

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Originally the heart is in harmony with the Divine,  
But when caught in the various nets of the world,  
It finds it not easy to avoid mistakes.  
The attainment of immortality is not followed by the many.  
It is one's lot to meet both good and evil.  
All the World has its appointed calamities  
Throughout countless ages,  
But there remains a divine light shining through the gloom.

— *A Mission to Heaven*: a Chinese Buddhist work  
translated by Richard

## WHITHER GOEST THOU?

E. A. NERESHEIMER



WHAT is man's position in relation with the rest of the world? Where does he stand with regard to the phenomena of life beneath and above him? Whither is he bound?

Theosophy establishes the fact that man as a soul is a spiritual being, emanating from and identical in essence with the Godhead. His origin is veiled in the mystery of the evolution of the Hierarchy from whom he differentiated, to become the individual Monad at the period when his own pilgrimage on earth demanded the unfoldment, through matter, of his divine potentialities, according to a definite universal plan.

In the present stage of evolution, the individual Monad — man — is clearly marked off from among all other classes of sentient beings, from gods down to atoms, so that his status is altogether one of a separate and special kind. His actual place in the grand Life-Cycle is said to be slightly beyond the midway point of evolution, namely, between the extremes of the material and divine possibilities of the entire cosmic manifestation. All the qualities and powers of which he is possessed in his complex make-up, whether physical, mental, psychic, or spiritual, have accrued to him, partly from the support of Nature during the earlier stages of his existence as man, and subsequently as the result of his own efforts.

The early steps of his long career towards his physical consolidation

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

in the distant past were characterized by spiritual innocence, and therefore fraught with little responsibility; but later, after he had become endowed with the privileged quality of mind, he became possessed of altogether new powers, which made him answerable for all his thoughts, acts, and deeds. From this faculty of mind he derived the possession of comparative freedom of will with the consequences accompanying this power. Since then he is in truth the 'Pilgrim,' whose journey will be long and strewn with thorns, until he realizes the illusive nature of personal existence and the identity of his own will with the Universal Will.

At no time has humanity been kept in ignorance of the ultimate object of existence, or of a true vision of its destiny; nor has it ever been without spiritual guides. In fact, the course of its ultimate career was fittingly given in glyph and symbol in the primal revelations by hierarchies of divine Instructors, who watched over and guided its earliest childhood. These eternal truths have in part been kept alive by tradition and symbolic representations through all succeeding periods of development, and eventually found their way into the scriptures of every race and nation. Nor are they entirely absent from any one of the bibles of mankind to this day. When, however, the time came for the recording of these original teachings, they suffered much change and obscuration under the influence of sacerdotalism and the personal predilections of their transmitters.

It is said that considerable time has already elapsed since spirit reached the lowest point of its possible involution into matter on every plane in the scheme of evolution of the present life-cycle; and that the wave on the ascending arc towards liberation began some time ago. As far as humanity is concerned, it should by now have evidenced a decided trend towards spirituality. Be it remembered that, at the midway point, the whole composition of cosmic matter begins by slow degrees to etherealize, and naturally tends towards an upward sweep of spiritual impulse. However, that a decided urge in this direction has not actually set in on a large scale is almost a certainty, judging from the cheerless tone of the materialistic tendencies in which humanity is still so gloomily steeped, especially in the western hemisphere.

Perhaps from the standpoint of 'natural' man, who has never thought of such a question as to where he stands in relation with the rest of nature, it would be strange if he were suddenly to overthrow his accustomed mode of life of personal self-gratification and comfortable indolence. The masses are, it may be, not so much to blame for such a viewpoint as are the leaders of thought, who with great assurance dominate the psychology of the day, and whose eloquent suggestions their poor innocent admirers — the people — dutifully follow. For centuries a display of fine thought and a brilliant galaxy of scientific facts have been brought forth for the increase

## WHITHER GOEST THOU?

of delectable *aesthetic* gluttony and the extension of intellectual knowledge, without any substantial progress in the establishment of a really salutary and comprehensive philosophy that would go straight to the core of human moral needs. To be sure, so long as the underlying spiritual keynote is absent from mental, moral, or intellectual reflexions, be they ever so keen and correct, they will avail but little as aids to man's really essential spiritual progress.

What humanity should know, and what it wants to know and has a right to expect from its professed leaders, is a knowledge of the relation between the phenomena of nature and that of human life. To give a satisfactory answer to these vital questions it requires a philosophy that can explain the fundamental spiritual origin and constitution of the Universe and of Man. Such a philosophy, whose practical aspects were embodied in their religious teachings, was possessed by the ancients, and from these the masses of the people derived a deep devotional enthusiasm. Thus all classes became familiar with the essential doctrines and had a more or less correct idea of the universal laws of Reincarnation and Karma, of the divine origin of man, of his perfectibility, and of the spiritual unity of the Cosmos.

How could a possible anchorage be found in the absence of even a slight acquaintance with the really inspiring optimism of these fundamental truths, and their reality? Without such a knowledge no incentive can exist for continuous aspiration towards a serious contemplative life; nor could there be a scientific basis for ethics, or any inducement for checking desire, selfish ambition, and personal self-gratification. Want of knowledge of these very essential first principles dooms man to be but the playground of the lower nature-forces, which hold him fast in a ceaseless round of recurring rebirths, and of alternating pleasure and pain, without his ever getting in touch with his greater opportunities. After the long period of time which has already elapsed since the turning-point in the upward evolutionary course, in which enough of bitter experience has been gone through, there should have been a decisive universal awakening towards the recognition of man's spiritual nature; but unfortunately this is not the case.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks in *The Secret Doctrine* of the power inherent in the 'Monadic Essence' that propels and forces progressive evolution, compelling the growth and development of man individually and collectively towards perfection. The Universal Will and Universal Mind are native to that Monadic Essence, and from this it becomes evident that there can be no will or mind that is independent or not subject to this power. Yet man is privileged to claim as much of either the universal will or mind as he can command. The more the individual will is in

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

accord with the universal will, the more does it partake of the freedom of the universal will; the more the individual will departs from the universal will, the more does it become isolated and confined to the illusions of its own creation, circumscribing and diminishing the hold it has on this propelling and all-pervading power.

Moreover, as evolution proceeds on the upward arc in its natural unfoldment, the aggregate of Substance, on all the material planes, becomes more and more refined and attenuated. Simultaneously therewith, the matter that composes the bodies of conscious entities must needs also become more rarefied. Hence man in particular, who in his progress should aim at identification with the spiritual elements in his nature and in the Cosmos, has, to a degree, profited by this etherealization of matter. However, it must be borne in mind that, as a direct agent for mental, moral, ethical, and spiritual advancement, the refinement of the vehicle alone is but a negative aid; as all higher improvement in his case comes — indeed can only come — from conscious self-devised efforts.

On this precept of self-devised effort for the achievement of moral progress in any form, the Leaders of the Theosophic Movement have insisted from the very beginning of their work in the last century, particularly in the western hemisphere. They have taught that a rounded-out progressive development is not attainable, except by a perfect balance of all the faculties. That is to say, that physical and intellectual development must always be positively supported by the moral and spiritual faculties. Furthermore, the moral and spiritual qualifications are the more important, inasmuch as they form a clearer and broader ethical light, which illuminates all questions and interrelations of the acts and experiences of life. Hence the insistency with which the Theosophic Teachers point to the principle of Universal Coherence, or Universal Brotherhood, that binds, *de facto*, all creatures and things together. Without a sympathetic attitude towards this principle it is difficult to see how a correct judgment can be formed on any serious subject, especially on matters connected with human life.

The intellectual concept of this age-old doctrine has been known and preached by all systems of religion from time immemorial, but it has never yet reached the heart of any people sufficiently to make it a living power in their lives. Nevertheless it is a demonstrable fact, and perhaps the most vital among the great verities, that could, if really understood, permanently affect the public mind as a powerful incentive for bringing about a lasting favorable change, to ameliorate the miserable confusion that exists in the world today.

Those who have seriously inquired into this principle and who have

## WHITHER GOEST THOU?

raised it above the plane of sentimental considerations, and appreciate its proper scientific value, have found that it furnishes most surprising and practical corroborations and proofs in every possible direction. Based chiefly on the spiritual and absolute one-ness of humanity, and its abiding interdependence with all that lives, down to the smallest atom, it reveals a wondrous new world to man's consciousness.

It was for a great purpose that the Leaders of Theosophy — especially the now living spiritual Teacher, Katherine Tingley, who has made Theosophy so happily practical — have ever dwelt emphatically and lovingly on this theme of Universal Brotherhood as a paramount fact in Nature. With infinite patience they have pointed out the universal analogies running through all planes of being and through all combinations of substance, and have made known the facts by which an unerring sovereignty of intelligence connects these planes with phenomena of every kind, in a perfect synthesis of interaction and harmony.

The student, therefore, who aspires to an understanding of himself and of his relation with the world, seeking to know whither he is bound, should endeavor first of all to comprehend this fundamental principle of universal brotherhood. It will immediately give him an unbiased conception of his personal unimportance, and, at the same time, an encouraging reliance upon his limitless spiritual possibilities. Man in his highest aspect is a spiritual being, and therefore identical with the Godhead. The order of life called 'Nature' is but an instrument which he uses for the purposes of evolution and experience, and he is therefore in this respect actually superior to Nature.

As the 'Pilgrim' who aims at perfection and identification with the Supreme Spirit, he is privileged to devise and follow his own methods to reach the final goal. For this reason the answer to the question 'Whither goest thou,' cannot be given categorically. Though the goal is one, namely LIBERATION FROM CONDITIONED EXISTENCE, the paths for its attainment are many; indeed, they differ with each individual.

Nowhere is the Path more clearly declared than in the beautiful Vedic Hymn, the 'Gâyatri,' of which the following is a paraphrase:

"O Thou Supreme Source of the Universe,  
From Whom all proceeds, to Whom all must return,  
Reveal to us the true spiritual Sun,  
Now hidden by a veil of golden light;  
That we may know the Truth, and do our whole duty,  
As we unfold on our pilgrimage through the crucible of evolution.  
Till, at length, the purified soul, through spiritual knowledge  
Shall be released from bondage,  
And truly resolved in the bosom of the ONE ABSOLUTE SELF."

## HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

**F**EW of the great are recognised as such by the generality in their own times. Prejudices are excited, fixed ideas upset, violent opposition aroused; calumny gets to work with its usual weapons. Those living in the midst of the movement get no clear view of the prospect. With the lapse of time, old generations depart, new ones supervene; and prejudice is forgotten. Distant view gives the true perspective; things are seen in their right proportion. Among contemporaries, a false estimate of character is taken, due to calumny; and the work of the great one is ignored — since it cannot be refuted. Posterity appreciates the work; and from it *infers* the probable character of the genius. This inference is then verified by research into the evidence.

A Roman emperor is defamed by pessimistic or scurrilous partisans of a decaying aristocracy. For a while his posthumous fame is fed by these calumnies. More careful historians, perceiving the work he accomplished, infer that his character could not have been such. The records are investigated; the inference is confirmed; the fame is vindicated. A literary genius flutters the doves of conventional culture; when he is gone where he can no longer defend himself, the voice of the detractor is heard. His works cannot be assailed; his character is vilified. For a few years he goes down to fame with this stigma attached; until independent research, loving the works, *infers* the man; and accurate investigation unmasks the lie.

Is the day drawing nigh when the *works* of H. P. Blavatsky will be actually read? Is a generation dawning that will no longer be satisfied to be guided by some book of general information and misinformation, but will read those works for itself? Will there soon be people with a sense of logic and proportion, who will *infer* that works of genius are produced by geniuses, and great deeds wrought by great souls?

Candid and careful historians will be obliged to attribute to H. P. Blavatsky the initiation of a new era of thought: we cannot call it by any less inclusive name, because it includes so much. In all departments of thought, people are now standing perched on ground which she won for them, little knowing how they got there or whence they derive the afflatus with which they find themselves inspired. How greatly the recent rapid advance in so many directions has been due to the work of this one personality, will be realized better by later generations.

## HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

While most of us run in the ruts made for us by our times, there are once in a while geniuses and innovators — great souls. What are their characteristics? They borrow not from their surroundings: they are not moons, reflecting the light from around, but suns, shining by their own light. The spirit bloweth where it listeth: no man can say whence it comes. The moving-power of such personalities comes from within: it is inspiration. There are some of us who repeat the ancestral type with the faithfulness of birds and animals; there are some who bring to bear on that fixed mold a little of the originative power of that spirit which we brought into the world with us from afar. The genius sweeps and scatters his physical, mental, and psychic heredity to right and left; coming to earth full of a message and a purpose he has brought with him. Not operated on, he begins at once to operate on what is around him. It is open to any one having another theory of genius to give a better explanation if he can. But, whatever the explanation, the fact remains.

The genius cannot 'go straight,' or 'toe the line'; he has 'no sense of proportion'; he is 'bad form,' he is 'queer.' No such person can (by the rules) accomplish anything worth attending to; therefore, if he does, it proves he is an impostor. H. P. Blavatsky was like one who had known of the light and been plunged into the dark — determined to find the light again somehow. She did the original thing of setting forth on her travels to seek that knowledge which she could not find in the creeds and philosophies, and to find the people who could demonstrate it to her. She found the light and its guardians, and did the original thing of determining to come forth as its exponent to the world.

Even here she could not seem to do the 'correct' thing. There were some who knew all about organizing societies and running movements. They sought to instruct her; to take out of her hands the management. Howbeit she had come to teach, not to learn. There is an Irish story of some fairies, whose only song ran: "Monday, Tuesday; Monday, Tuesday." But one day somebody taught them to say: "Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday also." And ever since they have been singing it in that form. And so there are people who go on indefinitely in the same rut, until some original and energetic person teaches them something new; and then they are as rigid sticklers for the new rut as they were for the old. There would never have been any Theosophical Society, or any Theosophy at all, but for H. P. Blavatsky. But, once the people had these things, they wanted to run them their own way. It is even so now: all along the line of Theosophy's history, people at various stages have wanted to stop where they were and kick away the ladder by which they mounted.

Far be it from us to denounce human nature for being what it is; we merely point to facts. People are wise enough even now deliberately to

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

take medicines against which their whole system rebels. Resistance follows reform by a natural law of action and reaction. But it is equally true that we accommodate ourselves thankfully to the new order, once its benefits have been appreciated.

Modern science has so accustomed us to think of the world as an independent, fixed, objective reality, that we are in danger of forgetting how greatly the subjective element enters into our experiences, how great is the power of ideas in forming that world in which we live. It has been said that certain -isms and -ologies were conspiring together to create a special world of their own for humanity to live in for the next millennium or so: a neat, well mapped-out world, with everything strictly defined; certain things possible, others impossible; certain correct notions, and others 'bad form'; a highly civilized, conventional, and proper world.

Into this atmosphere were brought such ideas as that the human race is millions of years old and has attained greater heights of knowledge in certain past eras than it stands on at the present epoch; that certain people are in possession of much greater knowledge of the secrets and powers of nature than the product of modern culture possesses; that man is essentially divine, not animal; that the seventy-year life of a man is only a small section of the life of his Soul, which reincarnates again and again. That H. P. Blavatsky did not merely say these things, but was able to prove them, is shown by the fact that she was taken so seriously and excited such alarm. There were those who, not averse to an extended knowledge, would have preferred to have it filter down through the superior strata of culture, so that cultured discrimination could decide how much to keep, what to reject, or what crumbs to let fall for those in the lower strata. But the Teacher seems to have ignored this excellent condition and to have wished to communicate her message to all, independently of race, creed, caste, or any other invidious distinction. It is easy to understand what results in certain quarters from a program of this kind.

To take a single instance: many will think that Bulwer Lytton's genius reached its height in *Zanoni*; yet here is all that an encyclopedia of English literature says about it: "*Zanoni* is more unconnected in plot and vicious in style than the previous fictions of Bulwer, and possesses no strong or permanent interest." The plot seems to him disconnected, because he has been totally unable to discern the plot; the style seems vicious because it is adapted to the author's purpose and not to what the critic supposes to be his purpose; and the lack of interest is in the critic and not in the author. And so, to conventionality, H. P. Blavatsky was an ugly duckling; just as, to the barnyard fowls, a swan is an ungainly bird that does not know how to walk decently on the beaten track.



## HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

To H. P. Blavatsky's initiative we must attribute the immense and widespread interest now taken in the subject of higher powers in man. The previous idea, that man was a fixed product, with no expectations beyond a little advance in physical science and the art of government, and looking vaguely to heaven for any glory that might await him; this notion has given place to the idea that man has many powers in latency, which can be brought into manifestation by self-culture. It is true that this idea, together with the word 'self-culture,' has been abused; and that there are cults which, under that name, merely pursue the culture of the personality with its selfish desires. Such perversions of great teachings are inevitable, but they yield in time to the truth, which is more enduring. The latent powers of man, as understood by H. P. Blavatsky and by all true Theosophists, are those which raise man above the narrow confines of the selfish personality; they therefore involve self-conquest — subordination of the personal self to the Higher Self.

This teaching as to the perfectibility of human nature, here and now, hinges on to the teachings as to the antiquity of civilization, the sublime heights of knowledge attained by certain very ancient races, and the existence in all ages, including the present, of Masters of Wisdom — men who have attained to knowledge through self-conquest. These ideas have permeated the whole atmosphere; for, whatever some bigwigs and encyclopedias may say, it is in the popular press and fiction, in the various forms of drama, that we see reflected the true mind of the people — the mind that counts, the mind that makes the future. Everywhere these new ideas are gaining ground: in medicine, where doctors pay more and more attention to the man himself within the body, rather than to the mere body; in our treatment of the criminal and the insane; in our ideals of education; in our religion, where we recognise more and more the importance of the spirit over the form.


And who sowed all these vital seeds that are coming up so profusely? Candid and careful history will have to answer, 'H. P. Blavatsky.'

We have but touched on the question of her influence over the world of thought, though there is material enough for an essay; we also merely allude to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which she founded, the results achieved by which, judging from what has been now been accomplished, will tell the same story.

From all these visible effects the only inference as to the character of their producer is that it was pre-eminent both in nobility and genius. And this inference is attested by the facts as to the life and character of H. P. Blavatsky, once these are looked into in a spirit of ordinary honesty.

## THE RELIGION OF THEOSOPHY

MAGISTER ARTIUM

 HE world cannot get on without Religion; but so many shams have gone by the name of religion that some people have tried to persuade themselves that Religion is nothing but a delusion and that the world can get on better without it. Nevertheless they keep the true ideal of Religion in their hearts, though they may commit all sorts of vagaries in the attempt to give it some formulation.

Let us come down to facts. The supreme fact for every man is that he finds himself, a conscious being, among other conscious beings, with a life before him which he must lead, whether he wills or not. His philosophy of life is his religion — in one very important sense of the word, at any rate.

