

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXVIII, NO. 6

JUNE 1925

"NATURE gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."—H. P. BLAVATSKY

## THEOSOPHY AND OCCULTISM: "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE AND THE ART OF LIVING"

A Reply to M. Jules Bois

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL



HE misconceptions regarding Theosophy are many, yet when a noted writer with the reputation of a scientist, declares that "it is my duty and my desire to give credit to the founders of new religions"; and that he is "painstakingly eager to find what there is of good and true in their original assertions"; either one expects to find a fair presentation of the subject and that his statements and conclusions will be proved "up to the hilt" by sufficient evidence adduced to that end or, in respect to his to-be-inferred claim of competence and of fairness, what can be said save that he doth protest too much?

M. Jules Bois, a French psychologist, is writing in *The Forum* (New York) a series of articles on "The New Religions of America." In the May issue he writes of Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Theosophy. His article is entitled "The Worship of Human Gods." His very title is sufficient to make one who is at all familiar with Theosophy hesitate as to the value of his declaration that he is "painstakingly eager to find what there is of good and true in their [in this case Mme. Blavatsky's] original assertions." If it be his duty and desire to give credit, equally is it his duty to refrain from doing injustice and from imputing what is false.

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Mr. Bois' article is full of misstatements, some of which we will briefly examine.

(1) The very title convicts M. Bois of — shall we say — ignorance of his subject, unfamiliarity with either Mme. Blavatsky's life or her teachings. For there is nothing in the "original assertions" of Mme. Blavatsky, and nothing in the teachings of Theosophy that warrants such a statement. But according to M. Bois "human gods take the place of the Christian Deity," and "instead of clearing away ancient necromantic superstitions, she [Mme. Blavatsky] built upon them a new over-belief, based on the worship of human gods." M. Bois speaks so confidently, so assuredly, as though such a statement needs no confirmation, for he adduces no evidence either in the original assertions of Mme. Blavatsky or from other teachings of Theosophy in support of his statement. And yet we must insist on confirmation, on the production of evidence, if the title is to stand; for nowhere in Mme. Blavatsky's voluminous writings — and I stress the word *nowhere* — is any hint given that worship is paid to 'human gods.' M. Bois is a 'psychologist' and apparently he knows well the value of affirmation, even where such affirmation has no basis in truth or fact, and especially when made for the benefit of readers of whom many, perhaps the majority, have no direct knowledge of Mme. Blavatsky's writings and the teachings of Theosophy. M. Bois has at the outset simply made use of a psychological trick.

We have just said that nowhere is any hint given by Mme. Blavatsky that worship is paid to human gods. We will now show that her teaching, the teaching of Theosophy, is the exact contrary of that expressed by M. Bois. In support of this we quote her own words, her 'original assertions.' In her great work *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 280, she writes:

"... therefore, neither the collective Host (Demiurgos), nor any of the working powers individually, are proper subjects for divine honors or worship. All are entitled to the grateful reverence of Humanity, however, and man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of *Ideas*, by becoming to the best of his ability a *co-worker with nature* in the cyclic task. The ever unknowable and incognizable *Kârana* alone, the *Causeless Cause* of all causes, should have its shrine and altar on the holy and ever untrodden ground of our heart — invisible, intangible, unmentioned, save through 'the still small voice' of our spiritual consciousness. Those who worship before it, ought to do so in the silence and the sanctified solitude of their Souls; making their spirit the sole mediator between them and the *Universal Spirit*, their good actions the only priests, and their sinful intentions the only visible and objective sacrificial victims to the *Presence*."

Thus we see that the 'original assertion' of Mme. Blavatsky just quoted is a complete contradiction of the writer's false statement that Theosophy is "the worship of human gods."

(2) A word however should also be said regarding the phrase, 'human gods,' for this touches one of the fundamental and, indeed one might say,

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the central teaching of Theosophy, namely, the essential Divinity of man. "Human gods take the place of the Christian Deity," says the writer, and

"In Ancient Greece and in India, both ancient and modern men were and still are easily deified. Mahâtâmâ means simply 'a great soul' . . . however we may choose to regard this ideal of divine perfection realized in a man, — as a figure of speech, an hyperbole, a catachresis, — it can never be a fact."

Regarding the word 'Mahâtâmâ,' which the writer correctly defines as 'a great soul,' this word was never used by Mme. Blavatsky in any other sense. In view of what the French psychologist says it is pertinent to ask, does he know what are the attributes of 'a great soul'? If the ideal of divine perfection can never be realized as a fact, if it be but a figure of speech, what are we to think of the injunction given by Jesus, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"; and "greater things than these shall ye do"; and, "said I not, 'ye are gods.'" Are these figures of speech, hyperbole? For Jesus either meant what he said, or — was he mocking his followers, imposing upon them with false ideas? Yet M. Bois declares that he rests "firmly upon the rock of Christianity." What phase, what doctrine, of Christianity does he represent? We think we know. Does he not need to study even Christianity more deeply?

Still he does give credit to Mme. Blavatsky that she "detected the divine spark within us." This, however, is a teaching that has come down from the remotest antiquity, and hence all honor to Mme. Blavatsky who revived this ancient teaching not as a mere ideal or figure of speech, but as an actual fact, and making real and understandable the ancient injunction which Jesus did not originate but merely repeated, "Be ye therefore perfect."

There is no greater teaching than this: the essential divinity of man, and his perfectibility. There is none more optimistic, none more needed in the world today if man is to arise out of the confusion and ignorance that have oppressed him for ages, and regain his lost heritage which, in the words of Paul, is that of being "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" (*Rom.*, viii, 21).

Yet elsewhere the writer virtually contradicts himself. Is this also a psychological trick — an attempt to run both ways as it were? He writes, beginning on the very same page in which he speaks of the realization of human perfection as hyperbole, a figure of speech, that

"I am inclined to surmise that Mme. Blavatsky, through the inviting legend of the Masters, wished to convey an esoteric truth reserved for a few sages. . . . Mme. Blavatsky, who was a genius after her own fashion detected the divine spark within us and magnified it into Mahâtâmâs."

First, according to M. Bois the ideal of divine perfection realized in a

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man "can never be a fact"; yet, secondly, it is "an esoteric truth." Jesus also taught it as a truth, as a realizable fact, else he mocked his followers.

One of the fundamental teachings of Christianity in respect to Jesus Christ is his perfect humanity (see article, "The Person of Christ" in *The Hibbert Journal*, April, 1925). Should it not then be said of Christians rather than of Theosophists that they worship a human god?

Says M. Bois:

"But the saint is humble; he does not seek worship. According to Thomas à Kempis he 'likes to be despised.' His touchstone is self-rejection, not to mention other virtues for which Mahâtâmâs are not noted. Far from believing himself a God, as do the members of the White Lodge. . . ."

Another unfounded and absurd assertion — although indirect — namely, that by contrast the members of the White Lodge are not humble but "seek worship." Such a suggestion is a chimera of M. Bois' imagination which, in view of the many misstatements to which he has given utterance, we cannot help but regard as unbalanced. If this be not so it devolves upon M. Bois to prove his assertions and conclusions "up to the hilt" else he stands convicted of ignorance or wilful misrepresentation.

As for humility — not 'self-rejection,' 'liking to be despised,' which is false humility — here is the teaching of Theosophy, the teaching which Mme. Blavatsky gave to her pupils in her wonderful little treatise, *The Voice of the Silence*, consisting of "Fragments from the Book of the Golden Precepts," selected and annotated by H. P. Blavatsky for the special use of her students: "Be humble if thou would'st attain to Wisdom. Be humbler still when Wisdom thou hast mastered."

"Other virtues for which Mahâtâmâs are not noted." M. Bois has shown so much ignorance throughout his article that surely it is not necessary for him to advertise that ignorance further. Unfortunately an uninformed public may be inclined to accept M. Bois' statement because of his reputation. Students of Theosophy, however, place more importance upon truth and justice than upon reputation.

"Far from believing himself a god." Yet M. Bois declares he rests "firmly upon the rock of Christianity," and one naturally supposes therefore that he accepts as true the words of Jesus. Or does he accept them merely in the abstract as having no vital direct meaning for him, no application to his daily life? One can imagine M. Bois reasoning as follows: "These words of Jesus are to be listened to, surely, but it would involve too much responsibility to accept, as actual fact, that one was potentially divine, potentially a god! It was all very well for Jesus to say 'Be ye therefore perfect, *even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.*' But who would be fool enough to think that he meant it even as a far-away ideal; as a working proposition it is absolutely out of the question!"

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On the other hand, were it possible for him to believe himself potentially divine, potentially a god—well! he would at least hesitate long before doing such injustice as he has done to Mme. Blavatsky -- to this true, noble, woman whose life was devoted, without money and without price to the service of Humanity, -- who has made this old teaching of the Wisdom-Religion so living, so real, that though we, her students, realize how far we still are from becoming one with Divinity, a ray of which shines in the heart of every man, yet the knowledge of, or belief in, its presence within the heart of every man is a constant challenge to purification, to high endeavor, nobility, self-mastery, and in respect to our dealings with others, to justice, fairness, loving service, and Brotherhood -- above all to the love and practice of Truth.

Speaking of Jesus, in whom the Divine was so clearly manifest, as also in the lives of other Great Teachers of Humanity, a Theosophical writer says:

“Thus he stands not separate from Humanity, but as an elder Brother, one of a long line of divine Teachers, Helpers of Mankind. And because he attained through his self-mastery through his many earth-lives to the heights of godlike perfection, so may we attain. For unless he was human as we are human, and unless we are essentially divine as he was and is, there is no meaning in the words, ‘to become like unto Him,’ and to be ‘perfect even as the Father which is in heaven is perfect.’”

(3) Another serious misstatement made by the writer is in respect to the relation between Theosophy and necromancy. In his introductory paragraph he writes:

“Even in this enlightened age human beings have a weakness for necromancy in some form or other, and the founders of the Theosophical Society gained many adherents by reviving ancient occultism in plausible modern guise.”

And also the following which we have quoted above:

“Instead of clearing away ancient necromantic superstitions she [Mme. Blavatsky] built upon them a new over-belief based on the worship of human gods.”

In the above the implication is that necromancy is synonymous with, or at least related to, ancient Occultism and modern Theosophy. This may be the view of those who are ignorant of ancient Occultism and Theosophy, or seek to obscure the Theosophical teachings which are so rapidly gaining acceptance all over the world. Such a view might possibly find some basis in the teachings promulgated in Mrs. Besant's society; but it is indefensible in the light of fact and truth as any one may discover who will study the greatest of all modern treatises on Occultism, namely, the writings of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. Again, why does not M. Bois quote Mme. Blavatsky's ‘original assertions’ in which he is so “pains-takingly eager to find what there is of good and true”? If he had studied Mme. Blavatsky's ‘original assertions’ and also the works which she quotes, he would have learned that true Occultism and Theosophy have

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nothing whatever to do with necromancy. One example, one assertion, quoted by Mme. Blavatsky, suffices to show the position which is taken throughout the whole of her voluminous writings regarding Occultism and Theosophy. We quote from *The Voice of the Silence*, which we have already referred to. Speaking of Occultism, she gives the following: "To live to benefit mankind is the first step. To practise the six glorious virtues is the second." And again and again in her writings she warns against *anything* that savors of necromancy.

We recommend to M. Bois a careful reading of three of Mme. Blavatsky's editorials in her magazine *Lucifer*: (1) "Practical Occultism," (2) "Occultism and the Occult Arts," and (3) "Psychic and Noëtic Action." In the first of these she puts the study and practice of Theosophy as an indispensable preliminary to, as well as the goal of, true Occultism, which elsewhere she defines as "the Science of Life, the Art of Living." For her, necromancy is "Black Magic"; whereas her aim was to teach the first steps towards "White Magic," the supreme object of which is the spiritual welfare of mankind, and the attainment of Divine Wisdom, Theosophy.

Let us contrast the two words, in respect to their literal, etymological, meaning:

Theosophy: from the Greek, *theos* — god, *sophia* — wisdom; God-Wisdom, or Divine Wisdom; according to Mme. Blavatsky's definition, not 'Wisdom of God,' but Divine Wisdom such as that possessed by the gods," the great sages and teachers of mankind; the highest wisdom attainable on earth.

Necromancy: from the Greek *nekros* — a dead body, *manteia* — divination, the art of revealing future events by means of *pretended* communication with the dead; the black art.

It is to be noted that the word Theosophy is not used by Mme. Blavatsky in any other than its original, etymological meaning. And however wrongly it may be used by others, M. Bois in his article is supposed to be writing of Mme. Blavatsky and her teachings, hence any private or other interpretation which he may put upon the word Theosophy and the Theosophical teachings, is inadmissible in a fair and just discussion of the subject, which unfortunately for *The Forum*, for which he writes, and for his readers, his is not. For according to him:

"Instead of clearing away ancient necromantic superstitions she [Mme. Blavatsky] built upon them a new over-belief based on the worship of human gods."

Here however is one of her definitions of a Theosophist, taken from the first of the above-named articles:

"It is easy to become a Theosophist. Any person of average intellectual capacities and a

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leaning towards the metaphysical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer — is a Theosophist.”

Is there anything here that savors of necromancy? Yet here again is the first step towards Occultism,— at least towards that ancient and true Occultism which Mme. Blavatsky taught, and she taught no other, though she unsparingly criticized all pseudo-occultism, including necromancy, pointing out its dangers and warning against it.

She then distinguishes between Theosophy and Occultism, and regarding the latter she says:

“But it is quite another matter to put oneself upon the path which leads to the knowledge of what is good to do, as to the right discrimination of good from evil. . . .

“Occultism is not magic. It is *comparatively* easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic — *Sorcery*. For it is the motive, *and the motive alone*, which makes any exercise of power become black, malignant, or white, beneficent magic. It is impossible to employ *spiritual* forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator. For, unless the intention is entirely unalloyed, the spiritual will transform itself into the psychic, act on the astral-plane, and dire results may be produced by it. The powers and forces of nature can equally be used by the selfish and revengeful, as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart — and this is DIVINE MAGIC.”

And in her article “Occultism versus the Occult Arts,” she writes that very many “have no definite idea of the nature of occultism and confuse it with the occult sciences in general, the black art included.” M. Bois appears to be among the many of whom she speaks. And a little further on she writes:

“Will these candidates to Wisdom and Power feel very indignant if told the plain truth? It is not only useful, but it has now become *necessary*, to disabuse most of them and before it is too late. This truth may be said in a few words: There are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves ‘Occultists,’ who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious Sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man — the reflexion of the absolute, causeless, and unknowable ALL — differs from the mortal clay — the human body.”

And in her magazine, *Lucifer*, Vol. I, is the following:

“Occultism is not Magic, though Magic is one of its tools.

“Occultism is not the *ac*quirement of powers, whether psychic or intellectual, though

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both are its servants. Neither is Occultism the pursuit of happiness, as men understand the word, for the first step is sacrifice, the second, renunciation.

“Occultism is the Science of Life, the Art of Living.”

And, further, Mme. Blavatsky writes:

“The Theosophical Society is a philanthropic and scientific body for the propagation of the idea of Brotherhood on practical instead of theoretical lines. The aims of the Theosophical Society are several; but the most important are those which are likely to lead to the relief of human suffering under any and every form, moral as well as physical.”

In fact, nowhere in Mme. Blavatsky's writings is there any evidence or hint that Theosophy and Occultism (as she teaches it) are in any way related to necromancy or ancient necromantic superstitions.

(4) M. Bois writes that Mme. Blavatsky

“distrusted human nature and knew from world-wide experience that people craved the thrill of the unattainable.”

