

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. XXIII, NO. 6

DECEMBER 1922

"WHEN one understands the True, then one declares the True. One who does not understand it, does not declare the True. Only he who understands it declares the True. This understanding, however, we must desire to understand."

Chhândogya-Upanishad, Khandas IX and X; translated by Max Müller

SELF-DIRECTED EVOLUTION

R. MACHELL

 HIS term may appear to be self-contradictory to some whose conception of evolution is merely a reaction from the old dogmatic teaching that God made the world for his own satisfaction and according to his own fancy, with the sole purpose of hearing his praises sung by his creatures.

Such a conception of life could hardly be considered philosophical; but it was quite intelligible to the ordinary unthinking individual, who would have made the world in that fashion and for that purpose if he had been the creator. Such a god was quite agreeable to the ordinary man until education set him thinking. Then he became doubtful of the divine wisdom, which he had conceived of as but a little bigger than his own unwisdom, and was ready to accept in a tentative way some other theory.

And as the ordinary man has not much imagination, he generally swings from one extreme to the opposite and back again with some regularity of variation. So the personal creator fell into disregard, and automatic evolution became popular, either as a theory to be accepted or as a heresy to be denounced.

Evolution replaced the theory of a personal creator by substituting a spontaneous process, by means of which the purpose and plan of the universe grew from nothing in particular, and became a guiding principle in nature without the help of any intelligence other than a vague necessity. Science proclaimed the existence of natural law and order in the universe, but denied a supreme intelligence or a divine will as the source and origin of this law and order. The ordinary man is not philosophical as a general rule, but even he found something lacking in this new theory of life. He was not sorry to be rid of a personal creator, with all the difficulties

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entailed in that traditional belief; but he was a little troubled by the vagueness of the new doctrine, and felt the lack of any co-ordinating principle, either Creator, controller, designer, or law-giver of the universe, on the one hand, or on the other of any connecting links on which to count for the continuity of evolution.

Few men of average intelligence can possibly persuade themselves that all the elaborate system of natural law and order was evolved fortuitously, and is held in operation still by chance. That is too abstract a conception to be popular. For the average man is wholly personal in his thinking. His gods are always made in his own image, and they are personalities with passions like his own, with likes and dislikes, even hates and jealousies, some of them cruel and revengeful, others more merciful; but all of them are open to influence, enjoying adoration, willing to change the order of events to meet the supplication of their devotees. The worship of such deities has been called religion, while the contemplation of such abstract principles as beauty, truth, or justice, was called philosophy; and in the natural world the discovery of law and order was called science; three separate departments of thought. All these are recognised, co-ordinated, and made intelligible by Theosophy, which is the revelation of the cause of law and order in the universe on every plane of existence, the reconciliation of science and religion.

When Madame Blavatsky brought the knowledge of Theosophy once more before the world the fight between orthodox religion and speculative science was starving out philosophy, and reducing both science and religion to opposing aspects of materialism, from which all spirituality was excluded.

The new doctrine of evolution was a dogma of science as rigid and as unphilosophical as any of those supported by the orthodox churches. Into this general chaos of materialism she dropped a flaming torch that lit up the conflicting elements and showed a new light in the darkness of the public mind.

Theosophy supplied a source from which the ordered universe could reasonably emanate; and it supplied the element of continuity in the evolutionary process. It did not deny the existence of 'creators' — or formers — but it showed where they belong. The multitudinous gods fell into place: the law of Karma made intelligible the presence of pain and suffering in a world of law and order; and the doctrine of reincarnation revealed the continuity in human lives that can alone explain the working out of human evolution.

For evolution *per se* is a Theosophic doctrine, which in no way opposes true religion or true science, and is essentially philosophic. But the evolution of the universe is not an unintelligent process, nor is it con-

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ducted by chance or blind necessity. It is, on the contrary, the demonstration of divine intelligence, of universal mind, from which all lesser minds receive their light and sustenance. It is the orderly unfolding of a plan, not fashioned in some separate mind, but in itself inherent in the atoms of the universe, seeking expression in such forms as circumstance allows. For in the Theosophic scheme of things the whole material universe is ensouled by spiritual energies. The various conditions of the visible universe are but the appearance to our senses of innumerable hosts of spiritual intelligences continually evolving towards self-consciousness.

One of the variously evolving states of consciousness in this vast universe of consciousness is that which we call Man. It is man's claim that he only in the universe has reached self-consciousness. The crudity of such a claim is some reflexion on the intelligence of the human race. Whether he has attained to such a height or not, certain it is that he aspires to become the master of his destiny, to be the sole director of his own evolution.

Yes, self-directed evolution is the aim of human aspiration. But, you may say, this is to be seen accomplished in the case of a confirmed egotist living for self, absorbed in self, self-hypnotized; a pitiable object. Is not *his* evolution self-directed?

To answer such a question we must agree upon the meaning of the word 'self': a simple word or infinitely complex according to the degree of a man's intelligence. The degraded egotist is truly obsessed by his lower self to the exclusion of the higher. He is the victim of that elemental nature which he believes to be his only self. But man has many selves, and all of them but stepping-stones on which he crosses the stream of life in search of the sunlit land of true self-knowledge.

The thought at first seems contradictory, for surely the very essence of self is singleness and separateness. How can I be more than one single self?

But are you always the same self? No! surely. How often does one say: "Oh! I was not just myself at such a moment"? Or again, after a lapse of mind, one speaks of 'coming to one's self again.'

Think of it but a little, and you will understand that while you always are yourself, that self is only one of many, that each in turn appears as you. And then beyond and far above these changing selves, these aspects of the lower man, there is that higher Self, so far above the rest as to appear to them more like a god or guardian spirit watching from afar. This too is the Self that must become the only Self before a man can be the master of his own evolution. It may be said that man's evolution is a continuous progress towards self-consciousness; meaning by that the

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finding in one's self that higher Self, which is above the lesser selves.

The lower selves, although so real at the moment when they are in control of the mind, are all illusive and impermanent, subject to birth and death and change of mood. Only the higher self endures. In that is the key to continuity of man's evolution. This higher guide and guardian waits, watches, and protects the lower self as it feeds on the fruits of experience in life, leading the life upward till at last the man of flesh can hear the prompting of the true Self and be his mouthpiece. Such an enlightened soul is hailed among men as a great genius, a teacher, leader, or redeemer of the race. This height he must attain by long and constant effort, in life after life, gradually mastering the lower selves and making them docile to the guidance of their master the higher and true Self.

In speaking of such things confusion of ideas arises from the use of familiar words in unfamiliar ways. This is difficult to avoid. But also there is the natural difficulty that arises when we try to think about the mind; for to the ordinary man his mind is himself and if he tries to get behind it and to speculate upon something superior to mind he will begin to feel as if he were trying to bite the back of his own head.

But there is evidence of a higher consciousness in man than this thinking, reasoning brain-mind. Call it imagination if you will, or intuition; it is a conscious effort to reach beyond thought. And how could we even think of attempting this if there were not within us some mode of consciousness superior to mind? Like the familiar emblem of the serpent swallowing his tail, the mind can only think back just so far. But consciousness is not limited to the bounds of thought; the thinking brain-mind, that reasons and argues, is not man's only instrument of consciousness. It is the means that he employs to make his thoughts intelligible to others. But there are experiences in consciousness that minds untrained in speculative thought are utterly bewildered by: there are emotions which they can hardly put into any form of thought in their own mind, and which they would be entirely unable to express in words intelligible to others. Most people have such experiences; and these experiences seem to me clear evidence of a higher consciousness in man that is in touch with other planes of being than those he contacts with his ordinary senses.

This is most clearly explained by the Theosophic teaching as to the complex nature of man and the universe. And the problems of life are simplified even if we go no further than to admit that there is in each of us a dual nature, one side spiritual and of the higher intellect, the other sensual and of the lower reasoning mind: of these two man generally allows himself to be led by the lower, but still aspires to better things

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whenever the higher man can get control. Men are not always guided by the same part of their nature.

A man is always more or less himself; but the self is different. Hence come so many of man's inconsistencies. This is the cause of most men's unreliability. One never knows which self will be in command at any given moment. To understand the mystery of self has been the aim of all philosophers in all ages.

In our day neither science nor religion has the key to the mystery, but it is to be found in Theosophy. In Theosophy we learn that the root of man's real being is in the spiritual world, in which there are not the limitations of form and space and time, that are so potent in the material world. So man's highest self is the universal self of all creatures: his mind is dual, and is a bridge between the spiritual and material worlds; and man himself may be almost at will a low brute, or a god, according to the self that dominates.

Thus man's evolution consists in a constant unfolding of the spiritual nature and the purification of the lower material vehicle (as it is sometimes called). And man, standing as he does at the parting of the ways, can turn towards the spiritual light reflecting the supreme intelligence in his own higher mind; or he may turn towards the lower world of passion and material desires, and thus reverse his individual evolution in the attempt to break away from that controlling guardian spirit, whom he fails to recognise as his true self, committing thus a kind of spiritual suicide. Before a man can be the master of his own evolution he must have recognised this guardian angel, this spiritual guide, as his true self, and must act accordingly.

To follow the guidance of a teacher is good discipline, and a most necessary preparation for entrance on the path. But when that spiritual teacher is recognised as the true self, speaking perhaps through another personality, then the disciple hears the instruction as an inward prompting, not as a command from a superior. Then only can a man justly claim to be the director of his own evolution.

Nor is this self-direction so far off, so unattainable, but on the contrary it should be practised all the time. No man is separate from himself at any time, so long as he is in his senses, sane, or rational. The very root of sanity is consciousness of self. As I have said, that self may be a most uncertain quantity; and truly there is no clear line between what we call sanity and insanity; it is but a question of degree.

Perhaps the only one entitled to be considered absolutely sane, is one in whom the higher self has absolute control of the whole gang of elemental selves, that usually run riot in the human consciousness. Such great souls are regarded as saviors of the world, Buddhas, or Christs, or what-

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soever name the spiritually illuminated have borne in different ages of the world's history.

Wherever really ancient scriptures have been found and have been fully studied, we find a record of such sages, appearing at long intervals of time, like some rare blossom, the fine flower of the human race. Men who could say with full understanding: "I and my Father are one."

Truly the self of all is one. In that lies the true foundation of the Theosophic doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. Each individual self is *I*.

As I already said, the ordinary conception of evolution is of an automatic process undirected by any conscious will, and free from any purpose or intent. As this appears to me unthinkable, I only can conclude that what is really meant, is that the guiding principle that directs and orders all such movements is considered undiscoverable and inexpressible, and being so, it may be safely repudiated as non-existing.

It seems to me that law and order indicate some kind of organizing intelligence at work. The path of evolution is too orderly and purposeful to be regarded as the work of chance, unless by the word 'chance' one means an unexplained cause.

Theosophy shows consciousness as universal. There is no atom in the universe that is not a manifestation of that consciousness.

In all its various conditions matter is vitalized by spirit; spirit and matter being the primordial differentiation of the Primal Unity. All consciousness is spiritual and all things are said to be evolving endlessly. The whole scheme of evolution thus is latent in the germ of elemental matter, and in a man we have a model of the universe. The body of a man is truly a miracle of complex organism, each part endowed with its own kind of consciousness, from that of the members which like performing animals can be trained by a superior mind to accomplish the most delicate manoeuvres, down to the cells that hustle round and build the physical structure or maintain it in good health. All, all is consciousness up to that marvel of marvels, mind: the human mind, that can control this host of lower minds, and in a flash can change the course of millions of lives within the body, causing some member of the body to perform some unaccustomed function at the command of mind; mind that can control the body without knowledge of its structure or its mode of operation; mind the invisible, intangible, that sees and feels and understands.

And then the man, who is the master of his mind, who is the recorder, reading the mind's reports, recalling what is past, foreseeing what is yet to be.

And over him the Self, the Knower, All conscious, all intelligent, each one according to his own degree, according to his place in evolution, inseparable from the One, the Universal; yet each, according to his

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understanding, master of his own intelligence. But how can we speak of understanding and intelligence as describing other states than ours? Indeed, I apologize for doing so. Words should be carefully confined within their proper bounds; and yet one tries, at times, to carry thought into the dark places of our own complex nature and to express some deeper thought in words that may convey some picture of the thought and help to lift a veil, if only for a moment. So may we catch a glimpse of self-directed evolution, if we can bear in mind that evolution is indeed inherent in the universe, and Self is universal consciousness. No atom that is not evolving; no self that is not to some small degree self-conscious; no separate self that is not in its essence one with the universe. No man whose evolution is not in some sense self-directed.

SINCERITY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



THE Latin word *sincerus* means “clean, sound, uninjured, whole, real, genuine.” Cicero speaks of “distinguishing all counterfeit and imitations from *sincere* and true things.” The word is applied by Latin authors to the body, the members, the sacred swine, to the clear liquid poured from the top of a jar, to a pure and unmixed race. In the sense of ‘chaste’ it is applied to Minerva, and in the sense of ‘unblemished’ to reputation. Its present meaning, ‘candid, honest,’ is secondary. It is derived from a root SIM, which means ‘one.’ This root occurs in the words *semel*, ‘once’; *semper*, ‘always’; *simplex*, ‘simple’; *singulus*, ‘single’; *similis*, ‘like, of one kind with’; *simul*, ‘at the same time as.’ It is found in the English word ‘same.’

Thus to be sincere, in this original sense, is to be all of a piece, to be *one*. Such a condition is most nearly approached in natures that have not departed from simplicity — in child-natures. But those who have passed this state of primitive simplicity must fix their hopes on a higher kind of sincerity awaiting them in the future. It is true that we are told that we must “regain the child-state that we have lost”; but this cannot mean that we must make a retrograde step into childishness. It refers to the heart, rather than to the head. Some have sought to attain to blessedness by seclusion from the world; some have tried to apply the teachings of the sermon on the mount in a too literal and dead-letter sense to the conditions of modern life; some have devised and experimented in ideal communities based on simplicity of life. But the true

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sincerity is one of heart. We have to achieve simplicity in the midst of complexity, and unity in the midst of multiplicity.

We cannot make our brain-mind simple; for its very nature is to be complex; and philosophies founded on that alone result in endless and ever-increasing divergence of opinion. But we can reach up to a part of our nature that is already simple and single and sincere. We can resolve all doubts by the sword of knowledge, as an ancient teaching says. In other words, we can seek a higher court of appeal, when the brain-mind leaves us in a confusion of doubts and uncertainties.

It is a cardinal teaching of Theosophy that there is a higher kind of wisdom than that of the brain-mind. The Bible teaches this too; it is in fact one of the ancient teachings. Theosophy has revived it when much needed in an age of devotion to the brain-mind. Present conditions sufficiently prove that something more than the lower kind of wisdom is needed to steer us straight.

An ancient teaching says: "Happy the clean in heart: for they shall see God." This means that purity of heart is an essential factor in right understanding: without it we cannot reach the truth. It is also said: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

Sincerity of speech is comparatively easy to achieve; though its consequences may not always be agreeable to other people. But sincerity of heart, sincerity of purpose, sincerity of life, is quite another matter. It implies the finding in ourselves of that which is true and pure, and holding thereto. The problem is simply another way of defining the grand object, the great quest, of human life. It is always helpful to view this grand object under different aspects — truth, beauty, knowledge, and so on; and now, sincerity. "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Disgust with the shams and hypocrisies of one's life may give the stimulus to reach out for something better.

It is said that Theosophy gives one a purpose in life. It is also said that he who fixes his heart on objects of desire will reap disappointment. How are these statements reconciled? Our purpose must be to achieve truth and sincerity, and there will be no disappointment in store; only battles and victories. It is a comfort at night to lay aside the futilities and mistakes of the day and find that the same purpose — to achieve sincerity — still beckons us on. This is one way of having a purpose in life.

Of course it will soon be discovered that selfishness is the great enemy; and that, as long as self is pursued, there arises a constant jar between opposing forces. One must eventually give way. To make an apposite quotation:

"It is of no use advising one to be happy who has no object beyond himself. Either enthusiasm or utter mechanical coldness is necessary to reconcile men to the cares and mortifica-

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tions of life. You must feel nothing or you must feel for others. Unite yourself to a great object; see its goal distinctly; cling to its course courageously; hope for its triumph sanguinely; and on its majestic progress you sail, as in a ship, agitated indeed by the storms, but unheeding the breeze and the surge that would appal the individual effort. The larger public objects make us glide smoothly and unfelt over our minor private griefs. To be happy, my dear Godolphin, you must forget yourself. Your refining and poetical temperament preys upon your content. Learn benevolence — it is the only cure to a morbid nature.”

— LYTTON, *Godolphin*

We have to learn to feel that the path of real self-culture, and the path of service to all, are the same path. Right meditation on our ideal of sincerity will endow us with the impulse to do our duty naturally; and thus will be avoided the sense of self-righteousness which comes from a calculated determination. A perpetual contrast, in one's mind, between the ideas of selfishness and unselfishness is morbid; a constant analysing of motives is irksome and not edifying. But if the right spirit is renewed within us, we shall find ourselves fitting in naturally in our place.

There are doubtless many obstacles to be encountered. They have been raised by our own misguided actions in the past. We have thereby set up adverse tendencies in our own nature: in our heart or mind or body. We shall find that our various members will show a disposition to act in the way we have accustomed them to act. This is Karma. But “the thicker the grass, the easier it is to mow”; and, as H. P. Blavatsky says, in *Isis Unveiled*, speaking of scientific matters, as it would seem, there is a force which increases in proportion to the resistance.

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A TRUTHSEEKER

MADAME Blavatsky, writing in *Isis Unveiled* of the great Saviors of mankind, says:

“Such God-like beings as Gautama-Buddha, Jesus, Lao-Tse, Krishna, and a few others had united themselves with their spirits permanently — hence, they became gods on earth. Others, such as Moses, Pythagoras, Apollonius, Plotinus, Confucius, Plato, Iamblichus, and some Christian saints, having at intervals been so united have taken rank in history as demi-gods and leaders of mankind.”— II, 159

Note the place Lao-Tse takes, in the above quotation, among the great Helpers of mankind.

