

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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If a Bhikkhu should desire, Brethren, to exercise one by one each of the different Iddhis, being one to become multiform, being multiform to become one; to become visible or to become invisible; to go without being stopped to the further side of a wall, or a fence, or a mountain, as if through air; to penetrate up and down through solid ground, as if through water; to walk on the water without dividing it, as if on solid ground; to travel seated through the sky, like the birds on wing; to touch and feel with the hand even the sun and moon, mighty and powerful though they be; and to reach in the body even up to the heaven of Brahmâ; let him then fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone. — Translated by T. W. RHYS-DAVIDS from the Pâli of "If he should Desire —," a Buddhist scripture; v. 14

## PEACE WITHOUT POLITICS

M. M. TYBERG



WHEN we take into consideration the whole cycle of human evolution, we realize that nations and national governments have come into being in order to meet certain needs, not necessarily of permanent duration or of importance in more than a part of the experience to be gained by the host of Souls comprising Humanity in their long progress through race after race, on continent after continent, in life after life on earth as individuals. These political and national organizations are not the enduring element in human life; their existence depends upon the extent to which they can continue to serve the inner necessity of the real Man, the purposes of the Soul. An eminent German recently wrote as follows:\*

"If the whole edifice of pre-war Europe has crumbled to ruin within a half-dozen years, it is because its external reality no longer corresponded with an interior and essential reality. . . . But since the very spirit the war was fought to destroy has reincarnated itself in the victors, that spirit soon reasserted its sway over the souls of the vanquished. We see no pros-

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\*Count Hermann Kayserling in *The Living Age*, November 25, 1922, translated from *La Revue de Genève*, October.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

pect that this vicious circle may not continue indefinitely. It will certainly repeat itself until the conscience of the world begins to occupy itself with the new realities instead of with the mirage of the past."

And continuing upon the subject of the new realization that has come he says:

"The unity we recognise is that of mankind, as in the former period it was that of the Christian world."

This higher unity, above nationality and more inclusive than any of the old conceptions, suggests to our minds all that is held in common by Humanity, despite the fact that it is not generally recognised; and all that must sometime find expression in world-conditions very different from those that have long prevailed. Surely it is reasonable to suppose that a time must come when the more enduring, the more spiritually forceful, the compassionate and deeply friendly qualities of human nature will create corresponding external conditions and that the heart and conscience will finally assert dominance in the world. When we know the true origin, history, and destiny of the human family, the innumerable ties binding the members of it together, the associations and interests they have in common aside from national or political organizations, it is only natural to imagine a stronghold of peace outside of politics.

It is now millions of years since the exquisitely designed physical form reached a point of evolution when it was ready for the occupancy of the Souls which, as Humanity, have continued to be reborn on earth in physical bodies. The old idea of a fresh soul created for every child is no longer tenable; we know that the host of souls incarnated and still incarnate and that this world is for their experience. Picture the long association of these souls. Picture the sweep of evolution during which they have been carried from race to race, learning from failure and fall, now here, now there, appearing wherever their Karma and the Great Plan demanded their presence and effort. Is it not a wonderful companionship that these souls have had during these long ages? What tragic blindness obscures from us this long and intimate association? Why do we not recognise our brothers under whatever guise as members of the great human family? It is only because at the lowest ebb of the ever-recurring cycles of growth the light of Soul is dimmed by material desires. In these periods of darkness Humanity is susceptible to what has been aptly called "the ethnological virus," and succumbs to "the great heresy of separateness," and suffers in war the rebound of this ignorant race-hatred.

At the dawn of this new period upon which we are entering, however, we have had Great Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, who have apprised us of this great heresy, and who

## PEACE WITHOUT POLITICS

have restated the ancient truth that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature." They have helped to lay the foundation of a new order of ages. An intellectual awakening and a rise of mechanical invention have accompanied the spiritual challenge given by these Teachers; and there now exists more world-wide intercourse among the peoples of the earth than ever before. We have discovered our intense interest in all that appertains to human life everywhere in the ways and customs, the traditions, the whole physical and mental and spiritual environment of our fellow-creatures in every land. Knowledge of these increases the fascination they have for us. The general literature of the day with its copious illustrations, the entertainments of every class of people, teem with the picturesque details of the costumes, the dances, the songs and music, of faraway members of the human family. No corner of the earth is too remote, no obscure tribe too insignificant a remnant, to elude this almost voracious interest of ours. Archaeological investigation has revealed much about the ancient past, and we are just as much interested in the customs and the costumes, the writing and the building, of these long-forgotten members of the race. Science may yet find a way to sound the seas for the records of civilizations that have sunk to the bottom of them.

All this study has helped to restore the lost unity of history and makes us feel that Humanity is one. When the key-teaching of rebirth is added we can obtain a more correct view of the whole range of human experience in which the host of souls comprising Humanity have been indissolubly linked since the beginning. We can see that Humanity is not the red, black, brown, yellow, or white races, but this company of Souls who have moved from one to another of these races, impelled by a world-purpose unknown to most of them as yet, but which may be known. These teachings give the scientific and philosophical basis for the unity of mankind which the German writer quoted above finds the keynote of the new period which, he says, will witness "a grouping together of the most varied civilizations, for the purpose of co-operation instead of mutual extermination."

The following quotations from the same writer give a most thoughtful and progressive view of the present situation in Europe:

"Nationalism has ceased to be rational. . . . The interdependence of Europeans is so close already that no nation can be harmed without disaster to the rest. . . . As yet imperialism and nationalism seem stronger than ever. There is no hope of salvation in the League of Nations or similar political trusts. No merely external reform will reach the heart of the evil, until the spirit of men has been converted to the truth of our new condition. There is but one thing we can do to bring nearer the new era we all desire: that is to labor with the souls of men. Without a social conscience there can be no efficacious reform. Unless the spiritual level of the individual is raised, there can be no progress of the community. The problem of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Europe's future is, strange as it may appear, first and foremost a problem of the individual. . . . The hope of the future rests on the shoulders of the few, who have kept themselves free from the controversies of the present and who have labored for the perfection of their own souls and those of their neighbors."

For nearly fifty years the Theosophical Teachers have been challenging men and women in many countries to seek the deeper side of their natures, to find their own Souls, and make their lives conform to the most spiritual ideals of unselfish service to Humanity. They have unflinchingly held aloft the standard of Brotherhood, stating over and over again that at the dawn of this new time each individual must find his place in the onward-moving ranks of those high companions who know their own divinity, and know that conscious divinity is the common heritage of all who enter upon the search in the true spirit of service. These Teachers have told us that in surrendering the desires and ambitions of the selfish personality we open the door to the Greater Self which knows its unity with all others and its divine power to overcome all that is evil. It is significant of coming changes to find a French writer on the subject of the future of Europe, the critic and novelist, André Gide,\* stating:

"The true spirit of Europe is opposed to this infatuation for national isolation. . . . By being ourselves we best serve the interest of all. That is true of nations as well as of individuals. But this truth must be fortified by another truth: it is in self-surrender that we find ourselves. However, so long as politics dominate and subordinate ethics, we cannot see that this last truth applies equally to nations. To be candid, political questions interest me less and appear to me less important than social questions; and social questions seem less important than moral questions. I believe that political problems lead us back to social problems, and social problems back to moral problems. The conditions that we deplore today will not be remedied so much by institutions as by reforming the individual — it is with him that betterment must begin."

A Russian, the writer of the famous trilogy of novels beginning with *Julian the Apostate*, in giving his view of the future of Europe is chiefly concerned with the question,

"Is Europe consistently loyal to her sovereign moral law? Does she still realize, even instinctively, that the most important thing of all is to be faithful to the inner voice of her conscience, the divine law not written by the hand of man, but terribly inflexible none the less — the eternal fountain of all the codes that have ever been written in the course of ages?"

In this growing recognition that the awakening of conscience is the key to peace lies a great hope for the world. For could all the interests and associations that bind the members of the human family together be strengthened by a new moral tie, could there be a general quickening of conscience, a new sense of responsibility for the safety and happiness of the

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\*The French, Russian, and Spanish writers are quoted from *The Living Age*, March 10, 1923, translated from *La Revue de Genève*, January.

## PEACE WITHOUT POLITICS

whole human family, could life everywhere be restored to just and friendly relations, an ethical harmony would result that would be a condition more wonderful than the world has known for ages. All those associations which foster expression of spiritual ideals in art and music and literature might be enriched by inspiration locked in the souls of mankind until the "unity of mankind" becomes a reality recognised by all. That long comradeship of the host of souls might then come to its fruition, and, believed in and cherished as sacred by a more and more conscious Humanity, might press outward into an external coherence among all the social units, families, nations, races. Peace on this basis, without politics, would inevitably lead to organizations founded upon true principles of brotherhood.

It is when the inner divinity of man is recognised and given its place as the directing power in life that all these higher expressions are possible. It is encouraging to find another European writer on the future of Europe, the Spanish critic and philosopher, Miguel de Unamuno, saying:

"So the pessimism which weighs upon Europe today will probably give birth to a new and fruitful vision, a new faith. . . . And this new faith which will be but the old faith in another form, will give us new standards of conduct, new ethics, a new religion. Do I say new? No, it will be the religion of all ages, that of the divinity of man. It will be the religion of the infinite and the eternal world of the human individual."

Aside from politics and government there are these potent moral sentiments, these latent memories of age-long association of the members of the human family, these innate convictions that there are ages to come in which this association shall be richer and deeper; there is the great world-purpose that is written in our hearts and souls, to make us One. The cry, the need, is for oneness. Katherine Tingley thus pleads for it:


"The heresy of the age is separateness, for in truth it *is* a heresy in human life. It means the death and destruction of the human race unless the soul can be awakened, and higher and universal ideals evoked and aroused. The world is crying out for ideals that are universal!

"Let us, for the moment, think of ourselves apart from nationality. Let us identify ourselves in thought not with the nation but with the race. Let us make a mental picture of that unity and non-separateness which the world so pitifully needs — a picture of all humanity as united in great universal ideals, binding all men together! Nature as well as life is an expression of the infinite, the universal.

"The heresy of separateness which so dominates life today, and out of which spring all our suffering and all our wars, is due to man's want of knowledge. Man in his essential nature is divine: the keynote of evolution is the divine background of life. But we live so in the objective and external that the moral life is ebbing away, man's spiritual possibilities are dying out. Humanity must come to a knowledge of its real, its diviner Self, if it is to repudiate the heresy of separateness and live righteously. . . . In speaking of the heresy of separateness I speak from the standpoint of the Soul."

## THE PROBLEM OF PEACE

R. MACHELL

 HE problem of Peace is a great one indeed; but then every problem is great until it is solved. Then it ceases to be a problem at all, and becomes merely a condition to be attained or maintained. For peace must be permanent, or it is but an interlude between two wars. So that the establishment of peace includes both attainment and maintenance of that which has been attained. The great problem is very simple.

War means the clash of interests. Interests are formulated desires, and desires are the spontaneous tendency of the senses to move towards appropriate objects. So that interests are but the formulation of these instinctual impulses to self-aggrandisement or self-defense, which instincts are based upon the 'delusion of separateness.' The more convinced a person is of the reality of individual separateness, the more convinced will he be of his right to gratify his personal desires and to protect himself against any infringement by others of his imagined rights.

Once his belief in the separateness of his individuality from other similar individualities is shaken, and the idea of Universal Life takes possession of his mind, his faith in the sure foundation of his individual rights weakens. Then comes in a new idea, that of individual responsibility. Then he begins to realize that any rights he may claim for himself must be claimed also for all others. And at once the problem presents itself of the reconciliation of opposing ideas of individual rights.

There would seem to be only two ways of dealing with a problem; one is to solve it, the other is to avoid it. This particular problem is generally avoided by the adoption of a sophism, "might is right." An idea that is the logical expression of belief in individual separateness. This means war.

The other way of meeting the problem is to recognise the interdependence of all apparently separate individualities, whether personal or national, and the identical source of origin of all egos, with the consequent responsibility of each particular individual to the whole, and the necessity for the control of individual interests by the greater Self of all.

This control will appear, to the Self-illuminated man, as the highest expression of individual right (or obligation); while to the unenlightened egotist, the selfish separatist, it will appear as an arbitrary interference with his personal freedom. And, as humanity is not yet generally Self-illuminated, it will be necessary to find some means of presenting the

## THE PROBLEM OF PEACE

unpalatable truth to the unenlightened masses in such a way as to enlist their support, if not their sympathy.

The simple statement of truth is not enough to insure its acceptance by the masses; the statement must be made in such a way as to appeal to the sense of right, which lies latent in the heart of man, but which is covered and concealed by various layers of custom and prejudice, which have to be pierced.

The simple rule of violence, the law of "might is right," appeals directly to the meanest intelligence and to some minds seems to be supported by experience as well as by reason. But when reason is enlightened, and when experience is understood, they both agree in discrediting this sophism. For experience will show that like breeds like, and that violence perpetuates the reign of violence, with suffering as a necessary result, and discord as a permanent condition that protests against the fallacy of the saying that "might is right."

The logic of experience alone will not teach men to abandon war even when all are agreed that it is an evil. Habit has made it hard for them to see any other remedy for wrong than violence, and so they continue in the old rut of warfare, but try to make the old habit seem like a new ideal by fighting for the abolition of war. Which shows how useful the mind is to man in providing him with a high-sounding justification of a discredited habit.

Self-deception of this kind may seem ridiculous, but it also seems to be quite satisfactory to many in all lands, otherwise war would have ceased long ago. As a matter of fact it is a declaration of pessimism, a confession that the purpose of life is not understood, nor is it believed to be understandable. So war is resorted to, not as a remedy for wrong, but just as continuation of a state of things that is supposed to be unavoidable. Men have come to look upon war as the necessary shadow cast by the sun of truth shining upon a world of error. But if man would look around he would see that it is not necessary to live in the shadow.

Religious Teachers have come to the world and have told men that life is joy, and that the light that shines from the great central sun of truth is love: that brotherhood is the law of life, and wisdom natural to perfected man. But such teachings are too simple to be accepted by the lower mind of degraded man, who in his degradation and ignorance believes himself to be the crown of creation. Therefore the more crafty proceed to interpret the simple truths and to translate them into doctrines of extraordinary intricacy, which are admirably unintelligible and imposingly involved.

The sun may shine, but men will still find caves in which to hide, and in which they can plausibly deny the existence of sun-light. To enable

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

these cave-dwellers to live in the light of day something more is necessary than the mere destruction of their caves. The burning heat of the desert must be tempered by trees, and trees need water. So the light of truth must be tempered, and so we find the great Teachers giving out veiled truths, and allegories, conceived and expressed in forms that are suited to the condition of the people. But the kings of the cave-dwellers want no light of day at any price, and their constant endeavor is to lead back to darkness those that succeed in escaping from the cave. To do this they promise their people a future revelation of unbelievable light if only they will go deep enough into the darkness.

The allegories and symbols that the great Teachers use are only temporary expedients; but some people endeavor to crystallize these teachings into fixed doctrines which must be accepted as dogmas without further examination.

The true Teachers have always declared that the path by which man must climb to truth is within his own nature. They have never pretended to do anybody's thinking for him. All that they can do is to point the way; the pilgrim must do his own traveling; and the student must find the truth for himself. The Teacher shows a path and throws his light upon it.

As the student goes forward he must expect to find his understanding widen, so that the old forms of truth become useless to him. So the old religious ideas may be outgrown and new ones take their place. Truth like life may be eternal but its forms grow old, and perish while new ones are constantly being born. So when the eternal problem of peace presents itself for our consideration we may expect to find the old ideas as to what constitutes a sound basis for its establishment no longer effective. We have entered a new age, and the eternal truth must find a new form of expression; and perhaps the best guarantee of its effectiveness is its apparent novelty.

We are told that there is nothing new under the sun, but, as time is a long business and human life is very short, there is plenty of room in the history of evolution for old modes of thought to be forgotten and to reappear as novelties after the lapse of a few millenniums or even of centuries. Eternal truth is not new but its manifestation is. The ocean of eternity is the fount of rejuvenation.

The world has been running a rough course for many ages, and civilization has failed to find a sure foundation for permanent peace; which is not surprising when we reflect that the most generally accepted principle of life during the 'historic age' has been precisely that old fallacy known as "might is right."