To one who knows — and the writer should have taken care to have placed himself in a position of knowledge, a position which any true scientist would certainly take, before he would presume to place his name to the false and cruel misrepresentations of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and her teachings — to say that she “distrusted human nature” is a gross misrepresentation (was it calculated to be such?) of her attitude. Can the writer quote one single ‘original assertion’ of Mme. Blavatsky's in support of his position? Instead of distrusting human nature she not only herself had, but taught, supreme trust in human nature. One of her teachings, which she places as fundamental in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, is as follows:

“The pivotal doctrine of the esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of reincarnations.”

And in the same work, Vol. II, p. 420, she writes:

“There is one eternal Law in nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries and produce final harmony. It is owing to this law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false gods, and find itself finally — SELF-REDEEMED.”

What is the basis, as well as the outcome of this teaching? Self-reliance, “self-directed evolution,” to quote one of Katherine Tingley's phrases. It is the same teaching as was given by Paul: “Work out your own salvation.” As for the “thrill of the unattainable,” Theosophy teaches, as also does Jesus, that there is no limit to the powers of man, there are no heights that he cannot scale, because in his inmost nature



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he is essentially divine. Mme. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 167, quotes the words of one of the Great Teachers:

“Lead the life necessary for the acquisition of such knowledge and powers, and wisdom will come to you naturally.”

And the powers to which she refers are powers to serve and help humanity, for, to quote her own words,

“There is a road steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity. For those who fail there are other lives in which success may come.”

(5) The following paragraph also calls for comment:

“The incompleteness of science had rendered religion repellant to men who longed for some mystic panacea, which they found neither in the old creed nor in the new agnosticism. Madame Blavatsky appeared and offered these impatient souls an assemblage of Egyptian, Cabalistic, and Hindû beliefs so obsolete that they seemed new; and to bring them up to date she tried to accommodate them to the Darwinism and modernism then in vogue. This accounts for her pantheism, her wild evolutionistic theories, her over-praise of the powers of man, and her desperate endeavor to repopulate the deserted Sinai with revived gods from Olympus, Lebanon, and the Himâlayas.”

(a) We welcome the writer's acknowledgment of the incompleteness of science. Truly it was to point the way to the completion of science that Mme. Blavatsky came, and to show that it was only by blending the three,— religion, philosophy, and science,— that true knowledge can be gained and life understood; to show further that they are in the truest sense interdependent and not antagonistic, and further that a truth cannot be antagonistic to another truth, for truth is truth, wherever found. In this way alone and by following this path which Theosophy points out, will religion cease to be repellant. The panacea in one aspect must be a mystic one, using the word ‘mystic’ in its true sense as an expression of spiritual thought and life.

(b) “Madame Blavatsky appeared and offered these impatient souls an assemblage of Egyptian, Cabalistic, and Hindû beliefs so obsolete that they seemed new.” Old certainly and many of them forgotten, yet nevertheless true and not obsolete. Is truth ever obsolete? And not mere beliefs, but teachings founded on truth and knowledge of the laws of the universe.

(c) “. . . and to bring them up to date she tried to accommodate them to the Darwinism and modernism then in vogue.” Exactly the contrary is true. Her first aim in this instance was to present the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom-Religion in respect to the origin, evolution,

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and nature of man. She contrasted these with Darwinism and, while acknowledging the splendid work of that great scientist and giving due credit to his labors, she pointed out the errors and the incompleteness of 'Darwinism,' and its failure to demonstrate man's origin and descent. And similarly in respect to modernism.

(d) "This accounts for her pantheism." The connexion is not clear. What meaning does the writer attach to the word 'pantheism,' regarding which Mme. Blavatsky in *The Key to Theosophy* writes: "the term 'pantheism' is, again, one of the many abused terms whose real and primitive meaning has been distorted by blind prejudice and a one-sidedness of view"? She then proceeds to give the true meaning of the word, and in the philosophic and true sense it may be said that she did teach it as Paul also taught it when he said: "In whom we live and move and have our being." This statement of Paul is quite in accord with Theosophy, except that Theosophy accepts no personal Deity.

(e) ". . . her wild evolutionistic theories." The wildness, we think, is on the part of M. Bois in making such an assertion, which further demonstrates his inability to comprehend the logical scientific teachings of Mme. Blavatsky's works, especially her greatest, *The Secret Doctrine*, every step of which is supported by scientific evidence. What, however, M. Bois does not understand today, he may perhaps, if he will study impartially, understand tomorrow or in some future incarnation!

(f) ". . . her over-praise of the powers of man." Mme. Blavatsky is at least in good company if we accept, as Theosophists do, the injunction: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

(g) ". . . her desperate endeavor to repopulate the deserted Sinai etc. etc." This is merely a desperate assertion on the part of M. Bois, for the truth of which he offers no evidence — nor can he.

(6) M. Bois speaks of "Mme. Blavatsky's ability to fascinate." Here again is the use of a term which can be interpreted in more than one sense. Mme. Blavatsky most certainly did not practise nor approve of hypnotism, nor of 'psychologizing' people, nor did she at any time as M. Bois elsewhere declares, "cast her net" for any "prey." A little further acquaintance with Mme. Blavatsky's writings would have saved M. Bois from his present embarrassment of finding his false, cold-blooded assertions contradicted by facts which, in justice to one who has passed out of this life and therefore can no longer defend herself, are herein stated.

(h) "Unhappily she tried to substitute for the swarming of imps and spooks the chimerical interference of fantastic beings who were, it seems, more at her disposal than she was at theirs."

M. Bois does but make himself ridiculous by his display of ignorance

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of what Mme. Blavatsky taught regarding the Elder Brothers of humanity -- not 'fantastic beings,' from another world, but highly progressed, *living* men, living on this earth.

(i) "Better for her and us had she been content to stand on the solid ground of her proper subconscious capacities, serving truth as well as psychology."

We have not space to discuss the term 'subconscious capacities' save to say that M. Bois would do well to study Theosophy a little further if he would have more light upon the subject. We do, however, protest against the unwarranted and calumnious inference that Mme. Blavatsky did not 'serve truth.' This is the only logical inference of M. Bois' statement, which is unworthy of any scientist, any lover of truth. He then goes on to say that "she distrusted human nature," which we have already commented on.

(j) As for her pupils being "more docile under the orders of an hypothetical adept of Tibet," such an idea is a mere chimera of the writer's imagination without a solitary fact for basis, and I speak from the experience of thirty-five years' study of Theosophy and close association with the original Theosophical Society; and, more, I assert that there is not a body of people anywhere of keener intellect, or more self-reliant, independent thinking, and energetic purposeful living, than the members of the original Theosophical Society -- which Helena Petrovna Blavatsky founded, which was continued under her successor William Quan Judge and is now under the direction of their successor Katherine Tingley.

(k) "Mme. Blavatsky lived her years of apprenticeship in Paris."

This is news indeed, but before it can be accepted as having any basis in fact it will be necessary for M. Bois to bring forward very strong evidence. It is sufficient to say that M. Bois' statement is not true.

(7) The writer refers to the report made by the London Society of Psychical Research in respect to Mme. Blavatsky. A little investigation on his part, however, would have shown him that this report was completely refuted at the time by men and women of unquestioned honor, unblemished reputation, and high standing, who were personally associated with Mme. Blavatsky, some of them familiar with the intimate details of her life and activities at her Indian Headquarters, and all of whom knew what they were talking about. Mme. Blavatsky, it is important to note, was condemned by the Psychical Research Society unheard, in spite of the fact that Richard Hodgson, the writer of the report, had relied mainly upon the testimony of two self-confessed perjurers and, contrary to all ideals of fair play and justice, had constituted

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himself prosecuting attorney, witness, and judge. The whole of Mme. Blavatsky's life and her teachings give the lie to the report. Not being understood and preaching a philosophy too high for the acceptance of those who assumed to be her judges, she was maligned and condemned, as other Helpers of humanity were before her.

(8) M. Bois speaks of Theosophy as a new religion. Here again he does not give credit to the 'original assertions' of Mme. Blavatsky, although he says that it is his duty and his desire to do so. We question the latter. As a critic he has failed both in his duty and in carrying out what he professes to be his desire. Let him turn to Mme. Blavatsky's writings and he will find not only her own statement but the actual proof that Theosophy, as taught by her, was taught ages ago, its foundation-principles and teachings coming down from the remotest antiquity and she gave irrefutable evidence of this in her writings. Moreover, she expressly disclaims being the founder of a new religion. She was but the founder of a new Society. In the Introductory to *The Secret Doctrine* from which we have previously quoted, she writes:

"I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: Gentlemen, 'I HAVE HERE MADE ONLY A NOSEGAY OF CULLED FLOWERS, AND HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING OF MY OWN BUT THE STRING THAT TIES THEM.'

"Pull the 'string' to pieces and cut it up in shreds, if you will. As for the nosegay of FACTS — you will never be able to make away with these. You can only ignore them, and no more."

(9) Credit must be given, however, to M. Jules Bois for one or two statements; for instance, where he says "the doctrines of modern Theosophy are simple enough." Does he not however see that here he negatives his position that Theosophy is related to, built upon, "ancient necromantic superstitions." Certainly the so-called 'doctrines' and the practice of necromancy are by no means simple!

M. Bois very correctly declares that the coming into being of the Theosophical Society was "no mere accident." Theosophy does not admit of accident, or that any event can occur which is not the outcome of previous and sufficient causes. In other words, Karma holds sway universally.

"The decline of the last century was a wildly tormented epoch for mind and heart if ever there was one, and it is no mere accident that the Theosophical Society came into being during these chaotic years. The occidental world had crumbled into doubt and negation. . . . In scientific circles, belief in the immortality of the soul seemed hopelessly old-fashioned. . . ."

— With all which we agree, and with the following:

"Facing this epidemic of pessimism and despair, modern Europe was acutely in need of some injection that would reanimate limbs invaded by spiritual paralysis."

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This, indeed, was the cause and the incentive that brought about the formation of the Theosophical Society by Mme. Blavatsky.

“What kind of leader was anxiously awaited to conduct this quest of the soul? A scholar? Not precisely, since scholars were for the most part on the other side of the fence. Rather, a combination of apostle, compiler, and thaumaturge was needed. This being so, it is easier to understand the sudden world-wide explosion of Madame Blavatsky’s fame and the success of her undertaking despite innumerable obstacles and misadventures.”

(l) “A scholar”? Yet Mme. Blavatsky was a scholar, but not in any narrow, merely academic, sense. She had true scholarship. Consider the vast knowledge, the erudition, which she shows not only in her acquaintance with, and analysis and criticism of, the greatest scientific and philosophic works of her own day, but in her knowledge of the great scriptures and philosophical writings of antiquity. Hers was the true scholarship, for to knowledge she added wisdom. Moreover she was a true mystic, in the true sense of the word, of whom William Quan Judge, Mme. Blavatsky’s successor, says: “Like as a bird cleaves the eternal ether, so the mystic advances on a path not ordinarily manifest.”

Her writings show her mastery of every subject: religious, philosophic, and scientific. She discusses impartially and justly the great achievements of both the past and the present; and with equal impartiality and justice criticizes the errors, the shortcomings, and the incompleteness, of ancient and modern theories. Her attitude is best expressed in her own words, in the Preface to her first great work, *Isis Unveiled*:

“The book is written in all sincerity. It is meant to do even justice, and to speak the truth alike without malice or prejudice. But it shows neither mercy for enthroned error, nor reverence for usurped authority. It demands for a spoliated past, that credit for its achievements which has been too long withheld. It calls for a restitution of borrowed robes, and the vindication of calumniated but glorious reputations. Toward no form of worship, no religious faith, no scientific hypothesis, has its criticism been directed in any other spirit. Men and parties, sects and schools, are but the mere ephemera of the world’s day. TRUTH, high-seated upon its rock of adamant, is alone eternal and supreme.”

And the next paragraph, which follows immediately after the one just quoted, again answers M. Bois’ misstatement as to her trust in human nature, and regarding its possibilities of ultimate perfection.

“We believe in no Magic which transcends the scope and capacity of the human mind, nor in ‘miracle,’ whether divine or diabolical, if such imply a transgression of the laws of nature instituted from all eternity. Nevertheless, we accept the saying of the gifted author of *Festus*, that the human heart has not yet fully uttered itself, and that we have never attained or even understood the extent of its powers. Is it too much to believe that man should be developing new sensibilities and a closer relation with nature? The logic of evolution must teach as much, if carried to its legitimate conclusions. . . . Yet we do not hesitate to accept the assertion of Biffé, that ‘the essential is forever the same. Whether we cut away the marble inward that hides the statue in the block, or pile stone upon stone outward till the temple is completed,

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our NEW result is only an *old idea*. The latest of all the eternities will find its destined other half-soul in the earliest.' ”

(*m*) She was an apostle truly, but no compiler, though she quoted extensively in order to prove her position. Thaumaturge? Truly she had knowledge of many of the ordinarily hidden and unsuspected powers of human nature. But the greatest ‘miracle,’ ‘wonder,’ which she wrought, was her literary work and the founding of the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875 — founded so securely, and on so firm a basis, that the attacks upon it, and they have been many, have failed utterly to shake it. But she was far more than scholar, apostle, thaumaturge; she was a great Teacher. In the words of her successor, Katherine Tingley, the present Leader and Teacher in the Theosophical Movement, in *Theosophy: the Path of the Mystic*:

“She was the Messenger of years to come, the Torch-bearer of the age, the great transmitter of spiritual light to the future.”

(10) We should not be doing justice to M. Bois did we not call attention to his acknowledgment of Mme. Blavatsky’s success and, further, to the following:

“I have never adopted their doctrine nor enrolled myself in their ranks, but I should be unjust to them did I not acknowledge that their teachings, particularly in their bearings on psychology, have been for many, a solicitation to deeper thinking and a sort of mental bridge towards a reconciliation with the findings of modern science.”

If the last statement had appeared alone one might indeed have believed M. Bois’ statement that it was his duty and desire to give credit to Mme. Blavatsky, and was also ‘painstakingly eager’ to find what was good and true in her teachings. He spoils it all, however, by the many mis-statements which we have already commented upon, and further by presenting Mme. Blavatsky as “merely adding to the confusion of troubled hearts and imaginations.” This is a direct contradiction of, and entirely incompatible with, the appreciation of Mme. Blavatsky’s success, and of the value of her teachings, which he voices in the words we have just above quoted.

(11) We cannot however leave without comment M. Bois’ desperate attempt to disparage Mme. Blavatsky’s work, when he says that she merely added “to the confusion of troubled hearts and imaginations.” We prefer, however, to answer him in his own words, for he writes regarding the doctrines of modern Theosophy, which he declares to be simple enough, that

“These doctrines, despite many contradictions and glittering bric-a-brac,— perhaps *because* of them,— have been a stimulus to many an intellect of the caliber of a Shaw, a Bergson. . . .

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Theosophy has penetrated into remote, provincial towns buried in trivial occupations, where, thanks to its lodges, philosophical problems have been agitated. There it has fostered the inner life and meditation of souls which were in danger of being carried away forever on a tide of platitudes. Through the Theosophical Society many have passed who have not tarried, but all have kept something of value as the result of their searching. Theosophy has prepared many a layman for a quicker comprehension of modern discoveries in science. The great centers of civilization have been visited by messengers from the Orient. Our libraries have been enriched by translations of books from the East."

