

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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So shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives ; bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.—*H. P. Blavatsky in The Voice of the Silence*

THE LAW OF KARMA: by H. Travers, M. A.



ONE of the chief Theosophical teachings is that of the law of Karma, the law in accordance with which every man reaps that which he has sown. Every experience which we meet is a consequence of causes which we ourselves set in motion at some time in the past; and our present acts and thoughts will give rise to other consequences in the future. This law thus secures perfect equity of fortune for every man, and no circumstance is either casual or arbitrarily inflicted. The doctrine, however, cannot be understood without a knowledge of Reincarnation; for the period of a single life on earth does not comprise enough time to manifest all the workings of Karma. It is obvious that many of the experiences we are now meeting were not caused by anything we did in this life; and in such cases the causes were set in motion in a previous life or lives.

In the expression, "law of Karma," the word "law" is used to denote a rule of nature; in the same sense, in fact, as that in which the word is used in science. Thus the law of Karma is as much a natural fact as the law of gravitation. The existence of this law is demonstrated to our mind by means of study and observation. But our neglect of the fact of Reincarnation has naturally blinded our eyes.

It will be observed that this law is quite similar to certain scientific generalizations such as the "conservation of energy," but that it is on a far larger scale than these scientific generalizations. Science, with its love of truth and method, its readiness to generalize and bring things under a uniform rule, should welcome the doctrine of Karma. And it has already made considerable steps in that direction; for it is owing to science that we nowadays recognize the causes of so many things that once were attributed to the "will of God" or to mere "fate." We know now that epidemics are due to carelessness and dirt, and that no God will save us from the natural consequences of our own negligence in such concerns. May it not be the same with many other of our experiences — perhaps even *all* our experiences? Theosophy answers: Yes.

In some cases the workings of Karma can readily be traced; as, for instance, when a decrepit old age succeeds an intemperate youth. In that case we can trace the connexion between cause and effect, link by link. Likewise, if a man incurs enmity by his own ill-nature, we can trace the injuries he incurs at the hands of other people to the

injurious character of his own past actions. And many other such cases can be easily imagined. But in other cases the connexion between cause and effect is not so apparent. Yet all that is needed, in order that we may trace out the connexion, even in these cases, is more study and more knowledge.

Accidents are not always easy to trace to their cause; yet we may go a little way in the direction of a solution without much trouble. We are normally protected from accidents by the alert instinctive senses of our organism; but sometimes we get up in the morning with our nerves so out of tune that these instincts do not play their due part, and we consequently cut ourselves with our razor, take the skin off our knuckles against the door, and bring various other parts of our anatomy into conflicting juxtaposition with sundry portions of inert matter. The matter might even go to the length of throwing us under a street-car; and in these cases we have traced accident to carelessness, or rather to a certain disordered condition set up in ourself by our own negligence. This may supply a hint as to the workings of Karma. May it not be that the seeds which generate events are lurking somewhere in our own being, ready to sprout into manifestation when occasion offers suitable conditions?

A new-born child is like a seed, fraught with latent germs that will unfold into character, and these seeds are the fruitage of prior experience. But it is not only *character* that is thus carried over from life to life, but also *destiny*. This much an astrologer might willingly admit, claiming, as he does, to be able to read in the planetary configurations at birth, not the character alone but the destiny as well. But it is evident that, when we begin talking about such a thing as the seed of an event, we are entering a domain where our knowledge is defined mostly by its gaps. Nevertheless this is not superstition or guess-work, but something that can be known and worked out.

If any critic should say that the Theosophical explanation is speculative, we might at least answer that so are all other explanations, and that Theosophy, with its law of Karma, is but offering an explanation where none other exists to dispute the field. But we do not have to stop short at mere speculation.

Let us take some simple case and examine the ordinary theories about it. Supposing a man has a railroad accident; how would current theories set about explaining that? We might imagine a few devout people satisfying themselves with the reflection that such was

the will of Deity, and seeking no further. We might imagine a very large number of people simply accepting the fact without the slightest attempt at explanation. And we might imagine that a scientist or philosopher, if questioned, would put us off with the remark that the occurrence was "purely fortuitous." In the last case we have gotten a fine phrase indeed but nothing more. So the situation can be summed up by saying that ordinary knowledge provides us with no explanation whatever, leaving the field open to anyone who may have an explanation to offer.

And here it must be admitted that even many Theosophists leave us nearly as badly off as before when they tell us that the accident was "our Karma"—an explanation which will strike many as being merely a substitution of the word "Karma" for the word "God." One would like to go a little deeper than this if possible. But first let us pause to consider some other things which we do not know. Take that familiar illustration of "chance," the tossing of a coin. What is the cause that determines whether it shall fall heads or tails? Or, if you choose, take the cards and tell me what determines the order of their dealing. It cannot be that here we have effects without causes; and yet, if these are effects, and if all effects have causes, these effects must have causes. Then what are those causes? This is the field we have to explore.

Perhaps the ancient art of divination, in its numerous forms, some of them now being revived, might help us a little. Those who tell fortunes by the fall of the cards, or by marks made "casually" in the sand, or the grounds in a teacup, or the movements of birds, must evidently think that these apparently casual happenings are in some way connected with future events. Perhaps there have been ancient magicians who did not merely think this but *knew* it.

So-called casual events, then, such as those consulted in the various kinds of divination and in observing and interpreting omens, are mysteriously connected with other events; and by interpreting the one, we may be able to forecast the other. This conclusion may be arrived at either inductively by actual observation and experience, or deductively—by applying certain known principles. The first is a question of experience, the second a question of philosophy or science.

The conclusion that all events are interwoven with each other seems inevitable to a scientific mind, and the contrary conclusion is rejected as something offensive to our ideas of the orderliness of the

universe. The fact that we do not happen to discern the connexion between one set of events and another should not militate against the above foregone conclusion. For one thing, such ignorance is only to be expected; for, unless our knowledge is complete, there must be gaps in it. And here are some of the gaps; but the prospect of filling them up is by no means hopeless; indeed it is certain that we can fill some of them up, and there is no ground for setting any limit to the extent of possible knowledge in that direction. It is useful to point out how far we have already advanced in the casual interpretation of events through our later discoveries in science. Science has connected together a vast mass of phenomena, dependent on each other through the working of sundry laws of nature that have been studied. Such events, at one time called fortuitous, for want of a better explanation, are now assigned to their proper causes. In other cases, where we know that there is a causal relation, but cannot perceive its mechanism, we postulate some "medium," such as the "ether," to supply this place. The appearance of disturbances in the luminous atmosphere of the sun is found to coincide with magnetic storms on this earth; and to explain this we devise a theory of the ether, electrons, and what not. Astrologers are fond of pointing out that it is but a step further to suppose a connexion between the movements of the planets and the happenings on earth; that magnetic storms are probably but a particular effect of an alteration in some subtler atmosphere of the earth, which alteration likewise affects men's minds, thus causing waves of emotion and states of mind in the human family.

To connect with each other events that seem widely dissimilar in character and unrelated, we need a whole universe of new mediums like the ether, unseen beings, unknown forces, and so forth; and if we had this completer knowledge of the contents of the universe, it might be quite easy to trace the connexion between, say, a malicious thought and a broken leg, or to find out just what change in a man's internal economy is necessary in order to make him lose all his money or go down in a sea-disaster.

Another interesting question is, What is the form in which the seeds of destiny are brought over from a past incarnation, attach themselves to the growing child, and afterwards unfold into character and events? But this is clearly a large and complex question and one that we can hardly expect to answer except on the basis of a

greatly improved knowledge of nature's laws. It would be possible here to throw out many suggestive hints, the fruit of long reflection and study, but there is more than one reason for refraining. For one thing, space lacks for giving the information which a student ordinarily gleans for himself from a study of Theosophical books and reflecting thereon. For another thing, a logical pursuance of the trains of thought suggested would lead one to the discussion of invisible beings, such as Elementaries and Nature-Spirits, higher forms of matter, latent powers in man, and various other things which have to be dealt with in a guarded manner. This of course explains why H. P. Blavatsky leaves so many chains of thought uncompleted and confines herself so often to suggestive hints and partial information. Hers was the delicate task of saying enough to show people the reality of the supreme Science, and yet not saying enough to disclose things better not known to the world at large. However, enough has probably been said to show that this doctrine of Karma is not mere speculation, nor matter for unquestioning belief, but a thing that can be studied and understood; and that there is a profound scientific background to it.

The ethical value of the doctrine of Karma is of course strongly emphasized by Theosophical writers on the subject. To understand that our destinies are regulated by unerring law, as merciful as it is just, and not left to capricious fate or arbitrary will, is to become reconciled to our destiny. It is satisfying to realize that there is an unerring law that deals to each man his exact meed of weal or woe. And a new hope and purpose is given to life when we understand that, by our present sowing, we are making our future harvest, and that not the smallest effort can fail of fruitage.

But it may be useful to say a few words about a certain too narrow and commercial view of Karma that is sometimes taken. It is only a mind lacking in imagination and expansiveness that can depict to itself a kind of Recording Angel (only with a Sanskrit name this time) sitting up aloft, or possibly somewhere inside, with a ledger wherein are entered the debit and credit accounts of the highly important Mr. Me, and doling out from time to time, with apparent arbitrariness, drafts of good luck or bad in accordance with the state of the balance on the books. Such an idea amounts to little more than exchanging the arbitrary providence for a scrupulously honest financial providence with a love of fair-play but devoid of all emotion.

Whatever truth there may be in such a view, whatever watchful intelligences may be concerned in the carrying out of universal law, it is possible to overdo this aspect of the matter and to belittle and commercialize the idea of Karma. After all, our distinctions between good and bad luck are very artificial; they are regulated by our tastes and our wants and our preferences, and such distinctions cannot be of much account in the eternal scheme of things. The welfare of the Soul surely counts for more than the nature of the external circumstances, and we know that a character may be starved amid abundance and may grow in grace amid adversity — or perchance the other way round. So it is not well, in speaking of Karma, to lay too much stress on the difference between weal and woe, or good and bad Karma. If there is an important difference it lies in the nature of the Karma as regards the welfare of the Soul, good Karma being that which assists progress, and bad Karma that which tends to destroy the Soul-life in a man.

The pattern of an individual life must be very complex, when we consider the elements that enter into it. An immortal Soul has entered upon a period of earth-life, bringing with it a store of seeds or mental deposits, that will afterwards unfold as character and destiny, or perhaps be carried on to a still later period of earth-life. The nature of the Soul's Karma has determined the kind of heredity it will choose or be attracted towards, and the kind of entourage it will be born into. But, as it is not within the bounds of probability that the Soul will find conditions exactly suited in every detail to its requirements — or, in other words, will secure a perfect fit — there must be a certain amount of ill-adjustment, a certain amount of undeserved experiences, both good and ill. So the Karma of the Soul, the characters of the parents and ancestry, the country, surroundings, and other circumstances, are all woven together in the formation of a complex pattern. If we look into our own motives we find that they too are complex, varying, and inconstant, likely to lead us along a crooked path, somewhat like that of a cow being driven to market and stopping by the wayside to investigate the pleasures and pursuits offered by the pasturage on the borders. But the real purpose of the life is known to the liver of the life — that is, to the Soul; and we shall understand that purpose better the more closely we can identify ourself with that Soul, or, in other words, realize our true Self.

