

THE AMERICAN
THEOSOPHIST
A JOURNAL OF OCCULTISM

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FEBRUARY, 1914

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

(Founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott.)

Mrs. Annie Besant, President)

AND HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF IT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following:

First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but everyone is expected to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.



THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and love which guide in its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the science of the spirit, teaching man to know the spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eye of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly for the realization of universal brotherhood is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

HOW TO JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

One of the twenty-three National Societies or Sections of The Theosophical Society exists in America, and is composed of lodges in various cities (of which a list is printed in this magazine) and, in addition, a scattered membership residing where there is no lodge. The headquarters fee per year for members of lodges is \$2.00; for unattached members the fee is \$5.00 annually. New members pay *pro rata* for the first year and a diploma fee of 50c upon joining.

Information about Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is easy to obtain. In addition to the secretaries of lodges (whose names and addresses are to be found in the Lodge Directory, printed in the back of this magazine), full information may be obtained from the General Secretary of The American Section, address below. A descriptive booklet, a copy of the By-Laws of the Section, and an application blank for membership are gladly supplied free of all cost to any address in the world.

To enter the Society it is necessary to sign the form provided, which reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, being in sympathy with the objects of the Theosophical Society and acquainted with its rules, hereby make application for admission as a Fellow thereof.

I understand the objects of the Society to be as follows: 1st—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without

distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. 2d—To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. 3d—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

My application for Fellowship has never been rejected by this Society nor any of its branches.

Two sponsors, members of the Society, must also endorse the form at the bottom; if no sponsors are obtainable, notify the General Secretary. If the application is for lodge membership, the applicant must be accepted by the lodge and his application sent through the proper officer of such body. If the application is for membership-at-large, the signed and endorsed form should be sent either to a lodge officer to be forwarded to the General Secretary or sent directly to the latter. Information as to the specific amount to be sent to the General Secretary with the application will be supplied; it varies with the month of the year, but never exceeds \$5.50 in the case of a member-at-large and \$2.50 in the case of lodge members, except that in the latter case the dues of the local lodge, whatever they may be, must also be met.

For further direction, samples of literature, or information about any special phase of Theosophy, address the secretary of any lodge or

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

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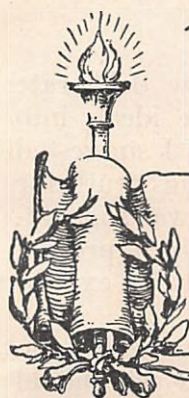


THE FIRST INDIAN AVATAR

This plate is from a rare book on Indian antiquities. The dæmon Hayagriva had stolen the four sacred Vedas and, resolving never to surrender his booty, swallowed them and retired under the ocean. Vishnu pursues, slays him and, rending open his body, recovers three of the sacred books. Vishnu is shown rising from the waters and presenting the volumes thus recovered to the quadruple deity; the fourth, according to allegory, had been digested.

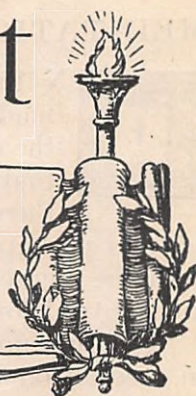
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The American Theosophist



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BY THE EDITOR



KARMA

IT is usually very difficult to convince a suffering person of the truth of eternal justice. If he suffer from causes that are to him wholly unaccountable, he is apt to be already convinced that in some unknown way he has become a helpless victim of injustice; but if he be familiar with oriental philosophy; if reincarnation has become a part of his belief and he understands the principles of evolution as applied to the Inner Self—he is content to work and wait. He then knows that Self grows step by step, in body after body, throughout the spaces of time. Thus understanding the ethical law of cause and effect—that nothing can injure him except himself—that somewhere, sometime, he has done that of which his suffering is the result—he attains to that desirable philosophical level which knows the good law and follows it. For, indeed, the life of the Inner Self is continuous and eternal; the causes of present effects lie somewhere back in the past, when an infraction of the law was unwisely committed which has made the present experience possible. Such an one, understanding the Law of Karma, realizes how the requirements of perfect justice are fulfilled, and so is content.

It is much easier to convince those whose lives are spent in ease and happiness that their enjoyments come justly from previous ac-

tions, for they too are living out the results of earlier deeds though of wiser kind. With a knowledge of how such things are brought about by the good law one may make his future what he wills—in incarnations filled with pain and sorrow, or with the joyful blessings that come from living the life of true service to humanity.



MEDITATION



IN the January number I tried to show how deliberate meditation upon ideals infallibly builds those ideals into the character of the one who so meditates, and I suggested that the readers should experiment and test this truth for themselves. To this end the virtue of purity was suggested, and perhaps there are some who have been sufficiently impressed with the suggestion to be willing to continue it as a serious experimental trial for at least three months.

For this month I would suggest truth as a virtue to be dwelt upon in meditation by still another group of our readers. Each should surcharge the mind with the thought of truth for five or more minutes each day regularly at a chosen time, and should strive to practice it throughout the day in every way.

At the end of three months' meditation, if you feel so inclined, write to the editor your observations as to the result. Remember you are trying to demonstrate to yourselves that what a man thinks on that he becomes. Thus will you gain a new power for helping your fellow men.



IS THE WORLD BETTER OR WORSE?



THE sentiments uttered by the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace on his ninetieth birthday are most striking. The doctor's conclusion that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals since the days of the earliest Egyptians is rather dampening to the self-satisfaction of a people who think they are the greatest that ever existed. His opinion that the present system of society is rotten from top to bottom and that the entire social environment is the worst the world has ever seen is certainly open to discussion.

Undoubtedly the self-consciousness of the world is more a fact

today than it ever was; therefore any part of humanity has a knowledge of all the other parts far more deeply and exactly than ever before. This is due to the public press and our unparalleled means of communication. So it is not possible to compare the statistical knowledge that we possess of life now with what we have as to earlier periods in history. These latter may have been far worse, and doubtless were, but the documents showing it do not exist. Certainly by the very law of evolution there must be some progress, although what one man would regard as progress might not be so regarded by another. For one temperament it would spell religion; for another science, and so on; there is no acknowledged uniform standard of judgment upon the point.

While the economic situation of the world undoubtedly appears at present to be in a pretty bad shape, yet there are evidences of progress lying beneath the surface upon which it is possible to erect a magnificent system of the future and this, since evolution undoubtedly is a fact, is sure to be realized in time at the surface of things.

The grewsome picture that Dr. Wallace draws of the world's present plight—the vain struggle of millions for sufficiency of the bare necessities of life, often culminating in starvation or suicide; the disgraceful traffic in young women; the prevalence of disease; the existence of slums in our cities; the social apathy of the government; the greed for wealth, etc.—surely constitutes a terrible indictment against both the state and the religion of the people.

The present situation, in the judgment of some observers of the deeper causes, is only transitionally acute. The crisis to which things have been brought in almost every department of human struggle foreshadows the approach of an inevitable change. In no case can matters remain long at so critical a tension; beyond the critical point there must be readjustment—a new life, a new form. It is of the near change to a new form that the optimistic prophets of the day are speaking, even hinting that it must come within the next generation or two and bring with it the promise of a new day for humanity in which such readjustments will take place as will give greater play to the principle of universal brotherhood in all the activities of life.

One man, living constantly within the atmosphere of the big business centres of our civilization, recently remarked to me that he had observed that the greater minds of the day in dealing with these problems are beginning to realize that there is but one key to the situation and that is *Brotherhood*. Men may say what they please, they may beat around the bush, may go off on a tangent, may take all kinds of side tracks, but finally they must come back to the fundamental proposition that the welfare of humanity is a practical spiritual problem, one that cannot be solved successfully unless the universal principle of the solidarity of the race be invoked and utilized

at every point. The moment that is violated, inharmony, discord and troubles arise.

What organization in this world could succeed if the head of it did not give his attention to the whole and work out every detail in harmony with all others, thus treating the enterprise as a single unified object of consideration? The same is true of humanity; unless the good of the whole is considered, there is certain to be inharmony and distress. Theoretically, government is based on the greatest good to the whole people and an ideal government would attain to that end; but how far short of this ideal modern governments come is clearly seen when one compares them with the system prevailing in ancient Peru, for example, as shown in that most remarkable book, *Man: Whence, How and Whither*. The failure of modern governments thus far to measure up to their responsibilities in this regard has left undone that which can only be attempted in some measure by individuals, and what a pity it is that our men of power have not yet discovered the reality of brotherhood and, therefore, the need to use their great talents for the good of the whole. If some of them would only seek to satisfy their ambitions as captains of industry, as builders of big business, as wielders of power in ways that include the welfare of all the people, their success would be sure and their names would live. It is strange that more men of deep acumen and ability have not realized this.

Some already have, in a way. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, has become a noteworthy philanthropist and is beginning to reap not only the fame but the personal joy of working for humanity. It is stated in the public press that, recently, upon the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday, he showed great happiness and youthfulness, expressing himself quite content with life here and desirous of continuing it indefinitely. No wonder he is filled with joy, considering the multitude of kind and grateful thoughts that are directed toward him now, for does any one, but the man wrapped up in ancient ignorance, doubt the fact that kind and loving thoughts react joyfully and happily upon those to whom they are sent?

If a man wants to create a heaven on earth, let him labor for the regeneration of humanity, physically, emotionally, mentally. Even if his object be to gain personal happiness instead of the higher virtue of seeking the enlightenment and happiness of all, still there is no surer way of gaining it for himself than by the way of practical altruism.





WHAT ABOUT REINCARNATION?

By Cornett Tyson Stark



"Into this life of cruel wonder sent,
Without a word to tell us what it meant,
Sent back again without a reason why,
Birth, life and death—'t was all astonishment.

"Yet sometimes on the instant all seems plain,
The simple sun could tell us, or the rain;
The world, caught dreaming with a look of heaven,
Seems on a sudden tiptoe to explain."



HISTORY repeats itself, not only when identical conditions arise again as is meant by the aphorism, but looked at from a towering viewpoint it is observable that there are regular cycles marked by the coming and going of the conditions themselves. With the universal processes of nature constantly declaring a method of periodicity to be the key-note of existence, yet to some the analogous reasoning as well as the postulates of students of reincarnation seems to be more assumed than self-evident. And yet the modern skeptical misunderstanding of this fact in nature is due more to belief by injunction than to any other one thing. It was at the second Council of Constantinople in 553 A. D. that the Church, for reasons best known to itself, repudiated the teaching of the truly learned Fathers who held the doctrine; since when it has been anathema.

Instances have never been wanting, even among those of our own race, of children who were thoroughly well aware of previous lives, but the self-sufficient incredulity of other people makes them reticent about the experiences which their own memories gradually lose as in later life they fully take on the conditions of our perverted civilization. Among the six or eight hundred million people outside of Christendom the knowledge has never been lost. To those who show a sympathetic interest there is available definite first-hand information regarding former lives, just as there is about after-death conditions.

Ordinarily when first given the idea of reincarnation, the alert in-

tellec at once suggests: "Why didn't I know it already, if it is so?" and further thought reassures: "How could I have forgotten a former life!" The feeling becomes confirmed that, if human reincarnation is a fact in nature, then such an important thing should be self-evident and widely known, whereas in intellectual nations and races the idea has generally been rejected as preposterous.

The point is well taken, but only an open mind can assimilate hitherto concealed information and to hastily arrive at conclusions adverse to the as yet unknown may prove a fatal form of caution. Use common sense, certainly, but judicious inquiry promises in this case to lead into a world of helpful knowledge from which we have long shut ourselves out. The knowledge of reincarnation has always been preserved and, wherever accepted, has proved an incentive to public spirit and to consideration for posterity, instead of the devastating selfishness so prevalent in our modern age. Observing and thinking people know well enough that there is something wrong with orthodoxy, in all branches of learning, and they are certain that life is unsatisfactory. The inequalities of conditions into which we are severally born and live and die are unjust and inexplicable—when judged by the criterion of one existence; not so when considered as one of a series.

"Why, then, do we not remember our past lives?" Some do, more or less clearly. The physical body which we inherit had no part in those lives of former times and therefore, no matter how eventful, nothing can be known of them unless imposed upon the present brain by the ego, the real man behind. This is nearly always very difficult of accomplishment and, besides, how many remember anything at all of the first year of their present life?

Many a person who has been near death but continued to live, as in some drowning cases, has related how everything done from birth till that moment passed quickly in review and he could realize how much had seemingly been forgotten. What happens in such cases is that the gross body is so nearly laid aside that there is sensed the true memory inherent in the ego, who persists through all life periods. When he ensouls a body with a part of himself, the confining form severely restricts his already acquired faculties. The body is necessary for manifestation in the physical state of consciousness, but it is a barrier to the recognition of other worlds at the time. It limits the capacity of expression to a world of action which is felt by us all in our hours of comparative uplift to be sordid, unworthy and transitory. In our times of mental effort and exaltation we realize to some extent that the life of the mind is the only life worth living, but reaction closely identifies us with our mere bodies and we forget even our previous state of aspiration.

There is no scientific doubt about the precision of natural law. It

is invariable, inexorable. Therefore the periodicity of events observable in nature all about us should forcefully declare the rationale of reincarnation. All things move in cycles, as witness the recurrence of the seasons, with all that that implies; and the recurring of our own manifestations in this form is no exception to the nature of physical existence. It should not, however, be confused with the theory of transmigration, or incarnation at random in the animal kingdom—metempsychosis. Instead, it is an orderly succession of lives in forms continuously becoming more plastic and adapted to the needs of increasing intelligence gained by experience. From life to life we gravitate to the place that in equity is properly ours, for such is karma, the law of consequence (inseparably connected with reincarnation). No matter what kind of a body may be produced by the parents, it is just the one needed by some one of the vast number of egos endeavoring to profit by another chance on earth. As soon as egos develop personalities which no longer limit divinity, just so soon do they graduate out of the worlds of earth which have no more to teach them. Fatigue, disease, accident and ensuing disintegration of the form are characteristic of the physical world. But the permanent part of all manifestation continues to replace the old by the new, assembling more highly organized bodies for use in the world of impact and change. With the Persian poet:

"Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running quicksilver-like eludes your pains,
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains."

It is the nature of the Logos to go on patiently carrying forward His many lines of manifestation, even despite temporary hindrance by self-motivated acts of ours, in which cases much effort is dissipated by our undisciplined personalities. But His will is compelling, irresistible, and the ascending spiral of evolution carries us in accordance with cosmic order whether we understand it or not.

In Theosophy, the law of periodicity as applied to our appearance on earth is expounded as being consistent with all other natural processes. We are taught that the portion of consciousness which we recognize as ourselves, seemingly separate from all else, is always focused in one or another of three worlds or conditions of matter—physical, emotional, mental—the planes of nature. The limitations of the bodies, or vehicles of expression, peculiar to each world confine the attention for the time, but after a time we die from the outer to be born to the ever more real worlds, thereby expanding this personal consciousness. Then, if still imperfect and subject to desire, we are by reaction brought back world by world to the physical one, and in this manner continue to separately function in all of them until by experience we have attained to transcendent wisdom.

Those who have attained to full comprehension of the scheme of creation seek to convey an understanding of the purpose of life to others less highly evolved but who wish to know more of Truth. Those Initiates, or Adepts, are termed Masters because they teach. Their teaching comprises mysticism, or devotional aspiration, and occultism. This latter enjoins physical and moral purification, or a willingness to part with whatever we have outgrown. To reach a condition of permanent and wholesome happiness is our constant hope. To do so we must now be building our future accordingly, because the natural law of compensation is invariable.

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And answered, "I myself am heaven and hell."

Evolution is the Divine Will and, once seen as such, we feel that *we must do what we know*. That is wisdom; that is the purpose of life—to learn to share the attributes of the Deity by closely following our intuitions; for that we incarnate and continually reincarnate; growing by trying to do what we know. That is what truth is to each one of us, so never necessarily the same for two persons at a given time. But by following what we feel to be true we learn more, because we then have use for it. To the extent that this is done the right will prevail and in building character we improve our future circumstances so that we can express more of the joy of living and of helping those less fortunate.

Altruism, and the analyzing of the personal self with a view to recognizing and overcoming imperfections, should be the aim of all earnest persons. Disregard of duty to others intensifies the illusion of separateness, while all can attest that selfishness does not satisfy. Suffering is the logical result of our wrong thinking and wrong doing throughout the long past and the sooner we intelligently work on in harmony with evolution, which impartially considers the welfare of all, the sooner shall we attain to freedom from error and to consequent liberation from birth in the worlds of partial expression. The goal of humanity, as such, is to outgrow them and to become reunited with all at the Divine Source, or to know the real Oneness of all in the worlds of full realization. The Nirvanic condition is not one of annihilation, as in the West it is commonly understood to be, but, rather, a state of well-being in perfection.

"With your soul turned towards the Fountain of Light work on to that great end for which you are here, your heart embracing all mankind, but perfectly resigned as to the result of your labors."

KAPAHEE

The Last of the Temple Guards

By A. F. Knudsen

[Editor's Note.—The Hawaiian Islands are a remnant of the ancient Atlantean continent, its natives descendants of that early fourth race. The white magic taught in the golden days of the Initiate Kings of Atlantis had been passed down, though in lessened and ever lessening degree, to this lowly people of the sea and been preserved by them within the ark of inner temples. But the powers of darkness, sorcery and superstition grew apace, broke into those temples, killed their custodians, rifled lodge secrets—and to the end that black magic has won. The following article goes to show that the last dying gasp of that ancient white lore of the islands was breathed out within our own generation, and so we believe that this narrative of "The Last of the Temple Guards" holds unique interest, especially to fraternalists in masonic and other secret Orders.]



WHEN I was a boy about six years of age I became acquainted with Kapahee. He was then a man approaching sixty years, maybe more, maybe less. Hawaiians trained in the *Tabu* never looked young or old; stern of countenance, alive and lithe of figure, they looked as old at forty as at ninety, for their training was ascetic, strict and hard—their loyalty such as is faithful unto death.

But the temples had all been swept away. The faith in the minds of the people had been broken and not yet reestablished in the religion of the missionary. The religion of the missionary itself was in process of development. In 1818 the strict, harsh Puritanism of the Connecticut of two hundred years ago was handed out to the Hawaiian. He had made a tremendous effort to comprehend it but, while he was thus endeavoring to comprehend, the religion of the

America of today swept in upon him; and between Puritanism, commercialism and scientific atheism, the years between 1818 and 1908 brought the Hawaiian intellect to a state well-nigh bordering on confusion.

Hawaiian religion was based on actual facts of nature; the Mysteries on facts of hypnotism; health and treatment of disease were

based on facts of suggestive therapeutics; faith in the high priest rested on the facts of clairvoyance, telepathy and thought transference; but today the Hawaiian is as skeptical of it all as the most educated of our people. He fails to use his faith and his intellect is not strong enough to apply the laws of hygiene and sanitation and so, between disease and carelessness, he is passing away.

Following out the old idea of the *Tabu* that a man should be useful at all times, Kapahee put his wonderful brain and physique at the service of the owner of the island of Niihau as boat-steerer for the whale-boat that crossed the channel to Kauai at irregular intervals, when communication was necessary. On one occasion, standing high in the stern of the boat loaded with white men, women and children and manned by five husky oarsmen, he was steering through the surf to make the landing at Kii; the smother of foam had caught at the stern of the boat, and it was leaping forward at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Just as he had called to the oarsmen to pull in their oars awhile and as he had strained over to hold the bow straight before the on-rushing water, the great 22-foot steering oar snapped off close to the blade. Anyone who has steered a boat in through the surf knows that when the bow swerves one way or the other, he has no time to think how it happened before the boat is broadside to the breakers and rolling over and over, helpless in the surf. But in a sec-

ond someone had cried out, "Kapahee is overboard." Everybody looked around and saw his body lost in the white foam under the stern of the boat. With one hand on the rowlock of the steering oar and the other deep down under the stern of the boat, he was using his body as a rudder, throwing it first to one side of the stern and then to the other against the rush of the water, holding the boat straight before the breakers. In two minutes the reef was passed; the breaker became a mere undulation across the little lagoon. Two oarsmen dropped their oars into the rowlocks. Kapa-



Few island ports have wharves. At most places passengers and freight are handled by boats.

hee climbed on board, seized an oar handed him by the stroke, and the boat landed on the beach.

