

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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O MY heart, my ancestral heart, necessary for my transformations, . . . do not separate thyself from me before the guardian of the Scales. Thou art my personality within my breast, divine companion watching over my fleshs (bodies).—*The Book of the Dead*

## MANAS, THE HUMAN SOUL: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THE above quotation, from an invocation made by the defunct, in the Egyptian *Ritual of the Dead*, may fitly stand as an introduction to these remarks. And to it we may append the following from H. P. Blavatsky:

Each human being is an incarnation of his God, in other words, one with his "Father in Heaven," just as Jesus, an Initiate, is made to say. As many men on earth, so many Gods in Heaven; and yet these Gods are in reality *One*. . . . Shall we call these "Fathers" of ours . . . our personal God? Occultism answers, *Never*. All that an average man can know of his "Father" is what he knows of himself, through and within himself. The soul of his "Heavenly Father" is incarnated in him. This soul is himself, if he is successful in assimilating the divine individuality while in his physical animal shell.

These quotations refer to what may be called the doctrine of the Triune Soul in Man, one of the basic teachings of the ancient Mysteries, the root of all religions and great philosophies, the most frequent subject of symbolism and allegorical myth. However we may analyse man's nature, the most striking division is into three; man is a trinity, or a three in one. In man the divine is united to the animal by a connecting link. That connecting link is the most mysterious, interesting and important of all the principles in man's nature. Its name, in Theosophical terminology, is *Manas*. It is of this principle that we propose to speak in this paper.

In *The Secret Doctrine* we find H. P. Blavatsky stating the following:

There exists in Nature a triple evolutionary scheme . . . or rather three

separate schemes of evolution, which in our system are inextricably interwoven and interblended at every point. These are the Monadic (or spiritual), the intellectual, and the physical evolutions. These three are finite aspects or the reflections on the field of Cosmic Illusion of ÂTMÂ, the seventh, the ONE REALITY. . . . Each is represented in the constitution of man, the Microcosm of the great Macrocosm; and it is the union of these three streams in him which makes him the complex being he now is. (I, 181)

Further, we are frequently told, in the same book, that spirit is unable fully to manifest itself in matter except by the mediation of the middle principle — that is, the second or intellectual evolution in the above list.

“Nature,” the physical evolutionary Power, could never evolve intelligence unaided — she can only create “senseless forms.” (*Ibid.*)

The two higher principles [*i. e.*, Âtmâ and Buddhi] *can have no individuality on Earth*, cannot be *man*, unless there is (a) the Mind, the *Manas-Ego*, to cognize itself, and (b) the terrestrial *false* personality, or the body of egotistical desires and personal Will, to cement the whole. . . . Incarnate the Spiritual Monad of a Newton grafted on that of the greatest saint on earth — in a physical body the most perfect you can think of . . . and, if it lacks its middle and fifth principles, you will have created *an idiot* — at best a beautiful, soulless, empty and unconscious appearance. (II, 241-2)

To complete the *septenary* man, to add to his three lower principles and cement them with the spiritual Monad — which could never dwell in such a form otherwise than in an *absolutely latent state* — two connecting principles are needed: *Manas* and *Kâma*. (II, 79)

Without *Manas* . . . “the reasoning soul,” or mind, Âtmâ-Buddhi are irrational on this plane and cannot act. (I, 242)

In some of the above quotations, *two* connecting links are spoken of, whereas we mentioned only one. The difference between the two statements depends on whether or not we include *Kâma*, the fourth principle or “animal soul,” in the lower of the three groups. The four lowest principles are connected with the sixth and seventh by the fifth; or, the three lowest are connected with the sixth and seventh by the fourth and fifth. The essential point is that the fifth principle, or *Manas*, is the necessary connecting link between the spiritual Monad in man and the lower nature of man.

Contemporary evolutionary doctrines would seem to be concerned with the lowest of the three lines of evolution — namely, with the attempt to trace the development of the animal part of man. Thus man’s spiritual and intellectual heredity are left out of account, ex-

cept in so far as they are unavoidably implied; and an attempt is made to derive the intellect from the animal nature.

With regard to the difference between man and animals, we are told that the natural process, unaided, can develop only the three lowest principles and part of the fourth. The animals lack the fifth principle, the Manas. But this statement is qualified by the further statement that the higher principles are present in the animals, but in a latent condition, being unable to manifest themselves without the aid of Manas.

To produce man, it is essential that an intellectual Monad be present; and this is a frequent subject of symbolism and allegoric myth, which speak of the endowing of man with Mind, or, as in the case of the Prometheus story, with "fire."

The great difference between the Theosophical teaching and certain present-day theories should be well remarked. According to the latter, we are required to consider the human soul as simply a higher and more perfected form of the animal soul; according to the former, the animal soul reaches its limit of possible development without having produced the human quality, which comes from another source and is the result of a distinct line of evolution.

Manas is spoken of as being triple, for it can be regarded as a principle *per se*, and as conjoined with the spiritual Monad, and as conjoined with the animal Monad. The two latter are often spoken of as Buddhi-Manas and Kâma-Manas respectively. The human soul is bipartite, or tripartite, according to different ways of considering it. Manas is the real man, the human soul *par excellence*, the pivotal point, the arena of conflict between opposing forces. In Manas is vested the power of choice. It is between two attractions, now heeding the one, now tempted by the other; and its proper destiny is to unite itself finally with the spiritual Monad, taking with it all the knowledge it has gleaned from its contact with Nature, and thus completing the sevenfold man.

There is but one *real* man, enduring through the cycle of life and immortal in essence, if not in form, and this is Manas, the mind-man or embodied consciousness.—*The Key to Theosophy*, Ch. vi.

This implies that the personal man, who does not endure through the cycle of life, but pertains to a single incarnation, is not Manas. A fresh personality is generated with each rebirth, and is dissipated at every death; but the Individuality remains throughout the incar-

nations, and it is the real man. The personalities are made by the contact between the Manas and the animal soul, which occurs as a consequence of birth on this plane. The personality is impermanent; it undergoes continual minor changes during one lifetime, so it is considerably different in childhood, manhood and old age. At death, the body, with its brain, has crumbled away, and the entire lower nature of the man is dissipated; hence all that constituted the mere personality is gone. But the seed, the thread in the string of beads, the real Self, has not died (it was not born with the birth of the body). This true kernel of selfhood is of course with us during life on earth; but we are not able to analyse our consciousness deeply enough to find it. Our sense of selfhood is too much involved with ideas and feelings that belong to the mortal personality.

It might seem at a hasty glance as though man, according to the above teaching, has two different selves; but this, while true in one sense, is not altogether true. If the two halves were entirely separate, there could be no purpose in the passage of the immortal Soul through its cycle of rebirths. But the doctrine is that the Soul passes through those births for the sake of experience. The object is to make the perfect septenary man by union of the higher with the lower.

Manas is immortal, because after every new incarnation it adds to *Ātmā-Buddhi* something of itself, and thus, assimilating itself to the Monad, shares its immortality. (I, 243-4)

This quotation and others that could be made show that a portion of the consciousness which we experience on earth is immortal, being the most refined of our aspirations, such as are sublime and unselfish and able to pass on with the immortal Ego beyond the gates of death. With each successive incarnation, the Monad adds to itself more and more of such experiences gleaned from its earth-lives. But man is ever developing; and before every man lies the prospect of so perfecting his Manas while yet living in the body that he may, even though on earth, be conscious of his divinity and his immortality. Such is the goal of attainment promised by the great Teachers to him who is faithful in unremitting service to the laws of the higher nature of man.

This article was preceded by an invocation addressed by the defunct to his immortal Self; and this is a point to be dwelt on. The idea of the God in man is familiar to Christianity, and of course it has sanction in the teachings of the Christian Master. But few people

take it seriously enough. To many people the idea seems to savor of irreverence, but that is probably because they do not discriminate enough between the lower self and the higher Self, and so the doctrine wears an aspect of pride or self-worship. And this is indeed a tendency to be guarded against. In these days there is a good deal of talk about "self-development" and the realization of one's inner possibilities — even of one's "spiritual" possibilities; but most of this, when examined, is found to be no more than an attempt to exalt the personal man. The true doctrine, as advocated in this article, and as taught by the man of Galilee, is not the glorification of the personal ego, but the subordination of the personal ego in favor of the Higher Ego. If the self-development takes the form merely of an enhancement of the personal ego, then, no matter how great the sense of temporary well-being and satisfaction, serenity or personal magnetism, that may be thought to be achieved, this will prove a serious obstruction to real progress; for when the man comes to the task of mastering his personality, he will find it grown great and many-armed. A richly endowed personality may well prove harder to overcome than an ugly one; because the man has so involved his aspirations with his desires that even his virtues have, in a way, become his vices — that is, they will appear as hindrances on account of the egotism which he has mixed up with them. Hence a warning is due to those who are straying on to this path. But indeed there is something in these "new" cults which repels the instincts, for we can detect the subtle egotism that lies behind even their most high-flown expressions. We feel more respect for those people who do not make their own equanimity their first object, and who do not care much whether they are composed or ruffled so long as they are doing their duty and behaving in a helpful and companionable way.

All this shows how important it is to have the teachings correctly formulated in our minds. Otherwise we may develop the personal man instead of the real man and thus raise up obstacles in our own path. The great Teachers, in proclaiming unselfishness as the true path to light and liberation, were but stating actual facts concerning the nature of man. By the union of Manas with Kâma, the former succumbing to the temptations of the latter, an erroneous notion of separate existence is set up, and consequently death seems the end of existence; while during life the man is impelled to set his personal interests first, and may even be so deeply deluded as to endeavor to

devise and preach a gospel of personalism based on reasoned grounds. But against this we have the teaching of the possible union between Manas and Buddhi. It is this divine union that is the glorious destiny of man; of man as a race in cycles to come, and of individual men whenever they may be ready. This divine union is that spoken of by the great Teachers; Christians may find plenty of warrant for it in their scriptures. The Sanskrit word *yoga*, used in the phrase "Râja-Yoga School," has the same etymological meaning and the same significance. Yoga is the achievement of union between the mind and its divine counterpart, the attainment of wisdom and self-mastery and liberation from the thralldom of personality, by means of a recognition of the true Selfhood.

As to the symbolism of the doctrine, one symbol is the Sun and Moon.

The moon *is* the deity of the mind (Manas), but only on the lower plane. "Manas is dual—*lunar* in the lower, *solar* in its upper portion," says a commentary. That is to say, it is attracted in its higher aspect towards Buddhi, and in its lower descends into, and listens to the voice of its *animal* soul full of selfish and sensual desires. . . . But the chief "Soul" is *Manas* or mind; hence, Soma, the moon, is shown as making an alliance with the solar portion in it. (II, 495-6)

This use of the words "solar" and "lunar" is very frequent; we hear of solar and lunar doctrines, for instance. There is a solar path and a lunar path in Occultism, the latter leading into delusion. The moon shines by reflected light, and even that reflected light is baleful and illusory. Its fitful phases and frequent conjunctions with planets are also suggestive from a symbolic point of view. It is a fit emblem of the imagination, which can be illuminated from above or below. How often is the mind fed from the radiation of man's animal nature! Perhaps our ideas of light and darkness are limited to the alternations of new and full moon; but if we saw the sun rise, what revelation that would be! The moon is often represented in symbolism under the twin forms of a crescent with the horns up or down. Here again we see the dual nature of Manas typified. Possibly the superstition about a horseshoe as a talisman has some connection with this; always hang it with the horns pointing up, they say; though many people hang it the other way.

Triangles, with the apex up or down, have similar meaning; and Solomon's seal combines both triangles into a stellated hexagon. This

seal evidently denotes the union of the higher and lower minds. The same two triangles represent fire and water.

Manas, we are told, is not yet fully developed in the human race, and will not be until the Fifth Round (we are at present in the Fourth Round). That will be a critical time of choice for the race. The same can arrive for individuals before that epoch, and then they have their critical time of choice. From the higher aspect of Manas we receive impressions that are unselfish, sublime, poetic; these cannot be referred to the animal nature, despite many ingenious attempts so to do. Sensitive natures receive from music, scenery, art, etc., impressions that are ineffable. Poetry, they say, should convey to the hearer something that words cannot tell. Music can arouse feelings that the mind cannot formulate, and fill us with aspirations whose realization on earth seems unattainable. Many allegories connect Manas with liberation; as for instance, that of Prometheus, who brings "fire" to mankind, thus rendering them masters of themselves and incurring the wrath of the Olympian Zeus, who in this case represents no higher a principle than the lower Manas. Manas is also called the "Dragon of Wisdom," and other versions of the idea contained in the Prometheus story will doubtless occur to the memory of the student. But it is not easy to speak of freedom in these days, on account of the confusion of thought which prevails as to the difference between liberty and license, the relation of freedom to law, and the neglect of such maxims as that "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom," and that "Discipline must precede knowledge." A union between Kâma and Manas may be mistaken by the self-deluded for the voice of a higher mandate; personal desires may be worshiped on no better ground than that they are strong and seem beautiful to the possessor; and thus the true meaning of a sacred allegory, which represents the attainment of wisdom and emancipation from desire, may be perverted into an apparent sanction for a gospel of license. Against such mistakes discretion must stand on guard. It cannot be too strongly impressed that the way to freedom and independence lies through discipline. This is simply the lesson of life. Even those disposed to take the business man as a sample of all that is practical and sane, can find warrant for this maxim; for *the successful men are those who began by serving a hard apprenticeship*; and everybody, whether a soldier or a chauffeur, an airman or a maker of fireworks, must "toe the line" and attend strictly to orders, if he is to

acquire that knowledge which will render him independent. The same law prevails in Occultism — the science of life — the only difference being that it prevails in a still greater degree here than elsewhere. Hence it is permissible to infer that people who offer to purvey such instruction without restrictions, whether through books, correspondence schools, or lectures, are adopting methods that render them liable to the designation of quacks.

For consider what is the nature of the higher Manas, according to the above remarks. The familiar words of the New Testament about "charity" might appropriately be quoted. Charity, we remember, "suffereth long and is kind; envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." So much for the ethical nature of Manas in its higher aspect; but it is far more than this, for it includes the seeing eye of Wisdom; and in quoting scripture we must be careful to avoid the idea of man's abject and helpless nature, which idea has been grafted upon the original teachings. The attainment of higher knowledge while in the body is an essential part of the ancient teachings. The wisdom which puffeth not up, and does not magnify the personality, is the wisdom to be aspired after. And it comes, not so much by direct pursuit as by indirection. Direct pursuit of knowledge or happiness or any other object of attainment brings in the element of desire and ambition. Christ himself teaches humility as the true road to wisdom, and speaks of the objects of attainment as being "added to" the disciple. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In view of what has been said, let us take a look at the state of things in the world today. The pulpit is missing its chance, and many of its occupants realize this and say so; yet they seem unable to suggest a remedy for the failure. Instead of referring to the higher nature of man, they refer to doctrinal tradition. But ethics divorced from science is as barren as science divorced from ethics. Science itself studies the lower human principles, and even them very inadequately. There is a growing new science of psychology, which makes no distinction between the two natures of man, but studies the reactions between the lower Manas and the body, tending to abrogate man's responsibility. Students of psychology should read *Psychic*

*and Noetic Action*, by H. P. Blavatsky, in which the distinction between the psychic and noetic parts of the mind is very clearly brought out, in its physiological relations even. This work shows that man is actually a Man within a man.

Whereas the psychic element (or *Kâma-Manas*) is common to both the animal and the human being—the far higher degree of its development in the latter resting merely on the greater perfection and sensitiveness of his cerebral cells—no physiologist, not even the cleverest, will ever be able to solve the mystery of the human mind, in its highest spiritual manifestation, or in its dual aspect of the *psychic* and *noetic* (or the *manasic*), or even to comprehend the intricacies of the former on the purely material plane—unless he knows something of, and is prepared to admit, the presence of this dual element. This means that he would have to admit a lower (animal) and higher (or divine) mind in man or what is known in Occultism as the “personal” and “impersonal” *Egos*.

The lower mind and body act and react on each other; but the higher mind acts on the lower mind, which is its intermediary. This gives man his self-conscious self-directive power. Otherwise he would be something like a machine, moving in a fixed orbit, incapable of self-improvement, in short, a mere animal. Biology, unintelligently studied, has sometimes favored this conclusion, though the conclusion is contrary to our own experience of ourselves. But biology, intelligently studied, leads to no such contradiction; for it shows how the body and the lower mind interact, but proclaims no dogma about the higher mind, whose functions and relations to the lower mind form the subject of psychology.

