

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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ARE you willing that I should speak to you according to the divination of Socrates? that the soul formerly saw the beautiful itself, which is ineffable, and too excellent to be seen by the eyes; and that in the present life she does not clearly perceive it, but only remembers it as in a dream. That this happens through her being remote from it both by place and fortune, through being expelled from the vision of beauty to this terrene abode, and merged in deep and all-various mire, by which she is disturbed, and is bound to an obscure and confused life which is full of tumult and abundant error.

— MAXIMUS TYRIUS, *Dissertation xi*; translated by Thomas Taylor

WHAT IS INTUITION?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



HANG-CHU was meditating on the high-road, when two malefactors assaulted him. Hang-Ti came by and rushed to the rescue. The robbers were cowards and fled. "You are a brave man," said Chang-Chu. "Not so," said Hang-Ti; "there was no danger; how, then can a man be brave when there is no danger?" "But you did not know there was no danger," said Chang-Chu. "True, but I had an intuition there was no danger," said Hang-Ti; "if there had been any danger, I shouldn't have been there." "Go to!" said Chang-Chu; "there is no such thing as intuition; it is only a big word used by high-brows." "You allow me courage, which I do not possess; and yet you deny me intuition," said Hang-Ti; "pray, what sort of consistency is this?"

When we think of intuition, we are apt to try and imagine it as merely another kind of thinking; thus we get no further in our ideas. But the brain-mind is perhaps not the only function by which knowledge is communicated; some of our knowledge may filter down through other channels. Our conduct is very largely governed by feelings and impulses, rather than by plans and calculation. Perhaps intuition may act through the feelings. A man with intuition may be so guided by his feelings and impulses that he will unwittingly steer clear of danger. If there is no danger, he feels comfortable; if there is danger, he feels uneasy and

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slackens or quickens his pace or goes another way, so that he does not arrive. His brain-mind knows naught of the business. His intuition acts through those little half-conscious impulses that so greatly guide our footsteps.

When you meet a friend in the morning, you may say just the wrong thing, or just the right thing. No plan here; you did not know you were going to meet him; the thing was sudden; the words escaped through a gap in your teeth. What determined the impulse? Chance? Go to! This is only a big word used by people in lieu of ideas. Chance does nothing — or everything. It is not an explanation; it is a counter, set down to represent a whole cosmos of unknown meaning, like the *x* in an equation.

What was it, then, that guided your impulse, for right or for wrong? Why not intuition? But, you may say, intuition has nothing to do with actual life; it is only a word which I use when I am teaching or preaching or screeching; it is three dots on a piece of paper; it is the fifth logos; it is something the Egyptians had twenty hundred thousand years ago. What has intuition to do with ordinary life? Give me something practical. Haw, haw! He, haw!

The above is wrote sarcasticul. But seriously, we must try to prevent intuition from being put on a high pedestal with Nelson, or relegated to a romantic antiquity — anywhere, so long as it is put conveniently out of the way. We are apt to undervalue the ordinary. George Eliot upbraids those who worship the chivalric heroes of romance, but who fail to see the heroism of humble lives, the nobility of sordid characters, where the primal virtues of the knight struggle against disabilities from which the knight of romance was happily free. So we may not be ashamed to find intuition in the lowliest places, even perhaps in the hanging-out of our bed-clothes and the morning greeting over the coffee and toast.

And if I should venture to claim the possession of intuition, do not hastily accuse me of boasting. Because the intuition I am claiming is not some high and rare attainment reserved for the elect. I only claim the kind of intuition that may tell the toad where the tank is; the kind of intuition that comes naturally to a nature disengumbered of lumber, such as accumulated thoughts, dogmas, and the tyranny of ideas.

Intuition is surely the power to see direct what is to be done; as contrasted with theories and calculations as to what ought to be done.

The obvious danger here is that impulse will be mistaken for intuition. Both proceed from a source independent of the calculating mind. But the word impulse covers motives that arise from inferior elements in our character; while intuition is usually applied to the nobler elements.

The way in which a man will act in an emergency is determined by his

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general state of mind and by his previous thoughts. Anything which he has been accumulating in silence is apt to break out in such an emergency. "I do not know what made me do it." "I cannot think why I said it." "Something seemed to get hold of me; but the minute I had said it, I saw my mistake." This is impulse, the result of suppressed broodings, escaping suddenly in an unguarded moment. Had our silent thoughts been of a better kind, our action in the emergency would have been corresponding.

The above suggests a useful test for distinguishing impulse from intuition. Impulse is fond of hurry; but intuition waits and takes its time. Impulse writes the letter, and intuition tears it up. Many, many mistakes are avoided by putting the letter on the table instead of into the post. During the night, the matter cools off and the letter goes into the waste-basket. Impulse prompts the hasty word; but experience may advise a delay; and then intuition can get to work and the word is never said.

The calculating mind deals in dilemmas. Its chief function seems to be to throw up doubts and to set us painfully hesitating between two opposite and equally unpleasant courses of action. The way to do then is to dismiss the subject altogether from the mind and determine that your intuition shall bring light. Under these circumstances an answer will often drop into the mind quite unexpectedly, while engaged in other business. Or perhaps the whole difficulty will vanish as though the entire problem were nothing but a delusion of the mind.

The following remark occurs in one of George Eliot's novels:

"Perhaps wisdom is not his strong point, but rather affection and sincerity. However, wisdom lies more in those qualities than people are apt to imagine."

And indeed life as we experience it and as we see it portrayed in the character-studies of novel and drama is full of instances where the calculating mind is shown to err grievously and the mere intuition of some simple person sees clearly and solves the problem of right action. Reason is in truth a mixed faculty, its quality depending on the influence under which it acts. The influence of our desires on our theories is more marked than we often think; and our philosophy of life, our religion even, adapt themselves to our secret wishes. Thus we deceive ourselves.

It is of the greatest importance that we should understand that there is in man a faculty of clear perception and right judgment, whose availability depends on the cleanliness of his heart and the purity of his motives. For, as selfish or angry feelings pervert judgment, so purity and sincerity clarify it. A prayer for grace and light, when cleared from its theological and dogmatic associations, becomes an appeal to our own better nature; such as an earnest soul may make, when, after trying in vain to solve a

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problem of conduct by the unaided light of the mind, he resolves to wait in faithful expectation of light from a deeper source within him. This is simply stilling the unquiet voices of our nature and allowing the higher faculties to take their place.

It is seen, in the Theosophical teachings as to the septenary nature of man, that the mind (*manas*) hovers midway between the Spiritual Soul (*buddhi*) and passion (*kâma*), taking now a tinge from the one, now from the other; and hence the duality and perpetual struggle in our nature. Now the cultivation of intuition means the gradual freeing of mind from the dominion of passion and the uniting of it with its spiritual counterpart.

It is a great privilege to be able to stand outside one's own personality, setting aside pride or pique, refusing to act according to their promptings, recognising them as intrusive forces that will warp our judgment, and determining to do the right and just thing, even though this means a sacrifice of our beloved feelings. The strength we gain by such conduct gives us a vantage-ground in all future difficulties and raises us a step on the path of human possibilities. It is intuition that enables us to see beyond passion. It shows us what is right, in contrast with what we merely desire.

Our boasted intellect, if ruled by pride and self-love, may place us below the animals in point of perception and judgment; but intellect as the handmaid of intuition becomes a power that makes man what he ought to be. All great religions and philosophies agree in urging the necessity of cleansing the mind, so that its vision may no longer be clouded by passion and prejudice, and it may reflect the light of truth as a still lake reflects the sun. And Theosophy, by its insistence on the spiritual origin of man, has made this truth clear, and shown that it is not a mere dogma but a fact rooted in the eternal nature of things.

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KENNETH MORRIS

EN are not greatly individualized: they follow customs and fashions, and do most of their thinking *en masse*. This is what is meant by the much talk we hear nowadays about the 'herd-mind'; — a term, by the way, with no disparagement in it; not implying the 'vulgar herd' or the like. It simply seems to be a fact that when two or three — hundreds, or thousands, or millions— are gathered together in the name of any idea,— sectarian, religious, political, or above all national,— they form a kind of entity: a kind of

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soul incarnates among them, to whose motions they conform, from which they take their life,— to which, in fact, they stand in much the same relation as the atoms of our bodies do to us. Hence that strange phenomenon, the general fierce intolerance of originality. How dare a man be unlike other people!

Patriotism, considered philosophically, is a manifestation of this herd-instinct. In this saying there is neither compliment nor insult. It may be the highest or lowest of influences. It may glorify a nation and inspire the whole world; or it may produce beastly wars and hasten the downfall of the object of its loyalty. It is generally cried up as a virtue; it very often is an abominable vice. But then, it very often *is* a virtue, too. And there is always a virtue that it might be: which is loyalty to the higher nature of one's country and to its truest and real interests,— which are the real interests of the world.

It is not to the interests of any country to attack, oppress, treat cruelly, or desire to dominate another country. Woe unto us that we do not understand that with whatsoever measure we mete, it shall be meted unto us again! And yet when a nation sets out upon that cruel path, it passes for patriotism that all its sons shall aid and abet; not seeing that under Karma — a real thing, Christian nations, or the Nazarene lied! — the aid is being given to your own nation's ruin.

The national entities are strangely like men. Every man is a window into Heaven, however thickly the dirt incrusted may render that window opaque. Every one is a channel, however clogged, between the God-world and this. Poets, artists, musicians, though no more advanced in their evolution than other men, are those who have a singular faculty of getting glimpses of that divine and most real realm, and of putting on record what color, what luminosity thereof they may have seen. When they rise to any height, they give you a picture of the Soul of Man: something, to say nothing more than that about it, as beautiful as any flower,— clean, pure, beautiful, and holy. Of such essence are we made; only we catch no vision of it, or very rarely: the essence here is mingled with the dust of earth, and these muddy personalities result.

But see: each one who so glimpses Beauty (which is the Soul) sees her differently: in one the light is through a ruby, in another through an opal or a sapphire. Shelley's *Hymn of Pan* and Keats's *Nightingale* are both reflexions of the Soul and its world; they are alike in being radiant or translucent; the light that shines through both is the same; the purity of the jewels is the same; but the jewels themselves are different.

That all moral or ethical qualities are implied in Beauty must be obvious; for let the lower nature emit one puff of its miasma, and the Beauty recedes at once, withered or grown dim. Passion is the absolute an-

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tithesis and enemy of Poetry; though so often supposed its chief ally.

Such Beauty, the Divine Self, dwells too in the heart of the national entity; so nationalism and patriotism can be a means of coming at the Divine. When a pure, and especially a compassionate, love of country is aroused, this vision is very easily seen: your meadows become the play-grounds of Faerie; your streams sing songs mysterious and supermundane; your mountains are the palaces of Gods. Teuton or Celt or Latin, look inward thus, and there is no end to the exquisite richness that rewards you. And it is all wealth for the world. With these gems all the national literatures are starred; and of whatever nation you are, you are the better (or unless a fool, you may be) for the discoveries in the Divine Country that have been made through the patriotism even of the people you most traduce. Those lines of Scott's about the "man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said," are excellent; if your native heather can tell you the secrets, God reward it, for it is doing God's work! But the great thing is that you shall have ears to hear, and that the secrets shall be known to you and pass into your heart; your native heather is only one of the many mouths through which the Infinite may whisper to you; if it is the only one that can make you hear, it is because of your limitations, not because of its peculiar virtue. The greatest of Irish (or living) poets has written out the doctrine more fully and nobly:

"Who are exiles? as for me,
Where beneath the diamond dome
Lies the light on hill and tree,
There my palace is and home."

— But it was still on "the fair hills of Holy Ireland" that he discovered that.

Getting at the Divine through the National Soul is the Higher Patriotism. This is a widely different thing from what I have seen recently mis-called by that name: the sense that you have, willy nilly, to band together with a number of other countries in an empire against the rest of the world. Oh this 'against' business! How mankind is hoodooed with it! To Tophet with all such nonsense; forswear this sack, for God's sake, and live cleanly!

But our lower and limited natures are insidious; and even when high vision is glimpsed through the National Soul, there remains a danger. From that source accessible to us, what splendor shines! But how of those others, the poor benighted foreigners, to whom that source is not accessible? We do not argue it out thus; but take things for granted. We contrast our National Soul, which we know for divinely beautiful, not with the other fellow's National Soul (of which commonly we know nothing), but with his somewhat ugly national personality; we forget

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that our national personality is ugly enough too, and jump to the fool's conclusion that *our* nation is peculiar; that *we* alone are in touch with the divine worlds. *We* have been the protagonists of civilization, liberty, poetry, the arts; our existence and well-being are essential to the world,—let the others go hang! English, French, Germans, Swedes, Americans, and Italians, we all talk or think that way; and in all cases it is the purest bosh. It is the half truth, which is the most pernicious kind of lie; the true half of it is, that whatever bright thing we have seen in our National Soul is actually there. Each nation, as each man, is divine at the center of its being; the worst of it is that that divinity is so excellently concealed: you must get subjective glimpses of it, or none at all.

So the nation whose name abroad has usually '*perfidious*' for its epithet, at home is thought the very embodiment of truth and honor; because the natives are conscious of its ideal, and the foreigners are affected only by its outward performance and conduct. We are so constituted. We know of our own aspirations and strivings, which to us are our very selves; and we are acutely conscious of our neighbors' fallings short. Every nation is a peculiar people, having its own links with heaven; each also has a lower nature, having traffic with deep hell. Unfortunately it is the selfishness, the greed, the tyranny and cruelty that appear most in history and to the world. It is a truism that nations are much wickeder than men: much more brazenly selfish, much more blindly cruel. We condone doings in our nations, that we ourselves should shrink from. The nations that have sinned least are those that have had least opportunity to sin: they need not brag about that. Let them cultivate a cosmic spirit and altruism now; that when their time comes, and they are great, they may act for mankind, and not for self-interest.

When the Great Mother, Nature, desires that a man shall be born, she collects physical atoms upon a mold, and the personal qualities that are due there; and into this combination, Something shines out of the Divine,—an individual Soul. She does the like when she desires that there shall be a nation. Every century, almost every generation, sees a nation born somewhere; surely it is time we knew that this is a natural process, governed by law,—and not fortuitous, or due to the special perversity of this people or that.

Here is a people that has not been a nation before, or not for a long time. They are part of an empire or larger unit; they are a chance collection of atoms; governed from some center outside themselves. Though they have their own traditions, perhaps their own language and even literature, there is no 'herd-consciousness' of the national kind among them; and though they may be oppressed and hate their governors, there is no possibility of unity among them, and so no effectual resistance.

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Oppressed or not, governed from abroad or not, it is this lack of ‘herd-consciousness’ that is their prime characteristic. There is no national soul, or it is in abeyance.

And then, something begins to happen. Dynamic souls come into incarnation, and the land that was quite flat, provincial, and uninteresting becomes a whirl of mental and spiritual activity. Perhaps the old traditions become vitally significant, and vital literature is made of them; perhaps the language, that has suffered neglect so long, is revived, polished, *standardized*,— and from a peasants’ *patois* becomes a vehicle of culture. The people rally round the language, the traditions, the old literature; round a claim to political independence, if they have been dependent, or the call to unity if they have been disunited. A vortex in the unseen has come into being. The outward signs are many and complex; the inward fact single and simple: it is a national soul that has entered into incarnation, a new nation that has been born.

These things happen; and a philosophical thinker will understand that they happen by law. They are natural phenomena, not under the control of governments. All over the world children are being born; and what process will you adopt, short of a general Massacre of the Innocents, to prevent high, ancient, and heroic souls, that have led the world aforetime, from gathering *en masse* in some long unconsidered corner of the globe? Mohammed, Mazzini, Joan,— some great one rushes in and sounds a call to souls, who flock in then in response, and what was a no-nation and unimportant waste becomes a great center of world-activities. Whether this will always be the way, who can tell? but we have all history, even the most recent, to proclaim to us that it is the way in this present stage of our human evolution. Who can doubt now that Joan came to accomplish a divine work? When an individual soul incarnates, it is to fulfil the purposes of its existence.

Nations are like men in another respect: they die. There is nothing permanent about them. Consider the changes that have been; and realize that nothing is certain except change. Trace the language of the British Empire and North America back two thousand years, and you find it a little dialect spoken by a few thousand people from northern Holland to southern Denmark; in two thousand years from now, what dialect, now hardly known to science, may not be spread over five continents? What little village or tribe that is now, may not then be ruling half the world? “My country, right or wrong,” may be the cry of patriotism; but it is the cry of a patriotism not of the higher kind. The will, in a man, to dominate his neighbors, and keep his subordinates well under foot, lest he should lose caste in the world and sometime be attacked and in a ‘bad position for defense, is not very ethical; when it

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appears in a nation, is it to be called by the same name that we give to the compassionate inspiration of a Mazzini or a Joan? It profits nations, as little as men, to gain the whole world and lose their own souls.

We may some day evolve beyond the National stage of evolution, and completely understand that humanity is one nation; at present, however, we have to deal with nations; and every century will be seeing new ones arise and old ones die. If there were *statesmen* about, they would be devising means whereby this might be accomplished without horror; they would not seek to freeze the fleeting present into a dead impossible eternity. This is the path of the Higher Patriotism: To see to it that one's nation does the best it can do for the world; to bring out its genius and sound its divinest note; to see that it is unstained by such abominations as vivisection and capital punishment; that it shall not waste its life outraging nature in the effort to get rich or remain powerful; that it shall give every child born into it the fullest and fairest chances to live a wholesome and a splendid life. That it shall be manly: not sinning against others for fear lest they should sin against it; that it shall shine beautifully in its life-cycle, and trust in death at last to be natural, peaceful, and beautiful. And the Higher Patriotism pays: because these are the courses that lead to a long and illuminating national life.

A redeemed humanity would consist, first, of nations that understood and practised this kind of patriotism. New nations would still be born, under those conditions; but there would be no effort to slay them at birth. And Nature would still ordain — as she does by quickening and heightening the quality of the birthrate,— that now one, now another, the nations should expand; but there would be no barriers raised. Population would flow in where there was room for it, and no one would forbid. Loyalty would come to mean above all things loyalty to humanity,— to the humanity nearest about you, and to the whole.

Earth itself would see to it that there should be no sickening uniformity of culture. Climate and soil, and influences subtler still, would produce (as they do now) differences of type. All our human troubles come from working against the laws of Nature; and it is useless to plead ignorance of those laws: the substance of them is written in our conscience, and it is always selfishness that prompts to transgression.



"WE know that this long life is in itself another initiation wherein we succeed or fail just as we learn the lessons of life."— *William Quan Judge*

THE ISLAND OF ITHACA

C. J. RYAN

UCH interest has recently been aroused by the report that new discoveries in the Greek island of Ithaca are strongly in favor of the disputed claim that it is actually the realm over which Ulysses ruled and where his city and palace were situated. The first serious research into the archaeology of Ithaca was made in 1807 by Sir W. Gull. This explorer decided that the island was the true site of Ulysses' home, and at a later date, the famous Dr. Schliemann and other good authorities agreed with his general deductions. In 1866, however, doubts were raised by Hercher, and in 1900 Dr. Dörpfeld, after making extensive researches at Stauros, one of the most likely places in which to find authentic remains, declared that he could discover nothing to warrant the conclusion that the island which bears the name of Ithaca was really the Ithaca of Homer.