His act saved the lives of all on board. It saved the boat and all its cargo. He had decided exactly what to do and had done it at the right time. The oarsmen of the boat heard the oar crack, but none of them saw him go overboard; it was done before they could look up.

Such was the seamanship of Hawaii; such was each member of the

crew in the ancient days when, with a little round calabash notched for the height of the north star above the horizon at Hawaii, a venturesome chief would sail for Nukuhiwa in the Marquesas Islands, which he knew lay at the *pikohonua*, or equator, or he would go to Tahiti or to Bolabola, islands known to the ancient Hawaiians hundreds of years before any modern means of navigation came into their hands. With such a crew it was probably a safe venture.

It was from Kapahee's own lips that I got my first information as to the existence of *kumu ola*, the source of all physical strength in human beings, situated within the human body and which by proper meditation and attention a man can reach and develop, which gives him strength to do all things necessary but is lost on doing anything unnecessary. It is of course useless to our civilization that is so fond of doing unnecessary things. But when Kapahee needed strength he had it, and when his whale-boat was swept away in the early days—about 1864—from the Kauai coast and swamped because of its heavy cargo and sunk far out on the western ocean, Kapahee was the only man that swam ashore. He started some time after the boat sank. Kauai had been lost sight of, but he knew the directions by the stars. The gale was blowing in a southeasterly direction, and he swam for Niihau because the currents that swept across the Pacific Ocean, as well as the wind and wave of the day, would carry him that way. When the dawn came he was close to Niihau; he landed on a little rock a mile and a half off shore called Lehua. There he ate some shell-fish and rested in the sun till he was warm, and then got into the water again. He swam across the little channel with the current running strong between the two islands, and it swept him about three miles down the coast just outside the breakers before he could land. He saw a whale-boat pulled up on Nanina beach and some men cooking fish over a fire, but they never looked his way. A few minutes earlier or later and probably the ever alert eye of an Hawaiian aborigine would have seen his head on the water and he would have been helped ashore but, instead, he was swept by while they were eating; no one looked up and it was too far for his voice to carry over the roar of the surf. Finally he pulled himself up on the beach, where he rested before he walked over to Nanina, there to find no inhabitant. Exhausted as he was with his twelve or fourteen hours' swim, he kept on down the path and reached the first village some time after dark, where he rested while others collected a crew to go to the help of any other survivors of the shipwreck who might be out on the ocean.

The whale-boat and two canoes scoured the ocean for hours, but they found no sign of wreckage nor of the lost crew. "The last I heard of them," said Kapahee, "they were singing hymns, but," he said, "I only chanted in a low voice the ancient chant—over and over again the words of power that link a man with the forces of the water

and the forces of solid matter, the forces of the air and of the unseen regions of the gods, the chant that brings to a man the gods them-



selves, the chant that tells a man that he too is a god when he has acquitted himself as a man."

"Tell me of this," said I, "what is this chant? What is this knowledge of man's being a god when he has acquitted himself as a man?"

And he said: "Some day three wise men—because since the first dawn of civilization wisdom has come by threes—some day three wise men will stand at your door and speak to you. You are now a boy, you are but a lad, but we will tell you the wonder-wisdom when you have the capacity to understand."

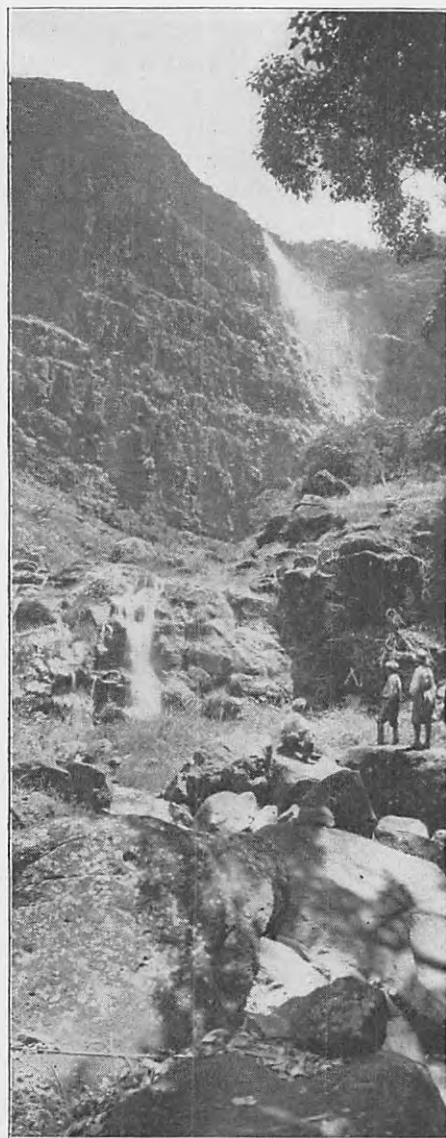
Now in 1817 and 1818, years of some importance to masonry in Europe and America, the old masonic rite of Hawaii was disestablished suddenly by the kings. For many, many years it had been almost impossible to get the proper apprentices. The interest of the people was absorbed in the wonders of the new civilization with which they had come in touch through the South Sea Island trade. Men had made voyages to America, Europe, China and the Arctic. Run-away sailors and "beach-combers" were living in nearly every village. New things were everywhere; new standards of morality, the standard of the whalemens and the South Sea Island trade; and the old wisdom of the priests and chiefs was ignored. Little by little all the lesser observances of the *Tabu* were swept away. One by one attendance at the inner lodge meetings was diminished. Forty thousand men sat in lodge to proclaim Kaumualii king in 1794; eight thousand were all that cared to gather together at his death to accept the then ruling king of Hawaii as king of Kauai.

For ten years no boy had willingly presented himself for his initiation; the last one initiated in the first step at twelve years of age

was Kapahee. It was not so much a matter of actual years as a matter of stature, physique and virile development. When a boy could stand the training he was passed on into it and so, alone, Kapahee took his oath to be a man and "preserve his virility, to preserve civilization with his life, to preserve the freedom of womanhood and to see that the children were fed." Then until he was eighteen he learned how to do those things, how to wrestle with such quick movement that his opponent, however well armed, was practically helpless against an unarmed warrior of the temple guard. He learned where the nerve-centres were, where a light blow could do the damage which a heavy blow, misplaced, could not. He learned to handle the spear and the war-club, learned to make no movement of eye or hand or muscle without a purpose, "lest the divine power be spilled out."

When he was eighteen he was initiated into the second, at nineteen into the third and at twenty into the fourth degree. He was then acquainted with all the knowledge required of a citizen; knowledge of the sea and the habits of all the fish; knowledge of the seasons, the crops and all that pertains to agriculture; knowledge of plants and herbs, whatever was required and could be used for medicine, for poison or for stimulant. He learned also—under terrific oaths and under the pledge that his body should be cut in two rather than that he should divulge any of the secrets taught—of the nerve-centres in man, and his spiritual powers. He learned how by meditation to draw upon the reserve power within him for vitality; how to turn vitality into that part of the body which required it; how to relax all but the muscles in active use; he learned how to keep his mind fixed for hours, for days, on one subject. He learned how to conquer the three enemies to man's fulfilling his destiny of becoming a god: the first inattention, the second worry and the great one fear; and so he prepared himself for his initiation into the three greater degrees. He was now a *koa*—the next initiation would make of him a chief: not a man in great authority but a man belonging to the official class, a man to take command when no greater than he was present.

But within a few days after the first of his great initiations all the temple service was swept away. From Kee beach at dead of night two war canoes put out to the west, loaded with all the paraphernalia from the Temple of Kilioi. Those who had pledged their lives that the secret emblems and symbols should never come to the eye of the profane had collected the insignia of office of the three highest degrees from all the temples on the north shore, from Waialua northward and westward. They paddled out until the wonderful mountains of Kauai were a blue spot like the size of a man's thumb nail on the horizon, and then the sacred chests and calabashes, all carefully weighted with stone, were thrown overboard and the sacred spears and maces of wood sunk in the depths of the sea. The



THE MOUNTAINS AND THE COAST OF KAUAI

apron of the high priest with its symbol—that could never be spoken of even, that had no name but simply that of being the nameless name—was sunk in the depths of the sea, and the little stone images and the stone that stood in the east end of the temple, that always stood at the feet of the presiding king, were also thrown overboard. None of the exoteric figures, none of the big crude carvings that stood round the temple for the edification and wonder of the com-

mon people were touched. Only the things that belonged to the inner temple were taken.

After this, on the south side of the island some of the chiefs held on for a few years, but finally there was too much danger of the sacred lore being divulged, too much danger of the power getting into the hands of the common people. The *kahuna anaana*, a race that had always existed, observers of the lesser mysteries, that refused or failed to take the higher initiations or to stand for the grim oaths of allegiance to the upright and straightforward life, were becoming more numerous. Despised and hated by those of the true lore, these hypnotizers, poisoners and traders in human superstition were beginning to flourish and establish schools. So another expedition was made. Traveling at night with their sacred emblems, they left the Temple of Hauola and went to Polihali. There they were joined by a remnant of the true priesthood of a lesser degree and again the same formality took place. After closing the temple in due order and procession, they marched down to the canoes and paddled out to sea until they were practically out of sight of land and then, as before, all the emblems were thrown overboard. But, lest some of the wooden things might float ashore and be found, a number of them were burned on the beach and, lest some necromancer in collecting the ashes might set a centre for concentration that would give him undue power, all the ashes were thrown into the sea. Kapahee was an actor in all this.

Then came the terrific mortality of 1831 and 1832. Smallpox swept the island, where no zymotic disease had ever been, and villages were left desolate. So many died that the survivors could not bury the dead, but fled helpless and desperate to the jungle, to the wilderness or to other villages, there to catch the disease or spread it. The population of Kauai was probably reduced, in a single year, to half what it had formerly been. Kapahee, Kualaa, Puako and some others held a conclave on the old temple floor of Polihali for the spirits of the departed, then moved over to the Temple of Hauola, the most sacred of all the temples, dedicated to the highest degree, and sat on the platform of the opening degree. They found that there were left of the ancient *Tabu* three men of the sixth degree; two of the fifth; these three friends of mine, and forty others of the warrior degree. No one was left who knew the highest degree. So, without any paraphernalia, without any insignia of office, without the capes or the aprons, without the altars or the pillars, but in the dead of night and safely guarded, one by one these forty men were initiated into the fifth and into the sixth degrees, not properly but as an emergency, because that which was too valuable to lose was in danger of being lost and it was better that it survive as a tradition than that it should be lost altogether. Then these men went forth

and sought out those who were worthy of being told, for they must



The last meeting of the village fathers at Mana—the home of Kualaaau.

only speak to those who were worthy and only tell when there were three together. Some of them went to Maui and some to Hawaii, and there the priesthood had done the same thing. The remnants had gathered together and communicated the degrees to the lesser brethren lest the whole be lost. However, there they found that the seventh and last degree had been communicated from one surviving initiate and they brought that back, for it was only by the accident of death that all of the sev-

enth degree priests of Kauai had been swept away before this final effort to preserve the secrets of the Order had been made. All of these were old men; Kapahee was the youngest by many years.

The following year the *kahuna anaana* met at a temple on the north side of the island, perfected an organization and trained their guards much in the old style, at least they were trained as the old warriors were trained below the fourth degree. Hearing of this, Kapahee, being the best warrior left, was sent over there to see what could be done to suppress it and break it up. He had the hereditary right to prevent the misuse of the spiritual power. He took two young lads with him who wished to see the other side of the island, and they went from village to village through Hanalei, Wainiha and Haena, and was successful in locating the chief source of the trouble. He found the chief priest of this new cult, a man of the third initiation, and on the strength of that commanded him to meet him on the beach at Kilioi at dusk, under the guise of a fisherman picking opihis. He then charged the man with the crime of establishing a false order and compelled him to commit suicide by swimming out to sea.

Mistrusting his man, he swam beside or behind him until he began to be fearful of the distance from land. The man then began to parley, and Kapahee saw that he would not be true to his oath.

Trusting his superior power and motive, he grappled with him, dived down into the sea with him, drowned him and, realizing that he was dead, left the body and swam back to shore. Knowing that he would be in danger, he had told the boys to return by the mountain path and await him in the caves of Kokee and, swimming down the coast, he landed at Kalalau at dawn, passed up over the mountain without being seen by any one in the village and joined his boys. As he would probably be followed as soon as the leader's disappearance was known, and wishing to settle the thing in the wilderness with as few lookers-on as possible, he sent his boys down into Waimea, by Kaou, for food, with instructions to meet him again as soon as possible, while he went up and sat on the trail coming from Kalalau. He reasoned that probably his visit to Wainiha had been carefully watched, that the boys' return had been seen, and that the fact that he disappeared in the direction of Kalalau would bring the avenger along that trail.

Next day the boys returned and came up to his place of vigil. Having then witnesses, he went up higher into the mountains, on the high peaks of the western range. Presently he saw a man approaching and he knew by the little weapon hanging over his shoulder that he was a guard of the new temple, pretending to have the insignia of the old temple guards. He said to the boys: "Watch here. If that man comes round the corner and I am not with him, fly for your lives to the nearest village and avoid him forever after; if I can persuade him to go back, as I may, we will return to the village; but if you mention anything of this experience you will probably drop dead because of the vengeance of the gods." The two youths, one his nephew, retired from sight while Kapahee advanced towards his nemesis.

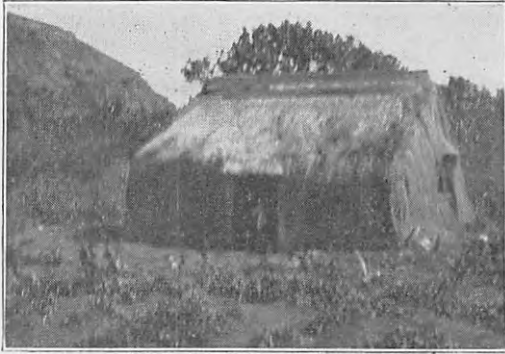
The man looked friendly; he exchanged gossip with Kapahee and presently said: "I thought I saw you yesterday in Haena," and then Kapahee knew that it was he the man was after. He wished to catch his opponent unawares and take him at a disadvantage, so he suddenly smiled, looked past him in the direction of Kalalau, and said: "Ah, who is here?" The follower of the clandestine temple looked around to see whom Kapahee was addressing. Instantly Kapahee's mighty hands were round the man's throat and in a few moments he was dead. Picking up the body, he ran down through the woods towards Honopu and threw it over a cliff where no man could get at it from above or below. Then he returned to the two boys and they hastened down through the night, each to his own village. He warned his mates that probably there would be other reprisals from the other temple, but so far he had made good.

This drastic action killed the organization of sorcerers as a definite body. Before many years the population of Kauai had greatly de-

creased; very few of the *kahunas* had any more capacity to withstand the ravages of the germ diseases than other people, and today the sorcerers are but a handful of pettifogging and foolish practitioners of hypnotism. Few, if any, have even a remembrance of the hypnotic power that they formerly tried to copy. One by one Kapahee's friends have died; Kapahee first, Kualaa in 1895 and Puako in 1897.

In 1894, a man from Hawaii, in order to form the "triangle" and the "square," traveled all round the other islands proclaiming his passwords and giving his signs, but got no response save from one old man on Lanai—and he was too old to really remember what he had known, but he recognized the sign and answered it on the beach of Lahaina.

Quite a number of old men know that there are certain signs that must be obeyed, but they do not know how to answer them. They know that certain phraseology gives you power and authority over the souls of men, but they do not know how to answer. In other words, they know there were signs and tokens of the advanced degrees; they are ready to obey, will follow to the death, but explain and understand they cannot.



A good example of the old Hawaiian type of grass-thatched house.

The old *kahuna anaana* will show you many things, each differing from the other as to the proper posture when performing incantations, and they will give you long rigmroles for incantation, but they are no better than the witches described in Shakespeare's play. They depend upon the superstition and fear of the people and not on their own innate power. To the *kahuna anaana* of today, poison is essential to the success of his ne-

furious practices; to confuse that with the temple worship of the ancient Hawaiian is to confuse folly with wisdom.

Kapahee, then, was the last native on Kauai to strike for the liberty of man in the name of the *Tabu* and break up the organized greed that would live on men's superstition. The wisdom of the ancients, however, was not preserved in Hawaii alone; it has been preserved by every nation in its traditions and it will not be many years before the ancient wisdom will come to her own in the Occident as well as in the Orient, because of man's need for the food it gives to body, soul and spirit.

SERVICE

By J. B. Lindon



IN the fair valley of the Somme in France, near the town of Abbeville, there is a small village called Crecy. The scenery is of that gentle kind which speaks to the mind of farms and pastoral happiness, but in the grim pages of history it is immortalized as the place where Edward III. of England gained his great victory over the French nearly six hundred years ago. It was a very terrible and bloody fight, waged in the spirit of ambition. Yet if we look a little deeply into the effects of things we may see that, as Shakespeare says,

The toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,

and if we take our mental part in that battle we shall undoubtedly find the jewel.

Let me first briefly sketch to you the picturesque scene. The English forces, consisting mainly of yeomen accustomed to the use of bow and arrow, had been harassed and beset for days by many times their number of the barons and knighthood of France. Tattered and torn, and half famished, with their communications cut, the English forces stood at bay near this little village of Crecy. Charge after charge was made by masses of the French cavalry, but the English yeomen met each onset with a rain of arrows, and by the end of the day there were over thirty thousand Frenchmen dead; a larger number than the entire English army. It was the first time in feudal history that yeomen had shown themselves able to conquer the armed barons.

Now let us look for our jewel. Amongst the French ranks was the blind old king of Bohemia. When he heard that the day was lost, he asked two faithful knights to lead him into the fight so that he might strike one blow for France; so they tied their bridles together, and the three died in the *melée*. When the young Prince of Wales passed over the field of battle in the evening, he found amongst the ranks of the dead this old warrior king and, taking the battered helmet from his head, he noted that it was inscribed *Ich Dien*—I Serve—a motto which he instantly adopted as his own. For six hundred years now the successive princes of Wales have worn, as the insignia of their rank, this motto: "I Serve," and truly they serve in a thou-

sand public services and their motto is ever in the minds of millions of men.

That was the jewel which the battle of Crecy bore in its ugly and venomous head and it is the jewel which all Theosophists proudly wear. But, simple as is the phrase "I Serve," its far-reaching incidence is complex beyond our understanding. The realm of service is as infinite as God's own cosmic scheme and the servants of that vast realm are of all grades. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to deal adequately with this greatest of subjects, but sometimes it is useful to go over the headings of a study wherein we desire to progress and see what fragments we have already gleaned and what wider portions remain for future acquirement. For when we look closely into any matter it is oftentimes surprising to see how full it is of the unexpected. You will recollect how in *Much Ado About Nothing* the two villains of the play, Borachio and Conrade, fall into the hands of the town watchmen and are taken before the famous Dogberry for examination. After recording the names of these misguided men, the garrulous Dogberry proceeds with the matter in hand by asking his prisoners:

Dogberry. Masters, do you serve God?

