THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS: by H. Travers, M. A.

NEW YEAR is the occasion for much cheap cynicism and many antediluvian newspaper jokes about the failure of good resolutions, and there is no immediate need for nauseating the reader by adding to the number of such witticisms. It is all very well to poke fun at the gallant but futile struggles of the half-hearted aspirant to sainthood; but he who sneers at wisdom merely exposes his own folly. Wit has its right uses and its wrong; and wit and wisdom should be comrades in arms, not foes tilting at one another. Let us be humorous without being cynical, and wise without being dull and sanctimonious.

Nobody but a simpleton would imagine that a man who has spent a whole year in remissness would be able to control his conduct for the whole of the ensuing year by the force of one spasm of good intention indulged for an hour or two at the beginning. It is a question of moral dynamics. When we were children we used to plant flower stalks in the ground, but they did not grow. There was no seed behind them. And so with many good resolutions; there is no seed behind them. Our reforms must be the outcome of deep and prolonged resolution, carried on every day of the year; otherwise their effect will be as feeble as the cause, as short-lived as the spasm which engendered it.

Nevertheless the new year *is* an important time at which to make good resolutions; partly so because it is a special epoch, and partly because it is simply an epoch. Although the potentiality of the future tree lies concealed in the seed, and there can be no tree without the seed, still the seed requires to be planted; and the planting is the work of a moment. And so with our good resolutions; while it is necessary to have the momentum of a whole bygone year's resolve behind them, yet there come moments when we can focus our power, and plant, as it were, the seed which in previous days we have been slowly conceiving. These epochal moments are the *beginnings* of times: the beginning of the day, the beginning of the week, the beginning of the year. Things done at those moments count for more. But the new year is a special epoch because it is the time when all nature is about to renew itself; and thus we have behind our efforts the momentum of that nature of which we form so vital a part and which has such power to further or impede our endeavors.

In the matter of habits, *time* is the most powerful agent, and we must get time on our side. By our impatience, however, we seek to make him an enemy, whereas he is our friend if we will. Habits are the accumulation of time; the lapse of time has made them strong. Time

THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTIST: by Maurice Braun

THERE are few artists who have not had the experience, after much plodding, of suddenly coming upon a view or an idea of such compelling beauty and character that all the hardships and disappointments in the quest are forgotten in the enthusiasm and wonder of the moment. It is with somewhat similar emotions that many a student has greeted the simple and sane presentation of Theosophy as originally taught by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and as now promulgated by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. A sense of wonder is aroused when one finds such a profound understanding of the meaning of life thus presented at a time when it seemed that such a knowledge was practically beyond human reach, and in the realization that the practical application of this knowledge would lead to a gradual and certain growth of character, which is the very key, by the way, to all development in other arts.

'THE BROOK'

Perhaps it is this power of revelation, explaining step by step all the apparent enigmas, which at first holds the student of Theosophy. Broad and universal in its scope, when applied to art and to the artist, it is as illuminating and as helpful as it is in other fields of endeavor. The art student finds in Theosophy a clear, bright light by which, with true vision, fully alive to the real issues, his best efforts may come to their proper maturity.

One of the enigmas, to the artist, is the fact that so much promising material fails to mature. At some period in the art life of many a student and artist, despite unusual opportunities and with exceptional early promise, comes stagnation or even complete deterioration. The simple Theosophical explanation is that the inner, the real man, has been starved. The student has been absorbed in the outer aspects of his art to the exclusion of all the deeper facts of life, and thus, gradually but inevitably, has acquired habits disastrous to the functioning and

will be required to overcome them; but time is another name for patience. The fact that we cannot change a habit in a moment is merely evidence that we *can* change it in time. The one thing is as sure as the other. Therefore we must be persistent and unflagging in our resolutions, adding little by little to the store of power that is accumulating until it will be strong enough to bear down all opposition. The times are in our hands.

A man who makes a resolution in a moment of exaltation, usually makes it with only a part of himself; and the other part does not endorse the undertaking. He catches the devil napping so to say; but when the saint goes to sleep and the devil occupies the stage again, there is trouble. This is why it is necessary to keep on making the resolution again and again. For it is a fact that the human personality is not a single thing but a collection — like a bundle of sticks. When we learn anything new, we have to train the whole nature, part by part, which takes a long time. We learn to do the new thing well one day; and the next day we are back at the starting-point and seem to have made no progress. This is because part of our nature which we had trained has now passed from the field of view, and another part, as yet uncultivated, has come on; and this also needs to be trained. And so we have to go on practising until we have trained every phase of our complex nature. And it is the same with good resolutions: they must be enforced again and again; and efforts too great to be concentrated in the act of a moment must be spread out over a long stretch of time.

It is a law of nature that whoever invokes the powers of good arouses also the powers of evil. And herein comes both his danger and his opportunity. This explains the sudden collapse of spasmodic resolves. When the hosts are arrayed on one side, they muster likewise on the other side, for the battle that is imminent. But the enemy could not be overcome unless he were met.

