

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXI, NO. 6

DECEMBER 1921

“He, then, that has no clear idea of death and does not master the fact that death everywhere consists in the dissolution of the Groups, he comes to a variety of conclusions, such as, ‘A living entity dies and transmigrates into another body.’


“He that has no clear idea of rebirth and does not master the fact that the appearance of the Groups everywhere constitutes rebirth, he comes to a variety of conclusions, such as, ‘A living entity is born and has attained a new body.’”

— Translated by Warren from the *Visuddhi-Maggā*, a Buddhist scripture

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THE MYSTERIES OF OLD, AND PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS

E. A. NERESHEIMER

HE last twenty years have brought an ever-increasing number of inquirers to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, seeking for information and a deeper insight into the principles of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion,— in short, for an explanation of the growing perplexities of social life. The reverent attitude in which the majority of these inquirers approach their quest is an evidence of the great unrest which exists, and of how little their heart-hunger is being satisfied. Unusual problems have arisen out of the strenuous times in which we live and individual difficulties have assumed entirely new moral aspects which cannot be solved according to the old standards. Races and nations — yea, the whole of civiliza-

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tion — are involved in seemingly inextricable confusion for want of a true anchorage — a sound, practical philosophy of life.

All manner of reforms have marshaled their respective panaceas before an eager public during these many hundred years, without success. Science, in spite of its glowing promises, has failed to satisfy the spiritual aspirations of the human heart, while the creeds and *isms*, instead of uniting mankind have been but added causes of separation. Many secret societies which have labored assiduously to promote the idea of Brotherhood, have also failed to make any permanent impression on the world, because the brotherhood which they fostered was limited to those in their own immediate ranks. All these efforts have failed for lack of knowledge, for lack of understanding that there is a scientific and hence satisfactory basis of ethics — and that this knowledge and understanding are alone to be found in the archaic teachings of the Wisdom-Religion and its symbology. Neither perfection in ritual, nor any form of faith, is sufficient without knowledge of fundamental principles, especially in an age such as this in which a general awakening of the intellect is taking place.

Though the grand truths of the Mysteries, preserved in the ancient symbology, are found to underlie much of the ritual and ceremony of certain secret societies, the latter have, like the churches, and like science, philosophy, and politics, become so infected with the destructive materialistic tendencies of the leaders of thought of the past century, that these underlying sublime truths have become all but lost in meaningless formalism. The great secrets of nature, and especially those relating to man, cannot be divulged promiscuously or for the mere asking, or to the worshipers of form — they can be had only as the result of diligent search, humility, faith in one's own Divinity, and by doing service in the great Cause of Human Advancement. The last named, especially, is the basis on which depends individual progress. True progress of the individual both follows upon, and manifests itself infallibly in, increased capacity for service on the part of the one who thus works in harmony with the Universal Plan of Evolution.

There are in man certain natural powers, almost infinite in potency, by which he is capable of apprehending the sublimest truths of existence, and these powers can be developed to the highest degree. The Wisdom-Religion — most ancient of sciences, now called the Secret Doctrine, — was the basis of and is identical with the philosophy professed and practised by the initiates and exalted beings of every age and country. In ancient times the initiates alone were aware of its existence and importance. This Secret Wisdom was the basis of the Mysteries, as well as of every ancient and modern religion. Its philosophy and moral code are so pro-

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found and ennobling, so practical and applicable to daily life that, once known, they are seen to be truly indispensable to human progress. The keenest minds of all times have reflected upon its sanctity and have ever surrounded the imparting of its profound teachings with the most exacting forms and restrictions. None but pledged neophytes who had been through a long preliminary training, and had shown themselves worthy, were permitted to receive instruction in them, because in the possession of the unpurified and profane, the knowledge of these teachings might easily lead to the perilous danger of misuse.

There have always been many degrees of disciples and students, and finally an outer court for the public — the latter being permitted to witness performances of such rites, ceremonies, and dramatic presentations in which those teachings were imparted in pure but exoteric and popular forms, applicable to their understanding and needs, but without divulging any of the secret knowledge leading to transcendental powers. The Hierophants, Adepts, and Teachers were the purest and best of men, learned in the arts and sciences, in music, chemistry, physics, medicine and every branch of science, and above all in the science and art of right living. The teaching of the manifold constitution of man was one of the esoteric, as well as practical, doctrines taught. Likewise also that other great teaching, now more freely and openly discussed in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, concerning the constitution of the Cosmos, man, creatures, and atoms, the nature of all being essentially one and the same, *i. e.*, cosmos conceived of as the macrocosm, and man, the replica, as the microcosm. An unerring analogy runs through all the intermediate stages. Both cosmos and man are of divine origin, and an analagous progressive development is the destiny of both.

A few references will show what ideas some of the great sages known to history held in respect to the Mysteries.

Clemens Alexandrinus, who had himself been initiated into the Eleusian Mysteries, has declared that the doctrines taught therein contained the end of all human knowledge.

Plato says:

“Being initiated into the Mysteries, we are freed from the molestations of evils which otherwise await us in a future period of time (in other lives on earth). We become spectators of entire, simple, immovable, and blessed visions, resident in pure light.”

Proclus states:

“In all the initiations and Mysteries, the Gods exhibit many forms of themselves, and appear in a variety of shapes, and sometimes indeed a formless light of themselves is held forth to the view,—sometimes the light is according to the human form, and sometimes it proceeds into a different shape.”

History and tradition record that in the earliest times, when men

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gathered together for mutual improvement, there was not a tribe, people, or nation but believed in Universal Deity, and in the immortality of the Spirit. They formed secret circles, for the purpose of study and giving instruction, of interchanging ideas on the veiled mysteries of their respective scriptures, and of endeavoring to interpret, in their own way, the traditions and ancient symbolism which had been handed down to them through the ages. Thus also in our time numerous fraternities and secret societies, which have been ostensibly formed for the same purposes, reflect the immutable laws governing human evolutionary progress.

Looking back over long vistas of our historical period, it must be owned that an overpowering wave of materialism has gradually spread its deadly shadows over the globe. Under its sway dogmatism has supplanted religion; the power of truth and of innate devotion has been weakened; politics has become mostly an organized system of exploitation of the respective constituents and peoples; while science, the youngest aspirant for self-appointed leadership, has outstripped the other unsafe pilots of poor humanity, by arrogantly denying man's divine birthright, and ultimate perfectibility.

In consequence, the knowledge of man's place in the Great Plan, and of his ultimate relationship with the Cosmos, has been dimmed and overlaid with uncertainty. Individuals, nations, peoples, regard themselves as entirely separate, one from another. Ideals, though loudly proclaimed, have no longer any force; the sacredness of human life is esteemed but lightly, and personal interests are supremely paramount. When men do not weep, they shout boastfully: "Life is short, let us eat, drink, and be merry — we shall dominate whomsoever we can, no matter who suffers!"

Every man and woman is a valuable asset in the great economy, but they do not know it, consequently they can easily be imposed upon; however, not for such mockeries was humanity endowed with divine qualities. It is decreed differently in the great universal plan. Man's higher nature will eventually be his redeemer. Liberation is his destiny, but it must be attained by self-devised efforts, crowned by wisdom which is inseparable from ethics. The reform of the race must come through that of the individual first. The truth of Universal Coherence cannot be known or perceived in its all-embracing correlation, nor will man know his worth or place in nature, until the obtrusive personality is disciplined.

Where do we stand now? Whither are we going? These are the supremely burning questions which must be solved, and solved by complete understanding of man's constitution, origin, development, and destiny.

Where shall we find the Way, the Path, the Teacher?

H. P. Blavatsky and her successor W. Q. Judge have amply shown us

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the inestimable treasures which are contained in the Secret Wisdom-Religion, the epitome of the learning of the ages, — known as the Secret Doctrine. These truths, so essential to the further evolution of mankind, are the same as those which underlie the teachings of Theosophy, and in reality are also those of the sacred ancient Mysteries which for long periods of time have been so strenuously withheld.

The time has now come for the Outer Court to be opened, in obedience to the pressure of the throng of inquirers who daily come entreating the Leader of the Theosophical Movement, Katherine Tingley, at the Headquarters of the International Center, at Point Loma, California, to unbolt the portals of the sanctuary.

That there is a spiritual solvent both for the ills of the world and of human nature, is universally recognised. It may be that this solvent is still concealed in the Sacred Mysteries which have never yet been revealed in the 'Outer Court' of public cognition, but certain it is that those who would enter the sanctuary must have a balance of the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual faculties in themselves, before they can pass through the gates of self-mastery, leading to self-knowledge.

More than a generation ago Katherine Tingley insisted that, in order to achieve the ultimate regeneration of the human race, attention must first be given to our children and our youth in an entirely new way. In early infancy, children must be started aright, and care must be taken to keep wrong impressions from their plastic minds. The basis of their education should be the essential divinity of man, and the necessity for transmuting everything in his nature which is not divine. Character-building should be the principal aim. To do this the individual will must be developed, as on its initiative depends the perfect balancing of the faculties.

Courageously proceeding along these lines, that fearless, 'well-qualified' Teacher, Katherine Tingley, founded the Râja-Yoga schools, where under her guidance a staff of assistant-teachers have been trained. After considerable sifting of unqualified aspirants, there has emerged a band of worthy, unsalaried co-workers and devotees, working unselfishly for humanity.

The magnificent results which have been obtained during these last twenty years, in bringing out unsuspected beautiful qualities in some of the children who entered the school while suffering from sadly overlaid hereditary disadvantages, is almost unbelievable. This shows conclusively that the results — though almost magical — are practical achievements, inasmuch as it proves that faculties can be brought out that would have been doomed to remain latent if not encouraged and developed in exactly such circumstances and environment as the Râja-Yoga System

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provides: — and by which many a parent's heart has been made to rejoice beyond measure. At the Theosophical Center, under the guidance of the revered Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, many new features for young and old have grown out of the student-life, which are connected with the once closely veiled secrets of the spiritual powers latent in man, and thus are of vital importance as examples for the coming generations.

Hence, the Spiritual Solvent does exist, and to the extent of these achievements, unequivocally demonstrated, the Ancient Sacred Mysteries stand revealed. The unfoldment of whatever else still remains hidden will depend upon the momentum of the response which the public gives to this Great Effort. Wisdom is only occult to those who do not know it; but it is man's privilege,— every man's privilege — to find the path for himself, progressing from degree to degree, up to the very "Gates of Gold." His passport is Knowledge, indissolubly coupled with Morality.

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T. HENRY, M. A.

"Very slight words and deeds may have sacramental efficacy if we cast our self-love behind us in order to say or do them."— *George Eliot*

"A man cannot touch his neighbor's heart with anything less than his own."
— *George Macdonald*

"Don't refuse to do anything because you can't do everything."



THESE three quotations have been brought together because they converge in one point. That point is the value of little things.

We say 'little things,' because that is how they are usually regarded; but a fuller view reverses the order of affairs, making great the apparently small, and diminishing the apparently great.

Occultism is a much abused word, apt to suggest things uncanny and pretentious; but its real meaning is the true science of life, and it is occult or hidden because it does not lie on the surface and is obscured from our minds by the fact that we are looking elsewhere. The characteristic of occultism is often said to be simplicity; in which respect it resembles a little child, whose simplicity may put learning to shame and abash pride. Occultism teaches the value of so-called little things. It is the knowledge of how to deal with the immediate circumstance. For it is in the immediate circumstance that our opportunities lie; it is here that

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the will comes into conflict with the obstacle; it is on this field that we either lose or win.

Men are prone to evade the immediate circumstance and to cast their eyes in regret on the dim past, or in anticipation on the visionary future. Yet there was a time when the past was before their feet, and they evaded its opportunity; there will be a time when the future comes before them, and in their folly they may evade it and cast their eyes forward again to a distant vision.

We tell ourselves that we evade the immediate circumstance because it is trivial, but our real reason is because it is difficult. Yet we thirst for knowledge, for progress, for opportunity, for a test of our courage. The real student of occultism is the man who has sense enough to master this profoundly simple truth, that his work lies immediately before his feet, that his sphere of action is the here and the now.

You will see people vainly striving to achieve something, yet missing obvious chances by failing to deal with some obstacle that is continually present before them, yet is never conquered. And if you greatly dare to point it out to them, you will make them angry. And therein they lose another chance, because, listening to the voice of personal pride, they summon the whole armory of sophistical argument to save self-love and prove that they are not wrong; when it would have been a magnificent chance to elbow out self-love and listen to friendly words. And if you are not convinced enough to elbow out your own self-love, you will find yourself also missing opportunities.

A certain man dreamt that, as he walked, he saw a snake in his path. He did not kill it but went around it. Again he saw it before him, and again he evaded it. And so on until he finally saw that he would have to kill it. A parable.

Perhaps we would like to have teaching in occultism. Perhaps teaching is ready and waiting for us. Perhaps it is only waiting till we can surmount some trivial obstacle in the most trivial place in our trivial daily life. Perhaps one day we shall become sick enough to realize what is wanted of us; we shall surmount that obstacle; and then a little trapdoor will open in the roof of our mind and let in a little ray of light. A new stretch of the Path will be visible before our glad feet. "Friend, mount a step higher!"

Such a thought may speak chidingly to the delinquent, but to the sincere it breathes a message of more than hope. It may strike off at one blow those fetters of self-depreciation that have been clogging our usefulness. "Of what use can I be?" we may have asked. But in this new light we see that one man's place is as good as another's, so far as opportunity

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goes, and that all he has to do is to act wherever he is and bring his will and his intuition to bear on whatever circumstances confront him.

Theosophy has said to us: "There shines the light, and here before you lies the path to it." And all teachers of the truth have said the same; for what else could they say? The horse has been led to the water, but he must do the drinking himself. And so the man who is really in earnest about wisdom and attainment will labor in his own field and set to work on the obstacles immediately before him.

Theosophy is practical. This has often been, and often is, said; and here is what it means.

The quotations above speak of the power of the Heart, and this brings another message of comfort to the sincere worker. He may have been thinking it was necessary to go forth and speak or write and move multitudes. He may have thought his own poor wits could not achieve anything. He may envy the one who shines more in such wits; not knowing that the latter may be envying him for something else. But we all have a heart, a power which is infinite like a flame, and burns brightest in the lowliest places. And this heart is a real power. A person with a heart might spread more light around him than the most active and gifted lecturer endowed with the gifts of the head. His mere voice — nay, his mere silent presence — might kindle something in other hearts, just as from one candle an infinite number can be lighted.

So occultism concerns the use of this power of the heart; a very different thing from the so-called occultism that hankers after psychic powers. Psychic powers are neither better nor worse than other powers; all depends on whether they can help us or not in our search for wisdom, in our desire to find our proper place as one of the helpers of our human kind. What the world wants now is spiritual powers, the powers of the heart, the powers that come from sincerity and from the determination to overthrow the great enemy, self-love. Psychic powers would add new terrors to an already long list. Neither psychic powers nor poison-gas will cure our present ills.

There are many people living in many places, to whom these words may come; and they may perhaps be saying that they are not so fortunate as other people, and that some day perhaps they may find time to come to Lomaland or to devote themselves to study, or one thing or another. But they have the will and the light within them, and the raw material of circumstance around them; and what more is needed for the great work? Is there no obstacle in their own character yet remaining to be tackled? Are they so far forward that no step in advance remains for them to take? Let them use the opportunities they have, and then they will be ready for other opportunities. What we call fate is often

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only the path we have marked out for ourselves and in which we keep ourselves bound.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Renovator of Theosophy, was one who dared much in order to import light, hope, and encouragement into the world. She gathered a band of pupils around her. She has not set us free from toil and trouble, for these are incidental to life, and such as every warrior and every toiler will naturally bring upon himself by his efforts; but she did impart to them an inward resource that never was known to fail the honest and sincere. And this inward resource is of such a nature that it inspires its possessor with the feeling that he must do his best to pass it on.

She showed man the next step in his evolution. She has made us aware of the existence of a stupendous monument of ancient wisdom and knowledge, that has been preserved by its faithful guardians; and she has written it down in her books, so that the evidence for its reality and its value is open before the eyes of all who care to read. What a new birth it was for us when this vast new chapter in human life was first opened out to us! With what faith in the possibilities of our own human nature did it fill us! Then indeed we were reborn. And this is Theosophy. Its smallest teachings are sufficient to start anyone on the road that will lead him to the only true knowledge -- self-knowledge. H. P. Blavatsky is one of the great Liberators — a Liberator of the human soul.

And she came to teach occultism. And occultism is the science of life. It teaches us that the apparently small things are our great opportunities, our privileges, our duties. It explains to us that the intellect of man is not a master but a servant — one of the ministers of the inner Self. It shows how there is a truer wisdom than that of the head — the wisdom of the Heart. For the Heart is not a mere organ of sentiment but the center of a surer knowledge, a knowledge that makes for harmony in the world. Let us remember then that our slightest deeds have sacramental value when they proceed from a pure and loyal heart, and that sincerity is all that is required to open up to us a path that leads to the heart's desire.