Borachio and Conrade. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogberry. Write down that they hope they serve God.

What a world of thought there is for us in those three short sentences! Through the suggestion of an ignorant watchman, we find ourselves face to face with the question which all of us have asked ourselves at so many turnings of life's long journey, "Masters, do we serve God?" then we have the somewhat offhand and careless answer, "Yea, we hope," and Dogberry gives us the pregnant comment, "Write down that they hope they serve God."

How those two words "hope" and "serve" clash in Dogberry's phrase! For service is absolute; whether dominant or unnoticed, eloquent or unheard, greatest or least, ever it is part and parcel of life. From all sources it flows to the fulfilment of God's plan. The bordering minerals of a stagnant pool render, in their dull unconscious way, their humble part in the scheme of things; and upward, unbroken, runs through all life the maze of service to God, whose own service—in the limitation of Himself—is vaster than our minds conceive. As an early writer of the Christian church has said: "Love, to be perfect and absolute, must have that to which love can be projected and which can return that love, and the cosmos and ourselves are the forms to which that love was and is sent out, and grows to the hour of giving that love back again."

Perhaps the simplest division into which we could classify the grades of service, as they affect our personalities, would be some-

what after this fashion. We might begin with that wide branch of service which exists between ourselves and the lowlier forms of life and embraces our relations, often close and affectionate, with members of the animal world.

Then above this diversified class would come the service which each and all of us should render to each other and to the world at large. This division of our subject should include all forms of human sympathy and wishfulness to aid and uplift and, like the familiar simile of the stone thrown into the pool, its concentric circles of loving service reach ever farther on the lake of life till they are lost in the reeds which whisper at the marge of heaven. Yet, higher and more potent, there is the service which, with increasing experience and wider knowledge, we render to one another on the astral and mental planes.

And next we might take the service which all of us owe to the Masters and the Great Ones. We cannot render to Them all the service which we would wish to do, but I take it that when one of us helps blind eyes across a road, or makes sad eyes bright with a kindly phrase, we are rendering true service to God and all beneath Him.

Higher still there are, for us, the almost unknowable grades of service which the Masters and the Great Ones give to us and God and all between. Nor does this inadequate tabulation embrace the ultimate heights, for service grows by service, and the rungs of the upward ladder widen as loftier altitudes are attained until they culminate in the topmost rung, which is the cosmic law, the immensity of God's love, the chiefest service of all.

It would be unprofitable to devote much time to considering the lowest types of service which occupy the earlier steps of our ladder; yet some of these lowly forms are very wonderful and their service real, albeit given under great limitations of consciousness. For service may not be wholly gauged by size or consequence. The parable of the widow's mite applies to all life and suggests, in scientific phrasing, that the ratio of service is proportionate to the opportunity rather than to the effect.

Who shall deny some credit to the microscopic foraminifera, whose brief lives and countless numbers form the block of marble out of which we carve the statue of a statesman? Nay, we can stoop lower in the scale of activities than this, for the densest matter serves God in its own way; and a comparatively high stage of evolution is attained when we reach the green mildew on a rotting board, which labors at the task of preparing the dead wood for transformation into fronds of beauty and flowers of exquisite coloring.

Above these myriad and unwitting furtherings of the mighty scheme of life, what a field for contemplation lies open before us in the love of animals for their little ones and the service they render

after their kind. See how the male animal will die in protection of its herd, or the female in defence of her young. Have you ever seen a bird flutter along a country path in front of you, trailing an apparently broken wing? Then, as you sought to pick up the wounded thing, she has fluttered further away, leading you on until suddenly she spreads her brave wings and, with a cry of triumph, flies away. She could not know that you would not harm the nest from the neighborhood of which she has thus led you at an imagined and self-imposed risk to herself. Is there not service here? There are those who will not hesitate to say, with Falstaff, that she did this thing "upon instinct." But instinct is a much abused word. Its features are those of its strong father, Experience, but the name of its gentle mother is Service.

Climbing higher in the scale, we meet the dull but fully conscious service of the savage as he grows more altruistic and worthy of his advanced place upon the rungs of the upward climb. Gradually the thought of self has widened within him until it has successively embraced his family, then his village, then his tribe; and his attitude of mind is leavened with that larger love which is the prompter and essence of true service.

Next come the variant crowds of men who pass across the stage of modern history and fill the civilized countries of the earth; until through them, and by them, we reach that sphere of service to which our past incarnations and experiences have brought us.

At this point may we not look downwards with some satisfaction to the long road whereby we have mounted and, with no fears or doubts but only trustful resolution, look upward to where the summit of our journey forms the blue infinite of aspiration? As we look down from our own humble altitude upon the road which we have thus far traveled, we see it has twisted in the valleys below into the form of the word *service*—as a child throws the peelings of a fruit to spell the name of someone dear to it—while above us the far road is hemmed by crags which echo "service."

Nor because we have attained thus far have our duties to serve the numberless climbers below us ceased. Our duties grow as we ascend, grow with our strength, grow with each vantage point from which we may aid and serve, for opportunities to serve increase by usage. That which would be good service if performed by the savage were meagre and perfunctory service if yielded by us. It could never, for instance, content the heart of a true Theosophist to be merely kind to animals. The cave-dwellers of the postglacial period had domestic animals, a fact which implies some degree of kindness in their treatment. From us so much more is requisite. We must seem as very gods to our four-footed servitors and pets, able to supply all their wants, to protect them in danger, to shelter, guard and

succor them. They come to us with their enquiring eyes full of simple questions, profoundly important to their growth. They look to us for guidance in all things and their trust in our omniscience is complete. To neglect or abuse that trust by any hasty word or lack of patient understanding were surely to fail in this form of service.

So with the ne'er-do-weels of our vaunted civilization our sense of service is rigid to ourselves although, at times, hard to fulfil. In *Light on the Path* we are told not to shrink from the blear-eyed, ragged loafer whom we jostle in the street, for in a life gone by we were as he is, or so closely associated with his unhappy condition that the experience has enabled us now to feel and sorrow for his state. There are very difficult side issues for all of us in this problem, but we may at least enwrap him in our kindly wishes and render him the service of our thoughts.

Then come our duties to those nearer to us in the scale of life. And here the opportunities of service are always many and generally easy. But the ease of service obviously does not merit consideration; it is the instantaneous and instinctive rendering of the service, without regard to ease or difficulty, which counts. Nor can we foresee the far-reaching results of any service, however small. It is noteworthy that in most of the great scriptures the magnitude of the service matters little. Christ was insistent on this, and urged that "inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me." All great teachers indicate the possible power inherent in apparently small services.

In Sir Edwin Arnold's versification of the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah occurs an excellent example. He relates how a devout follower of the Prophet, Ali by name, was wont to give so generously to the poor that he was often hard pressed by want himself. One day, returning hungry to his home, his good wife, having no food to give him, showed him where she had hidden six silver coins and sent him to buy dates and cakes with this last treasure of the family. On his way to the market he met an unhappy debtor being dragged to prison for lack of just the amount which Ali carried in his hand. Promptly he paid the delinquent's debt and returned empty-handed to his expectant wife and children. But the wife proved as gentle as Ali and, instead of blaming him, urged him to go to Muhammad and tell his troubles to that wise comforter. So Ali fared forth again and this time met a man leading the most beautiful camel ever seen in Mecca, which he pressed him to buy, for a small sum to be paid at a later hour in the day. Straightway Ali took the camel to the market-place where another Arab greatly admired the beast and insisted on counting into his hand three times the price due from Ali to the original owner.

In that charming story we may note that Ali not only willingly

rendered assistance to a man in urgent need but came, as a consequence, into direct touch with the Great Appreciators of service. He was not merely written down as "hoping to serve God," but served so truly that God sent special messengers to show him this.

Sometimes it happens that a service seemingly trivial may prove beyond all bounds great in its results. Let us take as an instance that description in *The Light of Asia* where Sujata brings to Buddha a specially prepared bowl of milk. To her pure and simple mind, this gift was the fittest expression of her gratitude for a boy born to her. So, with all gentle deference, she presented her offering to "the Holy One inhabiting this grove" and all her heart was filled with pleasure at his acceptance of her gift. She could not know by what long passage of many lives she had been led to this action for, simple as her service seemed to her, its direct consequence was vast beyond all measure.

So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return, as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream.

And he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bodhi-tree, beneath whose leaves
It was ordained that truth should come to Buddh.

How gracious must have been the karma which enprivileged that humble service, fraught with such results. Apart from any considerations of the poetic treatment of the story or any mental admission that the incident might belong to the priestly habit of embroidering all traditions, we may realize that the gift of milk was in no sense essential to the recovery of strength by Buddha; yet, in meeting with this gem of literary illustration, we do well not only to accept its perfect aptness but also its purity.

Nevertheless, there are great services as well as small; services rendered to all, yet renderable by few, for great service implies the developed power to seize and use great opportunities. To serve widely comes only with the earned right to serve. The "hope to serve" must be translated into actual servings, many and cumulative, e'er the power to serve grows by what it feeds on. Think what services have been wrought for men by the poets and philosophers, by the discoverers of scientific secrets and of healing, by the moulders of thought and by the guiders of nations. Consider what power for good vibrates from a perfect piece of art, what aids toward original thinking dwell between the covers of a noble book. Yet they who did these things did not jump in one life from laggardness to such grand

service. Many lives of patient serving grew to this worthiness to serve so well.

And now our theme has borne us beyond the range of individual service into the realm of world service; the service to which we all aspire and wherein we shall all eventually take our part in an ever increasing degree. Even now we all look upward, hoping to serve from higher planes, for on the astral and mental planes we can and do render service, each in our several abilities and ways. We cannot always bring back to the physical brain the memories of the aid and counsel given on these planes or ofttimes received from others more advanced than ourselves; but, despite our broken recollections, many of us do undoubtedly meet and aid each other astrally or in thought and it is curious to note how one will remember the meeting and the other forget.

And then our upward gaze turns in grateful acknowledgement to the loving and uplifting service ever vouchsafed to us, with infinite grace, by the Great Ones, by the Great Ones to God, and by God to all. And, as we look downward to the countless climbers below and upward to the many rungs of the spreading ladder of service, we feel within us the resolution rather than the "hope" to serve. Our development, through many past lives, has given us the right to serve in high form and in singleness of purpose, and our development through future lives will assuredly bestow upon us the right to serve in still higher form and in loftier measure. In our hearts is opening the flower of love to all, and the conscious wish to help the struggling world below, around and above us. We may reach helping hands down to those beneath us and ease, where we may, the burdens of our comrades beside us on the upward path of life; whilst ever in stronger tones we hear the true Self say not Dogberry's crippled phrase, but the far deeper thought of Hamlet:

The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.



The ancient doctrine of transmigration seems the most rational and most consistent with God's wisdom and goodness; as by it all the unequal dispensations of things so necessary in one life may be set right in another, and all creatures serve the highest and lowest, the most eligible and most burdensome offices of life by an equitable rotation; by which means their rewards and punishments may not only be proportioned to their behavior, but also carry on the business of the universe, and thus at the same time answer the purposes both of justice and utility.

Soame Jenyns.

A FEW POINTS ON THEOSOPHY

By Lawrence Broadwell

BEFORE entering into a cursory examination of a few points on Theosophy we wish to state most emphatically that we are not posing as a teacher. One can teach only that which he knows, and can only know that which comes within his own personal experience and by this experience is assimilated into his being and becomes a part of himself. When he seeks to impress upon others that which he merely believes to be true, whether based wholly upon his own conjectures or upon the conjectures of others, he becomes only a blind leader and is in no sense a teacher.

There is a vast difference between belief and knowledge. One may believe a thing so implicitly that he would be willing to stake his life on it, yet may afterwards learn that he was wholly in error. It has been aptly stated that "belief is a confession of ignorance." Belief in a thing is proof that one does not know. A child may believe that he can place his finger against a red-hot stove without its producing an unpleasant result, but when he acts upon this belief he receives an experience that is immediately transmuted into knowledge, and the belief which prompted the act is at once relegated to the junk-heap of erroneous ideas. Each day of our lives we do many things which we believe to be for the best only to learn later that our actions were prompted by blind ignorance. Our intentions may indeed be good, but that does not remove the sting of error. The great Law of Life is no respecter of persons. If we do right, ignorantly, we receive the benefits of right action; if we do wrong, ignorantly, we reap the results that flow from wrong action. The importance of acquiring knowledge, therefore, cannot be overestimated, since we cannot consciously progress without it.

But it should be borne in mind that listening to lectures and reading books can never give us one single grain of true knowledge, although they may be very helpful indeed in suggesting to our minds thoughts and ideas that will be of much assistance in acquiring knowledge. We should recognize the fact that knowledge is a state of mind that cannot be conveyed from one person to another, but that each person must acquire it by his own volition. Just as the food

that we eat is transmuted into blood and flesh and sinew, so experience and the impressions that we receive through experience are by a similar mysterious process of fusion transmuted into faculties of pure knowledge. As it is impossible for one person to eat food for another, so it is equally impossible for one person to acquire knowledge for another. For although one might read all the books in the great libraries of the world, he would not know one whit more than when he began. He would simply have added to his own bundle of ideas the ideas as expressed by a vast multitude of authors, all of which would have to be reduced to actual experience before their proof or disproof could be established on the basis of actual knowledge. If the highest God ever evolved in all the realms of being were to incarnate among us and should explain to us the normal functions of life on the higher planes, such revelation would add nothing at all to our knowledge; for, although we might accept the statements as being literally and absolutely true, we certainly would not know them to be true, nor would we ever know them to be such until we had evolved on those or up to higher planes and had learned the facts for ourselves.

What we shall say, therefore, is not based upon our own personal knowledge but upon the teachings or ideas that have been presented by others. Whether they be true teachings or merely the fanciful speculations of those that have presented them to the world, each person must of course judge for himself.

Nothing appears to be more obvious to our understanding than that we are in the midst of a vast evolution—that we are somewhere on the path of a great pilgrimage. Reason is staggered and absolutely refuses to believe that we have been evolved out of nothing and shunted into this earthly veil of intermingling sunshine and tears without any destiny or distant haven into which to steer our crafts, our personalities but evanescent happenings in the bosom of Chaos without rhyme or reason—life itself void and purposeless. Swathed and buckled by a thousand ties within the narrow limits of a physical sheath that responds but feebly to the higher aspirations of the soul, man gazes about with unseeing eye upon the mysteries of life and of his own being and is overwhelmed when he realizes the magnitude of his own impotence.

Where did man come from and whither is he bound? If we look back into the past for a solution of the mystery, if we attempt to peer into the abysses of eternity, our eyes are blinded, our vision obscured. If we seek to pierce the veil that enwombs the future and hides it from our soul's perception, we find ourselves enmeshed within the barriers of our own ignorance and struggling almost as hopelessly as a caged beast beating against the bars. But because we have been unable to pierce the gloom of our enshrouding ignorance, be-

cause we have been too deeply mired in selfish thoughts, too thoroughly enwoofed within the web of our own passional imaginings to seek out one small interstice in the enfolding blackness through which the sunlight of knowledge might pour into our stupefied souls, shall we assume that all other men in all other ages have likewise failed? If so, then how shall we account for those luminous characters that have emblazoned both tradition and history, whose every word and act bespoke self-knowledge and self-mastery, and whose lives were devoted to the uplift of the erring and the weak? How shall we account for such Beings as Krishna, Patanjali, Confucius, Zoroaster, Gautama Buddha, Jesus and a host of others whose teachings have ever served as beacon lights to guide the footsteps of humanity, unless we concede that they were men of superior mold who had broken through the entrammeling fetters of the physical senses and resolutely pressed forward up the rugged mountain side to the topmost peak of knowledge, and there bathed in the supernal light of Divine Wisdom?

But are there not among us today men that have developed within themselves supernormal powers and faculties and have traversed certain obscure stretches along the path of knowledge that are as yet untrodden and unknown to the masses of mankind? A cursory examination into the field of psychic phenomena will doubtless convince the earnest investigator that, lying dormant and unrevealed within man's subconscious nature, are "powers and potentialities that need only to be awakened in varying degrees to make of man a genius or a god."

How shall the latent powers be aroused and urged on to fruition? What magic wand shall awaken them from their slumberous cradle in the womb of time? The Masters of Wisdom have pointed out the way. The great World-Teachers have presented us with the key that will open to our minds the secret recesses of our own souls and reveal to us the hidden jewels that form the intangible links in the mysteries of life. Slumbering in man's inner self is the seed-germ of a god, whilst latent in the lower forms within the realm of nature are all the powers and potentialities that now characterize the normal man.

When man knows himself, he knows all. From the lowest to the highest in all the realms of being, no fundamental differences mar the harmonious gradation of unfolding powers. Man need not go outside himself to learn the mysteries of nature and of God. By intense introspection, long-continued and sustained, he may in time learn the inmost secrets of his own soul and, having thus developed the clairvoyant vision of prophet or sage, may see in all created forms, from the lowest to the highest, the multifariously-expressed essence of his very self. For God is the One Life that fills the universe and the One Life plays through countless myriad forms. A recog-

nition of the oneness of all life—a recognition that each individual is a ray having its root in a common Central Sun, that all are as inextricably connected with this Primal Source as are the fingers of one hand—and the basing of all thoughts and actions upon this recognition alone can bring one into perfect harmony with his own inmost nature. The more one lives out of harmony with his true nature as an integral part of Divinity, the more pain and suffering he encounters along the pathway of his earthly pilgrimage.

There is but one sin that disfigures beauty and tarnishes the reflected effulgence of the unfolding soul, and that is the introduction of a discordant note in the evolutional attuning of life's symphony. The adjusting of our individual lives to the inherent tendencies of the One Life is the fulfilling of every duty that man owes to God. He that is quick to respond to every throb of sympathy that radiates from the heart of Infinity becomes a devotee of Wisdom, into whose soul the Unconditioned One pours forth the golden fruitage of all the ages as a voluntary offering of love. The consecrating of one's whole life in thought and deed to a continuous outpouring of love to God and humanity will open the flood-gates of the soul to the engulfing glories of the higher life that knows naught of the limiting fetters forged by the ties of earth. Intense mental concentration—his thoughts saturated with the purifying qualities of altruism—leads man unerringly along the path of spiritual unfoldment. But spiritual growth cannot be attained merely by the concentration of one's mental activities if those activities be directed purely along intellectual lines. The thoughts must be bathed in heartfelt sympathy for our fellow men before the spiritual bud can unfold its glories and rise in majesty and power.

It is distinctly taught by the Masters that each human monad is a small centre of consciousness that has been focused into individuality, but is inextricably connected with all other individual centres by an intricate maze of subtle filaments that make him substantially one with every creature. The magnetic threads that connect each individual with his fellow men, although invisible to physical eyes, are delicately responsive to every feeling and are set a-thrill and quickened into more refined instruments of communication with others by every throb of sympathy that rays forth as a creative energy from the evolving monad. From this it will appear that no outward form of religion, no ceremony can ever give one single spark of impetus to spiritual growth, but that a kindred feeling for all sentient beings is the foremost and indispensable factor in the harmonizing of one's life.

We should seek spiritual unfoldment by developing and refining our inner feelings, by displacing hatred with love, by overcoming selfishness with generosity and by supplanting our indifference to-

ward others with the keenest sympathy. When we have thus succeeded in shaping our natures in the forge of human love and affection it then remains for us to practice steady, unswerving mental concentration, which will carry us rapidly forward from one stage of unfoldment to another. But in all this seeking for spiritual growth we should be very careful of our motives and subject them to frequent searching analysis, in order that no element of selfishness may enter our minds to mar the harmony of our love-lit conception of brotherhood.