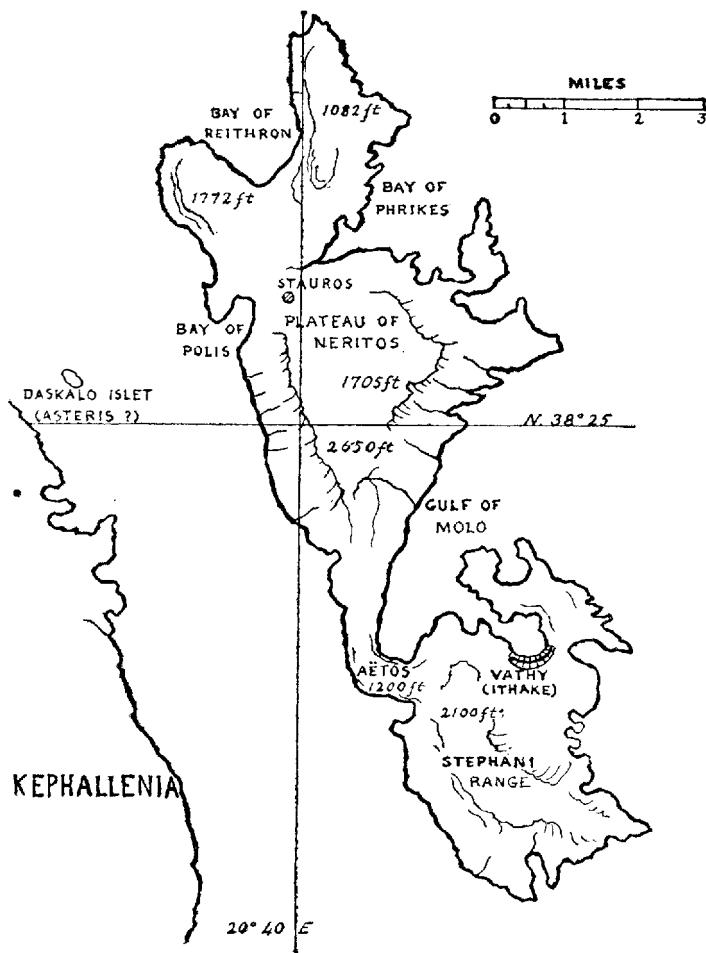
Dr. Dörpfeld considered that the complete absence of Mycenean remains was a convincing argument against the possibility of there having been any important city in Ithaca in the far-distant Homeric age. He finally concluded that the true Ithaca of Homer was the neighboring island of Leukas or Lefcadia, and that there must have been a grand confusion of names prior to Strabo's time. He declared that the present Ithaca is the island called Samé by Homer, and that modern Kephallenia was formerly known as Dulichon. All these islands are in the Ionian group and very near one another. Dr. Dörpfeld gave no valid reason why there should have been a confusion of names. It should be remembered that although there was a great depopulation of the island of Ithaca in the Middle Ages owing to the raids of pirates and the Turkish wars, and although the Venetian Senate threw open its lands free to anyone who would till them, it was never entirely deserted. There were always a few descendants of the ancient stock, famous for their love of home, their splendid hospitality, and their bold seamanship, all characteristics of the Ithacans of old, according to tradition.

The inhabitants of the neighboring island of Leukas, believed by Dr. Dörpfeld to be the true Ithaca, are not seafaring people at all, and those who disagree with him seem justified in using this as an argument against his heretical views. When he first asserted that Ithaca was not the real home of Ulysses, a tremendous storm of indignation arose, and upon his next visit to the island his life was actually threatened. Nothing daunted, however, he retorted with the repartee: "Ihr dürft ja Ithakesier sein und bleiben. Ja, gewinnt euch eure alte Insel zurück!" which may

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be rendered: "Why you can be Ithacans for all that. Just go and conquer your old island again!"

Now we learn from press reports that excavations by Dr. Dörpfeld financed by a Dutch amateur archaeologist, Mr. Goodkoop, have entirely



failed to support the view that Leukas was the ancient Ithaca. Furthermore, Mr. Goodkoop, in order to settle the matter, if possible, has had very elaborate excavations made in Ithaca itself by a French expert with most satisfactory results. A number of interesting objects of great antiquity have been found which it is said conclusively prove that Ithaca is the true site of Homer's city as described in the Odyssey. Especially important are two round lamps of very archaic design and a candlestick *in the Mycenean style* with a head sculptured in the center.

The discovery of Mycenean work supplies the evidence so much needed in favor of the antiquity of the Cyclopean ruins in Ithaca, the apparent

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absence of which gave Dr. Dörpfeld one of his strongest arguments. Among other valuable remains found are a fine marble statue, thirty centimeters high, a quadrangular bronze table with lions carved on the legs and with a large hole in the center holding a bronze cup, a tall iron candlestick, a bronze spoon, and a number of very ancient vases. Vestiges of a very old palace with Cyclopean ramparts were also found; this may actually be the home where Penelope, the faithful wife of Ulysses, waited for him for so many years. Other Cyclopean remains have formerly been discovered in Ithaca, but for various reasons they have not been looked upon as the remains of Ulysses' palace.

If the sanguine deductions from these discoveries are confirmed by competent archaeologists after full consideration, there will be great jubilation among the Ithacans who naturally disliked to see their romantically historical island robbed of its chief glory; those of us who believe, as Madame Blavatsky says, that ancient traditions inshrine more truth than materialistically-minded people are inclined to admit, will also rejoice.

A glance at the sketch-map on the preceding page will help in the understanding of the localities on the island of Ithaca, and will make clear some of the points which persuaded Dr. Dörpfeld that it could not be the scene in which so much of the *Odyssey* is laid. Homer says Ithaca was a "low-lying island," apart and further west than Samos and Zakynthos, and that the wicked suitors of Penelope, when they plotted to kill Telemachus on his return from "sandy Pylos," lay in wait for him on an island called Asteris which had a double harbor. Now, as a matter of geographical fact Ithaca is very mountainous and rugged, with steep shores (Homer calls it "rugged but a good bringer-up of boys"), and it lies close to Kephallenia and not in the position described by Homer.

Again, the only possible island near Ithaca which could be Ascaris where the suitors lay, is a small reef near the Bay of Polis not large enough to have a harbor of any kind. There are, however, a number of features which closely coincide with the incidental descriptions in the *Odyssey*, and the general opinion has always been in favor of Ithaca as the foundation on which Homer built his topography. The new discoveries greatly add to the reasonable probability of this belief, and surely there is no necessity to assume that the poet considered himself bound to be absolutely literal in his descriptions. Why should he not take some 'poetic license' without being criticized by pedants? He was not writing a geographical treatise. Then, again, memory plays strange tricks, and he may easily have confused some of the features of one of these numerous Ionian isles with those of another. It is also quite possible that earthquakes have considerably changed the appearance of certain localities, raising some parts and submerging others. Let us by all means adopt the

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beautiful and romantic island of Ithaca with its hospitable, brave, and skillful seamen as the royal domain of the wise and subtil Ulysses the adventurous navigator, and ignore the doubters, who may amuse themselves with their unwanted criticisms for all we care.

Among those who seek to identify the exact site of Ulysses' city and palace there are two schools. One places them near the Bay of Polis in the northern part of Ithaca; the other is inclined to Aetos on the narrow but steep isthmus-ridge joining the two main divisions of the island. For many reasons the neighborhood of the Bay of Polis seems the more probable, although there are great Cyclopean walls and remains of hundreds of houses on the isthmus. The most promising site near the Bay was excavated by Dr. Dörpfeld in 1900 without any Mycenean remains being found. Unfortunately the press despatch telling of the new Mycenean discoveries does not indicate where they were made. The name Polis, meaning city in Greek, is a genuine name surviving from antiquity, and adds probability to the theory of the former existence of an important city in the vicinity. Near Stauros there are remains of a city which was founded in the 7th century B. C. and which lasted till the close of the Roman empire, but that was far too modern to be Homer's city of Ulysses.

Ithaca is 36 miles in area and has about 9000 inhabitants. The destruction of the forests in Greece is a sad theme, and nowhere is it more evident than in the Ionian islands. While Ithaca is rich in cultivated fruit-trees, orange, lemon, olive, fig, almond, pear, and many others, and brilliant with flowers in spring, there are few forest trees. Dwarf oaks are numerous, but they are no more than bushes, though they bear the plentiful acorns which nourished Eumaeus' swine in Ulysses' day, and which would do the same today if the keeping of swine had not become a lost art in Ithaca. Forest-fires have been the chief cause of the destruction of the Greek forests; there are long droughts, lasting six months or more, and the airplane patrol, such as we have in California for the prompt detection of forest-fires, was not available when the forests covered the hills.

An unexpected and striking feature of the Ithacan landscape is the splendid system of carriage roads. They are not, however, an example of native enterprise, but were laid out by the British during their occupation of the Ionian islands between 1815 and 1864. There has always been a kindly feeling towards England because the British government permitted the islands to unite with Greece after having been an independent republic under the protection of Great Britain since 1815.

Important as it may be to the Ithacans to have their claim to Homeric honors confirmed, and interesting enough to the archaeologist, the poet cannot have attached much significance to precise geographical details, nor should the reader. Divergences from matter-of-fact particulars are

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quite negligible in a story which treats of such unusual matters as Calypso's magic isle, one-eyed giants, the descent into Hades, and so forth. For the tale of Ulysses' wanderings is a pure allegory of the trials of the human soul on its upward way. Whether it was a collection of legends put into form by some inspired editor — Homer, "or someone else of the same name" as has been suggested — a great poet and genius in any case; or whether it was really the production of one mighty brain, is of little consequence to the world.

The epic as we have it, bears every mark to the Theosophical student of being one of those romantic narratives which have been given out from time to time to keep alive the faith in or subconscious knowledge of the travail of the soul in seeking spiritual enlightenment. There are many national epics and religious allegories treating in more or less clear forms of the trials, victories, and disappointments the human personality has to pass through on its way to final union with the Higher Self, the Father in the heaven that is "within," but as a popular story, a sufficiently disguised account of the greatest of all dramas, nothing of more enduring fame has appeared. It was not a sacred myth, like that of Orpheus and Eurydice, which is a plain rendering of the initiation into soul-wisdom, but it not improbably aroused a high state of inner feeling even in those who did not grasp its fuller meaning.

It would appear that Ulysses represents the awakened human personality after long years of warfare in worldly concerns (the Trojan War) in which much advancement has been made, and which begins to turn towards the spiritual self symbolized by his faithful wife Penelope. Hoping to reach "Ithaca the Fair" easily and quickly he is surprised to find all kinds of obstacles in his path. Aspiration for better things arouses the foes within, the lower desires, who know they must fight for their lives. All this is veiled in the various adventures of the hero, the struggle with Polyphemus, the sensual delights of Calypso's island and Circe's palace, the terrors of the descent into Hades, the intellectual seductions of the Sirens, and the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis. Perhaps the subtlest trial of all is that of Calypso the nymph who is permitted to tempt Ulysses with *personal immortality* if he will only throw aside his devotion to his higher ideal. When at last he reaches home he has to face the greatest battle of all in which there will be no quarter offered on either side, and it is not until he has vanquished the last of his enemies that Penelope, his Higher Self, is able to recognise and receive him. Then he becomes transformed; dressed in his royal robes, divinely youthful in form and bearing, the King and Guardian of his people, he is acclaimed by all.

The meaning of the story of Ulysses as an allegory of the soul has been more fully discussed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for October, 1917.

LIFE IN GROWTH AND DECAY

R. MACHELL



T is hard to think of life without growth, and yet we generally look upon a period of growth as preliminary to full life, in spite of the fact that when full physical growth is attained then mental growth becomes more active and the fulness of life seems yet far off. Even when the body begins to waste away and the mind to lose its energy, still the interior growth may be continued: and when death comes it generally seems premature and is almost universally looked upon as a misfortune, a cutting short of an incomplete existence. So strong is the desire for growth.

The growth of the body seems to be instinctual if not automatic; but the growth of the mind is purposive; while again the growth of character is largely automatic. A man's character is the resultant of his aspirations, his desires, and his experiences.

This will seem impossible to those who believe that a single life on earth is the whole of man's possible period of growth. But to the Theosophist, who believes in the continuity of life and consciousness, even the character with which a person starts a lifetime is looked upon as the result of effort and experience made or gained in former lives on earth.

To one who looks on life as a continuous stream of experience, death is no more than an incident in a prolonged existence, during which growth and decay are unceasing.

But what is growth? It is not mere increase in size; it may include change of character, modification of inner qualities as well as of external appearances; it may mean intensification of inherent characteristics as well as the development of new powers. It suggests an approximation to some inherent ideal not yet manifested, or a reaching out to the attainment of perfection, a fuller expression of the possibilities latent in the organism.

All growth is from within; even in those lower states of nature where growth by accretion seems to exist; for in such cases there must be a center of attraction with power of selection; and this center is the determining factor in that growth.

Man grows by aspiration towards an ideal, whether that ideal be subconscious, conscious, or superconscious (if I may use such vague terms). It even seems as if growth were the purpose of life. Yet we have all of us passed through a period of growth in which we have looked forward to

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the time when we shall be fullgrown as to the time when we were to begin living in earnest; all that went before being merely preparatory; and I imagine most people go through life in a state of perpetual anticipation of the time when life shall really begin in earnest, whether that real life be supposed to await them in this world or another.

In the material world about us we see that growth is not followed by a period of active life to be succeeded by decay, for decay is at work all the time, and without that transmutation of matter which we call decay there could be no life on this material plane of the universe. Growth and decay are necessary for the manifestation of life here on this earth, or at least on the outside of it where we live: things may be different on the inside.

There is a lethargic element in the nature of man that finds its most perfect expression in a heaven of infinite bliss that he has conceived as an ultimate state of existence. And there may be a condition of life somewhere on this earth which would afford opportunities to that principle of profound torpor in man to satisfy the fierce desire for stagnation that we call inertia. As to the duration of such a state of bliss there need be no difficulty, for eternity is not measured in terms of time and in presence of the Eternal 'a thousand years are but as yesterday.'

The difficulty of getting any clear conception of time and eternity, of the relation of growth to decay, and of life to them both, is considerable; and yet as we all live and we all grow, decay and die, we must surely be able to get some sort of understanding of the problem of life.

I venture to believe that the whole problem of existence is knowable, so far as the manifested universe is concerned, and that it is for man to attain to that understanding by a long process of growth. In our present state we know little enough and understand less; but there is no reason to doubt that there are human beings who are more highly evolved than the majority; and it is quite conceivable that the highest man is something so different in his mental and spiritual range to the ordinary man as to seem to us like a divine being.

Theosophy holds up such ideals of perfection to aid the man who has not yet evolved to a clear perception of his own possibilities, and to stimulate his desire for growth. Later the desire for growth will be replaced by a sense of the divine urge of the soul within seeking expression. Then growth will be spontaneous, as life itself is indeed spontaneous.

THE TYRANNY OF THE MACHINE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

N an article by Gino Speranza in the *Hibbert Journal* for April the motto of San Marino is quoted, "In smallness there is safety"; and the writer opines that our motto of today is 'expansion' or 'development.' The Romans, he adds, considered such expansive theory, which we call progress, to be corruption. One may also call to mind the Delphic maxim, "Nothing in excess," so much in contrast with our own worship of superlatives. To quote:

"All this material expansion in our days, all the increase in mechanical productivity, the rapid extension of 'plant' in our schools, the pooling of businesses, the concentration of interests, of labor, of capital, and of effort, the growth of States by annexations, protectorates, or mandates, the trend to crowded cities, have converted our civilization into a world which thinks in terms of *size* and *figures*."

We think in mechanistic terms, continues the writer; in plotted curves and line-ruled charts; engineering jargon has crept into our language. How does this mechanistic attitude of mind affect our moral and spiritual outlook? We find a world converted into what a European philosopher has called "an immense mechanical device where all is explainable by the logic of cause and effect, where phenomena are residueless and reducible to material forces, physical or chemical."

Democracy has suffered: we count quantity rather than quality. Churches have suffered: they are adapting themselves to the demands of a mechanized humanity; people do not go to them, but they go to the people and cater to the desire for comfort instead of urging the people to take up the cross.

We are supposed to have fought the war to free ourselves from machine rule, but we have relapsed; "Let us produce!" is the cry. We are subject to a political tyranny — the tyranny of ideas.

"Of such is the tyranny of the Age of the Machine — a body of superstitious beliefs, scientifically buttressed, in the power and importance of those forces which make men *comfortable*, for which we have surrendered our faith in the forces that make men *free*."

The first essential to freedom is a change in our habits of thought; we need not cast out the machine but must relegate it to its proper place.

"Mankind needs steam and electricity, but *it needs other things more*."

Can we be called free, he continues, when a slight hitch in the mechanism of life may deprive us of health or food?

"It is under this tyranny of ideas of the Age of the Machine, with its glib and easy and comfortable notions as substitutes for ideals, that the world has grown so restless."

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The inventions and discoveries have not changed our human nature or altered the basic laws of life.

One could hardly wish for a better description of Kali-Yuga, in one of its aspects at least; Kali-Yuga, the Black or Iron Age, succeeding the Golden, Silver, and Bronze Ages of the ancient Greeks and Latins; and in the Hindû system succeeding the Krita, Tretâ, and Dvâpara-Yugas. Material force is the great god, and material wealth the great object of desire. Mechanism pervades our ideals and thoughts as well as our external life. But all this growing consciousness of it, all this inveighing against it, proves that we still cherish better ideals wherewith to contrast it. We are not absolutely steeped in it so as to be deluded by it. We are rapidly losing our pride and infatuation with materialistic civilization. We are turning the corner. At the end of last century an idealistic author, earnestly striving to imagine a better state of things for humanity — the author of *Looking Backward* — depicted a state of society mechanical to the last degree and far worse than anything that has ever existed on earth.

We are wiser now; we know that happiness does not depend on exact and unvarying regulation of the affairs of life, and that freedom cannot be reconciled with the total deprivation of all initiative. Freedom from the tyranny of artificial control can only be gained by people who can control themselves; and we have to recognise the law that the greater the self-control, the greater the freedom. In the arts, true freedom is achieved by a thorough discipline in all the principles and technique, not in a total disregard of them, as some people seem to think. And thus it is with life: he who attempts to rid himself of his obligations to duty and the eternal verities merely exposes himself to the domination of any influence that knows how to play on his unregulated passions. It is evidently the suppression of individuality that is so dreaded by writers like the above; and this danger has come about through people mistaking their personality for their individuality, and worshiping the former. But personality is a very poor and commonplace thing; for the prejudices which we cherish in ourselves with so much pride are the very same which other people cherish, and in following them we show no originality at all. It is not the personality but the *individuality* of man which counts. In other words, it is not the voice of his lower and instinctual nature, but that of his higher nature which makes him a real individual.