Besides individual Karma, there are of course various kinds of

collective Karma, for example national Karma and racial Karma. Nations as a whole, and races as a whole, can commit actions and thus set in motion the laws of Karma; and consequently they can experience the natural results thereof. Of this we have, in the present European troubles, a striking instance. Individual men and women are involved in the Karma of their nations and in that of the whole race. If anyone should be disposed for a moment to reflect on the equity of this circumstance, let him remember that we must either cast our lot with our fellows for good and for ill, or else make the fruitless attempt to live in isolation from all society. On the small scale we all accept such conditions, by the voluntary associations which we form with each other, accepting, over and above our individual deserts, such fortune as may befall the body to which we belong. Collective Karma will of course move on a slower and heavier scale. It may be easier, too, to trace its workings, for humanity as a whole never dies and so there is no gap of death to be bridged in this case. It is interesting to trace out the causes of the present trouble in the mistakes of the past. And among other things is impressed on us the important lesson that those who merely sin by omission become involved in the retribution.

It is sometimes considered difficult to reconcile the idea of Karma with that of free will, but the difficulty is due to confusion of thought. People may argue that causes and effects will go on generating one another in an endless chain, leaving the individual no chance of escape. Yet experience shows that people do escape from such chains of circumstance. The fact that one debauch generates the desire for another does not mean that we cannot escape from the habit. There are fortunately always means for escaping from habits. Just as a man who is caught in a vortex may lift himself out of it, so that its whirlings no longer affect him, so may a man raise himself out of these Karmic entanglements. The principle is that he should plant his feet on higher and firmer ground. We have the power of resisting impulses, thereby tending to exhaust the effect of Karma and refraining from generating more of the same kind. A free will is, for all practical purposes, a will that is free to choose a higher law in place of a lower; and to that extent at least the human will is free. Any further discussion of the question of free will is apt to carry the philosopher so far ahead of present experience and needs that he loses himself in the mists of abstract thought.

Our thoughts and emotions are creative powers that tend to produce acts and physical results; so that our future destinies are in our own hands. It is one of the ironies of life that our desires often produce their fruits at a time when we have abandoned those desires and are desiring something else; which accounts for many misfits and much discontent.

It should be remembered that we have to face the facts of life, whatever our religion or philosophy may be; so that, whether we believe in Karma or not, we shall incur good and evil fortune and be obliged to live out our life in the body which we have and with the various other endowments and circumstances that are ours. But if the teaching as to Karma helps us to understand life better and to confront our destiny with more confidence and success, then we should do well to study those teachings. For instance, suppose you are born with a weak and nervous constitution, which has hampered you all through life and is likely to continue doing so; it is no use repining; you can only make the best of the facts. But it helps you greatly to know how and why you have that particular kind of a constitution and how to avoid generating any more Karma of the same sort. A study of your character convinces you that you abused the laws of health at some time in the past, that your will was weak and your proclivities strong; and you see that your present weak physique has given you the opportunity of learning patience, self-control, and sobriety.

Karma explains many things which seem hopeless puzzles without it. What could seem more iniquitous than the fate of a drug fiend who has acquired the habit through using narcotics to deaden pain, and whose fearful fate seems all out of proportion to any guilt he may have incurred? How are we to explain why one man has such a fate and another not? And bear in mind that the facts are so, whether explained or not. The sufferings are the Karma of past acts, and the difficulty of seeing this is due to the fact that the consequence is so far removed from the cause. But, looking at the question from another side, we see that men are committing acts which do not produce any consequences at present, and that they die without ever reaping the consequences of those acts. Put the two cases together and they explain each other. The man has gradually acquired a powerful tendency to self-indulgence, and this is its culmination; in the drug habit we see self-indulgence carried to its bitter end, and all

its folly revealed. But the Karma of self-indulgence, a fault of long standing, acquired in past lives, was suspended for a part of the man's life; why was this? Because other kinds of Karma were operating, or because the cyclic moment for the incidence of the self-indulgence Karma had not arrived. For all things work in cycles; there are definite periods between the sowing of seeds and their fruitage, and causes are separated from their effects by various intervals, just as a ball thrown up will return sooner or later according to the force with which it was thrown.

In considering Karma we must try and free our minds from the fashion of regarding ourselves as victims of fate or recipients of chastisement and favor. We should rather take the position of responsible beings engaged in the working out of practical problems in experience. A man who really repents of a wrong he has done to another, is not only willing but glad to suffer himself, in the hope of expiating the wrong. A conscientious man is willing and eager to pay off debts and settle old scores. And so with the Soul in its wisdom, even though the deluded mind may not understand. A strong resolve to live aright will very likely bring down some old unsettled scores for the man to settle; and thus may be explained the unexpected obstacles that confront one who has made such a resolve. But if we invoke the law of justice, we must be willing to abide by its decrees.

The Karma of past acts cannot be avoided, but it can be allowed to exhaust itself in such a way that no fresh Karma of that kind is generated. It is the thoughts that start the evil; the body merely repeats the impressions that have been made upon it by the mind. If the thoughts are guarded and purified, the ill-consequences will gradually expend themselves. Meanwhile the seeds of better conditions for the future can be sown.

It is a matter of observation that old people, or people soon to die, continue to take an interest in life and to start new enterprises; which would be folly if their actions came to an end at death. The truth is that their actions are inspired by a knowledge greater than that of the present life; for the knowledge of Karma and Reincarnation is intuitive.

The subject of Karma is practically inexhaustible, and any cursory treatment of it must necessarily be discursive; but a few hints, though fragmentary, will serve to start many lines of thought in the intelligent reader; in which case the purpose of these notes is fulfilled.

PEACE AND WAR—HEALTH AND DISEASE:

by R. Machell



SURELY there never was a time when it was more necessary than now for thinking men and women to formulate some clear idea of what they mean when they speak of Peace. War has been familiar to all for long ages, either as a personal experience or as a matter of recent history: it has played so prominent a part in human affairs that men have come to look upon it as an inseparable element in human life, a necessary alternant to peace: while the latter has been accepted as simply the temporary cessation of war, not permanently attainable on this earth, but realizable only in some hypothetical after-life.

Now a change has come in the thought of the world, a light has dazzled men's minds, and confused their imaginations by the splendor of its suggestion. A dream of peace on earth has come to be looked upon as an ideal that may be made real in this life, on this earth, among mortals.

Just how this ideal has come to occupy a place among the practical ideals of men may be a puzzle to those who are not sufficiently blinded by their love of the many Christian religions and the bloody record of those sects to allow them to stoutly declare that such peace on earth has been and still is the great practical ideal of Christendom.

In the face of the most recently recorded history it is hard to credit any of the Christian sects with the establishment of the peace ideal on a basis of practical application to the life of the nations — yet it is an undoubted fact that Peace has come into a recognized place among social and international ideals that it never occupied before among civilized (?) nations.

Can it be that H. P. Blavatsky let loose the dove of peace from the ark of Theosophy? Has the Theosophical Movement already so influenced the world as to make the blood-stained Christian nations remember the command of their Teacher that they should "love one another"? Certain it is that peace is earnestly desired by a large and ever-increasing part of the civilized world: but what is that peace they crave?

Is it merely the opportunity to continue undisturbed the amassing of wealth, or the pursuit of pleasure, or the enjoyment of ease, and the avoidance of pain, of the fear of death, and of self-sacrifice?

Does peace mean simply the cessation of war in order that the causes of war may be re-established on a more permanent basis?

For war has its causes as surely as disease has its reasons for existence. Disease is an established fact in human life; but is it necessary? Is it unavoidable? Is it due to the "will of God" or to man's perversity? And war; is not that also due to man's perversion of the laws of nature?

Men do not rest content with prayers for health; for the most ignorant can hardly fail to know that there are laws of nature that will bring disease if violated: so that now even the prayerful person who may desire health knows that it is expedient to live according to the laws of nature. And though most people are willing to pay fees to a doctor to tell them that their self-imposed maladies are due to other causes; and though a fashionable physician knows that he is expected to help his patients to avoid the natural results of their self-indulgences, so as to be able to continue for a little longer their defiance of natural law: yet they all know that disease has causes and that it may be avoided. They also know, though they may shut their eyes to the fact, that health is the natural condition of beings that obey the laws of nature.

And what of peace? Is it not peace, national health, or rather international health? And is not war the disease that results from the violation of the natural law of human brotherhood? And do not the nations call in their physicians (or statesmen) to prescribe remedies for the malady, which in their heart they know to be due to their own departure from the laws of nature? Yet we must not forget that the wisest of rulers, and the most astute statesmen, are all saturated in ancient prejudice, in profound ignorance (not necessarily wilful) of the laws of nature, which they violate in accordance with the tradition of their race, bound by a sense of duty to a false ideal of national selfishness or "development."

It does not require very profound thinking to recognize the analogy between these pairs of conditions, peace and war among nations, and health and sickness among individuals. If men are to be healthy they must not only practise what rules of health they may know, but they must be taught how to control the causes of disease, that is to say, how to master their own weaknesses, as well as how to organize society in accordance with true sanitary principles. This means individual effort and individual sacrifice of pet vices and indulgences: a man cannot get health by preaching to others, nor by praying to God, but by obeying the law of his own being.

Peace is health, and it can only be attained by national effort to learn the true laws of national life, and by living in accord with law of human brotherhood.

Disease is a departure from health.

Health is natural and proper to all beings.

War is a departure from peace and peace is as natural to the nations as health is to the individuals.

The secret of health is obedience to natural laws.

The secret of peace is obedience to the equally natural law we call divine, the law of brotherhood, or solidarity.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VI — THE MESSENGERS AS NATIONAL SAVIORS

JOAN OF ARC AND ELIZABETH TUDOR



WHEN we wax fat, we kick, commonly: when we are great and unthreatened, our patriotism is wont to be three parts brag and grab. But in the days of national crisis, adversity, or small things, let a man love his country well enough, and the Gods and the Law will reserve him for their service. He shall be a man superpersonal, and stand for his race: exercise its latent wisdom and courage; whatever light may be at heart in it, shall be reflected now in him. In after ages he becomes a demigod or hero, prototypal of national ideals and aspirations; we invoke his memory on all solemn occasions, and get a kind of thrill and comfortable feeling out of the mere mention of his name.

