

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“FOR all this is an everlasting sequence without beginning or end, sustained by its immutable law in the continuity of eternity. It rises and falls alternately, and as time rolls onward, that which had disappeared, again rises uppermost. For such is the condition of the circular movement; all things are interchained in such wise that neither beginning nor end can be distinguished, and they appear to precede and follow each other unceasingly.”

— HERMES TRISMEGISTOS, *Asklepios*, xiv. (Translated by Kingsford and Maitland)

THEOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

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(Stenographic report of the sixteenth of a series of Lectures on the above subject. These were delivered at the request of Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader and Teacher, in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the regular Sunday afternoon services. Others will be printed in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH in due course. The following was delivered on October 9, 1927, and broadcast, by remote control, through station KFSD San Diego — 440.9-680)



RIENDS, both near and far:

For a number of Sundays past we have been dealing with various branches of science as those branches are understood in the world today, and we have attempted to show the great advances that the researchers and investigators into Nature have made in their various departments of science as regards the newer conceptions of the physical universe which surrounds us, and the very large approximation which many of these new ideas have made and are daily still more closely making, towards the Theosophical conception of that universe, and of the

nature of man who inhabits this earth, a part of that universe.

As music is perhaps the most spiritual of the arts, so astronomy doubtless may be called the most spiritual of the physical sciences; because, among other things, it deals with pure mathematics and with vast spaces — not merely with spaces as these are conceived of in the sense of the mere extension of matter, but spaces which hint at and in some measure portray the vaster spaces of the inner worlds.

The mind of man is elevated by such a study. He comes by analogy and suggestion into closer relationship with the spirit within himself, which likewise inhabits

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these wide spaces of the inner world, for indeed each such spirit is a spark of the Divine Fire.

The modern theory of the cosmos, as outlined more particularly in the astronomical science, is that the universe that we see (that is, the spaces comprised in the encircling zone of the Milky Way, our universe, in other words) is not the only universe; but that there are other universes similar in physical nature to our own, and that these universes exist outside the bounds of the Milky Way which we know.

Our modern astronomers call these other universes 'Island-Universes.' Really, perhaps, this is an inadequate and un-descriptive title, because if these be universes, in the sense that our own universe is one, we also are of their number and are therefore an 'Island-Universe' with them. Why therefore set up such a distinction between ourselves and them, making our universe the cosmic continent, as it were, of which these others are mere islands? What we object to in this title is the implications of our own cosmic superiority which it seems to involve, implications which are totally unwarranted.

Each one of such 'Island-Universes' we may call a cosmic molecule composed of the various solar systems which we may call cosmic atoms; and if we follow the modern theory of our alchemical chemistry (for alchemical our modern chemistry is truly coming to be), each of

the atoms of which the matter that we know consists is such a solar system in miniature or rather in the infinitesimal, composed of a central body or sun which the chemists call a proton or protonic aggregate, and of other bodies circling around that central sun which in the atomic system of modern alchemical chemistry are called electrons, which are atomic planets.

Now our earth is one of such cosmic electrons, so far as our own solar system is concerned. It is an atomic planet as forming part of the aggregate of our solar system, which in its turn is one of the atoms of our own 'Island-Universe' — a cosmic molecule.

The point which I wish to bring out just here is the following: that this, our planet, Terra, is inhabited by intelligent beings, or men. We men are thinking entities, and incarnate and express certain forces which are a part of the universe of which we also are of course a part; and these forces flow through us as the channels along which they seek expression.

These forces are unquestionably alive, because it is they which give us life. In fact, they are life-forces. All things are living, in our philosophy, because there is no thing absolutely different from any other thing in respect of these life-forces, for all things are but their different modes of expression. There is a universal similarity on this account between all things. Nature repeats herself everywhere.

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There is an old saying in the English language that Nature never repeats herself. That saying doubtless is true if we limit it to the fundamental. No two men are exactly the same, for if so they would not be two men but one; and because the elemental root of consciousness is there, the individuality is of necessity there. Men exist by the hundreds of millions, yet no two men are identical.

So with the trees, for instance; these give forth leaves, no two of which are identic, although all the leaves of all the trees of any particular variety or species or genus are so closely alike that they are immediately recognisable by the botanist as belonging to such a variety or species or genus.

And so it is all through Nature. Nature repeats herself constantly; the reason being the fact that she follows grooves of action that have already been made, or in other words, follows the line of least resistance in all cases and everywhere.

It is upon this repetitive action of our great mother, Universal Nature, that is founded the Theosophical doctrine of the law of cycles, which is the enacting of things that have been before, although each such repetition is at each new manifestation on a higher plane and with a larger sweep or field of action.

Now, friends, it is along this line of thought that I want to talk to you this afternoon, in dealing with certain causal relations which

stand back of or behind the appearance or seeming of the universe. For some twelve or thirteen Sundays past we have dealt with the various branches of modern science as I have already said, and have gone into several of these branches of science more or less technically; but we reserved for these our later studies the causal relations, as Theosophy explains and illustrates these, which make and manifest these various universes around us, and — so far as we are concerned — our own universe in particular, and more especially our own earth and the men which inhabit it.

I desire to talk to you this afternoon more especially of noumenal relations, of causal things, rather than of the phenomenal appearances which surround us in the physical world; and as the basic thought of this connexion, on the last two or three Sundays we have alluded to what the average man would call 'God' and what we Theosophists call the Divine; because back of all the seeming of Nature, behind all the phenomenal appearances which our senses interpret to us as best they may, lies the Universal Life in its infinitude of modes of action and expression.

We have already called your attention to the fact that the Theosophist accepts no infinite personal God; yet when we say that the Divine towards which we raise our hearts in deepest reverence is impersonal, we do not mean that the Divine, which we recognise as con-

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taining the fundamental causal relations of the universe, whose phenomenal appearances surround us, is naught but an empty abstraction. No; but as being the Universal Life, and therefore impersonal, because personality of any kind is limitation; and the Divine being boundless is bounded by nothing, and limitations are but phenomenal appearances.

The question of the Divine is a problem only so far as men have made it so. It is a matter of understanding causal spiritual—or rather divine—relations. We must all solve this problem for ourselves if we wish to have some true idea of what the Divine is. The mere acceptance of the dicta of some other man will in itself lead you nowhere. It may possibly help you in the first steps of your studies as a mere rule of action, until you yourself learn to enter within the arcana of your own spiritual being and thus know causal relations from individual experience. This can most certainly be done and may be proved to be a fact by anyone who will fulfill the conditions of its doing. There is but one method of understanding the inner nature of the Self and its links with the Divine, and that is experiencing it by entering into it.

This is the pathway by which human consciousness may forever approach the Divine without ever being able to reach it fully of course, and without ever being able to understand it in its infinite

ranges. But there is an ever expanding and growing consciousness and comprehension of ever larger and larger fields of its action, and it is thus that the understanding of it grows ever more and more sublime.

I tell you emphatically that you can do it if you will; you can enter these sublime spaces of your own inner spiritual being, because every normal man and woman is intrinsically a pathway leading to the heart of the universe, from which flow out and forth all the forces governing that universe, and whose effects we see in the phenomenal appearances of that universe surrounding us—varied, manifold, multitudinous as they are.

But does the Divine manifest immediately upon or rather in this universe? Is there no spacing between the Divine and matter? Do they conjoin immediately? These queries contain their own answers: Obviously not.

Does the Infinite attend to the affairs of the finite like a workman? Does the general of an army brush the shoes of every private in his army-corps, for instance, or cook every meal, and chew every mouthful of food which each private puts into his mouth? If so, then such a Deity is responsible for everything that happens in the universe, because it is His own direct doing; and the supposition, absurd as it is, likewise forbids the existence of free-will and self-initiative in any minutest degree in any entity.

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What sane man would say that these absurdities exist, when Nature proclaims on every hand, here on earth and in the spaces above and in our own nature within us, that imperfection is the rule and that the action of multitudinous, free, but still imperfect wills is the cause of the contrarities and differences which Nature proclaims the existence of everywhere.

We see imperfection surrounding us everywhere, imperfection in many degrees, and human nature manifests it as much as anything else. Nothing is perfect in this lower universe of limitations, which is, so to say, the garment of Divine Perfection, to use an old figure of speech. But it is through and by these limitations that we learn, because these limitations arise out of the imperfect nature of the beings surrounding us — beings like ourselves living and learning and advancing ever forward towards that sublime goal which recedes into greater distances the nearer we seem to approach to it, paradoxical as the figure of speech may be.

We are indeed learning creatures, living for the present in our intermediate natures, in what we call our human soul which is that intermediate nature, and thus linked to the spirit above and within us, which is the divine spark which we essentially are; and this human soul is again linked to and in the body which each one of us has, manifesting through it, and thus

expressing itself on this plane and learning its lessons there.

The spirit within or rather above man, his essential Self, does not act immediately upon the body. There must be an intermediate, psychological, apparatus in order to transmit and transform the forces flowing from that spirit, to 'step them down' so to say, or to 'step them up' so to say, if the current be running upwards.

Spirit can no more manifest directly upon matter and move it — although spirit and matter are in essence one — than, let us say, electricity can manifest immediately in and drive an electric car along the road without the proper mechanical apparatus as intermediary. There must be a machine, fit for, built for, proportionate to, its work, and of such a nature that it can transmit the electric power and turn it into mechanical work. The analogy is perhaps somewhat crude, but it may give some inkling of the idea.

Similarly is it with the intermediate nature of man, between the spirit above and the vital-astral-physical framework of this earthly body. Similarly is it as concerns the Divine and the physical or material universe surrounding us. There must be intermediate stages or grades or steps of more or less ethereal substances between these, furnishing the links between them.

The Divine in its essence is transcendent and above the ma-

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terial universe, even as the spirit of man is transcendent in him, or above his intermediate and vital-astral-physical nature, and the forces flowing from our spiritual nature are transmitted to us more or less imperfectly, according to the degree of evolution that has been attained by the intermediate nature of which I have spoken, the human soul.

It is one of the oldest teachings in the world that the Divine does not act immediately or directly upon physical being, which supposition is to the philosophical mind an absurdity. Does the architect, — to change our figure of speech a bit, — after he has drawn the plans for some noble temple, some noble palace, himself go out and quarry the stone for it, and then cut and shape it, and then cement it into place? Nay, he provides the plan, the idea, the spirit, of the thing; and then passes it on to the workmen who immediately become busy with the plan and build therefrom. It is this intermediate nature, both of the universe and of man, which is formed of these workmen, these builders, these transmitters of the divine idea.

It is the teaching of Theosophy, just as it was all over the world the teaching of ancient times, and in many parts of the world is still the teaching today, that the various grades, or steps, or degrees, between the Divine and the phenomenal universe which we sense with our physical apparatus of under-

standing, form an incomputable number of hierarchies, each such hierarchy being composed of nine or ten stages or steps or degrees, according to the way in which we count them, ranging from the highest of any such hierarchy to the lowest stage of that hierarchy, which last in our own hierarchy is this physical universe.

It is along this hierarchy of steps or grades or stages that are transmitted the spiritual and divine powers flowing from within, which hold the universe in their grip, which govern its actions, which motivate its procedures, which actually form it, and which make it what it is; and each such hierarchy is the manifestation of an individuality, of the Hierarch, the supernal entity at the head of any such scale or ladder of life or of being.

But is this Hierarch 'God'? If so, then there are many Gods, as the ancients truly said; because such hierarchies are numberless; interlocking, interwoven, interacting, and forming the vast fabric and web of life, which in its aggregate is the Universal Cosmos surrounding us, of which we have but vague and indistinct glimpses, such as our physical senses can give to us, and such as our far nobler apparatus of mind and heart and soul interpret, and interpret more or less correctly in accordance as this apparatus is more or less illumined from above by the spirit within, of which I have spoken, and which is our inner Sun of consciousness.

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I have sometimes been asked: Is there nothing in the Christian religion resembling this theory of hierarchies? My invariable answer has been: Most decidedly there is. In fact, such a teaching is the very background of the Christian theological scheme, although today it has been largely abandoned; and thereby have the believers and promulgators of that particular system of religious thinking thrown away the very heart of their own religion.

I know not how many of you are acquainted with the fact that about the fifth century of the Christian era there appeared in the Mediterranean world a series of three or four extremely interesting books which passed under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite. These were acclaimed as having been written by that particular legendary individual of whom the Christian New Testament speaks as being a member of the Council of Mars' Hill or of the Areopagus in Athens, and who was, so the legend in the New Testament runs, converted by the preaching of Paul at the time when he preached as alleged on Mars' Hill, or the Areopagus.

It is unquestionable, however, that these writings are four or five hundred years later than the particular individual alluded to in the New Testament as above described, and there called Dionysius; therefore the actual writer of these particular mystical Christian books has in recent times been called the

pseudo-Dionysius, for he was a writer whose identity is totally unknown, and who passed off his work as having been the work of the Dionysius mentioned in the New Testament, and whom the Christians called the first Christian Bishop of Athens.

Now an examination or careful scrutiny of these Dionysian works shows first that they were taken almost wholly, almost totally, in system and in structural form, from neo-Platonic teachings, in other words from what the Christians call 'Pagan' teachings, and also that they contain certain allusions to some of the doctrines which belonged to the ancient Greek Mysteries.

These Dionysian works both in form and in words are expressed in the Christian vocabulary and religious thought of about the fourth or fifth centuries after the beginning of the so-called Christian era. Obviously, then, these books represent an attempt to import into the Christian religion of that time some of the mystical heart of the Pagan philosophical doctrines and of the mystical spirit which gave the neo-Platonic teachings such immense vogue in the ancient nations surrounding the Mediterranean sea. Included likewise in these teachings is a great deal of the neo-Pythagorean thought.

My point in alluding to these facts is this: these teachings were taken over wholly by the Christian church, and became essentially a

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part of the dogmatic structure of Christian theology for centuries afterwards, in other words, became fully orthodox; yet alas, the key to their origin and the real meaning which they had in the non-Christian systems from which they were taken, was lost. The mystical scheme remained, the philosophical system remained, somewhat of the religious spirit remained, the framework or house containing the thought remained; but the God which had dwelt in that mystical framework of thought had long since departed. My meaning is that the form remained, but the spirit or real meaning was gone.

In perhaps the most important one of these books, called 'Concerning the Celestial Hierarchy,' this pseudo-Dionysian writer teaches that Deity works through the intermediary worlds composed of three triads, that is to say three triads or groups of beings, which are intermediate between nature and man on the lower side, and the Deity on the superior side.

These three triads therefore form nine steps or stages or degrees in all, and these stages the pseudo-Dionysius named as follows, beginning with the highest and ending with the lowest of the nine: the Seraphim, the Cherubim, the Thrones: first triad and the highest. Dominions, Virtues, Powers: second triad and intermediate, interpreting and 'stepping down' the spiritual forces from the first triad, as that first triad was the inter-

preter, so to say, the passer, of the forces flowing from the Divine Heart. Then came the third and lowest triad, composed of Principalities, Archangels, Angels. Beneath these last were the physical universe and man.

This is a wholesale importation into the new faith from the original Theosophy which had degenerated into the various religions surrounding the Mediterranean sea, and, as doctrines, were contained in the various religious beliefs of those peoples. I say it was a wholesale taking over of that part of the mystical thought of the ancient philosophy, and the expressing of it in new terms familiar to the new faith, as evidenced by the use of the words that Paul employed; for Paul of the Christians, when writing in the New Testament, speaks of the Principalities, and Thrones, and Powers, and Archangels, and Angels, and what not else.

One of the great difficulties that the promulgators of the new religion had in making some headway in the beginning for their particular brand of religion was this: they had to meet the objections of the trained minds and the alert consciousnesses of the non-Christian men, many of them extremely learned, who lived contemporaneously; and one of the first questions that these ancient philosophers asked the protagonists, the promulgators, of the new faith was this: you say that God created the world in six days, and rested on

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the seventh day, and that this creation included the origin of man. Did your God do this? Is your God perfect, eternal, infinite in power, as you say? Then we ask you: Can Infinity 'create' anything but an infinite work, and can an infinite work be created and thus have a beginning? Can Perfection produce an imperfect work? Does the Universal Life meddle with the details of the physical universe surrounding us, except in the general sense of the impersonal action of universal powers?

To this perfectly reasonable and logical objection no answer could be given, because the definite teaching of this new religious belief, as taken over from the Hebrew Old Testament, was that God had created the world in six days and rested on the seventh day, and that he is a 'he' and lives in a particular part of supernal space which is called heaven — ideas, all of them, which are expressed in terms of limitation and bounds.

The notion was quite in line with the old theories as held by the populace as regarded Zeus of the Greeks, or Juppiter of the Romans, as expressed in the popular mythology of those peoples; but this popular mythology never was believed in literally by the philosophers and wise men of antiquity. It was also quite in line with the Hebraic ideas concerning Jehovah of the Jewish Bible, who smelled sweet savors and waxed wroth, and whose nature was moved in

quite a human fashion by various human occurrences; anger and love and preferences and hatred are things which are utterly unpredictable of the Divine.

Now we Theosophists say that all such expressions are symbolic, and should so be understood, and this conception of the meaning of the literal teachings of the old religions was that held by all thinking men of ancient times. The wise men of ancient times turned with disgust from all such figurative expressions limiting the Divine. It was not the figurative expressions themselves that they so much objected to, because these were definitely understood to be symbolic, but it was the danger that these figurative expressions would be received by the unthinking masses as expressing divine realities.