It is usual for men, after losing faith in established formal religion, to endeavor to formulate some doctrine based on ethical principles, and to rely on the intelligence and the natural goodness of civilized mankind as a bond of union and a basis for political and social economy. Or they may announce a utilitarian philosophy, wherein expediency and our experience as to what conduces thereto, are looked to as the support. But in all cases they are driven, by the inevitable circumstances of the case, to seek a solution of the problem of man's life in man's own intelligence and conscience.

The test of the value of a religion is its power to help us live our lives; its ability to solve the problems of individual and social life. Many of the established formulas are failing at this test: whether we speak of religious formulas, or scientific ones, or politico-economic ones. People are consequently looking about for something that *will* answer the test. There are some minds, very acute in matters scientific, but curiously elementary in some other respects, which are much exercised by certain hopes they derive from a study of psychic phenomena; and the quality of the food thus devoured only goes to prove the intensity of the hunger.

There is nothing at once so comprehensive in its scope and so intimate in its details as Theosophy. Its teachings are all-embracing and profound; yet its application is to the smallest problems of life. It gives a reasonable interpretation of human nature; and, for proof, refers us to the facts as we find them. Instead of opposing scientific teachings, it corrects and enlarges them; for science, in its doctrine of evolution, deals with the

## THE RELIGION OF THEOSOPHY

instinctual nature of man; whereas Theosophy, frankly recognising the indisputable fact that man's nature is dual, gives the full doctrine of evolution. Biology and palaeontology may (or may not) succeed in tracing one line of descent for man, but can never, by existing methods, settle the question of the origin and nature of the peculiar Intelligence dwelling in man.

This problem is answered by Theosophy; not however by announcing a new doctrine, but by restating a very ancient teaching, the teaching of the Secret Doctrine, that body of knowledge which has always existed among mankind under various forms. The characteristic principle in man, which makes him a being apart and different from any animal, is Manas, a Sanskrit word which may be translated as the thinking faculty. It denotes the peculiar self-conscious principle in man. This faculty or principle has not been evolved through the lower kingdoms of nature; for natural evolution produces only the inferior kind of mind, such as we find in animals. The Manas is not transmitted by heredity: the parents provide the lower principles of the man only; the Manas reincarnates in the vehicle thus formed. The student should study what is said on this topic in *The Key to Theosophy*, where he will find more details than can be given in a short general article.

These teachings interpret our human nature as we find it; for we are all conscious of the duality in our nature; and the whole of human life is a great drama wherein an aspiring uplifting power is always striving with forces of an opposing kind.

The ancient teaching of Reincarnation, temporarily forgotten during a dark cycle of history, has to be recognised and understood; for it throws a radiant light on problems which otherwise must remain dark. Accustomed as we have been to regard our brief life of seventy years as a thing by itself, we can make no meaning out of life. But if we can understand that human life is on a far vaster scale than seventy years, it becomes easy to see why we have failed to interpret it aright. The period of seventy years is but the period of a single scene in the life-drama of the Soul, the real Man, who reincarnates again and again, gathering new experience, knowledge, and power from each successive incarnation.

Living our daily life with the ever-present idea that we are a god dwelling in a temporary mortal abode, we find that light is thrown on all our thoughts, and questions of conduct become cleared up in a marvellous way.

We must not forget to mention the doctrine of Karma and its intimate connexion with that of Reincarnation. Men gain confidence when they know they are dealt with justly; and these teachings enable us to realize that all the experiences of our lives are the reaction from our own conduct

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

at some time or other; and also that we can direct our destiny by our present conduct. A careful and continuous study of one's own inner experiences will reveal the fact that fate springs out of sources within oneself, as though we had in past times sown seeds which now come to life. Every man finds himself placed at that point to which his own footsteps have borne him; and he should try to understand that his experiences are both beneficial and merited.

The power of thought is strongly emphasized in Theosophy, which recognises thought as a power stronger than deeds; for thoughts are parents to deeds. Our thoughts are seeds sown and vitalized by desire, ready to spring up into plants if suffered to live.

But, it may be said, if man's past thoughts and acts determine his present, and his present thoughts and acts determine his future, is he not caught in an endless chain of cause and effect from which there is no escape? Not so; for we must remember the teaching as to man's duality. If a man lives in his desires, he will go on creating new Karma for himself; but he need not always live in his desires; there is a part of the mind which can attach itself either to the desires of the lower nature or to the aspirations from the higher nature. Man has the power of choice; and, though he must incur the consequences of past acts, he can avoid sowing similar seeds for the future. It is obvious that man is relatively free as compared with the beasts; for, though he cannot set aside the laws of nature, he can assume a directing attitude towards them. In the same way the enlightened man is relatively free compared with the man not thus enlightened; he has learnt to assume a directing attitude towards forces which hitherto have controlled him.

Thus the Theosophist has the idea of religion reconstituted for him. Religion is our loyalty to laws which we recognise; and the religion of many people is that of self-seeking — whatever creed they may formally profess. For others, duty to family, class, or nation, may constitute a religion, unformulated but real and compelling. Duty to the laws of our divine nature constitutes the religion of a true Theosophist; and he recognises that he cannot act in secret, for all his thoughts are actions performed in the presence of an all-seeing and all-registering universal mind, which will judge him in accordance with them; just as the man who violates the laws of health will suffer illness.

The heaven towards which Theosophy points the way is a higher state of mind where self-gratification is no longer the ruling principle; and where man achieves bliss by realizing that his nature is centered in a region above and far greater than the sphere of personality.

## THE DRAMA OF LIFE

R. MACHELL

**I**T is hard to escape the conviction that life is a drama; but while the drama of the theater is adapted from the drama of life, the drama of life is the direct expression of natural forces. That drama in its entirety must be the epic of evolution; the complete unfolding of the powers and forces latent in every atom of the Cosmos.

It is said that every star is a solar system, and every solar system a group of worlds; and on each world some part of the universal drama is proceeding. So on this earth of ours the drama of existence reveals the state of earthly evolution.

When the melancholy Jaques says that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," he but states an obvious truism; and when he elaborates a little his idea, he touches very superficially upon a very large subject: but even so, the audience does not always grasp the simple suggestions of the cynical philosopher. For Jaques points out that "each man in his time plays many parts," as well as figuring in many acts, the "acts being seven ages." But it is with the parts that I would be dealing just now. It takes quite a large number of parts, or characters, to make up a complete cast for a drama; and in the great drama of life there must be a vast number of plays each requiring a large number of characters for its performance.

In every country at every moment these plays are being produced: for the great epic of life is endless as evolution itself. It would seem as if the plays, composed of many acts, were in themselves acts in a greater drama: and it is probable that there is only a small number of such dramas in use at one time; though the way that they may be presented must vary with the players.

In that connexion it is interesting to note that in the history of the theatrical drama there is record of an art of improvisation, that comes much nearer to life than does our modern realistic drama, in which every word to be spoken is written by the author and memorized by the actors. With the companies of improvisers it was not so. A scenario was perhaps written; and it was seldom original in the sense of being new; for the most popular plays were those that were founded on the most familiar plot or scheme. In this, too, the system was nearer to nature than the modern method perhaps; for there are only a limited set of emotions and passions common to humanity in any one period of evolution: just

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

as there are only a few notes in a musical scale, a few colors in the spectrum, a few movements in machinery, a few perfect forms in geometry, a few numbers in arithmetic. But the variety of combinations of all these is probably infinite, or at least incalculable.

So, too, the possibilities of variation in a drama in which all the action is fixed and all the characters predetermined so that each actor in the cast always plays a certain kind of character, yet in which the dialog is improvised by the actors, must be incalculable. It is evident that a good company of such actors would be able to rise to great heights under the inspiration of the moment. But it is also certain that the ordinary player would sink to the depths of utter bathos in his attempts to fill out his part with borrowed phrases, and memorized speeches, which might or might not be appropriate. Be that as it may, the improviser represented a great idea and one that is in accordance with nature, for in the most ordinary and oft-repeated scenes of our little life-drama we do try to be original in speech, even if the emotion and its mode of expression are as old as human nature and as common as men and women. It is an old saying that a new audience makes a new play; and it is so in life. That is about all the novelty there can be in it. Most people are quite content with the emotions common to all the rest of humanity; but to each one his egotism makes these emotions appear new and original. To a child the world is all new and wonderful. To every one of us our emotions are original, though they differ in no way from the emotions of other human beings. And yet perhaps the fact that no two individuals can be identical, being two separate and distinct persons, makes all their common emotions new and original to each one, though old and well-worn and utterly commonplace to an observer, the fact being that originality simply means that the experience is individual so far as the one concerned knows.

So the millions of human beings incarnated at any period on earth may all be playing parts in a great number of stock-companies, performing a limited number of old stock-plays, with actors who are true 'improvisatori' making new dialog perhaps to fill out the regulation scenes and situations and taking themselves in all seriousness as original creators.

The old Italian 'Commedia del Arte' recognised but a very limited range of characters, which appeared under new disguises in each new drama. Each character was fitted as far as possible to a member of the company qualified by nature or intelligence to play such parts: and in some cases these types were plainly stamped, keeping the same name through different plays. Naturally, the poorer companies could not provide different costumes for each new play; but the actors could set a new stamp upon the old character with new dialog and new action. When the actors were endowed with genius they must have found the elasticity

## THE DRAMA OF LIFE

of that form of play a great help. But only genius could hope to make good use of such opportunities. The inferior actor, left to his memory and his poor wit, must have improvised at times some curious incongruities; and one can well understand that, men of genius being rare, the improvisers soon passed into memorizers, and the written drama came into universal use.

Still, the drama of the theater was, even so, not false to its original. For there are periods in every civilization when men of genius abound, and when new forms of art appear which are no newer than the rest of evolutionary emblems, but which are entirely new to the nation or people then emerging from a dark age into the light of progress (meaning by progress something more than the turning of a wheel).

These men of genius are 'improvisatori.' They cannot invent new emotions or new dramas; but they can make the old timeworn ideals glow with new glory and the ancient passion for freedom or revenge, for wealth and fame, shine as a beacon set upon the pathway of the gods. They can bring down to earth the heavenly fire and start a new cycle of evolution, and then pass on, leaving the stage to actors of another order to whom the fire of the gods is no more than a tradition; who memorize and recite the speeches handed down to them from the great age that went before; who formulate conventions, systems, methods, and rules of dramatic art, based on tradition, but who are not 'improvisatori' in any sense. Then comes the literary drama and fills out the cycle. And, as the civilization matures, all forms of thought and of expression become stereotyped; and every new emotion is expressed in some appropriate but quite conventional form of words until each emotion is provided with its correct formula, and individual expression appears vulgar or eccentric. Then the drama of the theater becomes stilted and lifeless, or grossly material and merely imitative, lacking all fire of inner vision and having no power to stimulate the imagination of the audience or to lift them from the earth even for a moment.

When the melancholy Jaques describes the seven acts of the life-drama, he is of course dealing with the seven ages of the body in one life: but he speaks of a man playing many parts, as if he knew that the great drama of life included many, many incarnations here on earth, in which a man must have the opportunity to play many parts, each one of which would include some one or other of the seven ages.

History repeats itself. That is a truism but it requires explanation; and it seems likely that the key to this mystery of the ages, which has been called the law of cycles, is to be found in the fact that "all the world's a stage," and all the nations merely players. One might say that the nations are just stock-companies playing a few of the old dramas or

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

perhaps playing but one of them, till the actors become sick and tired of their parts and break out into revolt, demanding a redistribution of roles, and once in a while trying to get a new drama to replace the old one. But generally the revolution accomplishes no more than a general change of the cast with hardly a modification in the old play, except that which is incidental to the change of actors. The men who played the tyrants now play the slaves, and vice versa, but the play is practically unchanged.

But in this "wide and universal theater" there are more "woeful pageants than the scenes wherein we play." There are more plays than one in each stock-company; and as these plays are staged a change of parts takes place. A man who has perfected himself in a given character may have the opportunity to broaden his experience by being born into a new part, thus leaving a place vacant in the drama of his late experience; and so experience is added to experience, until his character is rounded out and balanced and he becomes fit to play any part that may be needed in the greater drama he may then be called upon to figure in; until he has completed the full range of possible experience upon this earth, and passes naturally and inevitably on to a wider field of study and accomplishment. Why not? For what else do we exist, if not to gain experience? And of what use to gain experience, if we remain eternally bound down to endless, hopeless repetition of the same experience? Of what possible benefit to the individual would be his reincarnation if he were doomed endlessly to repeat his past experiences in each new life?

The character, the role, remains unchanged perhaps, but the actor must pass on, and another take his place and fill his part, and maybe speak the same lines, and thus delude the simple minded student into saying "this is a reincarnation of a former personification of that character," because the circumstances of the part are just the same and the make-up quite similar. Yes, but the actor's changed, and whether changed or not, the actor is not the part he plays in any particular drama. He may identify himself with it for the run of the play; but he may be quite unrecognisable to the ordinary spectator when he appears in a new role with a new make-up, and with another aspect of his character in evidence; and yet the part he played so long is still upon the stage somewhere and the part is taken by another actor whose performance may be strictly modeled upon that of the former incumbent of that character. So that it may be rash to assert that because the role of Julius Caesar may be found repeated in other ages and in other lands therefore the actor must be the same reincarnated for that purpose.

I think that indeed the world is a "wide and universal theater," and that the repetition of old dramas in no wise clashes with the progress of the individual actors: it rather secures these lessons to the race.



## THE DRAMA OF LIFE

When we were at school there were a certain number of well-marked characters in our group: there would be perhaps a brilliant genius, a bully, a fool, an athlete, a boaster, a sneak, perhaps even a thief, a mischief-maker, a pugilist, and so on: and there were practical jokes, that seemed new and original; revolts against authority, and the expression of new ideas (as old as the world). And in that same school today there is the same life-drama going on, the same group, the same types, the same jokes, the same games, the same revolts, and all as new and original as they were in our day; but the boys are all changed and have been changed many times since we were initiated into the mysteries of that drama.

I think we need to use a little common sense occasionally in applying our Theosophical theories to practical life; and in doing so we should remember that as "nothing is more certain than the unforeseen," so nothing is so deceptive as the very obvious.

Thus when a lady looking at her own image in a mirror, dazzled by the beauty of the face she sees there, jumps to the conclusion that in a former life she must have been Mary Stuart, or Cleopatra, or both, I think that a doubt would be allowable, seeing the very large number of claimants to that inheritance, and for this reason: in any one life we know that few of us find opportunities to do full justice to the many noble qualities that lie latent in our characters and that find no adequate expression because of circumstances that limit and confine us to the playing of a humble or quite colorless role in the humdrum comedy to which we are condemned to devote ourselves during this present incarnation. Naturally, we are willing to believe that all those noble qualities must find expression some day, and may have done so in the past. But I would venture to suggest that while history does show a recurrence of certain strongly and distinctively marked personalities, there is no evidence to show that the egos incarnating in those personalities were the same.

And in Theosophical teachings we find the suggestion that, as man is a sevenfold being, with a very small part of his higher possibilities developed as yet, so in his various incarnations the ego will seek expression for some hitherto undeveloped faculty, which would give an entirely different color to his succeeding incarnations.

We are apt to forget that it is not the *personality* that reincarnates in any case, and that the personality is about all we know either in ourselves or in others in ordinary life. Were it possible to see the real *individual*, I imagine we should be appalled at the superhuman beauty of the vision, or at the horror of the subhuman elemental basis of the personality.

In man are the possibilities of god and demon, as well as the actuality so commonplace and so respectable, which yet may at any moment reveal some flash of the divine, or some fury of the demon, to remind us of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the powers that lie latent, ready for manifestation, in every one of us.

The attempt to trace our past incarnations seems to me futile and misleading; because the curiosity that suggests speculation along that line is purely personal, even when wearing a mask of scientific study. It holds the mind down to personal considerations and shuts the door on the higher light that illuminates the mind when the personal self is forgotten. Each new incarnation is an attempt at self-expression only partially realized. It is an opportunity for the ego to learn something about the complex nature of self.

If the knowledge of the true Self is the object of incarnation, then it must be attainable only by freeing the self from the delusion of time, the attraction of the illusive past and of the unattainable future, and by the realization of the present moment, which is the only doorway opening on infinity, the doorway of the eternal now. The reason why we cannot find it is that it is everywhere reflected in time's magic mirror as either past or future; both of which are unattainable, as the mirror oscillates presenting the two illusions alternately, so as to conceal the open doorway of the everlasting *Now*. Time's magic mirror is the human mind, in which the ego sees itself reflected and thinks that the reflexion is the self.

To still the oscillation of the mind is the great work. *The conquest of delusion*, it is called; *the finding of the self* is perhaps but another name for the same step in spiritual attainment. To do this, man must be free from anxiety about the past or future, and must concentrate his energies upon the duty of the present moment. To fail in this is to miss the purpose of existence. To achieve emancipation from delusion is to get free from the desires of the personality, which lives entirely in dreams of anticipation or memory, of hopes and fears, desires and regrets.


So the first step in self-realization is self-forgetfulness; and that is only to be reached by merging the self of personal interests and emotions in the greater self of human aspirations to the divine. The doorway of emancipation is the open portal over which is written Universal Brotherhood, which is the Truth that lights the path of Liberation.

The highest wisdom is the simplest duty, which we miss in grasping for a ray of sunlight sparkling in a pool beyond our reach. "To do the duty that lies nearest to our hand" is better than to dive into the past to learn about our former incarnations, or to lose ourselves in dreams of glories that time's magic mirror pictures for us in the future, which is eternally beyond our reach.

The Self is eternal as the present moment. It is Here and Now. This world is all a stage and we the players. The gods may laugh at our attempts to act the dramas they provided for our training. Well, let them laugh; their turn will come; and he laughs longest who laughs last.

## THE POWER AND POSSIBILITIES OF THOUGHT-CONTROL

HUGH PERCY LEONARD

O suppose that H. P. Blavatsky introduced Theosophy as a brand-new system of philosophy and ethics is to misapprehend her claims and intentions altogether. She never sought the reputation of an inventor of new ideas, nor the glory of the first discoverer of some recondite law of nature. She said she was only a hander-on of what she had received, and quoting Montaigne she declared: "I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them." To her redounding credit be it spoken, however, that though her teachings were not new, they had much of the force of novelty because she had the power to render them intelligibly to the western mind, little used though it is to view the facts of life and nature from such a standpoint.

Now of course the idea of thought-control is not entirely foreign to the West and is to be found in the Bible; it is also casually referred to in the pulpit; yet, although the writer was reared under high-class Christian influences, the Theosophical teachings as to thought-control appeared to him as a startling novelty, and often when pressing it upon his friends for their acceptance, he has encountered the most determined opposition. In the fourth chapter of Paul's *Epistle to the Philippians*, and the eighth verse, we find the apostle clearly implying that we have the power of selecting the subject-matter of our thoughts. "Finally, brethren," he writes, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." By thus earnestly recommending the choice of elevating subjects for our contemplation, he takes it for granted that we, the owners of the mind, can turn it to the consideration of any subject that we may choose.