The power of a good resolution comes from the invocation of our higher nature; for if the forces called in were those of the lower nature, Satan would be divided against himself, and Satan cannot cast out Satan. Aspiration — true prayer — brings this supernal power to our aid, and endows us with a fixity of purpose that renews our efforts after every temporary set-back.

Easter is another crucial time for initiating; for it marks the rebirth of the sun in spring, when, as it crosses the vernal equinox, the new year is regarded by some peoples as really beginning.

even to the existence of his finer sensibilities. Such selfish absorption, even in art, may lead to a complete extinction of all true art sense, starving as it does the very source of inspiration.

We are reminded of a story told of an artist who, in order to study the action of a galloping horse, ran alongside the horse through a crowded street, upsetting all who happened in his way, trampling under foot children at play, quite unconscious perhaps of any brutality on his part. His knowledge of a horse in action may have been greatly augmented, but surely something of his increased brutality must have become apparent in his work, also perhaps quite unconsciously to himself.

Artists in particular need to develop their humanity; they particularly need a balance-giving power such as Theosophy gives. They live so largely in an atmosphere of subjective emotions that unless there is some humanizing and spiritual power in their lives and unless they have some knowledge of their own complex natures, they are likely to be led into bypaths of disintegration. This has become only too evident by the many wrecks all along the way and the stultifying of the efforts of many a genius, which the history of art records. In the minds of some, genius and dissoluteness appear to be inevitably coupled together, as though they were the product of one condition.

It will require several generations of artists and poets entirely devoted to the highest ideals, expressing the highest principles of art and of great purity in their personal lives to wipe out this almost universally accepted stigma upon genius.

To be an artist, one must first of all be a man. A weakling can accomplish nothing lasting and true in any vocation. In fact, artists cannot afford to disregard Theosophy, because it develops the very qualities which are absolutely necessary in their make-up, namely, their true manhood, the power of imagination, an insight into nature and into spiritual truths. It develops a love for humanity, for all things that are good and true and therefore beautiful; it gives a poise, an outlook upon life, and creates an atmosphere which is essential to the normal growth of art. It accentuates the fact that although the technique of art is important to the artist, the technique of right living is infinitely more so.

Moreover it gives an assurance that no labor, no effort is in vain, the least as well as the greatest. With the doctrine of immortality, of continued effort in repeated lives to come, the student may go on confidently, knowing that even though his progress is slow, and final success or realization of the coveted power is not in sight, he yet has every incentive to continue to the end, for he knows that opportunity after opportunity will be his, that for the soul there can be no failure, that

with the soul's indomitable will must come final victory and achievement. This aspect of the doctrine of immortality gives such a broad outlook upon life and its possibilities that it inevitably brings to the nature a quality of discrimination absolutely necessary for the development of art along natural lines. Balance and discrimination are sorely needed now as never before.

If the original purpose of art, namely the service of the divine powers in man, as it was with some of the ancients, or 'art for humanity's sake' as it would be in our modern phraseology, had not fallen to 'art for art's sake,' we should not have so much confusion; there would be no doubts as to the worth of any one of the numerous new art movements.

From the standpoint of a student of Theosophy, there are forces now at work in the field of art, as there are in other fields of endeavor, which threaten to obscure its high mission, that of interpreter of truth and beauty. Theosophy is the champion and inspirer of all that is noble and true and genuine in art, as it also is in other fields. It is a guide, unfailing at every cross-road, pointing ever onward and upward, illuminating the way, and inspiring and encouraging the traveler at every step.

It is the writer's privilege and great pleasure, before closing, to endeavor to pay a fitting tribute to one who directly and indirectly has encouraged and inspired him in his efforts from the time that he first began his art studies. This assistance was particularly appreciated and most highly valued because it came at a time when there was apparently little to encourage, and was repeated generously at times when it was most sorely needed. If a true friend is to be gaged by the thoughtfulness, the generosity and the unfailing kindness displayed in deed and word, then Madame Katherine Tingley is indeed friend; and to her students she is more than friend—their Teacher, Leader, Benefactress.

'A MASTER-BRUSH WHICH BREATHES ITS INSPIRATION FROM POINT LOMA'

In *The Santa Fe Magazine* (August 1917), in the leading article under the above caption, Esther Mugan Bush writes as follows:

. . . None other has better interpreted the elusive charms of the southland than has Maurice Braun, an artist who, in his seven years of sincere work in the midst of such environs, has chummed with nature and has so won the confidence of sea and sky, mountain and valley, canyon, tree and flower and shrub, that he has been able to interpret their varying moods and transfer them to the canvas with unerring brush. These lovely canvas poems of his have made their way into the various art galleries of this country and abroad, carrying with them California's message to the world — the message that here abound space and sunshine and beauty for all.

A MASTER-BRUSH OF POINT LOMA

Mr. Braun came to us from New York, where he was for many years a student in the National Academy of Design, with Edward M. Ward, George W. Maynard, and Francis C. Jones for his instructors. He was born in Nagy Bittse, Hungary, in 1877, but was a very small lad when his parents brought him to this country. Upon finishing his course in the National Academy he sought to leaven his American Training with a bit of European inspiration, and accordingly betook himself to his native country, where he remained a year, gaining in that short time much knowledge which he since has developed in his canvases. Mr. Braun, however, does not foster the idea that American painters are imitators of the French, German, and Dutch schools, as he believes that we have developed a school distinctly our own. . . . . .