Under the head of the tyranny of ideas, one cannot forbear to mention certain dogmas which, under the name of scientific, have replaced obsolete theological dogmas: those dogmas which presume to limit human nature by defining certain narrow limits to the scope of human power; those dogmas which belittle the origin of man even more than the narrow religious teachings of a bygone time. Certain voices, having much influ-

THE TYRANNY OF THE MACHINE

ence, never tire of assuring man that he is a kind of biological mechanism, wherein the intellect, as an intrusive hypocritical power, thinly veils and strives in vain to repress our real nature, which is compact of vile instincts which we have inherited from our ancestors the apes in the trees. It is true that man has a lower nature, that this lower nature has laws, and that these laws can be studied and defined. But it is not true that this is man's *only* nature. The danger is that, by emphasizing this lower nature, while ignoring the higher, man will tend to become that which he declares himself to be. For thought is a creative power, and beliefs, acting through conduct, tend to realize themselves outwardly. If man would escape from the tyranny of the Machine, he must cease thinking of himself as a machine.

In despair over fruitless efforts to reform other people or society in general, we can always console ourselves with the thought of our individual duty. And the great lesson of life is that the personality stands in the way of all our hopes and efforts, and that this dragon has first to be subdued before we can realize our aspirations. Hundred-headed like the Hydra, and with as many forms as Proteus, the personality rises up in our path, now flattering us with sweet promises, now terrifying us with awful threats; but, whether appearing as ambition or vanity or fear or doubt or lust, it is the same monster. In ourself, in spite of the delusions of self-love, we must perforce recognise that this demon is the same as that which we so invidiously censure in our neighbors. Unable to conquer it by pious repression or any other half-hearted device, it may be that a strong conviction of the reality and worth of the Soul-Life will give us the power to lay this specter.

AN OUTLINE OF THEOSOPHY AND ITS TEACHINGS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

I

IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION?

EOPLE hearing of Theosophy for the first time naturally wonder if it is a religion; and the question is answered on the first page of *The Key to Theosophy* by the statement that Theosophy is not a religion. Theosophy is Divine Knowledge or Science, the word being compounded of *theos*, a divine being, and *sophia*, wisdom. It was first used by the Alexandrian philosophers, Ammonius Saccas and his disciples, in the third century A. D. But it must not be supposed that modern Theosophy is merely a revival of this

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school. Theosophy is as ancient as man, and as universal, having always been present in the world under various names. It is the common root from which all religions have sprung, and it is the basis of all the great philosophies. While religious creeds, metaphysical systems, and theories of all kinds are multifarious, the Truth is one and ever the same; there must be some fundamental Truth as fixed as the laws of nature; for we cannot believe that chaos and disorder lie behind the scheme of things. And further, it must be possible for man to attain the Truth and to acquire real Knowledge in place of mere creeds and speculations.

Just as man, by the use of his powers of observation and reasoning, can attain to a clear and precise knowledge of the laws of nature, thus placing himself beyond doubt and superstition with regard to nature; so he can, by the use of similar but finer faculties, attain to actual knowledge and certainty about the laws of life, the nature of his own being, the mysteries that underlie cosmic phenomena.

This has always been recognised in every age; and nowhere in history can we find a time when men did not believe, to greater or less extent, that a real Knowledge was attainable, and that there were certain people, few in number, who had attained it. All the great religions have been started by great men who had attained to Knowledge and who went forth among men with a mission to diffuse as much light as they could.

Thus the modern Theosophical Movement is one of many crusades that have been undertaken in the cause of Truth and Knowledge; and its teachings consist in a revival of those vital truths which have always inspired man's highest hopes and best endeavors, but which are apt to be forgotten and slighted in periods of materialism.

H. P. BLAVATSKY, THE FOUNDRESS

As usual we find that the movement was initiated by a single individual of supreme courage, energy, and devotion; and as usual also we find that that individual was misunderstood, abused, and persecuted. For in order to step out of the ordinary level of human mediocrity and futility, so as to command a vantage-ground wherefrom to act, it is necessary for the Leader and Teacher to sacrifice personal interests completely. And on the other hand, people of experience will tell you that it is hardly possible in this age to do good and win gratitude at one and the same time. However strongly people may profess to desire the truth, or even imagine they do desire it, there is always much in their nature that prefers to have things as they are. He who shows people the truth is apt to incur their animosity. And so we find that H. P. Blavatsky did not follow the line of popularity if it diverged from the line she had chosen; and always

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did what she knew to be right rather than what less wise and devoted people might have told her was expedient.

It is a direct consequence of this earnestness and rectitude on the part of H. P. Blavatsky that Theosophy has now taken such firm root among us; and there are not a few who are willing to profit by her work while stooping to disparage her character. This sacrifice she willingly incurred, but it is none the less ours to vindicate her and to show our gratitude in the practical form of deeds by carrying on the work she bequeathed.

THEOSOPHY IS DEMONSTRABLE TRUTH

It is most important to note that Theosophy comes, not to popularize a new creed or new speculations, but to point out to people an existing way to knowledge; that, like science, it does not propound fanciful theories, but points out demonstrable facts. Scientific men say that their teachings consist of truths which every experimenter can verify for himself, thus placing his knowledge on a basis of personal conviction and raising him beyond mere belief and speculation. Nor is it otherwise with the teachings of Theosophy; for these are such as can be proved by each man for himself by accepting them as guides to his path in life. The teachings as to the sevenfold nature of man, for instance, when once taken into the mind, are discovered to be a key that unlocks to us the hitherto concealed mysteries of our own character and the characters of others. There is also something about a Truth which carries conviction to the intuition, even in cases where the intellect cannot at first grasp it; so that, in such a case as the doctrine of Reincarnation for instance, people who have heard it fairly explained, can feel that it merits closer attention. Thus Theosophists know that it is of use to proclaim these truths to the world, in the certainty that they will gradually win their way.

Theosophy being so extensive a subject, it is of course hardly possible to give a condensed presentation of it; and inquirers are recommended to study some of the elementary pamphlets or books on Theosophy until they get a reasonably definite idea of the scope and purport of the matter.

These teachings moreover are closely interlinked, so that it is not possible to treat them fully apart from one another. But a better starting-point could hardly be found than the subject of human nature; for that is surely the corner-stone of all philosophy.

TEACHINGS AS TO HUMAN NATURE

THEOSOPHY has produced a marked effect on our conception of human nature, and may truly be said to have reinstated man in his proper dignity and self-respect. It has, so to say, added a story to our stature,

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and performed upon man an operation that might be compared to setting a four-footed beast erect and revealing to him a higher possibility of intelligence. While it would hardly be correct to say that a new kingdom of nature has been added above the human kingdom, it is certainly true that the scope of the human kingdom has been enlarged and man has been shown forth as something grander than he had lately been wont to avow. A study of the teachings as to the 'sevenfold nature of man' gives form and substance to this idea. In particular we refer to what is said about the threefold nature of mind, or to what is sometimes spoken of as the three souls in man. This connects with the doctrine of evolution; for we see that the line of evolution which science has been studying relates merely to the history of physical man. Theosophy does not necessarily indorse the correctness even of this phase of evolution, as outlined by modern science; but that point may be waived for the moment. It is only on one side that man is related to inferior organisms; on his other side he has a nobler genealogy. For that light of wisdom in which he partakes is something that has existed from all eternity; and though organisms may evolve upwards, the Divine Spark descends from above.

Theosophy asserts the dual origin, and consequently the dual nature, of man; stating definitely that man was a spiritual being before he was a physical being, and that his present nature is the result of a union between the spiritual and the physical, the convergence of two separate lines of evolution.

The dual nature of man is represented in the scheme of his constitution by the threefold soul. There is in man a principle which is peculiar to him among beings, called *Manas*, which is the thinking principle, the self-conscious mind. This is not a product of biological evolution, but is an emanation from the Universal Mind. This *Manas* is linked on the one side with *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, and on the other side with *Kâma*, the seat of instinctual desires and propensities. This fact gives man his dual nature and is responsible for the perpetual strife within his breast.

Theosophy has made definite and real the fact of man's higher self. The union of *Manas* with *Buddhi* constitutes the Christos in man, or what is spoken of in the Gospels as the Son. This is also termed the Individuality, as distinguished from the personality. The God within is an essential part of man's constitution, and it is the source of Wisdom and of the voice of conscience. Theosophists learn to regard this as a source of strength and guidance.

REINCARNATION

THE teaching as to Reincarnation hinges closely on the above. The real Man is the immortal Ego, which incarnates again and again in

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human forms, putting on a new personality each time. And thus we at once take a great step in our view of the scope and possibilities of life. For we abandon the old idea that man's terrestrial experience is limited to a single period of seventy years, and we learn to regard our present life as only a small fraction of the life of the immortal Soul.

And what of the destiny of man? Neither science nor theology have been able to satisfy us on this head; but Theosophy shows us that the immortal Ego is accomplishing a far greater and grander purpose than can be contemplated by the unawakened mind, moving, as that mind does, within the narrow view of a single incarnation. The destiny of man is to achieve self-knowledge, to become more than man. The immortal Soul enters upon incarnation in order to achieve full self-consciousness and to raise and conquer the lower kingdoms of nature. Man, says H. P. Blavatsky, is a poor pilgrim, on his way to recover that which he has lost. And that which he has lost is the consciousness of his own divinity. All this is allegorized in the legend of the Garden of Eden, in which man, represented as originally innocent but devoid of the power of choice, is offered the gift of freewill, and uses it to his own immediate loss. He is driven out from Eden, but with the hope of regaining it, after much tribulation, through his own labors. This is an allegory of human history; and man is now learning the lessons of experience, with his eyes ever fixed in longing on his lost home.

Man is his own savior; for he has the gift of freewill; and, if he is saved by any other power, then this freewill is not used. He has to learn true self-reliance, instead of assuming an attitude of weak expectation of benefits. He is like a baby learning to walk, or a swimmer learning to do without a bladder. Theosophy teaches man to recognise the reality of this higher will within himself, and to invoke its power. Man has to conquer the lower self by the Higher Self; to evoke the divine, that it may rule the animal.

KARMA

CLOSELY associated with the doctrine of rebirth is the doctrine of Karma, which states that all our experience is the result of our own actions. The doctrine of Reincarnation enables us to see the possibility of this; for experiences which cannot be referred to any actions we have done in the present life, can be referred to those we have done in former lives. Thus the apparent injustice of human fate is done away with.

It is a well-known principle of science that phenomena are linked to one another in a chain of causes and effects. This principle is universal and applies to moral phenomena as well as to physical. Thoughts, emotions, and actions generate one another, just as mechanical energy begets

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heat, and heat electricity. Each man, by his thoughts, emotions, and acts, sets energies in motion; and these sooner or later react on him. This is called Karma. In some cases its working is perceptible to the ordinary view; as for instance where a profligate reaps the consequences of his self-abuse by ill-health in later life; or where a man, by inflicting injuries on another, sows hatred and incurs vengeance. But in many cases the cause and effect are farther apart and more obscure in their connexion with each other. But it would obviously be wrong to say that the law is inoperative in these cases, just because we have failed to discern its operation. It is reasonable to infer that the law is general, and that the limitations of our knowledge prevent us from always being able to trace it.

To understand how causes set in motion during one incarnation are held over until the next incarnation, so that they may take effect then, it is of course necessary that we should know a good deal more than we do at present. But it is clear enough that there must be oceans of knowledge that we have not yet attained, and quite a good deal of knowledge that we can attain by a little study. Theosophical literature contains many hints on such subjects, which will reward the efforts of the student, but which lie beyond the scope of this outline.

It is matter of common observation that people enter this life endowed with certain seeds of character which afterwards unfold as a destiny; and that they have in their character a good deal more than what they may have derived from their terrestrial parents. At the other end of the scale, we see people dying with many unfulfilled desires and hopes. These two puzzles solve one another in the light of the doctrine of Karma.

The great utility of this teaching is that it removes from our mind the impression of injustice or cruel indifference on the part of Providence; and shows us how it is possible to interpret life scientifically. It assures us that what we experience is that which we have made for ourselves; and that we must sooner or later reap the consequences of our present wishes and actions.

Breaking off the present instalment at this point, we would add that our mode of treatment requires that many topics should be touched but lightly at first, but will be expanded as we proceed.



"THE ethics are there [in the Theosophical teachings] ready and clear enough for whomsoever would follow them. They are the essence and cream of the world's ethics, gathered from the teachings of the world's great reformers."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

IN THE WIDE OPEN

F. M. P.

OUT into the wide Open everywhere
The glad winds blow through the free, fragrant air.
Out in the sunshine singing with the birds,
Or sprawling, sunning with the full fed herds.
Through hillside forests, in the greenwood glens,
Along the brookside, round the bosky fens.
With fondest friends at rest within the shade —
No heart there masked as those who are afraid.
Between my morning and the evening shades
Grant me to range the mountains, vales, and glades;
With gladsome thoughts to wander with the winds
Scanning the storied volume Nature binds.
And when the time comes round to close my eyes
Let me see last the fields and open skies;
Nor doubting that the fairer heavenly fields
Will flower and fruit to me of richer yields.
And when, with thought-light steps I tread the lawn
Of heaven for wide adventure in the Dawn,
Or, soul-wings spread, I dare the dazzling Light,
Through skies celestial ranging far in flight,
Let me not fail in love for loved ones here
With whom, in joy and sorrow, I find cheer:
These who make gay with me earth's fallow sod,
For in their hearts I find the love of God.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

SOME NOTES ON CONFUCIANISM AND TAOISM

H. M.



CONFUCIANISM and Taoism represent the two principal systems of Chinese religious thought. Contemporaneous at their inception about 500 b. c. they have furnished the guiding principles which have actuated all that is good, great, and noble in the life of China for more than twenty centuries. During this time these two religious systems have suffered many vicissitudes under the various Chinese dynasties, and although the Confucian

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and Taoist doctrines have been alternatively favored as they suited the ruling dynasties, nevertheless they have left an extraordinary influence on posterity.

Many writers and historians have sought to distinguish between these two schools of thought by representing Confucianism as an ethical system pure and simple, and Taoism as a system of philosophy; and in some cases have endeavored to prove that there were distinctly divergent views as between the two great contemporaries, Confucius and Lao-tsze, when they conferred together on many vital problems of life. Be this as it may, enlightened posterity in its impartial synthetic judgment will give to the doctrines and methods of these two contemporary sages their true place in the light of their distinctive spiritual missions; and will understand that the two Chinese systems are necessary and complementary to each other as being based on the time-honored essential spiritual teachings of the more ancient schools of thought.

Confucius, whose mission was to revive in a degenerate age the teachings of the ancient sages, was pre-eminently a reformer, and the disorder and violence which were then rampant impelled him to grapple with the diseases of the times. He mainly concerned himself with propounding doctrines and rules for the conduct of life that were deemed necessary to rectify society. He taught that if men would but observe filial piety towards their parents and ancestors and true duty toward their neighbors, the unrest then so rife would be removed.

Lao-tsze was essentially a spiritual teacher, an originator of mystical ideas, a great awakener and suggestor of thought, and his profound views of life and teachings were adapted to the development and needs of the inner man, who requires through meditation and contemplation that spiritual sustenance which shall guide and support his conduct in outer life and help him to assimilate earthly experiences.

Of the many writings of Confucius, the Shu King, or 'Book of History'; She King, or 'Book of Odes'; and the Lun Yu or 'Confucian Analects,' are the most prominent, and therein one can perceive the re-establishment of the teachings of antiquity, for Confucius, to quote his own words, was "a transmitter and not a maker."

Listen to what he says of the ideal man:

"Man is master of his destiny, and not only so, but he is the equal of heaven and earth, and as such is able to influence the course of nature. By complete sincerity he is able to give its full development to his nature. Having done this, he is able to do the same to the nature of other men. Having given its full development to the nature of other men, he can give their full development to the natures of animals and things. Having given their full development to the natures of animals and things he can assist the transforming and nourishing powers of heaven and earth. Having assisted the transforming and nourishing powers of heaven and earth, he may with heaven and earth form a trinity. Then he becomes the equal of heaven

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and earth; and when this stage is reached universal order will prevail and all things are nourished and perfected."

The sage and superior man form the central figures of the Confucian philosophy; and of the sage whom Confucius regards as the highest of the great mass of mankind and in whom Nature reaches its highest development, he says:

"The sage is born in possession of knowledge and perfect purity. He obeys without effort the promptings of his nature, and thus maintains a perfect uprightness and pursues the heavenly way without the slightest deflexion; magnanimous, generous, benign, and mild, fitted to exercise forbearance; energetic, firm, and enduring, fitted to maintain a firm hold; self-controlled, grave, fitted to command reverence; accomplished, distinctive, concentrative, and searching, fitted to exercise discrimination. All-embracing is he and vast. He is the equal of heaven."

Of the superior man he says:

"The superior man is righteous in all his ways: his acts guided by the laws of propriety and marked by strict sincerity. Being without reproach he is also without fear, and studying deeply his mind is untroubled by doubt or misgiving. Nothing puts him out of countenance, for wisdom, humanity, and valor are his constant companions. Of the ordinances of heaven, of great men, and of the words of Sages, he alone stands in respectful awe, and this not out of servility, but because he possesses sufficient knowledge to comprehend the wisdom embodied in those powers. His aims are directed towards 'the heavenly way.' "

Speaking of filial piety, Confucius says:

"Of all things which derive their natures from heaven and earth, man is the most noble; and of all the duties which are incumbent on him, there is none greater than filial obedience; nor in performing this is there anything so essential as to reverence one's father; and as a mark of reverence there is nothing more important than to place him on an equality with heaven."

Teachings on Destiny, Heaven, Loyalty, Benevolence, and other sublime ideas have their place in the Confucian philosophy.

Let us now turn to Taoism. The principal work left by Lao-tsze is the Tao-teh King, or 'the Simple Way.' Lao-tsze taught that if men would become as little children the Way would be found leading to Life Eternal. It is the quest for Tao. Tao is Absolute Reality, the Cause from which all manifested things proceed, and to which they return. Says Lao-tsze:

"The great Tao is exceedingly plain, but the people like the foot-paths. But it is more than the way. It is the way and the way-goer. It is an eternal road; along it all beings and things walk; but no being made it, for it is Being itself; it is everything and nothing, and the cause and effect of all. All things originate from Tao, conform to Tao, and to Tao at last they return."

The process of religion through meditation and devotion in act and thought to the Supreme, leads man into that state in which he perceives Tao, the Universe, as spiritual essence. According to Lao-tsze, man must attain to the Tao-teh or the Absolute Virtue of the spontaneous life rather than the superficial and orthodox virtue imposed by custom and

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convention. By possessing Tao, man reverts to a happy, pure, easy, and yet masterly way of life — the Simple Way, and develops in himself latent powers which enable him to realize the Divine Unity of Life.