Christ certainly emphasized the importance of mental restraint when he told us that any one who hated his brother was as bad as a murderer; but whatever of definite instructions on this subject he may have given to his disciples, only the scantiest fragments have come down to us.

One reason for the very slight impression which is made upon us by the vague exhortations as to thought-control is that we have only the most nebulous idea of the constitution of man. We are told that we are souls living in bodies, and soul is understood to be interchangeable with spirit,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and mind is supposed to mean much about the same thing. With this beggarly equipment of self-knowledge, it is no wonder that we make but little progress! The interminable stream of thoughts that rushes over the mental field is actually looked upon by most people as being a part or aspect of themselves, and when they try to imagine mind, as distinct from the thoughts which occupy the mind, they start back with alarm and mis-giving for they seem to be confronted by a horrible abyss of nothingness. They are told to control the thought-stream, and yet they have no conception of self apart from the thought-stream. They very naturally fail to see how thoughts can have authority over other thoughts, and so like a riddle too hard to guess they give it up and resign themselves to be led as helpless captives at the tail of a procession of mental images which for the most part rush madly through the brain without the slightest censorship on the part of the man who should be the controller of the activities of that brain.

Now Theosophy not only asserts the possibility of thought-control, but also its absolute necessity, and declares that unless a man takes up a firm position and exercises a conscious choice as to his thoughts, he will become a mere automaton responding to every stimulus from the outside and the sport of every passion that sweeps across the soul. He is told that unless he deliberately assumes the reins of government his little kingdom will fall into anarchy and finally disintegrate. There are many who are so dismayed at the task of reducing the mind to order that they relinquish the attempt and console themselves with the thought that so long as their conduct conforms to the code of average respectability, it matters little how their minds are occupied. But to give up the effort to control our thoughts is to shirk the great battle which we came into the world to fight.

To persons of a certain type of mind it appears incredible that subtil, unsubstantial things like thoughts can have any real influence upon our lives and the material circumstances by which we are surrounded. You sometimes hear them speak of 'mere imagination' as if imagination were a harmless puff of vapor or something even less capable of producing results in the substantial, practical world in which they live. It is, however, easily seen that imagination, reinforced by will, is the master-faculty in human life, and guided by intelligence and firm good-will to all that breathes, is capable of working wonders far beyond our wildest dreams.

Let us suppose the case of a sensitive person in delicate health who on entering his sitting-room and turning on the light, suddenly becomes aware of a rope, coiled exactly like a snake, just in the very place in which he was about to sit. The vivid image of the snake which he created in his mind, reacting upon his hypersensitive nerves, gives rise to a shock

## THE POWER AND POSSIBILITIES OF THOUGHT-CONTROL

which causes instant death. Let us note well that it was not the material rope *but his thought about the rope* which produced the result. You may call it 'mere imagination' if you will; but it slew the man just as effectually as the bullet of an assassin. If causes are to be estimated by the effects which they produce, then must the imagination be classed among the dominant factors in human life.

Or let us imagine the case of a convict so thoroughly obsessed by the belief that society has conspired to hound him down that in revenge he has declared relentless war upon society. He is visited by a gracious lady who has the faculty of fanning into flame once more the smoldering sparks of hope and self-reliance so often hidden out of sight under the most unpromising exterior. A revolution takes place in the inner nature of the man and he feels for the first time that he has the sympathy and good-will of a genuine friend. He realizes the invincible power of sustained endeavor, and feeling that no goal is too remote for strength and courage to attempt, he starts afresh upon a new career that leads at length through the prison-gates to a triumphal success in the world outside. But what has worked the change? Merely a few intangible thoughts, an altered mental attitude, a lifting of the lower fogs to let the upper sunshine through. He has acquired nothing new so far as our five senses can inform us, and yet his whole life has been transformed and glorified. How powerful are the viewless forces of the mind to kill the body or regenerate the life!

"Man," says Theosophy, "is master of his fate," and if we accept the challenge and inquire of the method to be used for our success, we are told never to let the mind drift of its own sweet will; but resolutely to select or reject our thoughts according as they are either good or bad. When first a man wakes up to the possibility of thought-control and tries to put it into practice, he is very likely to declare it an impossibility. The flow of thought appears to be self-reproductive and to pour unceasingly with the power and volume of a very Niagara. The teachers of Theosophy assert, however, that it is an achievement well within our power and comes as the result of constant practice and the absence of desire for pleasures related to the organs of sense.

For our clearer understanding of the problem, let us divide man into three parts according to the classification of Paul: body, soul, and spirit. The body is of course the man of flesh reflected in the looking-glass, weighed upon the scales, and whose muscular force is capable of accurate measurement. The soul or middle principle stands for the whole of the inner life of the man with which we are familiar: the mental operations, the feelings, the emotions, and the desires. In its highest aspect it may thrill us with the loftiest patriotism and burn with the purest devotion to an ideal; at its lowest depth it may exceed the ferocity of the beasts of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the jungle because fanned into flame, enriched and reinforced, by the magic power of the imagination. Of the spirit, the mysterious third aspect of the trinity, we can know but little at this stage of evolution because it can hardly as yet descend to our plane of consciousness. We may dimly sense its presence in those occasional flashes of intuition and in the voice of conscience, and we may clearly infer its existence from the evident fact that there is something unknown, but yet interior and in the truest sense our very self, which watches thoughts as a spectator, and, more or less according to our power, bids them to come or go at its command. The spirit in its highest aspect is a thing unutterably great, being nothing less than a ray of the pure light of Deity itself "which lighteth every man coming into the world." Some faint conception of its mystery may be obtained by trying to imagine mind as distinct from the thoughts which occupy the mind. So long as thoughts still flicker through our field of consciousness we have thoughts and that which is aware of thoughts; but when the last thought fades out, the spectator is left with no spectacle to look at. That silent spectator we have agreed to call the spirit; but for us ordinary mortals it is very difficult to draw the breath of life in an atmosphere so rare.

The spirit, or the real man behind the veil, should have the power to use the middle principle or soul as his obedient instrument, though in most of us this power is lying latent and unused from lack of knowledge that it exists. And even when a study of Theosophy convinces us of the possibility of thought-control, there is a tendency to shrink back and shirk the undertaking. The reason seems to be that in stepping to the higher plane of spirit from which the soul may be governed, we pass from the familiar world where we have always been at home and enter on a region which for lack of the proper senses to connect us with our new surroundings appears to be an abyss of nothingness.

As we make the attempt to control our thoughts we are immediately confronted by a strange and disconcerting experience. Having cast out all thoughts and rendered the mind a blank, we find ourselves in the condition of spectators with nothing to look at. Thoughts are the products of the thinker; but these thoughts are on a plane lower than that occupied by their creator: they are his emanations and not himself, and when we, who have always lived among the denizens of the thought-plane, enter into the presence of the silent creator of thought, we are not unnaturally embarrassed. It is like a child suddenly transported from among its playmates in the sunny street and left alone among the solemn shadows of a deserted cathedral.

All our lives we have been immersed and swimming surrounded by the vivid contents of the mind; we have identified ourselves with the emotions

## THE POWER AND POSSIBILITIES OF THOUGHT-CONTROL

and desires that ruffle its surface as winds agitate the sea: we have quivered with pain, we have thrilled with joy, and amongst all this seething effervescence and agitation we have found the interests which have combined to intangle us and induce us to persevere in our hold on life; for we always vaguely hope that some fine day a sudden stroke of superlative good fortune may raise us to the very heights of felicity. And now we are asked to step aside and to detach ourselves from this delightful drama, and to criticize from a cool, impartial standpoint the queer antics of this personality which we have always looked upon as our very self; and as we occupy the judgment-seat we seem to fade out of existence and expire in the attenuated atmosphere and to enter the horror of a great darkness, or what is even worse, into a place of silent peace where no familiar voice can ever penetrate.

But if man is to progress it must be by his own efforts, and he must boldly push his way into the unknown expanse unless he proposes to linger for ever as a fluctuating personality among a shifting world of thoughts. Unless a man controls his mind, his mind will certainly control him. It is the old story of the tail which wagged the dog; an absurdity in Natural History, but a very common sight among the ranks of those who have never taken up the task of regulating the action of their minds. No cork upon the tossing waves is more at the mercy of conflicting currents and heaving billows than the man who rises and falls obedient to the waves of emotion that surge in upon us from the tossing ocean of general human thought in which our individual minds are adrift.

The feeble negativity of this middle principle explains popular panics and those apparently irresistible impulses which sometimes sway entire communities, causing them to act as one man — and that man usually a bad one. At such times of popular excitement it is easy to see that people follow their leaders like sheep. Independent thought is a very rare phenomenon at this stage of human development, and most men can but echo and repeat the voices breaking in upon them from the world outside and then, becoming distributing centers themselves, they propagate the waves of discord all around.

Unless a man earnestly enters upon the path of mental control he must resign himself to a career of no more dignity and importance than that of a piece of seaweed floating on the tide. He can contribute nothing to help forward the process of evolution, and is simply so much deadweight to be carried along. Let him not console himself with the idea that he will some day attain the goal as the result of being pushed forward by the evolutionary impulse. Nature will have nothing to do with persistent laggards, and strange though it may seem, she would rather have a man in active opposition to her onward trend than one who spends eternity in

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

yielding to the forces as they come and go and floating in the line of least resistance. "Because thou art lukewarm and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth," is a hard saying of scripture; but which is strongly indorsed by the teachers of Theosophy.

To what a high enterprise are we not called at the dawn of every day! We have to stand on guard unceasingly, to challenge every thought and feeling, each emotion and desire, that seeks to cross the portals of that sacred temple of the living God -- the mind of man.

In one of the dances given by the children of the Râja-Yoga School here we have an illustration of the way in which thought follows thought in endless and successive links. The child-dancers join hands, and following their leader they perform a series of the most fascinating manoeuvres. Two dancers arch their hands overhead and the whole string of children, each dragging its partner, file through the opening in an interminable chain. And so with our thoughts. No thought that presents itself at the threshold of the mind but is linked in affinity with other thoughts, and a single thought of doubtful reputation once admitted draws after it a whole troop of disreputable relatives by the laws of the association of ideas. They pour in upon us as we watch the gate and sometimes they so rapidly deteriorate, that in a short time it seems as though Pandemonium had been let loose, and the shrine of the temple had been delivered over to the orgies of a Bacchanalian troop of revelers. We do well to speak of a *train* of thought, for train is derived from the Latin *trahere* to drag, and most assuredly one thought drags another as do the successive links of a chain.

We are exposed to the invasion of thoughts cast up by our lower natures as well as those exhaled by the minds of other men and of which the astral light is full, that foul and turbid sea of emanations, the offscouring and product of the action of the human mind at large. Rightly to hold the reins of thought for just a single day is a task for an adept, for one bad thought effecting a lodgment may attract its like until the invading host may actually become stronger than the man whom we call by courtesy the owner of the mind. Then follows the terrible disaster described in Madame Blavatsky's *The Voice of the Silence*: Thy thoughts become an army and bear thee off a captive slave.

Katherine Tingley has said: "A pure, strong, unselfish thought beaming in the mind lifts the whole being to the heights of light." The beaming thought kept burning in the mind is like the flame of the alchemist. The grosser elements of the lower nature cannot exist as such in the presence of a purifying flame that burns while it shines. The impurities rise upward as the oil is drawn by the wick of a lamp, and as



## THE POWER AND POSSIBILITIES OF THOUGHT-CONTROL

they are consumed the flame glows still more brightly and the heat grows more intense. A subtil alchemy persistently applied transmutes the very nature of the man who cherishes the beaming thought. Forces of a subtil but immensely powerful character are generated, and playing through the atmosphere in which he lives they flash and coruscate, and thus the minds of other men are lighted and the sacred work proceeds.

To any one who doubts the alleged duality of man and the constant strife between the upper and the nether poles in human life, the attempt at thought-control is recommended as affording a realizing sense of the truth of the doctrine on which Katherine Tingley has so often insisted. No sooner is the standard raised and the trumpets sounded for the battle by the newly-assumed attitude of the man who has determined on self-conquest, than the host of combatants who have hitherto carried on only a desultory, half-hearted dispute, definitely range themselves on opposite sides, and the more resolute is the man's determination the fiercer grows the fight. The lower nature instinctively becomes aware that its ascendancy is threatened, and it struggles with the force of desperation to resist the Spirit of the man who has determined to assert his sovereignty. This conflict between higher and lower has been the theme of many an epic, and far from being a poetic fancy is one of the sternest realities in the life of man.

Would-be reformers often regret that they have not more wealth and time at their disposal to devote to the movement in which they are interested; but after all, means and leisure are factors of minor importance. The reformer's day may be fully occupied with duties domestic or mercantile, and yet as he carries them out he may be keeping his seed-ideas steadily focused in his mind's eye. In proportion to the power of his will and the plastic potency of his imagination, so will these seed-ideas be energized with actual life and float away into independent being like the winged thistledown to find a resting-place in some congenial soil, that is, the minds of those self-destined by their Karma to be attracted to that movement of reform. The force of our desire, which is the subtil agent we employ in all such hidden lines of work, will always be feeble so long as we allow it to be dissipated over trifles, and scattered at large instead of being concentrated and stored.

As we walk down a street it is almost impossible to avoid being attracted by the contents of the store-windows; but there is no necessity which impels us to allow definite desires to shape themselves with reference to the objects to which our wayward fancy is drawn. Every casual and irregular desire causes a leakage of that precious force which rightly used is unimaginably powerful in its subtil, traceless path. It is probable that

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the force thus daily squandered by the flowing stream of humanity in the shopping districts of our great cities would, if properly conserved and intelligently directed, re-organize the city on Theosophical principles and regenerate the lives of the citizens.

We must not imagine that to be conscious of an evil thought is the same thing as to think an evil thought. Vagrant thoughts, the offspring of the minds of other men, are constantly knocking at the door of our minds; but if they are rejected at the first inspection, we do not thereby send them away invigorated, to pursue their quest of entertainment elsewhere. According to a Chinese proverb: "Many thoughts come knocking at our door; but we are not obliged to admit them." Many a thought that leaves our mind is stillborn, according to the teachings of Madame Blavatsky. They have not been strengthened by our approval and good will, but are actually born dead and incapable of independent life. In other words there is no moral guilt incurred by being tempted; the only time that harm is done is when we parley with the evil thoughts that clamor for admission, or when we go so far as to give them a friendly reception.

From what has been said it will be evident that in this practice of thought-control, it is the passing moment that counts. Special occasions may be trusted to take care of themselves if only we will supervise the common moments as they flit by at the rate of sixty to the minute during our waking hours. It is the sum of the thoughts of our passing moments that goes to make up our characters and form our future destinies — that stream or thread of a lifetime's meditation, "that upon which the heart was set." If we wish to prognosticate a man's future, we may safely neglect the lofty sentiments he utters in his public addresses, the creed he repeats in church, and the sage counsels which he offers when appealed to for advice, and inquire how he occupies his mind when walking to his work, when waiting those dreary ten minutes for his dinner, or when half asleep he dozes in his easy chair.

The countless moments of our common days, so petty when considered singly, but a total of prodigious size when massed — these are the pivotal points in our careers on which our destiny depends. To control the mind is not an easy matter; but is not the goal worth all possible effort? An unregulated mind dragging the spirit in man "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent" wherever its wayward fancy may lead, is surely hell of the worst kind. The mastery of the mind when fully accomplished conducts us gently to a place of settled peace that passes all understanding. This restful haven only can be won by long and gallant effort patiently applied. Like the Kingdom of Heaven spoken of by Christ

## THE RATIONALE OF LEADERSHIP

it "suffers violence and the violent take it by force"; and as Milton's Satan very pertinently remarked:

". . . Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light."

But the upward path of thought-control is a way to be trodden by the dauntless, and final success is certain for all who persevere.


## H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE RATIONALE OF LEADERSHIP

GRACE KNOCHIE

"The real meaning of Leadership is no longer understood. The modern mind has not fathomed its significance nor the extent of its power to enlighten and redeem. To understand this truly we must study Antiquity — but in sympathy and singleness of heart."

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

"For so the whole round world is everyway  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."— TENNYSON

HE Theosophical Movement stands apart among modern educational and humanitarian movements in the meaning it attaches to leadership. In this Movement, leadership is both an office and a spiritual fact, and with reason, for whatever its *rationale*, without the office and some one competent to fill it, the Movement would have failed utterly to carry out its original purposes and doubtless ere now would have ended, as have so many 'cults' and 'isms,' as a drifting derelict or a disintegrating hulk stranded amid the shoals of emotionalism or worse. This is almost a truism among Theosophists, and was indeed suggested by H. P. Blavatsky herself in *The Key to Theosophy* in her protest against narrow-mindedness and dogma.

But an idea so counter to modern notions of 'independence,' however familiar it may be to students of Antiquity or the history of religious movements generally, stirs this question in the thinking mind at once: "What is the *rationale* of leadership, and why is leadership itself so necessary to the health and growth of the Theosophical Movement? Is it a personal idea merely, a temporary expedient, or an expression of some deep-lying law?" Yet without it the Theosophical Movement as it stands would be unthinkable, for this alone has made possible its persistent forging ahead until today Theosophy is a household word in every nation on the globe, and serious thinkers everywhere echo Mme. Blavatsky in declaring it to be "the most serious movement of the age."

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

It is not the aim, nor is there any need, to argue the case for leadership in undertakings which contain elements of originality. Examples are far too abundant. The impresario must be the absolute dictator in his special world if he is to achieve unity of concept and execution, minimize friction and avoid fatal delays. No great business ever succeeded along original lines without a controlling mind at the helm. No war was ever won without leadership of many degrees and grades. And while it is true that in this world of duality, where "light and darkness are the world's eternal ways," leadership as an office is misused again and again, this cannot alter the fact that it has another aspect which is wholly beneficent.

There is a principle here which needs only to be examined to be in-dorsed, and a thoughtful examination is no more than its due, for it has been ignorantly vitiated long enough. The irritation which the idea of leadership arouses in some minds is explainable by (1) a perverted notion of what freedom really means; (2) ignorance of the fact that all powers in this world are twofold and, like that knowledge which is power, can cut both ways; and (3) a very natural confusion arising from the fact that many movements claiming spiritual leadership today are really only *following* public opinion, not leading it at all. That doctors are occasionally unprincipled and judges sometimes corrupt does not argue that medicine and the law are all wrong. We do not abolish our school system because we find graduates of it serving terms in practically every prison, nor the offices of religion because they are sometimes debased. So that to the thinking mind leadership as a principle is one that invokes no argument and is needing no defense.