A few generations ago, Lao-Tse, the founder of Taoism, was not much known to the Western world, but now that the East and West are in much closer contact with one another, his writings, or such of them as have been handed down to the modern world, are familiar to many

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people of Europe and America. Although the *Tao-teh-king* alone of Lao-Tse's writings survives today, yet Madame Blavatsky asserts in *The Secret Doctrine* that the ancients declared he wrote 930 books on ethics and religions, and seventy on magic; all these except the *Tao-teh-king* have disappeared, apparently, off the face of the earth. Is the present age tolerant enough, philosophic enough, or enough given to the contemplation of religious mysteries to utilize properly all the thousand literary works of Lao-Tse?

Among the treatises on Taoism which are today available to the average person of Europe and America, *The Sayings of Lao Tzu*, by Lionel Giles, M. A., and the Dutch writer Henri Borel's *Wu Wei*, are well known. The latter has been translated into English, but undoubtedly is not so well known to English-speaking peoples as Giles's work. Borel did not intend to make a translation of the *Tao-teh-king*, but merely to give what he considered the spirit and essence of Lao-Tse's writings in the form of "Een Fantazie," the account of a fictitious conversation between himself and a Sage who dwelt in a temple on an island in the Chinese Sea. *Wu Wei* is divided into three chapters, entitled respectively *Tao*, *Art*, and *Love*. The *Tao-teh-king* does not speak specifically of art or of love, but Borel transfuses these topics, of such interest to the modern mind, with the spirit of Taoism. Utilizing the vision of a broad expanse of the ocean with its rhythmically moving waves, of imposing mountains and other inspiring elements of Nature, to symbolize the strength and rhythmic pulsations which are imparted to the universe by Tao, this Dutch author is able to make his treatise almost sing with the majesty and poetry of this great First Principle or Cause.

The following simile, not found in *Wu Wei*, may be here used to sum up for the reader some of the leading ideas of this work: Tao may be considered as the conductor of a great orchestra (representing the universe) of spiritual entities or monads, graded into many different degrees of spirituality. Tao with his bâton initiates all the great rhythmic vibrations which pulse and ripple through the different graded parts of the orchestra. Those entities or monads which feel a close kinship to one another, as husband and wife, may be considered to take their seats in the orchestra side by side, both playing in the woodwind or some other particular section of this orchestra; however, the ultimate source of the music-playing of each particular musician is not he himself but Tao the conductor, whence comes the vibratory spiritual essence pervading the whole orchestra. The more each individual musician kills out his own desire for a production of sound which merely expresses his own separateness from Tao and the orchestra, the more does he allow the universally harmonious sounds to flow through his instrument, and the nearer he

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comes to identifying his being with that of Tao, the great master musician.

Lionel Giles in his *The Sayings of Lao Tzu* does his best to give his readers more or less a word for word rendering of Lao-Tse's writings,—in contrast to Henri Borel's method of interpretation. Madame Blavatsky in her *Theosophical Glossary* devotes a long paragraph to the *Tao-teh-king*. The translation of this latter title she gives as "The Book of the Perfectibility of Nature." To continue her words:

"It is a kind of cosmogony which contains all the fundamental tenets of Esoteric Cosmogogenesis. Thus he [Lao-Tse] says that in the beginning there was naught but limitless and boundless Space. All that lives and is, was born in it, from the 'Principle which exists by itself, developing itself from itself,' *i. e. Svabhâvat*. As its name is unknown and its essence unfathomable philosophers have called it *Tao (Anima Mundi)* the uncreate, unborn, and eternal energy of nature, manifesting periodically. Nature as well as man when it reaches purity will reach *rest*, and then all become one with Tao, which is the source of all bliss and felicity. As in the Hindû and Buddhistic philosophers, such purity and bliss and immortality can only be reached through the exercise of virtue, and the perfect quietude of our worldly spirit; the human mind has to control and finally subdue and even crush the turbulent action of man's physical nature; and the sooner he reaches the required degree of moral purification, the happier he will feel."

Giles's *The Sayings of Lao Tzu* does much to corroborate the above-quoted words of Madame Blavatsky and to vindicate the Wisdom of the Ancient Sages. His work is divided into nine chapters, each of which has application to one of the larger social divisions of mankind. The philosopher, theologian, and metaphysician will be especially interested in the first chapter, *Tao in its Transcendental Aspect and in its Physical Manifestation*. The statesman will read with unusual care his chapter called *Government*. Persons who by nature take a lowly position in human society, from the point of view of physical strength and official station in the outward activity of a people — as some of the more shy, artistic, and contemplative natures — will be peculiarly affected by the chapter, *Lowliness and Humility*.

Giles's chapter called *War*, in a general way urges against warfare. This admonition is in accordance with the teachings of Theosophy and Madame Tingley, the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. To give a few quotations from this chapter: "Where troops have been quartered, brambles and thorns spring up. In the track of great armies must follow lean years." "And he who rejoices in the slaughter of human beings is not fit to work his will in the Empire." "Weapons, however beautiful, are instruments of ill omen, hateful to all creatures. Therefore he who has Tao will have nothing to do with them." In the chapter in Giles's work on *Lowliness and Humility* there are these sentences: "The best soldiers are not warlike; the best fighters do not lose their temper. The greatest conquerors are those who

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overcome their enemies without strife. The greatest directors of men are those who yield place to others." Any person or any nation, if confronted with the seeming alternative of either going to war or being invaded, might possibly avert vast calamities to humanity by really taking to heart this book *The Sayings of Lao Tzu*. A man only has enemies in so far as there are elements in his own nature hostile to his Higher Self, to which a seeming enemy outside his nature — *i. e.* the lower nature of some other person — may attach himself or itself, to form a partnership.

The artist who is trying to bring his ideals to fruition in his creations, and who is sorely distressed at the masses of ugliness which appear to incompass his creations of beauty, would profit much from reading the chapter on *Paradoxes* in Giles's book, where a sentence reads: "Among mankind, the recognition of beauty as such implies the idea of ugliness, and the recognition of good implies the idea of evil."

Oriental works on religion such as the Hindû *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, so much studied by members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, dwell very strongly on the necessity laid upon one who would tread the highest spiritual path of gradually freeing himself from the torment of Nature's opposites, such as heat and cold, joy and grief, life and death, so that ultimately, after many reincarnations on this earth, the aspirant may experience these opposites with absolute equal-mindedness. As long as life on this globe exists, these opposites will also exist; and it is the duty of the artist to try ever to refine and spiritualize the pairs of opposites which are continually confronting him, learning to utilize them in his own works of art. Thus a great painter often contrasts patches of the darkest shades of color with patches of highest lights; or again, thus the great dramatist contrasts in his drama the positive character with the negative, the fair with the ugly, the intellectual with the instinctive, or the compassionate helper of mankind with the helpless weakling. Contrasts and opposites will ever exist until all the elements of the universe, at the end of a great evolutionary period, are absorbed in Tao.

Space will not permit in this article a longer discussion of any Western interpretations of Taoism and Lao-Tse, though there is certainly much more to be said. Students of the Chinese classics should remember that there are so many different systems of rendering Chinese sounds by English sound-equivalents that they should not become confused when different English spellings are used by different authors to represent the same Chinese proper noun, *viz.*, *Lao-Tse*, *Lao-Tze*, *Lao Tzu*; *Tao-teh-king*, *Tao Te Ching*, etc. Those who have contacted the wisdom of true Taoism in any book or elsewhere are so enchanted and inspired that they ardently seek to spread as widely as possible a knowledge of Lao-Tse.

MEDITATION

KENNETH MORRIS

MORNING

I GO up through the pillars of morning to this blue-domed temple, the Day,
Where the sun and the sea and the silence are alert with the beauty
of God,
And the Soul of Things breaks forth in delight where the trees bloom gay,
And sings where the cricket sings from the sod.

I go up with a prayer in my spirit: Dew-diamonded drop through the vast,
You moments! and mellow with music flow forth from me all day long,
That the sound of you dropping and flowing where the future sinks in the past
May be healing-sweet as a fairy's song!

I go up with a prayer: In the mountains, and cities, and isles of the sea,
O Heart that enchantest the daylight, enkindle the bosoms of men,
That this moment of beautiful silence may thrill them to knowledge of Thee
And oneness with the beauty of God again!

NIGHT

ON the wings of the Lonely Bird, taking flight where the stars are flying,
I go up to the Palace of Sleep, where the dead and the living are one;
For adrift through the vague dim spaces comes music swooning and dying
To call me away to the sapphire halls of the sun.

I go up to the luminous Garden of Sleep: through the Light of the Lonely
To the realms where men are not, but the kingly Spirit of Man,
Who hath woven his robe of dream there, and abideth embodied only
In the beauty and light that were ere the worlds began.

Questing the Peace of the Seers, to the loved we mourned, departed;
To the souls of the hate-marred here,— there, clear as stars of the morn;—
To the God in me throned in the heaven-worlds, I go forth mystery-hearted,
On the wings of the Lonely Bird, the Soul, up-borne.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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ANCIENT METHODS OF PAINTING

C. J. RYAN

THOUGH the interest in looking at pictures never wanes, there is considerable ignorance about the methods used in producing a painting, their possibilities and advantages. For instance, how many persons can tell, offhand, the difference between Fresco and Tempera painting, or why the decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Rome, demanded a combination of spiritual, mental, and physical energy in a single human being?

When Opie, a great English figure-painter, was asked by an inquisitive person what medium he used to mix with his colors, he replied "With brains, sir!" Opie was, of course, essentially right, but the inquirer was not altogether foolish, for you cannot produce the same effect with different materials. In the brief space at our disposal only a sketch of the subject can be attempted, but, though it may be unusual to approach the aesthetic through a consideration of the mechanical processes employed in its presentation, it may not be uninteresting.

We have no literary tradition about the dawn of art of much scientific value. There is the pretty Greek story of the maiden who traced the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall before he went to the war, but fine examples of draughtsmanship and coloring exist which date from thousands — perhaps hundreds of thousands of years — before the Greeks existed. Until lately it was firmly believed that the earliest well-spring of the arts was in Egypt or Mesopotamia eight or ten thousand years ago, but recent discoveries of the wonderful drawings and paintings of Pre-historic Man in southwestern Europe have shaken the theories of the 'Childhood of the Race' to pieces. In America, too, there are the pre-historic Peruvian works of art, some of which, such as the quaint and beautiful pottery of the Chimu Valley, have been estimated to be from seven to ten thousand years old by calculations based upon the depth of the surface decomposition. In Mexico recent discoveries carry us back to an immense antiquity, and probably the symbolic carvings at Tiahuanaco in Peru precede everything else in North or South America by long ages.

It is difficult to define the meaning of Art; it is easier to say what it is not. Beauty is generally supposed to be an essential, but some 'Futurists' ask "What has Beauty to do with Art?" Anyway we can agree that the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture are the outer expressions of a spiritual quality in man which uses gross matter for its

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manifestation, an apparently clumsier vehicle than the subtler vehicles of sound and rhythm used by poetry and music to create emotional states. Yet, after all, in painting, the coarse material pigments are merely expedients to sift out the ethereal vibrations in the sunshine and arrange them according to the inner vision of the artist; and even architecture, the most material and practical of the arts, depends for its aesthetic value upon the subtil qualities of proportion, balance, rhythm, contrast, etc., all of which are nearly irrespective of the material basis, for the principles exhibited in a noble piece of architecture are so closely akin to those of fine music that architecture has actually been called 'frozen music.' Perhaps we need not apologize for our paints after all, especially when we remember that the successful effort to bend their intractable qualities is a high tribute to the powers of the human spirit.

Is the appreciation of art confined to man, or have the animals any knowledge of it? We know that bees and other insects have a sense of color, but the birds really seem to enjoy beauty in more than one form, and in some respects are more advanced than the cats who eat them! Watch a singing bird pouring out its soul in sweet melody and one can hardly doubt that it enjoys the beauty of its notes. Many birds are brilliantly decorated, especially in the mating season. What shall we think about the Australian Bower-Bird, that whimsical architect who builds a grotto of branches ornamented with brightly-colored shells, leaves, or flowers, and replaces the withered ones when they fade? This bower is not a nest, but a pleasure pavilion in which the birds strut and dance. It is difficult to refuse the title of conscious artist to the Bower-Bird; at least it must be the expression of a higher intelligence, a hidden spirit in Nature — a mystery.

To return to firm ground: we know that Man has always had the longing to express his sensibilities by means of the painted image, but it is rather singular and somewhat unexpected to find that the earliest known paintings are distinguished for technical excellence and are in better preservation, after countless thousands of years, than many pictures of modern times. The famous colored representations of animals found in the Altamira caves in northern Spain in 1879 were executed by the men of the Magdalenian epoch, towards the end of the Old Stone Age, the Palaeolithic.* When Don Marcelino de Santuola was digging in the floor for bones, his little daughter cried "Toro!" (bull), and pointed to the roof on which she had observed the pictures of bulls, horses, and deer. The firmness and sure technic with which these prehistoric paintings

*For illustrations of these cave-paintings see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Vol. XX, No. 3, March, 1921, pp. 266-267.

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are executed are amazing; the details show a fine and curious power of observation and, in spite of occasional lapses, the forms are well constructed and full of vigor. They have the unexpected quality of style, and our admiration is accentuated when we consider the conditions under which they were produced. Most of the animals are nearly life-size, and they are either on the roofs or walls of dark caverns. They were often so placed that the artist had to lie on his back and to use artificial light. What light was used is unknown, for no traces of smoke are to be seen. The colors were natural oxides, red and yellow ochers, black oxide of manganese, etc. They were ground in mortars or on flat stones and mixed with bone-marrow, fat, or oil. Crayons of various colors were used, and the brushes were probably feathers, or perhaps hair. No modern work of African Bushmen or other savages compares in the least with the really advanced painting of these Europeans of not less than forty or fifty thousand years ago, probably far more.

A writer in *Cosmos* (Paris) says:

“In fact, these first of man’s artistic efforts (the earliest known, at least) are remarkable, and certain of these drawings would not be out of place in the cartoons of our modern masters.”

Quite recently, in the Levant region of Spain, an equally ancient form of art has come to light that is entirely different and so far unique. These drawings represent groups and scenes of active life, hunting, fighting with bows and arrows, taking wild honey, etc., and their special feature is the marvelous display of movement. The figures are not quiescent, but in vigorous, nay furious, action in many cases. An eminent critic, Don Elias Tormo, says:

“In the presence of these scenes . . . the whole art of the ancient Egyptians (so many thousands of years posterior) and the art of Mesopotamia appear very old things. . . . When one observes how truth of line is sacrificed to the expression of dynamic truth, or movement, one sees the triumph of a surprising and unexpected modernism.”

But, as the animal pictures at Altamira and elsewhere in France and Spain show, the prehistoric artists understood how to draw with exquisitely correct precision of line when they were dealing with subjects not calling for the expression of rapid movement. These new discoveries have destroyed a favorite theory of the art critics, *i. e.*, that Primitive Art was characterized by stiffness and rigid formality, for we now learn that the known earliest representations of the human figure are vibrant with life and vitality. The so-called Egyptian and other ‘primitive’ work, with its impassive conventions, *may after all not be primitive at all, but the evidence of a decline.* When archaeologists obtain knowledge of the submerged civilizations of the lost Atlantis, which assuredly will come in due time, the lost keys to the comprehension of the mysterious art ability

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of 'prehistoric man of the Palaeolithic Age' will come to light, and many other increasingly puzzling problems of human history be solved.

The earliest paintings, properly so-called, then, are a variety of oil-pictures laid on the enduring surfaces of stone, protected from the weather by their position and from destruction by their concealment. Countless thousands of years later we find the Egyptians painting in bright but harmonious colors upon a thin plaster covering spread over stone walls or the natural sides of their rock-cut tombs. Painted stones of later date found in Greece and Herculaneum were treated in the same way. The chief Egyptian pigments were red ocher, cinnabar red from mercury, blue from the precious lapis lazuli, and ground glass colored with oxide of copper, sulphate of arsenic and vegetable yellows, carbon blacks, gypsum whites, and copper greens. This is a larger palette than Ruskin advises the young student to use: he says three or four colors are enough until the student has discovered how much can be done with them.

Egyptian stone-painting was not executed with oil mediums. Egypt introduces us to Distemper or Tempera painting, the favorite method in old times. Tempera painting must not be confused with Fresco, though both are employed in painting on plaster. Tempera is a process in which the colors are mixed with some sticky but not oil medium, such as the white or yolk of eggs. Sizes made of glue, fig-juice, milk, or gums were also used, but egg is the favorite material used in the Middle Ages. The eggs were not 'strictly new-laid,' in fact some think the older the better. Amateurs who find the smell of oil paint unpleasant had better avoid tempera in its cruder form. There is, however, what may be called a 'denatured' egg medium, chemically treated, which is sometimes used in our fastidious age. Tempera is applied to stone, plaster, wooden panels, parchment, and even canvas and linen. In Egypt well-preserved tempera paintings have been found on canvas stretched upon wood. The favorite medium of the Egyptians was hippopotamus glue; the same combined with some kind of resin constituted their excellent varnish.

The Greeks, following their teachers the Egyptians, worked in tempera. Philicles, one of the earliest Greek painters known by name, was even called 'the Egyptian.' Though we have not a single vestige of the famous Greek pictures, there can be no doubt that the Greeks elevated the art of painting to a high pitch. Otherwise how could we hear equal praise lavished upon the painters Apelles and Parrhasius as upon the sculptors Phidias and Praxiteles whose marbles have been the admiration of all succeeding ages? We also have the testimony of the Greek and Etruscan painted vases, and of Pompeian and Roman pictures, more or less dim reflexions of the greater works. The evidence of pecuniary reward may be significant, too. The painter of Alexander the Great's

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portrait received the equivalent of \$250,000 for his masterpiece.