Might is liable to fluctuations and right is an eternal principle, so




## HUMANITY AT THE CROSSROADS

that while the right may be vested in the strongest, the strength is not permanently established anywhere. Hence the unending struggle for power. Now a new age has dawned, and the more advanced thinkers are declaring that right should be the foundation of might. Later they may come to realize that right *is* might: but first they have to grasp the new idea that the Human Family is a Brotherhood, and that the *rights of man* are the *obligations of men to each other and to all humanity*. Then they may use the golden rule that right is might, and then they may discover that the Golden Age is not so far away, and that the great Problem of Permanent Peace for all the nations is not insoluble.

## HUMANITY AT THE CROSSROADS

KENNETH MORRIS

 HUMANITY is at the crossroads; especially white humanity. Some seven centuries ago, Europe began to awake out of a sleep that had lasted since the fall of Rome, and modern civilization was born. Culturally and spiritually, it was a unit: the forces that led to awakening touched, in varying degree, practically the whole continent west of Russia and the Balkans. Here were the limits within which the Law, or Nature, or God was to evolve a great Civilization.

But civilization, like any tree or plant, to attain its perfection, must have quiet in which to grow. Pull it up a sufficient number of times; hack it about enough; disbranch and disroot it periodically: and if it does not die under the treatment, it will grow up a lopsided awry business altogether, and God nor man will have much comfort from it. So the first requisite is, that its unity must be expressed. There may and should be diversity: the tree should have branches,— but they must remember the trunk and roots. Europe had inherited from the Roman Empire a great political example, following which she might have attained to something very like political salvation. But it must be said that a thorough political instability, an incapacity for orderly harmonious living, has been one of the chief characteristics of Christendom. Its nations have never learned to live together; and for this reason the promise of one of them after another, its fruitfulness of genius, its rich discoveries in life, have been wasted and come to no expectable fruition; but what came with a wealth of creation time after time has gone out exhausted in a riot of war.

Medievalism, indeed, offered a solution of the problem of the union of Christendom; but it failed because it was not a solution that the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

soul of man could tolerate; The union offered was one that meant retardation of thought and restriction of human freedom,— that is to say, of the freedom to grow. The nations came into being, indeed, in opposition to this scheme of unity, and to hinder it; and the diversity they attained by their separation served, for the time being, a divine purpose,— as well as a very devilish one. It enriched culture; mining many veins in the human spirit, instead of only one; on the other hand, it multiplied wars, always a sure preventive of any growth but evil; although wars, on the small scale of those days, left the learned and thinking fairly unaffected. — So progress made steppingstones of nation after nation, using each while she might, and then hopping to another; and from each taking some new cultural wealth. But steppingstones are only useful when the great bridges are blocked; and a compromise, as someone has said, is all right as an umbrella, but a poor thing as a house. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the house was haunted, and the great bridge was blocked.

So the cultural impulse of that age, quickened into life by contact with the high civilization of the Saracens, and manifesting mainly in Italy, France, and England, having produced the universities of Salerno and Bologna, Montpellier and Paris, and Oxford,— Dante, and the French cathedrals, and Roger Bacon's science and Chaucer's human perspicacity, — ran out to ruin and was wasted in the jealousies of the Italian republics, the Hundred Years' War, and the English Wars of the Roses; ran out to ruin without offering anything towards the solution of the great problem of how Europe should live.

Then, in the middle fifteenth century, the Renaissance began; another loosing of tremendous energies. It was the coming of age of Christendom, brought in by new inspirations from old Greece; again Italy blossomed, and Portugal and Spain, and England, and Holland and France; Germany was only thwarted of a flowering that nearly came to her by the wars of religion. This period, which began with the fall of Constantinople in 1453 and ended with the close of the French Golden Age of classical literature about 1700, brought Europe very far along the road of advance: progress now was a considerable army, where in the thirteenth century it had been a straggling band; creation, literary and artistic, that had flowed a thin stream before, was now a roaring torrent. Christendom had learnt, or was learning, military science from the Turks — who had it from the Mongols, who had it from the Chinese,— and wars were on a greater and more ruinous scale. Still the time was not ripe for unity: there was something sinister in the background that made even wars less dangerous than would have been such unity as might have been attained under the aegis of the combined and highly reactionary powers of Spain and the Empire,

## HUMANITY AT THE CROSSROADS

— the one strength possibly great enough, in Christendom, to have forced it. So we find the Light-bringers of the day,— William the Silent, Gustaf Vasa, Henry VIII and Elizabeth Tudor, and again Henri IV, champions of nationalism and creators or preservers of their nations. To the last named indeed, and to his minister Sully, belongs the credit of seeing that there was something better to travel on than steppingstones, and that Europe might gather in a house, and not waddle forever through the rain under mutually conflicting umbrellas. The Reformation had made the old scheme of union happily impossible; they foresaw, imperfectly, a new one; but the time was not ripe for it. So the energies of the Renaissance went out; wasted in Italy by dissensions and too fierce rates of living; in Spain by the wealth her western wars and empires had brought her; in Germany by the Thirty Years' War; in France by the wars of Louis XIV. By the end of the seventeenth century the fires were quite cold.

Two cultural periods had passed, and the problem, ever growing towards a front place because of the growth of culture, had not been solved.

France was the main theater of growth in the century that followed. As a power she was decadent: Louis XV, whose reign covers most of it, an indolent sensualist himself, was served by as inept a set of ministers as ever brought a great nation to the verge of ruin. But in the midst of, and as a reaction against all this sloth and narrow tyranny, a Frenchman arose to make the New Europe possible; and he was followed by another, and then by a host. No other or different type of man, one would say, could have broken the old molds of mind as Voltaire did; and it was these molds of mind, that held Europe enchained and unprogressive, that above all things needed breaking. *Il cultivait son jardin* — which was the freedom of thought of Christendom; *il écrasait l'infâme* — or went a long way towards doing it; and the infamy was that which held the European mind from its freedom. Into the breach he made came Rousseau — and the rest — and made the Revolution possible.

It was the first big step towards solution of the problem. It was a cataclysm, in which many things were swept away, but not human nature. The evil in the heart of man, the old bad legacy of centuries, spoilt it as to many of its finer purposes; but it made a huge gap in the walls of ancient tyranny and abuse: a gap more important culturally, intellectually, and spiritually, than in the political sense. Above all things, a wonderful new note was sounded, that of Internationalism. Progress was to take the high road, and cross by the Great Bridge, and leave the muddy by-paths, the slippery steppingstones, that had involved it in such various and long disasters. In every country in Europe there were men who heard this strange new music; and it seemed as if indeed a new day might be dawn-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ing,— as if at last efficiency, a decent freedom, union and untrammelled progress, were in sight.

The impulse of the first period of culture was from abroad and from the Saracens; that of the second was from of old and from Greece; that of the third, the nineteenth century, was from the heart of things.

That the Revolution had brought in a new phase or period of history soon became very clear. Through the breaches Voltaire had bombed through the ramparts of old reactionary thought, a great new knowledge came pouring in. Minds, in this freer atmosphere, began to work — at wresting the secrets of her material forces from Nature; steam, discovered, brought in the Industrial Age, and heralded new and new discoveries that soon put the nineteenth century in a class apart from all its historical predecessors. Civilized mankind had now a weapon in its hands that it had never had before, or never remembered having: one that might be a blessing, in so far as it made possible much higher standards of living; but that might just as easily be a curse. Olden civilizations had fallen,— the Roman, the Saracenic, the Chinese,— and their falls had been fraught with disaster in proportion as the means of disaster were at hand; and there never were such means of disaster as now. The Thirty Years' War wrought more ruin in the seventeenth century, than did the Hundred Years' War in the thirteenth and fourteenth; the Five Years' War of 1914-1918 wrought far more than the Thirty Years' War did. We have come to such a pass of deadly knowledge that the next war may last a week, and leave Europe cityless, houseless, almost manless.

For railways, telegraphs, steamships, automobiles, and aeroplanes have made the world small and jammed the nations close together: isolation is no longer possible; the varied colors of the national cultures, evolved in the years of separation, Nature seems intent now on blending into one perfect whole. In the thirteen decades that have elapsed since the French Revolution, Christendom has been marching towards a general culture: a Racine, known only to France, is hardly any longer possible; the man who has anything to say, speaks more and more to the whole world. Thus brotherhood is being forced upon us. It is no longer any Sage of Ferney *contra mundum*: the balances are held pretty evenly between freedom of thought and *l'infâme*. Also, as in the ripeness of every past civilization, but as never before in Christendom, humanism has grown up and grown strong: millions feel acutely and unselfishly the sufferings of their fellows, and labor to lessen them. These things are our assets; they are what give us hope that humanity will take the right road.

On the other hand, in certain quarters selfishness is hugely accentuated; the discoveries and material advance of the age have given it a means of growth and of satisfaction that it has not had before in historical

## HUMANITY AT THE CROSSROADS


times. And cheek by jowl with internationalism, the demon of imperialism has grown up, in certain sections of all the great nations, preparing the way for destruction; history is there to tell us that imperialism precedes national death as surely as death follows old age in the life of individual men. The same spirit of national selfishness is reflected in many small nations as a rabid irrational nationalism, quite unakin to patriotism in any decent sense of the word. Things are all on a gigantic scale: successes and disasters alike. The great problem must be solved now; because the moment has come when it is death not to solve it.

On the one hand there is the God in man pleading; on the other, there are the demons of greed, of hatred and lust of revenge, plotting. What the first demands is that we shall be no longer hampered by the past. If a man has injured you deeply, and you can wrench round your mind, and say of that man, I know that he is a Soul; I know that the Holy Spirit of Humanity works through him toward perfection; I recognise in him, as in myself, the Divine Thing struggling to manifest Itself; — you have more than satisfied your desire for revenge; you have banished or transmuted it, and put an angel with balm in your heart where that sore gnawing devil battered. There is as much personal satisfaction to be had from exercise of magnanimity as from the fulfilment of revenge; and it is of a finer and more exhilarating kind. Let the God in man win his cause, and as much happiness as mankind may know is assured to our children: a world wherein brotherhood is the order, where kindness is a growing habit; where war and the horrors it breeds belong only to the dark chapters of the past. Unknown kingdoms within man will be discovered; unknown powers will unfold, begetting joys of which we know nothing; we shall look back and down, then, upon our present selves as now we have leave to look down on the animals; the energies that have been wasted on wars and warlike preparations, will be available then for the cultivation of a nobler humanity.

But what the demons plot for is War; and war is damnation now, literally and absolutely, for the nations that wage it. Greed shall march that course to beggary; ambition, to humblyment in the dust. All that is needed is a little more war, to reduce our boasted white race to savagery. We have come to the crossroads; there is to be no more blind blundering through follies with the hope that we shall still be on the road at the end. We shall not; beware; this is the Gadarene slope on the one hand. We have come to the crossroads, and are invited to turn, and march — but to march *together* — into the Golden Age and the Glory of God.

## THE MENACE OF DELAY IN ESTABLISHING PEACE

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HEN will and imagination are in conflict, it is always the imagination that wins," that is, becomes the guide of conduct. Before any action is entered upon there is and must be in some part of consciousness an imagined picture or fore-feeling of the doing of it; and conversely, when such a picture or fore-feeling is long enough in consciousness it becomes strong enough to compel its own realization in conduct, whatever the *wish* may be. The drunkard may *wish* not to drink, but if he lets his imagination dwell long enough on the idea of drinking, drink he surely will.

In the sentence quoted, *wish* should be the word instead of *will*. For will and imagination are two sides of the same activity. You can only will by first imagining what you will to do, and as soon as you have begun to imagine it the latent will is already stirring in it. The nations may be all of them wishing for peace, but it is of war they are thinking. It is war they are imagining, with war their consciousness is occupied. And so they are heading on for war. There is an old Eastern saying, "Whatever a man thinks constantly of, that he becomes." It will not be less true nor greatly changed if we say, "Whatever a man thinks of himself as doing, that he will do."

In the full sense of the word 'peace', the nations, even the most pacific, are not willing it. There is nowhere a positive imaginative construction of the idea of peace. At best they are wishing not-war, and in the very wish it is war that is the definite picture in imagination. Peace is not simply not fighting; it is a positive, not a mere negative. The word should cover nearly all the ground covered by the word 'brotherhood'; it is part of the same idea, a live attitude, absolutely negating war and infinitely rich in its implications. In this sense the idea as yet exists hardly anywhere. But it is the one and only power capable of dissipating that cloud of war-thought and war-dread which is otherwise certain to darken again into universal storm.

If you want anything, prepare to receive it. That sounds like common sense. But how about the sacred word *preparedness*? The military authorities tell us: If you want peace, prepare for — war! But the other nations, similarly desirous (most of them) to dwell under the wings of peace, are making the same curious arrangements to gratify their longing. Preparedness for peace turns out to be exactly the same as preparedness for war! On both sides, each watching the other's doings, armaments heap up; war taxes increase; the best scientific minds are entrained;

## THE MENACE OF DELAY IN ESTABLISHING PEACE

capital is more and more drawn from healthy productivity to the absolute unproductivity of war-materials. And the idea of war, not of peace, is the persisting dominant. It is this that fills the international imagination, the constant and increasing presence in each national mind. A crash is inevitable; but the average intelligence seems incapable of seeing the obvious.

It has been said that if a man should fully realize — that is, imagine clearly enough — that he must one day die, he would give up living at once. But for that he must realize it; not merely, as now, intellectually assent to it. For of course he does all the time know it to be a fact. But with that fact or piece of knowledge he effects a compromise by not *realizing* it, not making it a living power and presence in his imagination. Without the aid of imagination, belief is merely a colorless and bloodless outline sketch, mere geometry. It is imagination that is the color and blood and life of belief. Men will go to the martyr's stake for something their imaginations have got hold of. Most of them will hardly part with ten cents for a mere *belief* in the same thing.

Now, the average man hardly makes any voluntary use of his imagination; almost nothing of that faculty is astir in him. This his most godlike quality, with which he could do all things and create anything and redeem everything, lies in him with wings almost folded. And so he will calmly accept it that civilization is in danger, or crumbling, or even on the way to final wreck and ruin,— and go on with his eggs and bacon with unhampered appetite behind his newspaper: just as, during the war, he read of a thousand men being wiped out in a bayonet charge, never doubting and yet never realizing. It is too much to say that his imagination is *never* astir. It *is* stirred when he reads about his own country's peerless army or navy; when the battleships come majestically into the harbor; when a regiment of his soldiers passes down the street; when he thinks of his country's power to 'wollop' any other; or, again, when he feels some fear that it may *not* have that power. And it is that fear, energizing and pre-occupying the imagination, that is threatening civilization. If we could only get the threat as vividly alive in our imaginations as the fear, we might begin seriously to think of the remedy for the threat. We should energize our imaginations around the word peace till the light and power of the idea glowed up in us and made us see the divine possibilities of human life on earth as we never did before. We should make the idea so unfold its implications that we should be ourselves transformed and re-born and reorientated in all our thinking.

Here in America the world-war did not mean much poverty. The eggs and bacon were not greatly curtailed. But they were curtailed to vanishing point over much of Europe, and even the bread that with us goes along unconsidered. And the women and the old men grew gaunt

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and haggard, and the children starved and died, and starve and die yet. But the countries where, on the whole, things did not get so far as that, are preparing or ready for more war, whether fearing it or not; some, even when things *did* get as far as that. The whole situation is utterly unstable. Yet there is no imaginative realization anywhere of the urgent danger to civilized life. Before the French Revolution much of the peasantry of France lived like beasts, mostly on roots and grass. They rose, ultimately, and altered things. There was plenty of salvageable civilization left to assert itself. What Europe is facing, *and we here likewise*, is the possibility of the continuance of wars and their after-effects till there is *no* salvaging possible -- a set of ruined peoples, the instruments of production and the instinct of production destroyed, trade impossible, law powerless, and order vanished, mob-anarchy alone remaining, the Dark Ages *minus* the points of light that then prevented utter night. If anyone thinks the picture extreme, he has only to think of Europe in 1913 and of Europe now in 1923, and with the contrast as his guide look forward through the mists of further wars to the end of, say, one more decade -- 1933; and then ask himself whether it is so sure that by that time there will be any civilization left in Europe. . . .

But America, surely, with her ocean barriers, is not part of that picture? All is safe there? Well, we can only say that if America does feel herself so safe, upon her lies all the more pressingly and overwhelmingly the duty of pronouncing and proclaiming the watchword of peace with a new meaning, a new sacredness, peace resting on brotherhood, peace active, peace which is no mere negation of war but its divine opposite, peace which is the one condition of the realization of every ideal of human life. And only by the compassionate and successful discharge of that duty, done from a standpoint of feeling higher than any she has yet as a people achieved, can America find her own salvation. Otherwise "the menace of delay" confronts her as formidably as it confronts any of the others.