“ON the day when Theosophy will have accomplished its most holy and most important mission,— *namely, to unite firmly a body of men of all nations in brotherly love and bent on a pure altruistic work, not on a labor with selfish motives* — on that day only will Theosophy become higher than any nominal brotherhood of man. This will be a wonder and a miracle truly, for the realization of which Humanity is vainly waiting for the last eighteen centuries, and which every association has hitherto failed to accomplish.”

— H. P. Blavatsky

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

THE still small voice of conscience is defined by H. P. Blavatsky as the voice of our Ego: see *The Key to Theosophy*, chapter xii, 'On Charity.' This gives a definite meaning to the idea of conscience. Skeptics not believing in any ego beyond the selfish ego, have tried to define conscience as a form of self-interest. Of course it is possible that a person may set aside some lesser interest for the purpose of gratifying one that seems to him to be greater; and in doing so he may delude himself with the idea that he is following conscience when he is really following self-interest under a fairer guise. This is always possible, and lends some color to the argument of the said skeptic. Nevertheless human nature shows some motives that cannot be explained by self-interest. Death itself is chosen in obedience to some such motive.

How too are we to explain remorse felt for some wrong done to another? Long years have rolled and that other is dead: what interest could the personal self have in recalling the matter and grieving over it? No; it is because we are conscious of a sense that goes beyond the personality, whose life-force is not desire but sympathy, and which makes us wish to mortify the personality, if by so doing we could adjust the wrong. It is because we are aware of the existence in us of a higher law and a higher life than that of the personality and its desires. It is because we have a higher pattern by which to compare our behavior, and by contrast with which our selfishness appears ugly and hateful. This higher sense manifests itself both as idea and feeling; it is an intuition of truth or a ray of genuine love — sympathy. It is the presence of a deeper fount of life making itself felt; and it makes the fires of desire look like red nasturtiums among roses.

It is possibly such a meaning that the ancients attached to Aphrodite and similar deities in days before those deities were degraded in their significance. It is possible that a man inspired and lit up by the afflatus from some higher power thus symbolized would indeed glow with a serene and noble enthusiasm and take wings like Pegasus. Yet let us not forget the story of Icarus, falling to his death through a premature and unprepared attempt to reach the sun.

All the lower forces in man are studied by biology and that recent and much vaunted science called psychology, which analyses us into impulses and complexes. But the morbid anatomy of human nature is a comparatively unimportant specialization. The interesting and vital feature

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in human nature is the way in which the higher and lower incentives interact in the determination of conduct.

Man is endowed with the power of conscious growth, and in his growth he tends towards a sublime pattern, often spoken of as that of the divine image; for religion teaches that man was made in the image of deity and also that deity has provided an incarnate example for man to follow. Biology seeks to prove that the human mind was evolved by stages from the lowliest forms of animal mind; and very likely the human mind contains elements that have been derived in some such way. But it is not these elements that make the distinctive character of man. In so far as man is an animal, it may be appropriate to trace his kinship with the animals and to frame theories of his possible past biological history and zoological genealogy along those lines. But in so far as man is far more than the animals; in so far as he is man; then we cannot define man as such in terms of those elements which he holds in common with the animals. Thus a large and the most important field is left vacant by biology and psychology. These studies tell us nothing as to the origin and affinities of that divine pattern which man follows and which makes him what he is.

It is thus that unprejudiced research can find no facts in the records of history and archaeology which would lead one to suppose that man has changed in type, except for minor fluctuations, for an enormous period in the past. The evolution of the man's self-consciousness has been on entirely different lines from that of his body and its animal instincts; and man is the resultant of two lines of evolution which converge in him. It is this that causes the perpetual struggle in him. The voice of conscience is the voice of his higher nature, making itself felt above the din of his selfish desires. It brings remorse even to hardened natures that have been carried for a time far away from the true line of man's progress.

Thus man in following the voice of conscience is but striving to fulfil the laws of his own nature. Science, in its laudable endeavors to establish law and order in our comprehension of nature, and to find sanctions for everything, has restricted itself too closely to the lower side of nature; and thus the lower instincts of man have been to some extent exalted and deified, while a consideration of the higher forces in human nature is excluded from the scientific program. Thus, if the man of science has any religion or faith that comprehends these higher interests, it is quite apart from his science; and indeed he often feels it expedient to try and 'reconcile' religion with science, as though they were natural enemies.

Theosophy aims to show that the reign of law and order extends to matters of soul and conscience, and that the epithet 'exact,' so proudly used by scientific people, is not confined to physical science alone. And

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we must remember that even physical science is not so very exact after all. It would puzzle a biologist to point to the precise source of our instincts and propensities, for he could scarcely carry us further than the mysterious 'attractions' and 'affinities' in the atoms; and can these be said to be any more tangible than the higher Ego? Of the reality of such a higher Ego within us, we at least can have definite experience, for it is open to anyone to study and analyse the contents and phenomena of his own consciousness. But what can we know of affinity and attraction in themselves? Looked at physically and objectively, they reveal merely their effects; in themselves they are not physical at all, but psychic facts, such as we apprehend in our own minds under the guise of desires and appetites.

Theosophy aims to arouse in each man the conviction of the reality of his higher nature and to induce him to make it the law of his life. Then in place of the low ideals, the narrow prospects — wealth, ease, position — or the want of any definite ideal at all, men will set before themselves broader and higher ideals of attainment and of conduct. The knowledge of Reincarnation and Karma, ever growing more and more to the force of conviction, as the student studies life in the light of these truths, will furnish enlarged scope for the new philosophy. Each man will learn to regard himself, not as a mere biological unit, but as a spiritual unit, a focus of the universal spiritual life. And, if these things seem vague at first sight, that is only because they are new to our experience; and faith will be rewarded by knowledge if we will but study ourselves and examine things in general by the light of Theosophy.

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KENNETH MORRIS



HERE are two countries, by no means too near together on the map: to avoid all offense let us call them — well, simply, X and Y. X is a Great Power, with plenty of army, navy, police, Bible societies, and industrialism; Y is a 'Sick Man' among the nations; with an army, perhaps — mostly unpaid, — but without those other appurtenances of modern civilization: a country you bully, whose backwardness you deplore, to which you send missionaries, and so on. There is much likeness between the two, and much difference. In both you find humanity: men of good will and men of bad will; many hearts full of human kindness, and many minds intent only on selfish

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ends. I would not say that necessarily, and in the long run, one was better than the other: we have only the present and the past to judge by, and commonly ignore the past (unless it is our own past); and in a thousand years' time, Y may show himself a better man than X ever was. The point is unimportant, in any case. But there is a vast difference between them, and it lies in this: in X there is cohesion; in Y there is not. The one is awake and conscious, a living entity; the other is not. It is the difference, to some extent, between a living and a dead body: the cells that compose the former are under the government of a central co-ordinating consciousness; they are organized, and obey a common impulse; — whereas in the latter they do not. Or it is the difference between a sane and an insane mind: the one is responsible, the other not; in the one there is order,— or if the order is lacking, some moral fault accounts for it; in the other there is merely confusion. Our laws take cognisance of this difference: they punish the sane man for his offenses; but provide for the idiot not punishment but restraint.

As a matter of fact these two conditions alternate with every civilizable people: Y, some centuries ago, was a responsible entity; X, in the Middle Ages, was as chaotic and irresponsible, as devoid of cohesion, as Y is now. — Well; to be perfectly explicit, you will see that X may stand for most of the countries of Europe or for America; Y, for Turkey, Persia, China, or countries like that.

Among such sleeping peoples there is, we will say, some great crime done, such as a massacre. Nobody, except the actual organizers and perpetrators, feels the least responsibility; it does not come home to the rest in any way. Their armies are defeated in the field; nobody, except those actually defeated, is concerned much; it does not touch the pride or wake the shame of the populace at large: *they* have not been defeated, but only the sultan's or the emperor's troops. Invaders come ravaging the land: those feel it who suffer in their own persons or property. All these conditions you should have found in any country in Medieval Christendom; perhaps even more than in the unawakened Asiatic countries of today. But at a certain time a change came on the peoples of Europe: they woke; they began to progress, to crystallize into nations; to pass from the Y into the X condition; civilization was dawning. By degrees, as the process went forward, England, France, Spain, Holland, and the rest were born; it was no longer that a king suffered defeat or was victorious, but a people; and all orders felt it keenly. If a national crime was committed, the people as a whole were concerned: they might condone or condemn it, but felt they were involved. We may take it that these are universal symptoms: with the growth of a civilization grows inevitably this feeling of collective responsibility, collective being.

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Men become increasingly conscious of the existence of 'society' or the 'body politic' as an entity in itself,— as it were, a Soul, of which each individual soul is a part. As society cannot exist if men have complete license to express their lower natures, they frame laws against such things as murder and theft; which laws are merely the outward visible sign of an inner feeling, ever growing as the civilization grows, that such actions are offenses. Generation by generation goes on increasingly considering them so; and the laws go on gaining force and sanction. Laws have very little force in a decivilized country, because people have lost the sense of the unity of society: the man who has killed his enemy considers that he has gained a point, and the rest feel that he has offended against the man killed perhaps, but not against society or themselves. Laws, again, have less force in a new civilization than in an old and well-established one; because the new civilization has not the backing of many generations that have increasingly instinctively looked on crime as detestable because a sin against the body politic.

This shows that the mere paraphernalia of the legal and police systems are not the main protection of the citizen, but only the outward sign thereof. The reality is the strength of the public feeling that killing, thieving, and the rest are wrong. Your chief shield against the man who hates you is the enormous weight of the consensus of human opinion that murder is shocking and dreadful. Very few are undeterred by it. The Afghan reacts at once to insult or injury by killing the offender. The Englishman does not: even if he has no particular conscience of his own, there is something in the air that holds him back; something more potent than all the police systems in the world,— and from which his own police system draws its potency. It is an invisible hedge about the life of every man.

Now then, note the beauty of war. Your X, your civilized country, goes to it inflamed and thrilled "by what is sometimes miscalled" patriotism. The consensus of opinion flows out of the old channel,— that of abhorrence of taking life,— into an entirely new and opposite one. It informs the thought that killing men is not wrong, not to be dreaded or shunned, but the first duty of the young manhood of the nation. Taking by force or fraud what does not belong to you — enemy property — becomes a 'duty.' The government finds it a 'duty' to lie heavily: both in representing all actions of the enemy as utterly vile, and in concealing defeats and making them appear to have been victories. The whole moral law goes into abeyance; a moratorium is established on all ethical considerations. The unseen influence, the great thought-form, that kept society in being as an organized thing, is disturbed, shaken, smashed. The sense of right and wrong is depolarized. Then, when peace has

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returned, we wonder that there are epidemics of crime. As if there could be anything else!

Let there but be enough of this smashing process, and the fabric is smashed. It takes law, order, co-operation,—men working together as parts of a whole,—to get a book printed or a telephone working or a railroad made. Break down the moral code, the sense that, in the last resort, Brotherhood—of some sort, after some fashion,—is the sole basis on which civilized life or society can rest;—and no government, no legal and police systems, no printing-press—nothing outside the mind of man,—can avail to keep civilization in being. All such things would cease to operate, and presently be forgotten. Why do countries find it difficult to get back to productive work after a great war? Simply because the idea or thought-form on which civilization is based has been corroded and expunged by the anti-social thought that war generates.

Civilization, then, depends entirely on inner things: which you may call sentiments, but had much better call perception of the laws that govern being. So real progress would consist in the deepening and strengthening of this perception. Murders are done, in spite of the common feeling that murder is wrong. Every killing, whether a murder technically so called, or done on the battlefield, or on the scaffold, weakens the common feeling and the efficacy of the safeguard; just as every giving way to an evil tendency weakens the power of resistance in the individual. But the safeguard might be made absolute; and here Jesus points the path of progress: “Whosoever hateth . . . hath already committed murder in his heart.” If as many people as now feel that murder is an abomination, felt as strongly that hatred is as bad as murder, human life would be safe. Hatred would be as rare as murder is now; and murder would be as the dodo and the pterodactyl and the snows of yesteryear. War, like Hans Breitmann’s barty, would be “lost in the *ewigkeit*.”

THEOSOPHY TRUE AND FALSE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

 IN an article in the *Hibbert Journal* for April occurs the following:

“The bad odor rightly attributed to ‘Occultism,’ or ‘Spiritism,’ or ‘Theosophy,’ or ‘Gnosticism,’ . . . or any other of the thousand superstitions and quackeries that at all times have deluded men.”

Yet this number of the *Hibbert Journal* contains several articles which show in an unmistakable way the powerful and widespread influence

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for good which real Theosophy has exercised on the thoughts of men.

It will be noticed that the writer puts each of the titles which he uses in quotation-marks. Hence it is permissible to make a distinction between the things so designated and the things designated by the same titles without quotation-marks. Such a distinction has often been made by Theosophists in the case of Theosophy and Occultism. Theosophy in quotation-marks is used to denote one or more of the innumerable cults, fads, crazes, quackeries, or superstitions, which have been set in motion by the energy of Theosophy operating in a very imperfect world; much as a beam of sunlight may raise miasmatic vapors in a stuffy room, or sundry fungoid and parasitic growths may flourish awhile on the vital juices of a genuine plant.

We find no fault with the writer for stigmatizing this kind of 'Theosophy' as he does, or for including it among a list of superstitious crazes. One is sufficiently acquainted with its vagaries and extravagances. But we must insist on emphasizing the distinction, wide as the poles, between the genuine and the imitations. Fortunately, the great number of these imitations, and their extravagance, mitigates the harm which Theosophy incurs from them. The gulf between the true and the false widens continually. True Theosophy, kept absolutely free from any kind of degeneration or truckling, throws into strong contrast everything else that borrows its name or seeks to make capital out of any of its teachings.

The processes of evolution in the present age are rapid in the extreme. One has only to take up a book-list of 'occult' publications — and it is not difficult to find one — in order to see what a vogue this craze has in the public mind. The business is thriving and must be lucrative. The people seem infatuated with the subject in all its phases — 'occultism,' psychism, astrology, crystal-gazing, auras, spooks, table-rapping, and the whole catalog.

In all this chaos we recognise a familiar spectacle: a genuine hunger and need perverted, turned into unworthy channels. It is one of the effects inevitably produced when an attempt is made to assist the world by bringing to it the teachings of wisdom. Enough people are gathered and held together to form a stable nucleus for the preservation, practice, and promulgation of those teachings. This is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. But the leaven, working in the soggy mass, also generates strange uncanny growths, as the unregenerate nature of man in the mass seizes upon the teachings and tries to turn them into ministers to its desires and follies.

Theosophy was described by H. P. Blavatsky as the most serious movement of the age; and this is surely a touchstone to distinguish it from anything that trades on its name or credit. Never was the world

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in greater need of serious help; but of what earthly use are the psychic crazes likely to be to it? At best they can but serve to minister to folly and to satisfy the craving for excitement and diversion. But they can also accomplish much harm in developing the neurotic unstable tendencies in human nature.

Many of the people who are attracted by these crazes are at first unaware that such a thing as genuine Theosophy exists, and they are very glad when they discover genuine Theosophy; for therein they find what they have been seeking and have failed to find in the crazes. But there are others whose desires are rather for the mental excitement which pseudo-Theosophy and 'occultism' provide than for the serious work which Theosophy itself entails.

H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge foresaw the dangers that would arise from attempts to utilize the Theosophical teachings for the satisfaction of mere curiosity and personal ambition; and we can find among their writings many references to the subject. The distinction between Occultism and what is miscalled 'occultism' is sufficiently well defined. Occultism is the science which teaches true wisdom and self-mastery; and these can be attained only by subduing the force of personal desires and delusions in ourselves. Hence the program of unselfish and useful work for a great cause, provided by Theosophy, enables a student to accomplish his own real development while doing his duty as a member of the body. If occult powers are sought for any personal motive, the result is to feed and strengthen the lower nature, thus raising up great obstacles in the path of our right and normal evolution. An earnest student of Theosophy seeks to overcome the obstacles raised by his personal desires and delusions, and does not wish to incur the responsibility of having occult powers before he finds himself fit and able to use them.

The consequences of any departure from this policy, which is founded on wisdom and experience, are evident when we observe the extremes of folly to which people run in pursuit of 'psychism' and such crazes. The aim of Theosophy being to establish a body of workers for the cause of useful knowledge, and thus to promote the true welfare of the human race, it follows that the members cannot waste their time in vain pursuits. Thus Theosophy is in truth the most serious movement of the age, and has nothing in common with the crazes stigmatized by the writer we have quoted. This distinction cannot be too clearly made.

CONSCIENCE

R. MACHELL

WE are all familiar with the 'Voice of Conscience' as a form of speech, and there are probably many to whom that form of words expresses a very definite experience, although the voice alluded to is not a voice at all, in any ordinary sense.

All respectable people profess a certain reverence for the promptings of this inaudible voice; and those who are of a religious disposition look upon it as at least an echo of the divine, if not itself the voice of the Supreme. But materialists declare that it is the illusion produced by education, which has stamped a certain mold upon the plastic substance of the mind, creating in that mind a definite code of honor or morality by which all experience is tested automatically. Others assert that conscience is but the reflection of the 'mob consciousness,' the popularly accepted fashion of society, the public opinion, or whatever term you choose by which to designate the common mind of any group of people, any community or nation.