Nay, said they, between the Inexpressible and the expressible, between the Illimitable and the limited, between the Boundless and the bounded, between the incomprehensible to man and the comprehensible to him, there is a scale of life endless in all directions, so to say, without width as it is without length, which ranges neither up nor down, nor to the right nor to the left, nor forwards nor backwards, nor within nor without, but *is*, and is everywhere; and it is symbolically called a 'ladder' or a 'scale' only because human words lack with which the human consciousness may express even in some degree its intuition of the Inex-

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pressible, and therefore it has to be expressed in figures or metaphors; yet indeed the human spirit may have some conception of the Divine in proportion as that human spirit is enabled through inner visioning to transmit supernal glory and illumination to the intermediate nature, to the human mind or soul, which then can in some degree at least figurate it in symbolic words.

This series of thoughts that we have just uttered may be looked upon as in some respects an attempt to tell you what the majestic Theosophical philosophy teaches with regard to the Divine, which manifests through the endless series of stages or steps or degrees or hierarchies extending in all directions so to say, throughout the universal cosmos, because it is everywhere and nowhere—nowhere because nowhere in particular. If it were, it would be limited. It is All and no thing; no thing because anything less than it would be a thing, and therefore limited. Nothing applies only to things or entities of a limited character.

Pray, friends, take this noble idea. Let not your minds dwell upon the words only. The words are merely a human attempt to convey one of the noblest and most beautiful of spiritual conceptions.

We see the physical universe around us, builded up of essences or substances of which so little is known and which as a conglomerate are called matter. The question arises: What is matter? We see it

moved or motivated by force or energy, and when we examine it more particularly with an attention still more profound, we then find that this matter is really matters, and that this force is a mere generalizing term and is really forces.

Is Humanity but one man? Nay. Even as Humanity, a generalizing term, is composed of units or men, so is the universe composed of units, and the heart or core of each one of such units is what we call a Monad, which, if you like, you may otherwise call a consciousness-center or an energy-center, providing that you ally with the term energy the conception of consciousness. Each such Monad is a spiritual atom; you may put it in that way if you like, or call it a spiritual center, or even a spirit. Terms matter little here, for it is the idea, friends, that we are attempting to express.

Each one of these Monads then, is a spiritual consciousness-life-center; and as the universe is infinite, and comprises the infinite degrees or stages or steps of which I have spoken, so these stages or steps are formed or composed of the incomputable hosts of these Monads in various degrees of self-expression; or to put it more accurately still, are composed of the vehicles or bodies in which each such Monad manifests itself as in a garment taken from its own life and substance.

The lowest range of such garments that we humans can cognise

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is the congeries of material entities around us, or the aggregate of these garments of the Monads, manifesting as potential force-substances, potential or sleeping atoms, but not as kinetic or awakened atoms, for these latter are the intermediate nature between the Monad *per se* and these lower garments. Such is matter.

Spirit and matter in our teachings are fundamentally one. Force and matter, or energy and matter, in the teachings of modern science, are likewise today believed to be fundamentally one. This is an old teaching of ours, only lately recognised to be true by the great men of science. Force is merely moving matter, or matter in movement, subtil matter, flowing matter. Electricity, for instance, is a force, but is likewise a matter. Otherwise how could it impress and work upon the material universe? Matter then, so to say, is crystallized forces; and force on the other hand, is sublimated matters. For matter and force are one in essence, as I have already stated.

Yes, I repeat it: the Divine of which our philosophy speaks, is boundless and has no limitations either in duration of time or in extension of substance. It provides and furnishes all the framework of the universe because it is the transcendent part or essence of that cosmos or universe, even as the spirit of man is transcendent over his intermediate nature, as the latter is over the physical body, and yet

all together form a generalized statement of the nature of man.

Of what, friends, does this physical body of ours consist? Of atoms ultimately, and these atoms in turn are composed, as I have already said, of protons and electrons, and are, even as taught in modern physical science, infinitesimal or atomic solar systems.

Now this is also an orthodox (if I may be pardoned the word) teaching of modern science, but it is a teaching as ancient as the enduring hills, and is pure Theosophy. These electrons which form the planetary bodies of the atomical solar systems are divisible things. Who dare say nay to the noble conception that even on these atomic electrons there may exist inhabitants or living entities of infinitesimal kind: living, thinking, feeling, entities, each of its kind, each of its own genus, so to say, each following its own destiny, its own line of evolution, and thereby repeating the law of universal nature of which we have already spoken, of the fact that Nature repeats herself everywhere, in the great as in the small, in the high as in the low, in the cosmic as in the infinitesimal.

There is a fundamental consciousness working throughout our own particular cosmos, even as there is a fundamental consciousness in man — a copy, as it were, of the cosmos of which man is a part, and therefore repetitive of all the characteristics and lines of action of the forces and matters of

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that cosmos. Thus is it that these bodies of ours are aggregates of infinitesimal lives, seeming so small and minute to us, yet actually large to themselves in their own atomic ranges.

As we raise our eyes to the skyey dome above us and realize that this so-called dome of space surrounds us on all sides, all that we see seems so great and large to us. But pause a moment, and realize that we judge through and from the nature of our own limited consciousness and interpret only by our own powers of undeveloped understanding.

From such thoughts we may perhaps realize that to these minute,

these infinitesimal, entities which may inhabit the atomic spaces of our bodies, the skyey spaces in their cosmos may be as large, as grand, and as great as our own cosmic spaces are to us; and, furthermore, that beyond our entire physical universe, which is all that is comprised within the bounds of our Milky Way, and which I call a cosmic molecule, and of which our solar systems, manifold and innumerable almost as they are, are the atoms; our entire physical cosmos, I say, may be but a molecule of some entity still more incomprehensibly vast and beyond the reaches of our most ambitious imagination. Who dare say nay?

AUTUMN IN LOMALAND

KENNETH MORRIS

SHY ONE, in your demesne are skies as blue,
And golden days as e'er in Summer shone;
You tinge the forest with no burning hue,
Funereal splendor for the season gone.
Still through full foliage blue-gray and gold-green
The sun-flecked shadows quiver on the ground,
And nowhere falls a leaf; — yet have I seen
You, wan 'neath scarlet dawns; yet heard a sound
Of one amidst the red-gums' tapestries
Whispering keen-breath'd; and when day came to die,
In skies cold mauve and smoldering cerise
Westward, I saw your loveliness go by,
And was heart-hushed,— my spirit smitten through
With wonder . . . and Eternity . . . and you.

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MATERIALISM — IN SCIENCE AND OTHERWISE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

“In matter we see the promise and potency of all that is.”

IN SIMILAR words Tyndall, the great prophet of science not many years ago, proclaimed the all-mightiness of this conception. That ‘scientific imagination,’ which he also extolled, did him good service here, by enabling him to confine his mind to those things only which suited his pronouncement. He seems to have forgotten the ether, which, even in those days, was required as a link between the sun and the earth or a bridge whereby thermal and luminous rays might cross vacuous spaces. For surely he did not consider the ether as a form of matter.

As a contrast to this, take the following from Sir Oliver Lodge:

“Matter is a comparatively rare phenomenon.”

So utter is the contradiction that it might well be given in a dictionary as an instance of contradiction. To one great scientist matter is everything; to the other it is one of the lesser and less frequent manifestations of — what? Of the ether.

The ether is now the great god of physics. It underlies matter, and it underlies energy, both of which are effects of it. It is the universal substratum. It is a new element,

a master or parent element. The ancient quaternary of earth, water, fire, and earth, seem to correspond with our solids, liquids, gases, and heat-and-light. Ether is the fifth element, parent to the others. In ancient philosophy ether is at once the soul of matter and the body of mind — the link between mind and matter.

We cannot be said to have even a vague notion of what ether is; we cannot picture it to the imagination. It responds to no sense. We know it only by its effects. Its properties have to be defined by a method of abstraction: it is not this, it is not that. The familiar concepts of space and volume and density, etc., no longer serve us. In attempting to apply these to ether we encounter monstrous incompatibilities. This infinitely refined and tenuous substance has, in order to be able to transmit such hard vibrations, to be enormously more rigid than the most rigid materials.

All we can discover by experiment is minute ‘lives,’ of two opposite kinds, always in motion. Everywhere life, and life can but be the manifestation of consciousness.

So rapid is now the progress of discovery in physics that even the

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most expert are hardly able to keep up with it; and it will be some time before the results can be digested into a form suitable for the general comprehension. Discovery far outstrips theory; and theory, scuttling along in the rear, has all it can do to invent explanations for what is discovered.

All this energy and enterprise is admirable enough, certainly; but how much better if more of it could be turned in the direction most needed — the investigation of the laws which govern human conduct and mutual relationships. This study has fallen behind, because the far-reaching discoveries and inventions of science have brought about quite new conditions; and, though the basic principles of right conduct must remain ever the same, grounded as they are in facts of human nature, the means of applying them to our circumstances must change as those circumstances change.

This fact explains the alleged decay of ideals, which is so often commented on and deplored. But it probably means nothing more than that ideals which had been cast into a form suitable to bygone times are found to require adaptation to changed times; and that some people have made the familiar mistake of impatiently carping at ideals as such, instead of retaining them, finding out what is the matter with them, and changing their form accordingly. Just as some people, unable to accept old forms of reli-

gion, try to discard religion altogether.

And the result of this mistake is seen in cases like the following.

EXIT THE IDEALS

“An age of cynicism is upon some of our schools, concludes an editorial writer in the new magazine, *The Nation's Schools* (Chicago). Ideals are regarded, he says, as ‘mushy,’ and our animal inheritance is studied rather than the human additions to it that we have been struggling for ages to acquire. He writes:

“‘A group of senior students was discussing the ‘unconscious’ in a class in psychology. . . . The pupils had been led by the teacher to take the point of view that all of us are dominated by impulses and passions which have to be given considerable rein or else they will make life intolerable for us. The teacher cited supposed cases of nervous and mental break-up because the great urges of life were utterly repressed. ‘In order to keep balanced and sane,’ he said, ‘we have to unclamp. Those who hold in everlastingly get to be freaks or nervous wrecks.’ The pupils seemed quite ready to agree with their instructor.

“The impressions a visitor got by listening in during the hour was that anyone would be foolish to inhibit most of his impulses. It may be that before this course is finished the instructor will lead his pupils to take a different view of the need of self-restraint, but there was nothing said during this hour that would induce any pupil to think that inhibition of elemental urges was necessary or desirable.

“[●of another speaker] The speaker presented the idea that man is nine-tenths animal, the remaining one-tenth makes us seem to be like human beings, but it takes very little to cause most of us to give way to our animal inheritance. . . .

“The visitors didn’t hear a word spoken in that school during the entire day which suggested in the slightest degree anything idealistic.”— *The Literary Digest*, March 10

We hear of the harm done by the religious doctrine that man is ‘born in sin,’ and is helpless of

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himself. Here we have an exactly parallel doctrine posing as scientific. Are then religion and science banded together to destroy man's sheet-anchor — his faith in himself?

What is the difference between a sane man and a man in an asylum? The one has command over his faculties, the other has lost all control. Between the extremes of these two cases there are infinite gradations.

Take the case of a young man, passing your window every morning on his way to work. What a fine young man he is! You go away for a time; when you return, you see the young man pass as before — but how changed! His face red and puffed, his walk slouching — yes, it *is* the same man. What has happened? He is losing control. How much farther will he go? Will he end in prison, in suicide, in the asylum? Will he pull himself together?

No doubt life will teach us sooner or later that we must either use our powers of self-control or perish. But how much pain would be avoided if our teachers taught us that *at first!* It is a foolish mariner who goes out to sea all untaught, to learn by experience.

'Matter' may have been dethroned by science, but materialism still persists — the tendency to exalt the servant above the master, the lower over the higher; the love of dwelling upon man's lusts and frailties rather than reminding

him of his glories and strength.

If the choice is to lie between 'mushy ideals' and the sort of teaching quoted above, it may be a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. But why the mushy ideals? The exponents of mushy ideals seem to be scared of the facts revealed by science, and to consider it necessary to deny those facts — thus yielding the inevitable victory to their opponents.

But let us admit the facts, all the facts that science and psychology can discover — and what then? We can find all sorts of elements in man. There are animal instincts of course, of all kinds and of varying degrees of grossness. Man is an epitome of all animate creation. He has a digestive apparatus that is concerned purely with grasping and assimilating whatever it can get.

In this respect man recapitulates some of the lower animals, which are nothing but digestive apparatus. These animals are all right — they fulfil their natural duty. But will it do for man, because he includes such functions, to identify himself with them, and to say: "Look here, see what a crab I have inside me; how can I help being selfish and grasping"?

For that matter, man has also vegetable functions in him, and a similar plea might be made in advocacy of this right to vegetate. He has chemical functions — acids and alkalies; and we might adapt the celebrated Dr. Watts and say:

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“Let acids and alkalis delight to bark and
bite,
For 'tis their nature to”;

but remember, also with Dr. Watts,
that —

“Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.”

As to the doctrine that harmful desires can be gotten rid of by indulging them, this will not do today any more than at any other time. It is a familiar heresy. *Desire, like fire, grows by feeding.* In fact, it is not like steam or water or air under pressure, which can be made harmless by giving them vent; but it is like a smoldering fire, which only becomes worse by being brought out into the open.

It is true that there often are perverted instincts, in the form of repressed desires. But this condition comes from wrong training. If a parent promotes the animal propensities of his child, by feeding him up, yielding to his desires, and pampering him in every way; and at the same time preaches to him orally a code of morals and conduct; it is not surprising that

the child, in the endeavor to conform to this double code, falls into unconscious hypocrisy, and leads a double life.

The remedy therefore is — not to give rein to the perverted propensities thus produced but — to adopt a better way of bringing up.

The existing ways too often *repress* faults, rather than eliminate them. If such propensities were never allowed to grow, there would be nothing to be repressed, and consequently no perversions to rid ourselves of.

And if, owing to wrong education, they have been allowed to grow, then giving them rein is the very last thing to do. The right way is to take the mind off from them, by filling it with other things; and this kind of false psychological ‘teaching’ does just the opposite by morbidly concentrating the mind on them.

Hard work, plenty of outdoor games, and opportunities to cultivate the finer tastes, will promote a new and healthy growth that will oust the unhealthy elements.



“To suppose that an increase of authors would necessarily be followed by a diffusion of knowledge, is as if we were to suppose that an increase of butchers must be followed by a diffusion of food. This is not the way in which things are ordered. Men must have appetite before they will eat.”

— BUCKLE, *History of Civilization*, Vol. I, p. 497

WHY DON'T I REMEMBER MY PAST LIVES?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THOSE WHO think that Reincarnation is a strange doctrine, unfamiliar to the human mind, should read *Reincarnation. A Study of Forgotten Truth*, by E. D. Walker, which has been recently reprinted by the Theosophical Publishing Company. They will be surprised to find, on reading the enormous number of quotations given, how very familiar the idea of Reincarnation has always been to the best human minds. As it would be quite impossible for us to give here even so much as a fair sample of these quotations, we must be content merely to mention them. But we take the following two quotations on Reincarnation from our notebook, to serve as a text for what follows.

"Human individuality is not limited in time more than in space. Doubtless the almanac or family register will tell us when we were born. But the soul is older than our organism. It precedes its clothing. It is the cause, not the consequence, of its material elements; else, as materialists understand, it does not properly exist. Jesus asserted the truth of all men when he said: 'Before Abraham was, I am.'"—C. A. BARTOL

"The recollections of my earliest years are connected with that chamber. . . . Herein was I born. But it is mere idleness to say that I had not lived before—that the soul has no previous existence. You deny it?—let us not argue the matter. Convinced myself, I seek not to convince. There is, however, a remembrance of aerial forms—of spiritual and meaning eyes—of sounds,

musical yet sad; a remembrance which will not be excluded; a memory like a shadow—vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady; and like a shadow, too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it while the sunlight of my reason shall exist."—POE

This last may suggest an answer to the persistent question, Why do I not remember? The memory has faded. Memories do fade, of course.

Another point is this: my present name, let us say, is John Clark; my name in my past incarnation was M. Crispus. Would it be right to say that John Clark ever was M. Crispus? Or would this be like saying that Macbeth, as personated by Henry Irving, had ever been the Hamlet, personated by the same actor? What does Hamlet know of Macbeth? Does he remember him, and if not why not? It is true to say that Irving is conscious of both characters. May it not then be as true to say that *somebody*, the actor, the real experiencer, is cognisant both of the old Roman and the modern Englishman?

Our analogy, like analogies in general, was devised to illustrate a particular point; and, if pushed too far, may mislead. We must not suffer our illustration to become an argument. The case as regards Reincarnation may have certain analogies with the case as regards the actor and his parts; but in

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other respects the two may not be analogous.

It seems clear that memory can only be concerned with that part of the man which is common to both incarnations. What part, or parts, is this? Is the body or any part of it common to both incarnations? The most we could venture to suggest, as regards this, is that there *might* conceivably be some germ-cell handed down through the generations; yet, even, so — and we make the suggestion quite speculatively — it would have to be admitted that the body we have now is not at all the same body as we had before. In this case, then, what becomes of memory? If it persist at all, it can only be in some part of our make-up which is not bodily.

Poe was an instance of a singularly abnormal and sensitive temperament. Instances can be collected by the curious, of children who speak as though they recollected a prenatal state; but who very soon lose these memories: they are speedily obliterated by present impressions, and seldom encouraged by parents.

