

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“FOR thoughts alone cause the round of births; let a man strive to purify his thoughts.
What a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.”

— *Maitrāyana-Brāhmana-Upanishad*, translated by Max Müller

OYEZ!

BY TALBOT MUNDY

THEY threw a tinker into Bedford jail lest wiseheads should be troubled
by his tongue;
They burned the Maid of Orleans to still the voice forever that she claimed
to hear;
They gave the hemlock draught to Socrates to drown disturbing truths
he taught the young;
They slew Hypatia to kill such courage as makes cowards fear;
They burned the Prophet's books and said: 'Henceforth we make a better
law from day to day';
They said: 'The past is dead and cannot trouble us again, if we forget.
The moment is the goal. There is no higher law that unseen truths obey;
If we but bury consequences deep enough the cause dies too.' And yet —
They saw the pebble thrown into the pool and watched the unprevented
ripples spread;
They calculated cycles of eclipse and timed Orion rising in the sky;
They bragged of a heredity from ancestors a dozen generations dead;
Then tried to take the cash and let the debit go, and failed — and won-
dered why.

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WHAT THEOSOPHY STANDS FOR

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



UPON what depends the restoration of human society to order?
Upon a recognition of the essential divinity of man. That
is what Theosophy stands for.

People are complaining everywhere that old ideals are losing force, and that consequently there is an outbreak of lawlessness, in the individual, in family life, and in national life. This is a natural effect of trying to cramp human nature by dogmas pertaining to bygone times and not adapted to the expanding knowledge and needs of humanity. Hence the growing spirit in human nature is left without guidance and wanders into all sorts of vagaries.

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Some say: Let us get back to the old truths and doctrines. By all means, but what are they? Are they to be found exclusively in some particular religion or subdivision of a religion? If so, which? And is one of these religions the true one, the others being false?

We must go back to the truths that are common to all religions, that are the parent source of all religions; and carefully winnow from them the chaff in the shape of man-made dogmas and claims to special authority and authenticity.

People often conjure with the phrase that "God is our Father." But it has been well said that a truly wise and loving father would not wish his son to be any less than himself. It is in this sense that Theosophy regards the fatherhood of God and the sonship of man.

Is such an idea presumptuous and vainglorious? Nay; because it does not mean an exaltation of the *personality* of man. It means that man, in his real higher nature, is divine. But, to attain to a realization of that divinity, the personality has to be subdued and put into its proper subordinate place.

It is only by true self-reliance and genuine self-respect that the world can be restored from chaos to order. And this in turn means SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Our present knowledge and level of intelligence requires that we take a large and comprehensive view of humanity, its range in geographical scope and its past history. We are entitled to take this large and generous view. Any faith which is to be effective must be wide enough to embrace the needs of widely diverse peoples, and cannot be restricted to the tastes and traditions of one particular brand of civilization. Moreover, it is necessary to go much farther back in time, so that we may be able to free ourselves from ideas that have been generated and have grown fixed during recent periods or in a particular part of the world. We must recognise that our occidental religion is indebted for its most valuable features to gleams of light which it has borrowed from ancient Greek culture and other similar sources; and that these sources were themselves the recipients of still older traditions handed on to them. In fact, it is to the WISDOM-RELIGION of the ages that we must resort, in search of those unvarying truths that have inspired all religions and are the eternal salvation of mankind.

The ancient teaching of REINCARNATION must be restored, so that its beneficent influence may dispel the doctrines of despair and fear of death that have grown up since it was forgotten. The body being but one of the sheathes of the Soul, death is but a natural passage into another state; no more to be feared than any other natural process. Doctrines of heaven and hell, which are perversions of certain teachings of the

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Wisdom-Religion, have taken the place of Reincarnation. They are now for the most part but half-believed in, if at all; while many profess the untenable belief that death ends all!

It is Reincarnation alone that makes it possible to understand the doctrine of KARMA — that all our experiences are the result of our actions and thoughts. For, since the scope of a single lifetime is not enough to show the full working-out of this law, we must be able to view our life on a larger scale. We now reap the consequences of acts done in former lives, and are sowing seeds for future consequences in other lives.

Theosophy is at once the champion of liberation and of discipline. These two words ought not to be put in opposition to one another. It is imprisonment that is the opposite of liberation, while the opposite of discipline is laxity. It is almost a commonplace that freedom is the privilege of the disciplined man — that he who can walk needs no leading-strings. The one key to this self-discipline is SELF-KNOWLEDGE. We must search within for the light. It is the voice of conscience, not that of egoism, which is the guide. The doctrine of Karma shows that man's thoughts are the prolific source of inevitable consequences, both to himself and to others. It is in times of ignorance that men attribute events and experiences to inscrutable agencies; as their knowledge advances, they find out what are the real causes of these effects. We no longer break all the rules of hygiene while resigning ourselves to the will of providence or fate. We know that the diseases are due to our own carelessness, and we repair it. It is even so on the large scale of life in general. We reap what we have ourselves sown; and our destiny is in our own hands.

Religious teachings, whatever they may say about our future after death, are strangely silent about our state before birth. Yet, if the soul is immortal at all, it must have pre-existed the body. What wonder that there is darkness and confusion with such an imperfect teaching as this! We need to understand something about our origin as well as about our destiny; indeed, how can we understand the one without knowing something about the other?

It is evident that, whatever may be the truth concerning man's biological pedigree, this cannot affect the question of the origin of man's soul which existed before he was born. Whence then is this soul, and what is it? Was it suddenly created all at once when he was born; destined, however, once created, to an unending existence? We cannot successfully fathom such mysteries with our mere brain-mind, but we must turn to the Higher Mind, which will refer the soul back to that eternal fount of life and wisdom whence all things spring. The essential human soul is divine.


The more we advance in scientific knowledge, the more we learn

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about the vastness and sublimity of the omnipresent Deity or World-Soul. Bygone conceptions of a Deity made in the image of man, become absurd. Such conceptions are the reflexion of our own littleness, and we outgrow them as we outgrow our own self-depreciation. But it is not enough for science to regard the universe as a mere machine, however wonderful and complex. The universe manifests the spirit of order and harmony that are attributes only of a mighty and all-embracing wisdom. Thus the path of knowledge is one with the path of right conduct, and steers clear of materialism on the one hand and dogmatism on the other.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

R. MACHELL

HEN Cain had killed his brother Abel, and the Lord inquired of Cain "Where is Abel thy brother?" Cain answered and said, "I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" The obvious dishonesty of this reply has led some modernists to assume and to assert, as an axiomatic truth, the obverse of Cain's answer, thus: I am my brother's keeper.

As a slogan this formula is well enough, but as a dogma or an article of faith it is no better than some other formulas requiring interpretation by the light of common sense. For if I am indeed my brother's keeper it must be also true that he, my brother, is my keeper.

To a man of ordinary common sense, of course, the dilemma is not serious. It will be merely interesting as an example of the inadequacy of any form of words to serve as a complete or final expression of a philosophic truth. Unfortunately, long ages of dogmatic tyranny have stamped the minds of men with reverence for verbal formulas; and so it happens that the majority of semi-educated people are caught with a pithy phrase or useful formula; and then complain of contradiction because it seems to disagree with previously acquired specimens of religious or philosophic dogmatism. This sort of captious criticism continually assails the student of Theosophy, who is expected to reconcile all such apparent contradictions.

A superficial familiarity with a large number of such aphorisms is a poor substitute for wisdom, and frequently produces a state of dire confusion in the mind of the inquirer. Thus, for example, the modern formula (above referred to) has been contrasted with an extract from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*; and it has been asked: 'If I am to be my brother's keeper,

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how am I to reconcile this with the warning that "the duty of another is full of danger"?'

In the first place it would seem unnecessary to talk of reconciliation where there is no conflict. But there is always room for explanation where there is misunderstanding. The declaration that "the duty of another is full of danger" is but a 'tag' to a statement of a principle which is itself explanatory and runs thus:

"It is better to do one's own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well. It is better to perish in the performance of one's own duty; the duty of another is full of danger."

In its full form the meaning of the aphorism is quite clear and is a definite assertion that duty is personal as well as obligatory; and further that we must not interfere with one another in the performance of our duties. This warning is a caution against the meddlesome morality of the self-righteous, which, metaphorically speaking, wants to eat your dinner for you. To rob a man of his legitimate experience is just that; for experience is food to the soul.

The vanity that prompts a man to take a fellow-creature 'under his protecting wing' is in itself a moral blindness that disqualifies him utterly as spiritual counselor. What would we think of an athletic trainer who did his pupils' exercises for them? And what then must we think of one who tries to do another's duty for him?

Duty is personal; it is our only right, our privilege, our opportunity. To know our duty and to do it is to fulfill the purpose of existence. Only so can man attain self-knowledge. It is said in *The Voice of the Silence* that "self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child." Knowing this, who would be rash enough to rob another of his opportunity, or to attempt to do his duty for him?

But it may be asked: What is a man's duty? Is there nothing we may do to help a comrade on the journey? Yes. We may lead the way. We may so do our own duty that it may be seen to be a most desirable course.

The world is full of people who believe that duty is a series of unpleasant tasks imposed upon us by an irresponsible destiny, tasks that intelligent people find means to avoid or to shift on to other people's shoulders. And so they go through life deliberately rejecting opportunities of progress and self-mastery, while sowing seeds of sorrow for a crop that shall be harvested in future lives. How can we help them? Shall we stand aside and ask: Am I my brother's keeper? Our duty is to help, not hinder.

To constitute oneself one's brother's meddling 'keeper' is to impede his progress. Our brother should not be treated like a pet dog dependent

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on his owner who tries to do his thinking for him. He is to be treated as a fellow-traveler sharing the pleasures and the trials of the road. He may be helped in a variety of ways and hindered in as many more. The rôle of Helper of Humanity is not an easy one: and he who is most anxious to fulfill the task is not, perhaps, the one best qualified.

We are told that on this path there is a great reward for "him that overcometh," that is, for him who has discovered his own strength and overcome his weaknesses. This is something he must do for himself. And we, if we would help our brothers, must first learn to stand upright upon our feet and keep our balance. We must first master our own weaknesses. Not till then shall we be able to discriminate and know when to speak, when to keep silence, when to act, and when to refrain from action. When this first step is taken we shall not be troubled by apparent conflict in philosophic aphorisms, knowing how complex is the human mind: nor shall we mistake a slogan for a Theosophic axiom.

As to the question: What is our duty? It may be said that duty in the widest sense is merely that which is due, from man to man, from one to all, from man the personal to MAN the Divine. To answer such a question one might well reply, MAN KNOW THYSELF! Thou art Divine.


THE HEART OF BEAUTY

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I HAVE been caught into the fervid heart
Of Beauty, all enwrapped with petalled flame;
Which, though unseen, still radiates dart on dart
To the dim boundaries of the cosmic frame.
Seldom I feel this high enravishment,
Nor may I tell of it in subtlest word
Except in some faint symbol, where is blent
A passionate speech no mortal ears have heard.
Yet many natures are attuned to know
The joy of that shy language, and the tense
Keen ecstasy of that impulsive glow
That steals like wine through spirit, mind and sense.
Hearing, men turn to me with eager start;
They, too, have throbb'd in Beauty's flaming heart.

ANOTHER'S DUTY IS FULL OF DANGER

TALBOT MUNDY

 DUTY and danger are words whose stark significance is nowadays obscured by misuse. Yes and no, however, are the only words in any language that are more exactly definite or which, if used with true intention, are the keys to more perplexing riddles. One of our many modern troubles, that should be one of the easiest to overcome, is that we use words much too vaguely and divorce them from their real meaning by admitting reservations and equivocations that lead off into endless byways of perplexity.

Duty is that which is due, and there is no escape from it, although the ways are limitless by which we may deceive ourselves, and others, with a temporary, false sensation of escape. But that is because we are all too prone to overlook the fact that all life is eternal, and that death provides no 'alibi' or refuge from the inexorable law, that as we sow, we reap. The Higher Law, that actually governs us, is neither limited nor qualified by time; its range is the eternal Now, and though each succeeding minute may provide new opportunities for progress, neither minutes nor aeons affect the Law, which is, and was, and forever will be the sole arbiter of individual and of collective destiny.

WHAT IS DUE EVENTUALLY MUST BE PAID

When a bill is due, we have to pay it; the alternatives are an appeal to the more or less elastic patience of the creditor, or bankruptcy. The first postpones the day of reckoning but is often costly in accruing interest; the other compels us to relinquish all our assets, and to begin again from the beginning, without credit and without the benefit of such momentum as a business-in-being normally provides. In either event, there is nothing gained beyond a breathing-spell; and the only sure way in which a bankrupt can regain his credit is by making use of opportunity to settle with his creditors to their satisfaction.

That is no more than a simple illustration of the occult law, that what is due eventually must be paid; with interest, if we delay the payment; with increased difficulty and without the assistance of reserved resources, if we delay too long, or if we are caught deliberately trying to evade a settlement.

A very common cause of bankruptcy is signing other people's notes: that is, guaranteeing that another individual shall pay his debts. That individual defaults — and does so the more readily because his sense of responsibility has been weakened by what may have been intended by

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the guarantor simply as an act of friendship — the guarantor is called on to fulfill his guarantee; he finds it impossible, fails, and the law takes its course. He then joins the host of hurt and disappointed good-intention-mongers, who chant the dirge the ages have all listened to (so often that the 'recording angel' must have more than plenty of that gramophonic bleat in store) — "Never, no never again!"

FAILURE IN ERROR IS GOOD FORTUNE

But he will do it again. He will do it, in some form or other, the first moment that the risk looks profitable. Nothing less than wisdom, that has so grown from within that it has become identified with the individual, will save him from forever trying the impossible; and, in the end, he is better off should his attempts to avoid the law of individual responsibility meet disaster at the outset; because 'nothing succeeds like success' in convincing a man that his mistakes are wise, and the longer he seems able to avoid the law without distress to himself, the harder it will be for him to learn when the inevitable consequence begins to function, and the greater the distress will be. Failure in the early stages of an error is good fortune in disguise.

That is only an example on the most objective plane, where it is easiest to understand it. The Law, that as we sow we reap, is universal; it is everywhere, and it applies to everything and to everybody. It governs all the consequences of the most elusive and abstract thinking, as well as the effect of a blow struck in anger and the mixing of selected chemicals. Cause and effect are one, and they cannot be separated, although time, which is the mother of delusions, frequently persuades us that they can be.

