elijah of the Old Testament, now known as John the Baptist.

Then, when John the Baptist is dead, Jesus speaks of Elias as *having come* already, and the Scripture adds: "Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." The preceding verses make this more evident. The scene is the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias were seen standing beside Jesus. As they came down from the Mount, "Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead. And his

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disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesús answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, *that Elias is come already*, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed."

From this it is evident, if we accept the Gospels, that the Elias spoken of had suffered as Jesus would also suffer. It was not simply the glorified Elijah who stood beside Moses and Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. That radiant form was indeed Elijah, who had lately worn the garb of flesh, known as John the Baptist.

It was the belief of the Jews that in times of national need the great prophets returned in new bodies to guide the nation. Elijah was one of these. We observe from the above quotation, that it was the well-known teaching of the authorized expounders of the Law, the Scribes, that Elijah would come, as the messenger and harbinger of the Messiah, as was written in Malachi. In St. Mark we find the same identification of Elijah with John the Baptist, the forerunner. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." This was the burden of the message of John the Baptist, the stern prophet of repentance, and the Gospel here applies the words of Malachi to him: "As it was written in the prophets, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.'" If we turn to the first chapter of Luke we shall find that the angel foretold of the child to be born, that he would be Elijah: "Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias."

Thus we may see from every quarter the evidence points in a clear and conclusive manner to John the Baptist as the reincarnation of Elijah. The Jews expected it; the prophet Malachi foretold it; the angel who appeared said that the child to be born would be the fulfilment of the ancient hope and prophecy: "He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias," not in the outer garb worn by the Hebrew prophet as he confronted the priests of Baal, or in which he fled to the wilderness of Arabia, but in his spirit and power. We mention this because some writers try to use the words of the passage in Luke, so as to take away the force of the words in the other Gospels. They say, "All Jesus meant was that John the Baptist was a man of like spirit to Elijah." But surely this is unworthy of any serious scholar, in the face of the clear and accumulated evidence to show that John the Baptist was *really Elijah himself*.

Another strong and very interesting line of evidence opens up here. We have these two incarnations of the same soul. Elijah in the Old

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Testament and John the Baptist in the New. We have the authority of Jesus, the authority of the angel and other corroborative testimony that Elijah and John the Baptist were two incarnations of the same soul. Let us now look at these two historical personages, to see if we can find reasonable evidence in their characters for the two being the same.

If reincarnation is really a fact in nature, then we would naturally expect that the same soul returning under the mask of various bodies should exhibit some points of likeness. The case before us affords a good illustration for looking upon two men, who are nevertheless one and the same soul.

Elijah is a stern, fearless man, who appears at a time when much wickedness is rampant in the land. He is not afraid to confront on Carmel the assembled priests of Baal. He is a mysterious man, who comes upon our view suddenly, without any account of his lineage,— a very unusual thing in the case of the Hebrew prophets. He emerges suddenly from some mountainous region. His picture is given us with a few touches in the book of Kings. He is a “hairy man, girt with a leathern girdle” — and we can picture the fire in his eye and uprightness in his very gait.

John the Baptist is just such a man. He, too, lives a desert life for a time. He, too, is clothed in hair and wears a leather thong for a girdle, and lives on very simple desert fare. He also is the stern preacher of righteousness. No reed shaken by the wind is he. Like Elijah, his mission is to reprove wickedness in high places. As Elijah fearlessly confronted the King of Israel, so did John the Baptist reprove King Herod, though in both cases, at the risk of life, and John really did suffer death because he spoke the truth.

But there is another deeper feature in the picture, which, if possible, even more strongly points to the identity of these two men. We read that Elijah withstood all the assembled priests of Baal, and fearlessly reprovved the King of Israel. Strong men, however, have often a weak spot in their natures closely related to their greatest strength. It was so with Abraham and with many others; and so it was with Elijah. He, who in the stress and strain of that ordeal on Carmel, was strong and fearless, when the strain was over, when the reaction came fled like a coward at the threat of the Queen Jezebel. Then his mind gave way to doubt and fear, and he thought, like many other brave men, that it was useless to continue the long struggle against evil.

The same peculiar feature meets us in the life of John the Baptist. He was courageous enough to preach a religion of righteousness to the formalists, the hypocrites, the generation of vipers of that age. He did not hesitate to condemn the King for his immoral life. But after he was in prison for a time, then doubt and gloom crept over his mind, so he sent

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to Jesus to inquire: "Art thou he that should come?" — though not long before he had boldly declared Jesus to be the Messiah. Thus we see, both in the outer and inner aspects of their lives, such remarkable identity, and we cannot regard it as other than confirmatory of the express statement of Jesus that John the Baptist was really Elijah, as the angel before also declared he would be.

The moral influence of the fact of reincarnation must be readily seen. It corrects the prevalent error that man is the body he wears, and helps us to focus our gaze on the *soul* as the *real man*, who life after life wears many bodies. It makes it morally clear that the friends and enemies we meet in this present life are those we have met and made our friends or enemies in previous lives, seeing that 'like begets like.' It is therefore a powerful reminder of the wisdom and necessity of all becoming kindly disposed to each other, brethren in deed and in truth, not in name only.

The fact that we live many lives on earth, and not only one short life of threescore years and ten, makes us feel that we shall find again every brotherly action, word, and even thought which goes forth from us now. Nothing is lost, nothing is in vain. As we live Brotherhood, our lives and words reach very far, even into other times, and we may be assured that in working for Universal Brotherhood we are working with Nature.

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 IN the *Scientific American Monthly* we read that the celebrated botanist Naegeli made the following experiment. A glass flask which had contained copper coins was filled with water after the coins were removed. Soon algae were found clinging to the side, except in those places where the copper had touched, and these were quite free from algae. Yet no trace of copper could be found by chemical tests. An Austrian physician named Saxel did the same with silver, and found that it was possible completely to sterilize water by placing a silver spoon in it; and that a glass vessel treated in this manner retains its germicidal power. But no trace of silver could be found in the water.

This opens up an immense field. The fact that a substance does not dissolve is no proof that it exerts no influence; so the familiar, but scientifically derided, stick of sulphur in the dog's water-trough may be allowed to be effectual after all. The metal worn as a talisman, the jewel prized for its protective influence, the onion in the pocket: all these superstitions

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may now be hailed within the precincts of scientific admissibility. Why may I not rub your sore with my gold ring, or cure your wart with — anything? The matter is purely one of experiment and fact; the theory is unknown. Scientific men are ready to accept the fact without the theory. Medieval magic, any sort of magic, is now respectable. Give me a force which is neither chemical nor physical, which acts where the substance is not, which has no detectable physical basis, and what can I not do?

Verily there are two Natures: the one that is comprised within the orderly limits of scientific theory, and the one that behaves as it likes regardless of that theory. We stand in the presence of Nature as before a mystery, and know not of what she may be capable until we have tried. The case must be the same with regard to the mysteries of human nature: there is more in it than some of our theories of it will allow.