MAURICE BRAUN

Mr. Braun argues that American artists generally, although in some instances the product of European thought, are not imitators, but have taken the best of the old traditions and combined them with those of the East and are using them to give expression to their own inner convictions.

"This is particularly true of California art," he avers, "for here we are in a country in the freshness of early youth. It is prosperous without the deadening influence of luxury and excess. It smiles upon the world, happy in its sunny optimism. Its scenery is majestic and possesses qualities to satisfy any taste. It is either lyric or dramatic, as you choose to find it, or it is sober, or gay, or tender, and full of subtleties, or frankly brutal in its rough mountain gorges.

"I have heard many painters remark that our tree life, shrubbery, and other elements in California, are much like those of certain countries, but to my knowledge no one has yet made an absolute comparison. It is just this peculiarity of atmosphere, hill formation, verdure, quality of soil, which most attracts me. . . . Here the immensity of the open spaces are themselves an inspiration. Again, in England, or countries of like latitude, artists cannot help being influenced by the somber atmosphere. Here, even a gray day vibrates luminosity. And how vital is the subject matter. One

is compelled to express it with a preponderance of warmth, because of the brilliancy of the colors which cling and soon become a part of one's vision."

And in this last sentence lies the keynote of a most characteristic quality in Mr. Braun's landscapes. He eminently excels as a colorist, painting always in the high key which is expressive of optimism and cheerfulness. "I cannot paint in a low key," says this artist. "It depresses me and I am sure it would have the same effect upon those who view my work."

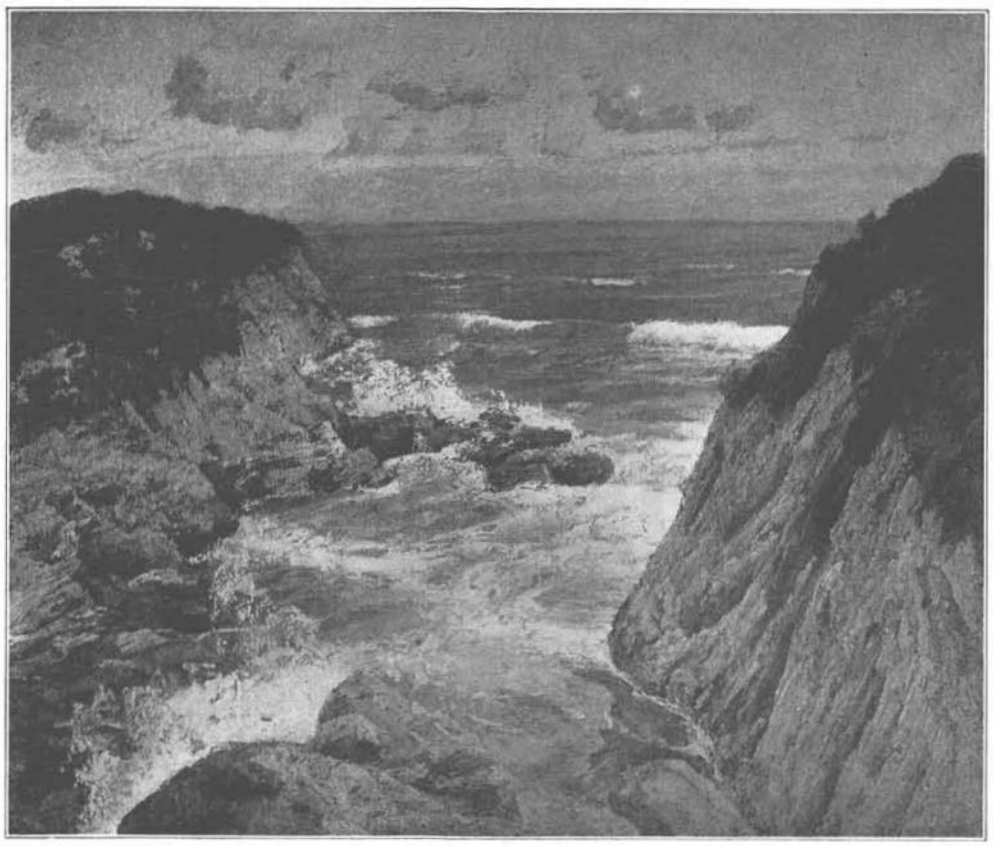
Although he speaks of the gray days which vibrate luminosity, he rarely paints a gray day. Rather has he seemed to absorb the blues and golds, the purples and scarlets and exquisite rose and emerald tints that pervade our atmosphere three hundred and fifty of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. I commented upon the exquisite blue tones which I observed in many of his canvases. "It is impossible to paint around San Diego without getting a great deal of blue into the canvas," he replied, "as it is the dominant note in the color scheme that nature has adopted hereabout." . . .