If M. Bois had given but one example of the contradictions, which he speaks of as existing in the Theosophical teachings, his statement would be entitled to consideration. To say, however, that the Theosophical doctrines "have been a stimulus to many an intellect" such as those above enumerated, to say that "it has fostered the inner life and meditation of souls which were in danger of being carried away forever"; that all of those who have been associated with the Theosophical Society "have kept something of value as the result of their searching," to say that it "has prepared many for a quicker comprehension of modern discoveries in science" -- all these are a direct contradiction to the statement which M. Bois makes that Mme. Blavatsky merely added "to the confusion of troubled hearts and imaginations."

Throughout his article, in fact, M. Bois convicts himself of incompetence, ignorance, prejudice, and a persecuting spirit of unbrotherliness against one who can no longer reply, and still he has some conception of "our higher self." He speaks of Mme. Blavatsky as "struggling upward in an attempt to express the notion of our higher self . . . man is certainly greater than he believes himself to be." May it not be that when M. Bois testifies to the success of Mme. Blavatsky's undertaking, when he declares that her teachings "have been for many a solicitation to deeper thinking," and in other rather indirect ways has expressed some appreciation of her endeavors -- may it not be that it was the 'higher self' of M. Bois seeking for expression?

It is one of the teachings of Theosophy that however deeply hidden the divine spark may be in any man, still it is there and some day it will find expression. So we therefore urge upon M. Bois to study Theosophy, and he will find that it expresses not simply "the *notion* of our higher self," but that Mme. Blavatsky's teachings on the subject are full and complete and inspiring. Yet he must *study* if he would understand Theosophy, and let him remember, furthermore, "that success does not come without effort, without long and repeated effort."

(12) Finally, it must be said that there is considerable excuse to be made for the unfortunate position in which M. Bois finds himself in having put his name to so many misstatements, and for the ignorance which

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he thus displays, seeing that apparently he has derived his information and his views regarding Theosophy mainly from personal association with Mrs. Annie Besant. He apparently relies upon Mrs. Besant's "visions and premonitions," some of which he quotes; but which in view of her very wide departure from the pure Theosophy of Mme. Blavatsky certainly cannot be classed as reliable evidence.

Regarding Mrs. Besant, suffice it to say that she ceased to be a member of the original Theosophical Society in 1895, her name being removed from its records at a convention of the Society held at Boston in that year by a majority vote of 191 to 10. Not only because of this action and because in her teachings and writings she has departed very widely from the teachings given by Mme. Blavatsky, not only for these but for other very serious reasons, Mrs. Besant is not regarded by members of the original Theosophical Society, which now bears the name, THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD AND THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, as being in any sense a representative of Theosophy or competent to be an exponent of its teachings.

Our suggestion to M. Bois is that if he desires really to know what Theosophy teaches, he turn to Mme. Blavatsky's writings, and even in his own realm, that of psychology, he will find, if he will really study from an impartial standpoint, not only many hints, but detailed teachings, that show that far back in antiquity there was a science of psychology besides which the modern science is as a beginner's feeble and uncertain groping after knowledge.

The following is from Katherine Tingley's recently published work, *The Wine of Life*:

"Real Theosophy has attached to it none of the absurdities and nonsense taught and practised by counterfeit Theosophists. Real Theosophy applies to every duty in life. It appeals to the noblest in man's nature. It demands of everyone a clean, strong, pure life. Theosophical preaching without living the Theosophical life is entirely out of place.

"We must use common sense, and keep ever in our minds the ideals of a beautiful manhood and womanhood for our children."




"THEOSOPHY is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. . . . Embracing both the scientific and the religious, Theosophy is a scientific religion and a religious science. . . . It is therefore complete in itself and sees no unsolvable mystery anywhere; it throws the word coincidence out of its vocabulary and hails the reign of law in everything and every circumstance."

— W. Q. Judge



## THE REVIVAL OF THE LOST MYSTERIES OF ANTIQUITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HE School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity — founded by Katherine Tingley — was the original title of the School of Antiquity (incorporated), one of the departments whose work is centered at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. This title affords an excellent text for some remarks on the scope and purpose of Theosophy.

The ancient Mysteries have always been a puzzle for historians, who cannot easily fit this institution into their philosophy. The word 'mystery' suggests to them mystification; yet how can a man pretending to sober judgment say of the Mysteries, or of the Delphic oracle, that they were always frauds and nothing but frauds? The existence of an imitation bespeaks the existence of a reality; and *if* the Mysteries and oracles were at some later time corrupt, this is surely all the more reason for thinking that they had once been genuine. Moreover, they were so universally and influentially venerated, that consistency compels the unprejudiced judgment to accept this veneration as credentials for the Mysteries. We cannot at one and the same time accept the testimony of the great minds of antiquity on other matters, and regard them as credulous dupes on this matter alone. If our judgment be not prejudiced, we are bound to accept the Mysteries as having been genuine institutions, worthy of the reverence they commanded.

Theosophy takes an ampler view of the history of mankind than that usually accredited to contemporary opinion. Recognising evolution as a universal law, it presents us with a far more spacious prospect of the workings of that principle than modern science has yet ventured to entertain. All growth is accomplished by means of alternate ebbs and flows, and not by a continuous forward movement; of which we may find illustrations in the incoming of the tide, with its successive waves and back-flows; or in the advance of the year by alternate days and nights.

Human life is perpetuated from generation to generation by repeated passage through the cycles of youth, maturity, and age; and the same cyclic law must be applied to the life of human races. Thus many races have been born and have lived through their youth, maturity, and age; dying, to pass on their light to another race. And among races in general we must distinguish major and minor divisions, to which, in the writings

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of H. P. Blavatsky, we find the names, Root-Race, Sub-race, Family race, etc., applied. The scheme of human races thus defined is very elaborate and extensive, reaching back for millions of years, and thus giving to the remarkable discoveries of geology a support which science has so far been unable to accord them.

Under this view of history, we shall find sufficient scope for the contention that the past may hold in reserve heirlooms of knowledge yet to be inherited by our present young race; for we understand that older races must have attained to greater heights in their own cycle than we have yet done in ours. We have also to bear in mind that, since all progress is cyclic, history must afford long periods of decline, as well as periods of ascent. In ancient Egypt we witness such a period of decline; for, instead of evolving upwards, civilization in the Nile Valley has steadily declined during the whole period we can trace. As far back as we can reach, it grows greater and grander, nor is there any sign of a beginning, such as archaeologists might expect to find. Egypt has been the scene of a great civilization — or probably several successive ones — whose culmination was in the remote past. In fact, the period covered by our historical annals, a very brief period comparatively, has been one of universal decline from spirituality towards materialism, a veritable dark cycle in human history. During this dark cycle the ancient Mysteries have been forced into seclusion by the jealous and persecuting hand of temporal dominion, reinforced by the power of dogmatic religion. The Mysteries were at one time the glory of Egypt; and it was this institution that enabled that land to preserve in integrity its power and prosperity for millenniums.

And what did the ancient Mysteries teach? What was the learning so jealously guarded and so universally venerated?

It was — among many other noble doctrines — that human nature is essentially divine. Materialism and decadence are founded on the notion that human nature is essentially animal.

What did the ancients mean by 'gods'? Was it all a vast machinery of fraud, kept up by the 'priests' in order to secure power over the 'people'? And was the whole world thus divided between crafty scoundrels and superstitious fools? Such a doctrine may be good enough for the school-books, written in support of some sectarian bias or momentary political shibboleth; but it will not do for serious students. And remember, we are not asking what the multitude may have believed; for the views of the multitude do not reflect those of individuals. The multitude had their saints and shrines, then as now; and for many of them the word 'gods' may have meant little more than superstition. But shall we, inverting the order of logic, as so many modern reasoners do, say that

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the vast and intricate symbology of the ancient cosmogonies and theogonies was 'evolved' from the superstitions of the multitude? Or shall we not rather see in the superstitions of the multitude the popular corruption of the real esoteric system?

Under their teachings about gods therefore the ancients summed up — among other things — the eternal truth of man's essential divinity, and his real origin, nature, past, and destiny. This was one truth which the Mysteries sought to keep alive. On it depends the fact that man is perfectible; that he can "raise the self by the Self"; that he can invoke his divine nature for the subjugation of his errant lower nature; that he can thus become more than *mere* man — he can become Man.

The schools were therefore presided over by initiates, and received candidates for initiation. The success of the candidate for knowledge depended on his ability to pass successfully through the tests which were offered to him. These tests were such as would test the self-command of the candidate, with the view of determining whether he was able to stand the strain of responsibility imposed by the revelation. Pythagoras' condition of several years' silence will occur to the mind as an instance of this.

Such being the character of the schools of the Mysteries, in their pristine purity, it is evident that they were presided over by men who had made the sacrifice of self to the cause of right, men whose passions had been subdued, men able to see with the eye of wisdom and able to act with wisdom. Such a power as this behind the temporal power sufficed to regulate human affairs with harmony. The absence of this power from modern life has caused the era of strife in which we have been living. For the Mysteries have given place to our formal religions, which very imperfectly fill their place.

It was in accordance with the course of declining cycles that the Mysteries became fewer and were compelled to close and withdraw themselves from the sight of men. The knowledge they could impart was either not sought or it was profaned. Thus we hear of licentious cults, trading on the names and reputation of the Mysteries, and thus defaming them.

The eternal Wisdom-Religion is the origin and basis of all faiths and cults. Some modern theorists have sought to explain all religions, cults, and mythologies by a method of synthesis analogous to the scientific doctrine of evolution. But to derive these elaborate systems from the alleged beliefs of primitive man and from tribal superstitions is to reverse the true order of the evolution; for, just as 'primitive man' is a relic of civilized man, so are his superstitions and rites a relic of the knowledge and sacred rituals of civilized races. True, we may allow that there has

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to a certain extent been an upward evolution; but, even so it was less than half of the process; and whatever an existing religion may have derived from below, it has derived far more from above.

Here then we have the explanation of the analogies in religions; they have a common parentage. Besides religions, there have been other offshoots of the Mysteries, such as Masonry, Chivalry, and various philosophical schools.

To achieve unity in knowledge is not a question of synthesizing a number of heterogeneous elements, but of restoring an original unity out of the fragments into which it has been sundered. It is a question of reviving the lost Mysteries of antiquity.

To do this requires first much preliminary work: ground must be prepared, seeds sown; the work must be begun from many different points. We cannot work straight ahead on a formal plan, as though we were constructing a model from a blue-print; our labors must resemble rather those of the pioneer of culture in a virgin land. The Theosophical program exhibits just such a number of enterprises, which, even though to many eyes they may seem unrelated to each other, are none the less destined to converge to the single object. Life has to be spiritualized at every point. The doctrine of man's animal nature has to be supplemented, and even largely displaced, by the doctrine of man's essentially divine nature; human life has to be reconstituted on that basis. This doctrine has to enter into the marriage question, the educational question, all questions.

Reformers find difficulty because they do not grasp the general principle underlying all reform; and so, instead of seeing the problem as a whole, they see it in detail. But the evils incident to one institution are so involved with those incident to other institutions that it is found impossible to make piecemeal reforms. On the other hand, Theosophy finds its general formula in the doctrine of the divine nature of man, and therefore seeks to spiritualize every institution, thus refining all the parts of life to a point where they can blend into harmony with each other. For example, the question of unhappy marriages, and whether divorce should be encouraged or discouraged, hinges on questions of education and rearing, and on many other things, so that it seems impossible to deal with that question by itself and apart from the others.

That Theosophy answers a need is evident from the way in which people are reaching out towards the solutions it offers, yet without being able to see their way without its aid. Thus it can never be said that Theosophy was imposed on the world as a new doctrine; it is an interpretation of life, answering needs and speaking plain truth.

The teachings of the ancient Mysteries were *outwardly* expressed in

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the universal sign-language, because that alone is appropriate for the expression, imparting, and preservation of such teachings. The idea will not seem strange if we remember that music (for instance) is not expressed in the many verbal languages of the nations but in a language of its own, which alone can convey its meaning, and which alone is understood by all the nations. In the same way chemistry has its symbolism, and other sciences have theirs. This accounts for the prevalence of crosses, circles, and the like, and of more complex symbols, such as those of deities. They all have a meaning, which is concealed from the ignorant and revealed to the instructed. The interpretation of this symbolism is therefore a part of the work of students of the ancient Mysteries.

The existence of a Master-Science, the synthesis or key of all other sciences, is an idea that often recommends itself to our minds; and it is, according to Theosophy, a fact. Sciences of course diverge in their applications and converge in their general principles. We recognise this in what is called 'modern science,' with its various departments; some things are common to the whole, others peculiar to the several parts. All that is claimed by Theosophy is the feasibility of a greater synthesis. Perhaps the word 'synthesis' is open to objection as suggesting an artificial combination of discrete elements; what is meant is that knowledge is one, and the various branches are derived from this unity by analysis. But knowledge cannot be severed from cognition, and therefore this unification of the sciences implies a sublimation of human faculty — a cardinal tenet of the Mysteries and of Theosophy, implied in the doctrine of man's spiritual descent.

Without doubt the teaching as to man's spiritual ancestry was taught in the ancient schools. Man shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. The type from which man has descended is, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, the "Heavenly man," Adam Kadmon in the *Qab-bâlâh*, and known by sundry other synonyms.\* Physical man descended from a spiritual prototype — whatever may be the evolutionary history of his bodily tenement. Knowing that nature unaided could not produce Man the Thinker, the ancients sought knowledge as to the origin of the human mind; and this the schools imparted. All the nations looked

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\*The development of anthropoid apes, and also of men belonging to degenerating races, proceeds, during their lifetime, in the inverse order to that of civilized man. The young ape is more intelligent, and the old ape more bestial. The degenerating races reach their acme of intelligence at puberty, while civilized man continues to grow in intelligence after that epoch. This shows that neither the ape nor the degenerating man are links in a chain of evolution leading to civilized man, but that they are retrogressive offshoots from the human type. It is the 'spark' in man which gives him his unique power of unlimited self-development. This spark was not evolved from the lower kingdoms, but communicated by the humanity of a previous evolutionary cycle.

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back to periods in their history when they had divine, semi-divine, or heroic instructors. This is all considered 'folk-lore' nowadays, and new words like 'animism' have been coined to hold down the ideas of the theorists while they theorize. But it is only history after all. True, we may find in the mythical annals that time has been shortened, and that the dates assigned to the heroic ancestry are too recent; nevertheless the main facts are true. Archaeology comes to our aid with its indisputable records of races of mighty builders and skilled artisans, having a mysterious mathematical and astronomical lore, and flourishing in times which we have to call prehistoric. These facts, hard to fit into the scheme of conventional theorists, are perfectly congruent with the Theosophical teachings, which they merely illustrate.

The destiny of the soul after death was taught in the Mysteries, as it is taught by Theosophy today; and such teaching needs to be given, now that people are floundering in the mazes of clumsy investigation into psychic mysteries. The fact that certain non-physical remnants of man's lower nature survive the decease of the body was well known; but, when the ancients spoke of the sojourn of the shade in Orcus, they did not refer to the immortal Soul, wafted to Olympic realms to dwell in bliss until the hour for rebirth.

Thoughtful people see that the basis for reform is the higher nature of man himself. But is man a kind of accidental product of an automatic natural process? Nay, if we go down to the essential nature of man, we go at the same time back to his origin; wherefore the wisdom of the past should hold the secret. Are we to seek the truth in a speck of dust or protoplasm, or shall we seek it in a divine Soul? Shall we trace man's evolution to the dirt whereof his body is compact, or to its celestial origin? The first quest may show the laws which man's animal nature tends to follow; the latter alone can mark the path for his intelligence to tread. We must therefore follow that famous maxim of antiquity: "*Know thyself*"; spoken by those who knew that this really comprehends the whole of knowledge. In self-study the relations of subject and object become changed; for we study our own faculties of cognition. But the Self of man is not limited to his personality; otherwise he could not progress very far in knowledge. There is in man a *subject* more universal than the personal self; and by its means he can make the personality an *object* of contemplation.