A leader is one who has a vision, who sees over and beyond the obstacles a possible path to the goal, who takes the initiative, starts the crowd as far as may be in the new direction, and then *keeps on ahead*. A leader is one who *leads*. That there must be guides and leaders of a spiritual sort is a dictum of universal law. In evolution it is a condition precedent, for things do not rise from the urge of the mud below but must be helped up by something from above. The seed needs sunlight, moisture, and warmth more than it needs the soil; the latter can even be dispensed with, while without the former no start towards growth can be made. Let this fact be disregarded in its spiritual aspect and history writes a record of disintegration, chaos, and decay. Let it be accepted and the Karmic record is one of right living, right thinking, in a word, of spiritual evolution. Fact, not speculation, is the supreme test, and history is the great witness to it — though we are far yet from weighing correctly the value of the evidence which it sets forth.

Were this fact all, there were no need to discuss the subject here, even though it is inseparably connected with the office of spiritual teacher, which

## THE RATIONALE OF LEADERSHIP

H. P. Blavatsky came to fill; but there is a background of poetry and mystic tradition to the question of Theosophical leadership that looms up in an enchantment of its own. And looking down its long vistas we see why the Theosophical Movement must be, and has always been in every cycle and every age, *sui generis*, owing no allegiance to contemporary ideas and submitting to no government by them; why it is of the essence of Antiquity in itself, and why any sympathetic consideration of it is bound up indissolubly with man's ancient reverence for Divinity and the divine in life.

Traditions of divine leaders are universal, and all point to the fact that in such leadership — whether of gods and goddesses, divine kings and queens, demigods, heroes, or illumined men and women — has been vested the happiness and glory of whole nations.

We forget — or never learned, so limited is our view of the long scroll of the past — that the world has not always been 'orphaned,' as it surely is today. The great names which stand out like beacon-stars in the night of the prehistoric past, writing in the silence their brief for leadership as a principle and a law, were not born of the mumblings of Stone-Age savages, trying to get away from the lightning or in out of the rain. They represent actual historical characters, Initiate-Leaders and Teachers who were in the fullest human sense divine, set along the world's great highway for its lighting, like immemorial lamps of the Law. And they were men and women both, sometimes working together, sometimes working alone, but always and in all conditions working for 'the great orphan' humanity.

Moreover, so far as we can determine, they were leaders in the Theosophical definition of the term, and all brought back or revived the same immemorial truths that are today being brought to the attention of the world in the work or in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley. There is more than coincidence in this fact. It raises a strong presumption that there is more than a merely tenuous connexion between the present leaders of the Theosophical Movement and the great spiritual leaders of the past. That there is such a connexion, vital, significant, and real, is the conclusion inevitably reached by any student of the subject. No fact, no thing can be adduced tending to undervalue or destroy it. The truth is — just as is the case with the office of spiritual teacher — they are all links in a mighty chain of spiritual succession reaching down to the present from the dim vistas of remotest time. Without some knowledge of this traditional aspect it is impossible to understand H. P. Blavatsky or her place in the Theosophical Movement. Equally is it impossible to understand William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, her successors.

All great characters who have left an ineffaceable record of spiritual

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

service, assumed their leadership as those who had authority. All of them led mankind by lighting or opening up their minds, firing them with aspiration and then teaching them the better and more practical way. Their methods differed with time, place, circumstance, and the nature of the need, and we find one here teaching agriculture, another the mysteries of architecture, another the secrets of art or music or philosophy or all these together, and still another bringing to birth some quick blossoming in literature, mystic thought, or spiritual living. But we find the same ancient Theosophic principles permeating the work of all.

A little thought along this line might throw some light on present conditions and some hope for a way out of them, for surely no one wants the present black cloud of crime, insanity, suicide, vice, and war. And if Theosophy presents some ideas that are unfamiliar and some seeming hypotheses that are new, does not science do the same, even demanding more? The student of astronomy, for example, learns at the outset that he must accept certain speculations and hypotheses or no progress is possible whatsoever. His teacher will otherwise dismiss him from the class. It is the same in medicine, in mathematics, in all study the world over. Proofs there are, the evidence to afford them exists, but something has to be evolved *in the student himself* before he can grasp or see them. *He* has a part to play, a duty, and he must perform it. And so with Theosophy. There is nothing out of harmony with customary methods in accepting the hypothesis of spiritual leadership as the great condition precedent to any building of 'a new heaven and a new earth.' We suggest that even the skeptic might accept it provisionally — and then see what comes!

It is no impossible ideal that leadership asserts, unless we make it so by our obstinacy or conceit. The guidepost cannot become visible until the fog lifts. The state or nation without its leader is a family without father or mother, a school of time-wasting pupils without a teacher, a nest of crying fledglings with no sheltering wings to brood them and none to bring them food. Jesus epitomized the whole *rationale* of leadership when he uttered that heart-cry of despair:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, *and ye would not!* — *Luke*, xiii, 34

Enough has been said elsewhere to show the universality of legends of leadership often dating from the remote past, and also to suggest the ancient Theosophic teaching that these great leaders reincarnated again and again, in age after age and in nation after nation, when and where and how the laws of divine justice would permit. Often persecuted — indeed, always so in modern cycles of 'enlightenment' — always misunderstood

## THE RATIONALE OF LEADERSHIP

by the masses, cramped and crucified by the environment in which they were compelled to work, yet there they stand and will stand. They cannot be argued away, for the Theosophic chain of their succession passes out of the misty realm of legend and mythic lore and into the sober light of historic time without a break. It is impossible to say at any point, "This one is historical and the link just preceding is an imagined link." The mighty chain is one, mystically and spiritually, and only the mystic can understand it. If the leaders who are near to our own day, or working within it, are less glamorous and aerial to our view than those of the *Mahābhārata* or the Icelandic *Sagas*, let us bear in mind that the mountain just under our feet is less glamorous in its flinty paths and treeless reaches than when viewed, all purpled and mysterious, through the veils of aerial perspective. But in both cases it is the same mountain and the way by which to climb.

Not all leaders have been equally great, for not all could wrench themselves free of the fetters of environment and of Karma; but all have carried the torch; all have seen the Vision; all have striven to lead the crowd onward and up, and all have kept on ahead. Whether H. P. Blavatsky was one of this mighty company each must decide for himself. Evidence is abundant, for we have the testimony of her writings and her life. But proof owes its authority to something within the nature of him who weighs the evidence. It holds its warrant and takes its rise from mystic sources that owe nothing to the pageantries of outer life and lie deeper than the intellect of man.

The subject of leadership is a timely one for statesmen in nation after nation, and religious workers as well, are now declaring that leadership is the crying need of the age. But what it is they cannot tell us and how to find it they do not know. They only know that this office attached merely to plans for material expansion, or pushing merely to an intellectual goal, is not enough, for it has proven its incapacity to lead mankind to anything but turmoil and delays. And yet it is in the natural order of human life, for the 'Law of Laws' is Compassion and it is man's supreme mission to help those below him up and along that path which sometimes is so steep.

The real need is not for wider avenues of power, but for a new vision and new eyes. The real test of leadership lies in the call to service, a service that demands constant forgetfulness of self and the most supreme self-sacrifice, but that has many and mystical rewards. The world is needing true leaders as it never has needed them before. "Oh! for noble and unselfish men to help us effectually in that divine task!" wrote the Eastern Teacher of H. P. Blavatsky many years ago. "All our knowledge, past and present, would not be sufficient to repay them!"

## SOME REMARKS ON MR. WELLS'S "OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

KENNETH MORRIS

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

**I**T is late in the day to review this book; but no review is attempted; only some casual remarks, and that chiefly on one aspect of it. One likes and respects Mr. Wells, and hates to hit at him; but on almost every page heads bob up and clamor to be hit. Here is a very active thinker, earnest and honest; one never secure against the visitations of genius, and moved assuredly by an overwhelming desire for human weal: he writes his book as propaganda on the side of the angels,— against unbrotherhood, against war and all the like tomfooleries: his heart is certainly in that great Movement, "active in all ages," which we call *Theosophical* because that is an excellent name for it: and yet there is that in his mind which so balks his great purposes that sometimes one wonders whether the book is really a weapon for the angels after all.

Here at once is duality: here an indication of the depths and complexities in the nature of man; and one wonders why Mr. Wells, so ardent a truth-seeker, has never discovered this simple truth. He writes his history of mankind, and never guesses at the Soul of Man; he ignores it, flouts the idea of it, denies its being: from the slime of the sea we came, he says; all of us and every part of us; and when we die we die, and it is indecent to think or hope otherwise. What, the genius too, and the high aspirations? Some men take no account of the greater part of their own being. — So his history, for all the bright flashes of insight it contains, and its noble aims, is *Hamlet* without the prince again; — and *with* too much Horatio altogether. Hence that too, too familiar quotation at the top; it was absolutely impossible to omit it. The book is not to be read without admiration; not without applause for its many valorous ideas; — but also not without occasional outbreaks of mirth and violence.

Mr. Wells abhors the Unseen; and yet his own genius and valiant search, unegotistical and philanthropic, for a truth that will set men free, are certainly denizens of the Unseen: most mystical, despite his contempt for mysticism. What are you to call them, unless manifestations of a divine Spirit in man? And is that to be weighed in a balance or analysed in U-tubes and crucibles? Genius is and ever was a thing large and un-



## REMARKS ON MR. WELLS'S "OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

accountable: superhuman, if you count as man only the outward personality of man; supernatural, if nature is merely that with which the five senses and the implements of science can have commerce. It is a voice that speaks from peaks in eternity — out of space, out of time — to proclaim the something more than common clay in man.

See here this *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, with whose portrait the book presents us\*: could it be from the seed of such a one that the *Ninth Symphony* or the *Divina Commedia* came? Like begets like; and you could argue from this Shelley's *Hymn of Pan* or Keats's *Nightingale*, couldn't you? — Why, no; not exactly. — No indeed; and if it could be shown that the bodies of men were descended from some such classical-featured gentleman as this that Mr. Wells would convert us to belief in, it would still be evident that *Man* is not so descended: orderly thinking would still account *him* a starry being that sometime fell into incarnation in that hereditary stream. The evidence lies all around and within us. There is duality: the clay, the beast, we admit; but this other is here also. It is not scientific, but deadly superstitious, to follow a pet theory in the teeth of nine-tenths of the evidence to hand. Always there is in man some bright unfathomable Mystery,— potential, latent, but *there*,— which cannot be accounted for by materialism. He is like the reflexion of a star shining on the sea: the waves roll in and break and obscure it; but between them, on any surface momentarily calm, the fair light is shining. Logic, seeing it, would not be content to blink and call it nothing; but would argue a star in heaven. What a strict limitation of the spirit, to see nothing that calls for wonder and worship, no Presence and elixiral subtlety in the beauty of the world and in the heart of man! The *Great Mystery*, says the Amerindian; using a better term than our outworn 'God.'

But Mr. Wells will have none of mystery. It is a mark of that inferior being, the 'dark white' Mediterranean, Hamitic, or Iberian man: Egypt was the very home of it. Grand Egypt comes in for some little drubbing; being unperceived as a royal tract in the spirit, and the native country of the majesty that man may be. Colorful and ominous words are used to give us a sense of the essential baseness of her rites, priests, temples, and queer-headed sinister deities, and her debasing preoccupation with immortality. — And right here, as one laughs and marvels, one must also doff one's head-gear to the thinking that sees in the cherishment of personal identity, and immortality so interpreted, a vile contemptible

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\*Only, alas! from no contemporary photograph. *He* did us no harm beyond carelessly leaving a bit of his skull lying around somewhere; and *we* have repaid his harmlessness by *inventing, imagining*, making out of whole cloth, for him this insulting likeness! Will no one found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Primeval Man?

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

thing. So it is; and this is what immortality means for Christendom no doubt; but why imagine that Egypt meant that by it? She never did; and the proof is forthcoming. Sneer at those old god-kings Pharaoh, with their innumerable conventionalized statues: but go and stand before one of those statues — say the great head of Rameses facing the stairs in the British Museum, — or in the ruins of Thebes or Luxor among those vast pillars, — and say if there is no pure ethical value there, nothing for human uplift, — no intent grandly poetic, and affirmation and invocation of the Divine in man? It was eternity, not personality, that was meant to shine upon the brows of the sculptured Pharaohs: Egypt, knowing that it is what of eternity flows in here keeps sweet this world-in-time, was concerned with nothing so much as with keeping the channels open for it to flow. She built for that: that every temple might remind men. She conventionalized the statues of her kings, — impersonalized them: she was not interested in the personalities, but believed in an impersonal greatness within and beyond, the fountain of genius and aspiration, the Child of the Stars. They were to say that the Pharaoh stood for his people, that his thought was for Egypt, not for himself; it was the ideal set before every man that should wear the crown: there was to be no personality, no damnable weight of egoity: he had to fit a grand impersonal position, laying aside limitations of personal selfhood.

Her building and her sculpture are the stone analogs of those teachings of the Buddha which Mr. Wells's intuition and ethical sense do not fail to appreciate. This is what is meant by a God-king; the idea is perfectly sound and philosophic. There have been such even in modern times: kings by divine right of their ability to put self aside. It was the theory behind the Egyptian monarchy; every statue proclaims it. But later such kings as Alexander the None-too-Great made it ridiculous. — No one gifted with real imagination would desire or could endure that his personal consciousness should persist. Let pithecanthropus die, we pray, the first moment august death will deign to touch him!\* But what of the Child of the Stars? Will you have the fountain from which the *Ninth Symphony* was sprayed dried up and made naught? Could you? . . . *Could you?* . . . Eternity, that dances over those sequences of sounds, was revealed here in time by one that came out of eternity; it is a blind pitiful kind of thinking to ignore such insistent revelation.

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\*Although indeed, seeing what a persistent creature he is, with more lives than a cat, — and how one may go a lifetime downing and downing him, and at the end be none too sure but that he will crop up grinning in one's consciousness when least expected — it is hard to imagine that the mere dissolution of the body will close his account forever. Matter is indestructible, says science; and this is tougher stuff than matter. But the Theosophical teachings take account of all these things, and give the reasonable explanation.

## REMARKS ON MR. WELLS'S "OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

And why should that Child of the Stars be forever a phantom beyond our ken to know? 'Science' has not guessed at him; is there no possible real Science of his being? Are there no laws which we might discover, and obeying them bring that latent light into patency and redeem the world? I mean, laws as to the Soul of man and its adventure in time, its warfares and wanderings. It is to be presumed there would be; or this alone of all the ranges of universal nature is without law, a hiatus in the scheme of things. Then why should not such a science be known? It is childish to say that because one does not know a thing oneself, therefore it is unknown and unknowable. In one of his books Mr. Wells expresses appalment at the idea, tacitly orthodox under English law, that there is no higher summit or more ultimate reservoir of truth and wisdom than the head of the English Church; but there are Archbishops and Archbishops, Canterburies and Canterburies, and if you named instead the grand prelates and lights of science, it would be just as appalling.

These same scientific magnates deal in symbols; all the formulae of chemistry ( $H_2O$  and the rest) are symbols; there is a meaning to them; they are not the childishness they might seem to the ignorant. Now Egypt (like the other ancient peoples) drove research into the inner worlds, and concerned herself more with the science of the Soul than with dissecting matter: she sought truth in the subjective, while we are content to tabulate facts in the objective world. And in her science she too used symbols, well understood, not arbitrary, but with good reason underlying them all. These were the figures of her 'gods.' 'God,' to her grander understanding, was never a glorified human personality, ruling these worlds by his whim. She understood that the Great Mystery was, behind and beyond and the root of all things; and in her art carved men with the shadow of that Grandeur on their brows, to say that men were derived from It, and It the essence of their being. But also there were the intelligent forces of nature, subjective and objective, the principles of things: they were intelligences, so she carved her symbols of them half human; but she would not anthropomorphize them: she knew theirs for a different order of intelligence from that of man, and expressed that difference by heading them, frankly symbolically, with animal heads.

Mr. Wells takes note of that common failing, the thinking that one's own herd is the best and most important. For 'herd' you can say, class, party, religion, race, or country. It is a rooted instinct, of which every thinker ought to take account. An American, or a Frenchman, or an Englishman (if he wishes to arrive at truth in his thinking) should set before himself clearly as a fact (it is a fact) that America, or France, or England, as the case may be, is *not* the most important country in the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

world: that there is no most important country: that the Superior Race is the Human Race. Presently he will come to know that this is so; and when he has known it a longish time, he will come to believe and feel it. This, I think, is a doctrine of Mr. Wells's own. He has seen that fatal error of the various herd minds: has said somewhere that while he knows his own England is but a unit in humanity, and corrects his thinking by that knowledge, he has not yet achieved suppressing or extirpating the old herd instinct. This is a fine position to take. But perhaps it has never occurred to him that it is still the herd instinct that comes out, the same vulgar old error, when one exalts the moderns at the expense of the ancients.

It is difficult enough to be international in spirit and thought; but some men achieve it, and the need to achieve it is great and obvious. But it is still harder to be *interepochal*, not ancient or modern, but looking on all ages with impartial sympathy and understanding: of contemporary men of letters, one thinks but of two or three Irishmen, and of Anatole France, who have achieved this. But it is necessary, if you are to get at truth, especially historical truth. A foreigner may always step in and with his obvious superiority undelude you of your national conceit; but the ancients are at a disadvantage: they have said their say and are silent; they cannot answer back.

Half an hour's chat with Plato, or an Egyptian priest of the great dynasties, or one of the successors of the Buddha, Nâgârjuna or Bodhidharma, might clear Mr. Wells's mind, one suspects, of much that obscures truth from it. He might even come to realize that those men and their times had a deeper insight into, and greater command over, nature, than we have; that they knew more, and bragged less, than we do. — How venture to say such a thing? — “By their fruits ye shall know them.” What mood is expressed by our art and our cities? Well; what mood have we to express? What of augustness or dignity is in our thinking? Our great cities are a restless pounding and clatter; a drive, urge, hurry, with no end and no purpose; we make and spend and make and spend and fear death secretly; we lack faith in our universe, and beauty and greatness in our lives: — and all these things are told in the work of our hands. But Egypt was calm and possessed her soul; she had assurance, as one whom the sun and the blue skies companion, who has the friendly backing of the whole procession of the stars. You have only to compare some great work of ours — say Rodin's *Thinker* — with any one of her carven Pharaohs. Here is pursuit, non-attainment, the intentness of the personal man to acquire that which he has not, and that is beyond his reach: ignorance, if we like to put a brutal word to it. But there — the peace that passeth understanding; the repose and balance of the

## REMARKS ON MR. WELLS'S "OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

eternal; the impersonal contentment that is possessed of all possessions. What we ignorantly desire, Egypt had attained.