Speaking of San Diego, Mr. Braun says: "This vicinity has been overlooked by the artist. Neither Greece nor Italy surpasses southern California for artistic atmosphere. This is particularly true of Point Loma, affording as it does a splendid view of the ocean, bay, shore, and hills. In many respects we have superior advantages, for our sky is bluer, our waters have more colors, and our trees and flowers are brighter. It is indeed an Eden for those who seek the beautiful in Nature." . . .

From his talented and versatile brush have come hundreds of worthy canvases, interpretative of the best that southern California has to offer. He has grasped the brilliancy of her sunlight, the gorgeous, fleecy loveliness of her cloud glories -- those 'dry' billowy clouds that hover ever over our picturesque harbor, serving but to enhance the blue of the firmament and adding greatly to the beauties of the bay region. He has given us the bay by moonlight, mystic and fascinating under the night spell.

Point Loma, where the artist makes his home amidst the transcendently beautiful surroundings of the Theosophical Headquarters, has been to him an endless source of inspiration. 'Along the Point Loma Shore,' reproduced herewith, admirably portrays one of the picturesque coves which witness the ceaseless ebb and flow of the mighty Pacific. Another of our illustrations, 'Point Loma Hills,' is a remarkable treatment of landscape, although the reproduction but inadequately conveys the beauty that the original painting in oil contains, for mere black and white never can suggest the wonderful color tones that are always the crowning beauty of a Braun canvas. However, it does not require the eye of a connoisseur to discover the admirable technique and the happy composition of this subject. . . .

But if Mr. Braun has found the road to success beset with stones and briars, he seems not to have been cast down by such obstacles. Is it the philosophy of Theosophy, I wonder, that has clothed his spirit with such brilliant visions? At any rate his canvases are joyous things — companions



'ALONG THE POINT LOMA SHORE'

for our gayer hours — that breathe of woodland beauties, laughing waters, the songs of birds, and, over and above all, the sparkling, warmth-giving sunlight.

One of Mr. Braun's paintings which has created nation-wide comment is his 'San Diego Bay from Point Loma.' This is a large canvas, showing in the foreground a canyon flooded with brilliant sunlight, then a stretch of the blue waters of San Diego Bay, and in the middle distance the city lying low along the shore, "flushed with pinkish lights and purple shadows of this clear clime;" behind the city are the mountains, clothed in violet and over all is a glorious bank of shifting, colorful clouds. It is a wonderful portrayal of our city beautiful and has been hung in most of the prominent galleries in the East, doing much to acquaint our eastern friends with the advantages which San Diego has to offer.

ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

ALL thoughtful people must be interested in this question, and must often have reflected upon it. In considering such problems it is usual to start with a definition of religion; but that would take too much space, and perhaps it is better left undefined in any case. Religions are partly traditional and authoritative, and partly due to personal conviction; these two factors enter into the question always. There is generally a war waging between them, the upholders of tradition and authority on the one side, and the advocates of internal experience on the other. This conflict is so familiar to us from the pages of history, as well as from present experience, that we are apt to think it inevitable. Nevertheless the war is only a peculiarity of the particular age in which we have been living, and it did not always exist, nor is it inevitable. It is argued by the upholders of tradition and authority that, if individual freedom is allowed, it will lead to an endless variety of sects; and this tendency we do indeed observe. But on the other hand, authority and tradition tend to destroy the value of personal experience and to narrow down religion into dogmatism and bigotry.

If everybody's internal experience were the same, then religious freedom would not lead to diversity of beliefs, but to uniformity. In science we can obtain uniform results, so long as our observations are confined to those of the physical senses possessed equally by all men. The facts and laws of nature must be uniform; and if we can only observe them accurately and reason correctly about them, we shall arrive at uniform results in science — uniform in essentials at any rate, even though with local differences of taste and manner of expression. But how stands the case with religion? Can that also be a matter to be determined by observation? Are there *spiritual* facts and laws of nature, which can be ascertained by observation, and which will consequently lead to uniform results wherever and by whomsoever observed? The answer to this question must be that, in our present civilization this is not so. We do not seem to possess faculties that would enable us to ascertain without error the spiritual facts of nature and laws of life, and consequently we are left largely to mere speculation; while individual experiences do not always corroborate each other. This is why freedom tends to lead to diversity and chaos.

But what if man has been living for millenniums in an age of spiritual decline, during which his attention has been so focussed on material and external experiences that he has become unable to use his faculties of spiritual discernment? What if there were ages when man was not so occupied with wars and material pleasures and acquisitions,

and when he possessed undimmed spiritual discernment? Then, under those circumstances, it might have been possible for mankind in general to achieve uniformity in religious experience, so that there would be one religion for all mankind, with perhaps unimportant local differences.

This is, in fact, what, according to Theosophy, has occurred. For, besides tracing the animal evolution of man, Theosophy is concerned also with his divine origin, and traces the development of his mind and higher faculties. The scientific doctrines of evolution are true to a certain extent. It is true that man's body is derived from all the lower kingdoms of nature, mineral, vegetable, and animal; but no evolution whatever can take place without some higher power descending into a material or organism and causing that material or organism to expand and grow into something higher. Hence, if we could look far enough back into the history of the human race, we should come to a time when the first intelligent race of physical men was brought into existence by the descent of *Mind* into organisms ready prepared to receive it. Mankind receives its light from great teachers and leaders and men of genius, who appear from time to time and leave their impress upon races for a long time afterwards.