The Greeks were assuredly skilled in the use of color in decoration. The present ruined condition of the temples gives a very inadequate idea of their original state when they were brilliantly colored: even the figure-sculpture was painted. Tempera paintings of historical and mythological scenes decorated the walls of public buildings such as the Propylaea on the Acropolis of Athens, and easel pictures were evidently in demand. Tempera permits of considerable realism, and various anecdotes of the Greek painters prove that at least some of them were as accomplished at the realistic rendering of still life as the modern Dutch school. When complimented upon a fruit-piece at which the birds pecked (sic), Zeuxis said: "If I had painted the child holding the grapes as well as the fruit the birds would have been afraid of him!" Parrhasius, when competing with Zeuxis, was asked by the judges to draw the curtain which concealed the picture. The curtain was the picture, and it was declared that if Zeuxis had deceived birds his rival had done better in deceiving men!

It is a pity that serious art criticism has not come down to us from the Greeks, but there is no need to condemn the great painters as mere photographic realists on account of the popular stories about their prowess. For one thing we must remember that the art of deception was highly esteemed among the Greeks, and probably a limited knowledge of art on the part of the historians is largely to blame. It is clear, from the delightful story of Alexander the Great and Apelles, that the painters fully realized the value of popular criticism. The future conqueror of the world was once in Apelles's studio talking rashly about painting in the manner of some art-patrons then and now, when the artist, wishing to protect his reputation, interrupted him by whispering that even the boys grinding the colors in the corner were laughing at him.

The story of the painter and the cobbler suggests that it was customary with the Greeks to harden their pictures in the sun and air before finishing them, an excellent practice adopted by certain painters since, notably by Titian. The cobbler, flattered by his correction being accepted of an error in a sandal in a picture hung outside the studio, ventured to criticize the painting of the figure. The angry artist drove him off with the words that have become proverbial: "Let the cobbler stick to his last."

The Romans took away as loot many of the best Greek pictures, but these have all perished. The few wall paintings and mosaics by inferior artists found in Rome and Pompeii are good enough to make us feel the greatness of our loss. Some of them are probably copies at second or third hand of important Greek works.

Until modern times the practice of art was largely subordinated to the

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requirements of religion, and the prevailing beliefs either hindered or helped it. The Jews, for instance, were under severe restrictions; also the Moslems: realistic representations were tabooed and geometric patterns were the chief form of decoration. The theologians of the Middle Ages confined the patronage of art almost entirely to scriptural subjects. Religious themes were the mainstay of Egyptian painting, but, fortunately for us, the Egyptian popular and exoteric views about the future life caused the tombs to be lavishly covered with pictures of everyday life. But the tomb-paintings were hidden away from the popular gaze.

It is not always fully realized, when we hear of the encouragement of art by religion, that religious fanaticism combined with ignorance is responsible for an enormous destruction of priceless remains of antique art. Art has had to rise many times from the ashes of its dead self, and it is a question whether there is really such a thing as 'progress' in art. The twentieth century is not free from barbaric destruction; but now perhaps, apart from the brutality of war, the menace of ignorance is the greatest. Irreplaceable relics of the former great civilizations of America have been wantonly destroyed within recent years in spite of strong efforts to protect them.

Though early Italian tempera-painting, such as we find in the Etruscan tombs, was not very remarkable, a mastery of technic was attained at a very early period and never entirely lost. Christian art in Italy started in a very humble way, in tombs and catacombs, and was directly derived from the Greco-Roman. It has been noticed with surprise that the earlier Christian paintings did not represent the principal subjects in Christian theology. The birth, the crucifixion, and the ascension of Christ are absent. Subjects from the Hebrew scriptures are fairly common, and with a remarkable breadth of view the symbology of other 'heathen' religions was utilized. One picture in the Roman Catacombs represents the ancient Greek Savior Orpheus subduing the beasts by his music. We also find Orpheus as the pre-Christian Good Shepherd with the Lamb on his shoulders. Mercury was also taken as a type of the Christos, and Cupid and Psyche are frequently found in early Christian art. The wanderings of Ulysses was a favorite subject in the catacombs; evidently the esoteric meaning of this allegory was as familiar to the early disciples of Jesus and Paul as to the Greeks. No doubt Paul, an initiate into the Greek 'pagan' Mysteries, knew well enough the deep undying signification of the Ulysses myth — the pilgrimage and adventure of the soul on its way 'Home.'

It has been suggested that the early Christians, fearing persecution, hid their beliefs under the symbolism of more popular creeds, but there is another possibility which is more reasonable, though it does not put

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the other out of court; both may be true. Many Christian writers of orthodox standing, even as late as the sixth century, held that Christianity was but the latest and most complete form of the Universal Revelation that had been in the world since the beginning. This would be what we call the Secret Doctrine, Theosophy. Augustine himself, a pillar of the church, says:

“That, in our times, is the Christian religion, which to know and follow is the most sure and certain health. But this name is not that of the thing itself; for the thing itself which is now called the Christian religion really was known to the ancients and was not wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race until the time when Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called ‘Christian.’”

— *Opera Augustini*; ‘Retractiones,’ Vol. I, p. 12

The early Christians, evidently looking upon their activities as chiefly a reformation in religion and not a revolution, naturally accepted and used many of the ancient symbolic forms of art.

The preservation of the pictures in the Roman Catacombs, under the trying conditions of underground chambers, is largely due to a preparation of heated wax applied to the surface. They were executed in a peculiar kind of tempera.

Wax has been used as a vehicle for colors for thousands of years. Encaustic painting, in which wax was mixed with colored powders, was popular in later Egypt, but the exact method or process is somewhat of a mystery, though we know that the colored wax was melted on hot iron plates and laid on while warm with a brush. The colors were afterwards blended with hot irons. A modern process has been invented which gives good results, but it is very difficult and hardly repays the labor; the paints dry immediately and are highly resistant to damp and other perils. Later comes Egypt of Ptolemaic times with a large number of Greco-Egyptian encaustic portraits of great interest. Though roughly painted, they are strongly individualized and are not mere colored outlines like the earlier tempera paintings. Quite a modern-looking frame was found with one of these mummy-portraits, and it is not impossible that these pictures were hung on walls during the lifetime of the persons in whose mummy-cases they were found.



“EACH by his own life reaches reward — rises to the heights of knowledge and power for the good of all who may be left behind him.”

— *William Quan Judge*

SOME NOTES ON TURKISH HISTORY

KENNETH MORRIS

TURKISH history is very little studied in Christendom; consequently many misconceptions exist. It will surprise many to know that one of the most marked features of Turkish polity, in the days when Turkey was a strong power, and indeed until quite recently, was Religious Toleration. Evidence of this is afforded by the fact that still, in the territories that are or have been Turkish, a large non-Moslem population exists.

Turkey began to be in about 1300, and for about two hundred and sixty years, except for a short period at the beginning of the fifteenth century, grew rapidly under a series of great sultans, the last and greatest of whom was Sulyman the Magnificent. After his death in the fifties she began to decline; the government grew weaker and weaker, and became unable to resist attacks from abroad, or to protect its subjects at home. Bandit chiefs arose, especially in the European provinces, and oppressed the people; and the sultans, though appealed to for protection, and anxious to grant it, were too much weakened by foreign invasions to do anything. This was the cause of the rising of such peoples as the Serbians, and their eventual throwing off of the Turkish yoke.

But when Turkey was strong, things were very different. It is a fact that where the Turkish armies went, the peasantry of the neighboring countries, Christian, flocked into the territories conquered by the Turks, because the Turks gave them better government, stronger protection, and imposed lighter taxation, than their former masters did. When Serbia was conquered, the king of a neighboring Christian state (Hungary) prepared an army to come to the rescue. The Serbians sent emissaries to that king and to the sultan, asking what, in case they accepted the help of the one or the sovereignty of the other, would become of their religion. The king of Hungary replied that if he freed them from the Turks, they would have to forgo their Greek Church and conform to Latin Catholicism. Sultan Amurath answered: "For every mosque I build, I will build a Christian church alongside of it; and you shall go to which you please." The Serbians accepted Turkish rule, and for several centuries were very loyal subjects of the sultans.

The Jews of Spain, subject to persecution after the downfall of the Moorish power there, found refuge and complete religious toleration in Turkey, where they remain an influential community, still speaking a Spanish dialect, to this day.

Only one Sultan had the idea of changing this policy of religious

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toleration for persecution. This was Selim I (1512-1520). A man of immense military genius and a patron of letters, he was also a drug fiend and a fanatic. He called together the Moslem doctorate, the leaders of Mohammedan religion, and put the question to them whether it would be right forcibly to convert his Christian subjects to Mohammedanism, — to give them, in fact, the choice between the Faith and the Sword. They took their courage in their hands — he was a cruel tyrant — and said that it would be impious and against every principle of Islam. They quoted Mohammed's own words on the subject, as recorded in the Koran: "There shall be no compulsion in religion"; "Be ye tolerant unto the unbelievers"; and they reminded him how favorable the Prophet had been to the Christians. They knew that he was quite capable of killing them all for opposing him; but they dared not allow the fundamental policy and principles of Mohammedan religion to be broken without protest. Selim gave way.

In Turkey, a man's race or religion was never a bar to his rising to the highest offices of state; and it is a fact that, during the period of decline, when government was worsening with every decade, and law and order vanishing, the men appointed as governors of the European provinces were almost, if not quite, invariably Christians,—mostly Greeks.

All these things may be found in Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks*, or in Von Hammer's great work on the same subject.

THE HERESY OF SEPARATENESS

PERCY LEONARD

"Although undivided, it appeareth as divided among men."— *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, chapter xiii

 HE soul embodied in a human form is subject to the sway of the illusion of separateness and personality, and so powerful is the deception produced as to impose even upon those who have penetrated somewhat deeply into the study of their own natures. It is comparatively easy to conceive of universal life sleeping within the stone, dreaming in the plant, half waking in the animal, and reaching full self-consciousness in man; but to apply this theory as rule of practice in our daily life is quite another thing. This much at all events is plain, that in proportion as we dwell in thought among our bodily sensations and material things, so does the fallacy of separated life fasten its grip upon our minds; while in so far as we ignore the sense-impressions and allow the mind to wander forth and blend in sympathy

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with life expressed in other forms, do our confining walls expand and set us free.

A life of freedom from all selfish care, and that supreme, impersonal serenity which knows no ebb and flow, would seem to be of such transcendent worth as to attract all men in their pursuit, and yet we find that very few have entered on the quest. The vast majority are willing victims of the glamor of that pole of feeling known as pleasure, and they spend their time and energies in a mad chase upon its trail. Time after time they find that every mounting pleasure is succeeded by its dull recoil, just as a swimmer is upborne upon a wave only to plunge the deeper in the trough behind; and yet so strongly does the charm allure that till the winter of old age chills their desires, they lavish all their powers upon the hopeless chase.

According to some keen observers, pain as well as pleasure wields a fascinating power over deluded man and though the notion may at first be scouted as absurd, it is sufficiently arresting to challenge our inquiry. Everybody must have observed how the mind in leisure moments will drag the memory of a long-forgotten grievance from its hiding-place and will revel in the sense of injury and of morbid self-pity which the recollection affords. In fact it is only when the last bitter drop has been drained that the ancient sorrow is cast aside, and even then the mind is just as likely to select some other painful memory on which to brood as a pleasant one. The flattering compliment, the acrimonious attack; the rosiest prospect we have ever seen, the worst of all the nameless terrors which have chilled our blood; our deepest loves, our most intense dislikings; both the pairs of opposites are conjured up and galvanized to life once more, for both are equally effective to focus our attention on the point of personality and to counteract that yearning for expansion that would set us free.

As prisoners long confined are said to cling with fond affection to their old familiar cells, so do we crouch within the personality and oscillate between the poles of pleasure and of pain; we hide behind our prison-walls and fear to venture forth and enter on the larger life that lies beyond. It is said that when the poet Wordsworth was a boy, he was sometimes so much overwhelmed by a sense of vastness and expansion that as he walked to school he would reach out his hand and touch the nearest wall or tree, that from the shock of contact with material things he might recall to life his fading consciousness of personality. Most people who have wandered lonely among scenes of an unusual grandeur and sublimity must have had a similar experience, and the alacrity with which they plunge into the social whirl on their return to common life is prompted by no other motive than to revive the line of demarcation of their own familiar

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egotism which had grown a little blurred by lack of contact with their fellow-men.

Some men on reaching this stage in their evolution are strong enough to grapple with their personality and by determined effort force it to take its proper place, that of a willing servant with no other aim than to subserve the interests of the soul in everything relating to its daily life among material things. For others less heroic there remains the method of self-conquest by a gradual subjugation. The personality is stunted by degrees and not permitted to appropriate such large supplies of mental substance and of vital force to foster its unbalanced and unnatural growth; for as the personality is made the subject of our constant thought so does it fatten and increase, while as we cease to feed it and engage the mind in wider fields, its independent life begins to weaken and its fierce, insistent self-assertion to decline.

Silence has always been commended by the sages as a specific agent to dissolve the crust in which we are confined; but silence from the Theosophic point of view means vastly more than to refrain from uttered speech, an exercise of little value if the mind is not restrained as well. Intense activity of mind may coexist with vocal silence, and the creative mental force may spend itself in weaving pictured webs of thought in which one's virtues and accomplishments stand out in brilliant contrast with the somber background of the failings of our fellow-man. But to control all exercise of thought, to still the vehemence of our desires, and by a steady effort of the will to rise into the outer quiet where all mental agitation dies — this is an enterprise to tax our loftiest powers. In the deep hush of that eternal silence the confining shell that rings us round disintegrates and vanishes away. There the harsh voice of criticism never comes to drive us back to shelter in our fortress of defense. There no impinging wave of love or hate revives the sharpness of our boundary-line, and thus insensibly it melts away and sets the prisoner free, a pure, impersonal force in Nature that has found its way to liberty at last. The home from which we started and to which we must return is nothing other than the boundless Vast itself, the freedom of its ample spaces being gained by the mere breaking loose from the inclosing walls of personality in which we are confined.



“THE wheel of sacrifice has love for its nave, action for its tire, and brotherhood for its spokes.”

ECHOES OF SCIENCE IN ANCIENT LITERATURE

P. A. MALPAS

IT is curious how after nearly fifty years since *Isis Unveiled* was written by Madame Blavatsky, with its encyclopedic references to known literature plainly demonstrating that science is neither new nor complete in comparison with what was well known in antiquity, hardly a writer fails to be influenced by the old fetish of a stone-age past and a golden-age (?) present.

The fact is that 'science' as we know it, was secret, or rather 'controlled' by the temple-colleges of old Egypt, Gaul, Ireland, India, Greece, China, and America. We have turned the world upside-down. The one thing that matters, human progress on human lines towards the divine whence we came, and the subservience of everything to that one work, has now become little more than money-grubbing and pleasure-seeking and the quest for power, personal power. We talk of divinity, of religion, of progress, but these are, for the world in general, mere fancies, adornments of life, conventionalities, unrealities. Certainly some convince themselves by a process of long-continued self-persuasion that they really 'believe' these things, but they are far from being realities to them. Then, of course, there are many who quietly and unostentatiously do seek them, but they are not the most prominent people in the world and we do not refer to them.

Invent something. With many, the first question is "will it do for killing other people or for war?" In that case it is a *success*, and will bring money. If it will bring money even without destroying body or soul, it is also a *success*. A man who has made money dies a *success*. A preacher or religious theorist who makes money by his talent, is a *success*.

A man who by an unselfish and pure life lifts humanity to that extent and to the unguessed degree that his thought affects the world, is a decent fellow, but not a success, as a rule — at least not as the world counts success.

Well, if you had the whole of knowledge, divine and material, in your hands, and knew that nothing else matters except human progress towards spirituality, and also knew that all knowledge can be used for evil and selfish ends as well as for good, some much more so than the rest, what would be the obvious course to take?

Naturally, a strict guardianship of the more potential forms of knowledge from the violation of those who would, from your knowledge of human nature, *not their supposed knowledge of it*, use it selfishly. A

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graduated communication of it to those who would probably use it well, and a full communication of it to those who through test and repeated test can be relied upon absolutely to use it for human welfare and nothing else.

That was the actual condition of things, and generally speaking, perhaps is so now. For there were and are “those who know.” *Isis Unveiled* was inspired and written by such.

The machinery by which this plan was effectuated is of no moment just now; but it worked very well. Therefore we may expect to find echoes of science, and the most up-to-date science, and more, science-yet-to-come, in ancient literature. But it was very guardedly given and the guards may often be very irritating to our sense of our own importance; but what does that matter? One such guard is always to mix up the accurate truth with traps to catch the unwary. Then, those without the key, would fail to pick out the grain from the chaff, but those with it would know which was which. This explains much of the “ignorance of the ancients.” Or, another guard would be an allegorical way of speaking, such as Paul, who knew much, declares the story of Abraham, etc., to be.

Let us pick out a few blossoms of science from various authors to illustrate the point.

We have scientists — unorthodox, of course,— in the Middle Ages burnt and otherwise badly handled for asserting the rotundity of the earth. But Pythagoras taught it and, for a definite quotation, we have the assertion of Megasthenes about 300 B. C. at the time of Alexander’s eastern expedition. He says:

“Speaking of the Brâhmans [Buddhists?] however, they hold several of the same doctrines which are current among the Greeks; such as that the world is generated and destructible, and of a spherical figure, and, that the god who administers and forms it, pervades it throughout its whole extent; . . . that the earth is situated in the center of the whole.”

