

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

“There is no Religion higher than Truth”

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WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE — 1851-1896

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ON the 21st of March, 1896, he whom H.P.B. called “the greatest of the Exiles” returned to his peers and elders, to his true home. He had lived in the land of exile for a period of 45 years, during the latter half of which he had laboured assiduously for the Cause of Brotherhood and of Soul Culture.

Mr. Judge was not only a liberal-minded man of wide and generous sympathies enlightening the minds of his fellows; he was that rare type of teacher the depth of whose vision into human hearts enabled him to adjust them — bringing integration to the personal man.

Focused in his own Buddhi, the pure and compassionate reason, he rayed the Light on others — that Light which alone has the power to transmute the lower into the higher. Manas, Kama into Buddhi. He stated that the object of the Mission of H.P.B. was to change the Manas and the Buddhi of the Race. The Light which he rayed out was of the Heart, and Heart-Light, as he firmly held, is the Light of Everlasting Right, which reveals the fitness of all things in manifestation.

W. Q. Judge lived by, as and in the Heart. In space, as in the human body, the Heart is hidden and invisible; upon its regular beats the very life of the system depends. Mr. Judge acted like the Hidden One in space; only the beats of his Heart could be heard, but all who heard them were awakened to a deeper perception of the Everlasting Right.

The Heart is the symbol of the Eternal Now beyond the past, the present and the future. Mr. Judge lived and laboured for the Eternal, dismissing the past and uncalculating as to the future:

I care not what I *was*, or what anyone *was*. I only look for

what I am each moment. For as each moment is and at once is not, it must follow that if we think of the past we forget the present, and while we forget, the moments fly by us, making more past.

He was a pioneer and a forerunner, and to the Theosophical Movement of our cycle was like the first gentle shower assuaging the thirst of the parched soil while raising the great Thirst for the Life Eternal and evoking the fructifying rains of heaven.

He stated that anyone's new knowledge was but an extension of his old knowledge, and to make the presently-held knowledge both right and righteous one had to study and apply. From within the Soul the aspirant must look at the without — his own personality and the wide world of *Maya*, glamour. Full of carefulness and heedfulness and attentiveness to his own concerns, the devotee must practise the higher carelessness in that world of *Maya*, glamour, which becomes *Moha*, Enchantment.

Glamour and enchantment, illusion and delusion, are to be conquered by the practice of concentration on the Hidden One within and by carelessness about all and everything which concerns not Him, His Path, His Life. Mr. Judge wrote:

The darkness and the desolation are sure to be ours, but it is only illusionary. . . . The influences of this present age are powerful for producing these feelings. What despair and agony of doubt exist today in all places! In this time of upturning the wise man waits. . . . Let us wait then for natural changes, knowing that if the eye is fixed where the light shines, we shall presently know what to do.

How helpful this has proven for the practitioner who has fixed his eye on the Light, both in the waiting period and when realization has dawned — at long last!

All human beings yearn for the Light; a few seek it. Among those who seek, only a few heed the words of warning or of energization. Among those who so heed, a few, once again, stand firm and steady when the gales of elation blow or when the oppressive heat of depression surrounds us, exercising the higher carelessness. On those few practitioners of the Mighty Art the future and the well-being of humanity depend. If today politicians and statesmen, social reformers and social servants, analytical scientists and speculative philosophers are not able to help the race, it is because they themselves are caught in the webs of glamour, and by the enchanting forces of pride and subtle selfishness. Many

among us, theosophists, are also affected by the influences of the present age, and such become faint-hearted, dull-minded, sense-excited.

Let us resolve for this Anniversary Day, which is the Day of the Spring Equinox, to shake off mental lethargy, to awaken heart-enthusiasm and to cleave unto the teachings of this successful Chela; this loyal colleague of the Guru of us all, H.P.B.; this Bridge between the world of the mortals and that of the Immortals — William Quan Judge. Let each aspirant become a Devotee, each Devotee a Centre of Light dispelling the darkness of the mind of present-day humanity!

To begin with — let the eye be fixed where the Light shines!

WHEN you feel lonely, remember that on the higher planes we are never alone, but that those who are striving to follow the right path are linked together by bonds of sympathy and true brotherhood, and remember, too, that the greatest work is not done on outer physical planes but on the thought plane. Here is something, then, for you to do — to think strong helpful thoughts for all the members of the T.S. and for your friends, and then for the whole of humanity. It may be that when a bright helpful thought comes into your own life, it has been sent forth from some other, who is trying to lighten the load of the world's suffering, and all the loving helpful thoughts that you can send out will help to lighten someone's sadness, and bring a ray of hope into someone's life. Each thought is a seed, and will bear fruit in due season. . . .

I am glad to hear of your work, and trust that you will be able to get together a strong Centre; remember, however, that you yourself can be and are a centre to the extent that you make Theosophy a living power in your life. . . .

Do not think you do nothing for the Cause which is so dear to you, for indeed the truest work is done on the inner planes, and without this there could be no work done on the outer planes. So, remember that you *can* work and are doing real work to help the cause by being strong in heart, in trust, and in devotion. In this way, you help to keep the centre of the whole movement strong, and others, who can work on the outer plane, will be helped to do their work because the centre is strong, and they themselves get help from it. This is what you can do and you should think of it often.

—W. Q. JUDGE

THE LAWS THAT GOVERN LIFE

I established this whole universe with a single portion of myself, and remain separate.

—*Bhagavad-Gita*, X. 42

TO THE MAN in the street, law is that code which the courts of his land enforce. His ideal of that law is that it should be impersonal and mete out justice with an impartial hand. When man lifts his gaze skywards, he does not need reason to convince himself that a law prevails which guides the measured movements of the stars and which must govern universes, worlds and systems of worlds. The regular procession of the seasons, the part that vibrations or numbers play in light and sound, the behaviour of the elements according to the set yet distinctive modes of each, leave him staggered. The exquisite living forms that throng a drop of water reveal to him a whole living, throbbing material world hidden from his sight, yet dwelling in the very forms he constantly uses. These are lives, for they are living organisms. There is not a pin-point of space without these lives. They are conscious in their own way, have a memory of their own and in time progress towards a wider and wider consciousness under the force of what is called "natural impulse."

There is not anything in the Universe which is not living. Stones, minerals, rocks and even chemical atoms are simply organic units in profound lethargy. Their coma has an end and their inertia becomes activity. These lives are important to evolution, are in fact an episode in the process of evolution. Their behaviours, their attractions and repulsions, their reactions to outward stimuli show a plan to their lives, and an implicit and unhesitating obedience to laws which do not require outside monitors for their compliance. Whence the impulse that makes the acorn grow into an oak and not an elm? Whence the pattern of the human form that the embryo assumes when initially within the womb it went through forms of stone, plant and tadpole?

Theosophy asserts that the whole Kosmos is guided, controlled and animated by almost endless series of Hierarchies of sentient beings, each having a mission to perform, and who, whether we call them angels or by any other name, are "messengers" in the sense that they are only the agents of Karmic and Cosmic Laws. These are entities who have merged their individual identity in that of their Hierarchy. They thus act as one body and one mind with the strength of a combined unity. Since they obey Karmic Laws and nothing else, they cannot be petitioned nor prayed

to for favours and dispensations. They are as impersonal as the wind or the waters of the ocean. Life to them is Law; Law to them is Life.

These Hierarchies are co-extensive with the life of the Kosmos, but when it is time for the great dissolution, these agents of the Law perform their last duties and are withdrawn along with the Kosmos from objective existence (however ethereal it might have been) into the bosom of THAT which alone is Absolute and unconditionally Eternal. The "Night" of obscuration or repose begins, and though no consciousness exists to mark out the time, it will continue for a period equal to the length of the "Day." Deity is LAW. Its unconditional continuity as an omnipresent, eternal and boundless Principle is capable of being perceived by finite minds under two aspects. One is that of absolute, abstract SPACE which by its very nature can have no boundaries since beyond any boundary Space will extend to Infinity. The other aspect or symbol of Deity is absolute, abstract Motion, or the rhythmic breathing-in of Universes followed by the breathing-out of a newly awakened Kosmos. This pulsation, infinite and unbroken whether there be manifestations or not, is termed "The Great Breath."

Within the Unmanifested, Spirit and Matter get synthesized in the One Unity. In the manifested world and the world of reflections, Spirit and Matter are linked by what is called in Occultism Fohat. It is through Fohat that the ideas existing in the Divine Thought (Spirit) are impressed upon Cosmic Substance (Matter) as the "laws of Nature." Fohat is thus the INTELLIGENT power who guides manifestation, the Divine Thought transmitted and made manifest through the Architects of the visible world. These Architects are Entities known in Occultism as "Dhyan Chohans."

We thus have:

I. The Absolute, also known as the "Unknown One" and the "Infinite Totality."

II. The first manifestation is the Unmanifested Logos, the precursor of the manifested. The Great Breath assumes the character of pre-cosmic Ideation, and Space that of Pre-Cosmic Root Substance.

III. From the Unknown One is projected the manifested One, known as the periodical, Manvantaric Deity. This is the Universal Mind, representing the Hosts of the higher creative Dhyan Chohans.

IV. Simultaneously with the evolution of the Universal Mind, the concealed Wisdom of Adi-Buddha (the One Supreme and Eternal)

manifests itself as Avalokiteshwara (the manifested Ishwara), which is the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Ahura-Mazda of the Zoroastrians, the Heavenly Man of the Hermetic philosopher, the Logos of the Platonists, and the Atman of the Vedantins. The manifested Wisdom, or Mahat, is represented by these innumerable centres of spiritual Energy in the Kosmos.