The “Higher Ego” cannot act directly on the body, as its consciousness belongs to quite another plane and planes of ideation: the “lower” *Self* does: and its action and behavior *depend on its free-will and choice* as to whether it will gravitate more towards its parent (“the Father in Heaven”) or the “animal” which it informs, the man of flesh. The “Higher Ego,” as part of the essence of the UNIVERSAL MIND, is unconditionally omniscient on its own plane, and only potentially so in our terrestrial sphere, as it has to act solely through its *alter ego*—the Personal Self. . . .

Verily that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Aeolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine *Fiat* brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God—but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating. It is the function of the physical mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms inter-

acting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain . . . to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

From the above it is obvious that stimulations of the body or bodily centers, however produced, must result in setting in motion those coarser catgut chords of the human harp; and that systems of self-development based on such methods can merely intensify the lower nature, without reaching the higher. The true way to control both mind and body is evidently through conscience and Will. The higher mind is independent of the body, capable of existing without it, though it cannot function in the familiar forms of terrestrial consciousness. We have to act on the lower mind by the higher mind, and then the lower mind will act on the body.

The words "psychic" and "noetic," which are used throughout the book just quoted, will be recognized as derived from the Greek terms, *nous* and *psuche*, which, among Greek writers on the analysis of man's nature, were applied to the higher and lower mind respectively. Thus psychic means pertaining to the *psuche* or lower mind, and noetic means pertaining to the *nous*, or higher mind. Plutarch says:

The *nous* as far exceeds the *psuche* as the *psuche* is better and diviner than the body. Now this composition of the *psuche* with the *nous* makes reason; and with the body, passion.

Plato regarded man as composed of a mortal body, an immortal principle, and a separate mortal kind of soul. Paul says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body" using the words *psychic* for the natural body, and *pneumatic* for the spiritual. And speaking of the twofold evolution of man, he adds;

The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from Heaven. (i *Cor.*, xv)

And James says:

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthy, sensual, devilish. . . . But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits. (*James* iii)

Castor and Pollux, the Heavenly Twins of Roman mythology, represent the twin nature of the mind; for when Pollux finds his brother dying, he calls on Zeus to slay him also. "Thou canst not die altogether," is the reply; "thou art of a divine race." Pollux is given

his choice: either he can remain eternally in Olympus; or, if he would share his brother's fate, he must pass half his existence underground.

Pollux is the higher mind, Castor the lower; and Pollux dooms himself to partial mortality by his love for his brother.

A study of the field of myth and symbol would show the universal recognition of this mystery of the human soul, and of the vital importance of understanding it. It is of the utmost importance that the doctrine should be restated today, and in terms adapted to modern thought. It will be found a practical key to the problems that face us now and in the future; for it is but a statement of actual laws of nature. It is rather an interpretation than a doctrine. Human life is a hopeless prospect unless we recognize the divinity of man and understand the laws of our higher nature, teaching them to our children for the benefit of the generations to come.



### MATER IMPLACABILIS

BY KENNETH MORRIS

THERE came a vision of thy heart to me,  
 And shone athwart the tempest of my dream.  
 Thou, that didst erst aloof and ruthless seem,  
 Ah God, what Pity of pities burns in thee!  
 Peace rose and wreathed above mine agony,  
     As smoke above the altar's ember-gleam;  
 And I beheld the Fields of Being beam  
 With thine august, relentless clemency;  
  
 I knew thy hand that wounds, compassionate  
     Wounding, beyond love's fingers that caress;  
     Thy voice, that rang but now so merciless,  
 — Serene as death, implacable as fate —  
 I heard through all these worlds reverberate  
     With infinite and terrible tenderness.

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**THE BIRDS OF LOMALAND: by Percy Leonard** (Instructor in the Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, International Theosophical Headquarters.)



AS new trees are planted and as the old ones extend their branches, so do the birds increase in number and variety. The plantations afford nesting accommodation and protection from hawks. They also support a teeming population of insects, which form the staple food of many of the birds. Out of the fifty-six common birds to be met with at this place, one can do no more than notice a few of the more familiar ones, endeared by long and intimate acquaintance and by their cheering song.

The California Towhee, foremost and most familiar of them all, readily becomes an inmate of any tent or bungalow where he receives the least encouragement. An occasional handful of crumbs is all the invitation he requires, and once assured of a welcome he makes himself thoroughly at home. He is clothed in sober dull-brown plumage somewhat lighter on the breast, and foxy-red beneath the tail. He differs from our other birds in his mouselike habit of creeping under stacks of firewood and other sheltered nooks. It must be confessed that he is a pitiless tyrant to one who has once come under his sway, and if his host sleeps overlong and thus delays his breakfast, he boldly hops inside the tent and with his persistent *chee chee* insists upon being served at once. He is frequently heard turning over the crisp, dry leaves under the bushes in his search for insects, and is never happier than when rustling about under the protective branches of some low-growing shrub. His love of sheltered places was explained one day when a redtailed hawk was seen in a relentless pursuit after one of these birds. The towhee dodged and flitted from one small bush to another while the hawk made futile efforts to drive him from cover, until at last the pirate of the air gave up the hopeless chase and sought his meal elsewhere.

During June the parent towhees may be seen hopping over the banks of mesembryanthemum, keenly alert for moths and other insects for their hungry brood. With head tilted to one side, they peer among the matted roots and continually add to the growing collection in their bills — sure sign of a nestful of gaping young at no great distance. The mated towhee frequently indulges in friendly bickerings with his wife and chases her with well-simulated anger from one bush to another; but these domestic quarrels are the merest pretence, for more devoted couples are not known.

The Western Meadowlark differs but little from the eastern variety. His plumage is slightly paler, but his song is mellower by far, and an attentive traveler from east to west can tell by the sudden improvement in the song when he has passed the invisible line which marks the territory occupied by the western bird. He hunts his prey with eager, active stride among the herbage of the open spaces; but frequently perches on a tree and rapturously pours his flutelike song, a habit almost unknown among the true larks, but perfectly in keeping with the customs of the starlings, to whose ranks he belongs. The stream of bubbling melody which issues from his bill seems to express the very soul of buoyant springtime, and the concluding notes suggest the musical tinkle of falling water.

Exactly why the superb Mockingbird should ever have been saddled with his ill-fitting name is something of a mystery. He certainly repeats snatches of the songs of other birds with remarkable fidelity; but to mock is "to imitate in contempt or derision." An admirer who hears this peerless bird perched in his tangle of palm spines and thrilling the darkness long before the dawn, can find no faintest trace of mockery or contempt. Inimitably blended with his own peculiar song are snatches of the call of quail, the raucous menace of the kingbird, a trill from the carol of the meadowlark, and even the plaintive hunger-cry of its own young. But as Shakespeare laid all literature under contribution for the groundwork of his plays and sent them forth again enriched and glorified, so does the mockingbird, who renders back his borrowings invested with a new interpretation. Passed through his buoyant temperament their beauty is enhanced, and as they ripple on the moonlit air the sweet fantasia of blended song is like a new creation.

For months together Brewer's Blackbird is not seen on Point Loma, and then some morning a little excursion party of twenty or thirty in San Diego decide to take a jaunt and visit our Headquarters. These birds are in no way related to the European blackbird of such well-deserved renown as a musician, "the ousel-cock with orange-tawny bill," but have their affinity among the grackles and orioles. They somewhat resemble the jackdaw of Europe, but are only half as large. Their ordinary cry is *tchack tchack*, but in the mating season they appear to think that something a little more conciliatory is called for. The courting song, which is perhaps better described as an ejaculation or expletive, sounds as though the lovesick bird were trying to

imitate the sound of water being poured from a narrow-necked bottle, but was interrupted by a choking fit. They usually alight on the roof of the Little Music Temple, and after a lunch of wireworms or other light refreshment in the orchard, they fly noisily home again.

Our commonest Hummingbird has a crimson gorget and is often mistaken for the ruby-throated hummingbird of the Eastern States. Anna's Hummingbird is his proper appellation, though it seems a pity that such a fiery feathered atomy that flashes like a jewel in the sun should not enjoy a name more descriptive of his charms and habits. Poised in the air before the flowers, he drinks their nectar or deftly snaps the insects as they lie among the petals. Sometimes he makes a methodical search under the windows of the Academy for spiders. One would naturally suppose that these birds would spend the night right-side-up, but as a matter of fact they hang head downward like sleeping bats. They often nest in branches hanging over much-frequented roads, building so low as to be within easy reach. The nest is certainly a masterpiece of homespun fabric, consisting of lichen and pieces of dead leaves, with fibers and feathers intertwined. The outside is surfaced with cobwebs to repel the rain. They never lay more than two eggs, and the newly-hatched young resemble little black lizards. The writer early one morning suprised a sleeping hummingbird, who precipitously flew into a spider's web, and after a desperate struggle hung helpless in the sticky coils. It was only necessary to disengage him from the clinging threads when he darted to his freedom again.

The Redbreasted Linnet or Housefinch is a rather striking member of our bird population, with his scarlet forehead and richly tinted breast of the same color. The hen is more modestly clad in browns and grays, the breast being tastefully streaked. To hear a flock of these birds burst into song a little before sunrise in the early spring, you would fancy that the gray dawn was the best part of the day, and to be a housefinch the greatest destiny in all creation. Their torrent of notes can hardly be called a song, but they certainly succeed in "making a joyful noise before the Lord." They help to destroy great quantities of insects, especially when they have to feed their nestlings, and their raids upon the fruit must be overlooked on this account.

Sometimes a little fluffy cloud of Bushtits suddenly alights upon a neighboring bush and in a moment the still beauty of the leaves and branches is animated by the bustling activity of fifteen or twenty feathered midgets. Chirping and twittering with exuberant life, they

perform the most extraordinary acrobatic feats in their eager search for insects. Unlike the families of most birds, which scatter as soon as they leave the nest, these affectionate little birds traverse the chaparral in family flocks until the mating season comes round. With their long tails and grayish plumage they closely resemble the longtailed titmouse of Great Britain. Their nest is domed and most luxuriously furnished throughout with feathers, the shafts of which are stuck into the walls. A film of cobweb protects the structure from the rain. The songs of most birds appear to serve merely as outlets for their superfluous vitality and to express the joy they have in living; but the call of the bushtits serves to keep them from losing each other in the tangled thickets they frequent.

The Willow Goldfinch or Wild Canary is one of the most charming of our birds, but such is the power of names that the careless observer (and that means nearly everybody) believes it to be the wild form of the well-known cage-bird. Another point on which one is liable to be mistaken is the bird's habit of changing the bright yellow and black of its summer plumage to dark olive and black every fall. In the spring, when he changes back again in honor of the mating season to lemon-yellow, we say, "The wild canaries have returned," whereas they have never left us at all. Their cheerful *per-chic-o-ree* incessantly repeated is one of the most delightful nature sounds upon the hill, and when mellowed by distance, as they visit the seeding flower-heads in small companies, is very pleasing. The tiny nest is a marvel of constructive art, and is exquisitely lined with a compact felt made of the fluff of airborne seed, and placed so low that boys and girls can watch the trustful mother as she bravely sits in defiance of human observation. The writer was one day astonished to notice that a dead weed of which he had long been dimly conscious in his daily walks, had apparently burst out into a profusion of yellow blooms. A second look revealed the flowers as simply a flock of willow goldfinches at rest. With undulating flight and a chorus of low twittering they went upon their way, and the weed relapsed into its former desolation. A Japanese poet would find in this incident a subject just fitted for his art.

The modern evolutionist and the old Wisdom-Religion are in complete accord in tracing birds to reptile ancestry. The tell-tale vestiges of their reptilian origin are yet discernible in modern birds. The legs of chickens still are covered with the lizard's scales. The bills

of some of the parrots, at a certain stage of their development within the egg, contain unquestionable teeth. The ears of birds and lizards are remarkably alike, and though the bird has reinforced the leathery covering of the reptile egg with a calcareous crust, yet even now the hen at times harks back to dim antiquity, and lays a "shellless egg" enclosed in a tough bag of membrane like the eggs of crocodiles and lizards.

Two of the earliest birds to leave their records in the rocks, the *Hesperornis* and the *Ichthyornis*, had their bills thickly set with formidable teeth. The *Hesperornis*, with a long and sinuous neck, was nearly equal to a man in size and hunted fish in the warm, shallow seas in which the chalk beds of today were being formed, and though without the power of flight it swam effectively, propelled by well developed feet. The *Ichthyornis*, about the size of a pigeon, was apparently a good flyer.

But fossils still more ancient have been found in the Jurassic rocks, laid down more than six million years ago, of which the *Archaeopteryx* is well known to fame. This earliest of birds dragged a long tail behind him, jointed like a lizard's, from every vertebra of which a pair of feathers sprouted out. He still retained three serviceable lizard's toes upon each wing, and is supposed to have employed them when he walked upon all fours.

With admiration which at times deepens to awe we watch the slow unfolding of the grand design which lies unseen behind the veil of Nature. We wonder at the tireless patience of that Power which through long ages and by stages of refinement almost inconceivably minute, transforms a scaly monster wallowing in an ancient fen, into a graceful mockingbird perched on a spray that greets the coming dawn with raptures of exuberant song.



THIS day we have a father who from his ancient place rises, hard holding his course, grasping us that we stumble not in the trials of our lives. If it be well, we shall meet and the light of Thy face make mine glad. Thus much I make prayer to Thee; go Thou on Thy way.—*Zuñi prayer*

## THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL: by a Student



THE problem of the freedom of the will appears to present to many minds difficulties that are perhaps not altogether necessary; and often we find the question dismissed in quite a dogmatic way as being something that we can never know. Such a dogmatic pronouncement, however, merely whets the curiosity of eager minds and tempts them to explore. Locke and other philosophers have argued that, if we carefully examine the functions of the human understanding, and define what lies within its power of comprehension and what lies without, we shall thereby avoid all ground for an arrogant assumption of omniscience or for an attitude of helpless resignation to the unknowable. We must neither try to formulate the problem in narrow clear-cut lines, nor should we petulantly dismiss it as insoluble because of our inability so to formulate it. But, recognizing that the path of knowledge consists of infinite stages, we should expect to be able to pass from stage to stage, and preserve the faith that what lies beyond, though as yet unattained, is still attainable.

Again, many problems which cannot be solved theoretically are solved in practice with the utmost facility: as, for example, the celebrated problem of "What is motion?"—which is solved "*ambulando*"—by the simple act of walking. Do we propose to enunciate the doctrine that that which is undefinable does not exist?

Even the most pessimistic philosopher must admit that man possesses *some* power of choice; and even though it be argued that, in exercising that power of choice, he is but yielding to some yet more powerful impulse, nevertheless, the fact suffices to prove a *relative* freedom of the will. Having established this much, where are we to stop? If the savage's will is freer than the bird's, and mine is freer than yours, and yours than mine, what is to prevent there being other grades of men, with wills more and more independent? Or why, if we get so far in our reasoning, should we balk because we find ourselves confronting an infinite series—since we confront such infinities wherever we go? Leaving aside, for the present, the question of *absolute* freedom, let us be content for the moment to have established the fact of *relative* freedom and the logical assurance of indefinite gradations of such relative freedom; this is at least enough for practical purposes.

Suppose that, at a moment when your "resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and you find yourself involved, hope-

lessly, as it seems, in the eddies of conflicting desires and fears, like a swimmer in a drift with no anchorage — suppose a magician were to place a hand upon your head and thereby instantly change your whole consciousness, so that you would be lifted out of yourself, and would seem now to stand aloof from body and mind alike, viewing the erstwhile whirlwinds of thought and emotion as a spectator contemplating from a distance a drama wherein he is interested but not involved. You would then have achieved an initiation into the knowledge of a new state of independence. And if you later acquired the power to transport yourself at will to this state at any time, it would grow familiar; and by degrees you might discover that, while in it, you possessed a new power to direct the actions of the bodily and mental machine, with all the ease and freedom of an overseer who sits in a chair and directs the operations of other people. This picture is meant to show how there can be a real Self that stands detached behind the shifting scenes of mind and emotion, and directs our life — with a wisdom and certainty impossible to the bewildered and passion-torn mentality.

If a man is the slave of his impulses, it is possible to foretell his actions, the question being merely one of complexity, requiring skill for its solution. But how can we foretell the actions of a man who can call in the aid of a power extraneous to the ordinary mentality?