— Extract from Strabo, Book v, p. 712; quoted in Cory’s *Ancient Fragments*, 1876, p. 164

Here the earth’s being in the center may be a disguise for some doctrine held by the Indians or may be a mere trap to catch the casual reader, or anything but the real belief of the learned people called the Brachmanes. Or, it may even be the reporter’s misunderstanding of very carefully considered and cautious remarks. Such remarks were often perfectly correct but calculated to deceive any but the most wide-awake hearer or intuitional student. In a very real sense, as shown by *The Secret Doctrine*, the earth is the center of the whole indeed; our earth is the center of its evolution, belonging to the fourth out of seven ‘earths.’ The half-revealed, half-concealed truth is very subtil.

See how the doctrine of microbes escaped into publication in the

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decades preceding the Christian era, in Varro, in such a way as to make our most intelligent scholars suppose that mosquitoes are meant.

“Precautions must be taken (in buying a farm) against swampy places for the same reasons and particularly because as they dry, swamps breed certain animalcula (or minute animals), which cannot be seen with the eyes, and which we breathe through the nose and mouth into the body where they cause grave maladies. . . .”

— Varro on ‘Roman Farm Management.’ Translated by a Virginia Farmer, p. 94

The best of scientists takes the bait and declares that these *invisible minute animals* are mosquitoes. But even in Rome I do not think a man would breathe mosquitoes in through the nose without seeing them. I am sure he would not in New Jersey, at any rate! But that explanation is cunningly left for the unthinking to adopt.

Plato gave out a long fascinating story of Atlantis and its fall. But he threw three veils at least over it. One was that he pretended that he obtained the story from his grandfather. Another that he mixed the histories of Atlantis at ages many thousands of years apart. Another was that he used the sacred allegorical language in parts. Mix all these methods and perhaps others and you have a tangle which no unauthorized ‘scientist’ can unravel without aid. Yet the whole story is consistent. Plato wrote much in these half-disguised ways, as he plainly says he did in a known letter of his in reference to one of his works.

In the first century A. D. Clement of Rome in plain language speaks of the “ocean, unpassable to mankind, and the worlds that are beyond it,” a sentence which was used (by people who knew better!) to *prove* that the Epistle was spurious, and it still remains an ‘apocrypha,’ which is what it really is, a ‘secret book,’ but not as the word apocrypha is made to mean—a false one. On the other hand, among Clement’s rhetorical touches there is a good account of the phenix bird that burns itself up and reincarnates every five hundred years. This is used to prove how *ignorant* he was, by people who are still more ignorant of the meaning of this very graphic and beautiful allegory. That he should bring this story in to prove the resurrection was counted an offense.

Since the real significance of the resurrection, one of the half-dozen cardinal teachings of the early church, was *reincarnation*, and the symbol of the phenix is the same, it is appropriate enough, and Clement knew perfectly well what he was talking about. In many places he uses the secret language of the Jewish hidden doctrine. But his reference to America in a book that was read and revered in the churches during the first three centuries of the present era is undeniable, so why deny it? It is merely an echo of the secret sciences of the temples and schools of antiquity. Is it not very possible that in our own day also many things which we do not yet know are used by us to *prove* that their sponsors were

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and are ignorant or false, and that someday we shall find them perfectly true?

Democritus is well known as the publisher of the atomic theory, revived by Dalton and now quite 'scientific.'

The Great Pyramid, thousands upon thousands of years old, is a sermon in stones that at least, among a multitude of other messages, carries that of the relation of the diameter of the circle to its circumference, known to mathematicians as '*pi*' — a very modern discovery.

The *Surya-Siddhanta* of India gives minute astronomical calculations such as perhaps cannot be surpassed for accuracy by our most modern astronomers with their instruments, and how many thousands of years ago that treatise was written, who knows?

Our own English Roger Bacon, nearly seven hundred years ago, shows a wonderful knowledge of many of the most up-to-date scientific things at which he hardly more than hints. But in one case he is tempted to describe a few, just to show that straightforward science has quite enough in it to give no excuse for looking to charlatans and swindlers and wonder-mongers and 'magicians' for the marvelous things of nature and craftsmanship. He indicates the pulley, exceedingly swift horseless carriages, very rapid ships without sails, steered by one man alone, telescopes and microscopes, diving apparatus, suspension bridges, the secret of attaining an immense age, the magic lantern or something similar, the magnet, and shorthand, as well as the famous secret of gunpowder.

These things are not at all mentioned as the ultimate discoveries of an exceptional man, but merely as the first things that occur to his mind out of a multitude of scientific accomplishments that were known in antiquity, of which he was a student. And the reason for giving them is only to show that there is no profit in the unhealthy search for the wonders of the underworld and the half-world of pseudo-psychism. He mentions the flying machine as known in antiquity, as it was, but remarks that he knows of no actual machine as having been made in modern times, nor has he personally seen one. He says:

"I will call to mind how as secrets (of nature) are not committed to goats-skins and sheeps-pelts, that every clown may understand them, if we follow Socrates or Aristotle. For the latter in his *Secreta Secretarum* affirms: He breaketh the heavenly seal, who communicateth the secrets of nature and art; the disclosing of secrets and mysteries producing many inconveniences. In this case Aulus Gellius . . . says: It is but folly to proffer lettuces to an Asse, since he is content with his Thistles. And in the *Book of Stones*, The divulging of mysteries is the diminution of their Majesty, nor indeed continues that to be a secret of which the whole fry of men is conscious.

". . . The reason then, why wise men have obscured their mysteries from the multitude, was because of their deriding and slighting wise men's secrets of wisdom, being also ignorant to make a right use of such excellent matters. For if an accident help them to the knowledge

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of a worthy mystery, they wrest and abuse it to the manifold inconvenience of persons and communities.

“He is then not discreet, who writes any secret, unless he conceal it from the vulgar, and make the more intelligent pay some labor and sweat before they understand it. In this stream the whole fleet of wise men have sailed from the beginning of all, obscuring many ways the abstruse parts of wisdom from the capacity of the generality. Some by characters and verses have delivered many secrets. Others by enigmatical and figurative words, as Aristotle says . . . and thus we find multitudes of things obscured in the writings and science of men which no man without his teacher can understand.”

Referring to the actual scientific things, he describes such as the horseless carriage or steam-engine, or whatever it was; he says:

“Such engines as these were of old, and are made even in our days. These all of them (excepting only that instrument of flying, which I never saw or knew any who hath seen it, though I am exceedingly acquainted with a very prudent man, who hath invented the whole artifice) with infinite such like inventions, engines, and devices, are feasible, as making of bridges over rivers without pillars or supporters.”

The simple explanation of it all is that Roger Bacon was in touch with the secret wisdom of the ages, and what he tells is only a very small portion of what he knew. He had lettuces enough in his garden but he saw no reason to give the asses of his day anything more than the thistles from the next meadow. And yet, wonderful as this is, there is no reason to suppose that he was very high on the ladder that leads from the Hottentot to the Deity by an unbroken series of steps. He was higher than most, but as he himself says, there were others infinitely higher than he. Only such is our vanity that we find it very difficult to realize that there can really be people who know so much more than ourselves. Either they are gods or devils; we either sicken them with worship or roast them at the stake to the greater glory of God.

The rediscovery of the circulation of the blood is supposed to be one of the triumphs of modern science. Yet it is difficult to think that the great Apollonius of Tyana, who knew so much that all the temples received him as a god and were only too pleased to adopt any changes he condescended to indicate, was not well aware of the matter — and indeed, other reasons make it practically certain that he was — when he declared to the Emperor Domitian:

“The liver, which the most skilful soothsayers affirm to be the tripod of divination, consists not of pure blood, for it is the heart which retains and circulates, by the veins, the pure blood through the whole body. . . .” (Berwick's translation)

Allowing for the difference of terms between ancient and modern times, the above words seem to show that they were written by no mere guess. Apollonius lived from about the year 1 A. D. to 100 A. D.— he coincided with the first century. But the ‘Life,’ based on a disciple's diary and written by Philostratus, in which the above passage occurs, is the produc-

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tion of that group of students round the famous Empress Julia Domna of which group Philostratus was one and, significantly, Galen, the father of the next thousand years of medicine and more, was another. Certainly Galen, like the rest of them, gave out many of his secrets in a disguised sort of way and he is now out of fashion, but he was no fool, and when better understood, it is quite likely that medicine will one day return to some of his rejected doctrines and remedies. Since the 'Life of Apollonius,' like any other gospel, was used to hang many secrets upon in a semi-concealed way, it is probably that Galen knew of the circulation of the blood also, quite well, and kept the knowledge secret, as they all did, because it had bearings on other secrets that might be harmful to mankind if discovered at that age.

Then glance at the immensely ancient Finnish sacred poem of the Kalevala which furnished Longfellow with the Hiawathan meter. Here, many thousands of years ago, we have much talk of America and people going there from Europe in such modern things as *copper* ships! There are many other references to sciences supposed modern, and some *not yet known*,— to 'science,' at any rate!

These few quotations from the men who contacted the mysteries of India, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, America, Egypt, are enough to illustrate our point that everyday life was tinged with the more or less distorted echoes of the secret sciences of the temples. Only the everyday application of such science was comparatively unimportant. As an illustration of the workings of Deity, it was all-important. Presumably, therefore, were we to subordinate science to the spirituality in man we should also have all science at our command instead of the few fragments we boast of classifying and cataloging.

"Toward science as a whole, as a divine goal, the whole civilized world ought to look with respect and veneration; for science alone can enable man to understand the Deity by the true appreciation of his works."— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 88

A pertinent question may be asked why we hear nothing of these hidden sciences in our own times, or at least why we do not hear more of them.

The reason is that we have closed our eyes and ears to them. What we call science today is not even half-science. We have utterly neglected all that cannot be measured in a balance or carved with a scalpel or pinned on a bit of cork. Or we did so neglect all but the most material things until H. P. Blavatsky forced the hand of religion and science and made them take some unwilling and reluctant notice of what lies beyond the physical.

Still, there have been people from time to time, even since the thirteenth century, who have laughed quietly in their sleeves at official science. Who does not know of the amusing little book *Giphantie* published in 1760

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at Paris by Tiphaigne de la Roche, in which he describes in the finest detail the color cinematograph? He refrains from giving the sensitizing and developing chemicals for lack of space, but he gives everything else. And that was at least forty years before the first glimmerings of photography dawned upon a certain gentleman in the same city. Was not the latter the one whose wife had already made arrangements to put him quietly into an asylum because he thought he could *fix shadows* on the wall? The persecution of the pioneer seems always inevitable, as by some law of nature — human nature. But when he did fix his shadows, it was too late in the day to burn him as a wizard, as would have happened a few centuries before.

It may be mentioned that in that little book there are other interesting discoveries of science, present and future, very cleverly symbolized.

Presumably the writer was one who in some minor way was also in touch with the secret science of the temples of antiquity, as was Mesmer, a few years later.

It would be easy to find many other concrete examples of the science of antiquity that leaked out into publication, but these should be enough to show the thoughtful student that 'science' is not necessarily a new thing in the world, not even the best of it. The ancients, when they wanted to do so, were even capable of our eternal classifying and naming of details that goes to make up so much of our science; but that is only a very amateur matter.

Steeped in the orthodoxy that passes for thought we cannot see why it should be dangerous to publish these things. If we knew them, *we* should. Well, that is one good reason why. The end of science is not to foster personal glory but the opposite. A careful, open-minded consideration of the teachings of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* should give a still clearer answer. One or two instances may lead to a better view of the problem.

Supposing the deadly miasma of fratricidal religion — other than which European history knows of none except the philosophy of Gautama-Buddha, and knows very little of that,— had permeated the whole world when it was at its strongest, where would the world be now? Certain parts of the world were kept in cold storage for ages, so to speak, from the European point of view, and if they — China, America, and other countries — had been as easily accessible for the arms and gunpowder of Europe as they are now, can we suppose that the world would have fared better than Mexico and Central America have done in the short period of a few centuries? For it is a fact that Mexico and Central and South America contained glorious records of the past and living religions that would have advanced human progress by centuries had

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they not been utterly wiped out by the sword of the discoverers guided by the hands of orthodoxy.

Again, aeroplanes and airships of a most efficient kind are frequently mentioned in the literature of antiquity, also poison gases in war. They seem to have been involved in one great destructive conflict and then, the helpers of the world having gathered into their own hands all that remained of the knowledge of these things and related sciences, they were allowed to die out, or almost die out from the memory of mankind, until an age of brotherhood should come when such things could be used for beneficent purposes only.

The age has come — partially — but the brotherhood is not all-pervading, yet. So, we have our aeroplanes and poison gases, used for our mutual destruction, for destroying our fellows, the highest expression of the divinity we know. Well, are we right to spread our knowledge broadcast, or were they right to conceal their science? It was far greater than our science can hope to be on modern lines, and because it was so, they saw the dangers far more clearly than we, and therefore must be trusted to know what was the right thing to do. The fiendish selfishness of our age is not a fitting soil for any real knowledge to be cultivated except among those who prefer the spiritual advancement of man to his material 'progress.'

The only soil that is of the slightest use is human brotherhood, peace, and harmony, as indicated in the Theosophical philosophy. Once that foundation is firmly laid there is no limit to which the ancient science — all science — of the temples and schools may be utilized. And our duty is to prepare that soil. To quote the words of H. P. Blavatsky:

“Unless we mistake the signs, the day is approaching when the world will receive the proofs that only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known.” — *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 38

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KENNETH MORRIS

E talk lightly about making history, and mean thereby, doing startling things that the world can easily see. We call great generals, statesmen, and rulers “makers of history”; and forget that the title really means pretty much the same as “human being.” There are three classes of history-makers: the first includes all the men and women that work for righteousness; the second, all the men and women that work for unrighteousness; the third, all the men and women that are indifferent, or sometimes one way and sometimes

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the other. And it is not done at special epochs, or in special favored or unfortunate lands; but from the first morning of creation to the last dawn of reckoning, and wherever there is a human mind at work in a human body. True, there are times of crisis, critical actions and personalities that stand out; in them are focused the results of the thinkings and doings of millions all the time. They do not, we may say, make history; rather they precipitate that which has already been made.

Nations are like individual men. They are born; they have certain centuries of life allotted to them, as we our three-score years and ten; they exceed or fall short of that average life's length in accordance with the way they choose to spend their days. If we, individual men and women, lived sanely all the time: were brought up rightly; made no mistakes in youth, and none in adolescence, and knew well how to spend our age: one might speak, perhaps, of being "too old at a hundred," but not of being "too old at forty." We know that he who breaks any law of health shortens his life-period, or deteriorates it; though what he does at seven or ten years old may not take full effect until he is forty or fifty. And the laws of health are mainly concerned with thought rather than with action; because all action flows from thought, and wrong thinking makes wrong doing. No doubt to lose one's temper is much more dangerous, to the physical health, ultimately, than to sit in a draft or what not such action; because it is to attack one's constitution at the center, whereas the other affects but the circumference. A negative thought, a passionate thought, a wrong thought of any sort, imprints the stigma of unhealth on every atom of the body; so we go on weaving at every moment our life and our death, primarily in our mind.

Now what are the atoms that compose the body of a nation? Its citizens: the individual men and women. So too our minds are its brain-cells; some being more specialized for thinking, but all having their part to play. We weave the destiny of our nation; we are now fashioning health or ill-health for it; not alone for the present time, but for all its centuries to come. I think that in this thought is the most important message for every true patriot. Ah, if the duties of patriotism began and ended where they are too generally supposed to begin and end! Too generally, and too lightly! The true patriot hears his country's call — when? — At some time of crisis, and then alone? No; it rings in his heart from the first moment of his consciousness to the last. He knows that he is sowing the seeds of her destiny; her ages to come are vital to him, as much as her present glory or shame. He takes upon himself to be consciously a maker of history, of noble history; and it matters nothing to him that none shall ever hear of his labors.

Whence come the actions of any man: the actions that in their sum

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are his life; that link by link forge his destiny; that, when we read of them afterwards, make us pronounce upon him: This was a saint; this a hero; this a waster or a scoundrel? — They flow from his prevailing moods, from the thoughts of his heart. He could not meet a crisis strongly and bravely, if his unconsidered thoughts had been in the main weak and selfish. So it is with a nation. If she is to rise gloriously to meet the crises that are to come to her, it is because the currents of her life — of the individual lives of her citizens — have been pure and strong. Look where you will through the past, you find history strewn with tragedies. There have been so many splendid civilizations that fell and were swept away; so many heroes that died, and whose sublimity was all inefficacious to save the lands they died for. Why? Because the world is governed by law; the gods are not sentimental. Cause is followed by effect; even wasted smoke remains not traceless; every one of our thoughts, actions, and habits must have its effect, not only on our own lives, but on the lives of our nations and of the world.

Two sets of forces are always at work: those that build up, and those that tear down and destroy. When the great crises come, men appear who completely embody one set or the other. One thinks of Lincoln, of Joan of Arc, among the builders; of Genghis Khan, of Attila, among the destroyers. Such characters are the high lights and shadows of life. Men are more dependent on each other than we dream; everyone is a part of humanity. It would be almost true to say that one cannot be much better than the average status of humanity allows one to be. Almost; this at least is true: that the effect, the efficacy, of the labors of the very greatest and noblest, is limited by that average status. The grandest of heroes, the most stainless of saints, cannot save the nation that, decadent and given over to vices and ineptitude, will not be saved. Think of Joan. If an archangel had come down from heaven, wherein could he have been or done greater things than Joan did? And yet — all she could do was hedged in, trameled and negatived, to a certain extent, by the conditions she found. She came, and she was able to succeed, because there was latent heroism waiting to be blown into flame in France; but she died, because her antitype, Bishop Cauchon, found also the materials there which enabled his nature to express itself. Two souls incarnated in Athens in the days of her decline; and which of them had the greater effect, in their day, upon Athenian history: — Socrates, pure, wise, strong and noble; or Alcibiades, treacherous, dissolute, ambitious, and selfish? There is no doubt of the answer, if you ask, which has mattered to the world ever since; Alcibiades counts for nothing, nor has these ages; but Socrates will never be a back number. But in their own day? Alcibiades ruined; Socrates could not save. And why? Because

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the general stream of Athenian thought fed Alcibiades: too many Athenians were after his fashion, and represented by him; only a handful could follow Socrates. And that condition came not about suddenly in a moment — but had been growing up all through the history of Athens. Great heroes and great villains are to a very large extent the expression of what is in the hearts of their age and people.