V. By the action of this manifested Wisdom (Mahat), the reflection of the Universal Mind, which is Cosmic Ideation and the intellectual Force accompanying such Ideation, becomes objectively Fohat. Fohat acts upon manifested substance and by differentiating it into various centres of Energy, sets in motion the law of Cosmic Evolution.

In each of these stages, Law has a definite function to perform. In the first stage, the Law and the Absolute are One. In the last, Fohat becomes the personified electric power. On the Cosmic plane, his influence is present in the constructive power that from the planetary system down to the glow-worm and the daisy carries out the plan reposing in the Divine Thought in regard to the development and growth of each.

The Secret Doctrine teaches that though all souls are identical with the Over-Soul (itself an aspect of the Absolute), still, each soul has to gain its own independent consciousness. Existence is necessary for this one purpose. Therefore, the spark that issues from that Over-Soul *has* to pass through every elemental form of the phenomenal world (this long journey is swiftly epitomized in the intra-uterine life of the human embryo). It does this under the propelling urge of Natural Impulse which is one aspect of the Law administered by the Dhyan Chohans. When the life which is thus evolving reaches at last the human kingdom, the action of Law changes. Man can by his choices work either with or against the Law applicable to the human kingdom and thus hasten or retard his progress to the goal.

When once the supremacy of Law, its undeviating movement and its impartial and INTELLIGENT justice is recognized, then will it be conceded that man *qua* man cannot hope for any special gifts or privileges save those which he has won through his own individual effort and merit.

For him who desires perception, Theosophy gives invaluable teachings about Laws that are vital to his evolution. Some of these may be summarized as under:

(1) Since man is a soul, he is identical with the Over-Soul from which he along with other souls radiates, and is therefore one with all the

other souls. His merit adds to the general fund of goodness and his misdeeds affect each soul adversely through the intimate connection of each to the Over-Soul. Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature and the sanctity of all life becomes paramount under this Law. Each soul has to convince himself of his identity of relation and interest with each aspect of sentient life and to square his actions accordingly.

(2) The agents of Karma that administer Law in the human kingdom have the perception that unerringly assesses man's motives, his capabilities and the stage which he has reached in human evolution. Nature's reactions to human actions take count of men's ethical responsibilities. The wrong done by the savage and the idiot leads to one type of reaction. The same wrong done by one familiar with ethics brings a different reaction; while the reaction in the case of one who aspires to reach to the higher Wisdom is totally different. But the Law does not mete out retribution only. It helps also. Thus, when the time is ripe, the same Law may bring within reach of the aspirant instructions and knowledge through what the man may think to be a chance acquaintance or a supposedly fortuitous coming across of a person, a book, or even an idea.

(3) Evolution does not begin and end in one life. Age takes toll of a man's body and the material constituents of his make-up. Death comes to afford rest to the soul and to relieve it of undesirable memories that haunt its years. Reincarnation brings the man back to youth and a new environment.

(4) Man is essentially an ethical being. His ethical laws deal with his relationship with other men and with the impulses that he impresses on the kingdoms below his own. The laws of charity, harmony, patience, forbearance, fearlessness and mind-control are there for his study so that he may understand the laws which deal with his sowing of causes. Man exists to perform actions, the more so since the programme of his life-actions demands his active participation in the continuous work on the chain of Causation. Causes have to be generated of such nature as to remain in harmony with the universal unity that is portrayed in the first homogeneous emanations from and in the Absolute.

(5) The one who dares to dream bold dreams has to discover, fathom and then set in motion laws which will enable him to shift his consciousness to the incarnated Ego and thence to the Higher Self. He has to obey the laws of Nature and the laws of the supernatural in order to gain those powers which will enable him to demand from Nature her final secret.

Says Light on the Path:

Impersonality must first be understood. Intelligence is impartial: no man is your enemy: no man is your friend. All alike are your teachers. Your enemy becomes a mystery that must be solved, even though it take ages: for man must be understood. Your friend becomes a part of yourself, an extension of yourself, a riddle hard to read. Only one thing is more difficult to know — your own heart. Not until the bonds of personality are loosed can that profound mystery of self begin to be seen. Not till you stand aside from it will it in any way reveal itself to your understanding. Then, and not till then, can you grasp and guide it. Then, and not till then, can you use all its powers, and devote them to a worthy service.

THE REAL ATOM does not exist on the material plane. The definition of a point as having position, must not, in Occultism, be taken in the ordinary sense of location; as the *real* atom is beyond space and time. The word molecular is really applicable to our globe and its plane, only: once inside of it, even on the other globes of our planetary chain, matter is in quite another condition, and non-molecular. The atom is in its eternal state, invisible even to the eye of an Archangel; and becomes visible to the latter only periodically, during the life cycle. The particle, or molecule, is *not*, but exists periodically, and is therefore regarded as an illusion. . . .

An atom may be compared to (and is for the Occultist) the seventh principle of a body or rather of a molecule. The physical or chemical molecule is composed of an infinity of finer molecules and these in their turn of innumerable and still finer molecules. Take for instance a molecule of iron and so resolve it that it becomes non-molecular; it is then at once transformed into one of its seven principles, *viz.*, its astral body; the seventh of these is the atom. The analogy between a molecule of iron, before it is broken up, and this same molecule after resolution, is the same as that between a physical body before and after death. The principles remain *minus* the body. Of course this is occult alchemy, not modern chemistry.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE TOUCH OF SPRING

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

—HENRY VAUGHAN

THE CYCLE of the year repeats itself as regularly as the smaller cycles of the hour, the day, the week, the lunar month, or as the larger cyclic sweep of centuries and yugas. Nature's processes are all periodical and rhythmic; even cataclysms come in harmony with law, except those, like hastily wars, which free-willed beings bring upon the world.

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged," Hooker wrote, "than that her voice is the harmony of the world." Cycles are an expression of law. Motion there always is everywhere; rhythmic motion spells order, progress, harmony and peace, as erratic movement, action contrary to Nature's law of Universal Brotherhood, spells chaos, retrogression, disorder, strife.

The element of disorder is introduced by man. Our human plans do not all go by Nature's dependable clock. We think it a matter for congratulation when our train comes in on time, neither three minutes early or three hours late! The earth's far longer journey round the sun, timed to the minute, brings us back once more to the Vernal Equinox, to Jamshed-i-Navroz, Nature's New Year's Day.

The cycle has not changed, but we should have. It should be a different man or woman in each case from the one who joined last year in the exchange of greetings and felicitations appropriate to the day. A year is an appreciable part of the time available for our life's journey. Has it seen us marching on, or sitting by the road, or perhaps even falling behind?

Cycles are not closed circles, and in that respect the etymology of the word is misleading. It comes from the Greek *kuklos* (circle), but as applied to man a cycle is a circle only if considered as a wheel which, as it turns, moves on. If every New Year's Day we had to start from the same point exactly, life would be a weary treadmill and all our efforts of improvement vain. Let us rather view the cycle as a spiral, such as

the humble corkscrew illustrates, and we shall have a more encouraging concept, as well as a truer one. Each turn of the spiral should bring us to a little higher level.

Mankind in its totality, in fact, should be much farther on than it is. Ignorance about man's own nature, mental laziness and the selfishness engendered by a false sense of separateness — these are largely responsible for the retardation of the race as a whole. But the whole is the sum-total of its parts. Individuals rousing themselves to effort can help all, for "no man can rise superior to his individual failings, without lifting, be it ever so little, the whole body of which he is a part."

One universal aspect of this season is the ushering in of the festival of Spring. People in this part of the country miss something, in that Spring here follows after Winter with growing heat as the chief marker of the difference. New flowers, more bird-songs, yes, but here we take Spring quite as a matter of course. Not so in the north! To those who have lived through the long Winter months of ice and snow, of leafless branches spread against grey skies, Spring comes with an unimaginable sweetness and exhilaration. The first crocus pushing through the soil, the first note of a songbird returning from the south; however many times one sees Spring come in colder climes, it never loses its wonder and its thrill.

Even in the north, Nature has not been idle through the silent winter months. The seeds sleep in the ground; the buds already formed slumber snugly on their branches till the breath of Spring awakes them. The trees have seemed inactive, in deep lethargy, but all the time, out of sight, Nature has been all the Winter through at work, "devising leaves, blooms, blades." In Sir Edwin Arnold's beautiful phrase:

In dark soil and the silence of the seeds

The robe of Spring it weaves.

What does the Spring require of us? What shall we put on as our "robe of Spring" to be in tune with Nature's festival? Thoreau rightly warned, "Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes"! A fine new costume is not the solution. It can but serve at best as a symbol of the inner touch of Spring; at worst, as camouflage to cover up the wintry heart within.

Heart specialists there are in plenty and minute classifications of the physical diseases of the heart. But specialists do not treat nor do medical books list that commonest, most serious of cardiac diseases — the

wintry heart. How many suffer from it! And what a different world it would be if the inner icicles would only melt under the genial warmth of the Spring sun—the icicles of communal exclusiveness, “the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,” the superiority complex rooted in race, in creed, in wealth or social standing and everything that divides man from man! If only these would melt away like frost that clouds the northern window-pane, and would let us look out clearly, we should see our fellow-men as brothers and as fellow pilgrims all.