If, then, I am to remember my past life or lives, I must refine my nature until I can lift my consciousness to a region so far beyond my customary sphere of sense-impressions, thoughts, and personal emotions, as to bring me in contact with the part of my nature which is common to both incarnations. A long and arduous process, involving

much self-conquest; pertaining to the mysteries of initiation.

The idea of remembering one's past lives is of course one that eminently allures the romantic soul; and many Theosophists of experience have met with people who assert this claim with regard to themselves. I here register my own conviction that no one really having this knowledge would speak of it. The corollary to which is that one who does speak of it does not possess the knowledge.

If we regard as a whole our present existence, we may view it as a series of various and successive personalities, all united by a single self, which constitutes the 'I' of this incarnation. This case is more marked with some people than with others. For, while there are stable and even characters, who vary little from a constant norm, there are others of us who pass through so many moods that we often wonder who we really are and which is the real Me. I imagine that the difference between the personality of one incarnation, and that of the next, is similar in kind, but greater in degree. Correspondingly, the master-self which blends these several personalities into one — which can look down from a height of detachment upon them all — must be a far greater Self, a truer I, than anything we know of now.

What is memory? If it be limited to the recollection of events, of scenes, of words, then we may

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truly say that, as yet, we have lost the power of recollection. But what if the word 'memory' includes the transmission of tendencies, of traits of character? In that case it can reasonably be said that we do preserve a memory (*this* kind of memory) of past lives. For there is much in our character which is not traceable to physical heredity or the influence of environment, and which can therefore only be the appanage of our own individuality — part of our Karma, in fact.

Memory is a curious faculty, and demands careful study before we can venture safely to make statements about it. It means that events in our consciousness are stored up somewhere in the form of impressions; and that these impressions can be again brought before our perceptions; much like the record of a gramophone. Thus we must distinguish between (1) the record, and (2) the act of reproduction. Goodness only knows how many *records* of my past lives *may* be floating or hovering somewhere, near or far, out of reach, within reach, but not used. The same goodness only knows, too, whether if I succeeded in running one of these records through my brain, it would be my own past life or someone else's. I might remember *your* past life! I might think it was mine!

There can be no doubt it is true that everything is stored up somewhere and nothing ever lost. Yet fancy ransacking the vast lumber-

room of such records, and the hopeless chance of finding any of one's own property! This may serve to indicate the immense possibilities of deception in such matters.

How, it may be asked, can memory be transmitted across the gap of death? And echo may well answer, How is *any* memory transmitted? I recollect the scenes and doings of my childhood; but how? I am informed that my whole body and brain has changed many times over since then. No physical mechanism or formula known to science will explain this. We simply have, provisionally, to swallow it. Why then make a fuss about swallowing the other, which is certainly not *more* inexplicable, since both are quite mysterious.

Memories are stored up in an element, an atmosphere, a world — what shall we call it? — that is not of physical matter. There is Oliver Lodge with his ether, and he can make that responsible if he likes. But why only one ether? Is it at all likely that there would be only one ether, when there are so many different sorts of everything else in this world? Can there not be an ether, or a grade of ether, for radio-waves, another for emotions, another for thoughts; and so on indefinitely? In this case, it is easy to suppose an ether designed to store up and transmit the memories of successive incarnations.

And, if the little universe of man is built on a similar plan to

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the great universe of which he is a part; then there can be many storeys in the human temple, in each of which storeys, at different times, the ego may dwell, perceiving and remembering only the things pertaining to the particular storey which he is inhabiting at the time. Thus it would be a question of climbing.

There are two questions which should be kept distinct — whether the Soul has pre-existed; and, if so, in what form. Arguments for the former do not necessarily support the latter. A Christian, believing in a future life, and inferring therefrom the existence of a former life for the Soul, would be more likely to imagine for the pre-existent Soul a life more or less analogous to that (whatever it may be) which he anticipates for the Soul after death. A Spiritualist may believe in a continued existence on another plane, different from this earth; and not believe in a return to earth.

We cannot here enter into the great subject of evidences for Reincarnation; but the student can be assured that the Theosophical teachings on this subject are consistent, not only with themselves,

but with all the other Theosophical teachings; and that the best way to solve difficulties is to study.

As to the recollection of the experiences of past lives, the writer is not trying to acquire that recollection until he is more sure that it would be desirable. He finds that he already has all the light needed for the guidance of his present footsteps; and is more concerned with practice than with the acquisition of further undigested learning. He thinks that the hanging of a veil over the truth may often be a mercy for which we have to be thankful; and will not hurry to lift that veil before he feels ready to face what it may reveal. He has a lively faith that nothing can keep from him any knowledge so soon as he gets good and ready for it.


In a word: I don't believe I want to know who I was in my past life; and I imagine this is the real reason why I don't know. I don't know because I don't want to know badly enough. I have only a mild curiosity, and that suffices not to lift the veil. So I guess I will rest content, and stick to the immediate job for the present.



“Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!”— *Katherine Tingley*

THEOSOPHY IN DAILY LIFE

P. A. MALPAS

O MANY Theosophy seems to be some new thing; Christianity, or what passes for such, a very old one. Why then talk of 'Theosophy in Daily Life,' instead of Christianity in Daily Life? One reason is that Christianity today is not the same as it was in its primitive days, and has not the same life as it had then.

It is necessary to remember that Theosophy is nothing new, but is as old as thinking humanity. The Universal Brotherhood is a movement that has been *active in all ages*. All that is new in Theosophy is the fact that it must be revived from time to time, so far as the public are concerned. The work of the Founder of Christianity was such a revivification, and the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is another, although on a far wider scale.

What are the forms Theosophy has taken in past ages? There have been many, outwardly differing, but at heart the same. Theosophy covers so large an extent of ground that no public movement could ever touch more than a section of its applications. Some portion of it is the living basis of every religion worth the name.

But for the present time and place it may be convenient to men-

tion two vehicles, Gnosticism and Christianity. This may sound curious, because with the exception of a few independent thinkers, most supporters of tradition against inquiry have been taught to believe that Gnosticism was a terrible antagonist against Christianity, and, later, merely a dissenting branch of Christian institutions.

The explanation is simply that the old original Christianity in its primitive purity was a phase, a portion of Gnosticism, that is, of one form of Theosophy. Of the accretions and accumulations which sprang up like mushrooms about the year 110 A. D., some were good, some bad, and much was neither the one nor the other.

But these later ornaments were not the original teachings of the Gnostic Founder. He had no dogmas, no church, no bible, no wealthy organizations, no political status or aims. He possessed little more than an infinite love of humanity and of truth, and a degree of knowledge little dreamed of by lesser people than himself. His knowledge was Gnosticism, which is simply the Greek for 'knowledge,' but as the word was used by the Gnostics, a far higher kind than that of the brain-mind. It was not psychic knowledge, which only too often is not knowledge at all, but

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illusion; but it was a form of divine soul-knowledge, Theosophy.

If, then, Theosophy is fundamentally the same as Gnosticism and Christianity, or they are portions of it, why trouble to disturb the world with it? Why not go on with what we have? If Christianity were applied in daily life, it would be Theosophy in daily life, and there would not be much more to say. But the world of religion and philosophy is so burdened with accumulated extraneous matter, which is a mere longwinded definition of that familiar object known as dirt, that we need a Hercules to turn a cleansing Niagara into the stable where the Christ was said to have been born.

From time to time such a tremendous flood was and is let loose. It threatens to engulf everything in its onrush, but, as it advances, it spreads and widens and becomes more gentle. Like the overflowing of the Nile at its stated seasons, it fertilizes the arid deserts of formal religion, for the sowing and reaping of the human heart. It covers and absorbs the débris, the stubble, the weeds and dry bones, of last year, and yet it is the same life-giving stream each time. The symbol of the sacred Jordan, the 'descending spiritual stream,' is the same symbolism; the dead and outworn formalities of formal religion may be compared to the débris and stubble, and Theosophy to the stream itself.

Theosophy does not combat Christianity, nor is it against Chris-

tianity. Quite the contrary. But it does bring regenerating life to the dried up formulae and dead dogmas which have almost suffocated every religion. It is a perfectly natural process. The leaves fall and the stalks wither and die year by year. They have to die, but they are worked up into new life for the next year in new plants, new and splendid growths.

It is the lack of the knowledge of the far-reaching facts and symbolisms of Reincarnation that makes people bewail the death of old forms and cling with grim determination to outworn formulae. If we knew that such a death is that of form only, and a necessary stage in the production of new and better forms for the same underlying truths and divine life, why should we be troubled?

When the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was passing through the intellectual stage many years ago, books subtended a very large arc of the Theosophical horizon. Today the sun has risen higher and we realize that they are no more than our working tools at the best. Theosophy belongs to daily life in all its details rather than to a library-book.

Unfortunately, where there is an established religion many of us grow to regard religion as either a necessary or unnecessary bore, dull and unjoyous, or even something you attend to in a formal way 'for the sake of the children.' If Theo-

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sophy makes you feel like that, then it is time to change your brand of Theosophy from the counterfeit to the genuine. The same applies to fanaticism and extremism in religion.

If Theosophy in daily life is not suggested by sunlight in a garden, then there is something yet to be learned about Theosophy. The spiritual vision needs unveiling. Sunlight is universal when it shines. It does not suggest formalities and ceremonials and sects, but shines equally on all that comes in its way. If we had our soul-judgment unveiled and active at all times, and, above all, independent of other people and other people's dogmas, we should have no more respect for the purely formal and ceremonial than we have for a suit of clothes. We certainly should not fight each other because we wear slightly different suits. Our religions would no more clash than our neckties.

If Christianity and Theosophy are *at root* identical in quality, it may be asked why there are such great differences at the present day. A concrete instance of the method of drifting apart may be mentioned.

The New Testament may be said to be built upon three words more than any other thing. *Christ*, *Faith*, and *Resurrection*. The first word, *Christ*, is such a big subject that we must here limit ourselves to the other two, except to say that Christ is not the original word at all, either in form or meaning,

for what it has been made to serve.

We have never had the secret original Hebrew Gospel, and the Greek gospels have been enormously overlaid and patched and tinkered. Some of the cleverest men in the then world spent several centuries doing it. But in them the word Faith stands out everywhere. In the present day, it stands with us for 'belief,' as nearly as it can be defined in a word. But the original Gnostics who wrote the gospels, and that wonderful Gnostic known by the two nicknames of Saul and Paul, if they ever thought of such a meaning, did so merely as a semi-disguise in order to hide the deeper meaning from the public. For their teachings and books were private and secret.

As we have said, the original gospel has remained so to this day. The word translated *faith* or *belief*, then, is a Gnostic technical term meaning *knowledge*, what is known not by the untrustworthy psychic faculties or by the fallible brain, but by the infallible divine soul. And who has it? If anyone, he must be a Theosophist, whether he ever heard of the word or not. It is not a thing which the mere man of brains, however eminent and clever, can dogmatize upon, or even imagine to himself, on the strength of his brain-mind alone. The fact is, then, that the word *faith* does not mean faith at all in the modern public sense.

Again the word 'resurrection,' the *anastasis*, used by Paul, day in,

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day out, everywhere and all the time, does not mean what the word is understood by the public to mean today. Since it was the whole of Paul's preaching, this is a rather important fact. It did *not* mean the resurrection of the body out of the grave. One thing it did mean was reincarnation in at least one of its aspects.

So here in two words we have a world-wide gulf between the Christianity of its founder, or at least of its gospels and epistles, and the formal Christianity of today. In this case it is a matter of inadequate translation by amateurs.

Our grand old scholar, Roger Bacon, says that a translator must know three things, the language he translates from, the language he translates into, and the subject he is dealing with. Our scholarly translators may have known English, they may have known Greek, and one of them knew Hebrew, but they did not know the language of Gnosticism nor Gnosticism itself — therefore they failed.

If those who believe in the inspiration of such scriptures think this a pity, those who believe in the unerring finger of Karma, the law of compensation, may look upon it as an unusually clear instance of the working of that law. For it was the Christians themselves who hunted out and destroyed every Gnostic and every Gnostic book they could find; the possession of such a book was visited with the death-penalty. Now, when

they would give much to have such books and knowledge, they are not forthcoming.

The results of these seemingly small causes are far-reaching. We have our greatest scientists preaching something like annihilation at death. We have others, equally great, lost in the mazes of psychism. Others, practising what can only be called Satanism in the guise of so-called wonderful progress and benefit for humanity. And the public, having been taught to forget how to think, suffer. There are wars, diseases which come twice as fast as cures can be found, materialism, despair, callousness, bestiality. It is these which can only be cured by Theosophy in daily life — and what a small amount of Theosophy would be sufficient to do it!

Theosophy is the golden spark which keeps alive in man the knowledge of his own essential divinity, the optimism of his essential divinity, the identification with his essential divinity.

MODERN Western civilization, so-called, is so closely centered around the individual and his wants that it is not easy for most of us to break away from that selfish standpoint. We hardly know it is selfish. A few think they have become quite unselfish if they devote a certain amount of energy and property to the benefit of one or two others, when often this is merely a 'selfishness *à deux*,' a 'selfish-

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ness for two,' as the popular saying has it.

It might be thought that a scientist would be the first to appreciate what true unselfishness is. It is recognised that Nature is all built on the same pattern, greater or less in degree. The Universe is one of many universes — an atom of a greater aggregate. The solar system is an atom of a greater system. The earth is an atom of the solar system. A man is an atom of the earth, taken in its fuller sense. Men are atoms of their nations. Finally there are atoms which make up the body of a man. Each of these atoms, the scientists tell us, are built on the exact plan and pattern of a solar system. The pattern exists in the infinitely small and infinitely great.

But do we find, the whole world over, any single scientist saying to himself, "I am an atom of humanity, and I must act as such. I must do my duty as best I can in my own place, *because* by so doing I shall be acting in the aggregate interests of the whole?" There may be such a scientist, but we have never heard of him in the papers.

There must be a reason for this. There *is* a reason. It is that the average scientist is ruled by his brain. Many will assert that brains have produced all the great achievements in philosophy and knowledge. But it is not so. It certainly *appears* so. Yet in reality, if we could trace all the greatest dis-

coveries, we should find that they came suddenly and instantaneously into the mind of their discoverer.

Newton was a very great scientist. But his greatest discovery is said to have darted into his mind at the sight of an apple falling. Brain-work may have elaborated the theory of gravitation, but the seed-idea came from outside the brain. Many other philosophers and scientists have said the same. Others, credited with pure brain-work in their greatest ideas, have confessed that the ideas were built up round a seed of the same kind, Schopenhauer, for instance.

Obviously there is some power, some faculty, some principle, immensely superior to the brain, working instantaneously where the brain plods along through the years and the centuries. Often unconsciously to themselves, our greatest scientists are indebted to this power for their famous theories and ideas rather than to the brain. And because they are unconscious of it, they are in the ultimate resolution, selfish. The brain, unguided by the divine, is always selfish. We do not, of course, refer to the psychic — *that* is the *enemy* of the divine.

In these days, people do not go very deeply into the philosophy known as Theosophy. But in time they will be compelled by circumstances and the urge of time to do so. When they do, they will find that, among the principles of the human complex make-up, there *is*

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a principle very clearly described which answers exactly to this unknown and very swiftly-working power, whose chief attribute seems to be perfect and instantaneous knowledge. It is not faith; it is far greater than faith; it is the real divine soul in man, usually almost suffocated out of existence by the brain-consciousness, or by psychic follies.

This is not a strange, new, theoretical faculty, known only to a few. However badly it may be known, it is known to all. It is the *conscience*. Or, at least, the conscience is its voice. Not that the voice is always very clear through the thick cloud of thought with which we obscure it. It never varies; it is always perfect and true; it is the medium through which it passes that distorts it; and that medium is our brain-mind and thought-world, and worse than anything the desire-mind, the psychic part that is always *wanting* something or desiring something.

If scientists recognised and spent their time clearing up their personal selves for this divine 'voice in the wilderness' to manifest and prepare the way for the highest spiritual aspect of man, then our science would be immeasurably higher than it is. In actual fact, many simple folk have it more clearly shining forth than any scientist. And, strange though the assertion may seem, they are greater than the greatest scientist who has it only through a thick cloud. It

is the monopoly of none and of no class.

Theosophy is the wisdom of the divine, divine wisdom. This 'conscience' is divine wisdom. And Theosophy is, *or should be*, this wisdom in action. Theosophy in daily life, therefore, in plain language, and put shortly, is the arranging of the daily life in accordance with this divine voice within each of us, with the brain and body in a subordinate position, instead of as masters.

Is this easy? It is the only easy and natural thing in the world. But what is *not* easy is to get rid of the tremendous personal obstacles we have put in its way. We have made the job so huge that most of us dare not face it. We fly to outside help, to some personal god; we do anything but face the fact that *we must remove our own obstacles*. The thing is of course falsely said to be an impossibility. Therefore we snatch at straw, at catch-phrases about millions never dying, at anything. We plunge into whirls of brain-excitement, *anything* to forget the fact that we must begin to clear away our own rubbish-heaps with which we have entombed the soul within us.

This is where Theosophists have a message not only of hope but of assurance. In many ways they find that there is no justification whatever for the idea prevailing in the West that we have only one lifetime in which to do this huge

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task. We have many lifetimes in which to turn the spiritual river into the Augean stables of our personal selves to clear and cleanse the way for our real selves. These many lives are what we call re-incarnation.