THE DELIGHTFULLY CONTENTING KNOWLEDGE THAT OUR PROBLEMS ARE OUR OWN

Every individual is finally and unavoidably responsible for his own acts. Being causes, they set up consequences, that in turn become causes and bring endless chains of consequences in their wake; and for every one of those the originator must inevitably answer, at some time, in some place. It becomes easy to realize that the conditions we must meet in future lives depend entirely on performances in this life and the lives behind us, although no human brain can understand more than a fraction of the intricacies and adjustments of the Law of Karma.

A little thinking — a little facing of the facts without seeking to force them to fit time-rooted prejudices — brings to the surface the delightfully contenting knowledge that our problems are our own; that we have nobody to blame except ourselves, and no acts but our own to answer

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for, in the ultimate analysis. Hundreds of thousands — millions — of people have dimly realized that fact, and have sought to apply it; but, because they have only dimly realized one aspect of it, they have fallen headlong into selfishness, assuring themselves that the Law reads 'I come first.'

But whoever adopts that policy of selfishness will find himself degraded to a plane of consciousness on which, in self-defense, all others will be quite as selfish as himself; just as he who adopts a policy of unselfish usefulness will eventually find himself promoted to a plane on which his fellow-men will act unselfishly toward him. Nor are these far-away planes, to be reached in future incarnations or avoided by some superstitious supplications to an 'unknown God.' They are nearer than breathing; they are closer than hands and feet. They are here, immediately ready, and as easy to attain to, or to tumble down into, as a cold bath or the measles.

WE HAVE ENOUGH TO KEEP OUR OWN COURSE STRAIGHT

So a selfish policy is not the remedy for any process of unwisdom. Like creating like, and action bringing its exactly measured consequences to the doer, it is clear, when we have once been bold enough to face facts, that we cannot help anyone by trying to help him to do the impossible: that is to say, by trying to help him to succeed in error or to avoid the consequences to himself of his own unwisdom. In that respect we have enough to do to keep our own course straight amid the massed perplexities our own unwisdom has produced. If we associate ourselves with his unwisdom we become identified with it and, however self-righteously contenting the emotion that impels us, all that we succeed in doing is to add to the amount of trouble in the world, of which there is already quite enough without our interference.

Our business is to *reduce* the amount of trouble; and there is one royal way, but only one, in which that possibly may be accomplished. All other ways are vanity and a delusion.

A simple illustration will suggest the real process and convey a hint of its infallibility: suppose a fleet of ships to be sailing toward one destination. Some of them are keeping a correct course; others are diverging toward rocks and shoals, with which the course is limited on both sides. There is an adverse current, but each ship has sufficient power, and a little over, to force itself against the wind and tide; each is supplied with charts and is in charge of a navigator, whose duty is to bring his ship to port.

DISASTER — AND NOBODY THE GAINER

What would happen if the ships that are on the proper course should

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diverge from it in order to head the others in the right direction? Or if they should stop their engines and lose headway in order that their captains might argue the point with the other captains who were heading for the shoals? The probability of disaster, of course, would simply be increased, and nobody would be the gainer by it.

On the other hand, suppose that the captains who were on the proper course, and who *knew* they were, having taken all the seamanlike precautions, should call attention to the direction they were taking and should 'carry on,' they would be doing their full duty, by giving clear warning of the danger to the others, and by showing the course where safety lay.

Life is not so different from that, that we cannot profit by the illustration. There are, of course, and for instance, schoolmasters whose duty is to go long ways, and drastically now and then, in interference with the navigation of the frail barks with which the young begin life's journey; but even they find that example is the most efficient remedy for error, and that constant fault-finding not only deadens the beginner's alertness but deprives him of capacity for self-direction. They do not find it profitable to do a pupil's duty for him.

And there are extremes to which unselfishness may rightly go in rescuing those who have met disaster, provided that it truly is unselfishness and not self-righteousness, or a craving for self-advertisement, or the prospect of possible reward that gives the impulse. There are men and women whose very presence in the world uplifts it, so endowed by Nature with compassion for all suffering and all hopelessness that it becomes their duty to plunge into the stream of events and make other people's business theirs. Such was H. P. Blavatsky. But then that quality of true compassion that possessed her, had its natural corollary of wisdom, so that she could do the right thing, at the right time, in the right place. Wisdom provided foresight, and she knew full well what consequences her brave altruism would inevitably bring down on herself; and, aware in advance of the slander and the persecution that would be her lot, she took her course deliberately, gallantly, surrendering her own peace for a life-time solely that the coming generations might be benefited.

H. P. BLAVATSKY

Privileges such as hers were must be earned; and they cannot be earned by talking, or by meddling with other people's duty. No man knows how many lives were spent by H. P. Blavatsky in mastering the measureless experience that made her fit to undertake the work she did. And no man knows the tenth of what she suffered in one lifetime, which she might have lived at ease, in enjoyment of wealth and an unchallenged reputation. Neither is it possible for anyone to measure her reward,

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because those who are incapable of doing what she did are equally incapable of guessing at the heights she climbed by the unsparing use of all her spiritual gifts. Those who work for reward are not those who receive it, because its nature is beyond their comprehension; all the higher spheres of influence are kept for those who do not seek them, but who strive to serve in order that they may learn to serve more usefully.

Service does not consist in doing other people's duty for them, but in so well finishing one's own that there is nothing of it left to burden others; in such painstaking exercise of self-control that not a creature can be injured by our lapses; in such alert and patient progress on the narrow way that leads between ambition and neglect, that we may lead no fellow-pilgrim off the Path. For it is very much less harmful in the long run to ourselves, to bring disaster on ourselves, than to imperil others.

THE CLOAK OF KINDNESS

Danger is a grim word, fraught with meaning. The danger in another's duty is as grim and sure as that which we know we run if we neglect our own. The fact is, that we cannot do another's duty and our own as well, and the attempt to prove the contrary entails neglect and oversight, which are the source of half our difficulties and of most of our delay along the Path of Evolution. The desire to do another's duty very often is a masked form of intolerance or pride; as often, it conceals a mean scorn for another's weakness; sometimes, it is tyranny, grimacing in the cloak of kindness. It is never quite unselfish for at best it robs another of an opportunity.

The weird, illogical, and blind belief that one short life is all there is of us, is a delusion, under which in one form or another all the nations of the world succumb to hopelessness, or struggle onward in a false hope that some whim of an incomprehensible Destiny may show them a life better worth the living after death shall have imposed the final irony on this one.

Stultified by this delusion and obsessed by the impossible ambition to compress Eternity's whole panorama into one short earth-life, men grow mad, ascribing all their own discomfort to their fellow-men's iniquity. They seek to make themselves more comfortable by controlling and compelling others. They quote what have been said to be the words of Jesus — "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you"; but they neglect to bear in mind that other equally profound and simple caution — "Let your light so shine that *they* may see your good works." Duty, in this age and generation, has become a synonym for making other men do what we ignorantly think is theirs, in order that we may

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feel self-righteous, or may live more lazily, or possibly that we may get to heaven on the wings of other men's behavior.

ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE

It is impossible for anyone to *understand* another's duty, let alone to do it. Before we can qualify to sit in judgment of a fellow-man's neglect, or of his ignorance, or of his ill-will, we must first attain to the ability to see the whole of the procession of preceding lives that he has lived, and then so wisely weigh the interlacing causes and effects of myriads of years that not a single one escapes us.

A sneer at that statement is about the only recourse left to those who cling to the delusion named above that has brought the world to its present pass. But the sneer will not answer the charge that whoever sits in judgment on a fellow-man, or dares to try to do another's duty, or who makes claim to be better than his fellow, mocks himself and makes himself ridiculous; for either he asserts impossible ability to see the whole procession of past lives, and boasts of sufficient wisdom to review and weigh them all, or else he impudently claims to judge without the facts — which hardly the most arbitrary God invented by the stupidest of men would think of doing!

NO TIME FOR CRITICIZING OTHERS

Let him who knows exactly whence he came, and whither he is going, and can prove it, pass such judgments as he sees fit; let him do another's duty if he has the time. For the rest of us, who recognise this life as but an interlude between eternities, in which an endless chain of lives supplies us with the changing circumstance and the environment we need in which to work out our own spiritual progress, there is only just exactly time enough to attain our own self-mastery, and no time at all to spare for criticizing others.

To attempt to do another's duty is an act of criticism. It implies an assertion of omniscience. It is an arrogant and ignorant concession to the self-esteem that flatters us that we are better than our neighbor, and more wise. Carried to its ultimate, it leads to a confusion of responsibility. The seeds of war are sown when any nation starts to interfere with the duty or the privileges of another; none will gainsay that. But we are prone to overlook the fact that nations are but congeries of individuals, and that the same eternal Laws apply to all of us.

A NEIGHBOR'S RIGHTS

In one sense, and in only one, are we responsible for our neighbor's duty. He has his rights, and they are neither more nor less than ours.

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It follows that our duty toward him includes our giving him full room and opportunity to attend to his own affairs, while we attend to our own so thoroughly as not to interfere with him and not to leave neglected details for him to clean up after us.

There is an everyday expression which betrays the common attitude toward life and its problems and lays bare the roots of the ridiculous philosophy with which the greater part of what we call the civilized world today endeavors to console itself. "Life is too short for that!" We have all heard it. Most of us have used the phrase at one time or another. But the truth is, Life is too long for anything but strict attention to our duty and a generous permission to the other man to do his.

If all we had to live was one life --- three score years and ten --- there might be something in the theory that life is much too short for anything except enjoyment; and that if another does not do his duty, then we may do it for him in order to enjoy immediate comfort of mind or body. But even the Psalmist, who sang of three score years and ten, sang also that "a thousand years are but a moment." Life is so long — so eternally, incalculably long — that there is time for every act, however apparently insignificant, to reach its full fruition; and there is time for us to meet --- to be compelled to meet and be compelled to deal with — all the consequences of the acts that we ourselves commit.

THE TRUE BASIS OF RIGHT JUDGMENT

We see around us all the evidence of rebirth, ceaselessly progressing. There are sermons in the stones, and running brooks, and trees. The very nestling, newly hatched, knows whence to expect its food. The tree knows how to grow as soon as it bursts forth in darkness from the seed. Who taught it? Where did it learn the trick of thrusting upward to the light, and how does it know the light is there? Ourselves, possessed of habits that were never taught us since we came adventuring into this short span of years between a cradle and the grave, live, move, and have our being amid circumstances and conditions that we know intuitively how to deal with. Is it possible, or by any thinking mind conceivable, that we could conduct ourselves as men and women without accumulated stores of past experience on which to base our judgment of events as they arise? It is insanity to base our estimate of life and its recurrent problems on the proofless, blind assumption that we have but one short earth-life in which to make our whole experience.

TWOFOLD INJUSTICE

What then is the danger in another's duty? This: that every in-

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justice brings its retribution on the perpetrator. It is *not* just to deprive another of the opportunity to work out his experience. And it is unjust to ourselves to rob ourselves by interfering with another, thus misusing time and opportunity that might have been applied to our own problem. So to do another's duty entails two injustices, and we will have to meet the consequence of both, at some time or another, in this earth-life or another, and then we will have to devote both time and energy to the solution of a difficulty that would certainly have been avoided had we sooner learned the art and the necessity of minding our own business.

Minding our own business is the all-important principle of living. We are what we are — a nuisance to our neighbors very often, and a danger and obstruction to ourselves. It is becoming what we can become that is our duty to our fellow-man; and by becoming better than we are, and better able, from constant practice, to mind our own business wisely, we can become of increasing benefit to ourselves, our neighbor, our nation, the world, and the universe. By trying to do others' duty, we can only go from bad to worse.

DUTY — THAT WHICH SHOULD BE DONE NOW

Duty is that which is due — not that which we think, perhaps, may possibly be due before long. Duty, like ourselves, exists in the eternal Now. It is at hand, immediate, in front of us, invariably simple; and it sometimes takes the form of opportunity to learn a little self-control by refraining in thought or word or deed from interference with another.

It must be clear to the most immature human intelligence that no man can be helpful, or anything except a burden to his fellows, until he has acquired the art of orderly self-government. It follows, that our first duty at all times and in any set of circumstances is to control ourselves and so make sure that, whatever else, at all events we do not add to the inharmony around us. It sometimes happens then, although not nearly so often as our vanity would like to persuade us, that after we have exercised our utmost self-control, so giving wisdom opportunity to function, there is just a little surplus left that we may safely offer to the other fellow; but even so, the wisdom born of self-control, will oblige us to make the offer very diffidently. Wisdom will remind us that we are ignorant of many of the facts, and possibly of nearly all of them.

Briefly, our whole duty to our neighbor may be summed up in one sentence of four words: "Mind your own business." Business is that which ought to keep us busy, even if it does not. If it does not, then our duty is to find out why, and to remedy the failure by giving business more strict attention. That which ought to keep us busy is the instant and unceasing task of learning how to regulate and improve our own charac-

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ter, forever watchful of results as evidenced by deeds, and to the one end that we may become more useful by becoming more spiritual.

THE CONCLUSION --- WE ARE HERE TO LEARN

The only influence that we should dare to exercise is that which comes from spiritual progress. And *that* is automatic. It requires no exercise of brain, and no self-assertion to exert the uplifting beneficence of spirituality. In fact, on the contrary, self-assertion is a gross impediment that not only makes us stumble in our effort but assumes far greater proportions, in the eyes of the beholder, than those spiritual qualities that we propose to advertise. There is nothing more insulting to one's neighbor or more stultifying to oneself than conduct based on a self-flattering claim of spiritual superiority. The moment that we feel ourselves superior to others is the time, of all others, when we most need self-control — and then self-criticism — and then drastic self-direction, bearing well in mind that there are countless future lives in which to meet in full the consequences of the positive and negative commissions and omissions made in this one.

The conclusion of it all is this: that we are here to learn, not how to do our neighbor's duty, but to do our own — not for our own advantage, but for that of others. The only real blessing we can offer to our fellowmen is self-improvement, to the end that we may not increase inharmony but may exercise an honest, pure, uplifting influence. The basis of all spiritual progress is in self-examination and self-watchfulness. The proof of it consists in deeds that do no injury, depriving no man of his right to equal room and unhampered liberty along the Path of Progress.