There is another aspect of the northern Spring besides its joyousness—its challenge to renewal. Not only does its coming bring exhilaration and a sense of life upwelling after long imprisonment in silence and in darkness. He is very young or very stolid and prosaic who does not also catch the minor overtones of Spring’s exuberance. Restlessness, nostalgia, longing for something undefined and indefinable, these also are the marks of Spring; there is a wistfulness beneath her gaiety. Spring seems to whisper: joys are fleeting; pleasures fade; youth is lovely, yes, but youth must pass. After the Spring and the Summer and the Autumn must come the long, cold Winter once again.

What is the lesson of our constant failure to find any permanent satisfaction in the joys of life, in Spring, their perennially recurring symbol? Is it not that man, as a spiritual being, cannot find lasting satisfaction anywhere but in his higher nature? Does it not say to us, in Francis Thompson’s words, “Lo! naught contents thee, who content’st not Me”?

At the touch of Spring the sap rises and the trees put on new leaves and flowers. At the touch of Spring man also feels the stirrings of the spirit in his heart. Shall he not also follow the behest of Spring and let his better nature flower forth?

KARMA operates to produce cataclysms of nature by concatenation through the mental and astral planes of being. A cataclysm may be traced to an immediate physical cause such as internal fire and atmospheric disturbance, but these have been brought on by the disturbance created through the dynamic power of human thought.

—APHORISM ON KARMA (*U.L.T. Pamphlet No. 21*)

THE SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENT ONE

[This fragment from an ancient African text, *Amazwi Wo Mamdala*, with Introductory Notes by the translator, Captain P. G. B. Bowen, is reprinted from *The Theosophical Path* (Point Loma, U.S.A.), for January 1934. Captain Bowen, a student of Theosophy and an admirer of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, refers elsewhere to the African tradition — which in fact is universal — of the “Elders,” or “Brothers of Secret Wisdom” (*Ubungoma obu fhliweyo*):

“They have no organization such as is found in a Western society. One becomes a member by virtue of a certain development of mind and in no other way. There are many members, they say, who are unaware that they are such. Members are of every grade of attainment, from pupils such as I was, up to men known vaguely as ‘Abangoma’ (Those who know). . . . But above the ‘Abangoma’ there is said to be ‘The Ancient One,’ but who or what he is I do not know.”

In our next issue, another fragment from the same text will be published.—EDS.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

THE CONTRIBUTION under the above title by the present writer is a translation of *portions only* of a section, or “chapter,” from a volume of mystic writings held by his friend, the Berber teacher, Mehlo Moya. This volume, which is written partly in Berber and partly in the archaic Bantu — the latter being unknown to modern philology — is in its turn a translation of some very ancient records, found, according to his own account, by Mehlo Moya himself, in a subterranean chamber in an ancient ruined city in South Africa. Whether this ancient city was that which is now known as Zimbabwe, or another, of which there are many belonging to the same civilization, the present writer is not prepared to say. He has, however, seen the original records, which are in symbols and hieroglyphics, inscribed for the greater part on sheets of a kind of parchment, and for the lesser part on tiles, on stone slabs, and on sheets of some material resembling papyrus. These records are unquestionably very ancient, but whether Mehlo Moya’s translation of them is accurate the present writer cannot say, as the symbols and hieroglyphics are quite unknown to him.

Mehlo Moya’s translation, which is of course in alphabetical script,

makes a volume of close upon a million words, and this, if rendered into English, would probably take two million words. About a third of the volume consists of mystic stanzas bearing a strong family likeness to the *Stanzas of Dzyan*. The remaining two-thirds is made up of miscellaneous mystical writings, commentaries on the stanzas scarcely less abstruse than the stanzas themselves, parables and allegorical writings, of which the present fragments are fairly typical, occult teachings which are more or less intelligible to a Theosophical student, and lastly, a number of sections, or chapters, of a definitely historical nature.

Though allowed to read through Mehlo Moya's translation, the writer was not permitted to copy, or to translate, more than a limited number of selected passages, and these of the less abstruse kind.

Of the historical matter contained in the MSS., only a little can be said, of which the following may be of some interest.

The city, or the civilization to which the original records belong, is said to have been founded in "*The First Circle of the Sun of the First Generation of the Builders.*" It fell, or rather was abandoned by the original people, in the "*Twenty-first Circle of the Sun in the Hundred-and-First Generation of the Builders.*" Taken by itself this chronology gives no clue to the period during which the civilization flourished, but in one portion of the record there is a reference to the completion of "*The Great Altar of the North.*" Elsewhere it is stated that this "*Great Altar*" was built close to the "*Union of the Sacred Great River*" with the "*Northern Sea,*" for a certain mystical reason. Now, as there is not, and never has been, an African river running into any northern sea, except only the Nile, "*The Great Altar*" cannot conceivably be other than the Great Pyramid. Now this "*Great Altar*" is stated to have been finished in the "*First Circle of the Sun of the Forty-ninth Generation of the Builders.*" Elsewhere there is a mention of a "*Thirty-ninth*" Circle of the Sun. A Generation was therefore a period of at least forty years. Hence the "*Builders*" founded their city at least 2000 years before the pyramid was completed, and it endured for fifty-three generations after, say at least 2200 years. If we accept the usual archaeological estimate of the date of the building of the pyramid, 3350 B.C., the first founders of those old African cities ended their cycle about 1100 B.C., having begun it over four thousand years earlier. But if we accept H.P.B.'s estimate of the age of the pyramid, 78000 years, well—!

It is permissible to add, however, that those ancient cities did not perish with the vanishing of their first founders. They were, in fact,

occupied and reoccupied by many different races, all more or less civilized, one succeeding the other right down to very recent times, comparatively speaking — in fact, until well after the first European colonies were established in Southern Africa, a few centuries ago. The final end of their occupation by civilized men came with the incursion of the warrior Bantu tribes from the North, and this I estimate from Zulu accounts of the length of the reigns of their kings, and the number of these kings (which are exceedingly definite and circumstantial) must have occurred no farther back than the middle of the seventeenth century, and probably a good deal more recently.

Finally, it is worth noting that the original record, all but the historical portions, is a poem. Mehlo Moya's translation is also poetry of a high order. This fact increases the difficulty of a translation into English, especially by one who, like the writer, is no poet. An attempt, a feeble one, has been made to preserve something of the poesy of the original in the present English prose, but at its best this does little justice to the original.

THE SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENT ONE

The words of the Ancient One to the neophytes in the Hidden Temple of the Hidden Sun spoken in the Thirteenth Moon of the Seventh Circle of the Sun in the Seventy and Seventh generation of the Builders.

The Ancient One said:

There are three questions which the MANY ask, but which only the FEW can answer:

Whence comest thou hither?

What dost thou here?

Whither goest thou hence?

Life asks these questions, and Life answers them, for Life and Knowledge are one thing:

“What art *thou*?” man asks of Life. Life answers, “I am all that thou dost know. I am all that thou hast known but hast forgotten. I am all that thou wilt one day learn. Without me thou art not. I am **THYSELF**.”

Hearken to my story, O Learners, for it is yours. I know its beginning, its middle, and its end. You know its middle only, and that but dimly, therefore take heed and learn.

Our Father is Lord of a Garden fair beyond dreams, and there is no strife nor sorrow there, nor any desire of man.

There is a Pool in that Garden with waters clear as crystal, and cold as the snows which crown the Mighty Mountains. Around the Pool are groves of trees with feathery boughs, and soft shining leaves: with golden fruit which the water mirrors with a beauty which makes beauty dim.

But my Brethren and I perceived not these glories because *we* were the Garden and its beauty: no more than the Pool did we thirst; no more than the trees did we sigh for shade; no more than the fruit did we hunger; and no more than the Garden did we crave possessions; because we *were* the Garden and the Pool and the trees and the fruit, and they were ourselves.

But I heard the voice of our Father: "This Garden is thy heritage, my Son," it said; "yet it cannot be thine as thou seest it, because it is not complete. It lacks a portion cut off by the Desert which circles us round about, and this thou must add to it before it becomes thine own. Go into the Wilderness and dwell there, and conquer it with thy Strong Heart; take the Lost Land with thy Strong Hand, then return and receive thy Kingdom."

And I went into the Desert and wandered there a weary time; and I learned hunger and thirst and pain, and forgot that peace had ever been mine. The land was an evil barrenness, yet it was filled with men, and I knew them to be my Brethren, wandering Sons of the Garden. And I looked on my Brothers with wonder, for they seemed blind to their sorrows: they strove not to quit that sterile land, but bound themselves closely to it, piling up mighty works, building cities and cutting roads, till all was one vast maze. Yet of their many roads not one ran straight to any end, but turned and turned again, reaching no goal but Confusion.

And I saw many men with charts and tools in their hands moving about in anxious circles, searching and digging in the barren soil; and I questioned them, and some answered, "We search for the Lost Land of Knowledge," and those that digged made answer, "We dig for the Well of Truth."

Then it seemed that my Brothers were seeking that which I also sought; and I made myself one of their number to aid them in their task; yet after many days I saw that our work was vain: it made us nothing but deep-worn tracks and pits into which men strayed and stumbled, and from which they escaped with pain and labour, and many escaped not at all.

I quitted this profitless toil, and said, I will find a guide — a man

of wisdom; there must be such who will point the way to the Lost Land; and I came to a House of dark red stone, and beheld a Man standing beside the door. The Man wore a robe of crimson, and held a staff of that sacred wood which my Lost Brethren call Authority; and I spoke to him of my quest, and he answered me and said, "My son, have hope; for I hold the keys of the Kingdom of Knowledge, and I guard the Well of Truth."