I suppose the majority of ordinary men and women do not doubt that their conscience is their own, that it is the judge of their lives, concerned alone with questions of right and wrong, unbiased by considerations of self-interest, of fear or anger, or any passion; wise, inflexible, impeccable, in fact infallible, but devoid of power to compel attention or to enforce its judgment; it can but warn, or prompt, or comfort, or reproach: and it may be ignored entirely, but not silenced.

But *is conscience infallible?* Let me say at once that I use the word infallible here in its more ordinary sense of relative surety, or of reasonable reliability. Absolute infallibility is unthinkable, as the most authoritative utterance is capable of innumerable interpretations; and until interpreted, or made intelligible to the mind, it is not a message in the true sense of a communication.

It might be better perhaps to inquire: "Is conscience authoritative in its guidance?" This immediately raises the question, "What is meant by conscience?" I suppose it is generally understood to be the voice of an inward monitor who is supposed to have a deeper wisdom, or a clearer vision, or more decided opinions than the personal mind can supply.

The ordinary person seems to take it for granted that this inward monitor is other than the self, for the self listens to the advice of conscience and decides to accept or to reject the message. In the same way the ordinary person, who has not entirely repudiated his own soul, still

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looks upon it as an appanage, a kind of hanger-on, or at best a guardian-spirit that is certainly not the self. And such persons are much exercised to decide what is the origin of conscience and what is the source of its authority, for authority of a kind it certainly has, whether it be from the soul of man, the soul of the universe, or from custom and public opinion, or even as some suggest from mere self-interest, self-protection, or self-aggrandisement. It is probable that many of these who doubt the existence of soul are really doing homage to the soul of their nation or tribe when they recognise the voice of conscience as authoritative.

The more one meditates upon this subject the more one realizes that the word conscience covers the most widely differing states of consciousness. At one pole we have the artificial conscience, that morbid monitor that "doth make cowards of us all," by its eternal prohibitions, its warnings and reproaches. And at the other pole there is the challenger who calls to the timorous soul to go forward to the light in fearless faith, content to see the next step when it is there, and not before; content to fall, content to fail if need be, knowing that such falls and failures are but incidents in the great pilgrimage, experiences that make possible the final triumph: but not content to go round and round an old track that leads nowhere simply because others are content or because of fear to face the unknown.

To distinguish between the higher and the lower kind of conscience must be difficult indeed without the aid of the Theosophical conception of the complex nature of man and the universe of which he is a part. Nor will a student find that his study of Theosophy will do more than place in his keeping a key that will unlock these closed doors of the human heart and mind. It has been said that to every lock (of this kind) there are seven keys and each key may be turned seven times, and each turn of the key will show a different picture. If this be true there is no reason to wonder at the self-deception of those who have gained a little knowledge and think they have attained to wisdom. Self-deception is too common to be ignored, and the duality of mind affords innumerable opportunities of misconception in such matters.

The mass of people in any community assuredly has a mass-consciousness, in which exist all sorts of standards of morality that have no higher source of inspiration than desire for comfort, or enjoyment, or for the respect of others. Some of these common codes of morality, narrow and selfish as they may be, are all that lie behind the ordinary idea of conscience in many cases.

Such a conscience may be a despotic monitor and an inflexible critic of conduct; but its dictates must be something less than infallible for all that. It might even happen that when compared with more enlightened

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standards such codes should appear vicious, degraded, or immoral. And yet they may be the highest available to the individual or understandable by him at the time. For it is probable that, whatever its real source, conscience does represent in every case the prompting of the highest and best that the individual can recognise, or is willing to listen to.

But even if the voice of conscience should be in any particular case no more than an expression of general public habit, it always appears to the one who hears it as a special and particular monitor speaking with authority or pleading for recognition.

It is certain that by deliberate effort either from within or from without these promptings may be encouraged and made constant, or may be stifled and temporarily silenced, if not permanently destroyed.

But this only touches the question of the relation of the supposed monitor to the person who receives the admonition and leaves us in the dark as to the real nature of conscience and the real nature of man. That is entirely within the scope of Theosophy; though every student will have to do a good deal of thinking for himself if he wishes to apply the teachings of Theosophy to the experience of his own life; and before he can hope to have any real understanding of such subjects he must make Theosophy a living power in his own life.

But even from ordinary experience we can learn a few preliminary lessons as to the nature of conscience. One such is that the word 'conscience' is very loosely used to cover a host of phenomena in which the mind plays the principal role.

Now the mind is a difficult subject to study because it is in the mind that our thinking has to be done, and if man were no more than mind and body he would go no further in the understanding of himself than does the ordinary materialist, who does his best to ignore his own spiritual possibilities. If we had not the faculty of intuition we could not hope to get any perception of the real nature of mind.

Theosophy teaches that mind is dual, that there is a higher mind illuminated by the spiritual self (or soul) and a lower mind reflecting most readily the light of the passional world or the merely mental nature.

It is evident that the mind can be educated and that it can be awakened, that it can be dulled, deadened, or destroyed, by a certain course of life; or that it may be illuminated and ennobled by an opposite course. From this it must be evident that there are innumerable varieties of minds, capable of very widely differing conceptions of right and wrong, each one of which has a conscience, whose abstract concepts of right and wrong must be translated into terms suitable to the degree of evolution that each individual has attained. All experience bears this out.

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The duality of mind causes the majority of people to be all the time fluctuating between higher and lower standards of life and between varying ideals. So that the voice of conscience will only be heard fitfully and may be difficult to distinguish from the other and perhaps clearer voices of desire, ambition, love or hate, pleasure or revenge. But besides these there are the impersonal voices of public opinion, or mob-consciousness, or the automatic monitor created by education, the code of honor, the tradition of class or caste, social custom, and such artificially developed substitutes for real conscience, and it is quite likely that the 'still small voice' of the soul may be entirely overwhelmed by these usurpers.

We can easily find good people whose conscience keeps them on thorns all the time, it is so sensitive; and they are pleased to have it so. A tender conscience is a great luxury, and it is quite compatible with intense selfishness. On the other hand we probably have all met with people who seemed to have no conscience at all. But every one has some sort of moral code, even if it be entirely depraved.

I imagine that all persons, not actually insane, have some sense of a difference between right and wrong: though it may be so twisted as to be scarcely recognisable and may have no power to influence their conduct.

Those who are engaged in education know that some quite small children seem to have no individual sense of right and wrong apart from that which they imitate in their teachers, but that a conscience can be either evolved or created according to the method of the teacher.

Pessimists prefer to believe that education creates conscience by stamping a moral code upon the growing mind of the child: and indeed this may be the result of a bad system of training. But if the teacher constantly seeks to awaken a dormant faculty, acting with a conviction that conscience is latent in the child and may be aroused; then the child grows into self-mastery and identifies himself with his own conscience. Then the unfolding of a high sense of right and wrong proceeds so naturally that conscience will become a guiding principle, recognised by the individual as a light from his own higher nature and not at all as a code of ethics arbitrarily stamped upon his mind.

For myself I cannot understand that any human mind can be fully awake without having some definite sense of the difference between right and wrong. But this sense of right and wrong may be applied to life in any sort of way, and what is more confusing is that it may be related purely to the sensations and emotions of the person and may seem to have no sort of relation to abstract right and wrong.

I am assuming that there is such a thing as abstract right and wrong; and the nearest approach to a definition of that is "the eternal fitness

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of things.” I assume that the good is that which is fitting, and the bad is the opposite.

Now when we try to decide whether a particular thought, word, or deed is right or wrong, we have to apply such perception of abstract right as we may have evolved to the circumstances under question, and we must be guided in this by experience or by education. Consequently our code of ethics, or our mode of life, will be a clear indicator of our degree of evolution. And it must inevitably happen that the most conscientious people will differ in the way they interpret the dictates of conscience even if the source of that conscience be pure; because all are learning, all are evolving, all are pupils in the school of life. And evolution proceeds by a gradual unfolding of spiritual principles, so that we are all scattered along the path of progress, and each one is trying to find the straight path, but in the meantime is wandering along some twisting lane, scrambling through some tangled forest, or scaling some mountain that shuts out the view of the great highway.

If this analogy be a true one, it is easy to see that the internal monitor might seem to give conflicting directions. The broken ground we have to cross may entail many deviations from a straight course. That we have lost the true path is the teaching of most religions and of many traditions. ‘All we like sheep have gone astray’ is no new story. The ‘eternal pilgrim’ is an old name for the human soul.

If men are wanderers on strange paths, surely a guide who wished to help them back to the straight road would bid one turn to the right, another to the left, to go forward boldly, to halt, to go back, and so on as the need of each one dictated. While to those who have found a true path he would have no need to send any message at all. It is the need alone that calls forth the inner guidance.

But the artificially created conscience cannot adapt itself to circumstances: it is rigid, inflexible, uncompromising; and for this reason is frequently overridden by the mind. Such a conscience is not likely to prove a reliable friend in need nor a trustworthy counselor. Rather it will show itself a stupid tyrant blind to the needs of the moment, fatuously bent on forcing his fixed habit of thought and having his own way at any cost. Such a tyrannical conscience with its little set of rules may be able to keep a man out of danger by holding him to a well-worn path that leads nowhere but round and round a little ring of safe experiences; but it will fail him if he tries to rise in the scale of human evolution.

On that path he must invoke the true guardian-angel, his own spiritual monitor, who is ever more ready with encouragement and inspiration than with gloomy warnings and crushing reproaches.

Theosophy teaches that man is essentially divine, and it is the divinity

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within that constantly urges him to seek self-knowledge. When he has entered on that quest he has brought himself under a higher law than that of custom or personal safety. He will be ready to sacrifice all lesser personal interests in pursuit of spiritual wisdom. On that path it is his purity of purpose that counts, and all his actions must be tested by that standard. On that path enthusiasm is a better counselor than old custom, and dauntless courage must silence fear.

The voice of conscience then will be a song of hope; or even it may happen that the voice of conscience will give place to the voice of the divinity within. For the heart of man is lighted by a ray from the divine; and love of good must take the place of fear of evil.

I do not think that it is possible to do right from fear of doing wrong; for fear itself is the great wrong. Fear is the unpardonable sin: it is the denial of our own divinity. To stamp fear upon a human mind is the greatest wrong that can be done.

There are many strange sayings scattered through the Christian Bible, and one of the strangest is the assertion that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom." This may have come from a people whose religion was a worship of a cruel, revengeful, jealous, angry deity, whom it was considered wise to propitiate with flattery and food (or sacrifices). Such religions still exist among degraded races. Or it may be simply intended as a warning that fear of the Lord could only exist at the beginning of the search for wisdom; for all ancient religions esoterically taught that wisdom was synonymous with love of the deity; so that fear must be cast away at the very entrance to the path.

If conscience be the voice of the higher self in man then there will be no fear of failure possible in the promptings from that source.

But it is probable that the mass of mankind in this age is largely ruled by fear, fear of punishment, fear of public opinion, fear of loss, or pain, or suffering, fear of being misunderstood, or fear of remorse. To such as these conscience is wholly made up of fears: while the religion of the mass is still based on fear of hell, in spite of the gospel of love that should have banished fear entirely.

Truly the world has been enslaved by fear, and when the message of Theosophy was first brought to the people they feared to trust it: and when Katherine Tingley put upon her banner the words "Truth, Light and Liberation for discouraged humanity," they feared to understand the message, for "conscience has made cowards of us all." Yet there was a time when men loved the Gods and knew them as their friends and kinsmen: but evil grew upon the earth and the Gods withdrew, so that men knew them no more. Then fear came. But before that the religion of courage had no place for fear. This is shown clearly by an aphorism, or

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word of wisdom, quoted from the book of the wisdom of Brynhilda the wise:

“Wilt thou do the deed and repent it, thou hadst better never been born:
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it, then thy fame shall be outworn.
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on high,
And look on today and tomorrow as those that never die.”

This has come down to us from a religion that was sprung from men who were reputed to have known the Gods when the great ones still visited the earth. And in another fragment from the past it was said that when men knew the Gods they loved them; then, when the Gods were no more seen on earth, men worshiped them; and then they grew to fear them, and at last denied them. And since that day the world has grown more evil and more degraded, till the very memory of the Golden Age has passed away and the world is ruled by fear and greed.

So conscience was degraded, and from a divine voice speaking to the soul of man it fell to a fear that paralysed the will and made man impotent.

And now that age of darkness is going to its end in wars and revolutions and the repudiation of authority. And through the clouds the sun's rays shine with the message “Truth, Light, and Liberation.” The old God-wisdom is not dead. It never dies: though men forget it and repudiate it and perish for the lack of it, returning to rebirth to expiate the wrongs they did, and to rebuild the great highway which in all ages men have called ‘The Path’ — the Path of wisdom, that starts right here on earth, and leads beyond the clouds up to the worlds where dwell the elder brothers of the human race, those who have gone before to show the way, and whose instructions still remain as signposts on the road. The record of those teachings has been called the Wisdom of the Gods, or divine wisdom, or the Wisdom-Religion, the Secret Doctrine, or Theosophy, or a thousand other names in other lands and other ages; for the world is very old if counted by the little lives of men.

But the dark age is passing, and men must liberate themselves from the chains they fastened on their souls in former ages, when for the love of truth they substituted fear of evil, which has bred evils innumerable that now are overwhelming man-made systems of government by fear.

The first step upon the path demands the casting off of those shackles that man has laid upon his own conscience. He must set conscience free. To do this he must look inwards, and see the entrance to the path in his own heart, and over that entrance written, “Cast fear away!”

Stripped of that dark cloak, his conscience will stand robed in light, an image of the Self Divine reflected in the mirror of his mind.

THEOSOPHY, THE KEY TO CHRISTIANITY

C. J. RYAN



WHY does that original and daring preacher and thinker, Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, say that "Organized religion is nothing more than a creaking weathervane"?

Why does the Rev. D. W. Kurtz, D. D., of MacPherson, Kansas, speaking before the recent World's Sunday School Congress, say that "The present world crisis is due to fear and hate and selfishness, to the lack of the spirit and practice of brotherhood?"

Why do we hear of increasing lawlessness, lack of self-control, revolt against time-honored restraints and beliefs, especially among the younger element?

Have not wealth, influence, learning, the enforcing power of law and public opinion been on the side of that organized form of religion which one of its leaders, the courageous Dean Inge, tells us is "nothing more than a creaking weathervane"? Why, therefore, has the church lost its grip upon the people in this age of generally-diffused education, and in some directions, aspiration for better things?

Materialism in thought and act has not entirely conquered; there is still a feeling that religion has a place, and that the churches ought to be supported if only as a symbol of something beyond the common workaday struggle for existence. *Harper's* magazine for August, 1920, gives a curious illustration of this. The only church in a certain town was about to be closed for want of support. Those who felt ashamed to live in a churchless town tried to save the church, a difficult matter in the absence of an active congregation. Appeal was made to the well-to-do members of a neighboring country club, and enough money was given to keep the church open. The subscribers had done all they thought necessary; they did not fill the empty pews, but they recognised that there ought to be a visible symbol of the spiritual life in every community. It is rather pathetic.

Modern science has broken down confidence in the truth of the Bible-stories, yet were we not always taught that they were the foundation that made Christianity unique among religions? The tendency towards 'common sense' and away from dogma is like a flood washing away a sand-bank on which some refugees have been caught. At last, everything is submerged and, to save their lives, the victims have to abandon their personal possessions and swim with the tide. Their house was not built on a rock. Geology proved that the earth is very ancient; astronomy

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testified to the existence of other worlds and their probable habitation by intelligent beings; other sciences shattered the stories of Adam and Eve, and so forth. The churches retired slowly as the ground melted under their feet; until now what have they left of the framework of their faith to distinguish them from those religiously-minded people outside the churches who were formerly regarded as hopelessly unorthodox? In this embarrassing position they unconsciously challenge Theosophy for help, for nothing but the interpretation of scriptures offered by Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, can save them in the face of the growing skepticism or, at best, indifference. A strong claim, but not too strong, as many are finding out to their joy. Men will not trust to Dean Inge's "creaking weather-vane of organized religion" which turns with every breath of wind; they ask for a compass which steadily points to the guiding star.

Another distinguished English churchman, Canon Barnes of Westminster Abbey, has lately created a big stir on both sides of the Atlantic by his revolutionary utterances. Metropolitan papers have columns of animated correspondence about his addresses. He fearlessly abandons the Fall of Man, which the orthodox churches have always considered the basic reason for the coming of Christ as the Savior from Adam's sin, for the Sacrifice on the Cross, the Redemption. Without the Fall of Man from primitive innocence the superstructure of Christian dogma vanishes into thin air; so we have been told by the highest authorities all these centuries. Canon Barnes and, it is said, large numbers of church-people, have accepted the entire Darwinian principle of the evolution of man from the animals. In a recent sermon in Westminster Abbey he emphasized the significance of the fact that, so far as he was aware, no Bishop, no Nonconformist Divine, no Scholar, had come forward to assert that the Fall was a historical fact. The framework of ideas, he said, which placed Creation six thousand years ago had simply fallen to pieces; the clergy could no longer close their minds or their sermons to the new ideas. The closed mind would lead, sooner or later, to the closed church. He strongly objected to teaching as facts untrue Bible-stories to the young because they were supposed to have a spiritual value. The young were finding things out for themselves. Furthermore, he said, modern conceptions of the origin of the earth and of man were now accessible in popular form, and the silence of Christian teachers with regard to them was responsible for the alienation of the younger educated men and women from the Christian churches. He quoted from his own experience, and from a report on *Younger Women and the Church of England* issued four years ago, to show the widespread dissatisfaction prevailing, and continued:

"The aloofness of the younger men was an old story, and so long as the younger women

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remained within the churches the position was not desperate. But they were now taught in their secular studies, principles to which Christian teachers paid no heed."

