THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. IX OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 4

They leave at length the nether gloom, and stand
Before the portals of a better land;
To happier plains they come and fairer groves,
The seats of those whom Heaven, benignant, loves;
A brighter day, a bluer ether, spreads
Its lucid depths above their favored heads;
And, purged from mists that veil our earthly skies,
Shine suns and stars unseen by mortal eyes.— *Vergil*

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT REINCARNATION:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

IN the *Progressive Thinker,* Chicago, July 3d, is an article on "Reincarnation and Spiritual Evolution," which is part of a controversy between an advocate of a doctrine on this subject and an inquirer. This particular article is a reply of the latter to the former; and in the absence of the other parts of the controversy, we can make but little out of this part. The writer, however, ends by propounding a set of questions, and by declaring that he seeks answers to them, not in a spirit of contention but in the sincere desire for information; and he says he would like them answered by "any Theosophist." In attempting to answer these questions, we find ourselves in a difficulty, because we do not understand them. It is clear that they refer to some theory combining spiritism with some form of belief in reincarnation and with something that has been called Theosophy; but being quite unfamiliar with this theory, we find the terminology used in the questions has no meaning for us; and it will be admitted that no one can answer a question until he knows what the question means. For example, we are asked: "What is the difference between a spirit and a spirit body?" These two terms are obviously expressions used by the advocate of this theory to denote certain views which he advocates;

but to us, who have not heard those views, they convey no meaning, and we are unable to answer the question. Again, when the question concerns the alleged reunion of families in the spirit-world, we have to confess ourselves equally in the dark. The best we can do, therefore, is to give a brief outline of the only doctrine of Reincarnation with which we are familiar — that taught by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, the Founder of the Theosophical Society and her immediate successor in the Leadership of that Society, and accepted by Theosophists as an essential part of the Theosophical teachings as originally given and as still promulgated. And, as far as possible, we may base our remarks on the questions which the inquirer propounds.

To the question: "Is there on record a scientific demonstrated case of reincarnation of a human spirit," we reply that such matters do not come within the scope of modern science, but that this circumstance is no reason for rejecting the doctrine of Reincarnation. One has to take the world as one finds it and to endeavor to understand the problems of life to the best of one's ability by the use of one's intuition, reason, and other faculties. There is no scientific proof for any doctrine concerning the destiny of the soul and the state of man after death. The proof of such mysteries must be sought in a cultivation of our inner faculties; and until our eyes are opened to the truth, we have to rest content with an intellectual acceptance of the most reasonable belief — which is undoubtedly that of Reincarnation as taught by H. P. Blavatsky. Theosophists cannot be held responsible for the state of ignorance in which present-day humanity finds itself with regard to the mysteries of life and death, nor for the inadequacy of science to furnish anything which it regards as proof relating to these mysteries. On the contrary, Theosophists should be commended for their endeavors to give a satisfactory explanation of the problems of life and to relieve that ignorance; and we owe a great debt of gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky for bringing us the teaching of Reincarnation and for striving so hard to set our feet on the path of knowledge.

As these questions contain continual references to "spirits" and their supposed status between and during incarnations, it will be well to define the Theosophical teaching as to the reincarnating entity. That which incarnates is not the (so-called) personal man; the personality is built up during one period of earth-life, from infancy onwards, being composed of the experiences and memories accumulated during that period. Similarly, the personality decomposes after the

decease of the body. That part of man which is permanent, and which eventually acquires a new body and develops a new personality in its next earth-life, is the Individuality, the true Self or Ego. In our present *usual* state of ignorance we find ourselves unable to form any adequate conception of the nature of the true Self or Ego when stripped of all its earthly and personal belongings.

The next thing to say is that the doctrine of Reincarnation, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, has naturally been utilized by various people as a basis for speculations and teachings of their own. This was what any man of the world would expect; for in this world every new and valuable thing is always thus exploited. Hence we find of course several different forms of Reincarnation, mingled with several different kinds of spiritism, often labeled with the name of Theosophy; and in short there are but few of the many systems of "occultism," "spiritism," "psychism," and new cosmic religions in general, which do not contain as part of their make-up a few fragments borrowed from the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky. For such, of course, Theosophists cannot be held responsible; on the contrary, it will be understood that Theosophists and Theosophy suffer a wrong, just as American commerce and reputation suffers a wrong when worthless goods are sold in Europe under the label of "American." We find ourselves under the necessity of rejecting the fallacies put forward under the name of Theosophy, while at the same time defending Theosophy itself. Reverting now to the topic of Reincarnation, we must point out that some people have sought to introduce a doctrine more conformable to human weaknesses and longings — a more "comforting" doctrine — a modified form of Reincarnation, adapted to the views of some spiritists; and naturally the principal feature of such doctrines is that it is possible for living people to communicate with the disembodied spirits of their departed relatives and friends. This particular idea is specially and strenuously combatted by H. P. Blavatsky in her exposition of the doctrine of Reincarnation (see *The Key to Theosophy,* and many other writings). Such a belief is likely to lead to spiritistic practices of a very deleterious kind; and this remark leads directly on to our next point, as follows.

Man does not die all at once, but after the death of the body, there is a second death. For, although the fact of his death must result in the separation of his principles, and the return of the Ego to its state of Spiritual consciousness, that process is somewhat retarded by the

slow disintegrative forces of nature. In other words there is a brief survival of the personality in a disembodied form, the lower principles of the man being held in coherence by the astral body, which has not yet disintegrated. The ancients were aware of this fact of the temporary survival of the "shade" or "spook," and always performed purificatory rites for the purpose of protecting both the living and the dead from the dangers incident to this condition. Certain forms of black magic (necromancy) were concerned with the evocation of shades and spooks from the astral realms in order to communicate as oracles with the living; but such practices were condemned as dangerous and even unclean. Modern spiritism has innocently revived some of these practices, and hence the danger of mediumship and séances, to which H. P. Blavatsky so frequently called attention. Such entities, being devoid of the higher parts of human nature, are conscienceless and have only an automatic intelligence — sufficient, however, to produce, in conjunction with the subconscious memory of the sitters, certain phenomena which scientific investigators, and even ordinary people, mistake for communications from the deceased.

We repeat — that the *personality* of man does not live on in the *spirit*-world and cannot be summoned thence to communicate with the living; and that any attempted evocation can but result in an opening of the door to undesirable and vampirizing entities from those regions where the astral remnants of man's lower nature are undergoing their natural decay — a danger to which eminent physicians have recently directed our serious attention. This leads us to say something about the nature of *personality, individuality,* and *memory.*

It has often been asked why we do not remember our past incarnations. To answer this, we must first distinguish between *memory* and *recollection.* Memory is the stored-up record of experiences, and recollection is the bringing back of memories into our present consciousness. Hence the memory of our past lives may be all stored up in some part of our nature, and yet we may be incapable of bringing it back to recollection. This incapacity, however, is not to be wondered at. The experiences of our last life took place in an entirely different *body,* with a different *brain.* They were not carried over as *conscious* recollections into this life at all; and upon the page of our infantile brain-mind were speedily written the gathered experiences pertaining to our present life. From that time on, we spent every day in adding fresh force and intensity to those present experiences, and in obliterat-

ing every impression that might have any chance of surviving from the past. It may truly be said that the reason we fail to recollect is that we have not tried; and how hard and long would it not be necessary to try *now,* should we now desire to recollect those distant experiences of the Soul! We cannot carry our recollection back to the beginnings of this life, and much of our experience in this incarnation is obliterated. The recollecting of past lives constitutes an advanced stage in the initiation of a candidate to Knowledge, and presumes a degree of self-mastery that can only be the culmination of long and arduous endeavor. Presumptuous, assuredly, is he who cavils because this supreme revelation does not reward his first impatient questionings; while, should he advance his incapacity to recollect — should he make it a ground for rejecting the doctrine of Reincarnation — he alone is the sufferer and merits our pity for allowing his impatience to stand in the way of his learning.

But what we have said about memory is introductory to a definition of the words "personality" and "individuality" as used by Theosophy in this connexion. The *personality* of a man is the sense of self which he *develops* during each period of earth-life, and it is made up of the experiences and impressions of that period. In it there is just a spark of the true Self-hood; and the state of affairs may be compared to a transparent picture illuminated by a hidden light. The picture is the personality, and the light is a ray from the true Self. When the man dies, the picture disappears, but the light remains. This illustration is intended to indicate that, though the identity of man is preserved beyond death, the form in which it persists is not that of the familiar personality. We have here to do with a distinction — between individuality and personality — which requires much study and thought for its elucidation; but it is sufficient at present merely to state it, with a view to stressing the point that the *personality* does not survive, and that the *individuality,* which does survive, cannot be brought back to communicate by spiritism.

It is evident that any statement of the doctrine of Reincarnation will at once arouse in the mind of the inquirer many questions which seem to him difficult and to require an immediate answer; and it is equally evident that no such answers can be given without further study on the part of the inquirer. It is quite pertinent for us to refer to the analogy of any other advanced study, such as musical composition, or the infinitesimal calculus; in which subjects, any hasty question by

an inquirer would be answered by the presentation of a text-book accompanied by a monition to careful study. And so of Reincarnation; Theosophists have studied the doctrine for decades, in connexion with their daily experiences, both in the outer life of men and in the inner life of the mind; and they know more about it now than they did at first, while there is still much to be learned in the future. The same path can be recommended to the earnest inquirer, who is hereby asked, when an answer is given him, to carry it in his mind and reflect on it, with a view to searching out its significance and verifying it by his own judgment; instead of petulantly refusing it because it does not square with his previous notions. The doctrine of Reincarnation was not invented by H. P. Blavatsky, nor designed to satisfy anyone's notions of how things should be; but it was proclaimed by her as a fragment of truth calculated to solve many of the actual problems of life. Those who do not desire to investigate it or to profit by it, are thereby left to their own resources; and they must seek their own way of reconciling any quarrel which they have with the facts of life.

It is evident that a single earth-life of man is a mere fragment of a career, not begun at birth, and unfinished at death. The fact that our human nature compels us to seek knowledge, and yet hides the knowledge from us, shows us that this human nature is a compound of two sets of faculties, the ordinary reason and something higher and better. Self-study gives us abundant evidence that we are compact of both mortal and immortal elements. We find in ourselves powerful tendencies and proclivities which we did not generate in this life, and which go back of anything our parents have transmitted to us; for, however much may be due to physical heredity and to environment, the fact of personal originality must also be allowed for, or the human race would go on repeating itself in a monotonous uniformity, like the animals or some decaying race of men. Whence this originality and these stored-up tendencies? They are in fact the memories of past lives, transmitted, not as pictured recollections, but as intuitions and instincts. Again, we are sowing seeds whose harvest we shall never see in this life, yet which can only be reaped on earth, since it is with earth that they are concerned. All this demands the doctrine of Reincarnation for its adequate explanation; and those who can explain it in any better way are welcome.

For a solution of the mystery of suffering we must seek in Reincarnation. The Soul evidently undergoes suffering of its own volition

and for its own purposes. The only alternative explanation one can see is that suffering is decreed by the Almighty or by the indiscriminate hand of Nature or Chance. It is surely much better to believe that the Soul within knows and understands the why and wherefore of our experiences, and that it is possible for us to attain a riper knowledge, when the mind shall know and understand and the wayward will shall consent.

The doctrine of Reincarnation is for those who believe that man contains an indestructible essence, for it is hardly possible to argue with one who professes to believe that the entire human being is forever extinguished when the body dies, or that it had its origin when the body was born in the womb. Shall we then be content with pious vagaries and dogmas that were made by and for simple people in bygone ages; or shall we seek to use the faculties we have in order to find out more of the truth? The doctrine of Reincarnation, as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, is by a very long way the best explanation yet afforded of the mysteries of our existence; and its inherent truth gives it a force that compels attention even from the reluctant. There are many details to be filled in, comprising profound points upon which we should all like information; but we should be grateful that we have the teaching at all. If we desire more, we had better show ourselves worthy of the little we have. Teachers cannot help the race by pouring our information into us without stint; they can only give a little at a time, in proportion to our ability to absorb and utilize it. Already the little given out about Reincarnation has been perverted, as we have just seen. As regards the wish to know where one's departed relatives and friends are, and how they are doing, a reverent mind will realize that Souls cannot be dragged from their place of rest in order to satisfy the minds of people here, but that we must endeavor to *refine our own natures to the point of knowledge.* In the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge will be found many particulars as to the constitution of man, the after-death states, etc.—into which we have not time to go here; they should be studied.

When a child is born, the parents should understand that they are thereby constituted the guardians of a Soul at a critical stage of its career, and that this Soul has a character and a destiny of its own. They should protect it and aid it to unfold its powers and realize its destiny; not regard it as a pet and try to mold it into their own impossible notions of what they would like it to be. This is just one

instance of the use of the teaching of Reincarnation. The whole aspect of human life would be changed if all men realized that the present life they are leading is part of an *eternal* career, and that the fancies of the brain and the temporal ambitions are as dust in the balance compared with what the Soul is achieving. Fear of death, love of riches, selfishness, and many other evils, would at once begin to decline from lack of sustenance; and new vistas of knowledge would open out if men would only co-operate in studying these deeper problems of their life.

Perhaps we have now said as much as can be expected, though we could go on indefinitely. It is only the shallow-minded who will think that, because on a first slight acquaintance with Reincarnation they can ask a multitude of questions (who could not?), therefore these questions cannot be answered. Those who are engaged in the study and promulgation of Theosophy are intelligent people who have thought and studied for long years; and the difficulties which occur to the inquirer are but a tithe of the puzzles encountered by the student in the course of his studies. But all these things are provided for, and the teaching has been found to be deep enough and vast enough to meet all possible requirements. The seven principles of man; what it is that incarnates; the states of the various principles after death; the condition of the Ego between incarnations; the relation of physical heredity to Reincarnation; the possibility of recognition between former friends; the workings of the law of Karma; the interval between incarnations — there is not space even to enumerate the branches of our subject; and the inquirer who asks questions, whether for the sake of information or in order that he may quickly dispose of the doctrine, will find that he has challenged a very capable champion. So here we will leave the matter to the earnest and intelligent student.

THOSE who are not lovers of wisdom in reality, but have merely taken the color of doctrines — like those whose bodies are tanned by the sun — when they perceive what a multitude of disciples, what mighty labor, and what temperate food are requisite to the acquisition of philosophy: such as these, thinking that philosophy is a thing difficult and impossible for them to obtain, cannot be brought to make it the object of their pursuit.— *Plato*

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER VIII — THE CREST WAVE OF EVOLUTION

Ym mhob gwlad y megir glew.*— *Welsh Proverb*

WOULD anything be more pernicious than History "as she is taught"? The aim is national self-glorification; brag is the informing spirit; the motto: We are THE people. Of old time, *our* fathers were ever eager to take on from three to ten foreigners singlehanded; and thrash the lot for the glory of —— (write in the name of your own country). Evolution, since time began, has been patiently plotting the production of Us; and working for that consummation with exemplary industry. We write large our Crécys and eliminate our Patays; fling what pitch comes handy at the ancients, and paint modernity in gorgeous colors. Yet when you and I, and all these nations

> Behind the veil are past,
> Oh, but a long, long while the world shall last,
> Which of our coming and departure heeds
> As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

This "so-called" twentieth century is not the culmination of time; nor our civilization the final fruition of the ages. Evolution has had vaster designs than the production of Birmingham, Essen, or Chicago. Athens in her day was more glorious than England; little Florence than all vast America. Sweetly we think ourselves a superior or supreme race; our neighbors but foils to our splendor, and past ages its preparation and tedious ushering in. Tut! we are no better than we should be: every dog has its day, and every nation.

Humanity is the Superior Race; humanity is the greatest of the nations; the history that counts is that of the human soul. Be patriotic of humanity in God's name; and you shall come at last to be rightly patriotic of your own land! The consummation of the ages is ages ahead; and all mankind is to take part in it. No people but has been in its turn, or shall be, the Chosen People: chosen by the Law to lead mankind for awhile, and to stand to its age as Messenger of the Gods. And each is at all times the vehicle of a National Soul: wherein participating, all individual souls may learn some lesson

* In every land heroes are nourished.

not to be learned elsewhere, and gather riches of experience proper to that age, race, and clime. Not Palestine is the Holy Land; but Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the Islands.