“MEN cannot be preached into compassion, nor sermonized into brotherly love, nor talked into a love of justice. The virtues will not grow in the nature until the heart is touched, and the mystery-drama is the Teacher's magic wand. For all dramas which give us a true picture of the soul's experiences and a true interpretation of the Higher Law and of life's diviner aspects are mystery-dramas, whether written by Aeschylus, Shakespeare, or by some unknown dramatist past or to come. Life is the great mystery, and in unveiling it, in the light of knowledge, the true drama has ever been, and ever will be, man's greatest instructor. . . . Has not a wise Teacher among the ancients taught us that out of the heart come all the issues of life? It is the heart that the higher drama reaches with its message. That is the secret of its power to regenerate.”— *Katherine Tingley*

DEATH A CHANGE OF STATE

T. HENRY, M. A.

HOW dead we are individually when the heart stops beating!" ejaculates a publicist, in his comments on the death of a prominent man; and adds that this man "went back into the ground yesterday."

What a dogma! exclaim we in our turn. All that the living can affirm is that the deceased has gone away, gone out of their sight and other senses; but that he is 'dead individually' is a sheer guess.

The departed one has passed into another state; and we, left behind, have not the power to reach him in that state. Gone are the body and brain; and with their disintegration has disintegrated much that went to form the identity that we knew while he was among us. But in man there is an individuality which can survive the shock of death and live as an individual in other conditions, experiencing many things that were not experienced in the earth-life, until the hour strikes for his return for another cycle of life on earth.

Such ideas as that quoted above (which perhaps the author threw out as a kind of challenge or rhetorical question demanding a negative answer) represent views that are rapidly vanishing in this age of accelerated progress. Evolution is the watchword for today: not merely evolution in the more familiar biological sense, but evolution as a general principle, and representing growth and movement as opposed to a fixed and stagnant condition. The best thought of today no longer regards the earth and earth-life as something eternally fixed below, while the world of God and the Soul after death is as eternally fixed somewhere above and beyond. Instead of this, all life, whether of man or of the world in which he dwells, is looked upon as in a state of continual development.

From this point of view, the life of man appears as something continuous, endless in both directions, always growing and evolving. His present brief spell of years on earth can be but a sorry segment of his whole career as a spiritual being.

Death, you may say, is an utter separation and loss for most of us. Yet not more utter than some separations which take place without death. A kinsman may journey away from us and never be heard of again; to us he is as though dead, nor is any difference made when he does actually die. When we say that the deceased has passed into another state of existence, what can we mean but that he has passed away from the state in which he was and we still are? Unless therefore he or ourself

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or both of us can exist in both states at once, he will necessarily be beyond our reach. Who am I — I may well ask — that I should claim the power to recognise a purified Soul, cleansed from all its recent earthly vestures? Myself, I yet dwell in the terrestrial spheres, my senses walled in by the bodily organs, my ideas of life and being all colored and distorted by the earthly notion of separate personality. I am not yet evolved to the point of being able or fit to commune with celestial beings and discarnate Souls; but far be it from me to limit the possibilities of Cosmos by the narrow confines of my sensory tomb, or to deny existence to that which I cannot see.

We must try to shed the old idea that the deceased has leaped at a bound and irrevocably from one sphere into another. Rather we should regard the existence which he now enjoys as having subsisted while he was with us — then veiled, now unveiled; then shut back into latency by the importunate earthly life, but now regnant and supreme. He has died down like a hardy plant that lies invisible and apparently quite gone, though the root is there in the soil, ready to spring forth again at the proper time.

Under the old scheme of things, wherein the Soul departed forever to a supernal sphere, earth-life had no meaning. Some devotees have done their best to carry this inference to a logical and practical conclusion, by living as though this life were a mere preliminary trial, arbitrarily decreed by an all-ruling Power. But the very animal in us knows better than that, and insists on the right and joy of self-expression in the field wherein it finds itself. “Consider the lilies of the field.” Equally unacceptable, intolerable, is that view which makes life and the universe a meaningless *process*, like some monstrous experiment performing itself in most uncourteous disregard of our feelings. We can but regard this life as an inseparable part of a much greater life, and the material universe as an inseparable part of a much greater universe.

Man should not, and ultimately cannot, rest content with speculation; for he has both the right and the power to *know*. The conditions of knowledge are ever the same, and consist largely in an avoidance of the causes of ignorance. We must wean our affections from all that is gross and fleeting and non-essential, and fasten them ever more and more on the things that endure. To the attainment of this end, the path of Duty is held up to us, as a means of escape from the path of desire; for the path of desire keeps us ever in ignorance.



“It does not require metaphysics or education to make a man understand the broad truths of Karma and Reincarnation.”— *H. P. Blavatsky*

WHITE-LOTUS DAY CELEBRATION AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, MAY 8, 1924

OBSERVER



WHITE-LOTUS DAY, the anniversary of the passing away of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress of the modern Theosophical Movement, is celebrated on May 8th of each year by Theosophists throughout the world. The following are tributes paid to her memory in the Temple of Peace at the International Theosophical Headquarters this year. Katherine Tingley herself, on account of her health, was unable to be present, but sent the following written tribute, which was read by the Chariman of the Cabinet, Mr. E. A. Neresheimer:

“We are gathered here in our home-Temple at the International Theosophical Headquarters, to pay tribute to the world’s great Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Light-Bringer — the great Theosophist of the Ages!

“Each anniversary of her release from her body and her progress on higher planes has added laurels, honors, and victories to her great heart-work and to her noble and sacred name.

“Salutations! dear, beloved Comrade — gracious and noble queen among women — salutations!

“With heart, soul, and our best efforts, we follow thee.”

Extracts from Addresses

E. A. NERESHEIMER

COMRADES: THIS assembly reminds me of one of the early meetings in New York, at 144 Madison Avenue, shortly after H. P. Blavatsky’s death. I think it was the first year after her death in 1891. Mr. Judge was present, and the hall was packed. It was H. P. Blavatsky’s wish, which she had expressed some time before her death, that the day of her death might be commemorated at assemblies on-that day.

We realize each year, as the years go on, more fully the success of H. P. Blavatsky’s work, which has increased to such a great extent. She gave us many ideas for our own improvement and for our own study, so that we may lighten the burdens for others. She gave us a wealth of ideas about our relations with the great universe. Such things have been spoken of in various works in all ages, but they have never been before so clearly taught that they could reach the public mind. These truths were obscured, whether purposely or not; they were overladen with difficult terms and ways of putting the subject, that made it very difficult to understand them. And it was against all the usages of the day, during H. P. Blavatsky’s time, that she dared to

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go forth and bring these grand truths to the public in such a way that they could be grasped.

She set this great movement on foot, and her worthy successor, W. Q. Judge, carried it forward magnificently to the time of his death, in 1896; and since then we, if anyone, can appreciate the marvelous work done by Katherine Tingley. The success of H. P. Blavatsky's work is imbodyed in our present Leader. The continuance of the value of this work and of these great truths depends upon the Leadership of the successors of H. P. Blavatsky.

I need not extol the work of the Leader particularly, because you know with what great foresight and with what great skill and with what great energy she has brought these truths to the simplest minds. Now this is a great step that we have witnessed — bringing the truths to humanity so simply that they can be spoken of to anyone and everywhere. The lectures that Katherine Tingley has given during these last twenty-five years — since Mr. Judge's death,— and the great Theosophical Tours that she has executed with the assistance of some of her enthusiastic students throughout the world, have brought these truths forward to such an extent that the thought of the world has perceptibly changed within our own observation. And it will go on self-creating, because the inherited truths which Theosophy contains are self-propagating. Once the seed is sown, the higher law will take care of the rest.

R. MACHELL

COMRADES: WHITE-LOTUS DAY is of course a memorial day, but it is not a day of mourning. For H. P. Blavatsky gave us the teaching of Reincarnation — of Rebirth; and she showed us that when she put her whole life into the creation of this Theosophical Movement, she gave us the possibility of continually renewing that life. So I think that White-Lotus Day is really a birthday more than a memorial day, in the sense that it is a celebration of the crowning of her life-work. For when she had put all her energy and her power into building up the Society, she left it with her benediction, to go on and prosper; and we are left to carry it forward. So it is for us to make these memorial days birthdays in the life of the Theosophical Movement that she loved so dearly.

H. A. FUSSELL

COMRADES: WE are met together this evening to do honor to the greatest soul of modern times; a soul that was tempered in former lives to a superfine quality, and made fit to accomplish the great task which our Elder Brothers,— those lovers and servants of humanity, who only live to aid man in his progress towards perfection — entrusted to her to carry out. This strong and courageous soul was H. P. Blavatsky, who, in spite of her high principles and unselfish life was called by many of her contemporaries — learned scientists and journalists,— the greatest impostor of the age!

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But for us, students of the Wisdom-Religion, she is the Light-bringer, the restorer of true religion, philosophy, and science. As we know from our own experience, H. P. Blavatsky was the awakener of souls; the liberator of thought, and the inspirer of a nobler and better life. Always misunderstood and calumniated, she nevertheless succeeded in gathering round her a united band of devoted disciples, to carry on the Great Work which she inaugurated. And today this little band of devoted followers has grown into the magnificent organization known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which under the guidance of our Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, is influencing for good the thought of the world.

The contemplation of such a life as H. P. Blavatsky's, and the example given us by her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, is the most powerful incentive that we can have in our own individual moral and spiritual development, and also toward effective service in the interests of humanity.

DR. GERTRUDE VAN PELT

DEAR COMRADES: As this day comes around every year, H. P. Blavatsky seems to us all, I am sure, greater and greater. Her amazing strength, her fortitude, her power, grow on us as the years pass. She was one of the mighty forces in history, and as ages and ages pass, and as she becomes more and more appreciated and realized by the world at large, all can look back upon her record and see that she is still far, far in advance of them.

Even if we cannot see this now, we know from the fact that she came at this epoch that she must be something marvelous. This time, as all the Leaders have told us, is a great crisis in world-affairs. Mr. Judge has told us as much, if not more, than any of the others, of what this cycle means; and it is something stupendous to think that she came to break the ice at this time. She seized the molds of the minds of men, and never again will they be quite the same. As one of our speakers has just said, the seeds have been planted, and nature will continue the great Work. It cannot be otherwise, for we can see already that the truths she brought are being expressed by many; but something more subtil than that has gone out all over the world.

So on these days which are sacred to her memory, we feel that we can do no more to express our love for her than to rededicate ourselves to the Work for which she lived and died.

MRS. E. A. NERESHEIMER

COMRADES: IN thinking of H. P. Blavatsky I always see before me a portrait of her that was in the London Lodge where I first went and heard about Theosophy. Underneath this portrait there was written: "She being dead, yet speaketh."

I feel that of all the many things I have heard of H. P. Blavatsky, of her life, and of her science and of her work, nothing has brought me to feel such a closeness with her as her writings. When we take up any of her writings,

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whether it be *The Voice of the Silence*, or *The Key to Theosophy*, or *The Secret Doctrine*, or whatever it may be, and we go to them in the right spirit, we feel a closeness and a nearness to her. We all know that if we take up the writings of any author, we immediately come into contact with the author himself; and so I think that must be the experience of everybody who reads anything that H. P. Blavatsky has written.

And I feel that through these experiences I also have got a little deeper understanding of the closeness that exists between us and all those with whom we have come in close contact, whether they be on this plane with us, or whether they have passed on. With whomever we have shared a great ideal, the experience of something high and noble and beautiful, every time we contact that ideal or that same beauty that we have met with them, they are with us, and very near to us and very close to us.

Now I believe that in order really to learn to understand H. P. Blavatsky we must try and strive to reach those ideals that she has upheld before us, and that our present Leader has exemplified for us in such a wonderful practical way. And the more we do this, the more closely we shall come into real touch with these great Leaders who are helping us to go along the path and to give humanity something of the great truths that they have brought to us.

KENNETH MORRIS

IN thinking of this occasion, the anniversary of the death of H. P. Blavatsky, there comes into one's mind that old saying in European countries: "The king is dead; long live the king!" And this is true of H. P. Blavatsky in a different sense, in a deeper sense, in another way than it is of any other possible kingdom; because she created a kingdom, the first real kingdom in the world I suppose, these millions of years. She came into a world that knew her not. She came as a star into the darkness of this world, and created the necessity that there should always be such a star in the world — she made a place that always had to be filled, that could not possibly be left vacant forever; she created something that had to be continued. And so she has her successors, and she will have her successors, and there will always be a representative of H. P. Blavatsky in the world; there will always be a rock for the waves of evil to break against; there will always be one to lead the people into the Chosen Land — into the Land of Promise.

It is true in another sense: I think in this connexion of an old legend in one of the countries of Europe, that when a Teacher dies and goes to Heaven, as they say, Heaven has got to pay for the gift — has got to pay for it with a great idea — a great inspiration. They say that all the great music in the world has come into the world in that way; that it is given as payment by Heaven for a Great Soul that has gone in this way. And it is true in a sense.

Before May 8, 1891, H. P. Blavatsky was among other things a suffering personality, an ache hardly to be endured. After May 8, 1891, she was a principle alive and bound to be alive, not only in her successors, but in every

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waking soul in the world. She was the principle that declared the essential Divinity of Man; she was the principle of divine light, of hope, of assurance that the golden ages are not all in the past, or only in the past; but she is marching at the head of humanity, her immortal spirit marching forever at the head of humanity into golden ages such as no humanity has experienced, nor ever dreamt of!

LEOLINE L. WRIGHT

DEAR COMRADES: WE are met to commemorate the passing of our beloved H. P. Blavatsky, and to pay tribute to her memory. I think one thought may occur to us, and that is to remember the wonderful group of brilliant and gifted men and women who surrounded her, and if we think of them gathered together, somewhat as we are gathered here, we shall be reminded that what is now the past, to them was then the present, when they had the privilege of gathering close around a great Initiate, of listening to her teachings, and of shaping their lives by her wonderful ideals. I suppose it will come home to us with a certain solemnity, a reminder of the time when what is now our golden present will have become the finished past.