He closed with the important remark, which we must consider later, that

"to escape from sin man needed the Atonement; the Redemption through Christ was a fact of Christian experience — not some bit of ancient folk-lore."

Canon Barnes is right in recognising the peril his Church stands in of losing the younger generation. We hear from many quarters of the rising tide of indifference, of materialism in thought and action. In some places it is claimed to be owing to the moral degradation caused by conditions arising out of the great war. This has helped, but it is largely the result of the insistence upon belief in the literal accuracy of all the dogmas and incredible Bible-stories. Theosophy is the only resource. Deprived of the interpretation it offers, which is derived from the original source whence the Bible came, the churches will lose more and more, for people are asking for reasonable explanations. While many, led by eminent preachers, are abandoning nearly all that distinguished Christianity as a unique system of teaching about man and the universe, some still retain their belief in the literal teachings of the Bible, and the latter are largely in control of the machinery of 'organized religion.'

Until recently the belief in the creation of the universe by a personal God six thousand years ago, the Temptation of Adam by an actual serpent, the Fall, and so forth, were necessary marks of a Christian: they are still taught to the young in the Sunday-Schools, and missionaries in so-called 'heathen' lands emphasize them as facts in contrast with the legends of the religions they are seeking to undermine.

Although the more learned theologians are abandoning the Old Testament miracles and many of the earlier narratives as mere fables unworthy of attention except as literature or poetry, perhaps they are not all fabulous after all! Perhaps they are important truths, clothed in allegories to which the key has not been easily available? Can Theosophy help in this confusion?

Theosophy solves the problem in harmony with pure reason without giving up faith in the value of the Biblical teachings. It shows that while the vital feature of religion is truly the Atonement between the human personality and the Higher Self, the Christos spirit, there are also important teachings behind the stories of the Fall, the Garden of Eden, and the confused accounts of the Creation, as well even as Noah's Ark and Jonah's Whale. These are not the ignorant vaporings of primitive minds, but skilfully condensed (though imperfect, as we have them) symbolic records of real events. As was the custom in old times, the more earnest and intelligent persons who were worthy of instruction were

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taught by word of mouth the real meanings of the superficially fanciful legends. We find that method adopted by all the great Teachers, including Jesus who, it was said, never spoke to the public except in a veiled way, keeping his deeper teachings for his special pupils.

The interpreting and harmonizing power of Theosophy arises from the fact that every ancient religion contained a more or less imperfect rendering or representation of man's spiritual and material progress. Organized Christianity is still suffering from the vainglorious exclusiveness of the Hebrew pride in the supremacy of their tribal God and his supposed special relationship with the 'Chosen People,' for it was an extension of Judaism. If it is to live it will have to learn that the religions of the world are a brotherhood, and that each has a share of the Light. Each is imperfect, for the universal tendency to materialize the spiritual, and towards superstition, has affected them all. The "Secret Doctrine" spoken of so often in Theosophical literature, is the foundation of all worthy religions. This was known to various early Christian writers, such as Augustine, who speaks plainly about the true religion that has always been in the world, and of which (he says) Christianity is only a new rendering with a new name.

Canon Barnes says the Redemption through Christ is a fact of *Christian* experience, and that it is independent of any idea of a Fall, in which he disbelieves. It is difficult to believe that a man of his open mind can hold the literal, orthodox notion that the crucifixion of Jesus paid off the sin of the world, and that all we have to do is to accept the vicarious sacrifice made by him and be saved. Surely he must have a more spiritual interpretation? Theosophy declares that the principle of Spiritual Redemption is not limited to Christian experience, but is a universal experience; no age has been without the knowledge of this experience. The Christos spirit, so fully possessed by the Great Teacher, Jesus, is in all men; it is the Divine Immortal Higher Self; and the Redemption or Atonement is the union of the regenerated personal self, the lower man, with the higher. 'Faith' — *not* 'blind,' but wide-awake active vision,— is the energizing power which brings about this union. Numerous passages from ancient teachings prove that the knowledge of the inner Christos and the Way of Attainment was familiar in old times. It has never been without a witness. Here is a verse from the Vedas, of great antiquity:

"Ye children of immortality, even those who live in the highest sphere, the Way is found; there is a way out of all this darkness, and that is by perceiving Him who is beyond all darkness, and there is no other way."

In a later Oriental scripture (the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*), Krishna, a form of the Divine Spirit, after declaring that he cannot be found by intellectual

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study or by mortification of the body or various kinds of benevolent deeds or religious ceremonies, says:

“I am to be approached and seen and known in truth by means of that devotion which has me alone for an object. He whose actions are for me alone, who esteemeth me the supreme goal, who is my servant only, without attachment to the results of action and free from enmity towards any creature, cometh to me.”

In science we learn that a fact is proved by the agreement of universal experience. Oxygen and hydrogen combine into water when treated the same way, irrespective of the prejudices of the experimenter. In the study of religions there is a tendency to look upon them as bundles of theories intended to be taken on faith and without a standard of truth by which to test them. This is not right; there is an underlying reality as exact as the facts of chemistry, and it is witnessed by the testimony of seers and prophets throughout the ages, and of all faiths. Madame Katherine Tingley has expressed this in a beautiful aphorism:

“There is a state of consciousness that is an open way to the Light.”

The forms in which the illuminated spiritual teachers have tried to express their wisdom have differed and have been disfigured by their followers, but the truth is one.

One of the most terrible blots upon the pages of history, chiefly during the last nineteen hundred years, is the hatred, contempt, persecution, and bloodshed resulting from religious differences. In its primary purpose of promoting universal brotherhood the Theosophical Movement strikes at that powerful cause of strife by demonstrating the basic unity of spiritual knowledge under whatever form. To confirm this, regard human nature in its noblest and highest exemplars and find for yourself that the more completely a man realizes the vitalizing spirit of his own religion, the more he finds himself in harmony with others who have reached the deeper meaning in theirs.

According to the record in the New Testament, the mission of Jesus was not universal, for he said,

“I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

And Krishna, the Divine, in the sacred book of India, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, says:

“In whatever form a devotee desires with faith to worship, it is I alone who inspire him with constancy therein,”

and also:

“even those also who worship other gods with a firm faith in doing so, involuntarily worship me, albeit in ignorancé.”— Chapters vii and ix

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This shows that the teaching was that religions were not considered rivals but brothers — a purely Theosophical claim.

Now if there is only one foundation for the great religions is it not reasonable to look for considerable agreement in the outer forms when read between the lines, in spite of all the superstitions and errors that have crept in? The Bible is only one of the world-scriptures containing strange narratives professing to be historical but which are incredible to the reason. The fragments of man's early history are so incomplete and apparently fantastic that earnest students like Canon Barnes, and numbers of the clergy who have openly supported him in the newspapers, have abandoned the attempt to construct a reasonable picture from them; they say that modern science has made a better one — science, which disregards the soul and spiritual causes utterly!

Here, then, is where Theosophy steps in and challenges the churches and the scientists by bringing the key-pattern which shows where the historical fragments fit in. The Secret Doctrine of antiquity solves the difficulties. A small part of its teachings — but sufficient — was entrusted to H. P. Blavatsky and can be studied in her books. It provides the intelligence with that substantial basis for religion without which it must go downhill into mere emotionalism and superstition, and become even less effective than the “creaking weathervane” it now is according to Dean Inge.

Do not forget that thousands are losing all interest in the spiritual life as they find that organized religion has no serious defense for so many of its time-honored beliefs against the onslaughts of the critics. Col. Ingersoll was denounced for writing such books as *The Mistakes of Moses* containing very plain speaking about the unscientific narratives in *Genesis*; today high ecclesiastics are saying the same things in more polite but equally plain language.

Madame Blavatsky, in her famous ‘Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury,’ discusses the composition of the Gospels, showing how they are made of portions of far older philosophies and religions formed around the recorded sayings of Jesus. She says:

Theosophy . . . shows that the result of Biblical criticism is far from being the ultimate analysis of Christianity, as each of the pieces which compose the curious mosaics of the Churches once belonged to a religion which had an esoteric meaning. It is only when these pieces are restored to the places they originally occupied that their hidden significance can be perceived, and the real meaning of the dogmas of Christianity understood. To do all this, however, requires a knowledge of the Secret Doctrine as it exists in the esoteric foundation of other religions; and this knowledge is not in the hands of the clergy, for the Church has hidden, and since lost, the keys.

“Your Grace will now understand why it is that the Theosophical Society has taken for one of its three ‘Objects’ the study of those Eastern religions and philosophies, which shed such a flood of light upon the inner meaning of Christianity; and you will, I hope, also per-

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ceive that in so doing, we are acting not as the enemies, but as the friends of the religion taught by Jesus --- of true Christianity in fact. For it is only through the study of those religions and philosophies that Christians can ever arrive at an understanding of their own beliefs, or see the hidden meaning of the parables and allegories which the Nazarene told to the spiritual cripples of Judea and by taking which, either as matters of fact or as matters of fancy, the Churches have brought the teachings themselves into ridicule and contempt, and Christianity into serious danger of complete collapse, undermined as it is by historical criticism and mythological research, besides being broken by the sledge-hammer of science."

The same principle applies to the Old Testament narratives such as the Fall, quite abandoned by many clergy. To understand in fullness the help Theosophy brings to those who feel their faith in the trustworthiness of the Bible endangered by the mangling tooth of criticism, a brief consideration of the Creation and Fall of Man will illustrate the importance of Madame Blavatsky's contribution to Biblical criticism.

We hear a good deal about Bible-reading and Bible-study, but it would be interesting to know how many persons, not critics, have compared the contradictory accounts in the first few pages, and have wondered at them! The first chapter contains a clear account of the creation of the world, the plants, the animals, and finally, of man. The word improperly translated 'God' in this narrative is a plural one, Elohim, and means the Creative Powers or Gods. The first three verses of the second chapter tell of the seventh day of rest. We must remember that the original is not divided into chapters. The fourth verse of the second chapter begins the second account of creation, which includes the Garden of Eden story, the Temptation of Adam, the eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and the expulsion from Eden. The word used for the Divine Being in the second account is 'Jehovah,' translated Lord God. In the first chapter the animals are created before man; in the second, Adam is made first and the animals are brought before him to be named. Numerous other striking differences occur, and logical thinkers, ignorant of Theosophy, have discarded the early Bible-stories, calling them primitive folk-lore. And, as other logical thinkers have said, "If no Fall took place how could the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, the central feature of Christianity, redeem a human race which never had fallen from primitive innocence?"

Theosophy shows that the two stories are not fiction, and not contradictory. They describe the spiritual and physical evolution of mankind in a highly condensed allegorical form, which, although confused and garbled by numerous editings and tamperings, is sufficiently recognisable in the light of Theosophy. The narratives are not two independent accounts of creation written by different scribes and patched together, as the critics fancy, naming the supposed writers the 'Elohists' and the 'Jehovists.' They are one account of successive phases of evolution.

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Even the curious story of the animals being brought before Adam to be named can be shown to represent a natural process in the early evolution of species. The divine names Elohim and Jehovah are used in their special places with definite and different meanings.

Those who desire to follow up this profoundly interesting subject will find the deeper meaning of the Hebrew and Christian theology worked out in *The Secret Doctrine* and other works of H. P. Blavatsky, not as possibilities or hypotheses, but by one who knew the universal basis or religious philosophy upon which all great religions were built. Theosophy brings to the Christian world the forgotten and rather revolutionary idea that an *actual science of religion*, nearly lost here, is hidden behind the superficial aspect of religions. Jesus and all the great Teachers spoke plainly about it, but the knowledge of the Mysteries has faded. Not everywhere, however, and one of the causes of the persecution suffered in India by Madame Blavatsky was that certain representatives of Oriental religion objected to her giving out any part of the Secret Doctrine of antiquity which they had kept carefully hidden from the materialistic West.

But to return to the Fall of Man and the Redemption. Canon Barnes repudiates the Apple-and-Snake story of *Genesis*, though he still holds that man needs redemption from sin. According to Theosophy there was a Fall which was simplified or allegorized in various ways; the Golden Age and the Fall are an almost universal tradition, and the 'Fall of the Angels' is not confined to Christianity. To quote Madame Blavatsky again:

"The true meaning of 'The Fall of the Angels' is found pre-eminently in *Genesis* when the latter is read in a spirit of research for Truth, with no eye to dogma and in no mood of pre-conception."

The passage referred to is that about the "Sons of God" becoming attracted by the "daughters of men" and uniting with them in marriage. Probably Canon Barnes considers this another absurd piece of folk-lore, but it is in reality very significant.

The widespread traditions of a Fall are founded upon the greatest fact in nature for us — the duality of man, the higher and lower nature, the immortal and the perishable, the divine and the animal. The higher, immortal Self is typified as the 'Fallen Angel,' the 'Son of God,' and under other names in India, Egypt, Greece, etc. The Fall means the willing descent into material life, the acceptance of the burden of existence until wisdom has been gained through struggle and service. As Madame Blavatsky says:

"Woe to those who live without suffering. Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without a change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage? Is it not those only who have learned the deceptive value of earthly hopes and the illusive allurements of external nature who are destined to solve the great problems of life, pain, and death?"— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 475

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What a magnificent conception is contained in the allegory of the Fall! The descent of the immortal spirit into earthly forms, gaining knowledge by experience, the greatest teacher, until it returns with its harvest of wisdom and power to move on to still higher states, transcending our most vivid powers of imagination! One lifetime is not enough for this; reincarnation in many forms and conditions, in many ages, is needed. The 'Fall of Adam' happened millions of years ago! And here we may quote another so-called 'dark saying' — this time from the New Testament — which is really not obscure, though little understood. You will find it in the last book in the Bible:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."— *Rev.* iii, 12

That will happen when further incarnation is not needed, but each lifetime in which spiritual victory has been won helps to build the mystical temple, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We have now touched very imperfectly and briefly upon a few points which illustrate the claim that Theosophy is what is needed to prevent organized Christianity losing its distinctive features and with them many of its intelligent adherents, who will seek a religion possessing both spirituality and a scientific basis. What solid philosophic foundation have the churches to offer today? The most advanced authorities, such as Canon Barnes and Dean Inge, accept the ordinary scientific opinions about the evolution of the world and mankind, and preach a vague doctrine infinitely far removed from the orthodox Christian hell-fire and exclusive-salvation belief, and approaching Theosophical principles.

The repudiation of the principle of reincarnation or pre-existence of the soul by organized Christianity, which destroys its logical standing, is a remarkable proof of the illogical working of the human mind when in the shadows. Dogmas, such as the Virgin Birth, which were never even mentioned by Jesus, were insisted upon, while Reincarnation — a practically universal belief of antiquity, whose possibility was not only never denied by Jesus *but definitely approved and taught by him* — was ignored and finally suppressed.

The law of Karma, of infinite justice, is another subject which Jesus, the great Theosophical Teacher, emphatically preached. This law is not to be evaded in the moral world any more than in the material. Jesus and his great follower Paul were honest with the people and told them that they would get exactly what they deserved. Yet, as we all know, dogmas, such as the Vicarious Atonement and certain practices, were introduced into organized Christianity, offering supposed methods of evading the consequences of wickedness and promising subtil ways of slipping into heaven by the back door, so to speak. The doctrine of

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Karma is not fatalism; the Law will buffet us until we learn to behave, but once we have seen the folly of working for the lower animal self and have recognised our true divinity, we become workers with nature, and the great Law is seen to be a teacher. When the soul is in perfect harmony with nature and is one with the divine self, comes that state spoken of in mystical language by the initiate Paul:

“There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.”— *Romans*, viii, 1-2

Paul well understood the Theosophical teaching of Karma and how to rise above its bonds.

Universal Brotherhood is what we must recognise, practice, and promote in every way, for it is the only Path that leads infallibly towards spiritual liberty for the individual and the world. Why should the greatest, most intuitive, and inspired Teachers throughout the ages have placed this foremost if it was not the true way of progress? “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” said Jesus.