Alcibiades was a type of the traitor who corrodes from within; there is another more awful and imposing type: that of the world-destroyer: Attila will occur to the minds of all in this connexion; Genghis Khan is perhaps a better example. Genghis was the chieftain of a small tribe of desert horsemen in Central Asia. He made himself the chief of that tribe, in his boyhood, by conquest. He then conquered the surrounding tribes until his armies were increased to millions. He found two great civilizations upon his borders: the one in Persia, the other in China. They were both old, and both brilliant. Never in the history of the world, as we have it, has there been a civilization more beautiful or higher than the Chinese was in the days of Genghis Khan and during some centuries previously. Life had been brought to terms of perfect elegance; it was an art as exquisite as their own painting. They had produced the greatest, the most wonderful poetic literature that we know of; they had seen farther into the beauty of the secret heart of Nature than the Greeks did, or the French, or the Italians, or the English. Their art remains a thing to marvel at. Through their capital city, Hangchow, you could walk by roads as broad and straight as in any modern American city, for forty miles without turning; and see nothing that was not built or laid out with the utmost concern for beauty and supreme art. And in that capital, it is said, there was no crime or poverty. Great thinkers, great poets and great artists were as common as successful business men are among ourselves. Genghis, and his successors, Ogdai and Kublai, poured down their millions of horsemen against them. The Chinese came from their art studios, from their looms and workshops, and fought with a heroism that has never been exceeded. Genghis, as everywhere else, prevailed. He massacred out whole vast cities and sowed the sites of them with salt. He broke the back of their civilization, so that it has never recovered since. We have a foolish idea that the Chinese were always a stagnant unprogressive people. In their time they were just as progressive and go-ahead as we are. They went ahead, and reached a state of culture such as no living nation has reached — only, of course, it did not express itself in terms of mechanical invention. But through their history, side by side with so much that was brilliant, had grown the forces, the habits that destroy.

If you are to have a clear and commanding mind at the age of seventy,

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you must have lived a clean life. There must have been no abuse of the body; or there will be an ossification of the brain, metaphorically, if not actually, speaking. China, in Genghis' time, was old. For several centuries before, we can trace in her history the ossification of her thought, the growing incapacity to meet crises with great action. We read of brilliant creation, coupled too often with great luxury and license, on the one hand; and on the other, of a sterile and Puritanical conservatism; these two forces were always at war. In the eighth century the Emperor Ming Huang presided over the most wonderful literary age in Chinese or perhaps any history. He gave himself over to pleasure, and threw away his empire for the sake of a woman. In the twelfth century, one of the world's greatest landscape painters, Sung Hwuitsung, held the throne; and was faced by a great crisis. Tang Ming Huang had been potentially a great man of action, as well as a great artist, but he had gone the wrong path. Hwuitsung — and we may say China in his day — had lost the capacity for great action. It was the natural next step. North China fell to the Tatars; and thence on to the time of Genghis it is all a record of ineffectual wars between north and south — the Tatar-held north, and the Chinese south. So these two fell a prey to Genghis, being divided against themselves. It was the Chinese south that made the great fight; that showed the boundless heroism — and also that incapacity for energetic thought which made all heroism in vain. Now, why? Because the forces that tear down had been at work insidiously all through the age of Chinese civilization. Genghis and his Mongols are to be thought of much as we think of the earthquake and the hurricane; blind forces of nature. History runs on through many centuries, and the destroying forces in life accumulate like water behind a dam. When a certain point is reached, they overflow, and the country is flooded. Nature provides the form that flood will take. When it comes, there is a crisis; if the accumulated forces that build up and preserve are then stronger than those that destroy, the civilization is saved; otherwise —

So the true patriot must have the whole life of his nation in mind, and must live for all her coming ages, as well as for today. He has a greater life than can be contained in his own few scores of years. His concern is not so much to exult over the past of his people, as to prepare them for the future. He would have them go the right path; is no more content that they should meet disaster hereafter, than that they should meet it now. So he *thinks*; he feels himself bound to dig deep in thought, to hunt out the forces that upbuild, and the forces that tear down. He thinks, he cares; he will not let things slip by. To him, the sight of a boy who is a vice-victim, is something much more terrible than that of merely one life spoiled. It is that; but it is much more. It is that; because in every

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human soul that comes into the world there is the potentiality of what is called genius; more, of heroism — of all the splendors of mind and character. These forces, these potentialities, would manifest themselves far more often than they do, were they given half a chance. Genius would not be a rare thing, moral sublimity would not be a rare thing, if our bodies had their true treatment in this life, and a line of heredity behind them such as they might have. What do we owe to genius? What do we not owe? It is that which illumines the path of life; what light we have, has been given to us by the men of genius. Without them civilization would be altogether appalling and base; it is they who reveal the meanings of things, and keep men different from the brutes. They are of course, of varying degrees; some few combine genius of character with that of intellect, and these are the Great Teachers of the World. Our failings do indeed limit their opportunities to serve us; we cannot limit the sublime grandeur of their being. But when we come down to the second grade: the geniuses of intellect, what a tragical tale we are to read! The higher grade, the Master-Men, had found the Divine Soul within themselves, and made themselves wholly at one with it; nothing could shake their strength. But these others, whose distinction it is to catch glimpses at times of that bright shining within; and to declare as much as they may of what wonderful vision such momentary illuminations may have given them — why are their life-stories so often tragedy?

I think of two men in this connexion: of Mirabeau, and of Keats. The first, a man of titanic abilities, a master of men, fit to ride any whirlwind, to direct the ship of national life through any storm soever into the safe havens of peace. He, and he alone of all men living at that time, you would have said, could have brought France safely through from Medievalism and Bourbonism to a sane liberty and democracy; and this, you may say, was what he came into the world to do. Well, he did not do it. When he was most needed, he was dead. His dissoluteness had shortened his life. And even before he died, though he had the giant's strength, he was losing the power to use it. A wild irregular titanic man; if he had not disabled his spiritual will for great and commanding action, there would have been no Terror, no Napoleonic Wars; the whole history of Europe since would have been different; and how incalculably better!

Now if you could look into the history of that tragedy, where should you find the first act? Not in the life of that Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau. He, it is true, came into the world with certain downward and sensual tendencies in his character, and had to take the hereditary line that offered. I cannot but think that Reincarnation alone fully explains these cases; but if you don't believe in Reincarnation, still there is something tremendously interesting in them. He came, and there was that

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hereditary line behind him. At some time or other, someone had sowed weakness, sensuality, in that line. Someone had contributed to it that tendency which, in the life of our Gabriel Honoré, as the last straw that breaks the camel's back, gave for its fruitage the final pressure of temptation which made that life a failure; which wrecked the French Revolution; which plunged the nineteenth century in blood.

Then look at Keats — type of thousands and thousands of others who die and are never heard of. He died at twenty-six; God knows what he might have done to illumine the world had he lived and all gone well with him, with that subtle and wizardly equipment of genius which he had. But passion killed him; passions he did not know how to subdue. The world was balked, robbed of an exquisite illumination; you and I are the poorer today, because these forces that tear down, that are hostile to life, came in and ruined that one soul a hundred years ago. Now, what was the truth there? Like all his kind — all the geniuses of intellect — he was, had to be, a thousand times more sensitive than the run of mankind, a thousand times more impressionable. They could not do their special work unless they were. Keats came into the world filled with memories of heaven; and by that very fact, fearfully susceptible to the assaults of hell. What was divine in him did not have half a chance. He was met by adverse conditions: in his environment; in his heredity. He — and all like him — found desperate enemies to fight within his own body; tendencies bequeathed to him by ancestors far and near, all of whose lives passed on some modicum of fire or weakness, strength or corruption. It is so always. We come where we belong; we have earned our heredity; there is no injustice, from a purely personal point of view. But then the higher side of us is something vastly more than a mere personal possession. It belongs to the whole race. If one man of genius is thwarted of his highest possible manifestation, it is he not he, primarily, that suffers; it is the human race that is cheated.

Here then is something that calls to the patriot to be on guard. Let him look into the statistics of these things; see what perils beset childhood, youth, and young manhood; let him realize what the most desolating of the forces that tear down nations is: secret vice; unnameable vices. Let him realize that the corruptionist is walking in our midst. . . .

Greed is another destroying force; in the body social and politic, what the cancer cell is in the body physical of man. We should not have the great spectacular cases of it, unless it ran in degree through all classes. It is a part of the ignorance of the age; and might be curbed, were there right education. There are inexorable laws of life, which to break is to defeat the ends of life; we remain in ignorance of them, because we do not think deeply enough, do not take steps to insure the right education.

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Nine out of ten would say that the object of education is to enable the child to succeed, to make his way in the world. We argue as to what subject we should teach him, and forget that ultimately there is but one subject: life! Why? Because we forget, or don't know, what life is, and what Man is. We have lost sight of the Divine Center within us, which is capable of ruling all the manifestations of our living; we have lost sight of the fact that that Divine Center is surrounded by, has to act through, an instrument or personality full of selfish and animal tendencies; we do not set ourselves, as we should, first and foremost in education to helping the Divine Soul to govern and to transmute these. So the Soul is clouded over, and manifests but little in our modern life. But it is there: the vital spot within the inner being of man, from which all the healing streams flow. All the ages have recognised it, in their fashion; and from such varying recognitions all religions have sprung.

The primary meaning of good is, obedience to the mandates of the Soul, following the light of the Soul. But when we lose sight of that true fountain of religion, religion becomes an unreal and traditional thing. The tradition of its value remains, and vice still pays its peculiar tribute to virtue. The instinct of the human race is, that virtue is virtue, good, good; evil, evil. What a corrosive to the inner life of a nation, eating into its spiritual vitality, is that man who, following evil, pretends to follow good! The openly bad man is openly at war with truth, light, the Soul; and open warfare may end in truce, peace, alliance. There is hope for your honest burglar. But the hypocrite conducts his warfare by stealth; he is a traitor in the camp of the right: an alien enemy, jabbering patriotism, and poisoning our wells. We all probably know of such men; who stand well with the world; very likely support the churches; and yet whose lives spread moral corruption. What word for them had the glorious Nazarene of old?

Akin to this man is the gossiping traducer: he of the light speech, so current in social life, who with a shrug of the shoulders, an implication that you may take for a jest if you like, will spread some report either known to be false or not known to be true. Such folk are skilful sowers of the seeds of national disruption and death. A nation is a vital unity: ordained, if you like by God, if you like by the laws of nature, for vital purposes. Its life is its unity; not merely in action; its higher life depends on that quick and inner unity which we may imply by the word Brotherhood. When we have attained a vital brotherhood, then we have formed a nation such as the Divine Architect of the Universe is forever seeking to upraise. What part then does this moral assassin play? We hang the murderer; and therein do a grave wrong; because he too is a part of ourselves, a molecule in the body of the nation, which must be restored to

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moral health if the whole body is to be *corpus sanum*, and health attained. But this other more dastardly murderer goes about his work knowing well there is no salutary hemp spun for him; that he is quite safe in his soul-killing. Indeed, indeed, the last poor fellow-man of ours that we hanged was worthy of our respect in comparison with this man! The thief in jail stole your goods, but did not touch your life and soul. This man steals your reputation; and because of his lightly sown falsehoods, you are to be thwarted in every effort you may make for good. Who can wonder that the prophet of old, moved to fiery indignation, spoke figuratively of a lake of everlasting fire that should be the portion of these? Patriots, be on guard here too; remember that this secret slanderer is sowing a habit in the life-stream and thought-stream of the nation that must be paid for some day in blood and desolation and bitter tears! Slander is a disease germ in the blood social; and, like all such germs, if allowed its way, will strike in presently at some vital center — at the critical moment.

You don't believe it? — I spoke of the hero who comes to save an unsavable nation, and fails. You may take the case of the Emperor Julian, called the Apostate. Rome was old when Julian came to save her; an old nation that had been traveling the paths of life for upwards of a thousand years. She had not been much better or much worse than ourselves; it is pretty safe to say that humanity has been much of a muchness any time these million years. But she was old; her habits were confirmed; the sinews of her life unelastic. She was traveling a downward and easy road; convinced, like the Gadarene swine in the gospel, that she was getting somewhere. She was sliding into her senility and ruin. Then came a grand champion of the Gods to save her, if she might anyhow be saved: the Blessed Apostate Julian. There never had been a greater Roman; though not one other Roman, respectably to be called such, had appeared within living memory. The versatility of his genius was astounding, in character as in intellect. As Gibbon says, Caesar may have been a greater general; Augustus a greater statesman; Marcus Aurelius a greater philosopher. But no one had been, as he was, all these things and much more besides. He did literally work night and day for the redemption of his people. He was at work for twenty hours or more in the twenty-four, employing relay after relay of secretaries, and exhausting them all. He ate only as necessity compelled him, and without turning from his work. He made his reign of three years read in the history-books like a good long thirty. And he had just one idea: to restore the ancient Roman virtue; to bring back his degenerate people to the greatness of the life of their forefathers.

But — his degenerate people did *profess* and *call* themselves Chris-

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tians; and heroic Julian was a Theosophist. Christians— God save the mark!— they had departed very far from the precepts of the Hero of Nazareth, the sublime Theosophist of old Judaea! You might have given them any name you would; they were degenerate Romans; they happened to wear the label Christianity; which wearing was in itself a kind of blasphemy. They were a seething mass of all the forces that tear down a nation; and they hated Julian, because he was the embodiment of all the forces that build a nation up. The slanderer went to work; the back-biter; the traducer. They wove a net about him; they multiplied lies, and would not be saved. The habit had grown with the Roman centuries. Men traduce a hero for several reasons; as: because his virtue puts to shame their vice; therefore, say they, it cannot be real virtue; tush, he is as bad as the rest of us, if all were known! And having satisfied themselves on this point, they go on to speak of that wherein he might be supposed to be bad— wherein they would be bad, were they he— and probably are bad, being their own unpleasant selves. Again: because they know very well that he is good; and that his goodness, being vital and energetic, threatens their evil-doing; so they must down him, or fear being downed themselves. Again: because of common vulgar jealousy, that always hates its superiors. So there were, as usual, a thousand reasons why Julian must be downed. And as he could not find a soul in his empire to give him valid support, downed he was. As a last resource, to awaken if he might some measure of the Roman valor, he led his armies against their old Parthian enemies: a desperate measure as he undertook it; but all else had failed. Then, the tongue of the moral assassin became presently the shaft of the physical assassin; treachery went to work, and finally shot the arrow that killed him. Of course it was given out that it was a Parthian arrow; but they knew better in the camp at the time.

That was in the year 363. In 395, only thirty-two years later, the Empire finally split into two. In 410, Alaric the Goth sacked Rome; in the same year the province of Britain was abandoned. During that fifth century the Roman empire was utterly destroyed, the embers of civilization thoroughly trodden out; anarchy and untold misery followed, and lasted for hundreds of years; no life was safe; no property was safe; plague, pestilence, and famine did their work; the population was reduced from millions to poor thousands. Let me end right here. Patriots, will you further the work of the slanderer, by lending him your ears?

THE NEW CYCLE

GERTRUDE W. VAN PELT, M. D.

(A paper recently read at Isis Theater, San Diego)

THOSE who have frequently attended these meetings are familiar with the teaching in regard to the Law of Cycles. It is not a new idea at all. Every one sees the law in action daily: — the earth turning on its axis; the moon circling around the earth. And every school-child knows that the planets revolve about the sun, and that as the sun itself moves, describe a spiral through the vast space which has no beginning and no end. But Theosophy has put a new meaning into these everyday facts. One reason for the success and profound influence of H. P. Blavatsky's writings, is that she awakens ideas latent in all. People after reading her books, say: "I have known much of this always, but did not understand the meaning of it." Then she leads them on from familiar to unperceived but plainly visible phenomena, into the unknown, but just as inevitably true as the more obvious. It is not recognised by many that the spiral is the universal path of all life from the atom up; that there is no manifestation of life conceivable on any plane which is not guided and controlled by this all-embracing law. So important is it in a comprehension of ourselves and the mysteries in which we are inwrapped, that it is given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* as one of the three fundamental propositions upon which the whole philosophy of life is based — a philosophy which is simplicity itself, yet which penetrates to a fathomless depth.

In two issues of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* (July and August, 1920) was published a reprint of an article written in 1889 by H. P. Blavatsky, entitled 'The New Cycle.' It refers, of course, to the cycle upon which the world is now entering, and is full of hints, warnings, and promises. The idea that the old era has reached its term of life, and that we are initiating a new order, is in the air. Theosophists are not alone in the perception of this: the attention of the world is upon it. Shallow as well as profound thinkers refer to it as accepted. Even in ordinary advertisements, one comes across such sentences as these: "The world is turning a critical corner." "Civilization is in the awful throes of rebirth," etc. The elements of life seem to be shaken from an unknown depth, some to go up in fire and smoke, for a redescent in new combinations; and all to be shifted, readjusted; arranged in a different order. Such a radical stirring of the old order must necessarily produce mental confusion. No

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one in the midst of the upheaval can see clearly, yet there is a general sense that something overwhelmingly great is happening; and that perhaps human life when it eventually emerges from the world-caldron in which it is now seething, may appear robed in garments of a different hue, and equipped with a mental outfit, which may throw a new light on the meaning and purpose of life. All this, I say, is more or less vaguely felt, but it is Theosophy alone that clarifies the perplexing situation. Theosophy has spoken from the heights of faultless vision; from the region of peace above the turmoil; from the center of eternal light.