Science, with its view of evolution, has attempted to trace the evolution of religion in the same way, and to represent the greater as having always proceeded from the less; and we are doubtless familiar with books which describe the religious beliefs and superstitions of uncivilized races, and try to explain how our present religions must have evolved from these. Many of these attempts strike us as very lame and far-fetched. It is especially difficult, on such lines, to explain the wonderful similarities that exist between the legends of the creation of man, the Garden of Eden, the Fall, the Serpent and Tree, the Flood, etc. And, as it is impossible to account for these resemblances by supposing a collusion between so many and so widely-separated races, the theorists are driven back upon the suggestion that the human mind is so uniformly constituted that men in all lands and all ages will always *invent* exactly the same myths. But, while this might be so in a general way, it becomes altogether too improbable when we try to apply it to the legends mentioned above. The resemblances are too exact.

Theosophy says that all religions have proceeded from a common and universal culture that once spread all over the inhabited globe; and that this was in times when mankind was more spiritual and less material than at present. Afterwards, when a separation took place, the different races resulting from the dispersal took away with them to their settlements portions of the universal religion, and these became gradually transformed until the present diversity of beliefs arose. This accounts

for the fact that religions are so different and yet so similar. It is like the many languages of the Indo-European family, all so different, and yet all traceable back to the same roots and the same principles of inflexion.

This also explains those wonderful and elaborate systems of mythology which we find, for instance in ancient Greece and Rome, in Egypt and India, in Scandinavia, and among the aborigines of the Americas. Theorists are hard put to it to account for these. It seems impossible that a savage humanity could ever have put together such elaborate systems, or could ever have had a motive for so doing. And then they are so similar wherever found. But those who have gone deeply into the study of these mythologies have discovered that, when interpreted symbolically, they can be shown to represent the same fundamental truths. The fact is that these mythologies are simply the traditional remains of the teachings of the universal Wisdom-Religion, which teachings were always expressed in symbolical language, such as we actually use in our present religions. After the separation of races (alluded to in true mythical form in the legend of the Tower of Babel) the different migrant races each adapted the teachings to their own special needs, and gave them local coloring; so that we find Gardens of Eden all over the world, and the Tree in the Garden is all kinds of trees, and its fruit is all kinds of fruit, according to whether the legend was preserved in Asia or America or elsewhere. And we find Hercules and Apollo appearing over and over again in different guises and disguises, but always representing the might of the human Soul in its triumph over the temptations of the flesh.

These remarks may now be amplified by some quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's great work *The Secret Doctrine*, which we cite by volume and page, adding comments.

If it is shown that in those ages which are shut out from our sight by the exuberant growth of tradition, human religious thought developed in uniform sympathy in every portion of the globe; then it becomes evident that, born under whatever latitude, in the cold North or the burning South, in the East or West, that thought was inspired by the same revelations, and man was nurtured under the protecting shadow of the same TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. —Volume I, page 341

This suggests that religious knowledge was, in the days spoken of, a matter of certainty; just as are those natural laws which science investigates. Observe too that the word *knowledge* is used.

No one can study ancient philosophies seriously without perceiving that the striking similitude of conception between all — in their exoteric form very often, in their hidden spirit invariably — is the result of no mere coincidence, but of a concurrent design: and that there was, during the youth of mankind, one language, one knowledge, one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself.—I, 341

What has become of all this knowledge and culture? Is it all lost but what we can recover by interpreting the mythologies? By no means; for the records are preserved from age to age.

More than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder . . . who had *invented* a new religion, or revealed a new truth. These founders were all *transmitters*, not original teachers. They were the authors of new forms and interpretations, while the truths upon which the latter were based were as old as mankind. Selecting one or more of those grand verities — actualities visible only to the eye of the real Sage and Seer — out of the many orally revealed to man in the beginning, preserved and perpetuated in the *adyta* of the temples through initiation, during the MYSTERIES and by personal transmission — they revealed these truths to the masses. Thus every nation received in its turn some of the said truths, under the veil of its own local and special symbolism; which, as time went on, developed into a more or less philosophical cultus, a Pantheon in mystical disguise. — I, xxxvi

Thus the resemblance of Christianity to other religions, such as has been shown by the discovery of cuneiform inscriptions in Chaldaea, having the stories of the Creation and Flood, is no disparagement whatever to Christianity; nor is the fact that Creation and Flood stories are found among the ancient Americans. The religious teachers merely gave out facts and truths; they presented these in a new light for the people among whom they appeared. After the departure of the teacher, the teachings began to assume a more dogmatic form, and schisms occurred, giving rise to sects. As to the preservation of records, we read that:

The members of several esoteric schools — the seat of which is beyond the Himâlayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, India, Tibet, and even in Syria, besides South America — claim to have in their possession the *sum total* of sacred and philosophical works in MSS. and type: all the works, in fact, that have ever been written, in whatever language or characters, since the art of writing began. — I, xxiii.