Consider how the young idea learns to shoot in these nations of ours; and acknowledge that the seed of warfare is sown in the schoolroom. Down with your superstitions anent "natural enemies," "superior races," and all such twaddle! — that splendid virtue, patriotism, was never meant to be the silliest of the vices. But until we have sane teaching of history, that is what it will tend to be. The English child imbibes from his schoolbooks belief in England's eternal preeminence. He sees Hengist or William laying the foundation-stone of real history; and all thereafter, England looming a mountain among molehills: "first in arms, in art, in song," as patriotic Mrs. Cook naïvely puts it. He dreams not that his pet idea would be contested elsewhere: all Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, and the like must realize it, of course — all *sensible* Frenchmen, etc., at any rate. Yet but cross the Pas de Calais, and what shall you find? Exactly the same opinion, as indelible and as universal; but about France. — But without doubt, all the world recognizes the supremacy of the France! England has had a Byron, a Shakespeare, and a Bulwer; Italy a Dante, a Tasso; Spain a lone Cervantes; there have also been great names in Germany. But we — our names are uncountable! Others have won victories, yes; but consider the so glorious, so innumerable victories of the France! — Pass Alps, Vosges, or Pyrenees, and you are to hear the same tale three times more; but with differences of names and in the way of telling it. The Italian stares, if you compare another nation with Italy; for your thorough-going Teuton, all good things have been essentially Teutonic; all great men (from Jesus to Shakespeare, accidentally born abroad) have been eaters of the sauerkraut. Spain, too, has a lofty peninsularity (as someone calls it) of her own; and so on. Perhaps youthful Liberians and Guatemaltecs are taught that God created the Republic and the universe on one day, and was Himself the first President of both.

There is a sure way of exalting your own nation at the expense of others; it is delightfully ingenious, and popular too — almost universal. Pick out the midnoon of your own history, and the midnight of your neighbor's, and forthwith crow lustily: how much brighter is the sunlight here than the darkness yonder! But the sun shines upon the just and unjust; none may claim a monopoly; or, properly, a

greater share than his fellow's. And you cannot set so high a hedge on your horizon, that it shall prevent him setting here and rising yonder. You that hate England shall be a very John Bull in your day, and learn better; you that hate Germany shall sing *Deutschland ueber alles* over your beer. Spain, America, France, or Italy; Turkey or Russia or Siam — it is great glory to be born a son of any of them; it is great glory to be born a son of this Earth: a matter for soul-swelling patriotism! For every land has nourished heroes: no nation has been, but was raised up to do mighty deeds; to win realms out of the unknown for humanity, and provide fields for the experience of the soul.

I doubt if, in the long run, and when all their story shall have been told, it will be found that the sun has shone more on one nation than on another. My morning may be dark midnight with you; but I will not puff myself up on that account. Or in my midwinter, you may be reveling in golden and blazing days; do not you exalt yourself because of that! Days and nights are in store for the one and the other of us, summers and winters. Nay, on those nations of whom no dawn nor noon is recorded, but only dark night or insignificant twilight always, who shall dogmatize? Who shall sit in judgment on them? Of the ages that have been, we know but a paltry few millennia; beyond which stretch vast, dimly glowing, indistinguishable vistas wherein all things are possible. There were Celtic centuries and splendors before the Latins rose, or the Teutons; wonders in Scandinavia before a Goth had set foot in Germany. There was mysterious Etruria before Rome; Mycenae before Athens; and before Mycenae, the Isle of Zeus and Minos. Again, we do not know how many hundred years a nation must be allowed to be in embryo, and not yet born. It was more than eight centuries after Hengist, before England really was England; and more than eleven before her mind, under Elizabeth, was fully incarnate. The Turk is too young to be judged, being but six centuries from Osman; and one should give Mexico a thousand years from Hidalgo, before condemning her. Nations are not born in a day. For the nine months of a man, perhaps we should allow nine centuries for a race; and something more than that, before judging what real message it may have for the world. That it has such a message, be sure; otherwise, why should Mother Nature have been at pains to evolve it? When patriotism and brotherhood are understood, we shall go about to help and foster, not to criticise or conquer.

Nations are fields and orchards in which we labor; we, the souls, go from one to another, sowing and reaping what is native to the clime. There it will be figs and pomegranates; here, apples and delicate berries. Or better, they are entities like ourselves: bodies and souls, as we have seen: greater selves of which we form a part, for the time being; and are made one with them for our own good, and, if we behave ourselves, for theirs. What an excellent economy it is, that provides these two lines of evolution, the racial and the individual! In the one, hereditary characteristics and types are evolved; into which the incarnating soul, that belongs to no race, dips, and acquires there a new flavor or color; then passes on to dip and acquire elsewhere. Everyone of us is a child of his nation, and something more: a Latin or Slav or Saxon, modified by the old experiences of his own soul. Therein lies our chance to serve our nations: the great man is he who brings into the consciousness of his race, noble qualities that were no part of it before. Consider what splendid un-English and un-German things, Shakespeare and Goethe brought into England and Germany: shining aspects of Greek, Latin, or Celtic genius of which their predecessors knew nothing: instinct for light and form and style; radiant and mystic imagination; by which things, not evolved within the racial heredity, all Englishmen and Germans have been potentially the richer since. We all have it in us to give such great gifts, would we but find and give them.

Where were the Shakespeares and the Goethes, when Europe was all forest primeval, and the sites of Weimar and Stratford unreclaimed waste? They were not, you reply; they had not begun to exist. Oh yes they had, we answer; *ex nihilo nihil;* the mind that made Hamlet was a long time in evolving. They were elsewhere, simply. Humanity is a school, with all grades and classes: there be sixth form scholars, and little fags and dunces of the first. Has it occurred to you to consider the rise of empires and the great periods of culture, in the light of reincarnation? Some desert tribe or slumberous city somewhere, is seized on by enthusiasm; a prophet has arisen among them, and set them busily thinking, perhaps aspiring. There is a new mental tension; the inward atmosphere vibrates a thousand times more quickly than of old. The children conceived and born under this influence are of a more awakened type than their parents; their children than themselves. An impulse has been given to the race, which, while it lasts, calls ever a more advanced class of souls into incarnation there.

In a few generations, great geniuses are coming in; and this is the Chosen People, at the head of the world. The sixth form scholars are incarnating there *en masse*: that is the interpretation of it. It is they who are the Chosen People, the advance guard of humanity; they may be Greeks or Romans, Arabs or Chinese or Englishmen; it all depends on the age. Sometimes they will need an eastern, and sometimes a western heredity; sometimes a northern and sometimes a southern. Civilization will flourish wherever that need may take them, and wilt elsewhere.

We talk glibly of the Stone Age; there never was one, and there never was not one. In the days of Cromagnon or Neanderthal, somewhere or other on the globe, court-balls were being danced, all elegance, courtesy, and fashion; somewhere or other grand pictures were being painted, grand poems sung. Now, while we see raging about us all the

> Blessings unnumbered that follow
> In civilization's train,

there are still unfortunates in the wilds — savages, barbarians and heathen — who must do their insignificant slaughtering with mere clubs and tomahawks and boomerangs. — Well, let us leave the sarcasm to them; we have left them little else. Let us beware: there are courses also that bring about the downfall of civilizations, and drive the Chosen People to incarnate elsewhere.

They are always coming and going, in fact; would you read their deeds in history, you must fix your gaze on no one land or race, but be prepared to follow their migrations. That land is great, where most they congregate; that empire declines, when they have had enough of it, and begin to depart. National hegemony cannot be won or lost in war; it does not mean, to have the largest army or navy. That nation possesses it naturally, whose aspirations lure to seek birth in it the aristocracy of souls. Not the aristocracy alone, either: but all those souls most thirsty for outward and vivid experience; before them, or with them, go the Light-bearers. But they will not stay longer than it shall profit them; who would be a London clerk, or a Wall Street broker, for more than half-a-dozen lives in succession? Asiatic ages follow the European; and European the Asiatic.

One continuous period of civilization did not endure through the several millennia of ancient Egypt. Culture had risen and fallen at least three times before Psamtik and Cambyses: there had been three

separate empires; three great ages of progress, and between whiles, many centuries of somnolence, disorder, and decay. Just as a wing of the Chosen People came into Roman Italy, and then departed; appeared in Medieval Italy, and disappeared; and now again is coming into modern Italy; so, on a vaster scale of time, were its goings and comings in ancient Egypt. What was ebb-tide of power and culture there, would have been flood-tide elsewhere: perhaps in Mesopotamia, China, or India; who knows? — perhaps in forgotten Europe itself. No one land at a time can hold the whole influx, or monopolize the Chosen People; whose coming vivifies rather a great section of humanity in each age: as Christendom, or the Altaic Race, or the Moslem Religion. But in every century, it seems, one land and language will be elected as the vessel of especial glory; the light-bearers most cluster there, and there rests the real hegemony for the time being. Thus in the days of Greece, Athens for eighty years was heart and crown of Hellas, and Hellas of the world; but Athens gave way to Sparta, Sparta to Thebes, and Thebes to Macedon. There were great Greeks out of Athens, even in the age of Pericles.

Now to follow the wanderings of the Chosen People, so far as we may, down through history. Greece lasted, after a fashion, until the death of Alexander; and we are not to look for her successor in Ptolemaic Egypt, though a wan light shone there awhile, but in the Magadhan Empire in India. Alexander died in 324; Chandragupta established his power in 316. Megasthenes, sent by Seleucus as his ambassador to Magadha, has left us an account of the Hindoos of that age. He is full of admiration for the excellence of their government, the prevalence of order and contentment; the absence of slavery, the valor of the men, and the high state of morality. "In bravery they exceeded all other Asiatics; they required no locks to their doors; above all, no Indian was ever known to tell a lie. Sober and industrious, good farmers and skilful artisans, they scarcely ever had recourse to a lawsuit." The culmination of the age came in the reign of Chandragupta's grandson Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism — with a difference. He reigned from 264 to 223 B. C.— a grand benevolent monarch, spreading the truths of Buddhism far and wide by peaceful missionary effort; and with Buddhism, spreading his own schemes for the upliftment of the people. This is one of the brightest of the Golden Threads: forty ideal years over a vast empire, and all bright and inspired peace: a time during which souls, incarnating, had leave

to gather the best out of a heredity naturally mystical and philosophic, under the influence of marvelous revelations of truth.

When Asoka died, T'sin Che Hwangti was uniting the remains of old feudal China into a strong empire; and the Crest Wave of Evolution was rapidly rising there. In 206 B. C., the Han Dynasty began, and with it an age of unprecedented splendor, artistic, intellectual, and military. This reached its acme in the reign of Wuti, from 140 to 86 B. C.; then began to wane a little; but before the light passed to Augustan Rome, in B. C. 31, it had shone at Ujjain in India during the reign of Vikramâditya, the golden age of Sanskrit drama. At Rome it shone undiminished until the death of Augustus in A. D. 14; these dates, of course, are but landmarks and general indications; they are not to be taken as water-tight, so to speak. Between Augustus and the Flavians, Kanishka was reigning at Gândhâra, and holding the great Fourth Buddhist Council there; some of the greatest of the philosophers known to us were present. Contemporary with the Flavians, and before the light returned to Rome with the Five Good Emperors, Mingti was on the Dragon Throne, Buddhism was introduced into China, the Eastern Hans were at the top of their glory, and Panchow's armies were camping victorious on the shores of the Caspian. From about 100 A. D. we are to look for the Crest Wave in Italy again during the eighty rich and peaceful years of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius; nor had it passed entirely from the Roman world until about the beginning of the fifth century; since the late second, the third, and the fourth saw the lives of such great ones as Ammonius Saccas, Plotinus, Porphyry, Julian called the Apostate, and Hypatia. In the Roman centuries, it will be noted, the light was always errant, never stationary: now Spain, now Italy, now Illyria, or the East and Egypt, would be producing the greatest minds. In general, it passed from west to east, ending in Alexandria; if one were asked for the event that marked its extinction, one would name the murder of Hypatia there at the end of the fourth century; Julian had died a little earlier, having failed in his grand attempt to save the empire from itself. One can hardly tell to what extent it may have risen and shone in Sassanian Persia, where there was at least imperial power and some splendor during the two following centuries; and we are to see a certain mystical star rising among the Celts of Britain when the legions had been withdrawn. A star only: "a luminary appropriate to night": night it was

to be, in Europe, for a matter of eight centuries at least. It is in the Far East now that we must look for the day-spring.

China, like Rome, had been suffering dire confusion at the hands of northern barbarians: the old Han empire had been broken in fragments some two hundred years since, and civilization was no more than a memory. Then, in 420 — ten years after Honorius had abandoned Britain: just, that is to say, when the Western Empire was in the midst of its fall — China, having come to the end of hers, caught hold, drew breath, steadied herself, and began to climb. The northern provinces were apparently lost forever; now she resigned herself to the loss of them, and fashioned her a throne anew on the banks of the Yangtse; there, in comparative peace, she began all over again to dig the foundations of civilization. For a hundred and thirty years the light waxed and was splendid in Southern China; long before it waned there, it had risen also in Corea; and before Corea had declined, it was shining in Japan. In 618, when the Japanese Age of Suikō had still some dozen years to run, the sun rose again in China with the incoming of the House of Tang; then began the most glorious period of Chinese history — perhaps of any history. It lasted, with minor fluctuations to Japan, again for about thirteen decades; ending at the time when, far westward, Mansur was entering upon the Caliphate, building Bagdad, and ushering in the Golden Age of the Abbassids there.

Thence on for about five centuries, the history of civilization is concerned only with the Moslems and the Altaic peoples. In 420 or thereabouts, the light, which for the previous eight centuries seems to have been wavering between Europe and Asia, definitely betook itself to the latter; leaving Europe all in the dark, or nearly so, until another cycle of eight centuries should have passed. This Age of Asia forms a cycle complete in itself; a chapter or volume of world-history, apart and separate, with "here beginneth" and "here endeth" duly set in their places; it is not like this modern volume, to which we have yet to see *Finis* written; nor the ancient, whose first leaves have been torn out and lost. We shall therefore deal with it at some length later, hoping such a study may be profitable. It is just the period of history least generally known in America and Europe; and, since the whole of it is accessible, it is just the period in which one can discern best the action of Cyclic Law. Here we shall see Karma operate, if anywhere; here we shall be forced to attribute the effects to their causes.

Meanwhile to note the flittings hither and thither of the light during the current Age of Europe. With the dawn of the thirteenth century, and while the Star of Asia was still some seventy years from its setting, the first day-gleams appeared above the horizon that separated Islamiyeh from Christendom: when Provence, kindled by Moslem Spain, was spreading the infection of learning and romance through France, and nourishing within herself the Albigensian heresy, the seed of the Reformation; and when Frederick II was waking Italy with Saracen learning from his Moslem kingdom of Sicily. That was the beginning of the second Italy: Dante, the first great poet of Christendom, was born some sixteen years after the death of Frederick; Petrarch and Rienzi early in the following century. Note these significant dates: Frederick, the great transmitter of civilization, died in 1249; Bagdad was taken by the Mongols, and the back of Islamic culture broken, in 1258; Dante, the first flush and glory of the European dawn, was born in 1265; Kublai took Hangchow, and smashed the civilization of the Orient, in 1268. A momentous decade, truly!

But the period of transition was to last for some two centuries longer, and there was another decade as momentous to come. Persia was still producing great poets; Egypt was still fertile of lovely architecture; Mongol China was producing a rich drama, and an art not inconsiderable in its way; Granada had still the most polished court in Europe; and the Ottomans were rising to the position of the strongest military power in the world — and with a culture of their own, by no means to be despised, that showed no signs of waning for perhaps four centuries. But there you have the anomaly of the Ottomans: an Asiatic power, whose glory was all in European days; a race mainly European in blood, with culture and religion entirely Asiatic; an empire astraddle over the boundary line of the two continents. Indirectly, they have conferred two inestimable boons on Christendom: when they took Constantinople, and drove Greek learning to the more fruitful soil of Italy, causing the Renaissance; and when Suleiman kept Charles V so busy, that he had to forgo his plans for stamping out Protestantism in Germany — thus saving the Reformation.

Constantinople fell in 1453; and the seeds of culture, that had lain barren there so long, sprung up in a single night in Italy, like Jack's beanstalk, and veritably did provide Italians with a ladder to the skies. A Lorenzo the Magnificent now, played the part of Fred-

erick II, but more peacefully and elegantly; there was no need to take up arms, or force the new light on the Cinquecento. Forty years of Florentine splendor bring us to that second momentous decade we foretold just now: the fourteen-nineties. Decade? — everything happened in two years — 1492-3. Then Jami died, the last great star of Persian poetry; then Granada fell, and the last gleam of Moslem civilization in the West. Then, too, died Lorenzo dei Medici; whose death marks the close of the Italian, the first and most brilliant of the national cycles of Christendom; as the fall of Granada marks the inception of the second, that of Spain. Then, most portentous happening of all, Columbus discovered America: heralding a cycle not merely national; a major racial cycle hardly yet past its dawn.