Great importance attaches to the doctrine of Karma, which may be described, in the language of modern science, as a great *generalization*. This doctrine begins by affirming a principle which the mind is inclined to accept as axiomatic — the principle that method and order regulate all the workings of the universe. The negative of this proposition is

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rejected by the mind as untenable; the universe cannot be chaotic. But the doctrine of Karma goes further than the bare affirmation of the principle; it shows the proof. Modern science claims to show the proof, so far as the limits of scientific inquiry extend, and the principle is there known as that of the conservation of energy. But Theosophy extends the still larger fundamental principle to the moral world, and states that every event is connected logically with its causes, and that the connexions are susceptible of being traced. It is only the missing links in our knowledge that prevent us from recognising this fact; and the chief of these missing links is the doctrine of Reincarnation, another lost mystery. For, since a man's character and destiny are not worked out within the narrow limits of a single life of seventy-seven years, it is not possible to trace out the pattern within those limits, and his past and future incarnations have to be taken into account. Undoubtedly this was taught in the ancient schools; Reincarnation has always been familiar to the East, and it was to the East that many of the classic sages of Europe had resorted.

We cannot here do more than indicate a few of the teachings involved, and must refer to Theosophical literature for the rest. The work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at its International Headquarters and elsewhere follows the lines above indicated; for its numerous departments enable it to contact present-day life at all points and to shed the light of Theosophy everywhere.

Special mention is due to the Râja-Yoga education, for this works for the production of that most important of all elements of reform — a sound type of humanity. All education, not excluding the vital period of the nursery, is based on the principle of man's duality — as an incarnate Spirit. Therefore it is directed to the calling forth of the child's spiritual nature, in order that through its means he may control his lower nature. And this is not done vaguely, as though by theorists pursuing a fad, but with faith and knowledge; and the results are in accordance.

Modern civilization was certainly falling into a decline, and the forces working in it have been mainly disruptive, culminating in what can justly be called a vast civil war. Regeneration was needed, spiritual, moral, intellectual, even physical. We are privileged to live in a wonderful age and to be contemporaries of one of those great epochs of rebirth of which we may find instances when we scan the pages of history.



“WE should adjust ourselves to fit like mosaic in the great plan of human life.”— *Katherine Tingley*

## REINCARNATION THE HOPE OF HUMANITY

R. MACHELL

**I**F one dares to *face* life today, and tries to grasp the meaning of the picture, one is staggered by a sense of the grotesque horror of the drama, and by a fear that the whole thing is a monstrous blunder, which we are trying to persuade ourselves has some deep reason to justify it. It is so hard to accept the other solution, that the whole thing is a nightmare, or that the earth is a vast lunatic asylum. I need hardly point out that there have been highly intelligent philosophers who have upheld both these latter views.

The human mind is constantly busy providing itself with veils to blind its own sight, with theories to account elaborately for things that are unpleasantly clear and simple. The art of mental camouflage is as old as the mind of man, I imagine. So we have high-sounding phrases to disguise the meanness of our motives, and complex theories wherewith to explain humiliating experiences.

In fact, the mind, while extremely inquisitive, is also very unwilling to face facts. So it takes some courage to make one's own mind face the situation in which we find ourselves today; and, putting aside the plausible and lofty camouflage of our orators, to think for ourselves, "What does it all mean? What is the sense of it all? Why all this misery and horror? Why all the meanness and rottenness that form so large a part of social and national life? Where does it lead? Is there any purpose in it all?"

It requires courage to carry out these inquiries, for a failure to find an answer means despair. If these questions are unanswerable, then there is no hope for humanity. Its future is simply to sink back into mere animalism without aim or purpose, and without Hope in Life.

It is bad to lack health, or intelligence, or money, or friends; but it is awful to have no hope. It is scarcely possible for a man to live without hope of some kind: and indeed it is probable that hopelessness is the most efficient cause of death, for it implies complete negativity, in which condition no resistance to disease or death is possible. Fortunately, few people are intelligent enough to know that they have no hope, for the mind will always supply some kind of a substitute that is just good enough to blind a person to the fact that hope is dead.

Hope is not born in the brain-mind, but it is nourished there, or it is killed. It comes from the spiritual self and is like a ray of light in the darkness. When this ray of spiritual starlight is lacking, the brain lights tapers and lamps of various kinds and makes a great show of illu-



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mination, but it is all a substitute for spiritual light or Hope. Hope is self-luminous and not, like the substitutes, a product of combustion. The false lights burn much fuel and need constant feeding, whereas the true light seems to be itself a source of life and energy as well as light.

It is because of this spiritual origin of hope, that so many who have it not are ignorant of their loss. They live in their lower mind by the light of the substitute fires of desire and ambition, and such things as seem to offer a goal for attainment. And what of humanity? What is its hope? Has it any? When we speak of humanity, we generally go no farther in thought than the white races, though on second thoughts we may admit the claim of some other branches of the human family, and for the time being it is enough.

Is it not evident that our civilization is in reality hopeless in the higher sense? There are religious bodies that hold up ideals, and call them hope. But on examination these all resolve themselves into gratified desires, or substitutes for hope. All the heavens and paradises are just more or less elevated ideals of personal gratification. Some are more comprehensive as to the number of persons involved, while others are frankly egotistical and exclusive. But in all, there is the absence of that spiritual light which is in the Soul of Humanity. Humanity seems to have lost its way, and to be groping in the dark, in spite of all its intellectual lamps: for it is without Hope.

Hope is an illumination of the mind by the soul. It is a revelation of the direction if not of the goal of life. It points the way of evolution, which is the path of true Brotherhood: for the Soul of Humanity is one; and human beings are its manifestation on earth; so that in a sense they are born of one parent, but in a purely mystical sense. Mentally they are all separate, and selfish, and so must always be at war with one another, because they all are moved by the same impulse of desire for self-gratification, and thus are naturally in conflict with one another; for the very reason that they are so nearly united by their inherent desires. One result of this confusion is ignorance, which in its turn produces more confusion of ideals.

When I say that ignorance is a result of the confusion among men as to the really desirable objects of human attainment, I mean, naturally, ignorance in its wider aspect, as ignorance of the real nature of man, and of the real purpose of existence. It is more usual to speak of ignorance as a *cause* of human errors, and of course that is a reasonable way of putting it; but it is also true that there is a *cause* of ignorance as well as a consequence.

Knowledge is so often looked upon as a mass of information merely, that we may easily overlook the fact that real knowledge demands the

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exercise of the understanding. Without this the mass of collected information is not converted into actual knowledge. So we may and do find a great number of people who have acquired great store of learning, and who yet remain profoundly ignorant; because they have not been able to digest or assimilate the mental food they have so greedily devoured.

It is evident that education, generally speaking, has long been confined to the imparting of information, and it has consequently produced a mass of educated people whose knowledge is no better than ignorance, for lack of understanding.

In order to understand facts we must have some clear idea of our own relation to the world in which the facts occur. And the bearing of the facts on life can only be felt by one who knows or feels the purpose of life. This kind of knowledge is not to be gained by information, but by actual experience. The gaining of experience is discipline: and discipline is education in the true sense; for it is by discipline that we draw out of our unknown inner nature the power to grow, to understand and to discriminate. Without true education we are hardly able to formulate our hopes, or to distinguish them from desires — for such discrimination demands the exercise of a consciousness higher than that of the brain-mind, and this higher consciousness is itself the goal of human evolution, individual or racial.

When the ordinary person is forced to face his own life, and when he or she endeavors to answer the questions, What am I living for? What do I really hope for, beyond personal comfort? Why am I living at all? — or any such problem, a sense of utter bewilderment generally comes over the mind, followed by a desire for some distraction that shall make thought impossible! But for those who persist in the attempt to solve the riddle there comes inevitably the realization of an appalling fact, namely, that they *have* no aim or purpose in life, and no understanding of their place in Nature and of their relation to other creatures and things. This realization of one's own ignorance comes upon one as an awakening in the dark; and it may be the entrance to a state of horrible despair, or to a struggle for freedom and a search for light that in itself constitutes a big step in evolution. And evolution is an answer to the problem.

We can see for ourselves that all life is an endeavor to give expression on the material plane to spiritual forces that in themselves are not manifest on earth, except as they can find expression in material things. This is what we call life, and it may seem to go on spontaneously, without knowledge of reasons or purposes. Why then can man not go on in the same way? Why should he trouble to think about such things at all? Why not evolve unconsciously as the lower kingdoms do? Why not? Simply because we have come, as human beings, to the stage at which individual

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consciousness has reached its awakening, and at which man becomes *Man*, the thinker and knower. It is no longer a question for him as to whether he would like to be a plant or an animal; he has become a *man*: and for some millions of years on this earth he has been acting as a thinker, and creating causes stamped with individual characteristics, as well as racial and national causes which must be worked out into useful experience, or simply recast in the same mold as causes for future experience. We are like children in school, and if our lessons are not learned we shall remain ignorant.

But how can men learn all things by experience unless either they all share in a common consciousness, and are not individualized; or unless each individual has endless opportunities of gaining experience, that can so imperfectly and in such a limited way be accomplished in one earth-life? While human beings undoubtedly do have a common consciousness as human beings, they do also have a very clear sense of individuality; and they know that one life-time teaches them but an infinitesimal part of what life *can* teach. It is evident that one life can only be but a small part of the process of evolution, and it is inconceivable that individuality should have been evolved so far to go no farther.

We all know that we exist individually, and it is about the surest thing we do know. Can anyone think of himself as either beginning or ending? One can easily imagine an awakening, and we are all aware that we go to sleep, though we can never catch ourselves in the act: we cannot consciously go to sleep, and yet we do carry the sense of individuality through that mysterious gateway of sleep into a region or a state where all else is changed except the conviction of one's own individuality. One is always *I*. Yet we often pretend to doubt the continuity of consciousness, and sometimes persuade ourselves that death is the end of life. But that is mere camouflage to conceal the subconscious conviction that we all have of responsibility for our acts and words and thoughts.

The usual system of education leaves the student utterly in the dark as to his place in the scheme of evolution. It gives him a doubt as to the existence of any scheme in life, and fails to endow him with faith in the justice of natural law, or to convince him of the reality of Divine Law and Order. He is left with a substitute, which he calls *chance*. Everything happens by chance, to the majority, even to the mass of religious people, for their God is a conception of Divinity such that his will is as inscrutable as the decrees of Chance. They do not dare to know themselves, and to realize their own inherent right to know what they are living for. Without some such knowledge, man can have no hope; and it is not too much to say that today humanity as a whole is without hope. Hence the chaos. Hope is only possible to those who believe in the

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reality of a purpose and system in life. And the great bar to the achievement of hope is the belief that death is the end of life.

Of course I know that the majority will protest and say that they do believe in a future life, in some other world; but it is evident by their acts and words that this belief is camouflage, designed to conceal confusion and ignorance: and even if it were true, it would not be a basis for any intelligible hope because it leaves a complete gulf between the present earth-life and all that went before or shall come after. The vagueness of such a belief is its chief recommendation to persons who think they can avoid responsibility and escape the very purpose of their own existence. But human beings have evolved individual consciousness for some other purpose than to waste it in dreams of an eternity of selfish bliss. Individuality implies responsibility, and those who shirk responsibility retard their own progress, and thereby help to hinder the work of evolution. For the purpose of life is carried out by living beings; at the head of whom stands Humanity. Self-conscious man is the flower of evolution.

In using this word 'evolution' I am perhaps creating confusion if I do not explain that I do not mean the irrational theory of chance that has crept in under cover of pseudo-scientific materialism, but the Theosophical idea of Spirit working in matter for the creation and re-creation of the universe; a spiritually conscious and spiritually guided universe, in which Law rules as the inherent guiding principle, and in which all parts are equally united to the Spiritual Consciousness that is the Soul of the Universe.

It is a very old idea that man passes through various gateways on the path of evolution, and that each gate has its key. The keys have to be found, and then they have to be turned in the lock before the gate can be opened. Our civilization is standing outside such a gate now, and it has lost the key. That key is Reincarnation: or rather it is knowledge of the fact of Reincarnation. The fact is not altered by man's ignorance of it, but his own position is seriously affected, for man has arrived at the point of mental development at which he becomes individually able to choose his path; and to choose he must know.

The knowledge of Reincarnation seems to have been general in the remote past. And tradition has it that at some definite period man did choose and chose wrong — for he chose the path of personal gratification and personal power; and that choice brought with it an obscuration of his higher powers which in turn resulted in ignorance of his divine origin, as well as of his divine destiny; in fact, ignorance of his inherent divinity. With this came doubt of his own immortality and of the continuity of consciousness. Materialism and belief in the supremacy of Chance

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followed naturally. The selfish ambition that was the guiding impulse in the traditional Sin, or Error of Judgment, persisted; and induced those who still had knowledge to keep it for themselves; by which means they insured its ultimate obscuration. The doctrine of Reincarnation was deliberately suppressed, and then forgotten; in order that self-seekers might rule over a people who were without hope of their own, and without light to guide them. As a substitute they were given promises of salvation from a Hell.

When we realize that we are Souls that do not die when our bodies die, but that gather experience in each life to build up a character for the next; then we have no fear of Hell, nor any anxiety about Heaven. Both are within reach, and can be had for the taking. For *man is the maker of his own destiny.*

When man realizes that this present life is but one of a long series of similar lives on this earth, then he knows that no matter how serious his mistakes may have been, he will have another chance next time. His experience will not look like wasted time and effort even though it has brought him to ruin this time, for he will understand that the results of experience are built into his character; and though he may completely forget all the incidents attending that experience, yet its results are in him, and he will start life next time with that to his credit, or to his discredit, as the case may be. And the shirker, who never has dared to think for himself, will have that same cowardice built into his character and will have to meet it and get rid of it sooner or later. But the opportunity to do so will never fail; for evolution goes on all the time, and though men may spend several life-times like squirrels in revolving cages, yet at any moment it is possible for them to get out of that trap and start once more along the path of progress.

When a man knows that he himself is a soul that is born into a body, and that dies out of it, but that does not cease to live; then he can never be hopeless any more, even if he fall into very deep water, and seem to be sunk in despair. If he knows that there is a new life waiting for him after his sleep of death that ends in rebirth, then his despair is very different from that of the man who is without hope.

Reincarnation is so natural and reasonable that it would have been impossible for men to have forgotten it if they had not also been systematically robbed of it by false education. But, as the Supreme Soul is One, and as all souls have this same central source of life, so all men on earth have in them a bond of union that is expressed in the term *Universal Brotherhood.* This too has been forgotten, and the ridiculous doctrine of the 'struggle for existence' has made life hideous, by misapplying supposed facts of material existence to the realities of the spiritual life of man.

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The strife and discord of life on earth is due to temporary obscuration of knowledge of, or realization of, Truth; so that the guiding light of knowledge is lacking, and the power of the soul made ineffective by the momentary triumph of the chaotic forces inherent in matter.

The work of evolution means the gradual and continual organization of these lower forces and their control by the higher law of the Spiritual World, which operates largely through man, because man is at a point in the scale of creation in which he can act as intermediary between the extremes, between the higher forces of Law, and the lower forces of chaos. Man stands, as it were, at the pivotal point of evolution, and all these powers and forces play through him. So that in each human soul the drama of the Universe is actually being played all the time in miniature, but not in isolation. We share to some extent each others triumphs and failures, for Universal Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. If just now the failures seem to be more in evidence than the triumphs, we need not despair, for the path of progress is not up an even grade by any means, nor is it in a straight line. But if we could get more knowledge and could see a longer span of historical record than is now generally available, we might find that though history repeats itself in cycles that seem endless, yet there is progress too.