The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its presence and character in every land, together with the teaching of all its great adepts, exist to this day in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity. —I, xxxiv

If these quotations appear too slight, we must refer the reader to their source, where he will find much more which there is not room to quote. We have shown that knowledge is preserved in two chief ways: it is accessible to those who have the eyes wherewith to see; and it is preserved in documentary form. It is of course most important to us today to realize that there is all this at the back of us; for we are the heirs of this knowledge, and it is our heirloom. Secresy became necessary when mankind began abusing this knowledge. Among the teachers who have given out some of the Secret Doctrine in a form adapted to the requirements of their time, must be reckoned H. P. Blavatsky. The influence of her work on the ideas and spirit of the times is already visible.

An extensive comparison of the various myths and pantheons, if undertaken in the light of the above remarks, will lead to an interpretation of the truths concealed in them. Who were the gods? Originally men, in many cases, teachers of mankind. Every mythology speaks of divine ancestors, gods and demigods and heroes, who preceded the race of ordinary men and gave them teachings, arts, and sciences, which were preserved and handed down. For evolution cannot be accomplished without the descent of something higher into that which is to evolve; and man was evolved by the descent of Mind into that which was 'mindless.' But Mind is not abstract, but a possession of intelligent beings — advanced men, whose lives as ordinary men belonged to an earlier cycle, and who subsequently appear as teachers to promote the evolution of succeeding races. These were the divine ancestors, whose memories often degenerated into myths and symbols not understood or misunderstood. All fable and superstition must have a basis of fact somewhere behind it; for the existence of a counterfeit argues the reality of the genuine. Sham Mysteries were imitations of real Mysteries, and spurious oracles were the unworthy successors of the true oracles.

Our races — they [the traditions] all show — have sprung from divine races. — II, 365.

These Beings appear first as 'gods' and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as 'divine-Kings and Rulers.' But this fact has gradually been forgotten. 366

Not only Herodotus — the 'father of History' — tells us of the marvelous dynasties of gods that preceded the reign of mortals, followed by the dynasties of demi-gods, Heroes, and finally men, but the whole series of classics support him. 367.

In the Turin papyrus . . . in the words of the Egyptologist, de Rougé: "Champollion, struck with amazement, found that he had under his own eyes the whole truth. . . . It was the remains of a list of dynasties embracing the furthest mythoic times, or the *reign of the gods and heroes*. . . . At the very outset of this curious papyrus we have to arrive at the conviction that so far back already as the period of Ramses, those mythic and heroical traditions were just as Manetho had transmitted them to us; we see figuring in them, as Kings of Egypt, the gods Seb, Osiris, Horus, Thoth-Hermes, and the goddess Ma, a long period of centuries being assigned to each of these." 367-368.

Religion, then, is loyalty to the truth — that truth which man by his faculties can know. It is loyalty to the divine in human nature. Religion will always be reborn from age to age, for its seed is preserved through all temporal decay.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society has for its motto the aphorism, "There is no religion higher than Truth"; and this motto aptly sums up our remarks — that religion surely must rest on a foundation of *reality*, however deeply this may be concealed.

STUDIES IN VERGIL: by J. O. Kinnaman, M. A., PH. D.

I: INTRODUCTION

WHAT is it," asks M. Patin, "that makes the story of Aeneas establishing himself in Italy into a Roman Epic? It is the eminently national character of the legend used by the poet; . . . it is the perspectus continually opened, down *the history of Rome*. . . ."

The above quotation appropriately opens the first subject of our discussion: the true historical foundation of the great Roman epic. It is a subject on which very little indeed, as far as we are aware, has ever been written, but yet one upon which every classical student wishes for more information, from the fact that Homer, very far from being the dreamer-poet, has been found, thanks to the faith of one man, Dr. H. Schliemann, to be a veritable mine of history, archaeology, ethnology, folklore, geography, and numerous other things. Scholars have also devoted their lives to research in philology in relation to Homer, and considered their labors a success if they were able to add even one small particle of new knowledge to the great accumulation of Homeric erudition. But no such great school of research workers has grown up around Vergil, because of the fact, perhaps, that Vergil is as historical as George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, and there is not a mist of uncertainty surrounding him as in the case of Homer. No one can deny that Vergil wrote the Aeneid, nor can the poem be attributed to a 'school of rhapsodists,' nor can it be divided into its 'original lays,' nor can there be any 'Wolfian theory,' nor can 'Nine cities claim

VERGIL

the Vergil dead, Through which the living Vergil begged his bread.'

Vergil was Rome's greatest poet, second to none in that great literary age — the Augustan. He is not surrounded by mystery. We know him; he belongs to the world, and hence the lack of *motif* among scholars to enter into lengthy and learned discussions. They take him for granted, and there the matter rests. But there is more in Vergil than 'imitative poetry,' imagination, flowery language, stiff hexameter, epic machinery that will not run, mythology, a desire to please a mighty potentate, or to revive and popularize a dead religion; and this it will be our purpose to show.

