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OUR POINT OF VIEW.

The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim good will and kindly feeling towards all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

It joins hands with all religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the Path they tread in this.

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

“ I understand, Socrates. It is because you say
 “ that you always have a divine sign. So he is
 “ prosecuting you for introducing new things into
 “ religion. And he is going into court knowing
 “ that such matters are easily misrepresented to
 “ the multitude, and consequently meaning to
 “ slander you there.” *Plato.*

II.

“Well, it is something like that with the precipitated letters. One of our Masters, who perhaps does not know English, and of course has no English handwriting, wishes to precipitate a letter in answer to a question sent mentally to him. Let us say he is in Tibet, while I am in Madras or London. He has the answering thought in his mind, but not in English words. He has first to impress that thought on my brain, or on the brain of someone else who knows English, and then to take the word-forms that rise up in that other brain to answer the thought. Then he must form a clear mind picture of the words in writing, also drawing on my brain, or the brain of whoever it is, for the shapes. Then either through me or some Chela with whom he is magnetically connected, he has to precipitate these word-shapes on paper, first sending the shapes into the Chela’s mind, and then driving them into the paper, using the magnetic force of the Chela to do the printing, and collecting the material, black or blue or red, as the case may be, from the astral light. -As all things dissolve into the astral light, the will of the magician can draw them forth again. So he can draw forth colors of pigments to mark the figure in the letter, using the magnetic force of the Chela to stamp them in, and guiding the whole by his own much greater magnetic force, a current of powerful will.”

“That sounds quite reasonable,” I answered. “Won’t you show me how it is done?”

“You would have to be clairvoyant,” she answered, in a perfectly direct and matter-of-fact way, “in order to see and guide the currents. But this is the point: Suppose the letter precipitated through me; it would naturally show some traces of my expressions,

and even of my writing; but all the same, it would be a perfectly genuine occult phenomenon, and a real message from that Mahatma. Besides, when all is said and done, they exaggerate the likeness of the writings. And experts are not infallible. We have had experts who were just as positive that I could not possibly have written those letters, and just as good experts, too. But the Report says nothing about them. And then there are letters, in just the same handwriting, precipitated when I was thousands of miles away. Dr. Hartmann received more than one at Adyar, Madras, when I was in London; I could hardly have written that."

"They would simply say Dr. Hartmann was the fraud, in that case."

"Certainly," cried H. P. B., growing angry now; "we are all frauds and liars, and the lambkin from Australia is the only true man. My dear, it is too much. It is insolent!" And then she laughed at her own warmth, a broad, good-humored Homeric laugh, as hers always was, and finally said:

"But you have seen some of the occult letters? What do you say?"

"Yes," I replied; "Mr. Sinnett showed me about a ream of them; the whole series that the Occult World and Esoteric Buddhism are based on. Some of them are in red, either ink or pencil, but far more are in blue. I thought it was pencil at first, and I tried to smudge it with my thumb; but it would not smudge."

"Of course not!" she smiled; "the color is driven into the surface of the paper. But what about the writings?"

"I am coming to that. There were two: the blue writing, and the red; they were totally different from each other, and both were quite unlike yours. I have spent a good deal of time studying the relation of handwriting to character, and the two characters were quite clearly marked. The blue was evidently a man of very gentle and even character, but of tremendously strong will; logical, easy-going, and taking endless pains to make his meaning clear. It was altogether the handwriting of a cultivated and very sympathetic man."

"Which I am not," said H. P. B., with a smile; "that is Mahatma Koothoomi; he is a Kashmiri Brahman by birth, you know, and has traveled a good deal in Europe. He is the author of the Occult World

letters, and gave Mr. Sinnett most of the material of Esoteric Buddhism. But you have read all about it all."

"Yes, I remember he says you shriek across space with a voice like Sarasvati's peacock. Hardly the sort of thing you would say of yourself."

"Of course not," she said; "I know I am a nightingale. But what about the other writing?"

"The red? Oh that is wholly different. It is fierce, impetuous, dominant, strong; it comes in volcanic outbursts, while the other is like Niagara Falls. One is fire, and the other is the ocean. They are wholly different, and both quite unlike yours. But the second has more resemblance to yours than the first."

"This is my Master," she said, "whom we call Mahatma Morya. I have his picture here."

And she showed me a small panel in oils. If ever I saw genuine awe and reverence in a human face, it was in hers, when she spoke of her Master. He was a Rajput by birth, she said, one of the old warrior race of the Indian desert, the finest and handsomest nation in the world. Her Master was a giant, six feet eight, and splendidly built; a superb type of manly beauty. Even in the picture, there is a marvelous power and fascination; the force, the fierceness even, of the face; the dark, glowing eyes, which stare you out of countenance; the clear-cut features of bronze, the raven hair and beard—all spoke of a tremendous individuality, a very Zeus in the prime of manhood and strength. I asked her something about his age. She answered:

"My dear, I cannot tell you exactly, for I do not know. But this I will tell you. I met him first when I was twenty,—in 1851. He was in the very prime of manhood then. I am an old woman now, but he has not aged a day. He is still in the prime of manhood. That is all I can say. You may draw your own conclusions."

"Have the Mahatmas discovered the elixir of life?"

"That is no fable," said H. P. B. seriously. "It is only the veil hiding a real occult process, warding off age and dissolution for periods which would seem fabulous, so I will not mention them. The secret is this: for every man, there is a climacteric, when he must draw near to death; if he has squandered his life-powers, there is no escape for him; but if he has lived according to the law, he may

pass through, and so continue in the same body almost indefinitely."

Then she told me something about other Masters and adepts she had known,—for she made a difference, as though the adepts were the captains of the occult world, and the Masters were the generals. She had known adepts of many races, from Northern and Southern India, Tibet, Persia, China, Egypt; of various European nations, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, English; of certain races in South America, where she said there was a Lodge of adepts.

"It is the tradition of this which the Spanish Conquistadores found," she said; "the golden city of Manoaah or El Dorado. The race is allied to the ancient Egyptians, and the adepts have still preserved the secret of their dwelling-place inviolable. There are certain members of the Lodges who pass from center to center, keeping the lines of connection between them unbroken. But they are always connected in other ways."

"In their astral bodies?"

"Yes," she answered, "and in other ways still higher. They have a common life and power. As they rise in spirituality, they rise above difference of race, to our common humanity. The series is unbroken. Adepts are a necessity in nature and in supernature. They are the links between men and the gods; these "gods" being the souls of great adepts and Masters of by-gone races and ages, and so on, up to the threshold of Nirvana. The continuity is unbroken."

"What do they do?"

"You would hardly understand, unless you were an adept. But they keep alive the spiritual life of mankind."

"What does it feel like, to go sailing about in your astral body? I sometimes dream I am flying, and I am always in the same position; almost lying on my back, and going feet foremost. Is it anything like that?"

"That is not what I feel," she said; "I feel exactly like a cork rising to the top of water, you understand. The relief is immense. I am only alive then. And then I go to the Master."

"Come back to what were saying. I ought not to have interrupted you. How do the adepts guide the souls of men?"

(To be continued.)

THE UNFOLDING OF LIFE.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

TENNYSON. *In Memoriam*. CXXIII.

Unceasing change is the supreme law of being. Even those forms of matter which are called lifeless are but aspects of restless activity. The crystal is a product of chemical affinity and change. As it has formed, so it will dissolve, and, even when buried below the deepest mine, it thrills with electric and magnetic pulses, which, as the records of the magnetic observatories tell us, sweep in ceaseless tides through the solid earth.

The hills are carved by the rain-drops and silently melt away. New contingents grow in the matrix of the great deep, to await the time when the throes of the great mother will bring them to the light.

If these things are true even of the "everlasting hills", how much faster must the rate of change be for all living things. Looking out, our eyes review the procession of life, as it passes before us; and, looking in, we view and review an ever shifting panorama of consciousness, and we ask ourselves: "What is the meaning of all this, and how long will it last."

Even omniscience could not satisfy those impatient minds which demand a complete answer, in a minute, to the most profound questions. Such minds, like that of the monkey, are distracted by each new impulse, and have a new question before the answer to the first is half heard. A completely human intelligence should have enough of the patience of the divine to consider all things fully, and to accept imperfection for the sake of some small advance. If therefore, a student, in sympathy with modern science and also with the spirit of an older philosophy, ventures to offer a few outlines of thought, it is to be understood that these are only suggestions to fellow students and not dogmatic claims to special knowledge.

In the search for truth it is well indeed that tests or proofs need not be forever repeated. A geometrical theorem once proved re-

mains proved for all time. The properties of squares, circles and triangles have not changed since the days of Pythagoras and Euclid, and we feel certain that, so far as we have mastered their principles, the work is done for all time.

But, uniformity is not confined to the applications of mathematical law. We find that in the manifestation of the forces of nature there is a similar uniformity. This we learn by experience, for the cause of this uniformity is not yet self-evident. It enables us by a single accurate experiment to become possessed of a far-reaching truth. Whether or not it is true that Newton was led to the discovery of the law of gravitation by a train of thought started by the fall of an apple, the story is at least an illustration of the fact that the most trifling phenomenon is a sample of some cosmic law, and that if we can understand the cause, by more than name, we have learned a great thing and taken one step toward the mastery of the universe.

When the chemist wants to learn the properties of iron or of silicon, he may do it by extracting these elements from a pebble picked up in his back yard. When the atomic weights and chemical affinities have been accurately determined he knows that he has done something which has taught him the nature of two elements composing a large part of the earth, and he knows that iron or silicon from Patagonia or Siberia would tell him the same story. He may repeat his experiments, it is true, but this is simply to prove the accuracy with which his conditions have been maintained and not because he fears that an element, when separated in a state of purity and under like conditions, will act at one time in one way and at another time in another way. Should his results disagree he knows at once that he has not fully controlled all the conditions. He does not dream of ascribing a whimsical mutability to the laws of nature.

In like manner the student of physics, while conscious of his own liability to error, is yet certain that a single sunbeam, as it shines through a knot-hole, will teach him secrets of boundless space. He has but to read its story aright.

So there is nothing so small or so mean as to be forgotten: no grain of sand overlooked by the pull of sun and earth; no little creature unknown to the all-inclusive life within which it lives and moves and has its being. When we learn the law of the unfolding

of that small life we shall know much of that which has clothed the earth, through the cycles of time, with an ever changing robe.

A Norse legend tells us that Thor, a God and yet a Man, once visited a castle of enchantment. He was tried with tasks that seemed little in themselves but which proved to be of such surpassing difficulty as to cause him to doubt his own divinity.

A horn of liquor was presented to him and he was told that a good drinker could empty it at a draught. He applied himself to it, but, to his astonishment, appeared to produce no impression. After a second and even a third tremendous pull, he found that the level of the liquor was lowered but a little. Chagrined, he gave up the attempt, thinking himself defeated. When, however, he left the castle, his giant host told him that he had done a most wonderful deed. The horn was connected with the ocean, so that Thor had actually lowered its level, as he found when he reached the shore.

In like manner we retire, baffled again and again, as we attempt the solution of some apparently simple problem. But, when we solve that little problem, we may find that we have mastered some world-wide truth. The secret of the door-yard pebble, or seed, will cost many weary hours, but, when we have gained it, we shall know much of the building of a world.

All this has been said before by many men, in many ways, and yet how often forgotten, as we shall see later. We demand some great thing from afar, whine for the uplifted hand of a Master, for some special and divine revelation, some royal river, to cleanse us of our ignorance. When told that there is virtue in the wayside brook, we look with contempt at its familiar pools and revile the prophet and his prescription.

THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY.

“ . . . Beheld the immortals sweatless, steady-eyed, their garlands fresh, and touching not the ground; but he, doubled by his shadow, standing there upon the earth, was stained with dust and sweat, his garland faded.”

What heart but at times grows weary of this our human life, with its births, its marriages, its deaths; with its pathways of small ambition and sordid struggle leading forward in monotonous deadly certainty to the green mound beneath the cypresses? Who has not cried out in spirit against it all, longing to turn back from the beaten road where mankind runs, with a dazed eagerness like that haunted herd of Gadara, swept by demoniac presences down the steep to the blue Genesaret waves? There is pathos in it too, and pitifulness; even for the most infatuate, life soon wears so threadbare, so seamed with dullest commonness, that the hurrying troop of doomed men and women would presently cast away their burden, were it not snatched from their shoulders by the old man with the hourglass, who ushers them into the silence.

Who has not felt in moments of clear sight, in hours of inspiration, that these good people are ridden with dreams, and we along with them; that we have elsewhere a quite other history not made of epitaphs but written in letters of gold, with words of fire, in the serene halls of the immortals? Man dreams that he moves forward; he only moves from dream to dream. He is demon-ridden, dwelling altogether among shadows, and that most of all when he is most confidently sensual and material. But there are times when he outgrows the form and color of his dream, and must have change. The sleeper restlessly moves and murmurs in his sleep; then for one startled moment he opens his eyes to the everlasting sunshine.

Then comes a new dream, a new epoch, a new era. So it was two thousand years ago, when the Roman world of beneficent callous force was wearing itself out, when the dream of Olympian Jove was fading. Then were spoken words among the Galilean hills that let in the light of the Eternal, and for a moment the eyes of mortal man gazed into the shining eyes of his brother the immortal. Then man-

kind sank back again to dream. There remained only broken fragments of the message, like words set echoing among the rocks, to bear evidence of the revelation. The old Roman dream of dominion flowed back again, staining the ray of celestial light. What belonged to Caesar was rendered to God.

The new era enthroned a heavenly monarch in the purple, darkening altogether the true vision of the divine, the vision of man the immortal. Our kingdoms and empires with their claims of election and grace, their mandate from on high, were but copies of imperial Rome touched with the ray of Galilee; our divinity, but an image of these earthly potentates exalted to the heavens, an autocrat exacting homage, gathering tribute, and entering into treaties with mankind. A few enjoyed the suffrage of salvation; the rest were doomed to servitude in hell.

Centuries have passed, and this dream too has faded. The power of the celestial Caesar has declined. His jeweled throne is crumbling. The nether fires are out. The golden city is deserted; grass is growing in its streets. The songs of cherubim and seraphim are stilled, and silence reigns through the high halls of heaven. With the passing of the divine Caesar's throne, fades too the materialism which undermined it, hardly outliving his fall. Materialism is already out of date, grown grotesque and antiquated. We are offered instead a physical proof of our immortality, material evidence of the enduring soul.

So that dream within a dream has faded, and there comes a lull, when the light from beyond the heavens once more sends forth its ray to challenge the darkness. As of old, it brings the message of our present immortality, not in a dim future paradise, but here and now; of salvation not by faith or works, but by creative will; of immediate and intimate touch with the eternal heart of being. Even here and now, we are in the midst of the everlasting; we catch the immortal whisper, feel the immortal fire in our hearts, the touch of an immortal finger summoning us forth into light.

Then the dreams of our desires come upon us again, and imaginings of terror; the cynical unfaith of sensuality, and that very human cry for yet a little slumbering and sleep. We are once more entangled among shadows, and hurry forward dazed to the lake-edge of Gadara. Yet there is a golden clew to guide us forth from this

labyrinth of dreams; there is a path that leads us back from the abyss of death, easy to find, yet hard to follow, and calling for the valor and vision of immortals in those who would tread its ways.

The shadows may be met and overcome. And first of all, the shadow of our sensuality. Our error here is easy to indicate, and well worth mending; for its fruit is inevitable death. We sin by meeting the natural world in a wrong and vicious way; with a demand for sensations, instead of an offer of work. We desire keenness of feeling, keenness of life; and we have a right to it, but we take the wrong way to gain it, and nature herself ceaselessly admonishes us of our mistake.

Nature intends sensation only as a guide to work, a guide for the will; but we make sensation an end in itself, and thus incur inevitable doom. For sensation which is not turned to the purposes of the will must bear one of two fruits: either at every repetition the stir of feeling will grow less, rendered callous by use until there comes the dullness of total insensibility; or, if the outward stimulus be constantly increased, as it must be to give even the same excitement, it will grow at last to such a pitch that the natural body is worn out and torn to pieces. These alternatives are but differing forms of death.

Perfecting his creature throughout ages, God at last gave him reason and called him man. This was the fruit of that gift of freedom: for every power committed to his will, the new-enfranchised creature devised an abuse, to the end of sensuality. The power to choose and reason upon his food lies wholly within his will; with the result that he grows blurred and bloated from excess, or lean-eyed and cavernous with hungry longing. The faculty to reproduce his kind, also entrusted to him, he has transformed from a pure instinct to an absorbing passion; after a brief pairing season, animals are sexless throughout the year, but man is ever insatiate with hungry longings. Of the bodily powers, God kept to himself the heart and the life-breath, holding them back from his creature's interference. Were it otherwise, man in his perverseness seeking sensuality even in these, would have broken the vital casket in fragments, abolishing himself long ago from the earth.

It is well that the animals are dumb. They might mock their lord. Sensuality is as foreign to them as the fear of death. These

are the sign-manuals of our humanity. Yet the instinct which leads so far astray is a pure one, destined to an infinitely better reward, a far higher fulfilment than any dreamed by man. For the lust of life is at heart the desire of immortality, the longing for infinite being. But we err in meeting nature through our appetites, not through our wills; in coming into the world with a demand, when we should come with an offer of creative work, work carried out through the insight and inspiration of our immortal part. Even bodily health comes always through exertion, and never through sensation; so direct is the admonition of our natural life. Strength comes only through energy well applied, and in the work of the will is our peace.

The true intention of our life is, that the senses should serve the will, not that will should serve the senses. In right living, each sense leading the will to work is strengthened by that work, and by this better way is ready for a stronger sensation; thus the interposition of the will annuls the law of deadening and destruction which hangs over sensation, and leads each sense on a steadily upward path. We can watch this law in two fields. First, in the primal world of instinct, we see that every sense was thus led to perfection, by work and will; by the inherent energy of the will toward life bursting outwards through the living world. Again, under inspiration every sense grows finer. The musician and the painter, while they are faithful to the inner light, may develop their sense of hearing and color to a degree that is magical, through the divine alchemy of the will; following sensation never for sensation's sake, but always as the guide and material of the will.

Yet in face of this simple truth, the ideal of whole nations esteemed the foremost in the modern world is not will but sensation. For the desire of wealth is the lust of sensation, of command over sensual things. Therefore at the very outset we violate the law, reading life's riddle upside down. This universal and corrupt lust, not for one sensation but for all, this craving for a ceaseless ministry of excitement, brings out the greed and graspingness in man, causing endless misery of struggle, and putting vultures and jackals to shame, for the weakness of their claws.

(To be continued.)

A PARABLE.

Moses was commanded by the Spirit of the Eternal to build a Temple, and erect an Altar therein. And all the measurements thereof were given unto Moses, even unto the smallest detail.

Then Moses called unto him from every branch of trade those who could do the best and grandest work. To each he gave instruction; unto the carpenter as to the kind of wood he needs must find, and how to cut and how to build it, the length, the breadth and thickness of each piece; unto the blacksmith as to the size, the quality of metal, the temper and the hardness, and in what manner it should be wrought, the heat of fire and kind of fuel; unto the goldsmith and the silversmith as to the weight and fineness of the precious metal, cut and chased and finished, how bright the polish and how fine the lines; unto the lapidary the kind and size of jewels to be cut, the colors, and the facets to be ground, the proper blending of the rays of light to make a perfect harmony; unto the cabinet-maker, and to each and every other man whose labors were to build the Altar all that which he must know to do his finest work, to bring his most precious offering. Upon this Altar is to burn the Sacred Fire.

Then each one chosen for this work gave from his heart, his head, his hand, the best he had. Behold! The work is done; each part complete. Each laborer has measured out his final part; and it is good, for each has offered but the best.

The master architect is called to place the parts together. But vain are all his labors; the parts will not unite; each laps upon the other; no two join close. He tries again, and yet again. His efforts all are failures.

The builders of the parts assemble. The master architect asks each in turn the instructions given him; his work is viewed, it marks to measurement correct. Each piece is perfect. No one can find an error.

Then Moses was informed of all these things and said:

“The workmen must have failed to do as they were bidden.”

To which the answer:

“The parts are perfect and according to the Law.”

And Moses came unto the place and saw the work and looked upon each part, and measured all, and found it good and just, and like

unto the Law. Then Moses tried to bring the parts together. Nor could he do it. The Altar to the Eternal could not be raised, each part fell by itself.

Then Moses went away and cried aloud, lamenting that the Altar could not be raised, and yet its parts were all according to the Law. And the Spirit of the Eternal said unto him :

“Even now the parts are perfect and according to the Law, and the Master Architect and Moses cannot raise the Altar, for the parts will not unite. Bring those who made the parts ; bring all together ; let each his offering bring ; the best from each ; let each his offering place upon the spot whereon his part should rest. All acting as a whole the parts shall come together ; the Altar shall be builded.”

And Moses did as he was bidden ; and he who wrought in wood brought wood, and he in iron his iron ; the same in stone, in copper, in silver and in gold, and in the precious stones and jewels rare ; each brought the finest of his labor, the product of his heart, his head, his hand, and knowing where his work should rest he placed it in position. And all at once placed each his work upon the ground or in the air, and lo ! the parts all came together, without a mar or flaw, a perfect whole.

The Sacred Altar was complete.

THEOSOPHY AND THE WORLD.

What is the real mission of the Theosophical Society? That is a question often asked. Its answer is to be found in the Society's avowed objects. These show that the only binding object of the Theosophical organization is "to form a nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity without any distinctions whatever."

Many earnest members, however, have come to believe that they can promote this first and only binding object by pursuing the two subsidiary objects. The present writer entertains that view and has on many occasions endeavored to express it.

These two subsidiary objects—too well known to need recapitulation—contain within themselves Master K. H.'s statement of the Society's "chief aim" as being "to extirpate current superstitions and scepticism, and from long-sealed ancient fountains to draw the proof that man may shape his own future destiny, and know for a certainty that he can live hereafter, if he only wills, and that all 'phenomena' are but manifestations of natural law, to try to comprehend which is the duty of every intelligent being." (*Occult World*, pp. 94, 95.)

Members of the Society, it was said, "may help to furnish the materials for a needed universal religious philosophy; one impregnable to scientific assault, because itself the finality of absolute science, and a religion that is indeed worthy of the name since it includes the relations of man physical to man psychical, and of the two to all that is above and below them."

But this statement of what could and should be accomplished, was made, not to the Society as such, but to some of its members as individuals; for the Society as such has no distinct teachings to promulgate, except those expressed in its published objects.

This immediately draws an important distinction between the activities and duties of the Society and the activities and duties of its members, a distinction which should never be lost sight of if the Society is to be preserved from dogmatism.

The Society, for instance, has no political views of any sort. Its members, however, are free to entertain and promulgate any and all political views, so long as they do this without compromising the Society.

A great many members believe that to spread a knowledge of such laws as these of Karma, Reincarnation and the Perfectibility of Man, will, in the long run, do more for the world than any other kind of propaganda. Others, not satisfied with this activity alone, affecting individuals and their surroundings from within without, so to speak, have endeavored to supplement this work by various undertakings of a philanthropic and occasionally of a political character; in which case they have endeavored to affect individuals by working from without within, as well as from within without.

So long as the motive is right and the conviction is sincere, it probably matters little just what sort of work is done by different members. There is such a thing as "specialization of function," and therefore of duty. Some people are better fitted to work in certain ways than in others; some have a special gift, for example, for working among children; others, without this very valuable gift, do better in other fields of activity. The ultimate object is the same—to help forward the evolution of the race.

For these reasons a wide tolerance and liberality should be felt and practised. Those who think that all members should assist in some particular undertaking merely because it is endorsed by "one having (or claiming) authority," fail to understand the real nature of man. Every man has to find and follow his own path, both for purposes of interior development and for purposes of outer work.

Also there is the factor of personal Karma, which is sometimes very powerful. Every one has had a past, and that past may have to be completed and finished off, in certain respects. This process may take but a brief period, but only the individual with the help of time can judge of that, and while it is going on it may lead him into special fields of work, and into the fulfillment of special and unexpected duties.

Again we see the need for tolerance, for abstinence from criticism, and for consideration of one's own duty rather than of the duties of other people, which are in fact never known to us and can not be judged. And again we see the need for keeping the Society free and undogmatic, devoid of political or of specific charitable coloring.

Theosophy is not what has been claimed for it unless it throws new light from the past upon all human problems. That it does this its students know. If they are doctors, it helps them to under-

stand the science of healing. If they are mothers, it helps them to rear and train their children wisely. If they are business men, it helps them in their business. *For theosophical principles are capable of universal application.*

Theosophical principles should be applied by Theosophists in the performance of all their duties, beginning with those nearest to hand. As citizens, for example, they will probably hold that they owe a duty to the community of which they are units, and Theosophy should be a guide to them in such a common-place matter as the casting of a vote; and though there never should be, and I trust never will be, a "theosophical political party," the time will surely come when theosophical conceptions of brotherhood, of interdependence—yes, and of Karma—will affect the tone and character of political proceedings.

Each member must be left to decide for himself whether or not this or that particular political formula best expresses *his own interpretation* of theosophical principles; but all Theosophists would unite in upholding *right conduct* in political procedure, and the honest government of a country, on the basis of principle, for the good of the people as a whole.

The welfare of their country and the welfare of the world as a whole, must always be matters of vital moment to them, and though, as said already, each member must discover for himself his "special function" and his most suitable sphere of activity, and though the real and basic work of the Theosophist must ever remain interior, concerning itself chiefly with the inner life of this "great orphan humanity"—yet some will perhaps remember and find inspiration in the following statement by a Master in the letters previously quoted, feeling that if Masters should be working today in affairs affecting nations (as I for one devoutly believe they are), *their work may always be helped by a bold and timely declaration of theosophical ideals and principles, even by the least and humblest of their followers:—*

"There never was a time within or before the so-called historical period when our predecessors were not moulding events and 'making history,' the facts of which were subsequently and invariably distorted by historians to suit contemporary prejudices. *Are you quite sure that the visible heroic figures in the successive dramas were not often but their puppets?*"

OUR THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the T. S. A. met in Columbus, Ohio, Sunday, April 29, 1900. Dr. A. P. Buchman was elected Temporary Chairman, and Dr. Thomas M. Stewart, Temporary Secretary.

The Committee on Credentials (Messrs. Bachman, Stewart and Ebann) reported the following branches as represented by delegates: Ananta Branch of New York City, Arthur S. Pinkham; Fort Wayne, Ind., Dr. Buchman; Columbus, Ohio, J. L. Bachman; Middletown, O., Mrs. Gordon; Indianapolis, Ind., William Atkinson and G. W. Scofield; Dayton, O., Mr. Hamlin Garst; Cincinnati, O., Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Manning; Messrs. Manning, Ebann, Leonard, Tenney and Stewart. Branches were represented by proxies as follows: Salt Lake City; Kansas City; San Francisco; Washington, D. C.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Baltimore; Yonkers, N. Y.; Seattle; H. P. B. Branch, N. Y.; Oakland, Calif.; Jamestown, N. Y.; Colorado Springs and Brooklyn, N. Y.

The permanent organization was effected by continuing Drs. Buchman and Stewart in their respective positions.

At this point, somewhat out of the regular order of business, Dr. J. D. Buck was nominated for President for the ensuing year. Dr. Buck protested, but learning that the Convention wanted the matter to come up at once, he was called upon to present any matters he might have in mind before consenting to accept the nomination.

Dr. Buck stated, that, in the future, he would probably work in other organizations as well as in the T. S. Hence, he wanted all to know his position, and that should his name continue identified with "The Temple", this would be because he felt that its work was in the right direction.

On call for the question, Dr. Buck was unanimously elected President of the T. S. A. for the ensuing year.

Mr. A. H. Spencer was elected Vice-President and Treasurer. The Executive Committee was elected as follows: G. E. Harter, Chicago; William Main, New York City; General William Ludlow, Havana, Cuba; A. P. Buchman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; M. H. Phelps, New York City, and J. D. Bond, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The delegates received with favor the idea of placing the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM upon a subscription basis and of infusing life into it as a worthy successor of the old *Path*. The announcement that Mrs. Vera Johnston would assume editorial management of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM was heartily applauded, and the action of the Executive Committee meets with the decided approval of the Convention.

Mr. A. H. Spencer's report as Treasurer was received and the balance of \$567.89 was labeled as "comfortable". Thanks were given to Mr. Spencer for his work as Treasurer.

Telegrams were read from San Francisco, Salt Lake City and from Mrs. Lang, who is sojourning in the Yosemite Valley. Greetings were received from Toronto, Canada, and from Dr. Franz Hartmann on behalf of the T. S. in Germany. Mr. G. E. Harter sent a royally warm letter; Mr. A. H. Spencer, Major Clark, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Charles Johnston, also sent letters of suggestion or of congratulation

For the benefit of strangers present Drs. Buck and Buchman each gave a short address on "Theosophy".

A vote of thanks was then passed to the hotel, the local papers and the local T. S. for courtesies extended.

To Mr. Charles Johnston a vote of thanks and of appreciation, for his able work on the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, was unanimously passed.

At eight o'clock a large audience assembled in the Convention Hall of the Great Southern Hotel, which was well filled, where public addresses were made by Mr. Arthur S. Pinkham, Dr. A. P. Buchman, Dr. J. D. Buck.

THOMAS M. STEWART.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

FOUNDED BY H. P. BLAVATSKY AT NEW YORK IN 1875.

Its objects are :

- 1st. The formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood without distinctions of race, creed, sex, caste or color.
- 2d. The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences.
- 3d. The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychic powers latent in man.

The Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma or personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they demand for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling towards all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *Path* they tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the President, Dr. J. D. Buck, 116 W. 7th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Admission fee, \$1.00. Annual dues, including subscription to THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, \$2.00. Theosophical literature can be obtained from the W. Q. Judge Publishing Co., P. O. Box 1584, New York, N. Y.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM.

The Society is not responsible for any statements therein unless contained in an official document. Questions, answers to questions, opinions and notes on Theosophical subjects are invited.

Subscriptions \$1.00 per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

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No. 2

PERSONALITY.

“What mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, *deep in your heart*, obscures and trammels you! That puts another aspect on it, does it not? I have spoken to you of impersonality before, that it is not the cold abstraction many take it for. No wonder, so feeling, they fear it and flee from it. Who would wish to deprive life of all warmth, all color, all energy, all force! Occultism teaches no such thing. It is a hideous fancy. Occultism wishes, on the contrary, to give more, and sets so high a value on these things, that the whole force and power of them must be transformed to a higher, and therefore more *enduring* plane. They must not be frittered away and lost in illusion and darkness. Let them be *living* things, not dead ones. We want *men* to work for us, not mummies!

“We want the full strength and vigor of the nature—the blaze of ardor—not a feeble flicker. And we want this all carefully garnered, tended and controlled. Dangerous weapons these, in unskilled hands, for they cut both ways. Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition.”

CAVÉ.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

III.

“ I understand, Socrates. It is because you say
 “ that you always have a divine sign. So he is
 “ prosecuting you for introducing new things into
 “ religion. And he is going into court knowing
 “ that such matters are easily misrepresented to
 “ the multitude, and consequently meaning to
 “ slander you there.” *Plato.*

“In many ways, but chiefly by touching their souls direct, in the spiritual world. But that is difficult for you to understand. This is quite intelligible, though. At certain regular periods, they try to give the world at large a right understanding of spiritual things. One of their number comes forth to teach the masses, and is handed down to tradition as the Founder of a religion. Krishna was such a Master; so was Zoroaster; so were Buddha and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavorable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests.”

“Have the adepts any secret records of his life?”

“They must have,” she answered; “for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master,” and she looked at the picture of the splendid Rajput; “there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them, he said: ‘This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.’”

“But that is not the only work of the adepts. At much shorter periods, they send forth a messenger to try to touch the world. Such a period comes in the last quarter of each century, and the Theosophical Society represents their work for this epoch.”

“How does it benefit mankind?”

“How does it benefit you to know the laws of life? Does it not help you to escape sickness and death? Well, there is a soul-sick-

ness, and a soul-death. Only the true teaching of Life can cure them. The dogmatic churches, with their hell and damnation, their metal heaven and their fire and brimstone, have made it almost impossible for thinking people to believe in the immortality of the soul. And if they do not believe in a life after death, then they have no life after death. That is the law.”

“How can what people believe possibly affect them? Either it is or it isn't, whatever they may believe.”

“Their belief affects them in this way. Their life after death is made by their aspirations and spiritual development unfolding in the spiritual world. According to the growth of each, so is his life after death. It is the complement of his life here. All unsatisfied spiritual longings, all desires for higher life, all aspirations and dreams of noble things, come to flower in the spiritual life, and the soul has its day, for life on earth is its night. But if you have no aspirations, no higher longings, no beliefs in any life after death, then there is nothing for your spiritual life to be made up of; your soul is a blank.”

“What becomes of you then?”

“You reincarnate immediately, almost without an interval, and without regaining consciousness in the other world.”

“Suppose, on the other hand, you do believe in heaven, say the orthodox El Dorado?”

“Your fate after death is this. You have first to pass through what we call Kama Loka, the world of desire, the borderland, in which the soul is purged of the dross of animal life; of all its passions and evil desires. These gradually work themselves out, and having no fresh fuel to keep them burning, they slowly exhaust themselves. Then the soul rises to what we call Devachan, the state which is distorted in the orthodox teaching of heaven. Each soul makes its own Devachan, and sees around it those whom it most loved on earth, enjoying happiness in their company. If you believed in the orthodox heaven, you see the golden city and the gates of pearl; if you believed in Shiva's paradise, you find yourself in the midst of many-armed gods; the Red-man sees the happy hunting grounds, and the philosopher enters into the free life of the soul. In all cases, your spirit gathers new strength for a fresh incarnation.”

“Must you come back? Is there no escape?”

"If your material desires are unexhausted at death, you must. Desire are forces, and we believe in the conservation of force. You must reap the seed of your own sowing, and reap it where it was sowed. Your new life will be exact result of your deeds in your preceding life. No one can escape the punishment of his sins, any more than he can escape the reward of his virtues. That is the law of Karma. You must go on being reborn till you reach Nirvana."

"Well, it seems to me that all that is more or less contained in the orthodox beliefs, only a good deal distorted."

"Yes," she answered; "that is just it. The orthodoxies do contain the truth, but their followers do not understand it; they put forth teachings which no intelligent man can accept, and so we are all drifting into atheism and materialism. But when we Theosophists show them how to interpret their teachings, it will be quite different. Then they will see how much truth they had, without knowing it. The stories in Genesis, for instance, are all symbols of real truths; and the account of the Creation there, and of Adam and Eve has far more real truth than Darwinism, once you understand it. But that can only be done by Theosophy."

"How would you, as a Theosophist, set about it?"

"Well," she answered; "In two ways; first, by giving out the truth, as it is taught to-day in the occult schools, and then by the comparative method; by setting people to study the Aryan and other Eastern Scriptures, where they will find the other halves of so many things that have proved stumbling-blocks in the Bible."

"For instance?"

"Take that very teaching of heaven and hell and purgatory. The sacred books of India light up the whole of it, and make it a thoroughly philosophic and credible teaching. But you must study the Oriental religions before you can fully understand what I say. Remember that in the Old Testament there is absolutely no teaching of the immortality of the soul, while in the New Testament it is inextricably confused with the resurrection of the body. But the Upanishads have the real occult and spiritual doctrine."

"Well, I can thoroughly understand and sympathize with that; and to put forth any such teaching at a time like this, when we are all drifting into materialism, would seem a big enough work for any school of adepts and Masters. I can see how the teaching of

rebirth would make life far more unselfish and humane, and therefore far happier. What else do you teach, as Theosophists?"

"Well, Sir! I am being cross-examined this evening, it would seem," she answered with a smile, and rolled me another cigarette, making herself one also, and lighting up with evident relish. "We teach something very old, and yet which needs to be taught. We teach universal brotherhood."

"Don't let us get vague and general. Tell me exactly what you mean by that."

"Let me take a concrete case," she said; and glanced meditatively at her secretary, who had been listening quietly and with serious and sincere interest to all she had been saying, even though he had heard much of it from her times and again. He began to grow a little uneasy under her gaze, and she noticed it and instantly fastened upon him.

"Take the English," she said, and looked at him with those potent blue eyes of hers, as though he in his own person must answer for the sins of his race.

"H. P. B.," he said, rising with a sigh from the table; I think I had really better go upstairs and go on copying out the manuscript of the *Secret Doctrine*," and he disappeared.

"Do you think he will?" said H. P. B. with a smile of infinite good-humor. "Not he; he will cuddle into his arm-chair, smoke endless cigarettes, and read a blood and thunder novel." She was mistaken, however. When I went upstairs to say good-bye, he was in the armchair, serenely smoking, it is true; but it was a detective story. He sat upon it, and said something about getting to work.

"Take the English," she repeated. "How cruel they are! How badly they treat my poor Hindoos!"

"I have always understood that they had done a good deal for India in a material way," I objected.

"India is a well-ventilated jail," she said; "it is true they do something in a material way, but it is always three for themselves and one for the natives. But what is the use of material benefits, if you are despised and trampled down morally all the time? If your ideals of national honor and glory are crushed in the mud, and you are made to feel all the time that you are an inferior race,—a lower order of mortals,—pigs, the English call them, and sincerely be-

lieve it. Well, just the reverse of that would be universal brotherhood. Do them less good materially,—not that they do so very much, besides collecting the taxes regularly; and respect their feelings a little more. The English believe that the ‘inferior races’ exist only to serve the ends of the English; but we believe that they exist for themselves, and have a perfect right to be happy in their own way. No amount of material benefit can compensate for hurting their souls and crushing out their ideals. Besides there is another side of all that, which we as Theosophists always point out. There are really no ‘inferior races’, for all are one in our common humanity; and as we have all had incarnations in each of these races, we ought to be more brotherly to them. They are our wards, entrusted to us; and what do we do? We invade their lands, and shoot them down in sight of their own homes; we outrage their women, and rob their goods, and then with smooth-faced hypocrisy we turn round and say we are doing it for their good. There are two bad things: hypocrisy and cruelty; but I think if I had to choose, I would prefer cruelty. But there is a just law,” she went on; and her face was as stern as Nemesis; “the false tongue dooms its lie; the spoiler robs to render. ‘Ye shall not come forth, until ye have paid the uttermost farthing’.”

“So that is what the adepts sent you forth to teach?”

“Yes,” she answered; “that and other things;—things which are very important, and will soon be far more important. There is the danger of black magic, into which all the world, and especially America, is rushing as fast as it can go. Only a wide knowledge of the real psychic and spiritual nature of man can save humanity from grave dangers.”

“Witch-stories in this so-called nineteenth century, in this enlightened age?”

To be continued.

A MORE PERFECT UNION.

Even materialistic science is compelled to admit that the potency of all things, the form and quality of life antedates all evolution, lies back of all matter. In the "nebulous mass" or the "fire-mist" lay concealed all formative and functional energy, the prototype of all that has existed or will ever exist in outer form.

Creation, dissolution, and re-formation is the eternal process.

A Master is evidently one who knows the underlying law, the times and seasons, and so works with nature, taking advantage of her tides, and so knows no defeat, and is never disappointed.

There has been too much lamentation over the segregation of the old Theosophical Society. Who is to blame for it? whether it might have been prevented? and how? are questions that do not now concern us. The *fact* is on the scroll of Karma and cannot be effaced. What *use* can be made of it? The disjointed members have broadened the field of action. Tradition, and dogmatism, and authority so essential, or inevitable in compact organization have, at least, been checked.

Do we still adhere to the Secret Doctrine? believe in Masters and the perfectibility of man, and honor the memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky? If so, with all our added experiences what is to hinder us from "forming a more perfect union?" Would any of us rather acknowledge defeat for the Great Work, than admit that *we* may have been to blame? Are our petty spites and jealousies and opinions more dear to us than that Brotherhood that we have heralded with trumpets? Can we seriously look each other in the face without laughing at our own folly? If disintegration is apparent defeat, what is to hinder us from turning it into sure and speedy victory by co-operation and a more perfect union? ?!

Opinions, and personalities, and leadership, may be put on the reserve list, take a back seat. Let each be true to his own convictions, and acknowledge in his own heart the obligations he feels and owes to any, great or small, but that need not disturb another. It should be respected by all. If I have made mistakes and am sincere, I do not need another to point them out. That were an offense tending only to delay reformation. During these days of trial, of disintegration, a new society, *a more perfect union* has been silently forming, for the truths for which we stand are eternal. The only question is, who are ready to unite? Who will help to form a more perfect union? on a basis so broad as to open wide the door for every sincere student of the Secret Doctrine, for every believer in Theosophy in the world, with tolerance for every one and everything but intolerance, and with blind loyalty to nothing but the simple Truth, each for himself *as he sees it*. For such a more perfect union I, for one, am ready *Now*.

THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY.

II.

Nine-tenths of human power is used in mere strife, force neutralizing force, as in a tug of war. Yet the remaining tenth suffices for our bodily needs. Imagine then what splendid excess of power, what universal wealth of will is before us, once we learn the law.

Our sensual tragedy is not untouched with grim humor and palpable retribution. Of the formative sex, a part finds its whole purpose in ministering to sensation, and for this good gift demands luxurious living and immunity from work. The vassals go forth in the chill dawn, returning only in the twilight; dwarfing their powers in hireling tasks of mere repetition, they grow daily duller and more akin to earth, till even the senses they worship can give them no more joy. Their enthroned sovereigns pay penalty also in the infinite futility of their lives, which even conceit cannot gild to any brightness; they are punished too in the growing dullness of their mates. Then for both that mound beneath the cypresses, and infinitely merciful death.

Happily for us, much of our lives is still within the realm of pure animal instinct, like the love of family, and the ideal of bodily strength and beauty. For instinct is the voice of revelation to the natural world. It is more; it is our sole evidence of outward reality. Reason can never give this sense of reality; for reason, the natural world is but a web of dreams. But instinct expressed through muscular effort gives us our true hold on natural life. We are held in place among the stars and worlds by a web of natural forces co-ordinated with our wills, with our instinctive powers. Reason can only generalize on these. Reason can never explain or guide.

All of our work is blest which flows from instinct, carried on without reasoning or calculated motive, but arising from an inward enthusiasm and necessity. Such is the work of all true artists, inventors, builders in every realm; they draw their instant inspiration from the ideal world, and work joyfully, resting in creative will. But so stringent is the law, that the moment men or nations fall below the inspiration of the will, and fix their eyes upon wealth and possessions, their power ebbs; all access to new regions of nature, all new command of force is impossible for them, and they are presently

outstripped in the race by some other man or nation whose vision is still in the ideal world. Even of organized murder is this true; victory belongs to the men of ideas, never to the materialists. So wholly does power flow from inspiration.

Thus far the natural history of man, most discreditable of animals. But our interest begins only where that chapter ends, and we enter human life. And human life is a history of ideas altogether, of thoughts and passions, of longings and desires, even of visions and dreams; but never a history of material facts. When we leave animal instinct and muscular effort, we leave matter also, and enter the psychic world. No bodily eye has ever beheld the things of man, whether it be power or wealth or pleasure, sorrow or ambition or love.

Yet it cannot be pretended that the tale is all brightness. We are hardly less wrong-hearted in the psychic than in the natural world. We manage to defeat our destiny also here. We are sent forth into this human world to live through intuition, the clear sense of each other's souls. As instinct, the revelation of the divine in animal life, impels us to master the natural world, to replenish the earth and subdue it; so intuition, which is the revelation in man, compels us to enter into the being of each other, that thereby we may infinitely enlarge our own. Nothing is needed for perfect moral health but a clear sense of each other's souls. All our human life, debased and draggled in the dust as it too often is, has yet this golden thread running through it everywhere. It is to the human soul in each other we appeal, even in sin and crime, the black shadows of our humanity. We do not lust after trees and stones; nor do we hate and envy rocks. We do not seek food for vanity from cloud and ocean. Only human souls will serve our turn.

If we are true to this one intuition, we hold the key to boundless life. For the soul is everywhere in all men; it is everywhere different and divine. And our clear intuition, our sense of the gleaming soul in others, makes us freeholders of all their powers. All they have and know and do belongs to us, if we have the strength to take possession. The instinct is in us all; we only need to make it effective. It is the inherent quality of souls to share each others' being; to add each to its own life the life of all others, until every individual is heir to the consciousness and power of all mankind.

But having the intuition of the soul, we straightway fall from our revelation into corrupt imaginings. Instead of aiding the soul to do its perfect work in all, to bring forth such fruits as befit our immortality, we instantly try to wrest the law awry to the ends of our lusts. We would have all these souls bow down before us, ministering to our vanity; we fix our eyes on that longed for tribute instead of fixing it on the other soul; therefore instead of strength, we bring forth weakness, and presently our intuition of the soul is overcast and dimmed. Thus we fall into solitude and desolation.

We forget that all our real strength comes through union, and aspire to be separate and supreme. We set up within our hearts a crowned Caesar in the purple, inviting all mankind to do him homage. But they are doing the like within themselves; there are too many Caesars; the tribute will not go round. Therefore much sorrow and many heart-burnings are the only revenue of our kingdoms. Throughout all high heaven and the wide fields of stellar space there is no law declaring that we are to be worshipped; that homage is due to us. Yet we are miserable for want of it, and go down sorrowing to our graves. The longing to be envied is an even stronger incentive of wealth than the mere desire of sensations; but here also we defeat our end, for the riches are coveted, but their owner inherits only hate and fear.

Every one of us is born with a different nature, different fancy, different desires. Yet it has always been the insanity of men to try to compel each other into a common path, and to suffer the agony of thwarted ambition that inevitable failure brings. Hardly one of us but is cursed with this malady even now, and suffers from its fruitful crop of sorrows. Instead of demanding that others should obey me, should find their purpose in my mind, should follow a pathway traced out for them by my thought and vanity and desire, let me at last learn to take the better way, and admit that each must live for himself, must live from his own genius, following his law, not mine. If I do this, trusting his life to the soul I feel within him, I am instantly conscious of a release of force within myself, an inheritance of power, an inward luminousness, making me certain I have taken the true way. I have inherited the soul I recognized in him.

If we begin by so small a thing as mere forbearance, tolerating each others' souls, admitting that they also may have a light and life-

impulse of their own, we shall soon grow interested and involved in their creative work, finding it a revelation of something new, something beyond ourselves, yet akin to us; before long, instead of hindering the soul in each other, we shall learn to help it, and each will grow rich and rejoice in the gain of every other; for all real gain is for us all. The sense of each others' souls is the first revelation of peace. It was this that the Galilean came to teach, this and no other was the light shining in darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not.

We may come to understand the matter in this way: the greatest of all poets has created and put on record for us a thousand men and women, great and gifted, wise or witty, sorrowful or sublime. We can each of us read ourselves into the life of all of them, understanding every thought and emotion of them all, entering perfectly into their inmost hearts until we become one with them. We grow and add new powers to our souls with each added understanding; yet after we have assimilated all, all remains quite unimpaired for all that shall come after us; and, finally, we do not try to dictate to Hamlet, to lay down the law for Lear, to reason with Romeo or Macbeth; we are satisfied that each should be himself, and follow his own genius.

Something like this we should do in life, but with the immense advantage that we are dealing with living souls, touching them direct, entering into them by intuition. Only tolerance and good-will are needed to make us infinitely rich in immediate spiritual power, gained thus from the exhaustless treasure-house of man. Thus we learn that intuition, the impulse of the will which leads us to each others' souls, is the real guide of human life, an immediate divine revelation. Reason is as powerless to teach us human truth as it was to teach us the reality of the world. We are in the hands of a wiser power than reason, if we would only follow its leading. We are in the hands of the creative will.

To be continued.