The pull of the herd mind is one chief deterrent against reaching truth. We forget that orthodoxy changes with each generation, and that the opinions now received and tyrannical will be discredited superstitions to our sons. So we fail to think our own thoughts, meeting eternity in the secret regions of our minds, and hearing and heeding its whispers; we must keep one ear alert, with a quite undue deference, for the -odoxy that happens to be ortho-; we must correct the whispers of the eternal by the fashions of the day. The Immortal Man in us has to deal with more than one opponent yokefellow; and sometimes one thinks that the angels must wage less warfare with the hellions than with the Tomlinsons of Berkeley Square — whose chief a wise Satan feared to admit into hell. If there is that in us which speaks from the peaks in eternity, there is also that which speaks from pleasant places in Suburbia; it is a far cry from Everest and Kunchinjinga to the drawingroom hearthrugs of Clapham; and yet history is a queer record of their wars and interminglings; and you find men and books sometimes in which they jostle and thwart each other in the strangest remote juxtaposition. Is not all human progress made by those who will force a passage for new truth through the smug thick omniscience of conventional opinion?

Here we see both factors: an individual soul striving mightily after the peaks, and conventional opinion striving as mightily to prevent its attaining them. Mr. Wells has a Clapham of his own; or rather he cannot escape from the Claphams of other people. That is, sometimes; too often. His account of Mohammed, for example, might almost have been written in a Primitive Methodist Conventicle. He had Chinese friends to consult on things Chinese, and the result is excellent; it is a pity that on things Islamic he lacked the help of a learned Moslem or two: the Syed Ameer Ali might have been invaluable; so would Prof. E. G. Browne of Cambridge. But most of all the Clapham of materialistic science is lead on his feet against soaring. Soar you must, if you are to get that bird's-eye view in history which will enable you to see it whole and sanely. Trudging from field to field will not do; you cannot, that way, discover the relation of one field to another, and each to the whole. For example, you learnt Clapham history at school; but must forget it before you can write truth. For it meant the idea that history was a stream flowing down, with continual increase and growing perfection, from the Garden of Eden or the deep sea slime to Clapham Common, through Judaea, Greece, Rome, and England — with an extension to Wall St. and Chicago if you were American. You might take your choice,— between the devil and the deep sea, — between the temptation of Eve, and the first aspiration

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of the amoeba; you might latterly take a glimpse at Neanderthal and all sorts of -lithics by the way, and at Sumer and Akkad and Egypt; but still the main stream of history, properly so-called, flowed through Judaea, Greece, Rome, and England. From such conventional views Mr. Wells, one feels, started out; and even the discovery of a mighty river in China and important Indian waters as well has not done all for him that it might.

Matthew Arnold concocted, by way of an exit from the stringencies of Old Testament orthodoxy, the idea that the Hebrews at any rate invented righteousness; his purposes were excellent, though the idea itself is of course comically false. Old Testament orthodoxy would no doubt dub Mr. Wells atheist, freethinker, anathema and maranatha; and yet, with far less excuse than Matthew Arnold, because with far more knowledge available, he is still so far unescaped from that Clapham that he must needs repeat Matthew Arnold's proposition. The trading Semites, says he, were the first to conceive the idea of a God of Justice, of justice as a factor in the ruling of the universe; later some glimmer or a like perception arose in Greece. Before the Babylonian captivity, we are to infer, and the age of the Hebrew prophets, the whole conception of a righteous ruling — perhaps even of there being any right at all, any morality or ethics, - - was unknown. Then the Higher Nature of man began to incarnate!

— How the bird's-eye view would have saved him from that! — What will he do, one wondered, when he comes to the great Orient: to India, and discovers there that profound *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, and the immemorial teaching of Karma? To China, and finds Confucius in the sixth century B. C. preaching ethics far above anything in the Old Testament, which (as he always and rightly insisted) he merely handed down from the ancients whom he loved; — from Wu Wang, Duke of Chow, and Tang the Completer in the second, and from Yao, Shun and Ta Yü in the third millennium? — What he does do when he comes to India is, not to mention the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* or any of the Brahminical books of ethics at all; and — *c'est pour rire!* to mention Karma but as a thing barely mentionable at Clapham tea-tables: a vulgar superstition which you can hardly say the Buddha taught; like Reincarnation, and the Law of Cycles, it was current in the thought of the time, and he let all three go, being too ignorant of modern science to know them for the absurdities they were!!!! All the vast profundities of Indian philosophy are ignored. — And yet for all that one cannot be quite sure that when he came to India and China Mr. Wells quite remembered the doctrine he had laid down when writing of Judaea and Greece. Much that he says there, as to the greatness of Gautama for instance, is from that poor denied thing the Soul in him, and not from his Clapham at all; and Clapham must feel

## REMARKS ON MR. WELLS'S "OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

almost crucified to hear him say that Nirvâna did *not* mean annihilation. Also he goes far towards esteeming rightly the grand values of Chinese civilization,— an insight none too common.

The bird's-eye view would have shown him that the stream of history flows through channels quite other than Clapham has imagined, and that the Law of Cycles, which he pities Gautama's ignorance for accepting, is actually *law*, as well founded as gravitation or any other in the orthodoxies of science. But the truth is, Gautama was a thousand times more scientific than Mr. Wells; and showed it by teaching Karma. Because Karma is *Law*; and its opposite is haphazard. Good Lord! one had thought science herself, even in Clapham, had something to say about *action and reaction being always equal and opposite!* Karma — nothing else! When the scientific spirit began to insert itself into the superstition-ridden mind of the Middle Ages, the doctrine that was the point of its wedge, the new reforming conception, was that there was Law in this universe: that things went by law, not by chance or God's whim: that this was a decent dependable cosmos, where things happened never without cause: that causes were followed by their effects, and things were reasonable. Now this is the real significance, this the whole human value, of the scientific spirit. Just in so far as she has inculcated this, science has benefited the world. Our real selves have nothing from — are unaffected by — all this pother and rout of discovery and invention (if we know more, we use our knowledge as much for our hurt as for our advantage): we think no better, no more wisely or nobly, because of steam, electricity, telephones and all the rest of it; we are the same human stuff in spite of them all. But get this conception of the reign of law, universal and reliable, into one's head, and one actually is better off, more of a man, more of a civilized citizen of the universe.

Now science is still in her infancy. She has inserted the idea; she has persuaded her votaries to hold it in a fitful superstitious sort of way: — superstitious, because the essence of superstition is haphazard, and they hold it so far but haphazardly: they think it may apply in mechanics, but not in ethics or morals: they still believe that most of the universe is chance-run. But twenty-five hundred years ago that great scientist Gautama knew it thoroughly from A to Izzard; and in enunciating Karma, he enunciated not a dogma of religion, but a principle of thinking to which the true scientific spirit, if it ever comes to incarnate thoroughly in western minds, must lead us.

Buddhism, Mr. Wells tells us, died with the Buddha. The bird's-eye view would have shown him that it did nothing of the kind. That movement went on as a powerful factor for human uplift and cultural advance for centuries on centuries; even if, possibly, its vital energies are quite

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

exhausted (by old age) now. It produced long lines of thinkers and philosophers, first in India, then in China, then in Japan. In China it was the living incentive and quickening power of all the splendors of the great Tang and Sung ages; in Japan of the brilliant Ashikaga time. So much for the glorious Mahâyâna, whose profundities and cultural stimulus he most ignores or misjudges; the Hinayâna, which has never called forth such mighty flowerings of the human spirit culturally, is still an ethical power in such countries as Burma and Ceylon. Now the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, as so many so often have said, have been practically a dead letter in Christendom almost if not quite from the day they were uttered; although they are identical with the ethics taught by Buddha, so far as they go. And we must admit that whereas in the Mahâyâna countries the advance of civilization was propelled precisely by Buddhism, and Buddhism has been, in fact, the greatest civilizing factor in history;— in Christendom, on the contrary, culture has advanced rather in the teeth of organized Christianity: from the time when Frederic Stupor Mundi, forcing a way for it up the Italian peninsula from his Saracen-Sicilian kingdom, found Rome the chief pass to be stormed, through the days of Galileo and *E pur si muove*, to those of the wars of the Huxleys and Tyndalls against nineteenth century churchly opposition.

What is the reason of this great historical difference? — Simply this: the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount remain merely ethics: you are told what to do, but not why; their sanction is that of a command, or sentimental, with no philosophic *wherefore* behind it; — whereas the same ethics, taught (but much more fully, and during fifty years or so, instead of a mere three and a half) by the Buddha, have the backing of a true and sane philosophy of life. The inner, or the whole, nature of man was illumined, and the laws that govern it proclaimed. In the one case you were told not to drink the contents of a certain bottle; in the other you were taught chemistry and physiology, and that the bottle contained arsenic, and what the effects of arsenic on the human system were. . . .

Now Mr. Wells is profoundly and nobly anxious that humanity should stop drinking from that bottle; but — this seems to be his position — he denies that there are such sciences as chemistry and physiology, or anything in the human system but what you see . . . nothing under the skin. . .




• “GROTIUS cites Hierocles as giving justice a fine character, calling it the healing remedy of all mischief.”



## MODERNISM IN THE CHURCH

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

 HE rapidly changing times in which we now live exhibit well the essential phenomena of growth: the struggle between static and dynamic forces; the rivalry between the influences that expand and those that bind; the strange antics and postures assumed by organisms, in their endeavor to accommodate themselves at once to the expanding vitality and the fixed form. For this is *growth*: the expanding of a form; whereby it both increases its dimensions and retains its shape; changes its costume without losing its identity; hitches on to the future, yet will not let go of the past.

In the established religious bodies we are witnessing these phenomena. Religion itself, the vital principle of humanity, is welling up in new strength from within, bringing fresh intensity, zeal, and searching light into every human interest; and into formal religions among the number. Thus the churches — religious bodies — are restlessly writhing under the influence of the religious spirit; in danger of being torn asunder in their effort to cling at once to what is behind and what is before. They will only move one step at a time, perhaps; but many times means many steps, and the conservatism of today was the liberalism of yesterday.

There is a Modernist Movement in the Church of England. The Church of England is only a part of Christianity in England; there is Christianity in other lands; and Christianity is only one religion out of many. So this modernist movement ranks fifth in a scale of subdivision. Its recent throes engage the attention of three articles in the *Hibbert Journal* for January. We gather that an alarmist wave which swept over the press lately was due to the fact that the Churchmen's Union for the Advancement of Liberal Religious Thought held a conference at Cambridge, and that its discussions were ignorantly regarded as a new bombshell, whereas they really date from 1898, when that body was founded. It is a descendant of the old Broad Church Movement, and at its first conference it resolved, among other things, that it was necessary to unite Churchmen "who consider that dogma is susceptible of reinterpretation and restatement in accordance with the clearer perception of truth attained by discovery and research." In its first report, dated 1899, it declared its aims to be, among others:

"To defend and maintain the teaching of the Church of England as the historic Church of the country and as being Apostolic and Reformed."

"To encourage friendly relations between the Church of England and all other Christian bodies."

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The Union asserts without reserve its belief in the Incarnation and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, but advocates a wide liberty of belief with regard to the mode and attendant circumstances of both.

From a paper by the Rev. Henry D. A. Major, B. D., we take the following:

“The Modern Churchman has no desire to destroy or dissolve the great dogmas of the Christian faith. He is convinced that they contain inestimable spiritual values. He is convinced also that the Christian Church cannot enjoy fullness of life without them. But he is equally sure that the Church cannot do with them in the form in which it has inherited them from a distant past. They need criticism and reformulation, and he knows there can be no finality in the process.”

Another clergyman said that —

“The difficulty in which the modern Liberal school finds itself is that of constructing a new system which will appear like the old whilst fundamentally different. Its disciples want to substitute *Jesuanity* for Christianity and to induce themselves and the world to believe that no material change has been made.”

There seems to have been a tendency among some of the speakers to make Christ more human and less divine; and one man asks whether it is possible that the Jesus of Modernism is replacing the Virgin of medieval piety, as a human mediator. Another describes Jesus as

“A man distinguished from all other men, before or since, by his unique knowledge of the Father, his spiritual insight, and his perfect moral purity. His pre-eminence was due to the fact that he more than any other man partook of the Divine Logos.”

This is certainly a change from the typical Christian idea of Christ. But still he remains unique, and the idea of their being, or having been, other men with the same attributes is excluded. The writer of one of the articles says:

“Modernism in England . . . has presented a non-miraculous, non-mysterious, easily understood, non-sectarian, and popular religion. The only question is whether this is Christianity. At the head is placed the human Jesus of history, a gifted teacher of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and, to quote Dr. Barnes, one ‘gifted with rare psychical strength. His power to cure disease was remarkable.’”

Evidently there is a craving for something more human; it is being realized that the perfect Man is our ideal. The conventional Christ was (so some people evidently think) too far above the heads of men; being unique, his life could hardly be regarded as imitable. The natural result is that, instead of trying to follow in his footsteps, we are led to regard him as infinitely superior, and ourselves consequently as hopelessly inferior. Yet many of his own sayings bear out the more modern idea rather than the conventional one. We could quote a string of passages in which Christ appears as a great human Teacher, claiming nothing for himself beyond what his disciples may attain, attributing his powers to

## MODERNISM IN THE CHURCH

the divine grace of the Father, but pointing out the way for others to reach the Father also. Some of these Modernists appear to think that it was the ancient Church that converted Jesus into a unique deific power, and that it is their duty to reinstate Jesus in the place which he actually claimed for himself. One of the writers says:

“This worship of the ideal man is not Christianity, which is the acceptance of salvation through Christ alone.”

And adds that there must necessarily be

“a miraculous element in religion, an element of wonder to inspire reverence for some power outside ourselves and incomprehensible to us.”

But the Mystic Christ would satisfy these requirements. If the Christ of history was a type, an example, of what other men may become; if the ‘Son,’ through which we approach the ‘Father,’ is the Divine Soul incarnate in every man, then the element of wonder and ‘miracle’ is present, and still Christ remains human.

In all this it seems to be tacitly assumed that Christianity (whatever it be) is the supreme religion; the other religions are not mentioned. The difficulty as to the long ages precedent to the coming of Christ remains; the millions of Buddhists and Moslems and others are not provided for. In this Modernist program, religion is both national and sectarian — sectarian, we mean, in the sense that religions other than Christianity are excluded. These limitations of course throw great difficulties in the path of liberalism in ideas. It is however a conceivable idea that there should be one universal Religion, coexisting with numerous local divisions, of which Christianity might be considered one, and the Church of England a subdivision of that again. But in that case a less absolute attitude would have to be assumed by the divisions and subdivisions. The fact is that national and sectarian limitations do not agree with freedom of thought.

Delving into the origins of Christianity is encouraged by the Modernists, but we do not find mention of delving into the origins of other religions. Yet it is always advisable, in studying any subject, to attend to any collateral facts that fringe upon it. It would be found in this case, for instance, that the idea of Atonement and vicarious sacrifice by no means originated with, or is peculiar to, Christianity. Originally a teaching of the Sacred Mysteries, it signified that the Divine Soul of man sacrifices itself by entering upon the cycle of incarnation; and that this Soul becomes the mediator between the mortal man and his Divine source. This undoubtedly is the true explanation of Christ’s teachings about the Father and the Son. The doctrine, though applying to all men, has special reference to perfected men — those who have *attained* to those

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

higher steps in human evolution to which initiation into the Mysteries conducts. Christianity has probably originated in the life and teachings of such an Initiate; but the evidence is overwhelming that his teachings were tampered with by ecclesiastical bodies and thus converted into that ecclesiastical and dogmatic form which religions are always prone to assume when the influence of their originators has been withdrawn and materialistic influences have supervened upon the pristine spiritual force among the disciples.

Mankind will insist on clinging to the essentials of religion; and mankind outlasts any creed. Moreover a common basis on which nations of all kinds can meet is required. The foundation of religion is a belief in the essential divinity of man; and this Theosophists claim to have been a cardinal doctrine of Jesus. Man, in the last resort, has to fix his ideals and regulate his conduct by his innate sense of good and right; it is by these standards that he judges the creeds themselves. And from his own divinity come these intuitions. That man is primarily a spiritual being, is the cardinal teaching of all great faiths; and his innate divinity urges him ever toward high ideals of conduct. Thus religion is a true interpretation of the nature and destiny and consequent obligations of man.

## THE PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MARTHA BLAKE



HERE is a passage in the writings of the eminent French historian and statesman, M. Guizot, which shows a profound knowledge of human nature and wide acquaintance with the facts of history. He says:

“It often happens that popular emotions, however deep and general, remain barren, even as in the vegetable world many sprouts come to the surface of the ground and then die, without growing any more or bearing any fruit. It is not sufficient for the bringing about of great events and practical results, that popular aspirations should be merely manifested. It is necessary, further, that some great soul, some powerful will, should make itself the organ and agent of the public sentiment, and bring it to fecundity by becoming its type, its personification.”

In looking around upon the condition of the world, as we see it today, we are confronted with a picture of unrest that is well-nigh appalling, and a wide-spread desire for reform in almost every department of our business, social, and political life. No such extended picture is presented by any one period of known history. Restlessly surging everywhere.

## THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

below the outward appearance of events, is a spirit which is peering forth into an unknown future, dissatisfied with present conditions and ideals, making attempts here and there to reconstitute society upon a new and harmonious basis, yet met at every turn by dread uncertainty as to the guiding principle which can be held up to the public gaze as the star of hope, to be generally accepted as a beacon-light for reform.

No reader of the newspapers or magazines can be unfamiliar with this aspect of our common life.

Every one knows that forty-six of the countries of the world once sent representatives to a conference at The Hague, hoping against hope that some way might be found to lay another stone at the foundations of the Temple of Universal Peace, which the world had already erected in thought and aspiration.

Every one knows of the host of pseudo-creeds, Pragmatism, Higher Criticism, and the like, that have sprung up and are seized upon by hundreds of Academics, as the last straws floating on the surface of a maelstrom of conflicting conjectures.

Every one knows that the centers of our civilization, under the direct governance of popular representation, tolerate conditions of degradation and starvation in their midst which are a disgrace to our pretended advancement and progress, and bring about the destruction, both body and soul, of thousands of our common humanity.

Every one knows that the criminal laws of America and Europe do little or nothing to remove the morally diseased of the community, but too often increase and render hopeless the offenders, whom they degrade instead of curing or helping to a better life.

Yet all this and much more that might be brought to witness to the like effect, is the mere outward appearance of the true state of affairs. That the actual state of affairs may perhaps be more keenly appreciated, let me draw upon the writings of Mr. George R. Sims, the well-known author, journalist, and philanthropist, who contributed to the *London Tribune* a series of articles, entitled: 'The Black Stain,' which have aroused much feeling. They consist of a plain unvarnished presentation of a few facts about slum-life in London, from notes in the author's pocket-book, taken during a pilgrimage through some of the streets. The horrors arising from overcrowding and hopeless vice and intemperance make a story incredible and, for the most part, unspeakable, and one that applies in general character of detail to almost every large city throughout the so-called civilized world.