Good and evil are relative words whose value varies with circumstances. What is good for a bird is not necessarily good for a fish. For man, that is good which is conformable to his nature; and the fact that he has a mixed nature will complicate the problem of determining what is good. But any standard set up by the lower nature must in the end give way to the standard of the higher nature, because the latter is the essential and enduring part of man. The choice between what is good and evil for the real man can only be made by the real man — that is, by the Soul itself when its vision is unclouded by the illusions of the lower mind. It chooses in accordance with its own nature, as a flower chooses the sun; and it is a ray from the Divine — that which makes man what he is. It is that in man which is unborn and uncreate, the “Eternal Pilgrim.”

So for Theosophists the statement that the will is free is seen to mean that the essential man is not bound by the imaginings and desires of the lower man, but is free to choose that which is in accordance with his own (Divine) nature. In eastern philosophy the network of

causes and effects which bind men's actions together, even throughout successive incarnations, is called Karma; and it is taught that man is not bound by Karma, if and when he raises himself above its operation by recognizing the true Self.

The apparent difficulty of reconciling the free-will of man with the omnipotence of God is of course due to the limitation of our ideas both of man and of God. There have been narrow minds, so bent on having everything cut-and-dried that they have considered it necessary to deny man's free-will in order to allow God his omnipotence; and others who, because God did not "act" in the way they thought proper, have denied God any existence at all. But most people have faith enough to realize that the full solution of this problem must be one of those that lie beyond the reach of our present normal comprehension; and that such difficulties may be expected to be cleared up step by step as we advance in knowledge.

Various kinds of philosophers, who have studied various systems and schemes, have sought to interpret man and his fate in terms of those systems and schemes; but all have been obliged to recognize the existence of an indeterminate factor not amenable to such analysis. The phrenologist, while forecasting your character from the conformation of your skull, yet advises you to cultivate certain qualities in which you are deficient; and when you come again, he finds that you have done so and that the shape of your skull is accordingly changed. If he had been a consistent materialist, he should have told you to alter the shape of your head by surgical means, instead of using your will. The materialistic biologist may try to prove that our disposition and conduct are entirely at the mercy of physiological functions such as come within his ken; and in so doing he puts himself outside his own system as a kind of God presiding over a universe.

There is a magician in man, who is independent of all the inferior powers. But indeed we know little of man's nature in these days; it is as though we lived only in the ground floor of our abode and were ignorant of the mansions above. Taking the sevenfold analysis of man's nature, as presented by Theosophy, we find that beyond the Lower Manas, which represents our normal mind at present, stand Manas and Buddhi, functions which may be described as unknown worlds to present-day philosophy. What we can glean of ancient lore from symbol, mythos, and record, shows that ancient races have not been so ignorant. And the record is there, on stone and parchment.

## A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE: by E. A. Coryn



THE question really underlying all other questions is that of the purpose of life, and any theory of that must call up for consideration our relationship to the Worlds of Life, not only on our own plane, but also on the planes of life above and below us in the scale.

And beyond the question of that relationship, there is the further question of our relationship to the infinite host of life in the past and in the future — our relationship to posterity and our relationship to the unborn generation.

These are questions which neither science nor religion answer. Science postulates the upward march of life from the lowest forms, each kingdom merging into the next, becoming the next; it sees in each plant, each animal, and man himself, the outcome of ages of evolution from lower forms — and so far it sees the unity of life. But there it stops — to the question of what has become of the million generations in the past who have made the race what it is, it has no more answer than it has as to the future of the generations who today are carrying it yet higher.

It sees the Race, whether of plant or animal or man, as an entity growing in function and structure; it sees that growth made by generation after generation of the individuals composing the race — but it sees only the race.

We, today, it says, are the result of numberless generations which have passed; our functions, our physical and mental and moral equipment are the heritage of the struggles and experiences of our ancestors of a thousand generations. But what is our relationship to them, what theirs to us, and what their and our relationship to the race?

Here science is silent and unconcerned. It sees the race but knows nothing of the beings who made and make it up. Did they merely step into the race, carry it forward higher, and then fall out when their usefulness was over? Do we ourselves run for a time merely as items in the race, inheriting what we are from other items in the past, and handing our inheritance on to the next comers, and in our turn falling out, having no further concern with the Humanity of which we are a part for the few years we are here?

And while science sees only the race and ignores the individuals composing it, so religion knows only the individual, and is unconcerned with the race or with the other forms of life, past and present, sur-

rounding us. We are born, live and die, and pass out into some other form of existence. We have no relationship to the past or to the future of the race: today we are a part of it, tomorrow neither it nor humanity any longer concern us.

We are faced, it would seem, with the unthinkable hypothesis that Nature's whole aim is to make an abstract perfection called a Race, and our only and most pitiful ideal is to contribute our mite to produce in the future a race of mankind possessing every attribute of perfect humanity, perfect manhood, a race which shall possess all virtues, which shall possess full wisdom — but all only as a child shall possess clothes which its parents place upon it; which shall have self-control without effort, strength of character without achievement: their virtues not the outcome of experience, of self-conquest, but an unearned and undeserved heritage.

Normally we stand negative, unplaced between these conflicting theories. Religion claims us on one side, science on the other, but we rarely, if ever, definitely face the problem and demand a philosophy of life.

Is there no common ground which will include both these positions, which will give us a philosophy?

In the Theosophical scheme of life we can find a place wherein both schemes will find their standing-ground. Evolution, in Theosophy, is the growth not of an abstract Race, but of the beings making up that race, and the evolution of successions of human beings unlinked save by their racehood, would produce nothing worth the having. It is we who made up the Race in the past, and it is we who compose it now; the past of the race is our own past, the present is the fruitage of our own sowing. It is not "mankind" but "man" himself who has evolved — the outcome of an eternity of growth, passing life after life through kingdom after kingdom, up to the point reached today.

We are linked with the past because it is our own past. We are linked with the scheme of evolution because it is we who have evolved; and to evolve, we must persist. An evolution without the persistence of that which is being evolved, an evolution without Reincarnation, is a meaningless play with words.

Looking so at life, the present is not so incomprehensible; a conception of a "purpose" in life, a philosophy of life, becomes possible.

We can take the theory of heredity, or heredity as it is commonly understood; but how if it is our own heritage from our own past which we "inherit"? How if the conditions we "inherit" are the conditions we ourselves helped to provide, if the taint in the germ-plasm is the taint we ourselves contributed to effect, if the physical deterioration is of our own making, if the adverse social environment is of our own creation, if the international relationships are our own handiwork? Grant heredity, but of whose making? — who sows and who reaps?

There science and religion are both silent. Neither knows anything of the individual past; but let us take each as far as it will go. Science is entitled to assert a theory of heredity on the facts it possesses, but we are not invading its domain in asking "Whose heredity?" granted that the present is the child of the past; but of whose past? — ours or another's?

In answering the question from the Theosophical standpoint we are giving a new and pregnant meaning to the utterance of science; we are making possible a philosophy of life; we are able to discern a meaning and purpose of life. The past is seen as *our* past, the present the outcome of *our* doings, not of another's: the future lies in our own hands. It is our own thinkings and doings that come over to us as heredity, and it is we who will reap our own heredity hereafter from our sowings of now.

Nature is truly evolving a perfect race, but it is we ourselves who in life after life, in long pilgrimage, are being evolved to be hereafter that perfect race.

Cannot we assume that the laws which govern our lives now are the same laws which governed them in the past?— that when we find that any growth of character or function is only attained by experience and effort, we may reasonably assume that this applies also to such growth and power as we have already attained? Lacking self-control, we know that it cannot be attained without effort and pain, but that it *can* be attained by striving. With a tendency to passion, to self-indulgence, or what not, we know that we can overcome it by effort, and also that it can only be overcome by effort. In short, we know that we can grow and we know that experience and effort are essential to growth.

Are we unreasonable in asserting that this applies not only to growth to be made, but also that the position with which we start life

was governed by the same laws? That our characters, powers, abilities, our mental and moral stature, in short, is the outcome of effort and experience in the past? As we have passed up the ladder of Being, so by our acts and thoughts we have created the conditions which surround us at each stage; we have reaped what we have sown, we have sown what we reap.

The qualities, the abilities, the virtues, the weaknesses, mark not our endowment, but the place in life which we have reached, the road we have traveled. The conditions under which we, the nation, live, are the conditions which we, the nation, made for ourselves; the conditions under which we, as individuals, live, are the conditions which, in the main, we as individuals have made. They are the conditions which, while we are responsible for them, are also the means whereby Nature teaches us.

For Nature is not an outside force, and the cure for our misdeeds is the consequences of the misdeeds, and through the pain of the results of evil we are taught to avoid the evil, and not by any arbitrary punishment from outside.

And in regarding the conditions under which we live as being created by ourselves, we mean that by wrong living in the past we have put into operation the causes through and by which we shall learn the error. This is not to say that the slum-dweller has directly created the slum, or that the ruined victim has as terribly injured another, but rather that in each case, our action in the past is, through its effects now, the means whereby Nature remedies the wrong causes. Nor does this involve the assumption that we are always able to see or even to suggest the cause of suffering. Either we must start from the basis, as an axiom, that the Universe is built on justice, or the very talk of a philosophy is foolish. The only achievement of an ideal based on such a negation would of necessity be a success at the cost of some other life. Either there is justice in suffering: we are reaping our own sowing, or we are reaping where others sowed, and there is injustice. On that basis no edifice is to be built, no philosophy is to be founded. "God's in his Heaven, all's well with the world." Somehow, some way, whether we see the working or not, deep in our hearts is the knowledge, absolute, certain, that the Universe is not built on lower-lines ideals, on lower morality than that which we know to be the highest in ourselves; that an evolution which has produced a consciousness that justice is of divinity is not falsified by the very power that has evolved it.

Our social ideals are then built on that final basis, that what we reap, whether good or evil, is both the outcome of what we have sown and is at the same time the means taken by Nature to remedy the evil in us which caused it. Let us build our social edifice then well and strong, but if it is to stand it must be built in accordance with this final law of the Universe. To build however finely, while the causes which have brought us to the pass we are now in remain, is simply to build into it the germs of rot and destruction. The disease may show itself on another plane, or in another way, but it is there. For the conditions of life do little to produce vice or wrong, but rather the vice and wrong within us use the conditions.

But, further, the assertion of the underlying basis of justice involves the further step: the earning must have been done before we were born; this clearly cannot be the beginning, and death cannot be the end. And the diseases of humanity are deeply rooted in character, of slow growth, stretching over long periods and to be cured perhaps as slowly.

Our ideals are high and we look to the future not with hope but rather with certainty. We fight with the aid of forces leading upwards, seeing in even the most adverse conditions the ceaseless efforts of Nature to bind men together in a consciousness of a wide Brotherhood, seeing the effort of Nature to teach, and seeing men not as bodies, but as fellow-souls traveling along divers paths leading to the one goal. The goal may be far off, but whether near or far we can see on every hand the guiding of "that power which moves to righteousness," that power which works through all the Universe, transmuting the very wrongs men do to the purposes of the soul within, binding men closer and closer in the bonds of mutual need and dependency, urging them ever forward to the certain goal of a Universal Brotherhood.

AND the house when it was in building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.— I, *Kings*, vi, 7

This is the house of Man.

## GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

### PART III CHAPTER V — THE LION OF GOD



IT is a far cry to this from the Camel-Driver of Mecca, you will say; we might grant him, more or less, the names of Father of Science, Resuscitator of Civilization, or the like; but this secret glory of the Persian Gardens: this esotericism of the rose and the wine and the cypress: this Theosophy of Rukhnabad and Musalla — how shall you dare derive this from his arid and fiery preaching? *What had he to do with Kai-Kobad the Great and Kai-Khusru?* Persia is as avid of mysticism as India: that we grant you: but to connect it with Mohammed! To say that the Camel-Driver taught any esotericism; could have imagined an inner doctrine, or dreamed anything really mystical and spiritual in his life. . . .

But we are not concerned here with history “as she is wrote” by omniscient western pundits; omniscience is always a bore, especially when it deals in negations. To extract the human motives, the divine-human motives: to come at the human heart, godlike in its higher aspects: to hear the heart-beat of history, and trace the footsteps of the Gods: these are the things of importance: they must have the allegiance of the true historians-to-be. Who, indeed, must be prepared to venture boldly: using intuition and imagination; directed by a splendid faith at all times; tied down by no limitations of the brain-mind, nor hopped with quidnuncs and quiddities. Here they must dare lean all their weight on a mere tradition, having first tested it by standards of the soul: how far is it universal; how far interpretable by universal symbology? There, again, they must boldly reject whole volumes of apparent evidence; which is the most tricky thing in the world, and can be forged liberally or buried wholesale. Kipling tells how in India an inconvenient man may be accused of murder, and witnesses outwardly unimpeachable brought against him; a crime shall have been done with his own weapon; his own clothes shall be brought forward bloodstained; the corpse of a victim shall not be lacking, nor any circumstance certain to damn. And he shall be hanged in due course, being as guiltless of it as the Viceroy himself; for having offended some guild, or imperiled the secret pleasures of a potentate. History, so-called, is full of such jugglery.

Had Mohammed an esotericism? All enlightened Moslem opinion,

probably, would answer *yes*. Not a dervish in his *tekkeh*, says the East, but knows the immemorial method: there is one teaching for the crowd, and one for the pledged disciple. It is a matter of course: the way of all teachers; how then exclude the greatest of all Teachers? So the Moslem East, or the greater part of it. The Persian speculates on it, returns and returns to it, and builds continually new sects and religions in its name; the Turk, simpler-minded, consecrates his aspirations to kindly deeds, and leaves esotericism to the dervish; but takes it for granted none the less. Bring the question before Mr. Justice Brainmind; argue it out on the documentary evidence; bring the Koran itself into court (so you have no clue to its interpretation); call even the Prophet's companions to witness; and it is likely that the West, which denies, will get the verdict. For our part, we shall let the East testify, and leave it at that.

He never preached Theosophical doctrines at large, or laid public claim to the possession of them? — No; or they would have ceased to be esoteric: which means, they would have been perverted by the mob. And what of his recorded life: his actions, motives, character? — For these the public evidence is that of men with no criterion for the highest things. They saw him through their own eyes; interpreted man and teachings by narrow racial and epochal standards. They would have given him motives not incomprehensible to themselves, and made his actions tally with their ideas of fitness — which were none too lofty. Exoteric tradition does not paint him a mystic; it was gathered from men incapable of mystic vision. If there were any capable of seeing him better, they could not have proclaimed their knowledge abroad; as well talk to the winds, as to the early Moslems of mysticism. But such initiated disciples, if there were any, have left no written record? — No; since books perish or may be corrupted; but a tradition handed down under pledge, and revealed only to the pure of heart and understanding, endures. It is the grand business in life of generation after generation of the chosen, to see that it shall endure. And that has been my method throughout the ages, says the East; and I am not concerned who believes or disbelieves.

There was one of his disciples who knew the true Mohammed; perhaps there were two;\* but there was one certainly. This was Ali ibn Abu Taleb, called the Lion of God: a saintly young warrior

\* According to a widespread Persian belief, Salman the Persian was also initiated by Mohammed into his esoteric teachings.

in those days, whom at the very outset, Mohammed had called his Caliph, his successor, and commanded that all Moslems should be subject to him. He is the only one of them, be it noted, whom Dante makes share his Master's fate in hell:

*Dinanzi a me sen va piangendo Ali  
Fesso nel volto dal mento al ciuffetto.*

Ali, it is said, had a vision in the desert;\* the existence of flaming hierarchies was made known to him: Men, but more than men; men who had attained godhood; the secret Guides and Rulers of mankind. Full of wonder he returned to the city; a light on his face caused the Prophet to question him. It was some time before the beloved disciple could reveal, even to his Teacher, the marvels he had seen; it was for the latter to help him out, encourage him; and at last, having learned a little, to turn, and himself declare it all. But there must be a pledge: silence absolute as to this and whatever else may be made known.

And now Mohammed's cup of joy is full: there is one to whom he may give the secret teachings — one at last. He is no longer to bear alone the burden of that knowledge which heretofore none might share with him; which even the beloved maternal Khadija is to die without hearing from his lips. Ali's pledge was given, and the secret doctrine imparted. These hierarchies of which vision had been granted in the desert, were to be spoken of as the Brethren of Sincerity: use no other name for them than that. At their head is a being, al-Khidr: a man in that he rose by evolution from such humanity as our own; a god in wisdom, compassion and power. He dwelleth both in heaven and upon earth: has vision eternally into the Divine; yet constant vision and supervision of the affairs of men. He is visible and invisible at his pleasure; untrammelled by space and time; exists in all ages; incarnating for the sake of mankind from age to age: as Seth, as Enoch, as Elias of old; and in the ages to be, to come anew as the Mahdi. He is the pole of the spiritual world, *al-Kothb*, the Axis and center; whosoever pledges himself to the higher life, comes under His influence from afar, and is linked to Him by a long line of teachers and disciples. Under him are the Aulia, seventy and two intimate friends of God: holy men living in bodies on earth, but

\*For this account, see the *Manaqibu'l 'Arfin* (Acts of the Adepts), by Shamsu'd-Din Ahmad al-Aflaki, a Turkish mystic of the thirteenth century, and disciple of the great Jalaluddin Rumi.

having actual acquaintance with the Kothb. These are the custodians of the Secret Doctrine of the ages; among them one is pre-eminent, called the Kothb-es-Saman, or Axis of his age; he is the deputy among men for the supreme Kothb, called Kothb al-Aktab, the Axis of Axes.