Many sigh with relief at hearing this. Quite unthinkingly their brain tells them, "Ah, well, we can go on a while longer, so it's all right!"

But is it? It is not all right until we have stopped making more rubbish to increase the task, instead of lessening it in future lives. Where then are we to begin in the application of this Theosophical idea to our daily lives?

By letting the conscience rule. In no long time, finding itself appreciated, the Voice in the wilderness will become clearer and more penetrating; and there is no more glorious enterprise in this world or any other than that of following the conscience, or, if you prefer another term, the god within ourselves.

And following it hardly half-a-dozen steps, *really*, not with mental reservations and equivocations, we shall find that this divine self, this conscience, is not our own at all. It is the aggregate of all the consciences in the world, just as the

ocean is the aggregate of drops of water. Instead of living then as a personality, as an individual separate from others, we shall find that we are living as atoms of a great whole. And that is true unselfishness.

The idea is easy to understand. But supposing we could carry it out! Even partially. What a transformation would pass over the world! Wars would cease automatically. The very idea would be laughable, if it could ever occur to anyone. Strife would not cease, but it would not be against others. It would take its right place as the only war in the world that is or ever was legitimate; that within each of us against our own limitations and self-accumulated obstacles of character.

Why go on? All that we can say in ten volumes would amount to one thing only, that Brotherhood and Harmony attained, or attempted without cessation, would automatically direct our lives into Theosophical channels. The reason is that Brotherhood is an expression on this plane of the reality of the Oneness of Humanity on a higher plane. And that higher plane is not the realm of the brain-mind, but is, or should be, the master and guide of the brain-mind.



"Spiritual Man is eternal. There are no dead!"— *Katherine Tingley*

FOG IN THE FOREST

KENNETH MORRIS

THE dim trees have no word to say
Now earth's grown gray and heaven's gone blind;
But rapt away beyond the mind,
They brood in holier regions
Inward of this world today.

For always round about them, slow,
Mute, wreathing wraith-hosts go and come —
Curious, innumerable, dumb,

Ghostly fantasmal legions
That vaguely wander to and fro,

And smokelike down the valley blow,
And dreamlike, wrap the world in dream.
And fugitively witless seem —

Broken and aimless millions
Routed ages long ago.

And the gray cedars in their pride,
And filigreed acacias gray,
Brood aloof, and nothing say

To these wan ghost-battalions
That wanly through their silence glide. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

REASON AND INTUITION

GEORGE D. AYERS



GREAT DEAL is written and said about the relations of Reason and Intuition, to the effect that Reason is a characteristic more of the man while Intuition predominates in the woman; that reasoning is a faculty of the lower or the brain-mind, while Intuition is a quicker process, which acts

without the necessity of reasoning. Cannot we have a little closer analysis of the difference between these two faculties?

In the eighteenth chapter of William Q. Judge's edition of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, pages 125 and 126, are these words:

“Hear now, O Dhanañjaya, conqueror of wealth, the differences which I shall now

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explain in the discerning power and the stedfast power within, according to the three classes flowing from the divisions of the three qualities."

In his note to the words 'discerning power,' Mr. Judge says:

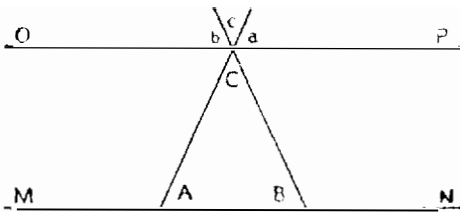
"This is Buddhi, the highest intellection, the power of judgment."

The natural inference from the fact that the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* is contrasting Buddhi as the discerning power with the 'stedfast power within' is that by the latter faculty Manas is meant.

While bearing in mind as a probable fact that reasoning brings into activity both faculties of the mind, Buddhi and Manas, may we not with the aid of this quotation from the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* analyse this matter a little farther?

Manas evidently is referred to as a 'stedfast' or as a holding power.

Let us bring to our aid the figure employed in a very familiar theorem in geometry. I refer to that which is used in demonstrating the theorem that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The figure is this:



In it the lines MN and OP are parallel lines and the triangle ABC is drawn with its base resting on the lower of the two parallel

lines, namely on MN, while the lines of the sides of the triangle, namely AC and BC are continued through the apex C and the line OP, so that they form on the other side of the line OP the angles b, c and a.

I am using this figure not merely for the purpose of demonstrating the theorem in the usual manner, but because of its simplicity, for the further purpose of analysing and determining the elements into which the reasoning involved can be resolved.

In the demonstration of the theorem the angle A is shown by inspection to be equal to the angle a, the angle C to be equal to c and the angle B to be equal to b, and so on.

No reasoning is required in any of the processes to which I have referred above. To say that A equals a, that B equals b, and that C is equal to c, is to state self-evident truths.

The person to whom the problem is being demonstrated sees these truths directly and by himself alone, or he does not see them at all. If he does not have mind enough to see them for himself, no one can show them to him.

Similarly, to continue the analysis of the process of demonstration, the statements that the sum of the angles A, B and C is equal to the sum of a, b and c; that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts; and that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; are likewise statements of

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self-evident truths. If one cannot see their truth for himself, no one will be able to enlighten him.

So likewise, proceeding with the demonstration, do we see clearly for ourselves, or not at all, the truth of the propositions that the sum of the angles a , b , and c is 180° or two right angles, and that the sum of the angles A , B , and C likewise is equal to two right angles.

In every step of this so-called reasoning, taking each step by itself, is it apparent that it is sheer perception or intuition. There is not a step of so-called reasoning in the whole process, taking each step solely by itself.

Wherein then lies the reasoning, so called, if each separate step in the entire process of demonstration is nothing but a series of intuitions or perceptions?

Let us repeat the demonstration and analyse further. Suppose that when we have completed the first series of steps in the demonstration and have seen that A equals a , B equals b , and C equals c , and before we have proceeded to the next steps of declaring that the sum of the angles A , B , and C is equal to the sums of the angles a , b , and c , and that the angles a , b , and c together are equal to 180° or two right angles, we entirely forgot that the angle A equaled the angle a , or any of the other steps in the process of demonstration, that the angle B equaled the angle b , or the angle C equaled the

angle c : would we not then have been unable to complete the demonstration?

In other words, in addition to the series of intuitions which we have made step by step, it was also necessary that we should be able to remember the previous intuitions or perceptions that we had made, before we could combine our intuitions and draw our conclusion; and that is where 'the steadfast power within' or the holding power within, comes in.

Deductive reasoning consists of nothing but a series of intuitions plus the memory of intuitions previously made. The same likewise is true of inductive reasoning.

Visualize the familiar story of Sir Isaac Newton and his so-called discovery of the principle of gravitation.

Newton pondered long and deeply. He held the problem in his mind. He went into a deep sleep under an apple-tree, and in that deep sleep the principle of gravitation appeared to him as his solution. An apple fell from the tree upon his head and woke Newton so suddenly that the solution of the problem did not at once fade from his memory before he had grasped it in his waking consciousness.

Some one else came to realize that, if the principle of gravitation alone were operative, all the planets would come tumbling into each other, into the Sun, and finally into the Central Sun, and again, hold-

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ing these apparently contradictory facts together in the mind, all at once came the intuition of the principles of the centrifugal and of the centripetal forces in the Universe, keeping everything in harmony.

Some one else, pondering on these things, and holding them together in his mind, had the still further intuition of the principles of attraction and repulsion; and some lover of ancient myths, pondering still further, and holding all of these things together in his mind, suddenly was possessed of still another intuition that this was what was meant by the loves and hates of the Gods in ancient mythology.

And, so pondering and holding these things all together in our minds, we come at last to the old song,

“ ’Tis Love, ’tis Love, ’tis Love, that makes the World go round.”

“ Love Divine, all love excelling.”

All additions to Wisdom, then, so far as they are acquired by

Reason and Intuition, are the result of Intuition, aided by the power of the Mind to hold fast the previously remembered intuitions, until such time as the thinker can see, grasp, and comprehend the underlying combination held before his mind’s eye.

In this process it is Intuition that actually acquires the added Wisdom. The rest of reasoning simply holds the combination steadfast before the mind’s eye in order that intuition may accomplish the act of perception. When intuition sees, it knows, and although the thinker may use his reason, either to test the accuracy of what he may think that he sees, or for the purpose of demonstrating the truth of his intuitions to others, who have to see the problem step by step, before their own intuitions can grasp the result as a whole, nevertheless the rest of the reasoning faculty merely aids the intuition, while it is the intuition itself which performs the marvelous act.



HOKKU

The restless ant moves hither and thither;
A leaf flutters down; swiftly a car passes.
Whither, O man, speedest thou?— *R. E. Coates*

REAL THEOSOPHY

MAGISTER ARTIUM



WHEN THE sun begins to shine on a damp earth, it often raises a dense damp fog; and he would be a poor judge who should abuse the sun for that, for we know that soon the fog will disperse and the earth will glow with light and warmth and joy.

When the sunlight of Theosophy was poured on the earth, it warmed up a good many things; and one of the things it did was to raise a considerable deal of fog. This was a risk which the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky, had to incur — it was inevitable.

The light of Theosophy, falling into strange places, would take weird forms in some minds; so it is not surprising that the world has seen many grotesque perversions of Theosophy. These have prevailed to such an extent that many earnest inquirers have been disappointed, and set against Theosophy.

But the mists are rising. The hunger of people for the light which Theosophy can give, still prevails, and grows; the distortions of Theosophy grow more and more grotesque, and prove their inadequacy to meet the people's needs. And now people learn that there is such a thing as genuine Theosophy, free from all absurdities, the same as it was in the beginning.

If anyone should say they have met with various bodies claiming to represent Theosophy, and they cannot tell which is right, or if any one is right; then let them apply the infallible test. Let them examine (1) whether the teachings proclaimed are the same as those found in the writings of the Founder, H. P. Blavatsky; and (2) whether the body claiming to speak for Theosophy is carrying out the program of active practical work laid down by H. P. Blavatsky.

Only the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society can answer this test.

One finds many people today who have been misled by travesties of Theosophy, and who are rejoiced to find that there is such a thing as genuine Theosophy. For, in their previous experience, they have been at once attracted and repelled: attracted by the truths of Theosophy, and repelled by the absurdities which have been promulgated by people claiming to represent these truths.

True Theosophy is eminently sane, wholesome, and practical; in which it but displays the spirit of the original Founder, as shown in her writings. It does not appeal to a love of the marvelous, or flatter personal ambition, or make preposterous claims on behalf of par-

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ticular individuals. It inculcates no strange practices, and does not deal in absurd doctrines.

What *does* it teach? The truths of Theosophy as taught by the Founder, and the practical application of those truths. The latter is very important: for, as long as a belief remains merely intellectual, and is not put into practice — does not affect the life of the believer — then such belief cannot be called a real conviction. The person who holds it has not fully assimilated the truth: it has entered his mind but has not penetrated to his heart. H. P. Blavatsky has often enough declared that her mission was not to found a school of learning, however lofty, but to influence profoundly the thoughts and actions of mankind.

Of what use would it be for me to believe the doctrine of Karma (for instance), if I rested content to entertain it as a curious item of learning, and never permitted it to influence my conduct? Nay, it would be true to say that, in that case, I never understood the doctrine at all; and to argue that, if I do understand it, my conduct must inevitably be influenced.

I understand, from the teachings, that this personality which clothes me, and these circumstances by which I am surrounded, are the result of my own doings. This is the point to which, by past thoughts, and desires, and acts, in our common 'life, I have ultimately brought myself. I am tan-

gled in the web of my own spinning.

Living my life with this idea continually in mind, I soon begin to find daily confirmations of its truth. I have found a clue to the problem of life, and it works. I now realize better my own power and responsibility. It is my own footsteps that have brought me where I now stand; I can tread my way onward by my own footsteps alone. My bearing towards what *is* becomes one of philosophic acceptance; and I cease to blame extraneous powers for those parts of my fate which I do not like. My outlook towards the future is one of hope and confidence; for I see that my fate is in my own hands.

Thus my life becomes influenced practically by this teaching; and further, I am filled with the wish to have others share this practical knowledge. The chief duty of a genuine Theosophist is to requite the favors which he has received from his teachers by passing those favors on.

It is a cardinal teaching of Theosophy that the personality — what we call I myself — is the 'little man,' but there is a 'greater man.' This alone is the real Self. Let me find it.

How can such a doctrine be said to have been understood by a man who merely states it and rests content with that? Surely one who really believes it *cannot* remain in the same state as before! Must not such a believer begin at once to

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exhibit tokens of the reality of his faith; try to subordinate his personality to its proper place, to withstand its importunate claims, and thus to give room for that greater Self to take control of the life? If not, the man is no Theosophist; he is a pseudo-theosophist.

We are aware that if we proclaim the paramountcy of Duty we shall probably scare away some people. But surely such people can be spared; and surely there must be many more who will not be scared, but invited, by the call to Duty; and each one of these is worth ten of the other kind.

Therefore there need be no hesitation in avowing that Duty is one of the watchwords of Theosophy. It is a blessed word: for by that word we have a way of escaping from the network of selfish motives, so hard to eliminate. Are not many people sick of themselves, driven to seek momentary forgetfulness in various distractions, in a succession of sense-impressions, in narcotics perhaps -- or even sometimes in suicide? But what about Duty as an escape from the little self?

It is written that Man is such a high being that he can never find final satisfaction in self-seeking. The cup of pleasure or ambition always contains a drop of poison. Hence Man is driven, sooner or later, and by his own nature, to abandon the search for personal satisfaction; and it is only then

that he begins really to live. Such has ever been the teaching of the Highest, throughout the ages. And it is a true teaching.

Theosophy offers you a path of Duty.

And Knowledge? Yes indeed; but for what do you desire knowledge? If it is only to increase your personal stature, we have just seen that the goal of that path is bitterness: all there is found to be vanity. Is there such a thing as love of Knowledge 'for its own sake'? Or can it be that, behind this phrase, there lurks the desire for possessions or for power?

Having determined on the path of Duty, what Knowledge can I seek except that which will light my chosen path? Do not think of the path of Duty as narrow and joyless; but as ever expanding and bringing new joy, as of one who exchanges the drowsy comfort of bed for the invigorating sunlight and bracing air of a spring morning.

The prospect of Knowledge opening out before the student of Theosophy is boundless; but it cannot be enjoyed except in so far as the aspirant has fitted himself for it. If Knowledge is not to be a vanity and a burden, we must first get rid of those weaknesses which would render it such.

We have just spoken of *enjoying* knowledge, but this does not mean selfish personal enjoyment. Our powers are meant for service; otherwise they become a curse to us. It is right that a man should

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enjoy the air and sun; but not that he should try to appropriate them.

Thus we have endeavored to show to some small extent what is meant by real Theosophy. Firmly built on the rock of service to humanity, it does not run after mar-

vels nor provide the means of self-aggrandisement to individuals or cliques. Its appeal is to people of good hearts and clear minds. There is much good scattered abroad in the world, which needs to be brought together, for a nucleus for the regeneration of mankind.

HERE AND THERE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

DO NOT LIMIT YOURSELF

FALLACIES IN scientific reasoning have often been pointed out by acute and unprejudiced minds; but of late days this process has become more frequent, and notably among scientific men themselves. We *assume*, for instance, that the planets are masses of physical matter only; we observe their motions; and we construct a mechanical and mathematical scheme which will explain these motions on that assumption. Having done this, we afterwards argue as follows: The planets must be masses of physical matter, because their motions are fully explained by physical laws. We conveniently forget, in short, that those said 'laws' were devised by ourselves for the express purpose of explaining those motions; and that therefore it is not surprising that they do explain them.

For the purposes of the aforesaid explanation, we have postulated an agent called 'gravitation,'

which thus appears in the guise of an unknown quantity inserted into an equation for the purpose of making it work out evenly. Gravitation would seem to be rather a name given to an observed result, than a cause or agent. And of late days it has been held that the said result can be explained otherwise than by assuming an inexplicable power of attraction.

Passing from this special instance of gravitation, to science in general, what shall we say of the argument that supernormal phenomena cannot occur, because all phenomena are fully explained by the laws of science? We reply that this alleged complete explanation was effected by the use of *counters*, standing for unknown factors, such things as 'mass,' 'force,' and the like; and that consequently there is ample room left in the 'explanation' for the introduction of new factors in place of these counters.

The truth of this observation is well illustrated by the great

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number of new facts in nature which have been discovered in the last thirty or forty years; and after the universe had been supposed to have been completely mapped out. To put it shortly: if you have a universe composed of atoms and space, and do not fully define either atoms or space; then there is obviously plenty of room in your 'space' for any number of possible things; while your 'atoms' may turn out to be anything — and indeed they have turned out to be something very different from what had been supposed.

It is needful to bear in mind that the hypotheses of science are, as scientific men themselves declare, temporary pegs to mark the position of something more real that may be discovered later; or, to change the illustration, they are a kind of scaffolding destined later on to be replaced by a permanent structure. We have to mind that we do not get so attached to the scaffolding as to be reluctant to pull it down.