Almost all thought, progress, art, and material might, have been with Christendom since. It is not our province here, to follow the European national cycles: the story of them is easy of access. Now there has been a clear hegemony with one nation, coincident with the heroic age of another; now it would be rather hard to choose between two or three. Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England, have all in their turn been in the van; each holding pre-eminence, in power or culture or both, for about a century, then giving place almost imperceptibly to some other. Holland, Sweden, Flanders, and Portugal, too, have had their great ages; Russia has loomed gigantic, protean, disquieting: perhaps to her, of all others in Europe, this twentieth century is to belong. Ah, there would be no jealousies, if we understood these elementary facts: the glory of one is the glory of all; you cannot win anything at the expense of another. Every nation is an organ of the Mighty Mother, through which she will function in her own time. War is more than criminal; it is damnable tomfoolery.

And now we have seen America arise, prophetic of great things millennia hence: of a New Race whose seed is hardly sown; of a new order of ages. And is not Asia stirring in her sleep toward awakenment? Is not the rise of Japan significant; and the uneasy tossings and mutterings of China, Persia, and Turkey; the birth of men in India, such as Bose and Tagore, who can hold the attention of the world?

Significant, yes; and of this: that evolution is cyclic; that there is no superior race; that you must beware how you look down on any man; that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, more inescapable than gravity itself, or any other merely physical law. You must beware how you look down on Asia, or imagine that the scepter has passed from her for-

ever; or that it will never fall from our hands, who have grasped it none too nobly these last few hundred years. Europe was in Pralaya, lying fallow, for a thousand years while the higher human activities were centering in Asia; the most advanced egos of the race, the Chosen People, as we have called them, were mainly seeking experience in Asia during that time; as now they are in America and Europe. If there had been no traces of them in Europe of old, we might think the Gods had finished with Asia forever, and would dwell with Christendom henceforth. But that is not so: the light passed from Europe to Asia with the march of Alexander eastward; and perhaps again with the march of Julian; before the last great Asiatic Cycle it had been in Europe, in Greece and Rome. And we do not know what glories there may have been in prehellenic Europe: we have but dim, magnificent legends from Ireland, from Wales, from Scandinavia, to say that forgotten glories there were. And then again, we know that the light came into Greece from Asia and Egypt (which has always been parcel of Asia rather than of Africa); we know — a shadow of knowledge — of mighty Asian empires earlier than Greece: great Babylon; Chaldaea, wise in secret beautiful things. And there were Preconfucian periods of progress in China; and in India, Vedic ages of unguessable antiquity, when human thought approached divine thought, and philosophy attained heights it has never passed since. And then there were ancient ages in the Americas: splendors in Peru, Guatemala, Yucatan: which also belong to the main stream of history, since we, the souls of men, were present and busy in them; but which we cannot place now, or fit them into the general scheme. So, if there are gaps occasionally in our record, there are also these wide domains in the Hesperides whence the gaps might be filled. Enough has been set forth, I think, to show that there is always a high civilization somewhere; and to suggest that there always has been. It is less easy to believe in the apelike ancestor theories of the pseudo-scientists, when you know that humanity has not really grown much in the last two or three thousand years: that in all qualities of mind and heart there have always been people on earth to equal, and often to surpass, ourselves. Of course if you measure civilization by its mechanical appliances, I suppose we are supreme, at least in historical times. But this is a false standard; in so far as they obscure the real issues — and this is the important point — our inventions are not good, but positively harmful. We should measure by souls, not guns.

ALGIERS THE BEAUTIFUL: by Lilian Whiting

LGIERS, the metropolis of Northern Africa, is of a beauty unsurpassed in its picturesque and somewhat Oriental architecture in white marble, the city terraced against a background of green hills, with a crescent waterfront whose curve is washed by a brilliant sapphire sea. Nowhere in the Mediterranean is the water so incomparably exquisite in color, and few ports have so magnificent a harbor. Algiers itself suggests a curious and fascinating blending of Cairo, Naples, and Paris. Mustapha Supérieur is practically a modern French town, where the buildings, the streets, and the shops are fairly Parisian. Mustapha Inférieur is a mixture, as complex as a witches' brew, of Arab, Moorish, Italian, Egyptian. Its possibilities for offering to the visitor abundant opportunities to " sup on horrors " are perhaps sometimes exaggerated, in the interests of the picturesque and the narrator's thirst for a " thriller," and while they undoubtedly exist, yet to the uninitiate, they may not reveal themselves. I recall listening with some amusement to the innocent fervor of delight that invested the story of a Boston lady, who, never having encountered anything more appalling than the Frogpond of Boston Common in all her long, if not eventful life, engaged the service of an Arab guide and went alone with him between six and nine o'clock at night into all the highways and byways of this Mustapha Inférieur. Our steamer, which had stopped at Algiers at two in the afternoon, was to leave at ten, and she barely returned in good time to sail. Apparently the Providence that traditionally provides for " the lame and the lazy," also watched over her, and she returned none the worse from the dangers of which she had not dreamed, and greatly delighted with the opportunity of thus enhancing that store of knowledge whose acquisition is considered by the Bostonian as the cause for whose pursuit he appeared on this planet. But though the tourist may, it is confidently believed, sup on horrors in this part of Algiers, there is no need of resorting to such questionable fare, and the abundant opportunities for enjoying repasts of quite different character are at hand. The sunshine and balmy air suggest June rather than January which the calendar indicates, and the few hours of sojourn offer attractions of varied orders.

One finds this dazzling Algiers all aglow with the most radiant sunshine; it is a city of some two hundred thousand people, English and French predominating, with some Spanish, Americans, Portuguese, and Italians. Algiers is a city of superb architectural art;

numerous splendid hotels with every comfort, not to say luxury, and every modern convenience; its streets and outlying roads are a paradise to the motorist; the coloring of sky and seas, and the masses of flowers, lend bloom and beauty to an almost enchanting degree; and the strange, impressive mosques, the cathedral, the summer and winter palaces of the Governor, the Archbishop's palace, the art museum, and the library, the theaters, and the palace of the consulate, all surprise the visitor who has never before seen this city. There is an École de Médicine et Sciences that attracts large numbers of students from all parts of Europe; the building, a massive structure of white marble, stands on a terraced hill, in the midst of palm and pepper trees, with shrubs in flower, and beds of blossoms of myriad hues and varieties. The Palais de Justice, the Hôtel de Ville, the magnificent French cathedral, and the lovely and picturesque Anglican church and rectory — all these as well as the summer and winter palaces of the Governor and of the Archbishop, may usually be visited within the hours that the steamer stops on the voyage to Naples, Genoa, or Alexandria. The local transit system is excellent, the electric trolley-cars rivaling those of any American city, and the fascination of the shops suggests to the unwary to beware of temptation. In one street of these one would imagine himself in the Rue de la Paix; another is equally suggestive of Cairo, while others bear striking similarity to the streets of Rome, Florence, and Naples.

Algiers, as a French possession, dates from 1837, and while it was under military rule up to 1870, it has since been under a Governor-General and his Council, the province being allowed representation in France by two deputies and by one senator from each department. This has signally tended toward the establishment of that unity which France so generously encourages as the very foundation of her government. Algiers may be geographically in Africa, nevertheless she is made to feel as a city of France. Between Algiers and Marseilles there is daily communication by steamer. The liners leave either city each day, crossing each other in the mid-Mediterranean, and the passage requires about twenty-four hours. Cable communication is constant. But there are also three daily papers with Associated Press news, published in Algiers, all the news of the world thus presented as promptly as in London or New York; beside several weekly papers and periodicals. Tributary to the city is an extensive region where fruit and vegetables are cultivated on a large scale for the markets of

France, Germany, and England. There are also vast areas of wheat-growing land; there are important exports of haifa and exposite grass; immense vineyards utilize lands fit for nothing else, and there are mineral resources, practically unmeasured, of iron and copper. The surrounding forests are rich in pine, oak, olive, with cedar and myrtle trees.

One beautiful feature of Algiers is the magnificent terrace constructed along the Boulevard de la République by Sir Morton Peto, at a cost of eight million francs. French is the language of the city, although much Italian, English, and Spanish is spoken, and of course the Arab tongue, and various mixtures and dialects, with occasionally the German from some group of students or sojourners. Prices at the hotels are about the same as in Italy; from twelve to sixteen francs a day, *en pension*, at the hotels, with somewhat lesser rates at the pensions. Rents are moderate, and houses or apartments can be obtained with little delay. The climate of Algiers is most delightful, the average temperature from November to May being about 58 to 60 degrees. Rains are sufficiently frequent to supply all needs.

Those who have thought of Algiers only as a Mohammedan town peopled by Arabs would be surprised at the social charm it holds. There is a large English colony; the French inhabitants are among the most cultivated and interesting, and American sojourners are beginning to be the rule rather than the exception. A more fascinating place for a winter sojourn could hardly be discovered. The Kasbah (ancient fortress), crowns the summit of the highest hill. The resplendence of the sunset over Algiers, when a thousand shimmering hues of the marble buildings reflect and mirror back the flood of rose and gold, offers a spectacle of almost unearthly splendor. To watch the sunset (as I was privileged to do one night from the Palais d'Hiver) from the terrace over the gardens, with the mosques and towers and domes of the city below, and the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean surrounding all, as far as the eye could reach to the horizon, was to behold a panorama hardly to be dreamed of. In this winter palace the corridors are encrusted with Moorish mosaics, and the grand *escalier* is also inlaid with them. There is a ball-room all white and silver, with impaneled mirrors in the walls. There is one suite of salons in white and gold, with mirrors again impaneled; the *salle-à-manger* is unique in its decoration, and the great library offers a wealth of interest. The ball-room was utilized one night for

its legitimate purpose, and to be a guest in the house during this festivity was to enjoy unique opportunities. Among those invited for this ball was Prince Ali Bey, (and other notable figures from the desert) some of whom came from long distances, arrayed in all their gorgeous trappings. Prince Ali Bey wore a flowing cloak of sapphire blue velvet, embroidered in gold, over a costume of white satin, with jewels flashing — quite a figure from the Arabian Nights. The dressing of the French women in Algiers simply repeats that of Paris, and the theaters, the occasional opera season, are thronged with women as *chic* as at any amusement resort in Paris.

But Algiers is also the gateway to the desert, and the local trip from the city to Biskra, thence to Tunisia, and then to Algiers again, all easily made within four days, is one of great variety and interest. Taking the train at Algiers, the tourist passes the first night out at Constantine, a town built on cliffs, with deep gorges between the streets, over which neighboring houses face each other. These gorges are bridged for crossing, and the aspect is one of the most romantic in all foreign regions. The traveler finds fairly comfortable accommodation for a night or so in Constantine, and a trifle of hardship is by no means so undesirable as to deter any one in average health. It is not good to allow oneself to become too dependent on all the luxuries of this twentieth century civilization. Many tourists make this trip in motor cars, instead of the slow trains.

The sojourner in Algiers, for the brief stop made by a trans-Atlantic liner, or as the guest of a season, is always interested in visits to the mosques. Nowhere are Mohammedan customs of devotion more ceremoniously revealed. The mosque of Sidi Abderrahman is perhaps the most impressive of any in Algiers. It is built around a beautiful court with a lofty tower, and the interior seems a perfect forest of marble pillars. All visitors are required to slip on the sandals provided, in order that no profane foot may touch the sanctuary. At whatever hour of the day one enters this interior, a throng of men and women will be found kneeling; bowing, and kissing the floor, meanwhile chanting a peculiar cadence, with the most weird effect. A very curious custom prevails among the Moors in Algiers: the visit of Moorish women on Thursday afternoons to the Moorish cemetary. They appear in large numbers and with the air of making it a particular festa. Each grave in this cemetary is arranged with a center of green, two small white stones, at head and foot, and the earth

heaped in oblong shape. These Thursday afternoons in the Campo Santo are the high holidays of the women, representing their only social relaxation.

One of the interesting excursions for foreigners is that made to the tomb of Lella Kredidja, a Marabouti, who was held in worship and reverence. The tomb is on the highest point of the Atlas Mountains, seven thousand feet above the sea.

But there are picturesque resorts making a less heroic demand upon the tourist. The Jardin d'Essai is in the city, easily accessible to every saunterer, and in the stately and somber avenue of palms, and in the fairy-like bamboo avenue, white-robed, silent figures are encountered, the women veiled — spectral figures these Arabs seem against the dark foliage, vanishing before one's eyes at some turn of the promenade, thus assisting the spectral illusion. The Eucalyptus Grove is another alluring resort, and it is there that the Arab fruit merchants often meet.

One of the favorite excursions, easily made within a day, is to the ancient Roman city of Zimgad — now all ruins, and almost as majestic and impressive as are the ruins of the Forum, a place for dreams and conjectures.

But the sunsets of Algiers — who can even faintly suggest the wonder of the scene when the day "perishes silently, of its own glory"? In the west open the Gleaming Gates of Paradise; to the east the sky is all a soft rose, pink, and amber, and against this background of ethereal rose floats the silver moon rising as the sun slowly sinks behind the purple hills. Against the pale rose of the sky, seen through an absolutely transparent atmosphere, the scene offers a dream of color that would inspire painter and poet.

Lord Leighton (for twenty-seven years president of the Royal Academy in London), first visited Algiers in 1857. He was then a young man in his twenty-eighth year, and its impressions remained vividly with him throughout his entire life, and gave color and tone to his artistic creations. Anything more magnificent than the ocean view from Algiers cannot be imagined, especially, one may say, from the piazzas of the Hotel St. George, where the view over the dazzling blue sea under brilliant sunshine, stretches away to the Fortunate Isles, or some other port of poetic imagination, in all its glory of emerald and sapphire, over the dazzling light of the high-thrown spray,

Now that Italy is practically closed to visitors on account of the war, many of the devotees of Sicily, Southern Italy, and the Riviera, are planning to pass the coming winter in Algiers, with its alluring excursions to Biskra, Constantine, Tunisia, and other points. With the single exception of Corfù, the waters about Southern Europe hardly offer any place of sojourn comparable in beauty and in luxurious conveniences to the African metropolis, Algiers the Beautiful.

SPEECH: by R. Machell

PEECH is so natural to man that there is a certain difficulty in realizing the fact that it is a power acquired by virtue of self-mastery, a power that is capable of indefinite perfection and extension, one that is as yet hardly more than foreshadowed in the evolution of the great mass of humanity, and one that itself marks the stage at which that evolution has arrived.

Speech is not merely the utterance of words, but rather the communication of thought: for a man whose language is only intelligible to himself can hardly be said to have attained to speech. Yet how very limited is the range of such expression at the command of the average man: even within the bounds of his own nation, and in communication with others of his own class, the ordinary man has difficulty in making himself understood with any degree of certainty and precision.

Education and culture extend the range of this power, not only increasing the command of language by the enlargement of the vocabulary, but also developing skill and discretion in the adaptation of language to thought and to the intelligence of those addressed: for the function of education is to aid man's evolution, and culture is but the perfection of his powers of expression.

It is often asserted that power entails responsibility, though perhaps more generally is it believed that power relieves the holder from all obligations that he may find it convenient to repudiate. But no sophistry can separate power from responsibility, for results follow causes as the furrow follows the plow.

The power of speech is obvious, and responsibility for its use or abuse cannot be avoided; the delusion of freedom from responsibility

in the exercise of power is due to ignorance of the nature of man, of the continuity of life (by reincarnation), of the inevitable sequence of cause and effect (the law of Karma), and of the intimate relation of man to man and to the rest of creation, (due to the spiritual nature of the universe). Man is responsible for the way in which he uses the powers he inherits from his ancestors as well as for the way he employs such accomplishments as his own efforts may have added to his hereditary equipment: but to whom is he responsible? And who shall judge and ordain the penalties or rewards due?

To the last we answer, Nature is the judge and natural law the administrator of justice; but by Nature is meant the Spirit of the Universe, and by natural law the inherent nature of things animate and inanimate (?), human and divine: for we regard the essential Universe as divine and its nature as spiritual. Man, as part of this universe, is of its nature and bound by its laws, of which he is an expression. All men being thus of one origin are responsible to each other and to the universal Spirit, which is the Supreme Self: nor can a man separate himself from others, nor can he renounce his responsibility to them in any other way than as an act of self-deception.

The world we live in is but a small part of the universe we inhabit, and our present sphere of action but one field of experience for our race, among many that will open to us as we pass around the great " wheel of life " through countless births and deaths, rising or falling in the passage of the ages, ever evolving higher powers and attaining to a clearer knowledge of our own divinity.

So to the first question we must answer man is responsible to the Self of all, for his own self is no way different from the universal, save in his ignorance of himself.