So, too, if we could look back over a number of lives, we might trace a gradual progress even where the failures seem most numerous and obvious. Even if we cannot look back, and even if we lack the imagination to trace our path of progress, yet we can never relapse into despair when once we have grasped the great fact of Reincarnation and realize that whatever our present failure may be we shall have another chance.



“THE Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! *the Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment too is in thyself*; thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, ‘here or nowhere,’ couldst thou only see!”— *Carlyle*

## SPRING IN THE PALACE GARDEN

After Li Po

KENNETH MORRIS

PEACH-TREES bend no more in the snow;  
Willow catkins know it is Spring;  
Mango-birds go crazy and sing;  
Swift-winged swallows skim to and fro  
Where, lacquered-armored, stand  
The halberdiers -- half here, half lost in fairyland.

Through the wide window-casements, fleet  
Bloom-sweet magical winds blow in,  
And with some spell they whisper, win  
Hearts to broodings suddenly sweet,  
And with low rustlings, pry  
Behind the silken screens and curtains, and go by.

The parterres in the garden close  
Incarnate marvelously again  
The Yellow Emperor's Golden Reign;  
Or phlox and peony, pansy and rose  
Were silks and gems of yore  
Han Wuti's wizard peers and moonbright beauties wore.

Look! o'er the pond how the lilies swing  
Roseate globes or violet-dark . . .  
Hark! in the high trees of the Park  
How the oriole's caroling, mad with Spring!  
Even as here all day  
The oriole lute-strings sing, the lily dancers sway!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,  
Point Loma, California*

## WHAT DETERMINES THE HATCHING-PERIOD OF BIRDS' EGGS

HUGH PERCY LEONARD



WHAT is the mystery of the egg. Why, for instance, should the eggs of cow-birds and bobolinks hatch out on the tenth day of incubation, while those of the black-eyed albatross require to be sat upon for a couple of months? Hitherto it has been believed that the length of the incubation period was related to the size of the egg; but Dr. W. H. Bertgold published some time ago his belief that the time required for hatching is determined by the temperature of the parent bird. The blood-heat of the more highly developed birds such as thrushes, warblers, and finches, is considerably higher than that of the more primitive types, the temperature of the former ranging from 106° to 110°; while that of the latter ranges between 100° and 104°.

Even admitting the correspondence as established, it may still be doubted whether there is a causal relation between the two phenomena. It smacks a little too strongly of that materialistic tendency which seeks to explain all physical phenomena by other physical phenomena. White kittens with blue eyes are deaf, yet we are not in a position to assert that any one of these phenomena is caused by any other, although they evidently stand in correlation. Would the hatching of a bobolink's egg be retarded by being kept at a temperature of 100°, or would the embryo die in the shell?

Arguing from the analogy of the plant it would seem that temperature plays no part in determining the length of the incubation period. Consider the case of the 'egg' of the plant, commonly known as the seed. The seeds of the iris sprout fifty days after sowing, while those of the marigold come up in less than a week: lying side by side in the same soil, with the same exposure to the sun, each set of seeds would germinate precisely at the time habitual with the species.

Would it not be more truly scientific to admit our ignorance and refer these persistent tendencies to causes lying hidden in realms of Nature, for which at present we have no instruments of research? As H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, it is only the outermost shell of the Universe which has fallen into the hands of Modern Science, and until we possess the faculties required for exploring the inner layers, we should hesitate to accept any explanation as complete and final which, ignoring other considerations, is based upon observations of that shell alone.



## THEOSOPHY AND ANCIENT TEACHINGS

HERBERT CROOKE

**I**T has often been stated from this platform that Theosophy is no new teaching, but is far older than any of the modern religions. From H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, which has been called the "Bible" of the Twentieth Century Theosophists, we may gather how close is the similarity of the teachings of Theosophy to those of the Ancients.

There are three fundamental Propositions stated in *The Secret Doctrine* which should be ever borne in mind. They are:

"(a) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE, on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. . . .

"(b) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically the 'playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,' called 'the manifesting stars,' and the 'sparks of Eternity.' . . .

"(c) The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul — a spark of the former — through the Cycle of Incarnation (or 'Necessity') in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic law, during the whole term. . . ."

The oldest religions of the world are said to be the Indian, the Mazdean and the Egyptian; next comes the Chaldaean, the outcome of these. Then — some time later — comes the Jewish, and afterwards the Christian, and others.

Among the ancient Teachings brought to light by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* is the description of the five great continents corresponding to the five Root-Races of mankind, of which we today are the Fifth. She elected to call these continents:

"I. 'The Imperishable Sacred Land.'

"II. The 'HYPERBOREAN' . . . the name given by the oldest Greeks to the far-off and mysterious region, whither their tradition made Apollo the 'Hyperborean' travel every year. . . . Greenland and Spitzbergen are the remnants. . . .

"III. 'Lemuria' . . . extending from Madagascar to Ceylon and Sumatra . . . from the Indian Ocean to Australia. . . .

"IV. 'Atlantis.'

"V 'America.'"

H. P. Blavatsky tells us that the Secret Doctrine on which her great work is based

"is the accumulated Wisdom of the Ages, and its cosmogony alone is the most stupendous and elaborate system: *e. g.*, even in the exotericism of the Purānas. But such is the mysterious power of Occult [Theosophical] symbolism, that the facts which have actually occupied countless generations of initiated seers and prophets to marshal, to set down, and explain, in the

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bewildering series of evolutionary progress, are all recorded on a few pages of geometrical signs and glyphs."

The traditions of old were checked, tested, and verified by the independent visions of great Adepts — that is to say men who have developed and perfected their physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual organizations. No vision of one Adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions — so obtained as to stand as independent evidence — of other Adepts, and by centuries of experience.

This ancient teaching has, as the fundamental law in its system, the central point from which all emerges, around and towards which all gravitates, and upon which is hung all its philosophy, the One Homogeneous Divine SUBSTANCE-PRINCIPLE, the One Radical Cause. Its *Impersonality* is the *fundamental conception* of the System. It is latent in every atom in the Universe, and is the Universe itself.

Then we learn that everything in the Universe, though from one point of view it is called *Mâyâ*, is, throughout all its kingdoms, *conscious*, *i. e.*, endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. We men, says H. P. Blavatsky, must remember that, simply because *we* do not perceive any sign of consciousness which we can recognise, say in stones, we have no right to say that no consciousness exists there.

And in this connexion one is reminded of that saying of Jesus, quoted in the New Testament, when the Pharisees urged him to rebuke his followers who were praising him with a loud voice because of the mighty works they had seen, "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out" (*Luke*, xix, 40).

H. P. Blavatsky says that there is no such thing as either 'dead' or 'blind' matter, as there is no 'blind' or unconscious Law. These find no place among the conceptions of Occult (Theosophical) Philosophy. And she adds:

"The Universe is worked and guided from *within outwards*. As above so it is below, as in heaven so on earth; and man, the microcosm, is the living witness to this Universal Law, and to the mode of its action. We see that every *external* motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by *internal* feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body, can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, given through one of these three functions named, so with the external or manifested Universe."



P. A. MALPAS

THEOSOPHY has never claimed to be anything new — on the contrary, it is as old as the world. What the word *does* indicate is that there is such a thing as *wisdom* and *knowledge* about divine things; that

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all need not be merely beliefs and speculations. But with the degradation of man's divine powers during the present Dark Ages it came to be thought that no man *knew* anything divine and all knowledge must rest on mere brain-mind belief. Hence arose much misunderstanding and absurd claims on the part of many officials of various kinds that they *knew* what they *believed* and that ordinary men must believe what they said. Theosophy remained in the background almost unknown; official and formal beliefs had no use for it; on the contrary, they most cordially loathed the idea of anyone interfering with their usurped preserves.

Therefore all the beliefs in the world that have ever had the slightest foundation in truth have been and are more or less corrupted Theosophical propositions. It is truly wonderful how subtly some such doctrines have become changed in formal beliefs.

Much insistence in Theosophy is laid on the twin doctrines of Rebirth and Karma. These are the doctrines of Rebirth all through nature for the ultimate purpose of working out the law of compensation to a finish until a perfect balance is reached. It is easy for Westerners to recognise the doctrine of Karma in the flat assertions that "what a man sows that he shall also reap"; "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you," and similar aphorisms. They are so familiar that everyone agrees with them and very few *act* as if they considered them serious. It is a part of the work of Theosophists to drag these doctrines out of mere fossilization into vivid life.

Look at what they become when degraded into formal beliefs! Reincarnation has become with millions a thoroughly misunderstood thing called 'resurrection' (in part), with bitter arguments and oppressive dogmas as to what it means and what it doesn't. Certainly it has many phases, some rather surprising; but in general this is what 'resurrection' is, the old Theosophical doctrine of 'Reincarnation' in one of its forms.

As for Karma — the law of compensation — it has become with many the doctrine of the "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth." This is an absolutely correct doctrine, we are assured by those who have studied deeply into nature's laws; but the degradation and formality make a hell of it when they allow it to be supposed that *we are personally* expected to apply it. If we do we simply increase the evil. But the Law, — 'God' in technical personal theology, if you like, — will see to it in due time. *Our* business is not to become mixed up in it more than we can help; our work is to harmonize things instead of making more and worse Karma for the future by usurping what we think are the functions of the Law. The statement that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," has nothing whatever in it to say that *we* are to do the horrible work. And yet for formal and personal reasons, how many selfish men

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have used this proverb as an excuse for killing others in war, on the scaffold, or in any other vile way! It is a mere statement of a fact in nature that we have to avoid if we can so far as we are personally concerned. As Reincarnation has been in part turned into the Resurrection, so Karma has become the Last Judgment.

So with every belief. Almost every doctrine of Theosophy, based on truth ascertained by those who know, has been degraded, sometimes almost unrecognisably so for people who *will not* think, and the resulting harm to that stupid unthinking humanity has been incalculable.

Even the word 'faith' or *belief* in Europe for the last two thousand years has been made to serve a mistaken purpose. The word in the Greek writings which we translate 'faith' and use as if it meant mere brain-mind *belief*, never meant that at all. It means *knowledge* based on the exercise of the higher powers of the soul. Power-seekers soon degraded this to mean what *they* call *knowledge* based on psychism — the most mischievous and most unreliable of guides, that most deadly world of folly.

There are those who say that the Christian Bible is Theosophical from start to finish. This would be true if all the corruptions had been taken out and then the correct reading applied to the remainder. Unfortunately there are not many who know what is corrupted and what is not. What is genuine is identical with the ancient beliefs of all nations; and the ancient beliefs that belong to all nations alike are in their origin Theosophical. So Theosophy is not by any means a new religion nor a destroying religion; it is Religion itself, and can be expressed in terms of any single religion; but what it does destroy are the corruptions and accretions that have moss-covered most religions of the world. For this reason it is always met with much opposition from those who have neither a proper understanding of the facts nor a divine urge to take Truth wherever they find it.



MARY L. STANLEY

**F**AR away in the dim past, before man had appeared on this planet, before this world even existed at all in its present form, there was the Law. Unchanging, immutable, just, like a vast framework, this Law spreads along the ages, and men play their little part within its confines.

Universes come to manifestation and fade away, worlds come and go, nations rise and fall, men live and die, and all these things are little

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happenings in the one grand scheme. The Law takes its course, and we have perforce to bow before its immutable decree. Not understanding, we feel as though we are being driven hither and thither aimlessly.

But although we are wandering through the material plane, with our grand soul-possibilities shut up, as it were, in the flesh, with apparently everything to discourage us and no light anywhere, yet there is that within us, call it what you will, a spark, a ray, *Soul*, which *has* the knowledge of what it all means, and which *has* the power to tear away the veils which hide the truth; for just as in the seed of the lotus there is a model of the perfect flower, just as each drop of water in the ocean reflects the sky, so in each one of us is the perfect representation of the universe.

There has always been Truth in the world, and there have always been Teachers for those who would accept them; but how very few have ever accepted, or do ever accept, a true Teacher? Truth must be sought for, strived for, sacrificed for; and when the seeker comes to a point when he needs help, a helping hand will be stretched out to him, for there are Elder Brothers watching.

Because there has always been Truth in the world, and because the majority had to be taught in parables and symbols, strange, mystical stories have come down to us from all countries. Some of these stories are crude, and perverted almost out of all recognition, whilst others are strangely beautiful. They are clothed in the scenery and surroundings of the countries from which they come, and for those who read them with understanding they open up mystery after mystery.

We find teachings about the dual nature of man, about the law of Karma, about the elemental forms of life, and about the hidden forces in Nature, etc. We are made to feel very humble, and at the same time very confident: humble because we are little creatures in the midst of much vastness; confident, because we have within us the capabilities of gods.

If we really studied these 'fairy'-stories, we should realize the essential oneness of all religions, which are like branches of a large tree, the name of which is Truth. These branches spread outwards, and assume different shapes and sizes, according to the different conditions under which they grow; but travel back along them and we find that they all spring from one parent stem.

Because of the wealth of hidden truth in 'fairy'-stories, they have an atmosphere of purity and beauty about them which can often awaken an answering echo in our hearts; just as music, painting, the roll of words, in fact, rhythm in any form can do.

The mysteries which are such mysteries to us are only so because we are not in tune with Nature. There are answers to our questions written

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large all around us, and we cannot see to read them; there are the resolutions of all our discords sounding, and we cannot hear; there is beauty past belief, and we cannot sense it.

We need to go much closer to Nature. Feel her heart-beats and regulate our own pulse by them; listen for the note she sounds and attune our own to it; look for the color and beauty that she clothes herself with and be beautiful likewise! So, by strengthening her pulse, swelling her music, adding to her beauty, and being at one with her, we shall be in harmony and at peace, and shall therefore *know*.



### F. KEEP

**T**HEOSOPHY is the name adopted by H. P. Blavatsky from the Neo-Platonists of the second and third centuries to express the modern exposition, adapted to present-day needs, of the tenets of the ancient Wisdom-Religion.

This Secret Doctrine, taught for thousands of years in the schools of the Mysteries during the dark ages, was known to all men in ancient times, before the darkness of ignorance descended like a pall over the nations, bringing wars, pestilence, and famine in its train. H. P. Blavatsky explains that only a small portion of the doctrine can be given out at present, and even that small portion is put forward suggestively, not didactically, with an appeal to the student's intuition, not in text-book form.

These teachings are sacred, and to put them forward in text-book form, as though to be learnt, or 'got up,' as we say, for examination purposes, we consider to be sacrilege. This is explained fully in the preface to the *Theosophical Manuals*. The teachings are now brought forward again to help all men to understand themselves and their true position in life, and to gain a true perspective of the real purpose of life, the keynote of which, we are taught, is harmony in nature, and in human life, conscious harmony, *i. e.*, co-operation, or Universal Brotherhood.

There was once, H. P. Blavatsky tells us, a universal system of knowledge, of which all men were participants, when Divine Teachers and Kings, men of a previous age, who had attained divine wisdom, were the Helpers, openly and freely, of mankind. These Helpers of man still preserve the knowledge for humanity.