We are all somewhat acquainted with the teachings of brotherhood given by such spiritually enlightened ones as Buddha and Socrates, Krishna and Zoroaster, but we may not be so familiar with those of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent. Here is a quotation from Brinton’s classical work, *The Myths of the New World*, which is highly significant: speaking of several races of Central and South America, he says their hero-teachers, afterwards deified, were:


“credited with an ethical elevation in their teachings which need not blush before the loftiest precepts of Old World moralists. According to the earliest and most trustworthy accounts, the doctrines of Tonapa were filled with the loving kindness and deep sense of duty which characterized the purest Christianity. ‘Nothing was wanting in them,’ says a historian (Pachachuti in *Tres Relaciones Peruanas*) ‘save the name of God, and that of his son, Jesus Christ.’ . . . The Iroquois sage, Hiawatha, probably a historical character, made it the noble aim of his influence and instruction to abolish war altogether and establish the reign of universal peace and brotherhood among men,” etc.

Theosophy, then, has no creed to enforce, but it offers information which will enable you to understand the inner unity of the world-faiths, and to value your own more highly as you find it is a part of a great whole and not a mere modern or local cult. Above all, it says: Look within; study your own heart and the hearts of men; strive to break the chains which bind to selfishness and desire; love and work for humanity in whatever way opens itself; find the peace and joy and knowledge which come from within; and recollect that, in the words of Katherine Tingley, “There is a state of consciousness which is an open way to the Light.”

LIVING IN THE PRESENT

MAGISTER ARTIUM

“Oh the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!”—GEORGE ELIOT in *Amos Barton*

EVER! But the heart refuses to believe it. The mind may see no way by which we can so atone, but there is within us a faculty that brooks not the limitations of the mind. So great and holy a desire bespeaks the possibility of its own fulfilment; there is a Law that must adjust all.

We should not indulge in *useless* regrets; but if regrets can be coined into gold, it were surely right that we should entertain them. And the power to dismiss regrets may be the mark of a callous nature as well as the sign of a strong will. And of course the lesson is to resolve to do better by our *present* opportunities, so that another future may not find us repining in another regret over a past that is now our present.

But is it not always hard to value aright the present time? Is there not always the tendency to live in the ideal rather than the actual, because the ideal does not involve the friction of circumstance and the urgent call for strenuous action? And is not the past ideal in this respect? In the same way we are apt to live in future hopes, constantly put further forward into the future, as we advance along the track of time. These regrets, then, are a spending of emotion where it can lead to no action; and we should rather strive to bring the power of our emotions to bear on the problems before us.

And herein perhaps we glimpse an answer to the question raised before: for perhaps in that way we can best atone for the past mistake. In our earthly consciousness, time is stretched out in a sequence of past, present, and future; but what can this have to do with realms where time is not?

The following quotation from the same author is pertinent to the present occasion:

“It was his characteristic bias to shrink from the moral stupidity of valuing lightly what had come close to him, and of missing blindly in his own life of today the crises which he had recognised as momentous and sacred in the historic life of men. If he had read of this incident as having happened centuries ago in Rome, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Cairo, to some man young as himself, dissatisfied with his neutral life, and wanting some closer fellowship, some more special duty to give him ardor for the possible consequences of his work, it would have appeared to him quite natural that the incident should have created a deep impression on that far-off man, whose clothing and action would have been seen in his imagination as part of an age chiefly known to us through its more serious effects. Why should he be ashamed of his

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own agitated feeling merely because he dressed for dinner, wore a white tie, and lived among people who might laugh at his owning any conscience in the matter as the solemn folly of taking himself too seriously? — that bugbear of circles in which the lack of grave emotion passes for wit.”— *Daniel Deronda*, p. 592

There are people who are always ready to talk about great things in the past or great things in the future, but who shrug their shoulders at the notion of great things in the present. One writer, whose unpublished work has met our eyes, argues that, when a great thought is presented to the mind of an ordinary person, it strikes the soul within, but is not comprehended by the mind. The mind, feeling an emotion going on, and not knowing the cause thereof, seeks relief for the emotion through some familiar channel. In some natures the feeling thus aroused is fear; in others, anger; in others, laughter. The truth, when proclaimed, makes people afraid, angry, or flippant. True, laughter is often a useful way of getting rid of unwanted emotion; but this may be carried too far. The true balance is to be found in an inward seriousness decently clothed in a protective armor of conventional manners; and thus we avoid being either a solemn prig or a flippant would-be cynic.

It is always important to value the present moment and the present situation — the Now and the Here; the Then and the There are elusive and unexact. If you are to be initiated, you will not necessarily be taken to the top of a mountain nor to the bottom of a cavern; but it may take place amid papered walls and upholstery. It is romantic to think of snakes and beautiful sirens, to test the powers of endurance of the neophyte; but the humbler trials of daily life may afford him tests that are all the harder because less romantic. As the center of the earth is not nearer in one place than another, so it is doubtless just as short a way from our present worldly life to what lies within, as it is from any other point in historical time. Our outer man may be very absurd, but doubtless those ancients also found it needful to wear an outer garb of conventional absurdity when they mixed with their fellows.

Neither the dreamer nor the purely objective man is complete; and perfection is to be sought rather in the man who can cherish lofty ideals while possessing the ability to adapt himself to outward circumstances.




PEACE

F. M. P.

THE stars in heaven, like distant wind-blown lamps,
Twinkle merrily. The moonless night
Domes purple-black, to robe the sleeping sky,
The world in shadow dreaming restful dreams.
The wayward winds have lulled themselves to sleep,
And Silence listens to its bated breath.
Thus wrapt, I stand upon an earthly knoll —
Observant of the peace brooding o'er the Soul.

LAKE AND RIVER SCENES

CAROLUS

HE question whether Lake Maggiore or Lake Como bears the palm of beauty will probably never be settled, though Ruskin speaks of Maggiore as the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes. There is, however, no doubt that the part of Maggiore shown in the accompanying illustration — the Western Bay, about two-thirds of the way down the lake from the north, inclosing the exquisite Borromean Islands — cannot be surpassed for loveliness.

Lake Maggiore is thirty-seven miles long and two or three wide on the average; its surface is more than six hundred feet above sea-level, and it is about twelve hundred feet deep. The northern part is in Switzerland, the southern in Italy, and travelers are always struck by the fact that its color changes from green to blue as the northern end with its sediment brought down from the mountains is left behind. There are three principal islands in the Borromean group: Isola Bella, Isola Madre, and Isola Superiore or Peschieri. The first is the most famous, but it is not really so beautiful as Isola Madre. Isola Bella was once a flat and barren rock with a church and a few cottages, but in 1632 a Count of the noted Borromeo family transformed it by constructing ten terraces reaching to a height of a hundred feet above the lake, and by planting them with semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers, including palms, magnolias, and camellias, which have grown luxuriantly. In 1650 Count Borromeo began a palace which, though never finished and of no architectural distinction, adds to the picturesque and romantic effect of the island as

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seen from a little distance. It contains a gallery of doubtful pictures and some fine Flemish tapestry.

Although Isola Bella presents an almost fairy-like appearance as part of the lake-scenery, its rich vegetation and quaint stone-work giving the imagination full opportunity to build dream-castles of the marvels that a nearer view ought to reveal, the actual execution of the design is not equal to the general effect. Distance decidedly lends enchantment to the view. A recent writer says:

“The gardens are a triumph of bad taste. Artificial grottos bristling with shells, terrible pieces of hewn stone which it would be an offense to sculpture to term statuary, offend the eye at every turn. The vulgarity of the whole conception is redeemed by the luxuriance of the semi-tropic vegetation which, owing to the extreme mildness of the climate, flourishes in these islands, and by the beauty of the views across the lake, to be enjoyed from every angle of the terraces. The interior of the palace is little worth visiting. A gallery of very indifferent pictures, most of which, though palpable ‘copies’ by inexperienced artists, are pompously labeled with such names as Tiziano, Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, etc., is shown to tourists. The gallery comprises a possible dozen fair specimens of the Lombard School, but is certainly not worth visiting, unless as a means of taking refuge from a summer shower.”

The Island of the Fishermen — Isola Peschieri — should also be surveyed from a position sufficiently removed, in order to blend the rather squalid details of its fishing-village in a romantic glamor; but the third, Isola Madre, has a still greater wealth of vegetation than the others and is laid out in far better taste than Isola Bella, though it may not be so striking in general appearance.

Lake Lemman or the Lake of Geneva is another Alpine lake divided between two nations; in this case Switzerland and France. The difference between the character of the culture on the northern (Swiss) and southern (French) shores is strongly marked. The latter is for the most part occupied by miserable and poverty-stricken villages, peopled by unhappy-looking peasants: the Swiss shore, on the contrary, displays a constant succession of prosperous towns, large hotels, country-houses and comfortable villas, with gardens, groves of handsome trees, and promenades. The Swiss shore lies in the canton of Vaud, a strongly Protestant district.

The Lake of Geneva is forty-five miles long and eight-and-a-half wide for a large part of its length; it is deep blue in color, differing in this respect from the majority of the Swiss lakes which are green. Tremendous storms occasionally sweep across it raising a heavy sea, and a curious phenomenon is often produced which occurs in few other bodies of water. This consists in a great change or fluctuation in the level of the lake which sometimes rises as much as six feet, the lifted waters rushing from side to side or end to end of the lake in a short time. On some occasions this strange wave-like flood takes only ten minutes to pass from the French to the Swiss shore. Scientists are not in complete agreement about the

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cause, but the general opinion is that it is produced by sudden alterations in atmospheric pressure.

The shores of Lake Geneva have proved an irresistible attraction for famous persons of all countries, both by reason of the magnificence of the scenery and the mildness of the climate of certain regions. The city of Geneva is associated with such well-known names as Calvin, John Knox, de Candolle, de Saussure, and Necker, but almost every village or town on or near the lake claims to have given hospitality to some celebrity. Lausanne is indissolubly connected with Gibbon, Ferney with Voltaire, St. Cergue with Lamartine, Coppet with Madame de Stael. Lesage lived on the shores of the lake, and Byron and Shelley spent many happy days sailing on its placid surface. It is not always placid, though, even in summer, for the two poets were caught in a severe storm near Meillerie in June 1816 and nearly lost. Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon* and many of the cantos of *Childe Harold* while inspired by the sublimity of the natural surroundings. Perhaps the most singular and epoch-making of all the men of genius who ever lived within sight of Lake Geneva was J. J. Rousseau, the philosopher and perhaps the real inspirer of the French Revolution, who found peace, comfort, and health there for years. He was born in Geneva though he spent much of his life abroad.

Byron expresses the peaceful influence upon the spirit of the lake when in repose, in these lines:

"Thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a fairer spring,
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction." — *Childe Harold*

Charles Dickens spent six months at Lausanne in 1846; he writes:

"This country is delightful in the extreme — as leafy, green, and shady, as England; full of deep glens and branchy places, and bright with all sorts of flowers in profusion. It abounds in singing birds besides — very pleasant after Italy; and the moonlight on the lake is noble. Prodigious mountains rise up from its opposite shore (it is eight or nine miles across, at this point) and the Simplon, the St. Gotthard, Mont Blanc and all the Alpine wonders are piled there, in tremendous grandeur. The cultivation is uncommonly rich and profuse. There are all manner of walks, vineyards, green lanes, corn-fields, and pastures full of hay. The general neatness is as remarkable as in England. There are no priests or monks in the streets, and the people appear to be industrious and thriving. French (and very intelligible and pleasant French) seems to be the universal language. . . . There is a charming variety of enchanting scenery. There is the shore of the lake, where you may dip your feet, as you walk, in the deep blue water, if you choose. There are the hills to climb up, leading to the great heights above the town; or to stagger down, leading to the lake . . . and, closing up every view and vista, is an eternally changing range of prodigious mountains — sometimes red, sometimes gray, sometimes purple, sometimes black, sometimes white with snow; sometimes close at hand; and sometimes very ghosts in the clouds and mist."

LAKE AND RIVER SCENES

The English Lake District has been called a miniature Switzerland, and the lakes themselves, though smaller than those of Switzerland or Italy and surrounded by hills of far less magnificence than the Alps, have an exquisite beauty, and in some cases a grandeur of their own which have attracted poets, artists, and lovers of wild nature ever since the appreciation and enjoyment of mountain scenery became a distinct part of the modern consciousness. In the Middle Ages wild and rugged districts were only too seriously associated with terrible dangers, and the peace-loving townspeople who desired to die in their beds avoided them as much as possible. With the destruction of dangerous animals, the disappearance of brigandage, and the building of railways and good roads, the mountain regions have become attractive.

Derwentwater, also called Keswick Lake from the small market-town on its shore, in Cumberland, a northern county, though only about three or four miles long, is one of the most beautiful of the English lakes. It is overlooked by some of the highest mountains in England, such as Helvellyn, and Skiddaw or Blencathra, which, however, do not rise more than about three thousand feet above sea-level. The banks at the Keswick end of the lake are not steep but towards the other the surrounding hills close in and the scenery becomes wild and rugged. In fine weather the blue stretch of calm water, dappled with bright reflections of the drifting summer clouds and surrounded with the deep green foliage of the dense woods above which the rocky crags and grass-covered hills raise their heads, is very lovely. Near the head of the lake the famous waterfall, Lodore, tumbles headlong down a steep boulder-strewn precipice. In the storms of winter Derwentwater can be very wild and it is then very dangerous to be overtaken by a sudden squall in one of the shallow lake-boats.

The famous statesman and scientist, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in the pursuit of knowledge for the benefit of humanity, once braved the perils of Derwentwater in its angriest mood. In 1772 Franklin was greatly interested in the problem of pouring oil upon troubled waters in order to smoothe their roughness and thereby make navigation safer. Choosing a wild and stormy day in December of that year, when the waves on Keswick Lake were high, he and Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, put off in a boat and tried the first experiments ever made to test the effect of oil. Their success is well known and the method has been frequently used when ships were in danger. The details of the experiment are given in the 64th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society.

Derwentwater, though not extensive in area, contains seven picturesque and mostly well-wooded islands, and one singular natural phenomenon

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called the Floating Island. The latter is a good-sized mat of fibrous vegetable substance which, after collecting at the bottom of the lake, becomes at times inflated with natural gas, the result of decomposition, and rises to the surface where it floats for weeks or months. In 1864 two such Floating Islands appeared.

At the southern and wilder end of the lake, furthest removed from civilization as represented by the small market-town and tourist-resort of Keswick, the narrow and gloomy valley of Borrowdale begins. A steep, rocky eminence, Castle Crag, rises in the middle near the entrance; it seems an admirable site for a fortress and there are the remains of such a structure on its summit. The small village of Grange at its foot was once — and not more than a century ago — considered by travelers to be practically the end of the world; beyond was a barbarous, dangerous, and almost unknown country with a few curiously simple inhabitants who hardly knew the use of wheels or harness. Even now it is primitive in many ways. For many years Borrowdale was the world's chief locality for its supply of plumbago ('black lead') for making pencils, and it was also noted for a grove of magnificent yew trees many centuries old.

Derwentwater is associated with many of the greatest names in English literature, such as Wordsworth, Southey, Gray, Keats, Carlyle, and others. Near Keswick a picturesque promontory juts out into the lake covered with ancient fir trees whose twisted roots cling like gripping claws to the thinly-covered rocks. At this spot, Friar's Crag, Ruskin, when a young child, received his first impression of the wonders of natural beauty, and he says, the first impulse that made him a prophet and revealer to a materialistic age of the natural world as the mirror of the divine:

"This gift of taking pleasure in landscape I assuredly possess in a greater degree than most men. . . . The first thing I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots, over the Crag, into the dark lake, has asserted itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since. . . . The scene from Friar's Crag is one of the three or four most beautiful views in Europe . . . and when I first saw Keswick it was a place almost too beautiful to live in."— J. RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*

A monument, in excellent taste, was erected on Friar's Crag in 1900, shortly after Ruskin's death, to his memory, with a graven portrait of the priest of nature who as a little child at that place first felt its power to touch the heart and inspire the imagination.

The French city of Pau is famous for its delicious winter climate so desirable for a certain class of invalids, and for its magnificent views of the Pyrenees. Pau is the chief town of the southern Department of Basses-Pyrénées and contains about 34,000 inhabitants. The banks of the river Gave, on which the city stands, are lined with villages and handsome country villas, and the background is formed by the majestic

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chain of mountains which divide France from Spain. The Pyrenees are visible for a length of sixty miles, and many of the highest summits, such as the Pic du Midi (9465 ft.) covered with eternal snows, are well seen from Pau. A traveler remarks:

"Pau is gracious, suave, superb, gay. In Pau one can live and be amused by the pride of life or be thrilled by the majesty of nature as suits one's mood. The mountains are magnificent but they do not intrude. They remain upon the horizon. Close at hand are palaces, gardens, and pleasure-grounds. Yet these do not insist upon or monopolize attention. History or legend, the storm and stress of life, can be called back or not, as one will. . . . In Pau the man whose name meets us at every hand, the man with whose name we may conjure, is a Prince of the Pyrenees, with all the spirit and fire of the mountains upon him, and something of the majesty."

This great man was Henry of Navarre, afterwards King Henry IV of France. He was born in the ancient Château, one of the most striking features of the city. Little remains of the original tenth-century castle, but the newer parts are intact, and the bedroom in which he first saw the light (December 14, 1553) and even his cradle are still shown to visitors. The cradle is a singular one, made of tortoise-shell, and it narrowly escaped destruction during the French Revolution. A follower of the old régime substituted another in its place and concealed the original until the restoration of the Bourbons when it was replaced. Henry's boyhood was spent among the mountains of Coarraze, not far from Pau, where he was brought up as a real child of the people, a hardy peasant, and he never lost the simplicity of the habits in which he had been educated.