Perhaps the nations are entities on the path of evolution, conscious beings such as you and I; perhaps their souls do sometimes overshadow one of us, or even incarnate as avatars in actual human form. The ancients, who had their pantheons, found explanation at hand for all such age-startling comings: as the men were the mind of the nation, so the Gods were its soul; and one God or another might be born at any time in human flesh. In degenerate ages the idea would often be perverted grossly: thus Alexander had a notion that he was Somebody, and several of the Roman emperors had a

guid conceit o' themsels. But these are the obverse side of the shield; they argue another face to it, by no means ridiculous. There are those who confuse themselves with the Omnipotent, and become laughing-stocks; but there are also those between whom and Deity posterity fails to distinguish.

A Welsh chieftain rose in the sixth century, and defeated the English repeatedly; he held sovereignty none too extended — over Wales, about half of England, and the Lowlands of Scotland perhaps. After the passage of a few centuries, behold him a titanic and diaphanous figure, through which the light of an older Arthur shines from the Hills of the Gods. He is yet, they say, behind the veil of things seen, at chess with Owen ab Urien for the destinies of the Island of the Mighty; he is the Flower of Kings, and *Rex Futurus*, as well as *Rex Quondam*. Who knows? Who knows? And men saw Holger Danske in the Battle of the Baltic, swinging his viking brand in the hopeless cause; and Barbarossa and Glyndwr are to waken from their sleep beneath the Celtic and Teuton hills. I wonder whether it was Odin who marched at the head of his Swedes to victory at Leipsic, to victory and death at Lützen? Whether it was Hesus, or Teutates of the Nervii, never overcome, who maintained, some centuries since, the great silence, and snatched his Netherlands out of the talons of Spain? Garibaldi, Bolívar, Washington: there was a high impersonality about them all, an individuality as of the nations they represented; even when there were human failings and weaknesses with them, we can yet so focus our eyes, and ought to do it, as to take in the grand heroic figure. Their actions and battlings were on a vast inevitable scale like those of nature herself, who was not above coming to their aid: for one may believe in Bruce's spider, and that forces extra-human intervened to save Scotland; one may believe that the Three Waves moaned when the High King of Eire was wounded; and it is not all allegorical, that

Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.

And then, who were you, for whom none may apologize or make excuse, since there was no stain nor blemish in you: who were you,

To whom, between Lorraine and Burgundy,
Amidst your flocks or in the woodland gloom
Came Voices from the Masters of the Stars,

calling you to the salvation of France and fierce apotheosis in the

flame? Unless you were France incarnate, essence of all the valor she had been, and prophecy of all the glory she should be, Gods and men can find no explanation for you. It is not human to be what you were; but since France exists, it is not possible to disbelieve. You are sufficient proof of reincarnation, of human evolution, of the blessed Gods who keep ward over the world.

And she was as pious a Roman Catholic as any medieval peasant maiden might be; we can find no trace of knowledge in her, of that mystic wisdom which the Gods keep for the world. The truth is, she had neither time nor occasion to do more than she did. Her age called for no revelation, save that supreme one she gave of the Soul in action. What the great Religion-Founders knew of transcendental Truth was translated, in her, into absolute trust in her Voices, absolute love for France, absolute selflessness and stainlessness. Stress the word *absolute* in each case; remember that her whole career and every incident in it, comes down to us recorded by sworn witnesses; never was any life lived so publicly, or attested with such thorough minuteness. Had she lived to steer her France into harbor, she that had done the Will, might have been found also to know the doctrine. Her soul, that had conquered the English, would have conquered, had time been given it, what doctrinal darkness may have remained in its own personality.

I do not know which was the greater feat she accomplished: saving France, or providing so workmanlike a cudgel to fustigate the materialists with forever. A tough nut to crack, this; you dear people that will have none of Wonder, and have tidied up the human soul from off the face of the earth! Here is no mighty deed done at obscure Nazareth, or in some medium's darkened cabinet, or while all the world was looking the other way. *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice: voilà la France!* She was only a peasant girl in her teens, with no more learning or knowledge of the world than any other. She took the field against no mean soldiers, but the flower of English veterans nourished on unbroken victory. She led into battle a whipped and disheartened rabble, and in a trice converted them into Frenchmen, proud, martial, invincible. She profited not, as so many have done, by the poor generalship of the opponent; but mastered Talbot in strategy, who was the greatest captain of the age. Now call her psychopath, who will; now murmur wise sayings anent visionaries and victims of delusion! She delivered the goods, as the

saying is; every one of them, cent per cent, and on time! What Gradgrind was ever so deadly practical; what nineteenth-century scientist or business man made so astounding a success of his venture? And hers, a venture so utterly impossible — and its triumphant performance so inescapably proved. *Si monumentum quaeris — voilà la France!*

*France, whose fearless eyes have seen,
Whitening on thy midnight skies,
That white Star of stars serene,
Joan the Maiden, rise:
Thou, for whom her tiny hand,
(Tiny, maiden hand so white!)
Caught and bore thy battle-brand
Flaming forth through night:
Thou whose eyes have glimpsed the goal
Wheretoward these ages climb:—
Fierce, white splendors of the Soul
Crest the peaks of time —
Who should, searching in thine heart
Dedicate to splendid things,
Seek what splendid thing thou art,
Winged with angel wings —
France, therein he should behold,
Inmost of thy race and land,
Hero-hearted, angel-souled
Joan the Maiden, stand.*

If Joan, in her day, was France, there was one, in her different day, who was England; and we shall look a little now, into the story of that one, as affording an example of how the Gods go to it in their dealings with men. These are the spacious days, and England is crowded with genius: men big of soul, as well as of mind, whom beyond admiring, you need not hesitate to love. There be wise statesmen and daring admirals (all with a dash of the schoolboy in them); young-hearted valiant captains and explorers of seas physical and meta-physical: Sydney and Raleigh, Shakespeare and Spenser,

Marlowe, Fletcher, Webster, Ben,
Whose fire-seed sowed our furrows when
The world was worthy of such men —

and none of them could exalt enough, praise or love enough this Lady of England we are to speak of, this embodiment of the national soul. In her presence they were as children: trembled to be chidden by her; walked on air at a word of commendation. And they were great men: geniuses in word and action. How account for it? I venture to say that it was no mere courtier quality that caused Raleigh, for instance, to carpet the mire with his cloak for her; but something in the soul and in the bearing of Her Grace, part royal and Tudor, no doubt; but part of dynasties far more ancient and exalted than that.

What did she do? How compare her with the great lights that shone in her orbit? It was they, you say, who made her name and reign illustrious — she herself had little to do with it? We answer that there is a type of master-soul, of whose greatness the genius of those who serve them is to be taken as a manifestation. They call forth the flame and glory occult in the heart of others; are at no pains, perhaps, to shine themselves, but supply the inspiration of their age; as if their status and grandeur were too vast to be expressible through one personality, and they must have a whole Round Table to speak their words and strew their actions about the world.

So, pause before you condemn the great Elizabethans; consider that they knew their business very well. It was part of their spacious simplicity to perceive that there was one among them, the lachet of whose shoe — Well: now we dub her vain; we dub her fickle, loudmouthed, a scold, and worse. We that know all things, know infinitely more about Elizabeth, than her own servants did; for they but saw and heard daily: felt the splendor of a soul to whose right proud knees bowed, whose disapproval mighty heroes feared, and whose counsels were sought by the wisest; but We — Oh, what makes this dear twentieth century so omniscient?

There is something in you and me that cries out against misunderstanding; we hate that paltry motives should be attributed to us: injustice is the sting we cannot bear. Whoso desires our esteem, let him give us our due, and something over: let him read us, as we read ourselves, a little better than we are. It is a great thing to have attained to honest dealing with oneself: I do not know which is the rarer: that, or right indifference to the opinion of the world. Both are possible of attainment; both are in the armory of the Mighty of Soul. Where we hedge and dodge and truckle, they go forward upon the high road of action; they carry out their duty royally, and with

an eye to nothing else. Let their way take them among the ghostly crags and shadows: they do not cry out: *I am here; I am still on the path; I have not erred nor strayed.* Let it lead them through the quagmire, where, from but a few yards' distance, it must seem that no path is, but only treacherous tumps and moss greener than the emerald; they will be at no pains to advertise that indeed, where their feet are set, there is good firm ground. They do not fuss to explain themselves; they do not whine excuses; any blame that may be given them, they accept complacently enough. So they themselves may maintain the silence, they shall have its peace in which to work, though all mankind else be howling. Forward: let tongues wag, and the blatant world slander and condemn; when the tumult of catcalls is silenced, and the nagging and hooting done with, you shall find that this nation or that has been conducted into stable ways. Fame and good repute are little to such souls as these; they stand on guard in the unseen, sentinels against chaos and midnight; and heed the tattle of human praise and condemnation

“As the sea's self should heed a pebble cast.”

At times the world's applause may be necessary to the success of their work; when it is, I doubt not they move heaven and earth to gain it; but it renders no music for their personal hearing; they draw from it no flattering unction for their own souls. To this one, statues may be set up in a thousand cities; slander may have been at that other so successfully that his name has become a byword in history. The first does not deem himself the more fortunate; the second finds no cause for complaint: the whole ambition of either was to get the work done, which he set out to do. As who should say: *Here are the nations I saved or created; now you may fill big volumes with stories of my supposed amours!*

Yet heaven forgive us, when we batten on such tattle! Though it be nothing to them, their good repute is among our greatest spiritual assets. Their lives are always a warfare: hell, that was against them living, will no less be against them when they are dead. Down the Champion, and you have downed the cause! shout the hellions. If he is dead, so much the better; since then he can no longer give back heaven's Roland for hell's Oliver. Let it but appear that he was a very ordinary fellow, no better than his opponents — even a little worse — and his whole cause is discredited without more ado. A man's reputation, after he is dead, depends on the favor of historians:

who may be quite Gargantuan liars; who may have reasons of their own for painting the white peaks of purity with Styx-scum and pitch. Elizabeth — why, we have hardly enough evidence yet for condemning Nero, who may have been great and wise; there are not lacking those who think so. No doubt the names of many selfless servants of humanity have come down to us execrated, and synonyms for detestable vice.

It is said of this queen that she was without religion, and equally cold to the Anglican and Roman Churches. True, doubtless; the like of her stand above creeds and formulae; this one or that shall be used, as it may further their policies. Any instrument will serve them, so it be sharp and will do the work. Further their policies — a cold schemer, then, you admit? — Nothing! Their policies are one in all ages: the salvation of mankind. The religion of Elizabeth was England — not anti-France, nor anti-Spain, nor anti-Scotland (*No war, my lords!*) — England that was then in transition, about to be born: the bud of a nation on the morning of its bursting into bloom. To save and nurse this spiritual potentiality — every nation is a great spiritual potentiality — into existence: that was creed, that was collect, gospel, and epistle enough for her.