In one of these articles he takes two pitiful streets, one in Mansion Land, the other in Villa Land. The long rows of four-storied houses, once used by well-to-do people, have now become human rabbit-warrens.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Each room holds a family. The horrors, catalogued plainly and without exaggeration, are unbelievable. Sometimes there is only one bed for the whole family, and people of all ages and relationships and of both sexes herd together like wild animals. One room had two families, including four parents and eleven children. In many cases the mother is a hopeless drunkard, spending everything in drink, though relieved by several different charities, and leaving babies entirely neglected for months together. They have children by the score, few of whom ever complete their first year. The various results of such a mode of life can readily be imagined. Mr. Sims darkly hints at a few; readers can fill in the rest. Sufficient to say that the cruelty involved to children, especially to girls, equals if not surpasses the worst horrors of history, and far exceeds everything that savagery can produce. And this has to be multiplied enormously. In twelve years the National Society (England) for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children records: 935,543 neglected and starved, 129,366 assaulted and illtreated, 32,696 wretched little beggars and hawkers, 23,192 morally outraged, 14,652 sufferers in other ways, making one million children in England alone, and these only the cases that were found out.

Some people are saying that these conditions are due to the 'heathenism' prevalent, and propose more religion. But it is well to remember that these things have grown up under the aegis of State Religion and of the numerous other churches. The Church of England has the most powerful and influential machinery for the propagation of its teachings that it is possible to conceive: a land strewn with churches, innumerable pastors, rich endowments, social prestige — everything. And yet these things are so. Is there, then, any use to increase still further the output of church-religion? Would not balanced judgment rather infer that the conditions are the corollary of ecclesiasticism? The most warped judgment must at least admit that ecclesiasticism has failed adequately to cope with them.

In truth we cannot look to any of the ordinary powers for salvation; for all these powers have proved alike helpless. Whether it is church-religion, or science, or economics, or charity, the evil still grows unchecked.

Are these horrors necessary accompaniments of civilization as civilization is understood today? The fact is undeniable that out of civilization they have grown, and from civilization they are reproduced as fast as ameliorated. Our life is largely a sham and preserves a respectable front by keeping its shame hidden away. This is the inevitable obverse of the side of life which we turn to public view.

Suppose we search out the roots of this evil, whose branches it is so useless to keep lopping. Where will our search take us? It will take us down to two causes, that exist as rankly among the well-to-do as among

## THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

the outcast: license and ignorance. Ignorance of the laws of life, and license in following instinct and passion without restraint from the higher law.

Can the churches teach the laws of life? *Do* they teach them? Can Secularism, Agnosticism, Science, teach the laws of life? Will stale platitudes about salvation and the love of Jesus avail? *Have* they availed? Will the wild and ever-varying guesses of science, or the negations and queryings of agnosticism do it?

Wherever we go, if we still continue to cherish the same ideals of life, to live after the same fashion, there we will always have the slum with its attendant horrors. So long as there are respectable criminals, hiding their crimes, and many other people innocent in act but negligent, heedless, burying their heads in the sand and turning away from painful subjects, just so long shall we have these conditions. The merely negatively good are about as useful as a praying saint to a man in a bog.

The deeper we go into the real life of our fellow-men, their opinions and thoughts, the more we meet with the real forceful underlying causes of all this unrest; and we can hardly fail to perceive the falsity, the unfairness, nay, even the hideousness, of much that is passing muster as permissible in the relations between man and man.

It was the recognition of such facts as these, arising from an extended acquaintance with the needs of humanity, that gave H. P. Blavatsky the motive and purpose of her life-work. Deeply touched by the needs of the times, she spent a quarter of a century of her younger and middle life in search of the precious truths, and afterwards gave her wealth, her name, her comfort, even her life, to proclaim them for the needs of the humanity which she loved. Concealing herself behind an apparently eccentric personality for the better protection of the objects she had in view, fearless and untiring, she labored to bring back to the remembrance of men the ancient wisdom, which should set them free from the chains of a dead hope, and give them new life by the realization of the truth, which truth each man might find for himself. Persecuted, maligned and misunderstood, forsaken even by those who had claimed to be her best friends, and betrayed by those whom she had helped the most, she never wavered in her great purpose; and while this eulogy may not seem especially relevant, yet it seems no more than right, and it certainly is a great personal satisfaction, to give honor where honor is due, especially in view of the many baseless slanders that have been the far more frequent contribution from the malevolently inclined and the ignorant.

Again quoting Guizot:

“It is not sufficient for the bringing about of great events and practical results that popular aspirations should be merely manifested; it is necessary, further, that some great soul, some

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

powerful will, should make itself the organ and agent of the public sentiment and bring it to fecundity, by becoming its type, its personification.”

No better description was ever penned of the work and purpose of H. P. Blavatsky. Foreseeing the needs both of her own time and of those to follow after, she resolved to become the “organ and agent” of the popular longings and aspiration, and furthermore sought to “bring it to fecundity by becoming its type, its personification.”

As a token of her comprehension of conditions and their only remedy, let me quote her own words, uttered many years ago, which are as follows:

“Look for a moment at what you would call the concrete facts of human society. Contrast the lives not only of the masses of the people, but of many of those who are called the middle and upper classes, with what they might be under healthier and nobler conditions, where justice, kindness, and love were paramount, instead of the selfishness, indifference, and brutality which now too often seem to reign supreme. All good and evil things in humanity have their roots in human character, and this character is, and has been, conditioned by the endless chain of cause and effect. But this conditioning applies to the future as well as to the present and the past. Selfishness, indifference, and brutality can never be the normal state of the race; to believe so would be to despair of humanity, and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained by, the development of the nobler qualities.”

— *The Key to Theosophy*, p. 231

“Finally, if you ask me how we understand Theosophical duty practically and in view of Karma, I may answer you that our duty is to drink to the last drop, without a murmur, whatever contents the cup of life may have in store for us, to pluck the roses of life only for the fragrance they may shed on *others*, and to be ourselves content with but the thorns, if that fragrance cannot be enjoyed without depriving someone else of it.”— *Ibid.*, pp. 225-6

“Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social or political selfishness, will disappear of itself.”— *Ibid.*, p. 227

Every student of her writings cannot fail to see how sure she was of her ground and how well it was taken, and how plainly she recognised the need that some one should proclaim the Truth with a persistency that should bring inquiry and ultimate recognition. Another thing that will become apparent is that the teachings she gave are not mere fantastical ideas founded simply on speculation, but that by ample demonstration of the source from which they came they are proven to be the embodiment of a long-forgotten knowledge.

Fully appreciating how burdened humanity is with the conservatism of ages, with intellectual inertia, and with a lack of quick perception of the true lines of action to adopt, she well knew that nothing short of a life of practical martyrdom would avail to make any impression of her message upon the intelligence of the age. Her anticipation in this regard was amply justified; but her purpose gained steadfastness from her deep conviction that, once the human soul has obtained a glimpse of a possible perfection, however remote, it will not rest until the goal is finally attained.



## THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

She seemed to know that the very idea of *imperfection* is only the product of that which knows of perfection; and that great truths can work their way but slowly into the thought-evolution of the age. But she possessed a boundless confidence that sooner or later they would attain their full development and recognition. Her self-appointed mission, then, was to arouse, to do all in her power to break up the mental molds of the age, to call the attention of seekers after truth, and to point out the way which all might follow.

In the final chapter of *The Key to Theosophy*, she thus describes the future progress of the work which she inaugurated:

“It will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of religion, duty, and philanthropy. Slowly but surely it will burst asunder the iron fetters of creeds and dogmas, of social and caste prejudices; it will break down racial and national antipathies and barriers, and will open the way to the practical realization of the Brotherhood of all men.”— p. 293

Is there anything in such a statement that should arouse antagonism? That her words have aroused antagonism is quite beyond question; but the very *fact* of that antagonism is full warrant to question its *bona fides*, and to stimulate suspicion of the *motives* that prompt to the maligning of an undeniably noble and selfless purpose, a purpose based upon truths so substantially founded, that they have thus far successfully withstood the almost unremitting opposition of more than forty years.

To give added life and vitality to the work of H. P. Blavatsky, by demonstrating in every way possible that Brotherhood is an actual fact by reason of natural law, and to make it a living power in the life of humanity, is a brief statement of the purpose of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. It is a positive purpose, a promise and an undertaking of work, a systematized effort to attain an object. Originally established in 1875, it was intended to collect together as many of those who became interested in Mme. Blavatsky's work as were willing to join their forces with hers in a wide-spread movement of reform.

After some years of study and promulgation of certain fundamental tenets, the necessity became apparent that some active means should be taken to initiate and carry into due effect plans of reform based upon this fundamental principle of Brotherhood and altruistic effort for the relief of those who needed help. This led to the establishment of the International Brotherhood League, as the department of practical work of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, the objects of which, it has been well remarked, cover every known ground of philanthropic work. Organized efforts have been set on foot to advance all the objects of this League, which are classified under seven several heads, and as time goes on these efforts will increase in proportion as the growing sympathy of mankind

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

leads others to join in joyful service for the good of their fellows; for the world is simply bound to awaken from its dream of complaining toleration of evil, when effectual remedies are more generally presented and recognised.

Perhaps the *most* efficient work of the Organization, as well as the best *known*, is the institution of Râja-Yoga schools, which were founded by Katherine Tingley and with the belief that by this means could be best concentrated the energies of the Movement upon the formation of a nucleus of humanity of a higher order, and thus carry on the effort into the future with ever-increasing efficiency. This is explained in her own words as follows:

“The world seeks for and requires a practical illustration of the possibility of developing a higher type of humanity, and an opportunity for this now presents itself. All who have the welfare of the world’s children truly at heart can hasten the day of better things eagerly sought for by so many.

“ . . . The co-operation of all who undertake the work of teaching children will bring about greater results than are now conceivable. . . . Only by wise teaching, by training and self-reliance, self-discipline, concentration, and a recognition of the power of silence, can the lower qualities of the nature be overcome and the highest be developed, so that the children who are brought in touch with this Movement shall in their turn become practical workers for humanity.”

The truth of her assertion hardly needs emphasis or exposition, so axiomatic is it that the inculcation of such ideas, to be truly efficient, cannot be begun too soon. And how patent it is that the teachers’ part in Râja-Yoga training, or in any true Brotherhood work for that matter, cannot be bought with a price; that commercialism, even to the question of salary, or any remuneration, can have no part in it whatever. To be effective, it must perforce be a free offering; for must it not be that he, who would enter into a bargain for the passing on of God’s great truths, will ultimately find himself unable to deliver according to his contract?

The divine calling to the preaching of God’s word is no idle saying; and when the calling is *heard*, there can be no pause by reason of personal consideration; and it is a realization of the awful conditions with which the world is so replete, and the almost utter hopelessness of every effort at rectification, that makes the hearts of good men and women fairly ache, and impels them, not only to lift up their voices in protest, but to exert themselves in every way promising any measure of success, and that too without thought of self, much less of any personal reward or benefit.

Does not the Theosophical program, then, find ample justification? Shall Theosophists simply teach interesting particulars about the astral planes, or how to develop psychic powers? Shall they tell people to be good and offer them some vague reward in some vague future life? What else *is* the right thing to do than to urge people to study the Higher Laws of life, the laws that have been so ably expounded by H. P. Blavatsky,

## THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

and that will bear the closest scrutiny that human intelligence can devise, and that — best of all — will enable man to discover how life may be lived under conditions that shall be at least tolerable and decent?

Theosophy aims to renovate the whole basis of human life by instilling its noble ideas of human life and destiny in place of the animalism of recent science and the cold platitudes of theology. It asks and seeks no recruits to its Organization, but it does urge everyone to remember that the best thing he can do towards bettering conditions is to make his own life as true as possible. If his efforts are restricted to a small circle, he can make that circle sacred; and it will widen. If he desires wide influence, let him remember that there is a road to boundless influence, if he will but take it. It consists in the modest, patient fulfilment of the small duties; for, as these are achieved, larger ones open out. By persisting in such a course, he will find his sphere of influence enlarging quite as fast as he can keep up with it. And he will have the satisfaction of feeling that each moment of his life is lessening the amount of suffering, and that his silent influence is inspiring many others to place themselves as comrades by his side. Compassion should inspire to action, but not to useless feverish struggling, much less to a policy of turning away the eyes. It should inspire us to the fulfilment of duty and the observance of every divine instinct.

Surely it is well to be reminded now and then of what exists in our midst, not that any intelligent person is unaware of it, for everyone who can read a daily paper published anywhere in the world knows well the manifold story of human degradation; but it is well, even necessary, that those who have the heart and courage shall reach down as it were and firmly grasping the well-known evidences of human foulness, lift them high aloft, not as anything new, but in order that the full light of day shall reveal their awful hideousness; and so holding them aloft, demand and redemand the attention of the world, demand it so continually that attention simply cannot be denied, demand it so insistently that attention shall be followed by activity, demand it so persuasively that hearts shall ache in very sympathy, nor find relief for their own distress until the awful distress of the world is fully healed.

Is there need for effort, for untiring effort, of such character? How else can humanity's inertia be overcome! How else can humanity be saved — saved from itself! And this is the purpose of Theosophy, the mission that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has set itself. Nor does it simply point out necessities and urge others to grapple with them; but it undertakes the corrective work itself and, while saying little of the calumnies some seek to cast upon it, has full confidence that sincere and intelligent work for such a cause cannot fail.

## DREAMING I WAKE

F. P.

*"O my Divinity! blend thou with me . . .  
That from darkness I may go forth in Light."*

DREAMING a day away along a shore,  
The waves weave magic with the light, to pour  
A gauzy sheen and veil the drifting sea.  
A wraith of opal mist it seems to be  
Floating and flowing wide above the deep,  
Charming the inner vision from its sleep  
To see the mellow melting mist on high,  
A spatial ocean blended with the sky.

Day-dreaming fades away when on the sight ---  
Far seeing in the dawning rosy light ---  
Expanses open where no sail is seen,  
Nor shoaling shores with tidal straits between.  
The dome-base, all aglow with ceaseless dawn,  
Circles irradiant space no night falls on.  
Glories of light pour up as morning calls  
Splendors of contrast where no shadow falls;  
The pearl-blue sky with crimson light aglow,  
Is streamed with bronze and gold in molten flow.

Viewing these wonders, through the heavens unfurled,  
They are familiar as my natal world.  
And through the fiery maze and from below,  
Come souls of friends and loved ones whom I know;  
Some lost to me when death called them to rest,  
With some from earth who wait on life's behest;  
But all with me released from dreamy night ---  
A flock of souls gathered by love for flight  
Through realm beyond the reach of mortal thought,  
Whence souls divine return with knowledge brought.

Widely we range where Truth illumines our course,  
And learn of wisdom, drawing near its source.  
Dreaming not now along a gleaming sea,  
I wake, immortal once again to be:

## HOW I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

Arisen from dreaming dreams which fade away;  
And with my fond companions in the Day  
Beyond the mystic blended sea and sky,  
As souls unbound from flesh we gladly fly  
To bathe in tides of light where dawns spread,  
And on through splendors, by the Spirit led.

Beyond all dreaming on an earthy shore,  
A soul no longer lost, pinioned I soar  
With other risen souls flying through space,  
Endowed by birth with every godlike grace.  
Awaiting us estates, empire, and power;  
Dignities and majesty ours by dower.  
And from the far abyss of purest Flame  
Come echoes of the ONE, above a name.  
From dreaming dreams of unreality  
I wake to know man's immortality.  
Of Spirit now I know myself a part —  
Its peace and joy and glory in my heart.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## HOW I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

E. J. DADD



THE purpose of our existence is that we should learn compassion. We begin to realize our divine selfhood when first our experience leads us to compassion for others — our other selves. Thus it becomes of value to look back over the past, knowing that others are meeting the same difficulties, and feeling that whatever clarity of thought we have will assist them in their approach to knowledge.

The struggle to the light is part of the great conflict of the age between intuition and the prevailing psychology of fear, buttressed by ignorance; it is the action of the higher and lower forces of nature, progress and inertia, expressed in human life.

It would not be right to take any credit for being a Theosophist, having been led to it by a seemingly inevitable trend of circumstances. As Mr. Judge says: "No one was ever converted into Theosophy. Each

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

one who *really* comes into it does so because it is only 'an extension of previous beliefs.' " My early life seemed compounded of strong intuitions of right and perceptions of truth, and at the same time an earnest devotional tendency which made it seem a duty to conform thoroughly to accepted standards of religion. But Theosophical thought was working in the world, the 'molds of mind' had been shattered by master-hands, and no amount of mistaken zeal or yielding to the ideas of others could force the soul-intuition back from its demand for recognition.

The very thoroughness put into the study of the so-called 'plan of salvation' prevented its acceptance. Nobody wished to understand it more than did I; but it had to be reasonable — blind faith was not acceptable. There were, and of course are now, all shades of opinion on the matter, from the strictly narrow and literal to the broad and liberal, from those who insisted on emotional experiences to those who discounted emotion as unreliable. As different branches of the Church could not decide, and have not decided, to agree on the matter, and as an academic study of the subject was beyond me, so the problem remained at the time a puzzle.

As for the doctrine of punishment after death, I simply didn't believe it — it seemed obvious that what men suffered here on earth was quite sufficient. And it was distressing to feel that the doctrine of the infallibility of the scriptures was untenable, to know what an almost impossible task it was to test translations for oneself, and yet to be urged that no time be lost in making a decision about this and other matters. Haste, not thought, was insisted upon.

And so on with the different Church doctrines; the soul within demanded that everything be questioned.

Paul's teaching of the duality of human nature was helpful: *there* was something that tallied with facts of experience.

Fortunately, strong intuitions of right conduct constituted a saving quality in the midst of so much conflict of thought. Is it not from the lack of an intuitional confidence in principle that the world is all awry at present? As has been pointed out in Theosophical writings, men have been to a large extent freed by strong hands from the domination of fear, which constituted at one time a certain restraint over wrong action, but the light of the soul is not able to impress them with confidence in right principles. Thus the unthinking and blind amongst humanity cannot be expected to live better lives until the enlightened minority make so powerful a stand for right that more of the light within is able to gain recognition, and the general standard of life and conscience raised.

I remember with what avidity I read a book written by a courageous churchman, seeking to give an explanation of sin and redemption that

## HOW I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

was amenable to reason. It was immensely encouraging: I could see then that light was to be found, and of course did eventually find it in Theosophy.