We have traveled far and descended intellectual and moral valleys since then, and the very knowledge of the existence of divine Teachers has faded from the minds of men; but an attempt is made, we are told,

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at the end of every century, to bring the ancient truths before men again. Now at last success has come. The messenger of the Elder Brothers, H. P. Blavatsky, and her successors W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, have established before the world the truths of the Wisdom-Religion, and the opportunity is once more offered to mankind to tread the small, old path of duty, of self-discipline and sacrifice for the good of others, of humanity, the path that leads up, up out of the mists of the valley, into the sunlight of eternal truth.

Man, taught the ancients, epitomizes the whole universe. Within him are to be found the connecting threads of all the great forces of nature, and he faithfully reflects the power of those forces in little. More than this, the ancient teaching was that man is the crown of creation, and is essentially divine, a spark of the one Flame that animates all things. Beyond the mere form, physical or other, beyond the animal consciousness, and the desires and appetites, beyond the emotions and the mere logical reasoning of the brain-mind, Man is a Thinker, whose thoughts embrace the Universe, and who outlives many successive Universes.

Vague pictures meet us, all down the ages, of gods and goddesses, spirits and daemons, dimly understood and superstitiously revered, pictured on rock and tomb, on temple-wall and papyrus, and in the living tradition of many nations. Theosophy brings the magic wand of Truth that calls these dim shapes into life and meaning, and connects them up with the history of mankind.

The history of all the gods and goddesses of the different nations is merely the history, as the ancients taught, and as H. P. Blavatsky explains at length in Volume II of *The Secret Doctrine*, of the history of humanity itself in the different stages of its evolution and progress.

Beyond the gods and goddesses, spirits, angels and daemons, and all the host of fairies and elemental lives in nature, there looms up the majestic figure of Man, the Thinker, enthroned, with calm eyes looking out into space beyond the clouds, most ancient, who is thinking all this, and for whom this whole Universe exists. Every human being is a Son of Man, and all are Brothers, Sons of the Supreme.

Now what have this wonderful history, and these marvelous facts of prehistoric times, to do with us? Theosophy teaches that we all live many times on earth, and that, as the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* expresses it, there never was a time when we did not exist, and so we also took part in that ancient time; we participated in the god-like knowledge of the early ages of mankind, and we have it in our power to regain that knowledge in even fuller form. Not in one life-time. No, not in one life-time probably; but all cause of fear or apprehension is removed by the ancient teaching,

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now again before the world in its Theosophical garb, for, as we have lived many lives on earth in the past, so we shall again in the future. The past is certain; the future is safe; let us cast aside all fear and attend to the present moment, convinced *now* that we are divine in essence and may become so in fact at any moment, performing the duty of the moment, meditating on the Self within and on the spiritual unity of all mankind.

### PEACE

A. M. DE LANGE

*(An Address delivered at the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, Convoked by Katherine Tingley, and held in June 1915, at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California)*



THE cordial invitation to be a representative of our dear, small country of Holland and to speak a few words about peace to the inhabitants of this vast country of America and to the members of this Parliament from abroad, gave me not only a happy feeling, but I consider it to be a great honor and a high privilege.

To me there are two prominent points by which the ideals of everlasting and universal peace are more certain to be reached. First we all have to keep our thoughts and minds constantly alert, to find those feelings that we are sure will be welcomed from their hearts by our fellow-creatures. By doing so, the great stumbling-block of separateness and misunderstanding will slowly be pushed backward; and I believe that it will not be very difficult to find the keynote of one universal idea in our era of war and brutality; for to me the peoples of all the nations no doubt are all longing for peace, even though it may be that their motives are more or less different.

Then, a second, more important, point has to be taken into consideration, and we shall have to pay the greatest attention to it, and that is the following: we have to identify ourselves as human beings, and we have to learn to appreciate the *divergency* in special traits of character which mark the different nationalities, knowing that such a divergency is an essential law in nature. We see all around us how nature displays an endless variety in all other kingdoms, and we recognise in such the perfection of the universe. Why then should we want or expect to make



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ourselves an exception to this law, and why should we not learn our lesson from it

The ancient Chinese philosophy, the Egyptian wisdom, the Oriental occultism, the Greek's divine glory, the Russian mysticism, the German culture of philosophy and science, the French elegance and innate taste, the Italian sense for art, the American ideals and energy, the Dutch domesticity, etc., (perhaps even our marked stubbornness) are all forces, from which our present civilization is the outgrowth; but we have to bear in mind that the result has not reached its finality, and could never come to such an exaltation as we might wish and expect, because we have lost the knowledge of the ancients, who subjugated the outer to the inner life. Instead of this we have built vast monuments and cathedrals that were like the tombs of human spirituality, reminding us only that once a divine spark illuminated our mankind.

Moreover, we have lost the sense to adapt our own characteristics to other ones; we have not yet been able to bring harmony among those mental and spiritual forces with which we are so richly endowed. We must learn to harmonize, to utilize, all divergency and varieties, just as the artist-painter needs and uses all the colors on his palette, in order to blend them in endless shades before he can express his conception, before he will be able to bring on to his canvas the richness of his creation. This is what we must learn to do; nor is it as difficult as it may appear.



“IN this virtuous voyage of thy Life, hull not about like the Ark, without the use of Rudder, Mast or Sails, and bound for no port. Let not Disappointment cause Despondency, nor Difficulty Despair. Think not that you are sailing from Lima to Manillia, when you may fasten up the rudder, and sleep before the wind; *but expect rough seas, flaws and contrary Blasts*; and 'tis well if by many cross tacks and veerings you arrive at the port; *for we sleep in lions' skins in our progress unto Virtue, and we slide not, but climb unto it.* . . . Rest not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions; let Anger walk hanging down the head; let Malice go maniced, and Envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy Trophies, not without thee. Make the quarrelling Lapithytes sleep, and Centaurs within lie quiet. *Chain up the unruly Legion of thy brest; lead thine own captivity captive, and be Caesar within thyself.*”— SIR THOMAS BROWNE

## “THE WINE OF LIFE”

[A translation of an article which appeared in “Öresundsposten of Hälsingborg, Sweden, on April 28, 1925, and written by a regular contributor to that paper, who signs himself ‘Lilos.’]

**F**OR those who see in Theosophy a valuable message to all who are seeking the truth, Katherine Tingley's new book, *The Wine of Life*, came as a bright and happy Easter greeting. And those who heretofore have feared the new teaching as some kind of paganism, should be pleased to find a Christian title on a Theosophical book. For this cannot be interpreted in any other way than as an opportunity for a reconciliation. And to explain and reconcile the different world-religions is the very thing that Theosophy is aiming at.

When Katherine Tingley called her book ‘The Wine of Life’ she evidently had in mind the ancient symbolical significance of this word. As we know, ‘wine’ is a symbol, the inner meaning of which is the liberator of the spirit from the bonds of matter. The study of the history of comparative religion explains this further. Here I will limit myself to pointing out a couple of places in the Gospel where spiritual life or divine inspiration is explained by the word ‘wine’ metaphorically used. First, then, we have the parable of the wine and the bottles. Just as the bottles hold the wine, so the body is the house where lives the soul. But these two natures are closely connected with each other, and there is a constant interplay and interaction between the two. This duality of our being explains the struggle that is ever going on within us, but it also points to the opportunity and possibility of evolution and perfection. A clean life is the road that leads to this inner harmony.

On the other hand, without our knowing it, there is a constant change taking place within us. The life of mankind is like the life of one great organism, and the life of the individual is a picture in a small way of the larger life of the whole organism. It is therefore natural that the river of life, no matter in what way we understand this word, is pulsating from the heart of the world through each individual all the way to the very extreme limits of the universe, just as the sap of life rises through the trunk of the vine and flows out into all its living branches. Each and every one may thus come in contact with the spiritual currents out in the great world if he only wishes to.

And finally we are told about the mystical union that only the divine wine can achieve for us. The Middle Ages, considering the simple truths

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of the Gospel too commonplace, created the legend of the Holy Grail, and the sacred chalice, according to the story, was kept by knights in the inmost recesses of the great Temple.

Why then should not we, the prosaic men and women of the twentieth century, stop for a moment to contemplate the solemn thoughts of the Wise Ones of bygone ages when brought to us in a poetic form? The older the vintage the more exquisite the flavor of the wine. And the same holds true about him who seeks to know the ancient wisdom. The three fundamental religious truths that I have hinted at in the three parables about the wine are not only Christian, or only Theosophical, but they partake of both, and are, moreover, applicable to the whole of humanity. No matter what religious belief a man may have, no matter what nation he may belong to, he can always understand the idea of the duality of human nature, or realize the spiritual and natural oneness of human kind, and that within each human being there is something divine which is his essential and true self.

It has been a current idea that Theosophy is one of the secret, occult sciences. This is true in the sense that it may be called occultism. But Theosophically speaking this simply means the science of Being and of right living. Right living is always difficult for those who are not actuated by principles in their actions. Theosophy teaches, however, the optimistic thought that life is joy, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is right at hand for every one who will make an effort to reach it. That men were born in sin is a legend from the Middle Ages unsupported by the Bible, and in evident opposition to the teachings of Christ himself, and his apostles. As a matter of fact, each one of us, even the weakest, constantly finds himself within the reach of opportunities for growth and evolution. Fearlessness is the simple means that leads to a recognition of the soul, the Divine.

The preciousness of the moment is touched upon. And not only is that moment sacred when the evening star rises on the heavens, but also the moment when the dawn breaks to a new day.

“Listen to the salutation of the Dawn!

Look to this day, for it is Life, the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the possibilities and Realities of your existence.

The Bliss of Growth —

The Glory of Action,

The Splendor of Beauty.

For yesterday is already a Dream, and tomorrow is only a Vision,

But today well lived makes every yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every tomorrow  
a Vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to this day! Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.”

This regeneration of life, which thus becomes not only a vague hope but a living reality, has to begin in the individual. Madame Tingley

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turns here particularly to woman as the guardian of the home, and the educator of the children.

Madame Tingley points out that much is lacking in the relationship between human beings. The lost chord in human life is altruism, or unselfishness. One aspect of the practical realization of this thought is the Theosophical activities among prisoners, which primarily center in an effort to inspire the unfortunates with a new courage, and a conviction that in spite of all there will always be another chance for them to begin life over again in a better way.

War, Madame Tingley says, is a deliberate absurdity, a confession of our weakness. War by no means makes for heroism, or creates it, nor does prolonged peace enervate a people. Common sense and the knowledge of the idea of Universal Brotherhood should be sufficient to make impossible such catastrophic outbreaks of brutality which threaten to destroy our civilization.


In 'the Sermon on the Mount' Katherine Tingley finds most beautiful thoughts about the divine nature of man, and the author recurs time and again to the great importance of those words for our lives. The God within us is a Christian thought, and so is the light after death. But these two teachings are also fundamental truths of Theosophy. And thus if you understand these two teachings you may be said to have found the uniting link between the old philosophical and religious systems of thought. The teaching of Reincarnation is fundamentally nothing but the natural conclusion of these two ideas: that the soul continues and grows even after death, till the time when it shall go out no more but remain in the light.

Madame Katherine Tingley is one of the great ones of inspired, spontaneous oratory. The thoughts which have now been gathered into a book originally came to the author, and they were given out by her, while she was standing before great attentive audiences. It was then that they were taken down, and they therefore bear the unmistakable mark of their origin. The very character of inspiration is such that it must be recognised wherever it be found. To one who has so made her message a part of herself as has Katherine Tingley, Theosophy verily becomes the great hope for the world. When the Christos-spirit, from having been an empty name, has become a living reality, then we shall have the proof that men have consciously begun drinking of the wine of life, and then they will become living, fruit-bearing branches of the Great Vine.

— LITOS

## THE SOUL OF A REGIMENT

TALBOT MUNDY

O long as its colors remain, and there is one man left to carry them, a regiment can never die; they can recruit it again around that one man, and the regiment will continue on its road to future glory with the same old traditions behind it and the same atmosphere surrounding it that made brave men of its forbears. So although the colors are not exactly the soul of the regiment, they are the concrete embodiment of it, and are even more sacred than the person of a reigning sovereign.

The First Egyptian Foot had colors — and has them still, thanks to Billy Grogram; so the First Egyptian Foot is still a regiment. It was the very first of all the regiments raised in Egypt, and the colors were lovely crimson things on a brand new polished pole, cased in the regulation jacket of black waterproof and housed with all pomp and ceremony in the mess-room at the barracks.

There were people who said that it was bad policy to present colors to a native regiment; that they were nothing more than a symbol of a decadent and waning monarchism in any case, and that the respect which would be due them might lead dangerously near to fetish-worship. As a matter of cold fact, though, the raw recruits of the regiment failed utterly to understand them, and it was part of Billy Grogram's business to instil in them a wholesome respect for the sacred symbol of regimental honor.

He was Sergeant-Instructor William Stanford Grogram, V. C., D.S.M., to give him his full name and title, late a sergeant-major of the True and Tried, time expired, and retired from service on a pension. His pension would have been enough for him to live on, for he was unmarried, his habits were exemplary, and his wants were few; but an elder brother of his had been a ne'er-do-well, and Grogram, who was of the type that will die rather than let any one of his depend on charity, left the army with a sister-in-law and a small tribe of children dependent on him. Work, of course, was the only thing for it, and he applied promptly for the only kind of work that he knew how to do.

The British are always making new regiments out of native material in some part of the world; they come cheaper than white troops, and, with a sprinkling of white troops among them, they do wonderfully good service in time of war — thanks to the sergeant-instructors. The officers get the credit for it, but it is ex-non-commissioned officers of the Line

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who do the work, as Grogram was destined to discover. They sent him out to instruct the First Egyptian Foot, and it turned out to be the toughest proposition that any one lonely, determined, homesick fighting-man ever ran up against.

He was not looking for a life of idleness and ease, so the discomfort of his new quarters did not trouble him over-much, though they would have disgusted another man at the very beginning. They gave him a little, whitewashed, mud-walled hut, with two bare rooms in it, and a lovely view on three sides of aching desert sand; on the fourth was a blind wall.

It was as hot inside as a baker's oven, but it had the one great advantage of being easily kept clean, and Grogram, whose fetish was cleanliness, bore that in mind, and forbore to grumble at the absence of a sergeants' mess and the various creature comforts that his position had entitled him to for years.

What did disgust him, though, was the unfairness of saddling the task that lay in front of him on the shoulders of one lone man; his officers made it quite clear that they had no intention of helping him in the least; from the Colonel downward they were ashamed of the regiment, and they expected Grogram to work it into something like shape before they even began to take an interest in it.

The Colonel went even further than that; he put in an appearance at Orderly Room every morning and once a week attended a parade out on the desert where nobody could see the awful evolutions of his raw command, but he actually threw cold water on Grogram's efforts at enthusiasm.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," he told him a few mornings after Grogram joined, "or well-drilled soldiers out of Gypies. Heaven only knows what the Home Government means by trying to raise a regiment out here; at the very best we'll be only teaching the enemy to fight us! But you'll find they won't learn. However, until the Government finds out what a ghastly mistake's being made, there's nothing for it but to obey orders and drill Gypies. Go ahead, Grogram; I give you a free hand. Try anything you like on them, but don't ask me to believe there'll be any result from it. Candidly I don't."

But Grogram happened to be a different type of man from his new Colonel. After a conversation such as that, he could have let things go hang had he chosen to, drawing his pay, doing his six hours' work a day along the line of least resistance, and blaming the inevitable consequences on the Colonel. But to him a duty was something to be done; an impossibility was something to set his clean-shaven, stubborn jaw at and overcome; and a regiment was a regiment, to be kneaded and pummelled and damned and coaxed and drilled, till it began to look as the True and Tried used to look in the days when he was sergeant-major.