Like Confucius, Lao-tsze speaks of his ideal man as the sage.

"In him resides every virtue. He is magnanimous, he is the equal of heaven, he is the embodiment of Tao, and eternity is his."

On the conduct of life, Lao-tsze says:

"Judge not your fellow-man. Be content to know yourself. Be chaste, but do not chasten others. Be strictly correct yourself, and do not cut and carve other people. And learn not to impute wickedness to the unfortunate. . . . A truly good man loves all men and rejects none, he respects all things and rejects nothing; he associates with good men and interchanges instruction with them, but bad men are the materials on which he works, and to bring such back to Tao is the great object of his life. But he who honors not his instructor, and he who loves not his material, though accounted wise, is greatly deluded."

TALKS ON THEOSOPHY

CARITAS

III: THEOSOPHY AND EDUCATION



NE day my friend and I were strolling leisurely along a country-road when we met a troop of children just released from school. Their bright, merry faces contrasted vividly with the pale, careworn expression to be seen in the faces of the workers in the neighboring manufacturing town we had just left, where the stern necessities of daily existence compelled occupation in factory or workshop, or at the desk, from early to late. My mind at once went to the possibilities in the future for these children. How would they grow up? Would they drift into the towns to become the residuum of those great populations in which rich and poor mix and where the latter seem to have such hopeless and helpless conditions, far removed from the joyousness and light in which they are now reveling as children and from which we ought to expect a noble humanity? I turned to my friend and said: "Theosophy makes much of brotherhood and you say that 'Brotherhood is a fact in nature,' how do you apply its teachings to the education of the young? Is it not too abstruse and speculative a subject for the young mind to grasp?"

"Many people," replied he, "who have made only superficial inquiries on the subject, are deluded into thinking this. But they are quite wrong. Theosophy has been likened to a vast ocean of wisdom, profound in its greatest depths, but at its shores shallow enough not to overwhelm the intelligence of the smallest child. It is because of this that ever since its

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earliest activities under the guidance of H. P. Blavatsky in modern times, efforts have been made to reach and help the very youngest of the children. In London, at the East End, there was established a crêche for infants. In New York, William Q. Judge, her successor, inaugurated the Lotus Circles or Groups for tiny tots and growing children, and when he passed away, his successor, Katherine Tingley, who had a wide experience in philanthropy on the East Side of that city, established the 'Do Good Mission' and opened Summer Homes in New Jersey and elsewhere for the care of children whose lives had been spent in the miserable tenement-houses of the American cities. Much has been done for children, I can assure you, and the effect on their lives has been most remarkable. These efforts have had extensions in many towns and cities in the United Kingdom. Liverpool, Manchester, Cardiff, Bristol, centers in Yorkshire and on the South Coast have witnessed the contact with hundreds of young children who in later life will give great promise for the future of our race. In Ireland, Sweden, Holland, and Germany, as well as in countries farther East, the work has gone on."*

"You interest me very much in what you say," said I, "for I can see that if the young life can be impressed with noble ideals and freed at the same time from the stultifying influences that prevail in so many modern educational methods, there will be a great promise for the future. I am a parent myself and the difficulties of training and directing my children's lives cause me many anxious hours of thought. Tell me what course is adopted with children of tender years."

"It is not easy," said my friend, "to describe just what a fully qualified teacher would do in the education of young children. So much depends on the opportunities afforded by parents who naturally cling to the idea of what may be called proprietorship in their children. If parents could only be brought to see that the right education of their children is of paramount importance and worthy of the greatest personal sacrifice on their part, one half of the battle would be won. Unfortunately they do not recognise this, neither do our governing bodies. The exploitation of child-life has contributed too much to the coffers of employers and to the reduction of expenses in home-life for the present habits of the people to be much changed."

*The writer is able to add that since the days of these early talks on Theosophy much more of an organized and complete educational character has been accomplished, culminating in the establishment of the now celebrated Râja-Yoga Academy and College which were founded by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma, California, where students have grown into a noble manhood and womanhood, at once the surprise and delight of thousands of parents and visitors who have seen the results manifested in a deportment and balance of character and life which are the envy of many of our highest educational establishments.

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"I agree. It is indeed lamentable that the welfare of the children should be so constantly ignored, but there are many parents," I said, "who make very considerable sacrifices for their children and yet the results often seem quite deplorable. Selfishness is rampant, disrespect for parents and teachers alike is a common experience, and when the boy or girl is supposed to be educated the youth just slips into the normal groove of life which we all feel is so full of misery and discontent. Does the Theosophical system offer any remedy to this state of things?"

"It certainly does," replied my friend, "for it approaches the problem from an altogether different standpoint. Instead of regarding the child as an infant 'fresh from the hands of its Maker,' to be molded and brought up according to the greater or less wisdom of parent or teacher, Theosophy looks upon the child as an old soul returned to earth once more to take up the duties and labors in which it was aforetime engaged. This soul, divine and immortal in its essence, has attached itself to a young body upon the fitness of which to respond to the soul's needs depends so much its success or failure in this new life. If parents could only realize this fundamental condition in their infants' make-up, how much more seriously would they look upon every advantage and opportunity to be secured for their child! In their union as parents, the prenatal conditions for the children would have not the least of their most anxious care and consideration."

"This is indeed a different conception of child-life, but how is it applied in practice?"

"Well," responded my friend, "think how you would act with your own children under the influence of such a conception of their possibilities. Does it not mean that you would ever respect that budding consciousness of right and wrong which manifests in the youngest child, so soon as it begins to exercise its will? Even in its petty outbursts for food and the things that it desires, may it not very easily be spoiled by an unwise indulgence? You would not allow its little appetites to be pandered to so that its tastes in after-life would always be biased towards the things that would contribute to physical troubles or mar the smooth working and prompt response of the physical organism to the higher needs of the mental and spiritual man. On the contrary, you would see to it that there was no overstrain, that health was constantly maintained, and that a right balance of what are called the animal spirits should be fostered and preserved as the child grew older."

"That, of course, is common sense," I said.

"Yes, common sense applied with knowledge of the child's real need. It becomes the first business of parents who truly love their children to discover what that need is. They should refuse to allow them to be in-

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fluenced by a false dogmatic theology which in later life they cannot believe in and to withstand which always causes so much mental distress and anguish which otherwise would be avoided. H. P. Blavatsky has said that '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.' And she adds, speaking of the kind of education Theosophists would establish, '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 and 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 would aim at creating *free* men and women — free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, *unselfish*.'

"But," I said, "in most countries we parents are largely subject to government systems of education which have no such ideals to work to. Their teachers are trained along modern competitive lines and their pupils become the dull average workaday man or woman, or the nimble quick-witted schemer who soon begins to carve out for himself a place in the world ahead of his fellows with the constant thought that he must maintain his supremacy or go under, and to do this he must repress all others who might qualify themselves to fill his place. The old days of the Guilds of Workers seem to have gone for ever, and there is little evidence of that mutual support, fellow-craft oversight and regard, which their true *esprit de corps* fostered. An employer will willingly receive 'articled pupils' at suitable 'premiums,' but not often with a desire to raise them to his own standard of ability. Fellow-workers impose upon new-comers and do not hesitate to keep them degraded, while only here and there one or another manages by sheer weight of character and conforming to the spirit of the times to jump into any vacant position that offers itself — to become in his turn an oppressor and representative of 'closed corporations' which are run on lines distinctly selfish and aggressive, the very opposite to those of earlier times when there was much less of modern 'culture.' How can a parent with the best intention in the world, yet without special aptitude to be himself a teacher, guard his son or daughter from such evils?"

"It is difficult, I grant you," replied my friend, "to resist the tendency of one's age and the conventional life about us. Yet it can be done when there is a determination and a constant unwavering attempt to bring about more ideal conditions. Katherine Tingley, who now fills the place of Leader of the Theosophical Movement formerly occupied by H. P.

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Blavatsky, has proved this in many remarkable ways. She says: 'We know that the best results cannot be achieved in ordinary educational systems, where the teacher and the children are only together a few hours daily; and that often there are adverse forces working in the home. The Râja-Yoga system takes full control of the child. From night until morning and from morning until night, the child is under the influence of this system; and so the great gap between the home and the school is spanned. This is one of the basic features in our education, and it has tended to bring parents into closer harmony with the real needs of their children, and to bring about more true happiness for both parents and children. And so the child is afforded a certain system of education that is not found elsewhere.' Indeed, I can assure you that much, very much, has been done along these lines since the days of H. P. Blavatsky, and those parents who are fortunate enough to have the opportunity to make the necessary sacrifice and will do it, will be cheered beyond measure by the results, while for others who are not so fortunate, it gives a great hope for the future which even they can help to see realized as they strive to understand and appreciate what it will mean for unborn generations."

SONNET

H. T. P.

*"Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.
Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin."*

A MONG 'the scum,' where tragic misery breeds,
Where crumbs and scraps are screened through
want's fine sieve,
There's still some kindness for others' needs,
And poor folk help yet poorer ones to live.
Those to whom Fortune has her gifts dispersed
With freest hand, if they remain inert
When Mercy calls, such are indeed accursed.
For when they see a fellow creature's hurt,
They shudder at the horror of the scene;
What shall they do? What is there they can do?
The injured one's a stranger — draw the screen?
They notice others there to help — that's true!
They go their way. Poor fools, another one
Has done the kindly deed they might have done.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THE PALACES WHICH LIE BEYOND

L. L. W.

"Life . . . may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass — not selfishly and alone, but in company with our fellows — to the palaces which lie beyond." — *H. P. Blavatsky*

 HERE is the inspiration of morning in the Theosophical life, something serene and pure that flows to us from the Golden Age. For a time after this spirit is first realized, the student may be at a loss to find the source from which the glory wells. But presently he is penetrated with the intuition that the age-old dreams, so long abandoned by himself and a heart-weary world, have been restored as a shining goal by the Wisdom-Religion.

This, then, is one source of that divine vitality with which Theosophy has infused all things. And the student knows that a radiant certainty of immortal being has lifted him forever beyond the power of sin and despair.

First among the cherished beliefs restored to humanity by the Wisdom-Religion is the reality of sacredness. It has befallen the world as a whole to lose belief in sacred things; and for the lack of a consciousness of something diviner than selfhood to aspire to, men have run riot and too often women are ignorantly luring the race to its destruction. No need to give illustrations — one has only to take a walk through any city or village street to find sad evidence of the degeneration of youth and character.

If it were not for Theosophy this would be indeed a hopeless world. But at one grand sweep of sublime assertion the Wisdom-Religion lifts man from the mire into which he has fallen and sets him where he belongs — upon the mountain-peaks of dawn. His own inner nature is the gateway to the sacred precincts of supreme Being. He feels at once that he, himself — if he lives and feels and works unselfishly — is a treasure-house of sacred possibilities.

It is a wonderful revelation, this vision of the silent, sacred place in one's inner consciousness. And through that secret doorway of the heart what intuitions come!

The student, having found again his own dignity and the splendor of his destiny, understands that all life is but a mystic quest, a sacred pilgrimage to the palaces of the Infinite. Below him is the divine Monad burgeoning in the countless exquisite and complicated forms of the lower kingdoms on its ascent towards human self-expression. And beyond him he can dimly perceive the footprints of those holy feet that have attained the heights supernal.

No wonder that to dwell even on the fringes of the Theosophical

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Movement is to taste of ‘the waters of life,’ to drink again of that deep well of sacred aspiration without which no spiritual consciousness is possible.

Theosophy gives back to the heart of man the lost dreams of youth. We can all remember them — those visions of heroic adventure and achievement or of unique happiness that beckoned to us in the long-ago. We can remember, too, the gradual, gray disillusion as we slowly came to feel that all dreams, promises, and even the actual companions of our brightest romance were only a mirage of youth.

How wondrous, then, to find these radiant visions a real part of that divine inner life that Theosophy unfolds: not symbolically, but actually.

Happiness? Whoever knew what the word really meant till he entered upon self-mastery in earnest and thus drew nearer to the fountain of divine youth and immortal being within his own heart?

Have we believed that adventure and achievement had passed us by? The pilgrimage of man’s soul through a long chain of reincarnating experience in every clime and civilization is the most fascinating tale in all the fairy-lore of our universe. No fabled hero — not Galahad, Arthur, nor Roland, nor any of the knights of legend or romance, ever lived through such adventures as simple you and I. What we are was wrought through this immense stretch of experience. What we will be — if we try — will be wrought through grander and richer achievements than these. For — “the Path winds uphill all the way.”

Is there not in this future — where “veil upon veil shall lift” — something that puts upon the feet the mystic wings of Hermes? Is not Theosophy the fountain of eternal youth and energy?

The very powers of a man’s intellect quicken under the inspiration of the Wisdom-Religion. For the student finds the way to step out of the treadmill of brain-mind analysis into the upper air of creative imagination. The race had almost reached starvation-point from centuries of intellectual sawdust in the shape of barren analysis and brain-mind speculation, when H. P. Blavatsky came with her spiritual manna to the wilderness of modern thought. She showed humanity the golden gate through which a man may pass into the palaces of the creative intellect beyond.

Then how many pessimistic miasmas Theosophy lifts from the heart of man! That ancient grief of poet and philosopher — the utter and eternal loneliness of the human soul. It has haunted the consciousness of men for centuries. Yet how easily the fragrant truths of these teachings blow away that ancient cobweb, spun by the despair of man’s limited personal mind. Beyond the tired heart, shut in as it is by the arid hills of its own selfishness and prejudice, stands its Higher Self — waiting always till the struggling soul shall attain to the eternal companionship

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of the Warrior. And beyond even this height of individual consciousness the soul shall at last become one with the infinite and eternal Heart of Brotherhood which is the Soul of the race. Not much scope for loneliness when a man knows that his efforts are bringing him into constantly closer union with such companionship, now and forever.

Not only does Theosophy give back to us our dreams — it restores those more precious treasures, the friends who, either through death or estrangement, have seemed lost to us. For in reality there is neither death nor estrangement. By finding in ourselves the plane of the divine and *living there* — if only for a few seconds every day — we reunite ourselves to the immortal companions who cannot die. They are there, still living on that divine plane, from which we are separated by the veils of flesh and personal limitation. In the moment that we are able to transcend those limitations the veils part ever so little and we feel the light that beams in their immortal abiding-place. We might, if we were in that moment absolutely pure and single-hearted, receive a ray from their celestial self-communion.

And even so is it with an estranged friend. If he be really loved by us, as a divine brother whose real identity is in his higher nature, he is not lost. If he has wronged us and passed callously on his way, Karma — the just Law, the essence of which is deathless compassion — will sometime bring him back to that cross-roads of his destiny, where in heart you are waiting for him. There at last he will see what he has done and, craving forgiveness, be restored to outward love and confidence.

In the real immortality taught by Theosophy there is never separation for the student who has even begun to grasp the truths that it reveals. In our divine natures we are all one — all united by the very first condition of existence, which is spiritual unity. “Our shadows live and vanish. That which in us *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life.” *That* fears no separation and possesses all. Separations in time and in conditions are an illusion. To the soul, “a thousand years are as one day,” because in the divine and the eternal all is an immortal Now, and separation remerged into Being.

We must never for an instant forget, however, first to possess ourselves of the key to this golden gate of life. That key each man must forge for himself by the aid of the spiritual will and in the white flame of self-mastery. Nor must he make the fatal error of using that key as a personal possession. Only in the daily sacrifice of personal desire to the welfare of others will he find its true service. And so living, each day may become a golden gate through which we may pass, not selfishly and alone, but in company with our fellows — to the palaces which lie beyond.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, THE WAY OF PEACE

ELIZABETH M. S. FITE

MAN is a searcher for peace. He believes that there is peace of mind, peace of body, and peace of soul, to be found somehow, somewhere: all three admittedly desirable, but how and where to find the path, if there be a path at all, is the question; this doubt is nourished by the universal unrest of the age. Well, there *is* a way to peace, and it goes through but one door,—the door of SELF-knowledge.

The mention of self-knowledge leads the student immediately to self-analysis, and self-analysis will result in one of two things: either it will lead to a selfish self-absorption, or, by tracing the effect of thoughts and acts, not alone upon the self but upon others, and noting cause and effect as a means of obtaining knowledge which will lead to an understanding of the great laws underlying life, experiences may be utilized to overcome undesirable traits of character before they become too fixed as habits, and may enable the individual to use this knowledge for the benefit of others.

No one stands still; the eternal urge within sees to it that the mind be active; and that activity must take one direction or another. The decision rests with the individual whether the force be dissipated, whether it be wrongly directed into a channel for destruction, or whether it be directed into a constructive channel. Surely not through chaos lies the way of peace, but through the law and order of the Eternal. We cannot create law and order — that already exists, the universe is based upon it — but we have need to conform our lives to this already existing harmony, a need of a thorough knowledge of this being called man; need of a knowledge of all aspects of the subject so that we may intelligently put ourselves in accord with the existing Law.

In addition to the marvelous and interesting heights to which the right kind of self-analysis leads us, man is found to be a subject of incomparable interest. From the most ancient times do we learn that man was advised "Know thyself," and that by so knowing would he know the universe; man being but the universe epitomized. Through observation of cause and effect, one quickly reaches the conclusion that there is nothing concealed from him who has understanding; only to those who, having eyes, yet see not, is there anything secret. To the truly observant individual even thoughts are not secret; his acts are but the effect of the inner man; a man's acts are advertisements of his thoughts.

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On the objective plane, or in the so-called natural world, the working of the law of cause and effect is universally recognised; we are but just beginning to recognise its operation on the subjective plane or in the moral world — that higher realm where the real man functions. If we admit the unity of all life, based upon a universally just law, which is impartial in its operation, man can be no exception to this law.

A sincere search for the hidden justice which rules life has convinced me that each of us who is behind bars, be they bars in the literal or figurative sense, is there by virtue of his own acts: his position is but the outer manifestation of an inner cause; and, too, in proportion to that power which placed us there have we the power to free ourselves, to regain the liberty of lost peace. But in the regaining of this liberty most of us commit the error of trying to alter circumstances on the outer plane, instead of realizing that real and lasting improvement must necessarily come from an inner reconstruction; *that* attended to, the outer will take care of itself, will fall into its proper place in proper time, *again* as the effect of a cause. As our base and unworthy thoughts have led to our imprisonment, so in order to obtain our freedom must we base our acts upon a changed thought-life, an ennobling one, before which all the barriers to freedom will disappear.

William Q. Judge, second leader of the Theosophical Society, said regarding this law of cause and effect, that “no one idea we get is any more than an extension of previous ones. That is, they are cause and effect in endless succession. Each one is the producer of the next and inheres in that successor. Thus we are all different and some similar. My ideas of today and yours are tinged with those of youth, and we will thus forever proceed on the inevitable line we have marked out in the beginning; we of course alter a little always, but never until our old ideas are extended.”