She came to the throne to find England, nationally and socially, beginning to stir with life unprecedented, and the secret fountains of genius bubbling up everywhere; politically, a *bonne bouche* ripe for the palate of Spain. It was a little and weak England then, emerging from chrysalis-hood; whose enemies, potential or actual, were the Great Powers. The thirteenth, which was the dawn century of Europe, had not left England unaffected: then for the first time a kind of national consciousness came into being: the people became English, and not, as theretofore, Saxons and Normans. But those first manifestations of life were mainly brutal and grasping; one saw no signs of a national soul, but only of lust for conquest in France, Wales, and Scotland. The barons were to remain the chief factor in the state until their power was wrecked in the Wars of the Roses, and finally extinguished by Henry VII; and they were not a representative element, as the Tudor kings and the Stewart Parliaments were to become. Of the new class of souls whose coming into Italy began when Frederick II had prepared the way for them, England had seen almost nothing until the reign of Henry VIII: Roger Bacon, Chaucer, and a few others are to be called adventurous pioneers, wandering

swallows whose advent was long before the breaking of the frosts. But in Tudor times, all was changing and to change. Henry VII had put a line of Kings on the throne: *kings* this time; not puppets or leaders of faction, nor mere swashbucklers reaping barren glory at Crécy or Agincourt. He had brought the country into hands able to guide it through its critical time: we may laugh at his parsimonious ways; which are, however, interpretable as due to the insight of a supreme statesman: since gold also, as well as every other means, must prop the throne of these nation-pilots. His son, Bluff Harry, carried the work considerably further; I do not trust too much the adverse verdict of history on him: a man who accomplishes so trenchant a work for humanity has already dipped a million pens in venom, and directed them to the slandering of his name. He broke the shackles, mind that! Ponder, ere you condemn, whether a little man could have smashed the backbone of old wrong with a fist-blow, as this huge Tudor did. It was from him, at least, that his sovereign daughter inherited her firm, princely, and unsubduable nature; and we may well bless his memory for that!

But time had gone on since Bluff Harry died, and now there were conditions that he could not have met. Despite the block and the many wives, he had done wonderfully well, in his day, by an England that did not yet know her own mind, and needed above all things else to be ruled, sympathetically, but still with a rod of iron. He had put her straight: given her a direction and a path to follow, and no chance but, for the time being, to follow it. But with every year she was coming, now, to feel more and more her own strength. The advance guard of souls was hurrying pell-mell into English incarnation, and the Soul of England was awaking, and struggling to come into its own. The very influx of life was a main danger: internal effervescence threatened to run to disruption and waste, as imminently as external enmity threatened to conquer. Another Henry would not have served: he was too manlike, too ruthless if you will, for this new England; his kingdom would have tumbled about his ears like a house of cards. The whole future of the English race cried out to the Gods: *Send us Elizabeth!*

Who but she could have done the work? Every element in her personality contributed to the national salvation: every faculty of her mind. England was then intensely masculine, and only a woman, tactful and infinitely gracious, could have so harmonized, checked, and

directed the forces, as to save it from itself. There had to be something of personal love, something of chivalry rather, in the feeling she inspired in her statesmen and sailors, or she could never have welded them into unity. Only a woman could have kept Philip inactive, hoping this and that, until England was ready to deal with him. But it had to be a woman, too, with every quality of manliness in her: who could dare, *encore et toujours*, and strike blows swift and deadly, and command royally when the day for coaxing had passed. She had to inspire and unite a romantic and effervescent people, and no mere man could have done that. She had also to combat Macchiavellian diplomacy; to play chess with infallible players, and at last come out and fight like a demigod: no mere woman could have done that. She stood above the masculinity and femininity of the mind, as surely as she stood above sectarianism in religion.

And to the end that a nation might live; that a race might be profitable to after-ages, that should sow the seed of new peoples beyond the Hesperides, and over the brink of the south. She merited much evil, did England. Had Philip conquered her, he would but have paid her in kind for the wrongs she had wrought of old in Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and France. But the Gods intervene to save men from the consequences of their sins, provided there be hope of better things from them in future: that the punishment, inevitable always, may come in such form as will chasten and correct, not wreck and damn. Whatever the sins of England had been, there were splendid potentialities of good also. An independent national church should pave the way to religious freedom; to an infiltration of the grand spiritual ideas presently; perchance to the coming of great Light-Bringers. . . . Ah, there was much, much, much! And recollect that the whole history of English America, as well as that of the Mother Country, was involved. Swing wide, ye doors, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting gates, for the great guest, Freedom, to enter in! (Freedom — how little we have understood the high meaning of that word!)

Vision of such a bright future shone before the soul of Her Gracc; she dreamed, foresaw, loved, struggled. Heartless? — her heart was so big that all a nascent nation lay cradled in it. What a picture: playing Philip on her line like a master-angler; brain all cool, collected, scheming if you like — scheme she must, who dared not make mistakes; will, all one unshakable affirmation of the right of her people to be; heart all mother and lover, and England its darling.

And she was very woman too, and must steer a womanly personality through those daily and endless perils. Plots incessant, against herself and the future of England: no knowing, day or night, what dagger might be drawn behind the arras. The power that was arrayed against her had already struck down William of Orange, through the hand of Balthazar Gerard, in 1584, and was to strike down Henry of France through Ravailac in 1610. She and William and Henry were the protagonists of the Light in Europe; she could not afford to leave precautions untaken. What nervous system could have stood against the strain?

She was a type of superhumanity, a proof of the grand doctrine. Accuse her as you will; produce what evidence against her you may; there are workshops in hell where convincing damnatory evidence is forged. That for your tattle about her! That for your proofs of her misdoing! A heart so great and glowing, linked to a mind so clear and cool, can house no tenant of less dignity than hero and Messenger of the Gods.

RECENT, BUT POPULAR ASTRONOMY:

by **Edgar Lucien Larkin**, Director of The Lowe Astronomical Observatory, Mount Lowe, California

Written for THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

INTRODUCTION TO THE SERIES ON MODERN ASTRONOMY



WITHIN my long and varied experience in astronomical observatories, where I have met with many people from a large majority of the nations of the world, I have always noticed that my visitors looked upon an observatory as a building differing from all others. There appears to be an air of mystery around and about and within a temple devoted to the study of other worlds than our world — the Earth. To many, there seems to be a mystic influence beneath the dome; and a deeper mysticism in the great telescope, its costly lenses and shining circles. This little rhyme may now be spoken in 1915 as well as in distant centuries of antiquity.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Shining ever with rays so bright:
Shining in the sky of Night.

The wondering of primitive man ages before one Law of Nature had been discovered is now increased by their discovery. Mere idle wondering has expanded into profound astonishment. The telescope, telecamera, telespectroscope, telephotospectroscope, telephotometer, telebolometer and telemicrometer; these, and a hundred more adjunct instruments, have discovered many laws; and mathematics has formulated many harmonic relations between all laws as fast as discovered; all these, and more in very recent years, have immeasurably increased the wonder of early man. The modern master of human wisdom, still wonders and stands in greater admiration and in awe with each newly discovered fact than did his humble brother a hundred centuries buried in the past. This is because his mind is vastly expanded, he can sense sublimity and therefore stand in greater awe in the presence of the majestic Sidereal Universe. And, indeed, the work within an astronomical observatory and within real "witching hours" from midnight to dawn, is mysterious. And this because the astronomer with eye at telescope when sky is dark and clear, senses himself as within some mystic infinity.

The greater the astronomer, the more deeply is he lost in space; and the more intense his admiration of the supernal splendor of the celestial vault. And all of these effects are quadrupled within the dome of a great observatory on a mountain peak. Even as I write, here, now, on this summit, the majestic Goddess of the Night is displaying her robes all adorned with stars, and owing to the rotation of the earth, is dragging the careless hem of her garment in the waves of the Pacific Ocean in the remote southern horizon. E. P. Roe wrote a book entitled *Near to Nature's Heart*; but up here one is not near, but within the very heart of Nature.

Many thousands of times have I been asked: "What do you do in the observatory at night?" Many answers of many words in each can be concentrated into two inconceivably impressive and awe-inspiring words: study Nature. How would it do to condense farther to "study"—to one of the leading words in human speech, the imposing word—study? This word is like an elaborately cut diamond—it has many glittering facets. I am not sure but that the word "study" is the greatest that can be articulated by human lips. And the sense of sublimity is at a maximum when the huge lenses are turned fully upon a rich region in the Milky Way and the startled eye beholds from 10,000 to 40,000 glowing stars, all suns, in one field of view.

Each human is supposed to be in search of happiness. But the most exquisite happiness ever experienced on this planet is that of watching and measuring the complex motions of binary suns, where two giant suns in space-deeps are in rapid revolution around their common center of gravitation, in between; watching and measuring until data are secured, then to weigh both. The final figures written, at the end of the solution of the formidable equations, giving their mass or quantity of matter in comparison with the mass of our own sun, the mere act of writing these numbers on paper, is happiness supreme. Sweeping through the labyrinth, the mighty maze of figures, in solution of the problem, gives a degree of happiness all unknown to those who have not thus wrought; but the last numbers are the climax of human happiness.

Photographing the entire sky of night, entirely around the celestial sphere, and from pole to pole, and this on highly sensitive plates, where millions piled on millions of suns imprint their tiny images on these plates, or negatives, so sensitive that the retina of the eye, even aided by the largest telescopes, cannot see them, is one form of delightful work in modern observatories. After the more than 25,000 plates of the entire sky are developed, the images of the millions of suns are measured as to their distances apart, by means of microscopes, and places tabulated for mathematical computation, and for standard reference. Then within ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred years, new series of photographs can be taken, measured, computed, and compared, with this startling result — the discovery of the proper motions of the stars. Would that they of ancient Meroe, Thebes, Memphis, and Tentyra; they of Babylon and Nineveh, had taken series of photographs and deposited them in air-tight receptacles and in pyramids, rock-hewn tombs and sepulchers, until this day. Now, upon comparison, no doubt many thousands of suns would be found far away from their places then.

Measuring the intensity of light of the stars, or photometry, a leading branch of late astronomy, is another work wrought in the modern observatory. And a work greater than this, a work as great as any ever performed by human hands directed by trained minds, a work beyond description even in outline, in less than several articles, a work so great that it can only be mentioned here in this introduction, is that stupendous and most arduous work — celestial spectroscopy. So intensely fascinating is the photography of the spectra of

stars that often skilled spectroscopists have toiled from sunset until sunrise, oblivious of the flow of time. These are they who are taken by surprise when dawn begins: they think they have been working during a few minutes.