Six other hierarchies there are besides under the rule of this Silent Watcher of evolution: the four Omud, who stand at the four corners of the world; the seven Akhyar, who travel the world forever; the forty Abdal in Syria; the seventy Nujaba in Egypt; the three hundred Nukaba in North Africa; and the Ashab-ed-Darak, the Watchmen or Overseers, whose number is not stated, and who are to be found everywhere, by those that have eyes to see them withal.\*

Here then was the grand opportunity for Mohammed. The Moslems must have learning; he had already impressed them with the necessity for that. He himself had none (of the outward kind) to give them; and what would it avail his giving them a teacher, who had nothing to teach of the inward? But here was golden-hearted Ali, a scholar as the world went, and now with that secret and divine learning also, whereby he *might* be able to lift the Movement up to spiritual heights. There were other scholars among the Moslems: Salman the Persian; Amru the brilliant poet, conqueror-to-be of Egypt; old brave Omar ibn al-Khattab himself was at least literate. But only Ali shall be a Teacher.

Accordingly we find a school opened at Medina, with the Lion of God installed therein to "lecture on various branches of knowledge": amongst them, we opine, certain secret branches, to be imparted only under pledge of secrecy, to such pupils whose lives and intelligence fit them to receive it. Oh there is no evidence for that last statement — not one jot — except the whole tradition of the esoteric schools, and the whole after-course of history, as we shall see. But this at least is orthodox, stable and acknowledged: Mohammed, busy enough with his housework, his public preaching and his duties as a temporal sovereign, did found a school and put Ali in charge of it: appointed Ali sole Teacher, under him, of the Moslems. And meanwhile, it was generally understood that Ali had also been appointed the Prophet's successor, spiritual and temporal. — Now that is where the Sacred

\* These hierarchies are thus given by Abu Bakr al-Kettani, a Sufi of Bagdad. To get any glimmer of the meaning of these esoteric teachings of Islam, which in fact are common to all religions and races, one must study H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*.

River plunges into its caverns measureless, to flow for a space beneath the hills. Drop the name of Ali into it, for a clue; then jump with me a century or so, to where, beyond the mountains, a full-fledged stream emerges and flows on through the plains. What is this that the waters bear forth from the heart of the hills? The name of Ali again: the clue that we threw in beyond there. And the waters are? —Theosophy; those esoteric doctrines which long afterwards were advanced by the descendants and followers of Ali: Reincarnation; the divinity in man; the existence of a secret school of Initiates, and their appearance as Teachers from age to age among men. But you shall see; you shall see!

Mohammed died, and it was found that he had appointed no successor. At least, there was no record of such an appointment forthcoming; if any had been made, it had been orally; and under those conditions, all sorts of things might have happened. Supposing the charge had been given to one who loved not the man appointed; supposing Ayesha had been commanded to name Ali as the Prophet's own nominee to the Caliphate? All the world, certainly, had always thought it had been Ali; it had gone as a thing understood during Mohammed's lifetime, and had passed currency in his own hearing. But now — there be questions; discussion: all the world is to have its intuition severely tested. It is not so sure, it seems, that the Teacher shall be Caliph; the spiritual leader, temporal chieftain also. There is to be an election: which introduces several elements not without peril, if all were known. There is a deal of discussion; pros and cons ventilated, and the relative merits of this one and that. Also it fans the innate democratic spirit of the Arabs; which had stood somewhat abashed in the presence of the Apostle of God. No one quite knows how the doubt may have arisen; yesterday there was but one man, and we made no question of him; today we strut, discuss, and, as electors, are of immense importance. There have been voices at it, and rumors running; no sound of evil is to be heard in them *as yet*. In particular there is one voice of influence most potent: that of Ayesha, a widow of Mohammed; whose ambitions now appear suddenly to bloom forth. Ali, it is said, is still young; and there are others, faithful as he, who are old men; let him bide his turn. We are a democratic people, you see; let pre-eminence go to old age, that all may come to in the way of nature, rather than to any divine right inherent in the soul. Elect Abu Bakr, and we elect our elder, which

is tolerable; but elect Ali, and we elect our better, which is not. Abu Bakr of course became Caliph: he was Ayesha's father. . . .

There is nothing to be said against him. He was a wise leader in all external policies; a merciful conqueror; a good, even a great, old man; when one considers everything. But he was not a Teacher, and never claimed to be. He reigned two years, and then Islam's opportunity came again. Is it to be Teacher, or merely monarch, now?

Ayesha's tongue is quietly busy again. She had obtained the election of her father; and he, *in extremis*, they say, had nominated Omar to succeed him. But the old, clear title of the Lion of God, named Caliph by Mohammed at the outset of his mission? No matter; there is Abu Bakr's choice; and the Lion of God shall be excluded once more, if that and intrigue can accomplish it. Look you: elect Ali, and the chances of Omar are gone forever; but elect Omar, and Ali, or who you please, may come to it yet. And who deserves better, or will do better for Islam, than grand old Omar ibn al-Khattab? It served, and Omar was elected; had exotericism been all, and no Teacher in Medina, the choice would have been supremely wise. A stern, simple, magnificent soul was this son of al-Khattab: one of the memorable figures of history: to be admired, and with more than a dash of affection, even after the lapse of these centuries.\* If you desire an organizer of victories; a great monarch, master of an empire that takes in new provinces monthly, preserving to the last what pomp or circumstance you should expect in hermit or peasant; then, assuredly, old Omar is your man. But no more than his predecessor was he a Teacher; though it seems he was not without recognition of the man that was. It was always Ali's interpretations that carried weight with him; and when the cares of empire called him abroad, it was always the Lion of God that reigned at Medina in his stead. Ten years he reigned, very gloriously; then fell to a Persian dagger; having made no mistake, one would say; done no unwise or unjust thing; save that one of letting Ali be passed by.

And now, O Islam, is your last chance; let not old age or seniority

\* Let us throw one more stone on the grave of that discredited yarn about his verdict on the Alexandrian Library, and the heating of the baths with the books thereof. No historian who lived within six centuries of the event had ever heard of it; the authorities for it are two only: one Abulfarraaj, a Christian, (and therefore prejudiced) who lived six hundred years after it was supposed to have happened; and one Ben Trovato, a rascal. It never would have obtained credence, but that it was an excellent stick to beat the paynim withal. The Alexandrian Library had been destroyed long before Omar's days—several times.

blind you to it! Rise to this opportunity now; since it is not yet too late; since even yet you are united, heart-whole, simple, grand in faith, uncorrupt. Choose you now at last the Lion of God, and the glory you shall attain will be beyond imagining: you shall not conquer merely, but weld together your conquests in an indissoluble civilization; you shall be the vehicle of a spiritual culture, and shed the sunlight of the heart, as well as the moonlight of the intellect, over the western world. Abu Bakr and Omar were well on in years; their deserts were great, their standing almost the highest: only one among the Moslems, short of the Prophet himself, had done more for the Faith than they; and he was young when you chose them, and still is no more than in his prime. But now choose you the Lion of God; temporize no longer; play no more with mighty destinies; elect the man who was appointed to be your Teacher in spiritual things.

But Ayesha was there, busy with her deadly ambitions, her plotting, her hatred of Ali; also a kind of habit had been formed by that time, and the majority were ready to follow her suggestions, whether knowing their source or not. They would not have the man they knew to be the right man; they would not have him *then*; they would put him off. He was certain of the throne, sooner or later; but meanwhile there was one more old man with great desert. They say that the commission did offer the Caliphate to Ali, indeed, but under conditions and restrictions: his own judgment was not to be exercised; he was to follow in all ways the example of his predecessors. We dare not take the higher paths; we will have Othman ibn Affan; we fear the Lion of God. . . .

Othman ibn Affan! Yes, he had great deserts; he had done well, when the Prophet was alive to guide him. It was he who had led the Mohajirin to Abyssinia at the time of the Little Flight; though even then not he, but Jaafar, Ali's brother, spoke up for Islam before the Negus. (If they had Neguses in Abyssinia in those days.) That had always been the trouble with Othman: he could not lead, but must be led always; hence under Mohammed he had done well, and under Abu Bakr and Omar also; and would under Ali. But to put him in the supreme position! . . . A timorous and pliable old man, much given to nepotism; and the worst is, of the family of Ommeya: a kinsman of Abu Sofian, Mohammed's old and bitter enemy; so that his nepotism put everything in the wrong hands. For two things his reign is notable: first, the compilation of the Koran, from fragments

written down on skins and sheep bones as Mohammed dictated them, or from the memory of those who may have heard passages recited; and second, for the decline of Islam. One wonders what the Koran might have been, had it been compiled under more auspicious circumstances; one distrusts Othman's capacities as editor. Mohammed had dismissed one amanuensis in his day for *falsifying the texts*. . .

As for the decline of Islam in this reign: Othman was, in fact, while Caliph, the mere pliant tool of the Ommeyyads, who had but come into the Faith at all when there was no longer a chance of wrecking it from outside. His incompetent rule fostered faction, which runs naturally in Ishmaelite blood, and had but been curbed and modified by Mohammed. Muawiyah, the Caliph's cousin, by Omar's appointment governor of Syria, was now under weak Othman making a satrapy for himself in the north; and right and left, but mostly with this Muawiyah, ambitions, schemings and corruption had come into being. Whence it came that, by the time a fourth Caliph was to be elected, it was too late to save Islam. As a church and body politic, it had lost its chance of the higher things. Unity had gone: Othman himself died assassinated by Moslem rebels. One mast of Mohammed's ship, that he built to carry light down the ages, had gone by the board: the Brotherhood of Islam.

Muawiyah from Damascus proclaimed himself Caliph; at Medina they elected Ali at last, shocked into it by this ominous happening in the north. But it was too late. Muawiyah had smashed the old simplicity already, and now by his secession, smashed the unity. By tricks, manoeuvres of the most subtle, he was able to maintain his position. He was aided thereto by this: the Moslems of Arabia, who had for the most part given the first two Caliphs such loyal and simple trust, withheld it now from Ali, the man who needed it most. There was a factor in him that they did not understand; there was something new and puzzling in him: the esoteric wisdom: they feared the Lion of God. Rising to do battle for him, they were mainly concerned to fight for their own old supremacy: for the Hedjaz against Syria, rather than for the Teacher against the upstart. They remembered their dear democracy too; they were all for the caucus, the discussion and the vote; and nothing at all for the lofty obedience that wins and saves. There was a conference, to which they sent a fool to represent them and Ali; and the fool was jockeyed by Muawiyah into acquiescence with his designs. Then there rose a sect of three to end the

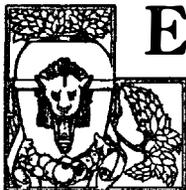
discord by assassinations; Ali, Muawiyah and Amru were to be slain; Islamiyeh was to be a brotherhood leaderless, a solar system with no sun. Amru and Muawiyah escaped; but the knife found the heart of the Lion of God while he was preaching in the mosque at Cufa, and the one hope for exoteric Islam was gone.

Mohammed, then, only partially succeeded; he failed to make an organization which should be the channel for the waters of life. Had he ever hoped so high? Probably; since it is the mark and sign of the immemorial Dynasty of Compassion, gaily to dare the unattainable, attempting all lofty impossibilities without hesitation or fear. At least there had been the ghost of a chance: with Ali and the school at Medina for its symbols. A small candle flame of hope, when you think of the race and age: which flickered more and more as time went on, and it became apparent that all the world was to be Caliph in turn, before the turn came for the one true Caliph. And when it did come, he went to it reluctantly; as knowing that little could be done.

But flicker as the flame might, it could not quite be extinguished so long as the Lion of God might be alive to teach one disciple; or so long as one disciple of him might be alive and true to his vows. The spiritual successorship would never be in doubt; depending not on the will of the Moslems, but on inward laws of which they knew less than nothing. Let who might occupy the throne: only a Teacher could succeed to a Teacher; and the school at Medina in reality weighed more than the sovereign Caliphate at Medina or Damascus. Abu Bakr and Omar had both, in a sense, recognized Ali's position; accepting his interpretations always in all spiritual matters; it was not until Othman's time, that there was definite opposition by the Caliph, to the Teacher. So the latter was excluded from participation in the editing and revision of the Koran; a work which Mohammed had always intended to take in hand; and which, had it been undertaken in the reigns of his first two successors, would surely have been entrusted to Ali. Othman's election sealed the fate of Islam: Ali and his school could hardly hope to do more than keep alive a spark, to be fanned into flame, perhaps, in some more fortunate age.

But Ali died at Cufa; Husain, his son and supposed successor, at Kerbela massacre; Medina was sacked soon after by the Ommeyyads, and the school destroyed with the town. Who could say now that there was any flame, any liveness of spark, even any least warmth, left? We hear nothing of the Inner Islam for nearly a century.

## WHAT ABOUT EDUCATION?: by H. Travers, M. A.



**E**DUCA'TION is recognized to be among the most vital problems of the day — perhaps the most vital of all; and since Theosophy goes to the very root of the problems of human life, education necessarily forms an important feature of the Theosophical program. The preliminary work done by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, included the outlining of an ideal of education; but as circumstances in her time were not ripe for carrying this ideal into effect, it has remained for the present Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Katherine Tingley, to accomplish this. This was achieved in the formation of the first Râja-Yoga school, at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, in 1900. During the sixteen years that have elapsed since then, this school, together with others in other places — and, in fact, the Râja-Yoga system of education in general — has attracted world-wide attention as a living and visible example of what can be accomplished by the application of Theosophical principles to education, when this is done under the able supervision of a Leader like Katherine Tingley, and with the assistance of earnest workers.

### H. P. BLAVATSKY'S TEACHINGS

H. P. Blavatsky's views on the subject may be found in Chapter XIII of *The Key to Theosophy*. There she admits the advantages brought to slum children by the brighter and more orderly aspect of the schoolroom in contrast with their homes. She willingly concedes to contemporary educational methods all the good they accomplish, but condemns the system as a whole for its defects and the wrong principles which underlie so much of it. "What," she asks, "is the real object of modern education?"

Is it to cultivate and develop the mind in the right direction; to teach the disinherited and hapless people to carry with fortitude the burden of life allotted to them by Karma; to strengthen their will; to inculcate in them the love of one's neighbor and the feeling of mutual interdependence and brotherhood; and thus to train and form the character for practical life? Not a bit of it. And yet these are undeniably the objects of all true education. No one denies it; all your educationalists admit it, and talk very big indeed on the subject.

And then she criticises the actual practices and results, in terms which, since her day, have been echoed until now they are common-places. Every man, she says, has driven into him from the outset the spirit of rivalry —

till it is impossible to eradicate from his mind the idea that "self," the lower, personal, animal self, is the end-all and be-all of life. Here you get the great source of all the after-misery, crime, and heartless selfishness.

A little later she is found speaking against the process of cramming with Greek and Latin, dates and tables; a theme which at the present moment is being so much harped upon that, in our subsequent remarks, we have thought it well to present the other side of the question. It should be noted, too, that she does not condemn the teaching of these subjects, but only the tendency to teach them mechanically and to ignore other features of mental education. But it is also possible to overdo the so-called practical or vocational teaching in the same way. Finally she makes the following notable remarks:

We would found schools which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties, and latent capacities. We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating *free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, unselfish. And we believe that much if not all of this could be obtained by proper and truly theosophical education.

#### THE SCOPE OF EDUCATION

Education in its broader sense lasts throughout life, beginning as soon as the child is able to imbibe any impressions from those around him, and continuing until the time when man ceases to learn anything new. Theosophists will find themselves in accord with creditable and influential public opinion in assigning to the early years of childhood the predominant place of importance in the whole educational career. Indeed, so important is this period that there is reasonable ground for relegating the question of later education, important though this also is, to a secondary place. Education begins in the home — nay, in the very cradle; nor can parents and guardians escape responsibility in this respect, since the child, endowed as he is with an active and inquisitive human mind, will inevitably learn *something* from those about him, whether good or bad. Without at all denying the facts of heredity or the importance of considering this question, we may yet express the conviction that a very large part of the child's character and temperament, which is usually referred to heredity, was in fact

molded in those very early years of his life; a conviction which, if true, leads to the conclusion that we have much greater control over the subsequent character of our children than we had supposed.