"THEY [the Utopians] detest war as a very brutal thing, and which to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by man than any other sort of beast; and they, against the custom of almost all other nations, think there is nothing more inglorious than that glory which is gained by war."

— SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia*



## WAR'S AFTERMATH AND THE DUTY THAT CONFRONTS US

LYDIA ROSS. M. D.

"We are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly."--- *Katherine Tingley*



IN the aftermath of the world-war, humanity is gathering another crop of tares from the battlefield, where, in the awful harvest-home of human errors, the war-god mowed down millions of men.

Prominent among the noxious mental weeds, cultivated for centuries, is the rank growth of misleading half-truths about human duality. The ancient truth that man is a son of God, and that "heaven is within" the animal body, has been so dwarfed and distorted as to mean that man is a sort of sinful dummy in a moral No-man's-land. This idea makes a negation of his duty to attain to victory through self-conquest.

Today, even though this mental chaff be taken well mixed with indifference and doubt, its influence has so vitiated the racial blood that the old taint still works out in various ways. Does not human nature, in up-to-date man and nation, blame its wrongs upon some outsider, and expect the powers that be to favor its cause? What warring nation failed to credit the enemy with all the aggression and the atrocities, and with being generally to blame? The war-god saw to it that the public mind was fed up with this poisoned grain, so as to add to the delirium of war, which began with confused issues of right and wrong.

This same lack of self-knowledge, this failure to understand one's own inherent weakness and potential powers, is confusing the issues and increasing the problems of civilian life, at home and abroad. The savage energy of the battlefield is conserved in the restless, disintegrating, chaotic activities of individual and national affairs. In the eternal war between the forces of light and of darkness, armistice is unknown.

Our imperative duty, at this "pivotal point," is to line up heroically with the finer forces of brotherhood that are struggling *within us* against the sublimated brutality of animal powers. Our modern progress must proceed, if at all, upon the higher levels of human aim and endeavor. Racial history has rounded out another cycle of material and intellectual attainment. Today, every soul is challenged to write a new and nobler record upon the enduring screen of time,--- something superb for future history to repeat. *Light on the Path* reminds us that

"By your great enemy, I mean yourself. If you have the power to face your own soul in

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the darkness and silence, you will have conquered the physical or animal self which dwells in sensation only.

“This statement, I fear, will appear involved; but in reality it is quite simple. Man, when he reaches his fruition, and civilization is at its height, stands between two fires. Could he but claim his great inheritance, the incumbrance of the mere animal life would fall away from him without difficulty. But he does not do this, and so the races of men flower and then droop and die and decay off the face of the earth, however splendid the bloom may have been. And it is left to the individual to make this great effort; to refuse to be terrified by his greater nature, to refuse to be drawn back by his lesser or more material self. Every individual who accomplishes this is a redeemer of the race. . . .

“ . . . As he retreats within himself and becomes self-dependent, he finds himself more definitely becoming part of a great tide of definite thought and feeling. . . . As he flings life away it comes to him in a new form and with a new meaning.”

Early in the war, Katherine Tingley told her students that the worst would come after it was over. From the world ‘movie’ of the daily press one may study many ways in which this prophecy is being fulfilled. Evidently the spectacular passions of war are broadcasted through a psychology as insidious, invisible, and powerful on inner lines, as is the electric current of a battery.

It is well known that as the primary current of electricity traverses a long coil of insulated wire, it *induces* in a nearby insulated coil of a finer wire of greater length, a secondary current. The effect of the primary current, applied to the body, ranges from mild stimulation of muscles to painful and violent contractions, quite beyond the subject’s power to control. It is significant that the passing of the invisible current through the insulated primary coil, induces, in the other insulated coil, a secondary current, more intangible, more intense, as well as more varied in its effects than the original current itself. This is without contact, save through the medium of the ether. The secondary or *induced* current, applied to the body, does not work out in vigorous muscular contractions, but acts in a more intense, penetrating, and vital way upon the nervous system and changes of body-tissues. It is an every-day mystery of nature’s finer forces.

Now, note the mystery of primary and induced currents of thought and feeling, operating through the highly-evolved brain and nerves of the social organism. The primary currents of war-passion, which found cruder outlet in routine muscular action of charging, shooting, stabbing, bombing, etc., have induced a secondary current, now acting through the greater length and finer medium of the world-wires of living brain and nerves. Here is an every-day mystery of human nature’s inner forces. What quality could more consistently account for the intangible, penetrating, widespread sensuous currents that are affecting every function of the body politic today?

We accept the principle of the conservation of energy which asserts

## WAR'S AFTERMATH AND THE DUTY THAT CONFRONTS US

that "energy is as indestructible as matter itself, and as a whole is neither created nor destroyed, but merely changes its form"; and by all the laws of analogy, this applies to potential and dynamic forces of human minds and hearts. They are the living dynamos that generate the vital currents that make for heaven and hell, for peace and war.

A striking phase of duality, seen in homelands and especially at the front, was a spiritual awakening to the realities of life. Many facing the specter of untimely death, close to the veil of the unknown, often 'carrying on' bravely when sorely bereaved, were sustained by finding a larger degree of their immortal selfhood. It was an inarticulate, nameless experience, without creed or formula. Religion was said to be "stripped to the buff in the trenches, where men found it to mean, not formal services, but service and brotherhood." In letters exchanged between boys at the front and home-ties, often heart spoke to heart, naked and unafraid, as infant humanity spoke to Divinity in the Garden of Eden. These compensating touches of peace and love and trust helped to keep the war-torn world from going wholly insane. Many made supreme sacrifices that this should be the last war.

Our matter-of-fact age so rarely finds the way to the heart's sanctuary of peace, that the hopeful credited war with arousing spiritual impulses, where religion had failed. In truth, it was a hard, bitter, unlovely way to learn a little of what peace teaches naturally in the efforts of self-conquest. It was widely predicted that after the soldiers returned home, there would be a different world, with more idealism in its affairs. But the confident prophets reckoned without the war-god's subtil power to make every reverberation of murderous cannon an outgoing ripple of disintegrating force. How well he knew that no armistice could spell defeat for him, unless peace reigned in men's hearts and homelands. He knew that the diabolical efficiency of the war-machine would start up activity in more powerful secondary currents of feeling.

It is an open secret that, despite much splendid unity between officers and their men, every army brought home its quota of class-bitterness, because of abuses of authority. Ambitious human nature everywhere plays "fantastic tricks before high heaven." Also, in a frankly materialistic age, the best exponents of its institutions are not qualified by idealism. With all honor for the many who gave of their best, at home and in the field, can any country honestly claim an ideal type of service, in its government, its medicine, its philanthropy, or its religion? Aside from all unkind and unjust criticism, would not a widespread spiritual awakening, in a crisis, make the higher selfhood more sensitive to all values of mind and heart? Surely added awareness of the innate perfectibility of man would include a sense of fitting methods of activity in every line.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

With all the marvels wrought by sanitation and surgery, the medical science which leaves the soul-man out of account, must lack some of the finer forces of health and healing for the civilized bodies and brains that are mutilated and 'jangled out of tune.' Naturally, also, the common soldier today will question the wisdom and justice of his home government, when the war-hero begs for work in vain, even offering to sell dearly-bought decorations for the crumbs that fall from the table. The beggared hero, with sickened sense, wonders if it was worth while to offer his life; worse yet, whether this life, held so cheaply by his country, is worth the struggle. Thus, the despairing sense of mockery and ingratitude within, and familiar weapons at hand,— turn the scale for crime or suicide.

Even though the soldier escape mutilation and nervous wreckage, his inner life carries home the imprint of horrors of sight and sound and smell, that mar his finer senses for years, or for life. He feels that these desecrating memories are unfit for his fireside,— they taint the air and detract, by so much, from unity with sacred home-ties. Where, too, was the God that was to answer prayers, when he let the war go on until the fighters stopped their own mad folly? Somehow there was something left out of the usual story about the powers and the possibilities of God and man.

The unhappy truth is that the war was an all-round betrayal of society's faith and hope and trust. Even innocence feels degraded when betrayed; and society, not innocent of several decades of self-indulgent drifting, has fallen in its own esteem. It discounts its own units and their composite institutions. The whole social fabric is shaken and in danger for want of self-knowledge.

Meantime, the watchful War-demon gloats over these gleanings of battlefield tares.

Even the wealthy, cultured, leisured classes are suffering because impoverished by the prevailing dearth of living ideals and enthusiasms. The very air is less vitalizing upon the lower levels, to which they have dropped with the rest. Unwittingly, their every breath is timed with that of unnumbered fellow-creatures, who are being dehumanized by suffering and sin, doubt and despair. Note the 'fortunate' at the best hotels, the class commanding every resource, and trying everything outside of themselves,— but bankrupt in confident hope to sustain their bored bodies and brains. They are worse off, in a way, than the poor who still believe there *is* peace and comfort to be found, somewhere, at some price. As a class, they are busy revolving their plans around one or more pet ailments. They keep chemically and microscopically analysed, and operated on and X-rayed, and beautified, and generally treated by all the leading specialists. Yet no one knows what is wasting the joy and strength and sweetness of life, leaving them bored to death.

## WAR'S AFTERMATH AND THE DUTY THAT CONFRONTS US

In truth, the foundations of these strata are also shaken in the general upheaval. In the brotherhood-grading of the human family, all are alike in the common school of earthly experience. Hence all must share in the feelings of the unemployed, the starving, the diseased, the wounded, the homeless, the insane, the degraded, the despairing — and the very few peaceful and happy. The civilized nerves easily pick up the disturbed waves of thought and feeling, and the powerful induced current changes the vibration of the whole being.

Always the wily war-god counts on the disintegrating aftermath to gather up many high-class minds and bodies that nature intended should be sustained and balanced with activities of high ideals. He is well satisfied, too, with the side tribute of guinea-pigs, offered up in laboratories, in searching for the scientific germ-Satan, to be blamed for diseases that keep pace with civilization. Anything pleases him that keeps the conquering soul out of the reckoning.

H. P. Blavatsky's writings give at length the ancient scientific explanation of the surviving 'shade' of the dead. This illusive entity challenges even modern science to discover or to down the ghost that 'walks.' Briefly, the link between man's body of earth-stuff and his incarnating soul-self, is an ethereal mold-body of tenuous, fine, astral matter. Being without reason, conscience, or any soul-quality, this desire-body is a composite entity of the instincts and feelings of the animal man — his lower nature. When natural death dissolves its union with the soul and body, it survives for a time, then disappears in nature's laboratory. Sudden, untimely death frustrates nature's plan for a co-ordinated time-limit of the physical instrument and its semi-conscious duplicate. Then the outgoing sum of thought and feeling — a composite unbodied entity — is deported on to an ethereal plane which affords no play for its strong impulses. Literally as free as thought to come and go in the ethereal realm that interpenetrates the earth, it is strongly attracted to the familiar forms of the living. By similarity of nature, it can share with them the wireless vibrations of ideas and impulses. Especially susceptible to this influence are the many sensitives, the mediumistic, the mentally and physically negative from sickness, idleness, exhaustion, vice, and from vague neuroses and psychoses. Aside from this large contingent, every mind is moved by unseen currents of thought and impulse.

The practical point is that, with millions prematurely killed by war and its allied famine and pestilence, the earth's ethereal envelope is teeming with wandering impulses of war-passion, hunger, delirium, infection, and despair. Any attempt to picture the sum of evils that the war-god has turned loose upon the living, staggers the imagination. Can anything less insidious, malignant, and uncanny account for the alarming prevalence

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

of negative drifting and of unreckoning rapid pace upon the lower levels of life? All the material injury that the world has suffered from the war is less disastrous than the unrecognised psychology of the aftermath.

The law of compensation is no less universal than the law of duality. The appalling conditions confronting us today point out how the royal reserves of splendid human forces act *when misdirected*. Far more could be done with unselfish motive directing the creative forces of men and nations into natural humanistic channels of reconstruction. Only a fraction of the energy wasted by war, could establish a state of permanent, positive peace, with practical idealism the rule, not the exception. Human efforts to progress by 'self-directed evolution' would be backed by all the forces of natural law, ever working toward perfection of type. Men would feel self-challenged to *live*, not die, for their ideals, thereby winning the supreme victory of the soul over the flesh. The inner Warrior would give a new and increasing zest to hourly contests between duty and desire. War would seem a poor counterfeit of the natural "flames and generousities of the heart."

William Q. Judge describes this time as the Iron Age, the Kali-Yuga; but, bad as it is, he points out the compensation:

"Yet Kali-Yuga by its very nature, and terrible, swift momentum, permits one to do more with his energies in a shorter time than in any other Yuga. . . . But noble hearts still walk here, fighting over again the ancient fight. They seek each other, so as to be of mutual help. We will not fail them. . . . I am content if I can see the next step in advance only. You seek *The Warrior*. He is here, somewhere. No one can find him for you. You must do that. Still he fights on.

. . . "Under the great cyclic laws which govern us, periods arrive even in the worst of ages, when good examples of living, imprinted on the astral light, cause effects ever increasing in intensity, until at last the 'gods' begin in distant spheres to feel the force of these good actions and to return again to help mankind on the recurrence of a better age."


In the present leveling down of the old order of things that is passing away, could any heart ask a more sovereign duty than to make his daily life challenge the gods to add their powers to his, in the cause of Peace?



"THIS might have been prevented and made whole  
With very easy argument of love;  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate."— *Shakespeare*

## THE COURAGE OF PERSEVERANCE

ALICE COPELAND

HE word 'courage' is doubtless as familiar to the human family as either 'father' or 'mother'; for as soon as an infant son can walk he is given a cap and drum — or perhaps only a stick — and told to march like a soldier.

Then the child's imagination is stimulated by stories of heroes who, possessed of courage, vanquish menacing foes. Stories of pirates please his fancy and he reads of them being conquered by men of courage in the name of law and order.

He learns the meaning of independence-days and memorial days, and listens to orations about the courage of Washington, Lincoln, and Lafayette. The courage which inspired such characters as Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton, also give inspiration to his young mind; and further understanding and appreciation is challenged by the stories of Columbus, Nansen, Stanley, and others, who have explored unknown regions that humanity might know beyond speculation the character of the earth's surface and its people.

Later he observes for himself the examples of courage which never fail to appear in the panics, disasters, and tragedies which beset every age and race.

Dipping into history, fiction, and romance, courage stands out in the building of nations, the untangling of human tangles, and the conquering of foes that dwell on the threshold of man's spiritual aspirations.

Little has been left unsaid about courage, particularly of the military kind. The laudation of military heroes and the stimulus given to follow their example, may account, in some degree, for the substitution of military, civil, yes and religious, injunctions to kill, for the Biblical commandment, THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

Some soldier of fortune conquers unoffending people, destroys homes, lives, and countries,— and statues are erected to commemorate his "enterprise" and courage.

What kind of courage is this that dares to take life in defiance of the inborn spiritual injunction not to kill? The same courage, apparently, that inspired the Crusaders to ride forth into peaceful, well-organized countries wearing — forsooth — the Christ-symbol over their hearts, and kill men for no other reason than because they called *their* Christ, Mohammed. The relentless psychology of benighted unrighteous thoughts, must have been — as it still is — the moving power behind this sort of courage, which men have been led to applaud, even as it has always been

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the persistently driving force back of all barbaric impulses through the centuries.

Another angle of this subject of courage is that which involves the giving of one's own life; and commendation for that kind of courage stands very high on the pinnacles of fame. Wars are declared and enlistments follow; psychologically inspired patriotism is glorified by psychologically inspired sentiments; and the giving of one's life is lauded as a very noble sacrifice. But if trench-mortars and machine-guns had speech, they might silence such war-sentiments with their yells of victory. Had they tongues, they could well boast the grim facts: that trench-mortars and machine-guns, in the name of Destruction (a conscious force by the way), got the lives intended for salvation-purposes; that they, the efficient tools of the gods of war, ruined life because it might, if allowed to persevere, save something -- countries, men, and everything of value to civilization; consuming it like the jaws of a Moloch.

So complete is the victory of the war-spirit that nations, the world over, are on the verge of annihilation, or in fear of that catastrophe. And the mad sacrifice of life is a harrowing testimony to the havoc accomplished by the power of this psychology.

Well might triumphal arches be erected to the powers of Destruction! War-demons are undeniably the victors; nations, the losers; and human life the dust of *unsanity*.