The book was by one named Garnier. He pointed out that the crucifixion of the Christ was not an atonement in the revolting sense of placating an angry god, but simply an 'at-one-ment' in the plain sense of that word — the bringing together of God and man. I hope he now has the additional light Theosophy gives: that the crucifixion of Christ is a universal type, sometimes actually occurring in outward physical life, but at all times taking place in the incarnation of divine life into gross physical matter in order to raise it to higher levels of consciousness; the divine itself in that process becoming more conscious of its own nature.

This book was in the library of a Bible-class to which I belonged; so far as I know, I was the only one to whom it appealed.

It is interesting to remember that for a few months before coming into touch with Theosophy I had a strong impression that I had to meet a new friend, and every new acquaintance awoke the thought: "Is this he?" Soon after I met a member of the Sydney (Australia) Lodge, feeling quite certain then that I had come to my own in Theosophy. Some hitherto closed door opened, and I seemed simply to take up anew the threads of an old task. No amount of ridicule, anger, or argument could shake the conviction that Theosophy was the truth.

The thoroughness of one religious sect in following out the literal teaching of the New Testament was attractive for a while; and while owing its members nothing in the way of enlightenment, yet one of them was unwittingly very helpful to me. Men are almost always better than their beliefs, and the soul can speak through any honest heart.

But the great weakness in current religion is its lack of bearing on practical life. *Life is regarded as only incidental to religion, an exact reversal of fact.* Human life is a vehicle for the manifestation of the divine, and religion is the science of that manifestation. See the vital difference between that view and the outrageous lie that human life is essentially sinful, without dignity, and useful only as an antechamber to a heaven! No wonder that men have become largely abandoned to pleasure and repletion, drudgery and debauchery.

To me it seems as though the whole scheme of current religion were a deceit of the lower mind to cover its own weaknesses, a scheme fostered by interested parties to their own ends.

What a tragedy of disappointment is in the outpouring of the freshest and best aspirations of youth, only to be dried away in the arid sands of theological dogmatism and uncertainty!

In the days of my apprenticeship to the printing trade I could not

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

see any interest or purpose in work, and not a fragment of what I had studied as religion ever occurred to me to have a bearing on ordinary affairs. Rather the reverse was the case. The sectarian friend whom I have mentioned as having helped me was insistent that interest should be withdrawn from the world of men and centered on the world to come. (He was successful in business himself and supported a large family.)

Anyhow, as regards practical results, I know that whatever success I have had as a printer has been due to the application of Theosophical principles to daily life — duty, self-reliance, self-conquest, brotherhood; without these I could not have arrived at the Aryan Theosophical Press.

So much for coming into touch with Theosophy. But does that make one a Theosophist? Not if the lower mind knows anything about it! Never would I have gotten an inkling of what it meant to be a real Theosophist unless there had been those in charge of and belonging to Lodge No. 1, Australia, who were practically following out the teachings of our three Leaders.

It seemed the strangest kind of talk at first to hear stress laid on the fact that “to live to benefit mankind is the first step,” and that to live for the sake of others brings light. It was far more attractive to dwell on the magnificent philosophy and seeming possibilities of personal attainment. But gradually it became clear that here was the science of everyday life, simple human life dignified, the meaning and use of one’s own intuitions of right explained, and their relation shown to a mighty plan of human perfection. And, also, without the help of the knowledge of our dual nature, how could one control the wayward impulses of the animal nature, psychologized by the spirit of excess prevailing in present-day life?

What then? Having found the truth, am I now a Theosophist? Only in the degree that I pass on to others the light which I have.



“SOME minds, otherwise bright, have objected to leadership. . . . This, however, is to misunderstand, and to be frightened by a word when the idea is reassuring. The very law which requires that mankind should have no owners, requires that it should have guides. To be enlightened is the reverse of being subjected. The march forward requires a directing hand; to rebel against the pilot scarcely advances the ship; one does not see what would be gained by throwing Columbus overboard. The words ‘This way’ never humiliated the man who was seeking the road. At night I accept the authority of the torches.”— VICTOR HUGO



## MAN UPSETTING THE EARTH

E.

**I**T has recently been suggested that certain alleged disturbances in the behavior of the earth and moon are due to the war. The earth is delicately balanced in its position and movements by magnetic forces, and these have been upset. How? By the transference of large quantities of metals from their place in the ground to a small area in the north of France. Such is the suggestion. It is true that our operations on the earth's crust are comparable to those of microscopic animalcules on the skin of an apple, which might be supposed to have transferred a few particles of rust from one part of the skin to another; so the operations do not bulk very large, comparatively speaking. But then those magnetic forces may be *very* delicate.

What is important is that magnetic forces are represented as, to some extent at least, taking the place of the old gravitation. Gravitation is perhaps mainly a quantity introduced into an equation to make it come out even; hence it would be of the nature of  $x$ , which can at any time be put equal to  $pq$  or to anything else desired. So there is no harm in introducing magnetic forces into gravitation. Besides, we know that there are such magnetic forces, and they must produce some result. Light is said to be an electromagnetic phenomenon; hence the magnetic forces may play pranks with the alleged rectilinear propagation of light, in which case we have been measuring the stellar spaces with crooked rods, and 'things are not where they seem.'

No force in the universe seems to be entirely independent of other forces. Poe says somewhere that he cannot move the grain of dust on his finger-tip without for ever altering the movements of the entire universe of orbs. And, as thought produces motion, thought must alter the universe.

## THE POETRY OF LIFE

B. I. GORDON

**T**HE kingdom of heaven is within you," said a spiritual teacher. 'You cannot get something for nothing,' is a bit of everyday lore. The meaning of the first, if unraveled, is as clear as the midday sun. The second carries its own simple commentary. The wish for happiness is upon our lips by day, and its consummation is ardently desired for the short period of our dreams, if happily they are

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

not too much disturbed by the rarity of its visitations. How much more can I get for the value of that which I give? Is not that the slogan of most men? It is the watchword of our marts; labor swears by it. Those representatives of the nations called diplomats carry it in the secret pockets of their thoughts. Religious devotees think of ingenious subterfuges by which they can evade the stringency of ritual. Medicine is bending its energies towards discovering serums or panaceas, by which we shall be able to go around to the back door of nature's laws, and attempt to outwit the scheme of life; saying 'Yoho old chap! I shall get what I want; I will not be denied my indulgence; I can make faces at you, for see what those wiseacres have given me as a protection against you.'

There is really one gigantic skeleton that hides in the closet of the race, and is forever grinning — as skeletons should — at the sham that is putting on such pretensions of decorum and propriety. 'Publicity, I will none of you; my privacy must be protected,' says the individual as well as aggregate mankind. Could we but see ourselves as others see us, how our failings which now pass muster unheeded would shock us. And does not the long winding path of history down to the dim perspective of time point at the drama of our failings as enacted in the past? And from the maze of that winding path, can we not pick out nation after nation and see why each in turn had succumbed, some in ashes, and others, though living, but the bedraggled survival of former glory?

The record of these nations whose brilliant existence is now but a memory; and of those still enduring as a faint shadow, should speak to us in burning words of the great unalterable purpose that underlies human life. For the laws that underlie it are eternal and true, and cannot be evaded through the schemes of the brain, notwithstanding the denial by some that such laws hold sway. We cannot plead ignorance of the civil laws, and must bear the penalty of ignoring them. How then may we expect to evade the operation of the divine laws of life?

Happiness can only follow as a consequence of giving and not taking. And when I say giving, I mean that condition of human development or self-control, when the best of the nature is surrendered. We cannot be gross, selfish, acquisitive, and enjoy that peace that comes when these qualities are eliminated and in their place is planted love, unselfishness, moderation.

There are three, or more properly two, subjects which underlie the sum and purpose of human attainment. Through them alone may the divine order of life as expressed through man be consummated. They are love or brotherhood as the objective, and self-control, which of course presupposes service as the means, for we cannot have love in our hearts

## THE POETRY OF LIFE

without brotherhood or serving mankind; we cannot be fired by a zeal for service, without offering ourselves for trial in the crucible of self-control.

Perhaps there are some who believe that the giving of fifty thousand dollars to a charitable institution, by one who has seven millions, while going on in a life of indulgence, is adequate giving. I say nay; it is not so. Life cannot be bribed. Nor can we atone with shekels, no matter how many, for the stifling of the higher nature that is prompting us to lift our lives to its light.

How can a man expect to get the poetry out of life when his body is corrupt from uncontrolled habits, when his desires, like runaway steeds devoid of a guiding hand, are dashing him to destruction in the chasms of his lower nature? We know that in the very lowest degrees of physical phenomena, say in chemical activity, affinities cannot manifest themselves until the precise conditions for such results prevail. Even the average intelligence readily concedes such truisms. Yet when we come to the very acme of this universe — the pinnacle of its expression, the human heart — we seem to expect laws to play truant. They will not play truant. The more subjective, the more interior the plane of expression, the more exacting are the laws pertaining to that plane. It is unquestionably easier to put together the mechanism of a household washing-machine, than that of a delicately regulated Swiss watch. What use is there to talk of beauty and poetry when the inner meaning of life is sealed for us? when there is a film before the eyes and a crust about the heart? Must we not first recognise that we are in essence divine, and that upon the playground of our lives is enacted a mighty drama, the drama of the conquest of the lower nature in order that we may be bondsmen no more?

Listen to the voice of your inner nature, to your conscience, for a day, a week, or a month; catch its every silvery whisper, abide by it in the everyday life in the workaday world. Then will greet you the soft light of a new dawn; the dawn of a golden day, a day that will have no spiritual setting. For by the light of that golden day the body and its desires, the mind and its functions, the will and its various executive machinery, will take each its place like so many thralls, the willing thralls of *yourself*, their lord and master. Nothing can drag you, nothing can chain you, nothing can disturb you, for you are a conqueror enthroned; all the functions of your nature, in leash, are now your mettled and willing steeds, alert and ready to obey your slightest behest.

It is by this I mean that you give; you give far more than you take; for you are giving every minute of your day. It is a pure heart you are giving, and a controlled mind. It is a manhood that is steadily growing in stature, vivified by the light of a divine effulgence, the effulgence of your higher nature. And the service you are doing to humanity is to the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

measure in which that divine union has been consummated. That is your reward, that is what you may take unto yourself, and it is a joy passing all words.

Of course, first comes the recognition of divinity, then must all your faculties and functions follow in the wake of its guidance. The full attainment of divine union is the result of a long quest. But even the first efforts to descry the light of the higher nature, a mere glimmering of it, will give a joy and a peace beyond measure or estimate. For how, or with what objective experiences, can the inner life be compared? There is none so lowly that he may not probe for the deeps of that inner life, for that resurrection, for that "kingdom of heaven which is within you."

Oh for the joys of a purposeful life, for the certain knowledge where lies one's path of duty! There is so much confusion in the ranks of men. They know not what to do. By throwing open all the avenues of the nature of this vast kingdom that is ours, and flooding it with the pure, sweet air of the inner life, is the riddle of existence solved.

Now as to the poetry. Life will unfold itself as one grand poem, an epic, that you will be writing with your life; will indeed be *living*. And provided you do not lose sight of that inner guidance, the humdrum of existence that wearies men will but leave you calm and joyous. For you will see the purpose of it all. And as the actor plays his part, that part which for the time it is necessary for him to enact, yet he himself remains distinct and free from his impersonations, so you too must play your part, that part which life has given you to enact, using the body, the mind, and the various faculties as they are needed to perform the duties of life; but yourself, remember that you are king, who must at all times exercise the royal prerogative of command and control, being ever vigilant that not for one moment must any part of you that should be ruled, rule you. Your mind, your desires, your will, are yours, but you are distinct from them. They are ever ready to take advantage of you and go their own way: that you can never permit. They must at no time supplant you, or they will submerge that which is unselfish in you, that which is pure in you, that which in you desires moderation and self-control, that which lifts your aspirations to their divine expression.

The poetry that resides in external nature and in man is because of the indwelling spirit that impresses itself upon them, and if these qualities in us that are allied with spirit, in fact *are* spiritual, be continuously overborne by the frailties of the flesh, passion, anger and resultant despondency, they hedge in our finer perceptions like a thick growth through which they cannot view the real inner beauties that reside in everything.

With the companionship of the higher nature that is really your true self, what an ally and guide you have in all vicissitudes, what a

## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

source of unfailing strength! And when unexpected trials overwhelm us, and we feel as though we should bend under the weight of them, then does this voice of the inner nature if we but heed its message speak to us in silvery tones of a great trust that should be ours, a trust in the higher law, a law that cannot err. This voice within says: Falter not! You have infringed upon the laws of your nature, upon the laws of life, upon the great family of the race of which you form an indissoluble part; you have either in this life or in lives that are gone, disturbed the laws of harmony, the laws of your being; and these lessons which you call sorrows, and which are an adjustment of the great law of life, are here for you to profit by, to chasten you and urge you to eliminate the discords of your nature. Stand receptive to the promptings of your Godhood. Then, what a balm of peace becomes yours, for you have conquered!

With this unfoldment of the law of life, all your experiences will be filled with meaning, with interest, with significance. You can never again be utterly disconsolate. And then you will have power to discern and the eyes to see a rosy dawn in every new day. And when the heavens are blazing with glory that proclaims the day hath ended, you will equally welcome the peace and balm of the night. And when that greater day comes, with its even, and your setting sun is at hand, the whole symphony of your nature will sing out in tones of trust, trust and resignation in and to the arms of the great law, where in other spheres you will rest for a while that you may return upon the scenes of earth-life, to a new birth, to new experiences, refreshed, strengthened, and with a greater power to serve.

## THE FOURTH DIMENSION

T. HENRY, M. A.



GR<sup>EAT</sup> confusion of ideas subsists respecting the 'fourth dimension.' Scientists have used the term in their own special scientific sense; and non-scientific people, who have read Hinton's 'Scientific Romances,' are mixing this sense up with the romantic ideas of an imaginary fourfold spatial extension elaborated by Hinton. The mass of a body is four-dimensional: to find it, we must multiply the volume by the density; the volume is three-dimensional. Thus: find the mass of a rectangular block of stone 12 x 13 x 13 inches, whose density is  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . Multiply the four dimensions together. But it is evident that the three spatial dimensions constitute a group apart, and are not of the same kind as the fourth dimension — the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

density. The four dimensions are not interchangeable, as are the three. By turning the block of stone about, its height, length, and breadth can be interchanged with each other; but we cannot so turn the block that its density will become one of the three spatial dimensions, while one of these three spatial dimensions becomes the density.

Yet, if instead of a solid stone, I take a volume of air and compress it, I shall thereby diminish one or more of the spatial dimensions while correspondingly increasing the density of the gas. So the mass of the gas may be said to be four-dimensional, having length, breadth, thickness, and density; and these four are mutually dependent, the mass remaining constant. But we must not make the mistake of trying to torture ourselves into a conception of mass as a kind of geometrical space.

Some have tried to include 'time' (whatever they mean by that word) among four dimensions, of which the familiar spatial ones are the other three. But they do not realize that time is an indispensable element of our thinking process; and that, if we objectivize it, or externalize it, so as to make it something outside, we must thereby eliminate it from our mind, thus reducing our consciousness to some unknown transcendental condition and bringing all ratiocination on the subject to naught. The result of trying to do this is that we make time objective and subjective both. Thus Wells, in his 'Time Machine,' makes people travel through time at the rate of a year a minute and suchlike absurdities.

A recent writer states dogmatically that a body at rest is 'moving along the time-axis.' But what does he mean by 'moving'? He can only mean that the body has a velocity along the time-axis; but what is a velocity? Is it not the ratio between a distance and a time? Thus the body which, as he says, is moving along the time-axis, must have some velocity along that axis; that is, it is moving at the rate of so many hours a second, or years a day, etc. Which is nonsense. By his use of the term 'time-axis,' he destroys the meaning of the word 'motion'; and yet he continues to use that word in its usual sense. He externalizes time, and yet keeps it within his consciousness. If we are to make time an object, we must be able to take up our stand outside of time. We must go in for a course of Patañjali and become an accomplished Yogi. Then we may know, but we certainly shall not be able to tell anybody.

Of course it may be said that perhaps there is more than one kind of time. Very well; perhaps so; but this is where *we* quit.

A distinction often overlooked is that between three-dimensional space and solid bodies; but it is duly made in *The Secret Doctrine*, quoting from Pythagoras:

"Pythagoras had studied Esoteric Science in India; therefore we find his pupils saying:

"The monad (the manifested one) is the principle of all things. From the Monad and the

## THE INHERITANCE

indeterminate duad (Chaos), numbers; from numbers, *Points*; from points, *Lines*; from lines, *Superficies*; from superficies, *Solids*; from these, solid Bodies. . . .”—I, pp. 433-4

People readily admit that there is no physically objective existence for a line or a surface; that we know these only as features of solid bodies. But they do not always realize that a geometrical solid is as imaginary and unsubstantial as a geometrical square or line. There is no reason for putting squares and cubes in different classes in this respect. I can see either one of them floating about in my mind; but I cannot pick up either of them on the beach. All I can find there is material bodies. They have shape, and that shape may be cubical; but the cube is only an abstraction, and cannot be objectively isolated from the body itself any more than can the weight or color of the body.

The quotation made above continues that the elements of solid bodies are four — fire, water, air, earth. These are not elements of a geometrical solid. The abstract Euclidian geometry seems to treat of the properties of *extension*, which is itself a property of physical matter — or of that particular form of objectivity which we call ‘matter.’

## THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the *March* issue)

**J**ONAS lost nothing of what he heard, although he made no comment of his own; and he put two and two together to some purpose, with the result that he believed that he had scored a point against Rebecca in fathoming a mystery. He would not tell her his conclusions, and she would not ask.

Mark's confidence induced him to relax a little and to release a story he had gathered from an old fisherman who went around hawking fish and gossip in the neighborhood, Jimmy Somers by name. It was but an ‘old wife's tale’ about an imaginary schooner that had gone ashore and been sunk near Crawley Cove, no one knowing aught about it but for a woman who was washed ashore and who disappeared; which showed that she was a spirit that was following the man who had betrayed her. Some said the man was a Cayley, but there being no longer any Cayleys left at Crawley, the wise ones opined that she would be a ghost come to haunt the house.

Jonas observed that the fisherman in question was quite capable of inventing the story himself, but owing to circumstances he thought that the narrator must have been helped by some report of a certain wreck that he himself had never mentioned. When the story was told to him he made free to laugh at it as a foolish yarn, and the old fisherman had seemed disappointed

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

at such incredulity. This was the first allusion to the wreck that had come round to Crawley, but it showed that the two coastguards-men had not been altogether silent on the subject, even if they had not reported it officially.

Both Mark and Jonas agreed that the tale was too improbable to need any notice from sensible men. As to the ghost, one more or less in the old manor-house was not worth mentioning.

Old Jimmy Somers, the fisherman, was commonly regarded as a notorious liar in spite of his protest that he never added anything of consequence in the telling of a tale. During the fishing-season, Jimmy often landed his catch at Martin's Gully and used the deserted hovel as a stable for the pony and cart with which he hawked his fish around the neighborhood, making Crawley his first house of call. So he was well known there, and was one of the first to make acquaintance with the new squire's niece.