The Man put a crimson veil on my head, and led me into the House, and down a steep stairway, deep into the bowels of the earth; and he stood me in a vast cavern where shadows clustered thickly: where the ground around was a noisome morass, and pale evil weeds and lichens grew. "Here is the Land of Knowledge," said he, "and there thou wilt find the Well of Truth."

I waded through the dank morass, and drank of the pool which I found there; but its water was muddy and foul, and my thirst was not assuaged.

Then I heard the voice of our Father: "Go search with thy Strong Heart and Strong Hand, my son," it said; and I went forth from the House of Red, and set my face towards the Desert.

Hunger and thirst and weariness assailed me once again, and I looked for a strong and helpful hand to aid me on my way: and I came to a House of rich Purple stone, and spoke to the Man who guarded its door. The Man was robed in Purple robes, and held on high a tall staff of Authority; and he said, "Dost thou thirst for the Water of Truth?, then enter my house and obey my words, for I am the Guardian of Truth and Knowledge."

The man wrapped round me a purple veil, and led me to the door of a darksome vault, then pointing forward with his staff he commanded my movements, saying: "Take thou seven steps forward, and backward take thou three: take thou seven to thy right hand, and bow at each step thou takest: the Gates of Knowledge are low, very low; so bow thou deeply, very deeply. Return on thy steps again, and do as thou didst before: four steps take thou backward, then lie prostrate upon the floor."

I did as commanded, then rose and gazed around; and I saw, though dimly through my veil, a vast space girt about with trees: the ground was bright with gorgeous flowers, and before me a sparkling fountain played. I rushed unto the fountain, and drank my fill of its waters, but that which I drank was not water, but warm, spice-charged wine; and

I cast the veil from my head, and looked about me again, and I saw that the sward and the flowers and the trees were nothing but painted pictures.

Then I remembered our Father's commands, and the Garden, and the pool and the trees and the fruit; and I went out from the House of Purple, and faced the desert alone.

Again my heart misgave me and strength deserted my limbs, and I prayed for a wise and powerful guide to aid my faltering steps; and I saw a House of Crystal shining with many jewels, and I begged the Man who stood by the door to help me on my way. The Man was clad in a gorgeous robe of many splendid colours, and he waved me on with a milk-white wand of the Sacred tree, Authority: "My son, come within and rest," he said, and took me by the hand. "I ask no service but that thou wearest the garments which I shall give thee."

Then he clothed me in a brilliant robe, and shaded my eyes with strange-hued crystals, and led me gently forward, and left me alone in a wondrous Garden. The place was strange and lovely, and filled with a changeful mystery: endless vistas of trees and flowers extended on every side; and among the vistas were numberless lakes shining in misty beauty; and I leapt towards one with joyful heart to slake my thirst with its waters.

Then I fell to earth bruised and stunned, for a hard, cold barrier had risen before my feet and stayed them in mid-career: the glorious landscape was shattered: nothing appeared around me, but a chaos of shifting colours, and vast mocking forms. I arose, and tore the robe from my body, and cast the crystals in wrath from my eyes; and I saw that I stood in a narrow courtyard with walls all hung with mirrors: the glorious vistas of waving trees were naught but tangled sickly weeds: the myriad lovely lakes were but some shallow stagnant pools.

Then I heard our Father's voice: "Face the Desert with thy Strong Heart, my son," it said. "Take the Lost Land with thy strong Hand and thus win into thy Kingdom."

And I went forth into the Desert, and set my heart to conquer it, asking no longer the aid of any man; and I turned my thoughts from the ways of men and my eyes from their foolish works. I travelled the Desert sands alone till hunger had melted away my flesh, and thirst had dried the springs of my life, and death walked close behind me with his hand outstretched to clutch me; but his fingers failed to grasp me though oftentimes they touched me, for again and again, though I fainted

and fell, yet again and again did I rise: for again and again in the dews of the night, in a trickle amid the burning sands, in the hollow heart of the Desert Flower, I found water, pure and cold.

But I found not the Land I sought, and the last of my strength was spent: my garments had fallen in shreds, and my sandals had crumbled on my feet; the night of the Desert enfolded me; darkness and silence oppressed me; I tottered and sank to earth bethinking me, Now I die!

And I lay on the sands like one dead, when lo! my outstretched hands touched soft and dewy grass; my nostrils were filled with the odour of flowers, and my ears with the pleasant murmur of waters. And I opened my eyes, and beheld the sun shining with lovely golden radiance and not with the brazen glare of the desert; and I looked about and beheld groves of green trees where birds made music, and golden fruit clustered; and I looked before me, and there, like a diamond in the sunlight, shone the waters of a lovely lake.

I arose and plunged into the Pool, and drank my fill of the pure cold water, and strength returned to my body, and sweet young flesh reclothed my limbs; then I stood naked upon the shore and raised my arms towards the sky and the sun; and gazed on the trees, and the flowers, and the Land, like one newborn to earth.

Then I beheld a vast pillar which stood by the shores of the Pool, and gleamed like a mountain of crystal in the golden light of the sun, and upon each face of the pillar I saw characters graven in the stone; and I drew near and read them, and these were the words which I read:

On that face of the pillar which fronts the Desert I read these words:

WITHOUT IS THE WILDERNESS OF THE MIND OF MAN.

On that face of the pillar which fronts the fertile land I read these words:

HERE LIETH THE OASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

On that face of the pillar which fronts the Desert I read these words:

THE POOL OF THE WATERS OF TRUTH.

And I looked upon the fourth face of the pillar, and lo! my eyes would not serve me, for that face seemed to front all ways at once. And I looked upon the characters which were upon it, but could read these words only:

THE KINGDOM IS NOT YET WON.

And I knew that my toil was not over, for though I was saved, yet my Brethren were lost: and I said I will back into the Desert, and

will lighten the lot of the Lost Ones with pure cool water from this pool which I have found.

Then I built canals from the Pool into the Desert Land; and I built deep wells in the cities to store the waters of Truth; and I made myself Guardian of the Wells and called on the thirsty to drink, and they came at my call and drank of the water of my wells.

Then I marvelled, for I saw that the thirst of those who drank was not assuaged; and I tasted the water of my own wells and found it warm and salt.

Then I said, I will build a road from the cities unto the Pool, and I will make it easy and smooth to the feet of my Lost Brothers; but when I had built it, the men who essayed to travel it returned back to the cities reviling me for a deceiver. I marvelled at their words, and set out to travel by mine own road, and found that indeed there was no road, for the sands had swallowed it up.

Then wisdom flowered in my heart, and I saw that Knowledge and Truth can never be reached by any easy and pleasant way: they can never be found by any art of man: Truth must be seized by the Strength of the Heart, and Knowledge grasped by the Power of the Hand.

I arose and returned to the Oasis and the Pool; and the eyes of my spirit were opened, and I looked upon the face of the pillar — on that face which fronts all ways at once — and these were the words which were graven there:

THIS IS THE GARDEN OF WISDOM ETERNAL

And I looked upon the Garden in the golden light of Wisdom; and I knew that at last I had entered my Kingdom: the Garden was the Home of Father, Sons, and Brothers, and I WAS NOW ITS LORD.

Consider my story, O Learners, for it is yours. You are Sons of the Garden and Dwellers in the Wilderness; you are heirs to the Garden, but not until you conquer the Wilderness will you find the Lost Land and receive your heritage.

With your own courage you must brave the Desert. By your own strength you must pass through its perils. Hunger and thirst must not daunt you. Danger and pain and weariness must not stay your steps. If you fall you must rise unaided and press forward with no thought of rest; because there is no rest, nor help, nor any surcease from struggle in *The Wilderness of the Mind of Man*.

Only beyond that Desert, when you rest mid the trees and the flowers.
 With the winged music filling the air, and the zephyr cooling your
 brows—

Only when Kingship has crowned your toil, and the pangs of desire
 are o'er.

Only then may you drink from the Pool of Truth, and rest and
 thirst no more.

THE STONE may remain for myriads of years in water, and the water will never penetrate it. But clay is soon softened into mud by the contact of water. So the strong heart of the faithful does not despair in the midst of trials and persecutions, but the man of weak faith is easily shaken even by the most trifling causes.

Common men talk bagfuls of religion, but act not a grain of it, while the wise man speaks little, but his whole life is a religion acted out.

Knowledge and love of God are ultimately one and the same. There is no difference between pure knowledge and pure love.

A boat may stay in the water, but water should not stay in the boat. An aspirant may live in the world, but the world should not live in him.

He who would learn to swim must attempt swimming for some days. No one can venture to swim in the sea after a single day's practice. So if you want to swim in the sea of Brahman, you must make many ineffectual attempts at first, before you can successfully swim therein.

As the village maidens in India carry four or five pots of water placed one over the other upon their heads, talking all the way with one another about their own joys and sorrows, and yet do not allow one drop of water to be spilt, so must the traveller in the path of virtue walk along. In whatever circumstances he may be placed, let him always take heed that his heart does not swerve from the true path.

The companionship of the holy and the wise is one of the main elements of spiritual progress.

—SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

THE LOWER SELF OF MAN

The mirror of the soul cannot reflect both earth and heaven; and the one vanishes from its surface, as the other is glassed upon its deep.