But this thought, I think, far from saddening us, should be rather a glorious drama, stimulating us to a rededication at each one of these times when we are reminded of this solemn thought — a deeper sense of loyalty to that great Initiate with whom we have the privilege of being associated — to a more continuous devotion to duty; to deeper calls upon our Spiritual Will; and above all things a more perfect loyalty and an ever-deepening realization of the privilege of being the pupils of our dearly beloved and revered Teacher.

MRS. E. W. LAMBERT

COMRADES: WHEN thinking of the colossal character of H. P. Blavatsky she seems to be exemplified in the Egyptian Sphinx, a great Mystery of the ages. As the Sphinx is the true expression of the many inner temples beneath the surface of those Egyptian sands, it is not difficult to imagine that the mystery of H. P. Blavatsky is found in those wonderful writings of hers: *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Voice of the Silence*. And as the mysteries of the Sphinx are being solved very, very slowly, as the archaeologists are searching, as the Egyptologists are devoting their energies to understanding the temple-life, may we not learn to do as they are doing, by delving for wisdom into H. P. Blavatsky's writings? They are all looking for the key to the mysteries of the Sphinx, and we are looking for the key to the mystery of life.

J. F. KNOCHE

COMRADES: I REMEMBER just as if it were yesterday, thirty-three years ago, when the dispatches flashed over the world telling us of the passing away of H. P. Blavatsky. Among the members whom I knew at that

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time (I was not as yet a member although I had been studying Theosophy some two or three years previous to that time), I felt an involuntary gloom which seemed to possess them. It was quite natural that this should be the case, and the great question was, "What will become of the Theosophical Movement?" Its members of course did not at that time appreciate the fact that one who was as great as H. P. Blavatsky would also be great enough to see that a suitable successor was appointed. Nevertheless all felt it to be an irretrievable loss, a loss that could not in any way be replaced, and in that I think they were undoubtedly agreed.

It is now nearly fifty years ago that H. P. Blavatsky started the Theosophical Movement in New York, and it would be really interesting to speculate — and perhaps profitable — what will be the situation in the world another fifty years hence. As Mr. Neresheimer said, we see on every hand evidences of the absorption of Theosophical ideas,— the changing of thought in the world. Even politicians say that we must reincarnate the ideas of a former leader — and things of that kind. Almost every day we hear of magazine-articles, as you know, in which Theosophy or Reincarnation or Karma or something of that kind is referred to. I think — and I believe I am correct in stating this — that no teacher of the past, so far as ordinary historical records go, did what the great Teacher H. P. Blavatsky did: no great teacher ever left to her followers and to the world in general a science of life, a philosophy, or a religion — call it what you will — in such precise detail, so comprehensive, so magnificent, so illimitable in its scope, as did H. P. Blavatsky.

As the years roll by we speculate on the future — and I really think that it is more than speculation, because we cannot have a thought without involving the imagination; — and if we use the power of thought and of imagination rightly, I really believe that we can pave the way for the great success which must follow this movement as it proceeds from year to year. And if we apply the picture and create the mold, individually and collectively, there is no doubt in my mind that fifty years hence will see H. P. Blavatsky as the spiritual guide of the world.

GRACE KNOCHE

DEAR COMRADES: THE question of what one can say to make three minutes worth their while, is a serious one, because so much has been said of H. P. Blavatsky, so much has been written of her in the last few years, that the question assumed enormous proportions tonight when I received the little message that I was to speak three minutes.

We see H. P. Blavatsky in her earlier life traveling round and round the world, searching for an answer to the questions, "What is Deity?" — "What is God?" She gives the answer to this in that wonderful preface to *Isis Unveiled*. And then we see her with her Teachers in that secluded spot in the Far East, which all the world found it impossible to enter, and is finding it impossible; but she accomplished it.

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Then we see her sent out by her Teachers with a message and a mission, and a mission that was apparently impossible and could never be attempted. But she started out and she accomplished it (although it is really not fully accomplished yet); and in later years traveling from country to country, founding branches "like hot loaves all the way," as she said. And then we see her at her desk working day after day (she was a confirmed invalid several years before her death), working when anyone of us would have thought we were entitled to a nurse or a bed. But she was one of those to whom one year of life was worth forty or a hundred years of vegetating; and while she could have cared for her body better, perhaps this Movement would not have lived if she had not endured and worked so hard.

Her life always suggests music to me, and it will now more than ever after a Comrade's reference to that legend. I never think of her without thinking of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, that expresses the tempestuous storms of life, and the courage to face them. Her life-work is not finished; it is being expanded now; but the world does realize in a faint degree what she was; and she is eternally with us, like a Living Presence.

J. H. FUSSELL

COMRADES: THERE came to me this picture today: that before H. P. Blavatsky came, humanity had been sliding downwards for ages, and the Karma of the race was all headed towards the rocks -- towards destruction. And then came this Titan, this Prometheus, not willing to see humanity lose its way, and she brought this message, which is one of the most wonderful of all I think, that she gave: -- that all the Great Ones of the past ages before history makes any record, all the Teachers and Saviors of humanity of any time, are not dead, are not away from humanity; they are still living as thoughts. She brought that marvelous and most mysterious message of the existence of the Nirmânakâyas.

There are those divine rebels -- she herself speaks of them in *The Secret Doctrine*,--- who rebelled against the Karma of the world, and would not let it run its course, and sacrificed themselves, and made possible a new hope and a new destiny. It was attempting the impossible. It was what the divine Sons of Light, the Sons of Flame, did, when they lighted the unlighted fires of man, when they dared to break the bonds of Karma.

For all of us who have a glimpse of that wonderful doctrine, there is something that every one of us can do. We are not the slaves of Karma. We can break our Karma. We can rise upon that which is the dead past. We can rise over all our failures. This is the message that shall go ringing all down the ages -- the message of W. Q. Judge and the message today of our beloved Katherine Tingley, our Teacher -- that we can attempt the impossible, and can triumph.

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TALBOT MUNDY

COMRADES: THOSE of us who are of the present younger generation of Theosophists, and who have not had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with that grand Leader, H. P. Blavatsky, have none the less the privilege of being loyal to her teachings. And it may be, perhaps, that after all we have not lost so much, because we are forced to look within ourselves for that spiritual faith which shall make firm our loyalty, without which — I mean without loyalty — there is no spiritual life.

Of course the day will come when all the world will accept Theosophy as its spiritual guide and its law. We do not know how far ahead that wonderful development will be, but we can hope for it and work for it, and the more we hope and the harder we work, the sooner it will happen. Much depends on us, and on our watchfulness. The seed has been sown, and a grand beginning has been made; but most of the work lies ahead. However, a change is taking place. Its signs are obvious all over the world. There is an aspect of Theosophy that will be recognised by the world long before it accepts the spiritual teachings as a whole. In spite of war, and an armed peace in which the nations re-arm for further war, there is evident a change within the minds of men, in every nation, although there are not many yet who recognise that change, and there are fewer still who know the meaning of it. But the truth is this: Theosophy is occult, and works in unseen ways.

H. P. Blavatsky founded a new nation, a universal nation, that knows no limits of geography, whose citizenship is not based on color, race, or creed, but it depends on character. The Capital of that new nation I take it to be here, and it is on us that that nation's future must depend, on us and on our loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and to our present Leader. And I would like to add this: that there will ever come crises and emergencies which we must face; but we may well remember this: that whatever the difficulties we must face, whatever the crises, there will be none so dire as H. P. Blavatsky stood up against and faced alone; and the more and the nearer we appreciate the grandeur and the majesty of what she did, the nearer we shall be worthy of citizenship in that new nation which she founded.



“OUR minds should be restless for noble and beautiful things.”

“TO exist the healthy mind must have beautiful things — the rapture of a song, the music of running water, the glory of the sunset and its dreams, and the deeper dreams of the dawn.”

“A MAN must be prepared to labor for an end that may be realized only in another generation.”

“LET the cultivation of a brave, high spirit be our great task; it will make of each man's soul an unassailable fortress.”

— Quotations from *The Principles of Freedom* by Terence McSweeney

THE DIVINE MESSAGE OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

PAPERS READ AT LINDSEY HALL, LONDON, WHITE-LOTUS DAY, MAY 8, 1924

BY HERBERT CROOKE



THE history of the world shows that never at any time in any age has mankind been without a guide, a message, which may be called Divine. Thomas Carlyle says that the history of the world is but the biography of great (heroic) men, and sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. Sincerity, he declares, is better than grace, while the one thing which he holds to be needful for a man is *to be brave*. Valor, he considers, is the foundation of Pity, of Truth, and of all that is great and good in man. A sincere, brave, true man, devoid of fear, is what he calls an *original* man – a Messenger sent with tidings to us direct from the Inner Fact of things.

Let us take this statement and apply it to H. P. Blavatsky. Born and educated in a noble family in Russia, at an early age she traveled with her father to France and England and made many connexions and experiences in other countries. When only a child of tender years it was said of her that she was unlike any other person — very lively, highly gifted, full of humor, and of most *remarkable daring*. Before she was twenty years of age she had traveled in Greece and Egypt, had visited Canada and the United States, passing from New Orleans through Texas to Mexico and later across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco and thence on to Japan, India, and other parts of the East.

After suffering shipwreck near Spezzia and losing all her belongings, she went to Egypt to await supplies from Russia, and while there entered upon her more public work and mission, proceeding as it was said “from apprenticeship to duty.” But it was not until 1875 when she was again in New York that she was able to form the Theosophical Society. Here she met William Q. Judge. Here she wrote her first great work *Isis Unveiled*. Here she took out her naturalization papers and became an American citizen.

Her character and work are well summed up in an article which appeared two days after her death, in the *New York Tribune*, a paper that ranks with our *Morning Post* or *Daily Telegraph*:

“The life of Madame Blavatsky was a remarkable one. — It must suffice to say that for nearly twenty years she had devoted herself to the dissemination of doctrines, the fundamental principles of which are of the loftiest character. . . . [She] held that the regeneration of mankind must be based upon the development of altruism.”

Of this teaching she herself wrote in her own magazine *Lucifer* (vol. IV, p. 188):

“If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words

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of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then indeed will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy IS ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth."

This is her Message - a Divine Message — delivered in all sincerity, bravely and against all odds -- the utterance of an original woman — direct from the INNER FACT of things. Katherine Tingley, her successor, after William Q. Judge, in the Leadership of the Theosophical Movement, says of her:

"When Madame Blavatsky came to the world with her message of Theosophy, she perceived the materialistic trend of human thought and life, and brought her treasures of Truth that she might turn it to higher things. She came to simplify the problems of life. Her purpose was to set men thinking. Read *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and *The Voice of the Silence* — you who are questioning as to the 'whence,' the 'wherefore,' and the 'whither' — and see if you do not find in them principles and truths, that, could they be lived up to, would absolutely change the whole aspect of our civilization. She was indeed 'Humanity's Friend.'"

BY MRS. G. LIDELL

WE meet here tonight to celebrate the memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. To most of those here present her name is familiar and closely connected with the activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There may be some people though who do not fully realize the great importance of this wonderful woman's life and work, so a few words of explanation are offered. She was by birth a Russian noblewoman, born in 1831, and she lived to the age of sixty. She received the obtainable education of her time and added a great deal of knowledge to it by traveling all over the world. She was quite young when she found out that life in the world was on a wrong track and that humanity was blindly rushing to destruction. Something had to be done to prevent disaster and she made it her sacred duty to try to enlighten humanity about their mistake. She went to the source of all real knowledge: the Wisdom-Religion which is the fount of all religious and philosophical teachings now existing and which is as old as the world, and from that source she drew her wisdom. In her two great works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, she has given proof of such an extensive knowledge and insight that only a few of the greatest men can be compared with her. In the annals of time her name will be written in letters of fire.

We, her followers, who have benefited by her teachings, are filled with a deep gratitude to this noble woman for the trouble she has taken, and the bravery and courage she has shown in fulfilling her great mission. It was not an easy task to come and tell the materialists who were so pleased with themselves and the present order of things, that they were ignorant and asleep. Consequently she met much opposition from the men of the world, nevertheless she went on unflinchingly and was victorious. A handful of

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thinking men and women gathered round her, and when, in a few years' time we shall celebrate the centenary of her birth, her followers will be counted in many, many thousands spread all over the world. How can we best show our devotion and gratitude to her? By practically carrying out her teachings in our daily life. She herself has said: "Theosophist is, who Theosophy does."

Why are her teachings so much needed? Look around you with open eyes and an open mind, and you will see for yourself that ignorance about *real* life is still prevalent and it is to blame for the misery in the world: unbrotherliness, war, moral and physical ill health, crimes of every description, lunacy, and suicide. A great many people are pursuing a path which leads only to futile ideals of happiness. They think that as long as they get their desires satisfied, nothing else matters, and they forget that there are less fortunate people living close to them. It never occurs to them that they are their brother's keeper.

What does H. P. Blavatsky tell us? She tells us what all the great teachers of the world have taught: Man is dual in his nature, divine and animal; and that from birth to death a constant fight between those two goes on. Is it worth fighting, trying to conquer the lower material part of ourselves? Yes, there is no other way, and whether we like it or not we shall have to fight, because the final goal is nothing less than liberation from material illusions for the whole of humanity. H. P. Blavatsky told us that we are meant to reach perfection. She would not have said so, if it was not true. We are here to gain knowledge about life, power to use it rightly and to overcome its lure and temptations.

Why is it easier for some people to 'live the life'? Why are some poor, others rich, some strong and well, others weak and physically afflicted, some intelligent, others stupid, and so on? The answer is to be found in the great truths which H. P. Blavatsky brought us. She says that we ourselves have created the surroundings we live in and the different qualities, tendencies, and limitations of which we are an expression. This is a law in nature and is called Karma. Other teachers have also pointed it out. One was the Christian apostle who said: What ye sow ye shall reap.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon everybody that however wonderful the teachings of wisdom and the knowledge of life are, if they are not made a living power in our own lives they are only as the dead letter of the law and do not help us. This H. P. Blavatsky realized, and she undertook to vivify the old teachings, give them new life, and show the path to perfection. She opened up vast fields for our exploring; she explained the universe — its origin and evolution; she pointed out to man his place and mission in this universe; and she tells us that we are in essence beings of eternity. Having learned these things, we come upon the third fundamental truth in the Wisdom-Religion: Reincarnation. That, together with the teaching of Karma, gives us the key to the solving of all problems of life. It gives us joy and hope, it shows us that we shall have many chances, that no endeavor is lost, and that the only thing that matters is not to lose sight of the purpose

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for which we are here. We must work in harmony with nature if we are to reach *real* happiness.