Education, as carried out under Theosophy, may rightly be said to apply to people of all ages; for everyone who accepts the principles of Theosophy with a conviction that leads to action, enters thereby at once upon a course of training; his education commences anew. Also, the education of the young implies the education of the adults who are to be teachers or parents, as well as the education of all who, by forming part of the human environment, are destined to exert various indirect influences on the child. But it is the education of the young that is our immediate object of interest.

Education can be defined, sufficiently for our purpose, as the fitting of a person for the life he has to lead. Using the favorite analogy of man with lower animate kingdoms, it may be pointed out that, low down in the scale of organic types, we find the offspring is produced fully formed, and the processes of infancy and education are non-existent; while, as we ascend to more complex forms, we find progeny born more and more incomplete, with a longer period of immaturity, and more dependent upon the assistance of the parents. I may read in a magazine that somebody has discovered that children should be left to Nature and not interfered with; but the next minute I may go outside my door and see a bird cramming food down the throat of a huge and able-bodied offspring, or a couple of parent linnets teaching their young one how to fly. Thus I infer that even "Nature" herself recognizes the importance of parental duties in education; and that, when we pass, by a discrete degree, from the animal kingdom altogether, to so high a being as man, endowed with a self-conscious mind, the importance of parental education will be correspondingly and enormously increased. The bird has only to know how to feed himself, and a few other small matters, part of which are taught by the parent and part are derived from internal knowledge. His "object in life" is strictly limited, from our point of view. But a man is something more than a body with an equipment of desires and needs; his object in life will be very different. For a man is primarily a self-conscious soul, and only incidentally a body. His object in life will include in a paramount degree the requirements of that self-conscious soul; and this therefore must constitute an essential feature of his education.

## THE OBJECT IN LIFE

Faulty and fallacious conceptions of the object of life are of course responsible for the present state of the world, including the present state of education. We find ourselves embroiled in the greatest war on record, faced with prospects of internal strife when it is over, waging a losing battle between medical science and vital decay, floundering in a sea of doubt and impotence as regards the sanctions of conduct, whether religious or scientific; and in other ways in need of light and help as to that essential problem, the problem of how to live. Education is recognized as the crucial point of application for reformative influences; but yet education constitutes one of our sorest puzzles. And this mainly because we have not formulated to ourselves any adequate conception of the object of life. It is mostly a case of drifting or chancing it blindly.

There are some, it is true, who, seeing the need for more definite ideas, have sought to achieve definiteness by contraction, pruning off from the curriculum all things which (as they say) "have not made good"; but a problem cannot be solved by ignoring it, and, rather than discard essentials because we have blundered in teaching them, we should discover the means of teaching them in the right way.

We cannot build society on an education concerned only with achieving the means of making oneself comfortable and pushing one's way amid the strife and competition; our present condition proves this. Education must include conduct; and not merely include it but make it the first requisite. Yet conduct is built on faith, and in faith each generation brings us nearer to bankruptcy. In days when profound religious convictions ruled men's minds, there was a basis for conduct; but nowadays the predominant attitude is agnostic, sceptical, indifferent. It has to be admitted that, in this age of many philosophies, sciences and creeds, we have no philosophy of life; and that a policy of drifting shares the field with a surging crowd of speculations and theories.

It will be asked: what purpose in life does Theosophy uphold as forming the true basis of education? And while it would carry us to unprofitable lengths to attempt to define comprehensively the object of human life, we can define it quite definitely and sufficiently for all practical purposes. The world is out of tune; to do what is possible to bring it into harmony is sufficient object in life to last for a long time yet, and it is enough for the present. And in this single object

our individual and social duties meet; because the best way to promote harmony in our environment is to achieve it in ourselves, and we can achieve it in ourselves on condition only that we are impersonally working for its achievement in society.

Such is our definition of the object in life which forms the basis of education. But if this does not suffice, we can give another as supplementary to it. Let us say that the object of education is to produce men and women. To bring out the contrast, let it be supposed that somebody else says the object of education is to produce business men, or electrical engineers, or barbers. Is your son to be an engineer, or is he to be first a man and second an engineer? If you try to make him an engineer, you may fail to make him a man; but if you try to make him a man, you may be able to make an engineer of the man. The aim of Theosophy is to make men and women first, and afterwards these men and women can be made into anything that seems necessary.

And how are men and women to be made? The baby has to learn to stand before he can walk. A man must be able to stand up straight and firm. That means that he must be self-poised, strong at the center, supple at the extremities. It is this central strength that has been neglected.

#### SELF-GOVERNANCE

Subordination of personal desires is essential to the happiness both of individuals and of the society which they compose. This is a maxim of ancient wisdom. Indulgence and asceticism are two wrong extremes; we have instincts and attractions which are necessary and conducive to welfare, but only in so far as they are kept in their due place and proportion. Man has a higher nature as well as a lower; and we cannot make laws for the lower and neglect the higher. Just as we feed and clothe our children and protect them from disease, so we must protect and fortify their higher nature; otherwise we fail in a duty, and we and they are victims of the neglect. Now let us ask: to what extent is the subordination of the lower nature to the higher made a feature of education, whether early and parental or later and scholastic? The answer can only be that this most vital matter is left to go sliding, or even frustrated. We find parents encouraging the selfish propensities of their children, without reflecting that the indulgence of the lower nature is an outrage upon the higher nature. There must be many adults who can look back on their child-

hood and see that many times their better nature was thwarted in its efforts to express itself — thwarted by this mistaken policy of over-indulgence. They were taught, perhaps, to think of the self first, when all the while their healthy childish nature would have welcomed a chance to think of others first, but was too weak to assert itself against the influence of those in charge. And now, in later life, when they find what the real law of life is, their instincts are the wrong way.

Discipline is everywhere essential, and discipline means obedience to a superior law, recognized alike by teacher and pupil, parent and child. Self-discipline is the subordination of the lower nature to the higher. Though the knowledge of this truth is with the child, yet the child needs tuition, just as the bird needs the help of its parents. We recognize and apply this principle of tuition in many other matters, such as learning to walk or behave at table. We do not leave that to nature, or the child would grow up a cripple and a pig. Then why leave the teaching of self-control to Nature? Why neglect our duty in this most important respect?

Theosophy therefore teaches self-control, balance, poise, strength. And this teaching is based on the principle that the higher self is the true master of the life. The doctrine of the duality of human nature is at the base of the whole structure. The duality of human nature is a *fact*, and the child is taught to recognize it. All educators must admit that the teaching of facts in nature is a very praiseworthy proceeding; and conversely that it is very culpable to let a child grow up in ignorance of important facts about his own nature. It is easy to demonstrate to a child, by illustration from the daily events of life, that selfishness, pride, temper, sloth, deceit, etc., are intrusive forces which produce discord and misery; that thoughtfulness for others, orderliness, industry, honor, etc. produce harmony and happiness; and that the higher nature can be invoked as a power to dispel the invasions of the lower forces. And much more easy when children are brought up together.

Thus Theosophical education involves a very high ideal of parental duty and responsibility — or, let us say, of parental love. No one will dispute that love, to be worthy of the name, implies the willingness to make personal sacrifices, and that a truly loving parent will make such sacrifices if the good of the child demands it. This is merely a subordination of a weak fondness to a strong love. The

abandonment of careless easy-going ways of dealing with one's children, and the substitution of conscientious care and unremitting attention, will of course involve a certain amount of such personal sacrifice, which will be gladly made.

#### DUTY AS AN IDEAL IN LIFE

For yet another definition of the ideal of life lying at the base of education, we might consider the word "duty." In contrast with this are found such words as "pleasure" and "profit." Duty is too often regarded as something unpleasant which is done under stress; but the highest minds have regarded duty as a fundamental and irresolvable element of human nature — as a moral obligation having the force and authority of a natural law, being, in short, the law of man's higher nature. If a man's desires are destined to lead him into trouble, how shall he escape? The answer, "By duty" will find support in the wise words of many a Teacher of all lands and all times. We are (perforce) content to accept the laws of Nature and to regulate our lives in accordance therewith. A child must not get its feet wet or eat poisonous herbs. It is no use arguing or quarreling with the facts of Nature, for, whatever theory we may hold, the facts are there just the same. And is not the higher nature of man subject to laws? Duty, then, is fulfilling the laws of the higher nature; and a man does right because right is the law of his higher nature, which he ignores at his peril. Would it not make a great difference to education if people were brought up more in the idea of duty, instead of so much in the idea of advantage?

#### THE CURRICULUM

It would seem as though the attempts to reform education by merely altering the curriculum are as ineffectual as the attempt to cure a plant by pruning and watering when the root is diseased. Most of the ill effects attributed to the curriculum are due to wrong education in early years, and the same faults would reproduce themselves under any curriculum. On the other hand, given a proper start, such as Râja-Yoga education affords, the question of the curriculum would be found an easy one to settle. The proposal to cut out all subjects except such as seem to certain critics to be of "practical" importance, is one naturally contemplated with dismay by those better qualified to understand the real meaning of scholastic education. Those who take a broad humanistic view can scarcely be content to picture life as divided into two parts, the first of which is to be

spent in learning a few things with which to occupy the other part. If that were so, we might well ask, why teach anything at all, since we shall all die? On this narrow view of life is based the objections brought against ancient languages, literature, and other subjects of the curriculum; for it is said they will be forgotten and never used again when the child grows up. But so are the child's feeding-bottle and rocking-horse forgotten and never used again: yet that is surely no reason why he should not be allowed to use those devices. The simple fact is that a child has a mind, and the mind requires information and exercise, just like any other faculty. It has therefore been recognized in all times that there is an important branch of education which consists in culture of the mind and imagination and aesthetic appreciations, and which has no direct bearing upon the prospective avocation of the pupil. Will a Theosophist be considered extravagant for holding that even a man who is to be an engineer or a barber will be a better engineer or barber, if, in addition to his special technical knowledge, he has a cultivated mind? However this may be, it is certain that he will be a better man. And he cannot spend quite the whole of his time being an engineer or a barber; betweenwhiles he will have to be a mere man; and in those times he may be either a dummy or a cultivated person. In fact it will hardly do to cut out of the curriculum all the subjects that go to enrich the mind, enabling a man to live in his thoughts, to enjoy the wisdom of all ages, and to be a companionable member of society. It will not do to forbid people to cultivate their minds. Unless the idea is to suppress the mind altogether as an excrescence not needed in this practical matter-of-fact age, we must cultivate it, if only to prevent its running to weeds. And to do that, we must have a branch of education devoted to abstract and general subjects.

Some authorities are saying that we should stop teaching grammar because it has been found (they say) that the teaching of grammar has not prevented people from being ungrammatical. Presumably the belief is that people will be more grammatical if formal grammar is not taught. We take leave to question this conclusion; we believe that the reason why people are ungrammatical is because they have not been taught properly, and that the cure is to teach them better.

But it would take too much time to go through the list of subjects which, because they have been wrongly taught, are now to be

petulantly cast aside — so these reformers propose. They seem to have forgotten the relation of the abstract to the concrete, the general to the special, the theoretic to the applied. The grammar of a particular language is one thing; grammar in general is another thing, and can only be learned by a comparison of languages. The theory of music is one thing, and the technical ability to play a cornet is another. To teach the child to use his eyes and hands is very praiseworthy, but he has other faculties besides these. It would be of no use to turn a blind man loose amid the visible beauties of nature; and if we are to neglect the culture of the inner aesthetic senses, the child will not learn much by being turned out to grass in a nature-study class. Whatever we do, we can hardly by this means give him greater opportunity for admiring a sunset than has a cow in a field. But enough of this; one might go on endlessly on this line. It is enough to say that a Theosophist (surely in common with many others) does not see why a man should not be an engineer and a poet and a student and a good many other desirable things at one and the same time.

#### REINCARNATION AND EDUCATION

A Theosophist cannot speak on such a subject without taking into account Reincarnation. Now it is a fact that, though many people do not recognize Reincarnation intellectually, they nevertheless act as if they did. They do not behave as they might be expected to do if they really believed death were the end of all earthly life. Old men will often go on learning and studying to the day of their death. Scarcely anybody is concerned about death, though it may occur any moment and must occur before long. Why is this? We say it is because the people realize inwardly that the fact of death has no particular bearing upon their duties, and that death is in fact merely an incident in the life of the soul. The principle is similar to that implied in the aphorism, "Live thy life well today, and leave tomorrow in the hands of God." It is a familiar maxim of philosophy that we should not focus our attention too much on prospective ends. This is defined as "acting with desire." Rather should we perform actions with faithfulness and zeal, trusting that, when so performed, the sequel will be felicitous. The principle can be born in mind in connection with education. By fixing our mind too closely on prospective ends, we may narrow endeavor so as to exclude much of high importance.

**“LET THERE BE LIGHT! ”: by R. Machell**



THE night was passing and the dawn was in the sky; innumerable songs broke out among the branches, and the silence melted into sound, even as the darkness gradually withdrew within the sanctuary, behind the gleaming curtain of illusion that man calls reality.

A little while ago the darkness and the silence were realities; now they were scarcely a memory. Day had resumed control of Life and re-established the illusion of unbroken continuity, by means of which she makes mankind believe that life consists of physical activity. And yet, when day is elsewhere occupied and night holds sway, the silence and the darkness are more real than anything: and the illusion of their continuity would be unbearable but for the power to sleep and pass in dreams beyond the limitation of the material world into the fairyland of phantasy, escaping the illusion of the night by grasping the delusion of a dream.

How often as a child I wondered where the darkness went to when the gas was lit. Before the gas came into general use the problem did not assert itself, for the old illumination was sufficient only to accentuate the fact of darkness by the contrast of a small luminous area with the surrounding gloom, which sometimes thus became more terrible to my childish mind. When the sun rose there was no opportunity to ponder on such problems, the morning bath and breakfast were more immediately interesting; but when the gas was lit and suddenly the gloom and mystery were changed to light, I felt the disappearance of the darkness as a loss of something actual, and I wondered: “Where does the darkness go to when the gas is lit?”

Since then the question has come up continually in various forms; and now it comes again: “How will the war end?” coupled with the same half-formulated faith in the enduring and unchangeable reality of the conditions that fill the world with gloom and horror.

As a child I feared the darkness, not because of my ignorance, but in large measure because of false knowledge imparted by superstitious nursery-maids, who tried to terrorize the children into silence and docility. Age and experience and Theosophy have banished fear and made night beautiful. The ceaseless alternation from night to day, from light to darkness, from silence to sound, is a different continuity from the terrible sense of endlessness that made the darkness so appalling to the childish mind.

When I hear speculations as to the manner of the ending of war I

seem to hear the wise ones echoing the childish questioning upon the disappearance of the darkness.

● One thing we all know is that when the Light comes the Darkness ceases. If then the Darkness is a terror, let us end it by bringing in the Light.

Ah, but you say the night of Kali-Yuga is so long, we cannot hope to see the sun before the hour of dawn, and that is far away. What do we know of Kali-Yuga and of its duration? what do we know of how far Kali-Yuga is the product of the mind of Man? What do we know of the supremacy of Soul, and of the mystery of Time (the great Deluder)?

“Time,” says H. P. Blavatsky, “is the illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we pass through eternal duration.” We are told by some men that war is inevitable, being but the natural outcome of human nature; and we are left with the suggestion that human nature is unchangeable.

This illusion we accept in face of our own experience to the contrary, just as the child accepts the endlessness of night, even with the eager anticipation of dawn, for human beings are unreasonable. When they trust to reason they are lost; absolute logic is insanity, for Man is compounded of many elements of which reason is but one: useful and necessary but not alone infallible; beyond the mind there is the Soul; beyond reason there is intuition. Mightier than force physical is force spiritual, and Man is the master of Time when he is master of himself.

The Light of the world is in the Soul of man, and man can make it shine. Then there is no more darkness, for darkness made luminous is but a form of light.

When the light comes the phantoms disappear and all things change to that which they have never ceased to be. So when the Soul of man awakes, again the Light of Brotherhood will shine in human hearts, because the Soul is universal. Then the illusions of the night will simply lose their hold on human minds and war will appear as a stupidity incredible, a perversion unendurable, a superstition that has lost its charm. Then will the energies of Man return to fields of nobler effort and to loftier aims. Civilization then will show herself as a beneficent mother; and all men, realizing the divinity of that Great Soul of Man from which all souls, like torches, take their fire, will know the law of universal brotherhood, which is Eternal Peace.