Measuring approach and recession of the stars is an important work in these mysterious buildings — observatories. And the measuring of star-streams, the drifting of the stellar hosts, is another work of exquisite fascination. This lures and leads on until morning. The temptation is strong to try and explain stellar spectro-chemistry or analysis, the finding of the chemical components, the very elements of the stars; but this immense subject must be left for a division of its own much later in the series, and after preceding instruments are explained.

Another routine work is that of measuring positions of a number of bright stars as to their Right Ascensions and Declinations, with a precision almost beyond human skill — so it would seem — to those not knowing how this precise work is done. These positions are all reduced and tabulated by the leading nations of the world in large books, one for each year, called their National Ephemeris, or Nautical Almanac. These are put on all ships for hourly use of mariners, those who go down to the sea. Then any ship blown far out of its course by storms can, at once, when clouds vanish, revealing sun, moon, or these basic stars, point their prows toward any point in the world. And precise time for all modern nations, for all clocks, watches, and chronometers, also chronographs, is secured in the lonely vigils of the night, in the wonderful observatories.

One exceedingly impressive and triumphant result of these abstruse labors in astronomical observatories in securing these precise star-positions, is the enabling of officers of sinking ships to summon instant aid by means of the wireless telegraphic code signals of distress. I know of nothing more dramatic, awe-inspiring and impressive, than the sudden announcement of position as to latitude and longitude of a ship, a great passenger steamer having a thousand panic-stricken humans on board, when water is pouring into the compartments: “Come at once to latitude 40 degrees 22 minutes north, and longitude 3 hours 28 minutes west. Our ship is sinking.” These words traverse as electric waves the mists over the deep, and travel in darkness of a night at sea. They are cut out of space by harmonic telegraphic instruments on other ships. Instantly, their prows are

turned toward the sinking sister ship and all steam turned on, urging the monsters to the rescue of suffering humans. This turning of distant ships to the exact place of the sinking ship is made possible by one method only — study in an astronomical observatory and in an electrical laboratory. The entire commerce of the world by trains on land and ships at sea, is made possible by this one plan — study of the stars in observatories. And the labors of mind and body of a working mathematical astronomer in an observatory have never been surpassed. The wonder is that brain and body are able to endure such arduous toil. For the extreme heights of the human mind have been reached in modern astronomical observatories.

Many more duties fall upon the workers in the dome-room and in the computing-room of a working observatory. And it is by no means strange that others viewing an astronomer at work, and not knowing what he is doing, look upon him with a pervading sense of mystery. Many astronomers now devote their lives to one great branch of astronomy and become expert therein. Beside these main works, there are others which will be explained as this series develops.

MODERN ASTRONOMICAL DEDUCTIONS

That auspicious time has now fully arrived when all intelligent persons should be aware of the deductions and conclusions as to the true structure of the visible Universe, led up to by the late researches in all of these grand divisions of astronomy, the wondrous spectro-photographic, and spectrochemic. These have more widely expanded all human concepts since the year 1859, than all discoveries made by man since the first one appeared on earth. These should be known, and really one cannot afford not to know something of them, if not more than their rudiments in this advanced age and day. And the object of writing this series of articles is to endeavor to convey some ideas upon these momentous and most remarkable subjects. All should read books on astronomy and upon recent researches on mind, and the relations of the two, so intimately made in recent years. If not, one passes through this beautiful world without having seen its beauties. One not conversant with the mighty results of these studies, these discoveries, these immense extensions of the boundaries of human knowledge into infinite realms of the unknown since 1859 cannot possibly sense the majesty of the human mind, nor even hope to think of its great possibilities. One looks, as it were, through some-

what darkened spectacles. To study the deductions of the masters of modern thought is to greatly admire the powers of mind manifesting and expressing in the human brain — that, at present, totally unexplained mystery.

The year 1859 is a turning point in the career of man on earth, for in that most wonderful year, the most important since Newton discovered the law of gravitation and the stupendous calculus, Kirchhoff proclaimed to the entire scientific world his three grand, basic, and fundamental laws of all times and ages — his three all-including, all-important laws of Spectrum Analysis. From that auspicious instant, the advance of man has increased in momentum, minute by minute. For since then, not one minute of time has expired into past duration, without being occupied by some student delving into these three rock-hewn laws of the Universe. And in subsequent chapters it will be the endeavor to explain these three primordial laws in ordinary and easily comprehended words. To see where these laws fit in with all of the others explained from time to time, it will be necessary to preserve these notes as the series proceeds. Many preceding and minor laws must be explained before we can hope to march up the long and stately avenues lined with mysteries on both sides, toward the mighty and imposing façade of that new and magnificent temple dedicated to spectroscopy — the analysis of light — and by this excessively refined means, find what elements are glowing in far-away colossal suns.

We behold the stars and now in this introduction already have an intense desire to know what they are, of what forms of matter they are composed, their specific speeds in space, their directions of flight in cosmic deeps, their temperatures — i. e., rates of radiating energy, their variations in light-intensities, their masses, magnitudes, and therefore densities. All these and many more facts we now desire to know. But nothing can be done until we first find every fact possible concerning the nearest star. Stars a million times farther away cannot at first be studied. Logic and reason dictate that we should study and analyse, research and explore, the nearest star first.

But the nearest star to the earth, the minute abode of humans, is the Sun. It is a modest star, small in comparison with thousands of others far larger. But it is so very near, that all attention must be given to it, so the solar studies must now begin.

THE TEMPLE OF LIFE: by W. A. Dunn



PERHAPS the least understood and most abused part of human nature is the body. It has been variously styled: "The temple of God," "This muddy vesture of decay," and a host of other expressions tending more or less to one or the other of these extremes. The emphasis usually given of the "Ills the flesh is heir to" has tended to obscure the opposite truth of "physical regeneration," with all its attendant blessings of power to function spiritually, in proportion to the purification attained.

It is a strange incongruity, that while we never blame a piece of good machinery for faults committed by an incapable workman in charge of it, we yet attribute to the body conditions which entirely proceed from the *use* to which it has been subjected. It is an obvious fact that physical habits are but the perpetuations of original impulses of thought and desire along the exact lines in which the habits continue to move.

Just as fire continues its "habit" of burning the particular material which has been ignited, so are particular bodily conditions aroused by the igniting power of thought and desire, which conditions tend to continue *of themselves* until eradicated by some purifying process.

Now when the spiritual forces of life elicit response from the heart, the entry of this new element into the personal consciousness gives the light by which former habits are *seen* as false and limiting. The unfortunate tendency then arises to blame the body and its functions for the bundle of obstructing habits it has given birth to by the forces of desire and thought which the occupant of the body originated therein.

As well say that a plot of good land is responsible for inferior crops, the seeds of which were planted by an ignorant agriculturist. When a farmer hears "good tidings" of a better *mode* of farming, he does not blame his land for having grown the bad stock he formerly planted; on the contrary, rectifies his *mode* of thought and action, in full faith that his land will nurture and yield the better crops he proposes to plant. Applied to human nature, the truth underlying this picture seems apparent. The body itself, like the primeval soil of the earth, is only negatively responsible for the physical conditions the mind is bound up with when it first awakens to a truer vision of life. Unless it is clearly recognized that the physical tabernacle enshrines powers to function along lines of the highest spirituality —

the misguided mind will tend to look outside itself for help which never comes, and regard its body as an inferior principle. Before the farmer plants his new crops, he first clears the ground of its weeds and stubble — without such thought of preparation he will either condemn the future harvest, if sown on untilled soil, or remain a mere observer of other peoples' fields.

This illustration suggests that all failure to *realize* the aspirations of the Soul lies at the door of conduct in all its aspects. If former habits of life are permitted to retain hold over the physical organism, the highest aspirations must become blighted for lack of soil wherein to take root. The forces of personal life (as contrasted with aspirations of a higher nature) have a tremendous advantage in that they are already in possession of the physical energies, whereas the ideals of the Soul are still, as it were, "in the air," unable to enter the stream of life because their rightful places are already occupied by "thieves and money-changers."

When these facts are pondered upon, the rightful place of the body as the soil upon which all harvests of human experience are sown and reaped, becomes clear. The stubble of past harvests and of present growing crops are in possession, it is true, but so also is the primeval soil, irrigated by the pure waters of the heart — richly present to nurture the seeds of spiritual existence *after* the soil has been cleared of its encumbrances and tilled by the action of pure desire and thought. The Spiritual Will, which by determined effort, readjusts the chaos created by the thoughtless personality, is then enabled to enter its own house and become one with nature — as epitomized in the purified physical body.



MAY we not through the home bring more quickly something new and uplifting into the world? If the spiritual life were understood, and were the prevailing influence in us, our homes would already be sanctified; for man once convinced of his power, of his spiritual strength, and of his possibilities and his responsibilities to his fellows, would walk like a god among them, and his home would be blessed. And woman too, would be also there, in noble womanhood, wifeness, and motherhood — a lovely expression of the diviner self. And what think you of the children of two such as I bring here before you? Is my word-picture far-fetched? Is it mere speculation and theory, think you? Surely your hearts will say nay! — *Katherine Tingley*

THE REGENT OF THE NORTH: by C. ApArthur

Illustrations by R. Machell



THE northern winter is altogether ghostly and elemental; there is no friendliness to man to be found in it. There, the snow has its proper habitation; there, in the gaunt valleys of Lapland, in the terrible, lonely desolations, the Frost Giants abide. They are servants of the Regent of the North: smiths, that have the awful mountains for their anvils; and, with cold for flame tempering water into hardness, fashion spears and swords of piercing ice, or raise glittering ramparts about the Pole. All for the dreadful pleasure of doing it! They go about their work silently in the gray darkness; heaven knows what dreams may be haunting them—dreams that no mind could imagine, unless death had already frozen its brain. When the wind wolves come howling down from the Pole, innumerable, unflagging, and insatiable: when the snow drives down, a horde of ghosts wandering senseless, hurrying and hurrying through the night: the giants do their work. They make no sound: they fashion terror, and illimitable terror, and terror. . . . Or—is it indeed only terror that they fashion? . . .

And then spring comes, and the sun rises at last on the world of the North. The snow melts in the valleys; white wisps of cloud float over skies blue as the gentian; over a thousand lakes all turquoise and forget-me-not: waters infinitely calm and clear, infinitely lovely. Then the snow on the mountain dreams dazzling whiteness by day, defiantly glittering against the sun; dreams tenderness, all faint rose and heliotrope and amber, in the evening; blue solemn mystery in the night. Quick with this last mysterious dreaming! — for the nights are hurrying away; they grow shorter always; they slink Poleward, immersed in ghostly preoccupations; by midsummer they have vanished altogether. Then the sun peers incessantly wizardlike over the

horizon; the dumb rocks and the waters are invincibly awake, alert, and radiant with some magic instilled into them by the Regent of the North. . . . It is in this spring- and summer-time that you shall see bloom the flowers of Lapland: great pure blossoms in blue and purple and rose and citron, such as are not found elsewhere in the world. The valleys are a dreaming, silent wonder with the myriads there are of them — silent, for the Lapps have followed the reindeer, and the reindeer have followed the snows.