As pointed out in *Light on the Path*, we should desire power ardently, but the desire should be ever associated in our minds with the helping of our weaker brothers who are toiling painfully along the rugged road, lest they succumb to weariness and fall by the wayside. A crust of bread to a starving man, if it is the best that we can do, a word of cheer to those that are spiritually weak and faint, a loving thought sent out to an erring brother—all these are immensely potent as factors in the uplift of the race. We should seek to become veritable fountains of truth and knowledge, sending forth in every direction streams of love-laden thoughts that will serve to neutralize and overcome the stifling magnetism of selfishness and bestiality and, by impinging on the minds of our fellow beings, inspire them to ideal thoughts and noble deeds. The poorest vagrant that wanders along our highways can do as much on the mental plane for the uplift of the race as the millionaire, and infinitely more if the latter confines his good deeds merely to the distribution of worldly alms. It is on the higher mental plane that influences are set adrift that turn the current of men's thoughts to better things. Mind works upon mind. Upon this invisible plane mighty forces play that oftentimes express themselves in strange, inexplicable ways. An ingenious thought of a mechanical nature may arise in the mind of one, pass out and impinge on the mind of another whose thoughts are of an infinitive nature and, through the hands of the latter, may find material expression as the latest invention of the age. In like manner, a pure and loving thought liberated and sent forth as an angel of reform may find lodgment in the mind of another and, arousing to activity those elements in his nature with which it can harmonize, cause him to turn away from an evil intent. Discord added to discord can never bring harmony, but peace, when introduced into the midst of warring elements, may spread its soothing and refining influence until complete harmony is at last established. Thus do we see the truth of the olden precept that one cannot overcome evil with evil, but must "overcome evil with good." Upon the realization of this truth and its exemplification in practice depends the future welfare of the race.

WORDS AND DEEDS

By Charles Lazenby



HERE is an ancient theme on which writers of all ages have delighted to express themselves; for, I take it, no joy can be compared to that of the creative artist who, finding a theme to his mind, is able to express by its means all the fulness of his imagination. Emerson, our great comrade, and Montaigne have both found it a not unpleasant task to portray in clear-cut and polished phrases the great difference that may exist between the words of an orator or an author and his personal actions. Those who delight to carp and be critical of men whose very shadows are brighter than the brightest light possessed by the censor, who in his narrow spleen delights to find flaws in the character of some genius, are not without grounds for their philippics.

Yet, indeed, this divergence of ideal and action is as necessary as the shadow in a sunlit landscape. It would be a sorry man, and one who had not yet achieved any great place in the estimation of mankind, whose actions and ideals could be perfectly synchronous. Even the wise comrade of Galilee, who in his teachings taught only kindness and love to his fellow man, did not, on occasion, scruple to destroy a herd of swine without any compensation to the Gadarene farmer. This does not make Jesus any less, but it makes him infinitely more human.

We all recognize two levels of consciousness within ourselves—one filled with ideality, clear and beautiful thinking, noble aspirations and perfect resolves and, at the same time, we live in a world of continual compromise with these very ideals. We are prone to associate ourselves with the ideals rather than with the actions, but what is really iniquitous is our tendency to condemn our fellow man when he acts contrary to these ideals of ours rather more sternly than we condemn ourselves. We can always find mitigating circumstances, and we can placate with rare skill our conscience when it points out to us our own incongruity. This is not altogether wrong if we would do the same thing for our fellow sinners. If we are Theosophists, we can no doubt in our own case speak very feelingly of the wretched karma that has pursued us out of the past, but we seldom speak in the same loving way of the bad past karma of our fellow man.

There is a force in nature, which the Hindus call *rajas*, that is continually bringing into contrast within the consciousness the ideals in the mind and the habitual actions of the daily life, and this energy compels the man to overcome any habits discordant with the ideal. If an author or an artist waited until his actions were the perfect embodiments of beauty and harmony which he sees in his ideals, then the world would have no great art and there would be no outer expression of beauty. This is so because there is no final ideal in the universe, and the instant we achieve the outer realization of our inner conceptions we find it is but a gateway to a much grander and nobler vista. This is so eternally in the ever-becoming life of the Lord in us.

Poets and prophets are great, not because of their actions but because of their expressed thoughts. A hundred years from his time a man is known not through personal incidents, but through that created art and atmosphere which expressed his ideals. No matter how high our ideals, we cannot exhaust the perfection of the universe; therefore let us not hinder our imaginations in the building of transcendental conceptions but let us give ourselves free scope to think beautiful thoughts, assured that our actions will gradually follow them and that we shall certainly become that which we think.

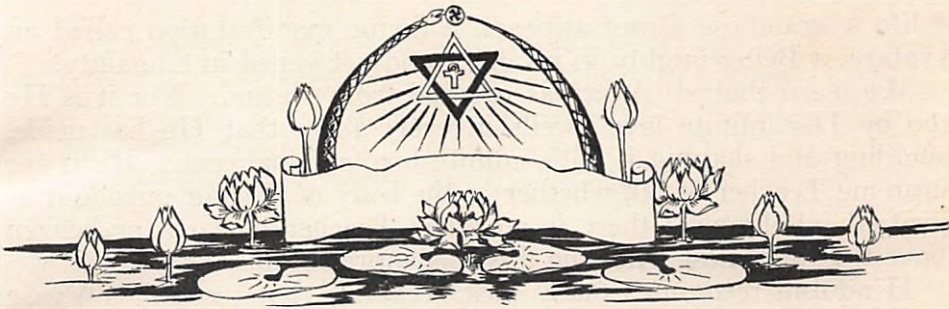


"Karma is the eastern word for what the West knows as the Law of Causation, applied to personal experience. In Christendom the full recognition of this great principle, like that of its mate, reincarnation, lies dormant; but it is merely an extension into the spiritual domain of the fundamental premise of all science, the substratum of common sense, the cardinal axiom of every philosophy—that each effect has an adequate cause and each cause works infinite consequences. Briefly, the doctrine of karma is that we have made ourselves what we are by former actions and are building our future eternity by present actions. There is no destiny but what we ourselves determine. There is no salvation or condemnation except what we ourselves bring about. God places all the powers of the universe at our disposal, and the handle by which we use them to construct our fate has been and is and always shall be our own individual will. Action (karma) of the spirit, whether in the inner consciousness alone, or by vocal expression, or in outward act, is the secret force which directs our journeys through infinity, driving us down into the gloomy regions of evil, of matter and of selfishness, or up toward the luminous fields of good, of spirit and of love."

What sleep is for the individual, death is for the will [character]. It would not endure to continue the same actions and sufferings throughout an eternity, without true gain, if memory and individuality remained to it. It flings them off, and this is lethe; and through this sleep of death it reappears refreshed and fitted out with another intellect, as a new being—"a new day tempts to new shores."

These constant new births, then, constitute the succession of the life-dreams of a will which in itself is indestructible until, instructed and improved by so much and such various successive knowledge in a constantly new form, it abolishes or abrogates itself.

Schopenhauer.



WORLD-TEACHERS OF THE ARYAN RACE

VYASA;* HERMES; ZARATHUSTRA;
 ORPHEUS; GAUTAMA BUDDHA;
 SHRI KRISHNA; JESUS, THE CHRIST.

(Continued from page 271)

The first great Aryan people had as the World-Teacher the great One known under the name of Vyasa, and He taught the one truth by the figure and the symbol of the Sun. The Hindu today will tell you of the Person, of the Spirit of the Sun, and the most sacred formula, the most powerful mantra, of Hinduism is still a cry to that supreme Sun, and the prayer that it may irradiate the hearts of men. The Sun in the heavens—yes, the visible symbol of the Godhead; the Sun in the heart of man, the Self individualized in him; that both were identical, and that man must find the Reality within himself ere he can know it as a certain truth outside him. It was in that form that the teaching was given to the mother of our sub-race and still exists in the Indian land today.

Annie Besant.

V Y A S A

By Adelia H. Taffinder



THOSE who have read something of the wondrous story of the past will know that the choosing out, evolving and making a new race is a thing which takes many thousands of years; that the two who are to be its king and priest are at their work throughout the centuries, selecting the men who may be the seeds of the new race; that at the beginning of these great cycles when the world enters on a new phase

*The introduction to this series of sketches, compiled from writings of Mrs. Besant, appeared in the January number, and gave a bird's-eye view of the subject of World-Teachers. The present article treats of one special World-Teacher; succeeding months will similarly deal in turn with each of those named above.

of life a grandiose figure appears, a divine manifestation called an Avatara, a Being mighty in his deity and yet veiled in humanity.

We learn that all Avataras proceed from Vishnu. For it is He who by His infinite love dwells in every form that He has made, moulding and shaping it with infinite love and patience. He is the Supreme Teacher of all, whether in the body of flesh or outside it as spiritual intelligence; there is no other Teacher in earth or heaven above that mightiest One who fills this supreme office.

Hinduism recognizes many past Avataras, but recognizes Vyasa as the first who came to our fifth root race—the Aryan race—at its beginning in ancient India. The name is from the Sanskrit, meaning literally one who expands, amplifies, or reveals. Vyasa is then the “revealer” who explains the mysteries to the neophyte by expanding and amplifying to him their meaning. In its highest application the term was therefore specifically applied to the Sublime Initiator, the Supreme Guru, the great World-Teacher of the race.

Vyasa taught the people to worship the sun as the symbol of God and thus to recognize their unity with Him. That infant people, with the mind but little developed, with only four of the senses, as we now have them, fairly well developed, the fifth still a-birthing, had to be taught by symbols; so He used the most sublime, the most exalted, the most supreme of all symbols, the sun, the physical sun in the heavens. His message was that human beings are essentially divine; that they are in the path of evolution; that they are the evolving God within; that they came forth from the Divine Creator germ-like; and that the scheme of evolution, the round through life and experience, is purposeful in bringing man out, evolving the God within and bringing him back to his Father in a state of perfection.

So to that infant race of people this Supreme Teacher would point to the sun as the symbol and giver of all physical life, and they were able to see it. “As that is the giver of all life, is the sustainer and producer of all physical life, so is there One who dwells in spirit form in the heart of every creature, one with that Supreme One.” This doctrine that Vyasa taught has remained even until this late day—that He dwells in the heart of every creature, in the heart of the human, in the heart of the animal, in the heart of the vegetable, yes, in the heart of the mineral; for all that lives is from Him.

By the use of this great symbol of the sun as Giver of all Life the Supreme Teacher was able to attract thus the mind of humanity to something higher than itself, to something above the lowly savage state. Humanity lifted up its head from the cold damp earth in the morning time and worshiped that sun and, when the night-time approached and the orb of light was sinking in the west, it fell on its knees and prayed for the sun’s return so that mankind might have its warmth, its life-giving rays and the joy and beauty of its shining.

Thus was founded what we know as the Sun Religion, a complete religious system worked out and in use, with its ritualism thoroughly established ages and ages before the period of writing was known.

The *Vedas* are admittedly the oldest of books, and they bring down to us this supreme teaching. The *Vedas*—meaning “Sacred Knowledge”—are written in Sanskrit, a language whose grammatical rules and forms, as Max Muller and other scholars confess, were completely established long before the days when the great wave of emigration bore it from Asia all over the Occident. They proclaim the parentage of every philosophy and every religious institution developed later among Semitic peoples. They contain the hymns in which the Aryans who first entered India praised their gods, the oldest of such believed to have been composed 2400 years B. C., or 4200 years ago. There are over one thousand of these hymns; their authors are called Rishis, which word means seer, or sage. The descendants of the most celebrated Rishis formed complete collections of the hymns which had been composed by their respective ancestors. After being thus handed down in the families of the original authors for several centuries, during which many of them were continually applied to the purpose of religious worship, these hymns, which had been gathering an accumulated sanctity throughout all this period, were at length collected in one great body of sacred literature styled the *Sanhita of the Rig-Veda*, a work which is assigned to Vyasa and one of his pupils.

The *Vedas* have really been text-books of law, possessing a remarkable flexibility which has preserved them through so many ages, when other ancient religions perished. The completion of the fifth *Veda* is attributed to Vyasa. It contains the two great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. The former is “the history of the family of the Solar Race.” It gives a vivid picture of Indian life in that remote period in the history of humanity, and is intended to provide a model of fraternal affection and mutual service leading to prosperity and general welfare that may serve as a lesson and inspiration in true Aryan living and a model of kingship for all Aryan rulers, and it furnishes the most perfect example of womanly fidelity, chastity and sweetness found in any literature. The latter relates “the history of the family of the Lunar Race,” a story of an age in which good and evil contend with almost equal strength. It teaches to perform duty as duty, to carry out the duty, the dharma, as imposed by one’s position in life; it forms an encyclopedia of history, morals and religion not surpassed or even rivaled by another epic in the world.

Vyasa was the compiler of the *Puranas*, which also contain the history of those remote times. They also describe regions of the universe not visible to the ordinary physical eye. Through all this ancient lore the ethical teaching is based upon right action; thus we read from the Sanskrit: “Vyasa has said but two things in the whole

of the eighteen *Puranas*: 'Doing good to another is right; causing injury to another is wrong.'"

Vyasa taught the ancient Aryans to worship the Deity as Agni, as the Lord of Fire. They did not place the earth in the highest rank; she was only partly divine, but it was not so with the element of fire, the most occult force on earth, that force of mystery and shapeless power which pervades all flashings of light. These all come under His rule, are modes of His being and condition it according to the region where the manifestation takes place, from light in the farthest heaven down to the physical fire that burns on the hearth. Therefore Agni, the mighty, the self-shining, ruling in the fiery region, is yet chanted in the *Sama Veda* as "the Lord of the homestead," for the household fire is also His and through it He works. He it is who lives among men, who is the messenger between earth and heaven, the sole guardian and guiding power left to shelter men and dispel the gloom when the Sun-God has set. His wonderful birth from two pieces of wood rubbed together is sung in glowing language. The ten fingers of the kindler are the ten virgins who bring him into being; the two pieces of wood are his father and mother. As butter, when thrown into the flame makes it mount higher and higher and burn brighter, that gift to Agni was thought to be the most acceptable and, it was believed, carried to heaven the gifts heaped upon it.

We are told that the religion Vyasa Himself taught had no temples, no priesthood, no idols; the influence of His teaching of the sun and its fiery life-giving rays, as symbol to remind man of the universal invisible presence of Him who is master of life and death, can be traced all around the globe within many later forms of worship. In its pristine purity it was that God was "nearer than hands and feet" and that the spirit that dwelt in the Sun and the spirit in the heart of man were one with the Creator of all.

(To be continued)

We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.

Emerson.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.

Shelley.

We cannot yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it. Is all that remains lost?

George Macdonald.

PYTHAGORAS

GREEK PHILOSOPHER; FOUNDER OF A BROTHERHOOD
AT CROTONA; INITIATE TEACHER

By Isabel B. Holbrook

(Continued from page 248)



Pythagoras, to render his disciples capable of Philosophy, prepar'd them by a discipline so strict and severe, as might seem incredible to have been undergone by free persons, were it not founded upon the great authority and reputation which he had amongst them.

^a The credit of their Opinions they conceived to be this, that he who first communicated them was no ordinary person, but a god; and one of these aconsmata is, Who Pythagoras was; for they say, He was Hyperborean Apollo. ^b In confirmation hereof, they instance those wonders related in his life, and the like, which being acknowledged to be true, and it being impossible they should all be performed by one man, they conceive it manifest, that these relations are to be ascribed, not to a human person, but to something above mankind: This they acknowledge; for amongst them there is a saying, that,

^c Two-footed Man and Bird
Is, and another third.

by which third they meant Pythagoras. And Aristotle, in his book of Pythagorick Philosophy, relates, That such a division as this was preserved by the Pythagoreans, amongst their ineffable Secrets: Of rational animals, one kind is God; another, Man; a third between both these, Pythagoras.

My life is secure and quiet, but yours will no way suit with me. A moderate and self-denying person needs not a Sicilian table. Pythagoras, wheresoever he comes, hath all things sufficient for the day, but to serve a lord is heavy and intolerable for one unaccustomed to it. Self-sufficiency is a great and safe thing, for it hath none that envies or conspires against it; whence that life seemeth to come nearest God. A good habit is not acquired by venereal pleasures nor high feeding, but by indigence, which leadeth to virtue. Various and intemperate pleasures enslave the souls of weak persons, but especially those which you enjoy, inasmuch as you have given yourself over to them; for you

are carried in suspense and cannot be safe, because your reason opposeth not itself to those things which are pernicious. Therefore write not Pythagoras to live with you, for physicians will not fall sick to bear their patients company.

Pythagoras to Hiero.

*The Pythagoric letter Y two ways doth spread,
For the two paths in which Man's life is led,
The right-hand track to sacred virtue tends,
Though steep and rough at first, in rest it ends;
The other broad and smooth, but from its crown
On rocks the traveler is tumbled down.
He who to virtue by harsh toils aspires,
Subduing pains, worth and renown acquires;
But who seeks slothful luxury, and flies
The labor of great acts, dishonored dies.*

Lactantius.



IAMBLICHUS says of Pythagoras: "He pursued his studies with admiration, not out of superstition but out of love for knowledge and a fear lest anything worthy to be known should escape him." At the age of eighteen he began his travels in search of vaster knowledge, which occupied him throughout the middle portion of his life. He got initiated into all the Grecian and barbarian sacred mysteries and into the mysteries of Byblus and Tyre, during which time he lived mostly in seclusion in the temple on Mt. Carmelus. From there he went to be taught by Thales who, after he had had him as disciple for some time, knowing the promise of the student, exhorted him to sail to Egypt so that he might receive direct teaching from its priesthood, who had taught Thales himself the Mysteries of the Gods. The story of his departure and voyage to Egypt as given in Stanley's *Translation*, Chapter iv, attracts our attention:

Some Egyptian mariners, passing accidentally along that coast which lies under Carmel (a Phœnician mountain, where he spent much of his time in private retirement at the Temple), willingly received him into their ship. But observing, during the voyage, how temperately he lived, keeping his usual diet, they began to have a greater esteem for him; and perceiving some things in the excellency of his demeanor, more than human, they reflected within themselves how that he appeared to them as soon as they landed, coming down from the top of the mountain Carmel (which they knew to be more sacred than other hills and not trod upon by the vulgar) easily and directly, neither stones nor precipices obstructing his passage; and how that, coming to the side of the ship, he asked whether they were bound for Egypt, and they answering that they

were, he went into the vessel and, silently sitting down in a place where he might least disturb the mariners, in case they should be in any stress, continued in the same posture two nights and three days, without meat, drink or sleep (except when none perceived he slumbered a little, sitting in the same unmovable posture and this constantly to the end); and how that the voyage proceeded direct, beyond their expectation, as if assisted by the presence of some god. Laying all these things together, they concluded and persuaded themselves that some divine genius did indeed come along with them from Syria to Egypt. The rest of the voyage they performed prosperously, observing a greater respect than formerly in their words and actions, as well to one another as toward him, until they at last arrived upon the coast of Egypt, by a most fortunate passage, without any storm.

As soon as he landed they reverently took him up and, seating him on the cleanest part of the sand, reared an extemporary altar before him on which they laid part of all the sorts of provisions which they had, as the first fruits of their lading, and drew up their vessel in the same place where they first put to sea. Pythagoras, though weakened with long fasting, was not sick, either at his landing or by their handling of him; nor did he, when they were gone, abstain long from the fruits which they had laid before him, but took them and preserved his constitution therewith undisturbed till he came to the next houses. From thence he went to search after all the temples with diligent and exact inquisition.