H. P. Blavatsky came to the world when materialism was reaching its height, threatening to suffocate humanity and to plunge it deep into the abyss of ignorance and darkness. She was a messenger of the Guardians of Humanity, a willing instrument in the Divine Work. In the Indian poem, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, we read:

“I produce myself among creatures, O son of Bharata, whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness.”

I have tried to show that we have indeed good reason to celebrate the memory of H. P. Blavatsky. She was one of the real helpers of humanity, and the traces of her life's work will live for ever. In order to safeguard the old teachings of truth she formed the Theosophical Society, which under the care of her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, is devoted to the enlightenment of mankind. At Point Loma, founded by our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, we see a manifestation of the wonderful vision that H. P. Blavatsky had, when she devoted her life to the spreading of Truth, Light, and Liberation for humanity. From Point Loma radiates the Light that H. P. Blavatsky brought back to us from obscurity, which Light will “penetrate to the darkest corners of the world.”

BY MRS. MARY STANLEY

THE life of H. P. Blavatsky was an inspiration to those who knew and understood her. She came at a time when the world was steeped in materialism, and the first thing she had to do was to “break the molds of mind.” — A stupendous task and one which, by its very nature, was bound to make her many enemies; for who, except the very, very few, like to be forced aside from the easy path and be made to think?

Everything that is worth while creates opposition, the more worth while, the greater; so the fact that H. P. Blavatsky had, and still has, many enemies is proof positive that she had a real message to deliver.

She dared to be herself, and to be true to her trust without fear or compromise, satisfied if just a few hearts beat in harmony with her own.

Thirty-three years have gone since she passed away, and the Truths which she brought again to the world are permeating the very atmosphere of the Earth. Everywhere one meets people to whom the tenets she taught through so much opposition are common belief, though they may not call them by any specific names. After all, what *is* Theosophy? It is the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which has had no beginning and will have no end; simply the laws of our being, of nature, of the universe itself, for we are all one.

As there are always selfish forces warring against the good, there are

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periods in the world's history when they appear to get the upper hand and it is at those periods that the Teachers come to bring back the ancient knowledge. They hold out to suffering humanity a solution of its ills. They try to make people understand why it is that they suffer so terribly, and how they make their own heaven or hell in their own hearts. They try to make men realize how the currents that cross and recross their lives in such seeming confusion, are nothing more than the working out of each individual Karma,—Karma that has been made by each one. How each one, bravely and cheerfully doing his own duty in his own niche of life, would sound a note which, blended with the others would make a symphony so grand that evil would find no place on the earth, and life would truly be *Joy*.

H. P. Blavatsky, in her compassion, gave her life that we might know the Truth, and though, like others, she was slandered by those she came to save, her message can never be lost. Like a trumpet-call it reverberates on and on, and finds its echo in the hearts of those who are ready to hear it.

Truly, "she being dead yet speaketh."

BY MISS R. S. WATKINS

WITH regard to the message that H. P. Blavatsky had for the world, our present Leader, Katherine Tingley says:

"When Madame Blavatsky came to the world with her message of Theosophy, she perceived the materialistic trend of human thought and life, and brought her treasures of Truth that she might turn it to higher things. She came to simplify the problems of life. Her purpose was to set men thinking."

Not only did H. P. Blavatsky set men thinking, but she pointed out those things upon which it is good to think. She not only said to men: "Go forward!" but showed the road by which they should travel safely. She came, as she once said herself, to "break the molds of mind" that were cramping the mental life of the modern world. But she was no iconoclast, in the sense of one who shatters wantonly the peace of simple minds and then leaves them wandering in confusion. She merely broke down that she might build up; but the old cramping molds of thought were replaced, not by new molds, but by a clear light of wisdom and understanding by which each man might see to build up his own temple of thought-life, a temple not made with hands, but real and imperishable, growing with man's growth, and glowing with the life and beauty of his highest aspirations. Each of us is ceaselessly building an invisible dwelling-place,—a muddy hovel or a stately mansion, entirely according to our habits of thought.

H. P. Blavatsky was one who lived in a mansion of unspeakable beauty and earnestly desired that all men should do the same. That was her great characteristic, the sublime selflessness which impelled her to spend herself entirely in endeavoring to give freely to all the world that which she herself possessed in fullness. She gave afresh to the world the Wisdom-Religion;

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she taught men Theosophy. To quote once more from Katherine Tingley, who says, in speaking of H. P. Blavatsky:

“I feel that she must have passed through many schools of experience in many, many lives to gain the marvelous knowledge that she possessed, the affectionate self-sacrificing love for humanity that was hers, and the courage that sufficed to carry her through the suffering and persecution that came. She was as one who had been cleansed as by fire, who had passed through the travail of the soul.”

From these few words I think we may embody three aspects of the message this great and loving woman had for us,— wisdom, love, and courage. Surely who possesses these possesses all that is worth having in this world or any other, and we, believing as we do in the worth of the messages that lead to their attainment, endeavor to do our part in passing them on.

BY E. E. SYNGE

TO consider understandingly the life and sacrifice of a great spiritual Teacher, it is necessary to recognise that *Reincarnation is a fundamental Law of Life*. The real I, the immortal soul of man, lives his life on earth, leaving his body at death to enjoy a period of rest and refreshment on other planes, and then returns again to life on earth, reaping what he sowed before in good and evil, gradually learning that he is in essence a divine being, incarnating for the purpose of conquering the selfish desires arising from his intimate contact with an animal body and developing the limitless grandeur of his spiritual powers.

There are those, who, in the long ages that man has been upon this earth, have conquered their lower natures and blended their consciousness with the indwelling Spirit, the Christos, the Divine Self, and who have thus become as gods in wisdom and spiritual knowledge, in comparison with the average mass of humanity. They have fulfilled the purpose for which they incarnated upon earth, and have earned the right to dwell on spiritual planes, where peace and harmony abide. But these have such a divine compassion burning in their hearts for the sufferings of men that from time to time, in accordance with cyclic law, they deliberately forego the peaceful state of bliss and incarnate on earth to bring to men the old, old teachings in their purity.

Such a one was Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Light-bringer of this age. Her lot was that of most of the great world-saviors, misunderstanding, ridicule, and bitter persecution from those who saw their pet theories being assailed by her enunciation of the incontrovertible facts of Being and evolution, and her clear statement of the true inner meaning of the various sacred books and ancient teachings, stripping from them the man-made wrappings that hid the light.

She restated the age-old truth that men are divine in essence, with ilimitable possibilities of growth; that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; that law and order rule on the mental and spiritual planes as they do on the

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material; and she brought to the western world the long-forgotten knowledge of the laws of Reincarnation and Karma.

Above all things, she taught the basic necessity for unselfish service, purity and truth in thought, word, and deed, and the example of her life and teachings has induced thousands of men, women, and children throughout the world to endeavor to live lives of purity, truth, and unselfish service. She filled the thought-atmosphere with spiritual courage and hope.

She was bitterly assailed on the one hand by dogmatists of all kinds, for such love not the Truth when it conflicts with their theories or beliefs; and on the other some of those who came to her, seeking to gain for their own use the wonderful knowledge that they recognised she could impart, when she insisted that the first requisite to attaining this knowledge was a life of purity, truth, and unselfish service, turned against her and called her a fraud!!

Let me close this all too weak tribute to her lionlike courage, her deep wisdom, and her godlike compassion, by a quotation from Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world:

“H. P. Blavatsky has been libeled and obscured, as all spiritual reformers have been; but thousands who know her teachings and her life hail her as one of the benefactors of the age.”

“She left the world in its thought-life teeming with an urge for higher things, which only the few could understand. She was inspired beyond the knowing, and the great message which she brought, the mighty undertones and overtones of Universal Love, sounded by her in the silences, were part of the great Universal Plan. She was the Messenger of years to come, the Torch-bearer of the age, the great transmitter of spiritual light to the future.

“She had traveled far on the ‘small old path’ of self-mastery — a great Spiritual Warrior, with the love of a mother burning in her heart and the sweetness and trust of a child. She stands as one transfigured, for upon her shines the sunrise-light of the New Day she proclaimed.”

BY F. KEEP

IN 1875 H. P. Blavatsky appeared before the world with her message: Man is in essence divine. Mankind at that time, in Europe and America, was fast sinking into the slough of materialistic despair, in the absence of any vital religion or true science or true philosophy. Philosophy was and is an academic farce, without any effect on the people. Materialism hung like a pall over the world, blotting out the pure sunlight of Truth, and leaving only dark shadows, mental and moral.

H. P. Blavatsky brought back the ancient truths, once universal, and known as the ancient Wisdom-Religion in the far-off golden age, and proclaimed them to the world anew as Theosophy — Divine Wisdom.

There was much opposition at first, and H. P. Blavatsky had an uphill task, but gradually she gathered around her a few faithful workers, inspired by her life, by the example of her utter forgetfulness of self, and her devotion to the sacred cause of helping suffering humanity. When she died in 1891, the faithful workers carried on the work under the direction of William Quan Judge, appointed by H. P. Blavatsky as her successor; and when he

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passed in his turn, he appointed Katherine Tingley -- our present Leader and Teacher. The link is therefore unbroken.

Man is in essence divine. Each one of us is a divine, immortal soul, with an illimitable and glorious past, and a still more glorious and illimitable future. The light of Eternal Wisdom is around us in infancy, and may, if we will, accompany us throughout life. Death, no longer dark and hideous, appears as a friend, a messenger of Light, summoning us to needed rest for a time, in the home of the Soul, the Palace of Light, before the task is taken up again on earth at rebirth.

The dark shadow of Fear, with sin in its train and mental and moral suicide, has been dispersed in great part from the world. As Theosophy permeates the mental atmosphere, men begin to take courage again and lift their eyes to the Sun. Troubles and difficulties come, and must come on earth, but how different do they appear to the man who realizes that he is in essence divine? How can he fear anything? Even to hear about the doctrine has its effect. The man who has only heard of the doctrines of the essential Divinity of Man, of Reincarnation and Karma, can never be the same again. These great truths have altered his viewpoint, and as he *is* divine in his innermost heart and mind, he has the truth on both sides of him so to speak. Truth has a way of working on and growing in the silence, and in time the obscuration of ignorance will disappear from that man's mind, and he will know.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to the fearless pioneer, who sacrificed everything in a worldly sense and willingly faced slander and calumny in order to bring back the Truth to humanity! H. P. Blavatsky has set a great example. She has proved that man is in essence divine.

BY "A COUNTRY MEMBER"

SOMEONE has said that H. P. Blavatsky was the Prophet of the nineteenth century. A Prophet is 'one who speaks for,' although we mostly understand that prophecy is purely prediction. As the general meaning of the word is that of one speaking for and on behalf of divine powers, an interpreter of such powers to mortals, and as prediction is one of the attributes of divinity in manifestation, this is not incorrect, but is limited in sense.

To speak for the divine not only in oneself, in man, but in all nature, it is necessary to identify oneself to some degree with that divine as opposed to the impermanent and lower part of the human make-up. This H. P. Blavatsky by heroic effort, not only in one life but in many lives, had done. And her message is of not much good to us unless we also make our efforts to the same end -- the manifestation of the divinity in ourselves and around us. Books and lectures and writings are very well in their place, as signposts along the road, but we have to do our own traveling. Nobody goes very far by sitting under a signpost and contemplating the information that it is ten miles to the next town.

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II. P. Blavatsky was a link. Somewhere along the line a link had been broken in the chain from man to divinity. Humanity was like an imbecile, an idiot, in spite of its overdeveloped intellect. What she did was to restore the link between that brilliant but low intellectuality and the higher soul-part of man. It becomes our duty to "Keep the link unbroken!"

Some may ask — some have asked: "Why was it necessary for such a one to disguise herself in such an extraordinary fashion — extraordinary for the solemn conventionalities of the nineteenth century?" But the question is very superficial. Seeing that it is a fact that in that disguise she suffered and was made to suffer every day and all day tortures compared with which crucifixion is a minor matter, what would she not have had to suffer if she had come out in a way more pleasing to the theatrical imagination of the open-mouthed and vain world of the seventies and eighties? If any should doubt this statement, let them consider that one such as H. P. Blavatsky has her sensibilities heightened to a most extraordinary degree, and it is not so much *what* is suffered as *how* one is made to feel it. There is occultism in the funny little old fairy-tale of the Princess who was so sensitive that she could not sleep because someone had hidden a little pebble under a couple of dozen mattresses. It is perfectly true, as the Orientals say, that one can go through the great cycle of life in seven hundred years, in seven days, or in seven minutes; sensitiveness, not quantity, is the test of such suffering. But she could have escaped from it in a minute by quitting her self-imposed task for humanity. Instead, she preferred to go on delivering her divine message, even though she had no more than very clever, very stupid, intellectual clods to wake into real life, by giving it.

She was pre-eminently a moral and intellectual fighter.

Sometimes I wonder if this was not a very great part of her message: that we must give up sucking at spiritual milk-bottles and learn to stand on our own feet in the race for soul-evolution. We must be babies no longer but learn to be 'soldiers,' in the symbolical language of the east.

In one of the old Oriental scriptures quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*, there is a curious little prophecy that "Moru will re-establish the Kshatriya in the nineteenth coming Yuga." Did not H. P. Blavatsky re-establish the fighting Christos-spirit in the nineteenth century, in place of the shrouded figure that once had been the Christ?



"A MAN of moral force is he who, seeing a thing to be right and essential and claiming his allegiance, stands for it as for the truth unheeding any consequence."

"THE body is a passing phase; the spirit is immortal; and the degradation of that immortal part of man is the great tragedy of life."

— Quotations from *The Principles of Freedom* by Terence McSweeney

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND HER WORK

(Addresses delivered by members of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California)

“HE WHO GOES NOT FORWARD, GOES BACKWARD”

PIET BONTJE



GOETHE'S warning is based on a fundamental law of life. An urge upward runs throughout Creation; obeying it means progress and happiness. What is the cause of this urge?