THE LIVING TIDE.

And India's mystics sang aright,
 Of the One Life pervading all,—
 One being's tidal rise and fall
 In soul and form, in sound and sight,—
 Eternal outflow and recall.

Whittier.

We have seen that with all the endless, and seemingly sportive, variety of Nature, there is a steadfastness and truth which never deceives us. No two pebbles may be precise duplicates, no two blades of grass exactly alike; yet from the geometric balance of the crystal, and from the unfolding of the blade, we may learn the laws of foundation and of vesture. A seemingly small cup of knowledge presented to us in this weird and wonderful journey of life, may be of fathomless depth, may be the mighty ocean of truth itself. Despise not the patient worker in the fields of Nature: he may not pose as a philanthropist; his look may seem to be bent upon the ground; his nose may not be uptilted to the sky; he may not patter about things "spiritual," about "buddhi-manas" and "brotherhood," or the "gospel," but *intelligent* work is never lost, and, in the far future, when the sheaves are gathered in, he will be found to have done his part.

No one can deny that, at least in large part, worlds are formed and clothed according to laws that are working at our doorsteps, and that these laws have so worked for untold ages. Yet somehow there has been a feeling that there must have been a time when these principles of action did not hold good; when the machinery of nature needed starting or winding up. So we find in mediaeval theology the idea of a personal God, contriving complicated details, and deciding beforehand the order in which the whole structure shall be developed.

On the other hand there is the school which emphasizes the mechanical side of evolution, which can find in the primaevial fire mist nothing but the bare mechanical and chemical possibilities of rarified matter. While properly denying the dogmatic assumptions of the clerical school, these other extremists label as "unknowable" whatever cannot be fitted, to mechanical explanations of aggregation

and differentiation, and to the idea of the survival of the fittest of many purely accidental variations.

Now the question arises: Does our door-yard fail us here? Its pebbles and soil teach us the secrets of chemistry and of the growth and decay of continents. The sunbeam that flickers on the fence thrills with the life of a star. Have the weeds at our feet, or the creatures which creep or flutter about us, no laws of growth, from apparent nothingness into complexity, which may teach us of the birth and growth of worlds?

Point if you can to a single instance where Nature has led us astray by bringing us to any blank wall not created by our own imagination; or to any law for the small which does not also apply to the great.

It is agreed of course that at some time there was no earth, no sun; nothing but formless space; filled with "ether," "fire-mist," or matter in some condition too primitive and rarified even to be called fire-mist. Is it certain that we must resort to a personal God on the one hand, or purely mechanical theories on the other, to account for the unfolding of life and form?

Let us consider a germ cell of either plant or animal. It is as nothing compared with the finished structure. No microscope can find in the formless contents of this tiny speck even a hint of the complex and conscious mechanism which that cell will evolve. Yet somehow and somewhere about that germ there is that which will select and reject, which will guide the tides of life and build them into corridors and chambers, planned beforehand on some airy trestleboard.

This miracle is so familiar that we slight it, and fancy we must have some new "dispensation" of Providence when it comes to guiding the growth of a world.

Now is it unthinkable that the dooryard miracle will do for a planet also? Each living thing leaves an invisible pattern of itself as a guide for a new cycle of life. The parent structure melts away into air or sea and the germ may float long, before it expends from an unseen life into that which we call real.

Is it quite certain that there are no world-germs? Why should not the fire-mist contain the "promise and potency of every form of life" in a fuller sense than as a mere storehouse of matter and energy? Why should not an etheric sphere, or center, unseen by "scopes" of any kind, be charged with the guidance of a future planet through all its stages, as it builds its fiery pabulum, first into the rough sketch of a world; then into tree-fern and trilobite, mammoth and Man?

SOME HINTS AND A MORAL.

“Form a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood, without any regard to the circumstances of race, creed, colour, sex, or social standing, otherwise caste.

“Promote the study of Sanscrit and other scriptures, which record man’s highest aspiration at all times and in all countries.

“Investigate the hidden operations of nature under every possible aspect, especially the mental, psychic and spiritual powers, always present, yet not always apparent or even working, in all human beings, from the idiot to the sage, from the most degraded victim of self-indulgence to the saint.”

Thus runs our Theosophical legend. And there hardly can be found one word too much or too little in the above wording.

Let us take and examine the three clauses one by one.

True Brotherhood of man still is such a very remote possibility, that I hardly have the buoyancy to talk about it. It seems more adequate just at present to discuss the more superficial and so more common ties of friendship. To avoid possible misunderstanding, this is what I mean by friendship: *a fairly active fellow feeling between people, based on a more or less right understanding of each other’s character, and therefore motives and needs.*

Of assumed or merely presumed friendship the world is full, yet the real thing is about as rare as a blue-eyed negro. And no one will contradict the statement that the fundamental difference of race is next to fatal to its existence. What Englishman is not inclined to believe that most Russians are liars, and savages, and drunkards? What Russian is not almost pleased to hear that an Englishman is not merely a drunkard, but grasping as well, and impudent, and treacherous? And the worst of this sort of compliments is that they are equally degrading for either side, being meat and drink to that false patriotism, which generally ends in national disaster. *Vide* the present doings in Transvaal.

Yet all this forms a daily stock on the international market, in spite of the Governments and Kings forming double, triple and quadruple alliances.

Under abnormal circumstances, a Bengali, a Chinaman, and a Polish Jew may live in the same house, talk the same language—a kind of distorted American for the most part—they may even wear the same clothes. But they never will see into each other's hearts unless in thought and feeling, they stop being Bengali, Chinese and Polish Jew, to become broadly human. That sounds simple enough, yet long centuries will pass before anything of the sort is accomplished.

And so anybody can see how important it is for us, the few who still aspire to the lugubrious career of a true Theosophist, to be able to disregard questions of *race*.

Of the remaining circumstances, *color* and *creed* greatly depend upon race. A man of the Mongol race is yellow. A man of the Caucasian race, with its two great branches, the Indo-European and the Semite, is always more or less white. But there exists an almost infinite variety of gradations of shade in man's skin, not altogether dependent on a man's acknowledged race, which are most important as factors of human sympathies and antipathies.

Then again race and creed are very closely connected. Such a distinctly racial characteristic as, for instance, the shape of a man's skull has greatly to do with a man's religion. Broadly speaking, in Europe a long oval skull is almost invariably a sign of a protestant, a Norwegian, a Swede, in fact any distinct Teuton. On the contrary, a short, very round skull speaks of the Catholic faith, in Spain, France or part of Ireland. But from an ethnographical point of view, this study presents more difficulties than any other, because, in the course of history, religion has been only too often forced upon people, either by military conquests or by promise of worldly gain. And matters got so mixed up in this most important question of a man's faith, that nowadays there are lots of men, whose official religion is a question of policy, of convenience, even of chance. As a man stands now, in any civilized city of Asia, Europe and America, his racial temperament can not be said to have much influence on the address of the temple or church, where he occasionally worships.

Therefore, creed and color, though connected with race, are not identical with it, and so, it stands to reason, they had to be separately mentioned in the objects of the Theosophical movement.

At the point human evolution has now reached the question of *sex* is the most important of all. Usages of polite society require that on this subject an almost absolute silence should be kept. But the statistics of hospitals and insane asylums, of sickness and crime can easily demonstrate what a black cloud of selfishness and suffering, what a frightful distortion of every simple and natural instinct, what hopeless slavery of imagination and impotency of will lie at the bottom of this question of sex. We all have been brought up in more or less wrong ideas as to our rights, duties and privileges in sexual life. On this subject no mother would willingly talk to her children. And so our youthful notions about it are greatly, if not altogether, dependent on chance, otherwise called *bitter experience*. Unfortunately, as a rule, bitter experience does not become either bitter or experience until imagination has had ample time to learn tricks difficult to unlearn and body has acquired mechanical habits, which dwarf the wills of men and women generation after generation, maiming the freedom and dignity of their human lives.

What kind of true Brotherhood of Humanity can there exist in this world, when an eternal craving for sensation, let alone meaner factors of money and position, forever prompt men and women to dwell on their sexual differences? Common humanity and the possibility of common divinity of man and woman must be firmly established, and the question of sex must be forced back to its true basis of passive reproduction before Brotherhood of Humanity can truly knock at our doors.

In Europe and India and the Mussulman countries the question of social position or caste is a great difficulty indeed. In some countries it takes its root in that most ancient and most tenacious of all the cults—ancestor worship. In others, throughout Europe, it is a question of history, sometimes of race, always of romance and breeding. In fact, it is founded on powers which, though almost entirely gone out of the modern life, had true and lawful existence in the past, on social conditions which are not as yet altogether forgotten and which most people of a certain class feel reluctant to forget. As to America, where everybody was born yesterday, the difficulty of social position ought not to be allowed any existence at all.

But, with this exception, race, color, creed, sex and caste are equally serious impediments, lying on the path to the realization of the true Brotherhood of Humanity. So much for the first object of the Theosophical movement.

We must bear in mind that ancient books, Asiatic and otherwise, are often mere versions, perhaps unconscious borrowings or else honest translations of what we find best expressed in Sanskrit. Then again, Egypt and Assyria have as yet only partly yielded their secrets, and the ruined cities of ancient America hardly at all. We must not lose sight of all this, as of much else besides. But for the present our attention must be given almost exclusively to Sanskrit, at least for a while.

Sanskrit scriptures alone are well within our reach, and that in black and white, which certainly is an advantage over the hieroglyphics of the ruins of Palanqué and Babylonia. They alone speak to us in our own tongue, so to say. And what is more, they alone can immediately supply the most pressing needs of our day and generation, uplifting our imaginations, giving a worthy object to our vague aspirings, imparting to our sluggish moral life a new and powerful impetus.

When, in the fifteenth century, the Greek language penetrated the thick walls of mediæval ignorance, the face of Europe began to be changed throughout. At the time, many an accepted institution got its death-warrant: the too exclusive influence of clerical learning, the narrowness and bigotry of the ideal of monastic asceticism, the cruel haughtiness of the mighty and the base servility of the humble. Death was slow to come; in some instances it has not come yet. But all the same it was a death-warrant.

With the Renaissance, that is, the advent of Greek culture into the life of mediæval Europe, her nations received the new and powerful impetus they needed most of all. And what the art and letters of ancient Greece were, to mediæval Europe, that the Sanskrit literature, both sacred and lay, is destined to be for the generations coming immediately after us. This is no prophecy: only a logical conclusion, drawn from observation and careful study and comparison.

In fact I firmly believe that if there ever is a religion free and ardent, true and satisfying, a religion for which the hearts of humanity yearn, in the formation of it the material of the Sanskrit books

will have to be used over again. The Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gitâ, the writings of Sri-Shankarâchârya, as well as the more specialized and so less beautiful ones of Gautama Buddha, Patanjali and Kapila,—surely the material offered is ample enough, the imagery striking and speaking enough, and the inspiration pure enough.

For the sake of readers who may be new to this kind of literature, I must state that not for a moment do I recommend to adopt Sanskrit metaphysics for our new religion. Not at all. That part of Sanskrit literature, to which I allude above, is grand, I may say it is divine ; but should we do so, such act would be nothing short of a calamity.

What I mean is that, finding an impulse in the true spirituality of the Sanskrit religious literature—of course, not neglecting any other sacred writings that may come within our reach and consciousness—and making a stepping stone of its imagery, we should gradually construct something new, something that would be a natural outcome of our age and genius.

Of course we ourselves must supply the creative ability and the will to build.

So much for the second object of the Theosophical movement.

Now to the third: Investigating the secret operations of Nature under any aspect at all—let alone all the possible aspects—seems at first sight almost an impossibility for people who live in cities, whose eyes, therefore, are untrained to observe the free things of nature. But even in the case of such people good-will can accomplish much. A man can always penetrate into some secrets of true nature simply by investigating, in a true spirit, the properties of the very materials he is working at, whether wood, gold or electricity, and of the powers he uses at his work. I shall try and make my thought clearer by an illustration.

I have a friend who is an engineer. He has worked in the same line for over twenty years and has achieved a great reputation as a builder of railway bridges ; and he says he has come to the conclusion that it is possible to treat iron—his chief material—adequately, only by *taking it to be a force*, and not a form of solid matter. To him, iron is a force. It is a force capable of such and such transmutations of energy, of such and such modifications under certain treatment ; a force which is liable to act either in a centripetal or a centrifugal

way, all of which will result in a visible contraction or expansion of the bridge he is building.

Don't you see how very suggestive this thought is? Why, it almost seems that the whole aspect of the Universe would change for us, if only we could change *our* attitude towards it,—our point of view.

About the exploration of mental, psychic and spiritual powers latent in man, much has been written and still more said. There always was a tendency amongst Theosophists of all countries and factions to suspect, in this part of the objects, a lurking element of danger. So far as I have understood, the fear was vaguely divided between a "black magician" and a "spook." What was the nature of this danger and how far it went was never quite clearly defined, but tampering with the "hidden powers latent in man" was distinctly discouraged. There even was some talk, at one time, of abolishing that part of the objects altogether.

In the meanwhile, it got somehow overlooked that investigating the psychic powers of man—let alone his *spiritual* powers—meant much more than dealing with black magicians and spooks. Far more, as the heart of things goes.

Of course, all such things as hypnotism, spiritualistic phenomena and psychometry have a certain function in our education. And as such, they are worth running some risk for, at least. So that I, for one, would be the last person to hold a man back from a spiritualistic seance for fear a spook may jump at him and frighten him. Psychism is not much, but whoever wants to know anything about the exact build of the human machine has to know something of psychism as well—and that, danger or no danger.

But as I have already said, investigating latent powers of man means far more than this. It means a constant study, observation and analysis of all the workings of your thought, your imagination, your memory. It means trying to realise the exact state of your consciousness when you are asleep. It also means correlating your outward activity to your inner impulse. But above all, it means learning to control both.

In fact, investigating "mental, psychic and spiritual powers, always present, but not always apparent or working in human beings," is a task that which we cannot hope to accomplish even in a life time.

For it truly amounts to no less a thing than the final mastery of the higher over the lower man.

So much for our third object.

When you come to consider it, all the three objects of the Theosophical movement are equally important. But the first clause contains their true aim, whereas the two others suggest the most adequate means to attain that aim.

To recapitulate :

The human race can never reach its highest perfection until a true Brotherhood of Humanity is established throughout the world, on firm grounds.

This can not be done so long as man remains ignorant of all that is most sublime and grand in his own religious aspiration, Christian, Mussulman or so-called Heathen. Neither can the true Brotherhood of Humanity be established before we get thoroughly acquainted with all the factors—material, psychic, mental and spiritual—the outcome of which constitutes a human being. For if you do not understand yourself—and at present you don't, there is no doubt about that—how can you understand your brother? And, without the precise knowledge of your brother's true character, his motives, his needs, his possibilities, brotherhood is mere sentimental gush, not capable of standing the severe tests of life.

So much for the hints.

Moral: do not say "Oh, I wish I could do something for Theosophy," but quietly and unassumingly try to realize some of its objects, and you will find your work cut out for you for many centuries to come.

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FROM A LETTER.

“Do you know what I sometimes think? For any man all those around him are merely looking glasses. According to his own mood towards them, according to the “face” he makes at them, will be their response. In every man there is good and there is evil; and our idea of him depends on our own power of touching the good or the evil in him. When we make the good in him vibrate, we think well of him; when we arouse the evil, we think he himself is bad. This is the cause of all the dissonance in our opinions, when some man comes to be judged by us: one says he is a mean dog, another says he is an excellent man. In everyday life all this acts without our being conscious of it, and even whether we will or not.

“There is nothing so contagious as our moral mood. The same man is a hero, or a monster according to his mood. And in the gift of noting, directing and using the moods of others lies the secret of all great leaders, statesmen and business men. This is true only concerning people who are neither above nor below the average. Needless to say, specially strong natures are not so subject to the influence of other folks’ moods. But everywhere and always there is contagion in the mood of the stronger nature.”

ANCIENT PHYSICS.

Translated into our western method or mode of thought, the Eastern physics divide the universe into seven heavens or globes. These are globes within globes, not like the skins of an onion, but as will hereafter be explained. Three are spiritual; four are material. All-that-is is the result of vibration, on higher and lower octaves, of an universal something, called consciousness. As the keyboard of the piano is divided into treble and base, so the octaves of this vibration are divided into spirit and matter, the distinction between them being purely arbitrary and for purposes of study. Some of the ancient teachers make a distinction, saying that spirit is the Consciousness in vibration and undifferentiated, while matter is the same thing differentiated. It is all vibration, and reduced to its common denominator it is one and the same thing, for general study.

Physical matter, Prakriti, as we call it, is the lowest octave of this vibration. Each atom of Prakriti is composed of a large number of atoms of the ether, in chemical union, as a drop of water is formed of many quarts of oxygen and hydrogen gas; or, a better illustration would be, as a drop of liquid air is made from many quarts of air by reducing the rate of vibration. The ether, the ancients taught, was a form of matter beyond the Prakriti vibrating through one octave, known to us as Force. Beyond the ether was a third octave of matter known as Prana, from which the etheric atoms were made by chemical union. This Prana manifested itself in ether and Prakriti as Life. Beyond the Prana was a fourth octave, Mánasa, out of which the pranic atoms were made, and which was manifested to us as Mind.

The sun is the centre of a vast globe of ether, far within which there are small globes of Prakriti floating, and revolving around him. These globes of Prakriti are formed of the ether in which they float.

The etheric globe of which the sun is the centre is floating in a globe of Prana, having Alcyone for its centre of gravity. This Alcyonic system repeats the solar system, for many such solar etheric globes are revolving around it. The solar etheric globe it translated through this Prana at the rate of 4,000 miles per hour, but

this motion is for the whole etheric globe and the motion of the small Prakritic globes within the etheric is not affected by the revolution of the latter around Alcyone. The apparent change is the result of the revolution of the etheric globe on its axis.

Alcyone is a globe of Prana floating in a globe of Mânasa having a centre of gravity and many pranic systems.

This is the end of the material universe, which consists of one vast globe of Mânasa in which globes of Prana are floating. Within these globes of Prana are globes of ether, and within the etheric globes are small globes of Prakriti.

Modern science says that each atom of Prakriti is the centre of an etheric molecule. When the oxygen and hydrogen unite chemically to make the drop of water, all the gas is not used for water; some remains to make an "atmosphere," or envelope for it. When the ether unites chemically to make an atom of Prakriti, some of it is retained to form an atmosphere or envelope. "No two atoms (of Prakriti) touch," says Faraday. "Each atom (of Prakriti) matter, even in the hardest steel, is as far apart from every other atom as the stars in heaven from one another, in proportion to the size." Our modern physics recognize two octaves or planes of matter—the Prakritic and the etheric. The ancients recognized four—the Prakriti, etheric, Pranic and Mânasa. All modern science is built upon Faraday's "discovery" of the ancient teaching regarding the first two. Future science will be based on the four.

These four manifestation of matter are the "Earth, Air, Fire, Water," of the old philosophies. The air represents what we now call the Ether, the fire what we call Prana, and the water what we call Mânasa. This will be made much clearer later, but read with this key, they can be understood.

Each atom of the pranic globes has its Mânasic envelope. Each atom of the etheric globes has its envelope of Prana-Mânasa. Each atom of the Prakritic globes has its envelope of Ether-Prana-Mânasa. Western science says: "Each atom of Prakriti is the centre of an etheric molecule," but the Eastern science of ancient days added to that: "And each atom of that etheric molecule is the centre of a Pranic molecule, and each atom of the pranic molecule is the centre of a Mânasic molecule. Each atom of Prakriti is fourfold; each aggregation of atoms is fourfold. Each atom is a replica of the universe. As above, so below. The universe and the atom are One."

IV.

“ I understand, Socrates. It is because you say
 “ that you always have a divine sign. So he is
 “ prosecuting you for introducing new things into
 “ religion. And he is going into court knowing
 “ that such matters are easily misrepresented to
 “ the multitude, and consequently meaning to
 “ slander you there.” *Plato.*

“Yes, Sir! Witch stories, and in this enlightened age! What do you call it but a witch-story, that very experiment you told me of, made by my friend the Spookical Researcher? Is it not witchcraft, to transfer pinches and burns, pain and suffering, in fact, though only slight in this case, to another person at a distance? Suppose it was not as an experiment, but in dead earnest, and with dire malice and evil intent? What then? Would the victim not feel it? Could he protect himself? And would not that be witchcraft in just the sense that sent people to the stake and faggot all through the Middle ages? Have you read the famous witch-craft trials at Salem? Yes, Sir! Witch-craft in this very enlightened age,—the darkest, most material, and unspiritual that the world has ever seen.”

“Oh, but sending pinches by thought-transference can do no great harm?”

“You think not? Well, you don’t know what you are talking about. That is the privilege of the young! Once the door is open for that sort of thing, where do you think it is going to be shut? It is the old tale; give the devil an inch, and he will take an ell; give him your finger, and he will presently take your whole arm. Yes, and your body, too! Do you not see the tremendous evils that lie concealed in hypnotism? Look at Charcot’s experiments at the Salpêtrière! He has shown that a quite innocent person can be made to perform actions quite against his or her will; can be made to commit crimes, even, by what he calls Suggestion. And the somnambule will forget all about it, while the victim can never identify the real criminal. Charcot is a benevolent man, and will never use his power to do harm. But all men are not benevolent. The world

is full of cruel, greedy, and lustful people, who will be eager to sieze a new weapon for their ends, and who will defy detection and pass through the midst of us all unpunished.

"Yes, Sir! Witch-tales in this enlightened age! And mark my words! You will have such witch-tales as the Middle Ages never dreamt of. Whole nations will drift insensibly into black magic, with good intentions, no doubt, but paving the road to hell none the less for that! Hypnotism and suggestion are great and dangerous powers, for the very reason that the victim never knows when he is being subjected to them; his will is stolen from him, and mark my words: these things may be begun with good motives, and for right purposes. But I am an old woman, and have seen much of human life in many countries. And I wish with all my heart I could believe that these powers would be used only for good! Whoever lets himself or herself be hypnotized, by anyone, good or bad, is opening a door which he will be powerless to shut; and he cannot tell who will be the next to enter! If you could foresee what I foresee, you would begin heart and soul to spread the teaching of universal brotherhood. It is the only safeguard!"

"How is it going to guard people against hypnotism?"

"By purifying the hearts of people who would misuse it. And universal brotherhood rests upon the common soul. It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible. Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil. And now, my dear, it is getting late, and I am getting sleepy. So I must bid you good-night!" And the Old Lady dismissed me with that grand air of hers which never left her, because it was a part of herself. She was the most perfect aristocrat I have ever known.

It was long after that, before we came back to the question of magical powers. In August 1888, H. P. B. had a visit from her old chum, Colonel H. S. Olcott, by far the most self-forgetting and effective friend she ever had. Colonel Olcott was writing, at a side table. H. P. B. was playing Patience, as she did nearly every evening, and I was sitting opposite her watching, and now and then

talking about the East, whence Colonel Olcott had just come. Then H. P. B. got tired of her card game, which would not come out, and tapped her fingers slowly on the table, half unconsciously. Then her eyes came to focus, and drawing her hand back a foot or so from the table, she continued the tapping movement in the air. The taps, however, were still perfectly audible—on the table a foot from her hand. I watched, with decided interest. Presently she had a new idea, and turning in my direction, began to send her astral taps against the back of my hand. I could both feel and hear them. It was something like taking sparks from the prime conductor of an electric machine; or, better still, perhaps, it was like spurting quicksilver through your fingers. That was the sensation. The noise was a little explosive burst. Then she changed her direction again and began to bring her taps to bear on the top of my head. They were quite audible, and, needless to say, I felt them quite distinctly. I was at the opposite side of the table, some five or six feet away, all through this little experiment in the unexplained laws of nature, and the psychical powers latent in man.

No experiment could have been more final and convincing; its very simplicity made it stand out as a new revelation. Here was a quite undoubted miracle, as miracles are generally understood, yet a miracle which came off. But at our first meeting, Mme. Blavatsky did not even approach the subject; none the less, she conveyed the sense of the miraculous. It is hard to say exactly how, but the fact remains. There was something in her personality, her bearing, the light and power of her eyes, which spoke of a wider and deeper life, not needing lesser miracles to testify to it, because in itself miraculous. That was the greatest thing about her, and it was always there; this sense of a bigger world, of deeper powers, of unseen might; to those in harmony with her potent genius, this came as a revelation and incentive to follow the path she pointed out. To those who could not see with her eyes, who could not raise themselves in some measure to her vision, this quality came as a challenge, an irritant, a discordant and subversive force, leading them at last to an attitude of fierce hostility and denunciation.

When the last word is said, she was greater than any of her works, more full of living power than even her marvelous writings. It was the intimate and direct sense of her genius, the strong ray and vibration of that genius itself, which worked her greatest achievements and won her greatest triumphs. Most perfect work of all, her will carried with it a sense and conviction of immortality. Her mere presence testified to the vigor of the soul.

AUM.

I am a spark from the One Flame in which I live and have my being.

I am a Ray from the Central Spiritual Sun, source of the One Life: that which is, was and ever shall be.

In essence I am of the uncreate, eternal Spirit of Life which knows neither Birth nor Death; which is without beginning and without end. For It is the One Existence, the only Reality.

From it come Gods and men, the worlds and all things thereon to unfold in thoughts the One Thought.

I am a Soul born from the Father-Mother Soul, which out of the uncreated essences creates both Gods and Men.

I am the eternal Pilgrim journeying through Life that I may build upon the Hills of Time with the essence of my heart, the Holy Shrines for the worship of the Most High.

I am as old as Time itself, and the hour of my death will never strike. Therefore, am I master of my life and conqueror of Death, which claims not me, but only my bodies.

For my bodies are the vestures woven by Nature from her elements, that I, the Soul, may come in contact with and know her.

My body is the earthly Dwelling in which I live whilst I study Nature, and at the same time instruct and elevate her.

For I am the heir to all knowledge. Limitless wisdom and power shall be mine.

I am the destined Master of the spiritual riches of all the Universes.

If it be asked why I should have to lay aside my body in what men call death? I answer: Because my body is composed of heavier, grosser atoms than those composing the Soul; and because of Nature's weakness in that her Soul but feebly reflects the Spirit.

Because I am before Nature; greater, mightier than her. For my years are numbered with those of the Ancient of Days which no man can count, while hers may be computed.

Because of my greater strength, my ceaseless rapid motion, whereby I cause the heavier, grosser atoms, given by Nature in providing my body, to vibrate with constantly accelerating force until a limit at which this may be done is reached. Then, the atoms, unable longer to sustain the strain, cease to polarize towards the in-

dwelling Spirit; and falling away from the controlling force of the Central Will run riot; each atom becoming a law unto itself. Hence the body, no longer obedient to the Master Will, falls into disease, death and decay. For the heat of the Soul's Divine Fire incessantly at work refining, purifying the coarser constituents of Nature, finally wears out all bodies in their specialized forms.

Yet by my greater spiritual force I impart to Nature's atoms my divine power, thus constantly helping her to rise in the scale of being. Leading her ever onward and upward towards the Central Fire of her life until Spirit shall permeate and redeem her every atom.

Then shall she weave for me bodies that shall bear the strain of my indwelling power:

Bodies in which I may live my immortal life; in which I may continue unbroken my work with Nature. Compelled no longer—through her weakness—to seek the realm of Spirit whilst Nature slowly weaves new bodies for the Soul that must await her handiwork.

Into all Realms of being I penetrate, seeking knowledge thereof. Bounds and limits stay me not, And in all the Spheres and Spaces I know of naught nor of any one that shall command: 'Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!'

Time shall not measure the limits of my flight; the Void hath no barriers against it. Immortal am I; deathless, diseaseless. Untouched by Time's withering finger I drink from the fount of eternal Youth.

Sorrowless, fearless I span the Eternities by the power of my dauntless will.

By my courage and daring I win from Nature all her secrets, and achieve initiation into the Mysteries of the Most High.

AUM.

THE ROD OF AARON.

“ Matter comes out rather as a precipitate in the universal ether, determined by a mathematical necessity; a grand and beautiful cloud-work in the realm of light, bounded on both sides by a world of spirits; on the upper and anterior side by the Creator himself, and the hierarchy of spirits to which he awarded immediate existence; and on the lower and posterior side, by that world of spirits of which the material body is the mother and nurse.”

MacVicar.

“ Every time that analysis strips from nature the gilding that we prized, she is forging thereat a new picture more glorious than before, to be suddenly revealed by the advent of a new sense whereby we see it—a new creation, at sight of which the Sons of God shall have cause to shout for joy.”

Prof. Clifford.

“ Hitherto the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision. But, as soon as physical research begins to go hand in hand with moral or psychical research, it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other.”

Julian Hawthorne.

Brief articles in previous issues have called to mind the fact that there is a consistency in the workings of Nature which we all instinctively recognize and rely upon in the affairs of daily life and which furnishes the basis of all science; that is to say all classified knowledge. So we find the chemist studying the properties of elements derived from any small and familiar object, and, as the result of these investigations, obtaining information as to the qualities of a considerable proportion of the material, not only of this globe, but of other planets also. In like manner universal forces are studied by their action in producing the smallest phenomenon. No instance has yet come to human knowledge of a betrayal by Nature of our confidence in the impartiality with which her laws are applied to both great and small; and in fact inconsistency in this respect is unthinkable, for the great is made up of the small, and,

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when we grasp in any respect an understanding of the active principle of the small, we have conquered the meaning of endless repetitions in time and space.

Passing then from the accepted fact that from the pebble, or the ray of light, we may learn much of the constitution of matter and of the play of universal forces, it was also suggested that the familiar phenomenon of the cyclic unfolding of life from the germ stage, and its re-infolding in this form, was of momentous and unlimited significance.

What does the growth of a seed prove?

It proves that all the parts of a wonderfully complex mechanism are predetermined, outlined in some way as to their developments both in space and time, but that the plan is not written down upon anything that can be weighed or seen. The germ, or egg, may be bulky, when a store of nutriment is provided along with the life center. A bean or an acorn is made up almost wholly of food supply for the form which unfolds from the germinal point. The egg of a bird contains enough material for a small and complete organism; but this material is crude and shapeless, and even in the germinal point no microscope can find any suggestion of a bird. When the unfolding of form takes place within the maternal organism the germ cell is microscopic and even when peered into with the highest magnifying power, there is found but a rudimentary structure wholly unlike even the simplest outline of the creature which will evolve. Whatever the significance of the simple structure of a germ cell may be, it is no more like that of the finished organism than the wards of a key are like the palace which it may unlock.

It is therefore a fact, as certain and universal as the rise and fall of the tides of ocean, that life unfolds and expands from the simple and homogeneous, through many complex stages; and that, while in the end the evolved form will dissolve into its primitive elements, its life, its guiding principle, combined with a picture and record of all that it has been, passes into an invisible condition of being, from which it again emerges.

We must not confound the pabulum of nature, matter and energy, with that which builds this food supply into form. The field of space is filled with pulsing world-stuff; but, whether dissolved into primitive sameness, or marshalled into complex and

wonderful differences, it should no more be confounded with the guiding principle than the shapeless contents of the egg should be confounded with that which determines the plan of its evolution.

Before the theologic nightmares of a dark age descended upon our religious intuitions, our Aryan ancestors grasped the broad relations of the conscious life of the universe to its cycles of material evolution. With the simplicity and directness which ever goes with the clearest philosophic thought, the egg symbol was used, not originally from any crude comparison relating to shell and yolk, but as typical broadly of the ideas suggested above and for which any germ or seed symbol might be used. The supreme and all-inclusive life was said to retire into an unmanifest condition, while worlds dissolved away into the waters of space. In due time, however, there was another period of expansion and manifestation, when, through successive stages, covering great periods of time, all that we call material was evolved.

The term for this all-inclusive and expanding life was Brahma or Brahm, derived from Sanskrit, a word meaning "to expand." All lesser and more limited aspects of consciousness, approaching what we call "personality," whether of gods or men, were included within this universal life, which could be contained in no temple and represented by no form.

Periodic manifestation and differentiation; evolution from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, as Mr. Spencer would put it, was symbolized by the egg. "Nature" signifies birth, and, if we apply the laws of birth which we see working all around us, we may be nearer to understanding the "nature" of suns and planets and all that they may at any time contain.

If there is any idea which is fundamental in "Nature" it is heredity, the influence of a past cycle of life upon that which is evolving in the present. We do not expect the structureless contents of an egg to differentiate by any accidental aggregation. All parental form might have absolutely vanished from the earth, yet we would expect a germ, should it survive, to evolve a close copy of the ancestral life and form. From life to life, from cycle to cycle, as we see lives and cycles of lives running their courses in endless variety all about us, we see a bridge, or continuity, extending from the visible, through the invisible, to the visible again. I say,

“through the invisible” because the complex life structure is not in the germ, which is simply a rallying point, or focus, for manifestation.

If this then is a ground principle of Nature, underlying all varieties of birth, all mechanism of reproduction, is it likely that from star to star life is unbridged and that each planetary or stellar cycle must run its course from primaeval chaos unguided by any predecessor?

If so, where do we find a parallel instance of Nature turning squarely back upon her tracks? Where can we find her faithful to a principle, to the very uttermost, in all lesser applications, and regardless of it in the greatest?

The ancient evolutionist seems to have been wiser in his day and generation than the modern.

It may be said by the hasty objector, that there is no analogy to be drawn from the lives of single organisms, wherein each structure is a complex unit, to the collection of disconnected units which the world contains; and therefore it may be said that there can be no hereditary relation between successive collections of lives, evolved upon planets which have followed each other in order of time.

This objection would have had more force some years ago than it can have to-day. Students of biology and particularly those who have studied most closely the evolution of life throughout the geologic periods, are more and more impressed with a feeling of the unity of the world life and of an advance as by some constant and inductive influence. For this it becomes more and more difficult to account by the familiar and semi-mechanical explanations of “spontaneous” or “accidental” variation, and “survival of the fittest.”

These explanations certainly have their place, but can hardly cover the whole truth. At present even the most mechanically minded student of physics realizes that the matrix and base of all energy and of all phenomena is in the “ether” of space, and that there is a unity and interdependence among the grosser aspects of matter. Much more than may there be such unity in the finer forces, binding together the life of the whole, from the simplest of our fellow creatures to the most god-like being.

The idea of the unit life of a planet, of a development along certain lines, due to the influence of a preceding cycle of life, is not

so far from modern thought as it was a generation or two ago. There is a conservatism in such matters, which perhaps is well enough, because it keeps those who are learned, but feeble, from becoming mere cranks. It corresponds to the instinct for conventional propriety which serves as a stay to morality. This new-old idea may be sniffed at by the intellectually prudish, as an unlicensed speculation, a relic of paganism. Nevertheless there is much to commend it to the attention of thinkers, who are careful, and yet not deterred by the convenient label put up by mechanical philosophers, or by clerical mammas; "Minds Off. Unknowable."

It does not follow that, if deprived of the "carpenter theory" of the universe, of creation by a personal contriving God, the Big Man of the clergy, we must fall back either into a chaos of chance, or on a treadmill of blind and cyclic necessity. A broader outlook may give us all the "personality" which we may crave in our proximate relations to the infinite; all the share in the divine, to which we are entitled; all the free will and responsibility which most of us will care to carry; and with this some light upon the problems of "evolution" and the probable lines of expansion of both classified knowledge and philosophic thought.

But of these things, and also of that which casts its magic influence upon the waters of space, and of our share in wielding it, possibly more hereafter.

THE PARABLE OF THE DREAMING RAM.

From time immemorial domestic sheep have lived enslaved by man. Their true ancestors are unknown.

—*Braem's Natural History.*

Whether domestic sheep ever were free we may never know. Our earliest records show man with flocks and herds. From the grey dawn of time, through unnumbered centuries, the sheep has been an animal created especially for man—to feed him and clothe him.

Among the sheep themselves there is no tradition of a time when they were free; when they were not the slave of man. Their history begins with the day of their birth. In the personal history of any sheep this moment is the beginning of the world to him. He soon forgets the mother who bore him, and his sire and grandsire he never knew; so the history of the flock concerns him not. Even the memory of his birth and his early struggles grows dimmer and dimmer as he reaches the age of discernment. To him wisdom is knowledge of hay, grass, and mash—and forgetfulness of the things which concern him not.

Once upon a time, however, there was a ram who dreamed a dream so wonderful that he awoke with a start, every sense alert, and springing to his feet looked around in vain endeavor to see in waking what he had seen in dreaming. He tried to remember what it was he wanted to see. In vain! A distant horizon, covered with silvery mist, shut out his mental sight from the something which lay just beyond, whose formless shapes through the sheen gave not one definite outline; not one clear cut image.

"What was it I dreamed about?" he asked a wise old ewe who lay beside him.

"Go to sleep again," she answered angrily, true to the breeding of the race. "It was not that you should dream dreams you were brought from abroad."

The ram was a full-blooded English Merino, with a pedigree which went back to Spain, to the slopes of Mount Ida, and the valleys around Carthage. The owner had paid a fortune for him and expected great things from him. At first he was not disappointed. When the ram was placed over the flock he did not argue, or reason, or ask questions. He did not care why he had been brought there. The grass was tender; the mash was fine. He ate, and slept, and lived his life, mechanically and unreasoningly.

Why he had been born, where he would go when he died, troubled him not in the least. What his master wanted did not trouble him, for there was nothing he desired. He had neither rights nor duties to think of; nor doctrines, so far as he knew, to spread. To find the sweetest tufts of grass; to eat until he could eat no more; to sleep the dreamless sleep—that was life and living.

And now this dream! It was a revelation of another world. The shade was the same, and the valley and the flock of sheep; but from the moment he awoke it no longer meant the same to him. The grass was tasteless, the valley was chill and bare, the flock were not of his kith or kin. He ate less and slept more, for in his sleep the dreams would come.

He grew moody, cross, and irritable, as he felt without comprehending that there was another world, just beyond him, that he could not reach, or find or know. In vain he appealed first to the old ewes and after to the lambs. They stared, and went on eating or sleeping. They had no interest in thinkers or thinking; in philosophy or philosophers.

From the first dream, the ram never slept without dreaming, and soon his dreams became so attractive that he slept nearly all the time. He could not recall them when awake—not the faintest definite outline.

His hours of waking were spent in vain efforts to recall the fleeting shadows of his sleep. He knew that in his sleep he saw clearly and plainly, and that he had but to close his eyes and the picture would come again.

The ram grew emaciated, listless, glassy-eyed. The sheep drew together, frightened, at his approach. His strength grew less and less, until he could hardly be forced to lead the flock to pasture.

One night all were sleeping in the fold. The ram lay alone in the center, with none near him. Suddenly, in swift alarm he jumped to his feet. He stood erect, his legs stiff, his neck stretching, his head raised, his body shivering. He was trying to see; to hear. For awhile he remained motionless, and then heart-rending bleating shook the yard. The frightened sheep crowded in the corners in terror, while the watch-dog's bark joined in discordantly as he tried to quiet them.

The ram's eyes, now sightless, beheld the blissful secret of his dreams. His body shivered, his legs bent under him, and he fell—dead.

* * *

“What could possibly have been the matter with him?” the owner asked the shepherd.

“Sheep were not always slaves,” the shepherd replied, “and in his dreams he saw himself a free ram.”

THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY.

III.

Thus we learn wisdom's first lessons, and set up two milestones on the path of our immortality. We need only substitute our inherent energy for the lust of sensation, to inherit all the primal power of the natural world, and all its beauty. We may knit our wills into the powers that hold the world in place, and share the freshness of the forests, the freedom of the human world; instead of living for vanity and bitter pride, we may cast all barriers down, opening our souls to the souls of men, and instantly inherit the treasure of endless life which gleams and glows in every heart of man.

Nor is our work then ended. Say rather that it now begins. For having reached this double liberation, we have won the power to pierce the secret of all secrets, the splendid and majestic mystery which rests at the heart of all life. For learning to stand upright and to feel our strength, we are soon touched with a dawning inspiration that there is vastly more of us than we dreamed; that we are far greater than even in golden moments we dared to hope; that the personal part of us we know and live in is but the antechamber, the outer court of the temple, while the true lord dwells within.

The divine web of instincts which holds us in the bosom of the natural world, gives no account of itself, nor can assign to itself any purpose; nor even does our human intuition show a definite end in view, a final purpose whereto all union and illumination tend. We must look elsewhere for the final goal, for the everlasting purposes which have had so great preparation, which hold such magical powers of creative instinct and unveiled intuition in their sway. The instinct in us urges us forth into the outer world by a revelation of life outside ourselves in every natural realm. The intuition of our hearts urges us beyond ourselves in another and more divine direction, impelling us to go forth from ourselves into the hearts of others like ourselves, to knock and enter every human door, till all be realized and possessed. There is something higher than instinct or intuition: there is inspiration, urging us to go forth from our personal selves, to rise above them to our immortal life; to inherit here and now celestial potencies; to make true for man the dreams we have dreamed of God.

It is for this that man has lived and toiled so many weary ages ; it is for this that human hearts have struggled through milleniums of sorrow and hate : that they might learn the law. If we have greatly gone astray, this proves at least that we are free even to err ; that our wills are master over destiny, even to our own destruction. If we have hated and deceived and lied, tyrannized and lusted and defamed, it proves at least that we are heirs of liberty in dealing with human souls, even to their infinite sorrow and to ours. If we have the right of wantonness, we have the right of strength ; if we are free to injure, we are free to heal ; and setting ourselves right at last with nature and with man, we hold in our hands the key to open the door whence our freedom came, to enter the deathless shrine where was woven the web of our stormy destiny.

Let us consider that the will in us, manifest as instinct and energy in our bodily selves, is akin to every force in the natural world, and can at the last bring every natural force within the hollow of our hands ; let us also consider that the will in our human hearts is akin to every will of man, that the same divinity runs through all, impelling us all to oneness, to enter each others' lives, to raze all barriers between our own and others' souls ; if we understand these two truths, we shall fully understand that our life is not contained and confined within this mere limited casket of our personal selves ; that we are but the open doorways to the infinite divine ; that for each mortal there is an immortal brother, strong and serene above the cloudland of our life, bending this life to everlasting purposes, leading our outcast pilgrim souls through rough and devious ways to the halls of peace, the dwelling-places of everlasting power.

This much is easily understood of every simplest mind : that he who would inherit bodily well-being, the young joy of the morning in his natural self, needs only to follow the revelation of instinct, to turn back from sensation and sensuality, to find cleanness and health in energy and power, and not in desire. It is a transformation of the whole animal life, through the will, easily understood and bringing instant evidence of rightness in the release of power within our natural selves.

This too is not hard to understand : that we do ourselves much human wrong when we try to live through vanity and bitter pride ;

when we find each others' souls only to tyrannize and overreach them ; when we try to thwart the free life and genius in each other, instead of helping it to the flower of its perfect life. Here again, it needs only a conversion of the will to bring us infinite peace, to set us right with all human souls ; and this conversion of the will, so readily appealing to our understanding, will instantly justify itself by its first-fruits of love, joy, peace, and, even more than these traditional blessings, by an immense access of human power and light.

Grasping this, we shall more readily understand the greater matter, for which these two steps are but the preparation and first outline: the tremendous truth that we are to go through one more conversion of the will, changing from mortal to immortal purposes, to inherit our real selves. We have through the desert of our human history a few examples of what may be done by those who are true to their immortal part: in creative genius, divine valor, heroic sacrifice. Not the basest human heart that beats, but throbs in harmony with these better deeds, testifying its own inmost certainty that here our true destiny lies. Every pulse that exults with the hero slain in battle, bears witness of the soul's immortality ; every glow of wonder and delight at the beauty and wisdom recorded of the seers is a foreshadowing of our own omniscience ; our joy in all heroic deeds is the first gleam of our infinite power.

There stands above us, therefore, for each one of us, a present immortal ; easily the equal of the highest life and power our human history records ; and it is our destiny, through the inspiration of the will, to enter into the life of this immortal, to draw the everlasting power into ourselves, that even here and now we may inherit divinity. Nor does this mighty task depend solely on our personal selves ; nor are we wholly responsible for its success, as we are not answerable for the shining of the sun. Yet we of ourselves must come forth into the sunlight.

There will come a time when the immortal brother shall interpose on our behalf, and we shall be drawn forth from the mortal world and rapt into paradise, hearing words not lawful for mortal lips to utter, for only those lips can speak of them that are already divine. No longer dimly overshadowed by the Soul, we enter through the silence into the very being of the Soul itself. We know that we

have found our treasure and inherited our immortality. With undimmed and boundless vision we behold the shining ocean of life. We enter the radiance and the realm. We are filled with infinite power, infinite peace. No longer heirs to the Power, we are the Power itself, in all its immeasurable divinity: the Power which was from the beginning, which shall outlive all ends.

As we rise to the vision of the immortal, there is silence, yet a silence full of song. There is darkness, yet darkness more radiant than light. There is loneliness, yet a loneliness full of living souls. The souls of the young-eyed immortals are there, who have passed over, and the souls of mortals yet unseeing, who shall follow after. We have entered the All, the sea of life whose foam and bubbles are the world.

Then the gloom closes upon us and we return from our illumination, descending again to the waking world. As we draw near, the whole landscape of life opens before us in scenery of shadow and sunshine. Sky meets earth on the horizon where we entered. Earth draws up again to sky before us, where we shall depart. We see spread forth the country we shall traverse, with hills and valleys leveled, as we view them from above. All the road is clear, nor do any formidable dangers threaten to overwhelm us, ere we enter into rest. For one long moment of our return, nought is hidden from us of all things that are to come.

When we unseal the inner fountain, its waters will never more cease to flow into our hearts, bringing life and light and everlasting youth. Many old well-guarded secrets will come to us and reveal themselves in the twilight stillness. Gradually the mists will lift from the infinite army of years we have lived of old, and from the long days that are to come. This one life of our mortality will take its true place in the undivided life, ranged with days vanished yet still here, with days that are not, yet already are. We shall unravel our tangled skein of fate, clearly seeing where and why we failed. The sins and sorrows of our life will take their true color, in the awful light of the all-seeing soul.

What each man's genius is, will be whispered to him in the silence, when he has found his way back to the immortal life. Thenceforward the genius will work in him, handling all the material of life in a new and masterly way. The perfect poet and artist, the

hero, saint and sage differ in this only from other men: that they obey the genius of valor and beauty who stands above them, yielding up the reins to their divinity, and offering their wills as workers for the light. As there is something creative and unprecedented in the life of every hero, in the work of every master of power and beauty, so should it be with us all. Our lives should be every moment creative, bearing always the power and light that are the sign-manual of our divinity.

? To discover by subtlest intuition the word of the genius to our other selves, and in all dealings with them to second the will of the immortal even against their immortal selves, is our second task; and we need no longer go abroad to find our other selves. They come to us, pressing closely round our souls in vision or in blindness, in sadness or mirth, in love or hate, as doves and hawks tap at our windows, to be admitted from the winter's storms. But above love or hate or sorrow is the immemorial essence of our common soul, the holy presence of the everlasting life. We must bow to it in all things, dealing with the immortal in mortals, answering the needs of souls alone. Mortals are at strife, but the immortals in them never. All move in the one Life.

Yet when the last word is said, we are finally concerned, not with the works of our wills, nor with our other selves, but with the immortal Life that gives them life. Our lives and other selves concern us because they are of the Soul. But there is somewhat greater and more august than the Soul's sunbeams, however radiant and full of beauty. There is the infinite Soul itself, the perfect undivided Life. Thither at last shall all our footsteps tend. Thither when our works are ended, when we have reached oneness with our other selves, shall we come to rest, losing ourselves and them and all things to find them again in the immortal Life.