The Egyptians did not impart their mysteries to every one, nor commit the knowledge of divine things to profane persons but to those only who were to inherit the kingdom and, of the priests, to those who were adjudged to excel the rest in education, learning and descent. So, in the case of Pythagoras, they first gave him very hard precepts and severe tests in an attempt to make him desist from his design. Nothing disheartened him, however; he submitted to all put upon him with unfaltering patience, perseverance and courage; he performed the tasks given him to their great admiration, so he won the power to sacrifice to the gods and to acquaint himself with all their studies, a privilege never known to have been granted to any foreigner besides. "The science of numbers and the art of will-power," said the priests of Memphis, "are the two keys of Magic; they open up all the gates of the universe."

He lived in Egypt twenty-two years, admired and loved by all the priests and prophets; was initiated into all the religious mysteries, informing himself accurately and "leaving no place unseen by going into which he conceived that he might find something extraordinary."

Taken prisoner, when the Babylonian king invaded and conquered Egypt, and sent to Babylon, he there acquired from the Persian Magi much knowledge which Egyptian priests did not have. After twelve years in Babylon, it is said, he made his way to India and there met Gautama, the Lord Buddha, and became his disciple, remaining in close relation with him for another twelve years.

Thus he "attained the knowledge of ages"—the arts of ancient

Egypt, the science of Arabia, the philosophy of Phœnicia, the lore of Chaldea, the magic of Persia, the occult mysteries of India.

Completing his travels and studies, at fifty-six years of age, he returned to Samos "where, being known by some of the most ancient persons, he was looked upon with greater admiration than before, for he seemed to them more wise, more beautiful, and more divinely majestic."

His country summoned him to some public employment, that he might benefit the generality and communicate his knowledge which he, not refusing, endeavored to instruct them in the symbolical way of learning, altogether resembling that of the Egyptians, in which he himself had been instituted. But the Samians, not affecting this way, did not apply themselves to him.

Pythagoras, though he saw that no man came to him or sincerely affected his learning, endeavored nevertheless all possible ways to continue amongst them, not despising or undervaluing Samus, because it was his country. And while he was very desirous that his country should taste, though against their wills, the sweetness of his mathematics, he observed in a gymnasium a young man that played at tennis dexterously and nimbly, but otherwise poor and indigent; and, imagining that this youth would be wholly guided by him, if without labor he should supply him with necessaries, when they had done washing he called him to him and told him that he would continually furnish him with all things sufficient for his maintenance if he would learn briefly and without labor, and constantly (that he might not be overburdened) some mathematics, which he himself, when he was young, had learned of the barbarians, which had now left him by reason of old age and forgetfulness. The youth promising, and being allured by the hopes of maintenance, he endeavored to initiate him in arithmetic and geometry, drawing the demonstration of each in a table; and, teaching him, he gave the young man for every scheme (or diagram) three oboli as a reward and compensation. And this he continued to do a long time, out of a love of glory, and industriously bringing him into the theory by an exact method. But when the young man, having made a good progress, was sensible of the excellency, both of the pleasure and the consequences in mathematics, the wise man perceiving it, and that he would not now quit his learning, what inconvenience soever he might suffer, pretended that he had no more trioboli to give him. "'Tis no matter," said the youth, "I am able to learn and receive your arithmetics without it." He replied, "But I have not sufficient to find food for myself; wherefore I must now give over, to acquire necessaries for every day and daily food; nor is it fit now to be taken up with tables and fruitless studies." Whereupon the young man, loth to be hindered from continuing his learning, replied, "I will supply you, and in some manner requite you; for I will give you for every scheme three oboli." And from thenceforward became so much in love with mathematics that he alone, of all the Samians, was commended by Pythagoras, who gave him to bear his own name.

So adverse were the conditions at Samos for the spread of his philosophy and esoteric teachings that, at the age of fifty-nine, Pythagoras removed to southern Italy where he found in a Greek colony of Crotona a place more suitable for his enterprise.

The second part of his career may be said to begin with his establishment there of his world-famed school.

The colony of Crotona had formerly been noted for its healthy locality, excellent physicians and powerful athletes, but at the time of the coming of Pythagoras it had fallen somewhat into decay. Stanley records a tale of the origin of its founding, which may please those who like to read—or imagine—something between the lines. The city was built by order of Hercules. According to the myth (so-

called) of the Labors of Hercules, when driving Gerion's oxen through Italy, a friend, Croto by name, acted as his host at this place on the Bay of Tarentum. Hercules was there attacked and injured. Croto came to his assistance but, by reason of the night and thinking him to be one of his enemies, Hercules unwittingly slew him. At Croto's grave he vowed that, if ever he came to be a god, he would build a city on that spot to perpetuate the name of this one who had yielded up his life for him. The city in turn, when established, commemorated the fact that it came into existence at the command of Hercules by engraving his figure on their coins. [Thus by plan of Hercules (Heracles) was Crotona (Krotona) brought into existence.]



Coins of the ancient city of Crotona, showing the head of Croto on obverse and the figure of Hercules on reverse side.

The arrival of Pythagoras in Italy held an incident which is related by Iamblichus thus:

At this time, walking from Sybaris to Crotona, upon the seaside, he lighted upon some fishermen; and, whilst their net was yet at the bottom laden, he told them exactly the number of the fishes that they should draw up; and the men, undertaking to do whatsoever he should command them if it fell out accordingly, he required them to turn back again the fishes alive after they had exactly numbered them; and, which is more wonderful, not one of all the number, at that time, of the fishes, whilst they were out of the water, died; he being present and giving the fishermen the price of the fish, he departed to Crotona. But they divulged what was done and, learning his name, declared it to every one; which they hearing, desired to see the stranger, which was opportune to him, for he was of such an aspect that whosoever saw him could not but admire him and conceive him to be the person that he really was.

(To be continued)

SONNETS ON THE BHAGAVAD GITA

By Hubert Whitehead



Arjuna said:

V:1

“Renunciation, Krishna, first you praise,
Renouncing actions and the action's gain,
Then yoga also, doubt by wisdom slain,
To stand, and high my battle standard raise.
'Mid such confusion how can I appraise
Right from the wrong? Yet well you know I fain
Would see. Conflicting paths my mind bewrays
Until my senses stagger as with pain.
Of these two paths, oh Krishna, which is best?
The path of yoga, straight and circumspect,
Or is renunciation supreme test
To open up the way of the elect?
Conclusively, oh Krishna, tell me this:
Which of the twain will straighter lead to bliss?”

Then said the Blessed Lord:

V:2-7

“Both paths, Arjuna, lead to highest bliss;
But, of the two, the path of action choose,
For though by either path you cannot lose
The fruit of that by walking straight in this,
Yet, without yoga, crossing the abyss
Is hard. Renunciation you can use,
But it is difficult, easy to miss.
By yoga you can quickly interfuse
The self in the Eternal. 'Tis the child
Who thinketh of these paths as different;
This path or that, let neither be reviled,
The fruits of both in each are consequent.
Self-ruled, the Yogi, self to Self directed,
Though acting, he is not by acts affected.

"He thinks, though acting, moving or asleep,
 Though speaking, giving, working or at rest,
 'The senses move alone at my behest,
 And 'mong the objects of the senses creep.'
 He does not anything, but while they leap
 And twist and turn, this taste and that thing test—
 Like lotus leaf upon the river deep—
 He, unaffected, rides above their crest;
 For, harmonized, attachments for him cease,
 And all his acts are but to purify.
 He, fruit abandoned, findeth perfect peace;
 Attached to fruit the self will never die.
 The sovereign of the body rests serene;
 He soweth not nor reaps, nor does he glean.

V:8-13

"As shines the sun with ever-warming beam
 In him who all unwisdom has destroyed,
 Out bursts the light of wisdom unalloyed
 And leads him quickly to the All Supreme.
 Great sages hold in uniform esteem
 All men, however they may be employed;
 A cow, a dog, an outcaste—all they deem
 Of equal worth and equally enjoyed.
 Established in the One, firm, poised, unshaken,
 Rejoicing not when pleasure is obtained
 Nor sorrowing because by hope forsaken,
 For him all joy will quickly be attained.
 The man who sees th' Eternal 'mid all strife,
 Imperishable bliss he gains in life.

V:14-21

"Rejoice not in delights which, contact-born,
 Are only fleeting, bringing naught but pain,
 Nor seek for pleasure, seek not wealth or gain,
 For all of these are transient as the dawn.
 There is a peace more tranquil than the morn,
 Who happy are within, they that attain;
 Rejoicing inwardly, they soon are drawn
 Unto that peace which soothes like springtime rain.
 Their sins destroyed, duality removed,
 Intent upon the welfare of all others,
 Subdued in thought, their self-control self-proved,
 With reason balanced, treating all as brothers,
 They come to Me, Enjoyer, Ruler, Friend;
 In Me gain peace supernal, without end.

V:22-29

"To wise men, action's duty to be done;
 Renouncing all results, he presses on
 Until, enthroned in yoga, he will don
 Serenity—at rest within the One.
 Then by the Self he raises self till none
 Can e'er disturb the peace he rests upon;
 The firm foundation of the SELF he's won,

VI:1-7

Whereon he stands and bids unrest begone!
 The SELF is friend unto the vanquished self,
 But to the self that, unsubdued, rebels,
 That seeketh pleasure or desireth self,
 It—like an hostile enemy—repels.
 The Self of him who SELF-control does gain
 Is uniform in praise or 'neath disdain.

"In secret place, with hope, grief self-subdued,
 The mind one-pointed, he should purify
 The body and the self must purify.
 With stilled, unseeing gaze, by truth imbued,
 Fearless and firm, nor letting thoughts intrude,
 Thinking on Me, he can the world defy,
 Unto My peace can come and there elude
 All strife. My bliss the self will clarify.
 For him who eateth or abstaineth much,
 To sleep or wakefulness is much addicted,
 The supreme bliss of SELF is not for such,
 But only woe for him can be predicted.
 The Yogi's mind of flick'ring shows no trace,
 But steady glows, like lamp in sheltered place.

VI:8-20

"When quieted by yoga mind finds rest,
 When his supreme delight is in his clasp
 And found beyond the reason's changing grasp,
 In truth established, nothing then can wrest
 Him from it. Knowing nothing but his quest,
 No greater gain beyond, he does not gasp
 Should heavy sorrow shake or anguish test,
 Tormenting woe across his senses rasp.
 This know as yoga; cling there undespending,
 The senses by the higher mind keep curbing;
 Then, reason calmed, tranquillity responding,
 Abiding in the SELF, with naught disturbing,
 As often as the mind goes wav'ring forth,
 Go, bring it back, like compass to the north.

VI:20-26

"Whose mind is peaceful, passion-nature calm,
 Who sinless is and like to the Eternal,
 He easily enjoyeth bliss supernal
 And, like the springing, ever-shading palm
 Which sheds around a soft refreshing balm,
 He spreads a peace around, refreshing, vernal,
 That never fails and never knows a qualm,
 But soothes, by inner SELF, the self external.
 Who seeth equally both pain and pleasure
 And weighs them in the balance of his soul,
 Who knows Me living in both work and leisure,
 He comes to Me where'er he thinks his goal.
 Who seeth Me in all and all in Me,
 Though him I ever hold, yet is he free."

VI:27-32

Arjuna said: "This yoga you do teach,
 Which you do say must firm and steady burn,
 There's no foundation for it. Mind will turn
 And twist; 'tis like the waves upon the beach,
 Unstable, flighty. Why do you thus preach?
 The mind is strong and ever does it spurn
 The curb; all passionately it will reach
 Impetuously forth, then will return
 Unsatisfied." Then said the Blessed Lord:
 "Doubt not! The mind is restless, hard to curb,
 It flashes all around like darting sword,
 But let not this your strength of faith disturb;
 The SELF-controlled can all attain to Me
 By properly directed energy."

VI:33-36

Arjuna said:
 "Who unsubdued is, faith and trust possessing,
 With wand'ring mind, unruly will,
 Who faileth vain desire and pain to kill,
 Who labors 'neath despair and doubt depressing,
 Yet fighteth on, though failure still confessing,
 What is his fate? Within God's mighty mill,
 Which grinds to powder those not acquiescing,
 Must he thus lose his life? Or is there still
 A chance? Oh, Lord, do Thou dispel this doubt."
 The Blessed Lord, with smile, then answered him:
 "Not in this world nor in those round about,
 Not in this life nor that to come—so dim—
 Shall grim destruction ever bring him harm,
 Against all woe his faith shall be a charm."

VI:37-40

"The man who fell from yoga, born again,
 He is by former practice swept away;
 In his new body, though he work or play,
 His impulses for good in him remain;
 For as the grain, resown, still groweth grain,
 So feet once set there, he will tread the Way,
 The Path before him ever grow more plain
 Until he reach the light of perfect day.
 But he who labors steadily and true
 Through many births, soon, purified from sin,
 He reaches the Supreme, he reaps his due,
 My perfect bliss he finds and lives therein.
 Who, full of faith, within My love is hiding,
 Adoring Me, in him am I abiding."

VI:41-47

"Among a thousand men, scarce one will strive
 To reach perfection, in Me satisfied;
 'Mongst those who strive to join the purified
 Scarce one unto My essence can arrive.
 Earth, water, fire, air, ether, all derive
 Their life from Me, by Me are ratified,
 Inferior are they and can survive"

VII:1-7

Alone through Me, they must in Me abide.
 My other Self upholds the Universe;
 It is the womb from which all beings spring,
 The Source of all; likewise 'tis the reverse,
 To it all come, unto Myself must cling.
 As rows of pearls upon a string are threaded,
 On Me hang all things, both the loved and dreaded.

"In all the waters I the strength that flows; VII:8-12
 The radiance of both the moon and sun;
 The power in all the Vedas; I the one
 That sounds in ether; I the force that glows
 In virile men—'tis I the force bestows;
 Fragrance of earth; heat which the fire has won;
 Life of all things which time, the reaper, mows;
 And in ascetics austerity begun;
 Know Me, Arjuna, seed of all that live;
 The splendor of the splendid things am I;
 Strength of the strong—'tis I all vigor give;
 Desire that moves with duty, that is I.
 All natures, quick or slothful, come from Me,
 Not I in them; they move, but I am free.

"Lost in delusion, by sense mystified, VII:18-19
 All men, confounded thus, are led astray,
 Nor through illusion can they find a way;
 Who cross o'er this are quickly glorified.
 Vile men, by evil-doing bound and tied,
 Come not to Me, but ever turn away;
 The blest, who worship Me—the purified—
 Fourfold are they, and ever near Me stay;
 The suffering, and they who knowledge seek,
 Those centered in the SELF and, last, the wise—
 All these are noble, precious are the meek,
 The wise My choice are, to My SELF they rise;
 When many births are past, they—wisdom filled—
 Come unto Me, all pain and sorrow stilled.

"Most men, with wisdom scattered by the wind, VII:20-30
 Go forth to others, as their natures call;
 'Tis I bestow unswerving faith to all,
 'Tis I decree the benefits they find.
 Finite indeed the fruit of every kind
 For these of little insight, swift they fall
 Into illusion, knowing not My mind,
 Enveloped in unwisdom as a pall.
 I know all beings, from the first to last,
 Yet undiscovered I, wrapped in illusion.
 The pure of deed, to wisdom clinging fast,
 Devoted, penetrating through delusion,
 Refuged in Me and knowing Me the All,
 At the forthcoming time they hear Me call."

TO A FRIEND IN SORROW

By C. Jinarajadasa



I HAVE long delayed answering your note, but I was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to write. I am very glad you wrote to me, because I think I can tell you a little of what you want to know that may explain what has happened.

If I were to say that I was sorry that your boy died, I should feel I was saying merely the conventional thing; as a matter of fact, I feel so keenly that the only full life for us all as souls is on the other side of death that I am half envious of those whose days in school come to an end here. Believing as I do that nothing whatsoever is lost by death and that all things that we hold precious in life are possessed with closer attachment when we are disembodied, there is no sense of gloom about death. From our Theosophical standpoint the life on earth of a few years, or many, is like wandering along the corridors of an interesting museum; we watch and note, but it is not there in the museum itself that we can appraise the beauty and the wisdom which the objects there have for us. We must, as it were, return to the congenial surroundings of our home life and compare notes to understand what it all means.

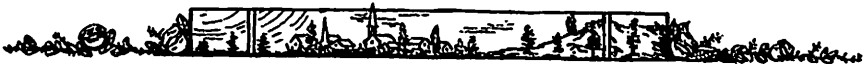
Wherever there is any attachment between people on earth it is a sign of that unbreakable bond that exists between them in that other phase of life where they live as souls. Sometimes this bond may express itself as love of husband and wife, or of parent and child, or of friend and friend. The channel along which the attachment will express itself depends on the need of the soul to understand better those he loves; and, as you know, sometimes we can be more just and compassionate to those who are in a younger generation to us than to those who are our equals.

The boy came to you in this life and fitted so harmoniously with your family because he is a soul whose life is more complete when with you and with your wife and children. From what has happened, it is evident that from this particular life he had to learn only just a few simple lessons and when these were learned he returned home to plan for a fuller and more purposeful later life on earth. There is to my mind nothing regrettable in any natural event, as all

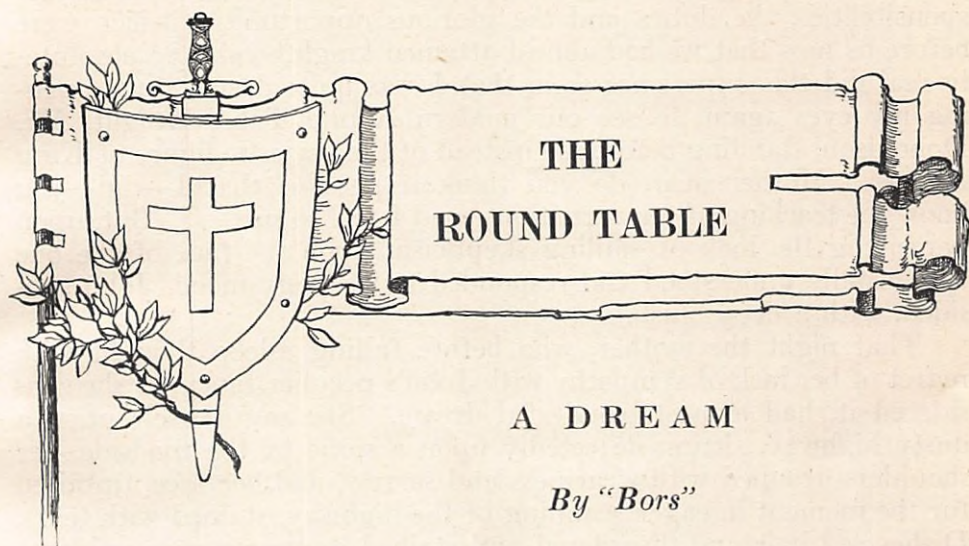
events are as the weaving of threads on a great loom and the picture on the loom is always beautiful, for the artificer is God Himself. It is only while we identify ourselves with the substance out of which the threads are made that sometimes the calamities of life make our view gloomy. When we train ourselves to look at the weaving from the standpoint of helpers of the Divine Artificer, we have then the sense of peace and beauty which as souls is our true heritage.

Now and then in life the true sense of what life is, from the standpoint of the Artificer, comes through at certain crises of life; evidently the boy discovered something of this before death. It seems to have been so sweet and so complex that his youthful understanding could not state it any more fully than in the words that it was "my secret with Nature." Some of us grown-ups might well envy him that he had discovered this secret, even though it came at the end of his mortal life. Of this we may all be certain, that in his next incarnation he will start his life's work with something of that secret knowledge built into his heart and mind. You see, then, brief though his life was this time, it will not be without deep significance in the lives to come.