Such is the message of Theosophy, and such the mission of Theosophists. There is darkness in the world. "Let the Light shine!" There is ignorance and superstition and insanity. (Katherine Tingley has said, "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age.")

Theosophy is sanity. He who would bring peace to the world must wake the fire of Brotherhood in human hearts: that is the light which shall dispel the darkness. Theosophy is universal Brotherhood. Let that Light shine in our own hearts, and from that central fire the hearts of millions will receive the spark that shall once more kindle the ancient altar-fires of Brotherhood; and in that light the nations will forget the darkness of the past and be at peace.

### THE OPTIMIST: by Percy Leonard



THE optimist may be defined as one who sees beneath the turmoil and the stress of human life a wise, beneficent, controlling power, so that despite the crude resistance of material things and the discordant clash of individual plans, a happy issue is foreseen at the great cosmic drama's close. There is of course a spurious optimism which is the product of a sense of physical well-being, rather than the result of a calm inquiry into the grounds of hope. Such optimism only lasts as long as its disposing cause and vanishes at the first onset of adversity.

No one can be persuaded into optimistic views; for they are not so much opinions molded by the force of argument as the result of soul-perception of realities behind the veil. They follow as the harvest and reward of faithful effort to assist the powers that make for good.

The optimist is not a man who shuts his eyes to every unpropitious sign, and blindly prophesies success to every undertaking. A doctor may abandon hope for any particular one of his patients while having an unbounded general confidence in Nature's healing power, and in the virtue of his drugs and treatment to assist the cure. His optimism is securely based on wide and varied observation; but he would never prophesy unvarying success in every case.

For the cultivation of a healthy optimism however, something more is needed besides a study of the world of effects, that crude, external shell of the grand universe where we can only trace the faint uncertain outlines of the Reality that lies within. We need to dwell as citizens in that enduring empire of ideas of which Plato wrote so well.

Ideas are creative powers; invisible themselves they exercise controlling sway in human life and dominate events. Impalpable as is the soft and yielding air, and yet possessed of a resistless might like that same air when sweeping as a hurricane around the world. Unrecognized they compass us about on every side; but only those who clarify their minds from clouding passions and persist in their attempts to penetrate the formless world of cause, can ever hope to know them.

In view of the shallow inversion of modern thought, which regards the visible scene as the great Reality and the world of ideas as a pale reflection existing only in the mind of the beholder, it may be well to emphasize the Theosophical view, which is precisely opposite. Ideas live forever in the cosmic mind, and form the solid basis which supports the world, supplying whatsoever of reality it has. Ideas still survive through the long slumber of the gods while the great Night of Brahma endures, and when the newly forming worlds and their inhabitants awake at the new Dawn, they re-emerge from their retreat and guide the vast assembly of created things to still more splendid summits of achievement.

When first we sense the unreality of this coarse outer husk we call material life and turn our minds toward the world which lies within, we seem to face a vast vacuity. Our foothold in the so-called world of actuality has failed, and like a bird whose nest the tempest scatters through the stormy night, we fly before the wind seeking a shelter all in vain. And yet by patient search and persevering will we may at last break our triumphant way into the regions of abiding calm and bask in the clear sunshine where ideas have their home. The program of Humanity is blazoned on the Universal Plan in characters of gold, and he who reads the cipher can afford to wait; for optimism is his sustenance, his atmosphere and his enduring home. The pessimist is like a man who walks with downcast eyes and sees the dying relics of the summer fields, the scattered leaves, the trampled stubble, and the dying stalks of flowers. He never lifts his gaze to the bright sun on high whose quenchless beams have power to call to life again the fleeting forms of beauty passed away.

All objects known by sense-report are in their nature unsubstantial transitory things; but the abiding verities they faintly body forth shine with unfading splendor just beyond the veil. To win the right of entry to that inner realm is to become an optimist, to revel in immortal youth and drink unhindered at the fountain of eternal joy.

## THE GREAT WORK: by R. Machell



**T**HE people were very poor and there was lack of food, also many were sick and there was none to give them help. But when Abdul heard of the suffering of the people he left his cave in the mountains, in which he lived the peaceful life of a holy man, and came down to the burning heat of the plains, where the people tried to cultivate fields that would have been very fertile if the rains had not failed for two successive years.

He had no money to buy provisions for the starving or medicines for the sick, but he understood the nature of herbs, the value of sympathy, and practical nursing. So he set about visiting the sick and giving the people advice as to the proper care of themselves and their children. Then he visited the richer houses and begged help for the poor.

There was something very sweet and lovable in the old man's manner, so that none could refuse him what he asked. In this way he was able to provide simple meals for the most needy. But his demands became so frequent that the rich people got together and decided that it was not well to keep this good work all in their own hands; they thought it would be only fair to others more wealthy than they to give them a chance to share the blessings of this holy man, as well as the satisfaction of taking part in such an admirable form of benevolence. So they organized themselves, and sent out the most persuasive talkers in the neighborhood to visit all the wealthy men they could reach, soliciting alms in the name of the good Abdul, the benefactor of the poor.

This good work prospered so well that Abdul no longer had need to call upon his neighbors for assistance, but was able to leave the supply of the necessary provisions to be managed by others, whom he selected and organized, instructing each one in his duties. Thus he was able to give more time to the direct care of the sick, who increased in numbers continually, because, though many were cured, more came in from a distance every day, attracted by the fame of this wonderful man, whose cures soon became miraculous. That is to say, the cures he accomplished were quite natural, but the accounts of them were not only miraculous, they were really at times fabulous. For, "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the speech of a full heart must not be measured grudgingly.

The people's hearts were full of gratitude, and the fame of their

benefactor was proportionate, not only to the fullness of their hearts, but also to the repletion of their stomachs, which had been long acquainted with the pangs of emptiness.

Many visitors came to see the place, which had become quite famous in a short while; for the extent of the benevolent work was constantly increasing; so that men marveled how it could be carried on with no wealthy patron to support the penniless hermit. Most of these visitors were so affected by the charm of the good man that they voluntarily left gifts when they went away, and talked of what they had seen to all who would listen.

One day came a very learned man, who was said by some to be a very holy man, and by others was reputed to be a master of occult art; they called it magic, he called it science.

He was courteously received and escorted over the whole establishment, which was now quite a community. He marveled at the extent of the work, and before leaving he asked permission to speak with the good Abdul himself. This was easily arranged, for Abdul was so busy that he could always leave the work he was engaged on to attend to a more immediate or pressing call; he regarded all duties as equal in merit, though of different degree of urgency. No one was able to understand how it was that he would decide suddenly to leave some apparently urgent duty in order to attend to some equally apparent trivial matter. These things he would not explain, nor would he give reasons for refusing to see important visitors at one time, and for dropping his work to go and spend an hour talking to a visitor of no apparent consequence at another. So on this occasion he left the care of a sick man to go and receive this visitor, who was not the kind of person that usually got much attention from the friend of the poor.

Abdul fixed his calm deep eyes on the mage, and took his measure inwardly as well as outwardly: he sighed as he did so, but courteously listened, gravely smiling, to the eloquent compliments of the man of science. What struck the visitor most was the great cost of such a work and the great weight of responsibility that a man without a large fortune or the support of wealthy men must feel in carrying on so extensive an undertaking.

“But,” he said, “if you had some assured source of supply, that you could count on, how much more free you would be to attend to the spiritual needs of all those who look to you for enlightenment and guidance in the performance of virtue.”

Abdul had tried to make him understand that he did not worry about money or supplies. He said that if he did his work with all his heart, there was one who would take care of the supplies. But to this speech there seemed no answer, for the simple reason that it was already answered, so the good man smiled and gently shrugged his shoulders. He was content, he said. But the visitor would not have it so.

“See,” said he, “I will show you a great wonder that I have learned by years of labor and research and by the aid of a master, to whom I gave twenty years of my life in service as a price for his instruction. Now I will give this secret to you, because I have never seen a man more worthy to possess it, and you will be as wealthy as you choose to be.”

He drew back and waited for his hearer's expressions of astonishment or gratitude; but none came. On the contrary his host seemed a little weary and shrugged his shoulders almost pathetically. But the mage was now full of his own importance and of the noble and generous act he was about to perform. He had never done a really generous act in his life, and the experience was quite intoxicating; so he did not notice that his host was looking at the lengthening shadows of the mountains.

He drew a large pipe from his pouch and put a small quantity of tobacco in it, lit it, and blew it up quickly; then he filled up the bowl of the pipe with sand, repeating some verses to himself as he put in the sand with a peculiar gesture. Then he took three deep breaths and exhaled slowly, breathing on the bowl of the pipe. Taking the mouthpiece then between his lips he drew steadily; then he blew the smoke back, forcing it up through the sand; and repeated this operation three times: after which he laid the palm of his hand upon the open bowl, closed his eyes a moment, muttering again to himself, and, reopening his eyes, he emptied the contents of the pipe upon a flat stone that lay near. The sand had become a lump of pure gold.

Triumphantly he held up the prize and offered it to Abdul, who took it calmly smiling, courteous as ever, but not particularly interested in this performance. Still he spoke some compliment upon the science of his visitor, and thanked him for the exhibition of his art.

The mage was somewhat disappointed, but thought that Abdul had not quite realized that this marvelous secret was to be his as a free gift, so he said: “Now I will explain the method, which I doubt

not you will be able to master with considerably less labor than is usual, for I will give you those secrets that a master usually withholds from a pupil even though he has been paid a great fee for his instructions."

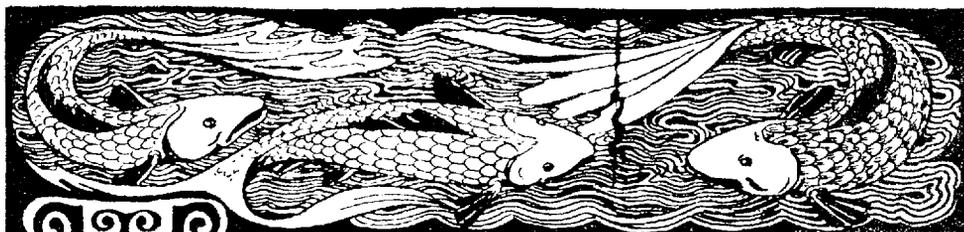
"My friend," said Abdul, "my time is too precious for me to spend it in this way. The ignorant are always waiting for instruction in matters of real moment; the sick are constantly in need of ministrations, and I am but one man; how can I leave these duties to spend my time in such a manner, now that I have assumed this responsibility? And furthermore I ask you, how should I face my Master if I were to doubt his power to fulfil his word to me given when he sent me to this work. If I do my part he will do his. The time passes; but you must take some refreshment before you leave my house. Would you like a peach, or some grapes, or some other fresh fruit? the air is hot and dry."

The heat was indeed oppressive, and the mention of grapes and peaches seemed a mockery in such a place, where a few figs were all that could be expected, and dried ones to boot. But the man of science was feeling subdued and humbled. It seemed that his host had become more imposing, more commanding, though still kind and courteous. So he said quite meekly, "I thank you for your courtesy. I am more than content with the honor you have done me. I beg you therefore to let me drink a cup of water, that I may say I have partaken of the hospitality of a holy man."

"Nay, nay, you shall have grapes," said Abdul smiling, and with that he put up his hand in front of his guest and took from the air a bunch of grapes that were more beautiful than the finest the mage had ever seen. Setting them on a platter he offered them to his guest, who was too much amazed to speak. Gradually it dawned upon him that he was rebuked by one who was greater than he.

He bowed himself humbly before the master, who repeated a verse from an ancient scripture, as he stood in the poor hut that was his home. "To live to benefit mankind is the first step; to practise the six glorious virtues is the second."

## RED-PEACH-BLOSSOM INLET: by Hankin Maggs



WANG TAO-CHEN loved the ancients; that was why he was a fisherman. Modernity you might call irremediable; it was best left alone. But far out in the middle lake, when the distances were all a blue haze, and the world a sapphorean vacuity, one might breathe the atmosphere of ancient peace, and give oneself to the pursuit of immortality. By study of the Classics, by rest of the senses, and by cultivating a mood of universal benevolence, Wang Tao-chen proposed to become, first a Superior Man, then a Sennin, an Adept, immortal.

He had put away the desire for an official career. If, thought he, one could see a way, by taking office, to reform the administration, the case would be different. One would pass one's examinations, accept a prefecture, climb the ladder of official promotion, and put one's learning and character to use. One would establish peace, of course; and presently, perhaps even reweld into one the many kingdoms into which the ancient empire of the Hans had split. But unfortunately, in those days there were but two roads to success: force and fraud. And paradoxically, they always led to failure; for as soon as you had cheated or thumped your way into office, you were marked as the prey of all other cheaters and thumpers; and had but to wait a year or two for the most expert of them to have you out, handed over to the Board of Punishments, and belike shortened of stature by a head. The disadvantages of such a career outweighed its temptations; and Wang Tao-chen had long since decided that it was not for him.

So he refrained from politics altogether, and transplanted his ambitions into more secret fields. Inactive, he would do well by his age; unstriving, he would attain possession of the Tao. He would be peaceful in a world disposed to violence; honest where all were cheats; serene and unambitious in an age of fussy ambition. Let the spoils of office go to inferior men; for him the blue calmness of the lake, the blue emptiness above: the place that his soul should reflect and rival; the untroubled, noiseless place that reflected heaven. Where, too, one might go through the day unreminded that that unintelligent Li Kuang-ming, one's neighbor, had already obtained his

prefecture, and was making a good thing of it; or that Fan Kao-sheng, the flashy and ostentatious, had won his *chin shih* degree, and was spoken well of by the undiscerning on all sides. Let *him* examine either of them in the Classics. . . .

Certainly there was no better occupation for the meditative than fishing. One suffered no interruption — except when the fish bit. He tolerated this for a year or two; and brought a good catch home to his wife of an evening, until such time as he had shaken off — as it seemed to him — earthly ambitions and desires. Then, when he could hear of Li's and Fan's successes with equanimity, and his



own mind had grown one-pointed towards wisdom, he turned from books to pure contemplation, and became impatient even of the attentions of the fish. He would emulate the sages of old; in this respect it was a very simple matter. One had but to bend one's hook straight before casting it, and every finned and scaled creature in Lake Tao-ting might wait its turn to nibble, yet shake down none of the fruits of serenity from his mind. It worked excellently.

You may ask: What would his wife say? — he, fortunately, had little need to consider that. He was lucky, he reflected, in the possession of such a spouse as Pu-hsi; who, though she might not tread with him his elected path, yet stood sentry at the nether end of it, so to say, without complaint or fuss. A meek little woman, lazy as to habits of mind, yet withal capable domestically, she gave him no trouble in the world; and received in return unthinking confidence and complete dependence in all material things: — as you might say, a magnanimous marital affection. His home in the fishing village

was a thing not to be done without, certainly; nor yet much to be dwelt upon in the mind, by one who sought immortality. No doubt Pu-hsi felt for him the great love and reverence which was a husband's due, and would not presume to question his actions.

True, she had once, shortly after their marriage, mildly urged him to take his examinations and thus follow the course of nature; but a little argument had silenced her. He would let it dawn on her in her own time that there would be no more fish, either to cook or to sell. Having realized the fact she would, of course, dutifully exert herself the more to make things go as they should. There would be neither disturbance nor inconvenience, at home.

Which things happened. But one night she examined his tackle, and discovered the unbent hook; and meditated over it for months. Then a great desire for fish came upon her; and she rose up while he slept, and bent the hook back to its proper shape with care, and baited it; and went to sleep again hoping for the best.

Wang Tao-chen never noticed it; perhaps because, as he was gathering up his tackle to set out, a neighbor came to the door, and borrowed a net from him, promising to return it that same evening. It was an interruption which Wang resented inwardly, and the resentment made him careless, I suppose. He was far out on the lake, and had thrown his line, before composure came back to him; and it had hardly come when there was a bite to frighten it away again, and such a bite as might not be ignored. Away went the fish, and Wang Tao-chen after it; speeding over the water so swiftly that he had no thought even to drop the rod. Away and away, breathless, until noon; then suddenly the boat stopped and the line hung loose. He drew it in, and found the baited hook at the end of it untouched; and fell to pondering on the meaning of it. . . .