The word 'law' is used vaguely. It may mean a formulated statement of what happens: as when we say that the velocity of sound, or the intensity of light, obeys the following laws; or when we enumerate various laws of chemical combination. But the word 'law' can also be used in the sense of an edict; and these two senses are apt to get confused. Or take the laws of heredity: they are merely methodized accounts of what usual-

ly happens — nothing binding or inexorable about them. The laws of nature may be no more than *habits*; perhaps we have no right to extend them indefinitely to other times and places — to remotely past ages or to other planets.

Passing from the sphere of physical science to that of human conduct, we can see how what are mere habits may assume the character of binding laws; a delusion which causes people to bind themselves and limit their possibilities needlessly. A keen realization of the artificiality of these habits or so-called laws, and a strong faith in the existence of higher possibilities, may enable us to transcend our limitations and to discover that we can do things which we had believed to be out of our power.

How many people go through a life, thus hypnotized by an idea? It may help us to realize the extent to which people are bound by their habits, if we study the ways of some people. Such people seem to have become, at some epoch in their life, finally settled in a groove, or cast in a mold; and ever after they have always done things in exactly the same way, and cannot be made to change in the smallest degree, no matter how obviously advantageous the change may be.

How many people we meet who have finally decided that there are certain things which they cannot do! They may be right sometimes, but in a large percentage of cases they are merely self-hypnotized.

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The first step out of such a state of mind is to establish the faith that human nature has infinite potentiality; that there are within each of us latent powers waiting to be unfolded. We must banish all beliefs that tend to make man assume a prostrate attitude, or to 'let go' and abandon effort.

WISDOM VS. LEARNING

THE following is from a press writer with an epigrammatic facility, Arthur Brisbane:

"Men measure the distance of another universe, separated from us by 1,000,000 light-years, and can tell you how many trillion times each second the electron makes a revolution in its tiny solar system.

"But they know as little about life and death as they did when it was written: 'The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork.'"

"Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser," says the author of *Proverbs*; yet, *without* wisdom, all is emptiness. When Theosophy was introduced, many people regarded it as a piling up of information. Some do now. It is a way of life.

The word 'Occultism' has been thought to mean the acquisition of a lot of new knowledge and powers, added on to our life, without changing the essential structure of that life, just as a meretricious artist might pile decorations on to a crazy building.

But we tell people that Occultism is the acme of simplicity. And it often irritates them to be told so; it hits them in a tender

spot. Yet what can Occultism be but the *evangelium aeternum*, the eternal gospel? And what does this deal with, if not with the art of living?

In the mechanical system of the universe, as constructed by science last century, and not abandoned yet, the real insoluble mysteries were at the very beginning. The savants might tell us all about sound and light and heat; yet they could never explain how one atom can act upon its neighbor over an alleged empty space. In short, they had to begin with a vast assumption.

It may be said that science has vindicated itself by the wonderful practical achievements it has made; but people are asking, What achievements? Whither are they leading us? If the final result of scientific discovery is to be a world in ruins, as many people seem to fear, and with considerable justice, will this vindicate our knowledge?

Argument enough here, surely, for a more intimate study of the essentials of life, the first beginnings, the sure foundations, on which alone a stable structure can be reared.

Experience teaches us that we cannot climb the heights until we have mastered such intimate and homely problems as how to control our temper and regulate our numerous emotions of fear, vanity, anger, etc. And may it not be that the mysteries of life and death, spoken of in our quotation,

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are hidden from us just because we have not mastered these apparently insignificant, but really great, problems in our conduct?

FAITH AND SKEPTICISM

A SKEPTIC may pride himself on his strength, his independence; but his is an attitude of weakness, a misfortune. For, not having any staying power, he is the victim of changing moods and fancies; he has nothing fixed to anchor to, to bring him back to a center after he has wandered from it. A man without such a faith must either rely on authority and habit, or make his life center around the satisfaction of bodily instincts and needs.

Thus a skeptic, unless he is merely a scoffer desiring to discredit any belief that conflicts with his personal enjoyment, is a man to be pitied. One with a bodily constitution which is deficient in central strength, is a victim of nervous tides; he is a machine running without a governor; and the same is so with a man who has no faith in anything stable and true.

We cannot rest in the belief that life is vain and chaotic, and that man is the hopeless and helpless toy of chance and extraneous forces and heredity. We feel that there must be order and right, even though it be hid from our comprehension. But it is not so hard to find a way to understanding it. The teachings of science, when it oversteps its appointed sphere; the dogmas of theological systems; these stand in our path and show themselves irreconcilable with the facts of life.

Theosophy, by its reasonable interpretation of the facts of life, has rescued many from their tossing on a sea of doubt, and given them a sure faith to anchor to. That faith is mainly a conviction of the essential divinity of man; of the existence within man of a fount of wisdom and strength superior to his ordinary reasoning mind, beyond the reach of changing moods. To that belief we can return after the wanderings into which we are drawn in the pursuit of desires and fancies; and it will prove a rock upon which we can build.

KILLARNEY, IRELAND

FRED. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E., M. INST. C. E. I.



THOSE WHO pass hurriedly through the Killarney district know little of its manifold fascination. Even among natives

few have thoroughly explored its features. But to one who has made many more or less prolonged visits there, at all seasons, and who has gained a sympathetic interest in

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its people and in the legends that belong to every rock, islet, and mountain, and who has seen it in storm and sunshine, at dawn and sunset, and by moonlight, the feeling grows that here the immutable decree of Karmic law, "there shall be no more going up and down," during this cycle, never fully descended — that, in fact, this is no part of the ordinary world at all, but something distinct, sacred, set apart for some inscrutable reason and purpose.

The very atmosphere of some fairy-world of Light and Day hovers about these Lakes and wooded mountain heights, and seems to penetrate everything. Right in the center, in the very heart of all the beauty, between Dinish Island and Glengla, rises the Shee, or Sidhe (Sanskrit *Siddhi*) Mountain — the mountain of the Fairy World, next to Purple Mountain.

Strange to say, it is just here, too, that the luxuriant vegetation of Killarney seems fairly to run riot, and we find trees and shrubs of tropical character growing side by side with those of temperate and colder climes. Eucalyptus, palm, bamboo, jostle cedar and pine; while the profusion of flowers of all kinds is amazing. And the delicious perfumes of the place, with just a faint suggestion of a turf-fire somewhere a little way off, are something to remember.

Some of the Killarney plants belong to what was once an unbroken coast-line extending to

Spain. Such are *saxifraga umbrosa* (London pride), *saxifraga geum*, *arbutus unedo*, and *pinguicula grandiflora*. The arbutus grows in profusion at Killarney, although its real home, in a sense, is among the Pyrenees. Other plants are found along the west coast, which are indigenous to the eastern shores of America.

One thinks of Breasil, and the Isles of the Western Sea, a later geological period than that when there was unbroken, or practically unbroken, connexion between Ireland, Spain, and America. And then one begins to wonder when the links of the past will be more clear.

These memories of the past! Are they not pressing more strongly than ever on the hearts and imaginations — on the soul — of the Irish? No attempted deadening of this urge by half-hearted dry-as-dust methods ingeniously forced on the poor folk by interested parties (vested interests) will avail much. The unrest, which manifests in so many ways in contemporary Irish life, has surely a deep source. There are incarnations and incarnations. Some kinds are racial, that is, belong to the larger sweep of things. No artificial barriers can stop them. No pretended patronage of the Irish language movement will be able to check influences belonging to the inner life of a race-soul under recurrent upward impulse.

Hy-breasil and the Isles of the

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West! Once the Coom-Dhuv, or Black Valley, to the west of the Killarney Upper Lake, was an arm of the sea; and those who lived on the temple-crowned heights of Killarney could have told us something of those Isles, which were in no shadow-world, but were realities, relics of Atlantis, undoubtedly. These legends must find their solution, partly by the names, partly by the details; and be studied in the light of H. P. Blavatsky's writings, particularly *The Secret Doctrine*, where many a clue is given; and where the Sanskrit, Chaldaean, and Irish names fail to give the clues, it seems the Welsh will come triumphantly to the rescue.

After all, the details have only relative importance, for the broad facts are already plainly outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*; and it is no very difficult matter to see what is meant by Partholon, with the cow-faced and the goat-headed; by Nemed; by the Tuatha de Danaan (Fourth Race Atlanteans of the Right Path), and Formorians (those of the Left); some of their descendants living on in archaic Ireland; and the Milesians, the early arrivals of the Fifth, from Central Asia via Egypt and Scandinavia, when Spain and Africa were one and Ireland was part of Scandinavia. All of which was long before what we call the Celts, crossed the Caucasus into Europe.

Irish mythology is real history, some of it disfigured, as usual, by irreverent or ignorant hands. The

worst of it is that the Irish seemed to enjoy having their past belittled, and their gods and heroes dethroned in favor of a piece of patchwork of alien growth; a kind of travesty of Eastern and Egyptian teachings, belittled, like the Irish gods; and dethroned, truly! It was a 'magical and Druidic mist' of the wrong kind unfortunately, which descended upon the heirs of Atlantean knowledge. And it will take some effort to dispel it, very probably. It is dispelled though!

Thoughts like these are pat to cross one's mind among the regal solitudes of Killarney, where for miles, as you look down from some crag, no human habitation can be seen — one of the places where you can sit, and watch the Sword of Light, and the Spear of Victory getting busy; so that the other two Jewels brought from the Isles of the West will shine again.

One visible sign, at least, of the Sword of Light, is a growing temperance movement among the youth of Ireland. Right conduct leads to light, whatever be the mists obscuring one's vision along the road of life. Perhaps the youth of Ireland will next look into the ancient past to discern vestiges of nobility as well as simplicity of character and note what manner of men some true kings were, and by whom attended — bards, or poet-seers; law-givers, or disciplinarians; craftsmen; and warriors. Another kind of functionary to be found in courts was — well, he was not needed.

KILLARNEY, IRELAND

One of the legends of Killarney, really connected, it would seem, with Inisfallen, has no very exact parallel, and possesses some interesting and suggestive features. The story as given by Mr. Ockenden a century and a half ago is somewhat as follows.

There lived in Inisfallen many hundred years ago a prince named O'Donoghoe. He manifested during his stay on earth great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom; for by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the assistance of demons; and among many other astonishing performances, he rendered his person immortal.

After having continued a long time on the surface of the globe without growing old he one day took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor, like some aerial existence, passed through the window, shot away horizontally to a considerable distance, and then descended. The water, unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance to the sub-aqueous regions and then, to the astonishment of all beholders closed over his head, as they believed, for ever; but in this they were mistaken.

He returned again, some years after, revisiting — not, like Hamlet's ghost "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous," but

— the radiance of the sun, making day joyful, to those at least who saw him; since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions, sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked upon as a mark of very bad times.

Mr. Ockenden continues the tale of his experiences:

"It was feared this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse, without his once cheering their eyes with his presence; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curiosity, before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvelous fact.

"The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water along with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface towards a small island, near which they again descended under water. This account is confirmed in time, place, and circumstance, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony."

Another account says that at the feast, before he first disappeared, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in the ages to come; and that after he reached the center of the Lake opposite them, he paused a moment, turned slowly round, looked toward his friends, and waving his hand to them with the cheerful air of one

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taking a short farewell, descended.

Mrs. S. C. Hall relates that an English soldier of the 30th Regiment, and an Irish comrade, were while she was at Killarney engaged in plowing up part of the old churchyard in Inisfallen, a work they both disliked. As they were mooring the boat in which they came to the island in the morning, a day or so after the work had commenced,

“they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old churchyard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds (the soldier) himself was terribly alarmed, but his companion fainted in the boat.”

He repeatedly afterward saw smaller groups of figures, but no crowd so numerous.

“In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted he would declare it if on his death-bed.”

Some say the best way to approach Killarney for the first time is by the wildly picturesque road over the mountains from Kenmare and Glengarriff. One obtains a magnificent view of the Upper Lake from the turn of the road a little north of the police barrack.

Others again have experienced the charm of an absolutely sudden surprise awaiting them, when, arriving at Killarney by rail and driving south about a mile or more, during which nothing is seen but the over-arching trees, and turning

to the left up a steep road south of the Flesk demesne, toward one of the guest-houses there, the whole panorama of the Lower Lake and the mountains bursts upon you just as you reach your destination. Nothing has prepared you for a scene of so great beauty; so this way of arriving has its merits. From this situation, or from Flesk Castle; from a point above the Torc cascade; and from the point first mentioned, are obtained perhaps the three finest views of the Lakes.

But in truth unrivaled viewpoints seem endless, each having its own especial charm. The play of color, cloud, and shadow at various hours and seasons is so extraordinary that no brush of painter could ever do Killarney justice. As for photographs, they are merely like pegs to hang one's memory-hats upon.

To know Killarney stay two months there at least, make friends with the natives, learn the legends, and absorb the harmony of the region.

“And though many an isle be fair,
Fairer still is Inisfallen,
Since the hour Cuchullain lay
In the bower enchanted.
See! the ash that waves today,
Fand its grandsire planted.
When from wave to mountain-top
All delight thy sense bewilders,
Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
Once by her skilled fingers
Still, though many an age be gone,
Round Killarney lingers.”

— *William Larminie*



FREE WILL OR 'FATE'

QUESTION: Do Theosophists believe in the free will of man, or do they think that all his acts are destined by fate?

ANSWER: THE will of man, as he now is, is conditioned and limited by the laws of Nature, hence it cannot be held that, while in this form of existence, his will is ever entirely free. This being the case, Theosophists hold that everything in the world, yea, throughout the whole Cosmos, is subject to restrictions, while in the throes of improving and progressing existence. Hence we cannot indeed be much disappointed when we too come up against the limits which restrict our will, thought, and action.

Taking it for granted that our kind inquirer seriously wishes to become acquainted with the relative position which we — still but imperfectly evolved beings — occupy, with reference to our place and part with regard to the measure of liberty of will we may actually possess, I should judge that the following will be what Theosophists in general would most likely reply to the above interesting question.

Self-conscious man usually loves power and sometimes goes to great lengths to acquire it. During many

adventurous attempts to get such coveted power, he meets against obstacles and limitations at every turn, meanwhile loudly acclaiming, and seeking to assure himself, that his will is free, and that he can do anything he likes; often meanwhile imposing on others in doing so. Baby Egos hew down imaginary 'big trees' with satisfied assurance, and usually they gain much experience ere they begin to find out the limits beyond which they cannot go.

An all-pervading chain of 'pairs of opposites' subsists throughout Nature, and Man experiences these contradictory elements within himself also, as is proved by his higher and lower propensities. The Higher Self, *i. e.*, his Divine Self or 'Spark,' being identical with Divinity Itself, is unconditionally perfect and free. Imprisoned as it is in flesh, it has become beclouded, and consequently it finds itself subjected to all the opposites of nature, conditioned and no more free. It expresses itself through the lower self, which is the evolving imperfect being, presumably on its road to rejoin its 'Father in Heaven'; the Higher Self which overshadows it, but which is not identified with the lower self for the time being.

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There is a Grand Plan, a design, in the great Cosmos, which it is necessary for man eventually to know in its every detail. Therefore the enforced lengthy pilgrimage which the personal or lower self is obliged to undertake. Life after life it adds a little more to its store of experience according to the degree in which it profits, well or ill, by the reactions from its faults and mistakes, thereby gaining knowledge of the laws which uphold the universal plan, and which never can be transgressed.

At times man comes to crossroads where it becomes incumbent upon him to make a choice, by exercising his will. The manner in which he makes use of these innumerable opportunities, determines the extent of his progress, or the reverse. In the Great Plan, progress must be constant, or the pilgrim will be forced to remain behind until he gets another chance at some later period, to make up for what he has disregarded in the past.

Eternally recurring Life-waves ever make for a higher state of being, as element after element unfolds in due progression. Those that are not as yet in evidence, will be so, for they rise and rise constantly, and without fail. Earth, Water, Air, Fire, Ether, Aether, Âkâsha, are the successive unfoldment of their development, which corresponds and is intimately interrelated with man's evolution also.

No backward moves are possible

in the grand evolutionary scheme. We men and women are, at the present time, however, merely at the middle stage of this process, which corresponds to the element of Fire (the mind and will in man) expressed through the medium of the enfolding Ether. The process itself is almost imperceptible in its benign slowness.

Having passed the middle stage of evolution, we are on the upward arc, where the exercise of the will towards reaching the desired goal becomes more and more important. The will of Man will eventually be wholly free, as will be seen from what is subsequently explained.

The personal man that now is, has meanwhile to endeavor to advance by means of the kind of will he at the present time possesses, and which, with added power and discrimination, he may develop as he advances. His objective is to realize all Being, and the purpose of all existence — his own included; which constitutes the whole of the Grand Cosmic Drama.

In brief response to the second part of the question, which refers to man's acts being predestined *in toto* or not, limited by 'Kismet,' as it has sometimes been called: this notion has but a minor place in the great economy of the Universe, inasmuch as the semi-free individual is as irrevocably bound by *the effects of his own acts*, as every other conscious entity, whether a System, a World, a God, or a Man. All are subject to this

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law from which there can be no appeal.

As far as individual man is concerned, he can learn and know the workings of this law, endure the effects of past Karma, be it either willingly or under protest, it matters not, until he has finally gained sufficient self-restraint naturally to avoid creating causes which, to his knowledge, will result in effects unpleasant or harmful to himself and others.

The will of man, thus disen-

cumbered, will eventually be free!

When he has finally attained complete identification with his 'Divine Spark,' which as yet but overshadows him, there will no longer be any question of either constraint or freedom. Will, Law, and Power will then be found to be One in the omnipotence of Divinity, of which man's higher nature is a Spark, whose pilgrimage, as a human being will be ended with the realization that he is, and ever was, in essence, *Divinity Itself*.