The fact that you are technically an agnostic matters little; when we want to go anywhere it is not necessary for us to know all the points of the compass; so long as we know where the north lies our direction is always certain. Similarly, if a man realizes that his life's work is to act so as to make life happier and brighter to those around him it is a matter of secondary importance whether he understands or not the reasons for such action. Of course, if with his mind he does understand, there is a fuller sense of joy and dedication while he acts; but without that inspiration the benefit of the action for others may be just as great. So you see every man of good-will who unselfishly plays his part, gnostic or agnostic, is applying something of the wisdom of God and is indeed a Theosophist.



Memory of the details of the past is absolutely impossible. The power of the conservative faculty though relatively great is extremely limited. We forget the larger portion of experience soon after we have passed through it, and we should be able to recall the particulars of our past years, filling all the missing links of consciousness since we entered on the present life, before we were in a position to remember our ante-natal experience. Birth must necessarily be preceded by crossing the river of oblivion, while the capacity for fresh acquisition survives, and the garnered wealth of old experience determines the amount and character of the new.



JOHAN MONTIETH returned home in a peculiarly happy frame of mind; he had never felt just as he did today. His happiness, while intense, did not express itself as it usually did with him in an overflow of exuberant spirits. It was a sort of hushed and reverent joy, which showed itself in an increased courtesy and tenderness to the "little mother," the delicate and wonderfully lovely lady who met him at the door with a kiss.

"Well, John, dear, what is it? Are we now a Companion or a full-fledged Knight? Or just what did the initiation do to our future conqueror of kingdoms?" smilingly asked Mrs. Montieth, reaching up to pat the cheek of her tall boy of seventeen.

"Not a Knight yet, mother dear, just a Companion of the Round Table Order, and 'it doth not yet appear' what the initiation has done to me, but I guess you're right about the future conqueror, only not of kingdoms—just of John Montieth. I imagine that will keep the warrior busy for some time to come," he answered. "But, dearest mother, I wish you could have been with me, the ceremony was so wonderfully impressive; and, do you know," and John blushed at his own earnestness, "when the Knight talked to us of the ideals of knighthood and of the joy to be found in the service of the King, a sort of reverent hush fell over us all and in the intense quietness of the room, broken only by the low voice of the Knight, I had a feeling of having been through a somewhat similar scene long ago; almost

I could hear the occasional clink of the armor of the knights as we stood before the great King Arthur while he talked to us of the responsibilities, the duties and the glorious opportunities which were before us now that we had almost attained knighthood. So absolutely real did this experience seem that I was quite dazed, upon opening my eyes again, to see our modern Round Table Knight, Mr. Donoldson, standing before me instead of the majestic figure of King Arthur. Mother dear, do you think it possible that I—did—you know the teaching of reincarnation—and I feel so sure—” But, upon perceiving the look of smiling skepticism upon the face of the one who usually understood and responded to his every mood, John subsided, with a deep blush.

That night the mother, who before falling asleep thought with regret of her lack of sympathy with John’s peculiar fancy, as she considered it, had a most wonderful dream. She saw herself upon a dusty highway, sitting dejectedly upon a stone by the roadside, her shoulders drooped with weariness and sorrow, and her face, upraised for the moment in eager scanning of the highway, stained with tears. Disheveled hair and disordered and stained garments gave evidence of some struggle, followed by hurried flight on foot.

Mrs. Montieth, in her dream, could see this youthful figure of sorrow and weariness, and knew somehow that this was herself, who was both undergoing the experience and yet looking on as an observer at the same time. Night was slowly settling upon the scene and the girl by the roadside began weeping afresh. She was fairly shaking now with the terror of the approaching night and her lonely and unprotected position. At last, utterly worn out by her long journey, her fear and her weeping, and almost hopeless of help coming to her, she knelt in the highway and raised her white arms toward Heaven, praying that a miracle might happen and someone be sent to her aid. As she prayed, she heard the faint distant galloping of hoofs in the direction from which she herself had come some hours ago. She ceased praying and listened intently and eagerly, while the hoof-beats became louder and clearer. She did not rise from her knees, scarce having strength to move, not knowing whether friend or foe were coming upon her out of the twilight.

At last, far down the road appeared a knight in shining armor upon a wildly galloping white horse. Catching sight of the kneeling maiden, the young knight reined in at her side and sprang from his horse. He was a handsome youth with crisp curling brown hair, just now matted with blood which flowed from a crescent-shaped wound in his forehead.

The maiden listened with bowed head while he breathlessly related how he had been sent by her mother to find her and bring her back to the castle, from which she had fled in terror; that her mother had not

been killed by the robber band, as she had supposed, but had been rescued by this same young knight and two companions, and the two robbers overthrown and killed; and now he had come to take her home.

During all this explanation the girl had not looked into the face of her rescuer, but now, as he finished speaking and offered to assist her to arise, she raised her head and looked full into his face—and then a strange thing happened. The dreamer awoke with a start, recognizing her son John in the young knight rescuer of her dream self.

Somehow the shock of recognition had awakened her fully, and she sat up in bed and went over in detail the dream and the sudden awakening. How strange! she murmured. Could it be possible that his new-found ideas about former lives had any foundation? Her head whirled with the thoughts which went racing through it and she could not sleep again that night.

Next morning Mrs. Montieth, gently thoughtful, waited for her son to come down to breakfast. She was resolved to make amends for her lack of sympathy of the preceding evening and, as he burst into the room with a cheery "Good morning, mother," she went to him and pushed back the crisp brown curls with a feeling of new wonder, and noted how the crescent-shaped birthmark still stood out in sharp outline.

"John, dear," she said, with a strange, tender smile, "I believe you are right about reincarnation, and think it very probable that you were a knight once before. Maybe, dear, I was some forlorn maiden and you my brave rescuer, and that is why we love each other so much in this life."



Insect and reptile, fish and bird and beast
Cast their worn robes aside, fresh robes to don;
Tree, flower and moss put new year's raiments on;
Each natural type, the greatest as the least,
Renews its vesture when its use hath ceased.
How should man's spirit keep in unison
With the world's law of outgrowth, save it won
New robes and ampler as its girth increased?
Quit shrunken creed and dwarfed philosophy!
Let gently die an art's decaying fire!
Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free
To leave and frame anew, if God inspire!
The planets change their surface as they roll;
The force that binds the spheres must bind the soul.

Henry G. Hewlett.



HOW MIZAR HELPED

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgueuse



IN the days when pirates were far more numerous than they are now, there lived a brave lad named Mizar, who had a thrilling adventure with a band of these dangerous men.

Mizar, with two boy friends, was visiting his uncle, who was the head of a famous university in northern Africa. Mizar's boy servant, Boreas, made the fourth in the party of friends and the lads had a merry time playing games and riding swift little ponies.

One day Mizar was feeding the doves, when word was received at the university that a band of negro pirates was approaching and there was every indication that they were planning to land and attack the village which lay in the valley below the university. As soon as the alarm was received, Mizar's uncle and two of his friends at once prepared to go down into the valley to warn the villagers and to assist them in fighting off the savages.

"Oh uncle, mayn't we go too?" excitedly cried Mizar, when he saw the three men making hurried preparations for departure.

"Certainly not," replied his uncle, hastily but emphatically, "you four boys remain here where you are. You would be exposed to great

danger, besides being very much in the way." And he hurried off after his two departing friends.

The boys stood looking mournfully after the three men as they galloped away and when they were quite out of sight Mizar turned to his friends, saying sadly: "I've always wanted to fight pirates and now that I am old—nearly ten—I think I might have been allowed to help."

The rest nodded solemnly, for they too had had great dreams of killing hordes of villainous pirates.

"We might go down by the foot-path," suggested Boreas. "We needn't go way down into the valley, but watch from a safe distance."

"We'll do it!" shouted Mizar. "Come on, boys," and away dashed the four wildly excited lads.

From an elevated spot they could easily see the three gentlemen from the university directing the terrified villagers in their work of



defense. Off at sea but rapidly coming inland was the pirate fleet, now so close that the four eager watchers on the hill could make out the savages running about on the decks. The boats landed, the pirates drew them up on the shore and made them fast. Then they rushed boldly toward the village, not in the least suspecting that splendid arrangements for its defense were even then being completed.

Suddenly Mizar, whose curly head was always full of daring and original thoughts, cried out: "Oh boys, I know what we can do to help uncle. We can burn the pirates' boats, so that they can't possibly escape."

His friends agreed that this would be a great help and with one accord they dashed down to the beach where the boats were secured. They worked hard and fast, but the boats burned rather slowly.

"We had better cut the riggings and break in the sides of the old things," disgustedly said one of the boys.

This plan also was tried, but it was slow work. Three of the boys were ready to give up in despair, but Mizar was determined to finish the task. He suddenly recalled having seen a large quantity of pitch in a neighboring boat-builder's yard and in a twinkling eight eager hands were busy pouring pitch over the boats, which in a very short time were entirely enveloped in flames.

The boys were so intent upon their task that they narrowly escaped being surprised by the negroes. From the first the fight had gone against the savages. Many of them were killed and the rest, glad to escape with their lives, fled back toward the shore, intending to escape the way they had come. It was Mizar who saw the blacks returning and with a warning cry to his companions he ran for his life back towards the village, the other three following closely at his heels.

Luckily for the boys, the villagers were following the pirates toward the sea, else the adventure might have ended disastrously for them. Mizar's uncle was horrified at the sight of his young nephew's danger and rushed to his rescue. The pirates, enraged at the sight of the burning fleet, fought savagely, but an armed body of men, sent for as soon as the alarm had been received, arrived in the nick of time and not a pirate escaped death.

That night the boys could scarcely sleep for excitement. Again and again they went over the thrilling scenes of the day.

"Uncle says we really, truly helped," said Mizar, finally, "but he showed me how my disobedience came near costing four lives for which he is responsible. And so I promised him for all of us never to do such a thing again, for Uncle told me that the *first* thing a *good* soldier learns is to obey orders."





SPACE CONCEPTION

As an aid to the mind which seeks to form some conception of the vast reaches of space within the universe, an article from *The North American* offers this illustration: At the speed of an electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light, it would take one second to reach the moon, eight minutes to reach the sun, three years to get to Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star; and "if the tidings of the Christmastide in Bethlehem had been sent to the stars, there are some orbs situated in the furthestmost depths of space, yet not beyond our telescopes, which could not receive the message for a long time yet."

AS PSYCHOLOGY EXPLAINS DEJA VU

Professor Edward K. Strong of Columbia University gives his version of that mysterious psychological problem of *deja vu*—the sense of having been in the same place and of having passed through the same experiences previously. He outlines the different theories in explanation of this mental phenomenon; among them are subconscious association, revived memory of past lives and Sir James Crichton-Browne's "hereditarily transmitted" experiences.

His own explanation is quite bald and matter-of-fact, *viz.*, "that the illusion results from the presence of certain similar or analogous elements in the situation to some previous or forgotten experience."

What do you think about it?

THE PLACE OF EUGENICS

This is a time of strange social upheaval. A student of Theosophy cannot help wishing that the enthusiastic eugenists would harmonize some of their theories with an understanding of karma and reincarnation.

Sir Arthur James Balfour of England, as principal guest of the inaugural banquet of the Eugenics Congress, said: "The idea that you can get a society of the most perfect kind by merely considering questions about the strain and ancestry, the health and the physical vigor of the various components of that society—that I believe is a shallow view of a most difficult problem."

Laboratories of eugenics, called clearing-houses for scientific race investigation and improvement, have been established in Europe and America. There is one of these at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, to which persons about to marry are invited to apply, giving their family histories, etc. This eugenic research is conducted by a force of field workers, and the mental and physical traits are made the subject of study. Professor Scott Nearing of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania is promulgating advanced ideas on the subject of a super-race. He is the author of a much read book, called *The Super-Race*, whose remedy for social ills is the denial of parenthood to those having transmissible defects.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, formerly a socialist and eugenist, has become very orthodox and is now opposed to "tampering with the roots of human origin."

Eugenics, education and public opinion are important factors that will make for a better race. One cannot imagine Emerson as a eugenisit, or Thoreau, or Longfellow. The most inspiring novels have been based upon the theory that in every man, however humble or unfortunate, there is a divine spark waiting to be fanned into the full blaze of immortal inspiration, and Theosophy proves it. All the beloved vagabonds, the Jean Valjeans, would be banished by the extreme eugenist; yet is not all this an effort to elevate, to perfect the human type? Is it not all part of the preparation for the sixth sub-race?

PALMISTRY

Palmistry is becoming a powerful aid to modern medical diagnosis and to business men in analyzing the individual before them. We are informed that through its help subtle indications of conditions not elsewhere evident are detected. Such eminent physicians as Professor Freund of Budapest and Vienna, Dr. L. F. Barker of Johns Hopkins University and Dr. B. C. Catlin, the Nestor of St. Luke's Hospital, Baltimore, are putting the science of palmistry to the test and they are enthusiastic over its results. With some of the physicians it is a custom to look first at the hand of their patient, and what they find there is made a groundwork for later questioning and further examination.

These facts are interesting. We know that St. Germain regarded the hand as an expression of the character of the soul, and he gave to the world his theories on the subject.

CARRYING ON THE WORK OF THE MANU

The note of the Declaration of Independence rings true and clear in President Wilson's recent book *The New Freedom*. Its overtone is for greater freedom in the commercial world. He says: "We mean that business in this land shall be released, emancipated," and very reverently he adds that he feels like a man who had stopped at an inn "which lies half-way along the journey, knowing that we have served our fellowmen and have thereby tried to serve God." Colonel Roosevelt gives his views on the deadlock problem of the nation in the *October Century*. Thus are presented the views of two national leaders on the vital issues of our great land—questions which much interest the Manu of our Race.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS

The specialist, probably unawares, proves the truth of that occult statement: "Help Nature and work on with her; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance." We read some time ago of a nature lover who went to the heart of Africa to study the language of the chimpanzee. At the cost of great effort and hardship he constructed an iron cage in the wilds of the jungle and occupied it much of the time, in order to watch the ape brethren and study their language; no doubt Nature paid him obeisance for his unselfish interest on her behalf. But the latest scientific exploit is the study of hen language. Messrs. Edward Carpenter and George Merrill, two Englishmen, are studying the domestic fowls and they give their conclusion that at least twenty-three different notes or cries, all of which convey distinct meanings, are found in the hen vocabulary. An account of these investigations are to be found in a late number of *The Humanitarian* (London).

These investigators state that animals have primarily a language of the emotions and their emotional states they convey to each other with extraordinary rapidity and distinctness, as when a flock of rocks in a field is suddenly warned or alarmed by a sentinel rook. Secondly, their languages do no doubt in cases convey distinct

images, as when the sentinel rook by some inflection of the voice is able to indicate that the particular cause of alarm is a man with a gun. These men believe that in many cases a movement combined with a cry of the bird will give definition to the meaning, will define, for instance, the direction of danger or of attraction. They say that when a hen utters a quick noise and immediately crouches in the grass she says as clearly as words could express that there is a hawk overhead. "We have heard a hen utter this cry and instantly the chicks—only two or three weeks old—have rushed in all directions and hid themselves motionless in the grass. Or, in cases, there may be no voice or cry at all—the hen may just simply crouch down and with the same result, the chicks hide themselves, knowing well what she means."

This is very true, but these specialists would have a better understanding of Mother Nature if their investigations were made in the light of the monadic group-soul; if they realized that continually repeated experiences, stored up in the group-soul, appear as instincts—"accumulated hereditary experiences"—in the new forms. Mrs. Besant in *The Ancient Wisdom* says, concerning this subject, that chicks just out of the egg will cower at the approach of one of the hereditary enemies, for the life that is incarnated in them knows the danger and the innate instinct is the expression of its knowledge. In this way are formed the wonderful instincts that guard animals from innumerable habitual perils, while a new danger finds them unprepared and only bewilders them.

THE NEW NOBEL PRIZEMAN

The latest award of the Nobel prize for literature has been attained by the Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, whose famous song offering, the *Gitanjali*, was reviewed in these columns some months ago (July, 1913). This Nobel prize has surely been distributed with an admirable catholicity for, in the dozen years that have elapsed since its foundation, excellent representatives from Sweden, Norway, Poland, Italy, Spain and Belgium have appeared on the roll of honor.

The spirit of romanticism in European literature has found its latest phase in a mysticism, a concentration upon the inner nature of man, which has paved the way for a closer understanding between Europe and the ever brooding East, and Rabindranath Tagore's mysticism brings him fairly close to Maeterlinck and the dreamers of the new Celtic school.

He is described as "a profound philosopher, a spiritual and patriotic leader, an historical investigator, a singer and composer, an able editor, a far-sighted educator, and a kind and considerate administrator of his 'Zamindary' estate." His father was one of India's spiritual leaders and intellectual giants. He was born in the illustrious Tagore family which has held high rank in India ever since the tenth century. He acquired his English in childhood. His original poetry is in Bengali, which he translates into rhythmical English prose. His verses are not scholarly or intricate, but plainly human and unadorned. The world he lives in is serene and beautiful as one of our calm autumn days. He says: "My songs share their seats in the heart of the world with the music of the clouds and forests."

ATLANTIS AGAIN

Dr. Paul Schlieman, the distinguished archeologist and explorer, kinsman of the famous discoverer of ancient Troy, has not contented himself with having discovered ancient Atlantis, but has recently unearthed some interesting remains from the Temple of Sais, in Egypt. These consist of musical instruments supposed to be more remarkable than anything that we now have, suggesting an orchestration of which we today only have partial knowledge. Not only did he find musical instruments somewhat resembling those that we now have, but others producing nature sounds such

as the roar of the wind, the waves, the song of certain birds, etc. The materials of which they are made are mostly wood and porcelain. One gruesome instrument supposed to have obtained interesting results was made of a man's skull.

The discoverer states that he had a serious talk with Puccini and Strauss on the subject of the ancient art of music, and that they both were perfectly startled at the revelation of his discovery and asked him how he could explain the fact that the ancient Egyptians were more advanced in their musical development than we are today. The following was his interesting answer: "This I explained to them is due to the fact that the Egyptians got their civilization from Atlantis, the vanished continent. There was never a time when Egypt was savage; simply because it was colonized by the inhabitants of Atlantis, who were highly cultured already ten thousand years ago. But then the Atlanteans vanished with their culture, and the only trace they left are the archeological records that can be found in the temple ruins of the Egyptians. The Egyptians carried the culture of Atlantis to their colony on the shores of the Nile. I have found in my varied excavations that the older Egypt was the more it was cultured. The nation simply degenerated after Atlantis vanished, and Greece as well as China were the only countries which continued the work of evolution where the Egyptians had stopped."

* * *

In one of the almanacs of the day, published by an internationally known metropolitan department store, appears a two-page article on *Proofs of a Lost Atlantis*—just another straw to show the steadily increasing wind of interest in this subject.

SACRED BOOKS

Regarding sacred books that have recently been discovered, *The New York Times* of November 30 says: "During the last century or so a number of books have come to light evidently of the same period and from the same sources as *The Apochrypha*; they are mostly mystical and apocalyptic in character and are often attributed to some of the patriarchs or sages of the ancient Hebrews. . . . Chief of these is *The Book of Enoch* . . . which is quoted in *The New Testament*, in the *Epistle of Jude*, as if it was scripture. . . . The other day the sands of Egypt at Elephantine yielded up some fragments in Aramaic of *The Story of Achikar*, which is referred to in *The Book of Tobit*."