HOMER

In 1906 Dr. Kelsey and I were discussing certain phases of Vergil, when I suggested to him 'the Bar- ren Lands' in Vergilian studies. He immediately retaliated by requesting that I read a paper upon the subject before The Classical Association of the Middle West. Thus began the study of Vergil, when I first began the study of the Homeric poems, the professors of the day spent much time — with a show of profound erudition — in propounding the theory that the Iliad was an allegory setting forth the struggles of Apollo (the sun god) in traversing the sky from "Morn to the dewy eve"; that the Trojans were merely the clouds of a summer's day; and so on, ad infinitum.

One man believed that the shovel and pick would reveal things beyond the wildest fancy of the romancer. Acting upon this belief with the faith engendered of conviction, choosing the hill that legend said was the site of Homeric Troy, he set to work, and the results were the most astounding in the history of scholarship. That man was Dr. Schliemann, and his work is now a matter of common knowledge. But I wish to say for the benefit of younger students that the state of mind into which scholars were thrown when the news flashed around the world that the Homeric Troy had actually been found, can scarcely be imagined. Scholars saw their pet theories, which they had labored so sedulously

to build, tumble about their ears like a house of cards. When it was announced that the tomb of Agamemnon had been found, it was like a thunder clap from a clear sky. Then men began to concede cautiously that an historical foundation of the Homeric epic *might be possible*, that *some* of the characters might have been men of real flesh and blood and not the figments of a blind poet's fancy, nor the phantasy of an overwrought mythology. The characters began to take the form of real men, though shadowy at first, walking, as it were, either in too dim light, or in the too intense arc-light of archaeology to be clearly seen. Troy became more than a legend; it became a real ancient city in the Troad; the walls of Troy and the 'Scaean Gates' had become again a reality.

These great discoveries lifted scholars out of the scholastic rut in which they had rested so comfortably for centuries. They could no longer juggle with logic and fancy, but they must now turn their attention to the interpretation of cold facts. They now have a double-edged sword which must be handled with care lest it slay. Men are slow to change their habits of thinking; they ultimately think in grooves, as it were; they cannot inhibit impulse moving over the line of least resistance, which in the case of the mind is the one most frequently used. The older generation finally adjusted itself to the new tenor of things; to the younger generation it was the regular modus operandi, until now we live in daily expectation of new discoveries, fresh light upon old subjects of investigation, revelations, illuminations, and confirmations.

Daily the spade of the archaeologist is opening new vistas of ancient life, confirming the Greek and Roman writers, converting legend into history.

In order that we may intelligently study Vergil, it is necessary, as a first step, that we lay hold of the *purpose* of the Aeneid.

M. Boissier holds that the Aeneid is a religious epic, and that the chief purpose of Aeneas is the introduction of the Trojan gods into Latium. Vergil was an Epicurean. It is possible that Vergil recognises the gods which Aeneas is bringing to Italy as *symbols* of divinity, but in his mind they have no real significance. They came from Troy, but they derive their importance from Rome; Rome does not owe her importance to them. While religion may be a minor factor in the poem, yet it is not the *motif*. We must look deeper. It seems to me that the following lines from Vergil himself would shed some light upon the subject:

> Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
> inferretque deos Latio: genus unde Latinum
> Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.—*Aen.* I: 5.

Especially in the case of the line in which he sums up his theme:

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.—*Aen.* I: 33.

This last line gives us the key to the purpose of the entire poem. Vergil looks down through history from Aeneas to Augustus; from Augustus up to Aeneas, and he finds it telling one story, breathing one spirit, the spirit that brought Aeneas from Troy to the Tiber's mouth; that consolidated Rome; that subjugated Carthage; in fact, the spirit that made Rome what it was.

If the verse quoted above is the keystone to the arch of the Aeneid, why did not Vergil write an historical poem? There was plenty of material at hand: Vergil was deeply interested in antiquities; Roman history was full of the deeds of great men, and these, together or separately, were capable of poetic treatment. Ennius had written an historical poem of the Punic Wars. Other contemporaries were writing of Julius and Augustus. Vergil in earlier life began an epic dealing with the Kings of Alba, but abandoned it, as he tells us (*Ecl.* VI: 3).

Perhaps there were two reasons why Vergil did not commit himself to historical poetry. First, there is a lack of *unity* in history that prevents metrical history from becoming a poem. The poet is held closely to fact, to the narration of a series of events, and these events, except in treatment of history as philosophy, seem not to be related to a central concept; without this central concept a poem is utterly impossible. Second, the functions of poetry and history are different. Aristotle says that "Poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular." It is the universal that Vergil wishes to express, but to express this universal he must draw upon the particular. He must have a central concept around which the details that make for the universal may be grouped. He must see clearly the philosophy of history without projecting it upon the consciousness of the reader; he must be scientific in his treatment without academic erudition; he must appeal to the human side of his readers, arouse and enlist their sympathy. In short, the task Vergil assigned himself was that of expressing the Roman people; not only that, but the utterance of humanity. The Aeneid's interest is not local but universal; it expresses the feelings not of a tribe, people, or nation, but of all civilized humanity. It has been the favorite poem of European races for nearly two thousand years, expressing for them the fountain source of all activity — love and sorrow. It is the poem of the birth of a people, the work done, the suffering and sorrow endured to found a race, the spirit brought forth that should enable a race to hold sway over the whole world, and stand for it as a symbol of union and peace. This the task, this the theme Vergil set for himself. What material should

he choose in order to carry this great, grand, and sublime concept to fulfilment?