In religion he was trained as a Calvinistic Protestant, but his subsequent career shows that creeds and dogmas sat lightly on him. He was the leader of the Huguenots for many years, and when he changed his official religion he did not forget to safeguard the interests of religious liberty and to protect the so-called heretics to the best of his ability. When Henry III, his predecessor, died (1589) he was recognised by the Protestant part of the army, then besieging Paris, as King of France, but the nation at large refused to accept a Protestant ruler. Feeling that he was a Man of Destiny, capable of restoring the greatness of France, which was suffering terribly from forty years of internal strife, he decided that religious forms need not stand in his way, and allowed himself to be 'converted' to the religion of the majority of the people. He was immediately hailed with enthusiasm as the savior and King of France.

His energetic measures and his wisdom in choosing the great Duke of Sully as his chief adviser soon produced great prosperity and advancement in commerce and the arts, and he recovered much French territory that had been lost. Before he was able to complete his great projects he was barbarously assassinated by Ravillac, behind whom it is believed were concealed sinister powers who disliked to see the former Hu-

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guenot prince on the throne of France. It was Henry IV who published the famous Edict of Nantes (afterwards repealed by Louis XIV in 1685 to the great loss of France) in which he assured the safety and position of the French Protestants. With Henry of Navarre the story of Old Medieval France closes, giving place to the story of the seventeenth century and the beginning of modern history. Voltaire sums up some of the good deeds of his reign thus:

“Justice is reformed, and — far harder task! — the two religions live in peace — to all appearance. Agriculture is encouraged. . . . Henry established manufactures of tapestry; French glass after the Venetian style began to be made. To him alone France owes the silk-worm and the mulberry, in spite of Sully. It was Henry who dug the canal which joins the Seine and the Loire. Under him Paris grew fair; he built the Place Royal; he rebuilt the old bridges. . . . He built that fine bridge on which every Frenchman as he passes still looks up with emotion at his statue. St. Germain, Monceaux, Fontainebleau, above all the Louvre, were enlarged, almost rebuilt, by him. He established in his long gallery in the Louvre artists of all kinds, and encouraged them frequently with his presence as well as his presents.”

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says:

“Finally he had made France the arbiter of Europe, as was felt at Venice and at Amsterdam, and would have been felt also on the Rhine, had not the Spanish faction, and the undying hate of the Catholic fanaticism, cut short his life on the very eve of great events.”

Another king, Bernadotte of Sweden, Napoleon’s former Marshal, who also changed his religion that he might attain a throne, has enriched the Château of Pau with many costly and beautiful works of art.

THEOSOPHY, THE PARENT DOCTRINE

MARTHA BLAKE



THE great need of the age is a teaching in relation to the vital things of life, which will at one and the same time be both truly philosophical or scientific and truly practical, and that shall afford an accurate science of life, and a true art of living; for a rational or natural art of living is a thing so long and seriously neglected that it may verily be classed among the lost arts. We hurry through life, we raise vast clouds of dust as we hasten feverishly along life’s road, we run down others, or are run down by them; while the real art of living is so little in our thoughts that some are even seriously questioning whether life be worth the living at all.

What a great art this art of living must be! The art of living with a purpose and without undue friction! The art of living in sweet harmony with nature, and with one’s fellow-creatures, and with continual harmony within oneself! The art of living one’s very best, not as a labor, but as a

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pleasure, giving help and joy to all around, and finding therein peace and genuine happiness! How true must be the words of the great Swedish seer, that “the delight of doing good, originating in love and operating by wisdom, is the very soul and essence of all heavenly joy”!

The art of right living has without question always been regarded as the greatest and most important of all arts, its principles and the reasons on which they are based being identical with religion. In fact, what is religion but the art of living rightly? But inasmuch as the mastery of any art is dependent upon both knowledge of theory and skill in execution, the latter being largely dependent upon the former, so the mastery of religion must involve an understanding not only of rules of conduct, but of their reasons as well, as necessary prerequisites to development of real skill in their practice.

Thus there appears in every religion some attempt to cover these two sides: to explain the world, and to teach man how to live in it. The simple story of Creation, as set forth in the book of *Genesis*, is an attempt to satisfy man's longing to know the origin of things and thereby find a basis for rules of conduct; but the greater part of the teachings that follow are confined mainly to rules of conduct only, such as promise best for man's welfare, the quintessence of all being the Sermon on the Mount with its brief message of the perfecting virtues.

Perfection always has been and ever will be the prime essential of life, and while there may be periods in the life-time of humanity — even as there are in the life of a child, when rules of conduct alone suffice,— yet a time will certainly come, as it comes to every child, when these rules of conduct must be justified by an understanding of their reasons, or become inoperative in human affairs.

That such a time *has* come in the life of humanity, is plainly shown by the strong inquisitive spirit so evident in all fields of inquiry, both scientific and religious; and to the many questions of What? and Why?, the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is offering the Theosophical teachings regarding Cosmogogenesis and Anthropogenesis, or the origin of the universe and of man, as garnered by H. P. Blavatsky from fields of great antiquity and from that vast treasure-house that is rightly called the Wisdom-Religion. The principles put forth give full answers to the many questions of the mind, and if supported by response from the heart, would seem to make plain and attainable this much-to-be-desired art of right living.

It has never been claimed that these teachings are at all new; quite the contrary, in fact. But the human tendency to alter things from their original forms in handing them on from one to another and from generation to generation is so well known, that it is easy to see how the span of a

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few thousand years would be amply sufficient time for vast changes from the primal form in which truths were originally given out. Few perhaps realize how greatly the soul of Christianity may be overlooked in the dogma, ritual, and ceremony that have been gradually introduced and that can hardly fail to cloud the plainness and simplicity of Jesus' teachings, almost to their entire obscuration before the Church was even three centuries old.

At the time of Constantine, and of Theodosius especially, the Church was the mistress of the world. Thrones, principalities, and kingdoms were again, as of old, placed at the feet of Christ; but not with the same result, for the Church was finding itself unable to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Is it not significant that at the time when Christianity was at its height, the Dark Ages began?

If the law of Cause and Effect be applied, how clear it is that the effect — the Dark Ages — had for its cause the betrayal of the pure religion of Christ!

Within the Church grew up the love of power, wealth, and ease to such an extent that the true spirit of Christ largely disappeared. The formal body of Jewish ritual, with much of Pagan ceremonies added to it, alone remained. This dead body descended through all the dark ages, and showed little or no indication of the indwelling spirit of Christ until the time of the reformation by Martin Luther. Then the world emerged from its long period of spiritual darkness, and men began to question whether or not that, which the Church asserted, *was* actually true, with the result that the old body was very largely thrown aside, while the inner faith was re-established. From that hour men's minds have continued to broaden, and their conceptions to become more humane; but from a failure fully to appreciate the difference between the inner soul and the outer form — a difference that had become intentionally obscured by the Church when in temporal ascendancy — Christianity was again and again divided into many different bodies.

To say that the soul of Christianity was intentionally obscured seems a radical statement; but is not its probability as plainly indicated by certain results as could be shown by actual proof? Were it not so, how can the jealousy of the various sects and denominations be accounted for, a jealousy so extreme as to permeate everywhere in the insistence by the original church, and later by each and every offshoot, that it and it alone of all churches, sects, and religions that ever existed held the key to Heaven?

The boldness of such a contention and the amazing credulity of those who accept it, is quite on a par with an incident that occurred in the north of Ireland some years ago, when a choir-boy, learning that an

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eclipse of the moon was to occur on a certain night, told the fact as a great wonder to the younger boys of the village, adding, that the eclipse could be seen only from his father's garden, and that for one penny admission every boy could get in and see this wonderful change that would happen to the moon. Does this story seem a crude and puerile illustration? Yet in what essential does it particularly differ from the contention of a great many learned people in every age and land, who have taught that the glories of Heaven could be seen only from within the narrow limits of their dogma, church, or form of religion — and you pay to go in!

The plain truth is that the Divine is visible from every man's garden, or field, from every man's window; and are we not all like a number of people in a vast building, which has many windows? Some of the windows are small, some large, some are much darkened with dust and cobwebs, or covered with smoke, so that each one gets a somewhat different conception of Heaven. But we well know it is the same Heaven, the same blue sky, and the same sunshine we all see. Every one must see the divine through the modifying medium of his own mentality, and no two people have exactly the same idea of God. Yet the divine must be One and not many, notwithstanding the many tribal and individual conceptions; nor can it be the manner or mode of worship of the divine that sanctifies or condemns, but solely whether one lives up to his own highest conceptions of truth.

In one of the bibles of the world --- and there have been many such besides the Christian Bible — it is written:

“In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the Path taken by mankind, that path is mine.”

And do we need any better authority than our own innate sense of what is right and just in order to be certain that every devout and high-minded act, regardless of its form or symbology, irradiates the surroundings within which it is done?

Recognising, then, that all religions — so far as they are the devout expressions of the highest in man's nature — must in varying degrees be true, and realizing that all mankind cannot be brought to worship in exactly the same way, even if this were desirable; bearing in mind also that the real criterion of soulhood is rectitude, and the final standard of rectitude is sincerity; what common ground can all humanity have other than the mutual heritage of sonship with the All-Father, and what common purpose other than to safeguard that heritage, knowing well it must be shared by every one?

How plain it is then that human brotherhood, and human brotherhood

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alone, furnishes the only ground upon which all mankind can unitedly stand! Coming out of the darkness of birth, as all men do; passing on across the Great Divide, as all men eventually must; having common appetites, desires, and passions, as well as common ideals, joys, and aspirations; it is comparatively easy to see that all men are truly brothers; that all must pass through the same temptations, the same trials; that down to the smallest things, as well as up to the greatest, men share all things in common.

The Organization, therefore, that takes its name from this universal fact of Brotherhood, seeks to alter no man's essential religious belief; but simply to help all men to recognise this common fact of Brotherhood, and make it a living power in their own lives; and also to help them to see that this relationship is not confined to any particular community, but is as broad and comprehensive as the world: that in very fact, it is universal.

How patent is such reasoning, and how curious that it should be at all necessary! Can the cause be laid at the door of aught else than the great heresy of selfishness? And so there is the great need, greater than ever before, of calling attention to the primal teaching of unselfishness, of the great law of kindness, and to substantiate it with the ancient philosophy, which bases this law of kindness on the scientific fact of the unity of life, and labels that only as heresy which opposes or disregards this basic fact of the universe.

But it may be argued, What is the occasion for a new Organization to teach such well-known facts as kindness and charity, when they are the inculcations of the Christian and every other great religion in the world today? And that is exactly one of the great points sought to be emphasized; that all religions have so much in common as to indicate a single parent source for all. In partial confirmation, the early church historian, Eusebius, says:

“The religion of Jesus Christ is neither new nor strange”;

while Augustine declares:

“This in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as recently having received that name.”

Bishop Powell writes:

“I not only confess, but I maintain, such a similarity between the trinity of Philo and that of John as bespeaks a common origin.”

Bishop Faber laments that:

“The devil led the heathen to anticipate Christ in several things; as, for example, the Eucharist.”

This latter lament is indeed true; and there is hardly a rite or cere-

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mony in the church of today that is not to be found in other religions, or any theological concept that does not find its prototype in some religion that preceded it. Most of these ceremonies, as, for instance, that of the Eucharist, can be proved to have existed and to have been observed long before the time of Christ. Materialists and agnostics because of this make bold to declare that Christianity is untrue. Brotherhood, on the contrary, declares that *because* of this Christianity *is* true; that such complete unity in essentials and agreement even in outer forms of worship is too world-wide for all religions not to have originated in one common source.

While a comparison of religions that would be at all exhaustive is of course impossible to present in any brief time, yet it may be stated with confidence that such comparison will yield most startling results in the many similarities presented.

Such words as have come to us direct from Jesus would seem to give rather meager foundation for some portions of the theological fabric that have been built supposedly on his teachings; but many of the details of this fabric, such as the Eucharist — already mentioned — the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception, the Crucifixion, the Threefold Nature of Man, and others, are so paralleled by identical concepts in other and older religions, as to suggest a probable common origin, a suggestion that was even made in the early periods of the present era, and was explained by the hardy defenders of that time by the alleged curious fact that the Pagans — who were their predecessors by some untold thousands of years — had borrowed the ideas from Christianity — a most retroactive proceeding, as all must agree.

These many points of similarity, however, do not in the least militate against the probable truth of the several teachings, but rather are of the nature of cumulative evidence, and not only tend to confirm the truth, but, as already stated, also point to a probable original source for all.

In certain rare manuscripts there are said to be records of an ancient universal religion that was once the heritage of all men, and that has afforded the vitalizing spark that manifests with such marked similarity in every subsequent religion throughout human history.

This ancient religion, called the Wisdom-Religion, taught of a true spiritual life, and also the underlying laws governing man and the universe. Being thus based on natural law, the rules for moral conduct could not be *arbitrary* and, therefore, would naturally be found practically identical in all subsequent offshoots from this religion, even as we find them today.

Dissimilarities were of course bound to arise in lapse of time, through diversified race-characteristics and intellectual development, due to climatic and many other conditions, one people being imaginative and

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another stolid; one philosophical and another simple; one pastoral, another nomadic; one dwelling amid smiling plains, another by the rock-ribbed sea.

Notwithstanding, however, the many dissimilarities thus naturally arising, all the *great* religions have, nevertheless, ever stedfastly pointed mankind to a single pathway of virtue and moral conduct toward his fellow-men.

Then, too, the varying powers of receptivity among different peoples and at different eras should be borne in mind as possible modifying agents in the form of expression that religion might take from time to time. As illustration, suppose that some scientific tenet, for instance the theory of atoms and molecules, is being expounded. The child's mind could gain its feeble grasp most readily through some kindergarten method, where the atoms would figure as talking or playing. The boy might picture them as so many marbles or balls. The artistically inclined would perhaps have in mind the simile of a play of colors, or the succession and interplay of musical tones; while those in higher classes would very likely immediately construct abstruse mathematical equations in attempts at demonstration. So different would be the many expressions of this one theory that the listener might well be excused for failing to discern that all were interpretations of a single thing.

Can we not then see how plausible it is that the many seeming divergent views upon religion may all be but varying expressions of the *same original truths*; and can we not also see how pregnant with splendid possibilities is the Theosophical purpose to emphasize this oneness of truth, and to assist in its recognition by demonstrating that natural law is its basis?

But how suggestive it is of something quite different from wisdom, at least, of modesty, that man is so often disposed to pronounce finality of judgment upon what is truth and what is not, and employs as his standards the few paltry things that are recorded in the infinitesimal speck of world-history at his command! The greater pity, however, is that the history he reads is only the written portion, covering with questionable accuracy the bare span of hardly twenty centuries last past; while on every hand is nature's imperishable record of a continuity in practically present form for untold hundreds of thousands of years.

What may have occurred during such an enormous stretch of time, has not yet been revealed; but can it be reasonably imagined that now is the first time that a civilization worthy of the name has flourished?

Paying no regard whatever to the multitudinous evidences of former glory, so plainly revealed in shattered and long-forgotten remnants of a once magnificent architecture, is it even supposable that the inhabita-

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bility of this globe was first availed of by those whose records still exist, or that those earlier people were less able to exercise human faculties and reach zeniths of accomplishment than we are?

As one ponders over this immeasurable antiquity, replete as it must have been during such an interminable period with possibilities, how arrogant and vainglorious it is, how puerile and unthinking, to regard the last two thousand years with its mutilated history, much less the present day, as the standard of human endowment, of possibilities, or of comprehension of nature's great truths!

How beside the mark it is, then, to arrogate to any formulated doctrine the quintessence of truth! For what is the authority for such arrogation? Some sectarian zealot may answer with severe austerity "the Word of God"; and if that to which he refers be actually the word of God, then must his answer be final. But what stronger proof is there of such an origin than mere man's say-so?

Why then are we so short-sighted as to seek for some exclusive possession of the truth? Do we seriously believe we can by any possibility have it? Would we, in our inmost hearts, so segregate it, if we could? Can the Infinite be so much less than finite man as to tolerate eternal loss for those whose misfortune brought them into existence outside of or prior to the era of Christendom?

Surely, we make grotesque efforts in thus fanning our vanity to the belief that we today occupy the highest pinnacle of understanding to which man has ever attained, or that we — or any people, for that matter — were ever exclusively and divinely chosen as "repositories of God's truth and recipients of His favor." What a saddening reflection it is upon our intelligence, not to have long since discovered that 'sonship of God' must be universal; that sonship argues heredity; that heredity always transmits qualities; and that one of the divine qualities is ability to perceive truth.

How patent it is, then, that man, simply because he is man, needs no revelation from outside himself, in that he must have within his own endowment the means whereby he may know his own Father, and rise to an understanding of his Father's truth!

How simple the most complex problems become when once they are understood; and how the various *isms* fade into inconsequence, in the recognition of true sonship and all that this divine relationship implies!