War, however, having been an important business of humanity for centuries, a peculiar specialization, requiring an unvaunted kind of courage, is and has been exacted all down the ages. The wounded -- war-victims they are called -- are perforce salvaged, because Fate, or better, Karma, decreed that their sacrifice be accepted on different terms. They become by necessity an exemplary kind of hero, because of the courage they command to meet life under great difficulties. The courage which faced a barrage, tempered by indifference to death -- a not unwelcome alternative to such a hell -- pales in comparison with that which has to be summoned to meet the insuperable obstacles caused by wounds and amputations. Robbed of natural endowments, a perfectly equipped, well-organized body, the wounded are compelled to meet the exigencies of life with the serious handicaps of physical disability, and under circumstances made doubly severe by post-war conditions.

Auxiliary to this new and unsought state of existence, there lurks a heretofore unknown yet justifiable anxiety lest dependent ones should in turn become victims also -- victims of want and negligence imposed by the unfavorable circumstances.

Such a post-war picture is a familiar one, so common, perhaps, that it meets with indifference born of familiarity. Yet the cripples and the



## THE COURAGE OF PERSEVERANCE

women who share with them this new order, or rather disorder of life, inevitably acquire a new courage, the sublime courage to persevere, the quality of courage that inspires those of sterling integrity to persevere in life and for life in face of opposition and discouragement.

The first courage is backed by exuberance of health and physical prowess — the sophist's qualifications for war and for gas and for guns. But the courage of the wounded to persevere with life, diseased, crippled, side-tracked, is by Divinity endowed. It invokes a perseverance which overcomes obstacles immediately connected with self; and opens the door to visions of true spiritual value.

How curious it is that physical courage, as a rule, should be so much more lauded than the higher courage, this sublime courage of perseverance! How curious it also is that this scantier recognition of truly high courage is sometimes delayed for many years, and that its first reception is often condemnation instead of applause, ridicule and even persecution!

A Tom Paine, for instance, is outlawed and imprisoned because he dares to think and speak with mental and spiritual understanding. Perhaps more by contrast than intent, a Tom Paine involuntarily reveals the stupidity of minds fettered by self-imposed limitations and unchristian spirit, minds albeit endowed with intellect and free-will, which can condemn and attack real courage because blinded by somebody's say-so.

But in spite of condemnation, persecution, and contumely, such a man perseveres along progressive, constructive lines. The perseverance of his courage in time kindles fires of righteous indignation, which smolder sometimes a hundred years, or until some of the clouds of mental inertia and stupidity lift and reveal in all hideousness the conscious foes to progressive thought. This indignation is righteous, for it is right and against that grievous wrong so often leveled at those who heroically persevere in maintaining the inherent, divine right of man to think for himself.

How strange it is that men should not only prefer to have their thinking done for them, but that they should also prefer those thoughts which carry a psychological push downwards!

Thoughtful and altruistic minds have a lonelier experience. But their recompense is the power of a glorified courage which grows stronger with every sincere, silent effort against the forces of opposition and disintegration. And the perseverance begotten of such courage breaking through incrustations of mental desuetude, stirs men to conflict — conflict with emotions within themselves, and in time wears away the stubbornness of wrong thought as effectively as the incessantly dropping water wears away the stone.

Fighting for possessions seems to be a common activity. So man, comfortably ensconced in sensuous apathy, fights when he feels danger of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

molestation, even if by nothing more than a (to him) new idea. This conflict between the various emotions means warfare of the higher against the lower self; and the courage, which perseveres in stimulating such conflict, is far greater than the much vaunted courage which is only challenged to kill somebody or something outside of self.

It is often difficult to find words that are adequate to describe the psychology of thought, but human conduct may reveal the fact somewhat in advance of our powers of expression. Today conviction is quite general that thought is a controlling power. Fifty years ago H. P. Blavatsky was ridiculed and calumniated for suggesting the idea, and that in spite of the fact that America had been established one hundred years before in the name of Liberty, and Toleration for the sincere thoughts of others. She was, in fact, persecuted for maintaining the idea that religion and science should harmonize. It took nearly a half-century for such an obvious truth to penetrate our psychological crust, and thinking minds are now openly proclaiming the necessity of reconciling religion and science, without any danger whatever of unpleasant criticism.

The courage of perseverance, which was H. P. Blavatsky's impelling characteristic, was, without doubt, a distinct help in changing public sentiment. She hammered at dogmatism and mental inertia relentlessly, and eventually stirred minds into action. She broke through incrustations of materialism with the hammer of perseverance, and smiled at criticism with the courage that defies opposition.

She proposed, nearly fifty years ago, in the face of opposition, the formation of the unsectarian organization known as the Theosophical Society, which had for its essential purpose the forming of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood. But the enunciation of the simple truth that brotherhood is a fact in nature was received as a mere sentimental vaporing. Today the world is begging for brotherhood, in the keen realization that, if it be not universally practiced, our civilization will be completely lost, even as unbrotherliness and a failure to recognise human solidarity have in past ages caused the destruction of other civilizations, as history so plainly reveals.

Because of this perseverance, the nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood became an organized body in which people today from many different countries are together recognising the fundamental principle of Brotherhood as an actual fact in daily life. The success of their efforts offers a concrete example of practical brotherhood, well worthy of adoption by this war-ravaged, unbrotherly world. It is the one panacea now fervently prayed for by the constructively thinking minds of all nations.

The practice of altruism removes human limitations and reveals divine potentialities. It begets appreciation of values and discrimination be-

## THE COURAGE OF PERSEVERANCE

tween the realities and the unrealities of life. The interrelationship of all the kingdoms is better appreciated, and the heresy of separateness is more clearly understood. Even our atoms and molecules have a newer consciousness of their own, since someone had the courage to persevere, in the face of ridicule, with a declaration of their characteristics and purpose in life.

Everyone is now aware of the fact that the atoms of the physical body may be influenced by one's thoughts. Thought gives impulse and, given impulse, the nature of the atom is to persevere in the given direction; so it follows that the very make-up of the physical body becomes tintured, as it were, by the general character of thought and purpose and therefore makes readier response to that character of impulse than to any other. In other words, the habit of the individual becomes the habit of the body; and since the body is our only instrument and means for expressing ourselves, it is easy to see why wrong habits of thought tend to persist, even when we know they are wrong and would like to change them, and why it is only through courageous perseverance that they can be checked and redirected.

The crimes of all ages may be found attributable to just one thing: wrong thinking. And because of the power of thought, an even more powerful courage that inspired by the divine nature in each man --- will be necessary to overcome its disastrous momentum and consequences. Such courage must obviously be accompanied by perseverance, an unending perseverance, if right is to overrule wrong.

How plain it is, then, that wrong thoughts are the starting-points of all our difficulties, that they, in fact, are the only real enemies with which man has to contend! Fighting their ultimate expressions is on a par with the medical doctoring of symptoms: it reaches not to the roots nor eradicates causes.

Of a truth Jesus was right when he said: "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." Herein lies the crux of all human friction and difficulties, the fundamental cause of all human tragedy. And the remedy for all human tragedy will only be found when each one marshals for himself his own divine courage to persevere against his own wrong thoughts, the impulses of his own lower nature.

The remedy sounds simple and would be so in fact, were it not for our deeply fixed habit in the other direction. Notwithstanding our alleged belief in the Tenth Commandment, we have wanted much that we have not earned; and, in spite of equal acceptance of the Fifth Commandment, we have seen fit to adopt extraordinary means for securing what we covet. And then, in order to befool ourselves into believing that all these promptings of the lower nature came from the higher (for we like to think well of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ourselves), we have attempted to justify our conduct by claiming that we were taking life in the name of Law and of Liberty, in the name of Justice and Patriotism, even in the name of Christ; and in the name of Christ, Patriotism, Liberty, and Justice we have ventured to grant decorations for the courage to kill.

Man's lower nature may try to masquerade as the higher; but one thing it will not do — it will not recognise its own responsibility. Always does it look outside itself for the guilty one when things go wrong; nor ever dreams that the entertainment of Greed, Jealousy, and Hatred, effectually closes the door to Peace, Happiness, and Progress, closes it to the man, to his country, to the world, and to posterity. If we could but silence every impulse to look outside our own selves for causes of trouble, the joy of life would become manifest.

“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

Could the genius of the hour recognise this proverb as a practical formula for conduct, the problem of World-Peace would be solved. But the permanency of peace would nevertheless rest upon individual possession of that divine courage, born of the Higher Self, which can persevere against the obstacles and the weaknesses of the lower nature.

## OLYMPIA AND THE SACRED TRUCE

MRS. A. G. SPALDING



THE name Olympia brings to our minds an imaginary picture of mythical gods, heroes, illustrious athletes, poets, and sculptors, leading us into a world so rich in historical treasures that we are held by its fascination.

Taking a backward view of Olympia, we find that the origin of Olympia has rather a mythical and legendary history, but it is best known by its having been the seat of that ancient Greek Festival, the Olympic Games. These Games took place every four years. At first they were of a local character; later, all districts of Greece took part, and still later some of the countries neighboring to Greece sent their most famous men. Shortly after Nero, the Games were discontinued, having passed from their original purposes. Greece had weakened, the glory of ancient Hellas had vanished, the Romans were usurping.

The Olympia of old was a very beautiful vale, surrounded by wooded hills and picturesque plains, through which flowed the two rivers, the Alpheus and the Kladeos, banked by palm-trees, making a charming

## OLYMPIA AND THE SACRED TRUCE

picture. This valley belonged, even before the Dorian invasion, to the city of Pisa, a short distance from Olympia. But the Pisates were not the first inhabitants of the Olympian valley. Shrouded in the mists of antiquity — history only half emerged from the realm of legend — there are evidences that Pelasgians, Cretans, Dorians, Achaians, and Aitolians had contended for its possession from historic times, introducing their religions and myths. The most ancient figure of all was the Pelasgian Kronos, the name being still remembered by a low hill to the north of Olympia called the Kronion.

We believe that the ancient glory of Greece has been perpetuated through her classic traditions, all having a basis of truth, which holds them in the remembrance of historians and students. It is inspiring to the modern student to believe the legendary tales of these famous old Greek heroes.

Passing briefly over the time of Homer (supposedly 1000 B. C.) who is said to have mentioned, in the Iliad, the Olympic Games, we find, after a period of decline, that the Olympic Games were interrupted and discontinued; they were restored by Iphitos, King of Elis (ninth century B. C.) himself an Aitolian, who joined with the Dorians in making a revival and definitive organization of the Olympian Games. From the time of Homer to 884 B. C., the country was so altered that even the memory of the ancient Games was nearly lost. Of Iphitos — who succeeded to the throne of Elis, not by inclination a warrior, still of an active, brilliant nature and dissatisfied with the unsettled condition of the country,— this interesting story is told. He sent a solemn embassy to Delphi to supplicate information from the presiding deity, asking how the anger of the Gods, which threatened total destruction to the Peloponnesus through endless hostilities among its people, might be averted. This answer was returned: "The Olympian Festival must be restored; for the neglect of that solemnity has brought on the Greeks the indignation of the God Zeus, to whom it was dedicated: and a cessation of arms must therefore immediately be proclaimed for all cities desirous of partaking in it." Iphitos, obedient, caused the armistice to be proclaimed. Some historical critics insinuate that it was in the mind of Iphitos himself to do this.

It was due to Iphitos that the remarkable custom called the 'Sacred Truce' was instituted. He is said to have combined with Lycurgus of Spartan fame in making this a treaty. It will be remembered that the original Olympia was not a city but a sacred inclosure devoted to the Olympian Zeus. Greece at that period was not a unified country. Especially were the Spartans and Athenians great rivals. This Truce, which was engraved upon the shield of Iphitos, was imposed upon all Greek cities taking part in the Olympian Games, for a definite period called

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the *Sacred Month*, which began some days before and ended some days after the celebration of the Games, usually in July. It was especially Elis which profited by the advantages of this truce, by which it was forbidden for any foreign bands to pass *armed* across this sacred district, under penalty of paying a considerable sum of money into the treasury of the temple of Olympian Zeus. They were obliged, therefore, to lay aside their arms, which they might only bear again after having passed the frontier.

This truce contributed greatly to the prosperity of this city, for the inhabitants were free from the many internal wars Greece was noted for in that period. The Elians recognised this and erected a statue to Iphitos, representing him as being crowned by a female form personifying the Truce. This statue was placed in the Temple of Zeus.

This Sacred Truce seems to have been the first instance in European history of such a convention having been made, and also seems a forerunner of what the Theosophical Organization is now trying to make a possible living power in all lives, *the permanent brotherhood of mankind*. If a sacred truce were a reality then, when nations were more like tribes, possessed of the conquering spirit, warlike, separated, how much more naturally could permanency in peace be realized today! But the narrow pressing interests of parties and individuals cramp the spirit of universal brotherhood, which really would reveal what might be, if all hearts were at peace with one another.

If Olympia had never become noted for its Games, it would still be remembered by its beautiful pieces of sculpture, excavated by the German government, of which two are still in almost perfect condition. The Hermes of Praxiteles was intact, when found, with the exception of the right arm and the legs from the knees down. The head and body are perfect, the blue on the drapery and the gold on the sandals still of good color, as the writer can testify, when it was viewed at Olympia some years ago.

The Nike of Paeonius, known to the general mind as the 'Victory,' has been saved also. This statue was raised as a monument by the Messenians at Naupactus. Some parts of this statue had to be restored. The wonderful statue of the Olympian Zeus by Pheidias was stolen, as were many other beautiful works.

The magnificent Temple of Zeus, also a creation of Pheidias, is now but a mass of ruins, earthquakes and convulsions of nature, the cause. There is a belief among the Greeks that there is gold concealed in Olympia, in what form I am unable to say. But there was an amusing rumor some time past that wealthy Americans were going to buy Olympia and make it a pleasure-resort. The inhabitants became very indignant and opposed it,

## OLYMPIA AND THE SACRED TRUCE

thinking the greedy Americans were after the gold. So much for an unfortunate reputation!

A month before the Games commenced, the intending competitors began to arrive with their brilliant retinues. It must be remembered that these competitors were men of distinction, heads of provinces, and possessors of wealth and learning. The scene was a very brilliant, colorful sight as they encamped with their tents and banners of different shapes and colors around the hills and the banks of the Olympian vale. Their early arrival was necessitated in order that their capacities as athletes should be proved before the public trial, which took place before the Hellanodicae, in the gymnasium at Elis.

The Hellanodicae, entering on their duties after having taken the required oath, were the ten judges appointed by the Eleans, for one Olympiad only. The Olympic Games were closed to citizens of towns that had not paid the tribute imposed for violation of the Sacred Truce, to sacrilegious persons and homicides, and to those who had been deprived of civil and political rights. The oath taken by the Hellanodicae and the athletes on the first day of the Olympic celebration was sacred. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the Olympic Festival was of a sacred character, and was marked by religious ceremonies and pageants. So solemn and faithful was the observance of this oath that it was kept with but rare exceptions.

Women were not allowed to participate in person in the games or even witness them, with one exception; a place of honor was made for the Priestess of Demeter Chamyne. When the Games were beginning, at the critical moment the Hellanodicae entered, clothed in purple, wearing crowns. They took seats reserved for them. Opposite them, the Priestess of Demeter Chamyne advanced and took her seat on a throne facing them. Then the contests opened with their vicissitudes and excitement. There is no definite procedure given of the Games, but it is known that a wonderful pageant always preceded them. The running-races of the boys were considered very seriously. Women began to participate in the Games when the chariot-races and other equestrian games were held, about B. C. 680.

The glorious epoch of the Olympian Games was, we hold, probably from the time of Pythagoras, born at Samos about 600 B. C., to the third century, B. C. During this period brilliant writers and poets competed for prizes as well as the athletes. Pythagoras, who was one of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, is said to have won prizes for feats of agility at the Olympic Games; so also Aeschylus, first of the three great tragic poets of Greece and probably the first dramatist, born at Eleusis 525 B. C.; Pindar the great lyric poet; Simonides, noted for his witty

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

epigrams and pathetic poetry (said to have won a prize over Aeschylus for the best elegy on those who fell at Marathon); Sophocles, born 495 B.C., the tragic poet, celebrated for having won first prize more than twenty times; Euripides, one of the three great dramatic poets, born at Salamis 480 B. C., for whom Socrates had such an admiration that he rarely went to the Theater unless some drama of Euripides was performed.

Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Themistocles, and many others as renowned, took part in these Games as actors or observers, the victorious being remembered in triumphal odes sung or recited at the banquets later. Thus we can realize how the glory of these Games attracted the jealousies of neighboring countries, and the attempted usurpations, notably by the Romans. Gradually the Games degenerated and ceased.


History records much of the Heroic Age preceding this era, which left the people in a turbulent, restless state. Iphitos, the king, realized the necessity for changing this condition. He knew that sport of a truly uplifting character was one thing that humans, of all races, could unite in common with, and enjoy. Music is another, but it was not so general at that period. It came in later.