But this ignorance is a mighty influence, it is the very atmosphere we breathe, it is the veil of Isis, the magic power of illusion, that makes of self-deception almost a destiny for life on earth: almost, but yet not altogether, for the soul of man floats in the middle region between earthly life and spiritual reality, and so may act as guide and teacher to the brain and nerves of the man-animal we know as ordinary humanity. This is the guardian angel that inspires him in his noblest deeds and in his hours of aspiration, and this is the self he recognizes as his Master, whose decrees for him are of a higher and more austere authority than that of custom or of creed. The self-reliance taught by the great Masters of spiritual philosophy is the

antithesis of the independence and self-worship of the mere materialist, who takes the Great Delusion for the Truth, and shuts the doorways of his mind against the entrance of the light his own soul seeks to shed upon his path.

The self-respect that makes the true Theosophist is based on his assurance that his inmost Self is no way separate from the source of Law that rules the universe; so that to him the Law is but the revelation of his own unspoken Will, the spiritual energy of his Soul, to which his mind and body give the best obedience that their state of evolution may make possible.

But to the man who lives in the hypnotic state of ignorance, that wraps humanity in a mist of dreams and fantasies, self-reverence means willing obedience to the delusion of the senses; for to him desire is the divine impulse, whatever be its character, whether for pleasure or power, for wealth, authority, or fame, or indeed for skill and mastery in science or in art. His self is personal, not universal; and so his interests are not identical with those of other men; he is at war even in peace, for such is the delusion of life at this stage of human evolution on this globe.

Yet though we know the power of this great deluder we do not hesitate to repudiate its claim to our allegiance, because we know how gloriously powerful is the Soul of man when recognized as guide and teacher in the art of life.

Nor do we hesitate to say that man is responsible for the right use of all his powers, because we know that every man born into this world, though blind and ignorant, is yet in fact a soul incarnate. We know that truth has power to wake an echo in the hearts of men, whose minds may yet repudiate the doctrine of their own divinity. We know that men, who most strenuously deny the fact of brotherhood, will constantly by their acts give the lie straight to their own theories of the divine right of self-aggrandizement. And men, who use their power of speech without regard to what their words may bring about by influencing the thoughts and lives of other men, may yet be made to feel the deep significance of all the warnings voiced by philosophy as to the terrible power of speech and the responsibility of those who use it.

Much of the evil caused by careless speech is due to ignorance of the right use of words, as well as to indifference to the results of the misunderstanding natural to people variously educated or uneducated

in the right use of language. For speech is an art, it is not natural, in the popular sense; it must be acquired by constant study. The difficulty of communicating even a simple fact correctly in speech is startlingly revealed in every court of law, where honest witnesses will relate events in such a way as to convince an honest listener of the unfitness of such persons to testify by speech, owing to their ignorance of the art.

This art of speech goes so much further than the ordinary man imagines, that it may seem far fetched to him to hear it spoken of as a dangerous power, even when used with good intent. Yet such it is, for speech may stir the depths of human nature that lie below as well as above the range of reason: the soul of the beast that is in man may be stimulated, and may be roused by song or speech inspired by passion; and what follows may appear to have no right relation to the song or to the spoken word; but it was speech that woke the elemental passion, and the speaker has his share in all that is to follow on his speech.

So too the soul that is man's better self may be set free in those that dream not of the existence of such a guardian; and this influence may light them on to thoughts their ordinary life alone would never have enabled them to formulate, and this light may clarify their reason so that they will recognize a duty to humanity that their philosophy hitherto repudiated.

Speech is a mighty power that has yet hardly come into its right of recognition as a sacred art, to be most carefully cultivated and most wisely guarded. True, the wise ones of the world have taught the power of silence, and their disciples all have learned how to refrain from speech. True also that the speech of such men has a power far beyond the conception of the generality. But even the ignorant are entrusted by heredity with more power than they dream of, and incur unknown responsibility in the misuse of that art, which in their ignorance they honestly believe to be a personal right, which they may use at their own pleasure or caprice without restraint, and with no responsibility for all the evil their unguarded words evoke, and all the suffering that follows. To them the warning may seem but an impertinence, an interference with their natural rights, yet it is more like a notice on a sign-board warning the unwary of a danger they may easily avoid, the danger of speech. And this danger is real,

THE DRIVING POWER IN NATURE:
by Cranstone Woodhead

N bringing our minds to dwell upon this important subject, we shall soon perceive that we are at a point where our intuitive faculties reach beyond the ordinary creeds and dogmatisms of modern times.

If the bibles of all races and religions are to have any effect in lifting the human race to a higher standpoint of realized truth, they must surely be studied by the light of the higher qualities of the human consciousness, wherein truth is cognized at first-hand. The literal interpretation of a creed, formulated obscurity, or the desire for power or authority of any special class of human beings, is one of our greatest delusions.

Truth is for all. It is universal. It cannot be measured by brain capacity. It has a quality of eternal life which all thinking beings can intuitively perceive, in the measure of their development towards the common goal.

When we look abroad into the field of Nature we cannot fail to recognize that the worlds which make up the universe are moved by some mysterious force. We may call the force by what name we please, but it is the life-force of the eternal in some form or other. The sun is the center of a system of worlds which move around it in rhythmic measure so accurate, that we can calculate their position years ahead to the fraction of a minute. Upon the world which we inhabit we see a marvelous display of infinite varieties of life, which together form a complete whole of various grades of intelligence, yet all acting under never-changing laws. A mighty yet silent force urges onwards through the birth, growth, decay and rebirth of minerals, plants, animals, and men. Seas and continents have interchanged their position many times, whilst successive races have risen to empire and have passed away.

Let us then look around us with discerning eyes and consider the signs of this great driving life-force which rules the world.

We shall soon perceive that the outward appearance which we call matter and which is to be observed by our mortal eyes, is but a mask and an illusion. There is that within it which rules and guides according to law. We cannot observe this inner life by the aid of either telescope or microscope, but we are able to perceive and judge of it by the aforesaid unseen qualities which we have within ourselves. They become evident through our own conscious mind, which is the

divine heritage of mankind. For the microcosm which is man is but a copy of the macrocosm of Nature. He is god incarnate, and, if he will, he can arouse within himself the knowledge of this noble Truth, by turning his attention in the right direction, i. e., within himself.

The scientists who look out into the heavens, tell us that the solid globe on which we live was once a nebulous firemist, more tenuous than any form of matter of which we can now conceive, and that in the course of untold ages it has slowly condensed into the solid body of the earth which is visible to our eyes, holding within itself many inherent qualities which are invisible, but may be perceived by man's awakened inner senses.

In this they agree with the teaching of the ancient sages, who in their turn received their knowledge from the divine beings — the gods who dwelt on earth with men during the golden age. Yet even these declared, that not only the whole of the earth and of Nature, but also they themselves, were but manifestations of the unseen power, the great eternal essence of being, the unknown dark god, the primeval breath, the origin, the harmonious cause, which is the center of the light and life of the universe. Thus the wise ancients knew well that there is a boundless source of life and power upon which all things depend and from which all life flows, and that this is represented in space and time by the visible sun, the heart of the life of the earth; whilst in the spaceless soul of the universe, it is the one eternal being which makes all things from a portion of itself.

Upon such knowledge was founded the ancient Wisdom-Religion of humanity, the original source of all other religions of whatever age.

If in thought we look back upon the far distant ages when the earth began to take form, and to bring forth the various kingdoms of Nature, we shall see a wondrous drama of cycle after cycle, in which mineral, plant, and animal were successively produced in the progress toward the formation of a concrete world. The final effort at this period was the body of man, devoid of a *fully* conscious mind, but otherwise perfected.

Then, the sages tell us that about eighteen million years ago the human race was lifted above the animals by the lighting up of the godlike flame of divine mind within the animal body of primitive man.

From that time the tide was turned. The now divinely inspired man became potentially lord of the earth and king of nature. From thence the long journey was begun back to the source from which all

things originally emanated. Thus by the power of self-conscious mind, man is enabled, if he so will, not only to recognize the power of divinity within his own being, and his essential unity with the eternal, but also to rule the kingdoms of nature which are below him, and of which he is also a part.

What then does he see when he looks abroad on his surroundings?

Any child can perceive the progress of all life in matter through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms to the body which man occupies as a temple wherein to dwell for a time that he may gain experience of divinity and of nature.

As he grows older he sees that the solid body of the earth is crystalized and mineralized light and life. Within it are born many wonders, such as radiant matter, and gold, which grows and purifies itself in its matrix of quartz. From the earth we extract the sunlight which impacted itself into coal millions of years ago, and we employ it to give us light and power.

Then there is the vegetable kingdom. On the broad bosom of Mother Earth the forests grow in luxuriant beauty. The life-sap ebbs and flows through the plants in autumn and spring. But "grapes do not grow on thorns or figs on thistles," so countless species produce themselves after their kind, through the mysteries of Nature's workshop. What marvelous powers of discriminative growth are shown in these wonders! We see them every day with unseeing eyes. We do not discern the power which produces these marvels, nor the beauty of harmonious law which guides every flower which blooms. There is ever the silent and mysterious motive force which directs the course of every individual in the different situations of climate, moisture, soil, and exposure.

As we pass on to the animal kingdom we find the power of choice and motion, and also a discernment which we call instinct. Animal forms reach a remarkable perfection of strength, grace, and beauty. They are our brothers truly on a lower grade of evolution through which our bodies have once passed. They are our friends if we will have it so, for we are to them as gods. The songs of the birds, the affection of the household animals for their masters, appeal to us in a strange way. It would be wellnigh impossible for the human mind to conceive of an animal body more perfect than that of a majestic lion or a golden eagle. Yet often the qualities which may be admirable enough in them, are precisely those which we must mas-

ter, and turn to higher use if we would preserve an ideal manhood.

We have said nothing of the numerous species on the dividing lines between these kingdoms of life, yet truly there are no marked dividing lines. All growth is by infinite gradations.

But it may be asked: How does this driving power in Nature affect mankind? and, How is it manifest in our daily life?

If it be remembered that man is essentially a soul — a spiritual being, incarnate in an animal body, that he may gain experience thereby and work out his own divinity, the answer is not far to seek.

By observing what is the driving power in our own lives, and in the lives of those around us, we shall understand in part at least what that power is in nature as a whole, for man is the key to the universe.

We have not far to look to find out what is the impelling power in human nature generally. It takes various forms: ambition, greed, appetite, or passion. It is almost always some form of personal desire which urges man on his course, a desire to attain some object or to attain some goal near or far away. An ancient saying is "Behind the will stands desire." Desire sets the will in operation.

Using this as a key to our understanding of nature as a whole, do we not find that all creatures act according to the law of their own natures in the orderly course of their lives? In the animal kingdom we find desire and appetite analogous to the same desire and appetite in man. We find the plants sending out their roots in search of water and lifting their heads to the air and sunlight. And in the mineral kingdom, elements combine with other elements in proportions according to fixed laws. Everywhere in Nature there is attraction and repulsion.

Whatever we find in the lower kingdoms we find reproduced in man, with this difference, that there is something added in man, *which makes him man.* He has the power to choose whether he will follow this something which is the distinguishing mark of his humanity, or work against it. He is no longer subject, as it were, against his will, to the driving power of Nature. He must either co-operate with it, control and use it, or sink below the level of the beast. Recognizing his own divine nature, he may if he so choose live in harmony with it. Failing to do this, he becomes a slave of the passions and appetites. Thus the passional desire-nature is, as it were, a great source of energy and motive power, which he must transmute and direct if he would fulfil the higher law of his being, and take his place as one of the

sons of God. He should exchange the personal for the spiritual will.

The highest aims and true end of man can only be attained by the exercise of his spiritual will, and the first evidence that this is in operation is the effort for mastery of the animal or lower self, and the conquest of every form of personal selfishness. By doing this he conforms to the divine desire of the Supreme to bring forth a universe inhabited by successive gradations of created beings. In recognizing this and accepting his divine estate, man will lay aside his lower passional nature and self-will, and be ready to exclaim at any moment: "Not my will but thine be done."

Then he is no longer subject to the driving power in nature, but on the contrary *identifies himself with that power,* and becomes a co-worker with Nature and in his own life the driver himself, the arbiter of his own destiny, working with the higher law of his being understandingly. Then he will have realized his divinity, and will have returned to his primeval godhood. For there is that in man which will, if he so choose, make him independent of the genii which rule the material world. In *The Secret Doctrine* of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, we are told that one of the fundamental propositions of the ancient Wisdom-Religion was as follows:

> The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Oversoul, the latter being itself an aspect of the unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage of every Soul . . . through the cycle of Incarnation (or "Necessity") in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic law during the whole term. In other words no purely . . . divine Soul can have an independent existence before the spark which issued from . . . the Oversoul has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world . . . and (b) acquired individuality, *first by natural impulse,* and *then by self-induced and self-devised efforts* (checked by its Karma) thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence from the lowest to the highest . . . from mineral to plant up to the holiest Archangel.

In thinking over this, we see at once that the development of man by natural impulse began to give place to a higher development by the divine self-conscious mind incarnate within him.

From that time he began to make those "self-induced and self-devised efforts" to which reference is made. From that time, the purely animal instincts in man have been at war with the divinity within him manifested in his own intuitive conscience.

A modern writer has put it in this way:

> Greatness in man is popularly supposed to be a thing inborn. The belief must be a result of want of thought, of blindness to facts in nature. Greatness

can only be attained by growth; that is continually demonstrated to us. Even the mountains, even the firm globe itself, these are great by dint of the mode of growth peculiar to that state of materiality—accumulation of atoms. As the consciousness inherent in all existing forms passes into more advanced forms of life, it becomes more active, and in proportion it acquires the power to growth by *assimilation* instead of *accumulation*. Looking at existence from this special point of view we immediately perceive it to be reasonable to suppose, that as we advance beyond our present standpoint, the power of growth by assimilation will become greater and probably changed into a method yet more rapid, easy, and unconscious. The universe is in fact full of magnificent promise for us if we will but lift our eyes and see.

In man taken individually or as a whole there clearly exists a double constitution. Two great tides of emotion sweep through his nature; two great forces guide his life, the one makes him an animal, and the other makes him a god.

It is upon the union, the right relation of these two forces in himself, that man stands as a strong king. That is the whole secret. That is what makes man strong, powerful, able to grasp heaven and earth in his hands. Do not fancy it is easily done. This power can only be attained by giving the god the sovereignty. Secreted and hidden in the heart of the world and in the heart of man is the light which can illumine all life. Shall we not search for it?

In this extremely brief sketch it is impossible to point out how the precepts of all the great teachers of humanity embody the ideas herein contained. The virtues of self-denial and universal compassion for all creatures, are the forsaking of the desires of the personal man which are natural to the body in which he dwells — the ceasing to exercise the will which makes them live — the destruction of the personal desire to accumulate for oneself anything whatever; and the reaching out toward an assimilation with the god within in order that he may rule.

The power to be sought for is not exterior. There within the silence of man's own heart lies the fountain of sweet waters — the peace which passeth all understanding. Katherine Tingley has said:

Oh that every atom of my being were a thousand-pointed star to help men to see the divine everywhere, to know their limitless power, to feel while in the body, the exhaustless joy of Real Life, to wake and live instead of dreaming the heavy dreams of this living death, to know themselves as at once part of and directors of Universal Law. This is your birthright of Wisdom and the hour of attainment is now if you will. Tarry no longer in the delusion of the Hall of Learning. Feel, Know and Do. You are face to face with the defeats of the past, but in your hands is a new weapon forged in all past struggles.—Wherefore, arise, claim your own, move on to the Sublime Peace that shall follow the final Victory.

THE LOST POET: by Thomson J. Wildredge

Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell

HE whose name is the Compassionate, looking down of old time out of heaven, contemplated the lot of the Children of Abraham the Orthodox.

"I have raised up mine Apostle, Suleiman ibn Daoud, the Wise," said He, to be king of the Seed of Isaac, and given unto him sovereignty in the east and in the west, over men and genii; and therefore Isaac is a mighty people, and the Seed of the Elder Brother is made subject unto him. Now will I go about to redeem Ishmael also."

Iblis, lurking in the courts of Paradise, answered Him and said:

"Thou canst not do this, O God. The Arabs delight to make war among themselves incessantly; and as much evil as I can devise for their doing, they do it eagerly, and clamor after more. If thou sendest them a king to unite them, behold, they will rebel and slay him; for they desire no yoke but mine. If thou sendest them a Prophet to call them from their sins, he shall fare worse than any of thy Prophets who were slain of old. Leave thou Ishmael to me, and keep Isaac for thine own."

And God said: "Although they love war and abominations, yet love they Poetry also, O Iblis. Therefore I will raise up a poet to save them, who shall be greater than any poet that hath been born among men."