It is plain when one begins to think of life in terms of cycles, that each turn of the wheel brings its own conditions which cannot reappear in kind until the same point is reached again; just as spring-time has its possibilities, which cannot recur until the following year. It is also evident that though little cycles such as day and night repeat the events daily that belong specifically to that cycle as such, larger cycles carry with themselves also their own modes of activity, which can come at no other time. The springtide meets the physical eye, but those greater turns which can be sensed by the spiritual eye alone, are no less inflexible as evidences of the eternal law. It is, of course, upon this that is based the cyclic rise and fall of nations and races.

In regard to the present cycle just entered, there are many hints given of its importance. As to actual periods of time, it is stated that it marks the end of the first 5000 years of Kali-Yuga, the Iron Age; and that this point coincides with the hundred-year cycle, which always brings with it special opportunities of its own, in which active spiritual work for the race is possible. The smaller cycle, of course, reinforces the larger, just as a surface wave, should it coincide with a deeper one, would increase its power; or as the force of the moon is augmented when in conjunction with the sun. But in addition to this statement, which recurs so frequently in Theosophical literature, there are hints even in the article of H. P. Blavatsky's referred to, that the present cycle means yet much more than that. She says, for instance:

“On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science — the science of Life Eternal, bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. . . .

“The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses . . . strikes us in the face and murmurs, ‘That which has been, exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata, may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves.’”

There is also a remarkable statement by William Q. Judge, no less definite on this same subject. He writes:

“This is a transition age, and he who has ears to hear, will hear what has thus been said. We are working for the new cycles and centuries. What we do now in this transition age will be like what the great Dhyân-Chohans did in the transition — the midway point — in evolution

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at the time when all matter and all types were in a transition and fluid state. They then gave the new impulse for the new types, which resulted later in the vast varieties of nature. In the mental development we are now at the same point: and what we now do in faith and hope for others and for ourselves, will result similarly on the plane to which it is all directed. If we neglect it now, so much the worse for us then. Hence we are working . . . for a change in the Manas and Buddhi of the Race, that is, in the mind and Spiritual Perception of the Race.”

The whole of the work on this earth consists in the awakening and bringing to perfection the instrument known as the human mind. A new departure in such a fundamental and vital stratum of our being, must surely arise from the depths and must carry with it consequences and possibilities of unimaginable importance.

In 1887, William Q. Judge wrote:

“A new age is not far away. The huge, unwieldy flower of the nineteenth-century civilization, has almost fully bloomed, and preparation must be made for the wonderful new flower which is to rise from the old. We have not pinned our faith on Vedas nor Christian scriptures, nor desired any others to do so. All our devotion to Aryan literature and philosophy arises from a belief that the millions of minds who have trodden weary steps before ours, left a path which might be followed with profit, yet with discrimination. For we implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle, the final authority is *the man himself*. In former times the disclosed Vedas, and later, the teachings of the great Buddha, were the right authority, in whose authoritative teachings and enjoined practices were found the necessary steps to raise Man to an upright position. But the grand clock of the Universe points to another hour, and now Man must seize the key in his hands and himself — as a whole — open the gate. Hitherto he has depended upon the great souls whose hands have stayed impending doom.”

This brings out the truth so often insisted upon in Theosophical literature, that we are the creators of our own destiny. If the conditions in the world are hard and painful, the blame cannot be thrown upon an unseen God, but upon our very selves, and the only possible atonement lies in binding all our energies (beginning with ourselves), to purifying and sweetening that which we have in the past contaminated.

It will probably be thousands of years before many of the seeds sown now will come to their fruition. Yet come they must. Nothing is lost, not even a thought. Science in its theory of the conservation of energy cannot be more exacting than is the moral law, taught in every religion. The Bible says: “Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.” All the glories of the wonderful Atlanteans, and all their terrible sins, which caused their destruction, we shall have to meet again. Nature’s steps are silent and slow, but sure. The fact to be seized is that the magnitude of the present time for the whole of humanity cannot be overestimated. Indications are everywhere that our old earth and all the life it carries have reached a point in evolution where momentous and radical changes must be initiated. The old molds have served their time. They must die. The new ones to be builded, however, lie yet in their plastic matrix. Knowing the meaning

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of seed-time in our little mundane year, may we cast such seeds upon the deep, majestic current now silently stirring beneath humanity's consciousness, as will carry it forward into glory!

Possibilities all through life always lie in two directions. H. P. Blavatsky says in another article recently republished in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, entitled 'The Tidal Wave':

"But woe to the twentieth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age."

Every opportunity has its hour, and passes. The little ones, as said, recur often, the great, with the great Cycles. It must be these decisive periods in human history which have given rise to the crude ideas about judgment days. For this is indeed what they are. Only the judge is not an extraneous, arbitrary power, but verily ourselves. "The hand of *Karma* guides the wheel," as says *The Voice of the Silence*. Nature offers her treasures in her appointed time in accordance with the eternal plan. Those who will, seize them. Those who prefer to isolate themselves from the great life of which they are a part, can close their eyes and their hearts, can become more and more sealed in their selfishness, and let these golden opportunities move by without them. Then as the mighty wave, which they have resisted, rises higher and higher and finally passes its crest, the receding force must suck them back. They have judged themselves. They are self-condemned. What is presumably their fate? They and their descendants become the laggards, and as they reincarnate age after age, it must be in this lower stratum until the wheel of time brings them again face to face with another great choice. Indeed, H. P. Blavatsky states in the article quoted from, that

"the man who imagines he has freedom, but who, nevertheless, remains plunged in that seething caldron of selfish pleasure-seeking, gives the lie in the face of his divine Ego, a lie so terrible that it will stifle that Higher Self for a long series of future incarnations."

All nations, sub-races, and races have had their cyclic hour. A persistent rejection at such golden epochs can have but one result. And this we see in a backward glance at the pictures of the past, which show always dotted her and there over the surface of our globe, and living apart, what is known as the "remnants of a once mighty race."

Yet a selfish desire to escape such a fate will only court it the more surely. The doctrine of the *Heart* is the great Sifter, says *The Voice of the Silence*. It is a larger, not a more contracted life that the new time offers. It can only be embraced by expanding the sympathies, by opening the eyes to the suffering and needs of others; by actually following the teachings of all the great religions: "Those that lose their lives shall find them." Intellectual attainments are much to be desired; talents

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and all the things men strive after when they first have their longing for growth aroused. But unless all these become subservient to a boundless devotion to Truth, they will carry no one to the crest of the wave.

The hand of destiny accepts no counterfeits. Nothing but the real thing will answer. Its essence must percolate through and through our social fabric, and bring out evidences of its presence, if our civilization as a whole is to be saved. Laws cannot preserve us if there is a secret desire to break them. The bulwark of the people's conscience must be behind them to give them substance and power. Is it, perchance, permanent Peace that we ask? And do we fancy we can write its terms on paper and not on tablets of our hearts? What can a treaty effect unless the spirit is behind it? If we take a sick man from his bed, stand him up, and bid him act as though well, will he thereby be whole? What folly to expect it. Do we indeed want peace itself, or is it prosperity and comfort? Is it that suffering, when too near, disturbs us; or that the fear of losses following war appals us? Or do we ask peace because we love our fellow-men, and long that they shall know the joy and greatness of life; because it is *right* and in harmony with the divine ruling of the universe? If so, then peace is ours as surely as day follows night. We must have new hearts, be filled with a longing to serve the race. We must feel an honest sorrow for the wrongs we have done. There must be a desire to serve, in which vanity has no part. We must be ready to forgive our enemies and demand for them the same justice that we desire for ourselves. We must recognise that we are each and all an integral part of the whole; and thus that our enemies are a part of ourselves. There can be no evading the issue. All this must be done if we mean to cure the mortal sickness of the world and do not want the next great cycle to bring to the surface poisons more terrible; to bring sufferings with a keener edge of bitterness than our imaginations can now create.

Yet the promise of the new time transcends its warnings. Mme. Blavatsky says that those who make the supreme effort will find themselves on the crest of the spiritual wave which raises to the very heavens beyond the stars. When the purging has passed, a sweeter, purer era is in store.

There are evidences that all this is felt, sometimes clearly, sometimes vaguely. In spite of the unspeakable horrors that have pierced the lives of millions, there is an atmosphere of hope that rises here and there and dispels the smoke. The world-consciousness knows that behind the tide of this sickening corruption, are the fresh, pure waters of Truth.

Here are some signs of the breaking of the clouds. J. L. Garvin writes:

“There are a thousand problems at home and abroad. There is one key and one only which

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unlocks them all. It is 'Partnership,' a new way of working together. If that key is not applied, it would be better not to live in the world that will be."

H. G. Wells writes:

"I am a man who looks now toward the end of life; . . . I live in days of hardship and privation, when it seems more natural to feel ill than well; without holidays or rest or peace; friends and the sons of my friends have been killed; death seems to be feeling always now for those I most love; . . . yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of justice and world-wide happiness, of plenty, power, hope, and gigantic creative effort, lies close at hand."

In the London *Times*, Literary Supplement, not long ago, occurred these lines:

"As the shouting and the tumult dies, we can perhaps turn for the season from the vain toil of making peace out of passion and reflect that the only peace that is perfect or matters to man is peace of mind; and the only kingdom we can really own is that which is within us. . . . We have in the past been so indoctrinated with selfishness, in some of its manifestations, that it has been looked upon as a virtue. . . . Service and sacrifice are the things that make this world a possible place to live in."

These are isolated instances among the thousands. They are the heralds who begin to feel the real tide in their hearts.

It is to disseminate the genuine feeling of Brotherhood that the Theosophical Movement is made active in the latter part of every century in some way, by the guides of evolution. It does not always bear the same name or form, but it is suited to the time and has always the same purpose. The last quarter of every century marks a cycle, relatively small, and generally local. But *this* period is more momentous. Events have transpired unlike anything we find in the past. The effort to bring to humanity the consciousness of the truth of Brotherhood has been made at the proper times and places, but has embraced either a single nation or race, while others have been asleep and unconscious of the quickening elsewhere. But the effort now is to make the consciousness of Brotherhood *universal*. All the wonderful material development of this age has been a preparatory stage. How significant it is that while in our historical past those on one side of the globe have been ignorant of the existence of the inhabitants of the other, now it is possible to speak to the nations thousands of miles away, as if they were near neighbors.

Who can fail to see in this a deep and far-reaching plan, gradually unfolding? A war formerly involved the actors only, but now the whole world suffers when its peace is violated anywhere. Even a fluctuation in commercial values ripples out to the ends of the earth. All these are new conditions, full of a meaning which will be apparent from the standpoint of a thousand years hence, as it cannot be today.

We have demonstrated our Brotherhood in trying to ignore it, and universal suffering is the answer. The New Cycle, as it gradually un-

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fold, will bring the opportunities for a different demonstration, one of harmony and joy.

I will close with these words of Katherine Tingley's:

"The whole aim of Theosophy, and particularly my thoughts at the dawn of . . . this New Age, upon which Humanity is entering, is to direct your attention to a brighter future, which lies before each one of you; to tell you, each one of you, that you hold the key to the present and the future; to proclaim to you that you, each one of you, can find in a moment of time, if you have the desire, a door to golden opportunities and a glorious future stretching out into the limitless Eternity.

"The consciousness of Divinity is the key to human life. For lack of this key Humanity has been drifting for ages. In finding it we unlock the door to the grandeur of soul-life and its golden opportunities; for only through the recognition of the Soul's Divinity can a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity be established and become a living power instead of a hopeless dream."

THE ANCIENT TEUTONS

P. F.



THE German people in prehistoric times wandered from its primitive settlements in the interior of Asia to the west, and spread out through tribes, differing in customs and manners, from the Black Sea to the Alps and Ardennes.

For what knowledge we possess of its primitive history, we are indebted to the Roman historian Tacitus, and according to his judgment we are justified in believing that the forefathers of the Teutons had reached a certain degree of civilization, and were not to be compared with a wild horde. They already understood the art of writing, at least this was known to their priests. 'Runa' was the name given to their writing, meaning secret, and the system consisted not in separate letters like ours, but was more like the Chinese, a writing in pictures, and characters, and only later there developed from this a regular alphabet.

Poetry of the most ancient period of the people is entirely missing; Tacitus, however, says in his famous work 'Location and customs of the peoples of Germania,' that there was prevalent among them a veneration of various deities. The Teutonic mythology is to a large extent of the Aryan type, and there are many analogies to Celtic mythology in particular, also apparently to Slavonic, though it is not certain that old oriental myths may have influenced these systems.

Our Teutonic forefathers believed in animism; they thought that 'inanimate' objects such as stars, stones, and organisms such as trees, fishes, birds, beasts, etc., were possessed of spirits, as were their own bodies; they believed in dreams and used them largely as a means of

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foretelling the future; they worshiped the dead, and treated their ancestors as gods. Those who practised hypnotism, sorcery, and used poison, were considered wizards and were dreaded, and sometimes punished. Other superstitious uses and practices, of Central American and Central African origin, were also known among the ancient Germans.

The Teutonic cosmogony consisted of three parts, as basis, and minor sub-divisions:

(1) Originally nothing existed but a huge giant, who filled all space. Some great hero killed the giant and out of his body made the world, sun, moon, and stars.

(2) The belief in gods — of the sun, moon, sky, day and night, war, peace, and many others.

(3) Creation of the first man and woman, made by the gods out of two trees, the ash and elder, that grew at the seashore.

The world was looked upon as a huge plain — a belief also prevalent in Greece and other countries. Kings and heroes were supposed to be actual descendants of the gods, and that they themselves, living as true warriors, became also gods at their deaths. They were said to accept as truth the legend of the hero who, in slaying the powerful giant or dwarf, became the possessor of a potent liquid, by which means he acquired the powers of poetry, prophecy, and memory. Weather-prophets, soothsayers, men of second sight, dream-readers, augurs, were revered and especially favored.

Turning to religious beliefs, it seems that these were not deeply rooted in later times, as is shown by their easy conversion to Christianity. In their ethical system is an immense superiority manifest. They had no ten commandments, but good manners and morals were taught in songs and stories to the young. Uprightness of life, cleanness of living, were enforced; sincerity, generosity, and silence were considered virtues, as were also reverence for the old, and high ideals of duty and self-respect. The Germans were characterized by a quality of heart-touch, expressed by the German word *Gemüth* — a term not alike to anything in the English language: it is approximately translated by 'heart,' but this is only an awkward substitute at best.

Of the chief gods worshiped, there were those from whom we have inherited the names of several days of the week: Tuesday, from Tiw or Tyr; Wednesday from Wodan or Wodin; and Thursday from Thor. Originally, the remotest ancestors had a week of nine days, but later adopted the seven-day week, bearing the Latin names Mars — Tew, Mercury — Wodan, Jove — Thor. Friday preserved the memory of the goddess Freyja, venerated as symbol of spring and love.

Wodan, the highest of all, stands most vividly before us. He repre-

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sented for the Teutons the Zeus of the Greeks; the all-father, the heaven, the distributor of wind and rain, the embracer of all the earth, and he was wisest, and watched over humanity from above. When riding through the air, he was said to be accompanied by the Walkyries, a troop of war-like maidens, who could transform themselves into swans. His counsel was sought at all times, but his chief business with men consisted of matters of the battlefield; he collected the souls of the fallen in battle for transport to Walhalla, the Hall of the Chosen. He was generally figured in the guise of an old one-eyed man, clad in a blue cloak, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, compared with the *tarnkappe* of the *Nibelungenlied* — the cap of concealment. Wodan was loved and also dreaded as the wild huntsman, the prince of the air, or Satan. From this Wodan-ride, originated the legend of the witches' sabbath: that on a certain day Satan meets all the world's witches at an appointed spot in Saxony, on the broken in the Hartz mountain-range; this day is also called 'Walpurgisday.'

Thor, the second of the gods in importance, drove in his chariot of thunder, wielding a miraculous hammer or crusher, which had the power to hurl itself at the victim, and to return like a boomerang back to the hand. He was god of the storm.

Of Tiw or Tyr little is known. The goddess Nerthus compares with Isis, of the Egyptians and later Romans, the World-Mother. She had her home on the island Helgoland or Heligoland, 'heilig land,' German for 'holy land.' Some writers place her on the island of Rügen, near Sasnitz, surrounded in its center by dense thickets, and only priests were permitted to approach her.

Social conditions of the earliest period were hardly above the hunting state; the men were warriors and carried on very little agriculture. In time of peace, the men led an idle life, as the management of things was given over to the women, to invalids, and to the old people. The warriors had their homes in the 'mark,' the outlying section around the villages. The village-communities consisted of groups of families in possession of a certain apportioned strip of land. This land was divided into three parts: (1) the immediate section around each house; (2) a section set aside for agriculture; and (3) open country for grazing. Certain villages joined together in a common society, but seemingly at some distance apart from each other. The choice of a home was always near a stream and grove, and, most important of all, around a large tree. The word 'mark,' of Wendish origin, meaning originally forest, later signified boundary or division between two villages. In the mark, the market was held; and there in groves the gods were worshiped and certain trees designated as places of sacrifice. This idea of the sacredness of trees and

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especially of the fir, has survived up to the present time in the extensive use of the fir at the Christmas festivals.

The mark divided Germany from Slavonia, and its head was called Markgraf; at first he was only a warrior-chief of the tribe, but later he acted as protector and guard between village and outer world, and also to prevent attacks upon the community.

The ancient Teutons venerated the earth-god Tuisco and his son Mannus, as found in old songs and history-books; from the former, the nation derived its ultimate name, *tuisco*, *Deutsch* in German. He was considered the founder of the nation. Arminius, or Herman, is also venerated as the conqueror of the Romans, in the year 9 A. D. — in the battle of the Teutoburger Forest. Their mode of warfare included also battle-songs, which were intoned at nights before attack on the enemy. These were intended to fan into flame their courage, and it was customary to increase the volume of sound of these songs by placing their mouths against their shields; *barditus* was the name of this process, from the old Nordish root *bardi* — shield, German *schild*. At certain festivals the same custom prevailed; the Goths also employed this custom and it is said that when Alaric and Theodoric the Great were killed in battle, they were carried from the field with songs.