Dr. R. H. Charles has published editions of *The Apochrypha* and *Pseudepigrapha* (the books which have recently come to light belonging with the other apocryphal writings), among them *The Book of Enoch*; *The Sayings of the Fathers*, a tractate of the Mishnah to be found in every Jewish prayer-book; etc., etc. These two volumes contain a Bible in miniature and each of the thirty books in the two volumes is introduced by one of the editors with an account of the manuscripts, versions and editions, etc." Dr. Llewellyn Davies has added an index to the second volume running to one hundred forty columns, "enabling one to find any topic treated in this labyrinthine literature."

WINSTON CHURCHILL ON SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALITY

Winston Churchill says: "The motif of our present civilization is based on a scientific theory which, we are coming to see, is false when applied to humanity. The survival of the fittest, the piling up of much property, the exploitation of our fellow men are slowly giving way to the motive which is Christ's own, that of service. We are beginning to realize that we are our brothers' keepers. . . . It would appear that it is through a conviction of immortality alone that we can grasp what may be called the cosmic view of life. And the cosmic view is necessary to the finite view, that we may live this life as a part of eternity. Thus we may be energized

with that inner current of reality—born again into service.” He also declared that “we are getting our heads clear as to what constitutes faith; that the age upon which we are entering will be the greatest of all, spiritually, because it will be scientifically spiritual; and that the pew, and the unsocial interpretation of religion for which the pew stands, will disappear.”

All of which shows that the great movement which will revolutionize the thought and purpose of the age has begun. The slogan now adopted in many quarters is “brotherhood and co-operation.” It took long for man to individualize and it was a bitter experience in many ways. The manacles are being removed, one by one, and he will soon stand forth free in the universal light; free to serve, to reach out and to grasp his ideal of brotherhood and altruism applied.

REINCARNATION AMONG THE ESKIMO

From a correspondent we have this interesting, even if gruesome, account of a custom still continued among the Siberian natives:

“When an Eskimo gets old and infirm and consumes food which he does not and cannot produce, he tells the members of his family he is willing to die. On the day appointed, the family assemble in the *igloo*, as the house is called; he makes a speech and bids them farewell. He places a noose of walrus hide around his neck and the line is passed through an ivory ring in the roof of the *igloo*. Then the family get hold of the line and he is strangled. They show no grief at his death, as they believe his soul will return to the tribe in the body of the next born male child. They bury the body on the hillside with little or no covering and the dogs soon devour the remains, and children have been seen at East Cape, Siberia, dragging around the skull only a few days after burial.”

Our correspondent also states that this custom was practiced on the American side before the advent of the missionary, which leads us to mention the two articles by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (who is considered the authority on the Eskimo) in the October and November numbers of *Harper's Magazine*. It would be well if these were read by Christians, especially missionaries, that they might see their efforts from the point of view of their “converts,” and by spiritualists and practical magicians, that they might see mediumship and miracle-working from the point of view of the primitive “shaman” (one who goes into a trance in which he is superseded by the “control” who enters his body).

Stefansson emphasizes that the Eskimo—and he thinks all primitive people—are willing to accept any amount of additional faith or beliefs, but that it is quite another thing to relinquish their own beliefs. This they do not do. They retain all their old beliefs and accept the new ones of the missionaries on top of the old ones, and of course the new ideas are colored by the old ones. He brings forward many incidents to most emphatically prove this point, if proof were needed, and his incidents are related in a manner to interest and amuse the reader. They make us see the odiousness of the word “savage” and the appropriateness of the descriptive phrase Mrs. Besant employs, “a child-like people.”

He has much to add concerning the death and reincarnation beliefs mentioned by our Siberian writer. “When a Mackenzie Eskimo dies the body is taken out, the same day that death occurs, to the top of some neighboring hill and covered with a pile of drift logs, but the soul remains in the house where the death occurred for four days if it is a man, and for five days if it is a woman. At the end of that time a ceremony is performed by means of which the spirit is induced to leave the house and to go up to the grave, where it remains with the body, waiting for the next child in the community to be born.” When this child is born, it is believed it comes in with a soul of its own, but that it needs a more experienced one to do its thinking for it and, accordingly, by magic formula a summons is sent to the dead, waiting

at the grave, to become the guardian soul of the new-born child. It hears, comes and enters the child. [Here we have reference to the body elemental and reincarnating ego.] But note the application by these simple people—one which has led travelers to arctic lands to comment on the fact that Eskimo children were never punished nor forbidden anything, and which needed a four-year expedition, of the American Museum of Natural History, to the Eskimos before the right reason was unearthed. It is believed that the child possesses all the wisdom of the late dead. He, therefore, speaks with all the acquired wisdom accumulated by the dead in his long lifetime, plus the higher wisdom which only comes after death. He is evidently the wisest person in the family or community. His opinions are listened to accordingly as wisdom; he is never punished or denied anything he may desire, and (what is most amusing) is addressed as a relative by all the relatives of the late deceased—as father, uncle, etc., irrespective of the child's age or sex. An instance is cited of a boy of seven years whose father called him stepmother and whose mother called him aunt, for those were their respective relationships to the woman whose soul was now the boy's. Another boy finds himself in the position of being at once his father's son and his father's mother, which he takes as perfectly natural, being the one he has been brought up to recognize.

But there is a worse mix-up than this: If three people, or thirteen, have just died before the child was born, he gets three guardian souls, or thirteen, according to the circumstances, and thus it may happen that he is addressed as a relative by most of the persons in the village and he has to learn to recognize all of them and to address them by the proper terms of relationship with reference to their relation to his multiple spirit. This is surely excelling the tangled, complex and composite relationships of the characters shown in *Rents in the Veil of Time!*

ESPERANTO PROPOSED FOR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Indications are in this direction since recently a large body of Catholics met in Rome for that purpose. A cablegram from Rome intimates that His Holiness the Pope did not lend an entirely deaf ear to the suggestion. Should the Catholic Church adopt Esperanto in the place of Latin, in its service, the success of this new language would indeed be assured.

W. J. BRYAN ON "ANOTHER WORLD"

Here is his simple and beautiful version of reincarnation which we find published in a Miami, Fla., newspaper: "It is pleasant for me to believe in a resurrection. I have no more doubt that I shall live again than I have that I live today. I have no more doubt that I shall in another world meet those whom I have loved than I have that I have known them here. I do not know just what kind of a body I am going to have—and I do not care. I have had seven already, according to the scientists. The scientists say that the body changes every seven years. If that is true, I now have my eighth. I had a baby's body and then a boy's; then I had a young man's body; and then I changed again and again. I do not know what kind of a body God is going to give me in the next world, but I can trust Him and I waste no time speculating. He can give me any of the bodies I have had, if He wants to, and I will do the best I can to use it; but I know that He will give me the kind of a body I need. There is an invisible something in a grain of wheat that can discard the body that we see, and from earth and air build a new body, so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other, and I know that, if that invisible something in that grain of wheat can pass unimpaired through thousands of resurrections, my spirit can clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this frame of mine shall crumble into dust."



Who determines when and where a soul shall reincarnate? I have been told it is the work of the Lords of Karma. Are they among the Masters now living on this plane?

H. W. C.

Man himself is the maker of his own destiny. In a very true sense is it the human individual who determines the time and place of incarnation. We are constantly making ties with other people and affecting them consciously and unconsciously by our thoughts, desires and actions, and these effects must be readjusted by ourselves. For instance, if we have so conquered our lower selves as to deserve a high class environment, nothing can withhold it from us. But the time when that good environment falls due may depend on the karma of the other individuals with whom we had previously formed associations. (See January issue of *The American Theosophist*, pages 280 and 281.)

It is in the balancing up of the causes we set in motion that the work of the Lords of Karma, or the Keepers of the Records, comes in. They sort out, as it were, from the great mass of accumulated karma of an individual, a combination that is not too difficult and adjust it to the karma of others who have ties with him.

The Masters are the perfected humanity of this solar system, while the Lords of Karma are the product of past solar systems and therefore higher in evolution. They are not living on the physical plane. From the metaphysical standpoint, the Lords of Karma are the Law of Karma itself; not the mechanical thing we call law, but the uttermost personification of intelligent administration of the will of the Logos.

G. E. B.

What is the advantage of reincarnation? Why cannot the soul grow perfect in the heaven world?

E. S. S.

Growth comes only from experience, and reincarnation brings to us experience—plenty—enough to satisfy the most ardent nature. If life has any meaning at all, it is obvious that we were born on earth to learn something, the lessons of the world. Until we have learned those lessons is it not equally obvious that it would be illogical for us to depart for *all time* to some subtler heaven world? Let him who has nothing more to learn on earth be the first one to say that it would be a waste of his time to come back again. The reason the soul cannot “grow perfect” in the heaven world is that “perfection” means perfect knowledge as well as perfect character, and without a full and complete knowledge of the laws and phenomena of the physical world we cannot adequately take up the greater career which opens before the “perfect” soul when once its education in this world school has been completed. We do not send our children each day to a new school; we send them again and again to the same school until all the lessons have been learned. So with us here on earth. Heaven is our home, and the earth our school; the home cannot take the place of the school, nor the school the home; both are necessary. So also with heaven and earth. Let us then pick up our lunch baskets and run along to school

without any more words of complaint, for Mother Nature has much to teach us if we are attentive.

I. S. C.

When the soul is reincarnated, is it natal or prenatal?

E. S. S.

The soul is linked to its tiny new physical form before birth, but does not attempt to use it as an instrument for its consciousness until many months after birth. The dawning mentality of the growing child is an indication of the increased influence of the soul. It is said that the soul, or ego, comes fully in touch with the physical body at about the age of seven, though this statement must be taken with reservations, since in some cases the soul consciousness is in charge much sooner while in others it is somewhat delayed.

I. S. C.

Please explain the meaning of universal brotherhood.

E. S. S.

Universal brotherhood is a fundamental fact in nature. This fact gives the key to the relation of man to man, man to the universe, and man to God. The basis of it is the oneness of all life—the life of the Logos. The immanence of God, the oneness of life, and universal brotherhood are ideas so closely allied that they are inseparable. We are thus related not only to all mankind but, through the identity of life, to all the kingdoms below the human as well as to the mighty reaches of evolution beyond it.

Brotherhood, while based on identity of life, does not imply equality. The higher and more complex forms are a fuller expression of divinity than the lower. While life in the flower and in man is identical in its source and essence, in the one is expressed only a tiny fragment of that divinity while in the other many more powers are unfolded and the God within is more apparent. Carry the thought on further up the evolutionary path and we see in the Masters of Wisdom an expression of divinity as much beyond the human as humanity is beyond the animal kingdom.

M. S. R.

Is there any occult reason for so many modern religious teachers being women, such as Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Eddy?

H. W. C.

It seems doubtful that there is any occult significance to this fact in the cases named. The feminine body is, however, more sensitively organized than the masculine and for that reason, perhaps, would be more efficient for certain kinds of work, such as the bringing through into physical consciousness the knowledge of the inner worlds. This was done by the three leaders cited in the question. There are, on the other hand, many prominent modern leaders of religious thought and movements who are men; such, for example, as Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa and the Rev. R. J. Campbell. The importance of sex is often over-emphasized. It is the ego who really plays the part; the matter of sex is an incident. The personality is the instrument through which the ego works and whether it be masculine or feminine would probably be determined by the karma of the particular individual.

M. S. R.

Regarding mental healing, how do the positive atoms which whirl to the right affect atoms in the body of the patient,

Simply because the patient is negative and more receptive to the positive. One can thus make a vibratory relationship in an easier manner than if both are positive or both negative.

M. B. R.

What is the difference between Moksha and Nirvana?

There is a difference, and yet in a certain aspect it is impossible to attain to Nirvana until Moksha is attained. The attainment of Nirvana practically means an attainment beyond the limits of evolution on this planetary chain, the field of consciousness being solar instead of planetary.

Moksha is freedom from the karmic chain of birth and death, and could be attained on the highest mental plane. It could be attained as a triumph of Egotism and the Mukti remain on that plane during a planetary chain without any further advance. The advance beyond Egotism to the Buddhic and Nirvanic consciousness of unity and identity can only come from service and devotion to others than ourselves. So it would be theoretically possible for an ego to remain indefinitely untouched by any such aspiration for selfless service.

Again, the Ego may gain the Buddhic consciousness and remain there for untold periods of time and never have to incarnate or be bound by karma in any way. Yet Nirvana would not be his. At the dissolution of the solar system he would be drawn into pralaya at the point of evolution to which he had attained and come forth to exist at the same level again. He would be classed as a "failure" of the preceding evolution, along with the failures of every grade and plane, each of which would begin over again the work at the point it was left off.

Moksha is perhaps best understood as freedom from the necessity to incarnate.

A. F. K.

The five-pointed star is the emblem of the state of Italy. The star is considered the main and most dignifying part of the uniform of the army and the navy. Is it possible that such a wonderful thought-form as the Order of the Star in the East is creating and magnifying every day may have a beneficial influence on the destiny of Italy?

I should think that if the star was revered, as you say, in all the official departments of Italy and if, as years go on, the star becomes more and more recognized as the symbol of the Great Teacher, or even of the Organization awaiting Him, the two ideas may to a certain extent blend, each of them helping the other. Eventually, in the eyes of an officer in the Italian Navy and Army, there would come to be associated with the star a certain religious sense or feeling which might influence rather profoundly the future of Italy. This is only speculation on my part. The future alone can tell.

I. S. C.

The cry I have constantly heard here is: Theosophy spoils one for the world's work; it makes one withdraw from the pleasures of life; as for money-making, that is not to be considered in the same breath because so contaminating to the Theosophist's soul.

There are two attitudes that I find people holding toward Theosophy when they come under its influence and make it a living power in their lives. One is to forsake all else and follow it as the chief interest and occupation in life, and the other is to go right on with the regular routine of the daily life but infusing into it a new life, spreading optimism and tolerance in all the practical affairs dealt with. A deep interest in Theosophy does not necessarily imply the forsaking of all other interests; it depends entirely upon the temperament of the person interested. The great majority of our membership have not given themselves to Theosophy to the exclusion of other things at all, and I think that we must view the matter broadly and tolerantly and recognize that Theosophy, like any other interest, must necessarily attract devoted advocates who give to it either a concentrated or a casual service, as the case may be. After all, what is Theosophy, from one standpoint, but a reason-

able explanation of things, a key to the puzzling contradictions which appear on the surface, and it depends entirely on what use one makes of that key as to whether it spoils him for the world's work or not. It is a personal matter and not a Theosophical one. It may very well be that some will use it wisely and others unwisely, but that does not make the truth it reveals any less real. A. P. W.

Must we outlive the zodiac before we can ascend to higher planes permanently?

Frankly, I do not see how we can outlive the zodiac. In the first place, the zodiac is a symbolical diagram of the relationships of certain subtle forces. It is simply a convenient way by which we can study these relationships and the manner in which they react upon all living things. I think we too often bow down before the tendencies indicated in our horoscopes and think we can do nothing. A horoscope indicates the tendencies at the time of our birth and the type of matter forming our subtle bodies. No doubt, to the average man who is dominated by circumstances, a horoscope shows the character of his life. But in the case of one who has developed his will power and is no longer the plaything of nature but is determined to take his own evolution in hand, he can smash through all the obstacles and overcome them; when he wills to do a thing, he does it. Probably this questioner has in mind: Can we ever transcend these forces by rising to some higher plane? I think so long as we are a part of this solar system we must always be more or less influenced by these forces. I. S. C.

Please explain the principle of duality and its relation to trinity.

This is not an easy question. We find, if we look through all nature, that we can readily resolve all natural objects into a duality; that is, life on the one side and form on the other, consciousness and the body in which it works, and so on. Apparently, at the outset, we find a contrast, or pair of opposites. But upon deeper analysis we shall find that this apparent duality is linked by a third element; that life is truly on one side and matter on the other, but each is affected by changes in the other. Because of this interaction they work together, thereby forming a relation. Thus this apparent duality, through the relationship of one part to the other, makes what we may think of as a trinity; the three of them forming an indissoluble unit. I. S. C.

Does Ishvara, after having emanated the universe and us, consider it a "not-self?" or do we develop Him? Does His consciousness embrace all our consciousness?

Ishvara is the Supreme Ruler of a system. From a fragment of Himself He builds the planes of His universe, but He still remains a glorious Being beyond all limitations. His consciousness embraces all our consciousnesses. Our waking consciousness is also His, being a fragment of the fragments of Himself involved in His system. It is these involved fragments that come under the illusions of separateness, or the Self and Not-self, and must evolve till they finally rebecome Himself in His fullness. O. F.

Will the sixth sub-race develop a new sense? If so, what will be its nature?

You must realize that the sixth sub-race is here with us now in a nascent condition. I do not understand that it will be formalized as the sixth root race, but people of the type are found sprinkled around through all the world. I should say that the psychic nature seems particularly to belong to the new type; this we call the growing sixth sense. Many people show this development at present. A. P. W.

BOOK REVIEWS

The books here reviewed can be ordered from *The Theosophical Book Concern*, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.

MRS. BESANT AND THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, by *Eugene Levy*. Translated from the French by C. E. S. Publishers: J. J. Heywood-Smith, 47 Redcliffe Square, London, S. W. 1913. pp. 147. English price, one shilling net.

MADAME ANNIE BESANT ET LA CAMPAGNE ELECTORALE, by *Madame Anna Kamensky*. St. Petersburg, 1913. Imprimerie B. Bloff, Nevsky, 126. pp. 83. Price, 50 copecks.

Both books should be read by those who wish impartially to see how the great figure of the President of the Theosophical Society appears to opposite parties; for we have here two diametrically opposite views: Mr. Levy's attack, Madame Kamensky's defense.

Mr. Levy's avowed objects in writing his book are: 1. To diminish Mrs. Besant's karmic responsibilities by undoing the "evil" she has done and, therefore, to persuade her followers to abandon her. 2. To oppose her views regarding the Christ. 3. To support Dr. Steiner's position. The first point we need not consider; the others we will take up together.

We have first the usual accusation that Mrs. Besant favors oriental religions against Christianity; we have heard that accusation as often in the West as the counter-accusation by orthodox Hindus that she favors Christianity against Hinduism. Mr. Levy also deplored the fact that she is increasing the gulf between Theosophy and Christianity, giving as proofs (as Madame Kamensky remarks) three lectures delivered in Paris at the Catholic Institute and a recent article published in the *Church Times*. Much time is then given by Mr. Levy to the events which led to the cancellation of the German charter. We tried vainly to find in his book any new fact or document throwing light upon the question; Mr. Levy, a member of the French Section, merely repeats Dr. Steiner's version as found in the *Mitteilungen*, forgetting his own French proverb: "Qui n'entend qu'une cloche n'entend qu'un son." Therefore this part of the book contains only misunderstandings that have been cleared away by official communications.

Madame Kamensky gives in parallel columns some of Mr. Levy's statements and her answers. We may give an example:

Mr. Levy's book, p. 47 of English translation:

"But the climax was reached when she dared announce the withdrawal of the German charter in her convention speech at Adyar, actually before the General Council had decided. . . .

"The general Council has asked me to adopt this measure since these lines were written. (A. B.)"

The Theosophist, Feb. 1913, Supplement, p. 7:

"The only thing left for me to do, as President, in face of this unprecedented outrage on liberty of opinion within the T. S., is to cancel the charter of the National Society in Germany, and then to revive it in favor of the seventeen lodges willing to work within the constitution of the T. S. . . .

"The General Council has requested me to take this course, since the above was written. (A. B.)"

Mr. Levy in the above passage presents as an actual cancellation the Presi-

dent's suggestion to that effect. Much is also made of the so-called espionage case of Herr Cordes, which, as we know, was part of a plan to centralize at Adyar news from all Sections so as to share with all any plan of work which might have proved successful in some countries. The idea seemed good to many.