He had come into a region unknown to him, lovelier than any he had visited before. He had left the middle lake far behind, and was in the shadow of lofty hills. The water, all rippleless, mirrored the beauty of the mountains; and inshore, here reeds greener than jade, here hibiscus and oleander splendid with bloom. High up amid the pines a little blue-tiled temple glowed in the magical air. Above the bluff yonder, over whose steep sheer face little pinetrees hung jutting half-way between earth and heaven, delicate feathers of cloud, whiter than whiteness, floated in a sky bluer than blue. From the woods on the hillsides came the sound of bird-song, strangely and

magically sweet; Wang Tao-chen, listening, felt a quickening of the life within him: the rising of a calm, sacred quality of life, as if he had breathed airs laden with immortality from the Garden of Siwang-mu in the West. Shore and water seemed bathed in a light more vivid and tranquil than any that shone in familiar regions.

Quickening influences in the place stirred him to curiosity, to action; and he took his oar, and began to row. He passed round the bluff, and into the bay beyond; and as he went, felt himself drawing nearer to the heart of beauty and holiness. A high, pine-clad island stood in the mouth of the bay; so that, unless close inshore, you might easily pass it undiscovered. Within, the whole being of him rose up into poetry and peace. The very air he breathed was keenness of delight and exaltation. The pines on the high hills on either side, blushed into deep and exquisite green. Blue, long-tailed birds like jewels flitted among the trees, and out from the tree-tops over the bay; the waters, clear as a diamond, glassed the wizardry of the hills and the pines, and the sweet sky with its drifting delicacy of cloudlets; glassed, too, the wonder of the lower slopes and the valley bottom: an innumerable multitude of peach-trees, red-blossomed, and now all lovely like soft clouds of sunset with bloom.

He rowed shoreward, and on under the shadow of the peach-trees, and came to a narrow inlet, that seemed the road for him into bliss and the secret places of wonder. Here the petals fell about him in a beautiful roseate rain; even in the middle of the stream, looking upward, one could see but inches and glimpses of blueness. He went on, until a winding of the inlet brought him into the open valley: to a thinning of the trees, a house beside the water, then another and another: into the midst of a scattered village, and among a mild, august and kindly people, unlike, in fashions of dress and speech, any whom he had seen — any, he would have said, that had lived in China these many hundred years. . . . They had an air of radiant placidity, passionless joy and benevolence, lofty and calm thought. They appeared to have expected his coming: greeted him augustly, but with affability; showed him a house in which, they said, he might live as long as he chose. They had no news, he found, of the doings in Wei or Ch'in, and were not interested; they were without politics entirely; wars nor rumors of wars disturbed them. Here he would abide forever, thought Wang; such things were not to be found elsewhere. In this peace he would grow wise; would blossom, naturally

as a flower, but into immortality. They let fall, while talking to him, sentences strangely illuminating, but strangely tantalizing too, as it seemed to him; one felt stupendous wisdom concealed: saw a gleam of it, as it were a corner trailing away: and missed the satisfaction of its wholeness. This in itself was supreme incitement; in time one would learn and penetrate all. Of course he would remain with them, forever; he would supply them with fish in gratitude for their hospitality. . . . Falling asleep that night, he knew that none of his days had been flawless until that one — until the latter part of it, at least.

The bloom fell from the trees; the young fruit formed, and slowly ripened in a sunlight more caressing than any in the world of men. With their ripening, the air of the valley became more wonderful, more quickening and inspiring daily. When the first dark blush appeared on the yellow peaches, Wang Tao-chen walked on air, breathed joy, was as one who has heard tidings glorious and not to be expected. Transcendent thoughts had been rising in his mind continually since first he came into the valley: now, they were as luminous dragons sailing among the stars by night: liquid, gleaming, light-shedding, beautiful. By his door grew a tree whose writhing branches were glassed on the water in a great bowl of purple glazed porcelain in which golden carp swam; as he came out one morning, he saw the first of the ripe peaches drop shining from its bough, and fall into the water, diffusing the sweetness of its flavor as scent on the diamond light of the young day. Silently worshiping Heaven, he picked up the floating peach, and raised it to his mouth. As he did so he heard the tread of ox-hoofs on the road above; it would be his neighbor So-and-so, who rode his ox down to drink at the inlet at that time each morning. (Strange that he should have learned none of the names of the villagers; that he should never even have thought of them as bearing names before.) As the taste of the peach fell on his palate, he looked up, and saw the ox-rider. It was Lao-tzŭ the Master. . . who had passed out of the world of mortals seven hundred years before. . . .

Forthwith and thenceforward the place was all new to him, and a thousand times more wonderful. The cottages were lovely pagodas of jade and porcelain, the sunlight reflected from their glaze of transparent azure and vermilion, of luminous yellow and cream and green. Through the shining skies of noon or of evening you might often see dragons floating: golden and gleaming dragons; dragons that shed

a violet luminance from their wings; dragons whose hue was the essence from which the blue heaven drew its blueness, and whose passing was like the passing of a shooting star. . . . As for his neighbors, he knew them now for the



Great Ones of old time: the men who were made one with the Tao, who had eaten the Peaches of Immortality. There were the founders of dynasties vanished millennia since: Men-Dragons and Divine Rulers: the Heaven-Kings and the Earth-Kings and the Man-Kings: all the figures that emerge in dim radiance out of the golden haze on the horizon of Chinese pre-history, and shine there quaintly wonderful. Their bodies emitted a heavenly light; the tones of their voices were exquisite music; for their amusement they would harden snow into silver, or change the nature of the cinnabar until it became yellow gold. And sometimes they would rein the flying dragon, and visit the Fortunate Islands of the Eastern Sea; and sometimes they would mount up-

on the hoary crane, and soaring through the empyrean come into the Enchanted Garden of Siwangmu in the West, whence birds of azure plumage fly over the world unseen, and their singing is the love, the peace, and the immortal thoughts of mankind. Visibly those wonder-birds flew through the valley, and lighted down there, and were fed with celestial food by the villagers; that their beneficent power might be increased when they went forth among men.

Seven years Wang Tao-chen dwelt there, enjoying the divine companionship of the Sages, hearing the divine philosophy from their lips; until his brain became clarified to the clear brightness of the diamond, and his perceptions serenely overspread the past, the present

and the future, and his thoughts, even the most commonplace of them, were more luminously lovely than the inspirations of the supreme poets of the after ages. Then one morning, while he was fishing, his boat drifted out into the bay, and beyond the island into the open lake.

And he fell to comparing his life in the valley, with his life as it might be in the outer world. Among mortals, he considered, with the knowledge he had won, he would be as a shepherd among his sheep; he might reach any pinnacle of power; he might reunite the empire, and inaugurate an age more glorious than that of Han. . . . But here, among these Mighty and Wise Ones, he would always be. . . Well, was it not true that they must look down upon him? He remembered Pu-hsi, the forgotten during all these years; and thought how astounded she would be; how she would worship him more than ever, returning, so changed, after so long an absence. It would be nothing to row across, and see; and return the next day—or when the world bored him. He landed at the familiar quay in the evening, and went up with his catch to his house.

But Pu-hsi showed no surprise at seeing him, nor any rapturous satisfaction until she saw the fish. It was a cold shock to him, but he hid his feelings. "How hast thou employed thyself during my absence?" said he. An unusual question; which she answered—guiltily, if he had noticed it—"Sir, the day has been as other days." "The day?" he said—"the seven years?" She was still more embarrassed. But here the neighbor came to the door, to return the net he had borrowed in the morning, and to impart an item of news-gossip. "I hear," said he, "that Ping Yang and Po Lo-hsien are setting forth for the capital tomorrow, to take their examination." "They should have passed—" began Wang Tao-chien, and stopped himself, leaving the "seven years ago" unsaid. Here were mysteries; he was piqued that the fisherman, no more than Pu-hsi, showed a disposition to render homage to his greatness, or surprise at his return. And had he not lent the net on the morning of his setting out? He made cautious inquiries as to events of this year and last year; and the answers set his head spinning. Had he dreamed the whole seven years then, and dreamed them in a day? By all the glory of which they were compact; by the immortal energy he felt in his spirit and veins, no! He would prove their truth to himself; and he would prove himself to the world! He too, would go up and take the examination.

He did, and left all competitors to marvel: passed so brilliantly that all Ch'in was talking of it; and returned to find that his wife had fled with a lover. Well, she should repent; she should learn what great one she had deserted. Without delay he took examination after examination; and before the year was out was hailed everywhere as the most brilliant of rising stars. Promotion followed promotion, till the Son of Heaven called him to be Prime Minister. At every success he laughed to himself; who now could doubt that he had lived in the valley with the Immortals? His fame spread through all the Chinas; he was courted by the emissaries of powerful kings. Yet nothing would content him; he must prove his grand memory still further; so he went feeding his ambition with greater and greater triumphs. Heading the army, he drove back Wei across the Hoangho, and imposed his will on the west and north. The time was almost at hand, men said, when the Blackhaired People should be one again, under the founder of a new and most mighty dynasty.

And still he was dissatisfied: he found no companionship in his greatness; no one whom he loved or trusted, none to give him love or trust. His emperor was but a puppet in his hands, down to whose level he must painfully diminish his inward stature; his wife — the emperor's daughter — flattered and feared, and withal despised him. The whole world sang his praises and plotted against him busily; he discovered the plots, punished the plotters, and filled the world with his splendid activities. And all the while a voice was crying in his heart: *In Red-Peach-Blossom Inlet Valley you had peace, companionship, joy.*

Twenty years passed, and his star was still in the ascendant; it was whispered that he was certainly no common mortal, but a genie, or a Sennin, possessor of the Tao. For he grew no older as the years went by, but still had the semblance of young manhood, as on the day he returned from the Valley. And now the Son of Heaven was dying, and there was no heir to the throne but a sickly and vicious boy; and all the Chinas had but one expectation: that the great Wang Tao-chen should assume the Yellow.

It was night, and he sat in his library, waiting events; homesickness weighing down his soul. There the great court functionaries found him; they came bearing the Yellow Robe, and brought with them the ambassadors of all the states. Let him proclaim himself emperor; the dynasty had clearly exhausted the mandate of heaven,

and the people everywhere were crying out for reunion under him, for an end of dissensions, and the revival of the ancient glories of Han. He knew that not one of them spoke from his heart, nor voiced his own desire; but had come as deeming it politic to anticipate the inevitable. He saw no one among them to whom he could speak the thoughts of his mind, no one who had the greatness to understand. He saw polite enmity and fear under their bland expressions, and heard it beneath their courtly phrases of flattery. To be Son of Heaven — among such courtiers as these!

But in Red-Peach-Blossom Inlet Valley one might talk daily with 'Tao the Master and with Such-an-One;\* with the Duke of Chow and with Muh Wang; with the Royal Lady of the West; with Yao, Shun and Yu themselves, those stainless Sovereigns of the Golden Age; with Fu-hsi the Man-Dragon Emperor, and his Seven Dragon Ministers; with the Monarchs of the Three August Periods of the world-dawn: the Heaven-Kings and the Earth-Kings and the Man-Kings. . .

Tears rose in the heart of Wang Tao-chen as he went through the courtly forms of dismissing the emissaries. He would give them their answer in the morning; tonight must be devoted to consulting the Gods. As soon as they had gone he did off his robes of state, and donned his old fisherman's costume, and fled out of the palace and from the capital, and set his face westward towards the shores of Lake 'Tao-ting. He would get a boat, and put off on the lake, and come to Red-Peach-Blossom Inlet Valley again; and he would dwell there in bliss forever, humbly glad to be the least of that divine companionship. The least? Yes, although he had won a name for himself now, and a great place in history; the Immortals would not wholly look down upon him now. And he knew that his life there would be forever; he knew that he had eaten of the Peaches of Immortality, and could not die. . . .

He came to his native village, where no one knew him now; and bought a boat and fishing-tackle with the last of the money he had brought with him. He put off from the little quay in the early morning, and followed the course he had taken so many years before. In due time he came to the further shore, and to one bluff after another that he thought he recognized; but rounding it, found no island, no bay, no grove of red-blossomed peaches. The place must be farther on . . . and farther on. . . . Sometimes there would be an island, but

\* Confucius

not *the* island; sometimes a bay, but not *the* bay; sometimes an island and a bay that would pass, and even peachtrees; but there was no inlet running in beneath the trees, with quiet waters lovely with a rain of petals—least of all a red rain. Then he remembered the great fish that had drawn him into that sacred vicinity; and threw his line, fixing his hopes on that. . . fixing his desperate hopes on that. . .



All of which happened sixteen hundred years ago. Yet still sometimes, they say, the fishermen on Lake Taoting, in the shadowy hours of the evening, or when night has overtaken them far out on the waters, will hear a whisper near at hand: a whisper out of vacuity, from no boat visible: a breathless, despairing whisper: *It was here — surely it was here. — No, no, it must have been yonder!* And sometimes it is given to some few of them to see an old, crazy boat mouldering away — one would say the mere ghost of a boat dead ages since, but still by some magic floating; and in it a man dressed in the rags of an ancient costume, on whose still young face is to be seen unearthly longing and immortal sadness, and an unutterable despair that persists in hoping. His line is thrown; he goes swiftly by, straining terrible eyes on the water, and whispering always: *It was here . . . surely it was here. . . . No, no, it was yonder . . . it was yonder. . . .*

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## PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples.—*From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

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### STUDIES IN EVOLUTION: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

#### III — THE EVOLUTION OF MAN



IN this third lecture of the series it will be helpful if I begin by outlining its plan. The literature of this subject is of course very voluminous, and its full treatment would involve an enormous elaboration of details and side-issues that would weary both you and me without at all accomplishing our present purpose — which is rather that of information than of argument. It will be more to the purpose, therefore, to put forward briefly and clearly the salient points as regards modern ideas on the one hand and the ancient teachings on the other.

It is necessary for modern scientific evolutionists, in order to establish their theory, to demonstrate that humanity has undergone a progressive development from cruder types in the earlier times up to finer types in the later. This, which we also teach, has not yet however been by any means fully established. The crucial point of disagreement between the scientific view and the one taken here lies in the difference in the way of interpreting the natural facts which we know. Science admits no methods implying conscious self-direction. We do. This is the main difference.

Professor Darrow, in one of his archaeological lectures, drew our attention to the fact that the so-called Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages do not represent stages in the history of the world, but stages in the histories of various races; so that we may have races living in the Stone Age contemporaneously with other races living in the Iron Age — a state of affairs which indeed actually exists today, and which must surely have existed in the same way in past ages. All of which goes to illustrate the point that the history of humanity has always been a succession of waves, each wave including both an ebb and a flow; and that the different ages succeed each other over and over again. According to the ancient teachings, Man was already a rela-

tively complete being when he first appeared in physical form on this earth, in this Round; not, however, prior to this. At first sight this statement might seem to imply the doctrine of special creation; but indeed we do not say that there was a special creation for man in the old theological sense. On this point we find H. P. Blavatsky saying:

Man is certainly *no* special creation, and he is the product of Nature's gradual perfective work, like any other living unit on this Earth. But this is only with regard to the human tabernacle. That which lives and thinks in man and survives that frame, the masterpiece of evolution, is the "Eternal Pilgrim."

— *The Secret Doctrine*; II, 728

In these statements we find the truth. The meaning is that, while man's body is the crown of evolution, the immortal spark in him was never so evolved, but is a spark or flame from the eternal divine intelligence. And furthermore — mark this carefully — while teaching that the body of man is evolved, the teacher is careful to add that it was not evolved precisely according to the method imagined by scientific theorists. The teaching, then, is that there was a certain epoch when there existed on earth a relatively perfected form, ready for the accommodation of the inner (or real) man, but not yet informed with that spark or flame of divine intelligence. This flame of high intelligence was in due course of ages communicated to that so-called "mindless" man, and this resulted in Man such as we now know him.

We will next take a few typical quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, as texts on which to base subsequent remarks.

From the beginning of the Round, all in Nature tends to become Man. All the impulses of the dual, centripetal and centrifugal Force are directed towards one point — MAN.— H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*; II, 170

Archaic Science allows the human physical frame to have passed through every form, from the lowest to the very highest, its present one, or from the simple to the complex. . . . But it claims that in this cycle (the fourth), the frame having already existed among the types and models of nature from the preceding Rounds, it was quite ready for man from the beginning of *this Round*. (*Ibid.* II, 660)

Owing to the very type of his development man *cannot descend* from either an ape or an ancestor common to both, but shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. And this type is the "Heavenly Man"—the Dhyân-Chohans, or the *Pitris*, so-called. . . .