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THE LAW OF SELFISHNESS. : 118'

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Thrust your finger in a pail of still water. You will displace many drops, giving them an outward impulse. Each and every drop of water in the pail will feel this outward impulse, for it will be imparted by each drop to the next.

But soon the limit of the environment is reached and now each atom reverses the impulse and sends it back to the center of disturbance—an impulse inward. With each atom and drop the inward impulse is exactly equal to the outward impulse, and what is true of them is true of the whole mass. The inward impulse is exactly equal to the outward.

This is the law of "compensatory vibration." In physics it is true at all times, in all places, and under all conditions. Action and reaction are equal—among the planets, or among the molecules or atoms of them. It is not only the law of this prakritic globe on which we live, but the law of the etheric globe (having the sun for its center) in which we live, and from which we get all force.

It is not only the law of all action, but of life, and thought. It is as true in morals as in physics, for morals are but the rules of right physical living—of living in harmony with our inheritance and environment. In this ocean of ether surrounding us we are centers of energy, giving off impulses to others that are bound to return to us exactly equal to their initial outward force.

Each and every action on our part affects us for good or ill only *after it has passed through and affected others*, for good or ill and its affect upon us will always be the exact amount of the total effect

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on others. The sum total of the outward affect on all the drops of water is the exact amount of the inward impulse on the disturbing agent, and so it is with a good deed or evil deed—the effect upon us is the same total of all its effects on mankind. If we injure a man, he does not feel all the injury; some of that injury passes through him to another, and from him to another. The amount of that injury is not measured by the injury to the nearest, but by the injury to all in the chain; and it is this total that returns to us. This is true of benefits as well as injuries—of all action. We cannot benefit ourselves except by benefiting some one else; nor injure ourselves except by injuring some one else. All change in ourselves is the result of reflex action, of what we have done to others.

The highest, noblest, purest life is one of absolute and perfect Selfishness. Self is the god we should worship. Every action should be weighed and measured by its final effect upon ourselves, and the stronger the selfishness, the more we think of ourselves and the less we think of others, the better it is for ourselves and for mankind. We cannot really help others; we can only help ourselves. The best we can do is to create circumstances wherein others may, if they choose, help themselves as we help ourselves. Each one is the architect of his own fortune; each works out his own salvation; but he works it out through the reflex action upon himself of what he has done for others.

It is time the electroplated morality that tells men they must “be good because it is good to be good,” which furnishes no incentive to goodness and declares “the wicked flourish like a green bay tree,” should be supplanted by a morality that will give men a motive for serving their fellows—a motive that will call for their best and strongest effort. The morality of Selfishness furnishes the strongest incentive by which men can be influenced. It is the “religion” of science, and knowledge, and common sense.

Intuitively men recognize the law of Karma. “Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return after many days” was written milleniums ago. But this recognition is vague and unformed. It is not understood as it should be—that it is a cold scientific fact.

JANAKA KING OF THE VIDEHAS.

(Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad.)

Janaka King of the Videhas offered a sacrifice with many gifts. And thither were gathered together the Priests of the Kurus and Panchalas. In Janaka King of the Videhas there arose a desire to know which of these Brahman priests was most deeply initiated in the hereditary wisdom. So he set apart a thousand cows, and on the horns of each were set ten measures of gold.

Then he said to them: Venerable Brahmans, whichever of you is strongest in the Eternal, let him drive home these cows.

But the Brahmans were too little confident in themselves to do this. Therefore Yajnavalkya spoke to his disciple, saying: Beloved, drive home these lowing kine. Thus spoke the sage.

But the Brahman priests were wrath, saying: How does he call himself the wisest among us?

Now Ashvala was the Sacrificer of King Janaka; he therefore spoke to Yajnavalkya, saying: In truth, Yajnavalkya, thou art wisest among us, and as our wisest, we pay reverence to thee. Yet we too were desirous to possess these cows.—Therefore Ashvala took to questioning Yajnavalkya.

Yajnavalkya, he said to him, all this world is enfolded by death, held in sway by death. By whom, then, as sacrificer does he who offers sacrifice free himself from the grasp of death?

By offering sacrifice through the Fire and the Word, he replied; for the Word is the giver of sacrifice, and the Word is Fire. Therefore the Word is the sacrificer, it is freedom and deliverance.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, as all this world is enfolded by day and night, and under the sway of day and night, by whom does he who offers sacrifice free himself from the grasp of day and night?

By offering through Vision and the Sun, he replied; for Vision is the overseer of the sacrifice, and what Vision is in us, the Sun is above us; it is the overseer, it is freedom and deliverance.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, all this world is enfolded by the dark moon and the bright moon, held in sway by the dark moon and the bright moon; by whom, then, does he who offers sacrifice free himself from the dark moon and the bright moon?

By offering through the Breath, the Life, he replied. For the Life is the chanter of the sacrifice, and the Life is the Great Breath. It is the chanter, it is freedom and deliverance.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, as this firmament is beginningless, by what ascent does the sacrificer ascend to the heavenly world?

By the moonlike mind as chief-priest, he replied; for Mind is the chief-priest of the sacrifice. And what mind is here, the moon is there. It is the chief-priest, it is freedom, it is deliverance. It is perfect freedom and wealth.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, with how many Vedic verses will the offering priests celebrate this sacrifice to-day?

With three, he replied.

Which are the three? he asked.

The verses of invocation, of oblation, of culmination, he answered.

What will he win by these?

All things that live in the world, he answered.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, how many oblations will the priest offer to-day?

Three, he replied.

Which are the three?

The oblations that blaze up; the oblations that crackle loud; the oblations that sink low, he replied.

What does he gain by these?

As for the oblations which flame up, by them he gains the world of the shining powers, he replied; for the world of the shining powers shines like flame. By the oblations which crackle loud, he gains the world of the fathers, for the world of the fathers is full of sound. And the oblations which sink low, by them he gains the world of men, for the world of men is beneath.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, through how many shining powers does the Brahman priest protect the sacrifice on the southern side?

By one, he replied.

Which is the one?

Mind, he replied; for mind is everlasting. The all-powers are everlasting; by Mind he gains the everlasting world.

Ashvala again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, how many songs of praise will the chanter offer in praise at this sacrifice to-day?

Three, he replied.

Which are the three?

The chants of invocation, of oblation, of culmination, he answered.

And how are they related with the soul?

The forward-life is the chant of invocation; the downward-life is the chant of oblation; the distributing-life is the chant of culmination.

What worlds does he gain by these?

By the chant of invocation, he gains this earth; by the chant of oblation, he gains the midworld; by the chant of culmination, he gains the heavenly world.

Then Ashvala was silent.

Thereupon Ritabhaga's son, of the line of Jaratkaru, asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, how many are the powers that grasp, and how many are the outer powers corresponding to them?

Eight powers, he replied, and eight outer powers.

And these eight powers and outer powers, which are they?

The forward-breath is a power, and to it corresponds the downward-breath; for by the downward breath a man perceives odors.

The word is a power, and with it names correspond; for by the word a man pronounces names.

Taste is a power, and with it savor corresponds; for by the power of taste a man perceives savors.

Vision is a power, and with it form corresponds; for by vision a man perceives forms.

Hearing is a power, and with it sounds correspond; for by hearing a man apprehends sounds.

Mind is a power, and with it corresponds desire; for by the mind a man desires desires.

Hands are a power, and with them work corresponds; for with the hands a man carries out his work.

Touch is a power, and with it contacts correspond; for through the power of touch a man distinguishes contacts.

These are the eight powers with their correspondences.

Ritabhaga's son again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, since all this world is the food of death, what divinity is there who in turn feeds on death?

Fire is death, and fire is the food of the waters; therefore the waters conquer death.

Ritabhaga's son again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, when a man here dies, the life-powers ascend from him—

No, replied Yajnavalkya; they become blended in one, even here; he gives up the ghost, his body is filled with air, and so dying he enters into rest.

Ritabhaga's son again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, when a man here dies, what does not leave him?

Name, he replied; for name is endless as the shining all-powers are endless. By this, he conquers his world.

Ritabhaga's son again asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, as in the case of a man here who has died, the word in him is absorbed in Fire, the life-breath enters the Breath, vision enters the sun, mind enters the lunar world, hearing enters the spaces, the body enters the ether, the hair and the down of his body enter plants, his blood is absorbed in the waters,—where is the man then?

And he replied: Take my hand, beloved son of Ritabhaga; we two must speak of this, for it cannot be spoken here in the assembly.

So they two went apart. And what they spoke of, was the continuity of works, and what they praised was the continuity of works. By holy works a man comes to a holy birth; by evil works, he comes to an evil birth.

Then Ritabhaga's son was silent.

Then Bhujyu, grandson of Lahya asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, we were wandering as pilgrims in the land of the Madras, and came to the house of a certain Patanchala, of the Kapi family; he had a daughter who was possessed by a spirit. We asked who he was, and he replied that he was Sudhanvan, of the line of Angiras. Then, while we were inquiring concerning the divisions of the world, we asked him where were the sons of Parikshit. This I now ask you, Yajnavalkya: Where were the sons of Parikshit?

Yajnavalkya answered: He told you this: The sons of Parikshit dwell there whither go those who offer the horse-sacrifice.

Whither go they who offer the horse-sacrifice?

Yajnavalkya answered: This sphere measures two and thirty days' journeys of the chariots of the gods. At twice that distance, the earth encircles it all. At twice that distance, the ocean encircles the whole earth. Then narrow as the edge of a razor or a fly's wing, at so small an interval lies the ether. The Ruler, taking the form of a well-winged bird, gave this to the great Breath. The great Breath, taking it up within himself, went thither where go those who offer the horse-sacrifice. Thus in a parable he uttered the praises of the great Breath. Therefore the great Breath is the individual spirit, and the waters are the universal spirit. He conquers the second death who thus knows.

Then Bhujyu, son of Lahya's son, was silent.

Then Ushasta of the family of Chakra asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, What is the visible immediate Eternal? What is the Soul? This declare unto me.

This is the Soul, which dwells within all.

Which, Yajnavalkya, is within all?

He who breathes forth through the forward-breath, this is your soul who dwells within all.

He who breathes downward through the downward-breath, this is your soul who dwells within all.

He who breathes apart with the distributing-breath, this is your soul who dwells within all.

He who breathes upward through the upward-breath, this is your soul who dwells within all.

Ushasta of the family of Chakra again asked him, saying: Just as a man might say: this is a cow, this is a horse,—so that the thing spoken of is pointed out,—in this same way declare to me what is the visible immediate Eternal, and what is the Soul which dwells within all.

Yajnavalkya answered him, saying: You cannot behold him who sees vision; you cannot hear him who hears hearing; you cannot think of the thinker of thought; you cannot understand him who understands understanding. This is the Soul who dwells within all, and all things but the Soul are subject to sorrow.

Then Ushasta of the family of Chakra was silent.

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND COMPASSION.

Cultivate love in your own nature for friend and foe and all who touch your life. You must not weep for the sins of the world, but amend them. Cut yourself adrift from self-identifying ties by loving all with a boundless love like the love of the Infinite. It will save you from all sin and evil, from longing for what is not your own, from selfishness.

Keep the heart light, strong, and even. See no differences with the heart, know that they exist with the brain, and amend them with your great love and compassion. Whatever the ties of life, be faithful to them, failing in no duty of relationships, and a friend to all. Feeling the ties of friendship as of the highest and purest human love because it is impersonal and savors not of self. One may love husband because of possession, parents because of long association, kinship and duty, children because in some measure they are self reproduced—but the love of friend proves something within oneself that can go forth to others in trust and confidence. It is an expression of faith. Therefore love *all* with the love of friendship even though the other loves and ties exist.

Do not forget to be impersonal and the cultivation of love towards all will help you to the elimination of self. Alone you must face the tempests of the world. Higher Powers cannot help you in those things. Your nature is strong, but your vanity great or you would not be so badly hurt. Pursue your onward course unmolested by friend or foe—modified by their judgments of you if by your own higher thoughts find them correct.

For all are our mirrors and show us back as we appear; sometimes this appearance tallies with the real—sometimes it does not. Some few can do more than mirror—they can analyze and they can and should help us, that is we should avail ourselves of their ability to help us. Mark out your course in life in spiritual things—it is enough—the others will fall in line. In this much you are right, you who have set your faces towards the Light, you cannot “plan” the material life, for the spiritual life governs the physical, but this, the spiritual, should be clear and have definite purposes.

“Guard thou the Lower lest it soil the Higher.” In working out the physical as the spiritual dictates, danger of becoming in-

volved in physical interests, in results, lurks, and you may become entangled. Here ambition, envy, vanity, strife, all lurk—tigers hiding along your pathway ready to spring upon you, drag you down and devour you. Proceed upon your way then with the Spiritual Light always before you, always the one thing to be attained. All results that are in your line of progress being as the debris of your true building—the spiritual upraising of mankind.

Filled and flooded with the Spiritual Light (that Light of your own Higher Self) no lurking beast can touch you—if your only aim is to show It forth to others. All evil things fall away from you and cannot touch you. Better to be a medium for Light to shine through than a block that cuts it off from others. The former you become if the heart is filled with compassionate love towards all—but if hatred and strife are permitted to dwell in the heart they block the way of Its onward flow. Some day you may become that Light Itself.

Brood over and foster your thoughts divine. Shield them from the cold winds of doubt, distrust of Self and Masters: distrust of Higher Powers and their ability to help you when and how they will, but their will is with the Law. Feed them, these thoughts divine, upon the remembrance that the Great Ones linger near but to aid, and wait only for the day when you make it possible.

In every way in your power (this does not mean in neglect of duty to any living thing) fit your vehicle to the Master's work and to your own uplifting. Consider it an instrument that must be made of finest fibre, mellowed with Time's hand throughout the ages—of most perfect workmanship; then with Soul knowledge attune it, and with the bow of Spirit give forth to the world soul-stirring strains that shall yield the common recognition of that which dwells within each heart. Modify its melody to the small and to the great, attune its chords to the needs of all. Teach Harmony that becomes Unity as the seven colors are blended in the one white ray of sunlight. Vibrate to each need of every human soul. Sometimes this will tear you asunder, then the work must be done over again and so ultimately the perfect instrument is made. This is one version of the legend of old which taught that old masters played with instruments, strung with human entrails. So they did—but they were their own—"Bowels of Compassion" indeed until ultimately they evolved the perfect harmony of self which ever tends to uplift the world.

“THE FINEST STORY IN THE WORLD.”

In nearly all the one hundred and thirty stories by Rudyard Kipling, “traces,” as the chemist would say, will be found of theosophical thought; but only one is a distinctly theosophical story, on theosophical lines, making clear as it does the correctness of certain theosophical teaching and answering a very common question—why we do not remember our past incarnations. This is “The Finest Story in the World,” and it is worthy of very careful reading.

The hero of the story is a bank-clerk, Charlie Mears, a boy of twenty, who aspires to be a poet and playwright, and writes stories for “the penny-in-the-slot journals”—or rather sends stories to them. Kipling has the class idea so strongly implanted in him—is is a peculiarity of colonials—that Charlie is to him, naturally a cad for trying to better his condition in life, or get any of the “sweetness and light” that comes from other than manual labor. He represents him as ignorant, vain, vulgar, small, petty, mean. One day Charlie, who has to write at home on the edge of a washstand, asks leave to write a story in Kipling’s room. He writes for a little while, but the words will not come, and he tells the story to Kipling.

“ I looked at him wondering whether it were possible
 “ that he did not know the originality, the power of the
 “ notion that had come his way. Charlie babbled on
 “ serenely. * * I heard him out to the end. It would
 “ be folly to allow his thought to remain in his own inept
 “ hands, when I could do so much with it.”

Kipling buys it from Charlie for \$25, and then the fun begins. It is a story of a galley, and Charlie describes the life on the lower deck, where the hero is chained to the oar, with a wealth of detail—as if he were looking at it.

“ He went away and I wondered how a bank clerk aged
 “ twenty could put into my hands, with a profligate
 “ abundance of detail, all given with absolute assurance,
 “ this story of extravagant and blood thirsty adventure in
 “ unnamed seas. He had led his hero a desperate dance
 “ through revolt against the overseers to command a ship

“ of his own and the ultimate establishment of a kingdom
 “ on an island ‘somewhere in the seas you know.’ ”

Next visit Charlie has lots more to tell. But the cosmic memory has evidently played a trick on him, for this time his talk is of another slave, another galley, another set of detail. On a piece of paper, Charlie marks what the men used to scratch on their oar blades.

He does not “know that it has any meaning in English, but the marks mean to the men that they are tired of slaving in galleys.” Kipling takes the scratches to the Greek expert at the British Museum, who reads them as Charlie did.

“ I fled without a word of thanks, explanation or
 “ apology. To me of all men had been given the chance
 “ to write the most marvellous tale in the world, nothing
 “ less than the story of a Greek galley slave *as told by him-*
 “ *self.* Small wonder that his dreaming had seemed real
 “ to Charlie. The Fates that are so careful to shut the
 “ doors of each successive life behind us, had in this case
 “ been neglectful and Charlie was looking, though he did
 “ not know, where never man had been permitted to look
 “ with full knowledge since time began. * * I—I alone
 “ held this jewel to my hand for the cutting and polishing.”

But Charlie had invested his five pounds in Byron, Shelley and Keats and gone on a mental drunk. He would not talk, until Kipling read to him Longfellow’s “King Olaf.” “That’s *true,*” Charlie gasps, “how could he have known how the ships crash and the oars rip out?” Then Charlie, under the excitement, tells a story of a vivid dream, as he thinks, of a fight of that kind in which he was drowned. It was a story of Viking adventure under Thorfin, Karlsefin, and of a fight in Vineland. Then Charlie becomes absorbed in Longfellow and won’t talk. He wants to read.

“ Conceive yourself at the door of the world’s treasure
 “ house guarded by a child—an idle, irresponsible child
 “ playing knuckle bones—on whose favor depends the
 “ gift of the key, and you will imagine one half my tor-
 “ ment. I could only wait and watch, but I went to bed
 “ that night full of the wildest imaginings. If I came to full

“ knowledge of anything at all it would not be one life of
 “ the soul in Charlie Mears’ body, but half a dozen—half
 “ dozen several and separate existences spent on blue water
 “ in the morning of the world.”

The story tells how he tries to get Charlie to talk, and how he fails. Then he consults Grish Chunder, a Hindoo friend, who remarks:

“ It is of course an old tale with us, but to happen to
 “ an Englishman—a cow-fed *Mlechh*—an outcast. That
 “ is most peculiar.”

After three or four pages of explanation of how and why “the doors are closed,” Grish Chunder says:

“ Be quick, he will not last long.”
 “ How do you mean?”
 “ He has never, so far, thought about a woman. One
 “ kiss that he gives back again, and remembers, will cure
 “ all this nonsense.”

More interviews with Charlie, more thrilling details of Charlie’s adventures in the dim abyss of past lives. At last the author imagines he can cheat the Lords of Life and Death, getting, through Charlie at some of their jealously guarded secrets.

But next time Charlie brings a love poem and “her” picture. The girl has a curly head and a loose mouth. Dull commonplace moral stagnation, an inept existence in a musty little shop in one of the dreary back streets of London—such is the price many a Charlie paid for a curly head and a loose mouth.

So naturally the experiment is over.

“ Now I understand, comments Kipling, why the Lords
 “ of Life and Death shut the doors so carefully behind us.
 “ It is that we may not remember our first and most beautiful
 “ wooings. Were it not so our world would be without
 “ inhabitants in a hundred years.”

“ Now, about that galley story,” I said in a pause in the
 “ rush of his speech.

“ Charlie looked up as though he had been hit. “The
 “ galley—what galley? Good Heavens, don’t joke man!
 “ This is serious.”

“ Grish Chunder was right. Charlie had tasted the love
 “ of woman that kills remembrance and the finest story in
 “ the world would never be written.

THE GENIUS OF THE NEW ERA.

There is first the intuition of the Soul; that haunting vision of might and joy that has been hovering over us through the ages. We have sought that joy through the natural world; through long lives of thirsty desire, and ever, as our hands seemed to be closing upon the treasure, it has vanished away, leaving our hearts desolate, longing for the immortal. We have sought the Soul through long ages of human life, following it in hope and fear, in desire and hate, in pleasure and sorrow, and again we have thought to surprise the eternal secret, and capture that alluring joy of the immortals. But we are seeking still, and ever within our hearts is that immortal longing, haunting, importunate, which leaves us never, and will not be stilled, but whispers to us in the silence, with a fascinating sweetness that makes dull all the voices of the world.

That restless thirst of joy is the longing for the Soul, for our immortal selves, the heirs of the everlasting; and we shall hear those haunting whispers till they break forth into the song of the Eternal.

In a lull of weariness and fever, when we cease for a while from our desires and dreams, will come clear vision of the Soul, a taste of immortal valor, of imperious power, of triumphant joy. And thenceforth, for ever, we shall know that the Soul is; even when the clouds and darkness are heavy upon us, and our vision is gone, we shall endure to the end, remembering that there is the Soul.

With that memory comes a sense of life, strong, exultant, that desires not the cloying, weakening sweetness of sensuous life; for it thirsts no more, after the first taste of the immortal waters; or thirsts for these alone. Nor will the soul cast forward any more hopes or fears into the future, either for this world, or the next, or any future life; for with the sense of the immortal treasure close at hand what shall a man need to hope for, or what shall he fear? Therefore the soul of man will stand upright, thirsting not for the feasts of the world, hoping no more, neither fearing any more.

Then shall follow peace. The heart's pains shall be stilled; softly, slowly shall the quiet of immortal might descend upon the soul from the greater Soul, and we shall understand how the gods can work for ever, yet not grow weary. There shall be peace from all imaginings, hopes shall no longer beckon us away from where our

treasure is; for with possession comes the payment of hope. Fear shall no longer lash us with the un pitying scourge that drives us to all cruelty and injustice, for where fear is, there is cruelty; where cruelty is, there is fear. We shall desire no more, for the fullness of life leaves nothing to be desired; nor shall we hate any more, for seeing ourselves in all things, how can we hate ourselves? The soul cannot hate its own exultant life. So shall come peace, the quiet of the heart, and glad heart's-ease.

And from heart's-ease shall follow peace through all the powers, that have so long been shaken by the fever of the world. And there shall come a recovery from all earthly pain, and the vigor of life restored to health like the young-eyed gods. Every power of man is now ready for the great work; but before he can undertake it, he must cease from the idols of the world, and their false worship. He must not longer follow the hot dusty ways of the men of desire, that they are driven along by fear and thirst for the banquets of the world. Nor will he desire these ways or endure them, for he knows the quiet pathway of the Eternal, where there is peace.

Ceasing from false idols, he begins to follow his Genius; and genius will set the immortal imprint on all he does. For its way is a divine way, a yoke that is easy, and a burden that is light. And the secret of genius, of the Genius in every man, is easily told. In the heart of every man, after he has caught the vision, and knows that the Soul is; after he has reached peace, heart's-ease, and quietude of all his powers; after he has ceased from idols, and drawn back from the hot pathways of desire; in his clean heart there shall yet dwell one desire, one longing, one imperious and haunting wish; and it shall seem to him that nothing in life could be sweeter than to carry that wish out; he shall have for it all enthusiasm, and the willingness of a freeman's service. And that secret desire of the heart is his life's work, the one thing he can do supremely well; the private revelation whispered to him alone, that not even the gods can overhear; not even the sages can foretell.

And his life's work a man will perform with such ready joy, with such enthusiasm and winning power, that all men shall be fascinated, and won by it; and will offer him all they possess for some share of it. Whether it be some new and excellent way of dealing

with the natural world, or with the souls of men, there is this secret for everyone. For a statue is only a stone transformed by the power of the Soul, and the greatest picture is a thin layer of pigments stretched over canvas threads; but the Soul's touch makes these mean things divine. And so is it with all its works. Taking the common words that fall from all men's lips, the common dreams that dwell in all men's hearts, the Genius weaves them into a song that shall last for ages, and outwear the hills, ringing in men's hearts and awakening their longing for the song everlasting. So too the twanging of wires may be transformed by the Soul into a magical enchantment, that shall make men forget all the heart's pains, if only the Genius be in it. •

And there is nothing in all this mortal world that may not be likewise transformed; even common things and mean are awaiting their poet, their artist, their musician. For all men are inwardly creative and full of genius; and some day each shall bring his gift to life.

And if there be this divine way for the rocks and ores of the natural world, so that they shall breathe with living beauty, what divinity may not come into our meeting with human souls. They indeed can be enkindled with immortal fire, set ringing with a diviner music, lit with colors that never sunrise nor the flowers nor the hills in their purple garments dreamed of; become resonant with a music that shall dull the long chant of the seraphim.

Here is the great work for every man: to express that secret vision which the gods whisper to him alone; in his dealings with the natural world; in his ways with the souls about him. And for each man, the guide is, the secret desire of his clean heart. That is what he came into the world to do; that is what he will do better than all living, past or to come. That is what all men will be ready to reward him for doing, as emperors have vied with each other in heaping reward on painters of things beautiful.

Yet a man who follows his path shall need steadfast endurance, and firm faith; nor shall the way be too smooth or easy for his feet; for he has a bad past behind him, and a world yet unclean round about him. So shall he keep steadfastness in his heart.

Faith too must go with him, a glow of fire, a surplus power to which all tasks are easy; for what is most admirable in the world has been done almost without effort, with a divine ease; yet great effort has gone to the preparation for it.

Last comes intentness; the bending of a steady will upon the task; for a statue is dreamed by the soul, yet it is carved by firm hands and steady blows, and only the greatest artists can draw a perfect line. And in like manner only a valiant soul can deal fairly with another, even with a little child.

THOUGHTS AND WORDS.

Thoughts and words are such a common, everyday affair, that it almost seems preposterous to speak about them. A thought is something which we express in a word; and a word is something which we use to express our thought with.

This definition seems true enough and precise enough. Yet it has been well said that the oftener we hear the name of a thing, the more certain we become that we know all about it—that we understand the very nature of the thing itself. And there are endless sides to the subject of “thoughts and words” which do not begin to be touched by this definition.

Thought and word always stand in some kind of a relation to each other. Of this there is no doubt. But do they depend upon each other for existence? Is it true, as some eminent scientists seem to believe, that where there is no word, there is no thought?

I make so bold as to answer this question in the negative. Most decidedly, no. It is not true. We all know whole regions of thought perfectly accessible to us, yet for which the best of our vocabulary seems too poor and too dull. Then, again, people who are familiar with several languages, know that there are shades of thought best expressed in French, or German, or English. There are expressions which cannot be translated even from “American” into English, let alone older and richer languages; for instance, the Sanskrit.

More than this, I for one am perfectly sure that there can be and is thought, where there is no word at all. Listen to this little illustration: One day I was walking on the shore at one of the English seaside resorts and felt something tugging at my dress. I looked and saw a very small boy with unusually bright eyes, such bright eyes as I have known several deaf and dumb children to possess, and this child also, I knew for a deaf and dumb mute the moment I caught sight of him. There were also another little boy and a little girl, all of them grouped around a penny-in-the-slot machine. I asked what they wanted, but the two other children held back and giggled shyly, while the dumb creature went into a long explanation with signs and gestures and wonderfully changeful expressions of his little face, and told me how he had a farthing, and

his brother had two, and his sister had four—a whole penny, and they wanted some sweeties and put all their money into the slot, and shook the machine, and shook it again, but there was something wrong with it and they could get nothing. And they are three children and very small, and there is a big crowd at the confectioner's shop where the machine belongs, and no one would pay any attention. So I must walk with them and settle matters. And of all he said, I assure you I understood every word. So you see what a lot of thought and forethought, and even judgment, there was in a little child, for whom spoken or written word had no existence whatever.

They say that Lord Byron used to say with regard to the French word *ennui*, that the English had not the *word*, but they had the *thing*. And I think that the same can be justly said about any thought of any degree, from the vaguest impression to the most positive knowledge. We have them all. All that the world has ever thought, learned or aspired to; all that the world is thinking, learning or aspiring to now, or ever shall think, learn or aspire to, is ours. It is ours without any limitations and reservations; always at our beck and call; always ready to come in touch with us or at least to overshadow us.

Then what is our difficulty? Why is it that we are not consciously and confidently in possession of the universal wealth of thought? Why is it that for most of us, it is most decidedly an effort to follow any kind of argument? Why are there so many people who are perfectly unable to catch what you mean exactly, when you speak to them?

I can see three causes for this unfortunate state of affairs.

The first and the nearest home is our extreme self-centeredness. It makes us obtuse, narrow, limited, unresponsive in all our dealings with each other. Most people, when listening to you always seem to mind, not what you say, but what is in their own minds, and are glad of an opportunity to say their own say. Most people decidedly hear what they think you are likely to say, or what they wish you to say, and not at all what you really say. Max Müller tells us in his delightful book, "Auld Lang Syne," that when a young man he was once lecturing on "The Origin of Language," and being very full of his subject was very enthusiastic, and his chief point was that

the oldest language on Earth was not the Hebrew at all, as religious England believed at the time, but that there were much older languages than Hebrew—Sanskrit, for instance. When he had finished and was duly applauded and many people came to congratulate him, there was one lady who was especially effusive and she said, "Thank you so much Mr. Müller. I am so glad you also believe that Adam and Eve spoke Hebrew in Paradise." This example of the unresponsiveness of the audience is, I assure you, not at all exaggerated.

The next cause of the destitution of our thought is that we white people in general are used to one way only of exercising our minds. We think from particulars to universals; first taking separate facts and details, and then trying to build out of them some complete system which can be applied to generalities. Broadly speaking, this is the way European thought has operated since the time of Aristotle. This is the way all of our accepted sciences—medicine, history, mathematics or political economy operate. This is the way even such an abstract work as Kant's Critique of Pure Reason has been written, and, dealing with small matters, all the time details, peculiarities, even exceptions, we too often lose sight of the general idea that underlies them all, and get hopelessly lost among things which, in themselves, really matter very little.

Not so in the case of the Eastern mind. The various tribes and nations inhabiting India, the few representatives of thinking China that we know anything about, even the Russians, to a very large extent, do not use their minds that way at all, and could not use them that way even if they tried. They have remained alien to the extreme development of the individualism of the Western nations. Their mind works from universals to particulars, taking in all the details in one general thought, and often substituting the various aspects of the same basic thought for each other.

What I say may seem obscure. I had better give an example. *Shankara*, the great Vedanta teacher, speaks of *Prana* as fire in one place, as imagination in another, as our ability of changing place, or walking, in a third, and so on. And why? Simply because for him all these were variations of the same *Prana*—the going out force, the great forward Breath of the *Upanishads*; the force that moves from within without; and being such, for him they are one and the same thing; the one includes all the others; the one suggests all the others. An Oriental author in general, when he has said "sight," for instance, naturally supposes that he has also said fire, color, imagination, walking; also eyes—organ of sight; and feet—means of walking. Generalities, universals, are never far from an Oriental mind. And a truly Oriental mind does not seem to be able to deal with

units, individuals, details, in any other way but by viewing them in the light of something universal ; either a law, or an interest, or a use. It is so in all Oriental writings, as everybody knows who has studied them at all.

Perhaps this absence of the true feeling of units and details is at the foundation of the well known Oriental indifference to death. What matters one man more or less, and what matters if that man be I?

Now let us return to the Western mind. Suppose a Western man, European or American, very clever, but altogether unprepared : and suppose that this mind finds that some author mixes up, in an unaccountable sort of way, the common image of a man's feet and the beautiful poetic idea of heavenly fires. What will he think? Surely he will think that there is a mistake somewhere, perhaps a misprint, or else that it is pure and simple nonsense. I would think so myself, if I were not half Asiatic by birth.

To be just all around, I must say that both the Oriental and the Western way of thinking have some disadvantages. Asiatic thought, dealing with universals alone, often becomes so remote and so abstruse as to have little hold on the everyday facts of our lives. Sometimes it falls short of its object and it always loses a lot of motive power. On the other hand, Western thought cannot help dissipating its energy in the perfect maze of all kinds of denominations, subdivisions, exceptions and one-sided cranky theorizings in general. It seems, for the most part, to be beating about the bush without ever touching the one essential point.

I trust and hope that it is reserved for American thought to strike the happy medium between the two and so to solve many a troublesome problem that mortals are now suffering from.

The third cause of the limitation of our thoughts is that modern man grossly underestimates the properties and powers of the word. Words also have the mysterious power of bringing forth thoughts of which a man was hitherto unconscious. Words are not mere masks or symbols of thoughts, they have a life of their own, they are living things.

Take any mystery teaching, whether it be the Hebrew Book of Job, the Sanskrit *Upanishads*, or the modern Light on the Path. In all of these you feel the potent living power of words, quite above their literal meaning. Even disfigured and mutilated as they are by translations, you cannot help feeling that in these books every word was assigned its place not by chance, but by strict choice. The words, as they were grouped in the originals, evidently were meant not only to convey a certain meaning, but to produce a certain effect, probably by means of vibrations and probably almost a physical

effect, so as to awaken in the listeners certain trains of thought, and certain associations of ideas, the best adapted to make clear for them doctrines which their reasoning alone would be utterly unable to grasp.

A word ought to be able to evoke in the mind great numbers of living thoughts and various moods through vibration, by touching some sensitive, though perhaps not quite material, point in our brains. Instead, by disuse, the word has lost its wings; there is hardly any magic in its sound; and it has become only the husk of thought, at best only a symbol.

Another illustration. I have two sisters. One is about two years younger than I, the other much younger, so much younger that I taught her most things she knows. One day I was sick in bed, and my second sister was to give the little one her lesson. It was geography, about the forests of Siberia, and, amongst other animals inhabiting it, an ovod was mentioned. Now, be it understood, that an ovod is only a fly, an especially vicious gadfly, which bites cattle and drives them mad. But the little sister did not know it, and asked its meaning; and the moment I heard a certain tremor in the teacher's voice, I knew she did not know it either. But, of course, she did not want to show her ignorance before the little one; she is exceedingly quick-witted and never lacks a word. So she says, in a grave and pensive sort of voice, "An ovod? Why, child, don't you know what an ovod is? Well, it is one of those things only few people can understand, and no one can explain." I was young then and was very indignant at her ingenious untruthfulness. But since then, I have often thought that the whole occurrence was allegorical; and, more than allegorical, it was prophetic.

How many wise men, scientists, philosophers, theologians, when we go to them for help in our perplexities, answer just like that young humbug: Well, child, this is one of these things which only a few can understand, and no one can explain.

Well, I, for one, hold that there is nothing in the world which cannot be explained and understood. As I said before, the domain of universal thought, in all its branches, is ours, without reservations and unlimitedly. But it is also true that before we can understand everything, many a thing is to be changed in us. First of all, we must shake off our narrow self-centeredness and lack of responsiveness to other people's thoughts and moods; in fact, we must grow more sympathetic to each other. Then we must change our mode of thinking, we must enlarge our thought and make it able to work from particulars to universals, and, as well, from universals to particulars. And also we must learn how to use the word so that it becomes a living power again.

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THE MEANING OF OM.

According to the tradition of the Eastern Mysteries, the syllable *Om* is divided into three parts: a-u-m. These three parts stand for the three worlds: *a* for the natural world; *u* for the psychic world; *m* for the celestial world; the fourth, the world of the Eternal, in which these three rest, is symbolized at once by the whole word, and by the silence which follows it. To the three worlds correspond the three bodies: the natural body, the psychic body, and the causal body;—our consciousness being, for the present mainly in the middle of the three, in the psychic body, or emotional nature. The causal body is above birth and death, and guides the personal life in both. Again, the three measures of *Om* stand for the three selves: the animal self, which dwells in the natural body; the human self, which dwells in the psychic body; and the divine self, which dwells in the causal body. Above these is the fourth, the Self of all beings, the Eternal. This Self, with its three deputy-selves, and their three vestures, make up the real seven-fold division of the Eastern mysteries, which is therefore symbolized by *Om*.

But *Om* is more than a symbol or a creed. It is a invocation. The three measures do actually correspond to the three worlds, and re-inforce the mental aspirations which should go with the pronunciation of the word. This pronunciation means the ascent of consciousness from the animal life of the natural world by way of the psychic world of human emotions to the divine life of the spiritual world; and this ascent should be held in mind, and realized in imagination, at each pronunciation of the word. In the East, the

invocation is generally completed thus: "*Om*, earth, midworld, heaven."

The three worlds correspond to, and are the same thing as, the three modes of consciousness: waking, dreaming and dreamlessness. They also stand for this world, purgatory, and paradise, by whatever names these may be called, and thus imply the teaching of the three destinies after death; immediate rebirth, for purely animal natures; rebirth after an interval in the paradise of dreams, for religious natures; and liberation, which escapes rebirth, for the spiritually illumined.

Therefore *Om* is a creed which, in a single syllable, embodies the whole Mystery-doctrine. And, as an invocation, it helps the intuition to call up the single reality which, looked at from various points, appears as the three worlds, the three bodies, the three selves, the three destinies after death. It represents the return of the will from matter to the divine. For an invocation is an expression of the will, not merely of the thought or imagination. The instinct that an invocation should have magical effects, is a true one; and all real magic depends on the control of the psychic world by the divine world above it; the control of the personal man by the causal self, who sent him into the world. So that *Om* is really an invocation of the Higher Self, in the old, intuitive language of the earliest race, in which sounds actually correspond in nature to the things they expressed; in which all words were alive. An invocation is an act of the will, as well as of the thought; the thought of what is invoked, and the effort of invocation should go together, as a single act.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

I.

It is not worth while translating Homer into English unless the readers of the translation understand English.

It is not worth while attempting to translate the occult Eastern physics into the language of our Western and modern physics, unless those who are to read the translation understand generally and broadly what our own modern physics teach. It is not necessary that they should know all branches of our modern physics, in all their minute ramifications; but it is necessary that they should understand clearly the fundamental principles upon which our scientific and technical knowledge of to-day rests.

These fundamental principles have been discovered and applied in the past fifty years—in the memory of the living. They have revolutionized science in all its departments. Our text-books on Chemistry, Light, Heat, Electricity and Sound have had to be entirely re-written; and in many other departments, notably in medicine and psychology, they have yet to be re-written. Our text-books are in a transition state, each new one going a step farther, to make the change gradual from the old forms of belief to the new, so that even Tyndall's text-book on "Sound" is now so antedated, or antiquated, that it might have been written in darkest Africa before the pyramids were built, instead of twenty years ago.

All this change has flowed from the discovery of Faraday that there are two states or conditions of matter. In one it is revealed by one of our five senses, visible, tangible, smellable, tastable, or ponderable matter. This is matter as we know it. It may be a lump of metal, or a flask of gas.

The second condition or state of matter is not revealed by either of our five senses, but by the sixth sense, or intuition of man. This is the ether—supposed to be "matter in a very rarefied form which permeates all space." So rare and fine is this matter, that it interpenetrates carbon or steel as water interpenetrates a sponge, or ink a blotting pad. In fact, each atom of "physical" matter—by which is meant matter in the first condition—floats in an atmosphere of ether as the solid earth floats in its atmosphere of air.

“No two physical atoms touch,” said Faraday. “Each physical atom is the center of an etheric molecule, and as far apart from every other atom as the stars in heaven from one another.”

This is true of every form of physical matter, whether it is a lump of metal, a cup of liquid, or a flask of gas; whether it is a bronze statue, or a living man; a leaf, a cloud, or the earth itself. Each and every physical atom is the center of an etheric molecule made up of many atoms of the ether.

This duality of matter was a wonderful discovery, revolutionizing every department of science. It placed man in actual touch with the whole visible universe. The ether in a man’s eye (and in his whole body) reaches in one unbroken line—like a telegraph wire—from him to the sun, or the outermost planet. He is not separate and apart from “space,” but a part of it. Each physical atom of his physical body is the center of an etheric molecule, and he has two bodies, as St. Paul said, a visible physical and an invisible etheric body, the latter in actual touch with the whole universe.

Faraday went one step further. He demonstrated that all physical phenomena come from the chording vibration of the physical atom with the surrounding etheric atoms, and that the latter exercised the impelling *force* on the former. Step into the sunshine. The line of ether from the sun is vibrating faster than the ether in the body, but the higher impels the lower, the greater controls the lesser, and soon both ethers are in unison. The physical atoms must coincide in vibration with their etheric envelopes, and the “note” is “heat.” Step into the shade, where the ocean of ether is vibrating, more slowly, and the ether of the body reduces its vibration. “The ether is the origin of all force, and of all phenomena.”

(*To be continued.*)

JANAKA KING OF THE VIDEHAS.

(Brhad Aranyaka Upanishad.)

II.

Then Kohala son of Kushitaka asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, this visible and immediate Eternal, this Soul which is within all, declare this Soul to me.

Yajnavalkya answered: The Soul who dwells within all, is above hunger and thirst, above sorrow, delusion, old age and death; knowing this, the seekers of the Eternal giving up the desire of offspring, the desire of wealth, the desire of the world, set forth upon their pilgrimage; for the desire of offspring is a desire for possessions, and the desire of possessions is a desire for the world; both these desires are the same; therefore let the seeker of the Eternal putting learning away from him, take upon him the state of a little child; then putting away the mind of child and sage alike, he becomes silent; then putting silence and speech both away, he becomes a knower of the Eternal. Through what does he become a knower of the Eternal? Through that by which he grows one with the Eternal. Whatever is other than that, is subject to sorrow.

Then Kohala son of Kushitaka was silent.

Then Gargi the daughter of Vachakna asked him, saying: Yajnavalkya, as all this material world is laid as warp and woof upon the waters,—upon what, then, are the waters warped and woven?

Upon the great Breath, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what is the great Breath warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the mid-world, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the mid-world warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the song-world, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the song-world warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the sun-world, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the sun-world warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the lunar world, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the lunar world warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the starry houses, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the starry houses warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the shining powers, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the shining powers warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the lord of vision, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the lord of vision warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the lord of birth, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the lord of birth warped and woven?

Upon the realms of the Eternal, Gargi, he replied.

Upon what, then, are the realms of the Eternal warped and woven?

Yajnavalkya replied: Ask no further, Gargi, lest thy head fall off; for thou enquirest after a divinity which is beyond questions. Ask no further, Gargi.

Then Gargi, the daughter of Vachakna, was silent.

Then Uddalaka, son of Aruna, asked him, saying:

Yajnavalkya, we were dwelling amongst the Madras, at the house of Patanchala, son of Kapi. His wife was possessed by a spirit. We asked this spirit who he was. He answered that he was Kabandha the Atharvan. He spoke to Patanchala Kapi's son and the sacrificial priests, saying: Son of Kapi, knowest thou the thread whereon this world and the other world and all beings are strung together? Patanchala son of Kapi answered: I know not this, Master. Then he asked Patanchala son of Kapi and the sacrificial priests, saying: Son of Kapi knowest thou the Inner Compeller whereby this world and the other world and all beings are inwardly compelled? And Patanchala, son of Kapi, answered: I know not this, Master. Then he said to Patanchala, son of Kapi, and to the sacrificial priests: Son of Kapi, whoever knows that thread and

that Inner Compeller, he, verily, is a knower of the Eternal, he is a knower of the realm, he is a knower of deity, he is a knower of wisdom, he is a knower of beings, he is a knower of the Soul, he is a knower of all things. And he declared to them that he knew this. If, then, Yajnavalkya, thou drivest away these sacrificial cows without knowing this thread and this Inner Compeller, thy head will fall off.

Son of the Gotamas, replied Yajnavalkya, I do know this thread and this Inner Compeller.

Anyone might say: I know it!—he replied. But as thou knowest so speak.

Then Yajnavalkya spoke: The Breath, son of the Gautamas, is the thread; by the Breath, as by a thread, this world and the other world and all beings are strung together. Therefore when a man is dead, son of the Gotamas, they say that his members have been deserted by the Breath; for they are strung together, son of the Gotamas, by the Breath as by a thread.

This is so, of a truth, Yajnavalkya; declare also the Inner Compeller.

He who, standing in the earth-power, is other than the earth-power, whom the earth-power knows not, of whom the earth-power is the body, who inwardly compels the earth-power, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the waters, is other than the waters, whom the waters know not, of whom the waters are the body, who inwardly compels the waters, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the fire-power, is other than the fire-power, whom the fire-power knows not, of whom the fire-power is the body, who inwardly compels the fire-power, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the mid-world, is other than the mid-world, whom the mid-world knows not, of whom the mid-world is the body, who inwardly compels the mid-world, this is thy Soul, this is the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the Breath, is other than the Breath, whom the Breath knows not, of whom the Breath is the body, who inwardly

compels the Breath, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the shining, is other than the shining, whom the shining knows not, of whom the shining is the body, who inwardly compels the shining, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the sun, is other than the sun, whom the sun knows not, of whom the sun is the body, who inwardly compels the sun, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in space, is other than space, whom space knows not, of whom space is the body, who inwardly compels space, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in moon and star, is other than moon and star, whom moon and star know not, of whom moon and star are the body, who inwardly compels moon and star, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the ether, is other than the ether, whom the ether knows not, of whom the ether is the body, who inwardly compels the ether, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the darkness, is other than the darkness, whom the darkness knows not, of whom the darkness is the body, who inwardly compels the darkness, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the radiance, is other than the radiance, whom the radiance knows not, of whom the radiance is the body, who inwardly compels the radiance, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in all beings, is other than all beings, whom all beings know not, of whom all beings are the body, who inwardly compels all beings, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal. Thus far the macrocosm; then the microcosm.

He who, standing in vital breath, is other than vital breath, whom vital breath knows not, of whom vital breath is the body, who inwardly compels vital breath, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in voice, is other than voice, whom voice

knows not, of whom voice is the body, who inwardly compels voice, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in vision, is other than vision, whom vision knows not, of whom vision is the body, who inwardly compels vision, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in hearing, is other than hearing, whom hearing knows not, of whom hearing is the body, who inwardly compels hearing, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in feeling, is other than feeling, whom feeling knows not, of whom feeling is the body, who inwardly compels feeling, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in touch, is other than touch, whom touch knows not, of whom touch is the body, who inwardly compels touch, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in reason, is other than reason, whom reason knows not, of whom reason is the body, who inwardly compels reason, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

He who, standing in the seed, is other than the seed, whom the seed knows not, of whom the seed is the body, who inwardly compels the seed, this is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal.

The unseen Seer, the unheard Hearer, the unthought Thinker, the unknown Knower; no other than he is the Seer; no other than he is the Hearer; no other than he is the Thinker; no other than he is the Knower. This is thy Soul, the Inner Compeller, the immortal. Whatsoever is other than he, is subject to sorrow.

Then Uddalaka, son of Aruna, was silent.

Then spoke the daughter of Vachakna, saying: Oh worshipful Brahmans, I in faith shall ask him two questions, and if he shall declare them, then none of you will ever conquer him in declaring the Eternal.

Ask, Gargi! they answered.

Then she said: I ask thee, Yajnavalkya,—just as a warrior of Benares, or of the Videhas, or of the Rajputs, with bow strung and upraised, should stand forth holding two arrows in his hand such as cause much sorrow to the foe, so I stand forth against thee with my two questions.

Tell me what they are, Gargi, he replied.

She answered: Yajnavalkya, what is above the heavens and beneath the earth, and between the heavens and earth, what they call past, present and future,—upon what is this warped and woven?

He answered: Gargi, what is above the heavens and beneath the earth, what is between heaven above and the earth beneath, what they call past, present and future, is warped and woven in the ether of space.

She said: Obeisance to thee, Yajnavalkya, since thou hast answered my question. Prepare, then, for the other!

Ask, Gargi, he replied.

She said: What is above the heavens, Yajnavalkya, what is beneath the earth, what is between the heavens above and the earth beneath, what they call past, present and future, in what did you say this was warped and woven?

He replied: What is above the heavens, Gargi, what is beneath the earth, what is between the heavens above and the earth beneath, what they call past, present and future, is warped and woven in the ether of space.