—Zanoni

THE SELF in man is that consciousness in him which makes him feel himself as an entity distinct and separate from other similar entities. He feels himself different and all too often prides himself on that difference. This self is termed "lower" in contradistinction to the "higher" self of which it is an emanation. It is this lower self which at birth comes to inhabit its appointed mansion-house of flesh. Mixed with it fibre by fibre, this lower self soon comes to identify itself completely with the body, and thus begins to see and think and feel itself as that body, forgetting that the latter is no more than a dwelling-place—furnished and with amenities—and that he becomes its owner-dweller for the term, long or short, of that one particular incarnation. It is because the child is traditionally brought up to recognize itself by the name and form which it carries, that it comes to regard these ephemeral aspects not only as its sole marks of identification but as its very self apart from which life for him ceases. Take away the name and the body, and to the average man it signifies a total annihilation of himself, an erasing of his existence so that nothing of him doth survive. Theosophy has taken upon itself the task of removing this false notion whereby man is made to believe that all his efforts at goodness are futile since presumably death wipes him and his efforts all clean away.

The lower self of man is not of matter but is a ray from the Light that we call Spirit. At birth, this ray gets nailed to the cross of matter and offers itself as a willing sacrifice for furthering the cause of evolution. It can, if the memory of its own parentage and the remembrance of its own act of sacrifice come back to it, and it views itself not as this body but as a tenant of the house which it has to use as its Headquarters from which to launch schemes for the furtherance of the plan it has set out to accomplish. This viewing of oneself as one who in the past has inhabited many an apartment does not come readily to the man, and he passes through long and weary incarnations not knowing why he is born or whither he is proceeding, till realization dawns on him that the whole of nature proceeds on an organized plan and that his own life fits into the divine pattern of a vast evolution.

In order that he understand himself better, man has to study his complex make-up and the uses to which he is expected to put it. Contrary to the commonly held idea that the seat of all memory is in the brain, the fact remains that memory resides in such organs of the body as were put to use during the act of externalizing the thought, will and feeling of the man. The act comes to birth, lives and dies and thus passes into memory. This memory can be reawakened and made to release its stored images either by stimulus from the outside or by a deliberate act of the will. The embers of sleeping desires can thus be fanned to emit heady fumes either by association of ideas or by the action of the bodily organ which by excitation is made to release its torrent of pictures that swamp the man into emotionality. The lower self of man is thus constantly at the mercy of the unclean memories of his past actions; memories that haunt and plague him. It is the measure of the depletion of his moral strength when all too often he submits himself to their hypnotic charm. Memory is a powerful enemy of the man aspiring to a higher life.

Speaking of *Tchitta Riddhi Pada*, "the step of memory," *The Theosophical Glossary* says that it is

the third condition of the mystic series which leads to the acquirement of adeptship; *i.e.*, the renunciation of physical memory, and of all thoughts connected with worldly or personal events in one's life — benefits, personal pleasures or associations. Physical memory has to be sacrificed, and recalled by *will power* only when absolutely needed. The *Riddhi Pada*, lit., the four "Steps to Riddhi," are the four modes of controlling and finally of annihilating desire, memory, and finally meditation itself — so far as these are connected with any effort of the physical brain — meditation then becomes absolutely *spiritual*.

The sincere student has to guard himself against the rude awakeners of desires. For instance, he has to be on the *qui vive* to avoid the undesirable psychic atmosphere that surrounds places and persons, which atmosphere has the power to permeate his being, thus arousing long-sleeping desires. A little attention to the vagaries of the lower self will convince anyone that it cannot but react to the company it keeps. A man may say to himself that he will not succumb to the temptations to which his friends are slaves, but he forgets that a constant contact with the undesirable may provide entry into himself of a virus that may suddenly attack him years later when his bodily and mental condition may provide the conditions for its sudden and cancerous growth.

It is not to be presumed that bad company will bring on an attraction to the type of vice prevalent within that company. It may; but on the other hand it may not. But in any case, there is a deterioration of standard, a lowering of one's guard against evil *per se*; and this subtle permeation of a spirit of toleration of evil and sin must ultimately weaken the will and overpower it in domains where the resistance is weakest.

There is latent in each man some degree of passivity — a state of mind where he fails to bring his thinking and discriminating faculties to bear upon any circumstance or event. At such times, he becomes receptive to all influences by leaving the doors of his mind unguarded. His defenses are for the moment down. This very undesirable condition may spread to larger areas of his life if he starts attending mediumistic séances and other gatherings where powers inimical to the soul are invoked by such means as incantations, the spilling of blood, congregating with persons who go into a mass frenzy, etc. Submitting oneself to hypnotic suggestions and even attendance at performances of a similar nature is dangerous because the worst forms of animal desires may come to be injected — most times unconsciously — by the hypnotizer. For the mind to retain its health, it has to be kept far removed from contamination. The wise student does not mix in crowds where the group emotions and intentions are not congenial to his thinking and aspirations.

During the course of untold incarnations, man has gathered impressions harmful to his nature as man. Death mercifully obliterates memory-images of wrongs indulged in and of animal passions allowed full and unobstructed sway. But death cannot erase the essence of these in the form of susceptibilities, inclinations and urges. These essences await the returning soul and by reason of affinity with the entity that gave them life, attach themselves to him. They are undoubtedly from previous lives, but they are none the less his progeny. When Arjuna, the prototype of all disciples, requests enlightenment as to the nature of that which propels man to commit offences seemingly against his will and as if constrained by some secret force, he states the great problem that all lower selves face when for the first time they long for liberation from the source and bount of all evil. Sri Krishna gives the invaluable instruction:

It is lust which instigates him. It is passion, sprung from the quality of *rajas*; insatiable, and full of sin. Know this to be the enemy of man on earth. As the flame is surrounded by smoke, and a mirror by rust, and as the womb envelops the foetus, so is the universe surrounded by this passion. By this — the constant enemy

of the wise man, formed from desire which rageth like fire and is never to be appeased — is discriminative knowledge surrounded. (*Bhagavad-Gita*, III. 37-39)

Then follows the verse which is important for the man — the lower man — struggling from darkness to light, since it shows from where corrective measures have to be implemented. Says the text: “Its empire (that of lust) is over the senses and organs, the thinking principle and the discriminating faculty also; by means of these it cloudeth discrimination and deludeth the Lord of the body.” When lust (it may not be the coarse vice that is usually associated with the word) throws a dark and threatening veil over discrimination itself, then the stern administrator of self-discipline has to be sought elsewhere. There is no other nor lesser alternative. In the two following verses, Sri Krishna lays down the disciplinary steps which anyone can take:

The senses and organs are esteemed great, but the thinking self is greater than they. The discriminating principle [*Buddhi*, according to the Theosophical classification of principles — see W.Q.J.’s foot-note] is greater than the thinking self, and that which is greater than the discriminating principle is He [the Supreme Spirit, the true Ego]. Thus knowing what is greater than the discriminating principle and strengthening the lower by the Higher Self, do thou of mighty arms slay this foe which is formed from desire and is difficult to seize.

This advice may sound strange to 20th-century ears. The senses, the thinking self and even *Buddhi*, the discriminating principle, may come under the cloud and glamour of “lust.” They are great and each has a definite purpose in evolution, but they would be like runaway horses if they did not pay homage to the Supreme. What Sri Krishna wants the aspirant to do is to find out and “know” that which is greater than the discriminating self.

The difficulty in living the life arises from the fact that man has taken for granted the senses and the other sheaths of the soul. When considering the make-up of man, it is proper that attention be paid to each constituent aspect or principle as something which is alive and which not only has its preferences and dislikes, but which moreover frets at any disciplinary curbs. Each of these constituents has both a separate and a corporate existence. For instance, desires may wait upon the Spirit and its behests. On the other hand, they may refuse to obey commands and, asserting their freedom, use the principles below them to run ram-

pant till exhaustion stops their capers at least for the time being. The senses and organs are live things. No doubt they are instruments for the use of the soul. But does the soul know how to handle these instruments? Does it know their weaknesses, limitations and strength? Is it aware of the dangers attendant on handling them without adequate knowledge? One can hardly coax melodies out of a musical instrument without first understanding the basic principles of its use; and yet, we expect ourselves and our children to use the more delicate (and therefore the more susceptible of damage) instruments of senses, organs, desires and mind to give of their best without any organized study of their qualities, their interactions and especially their behaviour during moments of stress, fatigue and self-intoxication.

For the aspirant, the difficulty lies in the fact that on all sides he is hemmed in by matter and he hardly senses anything of himself above the mind principle. He is in that position where the Spirit is unable to guide him unless he constructs within himself a fane to which it can be attracted, while on the other hand, he feels himself smitten down again and again by the brute energy that resides in matter. This predicament of the aspirant can be resolved by knowledge coupled with an enlightened faith. The *Gita* reveals that in Nature or *Prakriti* three qualities inhere. These are *Sattva* (goodness), *Rajas* (Passion) and *Tamas* (indifference or darkness). When man deals with the matter aspect of things — be it for food, recreation, employment or company — he touches one or the other of the three qualities or a combination of them. If he is dull and indolent he will attract the *Tamasic* elements, and so on for the other two qualities. At any given moment, he will invite alliance only with those aspects of nature which are congenial to him. All creatures act according to their natures. But with man the position changes. He can, by an effort of the will, emplace himself in *Sattva* and so attract the *Sattvic* quality locked up in Nature's manifestations. This is his plank of salvation and this is the knowledge which when put into practice will enable him to construct a path of light between himself (the lesser self) and the spiritual Ego, the *Kutastha* — he who standeth on high unaffected.

The man who restraineth the senses and organs and hath faith obtaineth spiritual knowledge. . . . There is no purifier in this world to be compared to spiritual knowledge; and he who is perfected in devotion findeth spiritual knowledge springing up spontaneously in himself in the progress of time.