Into this region it was that Halfdan the Aged came, when he was tired of the new ways and faith that had come into the south. The viking days were over forever, one could see that. Meek, crozier-bearing men had invaded the realms of Odin and Balder; laying terrible axes of soft words, of chanted prayers and hymns, to the roots of — ? All the ancient virtue of the race, said Halfdan the Aged: all the mighty and mystic dreams that had been surging through the Northlands these hundreds of years; sending the brave forth to wonderful deeds and wonderful visions about the seas and coasts of the world. And Inge the king at Upsala, forgetting all things noble and generous, had foresworn Odin and battle-breaking Thor; had foresworn Balder the Beautiful; had welcomed these chanting, canting foreigners, and decreed their faith for his people. So that now nothing remained but a fat, slothful life and the straw-death at the end of it: there should be no more viking expeditions; no more Valhalla; no more Asgard and the Gods. “Faugh!” thought Halfdan Halfdansson, old hero of a hundred raids in the west and south; “this small-souled life for them that can abide it; it is worse than death for a *Man's Son*.”

Not but that his own days of action were over: had been these ten years; had passed with the age of the Vikings. Also his seven sons were in Valhalla long since, and beyond being troubled; they had fallen like men in battle before there was any talk of this Christian heaven and hell; as for his wife, she, royal-hearted woman, had died when the youngest of them was born. So that it would have been easy for him to cut himself adrift from the world and voyage down through pleasant dreams towards death, after the fashion of clean old age. He had already put by, somewhat sadly, the prospect of future expeditions, and was reconciling himself to old age and its illumination, when King Inge went besotted over the foreign faith. From his house, Bravik on the hillside, through whose door the sea-

winds blew in salt and excellent, he could watch the changes of the Swan-way, and nourish peace upon the music of the sea. Below at the foot of the hill, was the harbor from which his ships used to sail; drawn up on the beach, sheer hulks, still they lay there: the *Wild Swan* and the *Dragon*, accustomed to Mediterranean voyagings of old. For his own life, he found no action to regret in it; it had all been heroic doing, clean and honorable and vigorous; and the Gods had had their proper place in it, lighting it mysteriously from within.

But what room was there for dreaming, when the cry *The glory is departed!* rang so insistent? The new order liked him so little, that in place of peace and its accompanying wisdom, the years brought him unease increasingly. With his old skalds about him, to sing to him in the hall in the evenings; with his old and pagan servants, faithful all of them to the past as to himself, he watched the change coming on Sweden with disquietude and disgust; and for the first time in his life, experienced a kind of fear. But it was a pagan and great-hearted fear, and had nought to do with his own fate or future.

He knew the kind of tales these becroziered men from the south were telling, and that were becoming increasingly a substitute for the old valiant stories of the skalds. A man had come to Bravik once, and was welcomed there, who, when the feast was over, and the poets were relating their sagas, had risen in his turn with a story to tell — of a white-faced, agonizing God, who died a felon's death amongst ignoble and unwarlike people. Halfdan had listened to it with growing anger: where was the joy, where the mighty and beautiful forms, the splendid life, of the Divine Ones in this? At the end of it he had called to the stranger:

“Thy tale is a vile one, ● foreign skald! Fraught with lies it is, and unwholesome to the hearing.”

“Lies it is not, but the truth of truths, O chieftain; and except thou believest, thou shalt suffer the vengeance of God throughout eternity.”

“Go!” cried the Viking; and in the one word rang all the outraged ideals that had stood him in stead for sixty years. One does not defend his standpoint, but merely states it. He saw none of the virtues of Christianity; while its crude presentation shocked his religious feelings as profoundly as the blatant negations of atheism shock those of the pious of our own day. And his aspirations had a core of real spirituality in them. The Gods, for these high-souled

Pagans, were the fountain of right, the assurance and stability of virtue. Thor, probably, stood for courage, spiritual as well as physical; Odin for a secret and internal wisdom; Balder for a peace that passeth understanding. Things did not end in Berserker fury: the paths of the spirit were open, or had been of old; beyond the hero stood the God; beyond strife, a golden peace founded on the perfection of life. Wars, adventure, and strenuous living were to fashion something divinely calm and grand in the lives of men; that once established, and no possibility of evil left lurking in any human soul, Balder's reign would come: something like the glow and afterglow of sunset, or a vast and perfect music enveloping the world — there should be a love as of comrades, as of dear brothers, between all men. But that Peace of Balder and of Odin was separated by all Berserkerism from the peace that is fear or greed. It was a high, perpetual exultation: a heaven into which the meek and weak could not slide passively, but the strong man armed (spiritually) should take it by storm. — And here was negation of the doctrine of the strong man armed; here was proclaiming godhood a thing not robust, joyless, unbeautiful. . . . Old Halfdan went moody and depressed for a week after the priest's visit. The serene Balder-mood, into the fulness of which now, in the evening of his life, he had the right to grow naturally, had been attacked, and could not be induced to return. A God crucified! . . . his soul cried out for Gods triumphant.

Inge might launch his decrees at Upsala; at Bravik, not the least intention existed of obeying them. With dogged and defiant faith Halfdan performed the rites of the religion of Odin, having dismissed from his house all who hankered after the newly proclaimed orthodoxy. With it all, he was ill at ease; as seeing that Sweden would not long hold a man faithful to her ancient ideals. Tales were brought in, how such and such a pagan chief had suffered the king's vengeance, or had been compelled to profess and call himself Christian. Heaven knew when his own turn might come; Inge would not overlook him forever. Well, there would be no giving in for him: no lip profession — a thing not in him to understand. He could swing a battle-ax yet, at the head of his retainers; he could die in his burning house like a Viking's son. That would be something: a blow struck for olden virtue: a beacon of remembrance for Sweden, in the dark days he feared and foresaw. His religious broodings deepened; he strove incessantly to come nearer to the Gods; for although he held it a cow-

ard's creed to think They exist to help men, and a brave man's, that men exist to help Them; yet at such a time, he deemed, They might find it worth Their while to turn from vaster wars for a moment, and concern themselves with the fate of Sweden. So he prayed, but his prayer was no petition nor whining after gains; it was a silencing of the mind, a stedfast driving it upward towards heights it had not attained before: eagle altitudes, and sunlight in the windless blue, where no passion comes, and the eternal voices may be heard.

The tide of trouble drew nearer. Presently a messenger came from Inge, with a priest. Halfdan was to install the latter in his house, and learn from him the faith of the Nazarene; was to forgo the Gods, or expect the king's armies. Halfdan sent them back; to say that Inge would be welcome at Bravik: as a friend, as of old; or still more as a foe. Then he dismissed the few women there were in his house, called in his men, and prepared for a siege: thoroughly if fiercely happy at last. But there was no bottom to the king's degeneration, it seemed. After three weeks this came from Upsala: "Halfdan Halfdansson, you are senile; you will die soon, and your false religion will all but die with you. The faith of Christ commands forbearance and forgiveness. You shall die in peace, and suffer hell-flame thereafter; I will not trouble with you." *I will not trouble with you.* . . . For a week the old man raged inwardly. Inge should not thus triumphantly insult him; he would not die in peace, but lead his fifty against Upsala, and go out fighting. . . . Then the Baldermood came once more; and with it, light and direction vouchsafed him. He would go a-viking.

He summoned his fifty, and proclaimed his intention in the hall. Let who would, stay behind — in a Sweden that at least would let them be. For himself, he would take the Swan-way: he would have delight again of the crisping of blue waves against his prow: he would go under purple sails into the evening, into the mystery, into the aloneness where grandeur is, and it is profitable for souls to be, and there are none to tell heart-sickening tales. . . . There, what should befall him, who could say? Perhaps there would be sweet battle on the Christian coasts; perhaps he would burn and break a church or two, and silence the jangling of the bells that called ignoble races to ignoble prayer. Perhaps there would be battling only with the storm: going out into that vast unstable region the Aesir loved, perhaps they would expend their manhood nobly in war with the shrieking wind, the sweet

wild tempest of heaven. At such times the Gods come near, they come very near; they buffet and slay in their love, and out of a wild and viking death, the Valkyrie ride, the Valkyrie ride! . . . There were fifty men in the hall that heard him; there were fifty men that rose and shouted their acclamation; fifty that would take the Swan-way with their lord.

So there came to be noise of ax and hammer in the haven under Bravik: the *Wild Swan* and the *Dragon* being refurbished and made all taut for voyaging. Within a month they set sail. But not southward, and then through Skagerack and Cattegat, out into the waters of Britain and France, as Halfdan had intended. On the first day, a sudden storm overtook them; and singing they plunged into black



seas, beneath blind and battling skies. Singing they combatted the wave of the north; they went on, plunging blindly, driven for three days whither they knew not; then, with a certain triumph in their souls, they succumbed, singing, to the gale. They saw the Valkyrie ride through heaven; they gave their bodies to the foam about the rocks, and rose upon the howling winds, clean and joyous of soul at the last.

Halfdan had forgotten Christianity: all thought and memory of

it deserted him utterly before the storm had been beating them an hour. In the end it was all pagan, all Viking, exultant lover and fighter of the Gods, that he leaped from his sinking ship in the night, fully armed, into the driving froth and blackness; struggled as long as might be with the overwhelming waters, as befitted his manhood; then lost consciousness, and was buffeted and tossed where the grand elements listed; and thrown at last, unconscious, on the shore.

Certainly he had seen the Valkyrie riding, had heard their warsong above the winds and waves: like the lightning of heaven they had ridden, beautiful and awful beyond any of his old dreaming; why then had they not taken him? This was no Valhalla into which he had come: this dark place, smokily lamp-lit; this close air, heavy, it must be said, with stench. And were these the dwarfs, these little figures that moved and chattered unintelligibly in the gloom? . . . Slowly he took in the uncouth surroundings; raising himself, rather painfully, on his elbow from the bed of dry heather on which he was lying. There, on the tent-pole, hung his armor: his helmet with the raven wings; his shield, sword, and battle-ax; these were skins with which he was covered, and of which the walls of the tent were made. He was not dead then? No; it appeared that it was still mortal flesh that he was wearing. He had been thrown on some shore by the waves, and rescued by these quaint, squat people. Ah! he had been driven into the far north, and was among Lapps in the unknown north of the world.

He lay back, exhausted by his bodily and mental effort; and the sigh that broke from him brought the Lapp woman to his side, and the Lapp man after her. They brought him hot broth, and spoke to him; their unknown and liquid tongue, in which no sound unmusical intrudes, was full of gentle kindness; their words were almost carressing, and full of encouragement and cheer. He had no strength to sit up; the Lapp woman squatted at his head and lifted him in her arms; and while he so leaned and rested, the Lapp man fed him, sup by sup; the two of them crooning and chuckling their good will the while. In three days he was on his feet; and convinced that he could not outwear the kindly hospitality of his hosts.