Well, she said,—in what is the ether of space warped and woven?

This is the Everlasting, Gargi; the knowers of the Eternal declare it to be neither gross nor subtle, neither short nor long, without color, without motion, without shadow or darkness; above the wind, above the ether, without touch or taste or smell, without sight or hearing, voice or mind, without radiation or life-breath, without face or form, without inner or outer. Nought consumes this, none consumes this.

By command of the Everlasting, Gargi, sun and moon stand reverent.

By command of the Everlasting, Gargi, heaven and earth stand reverent.

By command of the Everlasting, Gargi, the moments and the hours, and day and night, and the weeks and months, and the rolling years stand reverent.

By command of the Everlasting, Gargi, of the rivers some roll eastwards from the snowy mountains, some roll westwards, or according to the other points of space.

By command of the Everlasting, Gargi, men offer praises, giving gifts; the bright powers come to the sacrifice, and the Fathers gather round the oblation.

He who without knowing this Everlasting, Gargi, makes sacrifices and offerings, and performs penances, even for many thousand years, all his worship comes to an end.

He who without knowing this Everlasting, Gargi, goes forth at death, pitiful is he; but he who goes forth at death knowing this Everlasting, is a knower of the Eternal.

This Everlasting, Gargi, is the unseen seer, the unheard Hearer, the unthought Thinker, the unknown Knower; for none other is, Seer, none other is Hearer, none other is Thinker, none other is Knower.

In this Everlasting, Gargi, is the ether of space warped and woven.

She spoke, saying: Worshipful Brahmans, you should think it much that you escape from him through your obeisance! For not one of you could ever conquer him in declaring the Eternal.

Then the daughter of Vachakna was silent.

(To be concluded.)

SELF AND NOT SELF.

The title of my article may possibly have given some of my readers the impression that I am to speak of the differences between the higher (the eternal) and the lower (the earthly) man. This, however, is not my intention. It has been my experience that it is better not to talk about that which is the highest within us, because at best it can only be an object of aspiration with us. To be able to tell anything about it, in a way which would carry its proof in itself, a man must truly be inspired.

As to us, common people, our higher self can only be an object of aspiration, as I said before—an aspiration which amounts to a prayer: which is a prayer, in fact, the only lawful kind of prayer: that is, a prayer in which we do not beg for anything and in which we can forget our day's turmoil.

Such moments are rare, and when they do come, let us take from them all we can, in faith, hope, endurance, patience and charity, but let us not speak of them. Speaking about them weakens their effect. In our present condition, speech is a great dissipator of energy.

The rare moments of communion with our higher self, with the oversoul, or God, if you prefer the term, leave in us an impression of directness and simplicity, of trueness and wholeness. They are to be remembered, to be treasured, but they cannot be analyzed. They can be a subject of a short poem, but they cannot be made into a lecture. So the less said about them in external matters, the better.

What I meant by the phrase "Self and Not Self," is much more commonplace and yet much more complicated. Also it is perplexing, tenacious, baffling and altogether disagreeable, and we all think we know all about it.

By the above I mean such manifestations of our interior "I," as can be observed always in our every-day life. For it is exactly in such manifestations that the limits of "Self and Not Self" are not at all satisfactorily defined. Yet on the strict and just definition of these limits much depends. By so doing much unnecessary suffering and still more loss of energy would be avoided.

For, as a rule, what do we consider as our real every-day self—that self for which we desire wealth, honors, smart clothes, comforts and new bonnets? Is it something possessing some kind of an established, unchangeable form and substance? Or is it, rather, a tremendous, unfathomable, unaccountable medley of bungled desires, impressions, whims, moods, vague opinions and aspirations; of causes and effects, in fact, which are real only so long as we believe them to be real? I am inclined to the latter view.

Be it understood, I am not preaching the vanity of this world's attractions. I am simply stating facts as I see them. Needless to say that we desire wealth, honors, smart clothes, comforts and new bonnets, not for their own sake at all, but for the sake of the pleasure, glorification or adornment they can bring to our personalities. Yet, in our sober moments we are all well aware that these personalities are creatures of an altogether mythological order. We are well aware that no two persons exist among our most intimate friends, who are entirely agreed as to what our personalities are like. More than this, there are hardly ever two days in succession that we, ourselves, are able to feel quite the same way towards these personalities of ours. Our attitude towards ourselves, our opinion of ourselves, shift all the time. And it is not a question of our real worth, but a question of mood.

All our lives we commit the mistake of taking the aspect, the manifestation, sometimes merely the symptom, the attribute of a thing, for the thing itself. We place the consciousness of ourselves in some more or less exterior condition and then take that condition for ourselves; and we suffer or rejoice accordingly.

I am sure it is quite a common occurrence with everybody to meet girls with new hats on, who look so self-conscious of these hats of theirs that, were you to prick the hat, the girl herself would feel it. You may say that this is an exaggeration, a caricature. Yet listen to this:

A French doctor, Rochas by name, who has made a study of hypnotism, tells of an experiment which he calls *exteriorization of sensitiveness*. Some individual, plunged in hypnotic sleep, has all the sensitiveness taken away from the surface of his physical body and fixed at some distance from it, either merely in the air, or on some inanimate object. The hypnotizer can choose that at will.

In the experiment about which I have read, the object was a glass of water which the hypnotizer had previously held for some time in his hand. The glass was put at the far end of the room; and so long as the hypnotizer held the hand of the sleeping man, that man shuddered at every touch or prick that was made on the glass or on the water.

You may say that could only happen in the hypnotic state, abnormal and unhealthy. Well, I don't know. Sometimes I am inclined to think that the whole of our life is a kind of hypnotic sleep, in which we ourselves, our passions, our mistaken notions are the hypnotizers.

Here is a fact with no hypnotic influence in it at all: I have a friend, a woman of great accomplishments and personal charm. She has nothing to worry her. She is well off, is extremely popular among her friends. Her husband—they are elderly people—adores her with that chivalrous deference which is the envy of any woman. But unfortunately she is one of these overactive people who draw too much on their vitality and live entirely on their nerves. She tells me that there are nights and nights when she has not a wink of sleep, thinking actively and intently about some insignificant trifle—a pin, for instance, which she noticed on the carpet and intended to pick up in the morning. And the throwing of the whole of her present attention into the imaginary picking up of this single pin tires her out much more than if she had picked up a thousand real pins and thought no more about it. In the one case the one pin actually becomes the temporal seat of her consciousness. In the other the thousand pins do not.

“Recurring thoughts,” a physician might say, otherwise the slightest, the least harmful form of insanity. Quite so. But how many of us are truly and entirely free from recurring thoughts in one form or another? I hold that the whole of our personality—that imaginary person, for whom we get sentimentally sorry; who is greedy, exacting, egotistical in his very essence; who is capable only of desire but not of production—the whole of that personality is one huge recurring thought. And we shall get rid of it some time or other.

Perhaps you remember a passage in Robert Louis Stevenson's “Inland Voyage,” in which he goes canoeing and all his body

saturated with fresh air, his brain lulled to utter inactivity, he keeps counting the strokes of his oars and forgetting the hundreds, "the happiest animal in France?" The sensation of bliss which he describes in this passage lies exactly in the man's freedom from the bonds of his false personality. And in this particular case it was reached by completely getting away from railways, post deliveries, electrical contrivances, newspapers and other pests of our civilized life, and plunging himself into a vast bath of fresh air. But it can be reached in different ways also. An educated man whose nervous system gets run down, whose brain gets overtaxed, seeks blissful freedom from the harassing influence of his false self in laudanum, or morphine, or absinthe. An uneducated man, whose nerve-tissue and brain matter are not fed properly, have not been for generations, finds his freedom in gin or whiskey.

The result can be obtained by large quantities of sunlight and fresh air. Climbing the Alps is just as good as taking a sleeping drug. Yet the complacent, irresponsible, half idiotic state which is the result of them, is only a counterfeit, a caricature likeness of true bliss. But whether in the case of the poor drunkards and their gin poison, or the case of the literary man and his laudanum, or even the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and his fresh air potion, there is always the same drawback.

The freedom from the bonds of personality obtained artificially, brings terrible reaction in some cases, and in all cases it does not last. Sooner or later the desirable effects will go, and the man will once more find himself confronted with the harassing presence of his "dweller on the threshold," whom he will not find diminished in strength either.

Yet there is a way to get rid of the eternal nightmare of our greedy, our exacting, our ever-demanding and never-producing personalities. And this way consists, as I have tried to point out before, in strictly defining the limits of our "Self" and "Not Self." That work everybody must do alone. Because, to be lasting, this work must be done by every individual, not only independently, but also differently, according to his temperament, his affinities, his atavism. And once you have established these limits in your own hearts, hold fast to them, do not let go, though the temptations and even enticements to do so are ever so many and ever so alluring.

As a mere suggestion, here is a definition of the only true and lasting self we can possibly form any idea of just at present.

It is that inner feeling of ourselves, within ourselves, which never changes, which is always the same, in pain or in pleasure, in work or repose, alone or in a crowd. It is that interior unshakable conviction of "I am I" which never really forgets the true value of things, which never loses consciousness entirely, even in sleep. It is the ever-wakeful observer; the judge; the chooser, who not only always knows the difference between that which is dearer, pleasanter, sweeter and that which is *better*, but who also will ultimately force us to choose the better rather than the dearer and so to throw the whole of our life energy on the side of that which is everlasting as against that which is temporal.

ETHICS OF BUSINESS.

There are two methods of success in that field of activity which the genius of the day calls business.

By the Right Hand Path, White Magic. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto Life."

By the Left Hand Path, Black Magic. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."

There are no intermediate ways.

Success by the Right Hand Path demands the highest aspiration, renunciation of the personal self, and constant and unremitting effort to live the higher life. No mixing of motives can stand. The higher attributes of soul, the Higher Self, has been appealed to: each judgment and each act assumes responsibilities belonging to the conscious knowledge of right and wrong. Mistakes, from ignorance, now pay the penalty of infringed laws, but error of omission or commission, where right and wrong are recognized, must pay the penalty of ignorance and more, for it must pay the moral and the spiritual penalty as well; these latter are higher and deeper and hence more vital, forceful and lasting, and are commensurate with the height of the aspiration and of the higher plane of consciousness on which the Ego or entity manifests.

When on this Right Hand Path, mixed motives enter, then all the good, or progress, or upward spiritual way which had gained, is, in a certain sense, switched off to turn to harm and evil. This harm and evil is arithmetically proportionate to the advance or aspiration made before, and the fall and penalty accruing, must equal them in scope and force.

To him who journeys on the Right Hand Path come added power, wider and wider fields of knowledge and new springs of force, but with each step, and each new power, or force, comes its corresponding responsibility. He has climbed the Path, he has won the right to use this knowledge and this force. His right of choice is always free: yea, more, he needs must choose at each and every step. His passage on the way is checked like the escapement of a clock, each footstep ticking "Choice." And at each move success depends upon unchanging motive and the care with which each

thought, each judgment and each act are weighed and made to balance the motive.

Success, the highest and most complete, lies within this Path, since aspiration, aim or motive, here, are highest. The greater the success attained, the greater grows temptation to change the motive from renunciation to the aid of self.

Yet in changing, failure follows.

Success by the Left Hand Path is equally attainable. It is quicker of fruition than by the Right Hand Path. The road is broad and easy; there are no barriers, no steep and rocky climbs. It points to self and makes it the goal. The motive is the building of a temple for the self. It conceives and plans, it judges and acts, to soften and improve environments and all that helps to vitalize or preserve the animal man, the man, for whom the only manifestation of life is sensation. Each effort made finds the basic motive in the self; to aid another is to expect reward; to benefit a friend is for repayment; to crush an enemy for injury done, retaliates in kind. Here, all motives in effect, may be reduced to benefits of self.

When on this Left Hand Path all motives are for self, success is sure to come. Ten thousand cases stare us in the face: the business world exists and thrives, yet it surely lives for self alone. The honest man is crushed and driven into ruin by rogues and thieves. History is made of names of great ones whose lives were crowned with personal success; how spare and poor would it all seem if from its pages their deeds and names were scratched. They never called upon their Higher Self: had they but done so, many folios would have never felt the printer's ink.

When on the Left Hand Path mixed motives enter, failure follows. Let him who chooses such a course steer clear of aspiration and all that tends to lift him up above his personal self. The good he seeks to do unfits him for his selfish tasks. If he should aid a friend without expecting, or desiring, a return, his friend will shun or spurn him. Unless he changes the basic motive of his life, leaving all, and, seeking none for self, calls upon his Higher Self resolutely, no peace can come to him. As aspiration mounts, his troubles grow and failure follows failure.

Either Path, if closely followed, leads ever to success. The Left Hand Path, Black Magic, is for the self and builds and rules the transient world. The Right Hand Path, White Magic, transcends the self, and builds the Immortal Man and rules the Eternal Real.

KARMA: WORKS AND WISDOM.

(By Charles Johnston; to be had from the author, Flushing, New York; price 35 cents, cloth 60 cents.)

“What is Karma?”—do you remember how often we all have asked this question, at the beginning of our theosophical career? And do you also remember how unsatisfactory, even dissatisfying were most answers you got?

Naturally and unavoidably so. For the cause of this unsatisfactoriness lies in a factor, often overlooked, yet always existent in all human intercourse. To use a figure of speech: a sculptor asks *in shape* and a painter answers *in colour*. Two people seldom speak the same language even if it so happens that neither of them ever knew any other language but the English, or the Chinese, or the Russian.

The questioner asks his questions, according to his temperament and his lights, oftenest of all according to his present mood or need. Yet he is answered in accordance with another man's temperament and mood. Hence the ever recurring discrepancy between the question and the answer.

The answer will be satisfying and to the point only when it is given in the same spirit with the question, when the mood, the point of view and the lights of the two men coincide exactly. Yet we can hardly reasonably expect such a thing before both, or at least one of them learns how to shake off, at any given moment, everything irrelevant, everything unsympathetic, everything narrowly personal, so that the question be asked and the answer be given from the same point of view, and in the same spirit. This of course necessitates so great a sympathy, so direct a perception and so complete a sensitiveness, that when we actually become capable of them there will hardly be any use for questions, as we all will be able to know directly and independently just as much as anybody else.

Perfect harmony between him who asks and him who answers is truly an ideal state of things dimly looming in the remote future.

In the meantime when you want to know something the best plan would be to get acquainted with all authentic sources and reliable authors who deal with the question your attention is engrossed

with. Perhaps they will not all immediately supply you with a ready made and satisfying answer, but they certainly will prove a most serviceable and adequate whet-stone on which to sharpen your own wits.

“What is Karma?”

This question is exhaustively dealt with by Charles Johnston, in his latest little book, which saw the light only one of these days under the tempting title of “Karma: Works and Wisdom.”

With his usual erudition and directness of expression, Mr. Johnston endeavors in his book to go into the exact meaning of the word “Karma” in different epochs, at different stages of the development of religious and philosophic thoughts in India.

Karma in the Upanishads, Karma in the Bhagavad-gita, Karma in the later Vedanta, Karma in modern Theosophy—such is the order of Mr. Johnston’s discourse. There also is a chapter in which Mr. Johnston draws a comparison between Karma in the Book of Manu, that despotic and unrelenting legal code of ancient India, and the no less despotic and unrelenting Leviticus of the Hebrews. Saint Paul and Shri-Shankara-Acharya are made to shed light on each other. Finally, there are eight good pages of pure, unadulterated Bhagavad-gita translated straight from the original Sanskrit and giving the whole of Krishna’s teaching on Karma.

We cannot do better than quote from *The Lamp’s* review: “. . . this is a performance fully worthy of the author’s reputation, and there is no other writer on Theosophical subjects who has the same ability, not only in literary quality, but in scholarship, in lucidity, in earnestness and insight. This essay, the fifth chapter of which is worth many contemporary volumes, should have as large a sale as *The Memory of Past Births*,” to which it is in a sense a sequel.

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THE TRUE POWER.

“In the silences of a deep, strong life, lie great wells of force, and all who approach that life bathe therein, whether consciously or unconsciously. It is enough for you if you can find such to be within yourself, enough to keep its waters pure and sweet,—let them say what they will. For this is the truest teaching, the teaching that endures, and without it all words or acts are valueless. That which you live, all men in time will know. And its power over them will be greater as they find it within themselves—not emanating from you or any other source. The flowers growing on the river’s bank owe their life to its refreshing flow, but the river considers them not, content to fulfill the law of its being and seek the ocean. Thus we often do most for others when we are not thinking of it, but striving merely in each moment for what is best and highest. The good, therefore, streams through us, and accomplishes far more by such impersonality. I would have you desire then that good should be accomplished, rather than that you should accomplish it.”

CAVÉ.

STAND ALONE.

Interdependence is the foundation stone of all social life. The superstructure is composed of individual lives. The evolution, or progress, of a social body, is the sum total of that of all the individuals, less the offset resulting from the reactionary efforts of the laggards and the willfully evil. The progress of the whole, therefore, depends on the advance of the individual.

The initial, of individual advance, resides in the creative will. Interdependence of creative will produces social lethargy. Individual progress results from individual initiative.

Sheep await the action of the bell-wether. The flock moves only as the leader suggests. The gregarious animal represents a high state of interdependence; in proportion as it depends on leadership, and lacks independent initiative, does it retard progress. Absolute dependence on leadership gives minimum advance, approaching stagnation.

Every human being meets the problem of judgment, and the necessity of initiative, at the threshold of each advance; nor does he advance unless he passes that judgment and takes that initiative. If he moves because others do, he merely changes his environment. With no creative will there is no progress. He must see, know, judge, dare, will, act, in order to create. He grows, progresses, by just the amount that he makes Truth a part of himself. Thus, to create, is to build the personal into the real, the eternal Self.

To see, know, judge, dare, will, act, create, one must stand alone. Only by standing alone can one do all these things; only thus can one progress.

An authority tells you that a thing is "this" or "that;" do you see it? "No." Do you accept it because that other says that it is so? "Yes." Then it is not yours: it is his; he sees, he knows it; you do not. You have confidence in him, not in it and not in "This" or "That." Thus we may not teach; but we can learn. No other can learn for us. Others may indicate a Path, but we must walk the journey. They may point to the Light, but we must open, and use, our own eyes and see it for ourselves; they may interpret the

Law, but we must recognize in it the Truth. To us nothing is truth except what our inner consciousness nominates truth. Each must, for himself, pass final judgment on Verity.

Perfect freedom is a condition of the Master Mind. It attains on any plane of consciousness only as we perceive, cognize, control and master that plane, and as we know ourselves masters, and self-conscious masters, of it. Nor are we apt to gain mastery of one plane until we have fully subjugated the plane of consciousness just below. We may not hope to advance until we have made the Path we have already trodden a part of ourselves. But we must be free of all that lies within, else we are not masters. Do we look to any other for aid, for support, for comfort, for sympathy, for approval, do we hesitate, in our inner consciousness, as to the truth or right, then we are not master, and in-so-far as we are not master, we are not wholly free.

It is better that we die in the attempt to do our duty, or to follow the path as we see it, than that we succeed in doing well a duty shown us by another, or follow a path dictated by authority. It is better that we fall into error by ourselves, suffer pain, and learn truth, than failing to try, or depending on others, we do nothing or remain passive. It is better to open our eyes and see sorrow and suffering, even though the knowledge be of evil, than to close them and remain ignorant; it is better to judge wrongly, than to blindly accept the judgment of another; it is better to dare and die, than to be a coward and live; it is better to act, than to stagnate, and it is better to create and to build, than to destroy.

Every human being has a splendid destiny; his evolution is different from that of every other, and his requirements are different. He makes his own fate; he builds his own character; he pulls away the clouds which obscure the vision of his soul. No one else can do this work for him. Others may impede his progress, but they cannot help him on his way. If they cannot help him neither can he help them. Each must do his own labor. The vital work that each one does, that which produces soul advancement, or which brings him into the knowledge of Truth, he does alone, unsupported and uninfluenced.

The ideal government is no government; the next best is an

✓ absolute monarchy with the King a Master Soul. The ideal community is where government is unnecessary, where the individual is absolutely free and always acts upon his own initiative, but in accordance with the Law. The highest ideal of government is impossible of attainment until all the individuals are free, on every plane of manifestation, and thus are masters of themselves, have knowledge of the Law and live ideal lives. Until that time shall come men must combine and make laws for their government and those laws will always be the results of compromise.

When each individual can stand alone and see, know, dare, will, act, and create for himself, then there will be no compromise with error and ignorance; then will the world be perfect; then will men be Divine.

DUTY.

“My father does not want me to read theosophical books and, of course, absolutely forbids my joining the Society. Do you think it would be right for me to disregard his wishes and continue my studies? I want to do what is right, but it seems to me that he is interfering with my free will when he forbids me to read and study subjects I like, simply because he does not approve of them.”

“My wife is a devout church member and she thinks I am imperilling my soul by my Theosophical studies. It is a bitter grief to her and she has become quite ill worrying over it. It seems to me that no individual has the right to restrict the mental freedom of another and yet my conscience does not enable me to take the attitude that I should disregard her prejudices. Can you give me any advice on the subject?”

“I have been a member of the Theosophical Society for many years and have long wanted to join the Esoteric Section, but my husband thinks it is a fraud and a money-making scheme and has forbidden me to have anything to do with it. As it is a secret organization of course I could join and he would never know, but I do not like to do this without an assurance that it would be all right. Please advise me.”

Such are typical samples of hundreds of questions which come in to the correspondents at any Theosophical Headquarters. They differ in detail, but they all ring the changes on the one basic fact, to wit: when Karma has put a person in circumstances that prevent his following his wishes as to Theosophical study and work, is it ever right to sweep those conditions aside, to forcibly rise above the limiting environment? The reply to the question is not as simple as one would think.

Now I believe that whenever we have to deal with a class of questions like this, the only safe thing to do is to find out the fundamental governing principle and apply it. This sometimes does not seem to fit the case, or, at any rate, it seems to work great hardship in special cases; but I believe that it is the only thing to do.

Fundamental principles are fundamental principles. That is,

they are always right or they would not be fundamental. We forget this. If we didn't, but few of us would make the mistakes we do, for the majority probably nearly always do what they think to be right. The trouble is that while we know the Laws that govern the Universe, for they are exceedingly simple and have been repeatedly explained, none of us has, as yet, been able to apply them at all times.

We see much more clearly the principle that is involved in a given difficulty belonging to a friend, than when we are ourselves concerned, and my experience has been that if we cannot see for ourselves the principle that governs any given trouble of our own, we are incapable of appreciating it, no matter how clearly it may be explained to us by another. We understand the principle, but we do not see how it applies to our case, and so we do the wrong thing. If we see the principle for ourselves, then it is plain sailing and that means that we have learned the lesson taught by some particular experience. If we have not learned that lesson, we find it out by our mistake, and unless we are fools, we won't make that particular mistake again.

Now all this brings us to the point. What principle governs the case of those whose Karma restricts their free opportunity to embrace a theosophical life, to study and work as they desire? Is it that difficulties are put in their way for them to surmount? Or is it that Karma has placed them in a given environment from which they must patiently work their way, no matter at what cost to their desires?

I think that it is the latter.

And consequently whenever I am rash enough to advise anyone in a personal matter, I always advocate patient acceptance of present conditions, even if that means that no Theosophical work or study can be done this incarnation. It does not mean though that the theosophical life cannot be led. No one, not even the highest adept, could prevent anyone who desired from living a theosophical life, and it is this fact which takes the sting out of what otherwise would be an apparently hopeless situation.

If a man has a wife who objects to his theosophical work and studies, he should remember that Karma has married him to that

wife, that he owes his first duty to her, and that consequently if her desires and preferences are contrary to his own, it is the higher course for him to submit, patiently waiting until Karma gives him a free and untrammelled opportunity to follow his ideals. In the meantime he can follow his ideals interiorly, can live the life, can think the thoughts, can have as much good effect upon the world, as if he spent most of his evenings at meetings and lectures.

What good would membership in the E. S. T. do anyone if it was assumed at the sacrifice of a plain duty owed a husband? nor does it alter the duty because the second party may be unreasonable and mistaken, or even unjust and tyrannical. Our duty is rarely, if ever, altered by the failings of others.

It was Karma after all that tied us to the tyrannical individual, and we must work out the connection to its legitimate end, no matter at what cost. If it is very hard, it is because we have been very bad in the past; but in any event we can be sure that it is just as it should be and that there is no short cut to the end. If we do try to cross, sooner or later we will find ourselves against an impassable wall, and we will have to go all the way back and traverse the original and longer road; and the chances are that that road was not improved by age; it will be rougher and more arduous than when we originally refused to take it.

After all is said and done, each must judge, just as each must act for himself. We cannot eat so that another is nourished (Yes, I see the flaw in this analogy!) nor can we think for another so that he will not make mistakes. We must make our own mistakes, must win our own victories, must do our own thinking. Each has his own life to lead which is different from every other life in the universe.

A deep and steady current runs through it and fortunate indeed is he who can find and follow this current, and who is never led astray by the eddies, whirlpools and cross currents of his life's stream. If we go deep enough we will always find the true current, for it is of the Soul and is always there, always active, always moving; albeit, so quietly, that often we cannot detect it at all, unless we meditate and make strong search for it.

Unfortunately it is usually the hardest thing to do, which in any given case, we know to be right thing. So true is this, that we can usually decide in advance of our search what is or what is not right, by finding out what is the hardest. That is because we learn through trial and suffering and grow through temptation and pain. It is said that only the very strongest natures can be taught through happiness and pleasure. We are children after all and need to be punished before we will be good.

And so in the matter of duty, it is only after countless failures that we learn that the shortest way is to perform unflinchingly every duty to the uttermost limit, even if some apparently insignificant thing requires the sacrifice of a life-time's desires. I think that some of us try to balance things in our minds and compromise with the devil in that way. We have some little thing to do, some trivial action that seems of little importance to us or to anyone else, and it can only be done by the expenditure of an amount of energy out of all proportion to what appears to be the results; so we let it go, perhaps consoling ourselves with the reflection that we will use that saved energy to do something much more valuable and beneficial to others. But we were fools, and down in our hearts we know that we were fools, for we know that that little thing has to be done, and will never be easier, and that it was simply an excuse of the brain mind to avoid an unpleasant duty.

We trick and play with ourselves in many such ways in order to save trouble. But there are no distinctions between duties. Every duty is a *duty* and that tells the whole story.

There are no little duties or big duties, or important duties or comparatively unimportant duties. They are just all *duties*, and each one is as necessary to be done as any other.

Nor do they ever conflict as so many seem to think. There is always a duty for the given moment and it never conflicts with any other duty, for we can only have one duty at a time.

I have known one conscientious woman who would be really troubled because she could not decide whether she should go to town and shop to-morrow or stay at home and do the mending. She hated them both equally, both were duties, and she couldn't do both. I always felt that her duty was to stop worrying about that particular dead-lock; and that if she did, something would happen before tomorrow which would make quite clear which of the two courses was the right one to follow.

Most of our so-called cases of conflicting duties come either from trying to make premature decisions, or because we secretly want to do one thing, and really know we ought to do the other, and we are trying to make up our minds whether to do as we ought or as we want. I think we can lay down two fundamental principles in this connection:

I. There is always one duty to be done at a given moment and no more, and

II. Every duty is worth doing and worth doing well no matter how insignificant it may seem, nor how much sacrifice it involves, nor how much energy is required to do it.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

II.

To the savage, matter appears in two forms—solid and liquid. As he advances a step he learns it has three forms—solid, liquid and gas. He cannot see the gas, but he knows it is there.

A little further on he learns that matter as he knows it is only a minute portion of the great universe of matter—the few chords that can be struck on the five strings of his senses, and limited to one octave or key.

Whether the particular matter he investigates has a solid, a liquid, or a gaseous form depends upon its rate of vibration. If it is a liquid, by raising its rate of vibration one third it becomes a gas; by reducing it one third it becomes a solid.

Each kind of matter has vibration only through one octave. It is known to us only by its vibration in that octave. Each kind of matter has a different octave—is set on a higher or lower key, so to speak, but all octaves of vibration are between the highest of hydrogen gas and the lowest of carbon.

In mechanical compounds, such as air or brass, the rate of vibration of the compound is the least common multiple of the two or more rates. In chemical compounds; such as water or alcohol, the rate is that of the highest, the others uniting in harmonic fractions.

All matter as we know it through our senses—prakriti, as it is called in the Secret Doctrine to distinguish it from non-sensual matter—is the vibration of an universal Something, we do not know what, through these different octaves. The elementary substances (so-called) are one and the same thing—this Something—in different keys and chords of vibration; keys that run into one another, producing all sorts of beautiful harmonies.

Taking any one of these elements, or any of their compounds, all we know of it is limited strictly to its changes during vibration through one octave. What happens when the vibration goes above or below the octave has not yet been treated hypothetically.

While some elements are vibrating on higher and some on lower

keys, we can consider them all as vibrating within one great octave, that octave of the universal Something which produces sensual matter, or prakriti.

But matter is not confined, we know, to this great octave, although our sensual knowledge of it is strictly confined to it.

How do we know it?

Knowledge comes to us in two ways, and there are two kinds of knowledge.

1. That which comes through our senses, by observation and experience. This includes reasoning from relation.

2. That which comes through intuition—or as some writers inaccurately say, “through the formal laws of thought.”

All the observation and experience of the rising and the setting of the sun for a thousand centuries could only have confirmed the first natural belief that it revolved daily around the earth; nor by joining this experience with other experiences could any deduction have come from our reason that would have opposed it. Not our reason, but our intuition said that the sun stood still and the earth revolved daily. The oldest books in existence tell us that this axial revolution of the earth was not only known in the very dawn of time, but that it has been known to every race (except our own of European savages) from before the time thought was first transmitted by writing.

Ask the ablest living geographer or physicist to prove to you that the earth revolves daily, and he will reply that it would be the job of his life. It can be done at great expense and great labor, but that is because we know the answer and can invent a way of showing it, not because there are any observations from which a deduction would naturally follow.

Nearly if not all our great discoveries have come to us through intuition, and not from observation and experience. When we know the lines on which to work, when intuition has given us the KEY, then the observation and experience men prize so highly, and the reason they worship so devoutly, will fill in the details. The knowledge that flows from observation, and the reasoning from the facts it records, is never more than relatively true, it is always limited by the facts, and any addition to the facts requires the whole

thing to be restated. We never know all the facts; seldom even the more important; and reason grasps only details.

Lamarck's theory of evolution, known to all Asiatic races from time immemorial, was the intuitional and absolute knowledge that comes to all men when they reach a certain stage of development. Reason could never have furnished it from the facts, as Cuvier proved in the great debate in the French Academy in 1842, when he knocked Lamarck out, for the time being, because "it did not conform to the facts, and did not follow from any relation of the facts."

Darwin's theory of the Survival of the Fittest in the struggle for existence, as an explanation of the origin of species, was from observation and experience. It was based on observed facts. But Darwin was an evolutionist—a disciple of Lamarck. He held the Key. He used the Key. The value of Darwin's work does not lie in his discovering that some bugs have been derived from other bugs, and that the intermediate bugs have died off. Its overwhelming value to mankind was in showing that work on the theory of evolution was correct work, and that the theory was true. When the intuition of man points out the way, the reason of man can follow the path and macadam road. It usually does and claims all the credit for itself as the original discoverer.

This knowledge through intuition is absolute and exact. It is not relatively true. It is absolutely and invariably true. No additional facts will ever modify it, or require a restatement.

When Sir William Hamilton based his Logic on the dictum that "All knowledge is relative, and only relatively true," the proposition was self-evidently false. It was in itself a statement of absolute knowledge about a certain thing. It was in itself knowledge that was not relative. *All* knowledge could not be relative if this knowledge was not. This knowledge could not be either absolute or relative without upsetting his whole proposition, for, if relative, then it was not always true; and if absolute, then it was never true.

Sir William did not know the distinction between the two kinds of knowledge, and what he meant to say was that "All knowledge obtained by observation and experience is relative, and only relatively true."

His knowledge of this Relativity was not obtained by observation, or from reason. It could not possibly have been obtained in that way. It came from intuition, and it was absolute and exact. A man may have absolute and exact knowledge, and yet not be able to put it into words that exactly express it to another. Hamilton had this knowledge. But it was not clearly formulated even in his own mind. He had two separate and distinct meanings for the word "knowledge," without being conscious of it.

✓ We have yet to coin a proper word to express what comes to us through intuition. The old English word "wisdom" originally did. The old verb "wis" meant what a man knew without being told it, as "ken" meant knowledge by experience. Try and prove by reason that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, or that a part can never be greater than the whole, and your reason has an impossible task. "You must take them for axioms," it says. You must take them because you wis them, not because you know (ken) them.

\ Intuitional knowledge must not be confounded with the relative knowledge that flows through the reason: that "If the sum of two numbers is one and their difference is five," the numbers are minus two and plus three.

The point cannot be too strongly enforced that there is a distinction between the sources of what we know, and that while all we know through our sensations is only relatively true, that which we know from intuition is invariably and absolutely true. This is seen through a glass darkly, in theology, where intuition is called inspiration and not differentiated from reason.

| The false notion that we can only learn by observation and experience, that the concept can never transcend the observation, that we can only know what we can prove to our senses, has wrought incalculable injury to progress in philosophy.

Because our sensual knowledge of matter begins and ends with vibration in one octave, it does not follow that this ends our knowledge of it. We may have intuitional knowledge, and this intuitional knowledge is as susceptible to reason as if we had obtained it by observation.

The knowledge that comes through intuition tells us of matter

vibrating in another great octave just beyond our own, which Science has chosen to name the Etheric octave, or plane. The instant our intuition reveals the cause of phenomena, our reason drops in and tells us it is the chording vibration of the matter of the two planes—the physical and etheric—that produces all physical phenomena. It goes further and explains its variations.

This knowledge of another octave or plane of matter comes from the logical relations of matter and its physical phenomena; but there was nothing in the observation or experience of mankind that would have lead us to infer from reason an etheric plane of matter. It was “revealed” truth. But the flash of revelation having once made the path apparent, the light of reason carries us through all the winding ways. Our knowledge of the ether is not guess-work or fancy, any more than our geometry is, because it is based on axioms our reason cannot prove. In both cases the basic axioms are obtained from intuition; the structural work from reason. Our knowledge of the ether may be as absolute and exact as our knowledge of prakriti, working on physical as we work on geometrical axioms.

The recognition of the two sources of knowledge, the work of the spirit within us and of the mind within us, is absolutely necessary to correctly comprehend the true significance of the results of modern science, and to accept the ancient.

MIND'S DIRECT ACTION.

He who would be an occultist must, while still in the flesh, master those states of consciousness through which in succession the soul passes after the death of the physical body. But to confuse these states is not to correlate them; and without clear, concise, logical thinking, and a strictly rational philosophy, the student is almost certain to become hopelessly confused as soon as he arouses the chaotic psychic consciousness that corresponds to the dream-life. The planes of life have to be kept distinct, and studied separately, in order to trace the relations between them.

Concentration of thought, observation, verification, analysis and classification are necessary; and slovenly thinking, due to day-dreaming and mind-wandering, cannot be too carefully guarded against.

? } Mental concentration alone leads to noëtic action, the power of the soul to gain direct knowledge, independently of the senses and all ordinary processes of cognition and intellection. In the real "trance" the soul is acting *direct*, discarding for the time the bodily and psychic organs and even the mental faculties, and employing only the essential power of *knowing*; and on each of the planes of being it has this power of direct cognition.

The "four trances" of the occultist relate to this noëtic action on the four planes, and have nothing in common with the various phases of temporary paralysis usually known as "trances," as those induced by self-hypnosis, mental vacuity, and the like. In the lowest of the "four trances" the soul, or Nous, cognizes the realities of the material world, apart from the illusionary impressions conveyed by the physical senses, and though the body is apparently entranced the consciousness is in fact on the physical plane. In the second of the "trances" the soul deals similarly with the psychic plane; and so on, upward. The real earth, the material world, is as unknown to the unspiritualized man as is the highest heaven. A man is truly *awake* in what is commonly called the "waking state" only when he has the noëtic consciousness on that plane. The "third eye" can act in each of the four planes.

Obviously, this power of direct knowledge is the one thing to be sought. Without it, only illusions are perceived. The first step is to become really awake on this plane; the man who exploits dreamland and wittingly or unwittingly adds its subtler illusions to those of the material world merely adds to the sum of the things that he does not understand, and through the confusing of two planes increases the difficulty of gaining clear insight into the intelligible side of Nature. By accentuating the phenomenal, he departs still further from the noumenal.

Carefully consider any system of theology, any creed formulated by religious enthusiasts, and you will find that it could not possibly have been arrived at through normal healthy intellectual processes, but that it bears unmistakably the peculiarities of the incoherent dream-consciousness, the semi-automatic action of the lower psychic and mental faculties coming into play when the soul is not controlling them. Fantastic, illogical, incongruous and unfeeling, they show that the soul, the source of all that is logical, harmonious in proportion, and of all-inclusive tenderness, had no share in producing them.

Neither the soul nor the intellect could have formulated, say, the Westminster Confession of Faith; such nightmares are begotten only by the psycho-animal self of dreamland; when a man writes that infants not "elected," dying in infancy, can not be saved, "and to assert that they may is very pernicious and to be detested," we may be very sure that his soul was not in control of his brain when he wrote it. If the "scientific spirit" had done no other service than to awaken religion from the half-sleep that breeds such brutal dreams in the minds of men, it should be welcomed for that alone.

And if ever the Theosophists reject, or lose sight of, the scientific and philosophic aspects of Theosophy, the movement will not only deteriorate, but depart from the sole method of acquiring and retaining esoteric knowledge.

For the human mind is so constituted that, when it loses the power to add to its store of knowledge, it can not preserve uncorrupted the truths already learned: they become memories only, and the mind, restive under what has become a wearisome recollective burden, either keeps restlessly shifting these truths about, disturb-

ing their relations, and in recalling by incessant repetition these memorial impressions unduly intensifies some of them and weakens, obliterates or distorts the others, or else it casts the whole burden aside and finds surcease in forgetfulness.

The mind, uncontrolled and working automatically from what is usually termed "the force of habit," is the creator of illusion; but it is through the mind, by tracing out and mastering the intricate processes of thought, that illusion is dispelled and the noëtic consciousness arrived at. This mastery of the mind involves the cultivation of a most retentive memory; for memory is implicated in every action of the mental powers, which cannot be exercised to their full extent if the memory is in any way defective.

Yet memory is not a faculty of the mind, distinct from the other faculties. Each mental act carries with it a memory, and memories are always concrete. Impressions received by the mind, stored away, and revived, either fortuitously by the association of them with similar impressions received later, or at will by turning the consciousness upon them, constitute memory. The psychic body of man is made up of these memory-impressions; their successive awakening calls into play desire, aversion, and the lust for objective life, keeping the senses directed toward external images, and instigating the organs of action.

Thus the karma of a man consists mainly of the latent memories of the past: as his mind evokes them his thoughts become enmeshed with them, and they stimulate his desires, controlling his actions and by the forces of attraction and repulsion regulating his outer circumstances and environment. He is himself the embodied memory of his own past. A man's psychic body is his Karma.

When the attention wanders aimlessly from one thing to another, wavering and never sharply focussed, and the mind associates ideas loosely and inaccurately, tracing false relations between them, illusion, or that which is not knowledge, results; and this not-knowledge (by which is not meant ignorance, which is merely the absence of knowledge) is said to be the cause of the material world, or rather of the terrestrial consciousness due to the limitations of the senses, whose erroneous impressions are distorted and wrongly related by the mind.

The first step on the path to liberation, therefore, is to gain the power of concentrating the attention and of tracing right relations between concepts. This fixed attention makes the impressions of concepts stronger and more vivid, while their accurate association enables the mind to recall them at will; and these are the essential conditions of retentive memory.

It was probably as part of this mental training that students in the ancient sacerdotal colleges had to memorize voluminous scriptures; and such writings appear to have been especially adapted to the purpose, having numerical keys and other mnemonic devices.

When the mind is brought under control, and is freed from the habitual tendency to wander purposelessly from concept to concept, the thoughts are stilled, the senses cease to go outward, and there is no longer the restless impulse to action; then it becomes possible to reach the real source of thought, the *Nous*, passing beyond the memory-impressions of the past and thereby becoming free from the individual karma.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

61 It is no wish to be captious nor over-critical that induces me to pen the following remarks upon an article which appeared in the August FORUM; but only a very sincere desire that, in giving out teachings to the world, we avoid doing so in a form which is apt to be misunderstood and entirely misinterpreted.

The article above referred to, entitled "The Law of Selfishness," while possibly in no danger of being misunderstood or misinterpreted by old and thorough theosophical students, yet, may run this risk in the case of the large majority of the Theosophical Society, and the outside world is almost certain to receive it wrongly. As to the enemies of the Theosophical Society and all those prejudiced against it and the theosophical teachings, it places in their hands a new weapon to wield against us.

That part of it will be so used I cannot doubt. For what could be more unfortunate, when quoted alone and left to stand for itself, without further explanation, than such sentences as these: "The highest, noblest, purest life is one of absolute and perfect Selfishness. Self is the God we should worship. Every action should be weighed and measured by its final effect upon ourselves, and the stronger the selfishness, the more we think of ourselves and the less we think of others, the better it is for ourselves and for mankind." . . . "The morality of Selfishness furnishes the strongest incentive by which men can be influenced. It is the 'religion' of science, knowledge and common sense." These sentences are unfortunate, to say the least of it. To appeal to the selfish on the basis of Selfishness could never bring forth the results which the author of the article doubtless had in view, whereas the unselfishly inclined would never need such an appeal, even though reaching results by the self same road.

It is dangerous to give out some of the theosophical teachings in certain forms. They are as yet too little understood to be handled otherwise than with circumspection and discretion. And surely the time is not yet when the world can rightly comprehend the doctrine of the *higher Selfishness*. Just now it needs, more than at any

other time in its life's history, to be helped in understanding and to be raised out of its lower selfishness, which, of course, was the motive inspiring the article under consideration. Yet, I think, people have to become quite thoroughly acquainted with theosophical teachings—assimilate them to a considerable extent even—before they are ready to be instructed and profited by the law of Selfishness. To appeal to men's self-interest is a strictly business principle. Yet, even in this strictly business age and with a strictly business mind, it does not invariably work; for men's passions, emotions and impulses are constantly throwing them off the track of their self-interest.

Knowing the world to be so intensely and absorbingly selfish, our author makes his appeal in this particular form, hoping to lift the people *en masse*, to a higher plane by showing how a quality—so base in its present use—can become the leverage whereby the attainment of all their desires can be ultimately and perfectly won.

Yet he must also have kept in view that appeals to men's self-interest are not infallible. He should have hesitated longer ere putting his appeal to them as the last resort. He should also have measured the length of the way lying between the selfishness of the lower nature and that higher selfishness which abandons the personal self in reaching out to all other selves on the way to final absorption in the One Self. The distance is too great to be traveled in any one life. And the majority of souls not only have not entered it, but as yet have not become aware of it.

That we can in no way injure others without likewise injuring ourselves is a truth—instinctive in the human heart—finding daily its fuller outward recognition. Could men realize this truth, could they grasp all of its meaning and import, they might be helped by an appeal through the law of Selfishness. But they are held too closely in the clutch of their *personal selfishness* to do this; and even their self-interest will not carry them very far on this road pointed out to them.

Those who are in any way ready to profit by the higher teachings, will do so more readily through appeals to the nobler, purer parts of their nature, while ignoring, more or less, their baser parts. For they dare not let go the lower ere they have gained some strong

hold upon the higher. By always emphasizing the *higher*, I think we shall have better success than by teaching men to mount lofty heights by ladders commonly used to reach base, material ends, founded on self ignorance and ignoble.

That mankind is growing sick of its selfishness and begins to suspect, that the way to its Heart's-Desire is not, after all, by the road of selfish action, but must be sought some other way, is a lesson the student of human nature learns every day in his contact with others.

Words are said to be "living things," and around and about the word "Selfishness" is grouped a mass of repulsive and ignoble thoughts and images. Being presented without due commentary it runs the risk that the world will cry out "Avaunt."

It must go through a long purgation ere it can come among us and be received with confidence and honor.

"Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

"Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferers eye.

"But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."

The above quotations from the "Voice of the Silence," apparently sound in utter discordance to the article on the "Law of Selfishness," yet for whoever endeavours to realize the nature of the true Self, the one and the other equally speak of the ideal state; when true Selfishness will find its goal and its crown in Selflessness.

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WHAT TO DO.

“Revert not to the old, keep in the new.”

As you advance psychic powers will come upon you in a greater or less degree—do not use these to try to see for self excepting for your soul’s advancement; to try to see material things brings bad elementals about you. These will throw you into confusion.

Keep peace with yourself and with your surroundings. Listen for each note of discord in your life and correct it, that you may not mar the perfect harmony that should make up your home or environment and that others may see and feel the beauty of the teachings that you follow. So do you help humanity and make your Heaven upon Earth and have less need of the Devachanic rest.

Never *seek* enjoyment, but take it as it comes, it is healthy for you and others.

Make somewhat of a play-day of life, not such a serious business. Remember that it is a stage and you the actors. Study your part well, comprehend it if possible, act it, but do not identify yourself with it—a part is better acted where the actor is not identical with it. An Irishman cannot act the part of an Irishman, or a negro do justice to the peculiarities of his race.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

III.

From the knowledge that comes by revelation through the intuition added to the knowledge that comes by sensation through the intellect, Modern Science has built up an entirely new conception of the universe. It fills the entire universe with matter much thinner and rarer than the thinnest of our gases, which it calls ether. All the suns and planets and cosmic dust are made, it says, out of the etheric matter, by chemical combinations, each prakritic atom being made from ether exactly as a drop of water is made from eight gallons of hydrogen and one gallon of oxygen gas.

This etheric matter follows identical laws with prakritic matter, or accurately, the laws of our matter flow from the etheric matter from which it is made. The ether has two hundred or more elementary substances, each atom of our eighty or ninety "elements" being the chemical union of great masses of two or more of the etheric elements or their combinations. These etheric elementary substances combine and unite, our elementary substances simply following in their combinations the law which they inherit from their parents. They take form and shape. They vibrate through one octave, and take solid liquid or gaseous form in ether, as their types here in our world take it in prakriti, as their vibrations are increased or diminished. In short, the ether is the proto-type of our physical or prakritic world, out of which it is made and a product of which it is.

As this ether is "physical" matter, the same as prakriti, one harmonic law covering both, and as this ether fills all space, Modern Science divides physical matter into two kinds, which for convenience in differentiation are here called prakritic and etheric.

Matter is something—Science does not know or care to know what—in vibration. A very low octave of vibration produces prakriti, a very high octave of vibration produces ether. The vibration of prakriti ends in thousands; that of ether begins in billions. Between them there is a gulf of vibrations that has not yet been bridged. For that reason Science divides matter into two "planes," or octaves, of vibration—the matter of this visible and tangible plane

being called prakriti and that of the invisible and intangible plane being called etheric. Across this gulf the two planes respond to each other, note for note, the note in trillions chording when the note in thousands is struck. Note for note, chord for chord, they answer one another, and the minutest and the most complex phenomena are alike the result of this harmonic vibration, that of the ether supplying Force, and that of the prakriti a Medium in which it can manifest.

This knowledge of ether is not guess work, or fancy, and while it is as impossible of proof as the axioms of geometry, it is worthy the same credence and honor. We are working on physical axioms exactly as we work on geometrical axioms.