“LET US EXAMINE A FEW WORDS”

IV.—INFLUENCE

HOW HARD IT IS to define Influence! It is almost like trying to grasp the air. All of us when we use the word know precisely what we mean by it, but if asked to explain it we falter, remembering how it is here, there and everywhere, in human beings and in animals, in places, in weather, in the scent of flowers, in colour and music, in movement, even in silence, potent in books, positively insidious in speech and conduct — there is no end to the sources of Influence, but try to say just *what* it is, and lo, it eludes us! We feel it, as we do the wind, and see its effects, but the “thatness” of it is ever a mystery.

Mr. Judge has much to say concerning Influence. He is not interested in defining it (which is, indeed, quite unimportant), but greatly so in showing it to us as a force we both wield and experience, and which is therefore of much consequence in the Theosophical life, not to be ignored, or misused, or thought of lightly.

Every student knows his oft-quoted adjuration: “Let us use with care those living messengers called words” (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 12), which is an excellent starting-point since words are constantly passing to and fro between us and all the time affecting us, both as we utter and as we hear them. Living messengers indeed! So let us give heed to what they carry. They must be truthful, beneficial to the recipient, must never wound, never deceive, and as far as possible must convey some matter of worth. Such was their importance in the eyes of Mr. Judge that when changing the title of his magazine, *The Path*, to *Theosophy*, he wrote in March 1896 that “this change is thought advisable for many reasons,” one being that “Theosophy” is “a word that has power in it, sufficient in itself to change the tenor of a man’s life, as experience has shown in more than one instance.” (THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, November 1965)

In *Vernal Blooms* (pp. 22-23), he writes this, not of the name but of Theosophy itself, which, “beginning and ending with universal brotherhood, insists upon such an intense and ever-present thought upon the subject, coupled with a constant watch over all faults of mind and speech, that in time an actual change is produced in the material person, as well as in the immaterial one within who is the mediator or way between the purely corporeal lower man and his Higher divine self.” Here we have indeed a striking proof of the power of Influence!

“The thoughts and acts of one react upon all” (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 104). This has bearing on our Theosophical contacts, though the fact that we are fellow students is in itself a safeguard, since it brings us in touch not only with kindred minds but often with those whose knowledge and spiritual level are a long way beyond our own. Yet, inevitably, *we* influence others, just as they do us, and may it never be said of us that we introduce, even unconsciously, a jarring note to mar the general harmony. Do we remember this during a Meeting? “All those in this room,” said Mr. Judge, addressing the Theosophical Congress at the Parliament of Religions, Chicago World’s Fair, “are being affected by the ideas of each other, and the ideas of the speakers speaking to you.” (*The Heart Doctrine*, p. 65)

In the same talk, he gave another, more purely metaphysical, example of Influence, deriving from the Theosophical doctrine that our bodies (like the universe) are composed of molecules, or atoms, or cells, all in a constant state of transition:

“We are exuding atoms from our minds, and we are receiving into ourselves the atoms other men have used. . . . In that way as well as others we are affecting everybody in this world; the people . . . who are living mean, selfish lives are impressing these invisible atoms with mean and selfish characters, and these mean and selfish atoms will be distributed by other men, and by you again to your and their detriment. That is another phase of Universal Brotherhood. It teaches us to be careful to see that we use and keep the atoms in our charge in such a condition that they shall benefit others to whom they shall go.”

Recurring to the influence of thoughts, we find an example in *Letters That Have Helped Me* (p. 104), where Mr. Judge is speaking of one who had evidently been a “sore spot” in his Branch. He asks, “Have any of you had unkind or revengeful feelings to him? If so, ought you not to at once drive them out of your hearts? For I swear to you on my life that if you have been troubled or unfortunate it is by the reaction from such or similar thoughts about him or others.”

Has it ever occurred to us that this could be so? — that if our state of mind towards another is wrong it could rebound upon us and even affect the actual circumstances of our lives?

In *An Epitome of Theosophy* (pp. 20-21), Mr. Judge gives some details concerning this strange interchange of influence. It pertains, he tells us, to the elementals, of which each human being has his own, partaking of his nature and his thoughts. “If you fix your thoughts upon a

person in anger, or in critical, uncharitable judgment, you attract to yourself a number of those elementals that belong to, generate, and are generated by this particular fault or failing, and they precipitate themselves upon you." Is not it an awesome reflection that "each thought as it is evolved by a man coalesces instantly with an elemental and is then beyond the man's power"? This process is going on every instant.

Writing on "Theosophical Study and Work," Mr. Judge cannot help but use the word "Influence" frequently — "the work and Influence of a Branch," "the help and Influence" intended to be felt, "the power and Influence exerted over the units which compose the association, as well as that which radiates from the Branch to others outside."

"No individual Theosophist," he assures us, "can be regarded as without significance and Influence," and he backs this statement with the great authority of the Adepts. "Not a single good example in the Theosophic life is lost, They say, but every one of us affects not only the immediate associates but also projects into the great universal current an Influence that has its weight in the destiny of the race." (*The Heart Doctrine*, p. 71)

This is implicit in a reply given by Mr. Judge to a correspondent of *The Path* who asked if it was any use to attend Branch meetings as he could neither lecture nor write good papers and did not seem to learn much. "If you believe in the power of thought," wrote Mr. Judge, "any experienced lecturer will tell you what an immense help it is to have even one intelligent and sympathetic listener; you not only give him ideas but you help also the enquirers present, by your sympathetic thought, to understand what is said. Wherever you are, you are a centre of force." (THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, May 1965, p. 300)

Here we see how thought exerts Influence and Mr. Judge says much the same again in one of his letters. "See how thought interlinks with thought on all planes where the True is the aim" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 41). Yet even with so high an aim the force of Influence can endanger us; for instance, in the very exchange of helpful thoughts from one to another we lose our mental, even our spiritual independence. This might come about through admiration for someone's character and the desire to be like him, or because certain beliefs of his so impress us that we feel eager to hold them also. In such cases we should beware. Quite possibly the Influence *could* be for our good. But there must be careful self-examination before we yield to it and we must never compromise with what we already regard as Truth. "To be even uncon-

sciously deluded by the Influence of another is to have a counterfeit faith," warns Mr. Judge (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 23). We in turn must be cautious if someone is being affected by our own Influence. "Urge no man to see as yourself." (*U.L.T. Pamphlet No. 36*, p. 8)

Both the above points have bearing on the mysterious matter of affinities, which Mr. Judge touches on in his second letter to his "dear Brother," Jasper Niemand. "Inasmuch," he writes, "as we learn almost solely from each other — as we are all here for each other — the question of the effect of affinities upon our acts and thoughts is enormous and wide. It anon saves us, and anon damns. For we may meet in our lives a person who has a remarkable effect, either for good or ill, because of the affinities engendered in past lives." (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 5)

Granted that this is so, that in the past some person *has* deeply influenced us, it need not necessarily be so now if we chance to meet again in different bodies. For we will have gained (we hope) some further measure of "discrimination, prudence, and wisdom" (*Ibid.*, p. 1), and should be able to relate to this person from our present, not our past, standpoint, and with regard solely to present circumstances and loyalties. Be the encounter for good or ill, at any rate "now our eyes are open, we act today for the future." (*Ibid.*, p. 5)

Yet another source of Influence is racial. "Race influences are insidious and powerful," says Mr. Judge. He must have known this well from his own experience, for, born Irish, he inherited the Celtic temperament, which is not always the most easy to cope with, though it has wonderful compensations. "My race," he says, "has its peculiarities deeply seated and inherited from an extraordinary past. I must be under their influence in this body as a necessary part of my experience" (*Ibid.*, p. 5). That, of course, applies to all of us; to be what and where we are is our Karma, and there is much in the following sentence for us to ponder on if, under Karma, we would use our heritage aright. "Those influences are, then, guiding me every moment, and each thought I have adds to them now, for either my own future use or for some other person who will come under the power of part of the force generated now by me." (*Ibid.*, p. 6)

Finally, there is the Influence of the age we live in, the *Kali Yuga*, the Dark Age. Its peculiar quality, its speed, can bring good results more quickly, but "similarly evil intent has greater powers for evil" (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, pp. 103-4). So we today are undoubtedly

exposed to bad influences, as what we read in the newspapers or hear over the radio can testify.

“Has the age in which one lives any effect on the student; and what is it?” The question is raised in “Conversations on Occultism” (*Vernal Blooms*, p. 119). The Sage replies: “It has effect on every one, but the student after passing along in his development feels the effect more than the ordinary man. Were it otherwise, the sincere and aspiring students all over the world would advance at once to those heights towards which they strive. It takes a very strong soul to hold back the age’s heavy hand, and it is all the more difficult because that influence, being a part of the student’s larger life, is not so well understood by him.”

The age we live in is, in fact, a portion of our Karma, and though we may regret it, there is compensation in the very speed above referred to. “A sincere lover of the race,” declares the Sage, “can accomplish more in three incarnations under *Kali Yuga’s* reign than he could in a much greater number in any other age. Thus by bearing all the manifold troubles of this Age and steadily triumphing, the object of his efforts will be more quickly realized, for, while the obstacles seem great, the powers to be invoked can be reached more quickly.” (*Ibid.*, p. 121)

This is the reversal of bad Influence into good, but all depends on our reaction to present evils. It is only natural to feel deeply despondent, or, as the case may be, bitterly angry when we hear of injustice and bestial cruelty and see so many so oblivious of true values. Mr. Judge warns us to withstand these dark influences. “You will have to take care that the spirit of the time, and the wickedness and apathy of the people, do not engender in you a bitter spirit” (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 138). For, as he has shown us the potent influence of thought, so does he now give us the timely reminder: “If you are at all cast down, or if any of us is, then by just that much are our thoughts lessened in power. . . . Remember that the influences of this present age are powerful for producing these feelings. What despair and agony of doubt exist today in all places! . . . It is an age of iron.” To which he adds the injunction: “Faint not!” (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 42)

What can sustain us so that we faint not? Surely only the constant self-reminder that other Influences surround us. For Theosophists these pertain to great Beings, as the following passage from Mr. Judge’s pen will show.