Admitting then that there is no effect without a preceding cause, if we are inclined to accuse fate for an unjust imprisonment, one for which we can attribute no cause so far as we know, we are brought to face that which is apparent to every thoughtful soul, namely, that reincarnation is a fact in nature, not a theory only, and that the cause must be sought for in a previous incarnation, if unaccountable for in this; it is but the reaping at a late hour that which was sown; the seed must have been sown at some time, else there would have been no harvest.

An impartial self-analysis leads to a recognition of the existence of a dual nature to be dealt with, which must first be accepted as possible of comprehension and accountable if one is to make any advance on the path of self-knowledge. Except through the working of this dual nature in man there is no explanation for the Jekyll and Hyde which exists in

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each human being; to be found rather evenly balanced in many, but one or the other decidedly overbalancing in the general run of people. Only so can we reasonably account for the unremitting demand from within for the finer things of the spirit, for that within which causes the springing forward involuntarily, without thought of self or hope of reward, to render service in time of need; and co-existent with it that other side which demands gratification of the bodily senses, that manifests in selfishness, pride, vanity, callousness to the suffering of others, whether human or animal, or in other equally undesirable qualities. This dual nature in man is a fact, and only by recognising its existence and trying to work with it intelligently and understandingly can progress be made.

The higher nature represents the divine side of man, the real man, the ego which incarnates again and again in his upward evolution towards perfection; this ego will incarnate on this earth-pane just as often as may be necessary for it to gain the experiences of this plane, then it will incarnate on higher planes of consciousness. It is like a child at school who cannot gain all necessary book-knowledge in one grade but must return to school year after year, each year taking the child a step farther, a grade higher — that is if the child so wills and makes possible an entrance to a higher grade; if not, the lessons of the previous year must be experienced and re-learned until the knowledge they have to impart is stored up in the little one's mind.

With the reincarnating ego the intuition represents the stored-up knowledge of previous lives; it is more pronounced in some individuals than others, according to the attention which has been paid to it; as heed is given to it, it makes its pronouncements clearer, and as with the child and school, so with the incarnating ego lies the determining power as to the next grade to be entered; whether the next incarnating experience shall be of a higher nature than this. Much depends upon how thoroughly the lessons have been learned which the experiences of this life-period hold, and how far they have been made a reconstructing factor in the life. Until every vestige of selfishness has been eradicated, shall the ego return to repeat some earth-experiences, until so purified that he may function on a higher than the earth-plane.

These two forces in every life, which Theosophy classifies as the higher and lower nature, are in reality the 'Angel and Demon,' between which there is constant warfare for supremacy on this plane; the Demon is found so frequently in the ascendancy because it is of the earth-plane, well recognised as the lowest plane of manifestation; hence the Demon is at home, on his own ground as it were, in environment well suited to his impulses for destruction.

Both forces utilize the mind as a medium for expression. This is very

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clearly demonstrated in connexion with the lower nature when an effort is made to overcome an undesirable or evil habit; immediately excuses and reasons arise in the mind as to why the effort were better deferred, or should not be done, etc., and the victim of the lower nature sees in this effort for supremacy nothing but 'reason' as he terms it, and again and again is the reasoning heeded until frequently it is too late to eradicate an evil tendency which by this temporizing method grows, feeding upon itself, becoming in time a veritable octopus with tentacles grown fast around the very root and fibre of his being, only to be cast off by a gigantic effort at self-mastery by tearing out the very heart of this thing rooted in selfishness, or through the more gradual process of the cumulative effect of lessons learned through repeated births.

Selfishness — the root of every evil that mind and flesh of man is heir to, that causes the unspeakable woe and misery of the world,— is of the personality, and has no place among the qualities attributed to the divine side of man. To uproot this cause of man's ills needs more than the human effort; the will to accomplish this must have back of it all of the force of the higher nature, the divine side, which man is capable of bringing into action. Only by a full recognition of its all-pervading power, and by eternal vigilance, and by a quiet, determined, relentless, and unremitting effort to overcome it, can anything be accomplished. It is insidious, subtil in its working, masking in many attractive garbs in order to take the unsuspecting individual unaware, and by clever strategy.

One of the most subtil and alluring forms that selfishness assumes is human love in its various aspects; mother-love, love of husband and wife, etc., and friendship. Human love, as has been declared by an eastern writer, is but a step higher in degree than "animal love which is the love of self which is identified with the gross physical body, . . . of every object that is related to the physical form and of all things that bring a pleasing sensation or a comfortable feeling to the animal self." Whereas human love "while accentuating the I, Me, Mine, is for the mutual benefit of the lover and the beloved," it seeks appreciation or a return of love in kind. Yet through human love may the higher, divine love, latent in each soul, be realized. Only through the suffering of the human soul which finally recognises human limitations does it reach out for the plane of spirit and all which is to be found there; then is it no longer satisfied with the limitations of this plane.

No amount of craving of the soul for love will be satisfied by human love; the unsatisfied craving will continue until there is a realization of the divinity and immortality of each soul, and only thus can human relations be spiritualized. Unlike that love which seeks a return for its giving,

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is divine love, which flows out for the good of the object, whether an ideal, an individual, or humanity as a whole, without thought or hope of reward of any kind; its happiness is in the giving, always giving. It is this uplifting quality of divine love which leads us along the way of peace, the way to the union with our Source which mankind terms God. Such love is selfless; unless the self-interest is entirely eliminated we may be very sure that selfishness is the basis of the desires, no matter how idealistic they may seem to be; a gross form of selfishness need not necessarily exist for this to be true, but selfishness in some degree is there.

What is the key to this door of self-knowledge, the key which opens to us the way of peace through divine love? It is a key formed in such a simple mold that we are likely to pass it by without believing it to be the right one; but simple as the act is, the turning of it in the lock ere the door will open takes much time backed by patience and unselfish desire. Our difficulty lies in wanting to burst through the door too quickly before we have earned the right, and when we try that plan, alas, we find that so long has man let the key lie unused in the lock that the rust of ages has formed and must first be worn away. Patience, infinite patience, is required to remove the rust-coating of selfishness, but it can be done; and the name of the simple key is Service. In one of our theosophical devotional books we find the saying: "Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child." Therein lies the key — "loving deeds," service for others; we cannot perform truly loving deeds with selfishness in our hearts.

Now, whether Theosophists or not, these statements hold good for you and for me. Theosophy teaches universal brotherhood as a fundamental fact in nature, and *service* as the keynote to self-knowledge, which is all inclusive; for, as said, with the understanding of the self there follows an understanding of one's brothers and of the universe.

I believe that by a canvass of the world we would find an overwhelming desire in favor of individual and collective peace. It must be admitted that a world-peace to be lasting is an impossibility until as individuals we have learned to bring peace into our own lives, and if the way to peace lies through self-knowledge then it behooves us individually not to let another day pass ere we consciously begin to tread the path which leads to that goal; it is a duty we owe our greater self, to the whole of humanity. And through this conscious effort for self-knowledge, during the process of earnestly trying to harmonize ourselves with the universe, we shall find that the world-attitude changes toward us individually in proportion to *our* change.

This teaching of the beauty of service, of service as the key to self-knowledge, is a teaching of Theosophy, just as is the dual nature one of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy, just as universal brotherhood

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as a fact in nature is a fundamental teaching of Theosophy. All these terms, which have been more or less loosely bandied about by peoples of the earth during the past few years in order to produce effects for material gain from national standpoints, are basic truths to which man must give serious consideration if he is to find his way out of the chaos of present conditions. Even our educators, formerly so deeply engrossed with purely academic learning, are beginning to realize that the world is in dire need of something much more far-reaching than book-knowledge if it is to be lifted to higher levels; but they only theorize as to the means, they give no working basis for the attainment of the higher levels, such as Theosophy offers. Yet it is an encouraging sign that they are thus far awake: a little more time, and they may grasp the full significance of the sublime Theosophic teachings.

The following brief quotations from two addresses given by two eminent educators of Princeton and Yale universities respectively, will confirm this statement. Dr. Hibben, President of Princeton, according to *The Literary Digest* is reported to have said in part:

"If we think for a moment that the confusion into which this world has been thrown is to be straightened out by the devices of economists or by the manipulation of political experts we are making a hideous mistake; it will be done, if done at all, as it was done in the beginning when the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the deep and brought an ordered world out of chaos."

Dean Frederick Schutz Jones of Yale University is quoted by the same authority as having said that:

"There was a time when I thought that we must teach in college first and foremost the learning of books. In these days I would bend every effort to the making of good citizens, and by a good citizen, I think I mean 'a man who is master of himself, earns his own living, and as far as possible in doing it is of benefit to his fellow-men.' "

In Dr. Hibben's remarks we sense his realization of the already existing harmony in the universe and man's need to put himself in perfect accord with it. Dean Jones "thinks" he means a man who "is of benefit to his fellow-men": he has glimpsed the truth of the unity of life and that man cannot live to himself and for himself alone if the good of the whole world is to be considered.

So, if we are to find the way of peace, a study of the Theosophical teachings will help us on the way; the books contain that which is needful for the clarifying of our ideas, explanations of the tangled web we call life. But the books can only fill the part they are rightfully meant to fill: they contain the information, but with the inquirer, through the high endeavor of right thinking and living, rests the determination as to the result, whether or not a higher spiritual consciousness is to be attained. All the reading in the world will not give it to one: an intellectual under-

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standing is one thing, a realization is quite another matter. But in moments of discouragement it is well to remember that there is gain with each sincere effort, each unselfish desire from the heart for betterment. As with the ocean, there are tides in the affairs of the soul, and at each flood-tide there is left a richer deposit of spiritual endeavor than the one preceding; and these tides bring the soul nearer to the supreme goal. It is not possible to live up to the level of the flood at all times, but we know, to quote again from the devotional book: "each failure is success and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time."

Through an earnest desire to eliminate selfishness, through loving service to all that lives, shall we find the key that fits the door of self-knowledge, and only through that door goes the way of peace.

THE ETERNAL NOW

GRACE KNOCHE



SUBJECT such as this opens a door in the mind through which one sees passing a remarkable panorama. Salient points in history, philosophy, metaphysics, psychology and also in myth and legend, pass and repass before the mind, and mixed and mingled with them is a procession of intimate personal experiences. It begins to seem as though the world, both inner and outer, held a wonderful waiting company, part of whose plan was to illustrate this very subject and invite one to examine it. And appropriately so, for it has a practical, simple, wholesome application to one's daily life.

It may even be questioned if any other subject is more important at the present time than this one: The Eternal Now. The world is in a blind alley from ignoring it throughout the ages — no one can deny this and make the denial stand alone — and yet humanity as a whole is still serenely unconscious of the cause of its catastrophes. We know this from the nature of the remedies that are sought to be applied; but we know it better still — at least the student of Theosophy does — from the whirlpool of desire, regret, and longing in which the average person is struggling: dwelling with all the energy of the nature upon what is past and cannot therefore be helped or changed, and what is to come and in any event cannot be known, and letting the precious present moment, the Eternal Now, slip by unnoticed, unappreciated, sterile, and unused for good.

'The river of Time' is one of the commonest figures we use — so common in fact that we rarely think of it as a figure at all — and one of the truest. Time is indeed like a river, broad and deep and beautiful,

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flowing on and on and on, never stopping, never pausing, never lingering, never quitting its bed, which is the broad plane of Universal Law. On and on it flows by us, and we, you and I and all of us, stand here on ‘the banks of Time,’ watching it. Out of this river — how well we know it — must come whatever of *outer* things the soul needs for its nourishment. Into it we commonly cast only our selfish hopes and fears, our anticipations or our regrets, and it gives us back exactly what we put in: matter to nourish our hopes and fears, our likes and dislikes, while the food the soul is waiting for is withheld. Is there no better way? No way by which to make this great river yield up of the spiritual treasure that we know it does possess? It is here that a new door opens in the thoughtful mind and just in proportion to our sincerity and our real disposition to think the endless ‘Daughters of Time’ begin to pass and repass before our gaze, each with its lesson for us.

The ordinary habit of mind is a negative, will-less, spendthrift one. But as it is not so consciously, many deny it and with a great show of argument and such exhibitions of industry and brisk activity as would convince almost anyone who had not the great premises of Theosophy to fall back upon. The student of Theosophy, however, looks at the matter in quite a different light, and so reiterates the statement that, taking humanity as a whole, the general habit of mind is negative and unfrugal, or at the other extreme, it may be falsely frugal: either selfish, careless, ease-loving, and prodigal, or selfish, miserly, grasping, despicably busy upon personal and ephemeral things, hoarding up the minutes as a miser does his gold in a mania for accumulations that pertain to fleeting interest only. One extreme is as bad as the other. Both equally ignore the Eternal Now. They are opposite poles of the same little world of self-interest. Both are spendthrift of the same divine opportunities, only in a different way.

The symbol of the fisherman casting his line into the waters is as trite as ‘the river of Time.’ Jesus may have had it in mind in one of its aspects when he called Simon Peter and Andrew to him, saying that he would make them “fishers of men.” It may be that their very occupation, with its closeness to nature and the necessity in it for a certain strong quality of trust, had opened their minds in a way that especially fitted them to grasp the message the Master came to bring. In any case, no better figure was ever used for the purpose just at hand, for where does the fisherman cast his line? Not into the air, nor the trees on the bank behind him, nor the waters far up-stream nor the waters that have passed him by. He casts it into the waters directly before him. Should he do anything else, we would consider him ignorant and impractical both, possibly insane. In this simple figure is the truth in a nutshell: the whole

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status of the ancient case of right action versus wrong — a case that will have to be brought to trial in the tribunal of man's soul, sometime or other, the evidence heard and weighed and a right decision rendered, if humanity is to go forward and not back. This has been done in individual lives already, and so here and there we find those who have made their decision — a soulful decision — and have enforced it by deed as well as word. In time to come it will be true of humanity as a whole.

It is such a simple, homely figure. Perhaps that is why Jesus called upon it. Let the line be cast into the river at just the point before our eyes — the present moment, the present duty — and the result is happiness, success, content: the waters yield their spiritual treasures. But let it not be so cast, let us put our minds on what we would like to do instead of what we have to do, and the great waters of opportunity yield us nothing. We go from them with empty hands, disappointed, out of tune, burdened with regrets, scorched with the hot fires of longing, a general grand misfit.

For we are all of us Time's fishermen, standing on the banks of that endlessly flowing River which is teeming with wealth of resource, teeming with opportunities for the soul. Those who are wise enough to cast their lines into the waters just in front of them, or in other words, who put their energy and attention upon the teeming, pregnant, waitin' PRESENT MOMENT, upon the Eternal Now — to these are the treasures of Time, treasures that are above decay and corruption, for they belong to the incorruptible life. But those who ignore the present moment, the little bit of river just in front of them, while vainly trying to cast their line into the moments that are past or are to come: what is their reward? We can look at the world about us and at the world within us, and describe it for ourselves. Its name is Emptiness. It is only the very few, here and there, who perceive this apparently simple truth. Still fewer have the unselfishness and moral balance to translate it into terms of daily life. Yet these alone can know the magic of doing the duty of the hour or the truly magical results that can come from putting one's whole mind upon the present moment and letting the moments that cannot be helped, and the moments that cannot be foreknown, quietly take care of themselves.

Looked at in a study of the processes of mind, this unfortunate tendency to dwell in the past or in the future shows up as one of the most marked and discouraging characteristics of the present age. We do not find this noted in modern books of psychology, as a whole, though one or two are now touching the fringe of it. But even they give it no practical bearing on daily conduct; and to the Theosophist conduct is even more than the "three-fourths of life" it was to the Stoic Seneca: it is all of life on its own particular plane. Find the person who truly, honestly, under-

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standingly, simply, and with his whole heart, lives in the Eternal Now, without regret for what is past, without longing for what is to come, and Theosophy will say to you: *Here is a happy and contented person, an absolutely dependable person, one in whom Brotherhood is as much a living power in the life as fragrance is in the flower or light and warmth in the sun, who is measurelessly rich with riches that can never rust away.*

Of course if the world didn't need such as he — but how much the world does! And it is well for humanity that there are those who have this power in some degree, the power to put their minds upon the duty of the moment and live in the Eternal Now. We find them sometimes in humble station, the mother in her home, the teacher at her desk, the builder at his task; and sometimes we find them high in places of power, a mystery to the average, thoughtless mind, and the envy of those spend-thrifts of opportunity who will be sure to tell you that they don't see how it is some people have such luck! The student of Theosophy sees, for he has no time to envy anyone. To him such a point of self-conquest is no mystery for he has studied human nature and the laws of life, and the process is plain as day. Such power, honestly come by, is only the logical result of casting one's line into the waters exactly in front of one, in other words, of attending to the duty each moment or hour that is exactly at hand, and not the duty that is past — which no one can seize and perform any more than the fisherman can catch the fish that have passed on down the stream — nor the duty that is to come — which *now* has absolutely no existence.

So far as our true work in life is concerned, and our relations one to another, such an attitude of mind is a solvent for otherwise insoluble problems. It is one of the great keys that Theosophy is trying to place in man's unguided and misguided hands. It is the grand panacea for sorrow and despair that the whole past seems to be trying to give us in the sayings of all Wise Teachers and in the legends and traditions treasured for our profit against the day when humanity shall wake up. A word here, a picture or symbol there, an allegory further on, glimpses of true philosophy and the rest: they may be unlabeled but nevertheless there they are, shining with an inner beautiful light, and those who are not too ignorant or obstinate or blind can see them and see which way to go. We find the same thing in our great dramatic art and in our greatest books, and we would find more in them did we fully understand that these are something other than material for aesthetic enjoyment or an emotional spree, but that they truly have a message for daily life, for humble life and humble duties, and for every person, no matter how situated or where.

Take, for example, some of the legends of Czechoslovakia. One of these relates that things were falling into disorder in the kingdom of

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Čechie, and the people were becoming lax and quarrelsome, when Krok, the father of Libuše, came to the throne. Krok was versed in magic and knew the world's ancestral Theosophy, so that naturally his first task was to substitute for the quarreling and the disorder a spirit of Brotherhood and peace. The legend tells us that he did so by stating very simply that he soon "had each man's hand off his neighbor's duty and strictly upon his own." That is all, but surely that is quite enough, for it tells the story of the best process known for producing stability and peace, and a volume could not tell it better. It was the philosophy of the Eternal Now translated into daily conduct: each man in his place and not out of it; each duty in its place and not out of it: each man's hand upon his own duty and not upon the duty of another; it is the very essence of Universal Law. As the Bible tells us in *Ecclesiastes*, "there is a time to keep and a time to cast away; a time to weep and a time to laugh; . . . a time to keep silence and a time to speak"; and the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, which is older still: "It is better to do one's own duty, even though it be devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well." It is part of the burden of that sublime and wonderful passage beginning "Thou grievest for that which may not be lamented"— the indestructible, unprovable Spirit whose only point of contact with this earth-life is in the Eternal Now.