Modern Science represents each and every prakritic atom as a globe like the earth, floating in space and surrounded by an atmosphere of ether. "The subdivision of prakritic matter until we reach etheric atoms chemically united to make the physical unit" is the correct definition of an atom. The prakritic physical atom has length, breadth, and thickness. And it has an atmosphere of ether which not only interpenetrates the atom as oxygen and hydrogen interpenetrate the drop of water, but furnishes it with an envelope as the oxygen and hydrogen furnish the drop of water with one.

Each physical (prakritic) atom is as far apart from every other atom as the stars in heaven from each other—in proportion to size. No two physical prakritic atoms touch or can touch.

It was this discovery by Faraday that laid the solid foundation for all modern science, for all our ideas of physical phenomena. c

Each physical atom is the center of an etheric molecule composed of many etheric atoms vibrating at a greater or lesser speed and interpenetrating the atom. Each may be considered a miniature earth with its aerial envelope, the air, penetrating all parts of it.

The etheric plane of matter not only unites with this prakritic plane through the atom, but it interpenetrates all combinations of it; beside the atom as well as through the atom. The grain of sand composed of many prakritic atoms is also composed of many times that number of etheric atoms. The grain of sand is etheric matter as well as prakritic matter. It exists on the etheric plane exactly the same as it exists on the prakritic and it has etheric form as well as prakritic form.

As each atom of this physical world of ours—whether of land, or water, or air, whether of solid, liquid or gas—is the center of an etheric molecule, we have two worlds, not one: a physical world and an etheric one; a visible world and an invisible world; a tangible world and an intangible world; a world of effect and a world of cause.

And each animal, including man, is made in the same way. He has prakritic body and an etheric body; a visible body and an invisible body; an earthly body and one “not made with hands,” in common touch with the whole universe.

Let us suppose that a certain wise teacher of physics places a row of Bunsen burners under a long steel bar having a Daniell’s pyrometer at one end, and addresses his class (substantially) as follows:

“At our last lecture we found that the matter of the universe permeated all space, but in two conditions, which we agreed to call physical and etheric, or tangible and intangible. It is all the same matter, subject to the same laws, but differing in the rate of vibration, the physical matter vibrating through one great octave or plane, and the etheric vibrating through another great octave or plane one degree higher—the chording vibration of the matter of the two planes in one note producing what we call energy or force, and with it phenomena.

“This is a bar of steel 36 inches long. It is composed of physical atoms, but no two physical atoms touch. Each physical atom is as far apart from every other atom as the stars in heaven from one another—in proportion to their size. The atoms and the spaces between them are so small to our sight, that they seem to touch. If we had a microscope of sufficient power to reveal the atom, you would see that no two atoms touch, and that the spaces between them are as Faraday says, very great in proportion to their size. I showed you last term that what appeared to be a solid stream of water, when magnified and thrown upon a screen, was merely a succession of independent drops that did not touch. I can not yet give you proof of the bar of iron being composed of independent atoms, but that is the fault of our instruments, and you

must take my word for it until the proof is simplified and made easy of application.

"Each one of these physical atoms is a miniature world. It is the center of an ocean of ether, composed of many atoms; and while no two physical atoms touch, their etheric atmospheres do touch, and any change in the vibration of the etheric atmosphere of one will be imparted to that of the next. As the vibration of the physical atom must be in harmony with that of its etheric atmosphere, any change coming to one will be imparted to the next, and the next, through the ether surrounding them.

"You can see that the index at the end of the bar has moved, showing that it is now longer. That means the etheric atoms are now vibrating faster, taking more space, and have necessarily forced each physical atom farther apart. The bar is not only longer, but softer, and as the vibrations increase in rapidity the time will come when it will bend by its own weight, and even when it will become a liquid and a gas.

"If you put your hand anywhere near the bar you will feel a sensation called heat, and say it has become hot. The reason for that is that you are in actual and literal touch with the bar of iron through the ether. It is not alone each atom of the bar of iron that is surrounded by the ether, but each atom of the air, and each atom of your body. Their etheric atmospheres are all touching, and the increase in the vibration of the ether surrounding the atoms of iron is imparted to those of the air surrounding it, and these in turn raise the rate of vibration in the etheric atoms surrounding the physical atoms of your hand. This rate of vibration in your nerves causes a sensation, or mental impression, you call "heat." Consciousness of it comes through your sense of touch; but after all it is merely a "rate of vibration" which your brain recognizes and names.

"The bar has now reached a temperature of about 700 degrees, and has become a dull red. Why do you say the color has changed, and why do you say red?

"Because the rate of vibration of the etheric atoms in the bar is now about 412 trillions per second, and this rate of vibration having been imparted to the ether of the air, has in turn been imparted to the ether of your eye, and this rate of vibration in the ether of the nerves of your eye your brain recognizes and calls "red."

“The heat still continues and increases. You now have both heat and light. So you see that the ether is not vibrating in a single note, but in two chording notes, producing light and heat. There are two kinds of ether around the iron atom. There is sound also, but the note is too high for one’s ears. It is a chord of three notes.

“Professor Silliman, of Yale, discovered over twenty years ago, that the ether could be differentiated into the luminiferous, or light ether, and the soniferous or sound ether.

“Other great scientists since then have found a third ether—the heat ether.

“Their discoveries show that the atmospheric etheric envelope of each etheric atom is made up of etheric atoms of different vibratory powers. As the atmosphere of the earth is made up of atoms of oxygen and nitrogen and argon, so that of an atom is made up of three kinds of ethers, corresponding to three of our senses. That it consists of five ethers, corresponding to our five senses, as the ancient Hindus assert—who can say?

“I mention this subject of the differentiation of the ether merely that you may not suppose that the ether is a simple substance. For the present we will treat it as a simple substance, but next year we will take it up as a compound one.

“This steel bar before you is not one bar, but two bars. There is a visible bar and an invisible bar, the visible bar being made of physical atoms, and the invisible bar of etheric atoms. The etheric bar is invisible, but it is made of matter, the same as the visible bar, and it is just as real, just as truly a bar as the one we see.

“More than this. The etheric, invisible bar is the source and cause of all phenomena connected with the bar. It is the real bar, and the one we see is merely the shadow in physical matter of the real bar. In shape, strength, color, in short, in everything, it depends on the invisible one. The invisible dominates, governs, disposes. The visible is merely its attendant shadow, changing as the invisible, etheric bar changes, and recording for our senses these invisible changes.

“The invisible change always comes first; the invisible phenomena invariably precede the visible.

"In all this physical world—in all this universe—there is nothing, not even a grain of sand or an atom of hydrogen, that is not as this bar of iron is—the shadow cast on a visible world by the unknown and mysterious work of an invisible world.

"Land or water, mountain or lake, man or beast, bird or reptile, cold or heat, light or darkness, all are the reflection in physical matter of the true and real thing in the invisible and intangible world about us. "If we have a visible body we have an invisible one also" said Saint Paul. Modern science has proven he was right, and that it is the invisible body which is the real body.

"If this earth and all that it is composed of—land or ocean or air; man or beast; pyramid or pavement—could be resolved into the physical atoms composing every thing in it or on it created by God or man, each atom of this dust would be identical physically. There would not be one kind of atom for iron and another for oxygen.

"The differentiation between what are called elementary substances is first made apparent in the molecule or first combination of the atoms. It is not in the atom itself, unless it be in the size, as may not be improbable. The atoms combine in different numbers to make differently shaped molecules, and it is from this difference in the shape of the molecule that we get the difference between gold and silver, copper and tin, or oxygen and hydrogen.

"In all chemical compounds, such as water and alcohol, the molecules at the base of the two or more substances break up into their original atoms and form a new molecule composed of all the atoms in the two or more things combined. To make this chemical combination we must change the rate of vibration of one or the other or both until they strike a common chord. As we saw last term, oxygen and hydrogen have different specific heats, and no two other elements have the same specific heat, while heat raises the rate of vibration. Any given amount of heat raises the vibration of one more than another. Apply heat, and the rate of one will rise faster than that of the other until they reach a common chord. Then they fall apart and recombine.

"If we pass a current of electricity through this sealed jar containing oxygen and hydrogen in mechanical union, the spark that

leaps across the points furnishes the heat, and a drop of water appears and falls to the bottom. A large portion of the gases has disappeared. It has been converted into water. What is left of the gases will expand and fill the bottle.

“The drop of water but for local causes, but for a certain attraction of the earth, would float in the center of the jar at the center of gravity, as the earth does in space. But the center of gravity of the two bodies is far within the earth, and the drop gets as close to it as it can. The earth’s “pull” takes it to the bottom. If the jar were far enough away in space the drop would float, as the earth floats, at a point where all pulls balance, and the drop of water would have enough pull of its own, enough gravity within itself to hold all the gas left in the jar to itself as an atmosphere. It would be a center of energy, a miniature world.

“The drop of water is not a homogenous mass. About one third of the bulk of the drop of water is made up of independent oxygen and hydrogen atoms interspersed through it, as any liquid is through this piece of blotting paper. And it has, and keeps, by its own attraction, an atmosphere of the gas. Each molecule of water has a thin layer, or skin, of the gas; even as it comes from this faucet.

“Let us return again to the physical dust, the atom. Why should it form by fives for iron, by nines for hydrogen? Where did the atom come from? What is it? We know that like the drop of water, it is a miniature world with an atmosphere of ether; and the natural inference is that it is made from ether as the drop of water was made from gas. Many things confirm this inference, and it may be accepted as ‘a working hypothesis’ that it is made from ether as the drop of water is made from gas, by the chemical union of a large amount of ether of different kinds, the etheric molecules of which consist of 2 and 3 or 5 and 4 etheric atoms, and that the tendency to combine in this or that number in physical matter is an inherited tendency brought with it. from the etheric world of matter on which, or in which, each element of this world is two or more. There is no kind of matter in this physical world, that has not its prototype in the etheric, and the laws of its action and reaction here are laws which it inherits and brings with it.

They are not laws made here. They are laws of the other world—even as the matter itself is matter of the other world.

“In 1882, Professor Lodge, in a lecture before the Royal Institution on ‘The Luminiferous Ether’ defined it as:

‘One continuous substance, filling all space, which can
‘vibrate as light, which can be sheared into positive and
‘negative electricity, which in whirls constitutes matter, and
‘which transmits by continuity and not impact every action
‘and reaction of which matter is capable.’

“This reads to-day like baby-talk, but at the time (eighteen years ago), it was considered by many timid conservative scientists as ‘a daring statement.’ It is noteworthy in that it was the first public scientific announcement that the physical matter is a manifestation or form of the ether. And it was made before general acceptance of the division of the ether into soniferous, luminiferous, and tangiferous.

“‘Which in whirls constitutes matter.’ Professor Lodge believed that ‘some etheric molecules revolved so rapidly on their axis that they could not be penetrated.’ Watch the soap-bubbles that I am blowing. Each and every one is revolving as the earth revolves, from west to east. What I wish to call your attention to is the fact that can be proven, both mathematically and theoretically, that at a certain rate of speed in the revolution they could not be penetrated by any rifle-ball. At a higher rate of speed they would be harder than globes of solid chilled steel, harder even than carbon. Professor Lodge believed that the etheric molecule revolved so rapidly that, thin as it was in its shell, it gave us the dust out of which worlds were made. There is one fatal error in this idea, although it is held even now by many. It is based entirely on gravity, and gravity is alone considered in its problems. There are two great forces in the universe, not one, as many scientific people fail to remember—Gravity and Apery, or the centrifugal and centripetal forces. THE PULL IN IS AND MUST BE ALWAYS BALANCED BY THE PULL OUT. There is in the universe as much repulsion as attraction, and the former is a force quite as important as the latter. The bubble’s speed kept increasing until apery, the tendency to fly off, overcame gravity, and it ruptured.

“Professor Lodge failed to take into account this apercic force, this tendency to fly off, when he gave such high revolutionary speed to the etheric molecules, a speed in which apercic would necessarily exceed gravity. The failure to take apercic into consideration has been the undoing of many physicists.

“To-day we know that the ether is matter, the same as our own, only finer and rarer and in much more rapid vibration. We know that this ether has its solids, liquids and gases formed from molecules of its atoms, even as our own are formed. We know that its atoms combine as ours do, and while we have but eighty elementary combinations, it must have more than double the number. We know that every form and shape and combination of these elements from this plane flows from inherited tendencies having their root in the etheric world.

“The two worlds are one world—as much at one with ours as the world of gas about us is at one with our liquids and solids. It is ‘continuity, not impact.’ They not only touch everywhere and in everything, but they are one and the same in action and reaction.”

Thus spake a certain wise teacher of physics.

To his wise utterances, we can only add that such as we are to-day “we see through a glass, darkly.” Yet there will come a day when the physical bandages will be removed from our eyes, and we shall see face to face the beauty and grandeur and glory of this invisible world, and that in truth it ‘transmits by CONTINUITY and not impact every action and reaction of which matter is capable,’ forming one continuous chain of cause and effect, without a link missing. There are no gulfs to cross; no bridges to be made. It is here; not there. It is at one with us. And we are at one with it.

One and the same law controls and guides the etheric atom and the physical atom made from its molecules, whether the latter are made in “whirls,” as at first supposed, or by orderly combination as now believed.

In fact, this visible world of ours is the perfect product of the other invisible one, having in it its root and foundation, the very sap of its life.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

I.

: 191

The art of the painter and the sculptor is the representation, or the presentation, of nature. The greatest art is the truest representation.

What is the value of this representation?

We may gain some insight into its value by seeking a touchstone of all values in universal nature.

Consider the processes of nature. Their obvious aim is the growth of each individual life, and this nature, informed by the Infinite Will, attains by forcing the individual life out of itself into contact with the worlds about it. In the animal the instruments employed to this end are the instincts of self-preservation and reproduction; or better, these instincts *are* the Infinite Will—the forms in which It appears. By these, respectively, the individual and the species are established in nature; and by these the individual is moved forwards to gain experience. Every step forwards has its origin in a spiritual impulse from the Infinite Will culminating in an outward expression; and every step forwards involves a new creation, which expresses the incarnation of the spiritual element in matter. Guided by the spiritual impulse as instinct the animal seeks food and a mate. The most obvious immediate results are the creation of new tissue and offspring. But these are but means to bring about and perpetuate opportunities for the development of the individual by external association.

In the human stage the whole psychical, which includes, of course, the mental world, is added to the theatre of action. The instruments of the Infinite Will are still the animal instincts, but also and specially, the intuition, through which each man gains his sense of the souls of his fellow men. In man, indeed, this intuition is obscured and perverted by the false sense of separateness which leads each individual to incase himself in a rigid and exclusive shell; but none the less the sense of other human souls which it brings him, though distorted, is a chief guide to all human action. The power of the instincts is immensely augmented in man by the psychical mirroring of physical acts. Memory and anticipation

are his handmaids, and the impressions thus infinitely multiplied, magnified and perpetuated, are the source of his powerful passions and appetites. But still more far-reaching, dominating human life, are our intuitions of other men, refracted by the false idea of separateness. Thence come ambition, vanity, thirst for power, greed for wealth.

All these are the effective means by which the Infinite Will working in each man forces him outward, into contact with his fellows. The process is a double one: growth and expansion through the struggles and exertions imposed by external association; and the drawing down from above and development within the man of the infinite powers of the soul. Thus power is gained, and thus is also won a further insight into the real nature of other men. Then comes a perception of the unreality of the self-built exclusive barriers. As the barriers dissolve the man comes gradually to feel the oneness of all men with himself. The intuition which, when refracted by his false idea of separateness, prompted him to selfish action, now impels him to act humanely; and when at length he sees and realizes the ultimate absolute identity of all creatures and of all nature with himself, the goal of the long process is near at hand. A perfectly developed individuality, perceiving and realizing universal identity, is the end; association, intimate, varied and prolonged, is the means.

This underlying spiritual unity, which all nature strives to declare, furnishes at once the source of man's delight in natural beauty and the end to be attained by its contemplation. He feels an inherent attraction in all that is true; and visible beauty is one aspect of truth. Its influence broadens and softens his nature, and tends ever to bring him nearer to the point where he can perceive his identity with the All.

So Ruskin, with his marvelous insight, struck an eternally true chord when he became the apostle of the Religion of Beauty. He searched profoundly for the cause of the response which beauty calls forth from the human heart. The elements which he found to be evocative of that response were Infinity, Unity, Purity, Repose, Symmetry, Moderation, and other attributes which he assigned to Divinity; and it was in the aspiration of man towards the Divine

that the response, he believed, consisted. For that which he saw and taught Ruskin will ever merit the gratitude and the reverence of the world; but he stopped short of the final and profoundly simple cause—perforce, because he did not know the spiritual identity of all creatures, even up to the Infinite Himself.

The true artist, like every other true workman, however humble, is a co-worker with the Infinite Will, as it strives ever onward towards Union; and this he is by virtue of his power of bringing the beholder into vivid, intimate and inspiring touch with various aspects of external nature and the human soul. The value of his work will depend upon the amount of natural truth which he is able to impart to his representations. The word "truth" I use in its broad and ultimate sense, as indicating the normal and universal as opposed to the perverted and particular. Thus it will be impossible for the man of true artistic instinct to portray depravity, vice, pain, or ugliness; because by so doing he will bring the beholder into association, not with that which will broaden and elevate, but with that which will narrow and degrade.

The value of his results will also vary with the class of natural objects which his abilities enable him to interpret. In this regard the inanimate world is at one extreme of the scale, and the soul, expressed in the human face, is at the other. To portray the soul in the human face is the acme of all pictorial and plastic art. By such interpretation the artist brings the beholder into association with those qualities of the soul which he represents, and thus, revealing man to man, he works in the highest field of human activity.

An illustration is worth many abstract statements. Look at the face of St. Dominic kneeling before the cross in Angelico's great Crucifixion in the convent of San Marco in Florence. Deepest yearning, unutterable love, unfathomable sorrow, are graven there. Did we know before that there were those depths in the human heart? In that face the holy monk has laid bare to all who look the abundant wealth of his own soul. True it must be. No artist, however masterful, could counterfeit that face. No man could paint it who had not already lived it.

In the same convent, across the court, is the "foresteria,"

apartments devoted to hospitality. Above the entrance is the figure of Christ in pilgrim garb, seeking shelter, and welcomed by two Dominican brothers. In purity that face of Christ is as the gleaming snow of an Alpine summit; its tenderness, that of the Lords of Compassion. Think you Beato Angelico did a light thing for the world when he wrought it? For four centuries it has shed its sweet influence from the portal of that hall.

In representing nature the artist can also interpret:—he is able to select and emphasize those features and attributes which he conceives to be characteristic or important, and drop behind or omit those not suited to his present purpose; to assemble also—to bring figures and objects into effective groups and relations. He thus concentrates and strengthens his effect without sacrificing truth of representation. He may throw his whole force upon a single feature, as some one trait of character, some one emotion, and thus create upon the beholder an impression far more vivid and intimate than would be possible were his attention distracted by the other characteristics of the subject in nature. His special impressions may thus be more effective than those to be derived from a contemplation of nature itself.

For a very striking example of the power thus at the command of the artist I shall again refer to the paintings of Fra Angelico. The qualities which he specially portrayed were purity and devotion. Never have those aspects of the human soul been pictured on canvas with such marvelous force. His seraphic faces glow and gleam with the purest and intensest light. One cannot contemplate his paintings without making obeisance to the lofty soul which breathed into them this celestial fire. One has perhaps never seen such faces; but one feels assured that the soul possesses these qualities, and that they are the heritage, in due proportion, of the perfected man.

Angelico has indeed thrown an immense emphasis upon one aspect of the soul; but that which he has emphasized is true; and if we have studied his faces and realized their truth, we are nearer to a true comprehension of human nature than before; and we have gathered in ourselves from him a motive force urging us towards the attainment of the ideals which he has depicted.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

To begin with, it seems to me that the end proposed for education is success in life and that it is a true one.

Now in taking up this question of a successful life, I wish I could handle it in a vigorous and incisive way. I wish I could put forward a brilliant and satisfying definition of life, and success, and, while in the vein, add definitions of beauty and truth, and many more things, and so bring rest to the mind of man, and spread quiet and peace over many hard-fought fields.

But, unfortunately, I have no definitions; nor do I see great hope of getting them. So I must take a lower way, and try, by mere empiricism, to reach the same end, if so it may be.

Take this question of success in life, and how to gain it. Let us look at the matter as it stands. Here we are, in the midst of this natural world, and here, it seems, we are to stay, for a time at any rate. And I hasten to confess that I have no definition of the natural world, and, indeed, have long given up hope of finding one. But I mean the world of day; of sun and sky; of the green earth, and the trees that grow on it, and the creatures that move about on the face of it, and, among them, ourselves,—we who would settle this question of education; and many others who have not even heard whether there be any education. That is not a definition; but it will serve.

Now we find ourselves in the midst of this natural world not quite taken care of, and yet not quite neglected. We need all kinds of things, and they are there, for the most part; but we must be up and doing if we would get them. And this gadfly of necessity, so to speak, follows us for a certain number of hours every day, and even murmurs round us through the watches of the night.

So the first matter we must attend to is this: there are a number of things we need; and, for the most part, these things may be had: only we must bestir ourselves to get them. The natural world has a number of calls on us, or invitations and offers to us, if you will; and, by muscular exertion, we must obey these calls and accept these invitations. So that the first part of success in life, it seems to me, is this: through muscular effort to keep on good terms with the natural world, so that we shall move into

shelter, when we are cold; plunge into cool waves when we are hot; find such food as we may need to satisfy our hunger; and, when we have done that, find things pleasant to the taste, up to the limits of repletion; further, if we find the weather too cold, to get such coverings as may be, and to adorn these as pleasing fancy may suggest; taking pretty-coloured fragments of the natural world—stones and feathers, and flowers, and the like—to serve our ends. There are other ends than these of warmth and coolness, of food and raiment, but these are the chief; and so long as we fulfil these, so long as we are on good terms with Nature in these regards, I think we may say that our life has been so far successful.

Only one further thing remains to be said to qualify this our first result, and that is this: instead of effecting these ends by our own muscular exertion, we may persuade other people to bestir themselves, instead of us; we gain something thereby; but we lose something also; for who would go swimming by deputy, supposing air and water pleasantly warm?

But, for argument's sake, let us suppose that everyone of us must so bestir himself as to keep on good terms with the world—the natural world of sky and earth, and all that is between them. To do this, to keep on good terms with Nature, is success in life; to fail,—is failure.

If this be so, then education is everything that helps us, that supplements our muscular efforts, or makes them more effective, or teaches us to get more out of Nature, or better quality: in general, all that helps the natural man to keep on good terms with Nature. So far, I think, we will all go; and, going so far, it would seem easy enough to say what things are good in education, and what are not. For everything which helps us to keep on good terms with Nature is good; and other things are not.

It would seem, at the first blush, that I have come to the conclusion of some of the writers I have been reading: that the only thing which it is practical to learn is natural science,—the teaching, that is, concerning the natural world; and that children should be set to study this, and to leave all other things unstudied. But, if you think a moment, you will find that the conclusion is indeed thus,—and yet not quite. A wise education would rather be to

teach us how to exert ourselves to keep on good terms with the natural world, and to direct us how to make these terms better ; how to make our muscular exertions of most avail ; how to get as much out of the natural world as we can ; or, briefly, to put us into a true relation with the natural world, through muscular exertion, through our natural powers.

And, lest I may seem to have given up the citadel too hurriedly to the teachers of science, I must remind myself of one or two things which are sometimes left out of sight. And I must own to a mis-giving whether the teaching of science, as it is called, and as it is understood, really does very much to put us on good terms with the natural world, and to keep us there. I have so often taken up this or another science, with good hopes, and seen the glamor fade so many times, that I must record my disappointments as a warning to others. To keep on good terms with the natural world, we must be healthy animals first, and adroit animals only afterwards ; and it seems to me that the "scientific education" aims at making us adroit animals first, and healthy animals only afterwards. Does the man of science, as he takes his well-earned walks abroad, impress you as being on as good terms with the natural world as the small boys swimming in the pond,—even if they do get drowned now and then, and so find a new relation to things around them. In general, may we not suspect that there is a natural way, and a sophisticated way, of keeping on good terms with the world ; and that the first is known to the small boys in the pond ; only the latter to the "professor" who observes them ? Is natural science really of so much use, either to make us healthy animals or adroit ? I have come to doubt it. So that, if I am accused of surrendering the citadel to the armies of scientific educators, I am constrained to say I have done no such thing. I would far sooner leave the pond to educate the small boys than give them to the professors.

And, as I have ventured so far, I feel in the mood to go a little further,—just like these small boys swimming ; if I get into deep water, I shall rely on them to pull me out again. Briefly, I would take my courage in both hands, and question the whole claims of the scientific educator, and his assumption of making us more snug and homelike in this best of possible worlds. And I would not,

without a struggle, consent to our babies being given up to the men of physiology on the mere claim of these to put them in touch with the actualities of life; to save them from Nature's snares and pitfalls, to guide their tender feet among bad drains, and food unwholesome, and clothing not fit to wear, and much more of like practical force.

This idea, that science is so "practical," is just one of the things which give me an uneasy feeling; and I feel that I must question it further. Our modern life is hedged in with comforts and amenities, it is true; and, though we have grown somewhat tender and hectic in consequence, yet much of this is altogether well.

But, I think, the men of laboratories have got credit for far too much of this. How many of the arts of life really come out of the test-tube and crucible? How many out of the shrewd heads of upholsterers and followers of humble arts and crafts; keen-eyed workmen, and clever boys? I take that tale as typical, of the boy who wanted to play pitch-and-toss, and so invented the self-acting valve of the steam-engine. He makes the invention; but the professor writes the annals. And so we find much praise of professors therein. "When I write my diary," said Wellington, "many statues will come down." And I have long suspected that if the workmen, the upholsterers, the small boys, did their part in writing the annals, the "scientific education" would lose something of its glossy pride. Have these assured persons really told us anything about life, about ourselves, about the natural world? Have they shown us how to face our sorrows?

But we were speaking of natural life, and of our being on good terms with the natural world.

Let us come back, then, to this mere question of amenity—of sanitation, if you will. Even here, much is believed and taken for granted that seems to me most questionable. Once we have sanitary engineers enough to keep the waterworks of our houses in order, once we have doctors enough,—and I will not raise the question of how many that may be,—where is the need of teaching the babes more of these things? Shall we all turn plumbers and gasfitters, domestic carpenters, amateur electricians? Shall we multiply the armies of those who know how to cure a cold?

Not so long ago we were all aflame with the passion to save our souls. We learned all things that made for that end. We burned our candles by midnight, and wrestled in the solitude to put the hosts of darkness to flight. And what was the end of it all? What the sincere fruit of so much sincerity? Was it not the knowledge that the best thing we can do for our souls is often to leave them alone, to let them save themselves? To throw our doors open to the everlasting youth of the sunshine, and, not too carefully instructing our hearts how they shall love and hate, to trust more and more to that primeval spirit within us, which comes gleaming up in our hearts, with its old omniscience, its passion, its sorrows, and its joys.

Nor will it be far otherwise with this passion of ours for saving our bodies through "scientific education,"—this new fanaticism, which now besets us with the same heavy-browed burning of midnight lamps. We shall come to let our bodies save themselves as our souls have to. We shall trust more to Nature's old wisdom, gathered now through so many grey eons and stored up in us, even in every atom of our bodies; and having a far more certain hold on the natural world than the best of our professors.

Take a trite simile of the way we try to capture Nature: one of those "modern" bathing-places where piers, and buoys, and ropes, and costumes trifle with the wildness of the waves. And take, again, such natural joy as one may find on a deserted coast, with no company but the seals and sea-gulls; no costume but the white seamist and the slanting sunbeams across the gilded floor of the sea; no pier but the brown rocks, with their seaweed tresses. Is there not something here that will not be captured and tamed?—such a trickling of bubbles along one's ribs as even paleolithic man might envy.

And I think all Nature may be taken in this direct way, without any siege-train of sanitary appliances; and in that path to be explored in days to come we shall first truly learn how much it means to be on good terms with the natural world; to have a true relation to Nature. That will be the victory of the future; not some cheap trick of flying machine, or mineral food for chickens. Then shall we wear the world as a garment, the fair earth and the majestic dome of heaven.

A SUGGESTION.

When Christ said that "whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein," he probably spoke over the heads of his hearers, for very few even to-day apprehend his meaning. "The Kingdom of God is within you," he told them on another occasion.

"The Kingdom of God cometh not from observation." It comes only to those who search for truth and light.

What he meant was that in the search for truth we must have the inquisitive mind of the child, not the sceptical mind of the man; that we must seek truth, not error. The search for error has become with us natural and instinctive.

We cannot realize how strong it is, until we listen to some man expounding or explaining some truth contrary to the general belief of his auditors, and note that not one of them will remark, "What he said about so-and-so was true." Each and every comment will relate to some error that he made. The more trivial his error the more it will be talked of. His truth will not be mentioned. Yet, if we knew every error into which mankind had fallen, if we could point out every error or misstatement in every book that was ever written, we would not have advanced one step in knowledge or added one grain to our stock of truth.

The child does not believe every thing he is told; he is not credulous. He is like the miner who looks for the specks of gold in his pan; who does not fix his eyes upon the sticks and stones and debris. He is looking for truth as the miner is looking for gold, and that which is not truth, or probably truth, does not interest him. He tosses it aside after he has picked out what is true.

If there is one small truth in a book among ten thousand errors we should find that truth, and make it our own. We should not waste our time hunting for errors to combat. We may win all the victories of this kind that can come in a life and be no wiser. This does not preclude us from fighting for truth when it is assailed, but that is a very different thing from our attacking error, whenever and wherever we find it. Even the defence of truth is rarely profitable. It can take care of itself.

Seek truth. Look only for the colors in your pan. In mining for gold, under twelve colors (specks of gold) will not pay; but in mining for truth one color will pay.

If we seek, we find. If we seek error we find it. If we seek truth, we find it. If we seek error we do not notice the truth; if we seek truth we do not notice the error.

We find what we are seeking.

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“Every moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life. It may lead you to great achievement, or never beyond the humdrum monotonies of common existence. What matters it to you? The surface of things has no part nor lot in your considerations. That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies. You who have learnt somewhat of paradox will not mistake me here.

“Meditation is not inaction; he who thinks so errs. But that which lives in action is the motive and the desire. The form it took passes as all form must, but the soul of it reincarnates and fills with power and radiance all other forms that spring therefrom.

“In entering the higher life the disciple finds a great stillness, for his meditation is his life, not his deeds: and when with heart and mind and full consciousness he grasps the significance of this idea, then indeed he beholds a new heaven and a new earth.”

CAVÉ.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

IV.

The oriental idea of the universe does not differ fundamentally, in its general conception, from that of modern science; but it goes farther and explains more. The physics of the secret doctrine are based upon a material universe of four planes of vibration and a spiritual universe of three planes of vibration beyond matter. This Something in vibration may be given the English name, Consciousness—without entering upon its nature.

Spirit is consciousness in vibration and undifferentiated.

Matter is consciousness in vibration and differentiated.

As we divide the seven octaves of a piano into Treble and Bass for clearness of thought and writing, so the Hidden Knowledge divides the seven octaves of vibration, or planes, into Spirit and Matter. In their ultimate analysis they are one and the same thing, as ice and water are the same thing; but for study they must be differentiated.

The material and physical universe consists of four planes of matter, on four great octaves of vibration, each differentiated from the other as in our physics prakriti is differentiated from ether. The material universe, the ancient physics teach, was originally pure thought, Manasa, the product of the spiritual planes above. This manasic world was differentiated, a real world. That is to say, it was given elementary substances by the union of its atoms in different sized molecules. Some of its elements combined and formed Prana. The prana gathered and formed other worlds, pranic worlds. Then in the pranic world etheric worlds were formed; and finally in the etheric worlds, prakritic globes like the earth were formed. The earth is the center of a prakritic globe, revolving in ether around the sun. The sun is the center of a solar globe of ether, revolving in prana around Alcyone. Alcyone is the center of a stellar globe of prana revolving in manasa around the central and hidden sun of the great manasic globe. These four conditions of matter: prakriti, ether, prana, and manasa are the earth, water, fire, air of the Ancient Metaphysics, the four elements of matter, and are present in every atom of prakriti.

When the atom of prana was formed, it had an envelope of manasa. When the atom of ether was formed it had an envelope of pranic-manasic atoms. When the prakritic atom was formed it had an envelope of etheric-pranic-manasic atoms, each of its encircling etheric atoms being the center of a pranic molecule, and each pranic atom of that molecule being the center of a manasic molecule.

Each atom of prakriti was the material universe in miniature. It held the potentialities of mind, life, and phenomena. In every aggregation of atoms, there were the four planes, each in touch through the Cosmic Mind, its manasa, with every other atom in the universe, with every other globe of whatever kind. "As above, so below," was the secret Key-word. The unity of all the material universe in its prakriti, ether, prana, and manasa, was the corner stone of this knowledge. The three planes above prakriti were called Astral, and in common speech there was the ordinary division into two planes, visible and invisible, or "Spirit," as the invisible was called, and "Matter," as the visible was called. Only in the hidden secret doctrine of physics, and in the open metaphysics which were a "stumbling block" and "foolishness" to those who had not the "inner light" of the physics, were the three divisions of the "astral" made known, and the true distinction between the spirit of the three higher planes and the matter of the four lower was kept out of the metaphysics, or only vaguely alluded to.

There is no "oriental science" because the oriental does not attach the same value to merely physical knowledge that we do. But that must not be understood to imply that there is no oriental physics. In all the matters that interest us now, so far as principles are concerned, the oriental knew all that we know. He knew it thousands of years ago, when our ancestors were sleeping with the cave bears.

"That is all the good it did him," the scientist says. No. That is not true. It is perfectly true that the oriental, the Babylonian who carved on the Black Stone now in the British Museum the five moons of Jupiter, exposing himself to the derision of our astronomers prior to their own discovery of the fifth moon in 1898, did not care particularly whether there were four moons or five, and had no sale for any telescopes he might make, for no one else

cared particularly. But it was not true that he did not care for any and all knowledge that would improve his spiritual condition by giving him correct ideas of the universe and of his own part in it. To him life was more than meat and the body more than raiment. He was more afraid of sin than of ignorance. We are more afraid of ignorance than of sin. He preferred to better men's moral condition; we prefer to better their physical condition.

If one of the Sages of the East could be called up and put on the stand to be questioned, he would say, substantially:

"You are right in regard to your ether, and to prakriti being ether that has been dropped a great octave in vibration. Your physical atom is surrounded by a molecule of ether, this molecule containing many atoms of ether. The chording vibration does produce all physical phenomena.

"But where did the ether atom come from?" How can you explain how and whence life comes, or what it is? This explains physical, but how do you explain vital phenomena?

"You are wrong in assuming that all the matter of the universe apart from the earth or planets is ether and only ether. The etheric world in which you are interested ends with your solar system. It ends with each solar system, to the people of that system. Between each solar system and another there is another form of matter that is not ether.

"This etheric solar world of ours is very large, many billions of miles in diameter; but it is not the whole universe. You know that the sun and all its planets are revolving around a star in Alcyone. Your astronomers told you that years ago, and they have recently given you the rate of speed as 4,838 miles per hour.

"Did you not see and know that if they had this revolution around a central sun it must be within a solar globe?

"Did you think that the sun and its planets, and other suns and their planets, were tearing their way through the ether like so many fish on a dipsy-hook from a Marblehead fishing smack running before the wind?

"Did it never occur to you that the ether of this solar system must be revolving around this central sun? The whole solar system, ether and planets, are revolving around Alcyone, and the

reason why their minor revolution around the sun is not affected by it is because the solar system is a vast globe of ether, having a thinner and rarer medium to revolve in, the same as our earth has. It is the motion of a fly in a moving car.

“Now fix your attention on this globe of ether; this solar globe. You must do it to get the concept before you. You have known of it all your life without once really apprehending it, for you have never learned to think, or to utilize the knowledge that was given you. The idea is as new and as strange as if you had never known it.

“What lies beyond the surface of the solar globe? Something must; something as much rarer and thinner than the ether as the ether is rarer and thinner than prakriti. Can you not guess?

“It is Prana, the life force of the universe. As prakriti is made from ether, so ether is made from prana. It is made in the same way. Each atom of the ether is the center of a molecule of prana, surrounded by an atmosphere of pranic atoms, exactly as your prakritic atom is surrounded by an atmosphere of etheric atoms. You say that each atom of prakriti is the center of a molecule of ether. So it is. But each atom of that etheric molecule is the center of a pranic molecule. Each atom of your physical matter is triple, not double.

“You say that all physical phenomena come from the chording vibration of the etheric and prakritic atoms of the two planes of matter. Yes. But do you not see that all VITAL phenomena come from the chording vibration of the pranic, etheric, and prakritic atom of the three planes of matter which are in each atom? In the living leaf the three planes are sounding in chord in each atom of it. In the dead leaf, drying up and falling to pieces, only the lower two are sounding in chord. The silver chord has been broken.

“Each atom of prakriti you say has the potentiality of some kind of phenomenon. We add ‘and of life also.’ The potentialities of life are in every atom of prakriti. Even the atom of iron may live in the blood. It cannot become a part of any living organism until its prana is sounding the chord of life in unison with the ether and prakriti—the threefold silver chord.

“What is the center of this prana? It is Alcyone. There are other solar globes beside ours circling around Alcyone, and we have been considering only our own solar globe of ether. Alcyone is the center of the prana in which they revolve as the sun is the center of our ether in which the planets revolve. As this prana has a center around which we revolve with other solar systems, then it must have a center of gravity.

“THEN THIS PRANA IS A GLOBE.

“The prana does not then fill this material universe. There must be yet another form of matter rarer and finer than prana, from which prana is made, as ether is made from prana and prakriti from ether. Have we any other class of phenomena to explain, except vital and physical? Yes, there is a very important class, MENTAL. And here we have the explanation, if we exercise our reason.

“These pranic globes are floating in an ocean of manasa, matter in its rarest form.

“Each atom of prana is formed from manasa, exactly as ether was formed from prana, and each pranic atom in the universe is the center of a manasic molecule, having an atmosphere of manasic atoms.

“So we are not exact in giving the prakritic atom three planes or octaves of vibration. It has FOUR. You merely surround it with etheric atoms, and this is correct so far as it goes. You only wish to explain physical problems. But there are other problems to be explained, problems of life and mind, and the same knowledge you have explains them as well as the others, if you simply avail yourself of it. That you do not consider the atom as four-fold instead of two-fold is your own fault. I have not told you anything you did not already know. I have only asked you to apply your present knowledge of physics to these problems of life and mind, and apply your reasoning powers.

“The chording vibration in an atom of matter of

“The two planes produces Force, or phenomena :

“The three planes produces Life—the silver chord :

“The four planes produces Mind—the golden chord.

“You say there is no gulf between the prakritic and etheric worlds; that it is one continuous world; that all its phenomena are

by continuity and not impact. That is true, but it is not the whole truth.

“There is no gulf to cross between the prakritic and etheric worlds; none to cross between that and the manasic. The four worlds are one great world, continuous, interchangeable. Through the four as well as through the two, there is continuity and not impact. Whether it is an atom or a world, the four are there. Nothing, no combination of atoms, no matter of any kind, however small or large, can exist in this prakritic world unless it has the four elements, which from time immemorial our philosophers have called Earth, Water, Fire, Air, meaning the four globes or forms of matter in the universe. We do not have to leave the earth to live in the etheric globe. It is here. Nor do we have to go millions of miles to reach the pranic globe. It is here. The problems of light and heat are no easier than the problems of birth and death. The pranic globe is within us; within everything. So is the manasic.

“It is here on these higher planes that the chances for worthy study are greatest. At least we think so, though you may not. We live on the manasic-pranic-etheric globe on precisely the same terms that we live on this of prakriti, and the problems of the three are equally open to us.

“If there are any who care to follow up the line of thought I have opened, who care for the questions that interest us of the East. I will talk as long as they care to listen, provided they will not ask for knowledge that will give them power over others, which cannot fail to be used for evil.”

This is but a glimpse of Hindu physics, yet it has helped us in the metaphysics. We now understand the chain of globes—in part. The earth is four-fold. As each atom of the earth is four-fold, so their aggregations give us a prakritic earth, an etheric earth, a pranic earth, and a manasic earth—in coadunition and not like the skin of an onion. They are separate and distinct globes, each on its own plane. It is four down and three up for the Angel entering matter, whether from the outmost boundary of manasic matter, or the surface of the earth, or the cover of a base-ball. The “chain of globes” in the SECRET DOCTRINE represents the unity of the material universe.

The three-fold nature of the astral model is revealed, and the unity of all prakritic things. But more than that, to many minds, will be the explanation it gives of why there are but four planes of vibration in matter; that the highest form of development in prakriti shows only four elements, prakriti or body, sensation or force, life, and mind, and that these last three, present in all things in esse, become present in posse when they work together harmonically.

DISPASSION.

Masters are willing that you should do ought in this world where you come for experience that does not affect you so as to hinder your progress, but the rather aids it and does no injury to any other being.

Many things you may do to understand and analyze human experience, but these must be done with the Light from the Higher Self held constantly in the heart that you may gain the understanding which you seek and that your rate of vibration be not altered. When you find this changed in spite of your strongest efforts to hold the place of peace within the heart, then as quickly as possible after the event has swept over you, or during its progress if it becomes at any time possible for you to do so, bring yourself back to quiet and equilibrium, to your normal condition. Even if you have done what to you seems wrong in the matter; seems at the time an evil, do not dwell upon it, for so your constant thought of it exaggerates the effect. Throw it from your mind for the time entirely. Perhaps it may be long before you can think of it without having your vibrations disturbed, but when that time comes, then look it all over coolly, quietly and with the perspective that time will give you; you will see your part in the event in its proper proportions. You may even see that no other course was possible to you at the time, or you may learn that your seeming evil-doing in the matter contained a lesson which you needed for the understanding of the mistaken steps which perhaps you had condemned in another or others.

Suppose a shipwreck at sea; you with all on board have to struggle for the preservation of life and possibly for the lives of others. Would your testimony as to any of the occurrences going on about you at the time, could it be taken then and there, be worth anything? No. You know nothing but the one thought of self-preservation.

Years afterwards you could give more clearly every incident of that time of excitement and confusion than you could one incident of a period of calm in your life where everything transpired in a quiet succession of events and made no lasting image that you can by any effort of will recall to your memory, as in smooth, level, green expanses there is nothing of which the eye can take note, but in mountainous rugged countries there are many landmarks. The whole scene is too level to make pictures, it is one smooth expanse, where there are no shadows, even as "The happiest lives like the happiest countries have no histories."

But you Theosophists are not likely to know much of such lives, excepting from others, as you have willed to take your Karma as rapidly as you can draw it upon yourselves, as rapidly, sometimes more so, than you can endure it. The greater danger is for you, not that your lives will be too uneventful for you to gain all needed experiences in shorter time than other men, but that being as a rule so full of event that when the periods of calm come as they sometimes do for you, the greater danger is that you will grow restless and restive under these, feeling the desire or need of sensations.

These times are times for you to assimilate what your nature has received; times for you to grow and develop; times for you to gain equilibrium; for reconnaissance. Times for you to view from the proper distance events of which, if you have passed through without being lost in them, you will have clear pictures, be able to see truthfully your mistakes or your achievements, and to store away carefully the lessons they contained for you.

If then the temptation arise in you for some earthly experience, if one more apple upon the tree of knowledge of good and evil still looks tempting, and your taking it will not deprive or injure another; rather than go about morbid because of the self-denial, or vain-glorious because you have been able to resist when others have not, or priding yourself that at last you are able to resist desire *when only the gratification of desire causes your resistance*: take the fruit, be sure that there is yet a lesson of good and evil for you to learn; be sure that the learning it does not drag you back or down, that indeed it is in your line of progress, while it may seem to others and yourself to deter you.

“That was the Discipline
To which the living Man himself devotes
’Till all the sensual dross be scorcht away
And, to its pure integrity return’d
His Soul alone survives.”

Suppression is not conquest. Development in the right direction is true conquest as it is true education—the leading forth and upwards of the whole nature by the best paths that we can choose or find.

On the other hand if you can look upon the fruit and say “It is fair to look upon, but for me it would prove an apple of Sodom; I know the lesson well”—why then taste of satiety? If you can say: I am strong enough, I can turn from this temptation and put the thought from my mind, my true desire is not to stay longer in this realm of Maya, to be no longer misled by its delusions, my

eyes are opening and I can see"—then *turn* from it, use that strength, will and energy, that yielding would consume, to send you far upon your way. For you the experience would not contain a needed lesson; for you it would be a waste of time and energy. Worse! It would weaken the will and start the tendency to yield for the sake of yielding.

A mere possible sensation could then be your only excuse for yielding, and of these sensations all you who have begun to take the involution have had enough.

If you feel that you have already made the mistake and partaken to satiety, then look upon that as the lesson that this is possible and useless and let it impress itself upon your mind and heart, not as regret, but as a lesson—*learned*. Be thankful that it is learned, impress it as such, that you go not over it again, that being needless; but the rather take a higher course.

For you are here for experience. If you leave one untasted that you really crave, then you will return again and yet again until that craving is gratified, or the spiritual will must become strong enough within you to turn the desire so completely away from its object and towards a higher one that no possibility of a backward look is left. Are you strong enough for this? Yes, many of you. But do not deceive yourself. Be honest with yourself. There is no disgrace in taking these lessons of life, if they still attract you. You may take them and while undergoing them have time for much valuable work for humanity. They are not hindrances if you require them, and its just here that your judgement must be clear, and that you must submit to no dishonesty from yourself to yourself. That would be the real hinderance.

If it is so that you "kill out desire" by dishonesty with yourself, be sure that "from the dead it will arise again." The process is usually slow, not sudden. Some can kill the Giant at once, others only wound him and then the struggle must continue with diplomacy, endurance, strong, never swerving will, and great wisdom. Yield when yielding will gain you a point of advantage. Hold fast and never swerve when an advantage is gained. When the Giant is within your power, when you have downed him, *then* kill him, but do not attempt it while he still towers over you.

March on to certain victory of self. You will conquer ultimately, but do not let this certainty lead you to think that it will come in any way other than through your own untiring, ceaseless efforts. It is not easy, this mastery of self; proceed and you will see.

Knowledge comes from books; wisdom from experiences rightly understood with the Light of the Higher Self. He indeed is wise who knows when the full measure has been taken.

BROTHERHOOD IN BUSINESS.

We are all looking to the time when universal brotherhood shall be an accepted fact in human affairs. We have the first requisite for its development in the desire that it shall prevail. Among thinking people this desire is well nigh universal. It might further be said that the vast majority of men and women aid progress toward it by work, while many others, equally zealous, and with the same motives, retard that progress by misdirected efforts.

A study of the business life of to-day and a comparison of our present methods of transacting business with those which were in vogue a score of years ago, indicates a trend in evolution toward brotherhood. The growth of such fiduciary institutions as life insurance companies shows it: some of these individual concerns have assets rising into the hundreds of millions of dollars while they stand sponsors for possible widows and orphans in the sum of billions of dollars. Eluding the factors of investment and speculation and retaining the pure insurance only, this business fairly rises into the realm of mutual help and brotherhood. In it is something more than brotherhood, for it includes not only help to others, but self help and sacrifices made for the benefit of the many. It has been truly said that in pure life insurance the insured wins by losing; others are paid for his life. Whatever he expends on premiums is paid to others with no possibility of reward to him.

Of a similar nature to the insurance companies are the mutual aid societies and corporations. Whatever may be the motives of the organizers and managers of these associations it is quite evident what influences the growth of membership; men join them for their own benefit or for the benefit of those dependent upon them. Yet in banding themselves together they have helped each other; each has paid for the chance that he may receive, but the effect is that he has helped his fellows. This, in essence, is one form of brotherhood.