The Games served to modify and soften the rough temperaments of these strong Hellenes; in 776 B. C., the victors' names were first inscribed.

From that period the Sacred Truce was broken but three times.

## THE LURE OF WAR-PROFITS

HUGH PERCY LEONARD

 HE killing of one's fellow-man in a sudden gust of 'uncontrollable' passion is conceivable by all who have not yet attained self-mastery; but that any considerable body of men, incited by the love of gain, should with set purpose and deliberate intent foment a war and thus consign their brothers under arms to painful death, lingering disease, and shocking mutilation, is a thing almost too horrible to be believed. Individual cases of such depravity doubtless exist; but such exceptions are only conceivable in the light of an ancient teaching which enables us to understand how certain men may be degraded to the level of the fiends, and still retain our faith in normal human nature and a lively expectation for the progress of the race.

The teaching referred to is to the effect that a steady persistence in evil in defiance of the warnings of conscience, results in the retirement of the divine spark whose presence alone raises man above the status of the animal. Freed from control, the man becomes that sinister anomaly:



## THE LURE OF WAR-PROFITS

a human form animated by nothing higher than an intellect of vulpine cunning, devoid of all compassion, and doomed to final extinction because of the withdrawal of the vivifying spark which lit the flame of mind within the brutish brain. It may be doubted, however, whether any appreciable number of those who in varying degrees of responsibility have used their influence for war, can properly be classed among this terrible body of soulless degenerates.

The average man oscillates continually between the thoughts suggested by his better nature and those which rise in moments when the dark companion gets the upper hand; and it must be admitted that with most of us it is the selfish thoughts and plans centering round the personal life which mainly occupy the mind during the waking-hours. We may indeed believe that our officially professed ideals are really operative in our life; but it is very plain that the unceasing current of desire for such conditions as will serve our selfish ends must go to swell the rising tide of will that tends to war, and thus, while sincerely believing ourselves to be genuine supporters and lovers of peace and desiring only the best interests of the race, we may be steadily engaged in pouring all the influence at our command to counteract the efforts of the workers for the cause of peace.

Many will be disposed to dismiss the question with a gesture of horror and to regard the possibility of human creatures urging their fellows on to war for their private advantage, as applying only to such very exceptional cases that they may be relegated to that region of the mind where the abnormal and obscene lie buried in oblivion. But the question calls for consideration, and so long as we turn aside from it with horror we cannot approach it in that calm, judicial frame of mind in which alone a profitable study is possible. An honest and unflinching observation of our daily thoughts will show us that although we may subscribe our names to schemes of world-wide philanthropy, and on great occasions thrill a listening crowd with the most impressive professions of being willing to lay down our lives on the altar of sacrifice, we do not maintain our consciousness at this high level through the common working-day. The atmosphere of these great heights is all too rare for our continued sojourn there, and far too readily we drop to more familiar levels where the thoughts that revolve around our personal center mainly predominate. It is these habitually selfish thoughts, enforced by strong desire, that determine the effective influence of our minds upon events, and not the occasional peaks to which we rise by conscious effort.

Before we put away the man who follows the lure of war-profits from our field of sympathetic study, we ought to bear in mind the extreme torpidity of the imaginative faculty in the average man. Let us consider

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the case of a manufacturer of military equipment whose stock, owing to a protracted peace and reductions in the strength of the army, is fast accumulating in his warehouses. His factories are only working half-time and his dwindling profits barely suffice to supply his family with the 'necessaries of life.' Suddenly there looms up on the political horizon a cloud, diminutive as yet; but freighted with the possibilities of war. Everything conspires to impress him with his need of ready cash; his ears are every day besieged with plaintive requests on the part of his children for pleasures enjoyed by their friends, so that when he sees the prospect of a business revival and a golden flood of profits flowing his way, can we wonder if the wish for war takes possession of his mind?

Of course such wishes should be instantly dismissed because of one's unwillingness to reap personal advantage from the sufferings of others however distant and remote. But then they are distant and removed from our immediate view, and what the eye does not see, we can hardly expect to be vividly present to the mind of the unimaginative man; while the advantages of war are very evident and close at hand. He passes splendid houses every day which he might occupy at once, if only he possessed the means. Luxurious autos purring with a low, alluring hum roll by as he walks upon the street: his friends are leaving town for holidays on mountains and by lakes, while he and his complaining family remain behind amidst the dust and smoke of city-life. The never-ending thunder of the distant guns does not afflict his ears with its discordant din. He cannot see those ghastly fields where in the chilly moonlight and the noontide heat, the wounded lie uncared for on the ground. He reads of muddy trenches where the soldiers are exposed to rain and pelting hail, where bursting shells invade the futile shelters and pestilence strikes down its helpless prey. But all these horrors are but vaguely imaged in the mind and only half believed, simply because his weak imagination is fully occupied with the life that surrounds him, and "out of sight, out of mind," is a proverb very much to the point in cases where the visualizing faculty has never been aroused.

We do not wish to palliate the selfishness of those who shut their eyes to human suffering where their profits are concerned; but only to suggest in the spirit of brotherhood that the man who is led away by the lure of war-profits may be a man not so very different from ourselves; a man to be looked upon with sympathy as one of like passions with ourselves, and not to be indignantly spurned as a creature almost outside the pale of humanity. A wholesale denunciation of those who, whether consciously or unconsciously are working for war, should be refrained from for another reason.

To a student of Theosophy it is abundantly clear that wars result as

## THE LURE OF WAR-PROFITS

the final, cumulative effect of evil thought from which no single unit of the human race can hold itself excused. He cannot avoid the conclusion that humanity as a whole first prepares the lash of punishment and then deliberately applies it to its own back; but to the average man such an idea is scarcely conceivable and in a foggy fashion of his own he half believes that wars are 'sent' by 'the Supreme Disposer of Events' for reasons quite inscrutable and into which it would be impious to inquire. Do we not supplicate in church: "Give peace in our time, oh Lord"?— by which petition we clearly imply that peace and war are conditions beyond all human power to initiate or control.

Is it reasonable to expect from the man in the street a more philosophical view than that which emanated from a high ecclesiastic who gravely announced that the late World-War was deliberately decreed as a vengeful reprisal for the efforts of scholars to prove that the Bible is the product of human thought and not exclusively the work of God Himself? If leaders in the world of thought can hold such views, no wonder that the rank and file has such a feeble and defective sense of causality, and that it is very slow to trace the subtil and unseen connexion between unbrotherly thought and unbrotherly act. "The world itself is the judgment of the world," wrote Schopenhauer; or as the more familiar proverb has it: "As you make your bed so you must lie in it."

Therefore it is that the Theosophist pauses and hesitates before he condemns those whose strong desire for wealth induces them to give the backing of their will to forces tending to promote international conflict. The realization of human ignorance regarding the laws which govern life causes him rather to redouble his efforts to disseminate a sound philosophy among the masses, and to spread a knowledge of the methods of Theosophy, whereby a man of weak intelligence and little education, but equipped with a loving heart and a strong desire to help, can set in motion forces that will render war impossible and change this battle-desolated planet into the very garden of the gods. Man has at his command a power which once awakened and concertedly employed, can make the earth a paradise of peace and joy, where he may heal his self-inflicted wounds, forget his ancient feuds, and find amidst a world made new, conditions which combine to foster his advance.

That monsters of iniquity exist who desecrate their powers to fan the lurid flames of hate and urge the nations on to deadly strife, is probably not to be denied; but we can never hope to stay the headlong rush to ruin of exceptions such as these by appeals to a diviner self from which they have determinately shaken free. Such devotees of evil must be left to the great Law of Adjustment which out of sight, behind the veil, with neither pause nor haste, restores the broken harmony, gives full equi-

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

valent for suffered wrong, establishes again the equilibrium destroyed, and finally grinds into dust all who pursue their private gains in opposition to the all-embracing purposes of Universal Law.

We merely wish to indicate our limitless responsibility for selfish habit in our mental life, seeing that visible effects like wars originate in causes lying concealed within the public mind. No passing wish, however nebulously framed, but has its sure effect in the affairs of men; and thus we momentarily assist the cause of human betterment, or else our subtil influence is used to push the race down that declivity that leads to ruin and from which the steep ascent is only made by age-long effort and protracted pain.

### IN TOWN

KENNETH MORRIS

I LOITERED through the noisy street,  
Held by the eyes that passed me there,  
The wilful and the wayward feet,  
The rattle and glare.

And all at once my heart grew dim  
To these, and wondering did revere  
God's proud and virgin Cherubim  
So martyred here. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters  
Point Loma, California*



“WITHDRAW into yourself and look, and if you do not find yourself beautiful as yet, do as does the creator of a statue that has to be made beautiful; he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this lighter, this other purer, till he has shown a beautiful face upon his statue. So do you also; cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is shadowed, labor to make all glow with beauty.” - *Plotinus*

# SECOND SECTION

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Man's Origin, Constitution, and Place in Nature	E. A. Neresheimer	466
The Higher and Lower Mind	"Libra"	471
Universal Love	John Morgan	474
On the Seashore at Lomaland ( <i>illustration</i> )		477
Views at Del Mar, Southern California ( <i>illustrations</i> )		478-480
In Silence is Knowledge	H. T. Edge, M. A.	484
The Wisdom of Apollonius, the Philosopher of Tyana: V ( <i>continued</i> )	P. A. Malpas	488
Theosophical Items of Interest	Clark Thurston	494
The Magic Mirror ( <i>continued</i> )	R. Machell	503
Book Reviews: <i>Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic</i>		506
THE SCREEN OF TIME: MIRROR of the Movement		
Sunday Services in Isis Theater, San Diego, California		511
Guests Entertained in Lomaland		515
On the Abolishment of Capital Punishment		516

## MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

E. A. NERESHEIMER

**E**NOUGH has been said in previous sketches to indicate that the real life of man lies in the identification of his individual consciousness with the divine side of his being, and not with the shifting forms of the lower nature. What is it that holds back so many men and women, who are endowed with all manner of precious faculties and high possibilities, from a recognition of this fact? Why have they no decided leaning towards the higher side of their nature? We may also ask why the spiritual principle of the Universe, or man's higher self, do not induce him to embrace at once a course so desirable?

An impulse from higher sources does no doubt exist, and perchance remains unheeded by the average person; but the revelation of its luster to us requires a certain transparency of body and mind for its transmission, and nothing short of the conscious development of our inner nature can make us susceptible, to a degree, of its helpful influence. There are some elementary subjects with which we should first become acquainted, such as the simple fact of our duality,— the higher self or Ego, and the lower part or personality with its three centers. Many vital truths do come quite naturally, though but vaguely, to the normal man, *i. e.*, intuitions of his divinity, his spiritual origin, the interdependence of all things and beings throughout Nature, and of humanity in particular. If the understanding of these principles were cultivated, a yearning for acquiring a deeper knowledge of them would spring up and we would soon discover how the different physical, astral, and mental centers within us function, and how they co-ordinate with the higher faculties. Without some definite knowledge of innate essentials, it is impossible to appreciate the real significance of life, or even to appreciate the beauties that are legitimately revealed to the learner who sees in every new experience a revelation.

Man is by no means like a destitute waif stranded on a barren shore, without help or resource. Indeed, time has been his faithful ally, and Mother Nature his nurse for immeasurable periods of time. Besides this, he received, by reason of his divine origin, in due season the fiery Promethean spark of mind, assuring for him the power to cope with the most rigid restrictions in the ensuing combat with matter and with the inflexible Nature-qualities: Sattva, Rajas, Tamas. Throughout the vast stretches of time of his upcoming evolution, Mother Nature was truly kind and protective. And so is she still in her native justice, despite man's self-sufficient exuberance which sometimes leads him to presume to saddle

## MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

her with responsibilities that are of his own making. Since he acquired the power of mind, his relations with Nature have entirely changed. Free will is no longer compatible with contented drifting along with the stream, without any especial individual effort on his own behalf. No! complacency is at an end; man must direct his own course. It is no longer sufficient for him to say that the appetites and brutish passions are born of Nature, and therefore must be gratified with utter freedom, in the face of continual warnings given by instinct, if not by conscience.

The harmonious assemblage of the three great qualities, Sattva, Rajas, Tamas, is said to constitute Nature *in toto*. Man is not eternally bound by Nature. His spiritual origin and destiny place him in contact with but ultimately above and beyond Nature. He is constrained to know all Nature, he must inform himself of all her workings, especially of the arrangement and purpose of her qualities, and learn how to use them decisively either to advance with knowledge by their use, or fall into a vortex of uncontrollable sensation. His destiny is to be won *through* the qualities, not by identifying himself with them.

Of the three qualities Rajas is justly called the driving power of Nature. For individual man at the present midway point of his evolution it is at once an incentive and a hindrance, according to the direction he elects to give this quality by his will.

Rajas proclaims: "I am activity, I am desire, I am the thirst for life! By this force of mine thou mayest lay hold of unlimited sensation in any form, or thou mayest avail thyself of the privilege of rising to goodness and wisdom. Choose thou for thyself, I will serve thee in either course!"

And here man stands at the crossways, drawn hither by the urge of the higher part of his nature, or thither by the desire of his lower nature. In any case, but for the staying power of his will, he is a plaything in the hands of austere Nature-forces. He, like every creature, lives in an ocean of forces, which forces are modified by the nature-qualities in every form of organized life. The lower self of man, agreeable to his disposition, invites the lower qualities, Rajas and Tamas, which are attracted by the physical and astral centers, in which they predominate; his higher self is attracted, and functions chiefly in the causal, and partly in the astral centers, which, being more of the Sattva quality, draw to themselves energy of a moral trend. In all other respects the Rajas quality is the quality of action *per se*. Considered from that point of view the Rajas quality is merely a colorless energy. In normal man the 'I'-consciousness or personality decides in every case whether Rajas shall incline towards Sattva, or the Higher self, or towards the Tamas quality of the lower self.

Let us see to what extent we can and should make common cause with the Rajas quality. It should be remembered that, in the position of the

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

grand Life-cycle in which man is at present, the greatest pressure is still mostly felt towards the grosser and more material forms of expression of human life. In consequence the Rajasic propensities, on the whole, tend towards Tamas and inertia, which is a form of *resistance* against the letting-go of everything that is of a material nature. Desire therefore readily takes the form of lower passional inclinations. Now Rajas is primarily the universal tendency towards action, and as such should be regarded as colorless. In the lower kingdoms, before the advent of man, it was a colorless driving-power, active in every form of organized life; but since man has become the daring pilgrim, who presumes to wrest from Nature her supremacy, he gives rise to and must deal with other tendencies. He is obliged to exert his will and turn towards the Sattvic quality, if he desires to gain for himself the prerogative of spiritual freedom, in accordance with the universal plan in the grand scheme of evolution. Hence it is said that he lays his colors on the colorless quality of Rajas, for weal if of Sattvic hue, and for woe if tinged with Tamas.

Alas! Man's will is as yet mostly an unknown quantity and uncontrolled force. If colored by Tamas, it leads a weak-willed man to act in such a manner that he is bound to come to harm. We say of an unruly person "he is strong-willed," but this is generally only an evidence of the prevalence of the Tamas quality in his actions. The average man is at best yet a creature of divers tendencies. The oldest of scriptures says: "A man is of the nature of the ideals upon which his faith is fixed." A man's ideals and faith correspond to the quality of the center in which his consciousness chiefly dwells. In the lowest center the Tamasic quality preponderates, and determines the nature of his faith and ideals, in the middle center it is the Rajasic quality, and in the highest center the quality of Sattva.

### THE INNER LIFE

When a beginning is made on the path towards self-knowledge, a vague conception of the immensity of life impresses itself on the soul, and, by comparison, the utter emptiness and futility of material things and possessions is soon felt. Beckoning from within, there should grow up by degrees a confidence in the existence of some kind of ineffable harmony between the inner life and the highest source of Eternal Being, whose reflexion within enables man to perceive almost to a certainty that a state of perfection is ultimately attainable for him. A note of universal concord, clearly sounding one of the greatest of Theosophic truths, "the spiritual identity of all souls," is unmistakably discerned. Whence, for instance, come those inspiring impulses of sympathy for the sufferings of others, and the desire to relieve them, but from the innate conviction



## MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

of the all-embracing unity of life and especially of mankind? Whence the incongruous code of honor among gamblers and thieves, and the spontaneous heroism of otherwise depraved persons, if not from flashes of intuition from the higher nature, which is in touch with this unity? Are we not justified in assuming that it is a decidedly native element in man, urging him towards a living expression of this truth inherent in his innermost nature? Sometimes it speaks with the voice of conscience, whose presence is perceived though unfortunately not sufficiently heeded.