Many of the world's great allegories, and possibly most of its great dramas, have for their theme the catastrophe that comes about from ignoring the duty of the hour. An incident in the legend of Libuše, just referred to, stands out as teaching this fact between the lines. When the messengers came to Přemysl, the young plowman raised to princehood by the decree of Libuše, it will be remembered that they came not of the Princess' desire, who knew that the time was not ripe, but as a concession to the impatience of the people. They were not able to attend to their own duties but must plunge ahead into unknown consequences by taking on themselves the duties of leadership and decision which belonged to another. Přemysl, who was wise with some of the wisdom the Princess Libuše possessed, said to them as they came: "Pity is it that you came so soon. Had you only waited until I finished plowing this field, there would be bread in abundance for the people through all the ages to come. But since you did not, know that the land shall fall under famine again and again." And so it came to pass. Only a 'legend' — but there is a meaning here.

We find the same thing in the legend of Psyche, who could not attend to her business and wait the revelation of the god until the proper time should come, but must put her hands upon the duty of another with the result of invoking catastrophe. And so it comes that Psyche, which is but a name for the human soul, is doomed to wander the earth for ages, shelter-

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less and unloved, just as the soul of man has wandered, seeking that protective power of Love and Compassion which was its companion once, and then was sacrificed. Pandora could not keep her mind to her duty, nor could Fatima in that fantastic more modern version in the Arabian Night's Tales; and every child in the nursery knows what happened to Cinderella when she mixed up the time to dance with the time to slip quietly away. The legend of Kronos (or Time) devouring his children is another, showing how the children of men came to be swallowed up by catastrophe because Time's order was broken. They would cast their line into the waters too far ahead.

And so one might go on, tracing the same unlabeled teaching of the sacredness of the Eternal Now through the great literatures of the world and the long course of history, as well as through their epitome in personal experience. For this teaching is there and the records that contain it, whether we consider them fiction or fact, have a strange power of sinking into the mind. Once there, they become transformed, through the subtil alchemy of the soul, into a seed of spiritual perception. Sometime, some day, somewhere, that seed will take root and grow, and wheresoever it blossoms we see a transformed life.

But there is no need to multiply examples. Suffice it to say that the great aim of Theosophy is to prevent the sorrow and the catastrophes that come from ignoring the Eternal Now. When Madame Katherine Tingley founded the Râja-Yoga School she called it a "School of Prevention." It was born of her experience with the derelicts on Time's river — those pitiable human creatures that, ignorant of the laws and the meaning of life, are punished *by the attainment of their desires*. It was born of her compassion for the little children dragged helplessly along in their wake. It was born of her conviction that the methods ordinarily employed for the redemption of the broken-winged "hosts of souls" were futile, a mere patching-up or plastering over of effects while the causes far below were left undisturbed, festering centers of disease, ready whenever conditions would permit to infect the whole social system with the virus of disintegration and decay. The Râja-Yoga School was born of a conviction that methods absolutely new — new to our modern civilization, that is — must be employed if human life were ever to become the wholesome, balanced quantity that is the ideal of reformers but as yet is neither understood nor achieved.

And in working out her system, Madame Tingley gave a new meaning to the old adage, "Prevention is better than cure." She took the children with her right into the magic Kingdom of the Eternal Now. She taught them that they were divine and gave them a key to a complete understanding of their nature in the teaching that man is twofold: TWO not one,

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a Higher Self and also a lower, a god and an animal within each human being, each of them striving for the mastery, one of them living in the land of '*mañana*,' the kingdom of failure and procrastination, and the other living with victory and joy in the land of the Eternal Now.

So it comes that one of the magic words in the Râja-Yoga School is 'Now.' *Now* is the time for self-control, not tomorrow; *now* is the time to conquer that rising jealousy or selfish indolence or dislike for what is duty; and *now* is the time to be strong and true and honest — not next month or next year. *Now* is the time to seize the opportunities that present themselves, for they are lost, perhaps forever, if let slip by. The result of this teaching is a group of children and young folk who are living a new order of life, whose habit of mind has practically nothing in common with the pessimism, gloom, and fear that weigh like an incubus upon humanity as a whole, shutting out the sunlight of hope and stifling aspiration. The Eternal Now may not be the only key to conduct, but it is a tremendously important one, and lacking it the life is bound to be disordered and chaotic.

But how about humanity, that is to say, the grown-up portion of it that includes you and me? We are no longer children; our habit of mind is fixed; there is no kindly Râja-Yoga teacher to show us the way to go. To such as these Katherine Tingley says, *Find the divinity within your heart, and then, in the light of it, begin to live in the Eternal Now.* But how shall we begin? Why, *by beginning.* How does a baby begin to see, to walk, to talk? By beginning. Strength will come with exercise. Knowledge will come with experience and effort, and Theosophy has guide-posts of spiritual help all along the way. More than that, art, music, letters, all the richness of the mighty past will speak to us in a new way. The whole world will become our Teacher.

But nothing will avail if we do not resolutely start in. A child would never learn to talk if he waited for a treatise on the subject. And are we not all children in the language of the soul? If we resolutely do our part, help will come as we need it; we need have no anxiety about that. Our business is simply to start in — and then keep on. It may take patience, but what else, as the old Chinese teachers have told us, "is so full of victory as patience?" Day by day we will grow in the power to do the duty of the moment, in the power to shut out of our minds all clouds of regret and longing, those implacable enemies of soul-life. Day by day will grow the power to live in the Eternal Now, to take up each day's duties easily, quietly, simply, and seize the opportunities as they come. That is life's 'easy way,' in sober truth, and once we have determinedly launched our bark on the sea of this new life, which is so fruitful of achievement and so overfull of joy, we shall wonder why we hesitated so long.

THOUGHT-POWER OF ANCIENT EGYPT

W. A. DUNN

CHAPTER I

"The *human* Dynasty of the older Egyptians, beginning with Menes, had all the *knowledge* of the Atlanteans."—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 436

"How mighty must have been the parent nation of which this Egypt was a colony! In Egypt we have the oldest of the Old World children of Atlantis; in her magnificence we have a testimony to the development attained by the parent country; by that country whose kings were the gods of the succeeding nations, and whose kingdom extended to the uttermost ends of the earth."—DONNELLY

"I am yesterday, today, and tomorrow, for I am born again and again: mine is the unseen force which createth the gods. . . . I bring to its fulness the Force which is hidden within me."

—*Egyptian Texts*



CONVICTION is arising in many minds that the ancient world of thought has been misinterpreted by sectarian historians. It might even be asserted that historical interpretation does not so much present actual fact as it presents the intellectual tendencies of the historian, conditioned by the preconceptions and assumptions which constitute the mechanism of his thought.

This is especially true in respect to the dehumanized methods of research in vogue today. Historical and natural facts are subjected to an *objective* method of research that is carefully screened so as to shut off *subjective* insight of truth, both from the subject-matter being examined and from the executive thought of the one examining it. This objective momentum of modern thought accounts for the peculiar illusion that our intellectual capacity not only includes, but supersedes all thought-capacity of past epochs. There can be little doubt that this assumption is the true progeny of prevailing theories of evolution, to *reinforce* which it is *necessary* to prejudge our antecedents by assigning primitive conditions to the whole of antiquity. To believe that even a single race existed in the past on a higher civilized level than our own age would immediately nullify the materialistic theory of evolution. Hence, in order to assert our superiority over all that has preceded us, it is authoritatively laid down that evolution proceeds in a direct line from savage ancestry up to the present-day enlightenment. But a still small voice is occasionally heard that speaks with more power than all theories presented by objectively-conditioned science, namely: that all things move in circles, evolution into objective life being neutralized by a corresponding involution into subjective conditions. This is emphatically demonstrated in the growth and decline of *all* natural organisms, in the cyclic repetitions of the yearly

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seasons, in the rhythmic revolutions of the earth and planets, and in the successive rise and fall of civilized races.

In short, there is no evidence in nature that her evolutionary processes operate alone. Integration and disintegration not only apply to the growth and decline of every organism in nature, but even to bodily functions, such as intake and output of breath, the digestive processes, etc. In fact evolution, which means growth, imperceptibly passes into the involutionary phase, and *vice versa*. Hence it is that an age that conditions its thought exclusively to objectivity (as is the case with the modern scientific method) is easily deluded as to the merits of previous epochs of thought which gave predominant expression to the subjective powers of the human soul, and its exalted status over the elemental forces of nature.

These facts suggest that historians commit a serious error in interpreting historical cycles of the remote past as if they revolved around, or led up to, the present age. This assumption of modern thought bears a strong family likeness to the discarded belief that the sun and planets and stars revolved around the earth as universal center. It might be said, therefore, that by getting rid of the notion that universal history revolves around the present age of thought, the door would be opened for consideration of the *subordinate revolutions* which the Christian era of thought continues to make around the subjective God of prehistoric thought and power, the afterglow of which is clearly reflected into the sacred scriptures and myths of the historical epoch. We might even believe that the truth which was once manifest upon earth when God and man were one, still exists on subjective planes of being as the real source of our spiritual determinations.

In respect to ancient Egyptian thought we have the unique advantage of having access to original religious texts which, says Dr. Wallis Budge, “*are known to have existed and to have been in use among the Egyptians from about 4000 B. C. to the early centuries of the Christian era.*”

The title which modern scholars have attached to ancient Egyptian writings is *The Book of the Dead*. This unfortunate title is utterly misleading. The Egyptians themselves called these writings “*Pert em hru*,” which words have been translated as “Manifested in the Light,” “Coming Forth by Day,” “Coming Forth into the Light.” Dr. Budge points out that this title “had probably a meaning for the Egyptians which has not been rendered in a modern language,” and one important idea in connexion with the whole work is expressed by another title, which calls it “The Chapter of Making Strong (or perfect) the Khu.” As this word *Khu* refers to the eternal part of man and has been translated ‘shining one,’ ‘intelligence’ and such like terms, it would seem that the Egyptian texts refer literally to the development of *thought-power* per se, and that

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such development was enacted during life and not postponed until after death. This idea is reinforced by the fact that the Egyptians did not separate their notions of life and death, but throughout the whole of their long history blended and united the seen and the unseen in everything they thought and did. Moreover, the most pronounced expression throughout *Pert em hru* is *self-identification with the whole* cycle of the Gods, after learning their names and attributes. It surely does not call for deep insight to recognise this as a rational expression of individual effort to attain the highest spiritual powers — the personified gods only referring to attributes we term thought, love, justice, truth, and so on, all of which when attained make of man a superior being.

Now in seeking to interpret the Egyptian texts, it is important to remember that Egyptologists take it for granted that modern thought is in advance of the thought-capacity of ancient teachers. Hence the reason why the Egyptian religion is regarded as the product of half-savage men, in contrast, of course, with the enlightened men who interpret them. To give the Egyptians credit for knowledge to which we possess no clue would be to question the validity of the evolutionary doctrines of modern thought, and to advocate a spiritually developed ancestry for present humanity that contradicts and repudiates the savage jungle ancestry from which materialistic science claims we have descended.

In view of these facts, the modern attitude towards antiquity is distinctly swayed by the evolutionary theory. It prejudges before it interprets, making every past epoch of thought conform to preconceived theories having no possible relation to historical facts such as, for example, that every fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion had its purest and highest expression in Egypt thousands of years before the birth of Jesus. The data in regard to this fact will be presented later.

Historical interpretation, therefore, being conditioned by the *objective* preconceptions which actuate modern historians, cannot be said to represent the *subjective* powers of thought which actuated the ancient races, nor how they exercised those powers in establishing the permanent foundations of the great religions of humanity. The historical figures of Christ, Buddha, or Mohammed did not lay those foundations. They revived and gave a fresh momentum to religious doctrines that had always existed. At the very dawn of the historical epoch we possess evidence of the highest expression of religious thought. Is there anything, for example, that in modern thought suggests loftier spiritual insight than the following excerpts from ancient Egyptian literature:

“Is God invisible? There is nothing more apparent than God. God is intelligence, and intelligence is seen in thought. Look for God in creation; look for him in yourself.”

— *Hermes Trismegistus*

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"Oh blind soul,
Arm thee with the banner of mysteries,
That in the earthly night,
Thou mayest thy luminous double see —
Thy soul celestial.
Follow this god-like guide,
He will thy leader be,
And holds the key of all existences,
For past and yet to come."— 'Call to the Initiates'

"God is One and Alone; and there is none other with him;
God is the One, the One who made all things;
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits —
Unknown is his name in Heaven,
He does not manifest his forms.
Vain are all representations of him.
He is the Only One, alone without equal,
Dwelling alone in the holiest of Holies."

The main object of this essay is an attempt to demonstrate that the ancient Egyptian thinkers, instead of displaying ignorance of the laws of spiritual thought as is usually supposed, in reality expressed the truths towards which the modern world blindly gropes. The mode of thought embodied in the earliest Egyptian texts discloses this fact: that these ancient thinkers identified their intellectual beliefs with the inexhaustible forces of the Will. This practically constituted a unity of creative thought in which objective and subjective operations of the mind were *synthesized*. This means that the inorganic forces of the unseen realm of death, and the intellectual conceptions they formulated of external organic life, were so interblended in their thought operations, as to defy separation in their arts and sciences, or in the various aspects of their social and national existence. In short, they exemplified for all later races the absolute unity of the religious and secular aspects of human nature, a unity of thought in which all subjective and objective ideas that commingled in the field of human consciousness were co-ordinated into spiritual unity by THOTH, the God of executive thinking and of pure thought. This unity of Egyptian thought is indicated by Maspero in his work on *Art in Egypt*. He remarks on page 301 that: "The art of Egypt, like its literature, its science, its current civilization, was one with its religion."

As modern thought displays a continual antagonism between its idealistic and materialistic conceptions, it is apt to overlook the undoubted fact that the antique world did not base its knowledge upon intangible ideals in negative opposition to material interests, but upon some mode of thought in which the faculties exercised for objective perception were in complete identity with the subjective powers of the will. This, of course, is in contradiction with the modern condition of thought divided against itself in each individual brain, such as is demonstrated by an educated

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man possessing both ideal and material conceptions on a great variety of subjects, yet lacking the principle of co-ordination uniting all such segments into a superior state of Self-unity. But with the ancient Egyptian seers, everything goes to show that the actuating forces of life and death, of spirit and matter, of mind and body, were so interblended and interlocked as to constitute an inclusive mode of thought — an arbitrarily fixed line separating objective from subjective being absent. In support of this fact, Maspero states in his *New Light on Ancient Egypt*, page 60:

"The Egyptians, always occupied with the life beyond the grave, tried in very remote ages to teach men the art of living after death, and of living a life with the Gods resembling existence on earth. . . . To attain it, it was necessary to take every precaution in this life, and to begin by becoming attached to some divinity, able to protect those who acknowledged his sovereignty. . . . He learned by heart the chapters which gave him entrance into the Gods' domain."

Maspero also emphasizes the same idea in his book on Egyptian Art. He there refers to Egyptian sculpture as a "combination of hieratic idealism and realism to which it owes its most personal charm." Again on page 296 of the same work he says:

"I have shown more than once in these pages that it [Egyptian art] did not seek to create or record beauty for its own sake. It was originally one of the means employed by religion to secure eternal life and happiness for the dwellers upon earth."

These quotations immediately suggest that to interpret ancient Egyptian texts from either an ideal or a materialistic point of view will not unveil meanings that belong to the synthesis of the perceptive and executive powers of thought. It is a perfectly logical deduction to make (from the manner in which the Egyptians took "every precaution in this life" to realize the "art of living after death") that the so-called *Book of the Dead* could be equally designated 'The Book of the *Living*.' It is highly probable that the practice of preserving the body after death was in large measure in correspondence with the care bestowed upon the body during life, the reason for this being that the human organism was regarded as the *abode of the Gods*. It would seem, therefore, that Egyptian texts relate to synthetic ideas that entirely supersede the contrasts operating in modern thought.

As Maspero indirectly suggests in the citations given above, the Egyptian mind was so constituted as to represent a co-ordinated condition between the bodily and spiritual forces. In other words, they thought, felt, and willed as if the Kingdoms of Life and Death were inseparably interblended. Indeed we know from a scientific standpoint, that such is the actual case in manifested life — the organic and the inorganic forces ceaselessly interchanging in every organism. Comparative thought arbitrarily separates these forces into so-called states of 'life' and 'death' as if they were separate in reality. This, of course, is the basic illusion at

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the bottom of all methods of *comparative* thought: idealism against materialism, spirit against matter, life vs. death, and so on. Surely it is a question of deep import to reflect upon the probability that at some previous epoch humanity possessed a co-ordinated power of thought that synthesized the various faculties at conflict in the modern mind.

The dualistic action of modern thought appears to have arisen from the Christian conception that spiritual life is an after-death state that cannot be realized in material existence. Although science and free thought both claim exemption from the restrictions which theology imposed upon our forefathers, it cannot be said that the old sectarian spirit has been dismissed also. The *objects* of belief have changed, it is true, but this cannot be said of the thought *method* which the Western world has inherited from 2000 years of ecclesiastical discipline. This is demonstrated by the separation of knowledge into more or less antagonistic opposites, such as idealistic and materialistic, religious and secular, theoretical and practical, life and death, spirit and matter, mind and body, organic and inorganic, subjective and objective, self and not-self, and so on, down the endless scale of contrasted opposites into which modern knowledge is divided. Now all these examples of the divorced opposites of present-day thought (despite the obvious fact that they mutually explain each other by contrast) clearly demonstrate their origin in their Christian prototype of a contrasted opposition between the ‘heavenly’ and ‘earthly’ attributes of human nature. Science has emerged so recently from its ecclesiastical birthplace, that it cannot be expected to have overcome immediately the *method* of thought inculcated for centuries — a method that merely contrasts, compares, and classifies, but seldom co-ordinates into higher conceptions, except in forms of abstract hypotheses.

But to the ancient Egyptians, no such pronounced division of thought can be attributed. On the contrary, we have every warrant for believing that their conceptions of internal and external existence were inseparably interwoven, and that they constituted an inclusive expression of executive thought which for at least 4000 years remained unchanged except for transient deviations — so firmly had the original impress taken hold of their minds. The only period in their long history to which the dualistic method of interpretation might be applied is that of immediate pre-Christian times, when Egyptian thought had departed from its original oneness into a division between real and ideal, and had thereby become negatively receptive to the Christian dualism which emphasized an ideal future state in violent contrast with the degenerate physical conditions which culminated during the reign of the Grecian Ptolemies. Hence the acceptance of Christianity A. D. 69 — the religion which sharply divides man into ‘heavenly’ and ‘earthly’ attributes, in direct opposition one to

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the other — a division of thought-power which persists to this day in our dualistic oppositions of knowledge.

Although in the long course of Egyptian history many dark periods of spiritual obscuration occurred, yet these passed without collapse, the old doctrines being re-established and “accepted,” says Dr. Budge, “without material alteration or addition, by the priests and people of *all* periods.”