The Wisdom-Religion teaches that there is but one Reality — an eternal, spiritual Principle from which all life proceeds and towards which all life tends. Our visible Universe is one of its periodical manifestations — Spirit immersed in matter and using matter as its vehicle. Duality pervades our Universe. There is the Divine Principle — eternal and real, striving to identify itself once again with the Spirit-Source,— and there is matter, an evanescent illusion of our senses. Thus the urge upward runs through the whole of the manifested Universe.

In the lower realms of Nature, this urge is unconscious, a natural impulse. It makes itself known to us through the creation of beauty. Beauty is nature's tribute to the Spirit-Source of all Life. Stand but in your garden and look around for a few moments! You are growing flowers so that presently you and others may delight in their beauty — truly a worthy motive. But now look once more and this time with different eyes. You are helping living beings to do on their plane what you aspire to do on yours — render homage to the Spirit of Life. At this thought a strangely beautiful feeling of kinship steals over you and with startling suddenness a glimpse of the golden Chord of Brotherhood is revealed. For a moment the illusion of separateness fades and reality stands out in a splendor of light. You see clearly that a rose in bloom is on its own plane an inspired seeress, worshiping at the altar of the Supreme. Truly, growing flowers is an act of devotion.

In the realm of Man, a new factor enters. The Sons of Mind have incarnated. Manas in its dual aspect is there and with it have come free-will and responsibility. Consciousness is there and the urge upward from a natural impulse becomes self-directed evolution. A voice urging us upward is making itself heard and we feel intuitively that we should obey it. However, many other voices demand a hearing. They all are urging us on and are ever anxious to catch us off our guard. At times their insistence bewilders us and their arrogance makes us forget that we ourselves gave them authority. Although urging us on, experience teaches us that their onward leads nowhere or leads downward. We must learn to discriminate and to be eternally vigilant. We should be too proud to go wrong. We must for ever keep in mind our true origin. While immersed in the transient and thinking in terms of the temporal we are eternal in essence. It is through the double veil of body and

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mind that we view the spiritual realm. The material world appears in clear outlines and very real; the spiritual world seems indefinite and at best but vaguely splendid. Thus we are in constant danger of losing ourselves.

The voices of the body are insistent and clamorous — especially while the body is young. As a rule these voices are quite frank and do not pretend to be anything but what they are. To accept them as guides is an act of deliberate cowardice. When in a wavering mood, however, we sometimes give them leave to hide their essential coarseness behind a mask of idealism. Then their appeal becomes more subtil and for a while they may lead us astray. But the moment we once more heed the voice urging us upward, the false councilors are forced to drop their masks and their true nature stands revealed.

More insidious than these, however, are the voices of the mind. We live in an intellectual age and to a degree we all are children of our time. We must not be merely intellectual. The brain-mind is meant to be our tool but we have not learned yet to use it wisely. At present the mind-tool insists on being used and we are like a child that has a toy from which it cannot keep away. To think of nothing at all is next to impossible. The intellect is urging us on; it holds out promises of supreme knowledge and happiness. Yet the Universe is spiritual and the intellect can never go beyond itself. The infinite cannot be measured with a yard-stick. Whole realms of being to which we, as spiritual entities, have access, are closed to the mere intellect or brain-mind. By accepting the brain-mind as our only guide, we turn our backs upon worlds of beauty and inspiration that are ours by heritage. While being urged on by the intellect, we are not going forward and “he who goes not forward, goes backward.”

Both, body and mind, while splendid as a vehicle or tool prove unreliable when depended on for guidance. Their voices, however clamorous and insistent, lack the quiet clearness of the spiritual voice urging us upward. This voice is for ever there — when we do not hear it, it means that we have turned away from it and are allowing the lower voices to drown it out. Once we have recognised the voice and have resolved to be guided by it, things begin to clear up within us. We begin to see law where before we saw but chaos. We find that we have to be on the alert at all times; relaxing of watchfulness is nothing but an appeal to the lower voices. We cannot serve two masters nor remain neutral — “he who goes not forward, goes backward.”

A loftier conception of life begins to dawn upon us. Our opponents, body and mind, lose their arrogance and become more servile. Though great in cunning and resource, they are confined to their own plane. We, guided by the voice, are able to lift ourselves above their planes and the moment we succeed in doing so, our opponents are opponents no more — they are no longer in the way and cannot touch us. Brotherhood is a fact in nature and all that lives tends towards reunion with the Spirit. Acts inspired by the spiritual voice arouse generous love for all that breathes; acts suggested by the lower voices emphasize the illusion of separateness. He who tries to go forward alone, goes backward. As we obey the urge, the

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grandeur of life is revealed to us — we glimpse new worlds of splendor. We understand why inspired Teachers suffered persecution and death rather than be disloyal to Truth. The chasm between practical life and mysticism proves an illusion — life is practical only in so far as it is mystical. Reverence pervades all. The world of illusion fades out and the spiritual reality shines forth in full splendor. The Urge upward, running through the whole of Creation, comes into full view — both the delicate loveliness of a night-moth's wings and the noble defiance of a Prometheus are manifestations of it. A golden chain linking the world of minerals with the spiritual realms is lost in worlds as yet beyond our vision. Compassion reigns supreme. Morning-stars sing in their courses and glorify "the Love that moves the Sun and the other stars."

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step," says the book of devotion. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was "established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." In this life it is our high privilege to have contacted this Work while still young. Shall we not take the first step upward then, by dedicating our lives to the people of the earth and all creatures? Shall we not in the contemplation of the splendor of Life derive strength to go forward with a song in our hearts and a song on our lips — tellers of the marvelous tale of Life and of the Brotherhood that embraces all that lives? Shall we not prepare ourselves by filling our minds with thoughts of compassion and reverence and thus become "Fortune's favored soldiers, loyal and alert"?

DARE TO BE YOUR HIGHER SELF

V. MINOT

THE peoples of Western civilization today pride themselves on what they consider their practicality. At present the Anglo-Saxons encircle the world with their empires, and the dominant key-note of their energy, collectively, is the desire to produce and own riches — that is, material riches of mines, of the soil, and of the factory,— and by means of business-houses and social institutions to distribute and make use of these riches with a tolerable degree of satisfaction to all units of their society.

Now the problem before humanity is to extract the riches of the spiritual world, the world of the souls of men, with the same degree of practicality. William Penn, of the seventeenth century — the founder of an important colony in America,— urged men to explore more the riches of their own spiritual natures; he says in his *Some Fruits of Solitude*:

"Finally, if Man be the Index or Epitome of the World, as Philosophers tell us, we have only to read our selves well to be learned in it. But because there is nothing we less regard than the Characters of the Power that made us, which are so clearly written upon us and the World he has given us, and can best tell us what we are and should be, we are even Strangers to our own Genius. . . ."

The history of western civilization shows that, while the great majority

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of men are occupied, in one form or another, in exploiting the riches of the physical world, and studying the intricacies and powers of the human body, and of the bodies of animals, there are always a certain number of men in a given community who explore the riches and vastness of their own Greater Selves (or Higher Selves). These latter men are the workers in all fields of the fine arts, the mystics, poets, dramatists, musical composers and others.

Also a certain number of men who start out in life merely as exploiters of the physical world succeed by diligent application to duty in finding their way, along certain lines, to a more or less vivid consciousness of their Greater Selves; these are the men (or perhaps women also) who catch glimpses or memories held within their Higher Manas of achievements during past incarnations when they tenanted Atlantean bodies, or bodies of ancient Egypt or India. Thus such inventions as the airplane or telephone, which they 'invent' today, are nothing but memories in their Greater Selves of achievements of past incarnations; so says H. P. Blavatsky.

The most common way in which the Greater Self makes itself known to man today is through the voice of the conscience; in this capacity it is our Guardian Angel, our Admonisher in the battles of life, ever seeking to aid us, to teach us the difference between right and wrong. Katherine Tingley says:

"There is a great discovery which each must make for himself: that human nature is dual and that a battle is ever going on between the Higher Self and the lower, the angel and the demon in man."

If a work of art is the sign of the presence of the Higher or Greater Self, we have a criterion by which to judge a work of such kind. Any person who daily looks on the countenances of the members of his family notes the differences of expression therein portrayed, according to the moods and feelings which are dominant at the particular time. When any one is engaged in reading a spiritual book, attending a meeting of a spiritual and peace-giving nature, or expressing himself in acts of compassion, his countenance at that moment is the fit subject for a masterful painting. Likewise Nature, just after a great storm has passed away, when all the little voices of the birds and insects, the restful attitude of clouds and wind motion, the serene smile of the sunshine, and the rain-refreshed appearance of the trees and other foliage, tell of her happiness, is the fit object of a great landscape-painting. It is the feeling of the presence of potent spiritual forces which is the index of the judgment of a masterpiece of art, just as it is the true index of the character of a man.

Some modern thinkers have learned of the powerful forces which lie latent in what they call the 'unconscious self'; these forces they have tried in one way or another to harness into beneficial use for the ordinary man as we know him, whether it be for working cures in the human body, or for bringing about higher and more peaceful states of consciousness. But all fail to accomplish permanent benefits for mankind just so far as the motive for calling forth such higher powers is merely selfish; altruism alone will give them success. So in whatever way we plunge into the depths of our own

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Greater Self we must be very careful always to keep in mind the fact that Brotherhood is a fact in nature. Those who wish to know the real powers latent in the Greater Self would do well to give more attention to the power of their immortal natures.

H. P. BLAVATSKY. THE INFLUENCE OF A GREAT LIFE

M. MACHELL

IN planting a seed in the ground and tending it as it sprouts and grows up into a plant, we are fully cognisant of the fact that there are many influences contributing towards its growth either for better or for worse. If we are assured of the quality of the seed we use, if we are thoroughly familiar with the nature of the plant we are growing, its particular peculiarities and needs; if we are thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the soil in which it grows, its richness or poverty of vitality and elements of plant-nourishment: with this comprehensive and exact knowledge, we can with fair accuracy gage the effect of any other foreign or unforeseen influences on that plant; we can locate them and either counteract them or encourage them, as the case may require.

But who has sufficient knowledge of the human plant — man — of *all* its inherent qualities and tendencies, of all that lies latent in it, of all its possible reactions and susceptibilities, to be able to estimate in any way the full influence which surrounding conditions, contacts, impressions, examples, will exert upon it? As our Leader has told us so often, there are a host of unseen forces, currents, and influences all acting upon humanity, of which we rarely stop to consider the effect.

Is it possible, I wonder, to be living in the midst of those myriads of wonderful luminous bodies which crowd the heavens at night with their splendor, without in some way being influenced by them all the time? Is it possible to have the sight of that vast blue Pacific Ocean stretching away to the furthest bourne of visibility, to contemplate its ever-changing moods and colors, its calms and its storms, its restless white-caps and its white slowly-curling breakers, to hear its host of clamoring voices, now uplifted, now withdrawn, and believe ourselves uninfluenced by these sounds and sights and this great restless presence? When you recall that we are thinking sentient beings who not merely register impressions but are endowed with the power to contemplate ourselves and to ponder upon those impressions in relation to ourselves, you begin to realize what immense possibilities there *are* for registering impressions, and, indeed, how infinitely more numerous are the impressions we *do* register from hour to hour and from day to day than we ever think of calculating or recognising!

This being the case, it seems to me that we have a duty to ourselves in regard to the great ones of the earth. The greatest have come here for the

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sake of the welfare of their fellows, for our sake. They have come not for glory, not for worldly honors, not for the applause of the multitude — this last is the last tribute they ever receive at the hands of the masses whose recognition rather takes the form of slander and abuse. They come to *serve* mankind, to exert the influence of their lives in a constructive effort, in an effort that shall bear fruit long after they have left the field of their sowing. That field is the world of their fellow-men. The seed they sow in human hearts.

Those, therefore, who recognise these great ones and acknowledge the splendor of their lives are held responsible to pledge the sincerity of this acknowledgment by studying them, emulating them, and seeking to make the greatness of their splendid examples a vital element in their own lives.

Tonight we are considering the life of one of the greatest of the Great Ones of modern times — Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. We happen to be situated in a place and time in which it is easy for us quietly and without effort to know this great character, learn something of her work and life, and assimilate at least the elements of her great philosophy. I wish to lay stress upon this opportunity which is ours now, because it is not the opportunity of all, nor will it always be our opportunity. There may be some of us here this evening who in years to come will find their way leading far from Lomaland and the Râja-Yoga College, and possibly the nature of our work and its demands will put the opportunities for quiet study and contemplation of the world's great teachers equally far from our immediate reach. Moreover, in the lives of each one of us must come hours of trial and temptation, hours of crisis, perchance, in which the very destinies of our lives are in the balance. Which way the scale will turn in that hour — for weal or for woe, for victory or for defeat — will depend in some degree upon the circumstances of the hour and upon our own condition at the time. But the ultimate test may well depend upon what we have to fall back upon — the latent strength, moral virility, we have accumulated in the course of the years, the amount of real, living worth we have extracted from life's experiences and contacts.

It is at such an hour as that, that the influence of such a life as that of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky may leap up as a vivid, telling inspiration in our hearts. Because we heard of her, because we know her by her life and work, because we contacted and, in the degree of which we were capable, absorbed and applied her teachings, there may well come to us in some dark and difficult hour a strength we knew nothing of and just enough light to show us the *next* step — the only one that counts, of course out of the darkness into light.

This is the tribute H. P. Blavatsky would have of us. This is what she lived for and died for. This is, in fact — as far as I am able to perceive it, — the real, esoteric meaning of the saying that Jesus died to save mankind. *Every* great Teacher dies to save mankind, because every great Teacher lives and dies in the effort to take upon himself or herself some part of the heavy burden of the world's Karma, offers himself or herself on the altar of

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humanity so that millions who come after, groping in darkness and despair, may take some brightness, some fragrance, some beauty, from the knowledge and memory of their lives and by the aid of that beauty and fragrance win through themselves to a goal they must otherwise have fallen before.

H. P. Blavatsky, the Fearless Warrior, is the world's precious heritage from the close of the nineteenth century. Still more is she ours to cherish, revere, and keep a living factor in our daily living. In very truth, "though dead, she yet speaketh."