"BUT since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human heart, and appeal to the human intuition." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

OPPORTUNITIES

IVERSON L. HARRIS JR.

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THE greatest opportunity given to man by the Supreme Law governing the Universe is the *opportunity for growth*. So beneficent is the divine ordering of things that the meanest among us is never without this opportunity. Man's greatest happiness, rightly considered, consists in accepting this opportunity; his greatest sadness, this opportunity neglected.

The yearning for spiritual growth must not be confused with the desire for personal stature. Spirituality and personal desires refuse to be reconciled. The Supreme Spirit to which we must offer our complete devotion must be impersonal, else it cannot be infinite. Therefore the first secret of real spiritual growth is a complete acceptance of the Divine Law that governs all life — not a stagnant abandonment to a blind Fate, 'Kismet,' but ever dwelling in the lofty spirit of the great Heroes and Prophets and Teachers of all ages, who have scorned to be deceived by the world's baubles and illusions, though they have not hesitated to use these to accomplish the divine will.

Carlyle, with the vision of a seer and the soul of a poet, has told us:

"A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations; he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise; — and surely his first chance of co-operating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it *is*; that it is good, and alone good! . . . Denial of Self . . . is the highest Wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth."

To the superficial thinker this idea of the denial of self is somewhat terrifying. "It is very grand and sublime," he says — if he be an earnest soul — "but it is entirely beyond me." And if he be a cynic or skeptic, he says "Impossible! Absurd!" But to each of these the sincere Theosophical disciple has an answer. And by a 'sincere Theosophical disciple,' is not meant merely one matriculated in some Theosophical seminary, genuine or counterfeit. No, the real Theosophical disciple is he who is living constantly in the performance of duty — in the consciousness of his own divinity, in the joyful companionship of the Poet and the Warrior within him. Therefore it will readily be seen that *few* if any of us are *always* real Theosophical disciples; and, moreover, *none* of us but can, with ever-increasing constancy, join those ranks and inwardly march

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shoulder to shoulder with fellow-soldiers in the army of "Truth, Light, and Liberation for discouraged humanity."

The greatest lost opportunity of mankind as a whole is the failure to practise self-denial joyfully and lovingly. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is but another way of saying what we started out to say --- that the greatest lost opportunity is that of growth. For the measure of our growth is in exact proportion to the measure of our self-forgetfulness. The more impersonal we are, the more lovable and admirable do we become personally. Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, and other great Sages and Teachers, were so impersonal and utterly sincere in their thinking and preaching that countless millions have worshiped them personally for centuries — forgetting, alas, that what they should have worshiped was the Supreme Spirit which spoke through them, and not the instrument through which it spoke.

The only real way to worship that Supreme Spirit is to give it an opportunity to have its will in ourselves. This has ever been and ever will be the message of the true religious teacher — indeed, it is the secret of the greatness of any really great man. It is eminently the characteristic of those whom humanity will ever love and do reverence to. They it is who, by their words, by their presence, by their conscious knowledge of their own divinity, remind us of our own — of our ever-present opportunity to think of something besides ourselves; in other words, to share in a larger life than that which the gratification of personal desires of any kind can possibly afford.

The man who occupies himself solely with the gratification of his own desires is a moral bankrupt. He is a very small man indeed and is always so regarded. He refuses to accept any real opportunities, yet is forever fretting because he has none! But let him take the first step towards real growth — let him be devoted to his family, loyal to his friends, and responsive to generous impulses: does he not thereby immediately become a more lovable and more admirable person? Can anyone imagine that by such *self-denial*, if it may be so called, he personally has not tasted something better than he ever did before, while giving free rein to his own selfish desires?

Let him grow a little more; let him have burning within his soul the desire to make his city a place filled with happy homes, where all may have real educational advantages, wholesome recreations, hygienic surroundings, orderly and efficient administration; a place where art, music, and genuine thought-life are stimulated; where justice, however severe it may be, is always tempered with mercy — have we not in such a man the seeds of real greatness? Is it not these things in a man that the world most loves? And provided he keeps these bigger and better things as the

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burning flame of his life, uses the tools about him and within him which are his, to the best of his ability, the world will in time discover him and find in this man with such splendid impersonal aims the very person they are looking for to lead them. There is his great opportunity to serve. It is, alas, sometimes spoiled by success and adulation, when he allows himself to become personal, and thus cuts himself off from the source of all inspiration.

Thus, starting on the lowest rung of the ladder, with the selfish man, and moving up through the man who is devoted to his family, and the man who serves his community, we pass on to the national heroes and patriots, the great poets and philosophers, the artists and musicians, who have snatched whole armfuls of beauty and truth from Heaven and given it to us, until we come finally to the spiritual Teachers of mankind.

All these great ones are excellent company to be in. They will stimulate the thinking faculties far better than the most brilliant cynicism or the cleverest skepticism. Merely associating with them in thought will do one far more good than ever so much materialistic science — however useful this may be in itself; and their society will teach us more of the divine in life than all the sermons that were ever preached. The proof of it is that century after century these great ones still are the refuge of the soul-hungry.

One of our lost opportunities is that we fail to see that what the Great Men have done in a large way, we can ourselves do in our own small way; and our own small way will bring us just as much power to serve as we are capable of using, just as many blessings as we earn, and just as much growth as we can stand.

Every man has a certain desire to succeed in life. Alas, what a lost opportunity that so many should have such a pitiful conception of what success consists of! The secret of decent worldly success is foresight, industry, and honesty. The secret of spiritual success — with which we are here more concerned, as any other kind of success is relatively unimportant,— is vision, single-mindedness, and sincerity. Perhaps few if any are *entirely* sincere at *all* times; and certainly few are *entirely insincere always*. The great opportunity of life is to become sincere. In other words, the great opportunity is to become self-forgetful; the great opportunity is to grow.

Real growth is not possible to the insincere man; sincerity is not possible to the selfish man. Someone has said that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. The selfish man, to carry out his purposes, must assume virtues which he has not; and so he can never be sincere. What a lost opportunity!

In our times of aspiration we long to grow; we long to conquer our

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own weaknesses; we are eager to equip ourselves for greater service. It would be a great sorrow to imagine that there was any one who had not at times so aspired. Even if these aspirations are not wholly carried out, it were a lost opportunity not to have had them.

But in the course of time we find our aspiration to forget ourselves conflicting with our desire to shine, our yearning for self-conquest at war with our desire to indulge, our eagerness to serve battling with our desire to get. Here is our opportunity — the great opportunity to bring from the realm of the abstract down to this workaday world of ours a glorious affluence of sincerity and heroism. And it need not be accompanied by thunder and lightning or any cataclysmic disturbances whatsoever! Such opportunities present themselves in the life of each, almost every hour in the day — for the *great* battle is being fought in the daily *skirmishes* in which two paths appear before us and we must choose the better path or that which is worse — and the path which is not the better path is relatively the wrong path.

We must kill out once and for all the notion that the right path is not the path of happiness. But it will never be the happy path until we walk in it of our own choice. If we are constrained to walk in it arbitrarily, it ceases to be a path and becomes a blind alley with our own unwillingness as the insurmountable wall at the far end.

We talk of independence, and yet we are never truly independent until we choose to walk in the right path. No reasonable restrictions, no just laws, no rules and regulations are irksome to the man who, of his own choice, chooses to walk in the right path. A man is really independent, not when he has license to do as he pleases and remain within the law; but he is truly independent when he is so free that he never pleases to do otherwise than right. Such a man is always within the Higher Law and will rarely find himself in conflict with the laws which human wisdom has made, however limited this wisdom may at times be.

It must be clear then, if we are to grasp our opportunities, that we must have knowledge, we must have vision, else our opportunities would pass unnoticed. As Solomon of old said, "where there is no vision the people perish," and where the individual man has no vision he but half-lives, if indeed he lives at all in the real sense of the word.

It has been said that opportunity knocks but once at the door, and, if not taken, never knocks again, but experience demonstrates the contrary, for each of us can look back in his life and find that while he may have accepted some opportunities, and while there are many that he has missed, yet at the door of each of us opportunity has knocked again and again. The very fact that we are here, that we are still alive, that our minds are capable of giving consideration to the subject, should be

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sufficient proof that opportunity lies ahead for each of us, and is right at hand here and now. And one phase of the subject that Theosophy brings to the attention of the student so forcibly is the opportunities that arise because of our relationship one to another; and because of the fact of universal brotherhood, the taking or losing of an opportunity affects not ourselves alone but all with whom we are in contact. The following words of our Teacher, Mme. Katherine Tingley, bear upon the subject:

“Fear nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. In the light of renewed effort the Karma of all our past alters; it no longer threatens, it passes from the plane of penalty before the Soul’s eye up to that of tuition; it stands as a monument, a reminder of past weakness, and a warning against future failure. So fear nothing for yourself . . . fear only to fail in your duty to others, and even then let your fear be for them, not for yourself. . . . This is your opportunity.”

For ourselves we might indeed have no concern, we might be willing to accept failure, but when we see ourselves inextricably linked with others, and when we know that our actions affect them, that all that we think and do either helps or retards them, there is a new incentive to the performance of our duty, and to seizing the opportunities as they present themselves.

Thus there are two aspects under which we may consider the subject of opportunities, namely, our opportunities as they affect ourselves, and our opportunities as they affect others. And while I hold that the greatest opportunity given man by the supreme law is the opportunity for growth, this opportunity can be grasped only as we seek to foster the growth of others. Those of us who have had the inestimable privilege, the glorious opportunity, of receiving our education in the Râja-Yoga School and College, feel that that opportunity has but given birth to another, namely, on the one hand to show in our lives what the Râja-Yoga System has done for us individually, but above all, on the other hand, to seek to make possible the advantages of that system for others.

Is it not a fact that the greatest need of the present day is education along new and higher lines, and does not this need also provide the greatest opportunity to all men and women, to all citizens of the State and Nation? It is because she saw this great need, and saw further that it would become a greater and greater need, that our Teacher, Mme. Katherine Tingley, started her work for the children, and established her Râja-Yoga System of Education twenty-one years ago. Her work will some day, and in the not far-distant future, be regarded by the world as a beacon-light that will be kindling the fires of spiritual aspiration and glorious promise for the generations yet unborn. But the promises of the future are based on opportunities grasped now. And is not one of our greatest opportunities of the present this that is offered by the teachings

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of Theosophy? Is it not our opportunity to study this philosophy, to find in it the promise that it offers of a solution of the problems of life? But if we are to study Theosophy we must be sure that we go to the fountain-source of the teachings that have been given us in this present age. We must be sure that we do not accept any counterfeits, and the test by which the true Theosophy may be known is by its fruits; this also is the test of the true Theosophist. It is by his life and not by his words that a true Theosophist is to be known.

The spiritually hungry can find truth everywhere in Nature, in the clear California skies, and in the blue petals of larkspurs, in the songs of mocking-birds, and in the voices of friends, in the stars of heaven, and in the eyes of little children, in the books of great men, and in the hearts of all. And the spiritually hungry will find an unpolluted stream of truth in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, the three great Theosophical Leaders and Teachers of modern times. This is an opportunity that offers itself today to drink of the pure waters of truth that flow from the fountain of Theosophy which is Divine Wisdom. And if we are in earnest we shall not be content with mere study; indeed, through intellectual study alone we shall never come to an understanding of these teachings; they must be expressed in the life, and in growth — not for self but for others. Let us then not lose this golden opportunity that Theosophy offers to each one of us and to all.

GLIMPSES OF SCOTTISH HISTORY

WALTER FORBES



ST. ANDREWS teems with tales of olden days, for here it was the Pictish kings in all their generations came a-hunting. In those days this ancient and royal burgh was named Muckross (Muic, a boar; and ross, a promontory) not only to denote the sport enjoyed by the Pictish kings but at the same time giving its location — it stands on a wind-swept though healthy promontory. Not until the union of the crowns of the Scots and Picts was it named St. Andrews. In naming it so perhaps the legend of St. Rule having been wisely guided to this place with the bones of Saint Andrew was believed in. But be that as it may, the ruins of a chapel and an entire tower, known by the name of St. Rule and dating from the fourth century, are still to be seen. In passing, it might be well to mention that the tower is a square prism 108 feet in height, the side of the base being

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24 feet, and the stone of the building is of such excellent texture that although it has been exposed to the weather for so many centuries, it still remains quite entire and unimpaired. Although St. Andrews never was surrounded by walls yet it was entered by gates from the various roads leading into it. The entrance from the west was through the West-port and that massive and antique structure stands undamaged today.

Scotland has always stood strongly on the side of education, and Scotchmen revere St. Andrews because there the first university in the country was founded in 1411. Famous as the university is and famous as are the many historical and royal events associated with the place — giving it a world-wide reputation,— yet one wonders if it is not a sign of the times that when today the name of St. Andrews is mentioned amongst the masses it is in connexion with the royal and ancient game of golf. St. Andrews is the home and mecca of golf and to play once round the famous links is the ambition of golf-players the world over.

KILLIECRANKIE

One of the most beautiful and celebrated passes in Scotland is that of Killiecrankie. It stretches about a mile or more along the river Garry just before its junction with the river Tummel near Faskally House. From the deep channel of the river Garry rugged precipices arise on both sides — the tops of the well-wooded hills approach very near to each other, making the pass one of the most attractive and romantic scenes in Scotland. Here it was in one of earth's beauty-spots that the disastrous battle of Killiecrankie was fought in 1689. Although King William's troops were badly defeated in the battle the leader of the victors was killed; and thus ended the life of Viscount Dundee, better known as Claverhouse, persecutor of the Covenanters.

ROTHESAY CASTLE, SCOTLAND

ROTHESAY, a royal burgh, is magnificently situated on the spacious, semi-circular bay — famous in song as Rothesay Bay — in the Island of Bute. The unanimous opinion is that this island, lying in the Firth of Clyde, well merits the title of the Madeira of Scotland on account of the beauty of its scenery and the mildness of its climate.

In the center of Rothesay is the well-preserved ruin of the castle from which the royal burgh takes its name. It was erected by the Scots in 1008 to defend the island against the attacks of the Norwegians, who at that time were masters of all the islands off the west coast of Scotland, but it fell into their possession two centuries later, Haco, the Norwegian king,

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capturing it. However, his forces were finally driven off, and his power over the whole of the western islands was broken through the dispersal of his fleet by a timely storm and his defeat at Largs in 1263.

During the reigns of Robert II and Robert III — 1371 to 1406 — this castle was a royal residence, and the latter king raised the village which had grown up around it to the status of a royal burgh. Robert III here created the first Duke of Scotland, the title, Duke of Rothesay, being conferred on his eldest son, the ill-fated Prince David, who so gallantly defended Edinburgh Castle against the attacks of Henry IV, but was afterwards treacherously imprisoned by his uncle Albany, and starved to death in Falkland Palace.

King James II having broken his oath to Scotland by openly professing his attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, the Earl of Argyll took up arms against the king, and the castle was burned by his followers in 1685. The walls, fourteen to sixteen feet broad, remain practically intact, and the ruins form a picturesque feature of the burgh.

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(Continued from the November issue)

R. MACHELL



T all seemed absolutely harmonious and appropriate; yet Malcolm Forster racked his brain to find a parallel in his experience. He could not 'place' this household; and in the endeavor he began to lose his landmarks: the mental 'pigeon-holes' in which he was accustomed to classify his friends seemed now inadequate. There was not one that served the purpose. He felt himself adrift, floundering in search of some safe ground on which to take his own position, only to realize that he too was unclassified, although professionally classified. He heard himself talking platitudes about the weather, speculating on the probability of a storm, inquiring if there were many wrecks in that neighborhood; and he wondered at the prompt turn that his host gave to the conversation as soon as storms were mentioned. He had intended to ask Mark if he had no tales of smuggling days to tell; but felt embarrassed when he tried to broach the matter, and a suspicion crossed his mind that he might be touching a delicate subject; so he set off at random talking of his student-days in Paris, mentioning by name comrades who had distinguished themselves; but they were unknown here. Then he tried music, and Miss Margaret showed interest. Soon it was evident she was at home on that subject, and Mark fell to wondering at the range of her knowledge; but he could only listen, for to him music was a sealed book.

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Suddenly he bethought him of the old instrument, and mentioned it. Forster was interested at once and asked jokingly to see the contents of the musical sideboard. The top was cleared and the elaborately jointed lid was raised, displaying the diminutive key-board with its limited compass.

Miss Margaret was asked to show its possibilities, and she consented, though with some natural misgivings as to the condition of the venerable relic. But the restorer had done his work well and the mechanism was in good condition. The instrument responded sympathetically to her touch with a tone that seemed reminiscent of a by-gone age. She adapted her improvisations to the limitations of the old piano and was delighted with the delicacy of its tone. Interested in trying to bring out the beauty of this survivor of a former day, she played on, while Mark wondered how it was that he had never before known what music meant; and Malcolm Forster no less wondered where this rare musician had been trained. Finally he decided that she owed her talent to no musical academy but was some sort of special creation: no other explanation would fit the case. It all seemed like a dream; surely no reality was ever just like this. To reassure himself he looked round, and saw a wondrous sight, tears, in the eyes of the gaunt guardian of the house. Rebecca standing by the open door was listening, and did not know that tears were streaming down her rugged cheeks.