Egyptian scholars, therefore, are subject to grave error in applying the modern mode of thinking (which operates as if thought had divided itself into opposing conceptions in the same brain) to an epoch when man *co-ordinated* his cerebral organs for acts superseding mere contrast of ideas. Modern physiology has done us the inestimable service of demonstrating that we think in different cerebral centers for the successive occupations that engage attention. Thus a formal language is exercised from one group of cells, voice from another, sight and hearing each from its own department. In fact there is no special mental function that does not operate from its own group of cells. There is little question, therefore, that the little bits of knowledge which the mind separates into contradictory contrasts, are lodged in different cerebral centers that are exercised more or less in succession to each other, accounting for ‘successive states of consciousness.’ Thus we feel religious at one moment, scientific at another, and so on from state to state. But in all this, a most momentous fact crops out, viz.: that physiology also demonstrates that those various brain-centers are united by connective tissue, hence the physical basis for thought (that rises to a synthesis of its various attributes) is already present in the body. The Spiritual Will, therefore, may be said to manifest itself through the brain exercised as a whole when all its organs are co-ordinated like instruments of an orchestra.

To understand properly this organic function of the adult brain, as the *necessary physical basis* for the all-inclusive action of creative thought, some consideration should be bestowed upon the enormous differences between being conscious of separate bits of knowledge (such as science, religion, ethics, business, and what not) and being conscious of *welding* all that the mind has stored into a single compound, as it were. This is what constitutes the power of a great general in welding the broken units under his command into a titanic force. Why then should not the same capacity be possible to an original thinker in synthesizing the diverse contrasts of his mind into organic oneness? The brain manifestly presents a physical basis for such a mode of thought; hence, what seems to be needed, is inner effort to think organically *in present time*, instead of in partial bits of knowledge distributed through *extended time*.

It is a matter of historical evidence that the Egyptian teachers comprehended but a single application of law (*viz.*, the Spiritual Will), equally

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actuating all conceptions of life and death, whether considered as in continuity with each other, or as co-ordinated in thought-operations of those who were full masters of their bodily faculties and functions.

It is illogical, therefore, even to suppose that a separation between ideas of God and of man (as we think and divorce the conceptions we each formulate of these things) can have application to a period of the world's history when such individual modes of thought were *not* exercised.

This monistic power of the Soul into which the initiates of Egypt *synthesized* their perceptive and motor forces, towers above the modern world of thought with its disconnected functions and capacities that lack the universal *co-ordination* which the ancient world unquestionably exercised. "The priesthoods of Egypt were," in the words of Dr. Wallis Budge, "always great and powerful organizations, and to all intents and purposes they directed the government of the country." And it is obvious that such could not have been the case, if the co-ordinating power which made Egypt the 'land of immortality' for upwards of 4000 years was not wielded by men fully endowed with invincible spiritual energy and true knowledge. This point will be emphasized later by quoting in full Dr. Budge's tribute to the priesthoods of Egypt.

To sum up: the mass of evidence that has been acquired in recent years enforces the conviction that the leaders of antique civilization possessed and exercised an all-inclusive mode of thought by means of which a man's material and ideal attributes were blended into superior states of self-unity; the national unity being the logical aggregation of such individual capacities. This at once throws meaning into the Egyptian texts which demonstrate man as exercising some such higher synthesis of thought-power over all his lesser attributes — adjusting them, as it were, as integral parts of his spiritual constitution.

(*To be continued*)

DEATH, THE ALCHEMIST

MONTAGUE MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

 VERY fact, phenomenon, art, and science in the world has its two aspects — the open and the closed, the revealed and the hidden, the exoteric and the esoteric. Alchemy, the ancient mother of chemistry, may be regarded as the esoteric aspect of the modern science. I refer to alchemy as it was known in most ancient times. For Theosophy regards it as a practically lost science today and puts little faith in either the so-called science of alchemy or

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the exponents of that science. The real alchemists of ancient days were men of profound learning, high spiritual life, and an unswerving devotion to one ideal, the search for truth wherever it was to be found, a knowledge of the secrets of nature and the laws of the universe.

Indissolubly linked with their names is the great quest in which they were all associated, namely, the search for the Elixir of Life. Speaking of alchemy, H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled* says:

“*Alchemy is as old as tradition itself.* ‘The first authentic record on this subject,’ says William Godwin, ‘is an edict of Diocletian, about 300 years after Christ, ordering a diligent search to be made in Egypt for all the ancient books which treated of the art of making gold and silver, that they might be consigned to the flames. This edict necessarily presumes a certain antiquity to the pursuit; and *fabulous* history has recorded Solomon, Pythagoras, and Hermes among its distinguished votaries.’

“And this question of transmutation — this *alkahest* or universal solvent, which comes next after the *elixir vitae* in the order of the three alchemical agents? Is the idea so absurd as to be totally unworthy of consideration in this age of chemical discovery? How shall we dispose of the historical anecdotes of men who actually made gold and gave it away, and of those who testify to having seen them do it? Libavius, Geberus, Arnoldus, Thomas Aquinas, . . . and many medieval alchemists and Hermetic philosophers, assert the fact. Must we believe them all visionaries and lunatics, these otherwise great and learned scholars?” — I, 503-4

The quest of the ancient alchemists to apply the alkahest in the transmutation of metals was one of separating out the baser elements so as to reveal and free the essential element. H. P. Blavatsky quotes from Paracelsus and Van Helmont to show this:

“‘The *alkahest* never destroys the *seminal virtues* of the bodies thereby dissolved: for instance, gold, by its action, is reduced to a *salt of gold*, antimony to a *salt of antimony*, etc., of the same seminal virtues, or characters with the original concrete.’”— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 191

Notice that there is no word here of the destruction of the original body but only a transmutation of it.

Having touched on the doctrines of the ancients let us now approach our subject from the other end, namely the modern scientific viewpoint. The object of doing this is to show that, say what we may and do what we may and research as we may, we cannot get away from eternal life and its mysteries. Life, life, life, it is everywhere, and the modern scientist with his marvelous capacity and equipment of investigation and analysis, having brought his investigations to the very latest point and subdivided matter down to electrons and corpuscles, finds before him at his last encounter -- a yet more intense form of life!

The great quest of science today is to discover the origin of the material world — the great Wherefore of matter. To effect this discovery two principle methods are available: the Platonic and the Aristotelean — by working from universals to particulars and by working from particulars to universals. These two methods as they are pursued today seem to be also definable as the synthetic method and the analytic method. The

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ancient alchemists, I believe, belonged to the first, the Platonic school of research. They were men not only of profound learning in their own science, but also of deep spiritual character with a profound belief in and reverence for those truths and maxims handed down to them from still more ancient teachers, as part of that most ancient of all sources of truth — the Wisdom-Religion. They held in view, I believe, the grand conception of a Divine Plan in nature and certain great immutable laws which govern all, and which, studied and understood, give man the key to the lesser mysteries of organic structure and life. This conception they applied in cryptic and mystical language to the study and development of their science.

The modern scientist, I think it can be justly said, belongs to the school diametrically opposed to that of the ancient alchemists. He works to a great extent on the Aristotelian plan: from particulars to universals. His work is primarily analytic. Unwilling to accept anything on faith; for the most part at variance with religion; he is left dependent simply on those inductions drawn from results perceptible and demonstrable to and by the five senses. Along this line the achievements of the modern mind have been marvelous beyond words and have carried our investigators up to a point where they seem on the very eve of the discovery of the mystery they are seeking. But, as far as I understand the matter, Theosophy declares that they have reached the very point where they can no longer dispense with the spiritual conceptions and fundamental universals of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, which was the inspiration of the oldest and greatest of the alchemists. Indeed, these very principles as set forth and elucidated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in her master-works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, which are being ever more widely appreciated, and are a source of constant reference and enlightenment on the part of these same scientists. It is to be regretted that admission of this fact is so infrequent. But the fact remains; and her work it is which is going to be the connecting-link between the wisdom of the ancients and the 'New Knowledge' of modern science.

Once upon a time there was a world in which all the people were content to know merely that the universe consisted of a small number of elements in various modifications and combinations. Then as time went on the eternal questioning of the human mind demanded to know whether this really was all. Then there came into the modern scientific world a genius in chemical research and reasoning who took up a most careful study of these same elements. His name was Mendeleyef, and as you know, by his study he grouped the elements according to their atomic weights in a regular order. By means of this grouping he was able to discover that certain gaps remained to be filled, which by their position

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in the table and their relation to the elements already discovered should have certain characteristics. With splendid intuitive vision and daring he prophesied the discovery of these elements and their nature — which prophecy was fulfilled.

The next query was: "Of what is an element composed?" This brought about the investigation of the molecular constituents of the elements and then the nature of the molecule. The molecule had already been divided into atoms. Then, however, came the further query, which we may formulate as: "Why is an atom?" And the 'because' of this query was — the electron,— which in the language of one of the most recent writers on the subject, Charles Gibson, "is nothing more or less than an electric charge in motion — a unit or atom of negative electricity." Speaking further of this last subdivision of matter he says:

"If this electron theory be true — then all matter is made solely of electricity. A little fellow once asked me if there was any electricity in him, and he thought it a huge joke when I said that he was made of electricity."

While we are on this subject of the nature of matter, let us quote from another authority who stands very high in modern research. R. K. Duncan in *The New Knowledge* gives us some very interesting facts regarding electrified particles in burning gases. He says:

"Pursuing our experimentation we discover that the conductivity may be removed by filtering the gas from the flame through a wad of glass wool, or by bubbling it through water, and also by making the gas traverse a space through which a current of electricity has passed,

"It is clear then that conductivity cannot be a mere condition . . . it is obvious enough that this conductivity must be due to an actual something mixed with the gas, something which can be removed by filtration.

"It is also obvious that this something — since the gas is perfectly transparent — must be in the nature of particles, and that these particles, which it must be remembered, are conducting particles, must be different from the particles or molecules of the gas in a normal state. The further fact that these particles may be removed by making the conducting gas traverse a space through which a current of electricity has passed shows that the particles must be electrified; and since, moreover, the conducting gas as a whole shows no charge these particles must be both positive and negative.

"We have been led then, to the discovery of certain electrified particles in the conducting gas. These particles are called *ions*, and the process by which the gas is made into a conductor is the ionization of the gas."

From this discovery the writer leads his reader through the details of the analysis of positive and negative ions, the discovery of the velocity of their passage through the air — a matter of some 90,000 miles a second, their mass, which is 1,000 less than the mass of an atom of hydrogen, the lightest gas known. The negative ions have been termed by the writer *corpuscles* and it is upon these corpuscles that he has lavished the deepest study and research. Summing up all his discoveries in this line and the deductions drawn from them the writer of this article says:

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"In earnest of this we may say that so far as we have gone in this part of our work we may surely say that we have in the corpuscle the fulcrum for the lever of thought, the philosopher's desire, the one thing to explain the explanations, for which alchemy so earnestly sought in the dim vague light of the middle ages and called it the philosopher's stone, for which chemistry, the daughter of alchemy, has so sorely felt the need to make herself consistent in the periodic law.

"It is an interesting thought that, throughout the ages, in his research for the one thing, the medieval scholar, laboriously poring over his great book in the light of his little candle, and the modern savant in his laboratory, radiant with electric illumination, have alike been literally bathed in the light of truth — bombarded, hands and face and eyes, by the one thing, with only that short space lacking, between the retina and the innermost center of the brain where the power of deduction lies, *to know.*"

Verily —

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
. and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

So says Theosophy, and adds that by one path and by one path alone can this Truth be discovered — the path of self-knowledge, attained through self-conquest.

Now, one may ask, what has all this to do with Death, the Alchemist? It has everything to do with it for this reason. The summing up and conclusions of modern science point to one inescapable fact: probing to the very heart of matter, through the element, through the molecule, through the atom down to the electron and the corpuscle, we come upon — LIFE — a life so wonderful, so intense, so dynamic as to seem almost an advance on the life of our own human bodies. And this life we cannot eliminate. Even though science succeeds in breaking up the corpuscle and the electron into still finer subdivisions what more can it discover — some still finer modification of life. Indeed we have already begun to go beyond these various subdivisions and have turned our gaze upon the aether, to discover that here we have a veritable ocean of yet more marvelous and still uncharted life. And what think you of the story of the electron placed side by side with the story of man? Matter, subdivisions of matter, finer subdivisions of matter down to motion and energy. In man, members, organs, brain, gray matter — then what? The thinking principle with its modifications. Is there a parallel? Is science groping its way to the Thought in matter? May there perhaps be a connexion between the energy of the electric corpuscle and the energy of man's thinking principle? Beyond the corpuscle stretches the infinite aether. Beyond the thought of the brain-mind stretches the boundless field of intuition, imagination, *creative spiritual thought.* At last, the minds of modern scientists must turn frankly and fairly to the truths of the ancient

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Wisdom-Religion and perceive that one infinite law holds man and the universe in its keeping; that that law is spiritual and the universe had a spiritual origin — as the sacred books say: “The Eternal Thought in the Eternal Mind.” And again in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, we read:

“I established this whole Universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate.”

And through it all runs one single thread, the thread of Progress — of Eternal Becoming. Never end or finality but constant change, eternal transmutation. And at the head of all stands Man. Man the creator, Man the prototype, Man the ruler. And shall man be denied part in the universal law? Shall he spring into life with the oak, be smitten and disappear to return no more whilst the oak goes on growing through summers and winters, dropping leaves and seeds, springing into new life with the reviving spring?

Not so. Death the Alchemist comes to perform the divine transmutation. And as he finds his materials perfect so he effects a perfect change. To what degree of perfection this mysterious transmutation shall be effected lies with each one of us. Yet how is it possible that it shall be carried out with any degree of perfection when the individual approaches it in ignorance and because of that ignorance, in fear? In the alchemical process it requires all the skill of the alchemist, coolness of brain, steadiness of nerve, perfect repose and poise and concentration, to bring about the perfect process. In the individual the real transmutation can only be carried out in the light of real preparation and real understanding of one's self and the process to be undergone. It is not a thing of dread, a terrible nightmare. Fear has no part in it and in it is nothing to cause fear. Death as such has no place in the scheme of nature — it is but a creation of the mind of man.

The death that is to be feared and shunned by us more than all else is that living death which comes from the stagnation of the spiritual life in man. It comes and it grows with the indulgence of the lower appetite for the dead things of life. Look about you and you may see this living death. In every great city are the thousands crucifying the Christos within them, allowing the heart-force and the spiritual energies to die in them. Where greed grows with gratification, where heartlessness increases with indifference of the welfare of one's fellows, where morality is disappearing before the constant indulgence of unwholesome desires there death is at work, and in those natures the mysterious transmutation becomes little more than physical dissolution and the final release of whatever trace of the spiritual pilgrim still dwells in the violated sanctuary.

But the real death is a sacred mystic process of liberation — the transmutation of the mortal pilgrim into the immortal soul — the dis-

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solving away of the earthly impurities and the liberation of the living gold. Like all the deepest truths of nature, Death is a paradox, and apparent destruction must take place in order to create or bring to life that which in life was hidden. Man passes through the portal of death that he may enter the portal of a spiritual life. There, according to Theosophy, he abides for a space in perfect peace and rest, to return once more through the portal called Life to begin earth-activities.

And as there is a science of life, so there is a science of death. He who knows the first is more likely to understand the second. According to the Theosophical conception of death, perfect peace and quiet and harmony should surround the passing soul. That moment of transition is also a moment of retrospection. H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*:

"At the solemn moment of death every man, even when death is sudden, sees the whole of his past life marshaled before him in its minutest details. For one short instant the *personal* becomes one with the *individual* and all-knowing *Ego*. But this instant is enough to show him the whole chain of causes which have been at work during his life. He sees and now understands himself as he is, unadorned by flattery or self-deception. He reads his life, remaining as a spectator looking down into the arena he is quitting; he feels and knows the justice of all the suffering that has overtaken him."

"INQ. Does this happen to every one?"

"THEO. Without any exception. Very good and holy men see, we are taught, not only the life they are leaving, but even several preceding lives in which were produced the causes that made them what they were in the life just closing. They recognise the law of Karma in all its majesty and justice."

"INQ. Is there anything corresponding to this before rebirth?"

"THEO. There is. As the man at the moment of death has a retrospective insight into the life he has led, so, at the moment he is reborn onto earth, the *Ego*, awaking from the state of Devachan, has a prospective vision of the life which awaits him, and realizes all the causes that have led to it. He realizes them, and sees futurity, because it is between Devachan and rebirth that the *Ego* regains his full *mānasic* consciousness, and re-becomes for a short time the god he was, before in compliance with karmic law he first descended into matter and incarnated in the first man of flesh. The 'golden thread' sees all its 'pearls' and misses not one of them."

The Ego should be free to enter the spiritual life unhampered by the confusing influence of selfish and unrestrained grief on the part of those present. For selfish it is in the last analysis. For he who understands the meaning of life and death and realizes what is happening in this glorious transformation, cannot but know that there comes to the loved one who is passing out a peace that passeth understanding — the peace of freedom from the burden of physical life, the peace of liberation and repose for the soul in its own realm. How complete that repose shall be, how perfect that release shall be, how untroubled shall be the passage from the one state to the other depends very largely upon the thought-atmosphere in which it takes place. If then, you really love this immortal one who has passed through initiation, will you not rather show that love by giving him the benediction of a perfect release unrestrained, will you not help him on his new way to find that calm, independent rest — the

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glory of real spiritual freedom? Will you thrust your personal feelings and grief before him, hang weights on those wings and hold the loved one back from his appointed rest? If you do this, without effort to restrain it, then your love is for yourself rather than the one you appear to mourn. No: knowing that change is the universal law for all save the innermost heart of man, which change cannot touch at all, and knowing that your love is dedicated to that which is changeless, and knowing too that as this law of change demands a release for the soul from mortal existence, so it also requires it to return again in mortal form, have faith that your strong love and trust are as immortal and unchanging as the source from whence they spring and must bring you again to the one you love. Hold to this faith and let the great Alchemist Death perform his perfect work. Lend him the sacred flame of an unselfish love and with the universal solvent of SILENCE he shall perform his perfect work — dissolve away the mortal earth and transmute all into that spiritual gold that is of eternity.

“The One remains, the many change and pass:
Heaven’s light forever shines, Earth’s shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.”

LESS TO LIFT

G. K.

“Let us consider a Soul — not such a one as is immersed into the body, having contracted unreasonable passions and desires, but such a one as has cast away these.” — *Plotinos*



ELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY pointed out years ago that analogy was one great key to the higher understanding of life and Nature, that there is unfailing analogy between the outer and the inner life always, and that to study it is to light a lamp.