— E. A. N.

REINCARNATION NOT A PESSIMISTIC IDEA

QUESTION: A friend of mine, who recently attended one of your Sunday meetings, remarked to me the other day: "Reincarnation is such a pessimistic idea. It is much more comforting to think of death as ending all one's troubles." How would you meet this objection?

ANSWER: To choose one's beliefs because they are comforting, to live at ease and dream away the time in theorizing and doubting and poring over books, thus bringing on mental dyspepsia, is certainly the way neither to truth, nor to beauty, nor to nobleness of character. From this lethargic condition we must at all costs rouse ourselves; many and unexpected are the occasions which Karma and the Good Law give to us for doing so. The

unexpected is always happening, though it has its explanation in the deeper life of the soul, which, as a rule, is hidden from mortal eyes.

The true Self knows the path to Life and Light, and demands that, while seeking truth, we devote ourselves to the service of humanity. If we do not, we are neglecting the *open* way to truth, for such service, unselfishly performed, purifies the mind and gives us vision; then we do not mind life's troubles, for we see beyond them and know that they are but steps on the path which leads upward all the way, and which is necessarily a rugged one, owing to the duality of our nature.

A word spoken in due season, the consciousness of failure and defeat, or of the hollowness and empti-

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ness of the life we have been leading, and much more that befalls us, may awaken the soul to a knowledge of its divine possibilities; to a recognition of the necessity of self-directed effort, which may prove to be the first step on the path which leads to perfection; for the Higher Self seizes every opportunity to shine into our souls and to guide us to truth.

And it may be that your friend's formulation of his objection to Reincarnation,—for he would never have thought of it unless he had been impressed by what he had heard, and your desire to reply to it,—is just such an opportunity; it may lead him to look further into these things and to prove his own soul. If he does so he will find in himself the solution of all his doubts and difficulties, and strength to continue on the Way.

As Reincarnation and Karma — for the two are inseparable — are unescapable, it behooves a man to accept them and courageously to face himself. He who is unwilling to bear the consequences of his deeds, lacks some of the essential qualities of true manliness, those qualities by virtue of which we are led to atone for the past and to make good what we have done amiss. Moreover, the suffering we bring upon ourselves, through wrongdoing and wrong-thinking, may awaken us to the need of amendment and readjustment; for "there is no escape even through death from the supreme necessity of self-control."

Death does not usher us into a state of perfection, though it is true that it ends our troubles *for a certain time*, for at death a period of rest begins for the tired soul; a rest that is necessary, in order that it may recuperate and assimilate the good — be it much or little — which it attempted to do during its last incarnation. Thus, through Nature's merciful provision, it gains new strength to continue the battle against evil, which must be fought and won on the plane of earthly existence, where the soul is conscious of its duality.

Everything in Nature is rhythmic. Constituted as we are, these alternating periods of rest and activity are necessary. The bow that is always bent loses its force; and death, like sleep, enables us to recover our elasticity and our confidence in ultimate victory; so that, on returning to earth-life again, we take up our unfinished and — O that men only knew it! — *self-appointed* tasks with renewed zest and zeal and greater possibilities of success.

Nor are our efforts for good unavailing, even though they may not at once be successful. In virtue of life's rhythm their effect persists. The force set in motion runs its course and then dies away; but according to cyclic law it returns again and again, in this life and in future lives. And so we renew the endeavor. For every one of us is the epitome of his past, which lives in the present, but in altered

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form, according to how we react to it. It either dominates us, or we dominate it. But we need never fear it, however 'bad' it may have been, in any one of the meanings of that often misused word. For there is in us the Spiritual Will, which may be defined as the Highest Part of ourselves, when it is in action. And this Spiritual Will, once aroused, enables us to dominate conditions and to break through limitations.

Karma, in one of its aspects, is life as man himself determines it,— for, as Theosophy teaches, "we are self-produced beings, the creatures of Karma." So we may, if we only will, be our own saviors and redeemers from all obstacles.

And Reincarnation is the opportunity to improve and progress continually, to make good what we have bungled in the past. It is, therefore, by no means 'a pessimistic idea.' On the contrary, it is the promise of a brighter, aye, a glorious future for ourselves and for humanity, and, as such, it is the basis of a reasonable optimism.

All we have to do is to heed the behests of the Divinity within, which, says Katherine Tingley, "is ever pleading to be listened to, ever waiting to be recognised, ever ready to help and serve that it may bring the whole nature of man to its standard of godlike perfection." — H. A. F.

COLONEL ARTHUR L. CONGER JOINS THE THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF, POINT LOMA

G. VON PURUCKER, M. A., D. LITT.

MEMBERS of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society everywhere will unquestionably have deep interest in reading the subjoined communication from the War Department, written by Major General C. P. Summerall, Chief of Staff, and addressed to Colonel Arthur L. Conger, U. S. A., Retired.

Colonel Conger has been a member of the Universal Brotherhood for thirty-six years, and for quite a long time was at the heart of the Organization's work in New York

City, where his invaluable services were so deeply appreciated by his fellow-workers.

Later he was an officer in the United States Army, where he made a record which perhaps has few parallels. During the world war, Colonel Conger's military position was as follows: General Staff, A. E. F., Commander of the Fifty-Sixth Infantry Brigade in the Meuse-Argonne Battle. His last post was that of United States Military Attaché at Berlin.

Since his retirement Colonel Conger immediately rejoined our

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Theosophical staff of workers at Headquarters. Colonel Conger's splendid loyalty to his Theosophical principles has never changed in the many varied duties to which he has been called during all these years, and it is needless to say that his return as an active worker among us is one of the most pleasing events to our Headquarters Staff that has occurred in recent time.

Colonel Conger's devotion to our three great Leaders and Teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and particularly to Katherine Tingley, whose Private Secretary he was for a time at 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, his capacities and abilities as a man, and his sterling qualities as a gentleman, place him in the estimation of all who know him, as one among many.

At the request of a number of his old-time friends and fellow-workers at our Headquarters, he kindly permitted the publication of Major General Summerall's letter, which follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of the Chief of Staff,

Washington. November 6, 1928.

*Colonel Arthur L. Conger, U.S.A.,
Retired,*

*Care K. B. Conger,
Irvington, New York.*

My dear Colonel Conger:

As your retirement from active

service, upon your own request has now become effective, I deem it only proper, and take pleasure in expressing to you the grateful appreciation of the War Department of your valuable service to the country, which extended over a period of more than thirty years.

You leave in the War Department a record which discloses that you cheerfully assumed the various difficult duties and responsibilities assigned to you and performed them with enthusiastic energy and zeal. An enviable reputation as an authority on military history has been attained by you and your military research work is of lasting benefit to the service.

Your last active assignment, that of Military Attaché to Germany, has been especially characterized by that full understanding of duty which has made possible the exercise of your high professional attainments. Your performance of duty has contributed largely to military information and your sympathetic attitude in all associations formed, has served greatly to restore that friendly relationship so desirable between countries.

Now that you have received your well earned release from active duty, you can retire with the full consciousness that you have always been faithful in the performance of duty, and you take with you my sincere wishes that the future will bring to you only the good things of life.

Sincerely yours,

C. P. SUMMERALL,

Major General, Chief of Staff.

THE CONSTANT SONG

GRACE KNOCHE

"I wonder how it would be if we wove a song into all our work, a song either of the lips or of the heart, to reach to distant climes and solace the hearts of men."

— WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE (*in a private letter*)

HE HAD made a complete failure of his life, a failure that in its own category left nothing to be desired. And this, after some ten years of great professional success, following a brilliant youth. But a witless spasm of plain speaking on an occasion when, to be strictly 'ethical,' he at least should have held his tongue, alienated influential *confrères* and virtually closed those lofty, alluring doors that open before the specialist with every spectacular success.

Then, as if that were not enough, came partial loss of hearing, from some obscure, undiscoverable cause, and 'prognosis unfavorable' was all the comfort he could get. And what can a deaf man do with heart-troubles or disorders of the respiratory tract? Several things, perhaps, but correct diagnoses are not among them.

Three months marked many changes. The little black bag was laid aside, the office closed, the proud, shining rows that once gave such a prosperous dignity to its appearance had been partly sold and partly shelved, the library was locked away, and a rather bewildered man was filling, faithfully

and well, however, a semi-clerical position with his old medical publishing firm. He might have done better, quite probably, but he had an invalid sister to care for and he had neither time nor spirit for hunting bargains or 'shopping round.' This would tide things over till something better turned up.

But nothing did, and before long the bitter sense of failure which he could not put aside had quickened into a kind of shameless life, a walking ghost, as it were, pushed into almost tangibility by the condescending undertone he felt in the attitude of former professional friends. Of course, his plain speaking had somewhat roused their ire — though they well knew how utterly truthful he had been. Indeed, it was because of that knowledge that they took the lofty tone. Truth cuts, and a polished generalization or two would have been much more to their liking, so—

"If he would only go into politics, now. . . ."

"If he only weren't so lacking in initiative. . . ."

"If he only had the ambition to go in for some reform. . . ."

"If he only wouldn't settle down into his Quixotic notions of duty —

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though what are you expecting? He always was a little queer.”

No, he never heard them say these things, nor did talebearers come in with reports. But there was no need. He said them all to himself, and many others in kind, with that crucifying finality that comes with knowledge not dependent upon sight or hearing for evidential proofs. If he only hadn't lost his ambition — shameless, irremediable loss in an era of get and grab!

But somehow, day by day the world's ideal program of scramble and jostle and rush became more and more unreal. And one fair day he became aware that something was singing in his heart. One foul day, some would call it, for the pressure had at last reached its heartrending worst. Then something happened — something, in a little time-oasis five minutes wide and long, when everything suddenly became different. Everything — ideas, ideals, his views of life, his plans, his hopes, his desires — so quickly changed and so utterly, that after that little five minutes of inner quiescence he felt that nothing else could ever possibly matter.

There was no storm, no supreme agony, no earthquake of either soul or mind — nothing, in short, to make this little time-oasis seem half as important as the long dumb miles of desert or the misery of strain and climb that had gone before. It was only that now nothing mattered. Nothing, that is, but

the singing that filled that inner air, a soundless, inner singing, a constant, ensouling song. Nothing but that could ever matter again. To keep that singing close, to live with it, hold it near, treasure it — never to lose it, never to let it die — all unconsciously this was his daily care.

Then what a strange barometer life became at once! The least digression from duty, charity, patience, fortitude, love, strong courage — and the singing was suddenly stilled, or heard only dimly, distantly. The least upflaring of his old ambitions, the least concession to the selfish ideals he had once thought so worthwhile, the least discouragement or dismay at the little taunting thrusts from those who “Wouldn't say this, of course, if we didn't think so much of you” — the least quiver of hurt from these things, and suddenly the song was no more constant, the mystic strains were gone.

A singing — yes, it was a singing, for we have no better word. It was also an inner burgeoning conviction that with duty done, all would be done and done truly and beautifully. It was also a light of a kind. But who wants to describe or define it? Those who have heard it, felt it, sung with it, *know*; of those who have not, most will deny it, others will doubt, and only the very few will dream that it may be true, and will hope.

But to him it was a simple Reality, calm and sweet and quiet,

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and the faster died the old, early, worldly hopes, the more divinely real became that inner song, that constant song with its cadence of imperishable peace.

One youthful dream, however, lingered — the dearest, the last to go, because half idealism and nearly half love of reform. When that dream first let new light in — he was very young then, still in college — to give his whole life to it became both ambition and hope. He wanted to make it real, a something ideal come wholly true. But everything happened to make this impossible, and at last the hope perished and only the dream remained.

Being a dream, that could not die, you see, and in course of time a new hope rose out of it, like a conviction. To see this ideal thing made real by others — if *he* had failed, no matter now, since he had — that was enough. Others could do this needed work. Others, older and better than he, to whom in the days of his idealism he had poured out his dreams and hopes. Or others, younger, to whom now that the singing was ever with him he had opened all his heart, hoping they would look twice on it and see what was written there.

Of course they didn't look, but still, companioned by that constant song, to be cynical, unloving, despairing, or untrue, was impossible. The bright dream beckoned him (he hardly dared call it a hope) and he seemed to see written in the

very air about him, "It can be done!"

But even that was to be snatched away. A dear 'friend' did it. "Don't waste your time promoting that! Can't you see that they only slip away with 'nothing doing' written in their very walk? They think you're insincere — well, not that perhaps, but well, a little daft. They say it's nothing but a pose. Take my advice this once, do! and cut it out!"

He was stabbed, cut to the quick. "Well, life, if there's anything more you want, you might as well take it now," he said to himself and then he laughed — not as though the constant song were singing in him, but cynically, bitterly. Oh, if he could rouse some faint resistance to the torrent of despair and disillusion that was choking, drowning him! He felt one impulse only, the urge to creep away as a wounded animal does, anywhere, so that he might be alone and away from all his kind.

Of course the singing was no more. Not such a song can hold its own in the midst of bewilderment like this. There was blackness, numbness everywhere, the blackness of a soul torn loose from its last mooring and tossed to the mercies of doubt. He did not know it was only one more illusion, a vaster as it was a crueller illusion. He did not know that it was merely one of the portals of the Path — merely the next one of those gates, "lofty and barred

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with brass, grim and unyielding," as written by the oracle of old.

He did not know — but why enumerate? What he did know was exactly nothing at all. And in this he was just as fortunate as those who know a great deal, for the strength to unbar that portal comes not from what you know but from what you are.

The night passed somehow, and somehow the next day. He went about his duties like a numb, walking protest, the only sense left to him, seemingly, the sense of loss. His child, his ideal, was dead. But little by little that sense changed its bearings, and he soon saw that the only loss that mattered was the loss of that inner song, that constant, inner singing which he had never supposed would cease. He had never dreamed that it could cease. But it had ceased. And so the day passed and the next day and the next.

"Oh, take everything, *everything!* Everything I have believed in, every hope I ever had. Only leave me that, leave me *that.*" It was the cry of a soul racked and agonized, as souls must be at times; it was the cry of a mind that was shelterless and had not yet learned that strong minds must be so while hard journeying is on. He had slipped down into a bleak abyss of torment — thrown there by the ignorant officiousness of a perfectly well-meaning 'friend.'

When suddenly there crept over him a sense of delicious ease. There

was nothing occult or mysterious about it — he had simply fallen asleep. Kind nature is merciful and has her anodynes. That was all — asleep, head on arm, bent over the desk before him, one hand on the edge of his chair.

He laughed rather suddenly, and then he bent over and touched that hand of his, and lifted it, and saw (so positive and sure we are of things we see in dreams) that he had died. Of course he had died. What else could it be, when there he stood, calmly looking down on himself with little more concern than he would have felt for any other now discarded cloak.

Certainly he had died. This was not earth, with its corridors high and endless, stretching wide on either side, and with lofty colonnades through which gleamed endless vistas — fields, hills, mountain and valley both, streams with flowered banks, and happy children everywhere. No, this could not be earth.

But again his hand was lifted and with a gentle strength that brought him to his feet. A pause and the confusion passed and he saw that he was quite alive, and on old earth as well.

But beside him stood — the Unbelievable, the Ultimate, the Higher Part of him whose soundless singing he had so lately ceased to hear. Or could it be that lifelong, cherished Ideal, now in the glistening pure fullness of Reality? Somehow, in a world where all spells Unity,

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given time, it should not matter much. This thought came to him.

"Where did you come from?" he faltered slowly. "I thought, I thought. . . ."

"Well. . . ." The Reality waited.

"But I thought I had to *create* you. Where did you come from? How did you come — *without me?* I had given you up; had forgotten; had ceased to care. And now. . . ."

Or was this only another illusion? But no, it could not be. He might be a shadow, a flickering lantern-light upon a wall, he might be anything or nothing, intenuous as the air — but this, this bright strong Companion, this could have but one name — Reality.

"You — tell me . . ." he faltered again.

"I existed all the time. I was beside you every moment. It was my voice whose soundless singing you heard — until in your egoism and lack of trust you turned away. You were hoping, planning, dreaming to create me? Why, it was I who was creating you, so far as you would let me. It was I who was fashioning all the time the man I knew you could become."

"*Become?* It is too late to speak of becoming anything. I have nothing to offer now. I am stripped like a tree in winter."

"No! like a runner hastening to the goal! Oh, will you not see what life and your Real Self have tried to do for you? How they have tried to lead on the soul of you, with its vision of light ahead,

its integrity, its intuitions, but also its despairs? Yes, life — with its surgeon's work, its quick, deep slash to the bone, its cleansings, its restrictive bindings, its bitter draughts, its hurts, its confinings, and its care. Can you not see? Will you not understand? It is not that you should do, do, do — eternally scramble to *do*, that is not life's lesson. It is that you should *be*."

"But — when I go back into life again. . . ." He thought he must be dead, after all.

"You are living now," was the reply. "You have just entered life."

He wakened, rested, and he knew that it was true. The room was just the same, the chair, the books, the pictures, all were quite the same excepting for the gold-tinged light that in some half invisible way seemed to rest on them. Or he may have thought it did. But the singing had returned. There could be no mistake about that. The deadening sense of failure was gone. Regret was gone. Anxiety was gone. Despair was gone. In their place was only the singing and a sense of resilient youth. And he knew that now it would never leave again — the singing, the constant song. That was settled, and forever. Definitely, irrevocably, consciously, he at last had entered life.