Iblis laughed. "I will tempt him with women and with power,"

said he. "Thou shalt hear his songs, that they shall be a blasphemy against thee."

"Though thou mayest tempt him, he shall not fall," said the Most Merciful. "I will make his heart altogether pure and holy, and without any desire save after the divine secrets of Poetry. All thy wiles shall not prevail against his soul to stain it, O Iblis; and thus shall Ishmael my people be redeemed."

Then said Iblis: "Since Thou hast decreed it so, suffer me but to be Thy minister in this; that the gifts Thou givest, I may multiply upon him."

And God said: "What thou wouldst have me suffer thee, unto that do I command thee."

Then Iblis went upon his way, to consider and to devise plans; for he was exceeding loathe to lose Ishmael. "It may be that I shall cheat thee in this matter also, O Lord," thought he.

. . . . . .

Khalid the Poet was journeying through the desert out of the Hedjaz northward; his goal was the court of Suleiman ibn Daoud at Jerusalem. Thither also was bound every verse-maker in Araby: though all but he, heaven knew, upon a fool's errand. For Suleiman the Wise had sent out word that he would hold a great contest of the poets of the Arabs; and that the prize to the most inspired should be the hand of his daughter and kingship of the Seed of Ishmael.

Amina herself had urged her father to this. She, the gazelle without peer among the lovely, was weary of the great kings that came wooing her, the princes of Egypt and of Greece, of the Himaryites and of the Persians. No warrior pleased her; she took no delight in fierceness, swiftness, fire, and generosity. No sword was so unconquerably sharp, that it might cut its way through hosts as far as to her favor; no war-mare so fleet and fearless that it might bear its rider to her heart. But she had dreamed a dream in the night; and waking, found that captured by a figure in a vision, which princes and proud horsemen had besieged in vain.

She dreamed that a star arose in the south, and came down upon the earth; and that she beheld it shining upon the brow of a youth of the Hedjaz, who was a poet like to none that had sung in Araby since Hagar went forth with Ishmael her son. She dreamed that she heard him singing, and that his song — ah, it was gone from her memory when she awoke: the words and the music, and even the

substance of it, were gone. But she knew that, having heard it, the world would never again be the same for her: that all things would be entangled in a glamor beyond the light of dreaming, and that the glory of God would shine for her out of every moment of the common day. It was like no other song that had been or would be: the words of it were luminous pearls for sweetness; they were flashing diamonds and burning rubies for power—no, they were as the flaming stars of heaven, endowed with voice and rhythmic visible motion. They revealed the realms of the djinn and peris, and scorned to stop at such barren revelation; they leaped up and soared among the angels. The poet seemed to her to stand upon the horizon singing, girt all about in a robe woven as it were of night flamey with quintillions of stars; and to proclaim what the Spirit Gabriel alone knows, and as the lute-voiced Israfel alone might proclaim it. . . . On two matters she had made up her mind by morning: first, that the hero of her dream was a living man, a poet of her mother's people, the Arabs; and second, that him she would marry, and none other.

Who shall say that dreams are altogether vain, or that truth may never be revealed in them? It chanced that at that time Abu Walid ibn Abdullah, prince of the House of al-Wakkeed, lost the pearl of his herd, Zorayd, the white milch camel. Suleiman the Wise himself had given her to him, and the fame of her beauty extended from Damascus to Birku'l Jumad; wherefore, and because he loved her as his own daughter, the soul of Abu Walid was exceedingly troubled; and he sent forth all the young men of the tribe to track her and bring her back. On the third day young Khalid, who had gone out among the rest, led Zorayd into the tents of al-Wakkeed; but it was a Khalid whom his tribesmen had never seen before. Assuredly he had been visited by an angel in the desert; belike it was Israfel that came to him, and took the heart out of his breast, and wrung it clean of human blood, to fill it instead with some ichor out of Paradise, the sound of whose coursing should be immortal song. He came in transfigured, and when the tribe was assembled, sang to them; he, the modest one, whose lips theretofore had always been sealed in the presence of his elders, sang to them marvelously of his marvelous journey after Zorayd. And of other things beside: things glorious, unearthly, unspoken until then; so that they were silent, and wept silently for joy while he sang. When he had made an end, Abu Walid ibn Abdullah fell upon his neck and kissed him; and all the Beni Wakkeed clam-

ored their praises to Allah ta'ala, for that He had fired the heart of one of them with wild supernatural inspiration, and raised up a poet of poets in their midst.

And they prepared a feast, did the Beni Wakkeed, slaughtering seventy camels of the herd, and bidding to it all the tribes of the Hedjaz. Even they made truce with the Beni Hatim and the Beni Darda for the occasion; that, feasting together, they might enjoy signal triumph over these their ancient enemies through the supremacy of Khalid's singing. But when Khalid sang, lo, a marvel: the Beni Wakkeed forgot to triumph, and the Beni Hatim and the Beni Darda to gnash the teeth of rage and envy. Instead, they all wept together for exceeding great joy. You are to picture a poet of the Children of Hatim who, having heard a poet of the Sons of Wakkeed sing, would not sing in his turn the Battle-days of his own tribe; but instead must come forward and own himself but a barking jackal, a harsh hyena in the desert, as compared to this one whose voice was better than the lute-strings of angels; — and you are to imagine him applauded by his own tribe for such an utterance. You are to see al-Ta'eef abu Hatim and Abu Darda come to Abu Walid ibn Abdullah, and kiss him and each other, upon the shoulder, saying: "Henceforth we three shall be as brethren born at one birth;" — and you are to be assured that it was so.

For Khalid, singing, exalted not himself nor his tribe, not his horse nor his sword nor his camel nor his love; but the great beauty of the world, the great glory of mankind, the divinity immanent everywhere. It was a new thing in poetry; it defied all immemorial forms, yet by its triumphant beauty and grandeur overwhelmed criticism. Said al-Ta'eef abu Hatim, very wisely: "It mounteth, verily, without effort unto the throne of God; and yet assuredly it redeemeth even Iblis in the seventh hell, and sheddeth beneficent glory upon him.". . . Here was the vastness of the desert, the loneliness of infinite burning sands, the sweep of the terrible sandstorm, the lovely shade of the oasis; here were the lilac-hued horizons of the evening, the carmine flame of the dawn, the fathomless blue of the noonday, the beacon constellations of the night: and all of them soaked through and through and scintillant with a splendor that might be found also within the inmost heart of man. Whoso heard him felt the presence and workings of God in his own soul: grew brother-hearted with the vast, with the silence, with that eternal peace that gloweth brighter

than any war, with the Spirit of the Spirit of man. . . . It was a new thing in poetry; poets, hearing him, knew that there would be no more *Muallakat,* no more chanting the Days of Battle; that poetry would minister no more to pride, dissension and hatred; but would be ecstasy, worship, revelation. . . .

So when word drifted across the desert into the Hedjaz, that Suleiman ibn Daoud, the great king, had proclaimed his daughter and kingship of the Arabs as the prizes in a contest of poets, no one in those parts doubted as to the result. Abu Walid ibn Abdullah caused Zorayd herself to be saddled and caparisoned sumptuously, and led Khalid to her. "Thou art worthy of her, my son, as she is worthy of thee," he said. "Thou art to bring glory untold upon thy lineage; thou art to exalt thy tribe above all the nations of the earth. Go," he said, kissing him once on the shoulder, "and when thou art king, forget not the tents of thy fathers." But Zorayd he kissed upon her nose many times, and spoke her praises long and fittingly, and wept out loud to part with her.

So now Khalid the poet was riding northward, three days out from the camp of the Beni Wakkeed. In the hour before dawn, we will say; when the horizons are ash-gray and violet and mysterious, and that goes sighing over the desert, which might be a wind, but assuredly is the passing of djinn. A world full of wonder and terror it is; look that out of yonder dimness along the sky's edge westward, some towering afreet rise not, with smoke and dim flame for the clouds of his hair, and a roaring of terrible flame for his bodily form! — Beautifully white Zorayd took the whisper-laden leagues of sand; and Khalid, proud in his saddle, looked forth, swelled his lungs with the cool intoxicating air, and feared neither djinn nor afreet. That which dwelt within his heart was master of the invisible haunters of the desert: the fire in his soul was native to the empyrean, kindred to the sun and the constellations, immortal, born for spiritual sovereignty, proud. Had not Allah spoken through him — set a fire upon his tongue and a burning beacon in his mind? — did he not ride out to declare the secrets of the unknown worlds? Oh, worship, worship for the Light of Lights, of whom the sun's glory was a pale reflection or but the shadow; of whose vastness the vast firmament was no more than a tiny fragment; the jewels of whose robe were the stars of the night! . . . Life was poetry, and poetry an intense and ardent worship: it was love flaming up and out from the heart,

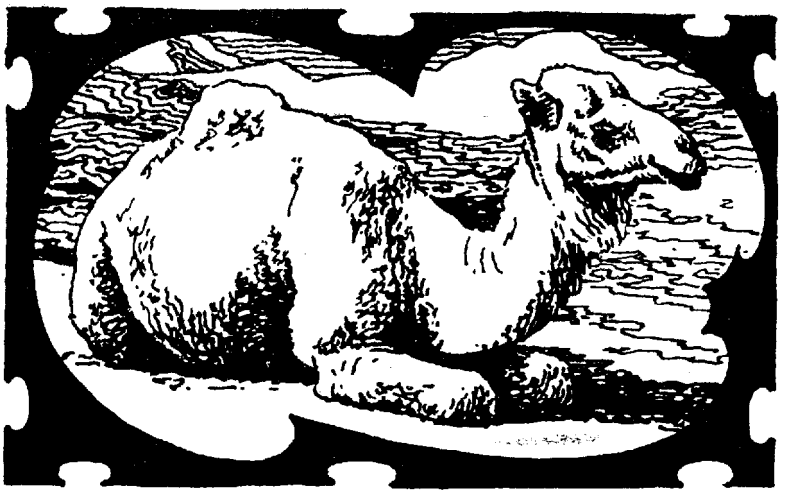
and sweeping the world with its healing fire, and bearing away the lights of heaven in its current. . . .

The sun rose hot over the vast desolation, but still for an hour or two one might ride forward. Khalid thought of the poetry of the Arabs, the immemorial convention he was to destroy. A hot eloquence over tribal battles, with exaltation of this warrior or that; the deserted camping-ground; the ride over the sands; the beauty and swiftness of the camel; the glory of the war-mare; bright keenness of the sword or lance: what were these things, transient forms falling away into nothingness always, that they should usurp dominion in the realms of poetry, that concerns only the soul and that which neither passeth nor perisheth? He rode to abolish their sway; to set up new standards, and make the race great with spiritual greatness. Wonder of wonders, that unto none before him had it been granted to hear the stars singing by night; the moonlight fluting delicate mysteries; the chanting of the marvelous midday-riding sun! Yet truly, the deaf should hear all before long; mankind should hear the eternal voices, and be healed of evil. . . . Sands of the desert of life, you should be watered soon with life-giving song; soon you should put forth groves of date-palms lovely with shade; you should bloom with roses and lilies! Soon, barren mountains of the Hedjaz, you should exceed in green fertility the vales of Lebanon, the meadows by the waters of Damascus. . . . On, white Zorayd; you stride through the desert with God! In the blue above you, blithely the wings of angels hover; the heat palpitant in the sands beneath, consider that it is the ineffable glory of God! . . .

For now the sun had risen, and was well up in the heavens, and the sand glowed and panted; it was time to rest, if a little shade might be found, until evening brought back coolness. . . . Beyond this next ridge there would be at least a yard or two of shadow; ascend here, then, white Zorayd, and thou shalt rest! — From the ridge, the sweetest sight the desert holds was revealed to Zorayd and her rider: the waving of feathery palms, the glint of cool waters in their shadow. On then, white pearl of the herds of al-Wakkeed! — soon thy rest shall be rest indeed. . . .

They came into the green place, and Zorayd knelt, and Khalid dismounted and lay down beside the water, to muse awhile and sleep. But sleep came not to him, on account of the soaring of his mind. He was riding, a bridegroom to his bride, and she the loveliest daughter

of Suleiman; an Ishmaelite to kingship over all the tribes of Ishmael; — many would have taken thought exultantly upon those things: some dreaming dreams of pleasures to be enjoyed or power to be attained; some even, of the upliftment of the people. But to Khalid, it all remained remote and unreal, like a palace of djinn known to exist in untraveled regions, but which, being afar from the bone-marked tracks of the caravans, rises never above the horizon for desert wanderers to behold. "Out yonder it is," one says; and passes without more thought of it. — The eyes and the desire of Khalid were upon poetry, upon the supreme revelation of it, up to which his whole being quivered in an ecstasy of adoration. . . . Let him behold, let him



adore . . . and let love and fame and power and the whole gleaming show of things pass and perish. . . .

A bird flew glimmering out of the desert, and lighted among the palm leaves above his head. Her breast and her wings were scintillant, and better in color than the noon-day sky; the blue beauty of the heaven of heavens shone for her sake among the dark palm leaves about her. Out of her bill came song; and his mind forsook its workings to listen to her. A bird? — assuredly and assuredly she was an angel! She sang, and the spirit in him soared up with the soaring of her song; was carried into the radiant firmament, beyond companionship with the golden glory of the sun. . . . Ah, beautiful in that loneliness, exultant, floated the soul of the poet; extended and borne up upon song; surveying creation; looking down upon earth from afar; beholding earth as an emerald and a turquoise swinging in sapphire immensities of light. This surely was the supreme revela-

tion of poetry; give thanks now, O Khalid; praise thou God the Compassionate, who hath revealed this infinity of joy to thee, and made thee one with it! . . . — The song waned and sank, and the spirit of Khalid floated down with it into the shadow of the palms, into his body lying upon the ground. This surely had been the ultimate of all vision, he thought, as the bird took her flight from among the trees. Now let sleep come, for at last God had created and confirmed him a poet. . . .

A tinkling and rustle of music broke out above, and came dropping down on him; and he opened his eyes and looked up. There was a bird among the palm leaves overhead, whose feathers were as glimmering soft pearls, lovely beyond loveliness. His soul rose to listen to her singing, and it exceeded by far that of her predecessor. Oh, a moment of such sound, unto what should he compare it? It was better, truly, than ten thousand years of intense delight; surely it was Angel Israfel that formed her bill and her throat, and informed them with immortal melody. . . . Ravished, his spirit soared up with the singing, and left the blueness of the empyrean behind, and forgot the little emerald and turquoise that floated below, and came into gardens lovelier than dreaming, beyond the station of the sun, beyond the summer stars. . . . Up and up with thee, O wonderful revealer! Up into the intensity of bliss, O wings of Poetry, supreme wings! O Bird native to the Heaven of heavens! . . . All things on earth were forgotten — even the glory of poethood, the high exultations and dreamings; revealed now, and for the only reality, were the inward kingdoms of Poetry: beauty beyond the beauty of beauty; bliss beyond bliss — timeless, nameless, worldless, unknown. . . .

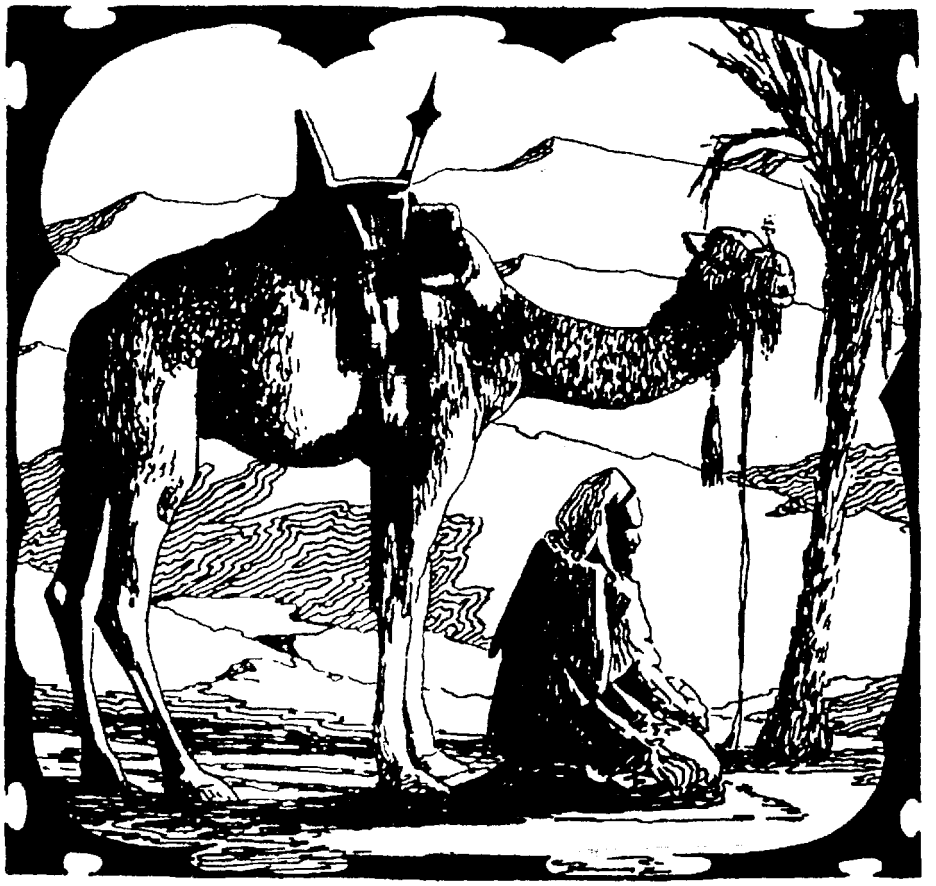
And he heard the waning of that song also, and saw at last the pearly wings of the bird glimmer afar, vanishing over the yellow sands. Now he would sleep — now he would sleep. . . .