“There is so much opposition!” is a wail occasionally heard from scattered directions when new or wider work for humanity is attempted. There is something to be said from that point of view, of course, for life is a mired wheel in many aspects, and any humanitarian effort has some opposition to face. Yet it is a singular fact that this wail is never heard from those who are pushing the mired wheel hardest and most intelligently. It comes only from the quota who are themselves mired — in discontent, in jealousy, in some form of indolence, in mental fogginess, or carrying along with them some sleeping ambition which may really be very much awake — and yet who may be sincerely anxious to help the world.

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This looks like a hidden mystery; but the observer whose first concern is to be honest with himself, soon sees that the ‘opposition’ which is such a bugbear is not so much in the things one meets upon the path of service, as in the luggage one carries along.

The runner who would reach the goal strips before the start. The swimmer who sees a child helpless in a mad, torrential stream knows that time consumed in divesting himself of garments may spell the difference between one life saved and two lost. The climber up a mountain, if not a wilful novice, leaves his *impedimenta* below. How well we know that it is not the opposition of outer things that works defeat to the ignorant, however well-meaning, but the senseless stuff they carry, the luggage they have to lift. And in the inner life, is it not just the same?

Yes, there is opposition: the tempest, the tide, the adverse wind, the force of gravity, the anguish of fatigue, the limitations of the human frame. And these are all correspondent to what one meets along the mystic Path of Life. The wild beasts of mountain-passes are but outer analogies of the wild, even personified, forces of passion and desire, demon guardians of this or that portal, and they must be vanquished as the only condition of the Step Beyond. But the traveler who is prepared for the undertaking knows that there is nothing to worry about and little to fear, if only he is prepared. And preparation in the main consists in laying aside personal luggage, in stripping off as a runner strips off his garments all those darling but useless encumbrances that so weigh down the Soul.

There is nothing the matter with the Path; it is all right. The difficulty is in ourselves. We are not exactly honest. We think a compromise will do. We make a bold attempt at stripping off the garments of desire with one hand, while holding them on tight with the other! That never brought anyone to the goal. Victory does not depend upon our having less to *meet*, but less to *lift* as we go along.



“THE true will is a concentrated force working steadily yet gently, dominating both soul and person, having its source in the spirit and highest elements of the soul. It is never used for the gratification of self, is inspired by the highest motives, is never interposed to violate a law, but works in harmony with the unseen as well as the seen.”— *William Quan Judge*

ONE

E. J. Dadd

AS I, the sea-mist, drifted through the vale,
The glistening dew, myself, forsook the grass
And quietly mingled with the earth.
— In me, the soul, a song of beauty rose.

As I, the sunbeams, pierced the misty vale,
The dripping grass, myself, awoke from sleep,
And gleaming answered to the radiant dawn.
— In me, the soul, a song of joy arose.

As I, the sea-breeze, gaily swept the vale,
The pluméd grass, myself, along the bank,
With velvet undulations softly bowed.
— In me, the soul, the song of life arose.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

THOUGHTS ON UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

E. L. N.

AFTER a long sweltering day in the train, the cool of the evening had come at last. The night-breeze, that blew in through the windows, began to revivify us, and we breathed freely once more, after the strain of the heat and dust of the day.

Next to me sat a young woman with whom I had had some pleasant conversation during the afternoon. She glanced at me, and smiled, and as though she had caught my thought, she said: "I have just been looking round at our fellow-passengers, and the idea came to me of how wonderful they are; each one of them a little world to himself, within the great world, of which each one is only, more or less consciously, a part."

I smiled back at her.

"How grand a thing it would be," she continued, "if we could, all of

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us, for just one moment, open out our range of vision and catch a glimpse of those grand vistas beyond the limits of our usual thought and feeling."

"Yes, indeed," I said. "Are we not all just prisoners, shut up voluntarily within the narrow boundaries of our personal opinions and desires?"

"Perhaps," my companion continued, "a vision of larger issues and wider aims, beyond the confines of mere personal considerations, might carry us out into a larger life and as a natural result, the greater would take the place of the smaller that now seems so all-important, so momentous to our limited vision. We should gain a new sense of proportion and events that before appeared so completely to fill our horizon would become to us mere passing incidents along the pathway of our lives."

"Have you ever heard," I asked, "of the great Theosophical teacher and leader Mme. H. P. Blavatsky? She said that life is 'a series of awakenings,' and it is just such experiences that help us gradually to realize the true grandeur and meaning of life — the life of the flower and the bee, of man and of the Universe, all governed by Law, unalterable and unchanging in its perfection of adjustment. Everything, however small, however great, has its allotted place, and is related to each and to all, an indispensable part of the Great Whole."

"Yes," said my fellow-passenger, "life is like a Chinese puzzle, I suppose. We have to gain a larger vision to see how each part fits into its own proper place — it could not possibly fit into any other — and when each has been set where it belongs, properly related and unified, as it were, we will see the picture complete, the Divine body of the Supreme, and be able to understand the purpose of our own lives and their relation to the lives of others, who at first sight seem so separate and apart from us."



"THE Higher Self presides over a Higher Court of which the personal self knows nothing. It is cognisant of laws of which the personality is not aware. It is cognisant of facts which the personality has misinterpreted or forgotten; and from the vantage-ground of this superior knowledge it renders its decree. That decree, added to what the mind has done on the level of the personality, added to the justice arrived at by the mind alone, perfects it. Thus, justice and mercy are one, for this higher realm is the realm in which mercy presides."

— IVERSON L. HARRIS, Professor of Law, Theosophical University

THE INHERITANCE

R. MACHELL

HE night was stormy and the wind howled pitifully in the chimneys of Crawley manor; it moaned among the elm-trees that stood guard around the house, almost drowning the more distant roar of waves. The window-shutters rattled now and then, and a branch thrashed the wall persistently, as if attempting to attract attention. But inside the house the stillness was only accentuated by the storm, and Mark Anstruther sat listening dreamily to the wind, and looking into the fire, with his mind passively reflecting pictures of another land mirrored in a lake of memory over which his thoughts hovered like birds that flitted here and there at random, and lost themselves in fog-banks of forgetfulness.

The house itself stood like a rock that had outlived innumerable storms and was at last abandoned by the tide of life that ebbed away and left it high and dry on a deserted shore. It seemed to have outlived its own traditions. Certainly its present occupant had no place in the history of the house and yet he had much in common with it. He, too, was a derelict and had weathered many a storm. He too was built for endurance, and like the house he had grown old unostentatiously. In fact they fitted one another so well that it was hard to say whether Mark Anstruther belonged to Crawley manor or Crawley manor-house belonged to him.

He certainly was master there, and it was generally supposed that he had been partner to the late owner and had obtained the property from him: but his advent had passed almost unnoticed and he had established his claim to the small estate to the satisfaction of the family in charge and without opposition from any other claimant, so that his occupancy was a well established fact almost before his presence there was known to the few cottagers around. He was a silent man, who meddled with no one, and did not invite conversation at any time. Indeed he was more reticent than Jonas Micklethwaite himself, who managed the little farm — if it could be dignified by such a title — and who referred to Mark as “the squire,” in deference to his superior education and independent fortune.

The nearest village was five miles away; the land was so poor that it was mostly uncultivated. Crawley manor possessed the poorest soil of all; but the Micklethwaites were careful people who thrived where others would have starved, and who kept to themselves; so that they had come to be regarded as hereditary guardians of the deserted house;

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and when they accepted the new squire as master of Crawley, the general opinion was that there was no more to say about it. It was rumored that Captain Cayley, the late owner, was dead somewhere in ‘furrin parts.’ He was a mysterious man, scarcely remembered in the neighborhood, and had gone away many years ago, a ruined man, with a bad reputation, and the last of a family who had made a name for themselves by their eccentricities and general lawlessness. There were people at Winterby who still had tales to tell of Crawley manor in the old days, and of the wild doings there: but all that was in the time when smuggling was a gentlemanly occupation, and piracy was not regarded as discreditable, if conducted with discretion. The Cayleys were always gentlemen, and that was about the best that could be said for them.

There seemed to be no mystery nor eccentricity about the present owner, who apparently had a good balance at the bank and paid his way punctually. He took no part in local affairs, and never went to church; such matters were left to Jonas who called himself farm bailiff, and who maintained the respectability of the manor by an occasional visit to the parish church at Winterby, and a more regular attendance at the weekly dinner known as a ‘farmer’s ordinary’ held at the Royal George on market-days, returning with a high color in his cheeks and a thickness of speech that testified to the quality of the old brown brandy supplied to the diners on those occasions of solemn sociability.

That old brandy was of the same brand as that which glowed in the old cut-glass decanter that now stood on the table beside Mark Anstruther and caught the gleam of the firelight. It had come from a cellar beneath the house, a cellar large enough to store a shipload of such barrels as the few that still testified to the former habits of the wild Cayleys. The greater part of that illicit depot was closed and forgotten now, and only Jonas had access to the part in which the last of the stock was stored. Smuggling was a thing of the past and the old stories were now generally disbelieved, so that the cellar remained a secret and Crawley manor was a respectable house. But the brandy sparkled in the firelight with a glee that seemed to suggest no loss of vigor.

It was not of smuggling days that Mark was dreaming as he listened to the storm outside — he was not a Cayley. His thoughts were far away, though he still heard the howling of the wind and the thrashing of a branch against the window; but the house in which he saw himself was very different, and the roar of the waves had changed to thunder among the mountains. The deserted house had been a Californian miner’s shack, and the trees around it were cottonwoods, willows, and live oaks, such as never grew at Crawley.

The room in which he sat was bare of furniture, and he was not alone,

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for on the floor upon a bed of rushes and old sacks, lay a man: the rain came through the roof and there was no decanter on the table. There was a fire on the floor and the smoke escaped easily through the ruined walls. There was no lack of ventilation.

He saw himself sitting there gazing into the fire and seeing pictures; there he saw, as with his own eyes, the pictures of another home that flitted through the fancy of that other self. The pictures in the fire were confused, and the home that he saw there seemed very far away now: but the ruined shack and its occupants were vivid in his memory. His actual surroundings dropped out of sight, and for the time being, he felt himself back in California musing on the ruin of his life. He heard the moaning of the man upon the bed, and turned to look at him, an ugly sight enough, a dying drunkard in a ruined hovel; and the rain that dripped upon the floor. He forced himself to look upon the miserable object as a fellow-man, but he could barely realize that what lay there had been his partner, so unhuman did it seem. The sense of solitude oppressed him, but it gave place to a strange feeling that there was some one outside waiting to come in. He knew it was no ordinary visitor that hovered near who, by his presence, gave a new significance to that miserable wreck, that mockery of man. He fancied it might be the soul, that had been so long waiting for release from its association with the degraded creature, who had done all he knew to break the bond between them. The last act of the long tragedy was being played there in the silence. The storm was over; the fire had burned down; dawn was at hand.

The watcher shivered as the daylight crept into the room; he rose and looked attentively at the thing upon the bed. It lay still. Something had happened; the air seemed purified; the rising sun was calling to the earth, and up there on the mountain the bare rocks glowed like a crown of jewels set on a skeleton. The glory spread; the sordid earth seemed to be all transmuted into light, even the watcher of the night was for a moment almost conscious of his own divinity. Something had happened. A soul had been set free, and a new day had dawned.

The man was anxious to be gone; he felt no sort of obligation to the dead; and out there in the open the day was calling. He turned to take a last look at the man who had almost dragged him down to his own low level, cheating him into the bargain, and whom yet he could not hate, as most men did who once had called him friend. Although he could not pity him he could not curse so miserable a thing as that which lay there.

Something in the attitude of the dead body caught his attention and he saw that one hand was clasping a pocket-book tied up with string. He stooped to take it, thinking it might contain some true record of the

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man's actual history that might be interesting later. It could be nothing of value else it would have been gambled away ere this. But he sardonically accepted it in lieu of payment, being all there was to take, and laughed to think of his old dream of a great inheritance that should one day be his to compensate for all the disappointments of a singularly unsuccessful life. He put the package in his pocket without opening it and left the rotten shack, which seemed a fitting tomb for such a corpse, only staying long enough to close the door against the wandering coyotes.

The picture vanished: Mark Anstruther leaned forward in his chair to stir the fire, but stopped to listen. He heard voices, men's voices; and he wondered; for visitors were rare at Crawley. He recognised the voice of Jonas, and rose to meet the men who were in the passage that divided the house from front to back. Jonas began a laborious apology for the intrusion, but was cut short by the master of the house, who bade the men come in to the fire and get warm. Jonas stood back to let them pass, and Mark Anstruther looked curiously at his visitors as he greeted them. Big burly men they were, easily recognisable as coast-guard's men. Mark glanced at them suspiciously, remembering the secret cellar and the store that it still contained. He saw them looking at the decanter and he promptly set glasses on the table, filling them generously before asking the strangers what their business was.

The men showed no embarrassment in accepting the hospitable invitation to drink and asked no questions as to the history of the liquor; but explained that there was a ship on the rocks close by, driven up against the cliff, where she was in no immediate danger, but in a most uncomfortable position so long as the storm lasted and the tide was high; for she was swept by the waves from stern to stem and the damaged hatches let the water in below. The crew could shift for themselves well enough; but there was a woman on board, a lady, who was in a bad way. The captain wanted to get her housed on shore, but said that he could not be responsible for the cost of her keep, as she was not a passenger, but just a waif picked up from another wreck, too sick to give an account of herself and apparently without money. The owners of the ship could not be counted on to do more than the captain had already done; and as the manor was the nearest house, the coast-guard's men had offered to inquire if the people of the house would take her in.

Mark promptly told his housekeeper, Rebecca Micklethwaite, to get a bed ready and a fire in the best bedroom. But Rebecca took things into her own hands and ordered Jonas to harness up the mare and take a rug along, while Mark bade the men wait for him and filled their glasses again before he left the room to get his storm-coat. When he was gone one of them lifted the decanter and held it to the light, nodding his head

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slowly as one who knows what's what. But he made no comment.

The road wound along a gully that was now a torrent, a rough road at the best, but it was the only one to the beach; for the cliffs were high and steep, and there was little traffic to the cove since the end of the smuggling industry, and the departure of the last owner of Crawley.

The schooner lay jammed against the mouth of the gully almost blocking it, and the waves striking the rocks shot up the face of the cliff and fell in deluges of spray upon the deck. The tide was not yet high, and if the storm increased the schooner would be in a bad case. The captain, however, was optimistic; all he asked was to be rid of his lady passenger; and he declined Mark's hospitable offer of shelter for himself and crew. He said his ship was safe as if she were in dock, though certainly it was no drydock.

The sick woman was well wrapped up and safely put ashore. She seemed utterly exhausted and said nothing. They laid her in the cart, and Mark sat beside her as Jonas piloted the mare along the gully led by one of the coast-guards with the lantern. She was so frail a body, Mark thought she could be no more than a child; and he wondered what strange story had its climax here.

His own life had been so checkered that nothing now seemed strange to him, unless indeed it was the calm monotony of his life at Crawley, where for the first time he had been able to gratify his love of peace and solitude.

The old saying that "adventures are to the adventurous" seemed utterly untrue to him. No man had less of the adventurer in him than Mark, if his own estimate of his character were to be accepted. His had been a life full of unsought adventures. Certainly he never claimed them as a part of his own life: he regretfully found himself involved in other people's adventures, but always with an inward protest. It was against his will that he first ran away to sea, to escape blame for another man's 'mistake.' He would have rather faced the charge; but he knew that he would have to tell the truth, and so to have involved the woman he loved, as well as the brother who had done the deed. He had no wish to be heroic: he merely dreaded the scandal and took the easiest way out of it, which was of course the surest way into the responsibility that settled on his name and shut him out of home and hopes. And so it had been all along the path of his adventurous existence. When Crawley manor fell into his lap he seized the opportunity to realize his great ideal of commonplace respectability. It was so undesirable a piece of land, in such a desolate region, that none would want to oust him. If any one had seriously questioned his title to the place, he would have let it go without a thought of contest. Its value in his eyes was just its undesirability.

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He had been very happy there, the loneliness was so delightful, and yet he never questioned the propriety of this unknown ship's captain calling upon him to take up the responsibility of a still more unknown and doubly shipwrecked guest. He accepted her, as he had done the rest of the strange things that came into his life, as unavoidable necessities in the scheme of destiny, from which he still dreamed of a possible release when he would drop peacefully into the longed-for haven of the commonplace.

When the party reached the house they found Rebecca waiting for them with another lantern. The shipwrecked woman was carried in as if she were a sick child and laid upon a sofa in the sittingroom. Then Rebecca took charge, and turned the men out into the kitchen. The coast-guard cast a regretful glance at the decanter; and Mark sympathetically caught his thought. Leaving the man to warm himself by the fire he found a basket and proceeded to pack in it a couple of bottles of the old brandy, thoughtfully drawing the corks and half replacing them. This he confided to the care of the coast-guard for the captain of the schooner, and after administering medicinally a good stiff glass of hot grog to counteract the effects of the soaking rain, he let the man go to rejoin his companion who had remained near the wreck. Then he took off his heavy boots, hung his dripping ulster over a chair in front of the kitchen fire and sat down to wonder a little at this new caprice of fate.

Wrecks were rare at Crawley, though common enough further up the coast, and no ship had chosen that spot to land a passenger or a cargo since the old smuggling days, and none had been driven ashore there. It seemed to Mark that his fate was strong enough to bring unusual occurrences to him in spite of his deep desire for peace and quiet. He wondered who this most unwelcome visitor might be, and then began to worry lest she should lack proper comforts. Would Rebecca treat her properly as a guest, and not make her feel unwelcome in the house? She was a silent woman, with an austere manner, was Rebecca, but with a good heart.

Then his thoughts turned to the schooner, and he wondered if she was as safe as the captain thought. The tide was not yet full, and the wind seemed to be rising; also it had veered. Mark was not easy in his mind about the ship, and when Jonas came to inquire if he was wanted any more, he called the bailiff in and told him of his fears. Jonas too had his doubts — he generally had doubts, that was his form of wisdom — but he thought the captain knew his business, and it was not for a landsman, to put his opinion before that of a seaman. To which Mark replied that sailing a ship is one thing, and taking care of her when she goes ashore is another, and probably it was the first time such a thing had happened to him. Jonas was of opinion that the sea was getting

rougher and that he would not care to be aboard the schooner, for the rising tide might lift her off the rocks and dash her to pieces in a very short while. So they sat sipping their toddy till the hour for the turning of the tide was past and neither of them cared to go to bed without knowing that the crew were safe.

Mark wondered if that brandy was a good counselor to send to men in such a position. Then he reflected on the exuberant gratitude of the coast-guard when he received the basket, and he thought it possible that it never reached the captain's hand at all: in which case the two guardians of the coast would be, by this time, in a parlous state.

Finally he decided to go and satisfy himself, and Jonas would not stay behind. So they took lanterns and went back to where they had left the schooner.

The rain had stopped, but the wind was wilder than before and had gone round. A dark cloud hid the moon, and the schooner was not visible. Suddenly the moon broke through the clouds and showed them clearly that the unlucky ship was gone.

(To be continued)