The day of individual fight for life and happiness has passed away; we call that existence savagery when each man hunted for his food, defended himself single-handed against his foes, lived his life alone, unaided by others, or enforced the assistance of others by might. As he grew wiser or advanced toward civilization, he

learned to barter, to exchange the product of his labor with others. He evolved various pursuits, one becoming a tailor, another a boot-maker, another a farmer, and so forth, and these bartered one with the other. Then came the man who bought from each of them and of course sold also to each, and he is to-day our merchant. Next each of these secured servants and the master workman supervised the labor of his help, selected the part each could do best and thus obtained from all the greatest possible return; and he paid them for their work and reserved for himself a profit; and this man is to-day our manufacturer. His value was in his ability to organize and administrate; he introduced the division and subdivision of labor. The more subdivided the work the greater was his profit and more dependent each worker became upon every other one. The difference between the commercial and social life of to-day and that which existed a generation ago lies largely in the greater subdivision of labor and the more perfect organization and administration in affairs.

✓ The law that applied to the small merchant and manufacturer applies with ever increasing force to the great department stores and Trusts of to-day; that is, as the subdivision of labor increases, profits are larger, and the employee becomes more and more dependent on all the other workers: at the same time the employer becomes more and more dependent upon his laborers. While the motive of the combination is for individual gain and primarily for the organizer and management, all gain by the operation; and the trend is distinctly toward brotherhood.

? \ Broadly viewed the Trust is the economic outcome of brotherhood as applied to business. It is the combining of many in order to produce the largest results with the least expenditure of human energy, and the race, as a whole, benefits by it, for the aggregate of wealth is increased far more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. Its effect on the individual members in their relations one to the others, and the question of the division of profits resulting from the combination of capital and labor, are quite another problem and should be studied from its special standpoint. But in principle, the Trust is right, and it stands for brotherhood.

The transportation problem is another case of a similar nature. The stage coach was an advance over horseback riding and the carriage, but the railroad, with its many units of capital invested in a single enterprise, superceded the stage coach. The old wagon, with its pair of horses, was able to transport a ton of merchandise fifteen miles a day at a cost of from three to four dollars, or say, twenty-five cents per ton per mile, and this is replaced by the freight train with its fifty cars of thirty tons each and a cost of hauling less than one cent per ton per mile. Teamsters, hostlers and wagon builders have gone out of business, but there are new employments for brakemen, engineers, conductors, firemen, mechanics, cabinet makers and a host of others. Twenty-five times the area of inhabitable land is opened up to a given market and both producers and consumers are benefited, while the opportunity for the employment of labor is enormously increased. The farmer, the teamster, the hostler, the butcher, the tanner and the harness maker were the principal workers who benefited by the stage coach transportation, but the railroad calls upon almost every grade of mechanic and laborer for some part of the product of his work. It makes men work more for each other and it brings men nearer together. And so the railroad evolves brotherhood.

The steamship tells the same story. It opens the way to international exchange on a broader basis, and because of it the table of the farmer, who lives two thousands of miles from the sea shore, the miner who delves for gold in the bleak Alaska mountains, in South Africa or Australia, is supplied with linen from Ireland and China ware from France, Germany or China, uses forks and knives from England or New York, while his food includes pepper from America, sugar from Cuba, Louisiana or Java, oil from France or Spain or Italy, and his house is furnished with the products of the labor of almost every land under the sun. The steamboat and the railroad have united the farmer with all peoples. The motive in each transaction is, without doubt, individual gain, but the aggregate result to mankind is an evolution tending ever toward brotherhood. : 28

The interchange of thought among men has kept pace with the evolution on other lines. The machinery for transporting ideas, the printing press, the post office, the telegraph, the cable, the tele-

phone, has reached a high state of development which just about corresponds with the advance in the subdivision of labor. As the railroad and steamship have bound men together through the products of their labors, so have these other improvements equally united them on the thought plane and offered opportunity for closer and closer intercourse. And these opportunities have been taken advantage of to the greatest extent as is seen in the enormous sale of all kinds of printed matter. Here, too, the motive of inventing and putting these improvements into operation was self-gain by the various individuals, yet the aggregate result is the same evolution toward brotherhood.

In all these cases the idea of brotherhood, or benefit to others, never entered except that it carried with it the prospect of reward: intentionally none of it was altruistic; it was for self. Each has stood for himself and sought to obtain the greatest benefits that he could from his work. If a farmer he was up early in the morning and worked until late at night, this was so that he could plow more and raise a larger crop and have more to sell to the store; he dickered with the trader to secure the very largest possible price for his surplus and felt well pleased with himself if he obtained a trifle more than his neighbor. In the same way the merchant did everything he could to buy at the lowest and sell at the highest price; and the manufacturer, following the same plan, sought labor at the lowest cost, improved his machinery so as to get the largest output from the smallest amount of labor, and held his price as high as he could and still dispose of the product of his factory. Each and every one sought the largest gain for self consistent with his opportunities. And why? So that he could make himself physically independent of all the others; he wanted to be free. As soon as he had gained that point he wanted to make those dependent upon him also free; then his aid went out to his next of kin or to his friends. And this is what men call "human nature," and it is human nature, taking the race as it stands to-day *en masse*. There are of course individual exceptions, but it is not these exceptions with which we wish to deal at present, but with the general conditions. Yet out of this mass of individual selfish motives an actual universal brotherhood is evolving.

The highest state of individual selfishness is probably exemplified in certain of the Trusts. Take, for instance, the much-condemned Standard Oil Trust, that hydra-headed, many-tentacled monster which sends the chill down the back of every socialist and anarchist. What has been the effect of this monster's work on the economic situation? Every manufacture of petroleum is offered to the consumers of the world at but a fraction of the former cost of refining. In the process of building up the monopoly many small refiners were crushed to death by the ponderous blows of the greedy beast; but why? If the archives of the company and its predecessors were examined it would be found that every one of those crushed concerns had been offered an opportunity to come into the combination at a price very much greater than the value of his property at the time, but that the owners held out in the expectation that the Trust would pay them still more rather than fight them; it was greed on both sides and neither is worthy of our sympathy. ?

The result of the combination showed a saving in the cost of manufacturing, in distribution, in selling and in wastes, and but a small amount of this profit was retained by the owners; in fact the dividends have all been paid out of the wastes saved by the new processes used and which became possible by combination. The bulk of the other profits and savings went to the consumer through reductions in price of refined goods sold. Still, some individuals realized millions out of it, one of the "magnates" being reputed to be worth \$300,000,000. Those who thus became rich were the organizers and promoters and these profits are the wages for perspicacity, good judgment and the bravery to go ahead and undertake such a giant task. But for them there would have been no consolidation, no destruction of competition, no vast improvement in machinery, no enormous plants that could manufacture at one third the cost formerly paid, no world-wide markets and no saving of wastes, and the world would have used poorer oil and paid more for it all of these years. !

Many of the conditions which apply to the Standard Oil Trust apply with equal force to such concerns as the great iron and steel corporations, the coal and railroad companies, the banks, and even

the department stores. The motive back of all of these is gain for the personal self. And from them all millionaires are made. And paupers, too? That is another question, quite distinct from that of the millionaires. Each problem should be studied by itself.

In a trade, between two men, resulting in mutual benefit, if the aggregate profit be two, justice would admit that should each receive one; neither would have a right to complain. If a combination be formed by a number of men agreeing to pool their issues and the Trust, so formed, should offer the world something for \$100,000,000 less than the world had formerly paid for the same thing, and that much less than they could get it for elsewhere, surely the combination would be justified in retaining an equal profit if they could do the work for \$200,000,000 less than the thing formerly sold for. This is exactly what the bulk of the Trusts are doing all the time except that instead of retaining half of the profits in most cases the public has received three fourths of the benefit arising out of the combination.

The avowed object of the Trust was gain for the individual members. The broad effect has been a mutual benefit to those who built it up and to the great consuming public. The organization is but an intermediate step between competition, or trade warfare, and Nationalisation. By it men band themselves together to secure the machinery with which to work to the greatest advantage. The power thus concentrated admits of easy distribution and the material allows the highest degree of selection; this applies to brain as well as physical labor. The entity once conceived and brought into life grows within outward and ever perfects itself in all of its faculties; it draws to itself the best in its field; it discards the poor and weak; it constantly improves its products and augments the output; it saves where others would waste; more wealth is turned out with less human energy consumed. With each extension of its business its organism grows more complex and the parts are more dependent on each other and on all the rest. It is a living entity, whose work is production (creation) and which, if taken as a whole, approaches brotherhood nearer than anything else previously devised and manifesting on that plane. The army, on its plane, (that of preservation and destruction) alone compares with the Trust.

CHILDREN AS TEACHERS. ✓

When we talk of teaching children, of forming their minds and hearts by suggestions taken from the experience of our own lives, we are often forgetful of the greatest truth which underlies all life.

We think of the children as new beings, as fresh, unmolded potencies, as young and tender plants, which we can bend this way and that; and, doubtless, if we are filled with a spirit of gentleness, tolerant kindness, and, above all, bright good-nature, our attitude towards children will help and strengthen the growth of their unfolding natures.

But in thinking of children as new, fresh lives, to be molded by us, we are making the greatest mistake possible. "Be not deceived by curls and dimples," said Emerson; "the baby is a thousand years old." And, indeed, every baby is a thousand years old, or even thousands of thousands. And I do not allude to the heredity of the child's body, which is the latest growth of our ancient humanity, itself the outcome of ages of life gone by before man was man, though these long ages of life all play their part in the nature of every child and resist, stubbornly or gently, all our efforts to mold it to our will; I allude rather to the heredity of the child's own soul, which is very full of age, and has, indeed, passed through infinite experiences before taking to itself a new body in its present birth. ✓

The child, born to-day, does not come, as the song has it, "out of the no-where into the here"; it comes, rather, from eons of past life in this world of ours through all its ages, and in other worlds before this world of ours was yet woven out of the shining star-dust. The baby that seems to know so little, to grasp so feebly at the things of life, has really had a mighty history. He has passed through the life of the old lands, has seen the wars of the Middle Ages waged round him, in a body of flesh and blood, which he laid aside to enter this new body after a period of rest and refreshment in the paradise of peace. Before the Middle Ages, he lived through the Dark Ages, as history calls them, which were yet so bright with the life of saintship and faith; before the Dark Ages, that same child now crooning to itself one of the old, everlasting songs of man, lived through the magnificence of Rome, the glory of Greece, the power

of Persia, the mystery of Egypt; and before that, in still older lands, in Chaldea, in India, mother of nations, that same child lived and struggled, sorrowed and rejoiced, loved and died. And in older lands, whose ruins now crown the hills like great challenging enigmas, in the oldest lands of the world, in Kopan, Palenque, Peru, or where the desert sands of Gobi drift over cities long buried, whose very names tradition has long forgotten to whisper through the dim halls of time—in old lands like these, and in days that are long since dead, that child lived a human life, full of joys and sorrows, and there sowed the seed of future life, some of which is to bear fruit to-day.

And there were yet older lands, now long since sunk beneath the oceans, or hidden under the ice-sheets of the poles; there, too, the child lived and saw the sunlight. And beyond that there are other vistas, dim, misty, vaporous, as mankind descended from angelic worlds and drew about him the first shining garments of mortality; long eons of hardly human life, where all was the innocence of Eden; there, too, the child of to-day has had a part.

And so the baby comes to this world again, heir to an infinite past, the heritage of his own soul; and, knowing this, we shall be less inclined to mold and change that nature with its rich store of potencies for good, its heavy burden of tendencies for evil, which the child itself must live out, watching the seeds sown long ago come to their fruition, their ripeness, their maturity; reaping the harvest of good deeds done; triumphing over weaknesses; conquering deep-rooted evils; rising above once darling sins.

We shall pause before trying to mold and shape a destiny, which Time himself has been molding and shaping through long ages, and which has its roots still firmly fastened in a golden past of the Eternal, before Time was. We shall know that wiser heads than ours would be needed to guide and guard that life with its infinite potencies; that even the wisdom of archangels would fall short of that high task, which is guided indeed by the child's immortal spirit, the brooding divinity, in its turn enlightened by the Highest.

And wisely abstaining from a too officious interference in a work which has been going forward from the everlasting, we shall

rather think it our one duty to let the genius of the child develop itself, unfold its destiny, as a tree unfolds its leaves in spring time, and gradually open to its fullness, like a rose in the sunshine; and, watching the new-old life thus opening, we shall come to understand that the child has far more to teach us than we have to teach the child.

And first of these lessons is that very lesson of our infinite past, for few children, indeed, are born into the world, who have not clinging about them some memories, dim or vivid, of days gone by; and, if we will, we can learn from their lips, which have not yet kissed the idols of earth we worship, many a secret of the vanished years.

They come laden with memories, and we, in our blind wisdom, try instead to crowd in on them our own superstitions, our sordid aims, our mean hopes, our false sciences. They come with a gleam of glory round them, some shining memory of the paradise of peace they have just left; and we, instead, teach them our own false doctrines, our religions of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. They come with some of the innocence of the earliest human races, who lived when our planet wore another face, in dim, long vanished lands; and we hasten to wipe out these fair memories with our own low aims and ideals, till we have made of these new-born souls, beings as vain, as sordid, as earthly, as we are ourselves.

And, instead of bringing to perfection those flowers of the soul whose seeds were sown so long ago, instead of lightening that burden of evil which every soul brings with it—else it would not return to birth at all—we steep the new life in our own atmosphere of folly and darkness, so that it adds new burdens and ever heavier veils of illusions, which will darken, not lighten its future path.

If we allowed the children to be the teachers, we should long since have come into the clearest understanding of this great secret of re-birth; we should realize the long ranks of life that lie behind each of these children, and each one of ourselves; if we allowed the children to be the teachers, we should long ago have reached a certainty as to the oldest history of our planet, the earliest races of all, before sex-life had begun, for it is to this dim, mysterious past that every child-life reverts; if we allowed the children to be the teach-

ers, we should long since have learned the secret of that paradise of peace between death and birth, which is the provision of Divinity for weary and life-worn souls.

This and much more might we learn, if we allowed the children to be the teachers and to suggest to us the wordless truths they know; and this we shall do in years to come, when a little of the sordidness of this our age is worn away.

And let it not be supposed that these lives of ours are too mean and insignificant for these high and celestial destinies. There are no mean lives among men, and none insignificant; but all are full of endless potencies for weal, endless potencies for woe. Can not the eyes of the meanest, the most insignificant, take in the whole blue dome of the sky, the broad beauty of the green earth, the radiant mystery of the sunlight, the starry immensity of night? Can not every soul that seems most poor and insignificant, feel something of the mystery of the twin angels of our world, of love and death? Will not every life, however mean and insignificant, be brought face to face with the eternal enigma, after a few days, a few weeks, a few months, a few years? Does not every meanest and narrowest heart of man contain within it that glowing spot of light, that has gleamed since the eternities, that dim "I am" which shall one day become one with the infinite Light?

Therefore no souls are mean, none are insignificant; but all are attuned to high destinies, fitted for abounding joys, tempered through bitter sorrows, and this very seeming of meanness, of the insignificance of our lives, is itself but the cunning veil of destiny beneath which our divinity, in silence, in secrecy, is weaving its perfect web, whose warp is infinite time, whose woof is boundless space.

That ancient divinity which moves so silently in our hearts, and from whose shadow we have created all the gods of our religions, has been for ages working out its perfect plan; shall toil at it yet for ages, before it be completed. And it is not among the wise and prudent of our worldly life, the men whose minds are full of the subtleties of sciences which are to-day, and to-morrow are forgotten; it is not in the ideals of those who have been stained and sullied by our sordid life, that we shall look for a sense of our divinity, but in the heart of a little child.

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BE OF GOOD CHEER.

You will do better work to keep in a lighter vein; not so heavy and serious, and sometimes even solemn and gloomy. Never complain when Karmic lessons are hard to endure; be cheerful and bright always; this will bring you better influences and be better for others.

Seek moments of repose of soul and body often. Seek communion with your true self always. Dwell on higher things and planes when possible, never to the neglect of duty upon this plane or to abstraction. These moments of repose, and of higher thoughts, will help you over the difficult places in your daily lives. Study to improve both body and mind, but do not otherwise *trouble* about material things excepting for others' needs.

Make yourself beloved. There is no power like the power of love and good will towards all, and of itself it begets love and good will in the hearts of others. Do not work for this as a result, but because you like to put bright thoughts and bright spots into the lives of as many people as your Karma will permit. These are the oases that you may place in the desert places of the lives of others. It is a privilege.

Wake up to a realization of the work you have to do! It is not only to receive the Light, but to give it forth.

SCHOPENHAUER AND SHANKARA.

It is a somewhat humiliating thing to think of, that in spite of all the good intentions and praiseworthy endeavours of Sir William Jones and his colleagues of the Calcutta school of Oriental studies, they succeeded in missing altogether the most valuable part of India's intellectual heritage; and but for a grammar or two, which have since been wholly superseded, we might almost say that their entire work could be blotted out from our records without sensibly lessening the total of Oriental knowledge. Of the first generation of Sanskrit scholars we still see the name of Colebrooke quoted occasionally; but even then it is not so much as a trustworthy judge of the real value of India's contribution to culture that Colebrooke is cited, but rather as a man of retentive memory who gleaned much knowledge from native scholars and accurately recorded what he gleaned. Yet even Colebrooke, though a man of far more serious intellectual attainments than Sir W. Jones, and a better scholar than Sir Charles Wilkins, seems never to have quite conquered the idea that the natives of India were, and had ever been, an inferior race, whom we might with propriety patronise, but from whose highest works even it would be useless to expect any serious help in the weightier questions of life.

There is one mental attitude that we find repeated again and again in the books of the earlier Orientalists,—and even to-day certain scholars still retain the habit of it,—and this is the mixture of patronage and pity bestowed on what are called “the moral gropings of heathen religions.” We are seriously told,—and we are compelled in patience to submit to the telling,—that, for mere heathens, Gautama Buddha and Shankara did not do so badly, and we learn patience by remembering that, not so long ago, the same sort of thing used to be said of Socrates and Plato. It need hardly be said that criticism of this sort does not really enter the intellectual world at all, and that pure reason cannot even take cognisance of it. But the fact that it has been so abundant,—fairly saturating the text-books,—shows that we have one more evidence that what is called the Anglo-Saxon mind has no great gift for problems of pure intelligence, no real affinity for ideas.

In the modern world,—even the most robust Anglo-Saxon mind will hardly deny it,— we have one grand centre of ideas, which can be likened in eminence to Plato's work in Greece; and that centre is the thought of Kant, as developed, especially in one particular, by Schopenhauer. And we may well illustrate the unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon mind for pure thought, by the example of the neo-Kantian philosophy. The Anglo-Saxon mind proposed to itself the problem: "Why do the heathen imagine a vain thing?" And the works of our Calcutta Orientalists are so many changes rung on the theme of that question, with such results as, for instance, the Boden Professorship of Sanskrit, the incumbent of which is appointed to fit young men to frustrate the wiles of the wicked one, as manifested, let us say, in the Vedanta or the Lotus of the Good Law. Kant, who was possessed of a philosophical spirit, asked no questions about the heathen at all, but rather set himself to explore the question: "What is real, and what only seeming, in this strange world of ours?" Or, to put it in another way: "How much of our perceptions are due to the perceiver, and how much are due to the thing perceived,"—what, in a word, is the thing, in itself, as apart from our perception? That is the kind of question pure reason asks, has ever asked, and will ever ask; and it is the mark of philosophic spirit to see with perfect clearness that all questions about the heathen, and much more of like value, must be set aside, until these weightier questions have been met, so far as they can be met. Yet another proof that the Anglo-Saxon mind is unsuited to pure philosophy is the fact that the whole of the epoch of physical science, which has been the glory of the Anglo-Saxon mind for the last half-century, is based on a sheer misconception, at least so far as it claims to have any philosophic value at all. For this physical science assumes that we really know how much of reality there is in our perceptions and in the phenomenal world as a whole; while the philosophic mind sees clearly from the beginning that this is just one of those questions that nobody can answer, and which, in the nature of things, can never have an answer. It is assuming that we know what things really are; and that they really are pretty much what they seem to be. It is characteristic of our intellectual levity that we have for two generations had a flourishing philosophy of Materialism which has never had any sound

idea as to what Matter really is, and, better still, has never felt that it was necessary to have any idea on the subject.

Kant, as we saw, did not set out to investigate the nature of matter; he rather proposed to himself the problem, as to what things were in themselves, and what we added to them by looking at them. And he came to the curious conclusion that we can never know things as they really are in themselves, because of the action of our own intellects. So that, instead of being an instrument for the discovery of truth,—since reality must be the synonym of truth,—it appears that the intellect is the very opposite; that it is an instrument for the creation of falsehood, the root of illusion, the fruitful source of all misapprehensions, and the necessary cause of their continuance in perpetuity. Things as they really are are for ever hidden from us by the action of our own intellects, which build up mask after mask, veil after veil, between us and the objects, if such there be, which we are trying to behold in the white light of truth. Kant took great pains to give names to three of these veils, and found that they are what we know as Time, as Space, and as the idea of cause and effect, or Causal Law.

Let us try to make clear what Kant meant by this, for simplicity's sake taking the matter from the other end. Let us consider a single conscious mind; a unit of consciousness. Consciousness, unless it be the ultimate liberated Being, must be conscious of something. Let us consider this something as simply a sensation; some kind of stimulus touching our unit of consciousness, and waking it into perception. Then consider the stimulus to be again withdrawn, and after a while again called into activity. These alternate impressions and blanks are interpreted by the unit of consciousness as being connected together by a causal bond; that is, each is supposed to be the effect of what went before, and the cause of what comes after. This is the idea of Causation; it is built up on mere succession of impressions, and upon these successive impressions the conscious unit imposes the thought of a causal relation, weaving the impressions into causal series.

Now succession gives rise to a second idea; the idea of duration. The perceiving consciousness, waiting for each impression to follow the other, and noting their successive appearance, conjures

up the sense of time: of duration; for time is nothing but succession, the sense of moments following each other in order, each one colored by some impression or sensation. Now we see that from the mere succession of impressions, or, to speak quite accurately, from the sense that impressions are following each other, we get the thought first of causation, and then of time. Let us consider how the thought of space is to grow out of these two.

Suppose yourself in a dark room, first in silence, and then hearing a sound, at first faint, then growing slowly louder, till it clangs upon the ear; then growing less and less, until it quite fades out of hearing. You will irresistibly get the feeling of something drawing near, and then departing; that is, from a mere change in intensity, you get the idea of distance or space of one dimension. So long as the sound waxes and wanes in the same way, you will time after time get the same impression of nearness and farness; but suppose another sound to strike upon your hearing at the same time, a sound different in pitch, and waxing and waning at a different rate. You will enlarge your ideas of space, and imagine a second direction for the new sound, and if you come to hear several different sounds, of different qualities, you will end by building up for them a fully developed space, expanding all around you, and stretching to indefinite directions.

We do this very thing with visual images. In reality, they rest on the retina of the eye, but we project them out into space and so build up a roomy and commodious world about us. But, says Kant, this world is of our building; we have conjured up from mere succession of impression a triple veil of illusion, imagining first causation, then time, then space, and filling up the world we create with imagined images embodying our impressions. There was something to begin with, besides ourselves; but the working of our minds hid it so effectually, that what that something was, became ever more doubtful and obscure.

So that, to know anything as it is,—the thing-in-itself, as Kant called it,—we must take it out of time, out of space, and away from the idea of causation; and what is left, if anything is left, is the thing in itself. Kant supposed that the thing left, after his triple unveiling, would be what we call Force; though what Force is, is one

of those things nobody knows. The wise are wise because they know that they do not know it; and so we come back again to the heathen Socrates. Now it is quite clear that we cannot conceive of Force, which is outside space, above time, and not subject to causation; and it is further quite clear that we should not be in the slightest degree benefited, even if we could conceive it. Here, we may note, one comes clearly to see why such problems as the raging of the heathen, the descent of man, the number of the physical elements, and other questions that vex the Anglo-Saxon mind, lose their hold on the philosophic spirit; for, if we are so far from knowing what man is now, are we likely to be wiser as to what man was, when he was not yet man?

Then comes the vital contribution of Schopenhauer to our mental riches. We cannot conceive force, or the thing-in-itself, he says; but that does not greatly matter; for we are that Force, that thing-in-itself; and so, even if we are intellectually lazy and indifferent, there is no fear of the thing-in-itself escaping us, since we cannot run away from ourselves. The Will in us is the thing-in-itself, the reality, the Force behind phenomena and it is the passage of the Will through the triple prism of the intellect—with its three sides, Time, Space, Causality—that gives rise to the many coloured world.

Now here comes in the moral of the tale; It is axiomatic—at least with the modern Europeans—that modern Europeans are the most important and admirable persons in the world; that their achievements are to the achievements of other folk as wine, is to water, as sunlight to moonlight. It is instructive, therefore, for us to learn that the last and highest achievement of the best intellect of modern Europe, and the only achievement which is the outcome of pure reason and serious thought, brings us exactly to where we were in the old Indian days, when silver-tongued Shankara taught the final lessons of the Vedanta philosophy. Every conclusion, even the very phrases of our best modern thought, have their counterparts in that great teacher's work, and, we are constrained to say, the Indian expression of the ultimate truth has a far finer quality of style than the modern, for Shankara says the last reality is, not the reverted Will-toward-life, or some hypothetical Force, but our own inmost and Eternal Self; and we can easily see how much higher an expression,

from the point of view of power and beauty, Shankara's is than Kant's or Schopenhauer's.

Let us linger a moment over this conclusion of Shankara's, and bring it home closer to our understandings. In the age when Shankara lived and taught, the older Vedanta and the Sankhya of Kapila had been blended into one, and Shankara used the forms of thought of both schools. The Sankhya had gained notions so like Kant's that we are tempted to see in Kant a Kapila reborn, and transported from the Ganges to the Baltic. Like Kant, Kapila taught that the units of consciousness—*purushas*, he called them; men or spirits—had been entangled by the power of mind, and had built up on the first impression or sensation, the first outline sketch of nature—*mula-prakriti*, he called it—a triple world of illusions, imagining first, substance, then force, then inertness or materialism. Our bodies belong to the lowest world; our senses and impulses to the mid-world; and our pure perceptive power to the highest. We see how this agrees with Kant, for our bodies are in space; our emotions and feelings are in time, but occupy no space; for instance, we do not measure hope and fear, or joy and sorrow by the cubic yard, or the metrical system, but by intensity and duration, and the latter is the very essence of the idea of time. But pure perception has not even duration; it simply is; therefore it is above both time and space. Thus does Kapila agree with Kant.

Both Kapila and Kant leave us there, with an endless number of *purushas* or units of consciousness, weaving a web of triple worlds. These perceiving souls, both taught, are immortal; and only undergo time's chances and space's mutations through an illusion of their own making. Their hope of liberation, therefore, lies in ridding themselves of *Maya's* three-fold veil, and dwelling thereafter in their own pure essence, forever free. Thus does pure reason solve the riddle of the world.

Then comes the mightier mind of Shankara. These three worlds are what you say they are, he says; and they are the same thing that the old Vedanta meant by the three selves in the three bodies: the causal self, above time and space, but bound by separation, by the idea of separate, successive impressions, knit together by causation; the psychic world, in time but not in space, with

our psychic and emotional selves living in it; and, lastly, our bodily selves in the material world, dominated by space, as well as by the two prior illusions. So long as this triple illusion lasts, said Shankara, so long are we under the wheels of mutation, or, to speak humanly, of separation, age and death. But veils may be rent, illusions may be pierced; and we shall wake to the sense of our spirits, above time, outside space, not subject to succession or separation; immortal, fearless, full of joy.

And here comes in the pre-eminence of the Vedanta; for where the Sankhya saw numberless single spirits, the Vedanta sees but one Spirit, indivisible; the manifoldness of spirits, say the Vedantins, is one of those very veils of illusions; there is but the immortal One, and this One builds up the illusory worlds by its own Power. Now we come to Schopenhauer and his vision, whereby he perceived that the one Force behind all impressions is something belonging to us, the Will; ourselves revealed to ourselves, in successive degrees. Self only, and the Power of Self making up all this wonderful world. Everywhere the One, the immortal. Soul the magician, weaving warp and woof of life.

Treating of these thoughts, we can come to see how it was that Sir William Jones, Sir Charles Wilkins and Thomas Colebrooke so unaccountably missed the most vital matter that India had to offer them,—a treasure the worth of which it will take us generations yet to realize. These Anglo-Saxon minds, with all their fine and admirable qualities, had not even heard whether there be any thing-in-itself; and would have felt that any tampering with Time, any scepticism as to Space, was a sheer piece of heathenish impiety, almost as bad as speaking evil of the Standing Orders of the House of Commons, or the Balance of Trade; in other words, the Anglo-Saxon mind is only accessible in a faint degree to questions of pure intelligence.

PSYCHIC HINDRANCES.

Proceed on your way rejoicing. The battle is half won when you have *willed* to conquer self. But when you do this beware, for the evil forces know this as well as the good; they throw all hindrances in your way that it is in their power to wield, and also they stir up within you all the evil forces of your own lower nature.

It is a renewal of what you have known as "pledge fever." Then you determined to try and their effort was to discourage you, by proving to you the difficulties in the way, by showing you the immense amount to overcome within your own nature. Now you have determined to go forward whether Heaven or Hell lie in your path and the enemy lets loose upon you the "dogs of war."

If you clearly know this when your determination is made, and hold the thought in your mind always of the possibility of almost any occurrence that might tend to destroy your equilibrium, it will not be so easy to discomfit you; for, besides the strength of your own Higher Nature in which you have begun to dwell, Great Powers aid you; and the strength of the Light in Itself is greater than the Darkness, for Light can dispel Darkness. Therefore be of good cheer, the Light is always yours if you will have It. Call upon the Higher Self for It, draw from that source constantly and then hold the Light within the heart, a sure dispeller of the Darkness; and if the Darkness gather not around you, you can see plainly the dangers in your path.

Even if there lurk beside your pathway foes ready to spring upon you and drag you down, if the Light surround you and encompass you they cannot touch you because they cannot penetrate that Light. But if they see within that Light dark spots and blotches like the spots upon the Sun, these spots and blotches, semblances of that same evil with which they would assail you, then you may know that you will have to battle with them, and the greatest part of that battle is within yourself, because no power can help you until you have driven forth from your own nature these same dark forces, and this you can do by the constant holding within yourself of that Light from the Higher Self, of which the least of you has a Ray, and which grows and develops, as you call upon that Ray, until you become filled with Its Effulgent Brightness.

With such force, such power, at your call, why should you succumb? If you do, depend upon it, it is because you have held and nursed within your bosom some favorite sin. You refuse to give up this one pet weakness—all else you will yield, but this is yours, by heredity perhaps, and it would tear you asunder to part with it; or it gives you much imagined pleasure and you must drain the cup to its dregs.

If this is so—if you find within yourself this weakness, then stop; do not advance another step. Tear out the sin from your heart or exhaust it. Better the former but if you will not (it is waste of words to say cannot) then finish with it; burn out the earthly fires before you attempt to call down the heavenly.

Have but one intent, one purpose, when you make the decision of immediate progress and that—to go forward, and let all in your lives serve *that purpose*. Whatever your duties are, perform them because they are in your Path of Progress. Whatever your pleasures or disasters, receive them in the same way. Whatever your errors—landmarks by the way—others may avoid them.

But this is not so much to tell you of the dangers lurking within yourselves as of the mighty, supreme effort that will be made by dark powers to turn you aside from the road which you have determined to travel. Therefore be warned—be prepared.

To whatever temptation you have yielded in the past you will have opportunity to yield again—Aye! and even those which you have nobly faced and conquered will be presented to you again in new and more enticing form.

If it is wealth you covet it is more than likely that wealth will be given you. If you are ambitious, opportunity to succeed in that ambition. If evil speaking or thinking is your tendency, your best and dearest will find themselves in such a light as to call forth your criticism. If in envy or vanity lies your danger, the means for their development will be presented to you, in just so far as Dark Powers can make use of your Karma or even turn it aside. The temptations of sex and appetite will surround you and you must be more than mortal (which with the aid of the Higher Self you can be) to turn from all these temptations and constantly ward off the tempter.

Altruism is the weapon which you must use upon your part, and if you keep it in active use it will be difficult to approach you.

The Great Lodge is light of heart, for now more than for centuries past are the hearts of men turning towards the Light. Would you could know and see the number in your midst who with fixed purpose have set their faces towards the Light of wisdom as flowers turn towards the Sun—determinedly, whatever occurs that for a time turns them away, turning them back again—Oh that they would all go forward now without failure in their efforts! But for all those who fail, the strong noble effort will have placed them so far upon the way that another incarnation will find them ready for the new impetus—a better time will send them forward, and their own purposeful and clear strong efforts now, will give them strength to avail themselves of that time and to gain heights—that now seem impassible.

This you may know however, whatever forces are brought to bear upon you from without, that it is your own desire that binds you—some form of physical matter still presents to you attractions—you are not able to perceive it, perhaps you are sure even that it has not taken denial to give up these things; that ennui has driven you on—but be sure that *only through desire can you be assailed*.

And the attack of the enemy will be subtle; when every energy is apparently engaged in fighting him at one point and you are all attention that way, from another side he will assail you, while the battle at the front waxes hottest. Then unprepared for this you might succumb. All eyes—all ears you must be; with no thought of self, letting spiritual Powers work through you. Impersonal the Warrior will use you and the Victory is sure.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

V.

The next time our wise man from the east was asked to "say a few words and make his own topic," he spoke, perhaps, as follows:

"How large do you think the earth is? You answer promptly, 7,912 miles in diameter. You are as far out of the way as you were in supposing that our sun could be a center of gravity of a lot of planets revolving around it and around Alcyone without being a globe of ether. Now that it has been mentioned, you see very clearly for yourself that it must be a solar globe of ether. It follows from one of your physical axioms. When I tell you why the earth is and must be about fifty thousand miles in diameter, you will see that it must be so, and that you knew it all the time, but never stopped to formulate your knowledge. You have had the knowledge for three centuries without applying it.

"It was in 1609 that your greatest astronomer, John Kepler, announced as one of three harmonic laws by which the universe was governed, that the squares of the times of the planets were proportional to the cubes of their distances from the sun; and that this law was true in physics and everywhere. No one of your scientists has had the wisdom to study out what it meant, and for three centuries, for 291 years, you have repeated his words like so many parrots, instead of using the key he gave you to unlock the mysteries of the universe. A corollary of his law is that the planets move in their orbits because they are impelled thereto between the two forces, and move in a mean CURVE between them; but it was not until 1896 that you discovered that the mean between two forces is always a curve and never a straight line. You have not a text book in a school to-day that does not repeat this fundamental and absurd error—which you have known for three centuries to be an error—that the motion resulting from a mean between forces is "in a straight line." The curves resulting here are not to be measured easily, and are so large that small segments appear straight lines; and it was not until Carpenter demonstrated it mathematically that any one could believe it true.

"There are two great forces in this universe. Your grandfathers called them Centripetal and Centrifugal forces; your fathers called

them Gravity and Apery, names which still cling to them; and you call them Attraction and Repulsion.

"It was Kepler, not Newton, who discovered that Attraction or Gravity was in inverse proportion to the square of the distance.

"You know the meaning of this mystic phrase, 'as the squares of the distance.' You understand that it means the attraction at two feet is only one-fourth the attraction at one foot; at four feet only one-sixteenth; at eight feet, only one sixty-fourth.

"But who knows or cares for Kepler's great law of Repulsion, or Apery? That was that the 'square of the times are as the cubes of the distance.' It has lain fallow for centuries. No one of your western physicists has ever studied it, or tried to explain it. It remains just where Kepler left it, as the mere law of orbital revolution of the planets only.

"It is the key to the proper understanding of the universe.

" 'The squares of the times are as the cubes of the distance' means that all motion is the result of two forces acting upon prakriti, and that where the two forces are balanced, or equal, the result in motion is a circle or ellipse, the square of the Repulsion being equal to the cube of the Attraction to make them equal and produce a circle. In other cases they produce hyperbola and parabola.

"This is a little dry—nearly all fundamental knowledge is—but the reward of patience is great.

"The orbital speed of the earth is about 60,000 miles per hour. The attraction of the sun exactly equals the repulsion created by the motion; more accurately, the speed created by the repulsion. The result of the two forces working together at exact balance is a circle. An ellipse is a circle bent a little, and the ellipse in which the earth actually moves comes from varying attraction and repulsion. Kepler's second law covers that.

"If the orbital speed of the earth were a mile less per hour, or even a foot less, then the earth would wind up around the sun as a dog gets wound up with his chain around a tree. If this speed were a mile more per hour, then the earth would wind out, each year getting farther and farther away, until finally it would be lost. When the speed is exactly proportional to the pull—that is, when it is as

1.6 is to 2,—the result is a circular orbit, the eccentricity of which is caused by certain fluctuations in the attraction and repulsion.

“Suppose a planet were to be placed so that it would have a time of two years. Its distance from the sun would be 1.6 that of the earth. Why? Because to get the time doubled we would have to take the square root of 4; and to get the distance the cube root of the same number, 4. If you wish to be very exact the cube root is 1.5889, but 1.6 is near enough for all ordinary work.

“If you wanted to find out the distance of a planet revolving in six months you would divide the earth’s distance by 1.6.

“In proportion you get any time or distance you may desire with absolute accuracy. The distance of any planet from the sun gives its time, or its time gives its distance—when that of any of the others is known. This law applies throughout the universe; in everything and everywhere. It is not a law of orbital revolution alone, but a law of all motion.

“Our moon has a time of 29 days and a speed of about 50,000 miles per day. If the speed were greater it would leave us, if less it would wind up, falling to the earth in the form of a spiral.

“At what distance would it have to be to have a time of fourteen days? Divide 240,000 miles by 1.6. A seven-day moon, would be 1.6 that distance. And the exact distance for a one-day moon, for a moon that would always be in the same place in the heavens, moving as the earth revolved on its axis, would be about 24,998 miles. This gives us the line of 24-hour axial rotation, the true surface of the earth and the sheer-line of prakritic matter. Beyond that line is the ether; within that line is prakriti.

“It is the line of no weight, where gravity and apery exactly balance. Inside that line gravity exceeds apery and everything revolving in less time, or that time, must fall to the center. It is the true surface of any 24-hour globe of this size and weight. A moon to revolve around the earth in less than one day must move faster than the earth to develop enough apery to overcome the attraction. That phenomena we see in the moons of Mars, which are within its atmosphere; within the planet itself.

“We of the East learned this true size of the earth over six thousand years ago, from observing the moons of Jupiter. The

times of the first three are doubled. We asked ourselves what this meant and found that their distance was increased by the cube root of 4 when their times were increased by the square root of 4; that time was to distance as 1.6 was to 2. Then we applied the key, and found it unlocked many mysteries.

“The first lesson this taught us was that we did not live on the earth, but *WITHIN* the earth, at the line of liquid and gaseous changes, where the three forms of matter meet and mingle and interchange with each other. We lived at the bottom of a gaseous ocean 21,000 miles above us, and 4,000 miles from the center of the globe. It gave us an entirely new conception of the earth, and of our place in it.

“We saw that we lived in a narrow belt, or skin, of the earth, not more than 100 miles thick, perhaps not more than ten miles. Within this belt the prakritic elementary substances varied their condition, combined, and made forms by increasing or decreasing vibration. It was the creative and destructive zone, the evolutionary “mother”—the liquid level of the prakriti—the seat of all physical phenomena. Fifty miles above, the masses of nitrogen and oxygen and argon were too cold to change their rate of vibration. Fifty miles below the surface of the earth all things were too hot for changes in vibration. In this kinetic belt, between two static masses our bodies had been made, and also, in all probability, all combinations of the elementary substances. It was four thousand miles to the center of the static prakritic mass beneath us; twenty-one thousand miles to the surface of the static prakritic mass above us, and the small kinetic belt between was only one hundred miles thick. But we had one consolation, the prakriti we had was all kinetic, and the best in whole mass.

“The second lesson it taught us was that as the earth had been made *in* the etheric globe, in a corresponding skin or plane of kinetic etheric energy, with our ether the best of the solar output, that we ourselves were subject through our ether to the phenomena of that kinetic solar plane in precisely the same way we now are to the phenomena of the kinetic prakritic plane. Once rid of the fallacious notion that we were creatures of the surface of the earth, once clearly conscious that we were creatures of the interior, of the

bottom of this gaseous ocean, then we could understand not only how the earth could be created *in* this etheric globe, but how we could be creatures of the solar globe living on it.

“When we learned that lesson, and learned it well, it dawned upon us that we were living in the pranic globe at the same kinetic level or plane of that globe, the line where its solids and liquids and gases mingled and passed from one state to another, the kinetic belt in which our solar globe has been made, and that we were living as truly on that globe as we were on this prakritic globe. Our position on each globe was the same.

“And then the great truth came that we lived in the manasic globe, at the same kinetic level; and that we lived our lives on the four globes simultaneously. Our bodies are fourfold. Every atom is fourfold, ready to respond in our minds to the vibrations of the Manasic world, in our vitality to the pranic vibrations of the pranic world, in our nerves to the etheric vibrations of the etheric world, and in our prakriti to vibrations of the prakritic world. Each one of our bodies lived on its own earth globe, for there were four globes of this earth—in coadunition—in its corresponding kind of globe.

“The four earth globes became one globe, as our four bodies were one body; and the “chain” of four kinds of globes in matter became one globe, as the manasic with the others on it.

“These four kinds of globes were the beginning and the end of matter, as we distinguish and know matter. They were not the end of vibration; or of planes of vibration; or of realms beyond this material universe; but they were the limits of all that is common to each and every atom of this lower plane of vibration.

“It is upon this solid and perfect foundation of physics, that accounts for and explains every kind of phenomena, we have constructed our metaphysics. All that belongs to these four lower planes we consider and treat as physics. All that relates to the planes beyond we consider metaphysics. Can you teach a child equation of payments before he knows the first four rules? You would not attempt such a task. The first four rules are the physics of arithmetic; all beyond is the metaphysics of arithmetic. It flows

out of them. Can you comprehend our system of metaphysics until you have clearly and completely mastered our physics? Would you not get into a fog at the very start?

“There can be no system of metaphysics without a solid foundation of physics. The idea is unthinkable. The one grows out of the other. It is its life, its fruit, its flower.

“You have no western *system* of physics. Your physics are without form and void; patchwork, constantly changing. There is no substantial foundation for any system of metaphysics. What you say or do in physics is fragmentary or chaotic.

“It is perfectly true, so far as you have gone through the first invisible world of ether, you are much more masters of detail than we are. We have not cared particularly for the minor details by which explosives are made, or metals obtained from oxides. We have preferred to push on into realms beyond as fast as we could, seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven and its Righteousness, knowing that when it was found all these things would be added unto us.”

That we live *in* the earth, not *on* the earth, is one of the most important of the facts of eastern physics in the study of its metaphysics. The mathematical and physical proof that the physical earth is 50,000 miles in diameter should not be passed over lightly in our haste to get on, for the perfect understanding of all this fact implies makes easy the comprehension of how we live etherically in the solar etheric globe, of how we live pranically in the stellar pranic globe, and how we live manasically in the manasic globe.

As we live within the narrow “skin” of phenomena, not more than 100 miles thick, of this prakritic globe, with the whole earth within the corresponding skin of phenomena of the solar etheric globe, within the kinetic belt in which it was made, the ether which surrounds each prakritic molecule is not merely any and every kind of ether, but that particular kind of kinetic ether, which, by changing its rate of vibration through an octave, creates phenomena. The ether of all prakritic matter belongs to the kinetic or creative belt of the solar etheric globe. It is not static ether. The ether in our prakriti is in touch with all the prakritic kinetic ether of the solar globe, subject to all solar laws of change; and all our prakritic matter, a mere detail of it, is a part of the solar phenomena.” Our father,

the sun," or "Dyaus pitar" ("heavenly father"—Latin, Jupiter) meant more once than it does now. Then the solar globe was the first heaven, and to live under its laws, putting off the coat of skin, was an object which men believed to be worth striving for. They recognized, as we do not, that our prakritic laws were not all they had to obey; that the higher law of the solar globe on which they lived, of which the lower prakritic laws were merely an outcome and detail, was worthy of the closest study. And they recognized that these higher laws of the etheric globe were metaphysical as well as physical; that our moral law flows out of the moral law of the solar etheric world, as our physics flow from and out of solar physics. Religion is correct in its assumption of this higher law of morals; incorrect only in its grasp and explanation. Science is correct in holding that the moral law is the outcome of physical science; incorrect only in its assumption that it is physical science of this plane and globe only. There is no quarrel between science and religion when the full knowledge of one stands beside the full knowledge of the other. They are twin-sisters.

This solar-etheric globe in which we are interested revolves around Alcyone within that kinetic belt or skin of prana which is subject to phenomena or vibration through one octave—else it would never have been formed. All prana in the solar-etheric globe is of this particular kind of kinetic prana, which creates life of all kinds—which is subject to vibration through one octave. The solar globe is a detail of kinetic prana only, one of its phenomena. Necessarily, all our prana is of this kinetic kind, and our earth a minor detail of it in the Alcyonic globe. All the changes and combinations possible in kinetic prana on the pranic globe are possible here, in our kinetic prana, as all the phenomena of the etheric world are possible here in our kinetic ether.

As our earth is a globe of ether and a globe of prana as well as a globe of prakriti; we are actually living on a small "cabbage" of that pranic globe, and subject to all its laws.

In the vast manasic globe that includes this whole material universe there is the same kinetic belt or skin of "phenomena" or vibration similar to that kinetic belt in which we live on the earth, and the manasa which permeates the Alcyonic globe, the solar globe, and the

earth is that kinetic manasa which is involving and evolving. This involving and evolving kinetic manasa of the Alyconic globe is that which surrounds every atom of ether of the solar globe and every atom of prakriti of this earth globe. In the great manasic globe this earth of ours is a minute village of Helios (sun) county, in the state of Alcyone. We are actually and literally living in this manasic globe precisely as we live in this earth, and as in the village we are subject to all the laws of the manasic world, we can study them here in this village as well as we could elsewhere. We can study them as easily as we study our prakritic village laws. or our etheric county laws, for all the forms of manasa subject to them any where are here with us. We are not limited to a study of the prakritic laws of the village fathers, nor yet to the etheric laws of the supervisors of Helios county, as scientist say, nor even to the state laws of Alcyone; only the manasic laws of the Universe limit our material studies in that direction. As some men on this earth never leave their native village and never know or care for any matters outside of it, so in this little earth village, in the kinetic belt of the manasic globe, there are men who do not care to know anything which relate to matters outside its boundaries. As some men may pass the boundaries of their village, but not of their county, caring only for the matters concerning it, so the western scientists of this earth village on the manasic globe do not pass the boundaries of Helios county, caring only for etheric matters. The philosophers and wise men of the East are broader minded and from time immemorial have taken greater interest in the pranic affairs of Alcyone and the manasic condition of the universe in which Alcyone is a state than in the rustic murmur of their village or the gossip of their county.

Their is nothing lacking in our manasic earth-village, nothing that is in more abundant measure in our county, state, and nation. We are of the best.

We of this village may imagine, if we like. that there is nothing beyond the village limits, and nothing in it but that which relates to the village. We have the right to be silly, if we wish to be. And it is no sign of wisdom to say that there is a county beyond, but that the county boundaries end all, and only village and county politics may be studied. The European who believed—no Asiatic or African or American could have believed—that the earth rested on an elephant and the elephant on a turtle was wise, in comparison. Nor is it any sign of intelligence to say that we may learn something of the village and county while we live, but that to learn anything about the state and nation we must wait until we are dead. There are too many in the village who are familiar with both state and nation, and who have studied their laws, for this to be anything but idiotic.