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So he twisted his little brown mustache and drew himself up to the full height of his five feet eight inches, spread his well-knit shoulders, straightened his ramrod of a back and got busy on the job, while his Colonel and the other officers did the social rounds in Cairo and cursed their luck.

The material that Grogram had to work with were *fellaheen* — good, honest coal-black negroes, giants in stature, the embodiment of good-humored incompetence, children of the soil weaned on raw-hide whips under the blight of Turkish misrule and Arab cruelty. They had no idea that they were even men till Grogram taught them; and he had to learn Arabic first before he could teach them even that.

They began by fearing him, as their ancestors had feared every new breed of task-master for centuries; gradually they learned to look for instant and amazing justice at his hands, and from then on they respected him. He caned them instead of getting them fined by the Colonel or punished with pack-drill for failing at things they did not understand; they were thoroughly accustomed to the lash, and his light swagger-cane laid on their huge shoulders was a joke that served merely to point his argument and fix his lessons in their memories; they would not have understood the Colonel's wrath had he known that the men of his regiment were being beaten by a non-commissioned officer.

They began to love him when he harked back to the days when he was a recruit himself, and remembered the steps of a double-shuffle that he had learned in the barrack-room; when he danced a buck and wing dance for them they recognised him as a man and a brother, and from that time on, instead of giving him all the trouble they could and laughing at his lectures when his back was turned, they genuinely tried to please him.

So he studied out more steps, and danced his way into their hearts, growing daily stricter on parade, daily more exacting of pipe-clay and punctuality, and slowly, but surely as the march of time, molding them into something like a regiment.

Even he could not teach them to shoot, though he sweated over them on the dazzling range until the sun dried every drop of sweat out of him. And for a long time he could not even teach them to march; they would keep step for a hundred yards or so, and then lapse into the listless shrinking stride that was the birth-right of centuries.

He pestered the Colonel for a band of sorts until the Colonel told him angrily to go to blazes; then he wrote home and purchased six fifes with his own money, bought a native drum in the bazaar, and started a band on his own account.

Had he been able to read music himself he would have been no better

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off, because of course the *fellaheen* he had to teach could not have read it either, though possibly he might have slightly increased the number of tunes in their repertory.

As it was, he knew only two tunes himself — “The Campbells Are Coming,” and the National Anthem.

He picked the six most intelligent men he could find and whistled those two tunes to them until his lips were dry and his cheeks ached and his very soul revolted at the sound of them. But the six men picked them up; and, of course, any negro in the world can beat a drum. One golden morning before the sun had heated up the desert air the regiment marched past in really good formation, all in step, and tramping to the tune of “God Save the Queen.”

The Colonel nearly had a fit, but the regiment tramped on and the band played them back to barracks with a swing and rhythm that was new not only to the First Egyptian Foot; it was new to Egypt! The tune was half a tone flat maybe, and the drum was a sheepskin business bought in the bazaar, but a new regiment marched behind it. And behind the regiment — two paces right flank, as the regulations specify — marched a sergeant-instructor with a new light in his eyes — the gray eyes that had looked out so wearily from beneath the shaggy eyebrows, and that shone now with the pride of a deed well done.

Of course the Colonel was still scornful. But Billy Grogram, who had handled men when the Colonel was cutting his teeth at Sandhurst, and who knew men from the bottom up, knew that the mob of unambitious countrymen, who had grinned at him in uncomfortable silence when he first arrived, was beginning to forget its mobdom. He, who spent his hard-earned leisure talking to them and answering their childish questions in hard-won Arabic, knew that they were slowly grasping the theory of the thing — that a soul was forming in the regiment — an indefinable, unexplainable, but obvious, change, perhaps not unlike the change from infancy to manhood.

And Billy Grogram, who above all was a man of clean ideals, began to feel content. He still described them in his letters home as “blooming mummies made of Nile mud, roasted black for their sins, and good for nothing but the ash-heap.” He still damned them on parade, whipped them when the Colonel wasn’t looking, and worked at them until he was much too tired to sleep; but he began to love them. And to a big, black, grinning man of them they loved him.

To encourage that wondrous band of his, he set them to playing their two tunes on guest nights outside the officers’ mess; and the officers endured it until the Colonel returned from furlough. He sent for Grogram



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and offered to pay him back all he had spent on instruments, provided the band should keep away in future.

Grogram refused the money and took the hint, inventing weird and hitherto unheard-of reasons why it should be unrighteous for the band to play outside the mess, and preaching respect for officers in spite of it. Like all great men he knew when he had made a mistake, and how to minimize it.

His hardest task was teaching the Gypies what their colors meant. The men were Mohammedans; they believed in Allah; they had been taught from the time when they were old enough to speak that idols and the outward symbols of religion are the sign of heresy; and Grogram's lectures, delivered in stammering and uncertain Arabic, seemed to them like the ground-plan of a new religion. But Grogram stuck to it. He made opportunities for saluting the colors --- took them down each morning and uncased them, and treated them with an ostentatious respect that would have been laughed at among his own people.

When his day's work was done and he was too tired to dance for them, he would tell them long tales, done into halting Arabic, of how regiments had died rallying round their colors; of a brand new paradise, invented by himself and suitable to all religions, where soldiers went who honored their colors as they ought to do; of the honor that befell a man who died fighting for them, and of the ten-fold honor of the man whose privilege it was to carry them into action. And in the end, although they did not understand him, they respected the colors because he told them to.

## II

WHEN England hovered on the brink of indecision and sent her greatest general to hold Khartum with only a handful of native troops to help him, the First Egyptian Foot refused to leave their gaudy crimson rag behind them. They marched with colors flying down to the steamer that was to take them on the first long stage of their journey up the Nile, and there were six fifes and a drum in front of them that told whoever cared to listen that "The Campbells were coming — ohoh! ohoh!"

They marched with the measured tramp of a real regiment; they carried their chins high; their tarbooshes were cocked at a knowing angle and they swung from the hips like grown men. At the head of the regiment rode a Colonel whom the regiment scarcely knew, and beside it marched a dozen officers in like predicament; but behind it, his sword strapped to his side and his little swagger-cane tucked under his left armpit, inconspicuous, smiling and content, marched Sergeant-Instructor

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Grogram, whom the regiment knew and loved, and who had made and knew the regiment.

The whole civilized world knows — and England knows to her enduring shame — what befell General Gordon and his handful of men when they reached Khartum. Gordon surely guessed what was in store for him even before he started, his subordinates may have done so, and the native soldiers knew. But Sergeant-Instructor Grogram neither knew nor cared.

He looked no further than his duty, which was to nurse the big black babies of his regiment and to keep them good tempered, grinning and efficient; he did that as no other living man could have done it, and kept on doing it until the bitter end.

And his task can have been no sinecure. The Mahdi — the ruthless terror of the Upper Nile who ruled by systematized and savage cruelty and lived by plunder — was as much a bogey to peaceful Egypt as Napoleon used to be in Europe, and with far more reason. Mothers frightened their children into prompt obedience by the mere mention of his name, and the coal-black natives of the Nile-mouth country are never more than grown-up children.

It must have been as easy to take that regiment to Khartum as to take a horse into a burning building, but when they reached there not a man was missing; they marched in with colors flying and their six-fife band playing, and behind them — two paces right flank rear — marched Billy Grogram, his little swagger-cane under his left arm-pit, neat, respectful and very wide awake.

For a little while Cairo kept in touch with them, and then communications ceased. Nobody ever learned all the details of the tragedy that followed; there was a curtain drawn — of mystery and silence such as has always veiled the heart of darkest Africa.

Lord Wolseley took his expedition up the Nile and reached Khartum, to learn of Gordon's death, but not the details of it. Then he came back again; and the Mahdi followed him, closing up the route behind him, wiping all trace of civilization off the map and placing what he imagined was an insuperable barrier between him and the British — a thousand miles of plundered, ravished, depopulated wilderness.

So a clerk in a musty office drew a line below the record of the First Egyptian Foot; widows were duly notified; a pension or two was granted; and the regiment that Billy Grogram had worked so hard to build was relegated to the past, like Billy Grogram.

Rumors had come back along with Wolseley's men that Grogram had gone down fighting with his regiment; there was a story that the band had been taken alive and turned over to the Mahdi's private service, and

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one prisoner, taken near Khartum, swore that he had seen Grogram speared as he lay wounded before the Residency. There was a battalion of the True and Tried with Wolseley, and the men used methods that may have been not strictly ethical in seeking tidings of their old sergeant-major; but even they could get no further details; he had gone down fighting with his regiment, and that was all about him.

Then men forgot him. The long steady preparation soon began for the new campaign that was to wipe the Mahdi off the map, restore peace to Upper Egypt, regain Khartum and incidentally avenge Gordon. Regiments were slowly drafted out from home as barracks could be built for them; new regiments of native troops were raised and drilled by ex-sergeants of the Line who never heard of Grogram; new men took charge; and the Sirdar superintended everything and laid his reputation brick by brick, of bricks which he made himself, and men were too busy under him to think of anything except the work in hand.

But rumors kept coming in, as they always do in Egypt, filtering in from nowhere over the illimitable desert, borne by stray camel-drivers, carried by Dervish spies, tossed from tongue to tongue through the fish-market, and carried up back stairs to Clubs and Department Offices. There were tales of a drummer and three men who played the fife and a wonderful mad *feringhee* who danced as no man surely ever danced before. The tales varied, but there were always four musicians and a *feringhee*.

When one Dervish spy was caught and questioned he swore by the beard of the prophet that he had seen the men himself. He was told promptly that he was a liar; how came it that a *feringhee* — a pork-fed, infidel Englishman — should be allowed to live anywhere where the Mahdi's long arm reached?

"Whom God hath touched ——" the Dervish quoted; and men remembered that madness is the surest passport throughout the whole of Northern Africa. But nobody connected Grogram with the *feringhee* who danced.

But another man was captured who told a similar tale; and then a Greek trader, turned Mohammedan to save his skin, who had made good his escape from the Mahdi's camp. He swore to having seen this man as he put in one evening at a Nile-bank village in a native *dhow*. He was dressed in an ancient khaki tunic and a loin-cloth; he was bare-legged, shoeless, and his hair was long over his shoulders and plastered thick with mud. No, he did not look in the least like a British soldier, though he danced as soldiers sometimes did beside the camp-fires.

Three natives who were with him played fifes while the *feringhee* danced, and one man beat a drum. Yes, the tunes were English tunes, though very badly played; he had heard them before, and recognised

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them. No, he could not hum them; he knew no music. Why had he not spoken to the man who danced? He had not dared. The man appeared to be a prisoner and so were the natives with him; the man had danced that evening until he could dance no longer, and then the Dervishes had beaten him with a *koorbash* for encouragement: the musicians had tried to interfere, and they had all been beaten and left lying there for dead. He was not certain, but he was almost certain they were dead before he came away.

Then, more than three years after Gordon died, there came another rumor, this time from closer at hand — somewhere in the neutral desert zone that lay between the Dervish outpost and the part of Lower Egypt that England held. This time the dancer was reported to be dying, but the musicians were still with him. They got the name of the dancer this time; it was reported to be Goglam, and though that was not at all a bad native guess for Grogram, nobody apparently noted the coincidence.

Men were too busy with their work; the rumor was only one of a thousand that filtered across the desert every month, and nobody remembered the non-commissioned officer who had left for Khartum with the First Egyptian Foot; they could have recalled the names of all the officers almost without an effort, but not Grogram's.

### III

EGYPT was busy with the hum of building — empire-building under a man who knew his job. Almost the only game the Sirdar countenanced was polo, and that only because it kept officers and civilians fit. He gave them all the polo, though, that they wanted, and men grew keen on it, spent money on it, and needless to say, grew extraordinary proficient.

And with proficiency of course came competition — matches between regiments for the regimental cup, and finally the biggest event of the Cairo season, the match between the Civil Service and the Army of Occupation, or, as it was more usually termed, "The Army vs. The Rest." That was the one society event that the Sirdar made a point of presiding over in person.

He attended it in *mufli* always, but sat in the seat of honor, just outside the touch-line, half way down the field; and behind him, held back by ropes, clustered the whole of Cairene society, on foot, on horseback and in dog-carts, buggies, gigs and every kind of carriage imaginable. Opposite, and at either end, the garrison lined up — all the British and native troops rammed in together; and the native population crowded in between them wherever they could find standing-room.

It was the one event of the year for which all Egypt, Christian and Mohammedan, took a holiday. Regimental bands were there to play

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before the game and between the *chukkers*, and nothing was left undone that would in any way tend to make the event spectacular.

Two games had been played since the cup had been first presented by the Khedive, and honors lay even — one match for the Army and one for the Civil Service. So on the third anniversary feeling ran fairly high. It ran higher still when half time was called and honors still lay even at one goal all; to judge by the excitement of the crowd, a stranger might have guessed that polo was the most important thing in Egypt. The players rode off to the pavilion for the half-time interval, and the infantry band that came out on to the field was hard put to it to drown the noise of conversation and laughter and argument. At that minute there was surely nothing in the world to talk about but polo.

But suddenly the band stopped playing, as suddenly as though the music were a concrete thing and had been severed with an ax. The Sirdar turned his head suddenly and gazed at one corner of the field, and the noise of talking ceased — not so suddenly as the music had done, for not everybody could see what was happening at first — but dying down gradually and fading away to nothing as the amazing thing came into view.

It was a detachment of five men — a drummer and three fifes, and one other man who marched behind them — though he scarcely resembled a man. He marched, though, like a British soldier.

He was ragged — they all were — dirty and unkempt. He seemed very nearly starved, for his bare legs were thinner than a mummy's; round his loins was a native loin-cloth, and his hair was plastered down with mud like a religious fanatic's. His only other garment was a tattered khaki tunic that might once have been a soldier's, and he wore no shoes or sandals of any kind.

He marched, though, with a straight back and his chin up, and anybody who was half observant might have noticed that he was marching two paces right flank rear; it is probable, though, that in the general amazement, nobody did notice it.

As the five debouched upon the polo ground, four of them abreast and one behind, the four men raised their arms, the man behind issued a sharp command, the right-hand man thumped his drum, and a wail proceeded from the fifes. They swung into a regimental quickstep now, and the wail grew louder, rising and falling fitfully and distinctly keeping time with the drum.

Then the tune grew recognisable. The crowd listened now in awe-struck silence. The five approaching figures were grotesque enough to raise a laugh and the tune was grotesquer, and more pitiable still; but there was something electric in the atmosphere that told of tragedy, and

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not even the natives made a sound as the five marched straight across the field to where the Sirdar sat beneath the Egyptian flag.

Louder and louder grew the tune as the fifes warmed up to it; louder thumped the drum. It was flat, and notes were missing here and there. False notes appeared at unexpected intervals, but the tune was unmistakable. "The Campbells are coming! Hurrah! Hurrah!" wailed the three fifes, and the five men marched to it as no undrilled natives ever did.

"Halt!" ordered the man behind when the strange cortège had reached the Sirdar; and his "Halt!" rang out in good clean military English.

"Front!" he ordered, and they "fronted" like a regiment. "Right Dress!" They were in line already, but they went through the formality of shuffling their feet. "Eyes Front!" The five men faced the Sirdar, and no one breathed. "General salute — pre-sent arms!"

They had no arms. The band stood still at attention. The fifth man — he of the bare legs and plastered hair — whipped his right hand to his forehead in the regulation military salute — held it there for the regulation six seconds, swaying as he did so and tottering from the knees, then whipped it to his side again, and stood at rigid attention. He seemed able to stand better that way, for his knees left off shaking.

"Who are you?" asked the Sirdar then.

"The First Egyptian Foot, sir."