In the preface to her *Secret Doctrine* she says:

"It is written in the service of humanity, and by humanity and the future generations it must be judged. Its author recognises no inferior court of appeal. Abuse she is accustomed to; calumny she is daily acquainted with; at slander she smiles in silent contempt."

After reading such words as this the realization is suddenly burned in upon one of the virility of that godlike quality called COMPASSION. How infinitely removed is a character such as this from the possibility of that maudlin sentiment so often confounded with Compassion. It is after taking in this aspect of H. P. Blavatsky that one turns with a new understanding to her words:

"Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

"Let not the fierce Sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

"But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed.

"These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. 'Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha, more difficult to find, more rare to view, than is the flower of the Vogay tree."

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

LARS EEK

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY! What a great name to go down the ages to be loved and revered by generations and generations of humanity! She was a noble woman, sweet and strong, and pure. She had the courage of a hero, the wisdom of a seer, the compassion of a heart that always beat for others. Endowed with the truest aristocracy of her princely descent she yet united in her character a most comprehensive and profound understanding of the needs of humanity at large. She gave her life in glorious service, and she knew well that her work was not for one age or one race but for countless ages and races to come.

Whenever I think of this great Helper of Mankind a wave of gratitude sweeps across my whole being. I think of the battles she has fought and

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won, I think of her silent, age-long fight for Truth and Brotherhood, I think of all the unknown struggles of her valiant soul against the forces of retrogression and darkness, I think of her glorious conquest of her own self which made her worthy of being the Messenger of Truth for all time to come. And withal, I think of the long years of wandering in many lands and among strange races; I can see her walking by the side of her Peruvian guide discussing the story of ancient Incas and the hidden treasures of their once great race, some day, perhaps, to be used for high purposes and the sake of humanity. And I see her among the gypsies with their singing and the clash of tambourines, and again, among the American Indians listening to the murmur of the water by the great lakes, or the sweep of the wind through the virgin forest, or across the endless prairies. She speaks to them about the days when mighty races ruled over the Americas, and when their ancestors built golden cities on island continents, now long lost in the depth of the ocean. And she laughs with them, and sings with them songs of ancient magic among the hills and in the woods, and she is silent with them in aspiration towards the Great Spirit.

And on she wanders. . . . She has a sacred mission, a divine urge. And wherever she goes she plants seeds of Truth. I now see her in Egypt by the Pyramids. And it seems that the ancient inscriptions and hieroglyphs in the temples of Karnak, and on the walls of the so-called tombs of the Pharaohs, take on new meanings under her searching glance. She applies triangles and circles and all kinds of geometric figures to the intricate network of Egyptian glyphs, and lo! instead of conventional epitaphs of dead kings, the inner secret of Theosophic Wisdom unfolds itself before her eyes. Like the glow and fire of the dawn of a new day those great truths reveal themselves to her, and she passes them on to the world and the few who will listen.

And she visits India and lives with her Teachers in Tibet. Filled with a compassion born from the sight of inhuman suffering she has set her soul on finding a panacea for the world's evils, and her demand finds an answer in the hearts of Those who are ever ready to extend help to the worthy and pure of heart. And she spends many years in diligent study, and in preparation for her great work. I do not know much about her life in Tibet and in India, but I would fain imagine that she was then passing through the various initiations of a Great Soul, accumulating energy and wisdom for her gigantic task in the world. And the Silence of the eternal mountains spoke to her, and Nature revealed its secrets to her. She learned to love the music of the birds, and to understand their language. And the blue sky brought messages to her just as did the silent nights when the wide-scattered star-dust of the Milky Way spoke to her of Kalpas long forgotten, and Kalpas yet to come. . . .

She sat at the feet of the Master drinking in the Wisdom of the ages.

But one day she came back from the sacred land in Tibet, and she began to teach. And now the second part of her life-story begins — her martyrdom. The pages of history are filled with the tragic accounts of the progress of intolerance among men. In one age the multitudes cheer at the sight of men and women being torn to pieces by wild beasts, and in another age we see

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the sky red with the autos-da-fé, and the ruined cities and lands that were the victims of man's unbrotherliness to man.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was persecuted to her death by her contemporaries in the west and partly too in the east. The whole of the materialistic civilization of her day rose like a thousand-headed monster in a gigantic effort to destroy her. It seemed as if the very foundation of the world were rocking. It was a tremendous battle and this Great Soul won, but she gave her life even while she could see the dawn of the New Day, and know the inward peace of successful achievement. If ever there was a martyr of Truth she was one.

How much more deplorable the condition of the world today would have been had she not been the noble lion-hearted Warrior that she was! If she had failed in her trust in her Teachers or her Philosophy, if she had considered personal success, personal honors, and advantage, more than her sacred duty to humanity, we would not be here today united in a glorious spiritual endeavor for the sake of all humanity. Lomaland would have remained a dream — glorious as such, that is true, but only a dream withal — and the evolution and progress of mankind would have been delayed another age, mayhap this race and civilization would have gone the way of Atlantis — the sunken continent of a materialistic and depraved race.

But she was faithful to her trust, and through her glorious life she has given us an example that will last us through the ages. How true! how true! "Though dead she yet speaketh."



"A MAN'S prime is great as his earlier years have been well directed and concentrated."

"INDIVIDUAL development and general good-will is the lesson of human life."

"EVERYONE should realize a duty to be high minded and honorable in action, to regard his fellow not as a man to be circumvented, but as a brother to be sympathized with and uplifted."

"NEITHER kingdom, republic, nor commune can regenerate us; it is in the beautiful mind and a great ideal . . . and this is the philosophy that it is most essential to preach."

"THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This must be the rule for everything concerning which a man has a public duty and ought to have a public opinion."

— Quotations from *The Principles of Freedom* by Terence McSweeney

MAJESTIES

F. M. PIERCE

BEFORE the aeons I contain
 my present being bows:
Before my Line of Majesties,—
 their covenants and vows
Sustained or lost by time's account
 of long forgotten reigns
And kingdoms won or lost on earth's
 and heaven's conjoinéd planes.

Mortal the while I was immortal,—
 god and man in one,—
The aeons conquering, a lineal
 prince, and God's own son.
Not abject in obeisance now
 I bend the knee to these;
For they shall be my serving train
 through long eternities.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE CONQUEST OF SELF

MARY E. SEELE

IN the midst of physical ailments and the stress of our complex life, the words of Krishna to Arjuna, "fight, thou wilt conquer all thine enemies," come with force today. Life has ever and always been thought of as a battle-ground, and there is so much to fight against, so much to make one discouraged and doubtful what to do. But we are assured that we will conquer, if we fight — that is the condition. How easy it is at times to sink down under the pain of physical illness and feel that one is not much good, that one's life doesn't amount to much, etc. But then is the time when we have to fight ourselves and the discouraging thought-forces which exist in the world.

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How potent is thought, how much need is there of controlling thought and making it serve us, instead of serving it as we generally do! Despondency is of the lower and personal self and as such should not be permitted to enter our thought-currents. How shall we lift the clouds of despondency which come upon us? We need to know that they are but illusions, that life, real life, is truly joy, that such clouds must fade away, but it requires of us real fighting to do this, real courage and firmness.


We want to help Humanity and with that purpose in view our attitude toward Life should be amid all discouragements a brave and fearless one. We should take Krishna's advice once more, and "make pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, the same to thee, and then prepare for battle, for thus and thus alone shalt thou in action still be free from sin."

Then indeed shall we fight and conquer — *ourselves*'

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

XIX

 POLLONIUS was never off duty. No sooner was he among the other unbound prisoners, and there were about fifty of them in a wretched state of mind, than he began to rouse them up and encourage them and show them the bright side of things. Many of them were under the most trivial accusations and suspicions and yet they seemed sure of death at the hand of the homicidal maniac on the throne. To him a house, a city, a country bounded by rivers, an ocean-bound continent, the whole world, were prisons, the body itself was a prison full of suffering. As for the prison at Rome, he had voluntarily come thither, so why should they fear more than he?

The result of his speech to all and every one, was that many who through fear had been going without their meals now left the steward with empty shelves, and smiles took the place of tears and groans.

"How can any harm befall us while Apollonius is with us?" they said.

Speaking to individuals in the prison, Apollonius had as usual been very frank in what he said of the Emperor, just as he was equally frank in blaming a crime or inculcating fortitude. One crime he mentions is interesting. Among other things he tells an accused man that if he has

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really committed a crime such as acquiring wealth by robbery, or selling poisonous drugs, *or by ransacking the tombs of ancient kings*, stored with gold and precious treasure, he ought to be capitally punished. This to a man whose inherited riches had excited envy.

One was actually under the grave accusation of liking to live alone on a little island in peace. How could a man do that, the informers argued, unless he had committed some crime to make him shun the mainland?

Next day, the same thing happened, and Apollonius began to talk. Even in the prison there seemed to be informers, for a new prisoner came in talking as volubly as an informer when he is making eight or ten false accusations. He said he was in great danger, and did everything to get others to talk, especially Apollonius. But the wise old philosopher saw through the trick and realized that this was simply a spy sent to catch him in treasonable utterances against the Emperor.

How he talked, that old Tyanean! How the prisoners were delighted with what he said and how eagerly they listened to his fascinating discourse! The Emperor? – Not a word! He was talking of rivers and mountains and animals and trees and all the wonderful things of nature. Quite likely he talked, as all those philosophers do, of vast cyclopean ruins, of giants, of flying dragons and pterodactyls that once inhabited the earth, of lost continents and huge cataclysms, and a thousand and one things they had barely heard mentioned in books. Only, as this wonderful old man spoke, you could almost see the things he described. There was no vague speculation, but such a vivid imagery of description as a man having the object before his eyes could not excel.

The new prisoner could not make head or tail of it. He was here to catch the old man. Perhaps the steward had thought he might save more on the victuals if he said that the old man was in some mysterious way putting heart of courage into all the prisoners; by talking against the Emperor, doubtless. Well, if he would not talk against the Emperor he must be made to do so. The informer put it to him pointblank.

“*You* can say what you like against him,” was the surprising answer. “*I* shall not turn informer! And as for myself, I will tell the Emperor in person whatever I think reprehensible in his conduct.”

The spy was beaten. How had the old man read his thoughts?

Aelian was evidently on tenterhooks as to what Apollonius would say to the Emperor. At the very least he was sure to insult him to his face, for the Tyanean feared nobody, least of all the worldly great. He had promised out of consideration for Aelian not to be disrespectful, but that might only be the old man's polite way of putting it. So when another mysterious stranger came in and asked for the Tyanean, Apollonius was watchful. When the man took him aside and said significantly: “The

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Emperor will speak with you tomorrow," his sense of sincerity told him that the message was from Aelian. The visitor asked if he had all he needed, as orders had been given to the keeper of the prison to supply all he wished.

"That is right," said Apollonius, "but I need nothing. I live here just as I do everywhere else, and I talk on the common things of life as usual. I have no wants."

Apollonius seemed very amenable to reason and good-tempered, so out came the real message.

"Would you not like the advice of a friend to tell you the right way to address the Emperor?" he asked. If only the old man could be got to let some lawyer tell him the way to talk, there might be a chance of his coming alive out of the Emperor's hands. If not, there was no telling what he would say or would not say, and then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance. Now if he would only cultivate a little delicate flattery, say,—"

"I should indeed like such a friend to advise me," said Apollonius, "if he could only keep from advising me to flatter him!"

The messenger tried again. —"But suppose he advised you not to be disrespectful and to avoid any kind of insolence?"

"Thank you for the advice. It is good, and it is just what I shall follow," said Apollonius. — Was that a little smile at the corner of the old man's lips?

"Well, that is what I came for, to advise you so, and I am delighted to hear you will control yourself (!) and act in obedience to it. I thought it right to prepare you to meet the terrible countenance and voice of the Emperor without faltering. For even when he tries to speak gently his voice is harsh, and his eyebrows hang heavy over his eyes, while his cheeks are so bloated with bile that there is not another man in the Empire like him to look upon. Try not to let these things intimidate you, O Tyanean, for they are really only natural defects."

Apollonius encouraged him to have no fear by quoting the way in which Ulysses faced the unseeing Polyphemus and then returned alive. He would have similar courage. He told Damis all that had passed and said he wanted no more than to escape with his friends for whom he had placed himself in such peril. Then he went to sleep, or seemed to do so. But in the morning he said he had passed a sleepless night and needed rest.

Would Damis ever really understand his old Teacher? Here he had been with him for more years than go to make up many a lifetime of activity and he thought at once the Tyanean had been worrying with anxiety and perhaps fear.

"Yes, you see, I have been thinking all night over what Phraotes said

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to me," said the old man. Perhaps there was a touch of humor in his tone.

Really he must be showing signs of his great age! "I think if you had to stay awake you might at least have been preparing for the interview; it's not a light matter, that!" said Damis. Had *he* passed sleepless hours worrying over the peril of his dear Master?

"How can I prepare for what as yet I know nothing about?" asked Apollonius in that strangely disconcerting direct way of his.

Damis opened his eyes in hopeless perplexity. Would he never understand the old man? "Do you mean to say you are going to argue a cause which involves your own life, without any kind of preparation?" he asked.

"Certainly I do. All my life has been passed without preparation until now, without fixed plans, and so it shall be to the last." Then he appeased Damis by showing him his little joke, if it may be called that. For he told him how Phraotes had taught him how to tame lions — a queer occupation for a philosopher, especially one who had quite recently argued a rich, ignorant young man out of his ignoble occupation of teaching birds to talk with a cockney accent, or whatever corresponded to cockneyism in the days of Domitian and the Roman 'Arrius, and to spend his time learning to speak decently himself. *Tyrants are lions*, said the Master, and Phraotes was really telling me how to deal with tyrants, not too severely, and not too gently.

"In Aesop there is a fable of a lion who lay stretched out in his den, not sick, but only pretending to be so, for the purpose of seizing on every animal who came to see him. But Aesop adds there was a fox, who in considering the case of this lion observed: 'I do not find that anyone remains with him, nor the footsteps of any who return from him.' And yet," said Apollonius, "I should have thought more of the wisdom of the fox had he entered the cave without suffering himself to be taken; and on his return had been able to show his own footsteps."