Of the oldest known poetry of the Germans, there exists the *Hildebrandslied*, the manuscript of which dates from the eighth century, but is supposed to be much older; then the *Nibelungenlied*, the most famous of all; it is said to have been put together in the Middle Ages, about the year 1210, by an unknown poet, from various ancient folk-songs, and is divided into thirty-nine adventures. Both of these are in alliteration. Next in importance is the *Gudrun*, which is on similar lines with the former two, and is said to have been composed in the middle of the thirteenth century; the poet is unknown, but is supposed to have been a traveling *minnesänger*; thirty-two adventures are contained therein. Of other old poets, Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide, the former especially through his *Parzival*, should be mentioned. There are also Ulfilas and Ortfried; the former, born in Asia Minor, translated the Bible into the Gothic language and became bishop of the Goths; he died about 390 A. D.; the latter, a Benedictine monk, wrote on religious subjects, and lived in the latter part of the ninth century.



“THE Giants of *Genesis* are the historical Atlanteans of Lankâ, and the Greek Titans.”—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 236

LOOK WITHIN!

R. LANESDALE



WHEN I was a child I used to be much impressed with the titles of books. I think that they seemed to me suggestive of so much wisdom that I could never dare to undertake an investigation of the contents of the book itself: and this was particularly the case with one small volume which bore the pretentious title of 'Look Within For Everything.' The serene assumption of omniscience contained in this title impressed me so deeply that I felt it would be an impertinence on my part to open so wonderful a work. Later, when I had grown skeptical as to the right of any one to claim omniscience, the title seemed foolish; and, as applied to that particular volume, it probably was so. But still later, when Theosophy had revealed itself to my mind, I looked with a certain wonder on the wisdom of the recommendation 'Look within for everything'; and applying it to life I decided that the book of wisdom to be opened and studied was not the volume with that striking title, but was life itself; and that the index to it was my own particular volume of the Great Book of Life, my own heart.

There are many ways of reading books and of consulting volumes such as encyclopaedias and dictionaries, and there are many ways of studying life, even when the recommendation to 'look within for everything' is taken as a guiding principle. There are two ways in particular that seem to mark the widest divergence in views as to the nature and use of knowledge. One is the acquisition of information: the other is the development of understanding.

There is little doubt that the first of these methods may be adopted as an end in itself, and that memory alone may be developed in the process. It is possible for a man to become a walking dictionary without an original thought of his own and without any increase of discretion or discrimination as the result of all his study. A reference library is useful, no doubt, but the man that uses it should have other qualities in order to use it to advantage, and in order to employ it in the highest sense of use, he must have developed the faculty of discrimination.

To gain discrimination man must look within. He must look beyond the outer facts to the inner motive power that produces facts. To understand motives man must study the source and origin of motives, that is to say, the human heart: and the only heart that is actually within his reach for direct study is his own. Let him therefore begin his study of life by the study of his own life; for if he cannot understand himself, his

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conceptions as to other men will all be clouded by the confusion of his own mind. If he can learn to appreciate one single original motive in his own heart he will have acquired a knowledge that will unlock at least one door in the secret chamber of every other man capable of similar thoughts and emotions. He will have increased his understanding, and that means growth.

The acquisition of information may add nothing to the understanding: and yet there are many educational establishments that have no higher aim than to impart information. Information is like food, which must be eaten and then must be digested. Before it can accomplish its function of feeding, it must be acquired and understood, that is to say, it must be assimilated before it can be regarded as real knowledge. The power to assimilate information so as to convert it into knowledge is a faculty which far transcends that of mere memory: it is understanding, which demands the exercise of discrimination; and this latter is possessed only by those in whom the higher mind is alive and active. It is in fact a function of the spiritual man, who reviews all knowledge and experience acquired by the lower mind, who sifts and co-ordinates facts and information, and who applies the resulting theories to life. It is the exercise of discrimination that brings wisdom, if it is not itself that crowning power of god-like man.

It is not always recognised that the true function of education is the development of character, just as the proper function of athletics is to establish health and strength of body; for character is moral and intellectual health, just as surely as a defective character is coincident with mental or moral disease: the one implies the other.

Sanitary science will not produce health unless it is properly and persistently applied to actual life, and knowledge will not produce high character unless it be converted into action and thought. The power to do this is not the same as the power to acquire and remember information, it is not a question of learning but of discipline and practice. Discipline is the practical application of theories to life, and in the old schools of philosophy of the higher kind the rule was maintained that 'discipline precedes instruction.' Is it not the case today that this rule is often ignored and in practice generally reversed? Discipline has lost its place in education and society is suffering the consequences.

It may be that the reason for 'letting down the bars' of discipline was to emancipate the student from the despotism of custom and the tyranny of prejudice. It may be that discipline was misunderstood and that in many cases mere compulsion was substituted for that wise guidance and judicious control of low tendencies by the higher mind which constitute discipline, and that a general revolt against such despotism was inevitable. But the resulting laxity has almost destroyed the value of

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many so-called educational establishments, and has made them a danger to the moral standards of society.

It would seem as if there were a popular belief that morality will take care of itself, and that it is merely incidental, or perhaps even to be regarded as an ornamental feature in education, of which it should be the backbone. For morality is the health of the mind, on which the health of the body depends; and morality can only be maintained by discipline, the highest kind of which is self-control. The discipline of force is but a substitute for the real thing; and it is certain that when discipline is dropped from education, then repression of crime becomes necessary, and police methods take the place of the preventive power of true discipline, which is self-imposed morality.

The most elementary student of Theosophy is aware that man is a being with a higher and a lower nature, and that it is necessary for the higher to control the lower. Self-control is the first essential in education. The use of violence or force is only necessary where education has failed; and it can never take the place of true discipline, which is the control of the lower man by his own higher nature. The uncontrolled indulgence of the lower impulses in human nature is simply insanity, and sooner or later it must be recognised as such. The attempt to substitute force for self-control is due to a fundamental ignorance of the mixed nature of man, and a total failure to appreciate the higher possibilities latent in every human being.

Theosophy declares that man is essentially divine. And the logical application of this doctrine is to be found in the appeal to the higher nature that is made by the Theosophical system of education, known as Katherine Tingley's Râja-Yoga school-method. The results of this appeal are so successful as to give food for reflexion to the most confirmed pessimist.

The child is treated as a soul imprisoned in a body: a soul, that may be helped to assume control of that body, and so become free. This is true emancipation; as contrasted with the false method employed by those who leave the human animal to run wild, uncontrolled and undisciplined, in the name of freedom.

To find the soul it is necessary to find the true Self. For that, one must 'look within.' To find the solution of every problem of life the same rule holds good: for the inner controls the outer, or should do so, even when natural order has been disturbed by the disordered will of man, who alone in nature has power to choose the wrong, and temporarily to exercise it. If man had not the power to do wrong it would be useless to appeal to his sense of right. The power of self-control is that which distinguishes man from the animals in their wild state. In confinement the

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animals become influenced by man, and can be taught to control themselves apparently, but the result is to substitute the will of man for the race-instinct that, in the wild state, acts as conscience in the animal. The domesticated animal is but an imitation of man, whatever it may become in a later stage of its evolution.

The power of man to train animals reveals in that man the presence of a will, that is capable of controlling even more completely the desires and impulses of the animal in man, the lower self.

The awakening of this inner controlling power is what is aimed at in true education. It is a process of liberation or of emancipation: for, at birth, the soul (the spiritual soul) comes down from its own plane, or state of pure spirituality, to incarnate in, or at least to overshadow, the lower human animal, with its impulses, and instincts, and its mentality adapted to the lower plane of matter, on which that human-animal is at home, and on which the spiritual man is relatively a stranger, who may appear to the human-animal as an interloper, a usurper, to be opposed, rather than as a friend and guide, or, more properly, as the very Self of the man.

The forcible control of the lower man by police methods, or by the compulsion of organized public opinion, is just about as futile as the ordinary work of the animal trainer, who knows that his pupils will only perform their exercises so long as he maintains his mastery over them, and who does not aim at making of them independent, self-controlled, responsible beings.

It may well be questioned whether a large part of human school-work is in any way superior to the achievements of the animal trainer.

True education is the calling out the inner spiritual self of the pupil to assume control of its own instrument, the lower mind and body of man. To find this controlling power one must indeed 'look within.' And this is the mission of Râja-Yoga, to call out the godlike human, and to help him to assume control of his own personality, not as a master of slaves, not as an animal-trainer, but as the real self of all the illusive selves that make up that personality. So the title of that book may be a good motto for a man, for it is surely wise to 'look within for everything.'



"I AM persuaded that within the being of each man there is an ideal self so much higher than the self of ordinary life that he who should become fully aware of it would think himself in the presence of a god."— *Dr. E. Hadley*

THE OLD NEW-ENGLAND LIFE

F. M. P.

IN the earlier life of New England, so sensitive was its almost wholly patrician population to man and woman engaged in honest work, that those who were employed were spoken of as 'hired man, woman, or girl,' never as servants, excepting among the small select groups in cities. Yet this designation marked a rigid if subtil class-line, which was maintained with frigidly by the employer should the 'hired help' venture to join in the family conversation on family matters or affairs of general concern in its relations with the public. And the 'help' was wary against committing such breaches from its place at the family-table, where given names were used when it was spoken to. For all were workers and neighbors.

Thus service was honored and servitude guarded against in communities of neighbors, where the 'Better Off' helped themselves and also the 'Not-so-well-off' in utilising the latter for mutual benefit. And 'House- and Barn-raising,' and 'Husking Bees,' were glad offerings of all the neighbors to such needs of any one of them.

Lack of a solid primary education and probity of conduct were the only recognised marks of low caste. Any falling short of public spirit in matters of principle or the common good was met with isolation from such affairs — without words. Not coming up to the manhood-line meant loss of full manhood-rights.

Such were the subtilly fine distinctions which characterized New-England's life as late as 1865-70. The close of the Civil War, filling up the Middle States, and opening the West, quite generally emptied New England of its original stock. And the influx of foreign peoples has materially changed previous conditions of life in that Section. Yet the old New-England spirit is so strong and wholesome that it takes hold of and influences these later peoples in customs and outer appearance.



“MEDITATION is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates.”— *Owen Feltham*

AMERICA'S PHYSICAL MANHOOD MATERIALLY DEFICIENT, HOLDS UNITED STATES ARMY SURGEON

[From *The San Diego Union*, November 8, 1922]

BY CHARLES R. SAWYER

(Editor's [*San Diego Union*] Note.— General Charles E. Sawyer is not only a great physician and surgeon, but he is in addition a great student of manhood and his work as one of the ranking officers in the army medical corps has placed him in a position to know the true condition of the nation's physical manhood. That he is unafraid to declare the condition verging on the tragic is a fortunate thing for those Americans who are not blinded by a false pride in birth and national egotism and who hail with pleasure any step taken to right the condition.)

AMERICA'S physical manhood is materially deficient.
Its mental capacity is of a mediocre type.

Harsh and cruel as these statements may sound they are only the grim findings of the records made when the World War forced examinations of America's manhood.

The knife of a surgeon may seem cruel in its relentless cutting but the results obtained more than justify the method. If we are brought to a realization of our needs through a frank if smarting application of truth then we have taken the first step toward a national health and higher grade of mentality.

Such a realization is growing and the nation today is moving toward some system that will change us from a body of men shot through with physical weakness to a physical perfection that will make us not only strong as individuals but will make us strong as a nation, a need greatly to be desired in the troubled times that have fallen upon the world.

Survival as expressed in God Almighty's plan of human perpetuity depends upon fitness. This is quite as true of nations as of individuals. A nation to be most fit must have men and women of physical strength and mental capacity. To have physical strength and mental capacity as a nation it is quite important that there should exist a general national plan of physical development. All countries that have developed power as the history of the world relates accomplishment, have done so through strength and vigor.

Strength both of body and character comes from contact and the practice of systematized policies of development is necessary for both.

OUR HEALTH RECORD

The records of the World War reveal the fact that America's physical manhood is materially deficient and its mental capacity of a very mediocre type.

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The findings of the draft boards as applied to men training for soldiers show only 67½ per cent. of the flower of the country's manhood in physical condition to stand war's vicissitudes. These same war records show another distressing and surprising situation as regards the mentality of our people. Of all the men who went into service only 4½ per cent. showed very superior intelligence, 9 per cent. superior intelligence, 16½ per cent. high average intelligence, 25 per cent. average intelligence, 20 per cent. low intelligence, 15 per cent. inferior intelligence, 10 per cent. very inferior intelligence. In other words 70 per cent. of our young American manhood registers below the average of normal mentality, representing really only the mental ability of the age of 14 years and less. These are really startling statistics and certainly indicate great need of much special attention to the individual citizen if America is to keep step with the march of progress as a nation. Had we put the physical tests by which we measure soldiers to all the people of the United States, we should have found ourselves less than 50 per cent. competent.

WELFARE SACRIFICED

In the hurry of development, in the necessities of production and out of the consequences of competitive existence, the rule in America has been to sacrifice not only natural endowments but also physical welfare.

America in the strength of her youth has been improvident and without due consideration for the consequences of extravagant drain upon our greatest resources, *i. e.*, health. It is true that we have employed some simple forms of calisthenic exercises in our schools. We have had a limited amount of physical development under voluntary military instruction; we play some golf and a very limited number play baseball and basketball, but on the whole America has paid little heed and given but little attention to the proper development of the individual as a class.

We are at last thinking in the language of how to be big and strong, powerful, potential and competent, and with this thought possessing them many of the leading minds of America are today giving specific attention to the creation of some general system of physical development which will be broad enough in its scope of application to reach both male and female, young, middle-aged and those later in life.

PRIDE IN STRENGTH

America has pride in being competent in industrial capacity, in financial strength and in commercial relations. She has pride in progress in the development of all of the affairs in which any nation should be interested, such as its manufactures, its mines and mining, its quarries and quarrying, its waterways and transportation facilities; in fact she has been expert and capable in assembling all the things and materials from which we have grown to our present position as a splendid nation of ingenious people.

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We can reasonably claim right to the title of leader in many of the national and international affairs and from the progressive disposition of the past we might reasonably contemplate perpetuity as a people but without some extra precaution, some special effort, instead of continuing a strong and accomplishing race, we will become so weakened in our physical forces as to bring to ourselves the liability of early degeneration and decay.

NEED OF RESISTANCE

To perpetuate the American nation we must have special resistance against the inroads of disease and the liabilities of increasing limitations in our living accommodations. Our combat with influenza showed how incapable we are of positive resistance. Were this not true we would not have sacrificed nearly 300,000 of our citizens through the mortality list of influenza.

Nintey years ago the Hawaiian Islands had a population of 132,000 natives. The race seemed capable of meeting all of the exigencies of climate and such afflictions as they had to bear in all of the affairs of their life, with a fair prospect of reasonable longevity as a race. Today they represent a people numbered by 21,000 pure Hawaiians and 19,000 mixed. This is due to the fact that they became the subjects of tuberculosis, venereal disease, drug habits, imperfect and unfavorable sanitation, and a total lack of physical upkeep. Believing that the missionary was capable of caring for them, they became indifferent to the natural actions and practices of their people. They were spoiled by the extension to them of rights and privileges which they had never had before, and because they took no precaution in the maintenance of their physical manhood, they have succumbed to the inroads of disease and today are almost an exterminated race.

America today is big and strong and may well assume to itself the leadership and protectorate of the affairs of the world. But unless we are able to maintain a continued resistance, unless we develop some national system of physical maintenance by which we can improve our longevity and decrease our mortality, we will not be able to continue the commandership to which we are justly entitled. In fact we may subject ourselves to the same disastrous consequences that came to Hawaii's population.

CAUSE OF T. B.

Men and women resist disease by the strength of their own physical capacity. Without physical strength they yield much more readily to disease afflictions. That is why today we are showing such a large percentage of cases of tuberculosis. With all of our experience and the observations we have taken, with all the rules and regulations of protection so far as instituted, the percentage of tubercular subjects in the United States of America continues about the same. This would be very different were we more powerful physically. For these reasons and many others which might be

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enumerated, I wish to emphasize the fact that if America is to remain in the vanguard of nations, then it is very important that we establish a broad-cast, universal plan of physical improvement.

Comparatively America holds fifth place among the nations of the earth in physical vigor, and since 55 per cent. of our children do not go beyond the fifth grade in our public schools, it is self-evident that if we are to be in the vanguard of nations, we must adopt some general, systematized plan of physical development, and at the same time bring about a system of education that will interest and attract our young people until we have elevated the standard of mental and productive competence far beyond its present status.

TO BUILD LEADERSHIP

The department of welfare now being arranged for by the present administration has in mind the creation of a system that will provide the ways and means to overcome our present deficiencies, for it contemplates in its divisions of education, health and social service, a combination of influences which will bring the American citizen to a different understanding, also to more effective action in behalf of such advanced measures as will guarantee to Americans the continued leadership of the world.

[Note that only 4½ per cent. of the men who went into service showed very superior intelligence.

In this connexion the following, quoted from an affidavit on file in the Superior Court of San Diego County is of interest:

“That on July 25, 1918, four students from the Râja-Yoga College besides affiant arrived at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, having been inducted into the service by Local Board No. 1, San Diego, California; and a few days thereafter they received their psychological examination, with the result that three of them received the highest mark, ‘A’, indicating ‘Very Superior Intelligence,’ one of them received the mark ‘B’, indicating ‘Superior Intelligence’; and the other received the mark ‘HC’, indicating ‘Average High Intelligence’: that all of these five students had been educated at Point Loma from childhood,” — H.]