The crowd behind was leaning forward, listening; those that had been near enough to hear that gasped. The Sirdar's face changed suddenly to the look of cold indifference behind which a certain type of Englishman hides his emotion.

Then came the time-honored question, prompt as the ax of a guillotine — inevitable as Fate itself:

"Where are your colors?"

The fifth man — he who had issued the commands — fumbled with his tunic. The buttons were missing, and the front of it was fastened up with string; his fingers seemed to have grown feeble; he plucked at it, but it would not come undone.

"Where are —"

The answer to that question should be like an echo, and nobody should need to ask it twice. But the string burst suddenly, and the first time of asking sufficed. The ragged, unkempt, long-haired mummy undid his tunic and pulled it open;

"Here, sir!" he answered.

The colors, blood-soaked, torn — unrecognisable almost — were round his body! As the ragged tunic fell apart, the colors fell with it; Grogan caught them, and stood facing the Sirdar with them in his hand. His bare chest was scarred with half-healed wounds and criss-crossed with the

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marks of floggings, and his skin seemed to be drawn tight as a mummy's across his ribs. He was a living skeleton!

The Sirdar sprang to his feet and raised his hat; for the colors of a regiment are second, in holiness, to the Symbols of the Church. The watching, listening crowd followed suit; there was a sudden rustling as a sea of hats and helmets rose and descended. The band of four, that had stood in stolid silence while all this was happening, realized that the moment was auspicious to play their other tune.

They had only one other, and they had played "The Campbells are coming" across the polo field; so up went the fifes, "Bang!" went the drum, and, "God Save Our Gracious Queen" wailed the three in concert, while strong men hid their faces and women sobbed.

Grogram whipped his hand up to the answering salute, faced the crowd in front of him for six palpitating seconds, and fell dead at the Sirdar's feet.

And so they buried him; his shroud was the flag that had flown above the Sirdar at that ever-memorable match, and his soul went into the regiment.

They began recruiting it again next day round the blood-soaked colors he had carried with him, and the First Egyptian Foot did famously at the Atbara and Omdurman. They buried him in a hollow square formed by massed brigades, European and native regiments alternating, and saw him on his way with twenty-one parting volleys, instead of the regulation five. His tombstone is a monolith of rough-hewn granite, tucked away in a quiet corner of the European graveyard at Cairo — quiet and inconspicuous as Grogram always was — but the truth is graven on it in letters two inches deep:

HERE LIES A MAN




"THERE is a certain ready, glad responsiveness to superior authority, which is altogether manly, wholesome, and noble. This can be trusted as loyal and dependable.

"There is also an equally ready, glad subserviency: menial, mean, rotten; disloyal even to itself, which will fail any trust when its petty interests cease to be served. Meantime the service of such is like that of an undertrained valet, enthusiastic, obtruding and over-attentive,— a nuisance."— *F. M. P.*

## THE STORY OF KALANDA

P. A. MALPAS

### VI - THE WESTERN MISSION

HE Golden Age of the Maurya Adept Kings of Magadha progressed to its culmination. This flash of sunlight into the dark troubled pages of history was not beclouded before the world had had the chance to know that a reign of Universal Brotherhood is practicable and a thousand times preferable to any other — and the key to its outer door is *Work*. “Let small and great exert themselves!”

The years passed, and if echoes of wars and changes reached India and penetrated the bazaars of Pâtaliputra, they affected the country little or not at all. The Good Law is not a Law of idleness and the whole people were too busy to be selfish, to fight and quarrel and kill, either in strife or ‘sport.’ Certainly there was that ‘India’ beyond the Indus, reaching vaguely to the Persian boundaries and the great burning deserts of the West, and there you could find turmoil and strife enough, for there were Greeks and Persians, Carmanians, Gedrosians, Afghans, and Hillmen, all subject to the Law of Self and therefore never at peace. Of this ‘India’ and the fairy-tales that reached them from East of the Indus; of the actual history that such people as Megasthenes related; of the boastful imaginings of the Grecian mind, there were ‘historians’ galore who made history at their pleasure.

There is an old sailor’s yarn — a most absurd tissue of salty imaginings — which ends with the positive proof of all that the ancient mariner who tells the tale says, and consists in the possession of the very matchbox which the skipper — the teller of the most absurd fairy-tales of all — gave him in the course of the events related in the narrative. He produces it and ends his yarn with the convincing remark, “And there’s the empty matchbox the Captain gave to me!”

We are writing fiction and it cuts us to the heart to belittle the masterpieces of artists in the same trade — most of them far superior to ourselves; but it must be done. So we will say again that a large part of the Greek ‘history’ of India, as we have it, is merely an empty matchbox. If you like to look at it and deduce that its possession ‘proves’ that Alexander penetrated beyond the Indus and ‘conquered India,’ we can only express the pious hope that some day we shall be able to make



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*our* fiction as convincing. Perhaps, who knows, our matchbox may have a few matches still left in it?

We are at the year 287 A. B. Since Our Lord the Buddha died in 543 B. C., that would be 256 'B. C.'

The land is sown with dagobas and stûpas and monuments; hundreds of rocks and pillars bear inscriptions of the Good Law, intended to be carried out to the letter and *lived* in the life of men, and truly so lived and so carried out. It was in that small distinction that Buddhism differed from the religions of the rest of the world at that time — it was practical and to be made practical, not kept for Sunday only, nor confined to 'respectable' people.

Around the court of Dharmâśoka were 70,000 monks and priests. Judging them by their own standards — who can do more? — less civilized peoples will often say that they were lazy do-nothings, eating their heads off at the expense of the state and of the workers. That would be so among the crude blatant 'civilizations' of one-time Babylonia, of Rome, of a later India, of Gaul and Britain and many another country that glories in its civilization like an ostrich with its head in the sand. But here it was not so. These priests and monks lived on the daily dole of a handful or two of rice freely and voluntarily given them by their well-wishers. In exchange, their every thought was in the moral and spiritual world, which was their work-bench, and no easy one at that. They were forever forging clean unselfish thoughts to people the atmosphere of the world and make it purer for ages to come and generations yet unborn, besides their own world of the day. -- A laughable idea, truly, to us of 'civilization.' But a very genuine and useful one, for all that.

Meanwhile it was so. Thousands upon thousands of spiritually-minded human beings kept the atmosphere clear for their beloved land and for other lands in due proportion, and by *coincidence* we find that India lived through a glorious golden age — the Age of the Mauryas. Certainly there were thousands and thousands of selfish minds working against them; but no matter; for a brief space of history the spiritual good held the mastery and the world is everlastingly the better for it.

Of such was an aged monk whom we see at the court. One has to call him aged, but of a truth he is only a boy of eighty or so. The peaceful unwearing life that these people lead in the body does not age them soon. The fine routine and clean moderate diet keeps away sickness, and peace of mind enables them to sleep in such a way that the body is not aging in the night hours. Some, even, it is said, are so expert at really going to sleep when they close their eyes that they *die*. The body is not worn with dreams and night-thoughts, and they can add to the life of an ordi-

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nary man of the world all the years saved by them from physical wear in this way. Suppose then that this old monk is eighty. Suppose that he has learnt the trick of really sleeping instead of going through the mad fever we call sleep, at the age of twenty. Granted that a third of our lives is spent in 'sleep.' Then at eighty he is no older physically than an ordinary man of sixty. Add yet again a common-sense use of food for sustaining the body and not for so choking the furnaces of life that tremendous energy must be spent in consuming the surplus; add half-a-dozen other little secrets of the real life of which the physical is only an incident, and you will see that a few men at eighty can easily be more vigorous than most men of forty. They can even wear the body away in many a pursuit of strenuous duty and yet themselves be no more aged than the average man of sixty. In short, age is not a matter of years alone.

So this yellow-robed, bearded monk is, as we have said, a mere boy of eighty. His kindly and benevolent eye is as bright as it was sixty years and more ago. He has staff and begging bowl wherewith to seek the small portion of rice for his daily sustenance. His hair is white, it is true, but it is still luxuriant. His bearing is erect, and about his whole person is an indescribable air of calm that is in itself fascinating.

*(To be concluded)*

## BLUEN BLOSSOM

HON. NAN INO HERBERT-COOPER, BARONESS LUCAS

 HE whole world was glad in tender green and fruit-blossom; every leaf and grass-blade spread the fullness of its life to the sunlight; a warm ripple of life stirred in the grass around Penédri's head, and the trees dipped in the wind above her. It was the last great triumph of Spring, and as she listened, Penédri heard the soft hum of the myriad voices from all the growing things around her rise stronger and stronger and then break forth into one great wave of song that swept all through the Forest, leaping from wood to wood and from hill to hill like a fire of music, kindling as it passed the inner life of things.

Then Penédri's eyes, piercing through the maze of greenness and song, found a misty inner world of faint forms and figures, the inner thoughts of all growing things.

From out of that dimness there came toward her shadowy figures of old long-robed men, and beyond them a cavalcade of knights. Slowly

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they gathered about her and quietly they talked amongst themselves. "It is the maid," said one. "She who was the Priestess of Tre-Ogis when we were still as men. Ah! little daughter, thou wert the child of Spring then, a child of pure white blossom, that knewest the voices of woods and didst keep thine altar-fire burning. But thou didst choose to be like unto the Spirit of the Ages and cross the Mead of Bluen Blossom to search the deeper ways of Summer and leave thy life of simple wisdom. All is as thou wouldst have had it; and in repayment for thy choice thy wisdom has gone from thee, and tomorrow thou shalt become the wife of a King, with jewels to thy head and riches to thy hand."

"But I know it all, the memory is still mine," cried Penédri fiercely. "And I will not be wedded, . . . I will come back to thee. Now . . . now . . . this living moment."

"Child, thou madest thy choice many lives ago. Abide thou in that choice!"

A cloud was passing over the sun, and a shadow fell across them; and looking up they saw far away in the depths of the sky the Spirit of the Ages pass from the Fields of Spring into the Meads of Bluen Blossom. "She passeth even as thou hast passed, into the ways of Summer, O child who wert once of us. Come, O Brothers, back into the dimness — our day is passed — we are forgotten!"

And with those words they left her and passed back into the green of the Forest once more, and Penédri looking up saw again the great figure in the sky passing down the last blue-flowered slope and reaching the heavy shade of the Summer-Woods.

Ever since Penédri first lay down that morning on the turf a change had fallen on the land, the fresh exhilaration of Spring was gone and the voices of the Forest came in the deeper tones of Summer.

"She passeth even as thou hast passed," repeated Penédri; and she rose to follow the path that wound away to the Palace. And as she rose a leaf of silvery green fluttered down from her hair and she caught it and caressed it, then gazed with wondering eyes, for at her touch it throbbed and quivered and then was lost to sight and then came once more, as faint and elusive as that Inner World she had seen; and then Penédri fell upon her knees with a sob of sudden joy, for there within her hands was a tiny dream-like child — a child only seen by her eyes, only known to her heart.

"They told me that I had forgotten, lost, or thrown aside, the wisdom of those earlier days," she cried, "but it is not so, for is not this the flame-like spirit of wisdom come back to me? Is not this faerie child the voice of that Inner Wisdom I had near forgotten; is it not the memory of those sunlit days come back to my heart once more, come back in faerie form?"

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Is it not the Star of my dreams come to lead me onward to higher, better things, who yet shall teach me to read again the life that is all around me, the wisdom of woods and winds and stars? My heart has searched in blindness and yet even so has found. Once more will I be a child of Spring . . . and yet and yet what were the words? 'She passeth even as thou hast passed.' Oh sorrowful way, thou art mine! There is no life but the life of sorrow for me. Oh, my Dream-Star! guide me even in these the heavy woods of Summer," cried Penédri, the tears falling fast; and rising she crossed the glade of fading bluebells and passed into the woods beyond, carrying the Star-Child with her.

For seven weeks the wedding-feasts were held at the old King's Castle, and folk said such joyous time had never before been known among common men; but long before the feasting ended some said the young Queen was drooping and her eyes were growing dim, and when the weeks had turned to months the Queen was no longer young to the eyes of her people. She passed on the ways of her life like some silent shadow — like a dimly colored shadow of the stately, silent Queens of the moldering tapestry that lined her Hall. And wherever Queen Penédri went, there was the unseen Star-Child whispering to her of the Ancient People of the Spring, of the rites and temples of the olden days, of the great White Spirits and the silent speech of all the things around her, till the Queen sickened for her freedom.

And then of a sudden great changes came for all one bitter month; the young King, Penédri's Lord, fell ill and died, and the Queen sickened and lay exceeding near to death. Light first broke when word was spread throughout the kingdom that an heir was born, but even then men feared that the Queen must pass away, following her Lord.

All through those long succeeding days of her sickness the Queen lay calling, calling for the flowery deeps of the Bluen Mead, and crying to the Child of Dreams to cool the aching of her heart with the light of its starry eyes.

But at last the fever ebbed and the Queen crept back into life, a life that filled from hour to hour with a thousand strange new hopes and joys and tender cares. "There is but one sole aim left me," pondered Penédri, "for does not the whole of my strength belong to the little king? For what else have I been drawn back into my life but to guide him in his helplessness and hold the land in keeping for him?"

And so she took her place once more in the old throbbing world of regal cares and courtly pleasures, seeking in vain to lose her sadness in her joy of the little king, hurrying from her queenly duties to find peace and safety in gazing on the child. Yet even with eyes and heart thus

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strained upon him, that little shadow from the Spring Woods lay next her heart and filled her life with its murmurings.

As the Spring drew near the Queen would lie for hours with her baby in her arms gazing out across the lands, and her waiting-women wondered that such great unrest should be gathered in her eyes.

“Thou canst not forget me,” sang the shadow, “for I am more nearly a part of thee than even thy child. Spring is coming, coming, and the woods are whispering in their new life. Turn and listen, O Summer-Queen, and come back — come back again.”

And with the words a little fluttering breeze came up from the wooded valleys that stirred the deepest yearnings in Penédri's heart and brought tears from her heart. “I am not strong enough,” she wailed. “I can no longer remain torn between the two. Oh, Spring, that I might come with thee! . . . that I might choose again and live thy life! But I have chosen, and I have passed the Bluen Meads. My child and I yet must wander in these woods.”

The Queen, winding her mantle round her, sped out into the misty night. “Oh night of the sorrowful wind, I am come, I am come, I am free!” she whispered faltering through the dew-wet grass. “Oh Spring, I am with thee once more, I am alone with thee and thy children this hour, even though my way lieth not with thee . . . for I am lost in the Woods of Summer.

“Take thy child once more, take the star of my life quickly, for I cannot wait, I have chosen and must abide my choice . . . take him from me while yet I have the strength of my word. Oh far-spreading Spirit of Night! Oh Stars so great with tears! Oh fresh green things! Oh dew of the Night! Oh Innermost Spirit of Wisdom! Take back that which thou gavest. Oh wait, and linger yet a little longer, for I will win back to thy side though it be not till twice ten thousand years have passed. Oh that I too might come and retrace my steps through the Meads of Bluen Blossom! — But I may not. Farewell, oh dwellers in my heart!”

And the Queen laid the shadowy child in a bosom of fern and turned away that her aching heart might see him no more, but the tears choked her and she fell and lay amid the dew-hung flowers, sobbing forth her sorrow to the night. Softly, softly, the peace of the silence fell around her like the falling of dew, and hushed her to sleep, and then there came a figure blown like a waft of moon-lit mist among the trees, that bent and kissed her on the brow.

And in the early morning, when the frightened huntsmen came searching through the Forest, they found the still cold body of the Queen, resting amid the flowers, and a little tender leaf clasped in her hand.