But partisanship does not lead to clear judgment. We have another example in Mr. Levy's conclusions regarding the Genoa Congress, called off by Dr. Penzig because of Mrs. Besant's inability to be present. The reason given by Mr. Levy is that she was afraid that Dr. Steiner's teachings about the Christ might be favorably received by the Congress! This leads to a number of pages in which Dr. Steiner's views are opposed to Mrs. Besant's teachings. The future will show who is right and may even reveal the fact that both views may be different aspects of the one great cosmic truth; but Mr. Levy does not strengthen his position by suspecting that Mrs. Besant has "deliberately undertaken to plead the cause of the false Christ rather than confess" her self-recognized error (page 83). Insinuations are poor arguments.

Now what reason does Mr. Levy give for what he considers the obscuration of her former clear judgment? His answer is "Questionable methods of occult development in which morality is not necessary." This naturally leads to a repetition of the accusations and slander found in *The Hindu* and other orthodox papers. To this accusation, based upon a few statements taken out of their context, Madame Kamensky answers by quotations from Mrs. Besant's own books. The extracts from *The Ancient Wisdom, Thought Power, In the Outer Court, Psychism and Spirituality*, etc., which form an appendix to her booklet, show conclusively that the morality taught by the President of the Theosophical Society is of the most exalted and spiritual kind.

What impression remains after reading so many pages devoted to accusations, imputation of motives, impassioned appeals rather than facts? A saddened feeling, truly, and a question: Why cannot men revere and follow a leader without seeking to revile the leader revered and followed by other men? One wonders what the object of such a book may be. Is it passionate devotion to a chosen teacher? Or, as Madame Kamensky suggests, was it written only because we stand at the eve of a presidential election?

Let those to whom the motives of men are an open book answer that question; the impartial reviewer can only remember the Christ's injunction and say: "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

M. P.

THE CHRIST OF THE HEALING HAND, by James Macbeth Bain. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. 1913. pp. 173. English price, 3s. 4d.

As you catch the spirit of the writer in reading this charming book, you must sense the reality that there is no healing for us apart from the great love of Christ. The author believes that the earnest student of the Divine Wisdom will find in the work of spiritual healing the fair fruition of his knowledge and the very best expression of the life that has come to him from this living knowledge. He is seeking to give to the medical profession the science of the Healing Christ and to lead the orthodox churches into this most holy practice. His purpose is that they may know that the Christ whom they profess to love and obey is a present power among them, alive, active, and ever watchful.

Mr. Bain repeatedly emphasizes the need for perfect purity, within and without, and shows the potency of true love for mankind. No one can earnestly read this book without spiritual upliftment and an inner awareness of having "walked with Thee in the Garden of Love."

A. H. T.

THE DIVINE LANGUAGE OF CELESTIAL CORRESPONDENCES, by Coulson Turnbull. Publishers: The Gnostic Press, San Diego, California. 1913. pp. 371. Price, \$3.00.

The author presents in this volume the practical side of astrology in a simple yet comprehensive manner and, while he does not differ essentially from the many other text-books on the subject, he does eliminate much useless verbiage and adheres to known and proven facts relating to the science. However, it is in the part devoted to an esoteric explanation of astrology that the author excels. He enlarges upon the spiritual significance of the subject and shows its possibilities when applied as a key to the interpretation of what are otherwise deeply veiled scriptural and philosophic teachings. He points also to the moral deductions and strength of character to be gained from an unbiased study and a better understanding of the nature forces symbolized in the zodiacal signs and the planets as related to the incidents of birth. The volume is further enriched by a chapter devoted to the degrees of the zodiac symbolized, as well as another containing *Fragments from the Hermetic Books*, all more or less apropos of the subject and showing its far-reaching influence. M. B. K.

LEGENDS AND TALES, by Annie Besant. Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. 1913. pp. 50. Price 60 cents; postage 4 cents.

Lotus Leaves for the Young, No. 1. Contents: Ganga, the River Maid; The Stealing of Persephone; The First Roses; The Drowning of the World; the Wandering Jew; Perseus, the Savior; The Story of Hypatia.

Dear and familiar friends in new guise. Mrs. Besant's way of telling legends of Hindustan and Greece reveals fresh beauty and charm to delight the reader. Never did Roseta's roses breath forth such fragrance; never did Perseus seem so godlike; never Hypatia so lovely. The book contains seven stories; two of them, *Ganga, the River Maid* and *The Drowning of the World*, are perhaps less familiar to us than the rest, but all are valuable and instructive and not one will fail to carry home a lesson in courage, self-sacrifice or tenderness to the child hearts for whom they are intended. A. K.

A KINGDOM OF TWO: A TRUE ROMANCE OF COUNTRY LIFE, by Helen R. Albee. Publishers: The Macmillan Company, New York. 1913. pp. 322. Price, \$1.50 net.

Charming word pictures and quaintly humorous descriptions of the common sights and sounds of country home life make up the romance of this book. While it is gratifying in this age of satiety and boredom to find so complete a satisfaction in simple beauties, yet it is disappointing to find no trace of desire to know the whence, how and whither of the ever-changing form with its sped life—gone where?

Of the "kingdom" the author says: ". . . in one direction it reaches to the middle of the earth, perhaps four thousand miles, roughly speaking; in the other it extends somewhere beyond Sirius; it runs along the Milky Way, takes in seven of the planets, a corner of the sun and the lower half of the moon."

And of a robin she says: "This particular robin was either a bachelor or a widower—I could not at first guess which—but I think a bachelor disappointed in love; for he had a self-absorption and whimsies that are speedily knocked out of a married creature."

The book abounds with descriptions of this sort, showing love and sympathy with the lower forms of life, but they become monotonous before the last page is reached. The finest passage, by far, is the closing sentence: "For an instant I

had a swift revelation of the Law of Love; I saw that it is the measure of sympathy and affection that we win and not supposed possessions which make life rich; and one receives only in the measure that he gives." F. E. C.

ALLEGORICAL VISIONS, by Katherine Harrow. Publishers: The New-Way Publishing Company, Life Building, New York. 1913. pp. 85. Price \$1.25.

Titles of separate visions: Of the Pathways of Life; Of the Heights and Depths; Of the Hearts of Men; Of the Soul of the Infinite.

A collection of allegorical visions seen by the author while in a half-subjective state, written down without any attempt to interpret their symbology. The author frankly admits that she is not in possession of any settled convictions regarding their appearance. She writes down what she sees and does not find it of advantage to alter anything afterwards. A. T.

A very good column, full of Theosophical teaching, is conducted by John Hawkes in *The Standard*, Regina, entitled *Thoughts, Facts and Fancies*

The American Freemason (December) has an instructive article on *Origins and Symbols of Masonry* by Frank C. Higgins. He starts with the equilateral triangle and its derivative, the hexagonal star which, "identical with the celebrated shield of David among the Jews," is by the Hindu called the united seals of Vishnu and Shiva—the second and third persons of the Indian Trinity. He shows that the numerical value of both Greek and Semitic phonetic sounds is identical and traces the relation between Abram and Brahma. By the science of numbers he establishes many interesting coincidences between the different religions.

The Literary Digest (December 6) gives a sketch of Tagore—the Hindu Nobel prize winner. It has an editorial on *Mental and Moral Effect of Light* based on an article by Dr. F. Park Lewis, *The Psychic Values of Light, Shade, Form and Color* contributed to the *Transactions* of the Illuminating Engineering Society. Theosophists in their solution of life's deeper problems are never too busy to interest themselves in all that pertains to the welfare of the masses, and so will be pleased to note the effort that is being made in every direction for their physical betterment and its psychic relation thereto. Collaboration on the part of engineers, architects, schoolmen and ophthalmologists is urged in order to secure better and more artistic lighting in the homes of the poor and the public schools.

In *The Naturopath* (December) an article on *Medical Laws versus Human Rights and Constitution* is particularly strong in its advocacy of the broader evolutionary conception being applied to medical questions and problems. Eugenics is treated from the "many-sided deep question of man's life and evolution" instead of "within the narrow limits of nine lunar months." Other articles are on *The Fine Art of Giving* and *Phrenology as an Aid in Selecting the Proper Vocation*.

The Harbinger of Light (November) publishes a letter from Dr. Coover, of the Psychological Department of Stanford University, in which he outlines the procedure to be followed in the investigation of psychical phenomena. "Our plans," he says, "are to begin our experimentation upon grounds accepted by science and to work cautiously outward by methods that will compel acceptance by science at each step." Other interesting articles are on the *Rev. R. J. Campbell* and *Science and the After Life*.

The Scoop (November), published by The Press Club of Chicago, has a scoopful of things. An appeal to the spirit of brotherhood in the final paragraph of an article on woman's position in this age is worth quoting. "Newspaper men of Chicago, it is in your power to usher in the dawn of a golden age when the motto 'The foremost does most to bring up the hindmost' shall elbow out the old worn-out, discredited, blood-stained legend 'Look out for No. 1, and the devil take the hindmost'." W. D. Eaton contributes a brilliant article on *The Heavens Declare* in which he proclaims his belief in reincarnation, based upon the investigations of the wider science of the age, which finds "continuous and teeming life everywhere." He also alludes to the message of Jesus Christ which, "like all the others that ever have been delivered by the High Ones, has at its heart a steadfast assurance of the continuity of individual existence."

The Cosmopolitan (January) contains one of Dr. Frank Crane's optimistic and helpful little sermonettes on *The Most Important Thing*. Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributes a scathing rebuke in verse to those guilty of the crime of feticide, under the title *The Revealing Angels*.

ABSTRACTS OF THE LIVES OF ORION

Dramatis Personae: Life 5 of Alcyone and Life 7 of Orion

Mu

Lomia *Helios*

{ Achilles
Orion *Cygnus*
Egeria

{ Vesta-Aldebaran
Bellatrix
Parthenope-Calliope
Rigel

Mira-Selene

{ Gimel
Aleph

Herakles-BRHASPATI

{ MARS-(—)
VENUS
NEPTUNE

{ (—)-(—)
Vajra-Ulysses

OSIRIS-MERCURY
Albireo-Alcyone

Mira-Selene

{ Sirius
Alcyone-Albireo

{ Ajax-Aletheia

{ Vega-Tiphs

{ Mizar-Polaris

{ (—)-Beth

Orpheus

Auriga

(—)-Telemachus

Polaris-Mizar

Castor

Pollux

Scorpio

Thetis

Boreas (servant Alcyone)

{ Leo-Iris

{ MERCURY-OSIRIS

{ Ophiuchus
URANUS
Calypso
Dorado
Sagittarius
Aquarius

{ Algol
Proserpina
Libra
Iris-Leo
Phoenix
Viola

{ Minerva
Siwa
Olympia
Tolosa
Fides-Iphigenia
Virgo

Daleth

{ Minerva
Siwa
Olympia
Tolosa
Fides-Iphigenia
Virgo

{ Aurora
Lyra
Berenice
Pegasus
Clio

{ SATURN
VIRAJ
VULCAN
Beatrice
Pindar

{ Aurora
Lyra
Berenice
Pegasus
Clio

Glaucus- Soma

Glaucus-Soma

LIFE 8. MOROCCO. B. 18,301 B. C. AGE 67. (R.R. 4, S.R. 5)

Orion-Sigma (—)

Orion-Epsilon

Cancer | Epsilon

Orion: born on sea-shore; son of land and ship owner; passionate, if crossed; determined to have his own way; liable to unreasoning fits of anger; falls early into bad company; marries Sigma, selected by parents; has several children; later falls in love with Epsilon and neglects home; finds Cancer and Epsilon together in a wood; kills Cancer and carries off Epsilon; she falls down into ravine; is pursued by people; jumps into sea and reaches a sailing vessel of his father; vessel encounters storm in Atlantic and goes down; is tossed ashore on island, all alone; lives on island in silence for twenty years; is rescued by ship; reaches home after many hardships; finds only Epsilon remaining; marries her, and starts in trade with her money; both live peacefully until death.

Epsilon: beautiful woman of rather unpleasant character; has many admirers; after tragedy, thinks over her past, and concludes that she has been unfair to Orion.

Cancer: son of governor; rich; has social power.

LIFE 9. POSEIDONIS. B. 17,228 B. C. AGE 91. (R.R. 4, S.R. 6)

Orion | Gamma

Zeta

Orion: son of rich merchant; receives commercial education; plunges into pleasures of life; pilfers small sums from father's business to add to his generous allowance; becomes infatuated with Gamma, who exacts rich presents; makes large defalcation; sells only witness, Zeta, to pirates; is himself sold to pirates by Gamma's men friends; meets Zeta, who tries to kill him; is chained by pirates to same oar with Zeta for fourteen years; they escape from wrecked galley; nurses Zeta, who was seriously injured; finds work with goldsmith; supports crippled Zeta till he dies; inherits part of goldsmith's property after nineteen years; becomes wealthy in ten years, but loses all, through dishonest workman; becomes beggar again; lives in poverty to extreme old age.

LIFE 10. TARTARY. B. 15,690 B. C. AGE 58. (R.R. 4, S.R. 7)

Bellatrix-Sirius	{	Deneb-Theodoros	Virgo	cf. below	
		Lyra-Proteus			
		Aquarius	{		
Gamma	{	Mira-Vesta			
Kappa					

Daphne-Hebe	Epsilon-Aglaia	{	Orion-Helios	{	Aldebaran
			Scorpio		Pegasus
					Eros
					Sagittarius
					Ophiuchus
			Flora-Mu	{	Iota
			Chameleon-Juno		Stella
					Nu
					Avelledo

Aglaia: high official, governor of a district; proud of family honor; sends Scorpio to kill Orion; is slain by hereditary enemies, the house of Helios.

Orion: receives military training; falls into toils of Gamma; saves Helios from robbers; learns that she belongs to family at enmity with his; broods over image of Helios; reforms life entirely; informs father of his love; is disinherited and cast out; meets Helios, who returns love; flees with Helios; they live several years with uncivilised tribe; three children are born; join another tribe; Orion helps in war and gains rich spoils; settles down; is attacked by brother Scorpio, who had allied himself with strong robber band; Scorpio kidnaps son Aldebaran; Orion attacks robber stronghold, kills Scorpio, rescues son; returns home and takes possession of property; does not avenge his father's death.

Gamma: unprincipled woman; bold, brazen and artificial; was married secretly; conceives passion for Orion; exacts rich presents; quarrels with him constantly.

Helios: wild and free, yet shy and modest, a lovely child of nature.

Deneb: great military and political leader.

Lyra: devotes himself to philosophy and religion; celebrated teacher and prophet.

LIFE 11. CANADA. B. 14,507 B.C. AGE 56 (R.R. 4, S.R. 1)

Ursa-Sirius	{	Orion-Sigma	{	Theseus
		Orion-Nu		(—)
Ursa-Gamma				

Ursa: selfish and scheming man, often unkind to wife; hunter; falls in love with Gamma; drives away Sirius; is injured by bear and abandoned by Gamma.

Sirius: daughter of chief of tribe; forgiving, kind; comes back to nurse Ursa.

Orion: loves mother and helps her with six younger children; hates Gamma; becomes cruel, self-centred, suspicious of all women; intractable, wayward, impatient, rough and angry; seduces Sigma, a girl; is forced to marry her; has some children who died; goes away to another tribe; is good hunter and keen trader; marries Nu, with good dowry; loves his two sons dearly; returns to old home, after Nu dies; learns to love his mother again; settles down for twenty years of family life with Sigma, who cares for his sons and soon has some of her own.

LIFE 12. POSEIDONIS. B. 13,671 B. C. AGE 38. (R.R. 4, S.R. 2)

See also Life 13 of Alcyone

Alastor-Eta

{ Ursa-Orion
Orion

{ Sirius-Alcyone
Vega-Capella

Alastor: king of one of the Tlavatli races; stern, severe and stupid; does not understand his children; pig-headed, without tact and sympathy, condemns Orion to death and imprisons Ursa after scandal is discovered.

Eta: soft and yielding, but unwise and frequently untruthful.

Ursa: tyrannises over sister; selfish; seduces Orion; flees with her to forest; supports her and the two children; quarrels with sister; deserts her and returns to forgiving father.

Orion: wild and impetuous; admires and loves brother Ursa; has son and daughter in forest; is indignant at Ursa's desertion; remains in forest home for years; determines that her boy should have his rights; tells Sirius about his royal birth; on death bed she makes him promise to go to his father and announce himself as the heir.

Sirius: fine, strong boy; like Greek statue in beauty and gracefulness; obtains recognition as heir after various dramatic scenes; marries Alcyone.

LIFE 13. PERU. B. 12,090 B. C. AGE 85. (R.R. 4, S.R. 3)

For Dramatis Personae see Life 15 of Alcyone

Vesta: capable man, full of enthusiasm for his work; of keen intuition.

Mira: co-operates with husband; has more head for details; practical.

Bellatrix: capable, practical; invents games for younger sisters and works them hard.

Orion: very beautiful, a picture of graceful health; knows value of her beauty; puts on airs among crowd of juvenile suitors; clever at music; plays various instruments; marries Aldebaran; is presented to Inca Mars by friend Siwa, son of Inca; suffers much over loss of eldest son Theseus, killed in battle; is called to death-bed of Sirius at seventy-seven; they have vision in common of the forest life and of their vow to Mercury (Life 6).

Sirius: is devoted to Orion; painfully shy; saves her from alligator; has visions of previous forest life together with Orion; is sent away at twenty-one to take charge of a distant district; marries Spica, and does his best to fulfill his duties.

Aldebaran: assistant in scientific investigation department; invents artificial fuel and gas illuminant; is badly injured in explosion; is doctored by fellow-student Aries and nursed back to health by Orion; eventually masters the difficulties.

LIFE 14. CHINA. B. 9,686 B. C. AGE 13. (R.R. 4, S.R. 4)

Orion

Theseus

Orion: a podgy little brown baby; daughter of mandarin of town; begins education in babyhood; learns to recite long, wearisome poems; takes great delight in reading most impossible fairy tales; makes friends with Theseus, child of neighbor; positively adores her; steals away at night and sleeps at her door; falls into river and is drowned.

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Annie Besant, President

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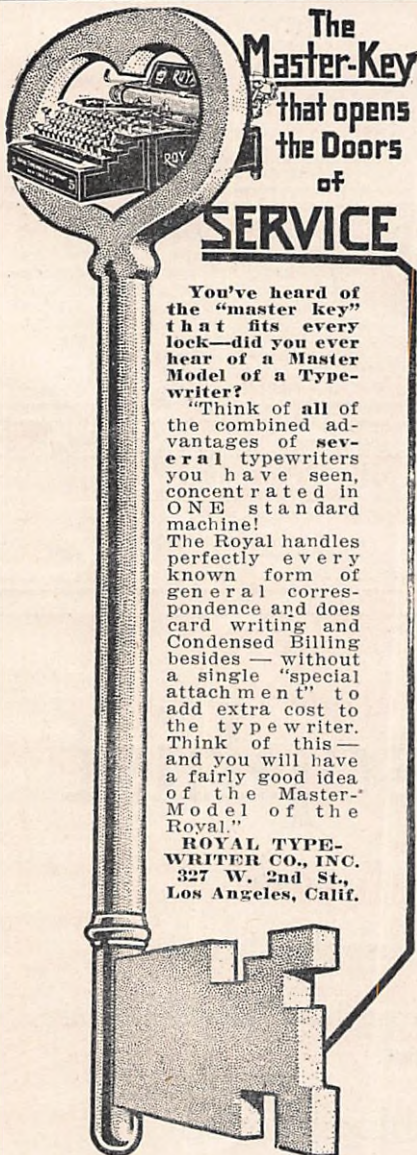
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