Her master sat staring into the fire as if entranced. And all the ghosts that had free quarters in the manor-house forgot the dreams that bound them there, and almost found release in self-forgetfulness.

At length the music ceased. The player rose and took her place in silence on a low stool beside her uncle's chair before the fire, and each one dreamed his dream; till Mark remembered that the painter was a visitor who should not be treated so familiarly. Breaking the beautiful silence he asked if his guest intended to do more sketching and apologized for keeping him so long unoccupied.

The artist thought that he had never been so profitably occupied before, and said so; but understood that he might easily outstay his welcome, so he inquired if there was a short road down to Crawley Cove. He said he wanted to make notes along the coast, and wondered why it was so difficult to ask if he might come again and make some sketches in the house itself.

Mark volunteered to show the path the smugglers used in the old days, but he was silent on the subject of the secret store-house underneath the house, with the stone stairway opening up beneath the stable. This secret was still guarded jealously by the Micklethwaites, and Mark caught the infection of secrecy for its own sake.

Before they left the house the artist managed to express his thanks for the hospitality he had received and his delight with all that he had seen, declaring that he had found a wealth of subjects for his illustrations. This brought an invitation to return and draw as much as he desired, and to make free use of the house as long as he was in the neighborhood.

Mark was astonished at his own cordiality to this stranger, who, in some

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mysterious way, seemed to have become one of them; though how it had come about was hard to tell. He thought that the music must have dissolved the barriers that naturally spring up around a home to guard it from profanation by the uninitiated.

On the way to the cove the conversation naturally ran on the subject of the old smugglers, and Mark told tales that he had heard from Jonas of gangs that had operated up and down the coast, but the artist noticed that his host had little to tell of Crawley. He wondered at this unnecessary reticence, for since the introduction of free trade, the days of smuggling were past.

He had heard tales among the villagers and fishermen along the coast that seemed to point to Crawley as a most important 'port of entry' for contraband goods, particularly wines and spirits, and he thought it strange if Crawley manor-house had played no part in the general lawlessness of the countryside; but he kept his suspicions to himself.

The story he was to illustrate called for a wreck and he had hoped to hear particulars of such events or even to see one: but they all seemed to have occurred at places further up the coast. Certainly there were no traces of recent catastrophes down at the cove. But the place caught his fancy and he decided to make a sketch at once. So Mark left him to his work and wandered off along the cliff.

The artist by himself tried hard to reawaken his former enthusiasm for the story he had undertaken to illustrate; and endeavored to picture in imagination the incident of the wreck, therein described, as taking place here at Crawley Cove: but it was hard work.

The story confided to his care had ceased to interest him. On reading it he had been attracted by the setting, the stormy coast, the sheltered cove, the old farmhouse with its great secret storerooms in the cellars underground: and then the silent, rugged fisherfolk, and farmers, whose chief harvest was gathered from the ocean, and garnered secretly, or perhaps half-openly with the consent of venial excise-men, who grew rich by levying blackmail on the less liberal-minded operators, who tried to run cargoes on their own account without consent of the established gangs or the connivance of the revenue-officers. All this was well enough until he saw that vision in the garden. But the story had lost its power to excite his fancy. The smugglers seemed out of date or out of place in such a presence: they shuffled off the stage like operatic supernumeraries who had mistaken their cue, and occupied the space needed for the entrance of the prima donna. And yet he felt that they, too, might have their place somewhere in another story floating through his mind, and centering in Crawley Manor.

The dinner at the manor-house had proved as great a revelation as the first visit; though what had happened he could hardly tell. It was a mystery; and more mysterious by reason of its absolute simplicity. Nothing had happened; yet he felt that life had changed its meaning, or that for the first time life seemed to have a meaning. The simple meal was somehow like a ceremony, in which some mystic presence had consecrated commonplace

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events and objects to a spiritual purpose. It was an initiation, the opening of a door, that would not close before him. He had been taken in and made a member of some secret order, of which his host and hostess were a part, though neither of them seemed conscious of the fact. Such are the real initiations into life's mysteries; and each one sees or feels the event in his or her particular manner, interpreting it according to his or her degree of understanding or experience.

In Mark's case the music had intensified his dreams, making them glow with more than ordinary beauty. To him, too, it seemed as if some window of the soul had opened, some new aspect of the inner world had been unveiled. The vision was so clear he almost fancied he might pass the barrier and actually enter the enchanted land — almost. But he had been so long content to watch dream-pictures from afar, that now he did not dare to follow where the music led. And yet he thought that he had come a little nearer to the land of heart's desire, and was content to wait until the final barrier should be removed, not knowing that it was for him to cross that barrier which existed only in his own imagination.

But Malcolm Forster, living his life among the men and women of the world, had found much that was beautiful or interesting in the daily life that ordinary men find tedious and colorless. His vision was not mystical. He was content to feel the joy an artist knows when common things and ordinary people unconsciously reveal an inner beauty, and in the visible material world display a spiritual significance that lifts them from the ruck of commonplace mortality up to the dignity of personages in a great cosmic drama. To him this drama was the reality that underlies the unreality of life. He saw it like the distant glory of a sunset sky seen through the tree-trunks of a gloomy forest, in which he wandered, catching occasional glimpses of the beautiful 'beyond.'

The music had revealed to him a gleaming alley, down which the sunlight streamed, dazzling his eyes and drawing him to a path he felt himself unfit to follow; though in his heart of hearts he knew that follow it he must, fit or unfit, wherever it might lead. He, too, had dreamed of an initiation while the music lasted.

When Rebecca heard the music, she had trembled violently, as if she had been summoned by an angel to appear before the bar of heaven. Then she imagined she was standing before the entrance of the holy sepulcher, from which a little hand had rolled away the stone, releasing the immortal soul that had so long slumbered in the tomb. She peered through the open doorway expecting to behold the angelic host hailing the resurrection of the Lord, not realizing that the marvel was being wrought in her own heart.

She saw Miss Margaret seated at the old piano; and her imagination showed her a golden glory round the player's head. Mark too was glorified; even the stranger had a look of awe and reverence on his face that certainly was not habitual. Then the tears came to her eyes: they frightened her, like the first drops that indicate the breaking of a dam. She wondered what

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was happening. Music was almost unknown to her; she could not account for her emotions. The mental shell in which she had lived so long had broken, and all the unimaginable glory of the other world was suddenly let in upon her.

The coming of Miss Margaret had been a warning to her that there were hidden depths unfathomed in her heart, but she had not understood the warning. Now the barriers were broken, and heaven had come down on earth. She was amazed. She drew back blindly to the kitchen trying to find her bearings in the world she was accustomed to: but that world would never be the same to her. Something had broken. Her eyes had filled with tears — hers, Rebecca Micklethwaite's. What could it mean?

She went about her household duties just as usual, but Miss Margaret noticed that the old piano was no longer treated as a sideboard. Nothing was said about it, but Rebecca found another place for the glasses and decanters that had held possession of it until the memorable occasion of its rehabilitation. Henceforth, in Rebecca's eyes it was a sacred thing, a shrine.

To Margaret the discovery of the old piano was a great joy, not a surprise, except so far as all her life was a surprise, as the uncertain dreamlike future flashed into actuality and passed immediately into the dream-world of the past. The present moment was to her a constant revelation of an unknown drama, without beginning and without an end, eternally revealed to the spectator standing where the future and the past appear as one in the unending present. She saw no permanence in any of the incidents that, in their sequence, make up what we call our lives; yet she felt sure that all was purposeful and orderly, though she might fail to catch the purpose and to understand the order of events. She was no fatalist; she had her part to play in the great drama, and wished to play it well, accomplishing the duty of the moment, wondering at times why it was all so hard to understand, and longing for the peace that surely must be found by those who know the heart of life and understand Time's mysteries.

Music meant much to her. It seemed to be the very breath of life exhaled by the soul of nature, and made audible to men by means of clumsy instruments which most imperfectly translate the spiritual harmonies into such sounds as man can comprehend.

Great music was to her a book of revelation; and even the lighter kind was not without some memory of those fairy fields through which the breath of melody had passed before it reached the earth and set the dust and dead leaves dancing here. So she loved every kind of music, seeing no reason to despise the lighter sort, though wishing all the world would love the higher, as she did. But to her the world was all so full of misery that any breath of beauty from beyond seemed good, for those who could appreciate it. She held that all sorts and kinds of music might have their time and place, and for herself she always tried to adapt her music to her audience as carefully as a speaker would choose a language intelligible to his hearers; to do otherwise would have been to offend her innate sense of the fitness of things.

To Malcolm Forster it seemed that a revolution of some sort had taken

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place within his inmost consciousness. He had been disconcerted as by a flash of light that was too strong for his eyes, and that made life seem colorless for some time after. Some veil had lifted and revealed a mystery beneath the ordinary face of life. It was as if the world of commonplace events had suddenly become insouled by some high purpose that endowed it with significance and with an unaccustomed dignity most disconcerting to the shallow skepticism of a cynic. It was an awakening of some dormant possibility. The first dawning of such consciousness may come as an intense joy or as a sense of an impending catastrophe: but life can never be the same again. The awakening of the soul means revolution in man's mind, and Malcolm Forster feared the disturbance of his old ideals.

The sun was setting as he turned to go; and looking westward he could see the trees that sheltered the old manor-house, and the smoke curling from its massive chimneys. There was a suggestion of home in the picture that made him feel desperately lonely as he turned his steps towards his temporary quarters at the Boar's Head.

When Mark Anstruther had left the cove he had strolled up along the coast until he struck a path that would have led him home by a crooked lane.

But at the crossing of the road to Winterby he met the vicar, who accosted him by name and introduced himself as Mr. Douglas, adding that he had intended to call at Crawley, but had hesitated, as the manor-house was not, strictly speaking, in his parish, owing to some oversight in the readjustment of parochial bounds at the time that Saxby church had finally been washed into the sea. Mark expressed pleasure at the meeting and made no allusion to parish matters; he asked if the vicar had been long in that part of the country and heard that he was a new arrival, having changed 'livings' with the former vicar in order to be near the sea for the sake of his mother, who was an invalid.

Mark expressed sympathy, and hoped the change would prove beneficial, whercat the vicar seemed troubled and said that he hoped the spring would bring a change, but added that these terrible storms were very trying to the nerves of people with imagination, like his mother, who had a horror of shipwreck; and there were so many hereabouts. Mark seemed surprised, and the vicar became confused. He explained that the wrecks existed sometimes only in her imagination; and proceeded to describe the trouble he had had to convince her that there was not a wreck near Crawley Cove quite recently. Mrs. Douglas had seen it in a dream, or a fancy, and persisted in declaring that the ship was driven on the rocks and all were drowned except a little child; which of course was quite ridiculous. Mark laughed at the idea a little too loudly, and then apologized. He asked if the ship was a big one and what became of the wreckage. The vicar's mother, he was told, insisted that it was a two-masted ship, and that it sank in deep water and disappeared; only the child was saved. The coast-guards had declared that nothing of the sort had happened in the neighborhood of Crawley Cove; though they confessed that there was deep water not far off, and there were stories of ships that had

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disappeared there in the old days, before Saxby headland had been washed away with the old church. Since then the wrecks were all further up the coast. So said the authorities, and Mark accepted their opinion as correct; but suggested that dreams sometimes refer to past events, so that Mrs. Douglas might still be right. The vicar invited Mark to come to church at Easterby, and hoped he would consider himself a parishioner, adding pleasantly that he had no intention of asking his new parishioner to contribute to any of the church funds, at present. Mark said he was not fond of society and that he was not naturally religious, but if it was a matter of contributing to the relief of suffering he would be glad to be called upon for his share at any time. With which declaration of principles the vicar was content, being an honest little man who had met too many professing churchmen who would attend services but would render none, and whose contributions to the poor-fund were practically negligible.

He liked Mark Anstruther and, what was more strange, Mark liked him, and would have asked him in to tea, but hesitated to bring in a parson without warning. Parsons in general were outside the pale of his experience, and on general principles he distrusted them. But this little man was obviously honest and spoke sympathetically of his suffering mother, whose hallucination he deplored so naïvely. Mark had known other people who had visions of that kind, and was a little curious to see the lady, who alone seemed to have got an inkling of the truth about the schooner. It was interesting, too, to know that the coast-guardsmen had not reported the event. He was glad enough to have it so, and said nothing that might suggest any knowledge on his part of the truth of Mrs. Douglas's dream or vision. He parted with a cordial invitation to the vicar to look in at Crawley if he should find himself in that neighborhood, and his new acquaintance promised to do so, not a little astonished at the friendly manner of the man who was supposed to be such a hermit.

On his return, Mark mentioned the dream of Mrs. Douglas and his encounter with the parson. Miss Margaret was thoughtful. After tea she returned to the subject, saying:

“I have expected to hear something of the schooner for some time. It seemed strange to me that it should have disappeared like that, and no one know anything about it. You have been very good to me, not asking me to give an account of myself; but of course I meant to tell you all about it some day. Now that I am well again I will tell you anything I can; but really, after I was saved from the first wreck I have a very hazy notion of what happened. I was cold and miserable and, I think, quite delirious most of the time; or it may have been that I forgot all but the last part, when I was so wretched. I thought it would all come back to me as soon as I got well, but it has not done so. It all seems like a dream, after the storm — the first storm. The steamer must have struck a wreck or something in the darkness. No one seemed to know what had happened. It was all confusion. We were all below and there was a rush and a fight to get up on deck. I was

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nearly killed in the struggle, and then nearly drowned before I was dragged out somehow; and then it all became confused, and it has not cleared up again. I was alone. . . . Sometimes I think I was drowned and came to life again in another body: but of course that could not be. I don't understand it all."

She was nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers, and seemed painfully struggling to force herself to speak of something terrible. Mark begged her to say no more. He was content to know no more than that she was here now. But she persisted.

"You have the right to know all about me; but it seems impossible to disentangle the reality from the dream and the delirium. Why was I alone? There were so many on the steamer, and it seemed to me they all were in the sea together. And then I thought that I was drowned; and all the rest was just a nightmare, till I woke up here. Rebecca told me all she knew about the schooner. I knew nothing; I thought that I was in another world. I can hardly be sure I am alive now, though I suppose one is always alive even in another world; but perhaps I was dead, and came to life again in this world, and that makes it hard to know where this joins on to the other life. There come memories of another life, that may be dreams and not memories at all; or they may be memories of former lives. I feel so old sometimes, and yet I seem to have been treated as if I were a child all my life, except when I remember nursing my baby. But that must have been a dream, too. Once some one ill-treated me, so that I ran away, and hid on board a ship, I think, where it was all dark, and full of horrible things that tried to eat me. That must have been part of the delirium. Then there was music: I can remember all sorts of music, but I can see no musicians. I remember the names of the composers, sometimes; and there was a teacher, who was a wonderful musician; but he is mixed up in my mind with another, who was a fiend, I think. They always come up together in my memory; if it is really memory and not mere imagination. But they were not the same. One of them would take me with him up to the gates of heaven; then the other came and dragged me down to hell, and left me there alone. You know, in hell everyone is alone."

Mark nodded thoughtfully, and Margaret went on more calmly.

"I can remember happy times among the mountains, very long ago, with flowers and music everywhere; and children. I too was a child; and we danced — you have not seen me dance; the flowers came up and blossomed where we trod, and birds stopped singing to listen to our music. That must have been a dream. But there was one more beautiful than the rest. I think she was my mother. She was all song and sunshine; and when she danced it was like the flickering of sunlight through the trees when the leaves flutter in the wind. But he was like the lightning — bright and terrible and cruel. Perhaps all that was in another world, I do not know.

"Then there was misery, and dirt, and want, and horror. . . . That was in some city. I was not alone there, but all was different. I could not get away, it seemed to be worse than hell; and then I killed him, and ran away;

and all was dark and cold and miserable, and it seems to me now that I was there for centuries. Then I was hunted like an animal; but I got away, and lost myself among the people. There were so many of them and they all were miserable. Where was it? I don't know. Cities are all alike when one knows the language. It is all like a dream to me now. Someday I shall remember perhaps: but I hope not. I don't want to remember. This is so beautiful."

"Don't try to remember any more," entreated Mark. "Better forget it all, and start again. Let's call it a new deal."

She laid her little hand upon his arm like a child, caressingly, and there was silence in the room; but such a silence as one might fancy pregnant with unutterable song, the silence of compassion, and companionship that needs no words.

It was some days before the artist came again, and in those days an evolution had gone on that brought him face to face with himself as an artist. He had been forced to ask himself if his enthusiastic love of art were after all no better than a vulgar personal ambition, with fame and wealth and popularity as the goal. He had believed himself unselfish in his devotion to his art, accepting the success that came so easily, as a legitimate tribute paid to genius. Now it appeared that he was challenged as an impostor. Who challenged him; who had the right to call him to account? Who was it that had stripped him of his becoming robe of self-approval, leaving him naked and ashamed. He felt as if, unprepared for the ordeal, he had come into the presence of the soul of art; and she had looked at him, and passed on, leaving him beggared of his self-esteem.

(To be continued)