Conscience expresses a moral standard apprehended by the mind, yet not dependent for its action on a process of reasoning. Its nearness may be more definitely imagined or located from the relation it bears to the transparency of our successively graded lower and higher centers. Suppose we take the universal experience that the 'I'-consciousness in us is not always the same: we shall find that it functions sometimes in the lower vehicle (the physical body), at other times in the more subtil body (the psychic or astral), and again in the mental body (the causal), and that the synthetic elements of them all rest in the Ego. The Ego is the Father, the Real, the Permanent, the magnificent awe-inspiring inner Man, whose presence is manifested by what we call conscience! Knowing thus something of the source of the invisible counselor within ourselves, we should have much more confidence in our ability not only to locate the fountain-head of authority, but also to cultivate its aid. Not by prayer, that so often induces a negative state of mind, but by appropriate deeds congenial to Its nature, can we approach It, and strengthen the bonds between It and our so-called 'I'-consciousness -- the personality. Many things would become clear to us, and we would find that the fetters of the changeable forms of the lower mind and senses that we have habitually permitted to bind us, and to usurp authority over our better judgment, would of themselves give way. Mind and senses must be controlled not by repression or emotional subterfuges, but from above by the aid of the valiant warrior -- our own redeemer -- our Higher Self! If we were to grant validity to our intuitions, many of the aimless vacillations between happiness and depression that we experience would diminish, meager fragments of evanescent pleasure would no longer throw us into extravagant rapture, or some small mishap absurdly depress us.

Each of the centers referred to has its own special rate of vibration, corresponding to similar vibrations of elements, qualities, and consciousness in the world without us. From this it may be inferred that there also must be a cosmic conscience, with which we are related. Indeed, our inner life is much more bound up with the Macrocosm than we realize. Every individual has his particular connexion with one of the numberless rays of the Solar Hierarchies to whom he owes his conscious being, and

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

through whom he became endowed with the divine principle of Manas (mind).

The junction between the Sons of Mind and the individual human Monad was made at the time when the latter's physical vehicle, his body, was nearing completion. Bursting, so to speak, the chrysalis of the dream-like layer of consciousness of the kingdom below, and emerging into the cosmic arena as an independent self-centered being, all was changed for him into a new state of existence, wherein he was henceforth to be a conscious actor on the stage of life. Enriched with all the potentialities of his divine origin for sounding out and comprehending the purpose of existence, there is nothing in the three worlds that man cannot attain. Every minute impress upon muscle and nerve and the automatic sense-mastery which were acquired during his evolution through the lower kingdoms, are now assets upon which to build, and with the divine faculties of mind, soul, and spirit within him, he is bountifully equipped for his arduous homeward journey on the ascending arc of evolution.

Whatever knowledge man acquires in any form through his contact with the world, he gains it from experiences which teach him to recognise the inestimable value of some of the boundaries with which he is circumscribed by the laws governing the Universe. Each experience acts like a goad stimulating the mind to synthetic action, *i. e.*, translating over and assimilating it into self-conscious understanding, so that it may thus become a part of his being. The manner in which we assimilate experiences depends much upon our capacity for observing the changes the outer world produces on our consciousness. Commonly people merely drift along, doing and experiencing things over and over again, and taking no heed of the necessity for changing their attitude of mind towards them; they do not assimilate, and get practically no benefit from them; hence they stay where they were before. So a life-term passes, and we get little real benefit ere we lay ourselves down and die.

After a period of rest, we should have absorbed, much as we do in sleep, the experiences of the last life; but there being little to assimilate, we are reborn, and come back practically the same as we were, not very much the richer in personal intelligence. Therefore there is no lustrous pearl added to the precious string composed of the sum of our past lives.

And so many of us go on and on, life after life, gaining only moderate understanding which is but poor compensation for all our wearisome, time-devouring efforts. Perhaps some day we may weary of this slow process of progression, and suddenly decide to rouse ourselves from the somnolence of the average mortal's dream, and strike out at last on broader lines; say, the lines indicated by some fundamental truths and ideals like those so lovingly insisted upon by the great Teachers and

## THE HIGHER AND LOWER MIND

Leaders of Theosophy,— Universal Coherence and the spiritual Brotherhood of Man.

Perhaps we will then change and emulate the example of the sages of old, who also, like ourselves, lived and died again and again, and who still continue to do so voluntarily for a grand and noble ideal — to benefit mankind. Others again have entered higher realms of being possible for man to reach, where, in unbroken consciousness, and embodied in more rarefied substance that neither disintegrates or dies, they dwell eternally, helping and guiding the orphan Humanity in its upward evolution.

## THE HIGHER AND LOWER MIND

“LIBRA”



AN epochal revolution in thought was initiated by H. P. Blavatsky's introduction of Theosophy to the world. Her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*,

“Asserts that a system, known as the WISDOM-RELIGION, the work of generations of adepts and seers, the sacred heirloom of prehistoric times, actually exists, though hitherto preserved in the greatest secrecy by the present Initiates; and it points to various corroborations of its existence to this very day, to be found in ancient and modern works. . . . No new philosophy is set up in *The Secret Doctrine*, only the hidden meaning of some of the religious allegories of antiquity is given, light being thrown on these by the esoteric sciences, and the common source is pointed out, whence all the world-religions and philosophies have sprung . . . its doctrines and sciences which form an integral cycle of universal cosmic facts and metaphysical axioms and truths, represent a complete and unbroken system; and that he who is brave and persevering enough, ready to crush the *animal* in himself, and, forgetting the human *self* sacrifices it to his Higher Ego, can always find his way to become initiated into these mysteries.”— ‘The Babel of Modern Thought,’ *Lucifer*, 1891

Theosophy teaches man what he *is*: introduces him to forgotten truths about his actual nature and about his past history; and demonstrates these teachings by an appeal to the records accessible to scholars and archaeologists, which, rightly interpreted, supply ample evidence of the reality of the Wisdom-Religion.

“Man was not created the complete being he is now, however imperfect he still remains. There was a spiritual, a psychic, an intellectual, and an animal evolution, from the highest to the lowest, as well as a physical development — from the simple and homogeneous up to the more complex and heterogeneous; though not quite on the lines traced for us by the modern evolutionists. This double evolution in two contrary directions required various ages, of diverse natures and degrees of spirituality and intellectuality, to fabricate the being now known as man. Furthermore, the one absolute ever acting and never erring law, which proceeds on the same lines from one eternity (or Manvantara) to the other — ever furnishing an ascending scale for the manifested, or that which we call the great Illusion (*Mahā-Mâyā*), but plunging Spirit deeper and deeper into materiality on the one hand, and then *redeeming it through flesh* and liberating it — this law, we say, uses for these purposes the Beings from

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

other and higher planes, men or *Minds* (Manus) in accordance with their Karmic exigencies.”  
— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 87

Before man, either individually or collectively, can make real progress it is essential for him to know what he is, to understand the possibilities of his own nature, and thus to regain lost self-confidence. Common experience shows us how depressing has been the effect of materialistic and pessimistic views as to human nature and human history. The preposterous Biblical chronology (for which not the Bible, but its interpreters, are to blame) still hangs like a pall over our vision, causing scholars and archaeologists to take absurdly foreshortened views of history, which nevertheless are contradicted by the evidence of archaeology and universal tradition. All nations have had traditions of a golden age in the past, and of Divine Instructors, Gods, and Heroes, who once lived on earth among them. These traditions were preserved in myth and allegory, the real sense of which was lost, until they degenerated into fables. In the writings of H. P. Blavatsky we find these myths and symbols brought together and interpreted by means of the proper keys so that the outlines of the ancient Wisdom-Religion are revealed. And not a few before her day have suspected the same thing and tried their hand at interpretation.

Theosophy does not make the mistake of attempting to deny what is truth and fact in the scientific doctrines of evolution; it welcomes truth and fact wherever found. But it shows that the discoveries of science are only a small fraction of this great and universal law of evolution; and that much of mere speculation and unwarranted assumption has been mingled with the little which science has so far discovered. Theosophy gives a rational and truly scientific definition of evolution itself; which can only be understood as the gradual working of a spirit through a material form. Hence it is necessary to postulate first the independent existence of such a spirit. Science in fact does this very thing by implication, as it is indeed bound to do; but in place of universal spirit, it puts vague names such as life and energy. With science, the human mind is a product of something less than itself. But with Theosophy, Mind is the original and all-important fact, and all organisms are manifestations of it. Every organism, however lowly, is ensouled; and even the mineral atom is ensouled by a spark of the universal life and endowed with consciousness of a particular kind.

As to man, it is only physically that he can be considered as a culmination of organic evolution. In regard to his self-conscious mind, his evolutionary history is entirely distinct. The consequence of this twofold line of descent in man is that his nature is dual; a fact which has been the theme of innumerable dramas and legends through the ages. One form

## THE HIGHER AND LOWER MIND

which this story takes is that of a hero who loves a fair and pure woman, but is violently loved by a dark and sinister woman, who bewitches him; and he has to undergo many trials before he finally escapes from the malign influence and is united with the sublime. This is a true symbol of human nature; in which the self-conscious mind of man hovers between the fierce attractions of his carnal soul and the sublime inspirations of his spiritual soul. In this fact is epitomized the whole drama of human destiny. H. P. Blavatsky has described the Soul of man as a poor pilgrim on the way to find that which he has lost. We have become so immersed in the lower aspect of our nature that we have almost forgotten the existence of the higher. What are the ideals that move nations? Gain, power, resources, emulation. These are characteristics of the lower side of human nature.

It is difficult to see how the ordinary religious teachings recognise these facts about human nature. They insist with sufficient emphasis on the sinful and erring side of man; but what promise do they hold out of the possibility of man's overcoming this evil side, in such a way as to become an entirely new being, here and now on earth? Yet, going back to the beginnings of Christianity, we can surely find warrant for the view that every man could, by following the teachings of the Master, succeed to a greater or less degree in following that Master's footsteps. And is not this the true meaning of the word 'redemption'? In later times that word has come to denote the saving of the soul from damnation in a future life; but what if the early teachers intended it to signify the saving of man from his evil nature in *this* life?

Nor do current systems of psychology deal satisfactorily with the duality of the human soul. We have whole sciences dealing with the interaction between the animal soul (*kâma-manas*) and the body; but the very existence of a higher principle, independent of control and influence by the organic centers in the body, is ignored. Yet anyone who studies human nature itself will find that this duality is a fact; and a fact that needs explanation.

Ancient philosophies have often recognised the duality: as for instance in the Platonic *nous* and *psyche*; and we find it recognised in some of the writings of the Christian apostles.

H. P. Blavatsky in *Psychic and Noetic Action* has shown that modern psychology deals with the interaction of *psyche*, or the lower aspect of our mentality, with the body; but ignores the working or even the existence of *nous*, the higher aspect of our mentality. She compares the body to a lute with two sets of strings, one of coarse gut, the other of finest silver wire. The heavy strings are set in motion by passion and desire; the finer strings can yield their music only to the breath of a

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

spiritual impulse from the higher nature. And thus man has not yet realized the best possibilities of his nature. Professor Geo. T. Ladd is quoted to the effect that:


“The assumption that the *mind is a real being*, which can be acted upon by the brain, and which can act on the body through the brain, is the only one compatible with all the facts of experience.”

But the spiritual part of the mind is independent of such action by the body. Therein lies the *spiritual will*, by which man is rendered master in his own house, instead of revolving in a perpetual circle of action and reaction. This is the fact overlooked by much of modern psychology. It is so preoccupied with studying the interaction between the body and the instinctual or passional mind, that it forgets the higher aspect of human mentality. Proper training of the child teaches him to take his stand outside his own passions, and to act from that point of vantage. Thus the spiritual will is brought into play in early years, and becomes a never-failing resource throughout life. What is ordinarily called the will is often merely the personal desires. The spiritual will acts in the interest of what is seen to be *right*, regardless of the personal wishes.

All this tends to prove that ethics and morality rest on actual facts in human nature, and are in fact simply the interpretation of the natural laws pertaining to man's *higher* nature. Theosophy is much more than a philosophy; it is an interpretation; an interpretation of life, a guide to conduct. Its scope is all-inclusive, and it is consistent throughout its parts. It stands for common sense and is science in the true meaning of that word. Human evolution has carried us to a point where such an interpretation of life had become absolutely necessary to enable us to cope successfully with the many new problems that confront us.

## UNIVERSAL LOVE

JOHN MORGAN

E have heard many times that the Divine Power is love, but men for many long periods of time seem to have acted and thought as if this were not so and that love and hate, or dislike at least, were impossible of control in any nature great or small.

We ask ourselves: Can it be possible to love all creatures? Are there none that by their tormenting, cruel, or destructive natures make it impossible for us to love them? Are there not men, women, or children

## UNIVERSAL LOVE

whose characters antagonize, so that it is beyond other men's power to love them — at least as they are?

Love for all that breathes presupposes that there is some basic principle at the back of all, from which we are all derived, and in which we are all united in one common brotherhood. Those who believe in a Divine Father of all living, whatever name they may give him; or those who speak of a Divine Power that makes for righteousness, can hardly fail, one would have thought, to realize that we must be of equal importance to him in the divine economy; and that we would not be here if we had no purpose to serve which is necessary to the perfect working of the divine will throughout nature.

If we believe in an infinite and eternal principle out of which we all, in common with the whole universe and its life, come, and to which we return, then how can we separate ourselves from any living thing that has the same principle behind or within it? All is the offspring of mind, the universal thought made concrete in the manifested universe. So, to destroy any life in the form in which it appears to us is not to destroy the thing in itself. It will appear again in a similar form, and will do the good or the harm which it did before. In the course of time evolution will raise it into a higher state, but it will not help it to show to it any dislike. To work out the good in all things one would suppose that the Divine Power must work through love of all these beings, who, through suffering and many trials, are evolving into higher species of animals, or races of men.

Thus with a knowledge of our common origin, destiny, and difficulties to surmount on our road to perfection, we can all the readier feel for others whose state of mind may be lower than our own. With this feeling a love for others and sympathy with them in their troubles and difficulties will arise. The feeling that they have difficulties to overcome on their way towards perfection will make us less inclined to criticize them, and also more resolute in striving to overcome our own weaknesses; especially as our greater knowledge of ourselves will show us how much we have to do in mastering ourselves and how little time we rightly have to interfere with others who have the same task before them.

By turning our own failures and troubles into means of gaining such knowledge of our own powers and wrong habits of thinking and acting, we will by a greater knowledge of ourselves and of self-control, make greater progress towards perfection than if we wasted time in unkind reflexions on others and their weaknesses. This is, if anything, the purpose of evolution, the continual striving to produce the perfect man.

This conquest of the lower self makes way for the Higher, with its light of truth, to shine through into the mind of man, thus illuminating him and dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance and folly which were

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

allowed so easy a sway over his mind. He will then become a living power through which the divine light can shine out on to others and help them.

It may be difficult to convince any one of this if he is a hard-shelled materialist who thinks that the progress of life towards higher and still higher states of consciousness is brought about only by the destruction of the unfit by those who are more advanced, or who thinks that progress of all kinds is the result of a great struggle which goes on between species of animals and types of men. A struggle does go on but it is between the divine and demonish in man. This struggle is going on in each man and is the inevitable warfare that goes on while man is striving towards perfection.

Huxley, one of the leading materialists of the last century, had to come to the conclusion at last that when the human stage was reached further progress in the true sense could only be made through the co-operation of all men in a brotherly way towards the attainment of better conditions of life for all. These conditions can only be attained by each one getting rid of selfishness from his own nature; and living as the actual and strong spirit of divine power and compassion for the perfection of humanity through working on himself primarily to that end. The man who cannot live the desired life himself is hardly likely to be a true or a successful leader of others to the goal towards which he wishes to direct them. To do this he must tread the path himself and do it in such ways as are, perhaps, unknown to the generality of men. When he has trodden the path through many lives he becomes the path itself. He shows the way to others who come after him. It is through the help, child of love, which he gives others, that he has passed so far along the path, and on account of which we call him the Path. As the Christ said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Still, many men who look back at the past civilizations and their destruction by more savage and barbarous powers find it hard to understand how great civilizations — with high examples of a great, grand, and spiritual efflorescence of the highest aspirations and desires of man — set before the most ignorant and degraded of the people, should not have the effect of raising them all to such a stable state — if not to one from which a still higher outlook on life would be possible — that its downfall would be impossible; but that the desire for better things and a higher life would be so stimulated as to take such a hold on the minds of the people that their civilization would go on into higher and still higher states, and not, as always happens, sink down into lower ones, frequently into barbarous or savage conditions. This is a problem that must puzzle materialistic believers in evolution more than anything, if they are thoughtful students of universal history or of archaeology. For, if we



## UNIVERSAL LOVE

come up gradually from the lower animals through the effects produced by heredity or environment on our characters without any other higher and diviner influence, then this progress would be constant and not variable or periodic. A civilized people would not deteriorate, but would continue to improve and advance. Instead of this, civilization reaches in one country a very high state while many other countries are sunk in barbarism. Soon one of the barbarous peoples, so-called, begins to rise, sometimes rapidly, into a high state of civilization, while the erstwhile civilized nation is sinking down lower, often as low as the state in which the now highly civilized nation was in formerly. All this happens in accordance with cyclic law. Still, the question arises as to how all this is brought about; and we cannot help feeling that if the people were governed in their lives by the highest ideals of truth, justice, and brotherly co-operation, this could not have happened.