“Along the path of the true student there is sadness, but also there is great joy and hope. Sadness comes from a more just appreciation of

the difficulties in one's way, and of the great wickedness of the individual and collective heart of man. But look at the great fountain of hope and of joy in the consideration that the Brothers exist, that They were men too; They had to fight the fight; They triumphed, and They work for those left after Them. Then beyond Them are 'the Fathers,' that is, the spirits of 'just men made perfect,' Those Who lived and worked for humanity ages ago and Who are now out of our sphere, but Who nevertheless still influence us in that Their spiritual forces flow down upon this earth for all pure souls. Their immediate influence is felt by Masters, and by us through the latter." (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, p. 9)

That we in the Theosophical Movement today still rely upon Mr. Judge as a living Teacher is proof in itself of the power of Influence. Well might he sign his letters "As forevermore, and after," and in that "after" we may realize fully what we owe him.

VALUE is the outcome of limitation. It is the definition of the particular pattern. It constitutes the intrinsic reality of an event. We may visualize an object with "an unclouded and attentive mind." Such is perception. We may discover relations between the visual images thus provided. That is the faculty of imagination; in poetry it is the invention of metaphors. There is then a further process and a higher faculty, and there is at present no better way of describing it than by saying that it is the sudden perception of a pattern in life: the sudden realization of the fact that an organic event, of which we are a part, is in its turn the part of a greater unity, of a unity limited in time and space, formal and harmonious. This further perception or realization is the process to which we might perhaps limit the term "intuition"; and it is, under the aspect of expression, the process of poetry. In this way poetry involves everything: it is the sense of integral unity without which, not only no poetry, but no philosophy — even no religion — is possible.

—HERBERT READ

LIVING VAMPIRES

[In *The Theosophist* for April 1884 was published an article by one Dr. Fortin, entitled "Living Vampires and Vampirism of the Grave in Our Social Institutions." Mention having been made by the author of the "principles which constitute the animal soul (Kama Rupa)," the following note was appended by H.P.B. to his words.—EDS.]

THAT WHICH REMAINS after the separation of the higher principles from the lower ones, by the process of dying, is complete, consists of the fourth principle and lower parts of the fifth. This — the animal soul — has still a more or less indistinct consciousness of its own, and its actions resemble those of a person walking in his sleep. It has also a remnant of will, in a more or less latent condition. But as the higher principles have left this, will is no more guided by any moral considerations and cannot exert itself in any other way than by following its attractions. Its lower passions, animal desires and material attractions still remain, and in proportion as they have been more or less developed, nursed or fortified, during earth life, in the same proportion will they act more or less powerfully after the death of the physical body. Nothing likes to starve; each body as well as each principle has a powerful attraction and craving for those elements which are necessary for its subsistence. The principles of lust, gluttony, envy, avarice, revenge, intemperance, etc., will rush blindly to the place to which they are attracted and where their craving can be temporarily gratified — either directly as in the case of vampires, by imbibing the emanations of fresh blood, or indirectly by establishing magnetic relations with sensitive persons (mediums), whose inclinations correspond with their own.

If there is still a magnetic relation existing between the vampire (elementary) and its buried physical body, it will return to the grave. If there is no such relation, it will follow other attractions.

It craves for a body, and if it cannot find a human body, it may be attracted to that of an animal. The gospel account of the swine into which Jesus drove the "evil spirits" may be a fable in its historical application, but it is a truth, not only a possibility, with reference to many such parallel cases.

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

The following account of an experiment appeared in *The Times of India* for February 5:

Konstanin Raudive, a Latvian psychologist, found that if he turned on a radio to a bank of pure static and then made a tape-recording of what is known as "white noise," the crackling sounds contained distinct voices when the tape was played back.

He then tried a different experiment. He ran a blank tape through a recorder and played it back. More often than not there were voices clearly speaking on the tape. What had happened? How could the voices have got there? Raudive's own explanation was that they were the voices of the dead, trying to communicate with the living, and he identified Goethe, Hitler and his own mother.

Scientists were understandably sceptical but they were also interested. In collaboration with electronics experts they began to analyse thousands of such tapes and there was no question that they did contain voices, understandable voices, although the sentence construction was often different from normal speech.

In March 1971, they taped Raudive's voice in an acoustically controlled studio, with special sound equipment installed to block out any chance of interference from radio and television stations. Raudive, with his hands behind his back, talked into a microphone for eighteen minutes. None of the scientists listening heard any other sound, and yet when the tape was played back, there were over one hundred voices on it, some of them so clear they needed no amplification.

It was agreed that no fraud was involved. The experiment had been conducted not only by scientists but with electronics experts present. What could have happened?

A tentative explanation was offered by those scientists who had been working in the field of parapsychology and telepathy. Could it be that Raudive's unconscious mind was spilling itself, telepathically, on to the tape? *The voices spoke only in the seven languages with which Raudive was familiar.* Direct communication with the unconscious or sub-conscious mind can be gained, through hypnosis, deep meditation, sensory deprivation or dream analysis. Could it be that this was the most direct and the most certain way of communication?

This is reminiscent of the experiments in photographing thoughts carried out not long ago under strict test conditions. (See "In the Light

of Theosophy," April 1968 and August 1969.) These pictures of thoughts, it was proven, involved no taint of mediumship, any more than did the so-called "spirit photographs" of the last century, or the Raudive tapes of today. How then are such phenomena made possible? The following appeared in an unsigned review of *Chronicles of the Photographs of Spiritual Beings and Phenomena Invisible to the Material Eye*, published by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for April 1882 (reprinted in THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT, June 1937) — and perhaps the same principle can help in the understanding of the phenomenon of the tapes:

The evidence is so strong in favour of the genuineness of the interesting phenomenon, that to doubt its possibility would be tantamount to proclaiming oneself a bigoted ignoramus. Nor is it the *fact* of the phenomenon we doubt. We are thinking rather of the causes underlying it. The more we study the clear, perfectly logical and connected evidence of the eye-witnesses... the less we feel ready to recognize the direct work of Spirits, *i.e.*, of disembodied Egos. This is no sophistical cavil of prejudice or predetermined negation, as some of our critics may think; but the sincere expression of honest truth. We do not even attribute the appearance of the figures, so mysteriously appearing without any seemingly physical cause for it, to the work of the elementary or the elementals — so odious to the orthodox Spiritualist. We simply venture to ask why such photographs, without being a fraudulent imitation — and even though one day recognized as phenomenal by the Royal Society — should be necessarily "Spirit pictures" — and not something else? Why should the forms so appearing — often no forms at all, but patches of formless light, in which it is as easy to detect figures and faces and likenesses, as it is in a passing cloud, or even in a spot of dirt upon a wall — why should they be rather taken for the pictures from original human or any other Spirits than for the reflection of what is already impressed as images of men and things photographed on the invisible space around us? A more or less successful reproduction (the photographer remaining unconscious of it) of a deceased person's features *from an image already impressed in the aura* of the living medium, or the persons present, would not be a dishonest attempt to impose upon the credulous, but a *bona fide* phenomenon....

The spiritualists maintain that these pictures are the photographs of spirits.... We (the Occultists) say, that they are objective copies from *subjective* photographs impressed upon the ether of space, and constantly thrown out by our thoughts, words, and

deeds. . . . The final verdict as to who of us is right and who wrong, can be brought out by the jury of reason only after a better and more reliable evidence is obtained of the *facts*, and, upon a profounder acquaintance with the Invisible Universe and Psychology.

The mysterious photographs of nature and body imprints that show up from time to time all around the world are the subject of an article in *The Indian Express* for February 6. These strange pictures are carefully studied and compared with fresh reports as they appear, but scientists are nowhere near an explanation of this phenomenon.

There is, for instance, a mysterious picture which the American Indians have held sacred for centuries — that of a massive grizzly bear, filling the rock face on the mountain side. It is neither a painting nor a sculpture, yet its lifelike colour stains the rock for a quarter of an inch in depth. There are many theories as to what impressed that picture on the rock, one being that while the face of the rock was in a state of hardening, a lightning stroke during a storm impressed the likeness.

There are reports from different parts of the world of mysterious faces appearing on glass windows and being impressed there indelibly. In a house in Zurich, Switzerland, for instance, a Mrs. Gertrude Kapphan was struck by lightning and killed immediately. About a month later, her daughter, while passing the house, saw her mother's face imprinted on one of the windows. Though faint and seen only when the sun was in a certain position, it was widely acclaimed to be a most lifelike portrait of Mrs. Kapphan. In other instances, faces appearing on window panes were visible even from the opposite side of the road.

Then there are reports of imprints made by lightning on the bodies of living persons. In 1940, a woman from Lugano, Switzerland, seated at a window during a storm, was suddenly shaken as if by some "invisible power." She did not immediately connect it with a lightning stroke, but soon afterwards found that a blossom, apparently torn from a tree by lightning, was faithfully imaged on her left leg; and there it stayed until her death. In another instance, three Manchester boys who took shelter under a tree when overtaken by a storm were encircled by a lightning flash. Stunned by the shock, all three later found imprinted on their left sides the perfect image of the tree, with photographic accuracy.