COMPASSION.

By slow degrees we come into "that inheritance of which the gods partake"; and while to many it may seem too slow, we find at last it was quite as early in time as our condition would warrant; for the necessity of a clear and concise understanding of the law that makes compassion a possibility, is the first and most potent requisite; and this law is the identical one that is tabooed by the novice, denied by the casual observer, shunned by the outlaw, and only embraced by the philosopher: Karma bringing forth through regeneration—reincarnation—the blossom and fruitage of every son of God, all in good time gives due heed to the necessities of every child, and the opportunity is denied to none.

To one, however, who has begun to realize the necessity of living the law ere we may even faintly cognize compassion, all Nature takes on a different aspect, and the sun climbs to its meridian too slowly for our eager awakened senses; the earth revolves at a dull pace, and time seems almost to have stopped or turned back the hand upon the dial of duration.

And yet this trial is the law, demonstrating our stability, our firmness, our staying qualities; for, we do not know that we know until we are able to stand alone, unsupported upon the immutable "I am."

Just one little step and the chasm is spanned—and still we halt because we have learned of the law's fealty; and while we might readily make the leap could we carry humanity along with us, yet to plunge alone into the maelstrom of LAW requires a zeal founded upon the most indomitable courage, and a faith that seems almost fanatic.

A child that we love and desire to see in social and financial conditions that we have learned to bow to,—a wife in whom our human hopes are grounded—a brother or sister who perhaps has always been a dependent, and a multitude of earthly affairs all tend to stay our departure from the beaten path, and we drag on, weary, and heart-sore, hoping against hope, knowing full well that the step must be taken, and suffering and making others suffer thereby, until at some fatal day we plunge headlong into the cauldron and wonder how we ever delayed the climax for so long.

Failing to live the law, we must needs fail in compassion; yet we dicker and trade and bargain for justice as tho' it were a commodity of the marts, priced by dollars and cents, sold by the yard or pound—and all this without blushing. There is but one course to pursue! Learn the law, learn to live it, and then read it to your fellow men.

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“Once I heard of a Soul crying ‘Light, give me light ; I perish in this darkness!’ Of all the cries this is the most terrible a human heart can hear, for only two can answer it,—God, and the man himself. So we who heard it watched and waited, praying. Knowing not when the end could be, but knowing there would be an end. Watched and waited through the long, long days, the hours of which dropped like scalding tears into the lap of Time. Watched and waited through the long, long nights when, like those beside the dying, we sickened for the dawn, and when the dawn came, shuddered at its pallid face and craved the night again.

“At length one day God spoke, and we who knew that he had spoken, rose and went each one his way,—peace in his heart.

“But what God said only that Soul can tell.”

CAVÉ.

COLONEL OLCOTT AT HOME.

The following bit of reminiscence, by the writer of "H. P. Blavatsky" printed in the April "Theosophical Forum" was originally printed in the Providence Sunday Journal in 1896. It portrays very vividly Col. Henry S. Olcott, Madame Blavatsky's great friend and co-worker, and paints a bright picture of his Indian surroundings.—ED.

There are few more picturesque things in the world, and also few more horribly inconvenient, than landing in the harbor of Madras from one of the big steamers that touch there on their way from Ceylon to Calcutta. While you are still some distance from the land, all seems fair and easy; those white lines of foam on the sand under the green fringe of cocoanut palms, seem only a touch of beauty added to the sunlit scene, a shining margin of division between the bright blue sea and the thickly wooded land that stretches away back to the mountains, shimmering through the luminous air. But when you come nearer to the shore you begin to notice, with curiosity as yet unshadowed by dismay, that that white line of froth at the water's edge makes a thunderous murmur quite out of proportion to its seeming size, and that the high stemmed native boats near the land seem to careen and dance with a force that the round blue wavelets neither explain nor excuse. But these same innocent wavelets of smooth, oily blue take another look when one notices that they almost cover the high landing pier as they pass; then leave it a great bare pile of timbers, heavily laden with barnacles and sea weed, that seem to gasp for a moment at the sun before being plunged deep under the succeeding oily billow. So potent are these innocent-looking waves that our steamer, believing discretion to be valor's better part, heaves to some distance from the pier, and the anchor tumbles into the waves with a noise as of elephants trumpeting in the vast forests of Mysore.

Then as if suddenly created out of nothing, a whole fleet of those high-stemmed native boats, with rough-hewn timbers sewn together, appear all round our ship, and the boatmen, dark brown almost to blackness, make the air resonant with shrill cries. How one hardly realizes afterwards, but one finds oneself in a moment perilously

poised in the poop of one of these boats, amid a pile of hat boxes and portmanteaus, and the walnut shell craft is reeling and staggering across the corrugated blue towards that white line of surf on the beach. Talk of channel crossings, talk of that shocking bit of sea between Granton and Burntisland, on the Firth of Forth; talk of the wicked Categat and the wily Skaggerack. Talk of all these things, and then go and land at Madras, and you will talk of them no more. The only thing that prevents a huge physical revolution is the fact of one's wild dismay and alarm at the madness of the whole venture, so that the motor nerves are paralyzed and all vital function including those erratic ones provoked by channel crossings, completely arrested.

So one arrives, safe but shaken, on the beach, and the extortions of the native boatmen make room for similar service from the black, muslin-clad driver, whose great, rattling, ram shackle box on four wheels set askew is dragged along with an astonishing amount of motion in proportion to forward progress; while the Venetian blinds let into the sides of the conveyance—to call it a carriage would be flattery—clash and creak and clatter to admiration.

The road from the beach leads past old Fort St. George, the most ancient British stronghold in India; its venerable walls, loop-holed for antiquated cannon, are cracking and mouldering under the tropical sun and rain; and the moat is banked with green and resonant with music of innumerable toads. A turn from the fortress takes us through a street of native shops, fragile edifices a story high,—let us say nine feet or so—built, if it can be called building, of bamboo posts, interwoven with reeds, the roof of reeds stretching out over the little platform, where the worthy Madrasi shopkeeper sits crosslegged among his wares. Very beautiful things you will find in some of these shops; black broadcloth, embroidered with leaves of gold thread and yellow floss silk, or black crape with gold thread tracery, adorned with green and rainbow tinted beetle's wings; how they gleam and glitter in the sunlight, the shining wing covers of splendid Indian beetles, in every shade of iridescent beauty from purest gold to deepest emerald. With infinite taste, the leafy patterns of slender gold wind in and out among the glinting wing covers; the theme of the arabesque always the same, though carried out with unnumbered variations. This much one sees as the crazy

vehicle reels and totters past, and one's attention is momentarily drawn away by these lovely things from the problem whether the decrepit ponies are likely to die before the equipage comes to pieces or whether the sides will cave in and the wheels roll off, the ponies still surviving.

Gigantic banyan trees, with great gnarled roots and stems and big oval shiny leaves rise up along the roadside; from the high up elbows of the branches, themselves as big as trees, great ropelike twists of roots hang down their frayed ends into the air; when they reach the ground these roots will gradually thicken and, taking fast hold of the earth, become new stems to prop the heavy-laden branches overhead. Between the banyans great clumps of brown bamboos, towering up into feathery masses of rustling leaves; and behind these again tall palms, palmyras and cocoa nuts—a whole forest of giant ferns, lifted up by the gaunt, slender stems high up into the blue.

The road leads across a many-arched bridge over the Adyar river, towards the old home of Col. Olcott, where the Indian Theosophists meet in yearly gathering, when the Christmas season has cooled the Indian air to the moderate temperature of a hothouse instead of the wild heat of a furnace, as it is in May and June.

Col. Olcott stands on the veranda of his house to receive his guests; the red stucco pillars and moulded cornices of the long, rambling building standing out ruddy against the thick greenery of the park, while the blue Adyar river stretches broad behind the house, and the deep rumbling of the never-resting sea rises up from the shore, a mile further down the river. These are wonderful gatherings that yearly find their way from out-of-the-way corners of India to the headquarters of the Oriental Theosophists; but they are chiefly striking as the visible sign of Col. Olcott's life-work, which bears testimony to an unselfish enthusiasm that this hard, grasping century of ours could not easily equal. Where else could be found a man of singular administrative talent who in the prime of life had given up great prospects of wealth and success to engage in an extremely unpopular mission, designed, not to bring Western culture to the East, but rather, by endeavoring to arouse in the hearts of Orientals a sense of their own ancestral culture, to show that the East has everything to offer to the West, that conquered India is able

to lead captive her rude conquerors and reward them with something infinitely more valuable than the restless commercialism which is all we ourselves have to offer. Col. Olcott's enthusiastic mission for the revival of Indian culture has not, perhaps, brought forth all the good things that he hoped for; none the less, his record is a splendid testimony to the fact that under all the energies of American practical life there lies a deep well-spring of idealism which must one day break forth and build up a high and admirable culture as great in its way as the culture of Palestine or Greece, and yet new and original, embodying something that was unknown to either Greece or Palestine.

This sympathy for the mysticism and spiritual thought of the East, this ability to see life full of great fluid possibilities and splendid potencies hidden under the surface, which led Col. Olcott's enthusiasm to devote his life to a revival of India, is strongly characteristic of one side of America's genius, and that the side undoubtedly the highest and best. The affinity with the thought of the East has given its most characteristic color to the work of Emerson, to the transcendental dreams and hopes of Thoreau, to the highest songs of Walt Whitman, and to scores of writers more of equally mystic inspiration, though with lesser gifts of expression.

Meanwhile Col. Olcott's guests have been arriving; several Parsees have made the journey across the hot plains of the Deccan, from their homes in Bombay or Gujerat; Brahmans from Bengal and the northwest provinces are here also; a Buddhist priest or two from the island temples of Ceylon, and, sometimes, visitors from more distant Siam or Burmah or Japan. But these more noteworthy visitors are lost in the numbers who come from Madras city and its immediate surroundings, and these latter, with a few exceptions, are students from the Presidency College, whose knowledge of the ancient literature of India, the glories of which they have met here to celebrate, is slender and superficial to a degree.

Indeed the whole assembly is far more remarkable as an illustration of Colonel Olcott's enthusiasm and devotion than as a living representation of the wisdom of the mystic East. For the real truth is that the natives of India and Ceylon, and their friends, the important Parsis, are merely holders of great traditions of the past, and

hardly at all representatives of high philosophic culture in the present. If you talk with Colonel Olcott's visitors you find that most of them have heard of the splendid achievements of the past for the first time from Colonel Olcott himself, or his greater colleague, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and that those who are really familiar with their own sacred books are rare exceptions. The visitors have taken their places on rows of chairs in the marble-paved lecture hall, which is really an extension of the veranda, a flat roof up-borne on red stucco-covered pillars, between which hang screens of finely split bamboo to keep out the glare of the sun reflected from the red earth and parched grass of the park. Colonel Olcott, in robes of white muslin, with a round smoking cap of Kashmiri embroidery, stands venerable under a square canopy raised on four silver pillars, the loan of a friendly Indian prince. Colonel Olcott's white flowing locks and beard are in picturesque contrast to the ruddy bronze of his complexion, and his whole figure not very tall or commanding, has the sturdy solidity of a practical administrator rather than the striking power of an apostle or seer. And in truth, Colonel Olcott would claim to be neither; the ideals and inspiration of his work and much, almost all, of his insight into Eastern philosophy he received from Mme. Blavatsky, who, with all the impracticability of a woman of genius, needed just such a nature as his to supplement her larger and more potent character. Like Moses, she was the seer and law-giver, while her colleague was the chief speaker and manager of practical details. While they were together, from 1879 to 1884, Colonel Olcott's eloquence and enthusiasm succeeded in creating a great movement for the revival of Eastern learning, having some 4,000 pledged adherents in India, almost wholly Brahmans, and about a thousand in Ceylon, all followers of the teachings of Buddha.

But after Mme. Blavatsky left India Col. Olcott's enthusiasm seems to have been checked and his apostolic energies greatly restricted; he turned his mind chiefly to more practical schemes, such as the collection of old manuscripts; the administration of schools of cookery for Indian servants; the editing of "The Theosophist," which Mme. Blavatsky's genius and literary power had created; the improvement of his home at Adyar, and other matters of like nature which gave scope for his striking administrative talent.

Outside the house, in front of the veranda, where his theosophists are gathered together, is one sign of his activities—a fine avenue of golden cocoanut palms, which he imported from Ceylon, and which are growing admirably in the damp, hot air of Madras. Further back is another proof of his practical genius, a grove of casuarina trees, dark green, like drooping cypress, the wood of which in a few years is to be worth a good many thousand rupees.

Col. Olcott's address is ended. In it are reflected many of the historical details which we have given, as well as the history of a scheme to bring about a dogmatic union of the Buddhists of the long separated northern and southern churches; the American apostle of Asiatic religious revival has drawn up a list of ten points of doctrine which has received the adherence of Buddhists in Ceylon, in Siam and Burmah, and in the flowery islands of Japan. On paper, at any rate, the unanimity of the Buddhists is complete as to the validity and importance of these ten cardinal points; and, in striking contrast to what we should expect to see in Christendom, the mention of points of union seems not to have brought to light and accentuated points of discord, so that Christians might well learn from Buddhists a lesson, in doctrinal toleration.

It is chiefly due to Col. Olcott's work, or at least to the joint work of which he was practical administrator, that the Eastern religions were elucidated by living representatives at the great Columbian Parliament of Religions. The Buddhist missionary from Ceylon and the Brahmanical orator from Allahabad are both his personal friends; the former, especially, has been a frequent visitor at Adyar in the past, where his great gentleness and sweetness, remarkably set forth, personified the Buddha's religion of renunciation and unworldliness.

Other speakers follow the venerable President Founder; a Parsi, in black, glazed tiara, tells the assembly about the religion of Zoroaster; his keen, Jewish face and sparkling eyes lighting up as he says that there are is not a beggar or a courtesan in the whole Parsi community. The Parsis, in fact, who are a better edition of the Jews, without the Jews' inevitable tendency to usury, are one of the most successful communities in India, or indeed, in the whole world. Numbering altogether only a few thousands, their practical influence

and their wealth are out of all proportion to their numbers. Indeed, the palace of the Parsi leader, Sir Dinshaw Manockji Petit, on Malabar Hill, and his huge cotton mills are one of the sights of Bombay. Curiously enough, he owes his prosperity almost wholly to America. When the war cut off England's cotton supplies, and almost ruined Manchester Sir Dinshaw Petit saw that Manchester's misfortune was India's opportunity.

These memories are suggested rather by the person of the Parsi speaker than by what he says of Zoroaster's religion, for he himself is an overseer in Sir Dinshaw Petit's mills. He is followed by a Brahman from Bengal, who says much about the former greatness of India, and says it with a certain eloquence or, rather, rhetorical skill which produces its effect upon his listeners. He speaks rather rapidly, with the peculiar, rather strident voice that characterizes all Bengalis, telling how great his country once was, and how low it has fallen in the hands of invaders who have no reverence for the ancient land and its more ancient faith. He calls on his fellow countrymen to rally round the standard, to fight for the common cause, to join heart and hand in the splendid effort to call back their mighty past.

He is a born rhetorician; if he were less a rhetorician we should expect him not to say these things, but things quite different from these. We should expect him to show a real, individual insight into the great spiritual intuition of India, and to show, in his own thought and character, how that intuition can penetrate life and transform it as potently to-day as in that far away dawn of time that shines to us with the light of the golden age.

The first day of the Convention is ended; the shadows are falling rapidly over the palms and the banyans. The never ceasing rumble of the ocean is clearer now, when the noises of day are hushed. A few of Colonel Olcott's friends are gathered on the terraced roof in the warm air of evening, and quite another side of the apostle's character comes into view. He is singing, somewhat to the astonishment of the Asiatics but to the unlimited admiration of his white friends, the song of the "Fine Old Irish Gentleman, one of the real—old—stock!"

NUMBER.

The utmost point of abstraction to which I can carry my thoughts does not seem to afford even a glimpse of data such as would enable me to put into words an explanation of that which we call Number. I can only say of it that to the cognizance of our perceptive faculties exercised within their ordinary scope, Number *per se* is a pure abstraction, though in assuming this point of view care must be taken not to lose sight of the essential distinction that exists between *Number* and *numbers* or *numerals*; very much the same sort of distinction which we recognise between God and the Gods.

Number is a *principle*, and it is that principle by which things become capable of being enumerated, and of which figures and the names of figures are but the expression. It is an all pervading principle like Jiva, and without its presence and assistance nothing can manifest or be manifested; for all manifestations on any plane whatsoever must at least be either singular or plural and as soon as we come to the idea of "No Number," we reach the point where all meditation or consideration of whatever degree ceases to be effective; that of the absolute.

How then shall be described that which is an actual Negation? We can speak of the relation to each other of Light, Color, Sound, etc., as determined by respective rates of vibration, and can measure and record the quantity of vibrations by which any of these may be produced or varied; but in NUMBER we have something which underlies even *vibration*, and of which vibration itself is but an aspect. Yet it may be asserted without much fear of contradiction that all the appearances and visible activities of the universe are connected with or produced by vibration, at least at some stage of their manifestation.

Without NUMBER we could have neither Geometry nor Mathematics, neither form, size, nor relative position of bodies to each other, yet all the processes of material nature are expressed by the one or the other of these. All the arrangements of light and shade by which the eye of the painter is satisfied and his soul delighted; all the modulations and inflexions of sound by which in music our ear is charmed and the finest and highest of our emotions

stirred, till the animal within us is quelled, and the Higher Self almost revealed,—what are they but variations in the expression of NUMBER?

We can learn but little if anything about the essential and ultimate qualities of Number from anything that may have been published upon the subject, since even were such a knowledge comprehensible to our understanding, it must follow that there would not be found many minds sufficiently abstract to absorb such teaching.

Much however has been written and taught upon the subject of *numbers*, their significance, their relations to each other, and their affinity to all manifested forms. Upon this field our researches may be as unlimited as they are fascinating. And to realize the gravity of the study we have but to reflect that the nearest approach to the comprehension of the Absolute can be made only through numbers; or to speak more accurately, it is by the aid of a mathematical proposition that the relation existing between the finite and the infinite may be, in a measure, expressed. I refer to the formula of the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter or vice versa. The diameter of a circle is to its circumference as 1 is to 3.1415. Now in our childhood we all have been taught that it is not possible to reach a figure which would exactly define the measure of the circumference, at which a stop could be made, though the fraction of .1415 be carried to million millionths.

Here is a study in symbology before which one may stand in reverent awe. For in all cosmogonies, religious systems, and cosmological philosophies, wherever and whenever prevalent, the Unmanifest, Absolute Deity has been represented by a circle and the manifested universe, including Man, by its diameter.

In plain arithmetic, taught every day in our schools and necessary in the commonest of mechanical operations, we have an illustration of the fact that it is impossible to express the exact relation of the finite and the infinite, no matter how they are placed, or in other words, to each man's mind, here is adduced a plausible reason why he does not, and cannot comprehend God. The occult phraseology about the circle whose "center is everywhere and circumference nowhere" amongst other things alludes to the fact that each man is, so to speak, the maker of his Deity. As we ourselves contract or expand, pushing backward or forward the threshold of our consciousness, so, for each and all of us, contracts and expands the mysterious circle, which comprises our thought of infinite Absolute Deity.

II

I have adverted to three characteristics of artistic work as bearing upon the value of the artist's representations of nature and determining their effective power; truth of representation, relative elevation of subject and selective emphasis.

There is yet a fourth, perhaps the most important of all, yet difficult to define. It is a quality which, if the word were not in disrepute, I might term magical; concerned with the immediate address of the soul to the soul; carrying an influence subtle, illusive and intimate, little subject to intellectual definition, and yet so effective that it endows the great artist with a power like that of a magician's wand. Thus, putting forth the principle of beauty, in its quintessence and stripped of its accessories, he can awaken the human soul to the perception of beauty, so that one who has never before perceived it may ever after search for it. And not beauty alone, but the sweetness and love, the power and majesty of the soul. That the representation of nature should thus have a greater potency than nature itself, seems to challenge belief. It may be that this power is due to the possibility of undisturbed contemplation, apart from the distractions of natural life. It may be that the Oversoul comes closer to the man when speaking directly through a human channel than when seen through the veil of nature.

However explained, there seems to be no doubt that there are paintings and sculptures which exercise upon the beholder an extraordinary influence not to be traced to its causes by the intellect. If one demurs, let him make a pilgrimage to Milan and contemplate the virgin faces of the Sposalizio of Raphael; to Bologna, and bow before the chaste stern beauty of the warrior maiden of Phidias; or let him seek the Madonna of Bellini in St. Zaccaria at Venice, or the Coronation of Botticelli at Florence, or the majestic form of Theseus among the Elgin marbles, or the gentle, serene and stately figures which marked the tombs of the dead at Athens.

Convinced, then, that art has a genuine value apart from its comparatively unimportant, but its only widely recognized, function

of affording pleasure to the beholder, let us further enquire;—What are the conditions of high artistic achievement?

By this I mean the subjective conditions: those having to do with the external environment of the artist I shall not at present discuss.

In this, while the immediate subject considered is Art, it should be observed that the problem is the same, and the conclusions reached will be equally valid, in respect to genuine work of every kind in the whole field of human effort. Everything great in art, as in all other human work, comes from the spiritual world. Nothing accomplished by man can be understood unless the whole nature of man be regarded. He stands upon the earth, but he is not limited to it. He is a continuous luminous ray, whose source is in the Absolute, which passes through the spiritual and the psychic (emotional and mental) worlds to the physical. His real center of individuality is not in the psychic or physical, but in the spiritual, consciousness. This is the immortal man, that which puts forth as offshoots the long succession of earthly lives, and reaps and stores the fruits of the experiences which they gain. If a man can break through the psychic barriers which lie between him and the spiritual world, and unite his earthly with his spiritual consciousness, he becomes consciously immortal. All human evolution has the end of developing the spiritual self until it shall be able to put forth an earthly personality so strong and wise that it can break down the barriers. Sometime this will happen for every man; and then the man becomes "more than man"—a being conscious and potent at once in the three worlds.

The spiritual self is the source of all power, beauty and loveliness in human action. Conscious of its own mighty past, itself the storehouse of the experience of countless lives, it is the source of wisdom and strength; conscious of its identity with other selves, it is imbued with love for all beings and is the source of unselfish love in the personal man; conscious of its immortality, it is fearless and the source of fearlessness and valor in human action; conscious of the immediate overshadowing of the Divine, it is the source of aspiration; and finally itself an immediate creation of the Infinite Creative Will, partaking of the nature of its source, its essence is creative energy.

The most characteristic manifestation of the spiritual self in the personal man is that of creative force. In acts of creation the personal and spiritual selves approach each other; the power of the spiritual self is drawn into and expands within the personal man, and thus the personal man gains stature most swiftly. The difference between so-called men of genius and other men, is only that through them the light of the spiritual self shines more clearly.

Great achievement in all life, and therefore in all art, depends upon the free play of the creative energy of the spiritual self. The writer can compose description and verse with the intellect; but the flash and gleam of inspiration which can transmute these into poetry, can only come from the spiritual self. The artist can form with his intellect and execute with his brush or chisel a concept of human form or feature; but he can breathe into it life and soul only as the intuition of the soul comes to him from the spiritual self.

It is a truism in ordinary life that a man cannot properly attend to more than one thing at a time. If he distributes himself among several avocations, in some or all he will fail. So, if he becomes engrossed in pleasure, his grip will loosen upon what the philosophers of the street term the "main chance." If he be wrapped up in the pursuit of wealth or power, his senses will become dulled for the refinements of life.

Just so and no otherwise is it in the relations of every man with his immortal self. If his attention is centered upon his personality and upon his personal relations with the material world, the faint voice within will not be heard; it will be effaced and lost in the play of the stronger impressions. It matters little what guise the attachment assumes. Selfishness in all its forms, sensuality, avarice, pride, fear, anxiety, and all the other distracting passions and emotions to which the human heart is subject, stifle the voice from above. Yet of all these, egotism, self-centeredness, grasping after personal ends, is the most engrossing and obstinate, as it is also the root of most of the others. Tear it out, and the vices die; but suppress the vices while this remains, and they will surely spring again.

The man who would exercise his true strength must free himself from these distractions. If he would give expression to the eternal,

he must fix his gaze upon the eternal; he must prize only those things which have eternal worth.

It follows that great art without greatness of character is impossible; the converse proposition, when rightly understood, involves a contradiction of terms. And it follows that it is just as impossible for a man to create great things in art who seeks wealth through his productions. The only legitimate motive for any workman, and therefore for any artist, the only one which can lead to great results, is love for his work and its perfection. The true artist will be in such close touch with the Ideal, his thoughts will be so intently fixed upon that, that the personal reward for his labor will be to him, in his work, as though it were not. By nobility of character and disinterestedness of aim the concept furnished by the intellect must be raised to the point where the spiritual light can permeate it. Love, purity, moral enthusiasm, "religious" feeling, in the pure and original meaning of that much abused word (the binding back of the soul to its source), are indispensable to great art.

A glance at the history of art affirms the validity of these conclusions. Art has reached approximate perfection but twice in the history of European civilization; among the Greeks in the fifth century B. C. and among the North Italians two thousand years later. In each case it has marked a culmination of national character; in each case, the rise, the zenith and the decline of the national character are more sharply and clearly marked in their artistic remains than by their historians. The greatest works of art which the world possesses are the Parthenon sculptures; and they are the work of the people which coincidentally made the greatest display of moral force to which the western world has given birth, and which no doubt possessed, in the mysteries of Eleusis, its purest and profoundest religion. We know little of the individual history of Greek artists; but we know that the great period of Greek art coincided closely with the highest development of Greek character and manhood. Salamis was fought in 480 B. C. Phidias' period of activity was from about 470 to 438 B. C.

The early art of the Greeks is simple and strong, as were the manners of the race. The great age gained facility of expression, added beauty, loveliness, tenderness and grace. We hear much of

the beauty of Greek art, but so little of its other great qualities that we might readily suppose that it did not possess them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their work was supremely beautiful; but more characteristic even than its beauty were its expressions of tenderness and sweetness, repose, dignity and power. If we compare it with the Italian fifteenth century art—and there is no other in existence which can be compared with it for a moment—we find that it far surpasses the latter in the expression of dignity, power and vigor, while it quite equals, if it does not also surpass it, in the expression of beauty and the softer elements of character.

The principal sculptures of the Parthenon consisted of the frieze, which ran around the wall of the cella, or sanctuary proper, of the temple, within the columns; and the sculptures of the pediments, or triangular spaces beneath the gables, of the east and west fronts. The frieze was over five hundred feet in length, and represented the Panathenaic procession, which was celebrated every four years in honor of Pallas Athene. On the west end the sculptures, still in place, represent the knights equipping themselves and their horses for the procession. The remainder of the frieze for the most part is in the British museum. On the north and south sides the procession was shown advancing to the temple; on the east end it was received by the seated gods. On the pediments were fifty heroic statues of gods and demi-gods, of which the remains are chiefly in the British Museum.

In these sculptures the things most worthy of remark are the calm and restrained dignity, combined with the life and fire of nature, of the figures of the frieze; the majesty of the seated gods who receive the offerings; the wonderful beauty of the draperies of all these figures, and especially of the headless groups of the eastern pediment; the stately gods and heroes of both pediments; the noble lineaments of the DeLaborde head and the Bolognese Athene, which are certainly products of the same artistic inspiration and probably part of the same group of sculptures.

But of all the remains of Attic art, perhaps those which best illustrate the character of the age are the tombstone reliefs of the National Museum at Athens; slightly later in date than the Parthenon work, but preserving and reflecting its spirit. Most of these

represent the last farewell between the deceased and his family.

Thus in one a son clasps the hand of his mother while the father and sister stand behind. In another a mother bends over her son, seated before her, and caresses his face with her hand. In a third a husband tenderly clasps the hand of his wife, in the presence of the daughter. In another an old man of strong and noble features looks fondly and thoughtfully upon his son whom he has lost; but the youth, in the vigor of early manhood, strong and buoyant, his face without a shadow of sadness or apprehension, gazes boldly and confidently into the unknown.

None of these faces are distorted by grief. They are calm, composed, tender and beautiful, serene and confident as the deathless gods. They could only have been made by and for those who knew the reality of the soul.

From the position of preeminence which it occupied in the fifth century Greek art quickly began to descend, and in this kept accurate step with the decline of the national character. About the middle of the fourth century the refined and sensuous beauty of Praxiteles had succeeded to the stern and simple grandeur of the Parthenon sculptures. A little later Greek independence was swept away forever by the Macdonian conquest.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

VI.

Thus speaks the Ascetic in the Anugita: "Every one who is twice-born (initiated) knows that such is the teaching of the ancients. Space is the first entity. . . . Now Space has one quality, and that is Sound only. And the qualities of Sound are" (the seven notes.)—S. D., vol. i, p. 588.

"With Sound, the Logos, at the upper end."—*ibid.*, 588.

"The Logos knows not Parabrahman but only Mulaprakriti—*ibid.*, 486.

Each and every one of our eighty-odd elementary substances owe their condition—whether solid, liquid, or gas—to their rate of vibration. We have reduced all gases to a liquid and nearly all to a solid form. Conversely, we have raised all solids to a liquid and nearly all to a gaseous condition. This has been done by reducing or raising the vibration of each within one octave—each one of the eighty odd having a special octave, a tone or half-tone different from any other. Normally, the solids, vibrating in the lower notes, gather together under Attraction; while the gases, vibrating in the higher notes, diffuse under Repulsion. Between them, created by the interchange of these two forces, is our "skin" of phenomena, or kinetics.

Broadly, the attraction of the universe comes from its vibration at certain centers in the three lower notes; the repulsion comes from its vibration everywhere else in the three higher notes. The central note, D of the scale, represents the battle ground between, the field of kinetics. This in simple illustration is water turning into gas.

This is the great battle ground, the only one worth considering in a general view. There are minor "critical stages" which the chemist studies, but for us, in this broad sketch of the universe, the important battle-ground is that between solid and liquid on one side representing gravity, and gas on the other, representing apery.

All the solids and liquids of this earth of ours gather at the center, in a core, each of the elements (or their combinations) in this core vibrating in their three lower notes, producing the attraction, which is "in proportion to the mass" and which decreases from the surface of the core "as the square of the distance."

Around this central core gather all the elements vibrating in the

three higher notes of their octave as gases, producing repulsion, which increases by 1.6 for each doubled time. It is worth while making this clear. It has never before appeared in print.

Let the amount of apery, or repulsion, or centrifugal force at the surface of the earth be represented by x . This is the result of motion at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour. Make this motion 2,000 miles per hour, and the apery is increased 1.6. Four thousand miles above the surface of this earth the rotation is at the rate of 2,000. It is the globe of 48,000 miles in circumference revolving in 24 hours, and the speed is doubled. The apery has increased by 1.6. As the apery increases at this rate every time the speed is doubled, at a distance of 21,000 miles the speed is 7,000 miles per hour and the centrifugal force has been increased nearly four times what it was at the surface of the ocean. The attraction has been decreased to about one-thirtieth. At the surface it is equal to $120 x$. At 4,000 miles to one-quarter, or $30 x$; at 16,000 miles to one-sixteenth, or $7 x$; and at 21,000 miles to $4 x$.

If "equatorial gravity is about 120 times that of equatorial apery," at the ocean level, then at the distance of 21,000 miles from it, in a revolving globe, the two forces would be equal; the "pull" of each being $4 x$, and an anchor will weigh no more than a feather, for weight is the excess of gravity or apery.

If the pyramids had been built of the heaviest known material on the gases 21,000 miles above us, and so that they should revolve in the same time, 7,000 miles per hour, they would remain there. All the attraction of the solid core of the earth that could be exerted on them at that distance would not be enough to pull them an inch nearer to it through our gaseous envelope. Their gaseous foundation there would be as firm as igneous rock here.

The force of repulsion created by the three higher notes of an octave means just as much as the attraction created by the three lower notes, whether it is in a chemical retort, within this earth, or within this universe. The two forces balance, and are exactly equal. They fight only within kinetic zones.

Given the vast manasic globe of differentiated matter, its atoms uniting in different numbers to form molecules as the bases of elementary substances, manasic substances, of course. The thrill of

vibration is sweeping through it from the spiritual plane above, and the elements (and their combinations) which answer in the lower notes gather and form a core, the Invisible Central Sun, with its attraction. The elements answering in the higher notes gather around it with their repulsion. So the two opposing forces were born, with a vast kinetic skin for a battle-ground between them.

The attraction of the invisible central sun manifests itself to us in prakriti as Light. The repulsion of its covering, or the higher static vibration of manasa, manifests itself to us as Darkness. The first creative act in or on matter was the creation of Light and its separation from the Darkness. The next creative act was the establishment of a kinetic skin or zone between them, a firmament in which the two forces of Light and Darkness could strive for mastery. "And God called the firmament Heaven." The third creative act was the gathering of the solids and liquids together, and the beginning of the kinetic work in the creation of forms and shapes, by the cross play of the two forces in their combinations of solid with gases.

All this had to happen before the manasa combined and dropped in vibration to prana--before the pranic globes were formed and the Light could be manifested to us through them. It may be well to read the first chapter of Genesis over and ask forgiveness for our ignorance, from the writer who records this creation of the pranic globes as the fourth act of creation, and the creation of the etheric sun and prakritic moon to follow that. That record is mutilated, fragmentary; but the writer of it *knew the facts*. If we had the full story, instead of a sentence here and there, taken from an older story not to tell of creation but to hide another tale for the priest, the writer of Genesis would laugh last.

But let us return to the kinetic skin of energy between the Light and the Darkness—the firmament which God calls Heaven—the battle ground for gravity and apery, or attraction and repulsion, or good and evil, or the powers of light and darkness. This skin is like that of an onion, thickest at the equator and thinnest at the poles—not only on this earth but in the solar, alcyonic, and manasic globes. The equatorial belt, where phenomena are richest in the manasic globes, we call the Milky Way; in the solar globe we call

it the plane of the ecliptic; and on the earth, the tropics. Modern science has not yet found it in Alcyonic globe—because it has never thought of looking for it.

This division of the Light from the Darkness was all that was required for evolution on the manasic globe within the kinetic belt. This evolution was not confined to the making of a few alcyonic or pranic globes. It was (and is) a great and wonderful evolution beyond words and almost beyond imagination. It is the Heaven which mankind has longed to see and know. The writer of Genesis mixed it with the creation of this earth, using earthly metaphors. Before finding fault, we should better his language. We have not the words in physics to do it, and must wait for our metaphysics. But of one thing we may be sure, that the pranic-alcyonic globes here and there at the “sea level” of the manasic globe—in what God calls Heaven—amount to no more on that globe, or in Heaven, than so many balls of thistle-down blown across a meadow do on this earth of ours. Everything that can be created in thought must be there. It is in thought only, but in thought it is differentiated as sharply as anything in prakriti. The manasic world, the Heaven of the Bible, is as real as our own world can possibly be; in fact, more real, for when ours is resolved back into its final elements, it will be but “the dust of the ground” of the manasic world.

The pranic globes created in this manasic skin by Sound, or the Logos, or vibration, evolved in identically the same way—with a central static core and an outer static envelope, of low and high vibration in prana, creating attraction and repulsion, or gravity and apery. The kinetic skin between, in which these forces play in the pranic world, makes a real, not an imaginary pranic world, though but a faint reflection of the manasic. When our father, the Hidden Invisible Sun, transfers his attraction to these alcyonic suns, the Light has something in which to manifest itself, and we “see” this manifesting core and call it Alcyone, and its manifestation Light; but light in its last material analysis is but the static mind or thought vibrating in the three lower notes of the octave.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

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TRUTH.

Many are the minds in these days seeking Truth. Earnestly seeking, as they believe: willing to sacrifice all for Truth's sake. And when She comes in pleasant guise, following perchance some groove marked out for Her, the seekers rally about Her and move forward with exceedingly great joy. But when She comes with stern face, setting aside all preconceived ideas, shattering vanities great and small, then strong and wise is he, who, standing upright, in the midst of his broken gods, can still bear witness that what remains is *Truth*.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PHYSICS.

VII.

Within the alcyonic globes of differentiated pranic-manasic atoms the vibration divided them also into solid-liquid cores and gaseous envelopes, and a kinetic skin of phenomena. And then a new world—a world of Life, came into material existence. All the atoms of thought, or manasa, surrounding each and every pranic atom, and making its molecule of energy, so to speak, were that particular kind of kinetic manasa ready to change its rate of vibration within an octave, and the forms prana assumes from the action of thought within the kinetic belt were living and thinking. Each pranic globe, which was a small state of product of the manasic, consisted of two globes in coadunition—two in one. Each pranic atom was the center of a manasic molecule and represented the universe. All things were two in one, created by harmonic vibration between them, and existence by the greater strength of the lower notes, or attraction. It was at once less and more wonderful than the manasic world—a specialized form of it.

When within this kinetic belt of the prana the etheric solar globes formed here and there, they were three fold, each atom of the new plane of matter having its surrounding envelope of pranamanasa—a specialization of the pranic world in which (what we call) force had been added to life and mind. The static ether, vibrating in each of its elements through one octave, divided into central core (our sun, and other suns) and outer covering, with a skin or belt of kinetic energy, “as above,” which developed an etheric world. All things on this etheric world were caused by the harmonic vibration between the etheric atoms and their surrounding envelopes, except that while all things in this etheric world must have life, not all need have mind. The chord of three was not necessary to create; the chord of two was enough, and the manasic atoms might cease to vibrate in chord with the prana and ether without affecting the creation. Only in the etheric world (and below it) could there be living mindless ones. To the etheric globes the stellar pranic cores transferred their light, which manifested itself in the solid static ether as

Attraction and in the gaseous static ether as Repulsion, within the kinetic skin of each etheric world more specialized and less varied than the pranic.

Our sun is not of prakriti, but of static ether, composed of the separate and individual elementary substances of the ether, and their compounds vibrating in the lower notes of their octaves. It is our father, not our elder brother. Its envelope of static ether in which the planet revolves is composed of the elementary substances and combinations vibrating in the higher notes of their octave. The light transferred to this etheric globe from its mother, Alcyone, manifests itself in the lower vibrations of the sun as Attraction; in the higher vibrations of its envelope as Repulsion, and within the kinetic skin wherein these forces play, the prakritic globes, planets, were born.

Take our earth. Each atom is fourfold—whether of the static core or of the static gaseous envelope. Creation on it is limited to the kinetic skin, wherein the attraction of the lower and repulsion of the higher notes in each octave of vibration have full play. All things on it must have come from the chording vibrations of the atoms of the prakritic elementary substances and their envelope of ether. They may or may not have life or mind—the ether atom may have lost its chord with its pranic envelope, or the pranic envelope may have lost its chord with the manasic; but the combination must have force or energy within it. It may have lost Mind and Life in acquiring it, or after acquiring it; but it had to have life before it could become prakriti.

All things in the prakritic world flow from the Life of the etheric and the Mind of the pranic worlds. Everything in the etheric world has life, and our unconscious personification or “vivification” of etheric life transferred into fauna or flora, or into force of any kind, has a natural explanation. The thrill of vibration in one octave through the differentiated consciousness of the universe by which the light was separated from the darkness, the lower from the higher, was all that was required to create each star, and sun, and world, and all that in them is. And it was all good.

Each thing on every lower world was but the translation into form of the type of the next world (or plane) above. As each element on this prakritic type, so each combination of those elements

into crystal or tree or animal is but the translation. The normal earth from the crystal to (the animal) man was pure, and clean, and holy. Sin had not entered.

How did it come?

On the vast manasic world there was "a special creation"—that of the Angel Man. The three planes of Spirit above were undifferentiated consciousness, but they were in different octaves of vibration, and these working on the three highest forms of differentiated consciousness (manasic matter) brought them to chording vibration so that when they combined and reached their highest point in evolution they "created" the Angel (or manasic) man. He was the product in kinetic manasa of the three spiritual planes above him, precisely as the animal man was the product in kinetic prakriti of the three material planes above him. The latter was the "shadow" of the other.

The Angel-man had a material (manasic) body, but his energy life, and mind were spiritual. The animal man had a prakritic body, with energy, life, and mind that were material.

So far all was good.

The animal man has four bodies—one of prakriti, one of ether, one of prana, and one of manasa. It may be true, and probably is, that his manasic body is not sounding in chord with his prakritic body, but only with those atoms of it which are in his brain and nerves; but that is immaterial—for future consideration.

The Angel man had but one body, of manasa, in which the spirit dwelt; but that body was identical in substance with the body that made the mind of the animal man. His manasic body joined the manasic body of the animal man, joined with it by entering into the animal man's mind, as easily as water from one glass is added to water in another glass, and the animal "man became a living soul," endowed with speech, while the Angel-man was given "a skin coat."

The prakritic body of the animal man was the result in prakriti of an etheric-pranic-manasic, or "astral" body, formed in accordance with the Universal Law. For what he was by nature, he could not be blamed. He stood naked and not ashamed before the Radiance. He did not make his astral body; he was the mere translation of it into prakriti, as all other created things were, and that invisible

astral self (figuratively) stood at his right hand, moulding and shaping him.

But when the Angel-man entered his mind, all this was changed. He "knew God from Evil." To his mind of manasa had been added the Spirit—the Atma—Buddhi's Consciousness of the three Spiritual planes. He has become "as one of us," said the Angel-men of the firmament, of Heaven. He now held the seven planes and was a creator. Each thought and desire that, when an animal only, fell harmless, now created on the pranic and etheric world. Soon beside him, at his left hand (figuratively) there grew up a second etheric or astral body, that of his desires; and his prakritic body was no longer the product of the astral body on his right hand. It was the joint product of the left-hand Kamic astral body he had created, and the right hand normal astral body. He was no longer in harmony with the Radiance. He could no longer face it. He had created discord—Sin.

The pretty legend of the two "Angels," one on the right hand and one on the left, has its physical basis in this truth, but, of course, as a matter of actual fact, the normal and abnormal astral bodies are in mechanical union. It is the Kamic self-made astral body that remains from one incarnation to another, producing in joint action with a new normal astral body, a new physical body for the Inner-Self, or Angel taking the pilgrimage through the lower world. ?

All the Angel-man did not enter the animal man on the pranic etheric-prakitic globes; only a few. It was a pilgrimage through matter in which those who make it are meeting many adventures, but the legends are many, and have no place in the physics, although the legends are all founded on the facts of the physics.

This, in crude and bold outline, is the story of creation to the fall of man according to the ancient physics, translated into the words and phrases of modern physics. The latter, in the latest discoveries of modern science, seem to have stolen a shive from the ancient loaf in the expectation that it would not be detected. Each and every step forward that modern science has made in the past twenty years, each and every discovery of every kind in the physical field, has been but the affirmative of some ancient doctrine taught in the temples of the East before "Cain took unto himself a wife."

In the physical universe we have the four informing physical globes, so that as a whole or in its parts, it is "a string of seven globes," reaching from the highest spirit to the lowest matter. The awakened Universal Consciousness in vibration—undifferentiated in the three globes above, differentiated in the four globes below—in its last analysis is all one. But there is a gulf between matter and spirit, radically dividing them, and in the physical universe we are concerned only with physics and physical laws, until we reach its outmost boundaries and come in touch with the spiritual planes beyond.

This is the view of the universe at first glance, as in the smaller universe of this earth we at first see only its solid and liquid globes. And even after the discovery of the gas, we do not apprehend its important work in and behind the others until it has been pointed out to us. Nor do we at first apprehend the work of the spiritual in the material, and the object of metaphysics is to show, through the physics, the connection between them: that the spirit works through matter; that where we can see but four there are seven beads on each material string; and that the last bead of each string is itself a chain of beads, the "chain of seven" applying only to the seventh manifestation, or *prakriti*, while the "strings" apply to the way in which they come.

On each unravelled string leading from our central sun down to a planet there are seven beads corresponding to the seven globes in the chain of each planet, each to each, yet not the same. There is a distinction, and it is no wonder there should have been confusion at first and a mixing of "strings" with "chains." The physics as they progress will clear this confusion away.

In the manasic globe, which is the first differentiation of that which forms the spiritual globes above, the resulting mind or *manasa* is mainly the differentiated Divine Mind of the highest. It has a "chain" of two globes only, itself and the Divine Mind globe, although its "string" of globes is four.

It is the perfected differentiation of the *Buddhi* in *manasa* that causes the formation of the pranic globes, which have chains of four and strings of five, and the full and perfect differentiation of the Atma in *manasa-prana* that causes the formation of the etheric globes, which have chains of six and strings of six. Consciousness,

Buddhi and *Atma* are practically the same as the *manasa*, *prana*, and ether, each to each, only the latter are differentiated and the former are not.

Each of the three astral globes is the reflection in matter of the three spiritual globes beyond, each to each, and all to all.

The difference between matter and spirit is a difference in Motion only. Both are vibrating, so that both are in mechanical motion, from force without, like the waves of the ocean, but only the matter has what we may properly call motion of its own, or that produced from within—from the atom and each organism of it up to the ALL, as the vibration is from the ALL down to the atom. It is this center of force in an atom, this motion outside of vibration, or rather beside it, which we call "differentiation." Brinton's "daring psychological speculation" that "mind was coextensive with motion" (from organization) was but a repetition of one of the most ancient axioms.

Take our solar etheric globe. It has two other globes of matter, consubstantial; a globe of *prana* and a globe of *manasa*. They are not beyond it, or beside it, but one with it, atom for atom. But what are they in reality? Globes of *Atma*, *Buddhi*, and Consciousness in which the atoms, having organized, are in motion, are they not?

Let this motion in this material universe cease, and matter would melt away and resolve into spirit. From spirit it came, to spirit it belongs, and to spirit it returns.

Behind each and every astral globe, whether the globe be but an astral atom, or an astral planet, or an astral world; beyond its physics there is a meta-physical globe, its cause, and that is the real globe, of which the astral is but a temporary phenomenon. Take a spiritual globe and differentiate it. The Motion resulting produces a material astral globe. Stop the motion; bring it to a state of rest. The astral shadow disappears. It was merely spiritual phenomena.

Each and every astral atom is a model in miniature of the material and spiritual universe.

Each and every prakritic atom is the joint result of spirit and matter united and working together—of physics and meta-physics; and in its last analysis pure spirit; pure metaphysics.

THE BRAINY MINNOW.

Once there was a minnow.

Both his father and his mother were wondrously world-wise. Tact and adroitness enabled them to reach Methusalah's age, without ever having met with some accident of a deplorable nature, as for instance, getting into a pike's maw. They died, at last, and on their death-bed they said:

"Look out, sonnie, for if you do want to enjoy life, you have to look out of both your eyes!"

The young minnow himself had quite a goodly provision of brains. And the moment he began using these brains, he clearly perceived, that he had no chance, whichever way he turned. In the water, all around him, there swam great big fish, and he was so tiny. Anybody could swallow him in one gulp, though he could swallow no one. A cray fish could chop him in two with his claw, a water flea could bite into his neck and torture him unto death. As to his own brothers, the minnows,—why, even they, seeing he had a mosquito, would rush at him, a whole herd of them, and squash and dismember the mosquito in the heat of the stampede, so no one got any good of him.

And man! What an evil, treacherous creature he was. Just think of the endless inventions he thought out in order that a minnow should be put to an untimely and profitless death. Nets, wheels, creels, rods. Especially rods. Yet what instrument so idiotic as a rod? A thread, then a hook, then a bit of a worm or a fly stuck on the hook. And, mind you, stuck in a most improbable and unnatural position. Yet it was the rod that caught most minnows for man. Truly wise was his father, the old minnow, when he said, that in the world of the minnows the more idiotic the bait, the surer the attraction.