A third time song awoke him: there was a light as of the sunset above; and a bird there, the color of the rainbow, exquisite in unsurpassable loveliness. As she sang and he listened, he was borne up again on a torrent of holy singing, and left the firmament below, and left heaven after heaven below, and heard Israfel chanting amidst the stars, and saw the stars reel with delight at the chanting of Israfel. And he passed on, and left the chanting of Israfel below, forgotten; and came where even Gabriel comes not; and quivered up, a yearning and a trembling flame, towards That which the eyes of angels see not,

and the minds of archangels may not dream: all infinity was present with him, and all eternity was enfolded in the moment that was he. . .

. . . . . .

And the song faded away, and behold, he was in his body again. The sun was setting over violet horizons, and the sky overhead was a blue-green beryl with the beauty of the evening. . . . Where were the date-palms, and where the cool waters beside which he had lain down? . . . Where was white Zorayd? . . .



A sound of chanting came drifting to him from beyond a ridge of sand, and he listened:

Bismillahi 'rrahmani 'rraheem!
Al-hamdu lillahi rabi 'llalameen!
Arrahmani 'rraheem,
*Maliki yowmi ed deen. . . .**

* The opening of the first chapter of the Koran: "Praise be to God, the Merciful, the Compassionate," etc.

"It is a poet that praises the One God in his song," thought Khalid; "this is a marvel truly, since I alone of the poets have praised Him." Then he thought: "I will go and inquire of him, if perchance he hath seen Zorayd."

He rose up, and tottered across the sand, mounting the ridge painfully. He came upon an Arab praying, his face turned southward towards Mecca. "God is great!" cried the Arab, three times; and then:

I affirm that there is no god but God!
I affirm that there is no god but God!
I affirm that there is no god but God!
I affirm that Mohammed is the Prophet of God!

At that last affirmation Khalid stood bewildered. "Sir," he said, "wherefore affirmest thou this? Knowest thou not that our lord, Suleiman ibn Daoud, who is called the Wise, the King of the Jews in Jerusalem, is the Apostle of God unto this age?"

The Arab gazed at him in amazement. "O thou whose beard is whiter than the pomegranate flower," said he, "Suleiman ibn Daoud hath been dead these thousand years! Assuredly Mohammed ibn Abdullah, of the tribe of the Koreish at Mecca, he is the Apostle!"

❧

HIM who is less than thee consider as an equal, and an equal as a superior, and a greater than he as a chieftain, and a chieftain as a ruler. And among rulers one is to be acquiescent, obedient, and true-speaking; and among accusers be submissive, mild, and kindly regardful.

Commit no slander; so that infamy and wickedness may not happen unto thee.

Form no covetous desire; so that the demon of greed may not deceive thee, and the treasure of the world may not be tasteless to thee.

Indulge in no wrathfulness, for a man indulging in wrath becomes then forgetful of his duty and good works . . . and sin and crime of every kind occur unto his mind; and until the subsiding of the wrath he is said to be just like Ahriman.

Suffer no anxiety; for he who is a sufferer of anxiety becomes regardless of enjoyment of the world and the spirit, and contraction happens to his body and soul.

Practise no sloth; so that the duty and good work, which it is necessary for thee to do, may not remain undone.— *Dinâ-i Mainôgi-i Khirad: Zend Avesta*

ADVERSITY: by E. A. Neresheimer

MAN is free to choose between many ways of action in all circumstances; yet there is a plan of nature, conformable to which he is obliged to move. Whichever course he adopts from personal motive, whether good or bad, there will subsequently be corresponding reaction upon him, a reaction known as Karma, the law of cause and effect. Through want of compassion and lack of knowledge he oft chooses wrongly, inconsiderately, selfishly; in consequence, the rebound which follows as effect, though the thought or deed has long been forgotten, is sometimes considered to be personal adversity and hardship.

The theosophic premiss is that the law embodies the highest justice and intelligence, devoid of emotion and unerring in its compensation. Among the many pleasing incidents experienced in life, divers other things befall mankind: sickness, poverty, disappointments, loss of loved ones, miscarriage of plans, thwarted ambition, worry, discouragement, pain, misfortune, and various tribulations. All these are in a sense states of mind, largely susceptible of gratifying amelioration by a proper mental attitude when one is inclined to think seriously about the possible connexion involved between the occurrence of events and the orderly progression of sequences obtaining throughout the great economy of sentient life and nature.

Adverse conditions may remain quite what they are, but our mental relation to them can be altered in a moment or by degrees; if we succeed in so doing the aspect of an affliction will modify itself in its effect upon us and often completely change. Physical injury, loss of organ or limb, calamities and misfortunes, strange to say, are seen to be borne contentedly after a time, and are looked at from a viewpoint much different from the first dreaded anticipation of them. Who has not seen a maimed person more resigned to his fate than we imagine we would be? In numerous cases wonderful resourcefulness has been shown under stern trials. It is all an experience of life, generally wholesome and disciplinary, pulling up a person, so to speak, to a new view of himself; forcing introspection and a seeking for causes, broadening sympathy for others, and generally culminating in a state which is none the less happy than the former.

Severe visitations come only to those already strong. No greater burden is put on one than he can carry, and he could carry more if he were to summon his natural powers. And behold! what a stroke of fortune it sometimes is in the unfoldment of unexpected mentality

and moral incentive — a veritable forthcoming of latent, godly powers, besides the strengthening of Will, and the finding of firmness, patience, and fortitude.

Do we not sometimes witness absurdly morbid states of mind on the part of average persons, when they meet merely slight reverses, such as are not worse than those borne by thousands who are happy despite them? Taken by surprise they act as though dumbfounded and stunned. Being so unprepared for small mutabilities, how can they evoke resistances out of which great deeds are born? Do not these *need* just such gentle impacts from the benign illusion-destroyer — Mother Nature? Others again who firmly pull themselves together in manly fashion, striving for a more reasonable accommodation to the new circumstances — nine out of ten of them rise out of the trial stronger, and perchance discover within themselves some unexpected reservoir of consciousness and strength.

The soul is the doer of things, also the enjoyer and sufferer. In the course of its descent from spiritual estate it has fallen under the seductions of matter, forsaking the while the domain of its pristine divinity. Time was, before the middle period of the Great Life-Cycle was reached, when the evolutionary pilgrim was serenely carried on the wave of nature's sole responsibility. The acme of consolidation and perfection of physical form is reached; henceforth man, the creature of the Path, must become the Path itself. Matter and the vestures of the soul becoming more refined on the return arc, the human entity has entered upon the cycle of individual responsibility. Nature will no longer be in our debt for the mere act of living. She may no longer compensate with molding the fairest possible forms out of a promiscuous mixture of good and evil; the true relation of earthly beauty and eternal truth depending from this time forward upon man's conscious efforts in one direction only, that is to say, a life in harmony with the cosmic plan.

The Law is Compassion Absolute! Karma is its method. Reincarnation its Instrument.

It has been a long journey of the spirit downward in order to obtain contact with matter in its many phases. Many have been the experiences in this vast labyrinth of sentiency, waking and sleeping, activity and rest, joy and sorrow, enlightenment and darkness, heaven and hell, over and over again, for ages upon ages. In the cycles to come when man shall have spontaneously ranged himself on the

side of the Higher Law in his appointed co-operative work with nature, the tyranny of personal desire shall cease, the thraldom of illusion end, and man regain his spiritual estate.

To guide mankind aright in its spiritual destiny, the teachings of the eternal Esoteric Doctrine and Wisdom-Religion have once more been and are being benignly enunciated by the messengers of the gods — the Leaders of Theosophy.

The forcible reactions provided by kindly nature, which bring home to every individual his due share of retribution, are not alone in rousing mankind from the lethargy of sensuous dreamland. Without sign, guide, and example, men are reluctant to move, and though the world has never been entirely without the Esoteric Doctrine and Divine Teachers, yet humanity at large heeded not, but chose to tarry in bondage of matter. But the advancing cycle demands imperative change, and the Theosophic Movement, founded forty years ago, is now spreading its beneficent activities over the wide earth. Its Founders and Leaders have built wisely, effectively, permanently. The Teachers treading the consecrated Path of Compassion have been and are at hand, for love of their fellow-men, sacrificing all else in leading the way.

The human unit is an integral and absolutely indispensable part of the scheme of the Universe. Strange to say, even this tenet is quite a new one to most men and women of today. In consequence they flounder from emotion into despair over troubles actual or imagined, are in fear of death, of god and man, and afraid of adversity, as if any of these things were of the "least" or "utmost" importance. It is quite another thing to have anchorage on at least a fragment of truth and reality; one then knows that to our *essential* nature most of the objects of dread are but temporary, disciplinary, often wholesome, from which one is expected to learn priceless lessons necessary in development. The certainty that nothing whatever can happen that could in the least affect or destroy one's individual integrity as a permanent unit and inseparable part of the universal economy, should inspire us with great confidence in our spiritual stability. Be it said that the whole Universe would sooner fall to pieces than that destruction should overtake one single unit. No! We are of much more importance than that. And our troubles? On another plane of consciousness, the plane of the soul, they are non-existent, except in the sense of a mere incident, just as one single letter might stand

for an incident in a volume which contained many, many subjects.

No great philosophy is needed to train our minds to dwell on the inward life, whence, after no long time, a serene state is born to us, and a widening of our outlook and consciousness, and in consequence there arises a natural inner stimulous, even an urge toward contemplation of the deeper resources of our being.

Hold to some lofty impersonal subject which appeals to us as an unquestioned truth: Brotherhood is a fact in nature; the latent Divinity of man; the unity of Cosmos; and similar verities of great number and profound import suggested in Theosophic teachings; rise with them in the morning, letting them penetrate into us during the day, and retire with them, holding them as the last thing before sleep. Never fail in the performance of the least duty to the fullest extent of ability, resigning all *personal* interest in it, being content in the mere correct discharge of any act as *Duty*. Cease day-dreaming or letting the mind wander aimlessly into the past, or into anticipation of the future, instead, live consciously alert to the smallest thing connected with every thought and act, at the same time being discriminately positive as to what is proper and what not. Doing this with pronounced intent, firmly fixed will and good cheer, will soon crowd out "gloomy streaks," and having made a disciplined instrument of one's mind, adversities will soon be found to have assumed an entirely different aspect.

There is no universal prescription for meeting or brushing aside things that happen; whatever occurs has to be met somehow, and therefore our mental relations to the circumstances determine the quality of the effect the happenings shall have upon us. If a broad enough view is taken we may extract from adversities a salutary and valuable lesson. It is unwise to complain, or to mope or pray for better fortune instead of making effort to fathom their meaning. Nothing ever occurs for which adequate causes are not in existence in man's atmosphere, whether generated in the remote past or in the present life. Through many links uniting a long chain of events these causes come to fruition as effects — the conditions which bring them to a focus having not arrived. The source of trouble must be looked for within ourselves and consolation sought in the fact that the experience is a *means to progress.* Calmly and courageously looking on new conditions as opportunities for growth, will promote individual self-reliance and heighten our trust in Divine Justice.

CARIAD I, MY DARLING
by Kenneth Morris

Cariad i, my Sweetheart,
I know very well
I'd find the way to you again
From the heart of Heaven or Hell.

I

SURE you now, in Paradise, were I God's honored guest,
With hankering after Welsh things, I'd get little rest.

Wonderful the mountains there, and the vales are sure to be,
But there's something Welsh I'd miss in them, and 'twould ruin them for me —

Some far, fairy music that makes Welsh names dear;
Some lovely, wandering consonance the ear can hardly hear.

(Parc-yr-elyn, Parc-yr-un, Pontamman, Pant-y-cefn —
They'd leave no music in the sound of the Hebrew names in Heaven.

Pant-y-ffynon, Gelli-onen, Tir-y-dail, Llanmaes —
They'd put to shame the best names in the Vale of Paradise.

Llanwrtyd, Llanwrda, Llan On, Llandeilo Fawr —
For lack of Llans the Vale of Heaven would weary me in an hour.)

And though the Hills of the Trinity have waters fair and clear,
Cheap they'd seem to me, I think, by the Llwchwr at Glynhir.

Moreover, I doubt the saints of God will make their harpstrings sound
With tunes so sweet as the *Ash Grove,* or so grand as the *Welsh Ground.*

And I'd rather hear the dim waves on the rocks of Cemaes boom,
From the foxglove fields of Glan-y-mor, in the evening glow and gloom,

Than walk in the streets of Glory paved with pearl and jacinth stone,
And heed the singing Seraphim that carol round the Throne.

And I'd rather Carreg Cennen crag, and the lonely, ruined keep,
Than the gardens of Caersalem town, where the wings of angels sweep.

And I don't believe that God's House has anything to show
So dear as lone Cilgerran, where the little coracles go,

Or the broad Teifi reaches from Llandudoch to the sea,
Where the sun sets o'er the sand hills, and the songs of faerie be.

II

But if indeed the Vale of Heaven is fairer than I guess,
And as fair as thou art, Cariad i, still I should love it less;

And from the grand delight thereof, my heart would wandering go,
Grown fierce with pity, to the gray towns I know:

I would remember the Rhondda, and the slums in Caerdydd,
And mean streets in Swansea town, and around Pontypridd.

And every ill that might be done in the North and in the South
Would be bringing the hot thoughts to my heart, and the hot words to my mouth;

Raging I'd be, and mourning, for the Light of you that waned,
And the Druid truth forgotten, and the old fame stained;

And here I would see the chapels, and the mean and trumpery things;
And there, the deeds of Llewelyn and Glyndwr, and the ancient kings;—

And Mihangel Sant and his armies, and the Lord enthroned above —
I swear it would bother the wits of them all, to lock the gates on love.

III

Down along the Milky Way
And past the Pleiades,
I'd be homing back to you
To have my heart at ease.

Bringing wealth I'd be for you,
Raided from the stars:
Opals out of Aldebaran,
Ruby stones from Mars.

Through the dark blue bloom of night,
And through the dawn-lit sky —
I'd make dawn a song for you,
Yes indeed would I!

Through the chambers of the sun,
Sapphire-builded, blue —
All their beauty, Cariad i,
I would win for you.

Sunset should deliver me
Mournful fire and gold,
To weave thereof a robe for you
Like the Gods wore of old.

Down along the Milky Way,
A billion miles and more,
The little waves would call me
From the Aberteifi shore.

I would hear, in Arthur's Harp,
To speed the wings of love,
Cennen water calling
'Neath the woods of Golden Grove.

There's dogrose and sweetbriar
About Llandeilo town,
From Caer Arianrhod in the stars
Would call and lure me down.

Amidst the sunset's roses,
Ah, my heart would burn
For the groves of rhododendron
And the foxglove midst the fern.

And the peewit on the mountains,
And the corncrake in the vales,
Amidst the nebulae I'd hear them
Calling me back to you, Wales.

IV

ıd were I in the flames of Hell, the flames would be naught to me,
ith my heart so inflamed with the beauty that is 'twixt Hafren and the sea.

ıe fire of my heart that is love for you, and the hope of my soul aflame,
:ar, they would put the fiercest fires in the brimstone lake to shame.

ıtan and all his mighty men, and the fourfold gates of brass —
uch count Love would take of *them,* to forbid his wings to pass!

shouldn't wonder indeed, not I, if he quelled them all erelong
/ith a subtle enchantment of story-telling and old Druidic song;

: he gathered them all about him there, and told them marvelous tales
ill he'd quenched the pride of the demon host with the haughtier pride of Wales,

nd they fed on heroic stories till they felt their hearts aglow
/ith the high, magnanimous glories that were Welsh — a long time ago; —

rthur, and Bran the Blessed, and the Sons of Llywarch Hen,
nd the Birds that sang in Harlech Caer, ere the Wonderful Head was slain —

nd Satan and all his mighty men would bow their heads and mourn,
emembering how it was in heaven, ere the thought of sin was born.