She was a mystery to him: he had seen no one like her before, and in his heart doubted if she was just an ordinary mortal, or one of those elemental spirits in whose reality he secretly believed.

He got the story of the wreck from one of the drunken coastguards, and only added to it the ghostly part as an appropriate completion of the incident. To tell the truth, he hardly believed that such a wreck had actually occurred, but he saw dramatic possibilities in the story and adopted it into his repertory to be perfected at his leisure. He was familiar with the true story of the romance of Sally's daughter with Dick Cayley, and in his imagination linked it onto the legend of the wreck, and made the woman who was reported washed ashore some sort of a ghostly reproduction of poor Molly. He had weird notions of his own about the elemental spirits, ghosts, and disembodied souls which figured in his tales, and gained him some reputation as a seer.

One evening when calling at the manor-house later than usual, he heard unearthly music, and stood to listen in the twilight near an open window until it ceased, then he crept closer and peeped in. He was convinced that what he saw was the ghost-lady seated at the piano and the music that he heard was the chiming of spirit-bells beneath the ocean where souls of men are lured to their destruction by the spirits of the deep. He listened but a moment, for fear that he too would be drawn down below the waves as others had been who had plunged from the rocks to join the ghostly sirens and the lost souls imprisoned there.

And that was how it came about that Jonas found a basket full of crabs in the garden with no one near to claim it; and that was why Jim Somers looked so strangely at Miss Margaret when next he met her. He understood at once that she was in reality a spirit who had come to land by magic arts, and would return to the ocean whence she came when she had found the one she sought or was exorcised by a stronger magic than her own.

Maggie concluded that the old man was crazy, and Mark encouraged the idea, although he sometimes wondered if old Jimmy's speculations might not be as near the truth as any that the parsons had to offer. He loved to let his own imagination wander to other planes of existence, particularly when



## THE INHERITANCE

Margaret would croon a melody for his delight. She had not ventured to sing seriously yet, fearing to trust her voice, and also fearing to awake the past which slumbered just beyond the reach of memory. She feared the hour of awakening that must come with her return to health. She seemed to be in a beautiful dream that might dissolve at any moment, leaving her face to face with horrible memories and dread reality --- her singing was so intimately associated with the nightmare of the past.

The promised visit to old Sally was not long delayed, and it was a golden day in the dark record of the years for the old woman. Maggie was full of serious anxieties as to the cooking she had undertaken, but Maggie's seriousness was more beautiful than mirth to Sally's frozen heart; and her most anxious moments melted into rippling laughter or triumphant glee. Mark came to share the meal, and helped to make the feast a celebration. When the meal was over and the table cleared, Maggie insisted on altering the arrangement of the furniture according to some plan of her own, which Sally watched intently and Mark curiously. She cleared a space at the far end of the large room that formed the body of the house, and hung a shawl across an open doorway leading to the backyard, changing the whole appearance of the room.

Old Sally watching muttered now and then approval, as "Aye! that's how it was," or else more doubtfully: "Yes! that's how it should have been," as if she were assisting at a rehearsal of an old play.

At last the two elders were told to close their eyes or else to face the fire till she was ready, and they dutifully obeyed --- Sally expectantly and Mark goodnaturedly content to humor a pet child.

Maggie at last called out from the distance, "Now you may look." They did, and in a whirl of flying draperies a dancer entered like a fairy from the curtained door and bowed to them. Then came a dance that was a dream revealed. It was exactly what Sally knew was coming, and she clapped her hands in wild delight. Mark was too dazed for words. He felt like one who has, by some mistake, passed uninitiated into a temple of the mysteries and beholds a ceremony whose meaning may be veiled but whose influence is profound. But Sally was transported. She followed every movement, recognising with delight the figures of the dance, which followed one another just as they had done in her dreams when Molly came and danced for her the steps and figures she herself had taught the girl in her infancy out of her own gypsy lore --- bequeathed to her by her grandmother, who was of Bohemian extraction, claiming descent from the original Egyptian emigrants, who were the guardians of the Tarot, and knew the ancient modes of divination. To her the dance was a religious rite. It had been given to her as such, and she had never found a pupil other than her own child capable of feeling in herself the peculiar rhythm that was the real key to the mystery: for mystery it was, even to her, who knew the outer form, but merely sensed its inner meaning vaguely as an instinctive impulse. The dancer seemed to have the rhythm in her heart; and every fiber of her body seemed to thrill responsive

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to that inner urge that set in motion strange magnetic currents in the ether and vitalized the very atmosphere.

All rhythmic motion is magnetic in its influence and spiritual in its origin, but there are few dancers in the modern world who can interpret any but the lower forms of the more ordinary emotions. Even the gypsies have at last fallen under the deadening influence of our civilization, and have almost forgotten their hereditary lore.

Old Sally was content and murmured: "Blood tells. She is her mother's bairn." She had not taken her eyes off the dancer for a moment, but as soon as Juanita passed behind the curtain the old woman turned to the window behind her chair, asking: "Who's that out there? It's maybe Jane come back before her time."

Mark looked, and saw the figure of a man retiring to the gate, as if he had intended to announce himself but had changed his mind and gone away, finding that there was company in the cottage. It was the parson who occasionally ventured to call officially, more as a matter of duty than with any hope of being welcome. Sally was pagan to the core and had no use for parsons. She said as much, but Mark said:

"He means well. I've had some talk with him. I like the man."

To which old Sally queried: "What was he doing there? Prying? To see what he could find to say against the heathen sinner, as they call me; unless it's witch. He'll have a tale to tell now against our Maggie here, that's nearer heaven than he will ever be, with all his prayers and preaching."

And that was just what passed through the bewildered brain of the uninvited witness to that mystic rite. He had been held spellbound there almost unconscious of his indiscretion, then, overwhelmed with a sudden sense of the indelicacy of his conduct, he had crept away very much ashamed. But his wonder soon overcame his shame. Never had he supposed that dancing could be other than a mere amusement at the best, and at the worst the indulgence of a natural emotion. What he had seen was altogether different, something for which he had no name, unless he were to call it a mystic ceremony. The mystery of rhythmic motion was a sealed book to him, and yet he had sufficient intuition to perceive some deep significance in the motions of the dancer, if that was dancing which differed utterly from his conception of the dance. It was a mystery, and he in watching it had felt himself guilty of profanation.

When Maggie had rearranged the room she nestled down beside her granny's knee and laid her head on the old woman's lap like a tired child, and Mark lost himself in contemplation of the picture. The child looked very frail and fragile now, yet how could he hope to hold her when her strength returned? As he gazed he saw the traces of her battle with the world, child though she seemed at a first glance. Her attitude suggested infinite weariness, and the sight of it was almost welcome as he thought that he could shelter her and she would be content to stay a little longer. She would not leave him yet — not yet. He heard himself thinking: "Not while I live."

## THE INHERITANCE

A few days later Mr. Douglas called at Crawley manor to show if possible his unexpressed apology for an intrusion that after all might have escaped attention. He could not openly excuse himself but vaguely hoped his feelings might in some way express themselves. Margaret was touched by his embarrassment and spoke as if she had no suspicion that she had been spied upon. She questioned him about his parish and listened sympathetically as he bemoaned the spiritual indifference of the people. Then they were full of superstitions, belief in ghosts and elemental spirits and such remnants of barbaric days. Of course they denied all knowledge of such things if questioned by him, but things came to his ears through other channels. The servants gossiped and brought back tales to Mrs. Douglas, who was interested in psychology and would have joined the psychical research society if he had not protested.

Maggie was curious to know, but dared not ask, what was the difference between village gossip and psychical research. He said his mother sometimes had extraordinary dreams, which he regretted; but which were not to be accounted for along lines of ordinary reason. She had sometimes foreseen events that happened later just as she had seen them in her dreams. But on the other hand, sometimes the dream was not fulfilled, as far as he could see; as for instance when she saw a ship upon the rocks near Crawley Cove, where no wreck had been heard of by the coast-guards. But she declared they must have been mistaken; she had seen it all so clearly. And now he heard the story had gone round, and grown as stories do in the telling into a fabulous romance. He did his best to ridicule such tales, but could not cure the people of their love of such degrading superstitions as ghost and spirits.

Again his listener would much have liked to ask if the dreams and ghost-stories in the Bible were also degrading superstitions, and if not, why not. But she said nothing on that point, merely conveying a general impression of sympathy with him in his difficulties. And the result was he thought her one of the most sensible women he had met, and for a moment quite forgot that scene in old Sally's cottage; and when Mark joined them they were apparently on excellent terms. The vicar stayed to tea, and questioned Mark about his travels ineffectually. That subject was not welcome at the manor-house. And then he talked about the parish; and mentioned one or two hard cases, widows of fishermen who had a hard fight to keep out of the dreaded poorhouse. And there he talked to some effect, and found a ready listener able and willing to give practical help. One of these widows had lost her husband precisely as was foreseen in a dream by Mrs. Douglas.

The vicar told the story with a touch of pride and with the assurance that this particular prediction was exempt from the slur of superstition by the fact of its confirmation by experience. Launched on this subject he could not refrain from mentioning the fabulous romance which had grown out of the other dream that had failed to materialize in fact.

It was substantially the same as that which Jonas Micklethwaite had told to Mark, but Mark kept silence on that point. The improbability of the story

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

was enough to class it as a fable, and he was content to let it rest at that.

To change the subject Margaret inquired if the vicar was interested in music, and was rewarded by an enthusiastic response. The little man beamed, but looked round the room in vain to find a piano or any other musical instrument. When his hostess turned to the sideboard and opened it his face fell. But he regained his attitude of expectation at the first chords.

She seemed to take his measure with a glance, and did not ask who was his favorite composer, but chose a nocturne of Chopin and felt the sigh of satisfaction that escaped her listener.

Again the mystery of rhythm took possession of his soul and for a moment set it free. And then his heart felt the yearning that escapes from the impassioned heart of the composer; the yearning of a soul seeking to quench its spiritual thirst with nectar drawn from flowers of the earth.

The music seemed to bear him away over moon-lighted pastures up through sheltered groves where light like silver rain dropped through the branches of the trees, and mountain torrents murmured over rocks or gurgled in dark pools; and then away up over moors where vaporous mountains towered, crowned with citadels that lost themselves in clouds but left him still on earth — entranced and ravished with the beauty of the world, kissed by the moon above, but still on earth; while overhead stretched heavenly regions inaccessible, and in his heart the yearning was transmuted into an ecstasy that numbed his soul as with a passion that has spent itself in pain.

He sighed as the music ended, and found no words in which to formulate his feelings; but the musician understood and sought to lead him back into a more familiar path by singing one of Handel's arias, that brought tears to his eyes and peace to his soul. She had sung quite softly fearing to trust her voice as yet, but with a mastery that suggested great reserves of power. Rising from her seat she closed the piano and the listener felt just as if suddenly the light had all gone out of life.

Recovering himself he tried to express his gratitude; but broke off his little speech, and changing his manner said in an awed voice. "This house is supposed to be haunted, but there can be no ghosts here. Such music would open the gates of heaven for any earth-bound soul. . . . Goodbye!" And he was gone.

The speech was so unexpected that his host let him go in silence, and then exclaimed: "He's too good to be a parson; he's fit for something better."

"Poor man," said Margaret. "To love music like that, and to have to live without it. What a life! So this house is haunted! I suppose I am the ghost; but he had no such idea himself. That old mother of his must be a regular medium. I wonder if she could be exorcised by music. Was that what he was thinking of? He is a clergyman, why does he not do it himself?"

"Well," said Mark, "the man was right about the music. Such music could exorcise evil spirits, if there are such things, better than the clergy. Though nowadays it is the fashion for them to profess disbelief in ghosts and such things. I suppose that's easier than exorcism, which is out of date

## THE INHERITANCE

apparently. But they do believe in them all the same, and he was honest in confessing it. You are a magician or a witch; no, not a witch, a fairy queen."

Maggie was silent for a while and then spoke thoughtfully. "The worst kind of ghosts are those that hide in the dark corners of one's own mind. They are more difficult to drive away. And there are so many of those dark corners; some of them closed, but with doors that open from inside when the ghosts want to come out. They love the darkness. Sometimes I think they are the darkness: for they melt, as darkness does when the sunlight is let in. Music is sunlight. Life without music would be like living in a house with doors and windows closed, and all the cupboards open. To play music is to let in the sunlight. Where is the darkness then? Darkness is only bearable, I think, when one is sound asleep."

Mark, sitting in his big armchair, leaned forward and stirred the fire, saying: "But the darkness makes the firelight seem comfortable."

To which Maggie answered: "Yes. Firelight is comfortable; but it makes the darkness more mysterious. Music is sunlight; it fills the world with joy. When the sun shines, one wants to go out and bask in it."

But Mark persisted: "Still, firelight is a good welcome when one comes home at night, after the sun is down. Now is the time for music. Yes. Let us have music. It will not put out the fire as they say the sun does. But it will light up our hearts with another kind of fire, a magic flame, changing the darkness into a jeweled veil through which the eyes of spirits can shine in on us like stars set in the sky to help us understand what lies behind the veil."

So Maggie played: and round them spread the jeweled veil of mystery. And time and place and person and the accidents of life were all dissolved in waves of pure emotion that vibrated with the rhythm which is life.

And through the waves there ran a current like a purpose undefined, an inner rhythm more elusive than the rest. At first there was a sense of pure enjoyment, as if the music bore a benediction. Then came an awakening of new energy; and with it rose a flood of feelings that created an unrest of a new kind. Mark felt as if the rhythm of the music were the vibration of his own soul awakened from a torpor, and now urging him to some uncertain enterprise. He was not satisfied with mere enjoyment. His soul had need of action; it was awake, and it seemed as if the world were calling to him in some mysterious way to give it life: as if it too had been asleep, and slept uneasily, dreaming of mighty and heroic schemes that died still-born in dreams, for want of hands and hearts to give them actuality.

Mark felt new aspirations waking in his heart, and was bewildered by these new emotions. It seemed to him as if the beauty of the inner world was clamoring for expression in the world of mortals, calling in vain to men to make life beautiful on earth, as true life is beyond the veil. At that moment there seemed to be nothing impossible in such a task. Indeed it was only natural that life should be beautiful on all worlds, even upon the earth: and Mark accepted the responsibility with a light heart. How could he do otherwise, being transported into a world where life itself is beautiful spontaneously.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Margaret played on, and thought the old piano must have been reborn or in some strange way rejuvenated, there was such freshness in its tone, such a response to her demands. Sometimes when playing or singing to a sympathetic audience she had succeeded in completely freeing herself from the sense of personal self-consciousness, and had felt herself merged with her audience in an all-pervading presence that pulsed with the rhythm of the music. Then the enthusiasm of the audience would break out in wild applause dispelling the momentary sense of unity, and replacing it with purely personal emotions, approval and recognition by the hearers and a sense of triumph in the performer, followed by a reaction which was like a reminder that the triumph of the performer marked the failure of the soul. It was as though some delicate spell, laboriously woven of impalpable essences, were shattered by a clumsy touch.

There was no breaking of the spell in that way now: and yet there was a slow reaction from a state of absolute content to a vague yearning for something not achieved, some climax of illumination not attained, some longing that the music could arouse but could not satisfy.

There was a long silence in the room while each was following some slender thread of thought that like a clue might lead the adventurous soul through the wild jungle of emotions, the enchanted labyrinth of the mind which holds us prisoners each in our own penitentiary of selfhood.

At last Maggie broke the silence, asking impersonally: "What is the meaning of it all? Where does it lead to?"

Then to Mark still dreamily she put the question: "Do you believe that there is any definite purpose in our lives?"

Mark answered cryptically: "Not till we recognise it for ourselves. And yet without a purpose how could anything exist?"

"May it not be that the purpose of life is life?" asked Margaret, adding by way of explanation: "I mean that perfect life may be the object of existence: and all we see of it is just experiment and failures. Somehow I seem to know there is a purpose in my life that I do not yet begin to understand."

"Exactly," answered Mark; "there must be a cause for everything. But I would not call it a purpose until it becomes a conscious will. I cannot understand an unconscious purpose."

"Why, then, the purpose of life may be to understand what we are living for. But most people neither know nor seek to know the purpose of their lives. They are content to live, or seem to be. Would they be happier if they knew why they live? Sometimes I think they are all afraid of knowing who and what they are, and where they come from and the rest. Of course they all have a lot of things they want and hope for; but why were they born at all?"

Mark answered cautiously: "I suppose they needed that experience."

"What for?" asked Margaret hopelessly.

"Because we can only learn by experience. That is how we grow."

Maggie went back to her original inquiry, again asking: "Why should we learn? Why should we grow? Who is the better for it all when we die?"

## THE INHERITANCE

Mark hesitated. His inspiration was exhausted. He was getting into deep water, and floundered back into the shallows of mere speculation, taking up her last words. "When we die we may go on gaining experience, for all we know. I think that death is very likely just like sleep, an interval of rest. Life may go on and we may have a lot to learn before we know the purpose of it all. Death may be just a part of the game of life."

"And pain and hate and suffering and all the horrors of life, are they all part of the game? An awful game, I think," said Maggie with a shudder.

Mark thought so too, but saw no remedy, so he philosophized. "If man has made a hell of earth, and does not find it comfortable, surely it is up to him to change it: but he seems to be in no hurry to make a heaven here, as far as I can see. He must prefer it as it is, or he would alter it."

Maggie was silent. Mark's pessimism oppressed her with its reasonableness; but she protested: "But there is no one who knows how to alter it, perhaps."

"Or else," suggested Mark, "there are not enough who really want it altered: if there were, a Teacher would appear."

The idea of a Teacher had not presented itself to her as a serious possibility before, but now it seemed to contain a seed of hope that there might yet be found a way to right the wrongs of life. She caught eagerly at the word 'Teacher.' "A Teacher," she said. "Surely if there are Teachers they must have known the misery of life, and must have tried to show the path of happiness. Perhaps there are Teachers in the world and people do not recognise them. Perhaps we have to learn how to know them when we meet them. I wonder if that is really the purpose of our lives -- to find the Teacher who will teach us how to live?"

"It may be so," said Mark but with a certain sadness that was born of the habit of acceptance of the inevitable, which had been the keynote of his character so long that pessimism had almost lost its meaning to him. He had found most things bearable if a man will not feel injured or disappointed at the ways of destiny. He had not fought the world, but just accepted it, and hardly dared to think that its conditions could be changed.

But Margaret had fought and struggled, and the star of hope, however clouded, still shone reflected in her soul. She could not accept the misery and squalor that existed in the world as inevitable, or as permanent. Her soul rebelled, demanding happiness as its inalienable right.

*(To be continued)*