He turned over and went to sleep, leaving Damis to think it out. Many of the Master's best lessons were garbed in the simplest form and, after all, Aesop's fables were a divine gift of Mercury, Wisdom, himself. Could the old man really mean that though there were no footsteps that ever came back from the judgment-seat of that greater Nero, the awful Domitian, there was now a fox that would show the world how it might be done? The thought was too good to be true. Oh, if it were all over!

When it was day, Apollonius paid his adorations to the rising sun as well as he could in prison, and spoke to all who wished to hear him. About noon an officer came to prepare him for the audience.

"I'm ready, let us go!" said Apollonius on the instant, eager to be away. *He* was always dressed! Surrounded by four guards who kept at

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a greater distance than usual when guarding a common prisoner, he left the prison. In the background there was a figure that followed with fear and trembling and much sadness. Nobody noticed that inconspicuously clad man, for he was dressed much as the crowd were dressed; had not the Master told Damis not to make himself look peculiar?

But that other figure of Apollonius between the four soldiers — how people stared! See, they keep their distance; he is an important one, that! But what a strange garb for such a man, look at the cut and fashion of it! Not a tailor in Rome but would lose every customer if he acknowledged having made it; linen, too. And look at his shoes — made of some kind of tree-bark or bast. What long hair for so old a man — must be ninety-five at least! Surely he might show the Emperor the compliment of combing it, like Leonidas and his Spartans when the hosts of Persia came down upon them. It is the sign of a freeman to wear long hair, but a freeman need not neglect it; didn't they answer the Persian summons to surrender by saying to the ambassador: "they were combing their hair," and not a word more? "For me, I think he will soon have it combed for him, and perhaps a little more, too. . . ."

— The usual crowd-wit and levity. But very few felt quite like that this noon. There was something squalid in his garb, but there was something divine in his face and bearing; the latter was as superior to their own natures, and they felt it, as their smart clothes were superior to his linen garment. There was a more serious current to talk and thought that ran through that Roman crowd that day. Even his enemies were overwhelmed with admiration at this old man who was yet an old man twenty years before, and might well have earned the right to live out his years in peace; but he had done what no man had ever done before or was ever likely to do again — he had actually come of his own free will to Rome to save his friends Nerva and Orfitus and Rufus! The thing was a prodigy to be spoken of in history while the world should last. They dared not whisper that Nerva was to be Emperor after Domitian, for so it had been foretold, or that others were for the other two of his companions, for the very stones in the street would turn informer, if they did; but they thought, they thought!

It was a busy scene. Throngs of sightseers eager to see and be seen. Great and small officials passing out of the palace with documents, and soldiers with their uniforms, friends and friends of their friends flattering those in office lest perchance they let fall crumbs from the imperial table; officials in the making going in; office-seekers elbowing them up the stairs; a prisoner under guard waiting to be tried; fashionable people greeting their friends and being greeted by them in turn with the gossip of the day;

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butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers jostling and chattering and gossiping, and all the traffic of a great city. Only one man in the midst of them seemed oblivious of it all; he was alone in the crowd as only a philosopher can be.

Now they had stopped at the place-gates and Damis was able to creep a little nearer. He was very sad. Would he ever see his Master and Teacher again? True, this was not a trial; it was only a confrontation, but what was that to that devil Domitian, who was quite capable of killing the old man with his own hand at the first word of indiscretion. And who could trust Apollonius to say anything but what he chose to say? What was he thinking of? . . . A voice reached him from among the four guards; it was his Master speaking to him while they waited. Doubtless he appreciated his danger and his solemn situation, as Damis had long done.

“Looks to me like a public bath,” said the old man. “Those who are inside are trying to get out, and those who are outside want to get in; the former have had their bath and the latter are yet unwashed!”

Damis was so taken aback at the comic suggestion that for a moment he forgot his sadness and depression, and actually smiled. Which was what Apollonius wanted him to do. Didn't he seem to hear one of the guards muttering: “it is a pretty hot bath you are in for this time, old man, no question about that!” or was it one of the passers-by, or only imagination?

Apollonius was absolutely unchanged. He chaffed Damis with looking like a dead man who thought the Imperial palace was Hades, whose gates had all but closed on him.

Damis hardly laughed at this. “I do not feel like a dead man, not quite, but I do feel like one who is going to die, and that soon!” said Damis.

“I thought I had prepared you, Damis, to be always ready for death, like a true philosopher,” said Apollonius. “Instead of that you do not seem to like it.”

So they talked, and Apollonius drew the mind of Damis away from his troubles as they waited at the palace-gates. The guards wondered not a little at this strange old man who seemed to forget that the next few minutes might decide whether he was to be boiled in oil or have fishhooks stuck all over his back — actually the latter treatment was rumored abroad. And did not rumor recall that an old Jew visionary had undergone the oil treatment before what was left of him was banished to the islands — Patmos, or some place like that?

(To be continued)

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“No mythological story, no traditional event in the folk lore of a people has ever been, at any time, pure fiction, but every one of such narratives has an actual, historical lining to it. In this the writer disagrees with those symbologists, however great their reputation, who find in every myth nothing save additional proofs of the superstitious bent of mind of the ancients, and believe that all mythologies sprang from and are built upon SOLAR myths. . . . Without the help of symbology . . . no ancient Scripture can ever be correctly understood. Symbology must be studied from every one of its aspects, for each nation had its own peculiar methods of expression. In short, no Egyptian papyrus, no Indian OLLA, no Assyrian tile, or Hebrew scroll, should be read and accepted literally.”— H. P. BLAVATSKY

AMONG her many other treasures of art and rare old books and manuscripts, Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, also possesses a printed translation of one of the oldest Icelandic manuscripts known. It is the general belief among the best scholars and specialists on Norse literature, that the men responsible for this chronicle of by-gone ages were two Icelanders: Eynar Oddson and Erick Oddson by name. The king who reigned in Sweden at that time was Magnus the Blind, in the year 1139 A.D.

It is more than probable that the life and the glory of the heroes and kings of ancient Scandinavia as depicted on the yellowed parchment of the old manuscript would never have become the property of historians and lovers of antiquity had it not

been for the unselfish devotion to historic truth and to the cultural improvement of his fellow countrymen, that animated the great torch-bearer, educator, humanitarian, statesman, and patriot, Per Brahe. Having been the chancellor of Sweden for a long time, and the viceroy of Finland, and having the advantages of great wealth, superior culture, and a great love of Truth, this Swedish Earl devoted his princely fortune and his high intelligence to the welfare of his subjects.

On the ancient island of Visingsö, in Lake Vättern, where rose the battlements of his magnificent castle, Visingsborg, he established his famous college, his printing-press, his library; and there he gathered the treasures of many lands to be used in his elaborate studies and researches along almost every line of scientific investigation. He endowed with truly royal munificence his new school so that it might remain a beacon-light for the nation and for the whole of Europe for ages to come, and he made of Visingsö a center of culture and spiritual light which has caused his name to be forever beloved and revered among his fellow countrymen and particularly among the inhabitants of the island.

With his customary interest in the history of the nations, he spent much time, effort, and money in collecting manuscripts and traditional information about the antiquity of Scandinavia and her peoples. From the priceless library of the one-time chancellor of Sweden, Earl Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, he borrowed that rare collection of Sagas about the ancient kings, which the afore-mentioned Icelanders with infinite care had brought together from the

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great mass of written and traditional history that was being kept alive in the homes of those proud islanders, who have done so much towards the preservation of the northern myths, and among whom the story of the struggles and aspirations of the Norsemen of ages past had been told from father to son since times immemorial. Once having obtained this wonderful manuscript, Earl Per Brahe set to work and had it translated by a native of Iceland, and finally he ordered his private printer to set it up in ornate type on thick, soft paper to the end that the public at large might have the benefit of reading this glorious epic of a race. And in the year 1670 this great work was carried to completion.

It is difficult to describe the feeling of reverence, almost bordering on awe, that one experiences when one turns the leaves of this beautiful old book. One sees at a glance that it was not a common love of knowledge that animated the printer or the translator or their high protector and patron. They must have felt that they were adding another stone to that great and divine temple that we might call the intellectual and spiritual civilization of mankind. Every page is fragrant with that wondrous spirit of unselfish devotion to an ideal which is so rare a gift. With a serenity that is

inspiring, and yet with a child-like simplicity that knows no argument, the authors tell the story of the kings as they have heard it from their fathers and mothers during the long winter evenings among the snow-clad mountains of their native land.

In order that our readers may realize that this is no ordinary book, it might interest them to know that private collectors as well as famous museums have offered very large sums to obtain it, but in vain. It is the conviction of some of the greatest bibliographers, that the copy in possession of Katherine Tingley is one of the rarest, perhaps the only complete copy of this ancient manuscript in existence. — L. E.



EARL PER BRAHE

One-time Chancellor of Sweden and
Governor of Finland

chemist, as well as an able disciplinarian and Director of the Boys' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, has for many years been the head teacher in the Lomaland flower-gardens and personally supervises the boys' instruction and work therein. He contributes the following interesting matter:

"The flower-gardens of Lomaland cover a considerable acreage. The International garden — situated on each side of the broad

MR. WALTER
FORBES, a
learned botanist and

**Lomaland
Flower-
Gardens**

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avenue lined with stately palms, which runs from the main gateway to the top of the hill, the highest point of the Headquarters estate,—is over three acres in extent. Here many trees, shrubs, and flowers from various countries find their home. Particularly interesting among them, as having become acclimatized here, are the English oak and gorse, Swedish birch and pine, and Irish willows. The dahlias, amaryllises, Japanese anemones, roses, irises, gladioli, and rose-scented geraniums interspersed amongst the shrubs, make a fine showing.

“The main flower-garden, situated east of the Leader’s Headquarters, Lotus Home, and Râja-Yoga Academy, is of great extent and gives a rotation of flowers all the year round. The activity of the youthful gardeners is such that when the frequent big demands come, at all times of the year, for quantities of cut flowers, the flowers are always forthcoming.

“Such a demand was made for Decoration Day. The graves of all the sailors and others in the U. S. Naval Cemetery were to be decorated by the Râja-Yoga students. This meant hours of cutting for many willing hands to fill the demand for flowers, but the result was such that all the graves were not only beautifully but abundantly decorated. ●n viewing the garden afterwards it was hard to believe that thousands of blooms had just been cut, such is the wealth of flowers to be found there.

“Perhaps the most interesting part of the garden is the nursery, where all the young plants are being raised from seeds or cuttings. Here are always to be found quantities of ferns being grown from spores; begonias of all varieties, being raised from cuttings; also coleuses, geraniums, fuchsias and many choice pot-plants. The many stands and boxes necessary not only for the seedlings but also for the plants attain-

ing their full growth, are all made by the boys as part of their manual training-work.

“Mention must be made about the bulb-industry, in which the boys take a keen delight. Due to the care which has been exercised in the growing of bulbs not only from bulblets, but also from seed, thousands of *Watsonia* lilies and gladioli now brighten the gardens with their glorious blooms — among them many new and exquisitely colored gladioli, which would delight the eye of all lovers of beautiful flowers.”



MR. M. G. GOWSELL, who directs the work in the large vegetable-gardens which supply the daily needs of the residents and students at the International Theosophical Headquarters, supplements the report published in the May issue of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* (page 500), with the following:

Lomaland Vegetable- Gardens

“Ten acres of Lomaland vegetable-gardens in midsummer present a vastly different picture from what they do at other times. Not that there are fewer vacant plots, for there never are these, in the accepted sense. As soon as any crop is harvested, the ground is plowed, harrowed, fertilized, and planted to something else, following a system of rotation.

“A visitor to the gardens at this time would find sweet corn totaling over 9000 feet of rows. And were he bent upon a close survey, he might find that the rows were being patrolled by a couple of pet road-runners, chaparral cocks, on the lookout for chance corn-worms or mice. A pair or more of these interesting wild birds have adopted the gardens as summer-headquarters for some years past. Toward the close of the season they become very tame in-

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deed, and in their own way, even talkative. Surrounded as the gardens are with trees and the native growth of elfin woodland, or what is commonly called 'chaparral,' there is an opportunity for observing many interesting phases of wild life and its economic importance. Did space permit, this might form a most interesting chapter.

"It seems only a month ago that we planted about 1500 feet of pole lima-beans, and now they are just lanes of green, ten feet high and literally loaded with tiny pods.

"The picking season for asparagus of course is over, and the patch of an acre is now a veritable jungle of feathery green. Speaking of asparagus, it might be of interest to note that we have an additional acre of an improved and altogether rust-proof strain of this vegetable, which is now in its fourth year. This was grown from seed developed by the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, after about eleven years of experimental work, through breeding and selection, to produce a rust-proof strain possessing every other good quality.

"In selecting plants for this additional acreage only the male plants were used. The extra time and labor entailed in so doing is already being compensated for, not only in the absence of volunteer seedlings and the work of digging these out, but in the lessened labor of harvesting the crops. It is found that the male plants produce fewer but larger spears than do the females, and that an acre of male plants will produce in weight a heavier crop than where the plants are mixed. This four-year-old patch will yield spears for the first time this autumn. It was planted for autumn use. Cut down about September the first, shoots will be available for several weeks, after which it will be allowed to grow as long as it will, which is usually well into December. This is perhaps the only strictly

male-plant asparagus-patch in the state of California.

"This is also the season when one can literally see things grow. There is a patch of more than an acre of sweet potatoes which would do a southerner's heart good to see. Then there are about two acres of winter-squash that have already completely taken up the liberal spaces allotted to them. Another acre of this will be planted during the month of July. Watermelons and cantaloupes also look very promising this year. They are in the heyday of their glory, as to growth.

"It is about now that we usually make sowings of cabbage, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts, in order to have a supply of these for winter use. Taken altogether the outlook for another successful year in the garden is very bright."



GOLDEN THOUGHTS OF DEMOCRITUS

"It is beautiful to impede an unjust man; but if this be not possible, it is beautiful not to act in conjunction with him."

"Sin should be abstained from, not through fear alone, but for the sake of true honorable growth. "

"Many who have not learned to argue rationally, still live according to reason."

"Vehement desires about any one thing, blind the soul as regards other things."

"The equal everyway is beautiful in everything; but defect and excess seem to me not to be so."

"It is of the nature of a divine intellect to be always intent on consideration of the beautiful."