Minnow, the son, recognized the wisdom of the point of view of minnow, the father, and, at a very early stage, made a rule to look out of both his eyes. First of all he bethought himself of a home of such an ingenious pattern that it would admit no one else, yet hold him perfectly snug. He dug his hole with his own nose during a whole year. And, oh dear, the terror he continually lived in during this time, spending wakeful nights buried in the

slime, or sheltered by the stems of sedge, the sharp leaves of which were sure to cut and mangle anything bigger than a minnow, did it dare to come near them.

At last, the hole was ready. It was a lovely hole, neat, practical, big enough to hold only himself.

His second thought was about his mode of life. He decided it was to be as follows: by night, when men, animals, birds and fish are asleep, he would take some exercise, but by day he would just sit quiet in his hole and tremble. Of course, he also had to drink and to eat like anybody else, so he would dart out of the hole for one short moment, sharp at noon, when all the fish had already had their repast and could not possibly be hungry for a minnow, and the odds were that once in a while he probably would snatch some midget, if such was the will of heaven. And in case he did not get that midget,—well, he made up his mind he would do without it. He would sit quiet in his hole, hungry, and continue trembling.

And so he did.

Day after day, come sunrise, come sunset, he spent in his hole, never daring to get sleep enough, never hoping to have food enough, only just trembling and thinking to himself:

“It seems to me, I am still alive, but—Oh dear—what about to-morrow!”

Once he dreamt he had grown fabulously rich. The suddenness of the joy wakened him up. And what do you think?—at least half his snout stuck out of the hole and right in front of him there stood a cray fish! The cray fish stood perfectly still, as if enchanted, and stared at the minnow with his bonny eyes, his long moustache waved by the streaming water.

It was horrible.

And during the endless remainder of the day, until it grew quite dark, the cray fish kept guard over the minnow, who in the meanwhile trembled, and trembled, and trembled.

Another time, on coming home at day-break he was just stretching himself anticipating sweet rest, when—powers of heaven deliver us—he saw an enormous pike right at his own entrance. There the monster lingered opening and shutting its awful jaws. And, just like the cray fish, the pike remained there patiently the whole day, as if the very sight of the minnow was meat to him. But the

brainy minnow got the best of the pike: he simply would not go out, that was all.

And there never was a day, free from some fright of the kind, there never was a day, when on turning in, the minnow had no occasion to exult and exclaim: "Thank heaven, I am still alive, but what a narrow escape!"

Needless to say, the brainy minnow never married, never had any children, though he well remembered that his father had a very large family. But this is how he argued: "It was all very well in father's time, times were easy, food was cheaper, pikes had better hearts. But now-a-days there is little fish in the rivers, so even a minnow is a catch. It would be sheer folly to raise a family. All I could dream and hope for is that I should be able to keep my own life!"

And in this manner the brainy minnow lived to be at least a hundred years old. He trembled, and trembled, and trembled. He neglected all his relatives, he never had any friends. He never went to see anybody, and nobody ever came to see him. He never tasted wine, never played cards, never smoked, never followed a girl. He only trembled and thought: "Thank heaven, it seems to me I am still alive!"

The pikes were full of his praises. "Here is an example worthy of emulation," they said, "just think what a harbor of law-abiding peace the river would be, if everybody was like him."

How many years slipped by after the minnow's hundreth birthday was never recorded. But at last there came a day, when he knew he must die. He lay in his hole and thought:

"Thank heaven, I am dying a natural death, same as mother and father."

Then he thought how the pikes said "If only everybody was like our brainy minnow".

Yes, indeed, how would it fare with the world, if everybody was like him?

This question started his brains—of which, as you remember, he had a goodly provision—and all of a sudden it flashed into his mind: "why, as likely as not, the minnow tribe would come to an end."

First of all in order that minnows should continue one must raise a family, yet he had none. Moreover, in order that minnows should grow in power and flourish, in order that their tribe should be strong and alert, it was necessary that they should be brought up in the element, nature assigned to them, and not in a hole, where it always was twilight, where he had grown almost blind. It was necessary that young minnows were properly fed, that they did not shirk sociability, that they should be neighbourly, that they should borrow from each other virtues and other excellent qualities. Otherwise the whole race is sure to dwindle and degenerate into mere worms.

Wrong are those who think that the minnows, grown silly by perpetual fright, sitting in their holes and trembling, alone deserve the title of worthy citizens. Oh no, these are no citizens at all, they are mere useless nobodies of the minnow tribe. No one has ever been made either glad or sorry by them, no one got either glory or dishonor through them, they have no business to be in the river at all, no business to consume other folks' food.

And all this stood so clear and convincing before his mind, that all of a sudden he was seized with a passionate longing to get out of the hole, to swim the river for once a fearless, a proud, a glorious minnow. But no sooner did he think of it, than his usual frights seized him stronger than ever. And he knew that as he lived trembling, so trembling he must die.

His whole life came back to his memory. What joys did he ever have? Whom did he ever cheer up? To whom did he ever give a good advice? To whom did he ever speak kindly? Whom did he ever shelter, warm up, protect? Who has ever heard about him? Who will remember he had existed?

And to all these questions there was only one answer: nobody, no one.

He had lived and he had trembled, that was all. Even now, his last hour knocking at the door, he just trembled, and trembled, but what cause had he to tremble?

His hole was so dark, so tight, no sunray ever visited it, no warm wind ever reached it. And there he lay in the damp mugginess, blind, worn-out, forgotten. There he lay awaiting the

hungry death which was to free him from a useless, burdensome existence.

He heard other fish going to and fro past his door—perhaps his brother minnows—but none took any interest in him. Not one of them thought of coming in, of asking the brainy minnow by what miracle was he enabled to live over a hundred years, no pike having had a chance to swallow him, no cray fish ever chopping him in two, no fisherman ever tempting him with his hook? They all swam by, most of them having not the slightest idea, that here was a hole, in which a brainy minnow was in the process of crowning his life's endeavors.

And bitterest of all not one of them ever referred to his brains at all. Yet some of them said: "Have you heard about the old scare-crow who neither eats, nor drinks, never goes out, never receives, his only thought being about keeping safe his own unprofitable existence?"

One or two fish went even further, they said he was a fool and a shameless old idiot and wondered how the water community had put up with him so long.

His brain working in this wise, he went to sleep, though perhaps it was no sleep at all, but rather the beginning of the final unconsciousness. Death whispers entered his ears, he felt faint and benumbed all over his body. And at this point he once more dreamt the entrancing dream of his youth. Once more he dreamt that he had inherited an enormous fortune, that he had grown to be half a yard long, that he swallowed pike after pike.

Then he disappeared.

What did happen to him? Did a pike's maw get him at last? Or a cray fish cut him in two with his claw? Or did he die a natural death, his dead body ascending to the surface of the river. No one witnessed the proceedings, no one cared.

Yet the probability was in the favor of a natural death. For what pike would care to swallow a minnow, who, besides being sickly and dying, was a brainy one?*

*Translated from the Russian.

WHAT TO DO.

A THEOSOPHIST TO THEOSOPHISTS.

I am sure that we have all asked ourselves many times recently whether there is not something we should be doing. We feel that the long period of silence and inactivity is drawing to a natural close; that the reasons for it have been accomplished, and that it is time that we were up and doing. Then, naturally enough comes the question: What to do?

Should we try to revive the old forms of activity with which we are all more or less familiar? Should we hold branch meetings, prepare and read papers on "Karma" and "Reincarnation," hold debates, print and circulate pamphlets, and carry on the manifold enterprises which kept us all so happily busy in the old times. For those who think so, yes. But for some of us the time for that has passed, and there is some new work which we should be doing and which we have not yet been intuitive enough to find out. It is natural that we should turn to the old ways of working when the impulse to work comes over us again. They are what we understand, they are what stood the test of time, and what we know to be well worth while and successful. And yet, somehow, there is not the same heart-felt desire for it that there used to be. We are in doubt as to the desirability of it; even more, we are in doubt as to its beneficial effects. Something seems to tell us that the time for all that is past, that it is no longer desirable, no longer practical, no longer valuable, that in fact it would in a large measure be wasted effort. Yet we want to do. We have had a rest, have slept and been refreshed, and are ready for work again. What to do?

If we use a simile I think the question answers itself. If we liken the work of the Theosophical Society for the last 25 years to the building of a dam and our members to the laborers who did the work, we can see that the water stored behind the dam is the immense mass of theosophical thought which has been generated by our movement. Like other bodies of laborers we have not accomplished our work without friction, sacrifice and trouble. We have quarreled among ourselves, have divided into cliques, have formed exclusive trade unions, have done things which can be counter-

parted by all the phenomena of labor organizations; but all this we can pass by. The main and the important fact is that we have *built the dam!* It was finished in time, and as I said we have an immense quantity of water, or thought, stored up for use.

Now what shall we do with it? Shall we go on building the dam higher or shall we use the water we have stored, irrigate our garden and grow our flowers and plants? If we build our dam higher is it not a law of physics that at a certain height there is grave danger that it will break and be destroyed, and that all our work, and all the water we have stored will be lost in one great flood? And have we not been told by Madame Blavatsky, by Mr. Judge, and by all other teachers that if the work of building is continued in each century for more than 25 years, the reaction would be so great that more harm than good would result? And is it not plain in our simile that our dam is now high enough, as high as it is safe to go? I for one have no doubt about it. I think we have builded enough and that the time has come to use our accumulated stores.

For surely the fact that we should no longer build the dam does not mean that we should stop working altogether. Our work in fact has just begun. We have taken the first step. It has been successfully accomplished and it now remains for us to take the second.

This store of water then, the results of our past labor, just what is it? Stripped of metaphor, it is the atmosphere of Theosophy which has been spread abroad in the world, the effects of our philosophy on the thought of the time. We can see its influence in all departments of life, in science, art, philosophy, literature, theology even. We have not succeeded in making very many people professed theosophists, we have no very large number of members in our Society, but we have *affected the thought of the world*. We are living in an atmosphere of Theosophy, and people who never heard of it by that name are being influenced by it daily.

Our work therefore, to return to our simile, is to use wisely this accumulated water. We must cut canals, or employ those already in existence, and guide this water to the places where it is most needed; we must plant our crops in arid ground, and use it to irrigate and make things grow. Is our illustration not plain?

To put it again in theosophical language, we have created an immense body of thought influence on the higher astral plane; this does not stay still, but must obey the law of all planes and work downwards and out. This thought influence, then, is working down and out into all departments of human life, and affecting men's minds and thoughts. It is traceable in politics, and art, and literature, and religion, and is doing the real work of the theosophical movement of the 20th century. Did any of you suppose that the number of members we have in our Society represents the work which has been accomplished? If so you have failed to comprehend the subject in its most important bearings. Our societies are nothing, of no importance whatever in comparison with this real and vital work which has been done in moulding the thought of the world.

But what, you may ask, are we to do now? We have had the best we needed and are now ready to play the part awaiting us; one that is as important, if not more important than any work that ever has been done in the lifetime of the Society. We must, each in his own way, guide these streams of theosophic influence into worthy and useful channels. We must draw on our stock of theosophical water and irrigate the wastes of ignorance, misconception, and misunderstanding. To be still more definite, there are several thousand mystical movements which have started into being in this country in the last few years. Some are good, some are bad and most are both. We can encourage those which are good, do what we can to discourage those which are bad, and, what is perhaps most useful of all, we can steer those which are both good and bad into safer and clearer channels.

Some of us have important work here. Which of us is it? Each must decide for himself. But once he has the call, let him be up and doing.

SHANKARA'S THOUGHT.

✓ The glamour of India ; the hot, luminous sky ; palm trees, with their metallic glitter, fringing her sacred rivers ; heavy-curtained mango groves, where the golden orioles make their nests ; dainty footed gazelles on the sunlight-flooded plains ; crimson lotuses in the green darkness of some quiet forest pool ; white cloud-wreaths fleeting across the blue, and gradually gathering into lightning-riven masses ; all this weaves together a picture of imperious, unforgettable beauty. And there is something of this glamour in all the great records of Indian philosophy and song ; in the Vedic Hymns, the high earnestness of the Upanishads, the divine legends of Rama and Krishna the Hero ; in all the treasured wealth of India's Golden Age.

Through all the long centuries that followed after the dim Vedic dawn had passed, two great men stand out above all the peoples of India ; two teachers, whose thought is of highest value and world-wide significance.

These two teachers are Gautama Buddha and Shankara Acharya.

? The influence of Gautama Buddha, already enormous in his life time, has grown steadily during two and a half milleniums ; so great is it to-day that a third of all the world has "sworn into the words of this master." And yet, within India itself, it is almost certain that the influence of Shankara Acharya has been stronger, deeper, and more enduring.

Shankara's work in India was threefold ; first, a practical reform of the great and powerful Brahman caste ; then a series of commentaries on the text-books of Vedic wisdom ; and, lastly, a philosophic system, which for lucidity and coherence is equal to the best work that the thought of man has produced in any age or country. Of the first part of Shankara's work it is difficult to obtain any precise information ; we can only say that his tendency was to draw the Brahmans away from ceremonial religion and ritual, and to insist on the preeminent value of discipline and self-development. "Sin and misery are the fruit of ignorance," he says, " and can only be removed by the opposite of ignorance, which is not ritual but wisdom."

The second part of Shankara's work, namely his masterly attempt to render the wisdom of the Upanishads, the Vedanta Sutras, and the Bhagavad Gita into the language and thought of his own time, can only be fully understood after a complete analysis and study of the great originals he commented on; a study that would require many volumes.

We may turn, therefore, to the third part of this great teacher's labours, his own philosophy of Identity: the Advaita system, which has dominated the thought of India for centuries.

We might make clear the philosophy of Identity, the Advaita of Shankara, by taking almost any of his treatises, and translating it step by step, with such comments as were necessary on the technical words involved. But perhaps it will be better to begin by realizing that the passage of the centuries since Shankara's day has made no difference at all to the fundamental problems of knowledge; indeed it would probably be true, to say that the great problems of knowledge as well as our powers of solving them, are precisely the same as they were a hundred thousand, or even a million years ago. Now, as then, we find ourselves in the midst of infinities, with the vast world of mountain and river, of sea and sky pictorially unfolded around us, in ever changing, ever wonderful mystery. We are shut in between the perpetually descending curtain of the past, and the perpetually ascending curtain of the future; and the wide world drifts before us, as the white cloud drifts before the moon.

Yes, says Carlyle, I grant you that we are here; but where in the name of goodness *is* here? The whole of science is nothing but the attempt to find another name for the great gallery of pictures in the heart of which we so mysteriously find ourselves. The whole outer universe, says science, is nothing but the interplay of two things; force and matter. Matter again is nothing but a series of centres of force, and force is the producer of phenomena. Phenomena, again, are "appearances," impressions produced on our consciousness. To sum up, the universe is the totality of "appearances" of phenomena; the universe is a vast panorama, a picture-gallery; and so we end exactly where we began.

The realist declares that "the universe is real, because I see it;" this involves the admission that the test of reality of the universe is that it is seen; that it is an object of perception; that it is

objective to consciousness. We have no other test of its reality than this, that it is objective to consciousness; and it is inconceivable that we should have any other test. It is inconceivable that we should be able to go outside the fact of our perception, and test the reality of the outer Universe independently. So far we can go and no further; and this perception is the starting point of Shankara's philosophy.

The outer universe, he says, is a dependent reality; a reality dependent on our perception; a reality depending on consciousness; and not a primary reality. We can begin our study of being in no other way than by the recognition of these two; consciousness, the perceiver of the outer universe, and the outer universe, which is objective to consciousness.

But the reality of these two does not by any means stand on the same level. And the reason of this is, that consciousness is two-fold and has two branches. The first branch is "I perceive the outer universe", and the second branch is "I am I." Therefore consciousness not only perceives the outer universe, and thus supplies the only test of the reality of the outer universe; but it goes further. Consciousness further affirms its own reality to itself, and is therefore self-existent, self-affirmed, self-based. But we do not know at all—and we cannot conceivably know—that the objective universe is self-existent, self-affirmed, self-based; the objective universe has, therefore, only a subsidiary degree of reality; it is secondary, dependent on consciousness.

"I am I" is the only self-affirmed, self-existent, self-based reality; and "I am I" is the basis of Shankara's philosophy. Now if "I am I" is the one reality, we shall be quite wrong in attributing to this primary reality the qualities and happenings of the subsidiary reality, the objective universe. We shall be quite wrong in attributing to consciousness the vicissitudes of what is objective to consciousness; as we should be quite wrong in attributing to the beholder the vicissitudes of what he beholds.

What then are the happenings, the vicissitudes that befall the objective universe? They are the world-old trinity of birth, growth, death; of beginning, middle, end, the end being the invariable prelude of a new beginning. This ancient trinity of birth and growth and death, of beginning and middle and end, which runs through the whole of the objective universe, must on no account, as we

have seen, be attributed to consciousness, the beholder of the objective universe; just as the changes a man beholds must on no account be attributed to the beholder. We are therefore led to see that if beginning and end are not to be attributed to consciousness, then consciousness must be beginningless, endless; if birth and death are not to be attributed to consciousness, then consciousness must be birthless, deathless, eternal.

This is Shankara's first great conclusion.

Starting from the self-evident truth that we have not, that we cannot conceivably have, any proof of the independent reality of the objective universe, which must thus for ever remain for us a secondary, dependent reality, he reaches this first conclusion: that consciousness, the primary reality, is beginningless, endless, eternal. Consider for a moment—Shankara would say,—consider for a moment this "I am I." Trace it back within yourself, stripping it of all outer vestures and veils. Then, as you at first said, "I am the owner of such and such houses and lands and ornaments," thus including many outward things in the notion of "I"; you must gradually learn to strip the inward reality of its outward vestures. I am "the owner of all these things" is the first false notion; for these outward things are clearly not I, are clearly objective to consciousness.

"I am such a person, with such a name; I am a Brahman, or a slave," is the second false notion; for name and condition are but outward conventional things.

"I am this body with its passions and powers;" is the third false notion; because the body with its powers is as clearly external and objective to consciousness as are house and lands.

"I am the emotions and fancies and memories which make up my mind" is the fourth false notion; for these emotions and memories are again external, objective to consciousness, just as one's bracelets and necklaces are.

Stripped of all these vestures, there is the pure residuum "I am I," secondless, partless; the alone, lonely, and pure. Seize this secondless partless reality within yourself; within the manifold veils and vestures and disguises you call yourself; seize this "I am I" for a single moment, and you become immortal. You recognize that you were, are, and must be, immortal and eternal.

This "I am I" is the pure, absolute residuum. It is pure, because it contains nothing but itself; because it is freed from the veils and vestures and disguises which are subject to beginning and end; to birth and death. It is absolute, because it cannot conceivably be derived from anything else; no conceivable number of things which are not "I" compounded and added together in any conceivable way could make up this absolute unity, this "I am I."

Seize the pure "I" within yourself for even an instant; and you reach the unshakeable conviction that this "I" could not be made up of any other thing, derived from any other thing; that "I am I" is absolute, self-based, self-existing. And if absolute, and not conceivably to be derived from any other thing, it is also not conceivably to be changed into any other thing.

Where should it go to? What should become of it? How could this only reality be conceivably hidden?

"I am I" can have had no beginning; "I am I" can have no end; and this you can realize directly, by seizing the pure "I" apart from veils and disguises.

And when you seize it, even for a single instant, you become eternal, you realize that you always were, always must be, eternal.

Such is the essence of Shankara's thought.

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THOMAS E. WILLSON.

By the Editor.

In March 1901, the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM lost one of its most willing and unfailing contributors. Mr. T. E. Willson died suddenly, and the news of his death reached me when I actually was in the act of preparing the concluding chapter of his "Ancient and Modern Physics," for the April number.

Like the swan, who sings his one song, when feeling that death is near, Mr. Willson gave his brother co-workers in the Theosophical field all that was best, ripest and most suggestive in his thought in the series of articles the last of which is to come out in the same number with this.

The last time I had a long talk with T. E. Willson, he said:

"For twenty years and more I went without a hearing, yet my interest and my faith in what I had to say never flagged, the eagerness of my love for my subject never diminished."

This needs no comment. The quiet and sustained resistance to indifference and lack of appreciation, is truly the steady ballast

which has prevented our Theosophical ship from aimless and fatal wanderings, though of inclement weather and adverse winds we had plenty.

For many long years Mr. Willson was the librarian of the New York "World." In the afternoons he was too busy to see outsiders, but, beginning with five o'clock in the afternoon until he went home somewhere in the neighborhood of midnight, he always was glad to see his friends. He had a tiny little room of his own, very near the top of the tremendous building, his one window looking far above the roofs of the tallest houses in the neighborhood. There he sat at his desk, generally in his shirt sleeves, if the weather was at all warm, always busy with some matter already printed, or going to be, a quiet, yet impressive and dignified figure.

The elevated isolation, both figuratively and literally speaking, in which T. E. Willson lived and worked, in the midst of the most crowded thoroughfares of New York, always made me think of Professor Teufelsdröckh on the attic floor of "the highest house in the Wahngasse." The two had more than one point of resemblance. They shared the loftiness of their point of view, their sympathetic understanding of other folks, their loneliness, and, above all, their patient, even humorous resignation to the fact of this loneliness.

Yet in his appearance Mr. Willson was not like the great Weisnichtwo philosopher. In fact, in the cast of his features and in his ways, Mr. Willson never looked to me like a white man. In British India I have known Brahmans of the better type exactly with the same sallow complexion, same quick and observant brown eye, same portly figure and same wide-awakeness and agility of manner.

Last summer I heard, on good authority, that Mr. Willson had thought himself into a most suggestive way of dealing with the problems of matter and spirit, a way which, besides being suggestive, bore a great resemblance to some theories of the same nature, current in ancient India. Consequently Mr. Willson was offered, for the first time in his life, a chance of expressing his views on matter and spirit in as many articles and in as extensive a shape as he chose. The way he received this tardy recognition of the fact that he had something to say was highly instructive. He did not put on airs of unrecognized greatness, though, I own, the

occasion was propitious, he did not say "I told you so," he simply and frankly was glad, in the most childlike way.

And now that I have used the word, it occurs to me that "child-like" is an adjective the best applied to this man, in spite of his portliness and his three score and more winters.

Many a pleasant hour I have spent in the small book room of the great "World" building. With Mr. Willson talk never flagged. We discussed the past and the future of our planetary chain, we built plans for the true and wholesome relation of sexes, we tried to find out—and needless to say never did—the exact limit where matter stopped being matter and became spirit, we also read the latest comic poems and also, from time to time, we took a header into the stormy sea of American current literature in order to find out what various wise heads had to say, consciously or unconsciously, in favor of our beloved theosophical views. And all this, being interrupted every three minutes or so by some weary apparition from some work-room of the "World" with some such question: "Mr. Willson, how am I to find out the present whereabouts of this or that Russian man-of-war? Mr. Willson, what is the melting point of iron? Mr. Willson, when was "H. M. S. Pinafore" produced for the first time?" etc., etc. And every time, Mr. Willson got up in the leisurely manner peculiar to him, reached for some book from the shelves that lined the room, gave the desired information, and as leisurely returned to the "pranic atom," or to "come and talk man talk, Willy" or to whatever our subject chanced to be at the time.

Mr. Willson's gratitude to the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM for its recognition was disproportionately great. As he wrote to the Editor: "give me any kind of work, writing for you, reviewing, manuscript or proof reading, I shall do anything, I shall undertake any job, even to taking editorial scoldings in all good nature, only give me work." His devotion to theosophical thought and work in all their ramifications was just as great, as was his freedom from vanity, his perfectly natural and unaffected modesty.

At the news of his death many a heart was sincerely sad, but none so sad as the heart of the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. For a friend and co-worker like T. E. Willson, ever ready to give material help and moral encouragement, is not easily replaced.

Following the custom of white humanity in all countries in similar circumstances, I put the black border around the first page of this number. Yet I do not believe there ever is any call for all this blackness. Especially I do not believe there is any call for it on the present occasion, as for a soul so pure of any kind of selfishness the transition from the turmoil of life to the bright dreams of death must have been both easy and enviable.

ANCIENT AND MODERN METAPHYSICS.

VIII.

Behind each and every prakritic atom of our earth there are six other atoms (or globes), three material shadows and three spiritual realities, so that it is a string of seven—the whole universe in miniature—material and spiritual. And all things combined and formed on a prakritic base are a chain of seven—whether a peach or a planet.

The “chain” belongs to the prakritic plane. The lines of descent from the Light through the star and sun to planet are “strings.” The “chains” are beads of the same size strung on a thread. The strings are beads of different sizes strung on a thread. The beads of the chain are in coadunition—in the same space, as gas in water and the water in a sponge.

In metaphysics this earth can only be regarded as a chain of seven globes, its three astral globes in coadunition having their three spiritual doubles. Of course no one of the higher globes can be seen by the prakritic eye, but that is not to say the astral world cannot be seen by the astral eye in sleep, or by the person who qualifies himself for the astral world through the development of his astral body. “No upper globes of any chain in the solar system can be seen,” says H. P. Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine* (vol. I. P. 187), yet she means by astronomers, not by sages. And she does not mean the upper globes in the stellar system of Alcyone and its companions.

In pure physics the earth can only be regarded as a chain of four globes consubstantial and in coadunition—four in and three out. This makes seven, and the metaphysician when talking physics uses the metaphysical terms interchangeably and speaks of “the chain of seven globes” meaning in one sentence the four material globes making this earth; in another meaning the line of descent or string of beads of different sizes reaching down from the Divine Consciousness; and in still another the seven beads or globes of the same size in coadunition to form this earth chain. To the student who is thoroughly grounded in the eastern physics this interweaving of the physical and metaphysical presents no difficulties; but to the western mind just beginning the study it is a tangle.

We can now see what is meant by illusion, or *Maya*, and understand why such stress is laid upon it by every teacher.

Take the physical side first. The motion of a top gives it bands of color to our eyes that it does not have at rest. They are temporary and not permanent, a result of motion merely; illusion and not reality.

The motion of the material atoms of the four planes, in harmony with their vibration, a motion the spiritual world does not have, produces all material phenomena. This is of course within the kinetic belts, for above or below them there is no change, and its phenomena are the mere change in relation of one atom to another caused by motion. The changes are not real. They disappear when the motion stops. They have no existence in matter above or below the belt.

All phenomena of every kind are as much an illusion as the supposed bands of color around the top. The illusion is the result of changes of relation in differentiated atoms caused by their motion. Without this motion the four material globes would dissolve into the atomic dust of the manasic world, with all that is within them. The whole material universe is all illusion; a mere temporary relation of its atoms through motion, without Reality or permanence.

What then is real? What is not illusion? That which is beyond the physical, that which is its cause and root; broadly, the meta-physical, which is not the result of differentiated atoms through relation. What was real in the top is real here. What was illusion in the top is illusion here.

The meta-physical or spiritual (the terms are interchangeable) does not have to pass beyond the manasic globe to get on the solid ground of reality. The spiritual world is here in every physical atom and in every aggregation of them; in every planet, sun, and star; for they are seven, each and every one, not four. Behind the illusion of one atom or many, whether here or on Alcyone, there is reality and permanency in the undifferentiated cause, the spiritual archetype, the three higher beads on the string which are the proper study of metaphysics.

III.

Thus the story of Greek art declares in the strongest terms the inherent and necessary relation between nobility of character and greatness of artistic achievement.

If from Greece we turn to Italy two thousand years later, we shall find the same declaration in a form no less striking and impressive.

Ruskin, in one of his most luminous passages, suggests that when Raphael (1508-1511) ornamented the two principal walls of a state apartment in the Vatican, and did this, moreover, under the immediate patronage and direction of the Head of the Church, he at once marked, by the perfection of his execution, the culmination of Italian art, and by the selection and disposition of the subjects the beginning of the decline of both art and religion.

The subject of the frescoes in question respectively being the "Dispute of the Sacrament" or "Theology" and the "School of Athens," the one an apotheosis of the Church, the other of classical learning, one side the world of theology presided over by Christ, the other side the world of philosophy presided over by Plato and Aristotle.

The two and a half centuries just passed had been a period of great and progressive awakening for Italy in religion, literature, art, and general national vigor.

Venice, having laid her foundations in stern simplicity, in rectitude, in unquestioning faith, had developed and measureably preserved these virtues, and was about at the summit of her greatness. Tuscany and Lombardy had produced the highest types of civic virtue and martial valor. Savonarola had just perished at the stake. Men cherished the loftiest ideals, aspired to untrammelled freedom of thought, and were willing to die, if need be, in vindication of their beliefs.

No single thing observed by the traveler in Italy is more suggestive when thoughtfully considered than the type of face which he finds in the portraits of that time. One sees there the vigor of character, the keenness, the energy, with which he is familiar in the countenances of leading men of American life. In fact the Ameri-

can type of countenance abounds. No such faces are seen among the Italians of to-day.

The progress of this awakening is vividly recorded in Italian art. First, in the thirteenth century, came Niccolo Pisano at Pisa, and, a little later, Giotto at Florence, who in sculpture and painting respectively gave the first great impulses to the Italian Renaissance. Technical perfection, indeed, they had not; but of force, simplicity, purity, consecration, they had no lack. St. Francis of Assisi, whose life had illuminated the opening of the century, was the type, to men of that time, of purity and self-sacrificing consecration; and to the celebration of his saintly life Giotto's best efforts were given. Nowhere can he be seen to better advantage than in his frescoes of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience, the great Franciscan virtues, on the ceiling of the lower Franciscan Church at Assisi. Dante was his contemporary, and with him Giotto stood in close personal relations.

Then followed, among many others, Angelico, dipping his brush in the gleaming colors of paradise and tracing angelic countenances radiant with celestial love, purity and devotion; Filippo Lippi—Credi—Filippino, all reflecting in their faces the beauty and purity of ideal humanity; Luca della Robbia, whom none have equalled in depicting the joy and loveliness of childhood; and Botticelli, at once grand and tender, revelling in the beauty of form and motion, and gazing profoundly into the solemnities of life. Botticelli touched the acme of Italian art. His daring and sombre spirit found little to attract it in the Roman pomp which ensnared Raphael. He executed his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel—of which they are far worthier adornments than the concourse of athletes whom Michael Angelo has exhibited upon the great end wall—in about 1484; returned to Florence; was heartbroken by the tragic death of his friend and master Savonarola, and passed the last years of his life secluded in the monastery consecrated by his memory.

Contemporaneously with Botticelli, Giovanni Bellini did as great or greater things at Venice. One who would know Bellini must see his two representations of the Madonna and saints in the Churches of the Frari and San Zaccaria at Venice. No painting, I believe, in Italy equals the latter for the expression of profound and noble character, of Godlike repose, of heavenly peace.

These are representations of the great schools of noble, earnest and conscientious men who reared the fabric of national art, on which Raphael stood, from which he plunged, and which in great measure he carried with him in his fall. The character of the artists who wrought these paintings, of the motives with which they labored, and the characteristics of the society in which they lived, are clearly impressed upon these works. Nobility of thought and purpose, love for their work and for that only, veneration for the ideals which they sought to depict, are there in poems of form and color.

It is instructive to observe the indifference to money of the great artists of that time. Nothing is better attested. I remember to have seen in the school of San Rocco at Venice, hanging near Tintoretto's grand fresco of the Crucifixion, a work which covers a wall space of about fifty by thirty feet, the artist's receipt for the money paid for the work—two hundred and fifty ducats, equivalent to about two hundred and thirty dollars. Venice was at the time probably the wealthiest state in Europe.

For making the wood carvings in the Cathedral of Amiens (1514—22 A. D.), said to be the finest wood carvings in the world, the workmen received, Mr. Ruskin says, about three cents per day each, while the chief carver was paid in addition about three dollars per year for superintending the whole work.

"One thing prominently taught us," says Kugler (*Italian Schools of Painting*, vol. II. p. 393), "by the works of Lionardo, and Raphael, of Michael Angelo and Titian, is distinctly this—that purity of morals, freedom of institutions, and sincerity of faith have nothing to do with excellence of art."

Blind, leader of the blind! These men were not the creators of Italian art. They reaped its heritage and stood upon its pinnacle; but it was purity of morals, freedom of thought and sincerity of faith, inspiring generations of aspiring men, which made their achievements possible. Without the foundation laid and the edifice erected by nobler, purer, more devoted men—though not technically greater artists—than these, Italian art as we know it could never have existed.

In his earlier years, at Perugia and Florence, Raphael followed in the footsteps of his predecessors and rivalled, if he did not sur-

pass, them in his productions. Between 1500 and 1508—from his seventeenth to his twenty-fifth year—he produced a great number of exquisitely beautiful paintings. The Sposalizio at Milan and the Madonna del Gran Duca at Florence are representations of these. Nothing can exceed them in purity and sweetness of expression, loveliness of feature and exquisite perfection of execution and detail.

In 1508, by invitation of Pope Julius II., Raphael went to Rome, to assist in the decoration of the state apartments of the Vatican. The Romish Church was then at the Zenith of its spiritual and temporal power. The Vatican was a court combining all the splendor of an earthly sovereignty with the pomp and pride of the vicegerent of Heaven. To glorify this power, to represent it as the centre of the world in all things which concerned the spiritual well-being and intellectual achievements of mankind, was the task which Raphael was invited to undertake. He accepted it; and no one can deny that right successfully did he accomplish it. He created a memorial to the magnificence of his patron such as few princes of the earth have left behind them. He developed marvelous wealth of invention, skill in composition, perfection in drawing, brilliancy in the use of color; and in the twelve years of his life at Rome he executed and supervised a splendid series of magnificent works.

They are magnificent; but they are not the greatest art, not worthy of the promise of Raphael's youth. One cannot study these splendid creations without clearly perceiving that the soul which lived and breathed in his earlier faces was no longer at his command. All the richness of fancy, and brilliance of execution are of no avail; for that is lacking which alone justifies and ennobles art, and enables it to fulfil its end.

After Raphael there was nothing further to strive for. Technical perfection had been attained; and as the fount of spiritual and religious force which had inspired the earlier men no longer flowed freely, artists began to "select," i. e., to imitate. To the imitator creation is impossible; and so it is that since Raphael and his contemporaries there has been no great art in Italy.

The causes of Raphael's decline are not far to seek. On the one hand there was the ambition inspired by the pomp and luxury of the court; on the other the inundation of classical ideals then

prevailing in Rome, which submerged his faith, though too far removed from their source to carry with them the inspiration which had been the well spring of their greatness. By his predecessors the classical spirit had been assimilated. It inspired Niccolo Pisano. Its influence was potent throughout the entire course of Italian art. In Botticelli, of all the predecessors of Raphael, it is perhaps the most clearly evident. But it did not overcome Botticelli's faith. He subordinated it to his religion. All his work reveals a pure and steadfast and aspiring heart. It was not a demoralizing tendency in classical art that corrupted Raphael; it was the *undermining of his faith*. He lost the religious impulse, and with it the power of working from *love*.

Other motives were substituted for the one motive, and the light from above no longer shone through him.

PRESENT DAY THEOSOPHY.

The history of all movements tending to change the thought of the world, whether in the domain of religion, philosophy, or science shows two clearly marked phases of development, each with its own dangers and difficulties.

In the first stage these dangers come from without. Prejudice, conservatism, dogmatism range themselves in opposition to the new ideas. The movement is violently attacked and its adherents subjected to ridicule and persecution—none the less real to-day than in the dark ages, though its forms are changed. If the movement be weak or false, it cannot survive this stage. Like a deformed child of ancient Sparta it is strangled at its birth. But if it is true, this opposition aids it, calls forth all its innate strength.

The sacrifice required of its adherents makes the new truth a living power in the psychic world. For the life of all things comes from sacrifice.

The movement spreads, its ideas permeate all minds, opposition is overcome, persecution ceases, and the first stage is accomplished.

The second brings subtler dangers. No movement in the history of the world has entirely escaped or overcome them. They are of two-fold character: first, the force aroused by, and needed to overcome, the initial opposition, now that that opposition is removed, turns upon itself and tends to harden and crystalize principles into dogmas; second, the ideas that have been sown broadcast throughout the world lodge in strange places, and flower into innumerable distorted minor movements, rooted upon half truths, upon faulty popular ~~concepts of truth~~. Here is grave danger. For not only do these distorted minor movements, growing like weeds, obscure the truth, but they are themselves at best misleading and often full of positive harm.

The Theosophical movement has passed through its first phase. The world is full of Theosophical ideas. The chief application of Karma, that man's condition is the result of his own acts, not the arbitrary rulings of a semi-personal God, is generally accepted. Reincarnation is discussed and deemed rational. Witness the discussions on immortality that have been appearing in the New York Times. The universality of law, in the spiritual, as well as in the

physical world is now commonly believed, and preached from the majority of Christian pulpits. Through chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, science is pushing its way into the ether, and is gradually accepting one by one our postulates of physics.

These are some of the obvious results of the Theosophical movement of the last quarter of a century—results achieved in large measure through the agency of the Theosophical Society and upon which we well may pride ourselves.

The closing ~~up~~ of the cycle thus saw one great work of the Theosophical Society accomplished, the first phase of its existence finished. The time has passed for active propaganda. That work is no longer needed. Its continuance could only lead to dangerous reactions, to psychic extravagance, to the crystalization of principles into dogmas. The cycle has closed. The new century is upon us, and with the new time comes a new form of work.

What this new form of work may be, and by what means we may best accomplish it, are the problems that confront the rank and file of workers in the Theosophical movement to-day.

I believe a little reflection will give us a clue to the solution of both. History has taught us the dangers we must look for,—obscuration of our principles, by dogmatism from within, by the activity of the myriad distorted movements from without. We are in danger now not from our enemies, but from our friends, not from the rejection of our principles, but from their too wide acceptance—acceptance without understanding, action based upon truths but half understood, or upon but half-truths.

Hence the problem before us divides itself into two classes, one of which concerns itself with these minor movements and our responsibility to the world in ~~the~~ connection. For we are so responsible. They are but outgrowths of the main Theosophical movement. They owe their origin to the ideas which we, as workers in that movement, have been disseminating for the last quarter of a century. We are tied to them by the bonds of Karma, bonds which are a living integral portion of ourselves and from which we cannot cut ourselves away. There is much that is good in them, but there is much that is bad or misleading; a faulty understanding here, a misleading application there. They need pruning, guiding, training. And just ~~in the measure in~~ which we have united ourselves

To indicate to

to the Theosophical movement, do we owe it to the world to fulfill these offices for the outgrowths of that movement.

How are we to discharge this debt? In the first place we must work and study. We must make ourselves so familiar with our own philosophy that we ~~should grow~~ not only able to teach it to others but also able to do that which is far more difficult: find the truth and error of another's teaching. To find the truth in his theories and advance them one step further, to find his error and say "here you are mistaken, and the reason is thus and so." We must study the thought of the time, have intimate personal knowledge of the different mystic movements. We must be men of the world, for it is in the world our work lies. To-day more than ever before is the thought of the world full of mysticism. The tools are ready to our hands, it is for us to guide and use them.

But all this is individual work? Yes it is. Each man "in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call him." Study the different movements—write about them—debate them—join them—work for or against them—but remember you do it as individuals, as individual workers in the Theosophical movement. For it is upon the recognition of the fact that all Theosophical work is and must be individual, that the future life and usefulness of the Theosophical Society depends.

We have in the past so frequently overlooked the true character of the Theosophical Society that now we are in danger of forgetting it altogether. The Theosophical Society as such has no beliefs. It stands for no system of philosophy, for no body of doctrines or principles other than that expressed in its objects: those of brotherhood and toleration. It is but natural that during 25 years of activity, of investigation and research, the majority of its members should have become united in their belief in many fundamental principles. But these beliefs are individual and cannot be attributed to the Society. The Society itself offers a broad platform upon which those of widely different creeds and opinions may come together seeking the fundamental truths of religion, of life. And it is in this aspect of the Theosophical Society that its value lies. We may invite to its platform as well as to its audiences, Christian Scientists, Socialists, Spiritualists, men of Science. We may listen to them and learn from them, and, if we be strong and tactful, teach them. But it

is as individuals that we must do this; never forgetting to show "that toleration for the beliefs of others that we demand for our own;" never compromising the Society; never attributing to it a belief that cannot be other than individual, though perchance shared in by every individual member. ~~If for once we~~ abandon this attitude, ~~if~~ the Society as such, ~~is~~ involved in a dispute, or pronounce ~~it~~ in favor of this or that view, and we harden into dogmatism, a crystalization which we will find it difficult ever to dissolve. Therefore, you will find in the proposed new constitution of the Theosophical Society a very explicit statement that no member shall have the power to so involve or compromise the Society.

Let us then realize that the Theosophical Society is a magnificent instrument for our purpose but only an instrument; that the work is, and must be individual; and that the Society can only extend to us that encouragement it offers to all workers for humanity, all earnest seekers after truth. Let us realize that Theosophic unity does not consist in our all doing the same thing at the same time, nor in oneness of organization, nor even in oneness of belief, but in identity of aim and aspiration, so that those working in widely different fields by widely different methods may yet be most closely united.

But what, then, can the Theosophical Society as such, do? One most valuable form of activity has just been outlined. It can hold general meetings at which the different mystic movements of the day can be represented. It can invite a lecturer to tell us, say, of the mysticism of Swedenborg, and ~~enable~~ enable us to see how the Swedenborgians themselves understand this teacher. Or we may invite a Christian Scientist to come and explain their beliefs, and see ~~for ourselves what are the strong and the weak points of their views.~~ All this will teach us much of the movements of the day, and if we be strong enough, open new fields of work for us.

Those of us who believe in Theosophy need not fear such lectures. If our own philosophy is not wide enough to have room for the truths of others, nor sufficiently deep rooted to be unaffected by their errors, we had better confess failure at once. For, if we are to do our work, we must prove ourselves stronger than all comers,—stronger in heart, in intellect, in intuition.

There is another field of usefulness where the Society may

again serve as our instrument. Though the time for active propaganda has passed, it is obvious that it still is, and always will be, necessary to maintain a centre for the pure forms of the principles of Theosophy,—a centre where those seeking information may find it, where those attracted by the fragmentary truths of this or that semi-mystic movement may be introduced to a broader philosophy, a wider application of principle, a more co-ordinate science of life. Such a centre should exist in each great city, I wish it might exist in every town and village. We in New York should surely form one, and do it through the Theosophical Society.

Let us establish a Theosophical Society headquarters here in New York. Let us hire a room in some convenient locality and have a Theosophist there in daily attendance to answer questions, to give such help as lies in his power to all those seeking the truths of life, let us install there a good library,—all the books we can gather together dealing with philosophy, religion, and the finer forces of nature. Let us particularly stock it with works on the ancient Aryan and other Eastern literatures and religions—those which contain the Mysteries. For it is one of the objects of the Theosophical Society both to promote the study of such religions and to demonstrate their importance. Let this library and reading room be not only for the use of members of the Theosophical Society, but for all who may care to come. If we have the money—and I understand we have,—let us buy sufficient copies to loan these books, so that inquirers may be able to take away with them, this or that book for study. But let us here remember once more the impartiality of the Theosophical Society. Let the student of Zoroasterism and of Christianity meet with equal facilities, equal courtesies. Theosophy underlies all religions and we need not fear it will not be found. Let us give to each that which he wants.

Not only should such a centre exist but the fact of its existence should be kept before the world. The meetings and activity of the Society will tend to this result, still more will our own lives and conversations, but the most direct method is through the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, ~~which is always open to the expression of any adequate and sincere thought.~~ Its value as an instrument for the new work can hardly be overestimated. By means of it the results of our study and investigation, our criticism and suggestion may be spread

broadcast to influence innumerable minds. Each worker can be kept in touch with the character of the work in distant places, can receive through it suggestion and encouragement. Its very existence is a continual plea to us to throw off our lethargy, and once more to work and to study, to give others the benefit of that study. Are the problems of life all solved? Is the millenium come down upon the earth that we supinely sit and ask what there is for us to do?

The whole world cries aloud to us with a voice we can no longer pretend not to hear. We ~~are~~ now to guide the forces we have quickened into activity. I say, therefore, that there is no lack of work to do, no lack of instruments through which to do it. All that is needed is the individual initiative and ~~will~~. Let us all read, think, and live Theosophy and the problem of the Theosophical Society is solved.

A SUGGESTIVE BOOK.

Edward Carpenter's "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta" is by no means a new book, yet in rereading it lately, I found it so suggestive, that I wish other readers of the THEOSOPHICAL FORUM would do as much. For instance, what more ripe, more just, more profound than his chapter on the "Consciousness without Thought?"

Here are a few passages from it:

"It is very easy to assume, and very frequently assumed, in any case where a person is credited with the possession of an unusual faculty, that such person is at once lifted out of our sphere into a supernatural region, and possesses every faculty of that region. If for instance he or she is or is supposed to be clairvoyant, it is assumed that *everything* is or ought to be known to them; or if the person has shown what seems a miraculous power at any time or in any case, it is asked by way of discredit why he or she did not show a like power at other times or in other cases. Against all such hasty generalisations it is necessary to guard ourselves. If there is a higher form of consciousness attainable by man than that which he for the most part can claim at present, it is probable, nay certain, that it is evolving and will evolve but slowly, and with many a slip and hesitant pause by the way. In the far past of man and the animals consciousness of sensation and consciousness of self have been successively evolved—each of these mighty growths with innumerable branches and branchlets continually spreading. At any point in this vast experience, a new growth, a new form of consciousness, might well have seemed miraculous. What could be more marvelous than the first revelation of the sense of sight, what more inconceivable to those who had not experienced it, and what more certain than that the first use of this faculty must have been fraught with delusion and error? Yet there may be an inner vision which again transcends sight, even as far as sight transcends touch. It is more than probable that in the hidden births of time there lurks a consciousness which is not the consciousness of sen-

sation and which is not the consciousness of self—or at least which includes and entirely surpasses these—a consciousness in which the contrast between the *ego* and the external world, and the distinction between subject and object, fall away. The part of the world into which such a consciousness admits us (call it *supramundane* or whatever you will) is probably at least as vast and complex as the part we know, and progress in that region at least equally slow and tentative and various, laborious, discontinuous, and uncertain. There is no sudden leap out of the back parlor onto Olympus; and the routes, when found, from one to the other, are long and bewildering in their variety.

And of those who do attain to some portion of this region, we are not to suppose that they are at once demi-gods, or infallible. In many cases indeed the very novelty and strangeness of the experiences give rise to phantasmal trains of delusive speculation. Though we should expect, and though it is no doubt true on the whole, that what we should call the higher types of existing humanity are those most likely to come into possession of any new faculties which may be flying about, yet it is not always so; and there are cases, well recognized, in which persons of decidedly deficient or warped moral nature attain powers which properly belong to a high grade of evolution, and are correspondingly dangerous thereby.

With these little provisos then established I think we may go on to say that what the Gñáni seeks and obtains is a new order of consciousness—to which for want of a better we may give the name *universal* or *cosmic* consciousness, in contradistinction to the individual or special bodily consciousness with which we are all familiar. I am not aware that the *exact* equivalent of this expression “universal consciousness” is used in the Hindu philosophy; but the *Satchit-ánanda Brahm* to which every yogi aspires indicates the same idea: *sat*, the reality, the all pervading; *chit*, the knowing, perceiving; *ánanda*, the blissful—all these united in one manifestation of Brahm.

The West seeks the individual consciousness—the enriched mind, ready perceptions and memories, individual hopes and fears, ambitions, loves, conquests—the self, the local self, in all its phases and forms—and sorely doubts whether such a thing as an universal

consciousness exists. The East seeks the universal consciousness, and in those cases where its quest succeeds individual self and life thin away to a mere film, and are only the shadows cast by the glory revealed beyond."

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