On the other hand, the pithecoïds, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee, *can*, and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do* descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race (*Ibid.* II, 683)

It is of the greatest importance that the divine nature of Man should be emphasized in every possible way, because upon our recognition of our higher nature depends our power to carry out the ideal of human progress which we so ardently desire. It is regrettable, therefore, that our science should be making such efforts to stamp upon the world's mind the picture of an animalized humanity — for this is the effect of the doctrines, whatever the motive may be. The *tendency* of these doctrines is to represent man as an improved animal, and to palliate or justify those weaknesses which he owes to his unredeemed animal propensities. The force of suggestion is great, as all advertisers know; and the effect of pictures and statues of bestial monsters, labeled as the ancestors of Man, is to stamp upon our imagination the animal side of our nature. On the contrary, what we most need is to have our mind constantly impressed with pictures of Man's higher nature, such as might be imparted if, instead of these emblems of animality, we were offered pictures of all that has been great, sublime and beautiful in human life.

The syllogism that, because evolution is true, therefore the theories of contemporary evolutionists are true, is one which, despite its obvious fallaciousness, is largely accepted, in fact if not in word; but the time will surely not be long ere it will seem like a nightmare of our early struggles toward ratiocination. It is interesting to imagine what would happen if science did actually succeed in showing an unbroken line of physical heredity between man and some form in the animal kingdom; what would it profit us? We would still remain as much as ever in the dark as to the nature of the power which had effected this wonderful evolution, or, in other words, as to the origin of the human mind; in short, the whole question would really have been begged, for, in order to demonstrate their theory of the evolution of the human mind, the theorists would have been obliged to assume the existence of that mind at the outset. For is it not clear that they have gotten the matter wrong-end-up, and are seeking to derive mind from matter instead of matter from mind? And what is matter? All we can find out as to its ulterior nature is that it consists of an innumerable multitude of living points or centers of creative energy, endowed with a force that is apparently inherent, and acting under laws that

end in perfect results. In short, we find in matter the manifestation of will and intelligence, and are forced to admit, unless we are to forsake all logic and sense, that mind stands behind matter. A reasonable theory of evolution, therefore, assumes mind as the primal fact, and then proceeds to study the evolution of the successive organisms that are developed out of matter by the working therein of mind.

We have seen, in considering evolution in general (see articles I and II of this series), that the process is necessarily dual, because, while the form or organism *evolves*, there must also be a conscious soul *involving*.

Reverting to the old allegory, we may speak of the universal Spirit fecundating the primordial Matter and causing therein to grow all the various orders of animate life, including those called inorganic. It is the Universal Spirit which, as Monads, informs every animate form, from the smallest atom of mineral upwards, and is the energetic and the plastic form behind all evolution. The Monad performs successive cycles of evolution, passing for long ages through the mineral kingdom and perfecting the forms therein, and afterwards evolving the higher kingdoms. But Man (the inner being) does not form a link in this chain; for the ancient teachings state that Nature unaided is not able to produce Man, but can only evolve a perfected animal organism for the future Man to inhabit or use.

Physical nature, when left to herself in the creation of animal and man, is shown to have failed. She can produce the first two and the lower animal kingdoms, but when it comes to the turn of man, spiritual, independent and intelligent power are required for his creation, besides the "coats of skin" and the "Breath of animal Life."— *The Secret Doctrine*; II, 56

The modern evolutionists, therefore, have made their theory too narrow, as is likely to be the case in the early stages of speculation. The plan of evolution is far ampler and more diversified. We have to consider in the main three distinct lines of evolution — that of the spiritual monad, the mental evolution, and the organic evolution — all of which go on independently at the same time, and whose combined result is Man, the perfect expression of the Divine Mind. Nature furnishes the perfected organism, and, as the organisms thus evolved grow more and more complex in character, they are fitted to manifest more and more of the latent powers of the monad. In the lowest forms — the mere atoms and unicellular organisms — the monad has most of its powers locked up, dormant, in potency, so that

the consciousness of these organisms is in a very elementary stage, being nothing like what we know as consciousness, and sufficing but to direct the simple lives of these lowly creatures. In the vegetable and animal kingdoms, the monad unfolds more of its powers, until we reach the summit of possibilities in that direction in the highest animal types.

But there is no way by which the consciousness of the animal can become the self-consciousness of the Man, or the fixity of the animal mind turn into the infinite expansiveness and creativeness of the human mind. The special human faculty is an incarnation from elsewhere. It is a primordial power, passed on from one cycle to another, and the teaching is that the men of our cycle received it from the perfected mankind of an earlier cycle. A study of history will convince the thoughtful mind that this is really the way in which man gains his knowledge; for those races which progress receive their impetus from other races, while there are many races on the earth which are not progressing but are on the downgrade. They possess no inherent power to evolve, so they decline. This shows that races pass through cycles similar to those through which individuals pass — youth, maturity and decline; and that the young races receive knowledge from their predecessors, as a son from his father, while the old races can no longer learn anything new. It is evident that the degenerate human bones dug up are those of declining races and do not form links in a chain of ascending evolution; and on the other hand it is admitted that some of the exhumed remains show skull capacities and other features indicative of high culture.

It may truly be said that the evidence is not of such a kind as can by the utmost forcing be made to support the case, and that it all points to the opposite conclusion. Man (the inner being) was already a finished product when he first appeared physically on this earth *in this Round*. (See second quotation at the head of this article. It continues: "The Monad had but to step into the astral body of the progenitors, in order that the work of physical solidification should begin around the shadowy prototype.")

Here, by the way, is a point which science has not considered — the evolution of matter from finer and more fluidic states to grosser and more rigid states. Was matter always the same, or has it too undergone an evolution? It exists even now in non-physical states in interstellar space, many believe; and this may have been the case on this

globe in past ages. Science regards animal bodies as having always been physical; but why so? This is at least an assumption. Man, and the animals also, were "astral" before they were physical; or, in other words, their bodies were of a kind of matter less gross than physical matter.

Science speaks of stone-ages, as though these represented definite stages in the upward evolution of man; yet admits that some races now on earth are in their stone-age. But *these* races will never evolve into metal ages, for they are, as said, on the downgrade. Similarly, the bygone stone-ages were simply times when certain peoples in certain spots lived that kind of life; as when a race of such people overspread Britain and dwelt there a while. But this does not mean that there were not highly civilized races living elsewhere at the same time; and all the facts which archaeology brings forth point to the fact that civilization and high culture are of the greatest possible antiquity. The following quotation, from a book review in the *London Times* (Oct. 14, 1915) is appropriate:

Not ethics alone, but any kind of progress and development, seems to depend on powers outside the visible world of nature and natural law. Out of any chain of natural causation it will always remain impossible to get, at the end, more of power, of virtue, more of anything in quality or quantity, than one has put in at the beginning.

No juggling with principles of association or heredity can ever lift self-interest and the lust for pleasure into love, self-sacrifice and duty, as these motives are felt and obeyed, not merely by heroes and martyrs, but by countless men and women of healthy moral instincts. Somehow, in some mysterious way, the tides of a life beyond our life come welling into the world, transforming and guiding its activities.

The attempt to represent moral principles as a canny adjustment of conflicting self-interests is one of the most deplorable symptoms of materialism in science. Those whose virtues are of this kind must have very shoddy virtues, and have much to learn. A *real* man of science, regarding no branch of culture as alien to his province, has enough knowledge of the world to be aware that a mere social compact is the most unstable and explosive of all possible compounds; as also that such a compact spells tyranny, since lusts are held in place by force.

The analogies in structure between Man and the animals, especially the higher mammals, show that Nature works on a uniform plan. "The economy of Nature does not sanction the co-existence of sev-

eral utterly opposed 'ground-plans' of organic evolution on one planet." (*The Secret Doctrine*; II, 683) As regards some of the apes, we read:

The pithecooids . . . *can* and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do* descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal—whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality— which lived in the Miocene age. The ancestry of this semi-human monster is explained in the Stanzas as originating in the sin of the "mindless" races of the middle Third-Race period. (*Ibid.*)

De Quatrefages says: "It is rather the apes that can claim descent from Man than *vice versa*." The young ape degenerates as it grows, which, in accordance with a principle recognized by science, indicates that its race is also degenerate. Man on the contrary develops as he grows older, his brain growing larger and his intelligence greater. We have no reason to be proud of the ape, whom so many scientists recognize as a cousin, while some even hail him as a sire.

We now direct attention to the following quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*:

When it is borne in mind that all forms which now people the earth are so many variations on *basic types* originally thrown off by the MAN of the Third and Fourth Round, such an evolutionist argument as that insisting on the "unity of structural plan" characterizing all vertebrates, loses its edge. The basic types referred to were very few in number in comparison with the multitude of organisms to which they ultimately gave rise; but a general unity of type has nevertheless been preserved throughout the ages. . . . Similarly with the important question of the "rudimentary" organs discovered by anatomists in the human organism. . . . The human type is the repertory of all organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true "Evolution" or "unfolding." (II, 683)

"So far as the present *Fourth Round* terrestrial period is concerned, the mammalian fauna are alone to be regarded as traceable to prototypes shed by Man. The amphibia, birds, reptiles, fishes, etc., are the resultants of the Third Round. . . ." (II, 684)

This states the doctrine that man precedes the mammals, and, in another sense, all the animals. Yet there is of course no suggestion that man physically propagated them. Analogy will help us to understand here. Man's dead body furnishes material for the soil and the plants that grow therein. What then of the other remnants which man leaves when he dies? Science recognizes the principle of the "conservation of energy," in accordance with which a quantity of

energy whose manifestation in one form is checked reappears in another form; as when an arrested blow produces heat. The psychic nature of man is a vast fund of energy; and at death its ordinary manifestations are abruptly suppressed, especially in a sudden death. What becomes of this energy? No longer held together in a human form, it must become dissipated, and the psychic nature of man is resolved into simpler components. Besides this, the astral model of the human body must undergo a similar disintegration. Thus would be provided materials for the manufacture of animals in Nature's workshop. Instead of regarding man as sprung from the tiger, the pig or the monkey, we are asked to regard these beings as the manifestation of certain human qualities that have lost their coherence. If man's desire to eat were to become disassociated from the rest of the man, it might well go to the making-up of a mouse; and his destructive energy, no longer balanced by other forces, would find fit expression in the tiger. The activities of the spider and the magpie are especially suggestive of human propensity. The parrot, who, without the usual apparatus of speech, has somehow acquired the power of speech, must be a puzzle for evolutionists; but, considering the proclivities of humankind, the only wonder is that there are so few parrots. Enough people have died to stock a large planet with them. It seems likely that the persistent belief in metempsychosis has a connection with this teaching; though it would be as untrue to say that a human soul *incarnated* into an animal as that a man incarnates in the worm that is bred of his mortal corruption.

Our next point is the evolution of matter: how much attention has science paid to this? We find people *assuming* that the constitution of matter, and the laws affecting it, have been the same since the beginning; but this is only an assumption, and an unlikely one. If everything evolves, would not matter itself also evolve? When we pass from one chemical element to another, as in that marvelous chain of transformations recently discovered in connection with radioactivity, we do so by way of a subtler form of matter which underlies all the grosser forms, like a thread running through beads. One element does not directly breed the next; but it first changes into this subtler form, and the next element in the series emerges again from the subtler matter. This may serve as an illustration of the method of evolution. The causative changes take place, not in the physical, but in the astral nature of the animal or plant.

The mammalia, whose first traces are discovered in the marsupials of the Triassic rocks of the Secondary period, were evolved from *purely* astral progenitors contemporary with the Second Race [of mankind]. They are thus *post-Human*, and consequently it is easy to account for the general resemblance between their embryonic stages and those of Man, who necessarily embraces in himself and epitomizes in his development the features of the group he originated. This explanation disposes of a portion of the Darwinist brief. (*Ibid.* II, 684)

This refers to the fact that organisms, including that of Man, were astral before they were physical; or, if preferred, consisted of a kind of matter having different properties from physical matter, being more plastic and less rigid. Thus the evolution of matter itself is provided for — a point that has been strangely overlooked by science.

Biology, in its anxiety to dispense with extraneous agencies (such as a deific power), postulates that all the potency of evolution is contained *within* the germ. But this only leaves us more awed and bewildered than ever in face of the tremendous powers thus attributed to the said germ; and the attempt to derive human intelligence from chemical affinity is indeed a nightmare of the scientific imagination. If we could watch a house being built, without being able to see the builders or anything but the bricks, we should be in much the same position as modern biology. If theologically inclined, we should probably postulate a deity as the unseen architect, and leave the matter there. If we felt ourselves constrained to dismiss deity from our conjectures, we should have to consider the bricks as (1) moved by some invisible external force of nature, or (2) actuated by their own internal energy — as automata, in fact. This latter view is the biological one; the cells or the nuclei or the nucleoli or the molecules — some unit or other — are the bricks; and these bricks, in their ceaseless effort to find the most comfortable positions, gradually assume the form, first of a wall, then of a hovel, and finally of a Chamber of Commerce.

It is all very well for biology to assume so much; it may justifiably shelve these questions and leave them to other people; but to assert that there is no such ultra-world at all to be studied is sheer dogmatism. It is not a *practical* attitude of mind, such as should distinguish science. The only way to gain knowledge is to study our own nature interiorly, otherwise we can never get beyond the veil of the bodily senses and the fancies of the imagination. But it is not necessary that every individual person should be left entirely unaided to

pursue the quest anew for himself, without availing himself of the work of others before him. And so we have the Teachers and their teachings for a help. So long as we can trust our own judgment, we need not fear being misled by these teachings, since they are not offered as dogmas to be believed. Nor, so long as a teaching helps and informs us, is it absolutely necessary to know its source; rather should we infer the competence of its source from the serviceability of the teaching itself.

Biology has been described by H. P. Blavatsky as one of the magicians of the future, destined to reveal many things. This shows that Theosophy is not opposed to biology, but only to dogmatism in biology, as in everything else. A study of biology shows that an old man may preserve and bring back any memory of his life, although every cell and atom in his body has changed many times; and hence that memory does not inhere in the physical matter of the body. Likewise, moles and scars continue throughout life unaltered, notwithstanding continual and utter changes in the physical particles. From this we infer the existence of an inner body — at least *one* such, though the evidence points not less to the existence of more than one — and it becomes the province of biology to study this inner substratum and its relation to the outer. It is, as it were, the mother of the body: the physical body is the offspring of this inner body and the vital energy. This inner body is the link between mind and body; it is the soul of the body, and at the same time it is the body of the mind. It is possible for the mind to be embodied in this inner body without the presence of a physical body. The key to biology is to recognize that the mind acts on the plastic body, and the plastic body acts on the physical body; while there is also a reaction the other way.

If man is developed from an animal lowlier than the ape, the ape and man being divergent branches of the same ancestral tree, then the necessity for postulating enormous antiquity is even more marked. And this necessity increases every time new bones are discovered and found to show brain-capacity and other characteristics not less than are to be found at any later epoch. All goes to confirm the teaching that man was already a complete (inner) being when he first appeared on earth in *this Round*, and that the lower human types are (in most cases, but not in all) retrogressive, not progressive.

It was stated in one of the quotations which I gave that man shows his origin from a type far superior to himself. But surely it

is obvious, on *any* theory of evolution, that that which is unfolding itself in man must be greater than man is at present. If man is ever tending towards greater perfection, then that perfect type towards which he is aspiring must have pre-existed. There is much said in *The Secret Doctrine* about man's divine progenitors. They are variously designated the Solar Pitris, the Mânasaputras, and the Sons of Mind. They are the perfected humanity of a previous cycle of evolution. In the same way the perfected humanity of this present Round will have a similar function to perform towards the rising evolutionary products of the following Round. Thus it is seen that the law of evolution is much greater than science had thought. What humanity has to do is to keep in mind its divine prototype, instead of dwelling so much on his analogies in the animal kingdom. In connection with the endowing of man with the divine mind, whereby he became an intelligent self-conscious being, there is much to be said that must be left for a future occasion; as also about the event known as the Fall of Man. But it may briefly be stated that at a certain epoch in his history, man misused his newly-given powers and fell. His physical life thus became more gross and he lost many of his powers. In this state we find him today, and he is striving to rescue himself from it, and to regain his lost powers. It is now fitting that these remarks should be brought to a close. My greatest difficulty has been to select from an enormous mass of material a few salient points. Did the occasion permit of a course of extended studies, I can assure you that the subject would be found to become more engrossing and the light to become clearer the further those studies were pursued. The purpose of these lectures given under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, is to turn men's minds back to the contemplation of the noble and sublime in every human concern; and the object of the particular addresses on evolution has been to counteract the animalizing tendency of certain modern doctrines by presenting, however imperfectly, a view of the ancient teachings as to man's divine and immortal Self. Thankful as we may be for the crumb which science offers us, let us remember that it is but a crumb, and be still more thankful if we can see our way towards the bread of which it is a fragment. Theosophy comes not to confute evolution but to vindicate it — to vindicate it against calumnies.