His name? What a question! He has many names — or will have. Your name is one of them, or sometime will be. Mine, perhaps. He has many names, as many as there are souls listening for the song.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

C. J. R.



VERY STRIKING reproduction has lately been published in many illustrated papers of a wonderful engraving of a rhinoceros on hard basaltic rock by an accomplished artist of a later cycle of the Palaeolithic or Old Stone Age, a so-called 'primitive man.' This period is the 'Aurignacian,' named from the French village Aurignac in southwestern France, where remains of a very remarkable race, possibly our very remote ancestors, were first found. The picture referred to, however, was found in the Transvaal, South Africa, but is considered by scientists to have been made by artists of the Aurignacian race. If so, this splendid Stone-Age people may have occupied an enormous territory extending from South Africa to north-western Europe. Possibly their original home was in Africa and they migrated northwards, leaving no modern representatives such as we find living today in the Dordogne region of France.

In regard to this migration it is interesting to notice that H. P. Blavatsky says the earlier Palaeolithic races came from pure Atlantean and 'Africo'-Atlantean stock. She says African palaeolithic races, diverging offshoots from the submerged Atlantean civilization,

crossed into Europe over the land connexions which made the Mediterranean a great inland lake at that time. Their ancestors came to Africa by the stepping-stones of islands, now mostly vanished, between the two continents, for which there is evidence in the skulls of the Guanches of the Canary Islands which closely resemble the Aurignacian type and that of Caribs on the western side of the Atlantic.

H. P. Blavatsky points out that the artistic skill displayed by the older Cave-men (very remarkably shown in the rhinoceros-picture just published) is an example of the ancient Atlantean culture atavistically reappearing, although the karma of the evil-doing of the later Atlanteans lay so heavily on the humanity of the Stone-Ages that, as scientific research has abundantly proved, they made extremely slow progress towards the revival of civilization for many hundred thousand years.

The Aurignacians or Cro-Magnon race, with their large brains and magnificent physique, are estimated to have lived between 25,000 and 50,000 years ago, according to geological calculations, though all the prehistoric dates are not at all final.

The engraving represents a rhinoceros in rapid motion, apparently

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trying to shake off a swarm of tick-birds, a familiar sight in Africa today. Mr. H. Lang, of the Transvaal Museum, rightly speaks of it as showing "proof of extraordinary skill, great patience, and true genius, a complete mastery of well-balanced proportions, arrangement of details, and realistic motion."

Several other rock-pictures of animals were found in the neighborhood, and the immense antiquity of them all is shown by an oxidation on the surface, the so-called 'desert varnish' which develops only after a cut on the rock has been exposed to the air for a very long period. Egyptian petroglyphs known to be not less than five thousand years old show no trace of it.

There has been a rapid increase in the number of discoveries of ancient man in Africa in recent years, and it is not surprising to the student of Theosophy to find evidence there of an advanced race, connected with or the same as the Aurignacians of Western Europe, though the Eastern Wisdom does not agree with the theory of Dr. C. E. Cable (now leading an exploring expedition in the Kalahari Desert in Central South Africa) that South Africa is likely to be the birthplace of the human race. Some of the 'primitive' men found in southern Europe are distinctly negroid in type.

There are various conflicting claims as to this 'birthplace' of the human race by different schools of archaeology, and the Eastern

teachings indicate that the problem is so difficult that it cannot be settled by the ordinary methods of scientific research on the material plane.



IN connexion with the subject of Atlantis, another so-called piece of evidence for the existence of a lost continent in the Atlantic ocean has just been reported from the Vendean coast of western France. It consists of a medallion of a human head carved on a ledge of rock which is almost always covered with water, only being very rarely exposed at unusually low tides.

Dr. M. Boudouin, the discoverer, a local archaeologist, declares that it resembles ancient Mayan or Mexican divinities, and that it may be five thousand years old and probably was made by "prehistoric American races from the lost Atlantis during the copper-age." He has also discovered an engraving of human feet in the same rock.

The increasing number of unexplained discoveries now being made which are hailed by many scientists as evidence of Atlantis is significant to the student of Theosophy, for there is a definite conviction growing that Plato's story was no fiction, but merely a distorted record of real events and places.

Still, if these rock carvings are genuine, but not more than five thousand years old, they cannot be relics of the great civilization of Atlantis itself, as that continent

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went to pieces more nearly a million years ago, according to the records preserved by the Eastern Initiates. They may, however, help to prove the comparatively recent existence of some of the outlying Atlantean islands, connecting America and Europe after the destruction of the mainland, and upon which some remains of Atlantean culture persisted until they too were submerged. We shall hope to hear of more discoveries which will throw a clearer light upon this profoundly interesting subject.



THE exploration of Herculaneum is proceeding energetically, and one highly interesting find has been made, consisting of a large wooden press for squeezing the oil out of olives. It closely resembles those made today, with three large wooden screws to bring the surfaces of the pressing boards together. It is in good preservation, though a little charred, and is now preserved in a glass case in the local museum.

Herculaneum has the distinction of having had many wooden articles preserved, while in Pompeii such things were entirely destroyed by the incandescent cinders that overwhelmed the city. Even biscuits, slices of meat, ropes, bed-covers, curtains, and carpets, have been found in the recent Herculaneum excavations.



MANY persons erroneously think that glass windows are a comparatively modern convenience, proba-

bly having heard the old English story of the bird flying into the banqueting-hall and out again through the window-openings, with its excellent application to human life coming from the darkness into the light and warmth and again disappearing into the unknown. But ages before the beginnings of historical England the Egyptians were making excellent glassware, and, it is sometimes claimed, unbreakable glass, and now it seems, according to Dr. Blaschke, a German ceramic chemist, that the Romans used glass-panes in their windows.

About the beginning of the Christian era most households possessed glass objects, and as the use of glass rapidly increased, window-glass became general. The panes were seldom more than twelve by sixteen inches in size, but larger ones have been found.



A VIGOROUS controversy is going on in Ireland about the new discoveries of Stone Age man in several localities. Stone implements of the Mousterian type, a very ancient kind, have been found near Sligo in northern Ireland, and as the claim has always been made that probably the whole of Ireland except a small part in the south was covered by thick sheets of ice in the Mousterian age, this discovery has aroused very great interest and opposition. If the facts are as claimed by the discoverers, the geological history of Ireland will have to be considerably modified.

“BEGIN YOUR QUEST OF ACHIEVEMENT WITH THE DUTY NEXT AT HAND” — Goethe

[Addresses read at the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club Meeting of August 19, 1928]

KURT E. REINEMAN



WHEN THE creative element in a young man's nature, instead of being wasted by improper living, is conserved and added to, day by day, through a sane and balanced mode of life, it undergoes a magical process of transmutation and takes the form of some powerful urge towards achievement along the higher lines of human endeavor. Then something infinitely grander and mightier than his ordinary self — something akin to the vastness of the heavens and to the divinity that broods at the heart of things — stirs within him and he begins to feel himself capable of high and noble deeds, of attaining to mastery over knowledge, over life, over fate itself! He hears a call from the depths of his being to change his life: to leave the old ruts and to strike out along untried paths of expression. Wonderful dreams fill his consciousness, his mind's eye has glimpses of glorious visions, wherein he sees himself transformed into a being of power, a doer of great things, an Achiever. And he knows, too, that except he attain to their realization, he never can be contented again.

So the youth sets out blithely on his quest of achievement, and . . . once in ten thousand times, per-

haps, he moves straight to his goal.

Once in ten thousand times! Yet there is really nothing abnormal in such achievement. It is entirely a matter of character whether one succeeds or fails in the quest.

Begin with the duty next at hand, says the Sage of Weimar, for it is there that trial is first to be made (just as in the quests one reads about in legend) of the aspirant's strength of purpose. If he fails to pass through by being thrown off his balance by a wild desire to run past duty and to rush forward, on and on, to the high goal of his visions, then he will go no farther. For a duty, whether it be the next at hand or the millionth to come, is a debt owed to the universe — who, let it be said in passing, has no pardon for the defaulter, but always in the end exacts full payment, plus accrued interest.

A young man's ideals, for the most part, run far in advance of his present ability to realize them; but it is hard for him to grasp this fact, and so he is forever falling short of attainment. The forces he has evoked in himself are not for the weakling or the rash to control; divine in essence, they are only to be mastered and used by the godlike. And so, until he masters them, they throw him back and

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he must start over, again and again.

Before the original stream of creative energy in us can become the mighty irresistible river of our dreams, it has to be held back from rushing madly away with us down the hills of our desires; it needs to be made to flow over a long, long course wherein each rock, nay, each tiny grain of sand that it encounters, is in its turn *the duty next at hand*. It must receive into itself the waters of many another similar stream coming from this side and that; and it must be kept above-ground in the open air and sunlight and not be allowed to sink into subterranean courses where it would be lost in everlasting darkness. With each successive little check it receives through the doing of each next duty, that energy gains in stored-up power, and yet it does not overflow its banks; and at length comes the time when it can safely spread out its mighty waters and flow, silent and majestic, to its merging with its parent sea. Final achievement has come.

Or let us consider the mechanical device called the wheel, without which it would be difficult to conceive of our civilization: by rotating it generates a force, called centrifugal because it makes the particles composing the wheel tend to fly off into space, away from their center; and the faster the rate of motion, the stronger is this disruptive tendency in the wheel. Consequently, the cohesive force holding the particles together has

to be made greater than any possible centrifugal pull on the parts. It is the same with the 'wheel that a man sets revolving when he aspires finely: a more or less powerful tendency to fly away from present duty is generated, and it is only by holding resolutely to duty, from moment to moment, that one can escape eventual disaster.

How many a noble purpose comes to naught! How many a beautiful urge toward great things ends in the limbo of 'it might have been'! So long as love of duty is less than love of personal achievement, it will continue to be so. After all, which is of more importance, even to myself: that I should now achieve my heart's desire, or that I should learn, now, always to do the duty next at hand, and to do it joyfully and as a matter of course?

Achievement, then, is determined by character, which latter is not of mushroom-growth, but, like the oak, is the result of long and slow development. But there is this to remember: that all of what we each of us do today with ease and as a matter of course, represents some past achievement; and as our present character expands and approaches the fullness of human perfection, those far goals that now exist but in our noblest dreams will one by one be achieved — and passed. For it is not in the nature of the human spirit to rest content with any achievement, since each of these contains within itself

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the seed of further attainment.

To sum up, perhaps we can say that the essential ideas suggested by Goethe's injunction to "begin your quest of achievement with the duty next at hand" would be: first, that once we have formed as clear a picture as possible of whatever it is we desire to achieve, we should let it lie undisturbed like a seed in the ground, without digging it up every now and then to see if it is sprouting, and without wasting strength in dreaming about the

fruit we are going to have some day; that by applying ourselves wholeheartedly to the duty of the moment, in full confidence that everything always falls out exactly as it should for him who does his best, and still cherishing our 'dream' as the most beautiful and sacred thing of our lives, we shall come more and more fully into our real life-work; and that then we shall be one of those fortunate ones to whom "all time is noonday and all seasons summer," for we shall have found the meaning of life.

BY V. MINOT

GOETHE, giving the advice in the above title, without doubt had seen many a young man about him aspiring to make some mark in the world, some with seemingly great opportunities and abilities at hand, and others with but slight opportunities and poor family inheritances. But something in his soul told him that the road to achievement for all, rich and poor, weak and strong, was the duty 'next at hand' and right before them.

Goethe's saying was but another way of stating the ancient maxim coming down to us from the old Hindûs and Egyptians that he who really wishes to rule or guide nations and people must first learn to rule himself.

The key to the problem is given by the Theosophical doctrine of the Higher and Lower Natures of man, together with that of Karma and Reincarnation. For instance,

if a man conquers anger in himself, little by little all men, even men in other places, who are still under the domination of angry moods, will come to him for advice and instruction as to how to overcome their fits of anger. This advice and instruction may be given by literature, or through the agency of some high government position, or by social contacts. The history of religious bodies throughout the world has shown that those who have really conquered their desire for riches have had ample money flow to them for the acquirement of things necessary for their mode of living.

A very good example of one who has achieved great things by attending to the simple duties close at hand, in early life, is given by our Leader, Katherine Tingley. While living as a private citizen in New York City, the feeling of love for

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her fellow-men implanted in her heart (in accordance with the Christian saying that each one is his brother's keeper) urged her to try to help the poor and suffering in the slums of that great city. There was no glory or fame to be received by this work, in the 'Do-Good Mission'; but yet it was while engaged in this very fine duty close at hand that Mr. Judge, her Theosophical predecessor, found her. Katherine Tingley's genuine love for the downtrodden poor in one locality and her ability really to help them in a fundamental way, opened out the path for her becoming later the director and leader of thousands of Theosophists.

The lives of eminent and distinguished men of all nations and all times show that Goethe's saying was correct. The biographical study of such men, all over the world, and in every walk of life, almost invariably points to periods

in their early life when they had undergone great hardships: by winning in these early battles, in comparatively narrow fields of action, they had conquered so much of their lower natures that later in life they had earned the right to guide and assist those whose lower natures were more self-assertive.

Goethe himself in early life had to win many hard-fought battles against the entanglements of the human heart, before he had a right to become a teacher in this field. Emerson had to conquer the provincialisms of the comparatively broad Unitarian Church before he could become a teacher of pantheism. All the legends and accounts of the lives of great Saviors of humanity like Jesus Christ, Zoroaster, and the Buddha depict early battles against bitter contending forces which they had to win through self-conquest before attaining their later Mastership.

KEEPING FAITH WITH OURSELVES

BY F. MACALPIN

[Papers read at the meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, September 30, 1928]

IN THE consideration of this subject it will be of much advantage to have a full understanding of the meanings of the words 'faith,' and 'ourselves.' What is 'faith'? What is 'ourselves'?

The negro boy who keeps the

left hind foot of a dead rabbit in the right-hand pocket of his trousers has faith that it will bring him luck and ward off evil. What is his faith? To our way of thinking, a state of mind, an idea.

But can we say that our various daily faiths are any more than

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states of mind? States of mind truly, that are disrupted continually and re-formed under slightly different conditions. Can we not remember the disillusionments that took place so frequently when we were growing children: Santa Claus, fairies, the infallibility of certain persons, the certainty of statements, etc. And then we formed other faiths which we are seeing disrupted now.

We hear of 'faith' in human nature, but we hear the word used in two extremes of sense, and with all the various degrees between: 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear'; and, 'Isn't human nature wonderful?' Several columns of our morning paper give details of crimes, scandals, and corruptions, and we shrug our mental shoulders and say: "Human nature is what it is." Other columns give accounts of scientific discoveries, transatlantic flights and heroism, and we smile proudly as if to assure ourselves of our faith in human nature.

We are alternately discovering that human nature is not as good as we thought it was, and that it is not as bad as we thought it was. What is this to have faith in? Again we find the faith a state of mind, changeable, impermanent.

There is a great deal said and written about religious faiths. The so-called uncivilized savages have a great faith in their totem-pole deities, their ugly-faced stone gods, their crocodile idols and their voo-

do tomtoms. Those professing the Christian religion have faith that if they behave well enough on earth they will after a while go to a place where the streets are gold and the gates are pearl, and harps and wings are in abundance, -- though just between ourselves their good behavior is probably just as much motivated by an intense dislike of eternal discomfort. Still others have faith that if they renounce their particular brand of heaven often enough, they will eventually get there. So again our faith is relatively of a mental fashioning.

We hear also of blind faith; a faith without knowledge of why we should have faith. If we all had this kind of faith, we might just as well sit down in the grass and live like cows. A person with blind faith is like a free balloon, blown along by the wind, with no power to direct its movements, and no choice as to where it will go. A person with a purposeful faith is like an airplane humming directly at the goal, directing its own movements, and landing at the desired place.

So we see that various ordinary interpretations of the word 'faith' are entirely relative to the viewpoint. As we are thinking beings, however, can we not conceive of and assume a faith that is on a different plane from all these, that can be described in words only relatively, that may be at once the essence of and reason for being;

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something closely akin to what is known variously as God, Brahma, Higher Self, Divinity?

What is 'ourselves'? We are very conscious of that part of us which is physical; all our daily acts must have to do with it; our movements and general routine are based on the fact that it exists; and yet we hear that it is an illusion. Granting that, it is evidently this very illusion which we must have experience of; acting this illusion is undoubtedly our present part in that performance called the Scheme of Things,—a clever phrase that expresses so much and explains so little.

But are we physical only, are we just a collection of particles set in motion, to keep moving until the activating forcespend itself? Truly no. I hold this paper with definite purpose, my mind is back of the idea of holding it, and my mind has been trained to recognise certain shapes on this paper as letters and words and to translate them into sounds and to speak them out with breath and vocal cords. We have a mental life that actuates the physical, and to a great extent controls it. This also may be an illusion, but it is what we are conscious of.

Then again, can our mental existence be 'ourselves'? Do we do just what the mind thinks of? Why, instead of reading this paper should I not do something that it is easy for my mind to think of, say, run over and make a grand noise

on the organ? Because I realize through the moral side of my existence that it is not the proper thing to do. Life would be an amusing circus if each one of us acted on every mental impulse created. This is another side of what we call 'ourself.'