In *Isis Unveiled* (I. 394-95), H.P.B. notes a similar case of what she calls "electrical photography . . . accomplished by the blind forces of

nature." A boy killed by lightning bore on his breast the faithful picture of a tree growing outside the window before which he was standing at the time of the catastrophe. She cites this case to illustrate the principle that

...the universal ether, known by the kabalists as the "astral light," contains electricity and magnetism... for "exact science" herself teaches us that these two convertible agents saturating both the air and the earth, there is a constant interchange of electricity and magnetism between them... Inherent properties previously latent in electricity, become active under favouring conditions; and at one time the form of magnetic force is assumed by the subtile all-pervading agent; at another, the form of electric force is assumed... By all other things for which [the force] has an affinity, it is attracted, by all others repelled... It happens that whenever they come in contact with electricity, they receive its impress in proportion to their conductivity... Under the impulse received from the electric force, and in proportion to its intensity, their molecules change their relations with each other; either they are wrenched asunder, so as to destroy the object — organic or inorganic — which they formed, or, if previously disturbed, are brought into equilibrium (as in cases of disease); or the disturbance may be but superficial, and the object may be stamped with the image of some other object encountered by the fluid before reaching them. (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 393-94)

The above propositions regarding the operation of electrical and magnetic force, says H.P.B., can be applied to several well-recognized phenomena, as, for instance, that of birthmarks or the transmission of the mother's mental images to the unborn child, and that of the stigmata or the marks that appear upon the bodies of persons of all ages as the result of "exalted imagination." The same principle is involved in mesmeric healing, as also in the fortuitous "natural photography" accompanying the tragedies caused by lightning. In the latter case, the electric fluid operates as a blind force of nature, while the magnetic effects produced by the mesmerist and the mother are respectively voluntary and involuntary uses of *human* electricity.

Evidence of gambling stretches back into prehistory. John Cohen, professor of psychology, the University of Manchester, suggests in an article in *New Scientist*, October 30, 1975, that the urge to take risks is in us all, but in gamblers risk-taking often ignores the "mathematical

chances" of a situation and is more influenced by the "psychological chances." Gambling, in a broader sense, is not an activity in which one engages exclusively *with* money and *for* money. One can gamble *with* anything, *for* anything — *e.g.*, with or for health, reputation, or life itself.

The person who gambles exchanges something in his possession for the "chance" of receiving something which is worth to him much more. His willingness to make this exchange turns, therefore, on his interpretation of the idea of "chance." From various studies of experimental gambling it becomes clear that as well as what is called the "doctrine of chances," there is a "doctrine of psychological chances" which leads people to make apparently irrational choices.

How can we begin to understand what makes the gambler tick? Says Professor Cohen:

Suppose we ask him to tell us what he himself thinks are his reasons for gambling, or what are the causes of his behaviour. Such interrogation is unrewarding, because, like us, he is also in the dark. And if we enquire into the events or experiences in his past life which might have caused him to become what he is, we aren't in the end much wiser. . . .

How are we to account for the inability of the gambler to stop his play however much he has won? . . . It is hard to resist the hypothesis that there is something symbolic in the gambler's play. He seems to be re-enacting a drama of unresolved conflict on another plane. . . .

It may be, the gambler has long forgotten what conflict he was trying to resolve. Perhaps he was testing the limits of his parents' love for him. How far will they let me go? Will I be punished for my guilty wishes? Possibly these inarticulate questions are addressed to Destiny or the gods rather than to parents. . . .

If the gambler is trapped in an unresolved conflict, it is not surprising that he presents a picture of degenerative disease, often marked by an austere single-mindedness, and coupled with a strange disregard for money as such. At some stage on the slippery slope he reaches the point of no return.

The following remarks, probably the oldest in the world upon the vice of gambling, are from the *Rig Veda*, X, 34, and were printed in *The Path* for July 1893:

The tumbling airborne products [the seeds of the tree used for dice] of the great Vibhidaka tree delight me as they continue to roll upon the dice-board. The exciting dice seem to me like a

draught of the soma-plant growing on Mount Miyavat. My wife never quarrelled with me nor despised me; she was kind to me and to my friends. But I for the sake of the partial dice have spurned my devoted spouse. My mother-in-law detests me, my wife rejects me. In my need I find no comforter.

I cannot discover what is the enjoyment of the gambler any more than I can perceive what is the happiness of a worn-out hack horse. Others pay court to the wife of the man whose wealth is coveted by the impetuous dice. His father, mother, brothers cry out, "We know nothing of him; take him away bound!"

When I resolve not to be tormented by them because I am abandoned by my friends who withdraw from me, yet as soon as the brown dice, when they are thrown, make a rattling sound I hasten to their rendezvous like a woman to her paramour. The gamester comes to the assembly glowing in body, asking himself "Shall I win?" The dice inflame his desire by making over his winnings to his opponent. Hooking, piercing, deceitful, vexatious, delighting to torment, the dice dispense transient gifts and again ruin the winner; they appear to the gambler covered with honey. . . . They bow not before the wrath of the fiercest. The king himself makes obeisance to them. They roll downward, they bound upward. Having no hands they overcome him who has. These celestial coals when thrown on the dice-board scorch the heart though cold themselves. . . . I do not reject wealth, but I declare that which is right when I say:

Never play with dice; practise husbandry; rejoice in thy prosperity, esteeming it sufficient. Be satisfied with thy cattle and thy wife, the god advises.

O dice, be friendly to us and no more bewitch us powerfully with your influence. Let your wrath and hostility abate: let others than we be subject to the fetters of the brown ones, the dice.

There is much more in the power of ideas than is dreamed of in scientific philosophy. Whether or not placebos ("medicines" given to humour or gratify a patient rather than to exercise any curative effect) can really help has long been a subject of controversy, and now medical men themselves are demanding further investigation in the matter.

Science Today for September 1975 cites the specific case of homicidal patients at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., U.S.A. When

the drug reserpine came on the scene, a trial was conducted at the hospital to test its effectiveness. One group of homicidal patients received the drug while another got placebo sugar pills. Neither the doctors nor the patients knew who had received the drug. Shortly after the trial began, Werner Wendel, the psychiatric resident who gave the medication, became convinced that his patients were receiving reserpine, as their condition improved remarkably. The more convinced he became, the more they improved—till he learnt that his patients had been on placebo. That is when he perceived the power of the placebo. A physician who believes in a medication can transfer his belief to a patient and, thus, perhaps improve his patient's condition, Wendel felt.

Does the placebo work solely on the psychological level, achieving cures because of the patient's faith in his physician? Herbert Benson and Mark D. Epstein of Harvard Medical School, U.S.A., suggest that it is possible; the more concerned a patient is, and the greater his discomfort, the more he trusts his doctor. Of course, as much would depend upon the setting in which the patient is treated. Or maybe the placebos themselves have a beneficial physiological effect. The matter needs to be investigated further. The physicians, however, stress that there must be a rapport between the doctor and his patient.

There are indeed many puzzles confronting orthodox medicine—diseases which vanish spontaneously, diseases giving anomalous response to treatment, etc., all for no apparent reason. This in itself should be a hint of the reality behind—the complicated nexus of ancient causes emerging under karmic law, thrown still further into confusion by the powers of present mental action—*and faith*.

Till lately, the emphasis had been on geophysical and oceanographical evidence to support the continental drift theory. Now palaeontology has entered the field. Two American palaeontologists describe the discovery, for the first time in North America, of two species of lower Cretaceous dinosaur found in British rocks (*Nature*, Vol. 257, p. 669). One is the well-known giant lizard Iguanodon, a bipedal, 300-foot monster; the other a smaller, wallaby-sized, possibly tree-dwelling cousin called Hypsilophodon. Fossil remains of both occur in British Wealden beds believed to be around 110 million years old. The discovery of specimens of jaw-bones and teeth, that unequivocally belong to both

species, in formations of similar age in South Dakota, south-eastern Utah, and Nebraska, is said to prove that there was a land connection between Europe and North America even at this late stage.

Commenting on this discovery, *New Scientist* for October 30, 1975, states:

In the early debate about the permanence or otherwise of the continents, fossil arguments played a major role, perhaps the most celebrated instance being the presence in the Triassic rocks (about 200 million years old) of both South America and South Africa of a much earlier and smaller fossil reptile named Mesosaurus. The experts failed to agree, however, as to whether the creature was really the same animal in both continents.

Today's global tectonicians can place the inception of the Atlantic Ocean pretty precisely in early Jurassic times, some 180 to 190 million years ago. But the great split did not take place all at one time. There is evidence for a second phase of sundering at the end of the Jurassic, or early in the succeeding Cretaceous period. . . . By upper Cretaceous times, 75 million years ago, the continents had become completely severed.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* have for long known that

Fossils found on the Eastern Coast of South America have now been proved to belong to the Jurassic formations, and are nearly identical with the Jurassic fossils of Western Europe and Northern Africa. The geological structure of both coasts is also almost identical; the resemblance between the smaller marine animals dwelling in the more shallow waters of South America, the Western African, and the South European coasts, is also very great. All such facts are bound to bring naturalists to the conclusion that there has been, in distant pre-historic ages, a continent which extended from the coast of Venezuela, across the Atlantic Ocean, to the Canarese Islands and North Africa, and from Newfoundland nearly to the coast of France. (II. 791)