The cyclic laws can operate only when men are the willing or unconscious instruments through which they work, or so it seems to me. Man builds his life through his own imagination, and he does it whether he is negative and reflects other men's minds, or positive and directs his own life either to higher or to lower states. Every thought on personal or selfish lines leads him to be self-indulgent, and to be indifferent to the welfare of others when their good appears to clash with his own interests. This brings about that deterioration in his own character which acts so on others as to make their progress difficult, if not impossible; thus the whole of humanity and the very world in which he lives are made less worthy for man to live in. He, being surrounded by worse conditions than he would be in, in a world governed by love as an active principle in man, has to suffer the consequences of his own selfishness and that of others.

The selfishness of man goes contrary to the spirit of nature and brings about all the evils for which men blame others rather than themselves. They overlook their individual responsibilities to each other. Their own divinity is denied, and they identify themselves with their lower animal nature, and selfishness becomes such a terrible, menacing, and fearful thing that the late war and all other wars, as well as crimes of all kinds and magnitudes, are made possible so that it becomes difficult to know to what end man lives. He has been taught that he is a miserable sinner until he has become such, and has, by identifying himself with the lower and weaker part of his nature, been blinded to the real, divine, and immortal warrior-self that, if it were not for this false teaching, would have saved him from all the evils from which humanity has suffered.

Certain theological dogmas bind men to interpret all the teachings of

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

the great Masters into the narrowest meanings and men's minds to run into the narrowest grooves, though these great leaders came to show men the art of true living, of creating themselves into perfect men by the studying of their own natures, and thus seeking within themselves for the divine light that was to reveal the truth about themselves and nature. Thus it came about that only certain dogmas that accentuate the power of the lower self, making man out to be dependent on outside agencies for his own progress towards higher things, were taught.

This binding of the minds of men into certain inflexible channels of thinking kept the world back for ages; brought about — through the prevalent conviction that any other teaching was a menace to the future happiness of mankind — ages of persecution by the various churches. If, instead of such teachings, all nature was regarded as the manifestation of one divine power of which each of us, in our higher nature, is a part, men would recognise the right of all to direct each one his own evolution, and that only so can it be done and men saved from the ignorance and the evil from which they have suffered so long.

Even Nature herself responds to man's moods. If he sows seeds or sets plants, trees, or flowers with a love for the flowers and plants which he cultivates, and afterwards tends them in the true spirit, thus helping nature, nature will respond to his efforts and will produce the required results to a higher degree of perfection than if he did this work selfishly or with careless indifference.

If we look at the scenery of a beautiful country where fine vegetation and beautiful flowers satisfy and delight the mind of the observer, do we not feel that there is some spiritual agency working behind it and producing all that we admire? And does it not occur to us that the harmonious development of all this beauty and grandeur is dependent on a musical force that is assisted or retarded in its work by the character of the mental or rather moral forces or influences going out from man, who is the chief, if not the dominant, directive power of evolution? This, probably, is why in ages of reaction when man sinks into a degraded and degenerate state, nature shows her resentment as it were in bringing about catastrophes and cataclysms as well as plagues, that destroy large masses of the inhabitants of countries; turning once healthy and fertile regions into disease-producing and barren districts. Even animals and insects seem at certain times to be infected with some mysterious diseases; and if we study deeply the ways of thinking and acting of the people at such times, we might find it difficult not to think that there is some connexion between the two.

Let us once realize that there is a universal life-force in all things as

## UNIVERSAL LOVE

closely connecting all, we must see that the same force is in us; that it binds us to all of nature --- the so-called inanimate as well as animate, --- through this unity, just as the very air we breathe, laden it may be with germs of disease or of good health, as we inhale or expire it, is breathed by us all. This is what makes it possible for man to poison or purify and make healthy the atmosphere in which he lives. He can produce a healthy physical, mental and moral condition only by destroying the tendency to think only of himself, of his own sensations, feelings, and thoughts and learn to live as it were the universal life. To feel the beauty of the world in which he lives to consist in the harmonious blending of color, music, and motion, is setting before him the way to the perfection towards which in his highest moments he aspires; for is it not blending rightly the physical, mental, and moral powers in himself that is the means towards attaining the desired end?

Should we not then cultivate a spirit in which the Divine Will shall prevail at all times against all that is mean, selfish, and ignoble in us? Learning thus we feel ourselves as one with all that breathes, letting the divine light of truth shine through us wherever we may be. It will not stay within or near us, but in its boundless energy will go out and pervade the whole world, helping many on their way towards higher states even though we know them not. This light will lighten many who now live in the darkness of ignorance and vice, and help them to see a way out into something higher and better. Thus the feeling of Universal Brotherhood which we believe in is a real thing of power that will save humanity from all the hells which men in their ignorance and sinfulness create.

Do we not imagine vain and foolish things continually, talk unnecessary and injurious matter which is often destructive of the best forces of our natures, thus stultifying any beneficial influences that may otherwise go out of us? Why not stop this wrong imagining and substitute for it a clearly defined ideal of a man, or of mankind, full of brotherly kindness to all his fellows and even to all the lower creation which looks up to us to help it; of a humanity full of that cultural refinement in which love of harmony, not only in music, but in life, also prevails? A humanity that would develop the highest art, music, and poetry to beautify and ennoble human life. Is not all this better even than a great knowledge of science, philosophy, or of inventiveness, good as these may be? In the one case you become something, and humanity also enters into a nobler heritage; whilst in the latter, if unconnected with the former, you know only things which have no inspiring effect. One comes from the divinity within: the other is simply the materials with which the brain-mind may be loaded and used afterwards for either good or bad purposes.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

We can make the world worth living in only by making ourselves worthy of living in such a world; and to do that you must be in love with such a world and desire it so ardently that nothing will interfere with your working unceasingly to that end. To do this the love of man must become like the divine love, universal, going out to all as an all-pervasive uplifting force that will turn this world into a paradise to which will have returned the Golden Age of our memories and our hopes.

### IN SILENCE IS KNOWLEDGE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

**I**N PACE REQUIESCAT is a pious aspiration usually confined to the surface of a gravestone and considered as applicable to the state of the departed after death; yet we would fain apply it to the living. Many are the people we see to whom we could wish nothing better than that they should 'rest in peace' where they are, without waiting till forcibly restrained by superincumbent circumstances beyond control.

The virtues of stillness have been extolled by the wise in every age; and there is no reason to think they are any less desirable today. Unrest, restlessness, agitation, are still the all-prevalent foes of peace and knowledge and power. Still waters alone can reflect the unbroken image of the sun; in an agitated liquid no crystal can form; agitation always means weakness. Still waters run deep, and silence is golden.

Knowledge and Power and Content are desired by all men; and they are attainable. Yet people often despair of ever reaching them, because people view the distant prospect and overlook the simple easy steps at their feet. If we can point out some simple thing that people neglect; some thing that is evidently an obstacle; and if we can indicate the simple means by which they can remove that obstacle; then we shall have helped them towards the attainment of those desirable ends.

There never yet was a religion or practical philosophy that did not inculcate tranquillity as a requisite to the attainment of any sort of blessedness. The Yoga philosophy of Patañjali shows how to remove the impediments of the mind so that the soul may reveal itself unobscured. The teachings of Christ urge us to silence our clamorous desires and passions, that we may obtain the peace that transcends the restless mind. The Chinese Tao philosophy finds the Way in silence and simplicity.

## IN SILENCE IS KNOWLEDGE

Many a seeker for wisdom in tranquillity has sought his object by retiring from the world. There are occasions on which such seclusion is desirable; but too often it has resulted in the hermit shutting himself up with his infirmities. A better way is to find rest amid the turmoil; to live in the active world, yet to preserve the serenity of one's soul.

"Both action and inaction may find room in thee; thy body agitated, thy mind tranquil, thy Soul as limpid as a mountain lake." -- *The Voice of the Silence*

In Huc's *Travels in Tibet* it is recorded that, every day at sunset, the entire population of Lhasa stops still, whatever they may be doing, wherever they are, for a few moments of tranquillity. There are nations on earth today who know how to practise rightly perfect tranquillity of mind and body as a means of strength and wisdom. But too often the case is sadly otherwise. In the cities people are rushing to and fro, from business to meals, from meals to pleasure, and then to bed, and so on round the circle again; while in the fields a cessation from toil may mean heavy slumbers in the sun. Nay, it has even been known that favored individuals, with special opportunities for cultivating repose, may evade their privileges by setting off with an armful of books or newspapers or writing-materials, if by any means whatsoever they may escape the intolerable horror of five minutes silence.

The story is well known of an unwary magician who summoned a demon; and the demon said: If you don't find me something to do, I will tear you to pieces. This seems to be the state of quite a number of people. Watch them in a street-car. One demon has to be fed on magazines, another demands candy and chewing-gum, a third insists on tobacco, a fourth calls for conversation; and the unfortunate owner of all these demons never secures any of that repose so essential to wisdom or strength. And, if these distractions are not provided, the demon of somnolence may claim his share.

Yet people complain that they are caught in a network, and that life is an inexorable machine that whirls them along against their will! Would it not be well for them to exercise their will a little and see if they could not find out some way of planting themselves firmly while the current rushes by?

But we must pause to issue a caution against 'sitting for concentration,' or any such forcible and artificial practice that may be advocated by psychic cults. We advocate no constrained artificial methods, whether in this case or in the case of diet, exercise, or anything else; for such remedies may be worse than the disease. In deliberately sitting still with the object of attaining some power or benefit, our efforts are self-conscious,

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and the whole purpose and benefit of silence is thereby defeated, as in the case of a misguided anchorite.

It is better to let the body alone and simply attend to freeing the mind from useless emotions and wandering thoughts. To force the body into a state of motionlessness may be equivalent to putting a great strain on it; and the mind and heart can be tranquillized very well while we are working or walking.

A careful examination of one's thoughts and emotions will show how very much of them is needless, and how we have become the slave of our own servants. And we shall be enabled to see what we lose by such a condition, and what we gain by removing it. We can listen, instead of unloading our ideas upon others; instead of dwelling in airy castles of the imagination, we can open our eyes and see what goes on.

Is it not wonderful to think that there are people who claim to have exhausted the possibilities of this poor little world; and who therefore aspire to reach some other world; and yet who stumble along through the beauties and mysteries of creation, with their eyes fixed on vacancy and their thoughts obviously preoccupied with the activities of some other plane of consciousness on which they are functioning? We talk of this world as being 'material' and 'physical' and 'three-dimensional,' and altogether gross and wicked; and we are no better than an eyeless man scoffing at the sunlight. To call this world dull dead matter, because we can see nothing else in it; and then to create some unreal gaseous spiritual world as an object of aspiration; — this is a repetition of the old monkish way of quarreling with life. Others have thought that we might be able to find all the spirit and soul we could possibly wish, and to find it right here and now in this world, if we could but open our eyes and penetrate the mists of our own fancy. Is not materiality an attitude of mind, rather than an external condition of nature? Think how much there is in nature that we cannot see: a tree producing its leaves and flowers and fruit; and on it perhaps a single thin twig, grafted, and producing something entirely different but always the same. We see the result but not the workings. Would it be possible so to clarify our vision that all this would become visible? And to achieve this, should we strive forcibly to gain some new extraordinary faculty, or should we rather merely rub our eyes and try to see a little more clearly?

The gospel of one age may become the heresy of another; and already we are outgrowing the gospel that clarity of vision depends upon a cold and emotionless attitude of mind. Such an attitude of mind, which (whether rightly or wrongly) has often been dubbed scientific, gives us a soulless universe, a universe bereft of real values. This kind of impas-

## IN SILENCE IS KNOWLEDGE

sivity and colorlessness is a long way from the tranquillity of soul which is the subject of our present writing; the supreme victory is not for the man born without passions, or for him who has worn himself out; it is for the complete man, who still has his powers, but has them balanced and ruled. So we may wisely reject the universe as it appears to the eye of chill logic, unwarmed by rays of feeling that are banned as heretical. We may stop in our walk to contemplate the beauties of a tree without wanting to classify it, and with the feeling that we would rather not know what it is called.

Man has a habit of regarding himself as a small ego, inclosed within a vast mass which he dubs the external universe or 'nature.' In this way he contracts his soul to the smallest limits, and everything outside those limits takes on the appearance of 'dead matter' or some kind of machinery. Whether this is a true, real, and unsophisticated view of the universe is an open question. It is the universe as it filters through the screen of our bodily senses. But may there not be other and more intimate points of contact with nature?

Whatever nature may be, it seems to be infinitely responsive, and to be ready to unfold just as much as we can receive. It will not reveal much to the individual who rushes blindly through it with his eyes turned inward upon his own day-dreams. But to the man who can stay still long enough to attune himself to nature's stately rhythm, she may reveal much: not in the form of brain knowledge, but in the form of another kind of knowledge that is communicated from nature's soul to ours by means of sympathetic vibration.

We all know the feeling of relief and happiness that comes over us when some noise that has been going on so long that we no longer hear it, suddenly ceases. This may serve as an illustration of what may happen to us when we succeed in laying to rest some of the more importunate and deafening of the noises that go on in our internal economy, so that, in the ensuing silence, we may perchance recover our senses.



"EVERY man who is trying to move forward in the highest sense, to open up his inner nature and get at the Light there, passes through states in which the unworthy deeds of his past, long forgotten, start up here and there in memory as if revealed and awakened by the moving beams of a searchlight. Then his heart is chilled and hope fails him and he feels that such a creature as he, can have no chance of attainment. But instead of giving way to this state let him go on confidently. It will trouble him but a little time, will be less at each recurrence, and is indeed a mark of progress."

---'STUDENT,' in *The Century Path*


## THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

V

APOLLONIUS IN INDIA

(Continued)

HE King was offering sacrifice in the presence of the Magi when the news of Apollonius's arrival was brought to him. He immediately recalled a dream he had dreamed the day before, that he was Artaxerxes the son of Xerxes, and that his face became like that of the latter. The interpretation was plain. For Themistocles had come from Greece to Artaxerxes and by his conversation had made him estimable, as his father had been; also he had justified his own reputation as a Greek philosopher. Obviously, Apollonius would benefit him as Themistocles had benefited Artaxerxes, and would prove to be as great a philosopher as his reputation declared.

Apollonius passed through the gorgeous palace in amiable discussion with Damis as to various questions of Greek music, without paying the slightest attention to the sumptuous splendor of the building. The palace court was large, and the King called aloud to him from a distance and bade him join in the sacrifice to the sun of a white horse from the Nisean plains.

"Do you, O king, sacrifice after your manner," said Apollonius, "but allow me to sacrifice after my own fashion." So saying, he took the incense in his hand and said, "O Sun, conduct me to whatever part of the world may seem good to you and me; and grant me to know only the virtuous; as to the wicked, I wish neither to know them nor be known by them." Then he cast the incense on the fire, observing the smoke, how it rose and curled and shot into spiral forms. Afterwards he touched the fire as though the omens were favorable, and said: "O King, do you continue to sacrifice after the ceremonies of your own country; for my part, I have observed what belongs to mine."

He then withdrew from the sacrifice lest he should be made an accomplice in the shedding of blood.