Evidently we are living in a great many ways at once, and what we know as 'ourselves' is a resultant of the inter-action of these various forces, or existences, or states of being. We surely can conceive of experiencing not one life, but countless lives simultaneously. For convenience we generally class these lives in four general groups: physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, but these interact and we cannot draw a definite line between one and another.

The values of what we may call advancement or position in evolution are entirely relative in these lives that we are living all at once. A man may have great spiritual insight and yet have constant indigestion from a physical inability to resist the temptation of sweets, and a man's crooked nose need be no indication of his mental ability.

We may in some part of us be reaching a relative Nirvâna each moment, while another part may take untold eons to reach the same point. Our mental training inclines us to thinking too much in absolutes, and we classify and separate, instead of looking for the relation of facts and things to other facts and things.

And back of this seemingly com-

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plicated organization of inter-related physical, mental, moral, and spiritual values called ourself, illusion though it may be, is there not a purpose, a reason for being? Can we conceive of something which does not respond to the senses of feeling, taste, smell, sight, hearing, or thought, and yet is ourself; something which we cannot bring proof of, because any fashioned proof, were such a thing possible, would be of illusory, ephemeral, mental

stuff; something that can be described in words only relatively, that may be at once the essence of and reason for being; something closely akin to what is known variously as God, Brahma, Higher Self, Divinity?

What then is 'faith in ourselves'? If you agree with my program of analysis you may draw your own conclusions. If you are unable to do this I will endeavor to be more explicit at some future time.

BY IVERSON L. HARRIS

WHEN this subject was assigned to me my thoughts instantly flew to the closing words of Polonius's advice to Laertes:

"This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Our artist-sage, the late Reginald Machell, has already pointed out in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* the fallacies lurking in this so seeming virtuous injunction. Besides, anyone who reads *Hamlet* carefully cannot fail to note what a time-serving proverb-monger Polonius was - utterly incapable of being true to himself in any other sense than that of a toadying sycophant seeking personal preferment for his own unimportant personality.

It must be obvious to all that, in order to keep faith with ourselves, it is essential that we have a very distinct understanding as to

which of our selves we are to keep faith with. Hamlet says:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Special pleaders that most of us are, we generally here cut short the prince's apotheosis of man without completing the quotation. But Hamlet himself was far too much aware of the rottenness in the state of Denmark not to be conscious of the fact that the *real* man whom he has just apotheosized is far different from the *genus homo* as he so often appears on this 'sterile promontory,' the earth. So the Prince closes his speech with these words, which we, possibly because they are not so flattering to our human vanity, generally omit:

"And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no,

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nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so."

In truth, this is a sad anticlimax to what had gone before; but it is for that very reason the greater art; for so do *we* appear, for the most part, actually a sad antithesis to what in reality we are. Often from hour to hour, as we climb upwards to the apprehension that is like a god's, or slip backwards to the mere quintessence of dust, do we prove the truth of Hamlet's dual characterization.

So long as we are in physical incarnation we ourselves are a compromise between spirit and matter; and the battle royal for each of us is to keep faith with our *real* selves and to enter into no 'entangling alliances' with that other part of us, which so frequently masquerades in the royal robes themselves, and which must have its own fitting part to play, else it would not exist. But that it should ever usurp the throne of our inner kingdom and demand and achieve fealty and fidelity from our own inborn humanity — the fealty and fidelity that we owe alone to the immortal godhood within us — that indeed is the tragedy of human existence, the devil's own thralldom, compared with which any other servitude is to be preferred.

So long as we continue to waver between these two fealties we remain Hamlets; but when the battle is won and we are unshakably faithful to the *real* self within, then Hamlet becomes a Prospero.

What has all this to do with us individually and collectively, if our discussion is to be saved from the fatuity of commonplace word-spinning or of a mere exercise in literary composition? The essential point, as I take it, is that each day, each hour even, problems arise in our own inner lives that require solution; and on each such occasion we are called upon to keep faith with ourselves — with our higher selves, with that part of us which is concerned only with doing the right thing, saying the helpful word, thinking the kindly thought, controlling the sharp tongue, curbing the quick temper, reining in the cavalcade of personal thoughts and feelings that so often go stampeding through our minds and destroy peace and calmness in their mad career, profiting in character-building by every experience, emulating our comrades in all that they worthily do, and, above all things, practising the Golden Rule.

It is easy to utter fine sentiments; but when not backed up by a genuine effort to live up to them, they add little to the credit-side of our life's ledger. The real question, then, is: How sincere are we — or perhaps more to the point, how steadfast are we in our sincerity? For probably most people are at least as sincere in giving expression to high ideals as they are in keeping faith with the less admirable aspects of themselves.

And anent this question of sincerity: How many of us can, in

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the inmost recesses of our own souls, claim that we are always sincere? As a matter of fact, probably we are most sincere when we are most conscious of our *insincerities*.

I think one of the wisest things I ever heard spoken here in Lomaland — where we are certainly privileged to hear pearls of wisdom uttered constantly by true sages and heroes, as the years to come will more fully recognise than does the present epoch — was spoken by Professor Edge at H. P. Blavatsky's birthday anniversary-celebration here this year. He said: "After all, what rights has any one of us? We have one right which cannot be taken from us — the right to behave!"

That statement was truly Confucian in its universal applicability to human conduct; for, so long as we behave ourselves we are keeping faith with ourselves; and we are in the truest sense of the word, *free*.

No man who is behaving himself is a slave or can be enslaved. The conventions of society, the necessities of organized effort expressed in various rules and restrictions, may prevent him from doing many things that he would like to do — things which, under other circumstances, might be quite harmless; but by willingly subordinating personal desires to the interests of collective harmony and order, he is not thereby enslaved. On the contrary, this is in itself one of the highest forms of liberation.

No man is truly free who merely

gives free rein to his desires — even to what he may consider are his legitimate desires. All the real Teachers of Humanity have taught that true freedom comes, not from the multiplication or the gratification of desires, but by liberating oneself from their thralldom.

Where are we to turn for light? Inwards—always inwards; by keeping faith with ourselves — with our own highest intuitions. And though we may not have evolved to the point where we can find specific answers to all our problems within us, I am convinced that every one of us has evolved sufficiently to know within ourselves whither we may turn for light upon such problems as we are unable to solve alone; and this is truly not the way of religion merely: it is also the way of philosophy and science: to draw upon the accumulated and tested wisdom of the ages.

No successful physician, for example, no able jurist, can possibly carry in his own head the solution of all the problems he meets with in his daily practice. But by keeping faith with himself, keeping the doors of intuition open, he can always find light enough to tell him whither to turn for the special illumination which he may at any time be in real need of.

By the injunction always to look inwards for truth, one does not understand that any of us is infallible; for we shall not be infallible until we have entirely perfected the human instrument

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through which that in us which really *knows*, must work.

But there are those who know more than we do; and whenever we find ourselves in a position where we have not sufficient light within to know what is the right step to take, there will always be at hand a teacher or a guide, who has advanced farther along the path than we have, ready to light the way, or, it may be, to utter a restraining command. Socrates said that his daimon never told him what he *should* do, but always warned him what *not* to do. And surely, if we keep faith with ourselves, if we always heed the restraining voice of this daimon within us, we too shall ever know what not to do.

It has been said that it is much easier to reform others than ourselves. But this is a very silly

notion; for experience has shown that it is well-nigh impossible really to reform others *except* by reforming ourselves. Self-respecting men cannot long be *driven*; but all intelligent people actually love to be rightly *led*; and in our own small ways, quite unostentatiously, we can all be leaders in that sense — leaders in reforming ourselves, in keeping faith with ourselves, in loving our neighbors, in being constantly more charitable towards others than towards ourselves, and in performing well the smallest duties.

Then, when our life-day's work is done, we can hand on the torch of truth to our heirs in responsibility, filled with the genuine soul-pride and self-respect that come from the consciousness of having throughout the years manfully striven to keep faith with ourselves.

THE DRUID STONES

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the November issue)



UNACCUSTOMED tears stood in Mrs. Maynell's eyes as she made the girl sit down, and asked her all about her life since she had seen her last. But first she said:

"Now Jane, remember, I am Mrs. Maynell not Miss Mapleson; you know I told you all about that, and I want you to forget you ever knew me before; I mean, in talking

to other people — can you do that?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. I will remember. I have learned to hold my tongue, if I have learned nothing else."

Then came the story of the long series of attempts to get a place, and the impossibility of getting into a good house without a character, or of keeping a place without the police finding her out and warning her em-

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ployer; just the usual story of the way in which society makes criminals, and maintains a criminal class, under the impression that it is protecting itself. But though the story is familiar it is a heart-breaking tragedy every time to those who have hearts to break.

Mrs. Maynell was not a philanthropist; she had no theories of social reform; but she had a sense of justice and a knowledge of human nature that come only to those who have a heart for the sufferings of others and for their weaknesses. She scorned sentimentality and professed no particular code of morality, but she was generous, and just, and strong, and altogether unscrupulous. This made her either an enigma or a monster to those she came in contact with, except the few who saw her heart, and who, like Jane, almost worshiped her. They were the unknown, the failures, and the unfortunates, whom she had helped, and who had passed again into the shadows.

But Jane had fought and had held up her head against the tide, and Mrs. Maynell felt that it made life pleasant to know that such women still lived; for she knew that it took courage of no ordinary kind to win in such a fight.

But now there was work to be done, and she began: "Jane, will you help me?"

"Will I help you? I will go through all I have gone through and more, if I can help you."

"Jane, I believe you. I want a friend, but it must be some one whom I can trust, and, what is more, some one who trusts me. Now listen!

Frank is in very serious trouble."

"Captain Barker?"

"Yes, Jane, and I must save him."

"And you ask me to help him?"

"Jane, listen! he is my brother.

I have been a mother to him since he was so high; I have worked, and I have suffered too for him, but I promised his mother to do it, and I have promised myself that I will save him now. If I fail he will be a convict. I have no one to help me, and I am asking you."

"Your brother! and I have cursed his name and . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know, Jane. I don't blame you. I understand, but what's the good? what use is revenge? He is in trouble; that is enough, don't you think so?"

Jane took her hand and kissed it again, but quietly and deliberately, as if she were pledging herself to a holy cause; the older woman kissed her on the forehead and the bond of service was sealed.

Then Mrs. Maynell continued: "You know, I was married to Mr. Maynell, and while he lived I had plenty of money and was able to put Frank on his feet. I thought he would marry well and rise in the army, but he was too fond of pleasure and horses and cards; and he was weak, that was the worst, he had no self-control. Well, I paid his debts then, and he came to think that he was such a good judge of horses that he could make a place for himself in the racing-world. I told him it was no use; it takes a clever man and a bold man to succeed at that game, and even then it is no career for a man; but he made a few good hits, and lost his head. His colonel re-

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monstrated with him for his bad example to the younger officers, and he decided to leave the army and devote himself to horses, buying and selling and breeding and racing, but it all ended in hunting and betting and gambling.

“Oh! I am not blaming him, I am a gambler too, but he was reckless and foolish; and then my husband died, and left me with what remained of his supposed wealth. I worked hard with the lawyers to save something out of the wreck and to save his name.

“I went abroad again, and for a time I had extraordinary luck at Monte Carlo, you know, the gambling-place. But Frank was taking all I could give him, and was always going to get some appointment. I’m afraid he fooled me a good deal, but at last I decided to come and look after him, and make him marry and settle down.

“It was all I could think of, and I meant to do the same myself: but I chose badly for him, or he chose badly for himself, and each time he failed, and at last I told him I could do no more for it was all I could do to keep my own head above water, and it was necessary for me to find a man with money who would marry me.

“No! it was not so easy because, as I told you, I am a gambler, and I have been mixed up with all sorts of queer people, and got a bad name, I know: why, I have a lot of men coming here tonight to play, and they will play high, and I must win, and that is not always so easy without a clever partner. Frank was good at that, and we have won a good bit,

and no one ever suspected we were partners. But he became desperate, and saw he was going to be made a bankrupt, and lost his head.

“He told me nothing till it was too late, and even then I had to find out most of it for myself. He had borrowed money to keep his creditors quiet for a time, till he made a great haul on the races here next week, and in the meantime he thought it was quite safe to satisfy the money-lender with a forged signature. Then he repeated it, it was so easy, and it was only for a few weeks; but now the horse he counted on has broken down, and Frank’s chance is gone; he cannot possibly save himself.

“When he came to me, I saw he was so broken down that it would be simply worse than useless for him to stay, so I packed him off at once, and I am going to hold off the hounds so as to give him a chance to go away; I can do that; but I mean to save him from the charge of forgery; he must not be branded as a criminal; he never meant to let anyone in, not even this money-lender, but he was fool enough to trust to a horse, and to risk his freedom on such a chance. The cards are treacherous, but they don’t go lame like horses.

“So there it is. This money-lender, Richardson, holds these bills, and they must be destroyed. They’re absolutely worthless; it won’t be robbing him of anything but his chance of revenge, and I don’t mind robbing a man of that, revenge is a dirty, mean thing, and I think it will be a good deed to take the temptation out of his way.

“As to the other creditors, I shall

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try to make it up to them, if things go as I hope; I may even persuade them to agree to an arrangement, but I dare not show my hand till these signatures are destroyed or are in my hands. Now what is to be done?"

Jane had become another woman as she listened; now she sat erect, and faced Mrs. Maynell with a look of determination on her face and a certain air of concentration that made her look very different from the delicate and rather shrinking girl of an hour ago. She said slowly:

"Richardson? Can that be the same Richardson? How old is he, ma'am?"

"He must be about sixty, I should say. He has two sons who are young men of about twenty-five, I fancy. Do you know him?"

"Yes! that must be the man. My mother knew him well, when they were both young. I must think. Yes, I am sure there must be letters of his up there now. My aunt kept a box full of things of my mother's for me, and I have never opened it. If I can find what I think is in that box, I could make Richardson see me, and then, I don't know how but I think I could manage to get those bills for you ma'am, or else burn them all up. I will find a way to do it. But you must tell me just what they are like, and how I may know them.

"I shall want some money to buy a few little things with. I can get them in Rowton, but I must go home now and look in that box, then I will come back and tell you more about it and if you can give me the money, I can go to work at once.

Oh, I will thank God for giving me the chance to serve you, ma'am."

When the girl was gone Mrs. Maynell stood looking after her. She murmured to herself: "A heart of gold!"

This was the thread contributed by Mr. Chawley in his gossip about the people in the parish and she felt grateful to him for his unconscious help in telling her the story of Jane's misdoings and of her presence in the village, which the reverend gentleman seemed to think was likely to contaminate the celestial purity of the community.

The peace and purity of country-life in the villages is a poetic fiction which amuses those who really know the profound depravity of rustic morals. Every village is a little world, and contains a wide range of human possibilities, from the highest to the lowest, in the scale of both morals and intellect.

There is generally some man of real genius in a village who becomes more or less of an outcast and possibly a drunkard or a ne'er-do-well, from sheer inability to understand the mental limitations of the rest of the villagers, or to appreciate his own possibilities; and then there are as many varieties of hypocrisy in a village as in a city, and sometimes a higher percentage of vice. But amongst it all there is also sure to be found some instance of pure and honest living, such as is traditionally supposed to characterize the whole parish.

But such a man as Chawley had no clue to the mysteries of country-life, because he had no sympathy with the people; and there were

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things known to every one else in the village that he and the other more educated and cultured people living around never dreamed of.

The lower classes are naturally secretive, and live their own life undisturbed by the life of the more highly educated. The clergy are generally excluded from the inner life of the people and never hear the stories that are handed down from generation to generation, and never suspect the depths of superstition that still survive, or did, till compulsory education brought the children of the villages under the influence of modern materialistic ideas, and so killed what remained to them of imagination and folk-lore, leaving the village a veritable desert, in which the flowers of fancy and mystery could no longer bloom; even the belief in witchcraft is dying out, and the fairies are long since gone; the spirit of poetry, of mystery, of romance, is dead; the young people pine for sensation, and seek it in vice, or in the cities and towns, and the village languishes; the active youth goes away and leaves behind the weak-minded and spiritless to people the country with degenerates. The blessings of modern education are far-reaching and various indeed!

When Jane was a child, compulsory education was a new idea, and she did not get the benefit of the new scheme, which took time to make its way into the country-districts against the old-fashioned church-schools, and the prejudices of the people. So that Jane had views of life that were rather out of date in

some ways, and which were quite at variance with those modern habits of thought which she had adopted by force of contact with the hard facts of life.

Had she been thrown with people of another kind she might have developed the mystic imaginative side of her character, and her poetic temperament might have blossomed with a fragrance that would have been a benediction to the world. But instead it was the sensuous and romantic emotionalism that awoke and led her into mere vulgar vice, and crime, which ended in jail; a light sentence, but enough to set the seal of criminality upon her and close the path to any higher life almost hopelessly for her.

But her nature revolted against degradation; the life of common vice became hideous, and the upward path opened to her when Miss Mapleson, who was then teaching as a daily governess, found her and helped her, as she had tried to help many others.

Jane responded with all the passionate devotion of her nature, and the fight began, the fight against society for the right to live a clean life.

The governess herself had no religion or philosophy to offer her, only sympathy and the loathing of mere vice that is instinctive in a pure heart. She herself was so strong and clear-headed, so generous and frank, that Jane easily filled in any gaps in the moral code of her benefactress with imaginary virtues of a transcendental kind, and worshiped her as a superior being. Perhaps she was right.

(To be continued)