The weeks of the northern spring went by; the flowers of Lapland were abloom in the valley; and old Halfdan wandered daily and brooded amidst the flowers. His mood now had become very inward. He

hungered no more after action, nor dwelt in pictures of the past; rather an interiority of the present haunted him: a sweetness, as of dear and near deities, in the crag-reflecting waters, in the fleet cloud-fleeces, in the heather on the hills, and in the white and yellow poppies on the valley-floor. As the summer passed this mood grew deeper: from a prevalent serene peace, it became filled with divine voices almost audibly calling. As for the Lapps, they behaved to him at all times with such tenderness as might be given to a father growing helpless in old age, but loved beyond ordinary standards.

The first frosts were withering the heather; in the valley the flowers had died; the twilight of early winter, a wan iris withering, drooped mournful petals over the world. On the hills all was ghostly whiteness; the Lapps had come south with the winter, and there was a great encampment of them in the valley; it never occurred to Halfdan to wonder why the couple that had saved him had remained during the summer so far from the snows. One day he wandered down to the shore; the sea had already frozen, and the icy leagues of it shone tinted with rose and faint violet and beryl where light from the sun, far and low in the horizon, caught them. Wonderful and beautiful seemed to him the world of the North: there was no taint in the cold, electric air; no memory to make his soul ashamed for his fellow men. The wind blew keen over the ice, blowing back his hair and his beard; it was intense and joyful for him with that Divine life of the Gods that loves and opposes us. He walked out on the ice; something at his feet caught his attention, and he stooped to examine it; it was a spar, belike from the *Wild Swan* or the *Dragon*, the ships he had loved. Then came memory in a flood. All his life had gone from him; the faces familiar of old had vanished; down there, in the south, in the Gothland, all the glory had departed; and there was nothing left for him on earth, but the queer, evil-smelling life in the Lapp tent. . . . Yes; there were still the Gods. . . . A strange unrest came upon him; he must away and find the Aesir. . . . He had no plan; only he must find the Bright Ones: must stand in their visible presence, who had been the secret illumination of the best of his life. In mingled longing and exultation he made his way back to the camp.

He found his Lapp friends standing before their tent, and their best reindeer harnessed to an *akja**; they knew, it appeared, that he

*The Lapp sledge of wicker and skin, capable of holding one man sitting with legs stretched out, and guiding the reindeer with a single thong of rein.

was to go; and mournfully and unbidden, had made preparation. They brought out his armor, and fondled his hands as they armed him; a crowd gathered about him, all crooning and chuckling their good will, and their sorrow to lose the old man in whose shining eyes, it seemed to them, was much unearthly wisdom. On all sides, evidently, there was full understanding of his purpose, and sad acquiescence; and this did not seem to him strange at all: the Gods were near and real enough to control and arrange all things. He sat down in the *akja*, and took the rein; the Lapps heaped skins about him for warmth; then, waving farewells, amidst an outburst of sorrowful crooning and chuckling, he started. Whither the reindeer might list; whither the mighty Undying Ones might direct.

On, and on, and on. Through ghostly valleys and through the snowstorm, right into the heart of the northern night, the reindeer, never uncertain of the way, drew him. The Balder-mood came to him in the weird darkness; in the cold desolation the bright Gods seemed nearer than ever. Through ghastly passes where the north wind, driving ice particles that stung, came shrieking, boisterous and dismal, down from the Pole to oppose him, on sped the reindeer while the mind of the old Viking was gathered into dreams. — Waiting for him, somewhere beyond, were Those whose presence was a growing glory on the horizon of his soul. . . . The snow-ghosts, wan, innumerable, and silent, came hurrying by; on sped the reindeer, a beautiful beast, heeding never the snow-ghosts, over frozen rivers and frozen mountains, through ghostly cold valleys and the snow. Under vast precipices that towered up, iron and mournful into the night; or along the brink of awful cliffs, with the snowstorm howling below. . . on and on. Who was to measure time on that weird journey? There were no changes of day and night; and Halfdan, wrapped in the warmth of his dreams, hardly would have heeded them if there had been. Now and again the reindeer halted to feed, scraping in the snow for his familiar moss-diet; then on again, and on. It was the beast, or some invisible presence, not the man, who chose the way.

A valley stretched out endlessly before; and afar, afar, a mountain caught on its whiteness some light from heaven, so that amid all the ghostly darkness it shone and shot up, a little dazzling beacon of purity on the rim of the world. The snow had ceased to fall, and no longer the north wind came shrieking to oppose; there was quiet in the valley, broken only by the tinkling of the reindeer bells and the

scrunch of the falling hoofs on the snow. The white mountain caught the eyes, and at last the mind of the long dreaming Viking; so that he began to note the tinkling of the bells, the sound of the hoofs falling, the desolation before and around. And at last another sound also: long howling out of the mountains on this side and that; long, dreary howling behind, like the cry of ghosts in a nightmare, or the lamentation of demons driven forever through darkness beyond the margin of space. For some time he listened, before waking to knowledge that it was actual sound he listened to; and then for some time longer, before it came to him to know whence the sound was. It had drawn nearer by then, much nearer; and peering forth through the glint and gloom, he saw the shadows that were wolves streaming up after him through the valley, and coming down from the mountains; singly, in twos and threes, in multitudes. The reindeer snuffed, tossed its head, and speeded on prodigiously; yet with what gathered on the hillsides, it would be a marvel if he escaped. On came the shadows, until one could see the green fire-sparks of their eyes, behind, to the right and to the left, almost before; and on sped the reindeer, and the white mountain drew nearer.

Then Halfdan the Viking scented war: he remembered his youth and its prowess; he made ready his shield and battle-ax; and thanked the Gods fervently that after all he should go out fighting. The brave reindeer should have what chance it might to escape by its own untrammelled fleetness: so he drew his sword and cut the harness. The beast was away over the snow at twice its former speed; and Halfdan in the *akja* shot forward thirty paces, fell out, and was on his feet in a moment to wait what should come.

A black, shag shadow, the foremost of them, hurled itself howling at his throat—eyes green fire and bared teeth gleaming; the ax swept down, clave its head in mid air, and the howl went out in a rattling groan and sob. No question of failing strength now; old age was a memory—forgotten. The joy of battle came to him, and as the first wolf fell he broke into song:

In the bleak of the night and the ghost-held region,
By frozen valley and frozen lake,
A son of the Vikings, breaking his battle,
Doth lovely deeds for Asgard's sake.

Odin All-Father, for thee I slew him!
For thee I slew him, bolt-wielding Thor!

Joy to ye now, ye Aesir, Brothers!
That drive the demons forevermore!

While he sang, another wolf was upon him, and then another and another; and the war-ax that had made play under Mediterranean suns of old, God, how it turned and swept and drove and clave things in the northern night! While they came up one by one, or even in twos,



the fight was all in his favor; so he slew as many as a dozen at his singing; then the end began to draw near. They were in a ring about him now; rather fearful of the whirling ax, but closing in. Old age began to tell upon his limbs; he fought on wearying; and the delight of war ebbed from him; his thigh had been snapped at and torn, and he had lost much blood with the wound. Then the ax fell, and he leaned on it for support for a moment, his head bent down over his breast. The war-mood had gone altogether; his mind sped out to

the Gods. Of inward time there had been enough, since the ax fell, for the change of mood, for the coming of calm wonder and exaltation; of the time we measure in minutes, enough for the leaping of a wolf. He saw it, and lifted the ax; knowing that nothing could be done. At his left it leaped up; he saw the teeth snap a hand's-breadth from his face. . . . An ax that he knew not, brighter than the lightning, swung; the jaws snapped; the head and the body apart fell to the ground. . . . And there was a wolf leaping on his right, and no chance in the world of his slaying it; and a spear all-glorious suddenly hurtling out of the night, and taking the wolf through the throat, and pinning it dead to the ground. And here was a man, a Viking, gray-bearded, one-eyed, glorious, fighting upon his left; and here was a man, a Viking, young and surpassing beautiful of form and face and mien, doing battle at his right. And he himself was young again, and strong; and knew that against the three of them all the wolves in the world, and all the demons in hell, would have little chance. They fled yelping into the dark; and Halfdan turned to hail those that had fought for him.

And behold, the shining mountain that had seemed so far, shone now near at hand; and for a mountain, it was a palace, exceedingly well-built, lovely with towers and pinnacles and all the fair appurtenances of a king's house. No night nor winter was near it; amidst gardens of eternal sunlight it shone; its portals flung wide, and blithe all things for his entering. And he greeted Odin All-Father, as one might who had done nothing in his life to mar the pleasant friendliness of that greeting. And in like manner he greeted Balder the Beautiful. They linked their arms in his, and in cheerful conversation he passed in with them into the Valhalla.



. . . Fair truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds, not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By my weak prejudice, imperfect faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. . . .

— *Hannah Moore*

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XII

MISFORTUNES OF THE MILTONS



RS. Weitman had been summoned over the phone by Mrs. Milton and now sat holding her hands and looking into her white, terror-stricken face.

“O Clara!” moaned Mrs. Milton, “what can I do? What can I say to Robert? You cannot realize how terrible all this is for me. Robert— I fear him— I fear for him. Was ever a household so overshadowed with misfortunes and disgrace as ours?”

“It is all very dreadful; but do try and calm yourself, my dear Agnes. You *must* not give way now; everything rests on you. You must keep up in order to help Robert and Bert. But tell me of Mili-cent; how has it all come about?”

“O Clara, you know Robert manages everything. Not that I wish to complain of him! And you know that during the last few years he has had much to endure. He is a broken man— old before his time. His political position and influence were as the breath of life to him; but all at once he was pushed out of everything. Then followed the financial panic and the failure of the company in which he was heavily involved. Every effort he made to retrieve his position only made matters worse. Why, Clara, we are absolutely beggared. Even my small means would have been swallowed up, but **B**ert prevented me from turning them in.”

“Well, Agnes, I am glad you have that, at least. But you still have this house, so you are not homeless.”

“This house is mortgaged for more than it will ever bring at a forced sale. No, we’ve nothing left and it’s killing Robert. I’m afraid he will lose his reason. Herbert is a good-hearted boy, but you know he has not been a help or comfort to his father.”

Mrs. Weitman knew this was true, but she remained silent, knowing also how Robert Milton had, by his severity and total lack of sympathy, made his children dislike and fear him. He had seemed to take pleasure in thwarting every wish of his son and had forced him to take a place in the bank when he had declared his desire of taking up a profession. Under these conditions Bert’s conduct had not been exemplary. He had chosen associates of whom any parent must have disapproved; and he had gone farther with them than even his

father was aware of. Only his father's influence as vice-president of the bank kept him from being discharged.