- The tale of the Bridge of Orewyn, and how Llewelyn died,
nd Gwenllian the Queen, ferch Gruffydd — and where'd be the hellions' pride?

hey should heed how the Gwynfydolion heard the grand Hai Atton ring,
nd straightway robed themselves in flame, and launched them forth a-wing

hrough the bleak, black howling chaos waste, grown tired of heaven's delight,
o batter down the gates of God, and storm the Infinite —

.nd Satan and his angels in heroic ranks would rise,
.nd the beautiful storm of their battle song would ring through the ultimate skies —

hey would break down the brazen walls of hell, angry that wrong should be,
.ngry that the Gods of old time fell from their first proud purity;

orth they would sweep in glorious hosts, warlike with sword and song,
very fiend of them sworn a knight to end the reign of wrong;

.nd Mihangel Sant and his armies, listening, would sheathe their swords,
.nd " Peace on Earth at last! " they would shout; " this day is hell the Lord's."

V

Plain it is that far or near,
Living man or dead,
'Twill be no ground but Welsh ground
Where my foot may tread.

For the East Wind and the West Wind,
They will not let me be,
For haunting all my quiet hours
With whispered Druidry.

Let but the daily voices cease
And the winds find me alone,
They'll be whispering half the things that be
'Twixt Mynwy Fawr and Mon:

Stories of grand and Druid days,
And the mighty kings of old,
And the friendliness of Gods and men
In the Celtic Age of Gold.

And the opalescent hosts that fade
When the light of the wan dawn pales,
And the music wandering over the hills,
And the fairy lights in the vales

Of a land where the speech of wind and wave
And the human folk and all,
Has the same lilt and sequence sweet,
And the same rise and fall.

A little wind comes whispering,
Ere the flames of sunrise cease;
Over Europe and Asia it comes,
And the sapphire Sea of Peace;

And a little wind comes whispering,
When no soul is by,
O'er the Werydd and the Western World,
And along the evening sky;

Many a grand sight they'll have seen —
In China, belike, and Spain,
And Russia, and Rome, and Africa,
And along the Spanish Main;

And I often wonder why it is
They should only think to tell
Such news as is going by Teifi side
Or the Field of Tybie's Well.

And many an antique language
They'll have heard by land and sea,
In Palestine and Corsica,
And France and Tartary;

Not much for them to have learned, you'd think,
Hebrew, or French, or Greek;
But there, it does seem 'tis the Druid tongue
Is the only tongue they speak.

So, plain it is that far or near,
Or indeed, alive or dead,
'Twill be Welsh air that I shall breathe,
And Welsh ground I'll tread.

VI

What do you think I desire of you, that I may not let you be?
— Dear, 'tis to have you crowned and throned in your olden majesty.

'Tis to have you quit your petty aims — no more dream sordid dreams;
'Tis to have you grand as the mountains are, and pure as the mountain streams.

'Tis to have a crown of stars for you, to shine forth afar —
And your own eyes brighter, dear, than any lovely star.

What shall make them bright again, that have been dim so long?
— Sight of the wonderful Soul of Things, and the far stars at song.

I seek not the wealth of the world for you: pomp of the world and power
Shall pass if they last an hundred years, or fade in a single hour.

The royal robe of the Spirit I would have for you, shall not shine
With cloth of gold from the marts of the world, nor gems from the mountain mine.

But I swear you shall have no peace at all for the bothering of my love
Till the God in your heart is made known to your eyes, and you have great joy thereof;

Till you're hearing rumors of wonders on all the winds that blow,
And you have companionship of the Gods, and your wise heart come to know

That your fate and its sorrow or splendor lies in your own right hand:
To go down into oblivion, or stand where the Deathless stand.

Then shall you scorn ignoble aims; shall you lift your heart to the morn
Wholly pure and beautiful; shall you turn from lies with scorn.

And you shall not fear nor falter, nor forsake the Light again,
Nor seek no treasure of Heaven from God, nor treasure of wealth from men;

But your hands shall be given to the service of Man, and the road for your feet shall be
The small, old Path of the Gods that leads to Immortality.

VII

For thou shalt not come by any grace through singing of hymns and prayer;
Thou hast sought thy God in a charnel-place; thou shalt not find him there.

Whoso craveth his soul to save, already hath lost his soul:
Forgo thou heavens beyond the grave, and thy faith shall make thee whole!

Him that thou sought'st for midst the dead is a dead god; let him lie!
All his olden splendor is shed, and Time hath passed him by.

But that is hidden in the heart of Man, Time hath not touched at all:
Though he lay on the worlds and the stars his ban, That shall not fade nor fall.

Thou shalt find that in thine own breast, shall change not, nor decay
When the solar systems seek their rest, and the bright heavens wane away.

Wherefore weep not thou, nor mourn thy dead God; let him lie!
A God in thine own heart is borne which is God, and cannot die.

Die?— Nay, let Him rise in his might, and change this world of men
To a Temple of God and a House of the Light, that is now a robbers' den.

But thou hast forgotten thy Spirit's goal, which the Sons of God must win;
And hidden with a creed thy star, thy soul, and sinned through musing on sin;

Abased thyself to a God apart; blasphemed 'gainst thine own soul —
Turn thou now to the God thou art, and thy faith shall make thee whole!

Turn, and heed thou alone the Truth, and the Truth shall set thee free:
Thou to be dust of the earth, forsooth; and an hour to strike for *thee!*

Hast thou not drunk the hyssop gall? Art thou not scourged and slain?
How long ere thou wilt heed our call, who bid thee rise again?

Nay! Not of old on Calvary-side the Crucifixion was;
But the God in man is the Crucified, and the brute in man is the Cross.

How long, O thou with the thorns for crown, wilt hang and agonize?
Come thou down, as thou canst come down, that the sun may take the skies!

Come thou down, as thou canst! Ah, dare to live, that our life may be!
Thou canst not save us, hanging there; dying, we die with thee!

. . . . . .

Cariad i, my darling,
Whether you will or no,
You shall come to your own, and be throned again
As you were, long ago!

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

ARCHAEOLOGY: EGYPT AND THE STONE AGE:

by H. Travers, M. A.

THE state of affairs in Europe has contributed notably to the encouragement of archaeological research in ancient America, by putting obstacles in the way of expeditions from American to the Old World; but it has also had a contrary effect — in the following case at least. The discoveries dealt with below were facilitated by the fact that the government in Egypt has withdrawn its concessions to the archaeologists of certain nations, thus leaving a large number of expert excavators available for the American expedition.

Thus American archaeologists have made another epoch-making discovery in the history of those mighty civilizations that flourished in Egypt.

The Museum of the University of Pennsylvania last fall sent the Eckley B. Coxe, Jr. expedition, under Mr. Clarence S. Fisher, to Egypt, where he obtained a concession to work at Memphis. After some work in the burial grounds of the old kings near the Pyramids of Gizeh, he decided to search for the palace of the kings of Memphis. Working on the trenches left by Professor Flinders Petrie, he came across a wall so large that he considered it might be part of the palace he was seeking; and also two projecting columns which looked as if they might be parts of a colossal building. Setting a large body of workmen to excavating here (he eventually employed 180), he found, not the palace, but a temple, which has been attributed to either Seti I, or Meneptah the son of Rameses II.

It may be wondered why a find so remarkable on such a familiar site was not discovered before, but the engineering difficulties readily explain the matter. Nile inundations and drifted sand had buried the remains deep in a very impracticable material; and the explorer was obliged to build a railroad to carry away the excavated soil, while this again had to be supplemented by a pumping station to carry off the seepage. The work has had to be discontinued during the summer heat, to be resumed this fall, but so far it has resulted in the discovery of four thousand articles — scarabs, amulets, stone jars, etc., and a number of sandstone statues. There was also a manufacturing plant for the making of amulets and the like; but still more interesting was the discovery of one hundred heads, mostly in terra-cotta. These indicated that Memphis was inhabited by people of numerous races, ranging in type from Ethiopian to Egyptian. The pillars and walls

are carved as usual with inscriptions which have yet to be deciphered; and when, after patient labor, this has been done, we may expect a notable chapter to be added to our knowledge of ancient Egyptian history, as well as to that of other prominent nations contemporary with these times.

The walls of the temple are twelve feet thick, and several rooms and some pavements have been uncovered, but further details must be awaited until the work is resumed.

With regard to the dates assigned, it is noteworthy that archaeologists are more generous in the matter of time than they used to be, and are continually pushing the dates further and further back; though they have still much to do in this way ere they reach figures commensurate with probability. The desire to dwarf ancient history still lingers, as an instinct, but it has had to give way considerably under the pressure of facts. The usual historical narrative gives the date of Rameses II as in the 14th century B. C.; and Memphis was founded, according to the latest estimates of Petrie, about 5600 B. C. But when Menes, "the first king of Egypt," made it his capital, it was already a large and flourishing city; and, as the account of Fisher's discoveries which is before us says, "possibly it had been in existence thousands of years before the dawn of recorded history, because the subjects of Menes were far from barbarians. Races of which no traces remain may have founded it." From which remark we infer the curious idea that the city must have been founded by barbarians (!); for the argument runs — the subjects of Menes were not barbarians (major premiss), but cities are founded by barbarians (suppressed minor premiss), therefore the city was not founded by the subjects of Menes (conclusion); therefore it must have been founded by other people of an earlier date who were barbarians (corollary). Thus we see that the evolutionary hypothesis, which requires that civilized man shall have progressed by gradual stages from barbarism, necessitates the lengthening out of history to figures more accordant with those demanded by Theosophy.

Many other notable admissions are found in the account from which we are quoting; which, whether they represent the orthodox views or not, at least represent the kind of views which the public is likely to indorse, and so mark a great advance on what was given the public in former years. The Egyptians are credited with having been historians; and this surely is a more respectful attitude towards

them than was formerly the wont. Their priests were also doctors, astronomers, lawgivers, and men of science; and they were the historians, whose records are known to have been in the libraries of Memphis. But here we come upon another piece of mere conjecture on the part of the writer. It is important to discriminate between what is matter of fact and what is mere conjecture. It would be better if writers could always be content with stating what the ancients did, and would refrain from imputing motives until better qualified to do so. These historical records, we are told, were known as "the mysteries." And on what authority? one may well ask. Undoutedly the Mysteries included historical records, especially those pertaining to cyclic evolution and the chronology of the Races and sub-races; but it is a mistake to make out that the Mysteries were nothing but history in the sense in which *we* understand the word "history." The Mysteries were the knowledge, not only of history, but of life's mysteries in general, imparted only to duly qualified candidates for initiation. They were common to the ancient world, but gradually departed from view as the world plunged deeper into its cycle of materialism. As to the imputing of motives, why not rest content with stating the fact that later kings engraved their own names over the names of their predecessors on the monuments inscribed with pictures of great deeds, without adding the insinuation that the motive of these later kings in so doing was to steal for themselves the glory of those deeds? Let us at least think, until we have good reason for thinking otherwise, that the people of those days — kings and commoners alike — were as far from pettiness in spirit as they were in their buildings.

It is consoling to hear, from large-type caption and from text, that Herodotus, the "father of history," has been graciously proved truthful; though doubtless his shade, could it be conceived of as haunting these regions, would be sublimely indifferent to this tardy vindication. Herodotus has often been accused of lying, or, when his innocent lineaments cry shame to the accusation, of having been imposed upon by the Egyptian priests — whereby the sneer has been transferred from the shoulders of poor Herodotus to those of the priests, as though we were compelled to belittle somebody or other. Perhaps the word "priest" itself is somewhat to blame, and its use (in place of a better word from our modern vocabulary) may have transferred to the ancient teachers a smack of that insincerity which (as we must

infer) has somehow managed to attach itself to the word in its modern applications. But now it seems that Herodotus was neither lying nor lied to, so that both he and the teachers are exculpated; which, though it makes no imaginable difference to them, is a credit to us who have acknowledged it. One fears, however, that the customary procedure will require that, as regards other of his statements, he shall continue to be held mendacious until he is proven true.

The chronology of Egypt will have to be greatly extended if it is to come into accordance with probabilities and fit into the general scheme of history; multiplication, rather than addition, is the rule to compute the ages of men, as it is with the ages of fossils and strata. The Egyptians should rather be called a whole humanity than a nation; and there may be in a remote future some archaeologists who will speak of the European nation as we now speak of the Egyptian nations, disregarding the fact that the nations were many and the successive ebbs and flows of civilization many. It has often been pointed out that Egyptian history shows no trace of youth, but is mature when first we catch sight of it. It was derived; but from whence, archaeologists can only conjecture. It must be remembered, too, that a hypothesis which disposes conveniently of the Egyptian problem does not necessarily explain the problem of ancient America; and it would be well if archaeologists, pooling their results, should seek the common source of both these ancient cultures.

FROM another newspaper article we gather that the hypothesis as to the primitiveness of the Stone Age has been exploded, and, by what must surely be a verbal association on the part of the reporter, the Rosetta Stone of archaeology has been found. To some people there will not seem much connexion between the Stone Age and the Rosetta Stone. However, all this turmoil has been brought about by certain discoveries made by Dr. Hector Aliot, curator of the Southwest Museum, on San Nicolas Island off the California coast; and by some remarks with which he is credited in his address before the Archaeological Institute of America in San Francisco. As far as we can gather, the trouble seems to be that the discoveries do not agree with certain theories which had been discovered first; for there is nothing wonderful in the discoveries themselves, however much there may be in the said theories. Graves with steatite beads, carved ornaments representing animals, exquisitely wrought, and other such things, are

not wonderful; but what is wonderful is that they should have been made by a people who, by all theories, were incompetent to make them. These people lived in the Stone Age, says the account, and the lecturer is quoted as saying:

> We have thought of the man of the Stone Age as always a savage. We have thought that cultural advancement was accompanied by the use of instruments other than stone. In other words we have thought of a gradual and arbitrary gradient down through the age of copper and bronze to the age of steel — that in which we now live. Now this idea has been exploded.

And he argues that this race must have had culture, even though they lived in the "Stone Age." We infer from what is said that the Stone Age is not a particular chronological era, but a phase which different races are supposed to go through at different times. Thus the Stone Age in Egypt ended about the 6th century B. C., whereas the Tasmanians were living in the Stone Age at the time when they were "discovered." The Bushmen of Africa and the Australians are living in the Neolithic Age, which means a higher grade of the Stone Age. One wonders how long it will take the Tasmanians to get through the other ages up to the steel, and why it was that the people of San Nicolas came to an end without going through the other ages at all. Still it is just possible that there may not be any such ages after all, and that the archaeologists are mistaken. Who built the Pyramids and carved the diorite hieroglyphics in Egypt? Was it people with only stone implements, or was there another race in Egypt whose Stone Age ended before the 6th century B. C.? H. P. Blavatsky in her *Secret Doctrine* says that these Stone and other Ages are quite fanciful; for races rise and fall, and there are always civilized and uncivilized peoples living together on the earth. At one time in England, for instance, certain primitive people were living in parts of the island and have left their stone instruments behind. But this does not mean that there were not, before these primitive people came, other people who were much more advanced and who used metals. It is more than likely that England will at some future date be again inhabited by stone-using people. And finally, since stone is the one thing that lasts, when all metals and wood have crumbled, it is likely that stone implements will be discovered where metal and wooden ones are not. If an archaeologist were to dig up our American soil next year, he would find plenty to show that we are in the steel age; a century later, if he dug, he might have his doubts; while the archaeologist of a thou-

sand years hence, if he roots up our kitchen middens, will surely conclude that we were a Stone-Age people.

Of course one recognizes the utility of provisional hypotheses; but provisional hypotheses were made with a view to their being knocked down — they are scaffoldings. Now when a scaffolding obstructs the building, or keeps itself up by leaning against the building, it is time to remove it and build us more stately scaffolds. And this scaffolding of the "Ages" is of that character. It obstructs us in the interpretation of plain facts. Here is evidence that there lived on San Nicolas a people who worked in stone and had great artistic taste and skill. Whether they used metals are not, we do not know. Why not accept the simple fact, instead of trying to force these people into an artificial category which we have invented? Why, again, make too much out of our idea that steel and culture go together? Here one sympathizes with the lecturer's remarks that these people had taste and sentiment; but still he represents them (according to the report) as being not much above the brute. "The man that carved that figure had given patient study to the habits of the dolphin. . . . And study means that he had begun to think; he was now considerably higher than the brute." Now where on earth have we any example of a race gradually emerging from a brutish state in this way? The races which do this kind of work at present are races that have a long past behind them, and they seem on the down grade rather than the up. Why may not these San Nicolas people have been the remnants of a race as great as the Egyptians, whose original arts had been mostly lost? This idea at least is more in accordance with observed facts. Yet even so we do not have to consider a race as degraded just because it does not use steel. Looking abroad on the earth today, we may well ask ourselves over again what culture really is, what the life of man is, and whether people actually are in a higher phase when they are blowing each other to pieces with steel than when they are carving dolphins on steatite.