Apollonius was glad to find the king spoke Greek as though it were his mother-tongue, so that they could converse the more freely. The faculty that Apollonius possessed of speaking all languages was not always



## THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS

drawn upon. He told the king of his intended visit to the Indians and that he was anxious to know the wisdom of the Magi at the court, whether they were really wise in religious matters or not. He declared his own system of philosophy to be that of Pythagoras the Samian, who taught him to worship the gods in the way he had demonstrated, "to discern their several natures, and respect them accordingly, to converse with them and dress myself in garments made from the genuine fleece of the earth, not torn from the sheep, but from what grows pure from the pure, from linen, the simple produce of earth and water. I let my hair grow, and abstain from all animal food, in obedience to the doctrine of Pythagoras. With you or any other man, I can never indulge in the gratifications of the table. I promise to free you from perplexing and vexatious cares, for I not only know, but foreknow what is to be."

Realizing the absolute sincerity of Apollonius, the king declared that he was more pleased at his arrival than if he had the wealth of India and Persia added to his own. The Greek should be the royal guest and have apartments in the royal palace.

"If you should visit Tyana, my birthplace," asked Apollonius, "and if I should offer you lodging in my house, would you accept?"

"Hardly that," said the king, "unless your house were large enough to receive me and my attendants and in a way becoming my rank and consequence."

"Then," said Apollonius, "I should be no more comfortable than you, if I were to live in a house above my condition of life. All excess is troublesome to the wise, as the want of it is to the great ones of the earth, such as yourself. Therefore I would prefer to lodge with some private individual, of like fortune with myself. But as for conversation, I will converse with you as much as you please."

The king respected his feelings and assented. Apollonius lodged with a Babylonian who was a man of good family and character.

While they were at supper a eunuch arrived from the king with a message. "The king gives you the choice of ten boons, and permission to choose them yourself. He insists that you should ask nothing of mean value or little worth, but he is anxious to impress you and ourselves with a sense of his great bounty."

"When is the choice to be made?" asked Apollonius.

"Tomorrow," replied the messenger, as he went off to summon the king's relatives and friends to witness the respect paid to so honored a supplicant.

Apollonius appeared to be considering the things he might ask, which was somewhat puzzling to Damis, who, knowing his friend and teacher, almost expected him to ask for nothing. A man whose prayers to the gods

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

were usually after the formula, "*Ye gods, grant me few possessions and no wants!*" would surely ask little of the king.

While in this state of curiosity, Apollonius took the opportunity of pointing out that before a day was past they would have an example of the fact that the forcible destruction of the means of sinning physically had no effect on the mind, and that such practices were worse than useless. He was thinking of the king's messenger. As a master-philosopher often does, he pretended to be a little ignorant of life as it is in reality, and let Damis pulverize his theories with blunt statements of 'fact,' such as that when deprived of the means of sinning by physical means a man could not sin. By so doing Damis only succeeded in being caught by the admission that he needed the lesson when it came. His hasty remark that a child would know what he said to be true, as though he wondered at his master's ignorance of practical life, recoiled on his own head next day. The conversation led to a consideration of the banishment of desire from the mind, which is just what Apollonius was quietly leading up to.

"The virtue of *temperance*," declared Apollonius, "consists in not yielding to passion though you feel all the incentives to it, but in abstaining from it and showing yourself superior to all its allurements."

Damis missed the point altogether, not realizing that the desire of the body and the desire of money are really only different facets of the same quality of desire.

"Let us talk about that later on," he said. "Meanwhile you have to think of the royal message so nobly given. I think personally you will ask for nothing, but the question is how to do so without seeming to slight the king's offer. Remember where we are, in the king's power, and how we must avoid even the appearance of treating the king with disrespect. Besides, we have enough money to get to India, but not enough to return, so it is necessary to consider carefully what to do."

The tone of the disciple who 'knows better' is plainly discernible. Was it ever otherwise? Apollonius was enjoying the joke, which yet was serious enough, for he had to teach Damis without appearing to do more than 'draw him out' precisely the meaning of the word 'education.'

With the serious face of an unpractical theorist he did just the last thing Damis expected him to do. He almost pleaded for the right to take money from anyone in his character of a philosopher — why, the very test of a true teacher is that he will accept never a penny for his teachings and despises money that comes in a personal guise. He quoted philosopher after philosopher who had sought money, until Damis began to wonder what had happened to him. Then to drive the lesson home by sudden contrast, Apollonius told him that nothing was so unpardonable to a wise man as the love of money. All other things may be forgiven him of

## THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS

men, but not this, since the display of a love of money will naturally cause it to be supposed that he is already overcome by the love of good living, fine clothes, wine, etc.

“If you think that committing a fault at Babylon is not the same as committing one at Athens, Damis, remember that *Every place is Greece to a wise man*. He esteems no place desert or barbarous whilst he lives under the eyes of virtue, whose regards are extended to very few men, and looks on such with a hundred eyes. Surely an athlete who has to contend at Olynthos, or in Macedonia, or in Egypt, will train himself just as much as he would when contending among the Greeks, and in their most celebrated places of exercise?”

Damis was ashamed of his hasty arguments and asked pardon for having presumed to give such advice.

“Be not troubled, Damis,” said his teacher. “I have not spoken for the sake of rebuke, but for the purpose of illustration.”

The eunuch came to summon Apollonius to the king for the ceremony of the granting of the boons. The latter stayed to perform his accustomed religious duties and then went to the king. All the court were amazed at his singular and venerable appearance. The king promptly offered him ten great boons to be chosen by himself.

“I will not refuse,” said Apollonius, “but there is one above all that I value more than many tens.” He then told the unhappy history of the exiled Eretrians, and pleaded that they might remain in possession of the hill granted them by Darius.

The king declared that they had been enemies; they had taken up arms against their rulers and had been almost exterminated. But now they should be considered friends and given a just governor over them. “But why not accept the remaining nine boons?” asked the king in some little surprise that this was all Apollonius required of him.

“Because I have not had time to make more friends,” said the philosopher, ever thinking of the welfare of others and indifferent to his own.

“But surely you have needs of your own?” asked the king. “Is there nothing you require for yourself?”

“Nothing but a little fruit and bread,” replied Apollonius. “They make an excellent meal!”

During this extraordinary scene very conclusive evidence indeed arrived that a man physically deprived of the power of sinning could and did retain the same power mentally with undiminished force. One of the eunuchs was discovered in the king's chamber where he had been expressly forbidden to go, as he had been forbidden to join the others of his class when they were dressing the king's wives.

So great was the offense that the king appealed to Apollonius to

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

declare a fitting sentence for the wretch. Death many times over was a mild punishment according to the notions of the time.

“Let him go free!” said Apollonius. “That is my sentence.”

The king and court were overwhelmed with amazement at this strange decision.

“It is not a pardon, but a punishment,” said Apollonius. “Let him live, and he will suffer from his diseased mind, gaining no pleasure from eating, or drinking, or amusements, or sleeping; spending his life in imagining impossibilities; he will be so miserable that he will wish you had put him to death now. He will plead for death, and if you do not give it him he will put an end to his own existence.”

In this manner Apollonius demonstrated the power of the law which is more just than all the laws of men, and unerring in its power to balance cause and effect. At the same time the king, by remitting the death-penalty, himself escaped the operation of the same law which would have held him accountable for taking the life of another. This is the philosophical law known as Karma, the law of action and reaction, which are equal and inevitable.

Invited to go hunting, Apollonius declined, since it was no more pleasing to give pain and suffering to animals and to confine them in captivity than it was to sacrifice them.

Asked the best way of reigning in security, he replied: “By honoring many and trusting few.”

He pointed out the folly of engaging in wars for small matters which, if evil or unjust, were infinitely less so than the evils and injustices of war against so great a power as that of the Romans.

The king, being sick to death, was visited by Apollonius, who discoursed on the nature of the soul so eloquently that the king revived.

“Apollonius not only made me despise my kingdom, but death itself!” he declared.

The king one day boasted of having spent two whole days in hearing one cause in his administration of justice, so great was his desire to do right.

“I am sorry you took so long to find out what is just!” was all the satisfaction he received from the philosopher.

Displaying his enormous wealth, the king was told by Apollonius: “You look upon it as so much wealth, but I regard it as so much straw.”

“How then am I to deal with it?” asked the king.

“By making a proper use of it, for you are a king,” said Apollonius. In this he declared his doctrine of wealth being but a trust held for the account of all.

Privately to Damis Apollonius remarked one day that the king was a courteous prince, too good to reign over barbarians. Evidently the little

## THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS

surprising replies he sometimes made to the king were not regarded nor meant as rebukes but, as Damis himself had been told, 'illustrations.'

The time for departure having arrived according to the omen which had declared they should be twenty months at Babylon, Apollonius prepared to leave his willing host. He recalled the nine ungranted boons, and asked the king if he might not now claim one more.

"Thou best of princes, I have shown no mark whatever of favor to my host with whom I have been living, and I am also under many obligations to the Magi. I beg of you to respect them for my sake, for they are wise men, greatly devoted to your service."

The king was delighted with this unselfish request.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you shall see these men made objects of emulation, and highly rewarded. And more than that, though you yourself will take nothing, at least let some of those men with Damis accept some part of my wealth, as much as ever they wish."

As soon as they heard this, they all turned away, and Apollonius said to the king as he pointed to them: "*You see my hands, though many, are all alike!*" This is the true philosophical symbol of the teacher and his disciples, and shows a quiet way Apollonius had of inculcating his philosophy.

But the way to India over the Caucasus is through a three days' desert, and the king provided camels and water and provisions. The inhabitants of the Caucasus-country, he declared, were hospitable and would receive him well.

"But what present will you bring me when you return?" asked the king.

"A most acceptable gift," said Apollonius. "If I become wiser by the conversation of the men of that country, I shall return to you better than I leave you."

The king embraced him. "Go thy way," he said, "for the gift will be great."

*(To be continued)*




"As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all; so neither wait thou for applause, and shouts, and eulogies, that you mayest do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor and thou shalt be believed, like the sun."— *Epictetus*

## THE MAGIC MIRROR

## THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

*(Continued from the April issue)*

 RONALD ERSKINE'S vanity was piqued by a resistance that was as unexpected as it was undefined; and his first emotion of desire to use this sensitive nature for his psychological experiments had taken on a more personal color, and had grown more intense. He now decided to visit the studio again on a day when he might hope to find no other visitors. He thought that it would be quite allowable for him to mistake the date of her 'at-home' day, and his experience with women gave him no reason to think that such a mistake would be resented.

So he called before the first Friday in the month, and was rewarded by

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

finding Miss Sinclair at home, and alone, except for the maid who opened the door to him. On his way he had kept her image in his mind, trying to make her think of him, and in this he was successful, for Mary was not on guard and had not shut out the thoughts that seemed to come spontaneously to her mind. So when she heard the visitor's name she flushed indignantly that she should have been caught so easily. Recovering herself at once she told the girl to admit the caller, but she received him palette in hand to show that she was busy painting.

He asked if it was possible that he had mistaken the date, and she thought that it was not, but merely laughed, saying that people often did that. She inquired after his mother and hoped that she had not been bored by the tea-party. She was perfectly genial, but did not set down her palette nor ask her visitor to be seated; and Ronald was bound to accept the hint, which he did gracefully enough; but he knew that he had met a will as strong as his own, and he felt that his visit was a mistake.

Mary's good-bye was cordiality itself. She was entirely mistress of the situation, and he was wise enough to accept his dismissal with a good grace: but as he walked home, he bit his lip a little angrily. It is not pleasant to be snubbed, even graciously.

He felt that this unusually interesting young woman had seen through him more completely than was agreeable to his pride, and she had scarcely troubled to conceal the fact. She had faced him with a quiet smile of absolute self-confidence, which somehow had the power to humiliate him and to shake his assurance. He saw at once that he had blundered, and now realized that he had put himself in a dilemma, for he must either repeat the visit on the proper day when he would find himself one of a crowd of more or less devoted admirers, or he must appear to be sulking like a foolish boy if he stayed away.

Fearing to make himself ridiculous, he decided to go on the appointed day; and there he found himself, as he expected, one of an admiring crowd, graciously received as if months had elapsed since his last visit and introduced by his hostess to some of her artist-friends, to whom he tried to make himself agreeable but with indifferent success. Mary was constantly engaged, and all his efforts to attract her failed. At last his patience was exhausted and he rose to go. His hostess allowed him to wait a perceptible time before she noticed his outstretched hand. Then she smiled frankly as if unaware of his attempts to attract her notice; and he felt himself baffled, a new experience in his dealings with women.

He was forced to admit to himself that so far he had not apparently succeeded in establishing control over the thought of Mary Sinclair. But in compensation he could claim to have won the support of Mrs. Fairfax, who, however, had but little influence herself over her niece in matters of importance. She wanted Mary to marry respectably and give up her studio; but the young lady continued to devote herself to art and refused to listen to talk of marriage; and now she had declared her sympathy with Theosophy, which her aunt thought disreputable. The poor lady was a devout

## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

believer in the saving grace of orthodox respectability, and her god was public opinion.

To save her niece by contriving a suitable marriage for her was the dream of her life. Her latest project was suggested by the return of Ronald Erskine, who seemed especially selected by an all-wise Providence to relieve her of the responsibility of this self-willed young woman. She schemed and plotted with the utmost secrecy to bring about her object, and her niece saw every move made by the simple-minded schemer, and fell into the trap with her eyes open, following her own inclination, but allowing her aunt all the credit that she took to herself for her far-seeing policy. To hasten the accomplishment of her plan the wily old match-maker devised a scheme for bringing the young people together. She told Mary that she wanted to present a portrait of the late Colonel Erskine to his widow on her next birthday, and proposed that her niece should paint it. She confessed she had only a very poor photograph of the departed for the artist to work from, but added that his son Ronald was singularly like his father; and then most innocently suggested that he would no doubt consent to sit for the portrait if he were taken into the secret.

Mary saw the trap and was intensely amused at her aunt's ingenuity: she had not the heart to laugh outright, and managed to treat the proposition with due gravity. Mrs. Fairfax was triumphant. And when Ronald Erskine heard the proposal, he too experienced a little thrill of satisfaction at the accomplishment of his desire. For he too had been meditating on a scheme that would bring him into closer relation with Mary Sinclair. His plan was to ask Mrs. Cadogan to paint for him a miniature of his mother from a photograph in his possession. He had already written to Mary's neighbor and was only waiting for her reply in order to call on her to discuss the matter. His intention was to ask Mary to give her advice on the subject and so gain an excuse for occasional calls. But when it was proposed that he should sit to Miss Sinclair for the portrait of his father he felt convinced that the idea had been planted in the mind of Mrs. Fairfax by his own concentration on the subject, which had presented itself first in that form, to be modified later into the plan he had adopted. Assuredly, thoughts are contagious.

So the sittings began, and Mrs. Cadogan was asked to play chaperon, but was excused by Mary when Ronald Erskine explained that he wanted the miniature as soon as possible. Mary saw no need of a chaperon at any time except as a protection against gossip.

There was not much conversation during the sittings; but the intimacy of the studio let down the bars of ordinary social intercourse, while it gave opportunities for mutual observation that were not lost on either side: and yet there remained a gulf between them which one could not and the other would not span.

He tried to interest her in mysticism; but she made fun of it. When he expressed a belief that she was naturally endowed with the rare faculty of clairvoyance, and told her some of his experiences with sensitives, she ex-



## THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

pressed surprise at his credulity. But she could not shake his conviction that she was an undeveloped subject of whom he could make a seer, if she would but submit. He left it to be inferred that he was some sort of an adept in such matters. But she treated all such pretensions as a joke. He avoided the word hypnotism, and spoke of awakening the latent power of spiritual perception in her, as if he were endowed with some superior wisdom entitling him to play the part of teacher and guide in the exploration of those unseen worlds that interpenetrate the visible universe. But Mary was frivolously skeptical.

He tried to win her sympathy by telling her the story of his fever, and the dream in which he was visited by the lady of the white rose; and it was hard for her to hide her interest; but she was no more than politely attentive while asking him to turn a little more towards the light. He did so; and realized that a sitter is at a certain disadvantage when he tries to influence the painter, who for the moment at least is in a position of command.

The portrait was approaching completion, but on the last sitting Mary decided to test the mystic powers of her would-be teacher. She hung the magic mirror where he would necessarily see it when he took up his position, and then placed the long cheval glass where she, from her place by the color-stand, could turn her back on him and see in the glass what happened.

As soon as he stepped upon the model-stand the mirror caught his eye, and Mary saw the momentary surprise that was at once suppressed. During the sitting, which was more than usually silent, his eyes turned to it again and again involuntarily; and at last, when work was ended, instead of going to inspect the portrait as usual, he went over to the wall where the metal mirror hung, and asked permission to examine it. Mary consented, with her attention apparently centered in her color-box. She saw him take a silk handkerchief from his pocket; then he gently wiped the surface, and replaced the handkerchief.

*(To be continued)*