Then when the bank was toppling on the brink of failure came the robbery with the murder of the night watchman. Truly, as Mrs. Milton had said, one misfortune followed another until ruin stared them in the face. At first no clues to the robbers were to be found; yet vague hints and whispered suspicions filled the air until at last the smouldering fire was ready, with a little fanning, to burst into a blaze. And this blaze was being kindled even as the two women sat talking together.

"And oh, Clara, my heart is broken over Millicent," continued Mrs. Milton. "You know that though these children were not my own I have always considered and loved them as such; and they have loved me as if I were their own mother. I do not know how to endure all these troubles."

"But, Agnes, you have not yet told me about Millicent. Where is she, and why did she go away?"

"O Clara, I don't know how to tell you. Her father wished her to marry."

"Wished Milly to marry! Why, she is only a child yet."

"I know — only seventeen! but he had set his mind on it. And you know Robert when he is set on a thing."

"Well, who was she to marry, and why?"

"Colonel Vandervert."

"Good heavens, Agnes! You mean the son, don't you?" cried Mrs. Weitman.

"No, Clara, the Colonel himself," moaned Mrs. Milton.

Her friend gazed at her for a moment speechless; then she murmured, "That man! He is old enough to be her grandfather! But he is worth sixty millions."

"Yes," sobbed the other; "that was it — the millions. He would have saved Robert from ruin."

"And he would have sold his child for that!"

"O Clara, I did all I could to prevent it."

"Of course you would. Did she run away to escape? You know I have been away so long that I have missed all these events."

"No, but when she persistently refused, he sent her back to school, with orders to watch her closely."

"And she is there now?"

"Oh no, no! I only wish she were. She has run away, eloped with a man she has only seen a few times. Oh, my poor, misguided child! My little Milly! What shall I do, Clara? How can I bear it?"

Mrs. Weitman felt stunned. She had loved these step-children of her friend, and had known them both since they were mere babies. She knew how Agnes had poured out all her mother-love on them. She knew that by nature both were honest, affectionate, and intelligent, and that with proper training they would have been a credit and a support to their parents. She had heard with deep sorrow the dark hints and rumors concerning the boy; and now the pretty winsome little Milly driven to a fate which they could only conjecture. How indeed would poor Agnes be able to bear it?

As she looked at the frail, delicate creature before her, bowed down and shaken by her passion of grief and unspeakable fears, her heart rose in hot anger against Robert Milton, and she felt that any misfortunes which might fall upon him would be well deserved.

But rousing herself to action she went to Mrs. Milton, and putting her arms around her she gently drew her from her seat, saying:

"Come, my poor dear, this will not do. You must not give way like this or you will be ill. You must go to your room now and lie down; you are completely worn out. Come, let me help you up the stairs and then I will get you some tea. See how you are trembling! lean on me."

An hour later Mrs. Weitman had soothed her friend into a more quiet frame of mind and she had fallen into a light sleep. Stealing from the room the faithful nurse, feeling the need of food for herself, had started toward the dining-room. When half way down the stairs she heard a latch-key turned cautiously in the outer door, which opened silently, and a man stepped hurriedly in and closed it again. He came stealthily toward the stairs, and as the dusk was already falling she did not recognize him until he was quite near, when perceiving her, he paused, looking defiantly at her. His face was white and his hand trembled as he clutched the banister.

"Why, Bert!" Mrs. Weitman whispered, "what is the matter?"

"Hush!" he whispered, laying his hand on her arm; "no one must see me; who is in the house?"

"No one is here but your mother and I. She is in her room asleep."

"And the servants?"

“As you know, there are but two now, the cook and a maid. They are in the kitchen, at supper I think. But what new trouble is there now? and why must you not be seen? Can't you trust me, Bert?”

“Oh yes, but I meant to get away without the knowledge of any one. Oh, I must hurry! Come up to my room — I'll have to tell you.”

Once inside the room, he carefully pulled down all the shades and then turned on the light. Turning suddenly he said:

“Yes, Mrs. Weitman; it's trouble, awful trouble! I am accused of murder.”

With a gasp Mrs. Weitman sank into a chair, staring at him in a dazed way.

“But I didn't do it. I didn't. You know I would never do a thing like that. Don't you believe me?”

“O Bertie, how could such a thing be?”

“I tell you I didn't do it. You see they have hatched up a fool's story about the bank robbery. It's out that I and the cashier got away with the money and had to kill the watchman to keep him from telling.”

“But who would believe it?”

“Everybody. It's in the papers. They have arrested Carter and there is a warrant out for me.”

“But can't you prove your innocence? Why, the whole thing is too absurd. What will you do?”

“I'm going to get out of this town.”

“But, Bert, that will look like guilt. Wouldn't it be better to stay and fight it out, as Carter will do?”

“Carter can prove an alibi; I can't.”

“But your innocence will be proved some way! It must.”

“Jimmy Hewit's innocence was proved; but they hanged him first. No, I don't trust any such chance as that.”

While he talked, Bert was throwing some things into a suit-case, and Mrs. Weitman began mechanically to help him. Remembering the fate of Jimmy Hewit, she dared not advise him further. But suddenly she thought of something else.

“Bert,” she said, “have you money?”

“Why, I ought to have,” the young man said bitterly, “just after robbing a bank.” He drew out his purse and emptied the contents upon the table. “What riches!” he cried, as he gathered up a five dollar bill, a small gold piece, and a little silver change.

“Mother might have some, but I must not trouble her. She’s almost crazy about Milly. You will keep every thing possible away from her, won’t you, Mrs. Weitman? And tell father that I say Milly and I have him to thank for all our troubles; and I hope he’ll enjoy it.”

“No, Bert, some day you will be glad that I did not give that message. Of course I’ll do everything possible for your mother. You must never forget that she has always loved you and been a true mother to you. It is fortunate that I have a little money. I was going down town to pay some bills when your mother called me to come to her.”

Mrs. Weitman opened her purse and took out a roll of bills, saying, “This will last you for a while. But oh, my boy! where will you go? What will you do?”

“I’m going to make for Canada and I’ll go to work as other fellows do. If father had let me alone I never would have been in that accursed bank anyway. I’ll pay this back to you some day. It’s no use to say how much I thank you. You’re my best friend, next to mother.”

Turning out the light the two groped their way down the stairs and through the dark hall. After Mrs. Weitman had fastened the door she went into the library, and turning on the light, sat down to think what could be done. But somehow her thoughts went back to that night four years ago when Mrs. Hewit implored Bert’s father to interpose to save the life of her innocent son. The room was cold and cheerless now; but that night it had been warmed and well lighted. Governor Milton had sat there, a man of wealth, holding the highest office in the state, surrounded by friends who paid deference to his place and power.

How hard and stern he had been. How little he had been moved by the prayer of the widow for the life of her boy, or the grief of the young girl who was to have been his wife. And the next day the woman had uttered that dreadful curse, which was seemingly being so swiftly fulfilled. From that time it seemed that fortune had frowned upon him. Friends, money, honors — all had slipped away like a garment, leaving bare the real life and character of the man. Where was he tonight? In a distant city trying vainly to raise money enough to save his luxurious home from the hammer of the auctioneer, yet in ignorance of the fate of his only daughter, and that his son was

an outcast and fugitive from justice — justice such as had been meted out to the widow's son.

Mrs. Weitman rose and went back to the room of her friend, still thinking of Mrs. Hewit as she now appeared, a bent, distraught, heart-broken woman. The image of Anne, gentle and full of daughterly care and tenderness; Dave, honest, manly, taking the place of the son, never dreaming that he was making any extraordinary sacrifice or doing more than a simple duty. Two summers she had spent, and golden autumns, in the pine woods, and these natives of the soil had become near and dear to her.

She wished she could take Mrs. Milton to the little cabin that had been built for her near the cool spring under the rock. She could at least take her to her own home for a few days until the return of Robert Milton.

This plan she carried out the next morning, leaving a note of explanation for Mr. Milton on his return.

(To be continued)

JOTTINGS: by H. T. E.



THE performances of the wonderful calculating horses of Elberfeld form the subject of a careful and exhaustive study in a book called "The Unknown Guest," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who visited and examined the horses. It would now seem to stand that these horses are actually able to supply the answers to difficult sums in square and cube root. M. Maeterlinck was left alone in the room with one of the horses, nobody else being within sight or sound; and he obtained the answers to sums set by himself, and of which he (being a very poor mathematician) did not know the answers. The answers were given by the horse striking a foot-board in accordance with a sort of telegraphic code by which each letter or figure is denoted by a certain set of taps. M. Maeterlinck's speculations on the cause of this marvelous phenomenon are most interesting and suggestive. But we pause to ask just where the wonder comes in, and to suggest that possibly the wonder lies rather in the unfamiliarity than in the inexplicability of the phenomena. For when it comes to explaining, where are we? And echo answers "Nowhere." What I would like to know is, if the rose-plant outside my doors knows how to make its marvelous blooms, with all their

inconceivable complexity of form and color, why may not a horse know how to extract a cube root? Or, if you do not like this comparison, let me ask why, if the bird in my eyes knows how to build its nest and rear its young, the Elberfeld stallion should not be able to give an intelligent answer to a question by tapping a board with his hoof? In brief, all nature is a marvel of intelligence, and one thing is not more marvelous, but only less familiar, than another.

The idea that intelligence is something like an all-pervading atmosphere, and can be tapped, as it were, by any cerebral mechanism suitably adjusted to that function, is one that forces itself more and more strongly upon us. Also the idea that the solutions of mathematical problems, being indissolubly connected with the statement of those problems, can be reached by a shorter cut than is provided by our ordinary methods of computation, is one that occurs (as M. Maeterlinck points out) in connexion with calculating prodigies of the human breed.

Animals have often played a part in the methods of divination known to ancient nations; and it may be added that even inanimate objects (so-called) constitute the paraphernalia of such methods of ascertaining that which the mind by its ordinary methods fails to grasp. These forgotten arts depend for their success on certain properties of nature with which our science is not familiar. That such unknown domains exist in abundance is evident from the number of gaps which, in our philosophy, are conveniently covered by such words as "chance" and "fortuity." We cannot tell why cards fall out in a particular order, and so we say that it is chance, and we have even devised a calculus of chance. We do not know why a tossed coin falls now heads and now tails, and so we call that chance too. Yet every effect must have a cause. We do not know what teaches the bird to build its nest, or the mineral to build its crystal, or the seed to yield the oak; and so we invent mere names for these unknown causes. Is it for us to say that a horse may not solve a mathematical problem?

It may be suggested by some theorists that a detached intelligence of some kind enters into the horse and uses the animal as a medium. That explanation is reasonable, but lands us again in a vast unexplored sea. The whole range of topics connected with invisible beings, higher forms of matter, cosmic forces, and so forth, is opened up,