“It is the function of the physical lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells.”

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

MARY SINCLAIR was sitting alone in her studio; and yet she was not exactly alone, for her model was with her. But her model was her own fair self, and the go-between was a long cheval glass. She was not dissatisfied with her model, yet they had both struck work and were contemplating one another in the friendly mirror with a certain wonder. They both were trying to find out which was the reality, and who they were in themselves.

Mary knew all about her family history; but her model was telling her that she was all wrong, and that she was not even a reality — that in fact she was but a poor version of the real self.

“But who am I, then?” asked the artist; and the model answered: “You and I have passed through many lives.”

“Yes,” answered Mary. “I know that; at least I know I have, but I don’t remember them. Do you?”

The model looked wise, and smiled so sweetly that Mary was forced to smile too. She nodded her head and the other nodded. Then they both said together: “You make me sleepy, nodding your head like that,” and then they both smiled drowsily.

Mary was holding in her hand an old-fashioned metal mirror. She wanted to paint her model looking in that mirror, but could not manage it; for her model insisted on looking her straight in the face till they were both psychologized and thought that they were looking at each other through a window — at least, that is how it appeared to Mary for a little while; and then she knew that what she saw was just her own image in the mirror — like the surface of a little mountain lake. She smiled as she recognised herself again; and wondered how she could have doubted her own identity. She was the Lady Pamela of Château Blanc. Everyone knew the Lady Pamela; she had been a subject of general interest from her infancy, for she had never been like other children.

It was whispered that her father was a magician, who was carried off by a dragon or some evil spirit that he had evoked; and that her mother died of terror when her wicked husband left her to the mercy of the elements alone with her infant in the forest. How the child was rescued was not known; for her aunt brought the little Lady Pamela with her when she took up her residence at Château Blanc, an old castle in the forest, to which she had retired from the court when she became a widow, there to devote herself to study and to the peaceful life she loved.

She was a stately châtelaine, learned and gentle, and reputed wise in an age when ladies of rank were more remarkable for frivolity than learning.

She undertook the guardianship of her dead sister’s daughter, with the

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intention to fulfil her duty to the uttermost. But from the first she found it difficult to understand the child; and little Pamela was soon aware of the great gulf that lay between her and her guardian. The teachers to whom the châtelaine intrusted the education of her ward were not more fortunate. They did their best, but found their pupil quite unnaturally reticent. They called her proud; no doubt she seemed so, but her pride was of a kind they could not understand. Almost as soon as she could talk she learned to keep her thoughts and feelings to herself; for when she tried to express them no one seemed to know just what she meant, and as she grew older she became confirmed in the habit by reason of the evident bewilderment that her questions caused to her teachers.

They, in due course, reported to the châtelaine that the Lady Pamela was 'strange'; a word that seemed to hint at some deficiency of intellect. But when her aunt examined the child herself, she soon decided that if there was any deficiency of intellect it was to be looked for in the teachers, rather than in their pupil; and from that time she chose as tutors none but the most learned professors in the country.

But these were no more successful than the rest had been in their endeavor to bridge the gulf between themselves and their unresponsive pupil who seemed content to live her life apart, opening her heart to no one among the companions provided for her entertainment as well as for her education.

As she grew up, the 'strangeness' became more marked. She was entirely unlike the rest of the family, and no one knew it better than she did. At first the discovery troubled her, and made her wonder if there had not been some mistake about her birth. It seemed as if she must have been born in the wrong family, or else in the wrong world. She asked her aunt if that could be so, being entirely ignorant of such matters. But the look of horrified amazement that met this question warned the child never to hint at such a possibility again. She tried to puzzle out the answer by herself, and in doing so raised other questions, which kept her mind busy on problems that were altogether beyond the scope of her educational curriculum.

She was a stranger in her own family, that was certain; how did it happen? Where did she come from? Where was her home originally? Who was she before she was the lady Pamela? She must have been some one, and she must have come from somewhere. There might be many different kinds of people on the earth that she had not yet heard of, and there might be many other worlds, for aught she knew. Which of them all did she belong to? And why had she been born among strangers who treated her as if she were not one of them, and yet refused to explain the difference, or to help her in any way to understand it?

All her self-questioning was unprofitable. She stood alone. The children who were allowed to be her playmates had never been companions to her, and as she grew up the distance between them widened. Only in dreams she found companions who were like herself, but as she grew out of childhood they too deserted her. For years she thought they must be dead and then

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it came to her that possibly they had been born on earth in ordinary bodies like her own, and had, perhaps, like her, found themselves placed in families where all were strangers to them; and she was very sorry for them.

Then she began to wonder if they, too, forgot where they had come from, and who they truly were. But she would know them if she should meet them. Of that she felt quite sure, because she would look into their eyes and see the real one there, just as she did when looking in a mirror. She would look earnestly into the eyes of every stranger who might visit the castle, and some of them were much embarrassed by this curious scrutiny.

Once she was almost sure she saw a gleam of recognition in the eye of a wandering monk, a man reputed to be learned in the science of the stars. He was retained at the castle for a time to give her some instruction in astronomy. But in a little while report reached the châtelaine that the man was suspected of holding intercourse with evil spirits and of practising sorcery. So he was sent upon his way with a rich solatium — to the Lady Pamela's regret, for she had found him interesting and quite unorthodox.

Meanwhile her lessons occupied her time, if not her thoughts. She found no difficulty in learning all that her tutors had to teach her, but when she asked for explanations of the principles of things, they only gave her references to innumerable authorities. It seemed to her scarcely worth while to load her memory with such a mass of unexplained facts. But she was told that this was education, which she took to be a form of mental discipline without reality in itself. She learned the formalities of religion in the same way. It seemed to her that some of the moral axioms found in the religious books were good sound rules of conduct; but she was given to understand that court etiquette was the real guide to right behavior for a person of her rank, and that the teaching of the religious books was far too holy to be vulgarized by application to the ordinary affairs of life. So she accepted her religion as merely a part of her educational discipline and continued privately to ponder on the mysteries of life, wondering who she was and where she came from.

Yes, she was 'strange' decidedly, and yet, as she grew up, she met with more than a fair share of admiration, although she appeared indifferent to the homage she received, and on her periodical visits to the court spent much of her time in looking forward to her return to Château Blanc, and to her beloved 'Rörik,' in whose stable she was more at home than in her uncle's palace. Rörik could understand her; he never seemed to think her strange, nor looked at her, as did the gentlemen at court, as if she were some curious creature from another world. He was her only confidant, and she was happy in his company. She trusted him, and he knew it and was proud to carry her unfalteringly over the rough country round about the castle in which she loved to wander.

The forest was to her more homelike even than the castle, and in its solitude more hospitable than the reception-rooms in which the ladies generally took delight. There she could ride freely at her will, but not alone, her aunt insisting on an escort composed of at least one lady-in-waiting with an

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officer of the household and two or more grooms. But Pamela occasionally contrived to escape from their attentions by means of a little innocent diplomacy. Having observed that one of her ladies was not indifferent to the advances of a gallant officer, she contrived to have them chosen for her escort, whenever the craving for solitude came upon her. The lady in question being but a poor horse-woman, the Lady Pamela bade the officer to take particular care of her when following some dangerous path, such as she herself loved, and in which Rörík could do justice to her faith in his surefootedness. Then if her escort fell behind, or frankly halted and proposed to wait for her return, she did not seem to notice their neglect of duty; and on their part there was no grumbling at the length of the delay.

There was a little lake, high up the deep ravine, where Pamela and Rörík loved to disport themselves. Only a bold rider would attempt to reach the place on horseback, and when she chose that path she was not likely to be troubled by the society of her escort, who invariably found some excuse to rest for a few moments at a point where the path ended and the real climb began. To Pamela it was a sort of pilgrimage to visit the little lake. The place was full of mystery, and many legends clustered around it; but to her it seemed familiar from away back in the dim past before she came a stranger to this strange world, that seemed so foreign to her.

Here she could feel at home; here she gave full play to her imagination and peopled the lake with fairy folk, such as she used to play with in her infancy. She would look to see a castle rise slowly, majestically, from the calm waters, and a stately barge come sailing to the shore to fetch her home. Or it would be a simple boat rowed by a fisherman that would come gliding from some sheltered nook among the overhanging boughs, and in the boat she thought that she would see some one who knew her as she was, not merely as she seemed, and who would take her home to that land from which she came so long ago. She listened for a song like to no singing of the troubadors or minstrels of the court. But the still lake stirred to no paddle, nor did the echoes wake to any singer's voice. And yet there was something in that solitude that made the silence musical.

One day she sat there in the saddle brooding, and allowed her horse to drink from the clear lake. The ripples gently spread until they lost themselves in the distance, and she watched them fade away into the sheen and shimmer of the smooth surface that the lake offered as a mirror to the sky. A white cloud floated overhead and saw itself born again on earth there in that mirror in the bosom of the mountains; and she marked it as it drifted to her feet and vanished where the unresponsive rocks refused their recognition of the ethereal visitor.

Reluctantly she left the lake, and let her horse find his own way down the steep mountainside among the tree-trunks and the scattering rocks, until they reached an opening over which the blue sky arched itself, and the white cloudlets floated by. But on the earth below she saw no image of the world above. There was no pool so still and deep as to reflect the beauty of the

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over-world. The streamlets could not stay to smooth their laughing faces into mirrors for the clouds; they were too eager to rejoin their comrades in the race to reach the stately river, that with such turbulent dignity swept down the valley to its goal, where it must lose its own identity ere it could know the freedom of the larger life it craved, and sacrifice its separate significance to the vast majesty of the immeasurable sea.

Enveloped by the forest, the little clearing seemed like a pool of silence in which she sat steeped, listening to the rustling depths of shadow that surrounded her little luminous oasis. She felt appallingly alone. Never before had solitude oppressed her, as at this moment, with a sense of loneliness. It was a new experience; with it came fear, a hitherto almost unknown emotion. She shook the bridle lightly, but the horse merely shivered nervously and pricked his ears; he did not move. She touched him with her heel; he shifted the position of his feet, but did not leave the spot. She called to him by name; and then he whinnied, as he was wont to do in his stable when he heard her voice; but did not start. Astonished at his unusual behavior Pamela looked around to see what there might be to terrify the animal, for he was evidently afraid to move. Then for the first time it dawned upon her that she was in an unknown part of the old forest, which she had thought impossible of approach on horseback. She had heard tell of the valley where the red oaks grew, and where no forester would go alone even in midday. It was not easily accessible; indeed it lay so curiously inclosed by rocky walls on three sides that the only entrance that she knew of was by a precipice, up which no horse could climb.

She realized that she must retrace her steps and lose no time, if she would reach a more familiar path before the darkness made her prisoner. She swiftly made her choice and instantly the horse obeyed her more decided touch of the hand upon his flank. But though the downhill journey had been so easy as to allow the rider to go heedlessly, the return was otherwise. The path grew steeper and more difficult; now she was compelled to choose the way herself: the horse was lost, and looked to her for guidance. The trees grew smaller, and at last the rocks rose like a wall wherever she tried to find an upward path; yet she felt sure the lake must be above her.

The sun sank quickly — or seemed to do so, being lost behind the mountains — so that the rider found herself in twilight an hour or two before the customary time. Slowly she followed as nearly as possible the wall of rock, fearing the darkness lower down, where the trees grew thick and quite shut out the last pale vestige of the day. The stillness seemed unnatural: not a sound rose from the dark forest below; and above her towered the rocky precipice. She drew a whistle from her saddle-pouch and blew a long call; but neither horn nor hound made answer. Three times she whistled; but the sound was swallowed by the silence, which seemed part of the gathering gloom, though more impenetrable. It settled down upon her like a black mist; it paralysed her mind, blotting out thought and memory and action.

It was but for a moment; then Rörrik started and shivered nervously.

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Suddenly he wheeled round to face the wall of rock, but it was veiled in a chilly mist, that rose up from the ground like a dense cloud of steam. This gradually cleared, and a warm sunset glow was visible between the sides of a deep cleft in the rock, that but a moment since appeared impassable. The horse whinnied joyfully; the way was open, and a grassy glade sloped downward to a sunlit plain. Pamela gave the horse the rein, and Rörík broke into a canter as they passed the rocky barrier. The glade grew wider as the mountains fell away on either side, displaying the beauties of the valley, nursing in its lap a long lake studded with islands, gleaming in the setting sun, and bordered by peaks and towering cliffs of glistening marble, all adorned with clinging groves of dwarf-trees perched on each ledge and leaning out from every crevice in the precipitous wall. It looked as if the rocks themselves were breaking into branch and leaf; and the thick moss hung down like tresses of hair to meet the soaring trees that seemed to climb the face of the sheer cliff, as if in hope to reach the summit by and by.

Rörík was wild with joy to feel the soft turf beneath his hoofs, and the Lady Pamela was happier than he. As to the strangeness of the scene, that did not trouble her. The world in which her life had hitherto been passed had seemed to her illusive even to the point of unreality, and she was always looking for some other world to open to her waking consciousness, as it would do so frequently in sleep. So now she hardly felt surprise, but was aglow with expectation, as she cantered across the grass that stretched down to the borders of the lake. A boat was moored beneath an overhanging tree, beside a low-built cottage with a stable or cow-shed and an empty yard. The place was overgrown with weeds and seemed deserted. The gate stood open, and she entered.

Dismounting, she led the horse into the stable, and found a halter in the manger. Deftly she took off his bridle and put the halter on, so as to let him eat the hay that was in the rack overhead. A little stream of water ran through the place; she filled a bucket for her favorite, and set it within reach. Then she went out to see what she might find as entertainment for herself. The sight of Rörík's hearty appetite reminded her that it was past the hour of the evening meal, although the light was just as bright as if it were mid-afternoon. The cottage was deserted, but the boat was at the bottom of the little garden walk. It seemed to be an invitation. She accepted it as such, and soon was out upon the glittering lake, the boat apparently drifting along a current as if drawn by an invisible magnet, for she made no effort with oar or rudder to influence it in its course. She simply waited for what would come, and smiled contentedly. She was very happy.

The boat drifted on among well-wooded islands, that rose out of the lake as if they had been pushed up from below on pedestals of rock. She noticed flights of steps cut in the rock, and coves, which were overhung by trees, and that looked like deep clefts in the supporting pedestals; and in these coves were many-colored boats. But on the shores above and on the lake below there was no sign of life. She seemed to understand; there was a sense

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of undefined but undeniable familiarity about the scene. She could not recollect the place, and yet it was not strange. The islands seemed to rise higher from the lake as she went on and the supporting pedestals of rock were almost architectural in their effect of clustered columns rising sheer from the depths of the blue lake, and crowned with overhanging fringes of feathery boughs and trailing creepers. The water darkened as the trees above shut out the sky, or maybe the night had fallen suddenly. Still the boat moved calmly in and out among the rocks; and now the shadows sparkled here and there with colored lights among the trees. The water glowed with the variegated images reflected in its rippling surface. The lights increased, as the boat swept gently round a lofty rock and came in view of a broad terrace stretching to the water's edge with rock-cut steps and piers and landing-stages, carved in the solid rock. Here there were boats of every size and color moored to the piers, or grouped between, but still she saw no sign of boatmen or of the owners and users of the boats. She found herself alongside one of the landing-places, and stepped out eagerly, nor looked to see what happened to the boat; it seemed to know its business. Before her rose long flights of steps and terraces, up which she hurried. When she reached the top she found herself upon a terrace bordered by great trees, and all the avenues that radiated from the open space were closed by shivering curtains made of hanging vines and threaded beads and reeds that masked the view beyond. She saw no guides nor ushers, and yet she could feel, rather than see, that somewhere near was gathered a great multitude.

She went straight forward to the central avenue, and passed the delicate barrier of foliage. A soft light glowed through the leaves and branches, and the still air was full of luminous forms that hung poised in the midst of the thick foliage, scarcely to be distinguished from the shadows which seemed to be teeming with dreamy, ethereal, floating shapes that swayed like clouds and melted out of sight, changing continually. And all the paths were filled with veiled figures, gently, but eagerly pressing onward.

She followed, and found space; for when she came within reach of them, the figures vanished. She could not see their faces. They seemed to her like dreams, or like the ghosts of those that dream. A little further on there was a great open space, where the ground fell away, disclosing a vast amphitheater. Tier upon tier of the veiled figures filled the sloping sides of the assembly-place. The trees flung out their branches, as if they would have arched it in, but in the center the clear sky was visible with stars innumerable, and below was an arena with a lily-pond in the center, which reflected the tiers of figures, and the still heaven overhead.

She was so rapt in admiration of the scene, that she was scarcely conscious of a touch upon her arm. Instinctively she turned and followed the silent guide, who led her round among the trees towards an opening in the surrounding fence of flowering shrubs. She felt a long flowing drapery thrown round her shoulders, and a wreath of flowers gently placed on her head, over a filmy veil that hid her face and made her like the rest; and she was given

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a white rose in her hand. She took her place among the throng unheeded. She herself was too absorbed in wonder and contemplation to have any curiosity as to her neighbors, or as to who it was who led her to her seat.

The music fascinated her; it seemed to merge her with the rest in an impersonal unity, that was insouled by the spirit of the place. She gradually lost sense of her identity, while growing more and more keenly conscious of the rhythm of life itself, harmoniously pulsing in the heart of the great multitude which seemed to be focused in the space above the lotus-pond.

Her heart was there, and she was everywhere; or so it seemed. The rhythm changed; and with it all hearts throbbed synchronously.

The ceremony seemed to be over in a moment, and yet to have lasted for a thousand years; for all idea of time was lost in an overwhelming sense of unity.

Gradually the music melted into a single tone, that dulled her senses, so that the amphitheater was lost to sight. Her veil seemed denser; she put it aside, and looked around her. She was alone. Again she saw the wall of rock and the dark depths beneath the red oaks in the haunted valley.

(To be continued)