Let us consciously and deliberately put aside self at the turns of thought, and in no long time the clouds that hide all heights will be swept away. All we need is courage in facing ourselves.— *Katherine Tingley*

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER XIV

Another Disappearance

ORE than a year had elapsed since Bert Milton's sudden departure from his native city. No news of the wanderer had been received by anyone, nor had any knowledge of Millicent's fate been obtained.

Robert Milton, after the flight of his children, had ceased to make further efforts to retrieve his losses. He had sunk deeper and deeper into a state of gloom and despondency, occasionally varied by fits of uncontrolled irritation and anger.

Mrs. Weitman feared that he would sometime harm his wife or take his own life. She had procured a small house for them near her own, and here they lived on the small income remaining to Mrs. Milton, who insisted upon herself caring for and nursing her husband. She also managed the simple housekeeping with the assistance of a woman who came in for a couple of days each week.

The interests and activities of Mrs. Weitman had increased to such a degree that she had been able to make but a few brief visits to her mountain cabin. Both she and Florence devoted much of their time to assisting Miss Edison in her work; and the situation of the Miltons was a source of constant anxiety. She felt it unsafe for Agnes to be alone with her husband during those frenzied moments when she considered him insane and irresponsible for his actions. However, in this matter the hitherto timid, shrinking woman suddenly developed a firmness of character and a courage which she could not combat. To all she could say Agnes had one reply:

"You know, Clara, he could not endure a stranger about him. Besides, if others knew of his illness they would report him insane, and perhaps dangerous; and if he were removed from my care he would become a raving madman or die in a short time."

But a change was at hand. Mrs. Weitman was aroused in the early morning by the sharp ringing of the telephone, and springing up heard the excited voice of her friend calling for her immediate presence. On arriving she found Agnes walking distractedly about, weeping and wringing her hands. It was some moments before she could speak.

Then it appeared that after an unusually long period of gloomy unrest, Mr. Milton had eluded her watchfulness and disappeared while she slept on a sofa near his chamber door.

"It was only a half hour, Clara, and I was so tired and he seemed to be quietly sleeping. Oh, I ought to have been more watchful; whatever happens it is my fault."

"No, my dear Agnes, you are not to blame. Try to calm yourself and consider what is to be done."

"Oh, I know he has gone straight to the river; he often said he would end it all in that way. I've always been in such dread of it, and now it has happened."

"We cannot be sure of that at all. He probably had no such thought in his mind when he dressed and went out. He is most likely wandering about unconscious of his surroundings, and will be found and brought home. We must ring up the police and have men sent out to trace him."

"Oh, the horrible publicity which he so loathed and dreaded," cried Agnes.

"We must not think of that now, or of anything else except finding him. Perhaps we may keep it out of the papers; I shall try to do so. Private detectives do not talk."

The detective came, and Mrs. Weitman gave him all the necessary information. She also met a reporter at the door and laughed at the idea of his gathering any news there or of there being any mystery concealed in the pretty cottage occupied by her own most intimate friend.

"Now, Agnes," she said, "you must come home with me. The reports of the search will be made there and we must consult Dr. Desmond, Jasper, and Dr. Jordan, and have them all at work."

Mrs. Milton, now utterly broken down, made no objection, and in half-an-hour she was in the blue room, which Florence gladly vacated for her use. Dr. Desmond was already on hand with Hylma ready to take charge of the patient.

"You see," said the doctor, "during all these months the constant strain of watching and caring for her husband has been very great. It would have been trying for a strong woman, and she has always been frail. I cannot tell what the result may be. Her feeling that it was through her neglect of duty that the misfortune has occurred is the worst feature we have to contend with."

"I know," replied Mrs. Weitman, "and she is so keenly sensitive. I never believed she could possess so much energy and courage as she has shown. Indeed she seems to have become a changed woman."

"It is on account of her moral and spiritual nature being aroused and brought uppermost. This demonstrates clearly how superior these forces are to those of the lower or personal self; and also how the will can overcome the weaknesses of physical nature when there is a sufficiently strong incentive to action."

"Then this is what is meant by calling out reserved strength," said Mrs. Weitman.

"Yes; everyone has a surplus of reserved force which is seldom used, but can be called out when some sudden and imperative demand for it arises. Everybody has heard or known of cases where someone, unable to walk or move for months, or perhaps years, has, under the stimulus of escaping from some danger, or of saving others, suddenly found the strength and power of locomotion."

"Then they could have found it before."

"They probably did not know before that they possessed it, or the will was too weak to call it out."

"Then at the spur of danger the limbs and muscles must have acted automatically, without the use of the will."

"I should rather say without the conscious use of the will; or perhaps from a sub-conscious impulse. But the important thing is that this action shows that there *is* this reserve force, and if one wishes and wills he can call it out at any time. Many persons think that as soon as they feel gently tired they must stop work and rest, when all that is necessary is just to call out a fresh supply of the force which is in themselves, and go on with their duties. If they do this they find after a time that they are not nearly so tired as they were, or even feel refreshed. I have known many such cases."

"But, Doctor, you know there is danger of using too much force continually and at length breaking down completely. We all know cases of that kind, too."

"Of course; but these are cases of a forced strain being kept up too long; or where a lack of discretion and common sense are conspicuous. Nature has provided in this case as she has in all others: This hidden reserve is like a reservoir so contrived that as fast as it is emptied it is also being refilled. It is the working of the law that to those who give, more shall be added. Everyone must have periods of rest; that is also a law, but many people desire to rest all the time!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Weitman laughing, "I've known such people. I call them more lazy than ill. Yet laziness is a disease."

"If half the self-styled invalids could be induced to stop thinking of themselves and their ailments, fancied or otherwise, and unselfishly go to work for the good of others, they would soon be astonished to find how many of their ailments had disappeared. Now here is Mrs. Milton, always frail and a sufferer; yet when devotion to her husband and her duty aroused her to action she was able to call out the reserved force which has sustained her in her arduous task. Physically it has not injured her, though she needs a rest. It has also been a distinct help to her in bearing the worries and anxieties concerning Milton's condition and the danger or welfare of the children."

"Father," said Hylma, coming softly from the blue room, "Mrs. Milton is sleeping and is better, I think."

"Sleep is the best medicine for her," replied the doctor. "Are you going home with me, Hylma?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to stay," said Mrs. Weitman.

"I'd like to, but you do not need me. Helen is alone and I know she will miss me."

"And you can really trust the child alone now?"

"Yes, for an hour or two — but not too long."

"What are you going to do with the child, Doctor?" inquired Mrs. Weitman.

"Keep her, I suppose. There really seems nothing else to do. Since her father's death it seems that she hasn't a relative or friend in the world; and Lane left her nothing."

"What would have become of the helpless little creature if you had not found her!"

"And she is quite strong now," said Hylma, "and is unusually bright mentally. It is really a pleasure to teach her."

"Yes," added the doctor, "we have to hold her back in her studies instead of urging her on. She has unusual ability in many ways — musical and artistic."

"You would be surprised, Mrs, Weitman," said Hylma, "to hear her remarks and criticisms on things I read to her. Often she finds out the meanings almost before I do."

"You see," said the doctor, laughing, "the child has completely captivated Hylma. I think she is very glad that we are obliged to keep her."

"Well, I do want to keep her; I'm deeply attached to her. She is such a dear little thing and so interesting. I should miss her."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Weitman, "you ought to start a home for incurables — you and Hylma."

"Well, perhaps we shall sometime; but it will be in your paradise up in the hills."

"Oh, that would be ideal! You would find one patient there — poor Aunt Polly — and we could take some of Miss Edison's children up there for treatment. I've been thinking of something of that sort for a long time."

"Well, keep on thinking, and we'll get it," laughed Hylma.

CHAPTER XV
At Jimmy's Grave

The sun was setting over the hills and the pine woods already lay wrapped in softly enveloping shadows. Mrs. Hewit had for some time been in one of her more gloomy and melancholy moods. During the year past she had greatly felt the absence of Mrs. Weitman, of whom she had grown fond. To Dave and Anne also her loss was a great deprivation.

On this afternoon Mrs. Hewit had wandered out into the forest immediately after the noonday meal and now at almost nightfall had not returned. Supper was ready and waiting and Anne's anxiety was increasing. Leaving the door open for Dave when he came, she ran out among the pines, calling softly: "Aunt Polly! O Aunt Polly!"

But no answer came, and she went swiftly up the path toward Mrs. Weitman's empty cabin, knowing that Mrs. Hewit often lingered about the place for hours. But she was not there now nor at the spring nor among the rocks on the hillside. Then the girl turned her steps in the direction of the fir-tree, hoping and believing that she would find her there. As she drew near the spot she involuntarily paused and held her breath in wonder. The last beams from the fading sunset glow poured a narrow, level shaft of light upon the silver fir and the gleaming white headstone. The light also fell as clearly upon two figures standing there. Just outside the open gate a man, tall and gaunt and gray, shrank back against the fence, staring with wild eyes at Mrs. Hewit, his white haggard face drawn into lines of terror and despair. Mrs. Hewit gazed fixedly at him with a look of unutterable horror and aversion, her hands upraised before her as if to ward off some monstrous or evil thing. Both were motionless.

Suddenly, as if he could endure her look and attitude no longer, he turned. Blindly groping, he found the open gateway and stumbled against the footstone of the grave. Lifting his eyes he read in the clear light, on the headstone facing him, the name of Jimmy Hewit. With a hoarse, choking cry he fell prostrate along the grave.

At that cry Mrs. Hewit wrung her hands and started, like one distraught and blind, toward the densest part of the forest. Then Anne breathed and moved again; and running after Mrs. Hewit she put an arm about her, turning her in the direction of home.

There they found Dave listening to a man who still sat on his horse, a neighbor living a few miles down the moutain. He was telling Dave of a stranger, sick and crazy, they thought, who had appeared at his house one night and the next day had wandered into the woods and never returned.

"Hush, and wait," whispered Anne. "Dave, Aunt Polly is not well. Let us get her in and then I will tell you about the man we just saw."

After placing Mrs. Hewit in her accustomed chair the two came out and Anne told the men of the man now lying dead, as she supposed, on Jimmy's grave.

"That's the one," cried Pete Bunson, dismounting and hitching his horse to a sapling. "I'll go with you, Dave, and we'll look after him. Wouldn't wonder if the ol' feller's gone in. He didn't eat much and seemed mighty porely."

"Here's the key," said Anne, "and you must take him to the cabin, Dave; we can't have him here."

Dave and Pete found that the man was not dead, though entirely helpless and speechless. They carried him to Mrs. Weitman's cabin, undressed and placed him in bed. Then they looked helplessly at each other.

"Blamed if I know what to do," said Pete.

"Same here," replied Dave. "Say, Pete," he added after some thought, "you better go an' git Granny Ferris. You know her old man was struck with dumb palsy; and she'll know just what to do."

"That's the thing," said Pete, much relieved. "I'll cut acrost the hill and they can be here in an hour or two. Reckon I'd better have Sally an' Bush come on for company."

"All right — many as you please," was the response.

Dave kindled a fire, brought water from the spring, and piled the

woodbox with fuel for the night. Then he tip-toed up to the bed and took a long look at the wan face upon the pillow. Where had he seen something like it before? Whom did it resemble? There was something unpleasantly familiar, but he could not tell what it was. Then he thought of the fugitive, the worn, weary boy who had come to them a year ago. Was there a likeness? or was it that both were ill and starved?

While Dave pondered, a small object which had fallen from the stranger's pocket, attracted his attention. Stooping mechanically, he took it in his hand; it was a leather pocketbook; holding it a moment he thought: "It may tell his name and where he comes from. We ought to know and he'll most likely never be able to tell. I'll open it and then put it away to keep for him or his friends."

Going to the light Dave opened the pocketbook. It contained a little change, a couple of small bills, and a few other papers. But Dave scarcely saw these, for across the top of the inner cover, stamped in gilt letters, he read the name of Robert Milton. Tightly clutching the book, he dropped heavily into a chair and stared into the blazing fire. After some minutes he rose slowly and locked the pocketbook away in one of Mrs. Weitman's cupboard drawers.

"Well," Dave whispered. "Well, it's first the boy and next his father. And Aunt Polly knew him; no wonder it upset her. I wonder what's to come of all this jumble anyhow."

Hearing steps on the porch, Dave opened the door and met Mrs. Hewit followed by Anne.

"I couldn't help it," whispered the girl. "She would come."

Without appearing conscious of the presence of the others the old woman went up to the bedside and stood gazing upon the man stretched corpse-like before her. After a time that seemed long to those watching her, she stretched out her arms like one in physical pain, and wringing her hands she cried:

"The curse has come true. It is my work — I cursed him and his. I prayed for evil to come and it has. I've waited for it and hoped for it — and now — now —" Suddenly her hands fell limply at her sides and with bowed head she moved toward the door, murmuring: "I'm not glad! I'm not glad!"

Soon after Mrs. Hewit's departure Pete returned with Granny Ferris seated on the horse behind him, while on another animal rode Bush and his wife, the grand-daughter of Mrs. Ferris. After one

look at the patient Granny said: "It's dumb palsy, shore. He ain't goin' to die right off; but he won't never git will, nuther."

About midnight Dave brought up hot coffee and food for the party. Then Pete went home, Bush and Sally lay down to rest in the back room, while Granny, after attending to all possible needs of the sick man, and making him swallow some warm milk, settled her somewhat bulky figure comfortably in a large rustic armchair to watch until morning. She was happy in the exercise of her special vocation; for Granny was a born nurse, and as the mountain people phrased it, she was a "powerful good yarb doctor," and often traveled many miles on her errands of healing.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the disappearance of Mr. Milton from his home. As no clue had been discovered, his friends, as well as his wife, had accepted his death as an established fact. A drowsy watchman had been half aroused by his passing, and had seen him approach the bridge, but had then begun to doze again; so he had not seen him leave the river and walk away in an opposite direction. Mr. Milton was not observed by any person, for the reason that the hour was too late for any of the night population still to be out, and too early for any others to be astir. Hence no one could give any information.

Mr. Milton had no plans, no object in view. His restlessness impelled him to action of some kind; so he walked quietly out of the city and kept along the pleasant country road, and by the time the sun arose he had put some distance between himself and his home. Stopping at a little wayside place to rest, he was served with a hot breakfast, and then walked on again. Presently a bus passed and hailing it he rode to the end of its route. Then he walked again till he came to a small station where a train had halted. Entering a car he had handed the conductor a bill, as he had not procured a ticket, and then wearied with his unusual exertion he had fallen asleep. He was only roused when the conductor shook him, telling him this was as far as his fare was paid.

On leaving the train he found himself among the pines in the foothills. From thence began his aimless wandering up the mountain road, sometimes straying far from it, stopping at houses for food and rest, and always meeting with kindness and hospitality from the simple "hill people," as they called themselves. But they all concluded his mind was affected. Sometimes he offered money, which was al-

ways refused. At some cabins he remained but a few hours, at others a whole day or even two, speaking little and often departing suddenly without a word of thanks or farewell.

But his restlessness was increasing; so was his gloom and unhappiness. Memories were stirring, all the more painful for being often vague and distorted. By the time he reached the cabin of Pete Bunson he was weary and ill, and they could draw nothing from him concerning his business, friends, or home. When he suddenly disappeared in the heavy pine woods late in the afternoon, Pete's kind heart impelled him to go in search of the unfortunate stranger, whom he found at the Hewit home.

(To be continued)

FREEDOM

I WOULD be free from dogma, cant and creed,
Lest they should veil some vision all divine;
Deluge with human love this heart of mine,
And thus be free from malice, hate and greed.
I would be free, in scorn or praise, to plead
A right and worthy cause with courage fine;
To work, unfettered, in the bright sunshine
Of God's great scheme, and be with it agreed;
In my pursuit of truth be free to find
Some spark of it aglow in every mind;
To fill my treasury of happiness
With fragrant wild-flower deeds of tenderness;
To cherish friends who walk on life's free road,
And dare to seek, alone, the living God! (*Selected*)

—*Vera Heathman Cole*
(*Selected*)