If we were removed two thousand years from the Pilgrim Fathers, would we believe that one hundred homeless, wandering, poverty-stricken exiles laid the foundation of the great American Republic? Would we believe that they nearly starved and froze to death on the dreary and 'rock bound' coast of New England? I am inclined to answer in the negative. We would relegate the romance of these same people to the wild imaginings of some unsettled intellect. Yet their actual history is, apparently, far more impossible than the works of Aeneas.

The parallel between the *Mayflower*, and its passengers and the fleet that carried Aeneas to Italy, is striking. The Pilgrims were bringing their Penates to the American shores in order to enjoy religious freedom and to found a new home for themselves and their posterity. They were exiles who did not wish to spend their lives in Leyden, and have their children grow up Hollanders, thus forgetting their English tongue, manners, and customs. Aeneas was seeking a new home for the Penates of Troy; seeking under divine guidance a place wherein to perpetuate the ideals of the Trojan race. The new home of the Penates of the Pilgrims (under divine guidance as they considered themselves) was America; that of the Trojan Penates, Italia. One developed into the Roman Empire, the other into the United States of America. Yet the acts of the Pilgrims are history, authentic. Was Aeneas historical, and Vergil his historian? That is the question that we would investigate, not with the hope that we may settle it, but merely that we may suggest certain lines of investigation.

II — The Probable Historicity of Aeneas

In order to appreciate thoroughly the probable historicity of Aeneas, it is necessary for us to study further the Iliad and the recent discoveries in the Troad, in order to see what the latest research has revealed in that regard. Dr. Walter Leaf is the eminent English authority upon the Iliad and the Troad, and his latest work, *A Study in Homeric Geography*, gives the latest word, as it were, in regard to Homeric study. We shall quote from his works, giving him full credit, for the writer does not assume original research work in the Homeric field. On page 13 in the Introductory, Dr. Leaf says:

> I can feel no doubt that the Iliad is based on a very solid foundation of historical fact . . . the Trojan catalogue is essentially a contemporaneous document . . . it has survived in something very like its original form.

And in further evidence of authenticity the author says on page 214:

It is almost self-evident — that the Iliad is the outcome of a large mass of earlier poetry, dealing with the same story, and assumed to be universally familiar.

In attempting to identify Hissarlik with the real Homeric Troy, on page 28 he says: "The identity of the larger features is unmistakable." Its location is identical with the text of Homer. In fact, every detail, (and Homer gives no detail in description except in one place, *i. e.*, in regard to the hot and cold springs) or rather impression, for Homer takes it for granted that the listener is personally familiar with the landscape scenes with which he deals, every picture, is complete and agrees with the text of the Iliad as it has finally reached us, except in identifying the Scamander with the present Maeander. But after discussing this problem, Dr. Leaf concludes:

We can say with confidence that in all points where the landscape is fixed, Homer represents it with absolute faithfulness; and in the points where it is fluctuating, as the changing course of the Scamander, it is possible to frame a reasonable hypothesis which makes the whole picture consistent.

Then we may conclude that present-day scholars have agreed, in the main, that the plain in which Hissarlik is situated is the Homeric Troad. Therefore, let us examine the hill of Hissarlik in the light of latest excavations.

The Ruins of Troy

The plain of Troy, today, is subject to inundations in the winter and is malarious during the summer, so, as a result, though the soil is very fertile, the plain is practically not inhabited. This does not seem to have been true in Homeric times; at least, Homer nowhere gives us any such hint; this change is probably due to change in drainage rather than any other cause. The 'City of Troy' is located upon a hill standing in the midst, or rather projecting into the midst, of this plain, called Hissarlik. Dr. Schliemann considered this the site of the Homeric Troy, and, on the strength of his faith, spent his time and money in excavating it. The hill is about the shape of a hemisphere with a section taken off the top. Originally it was about fifty feet high; debris and successive settlements raised it to approximately one hundred and twenty feet above the sea-level. It does not stand today at quite that average height, due to the excavations.

I wish to correct some erroneous notions that have arisen in regard to this hill. Dr. Schliemann found the hill in strata, each stratum representing a distinct settlement. Each of these strata he denominated as a 'city,' and the name has clung to them ever since. But each of these strata, while representing a distinct settlement, and a distinct degree of culture, do not represent a 'city' as understood in the modern sense,

nor do they even represent a town. The hill at the stratum of the Homeric Troy is about one hundred yards in diameter, giving an area of about five acres on which to build the 'city' and its walls of defense. It would be more properly speaking to say that the 'city' was a castle, the home, or, more truly, the fort of some chieftain who ruled over the district. It is necessary for us to grasp this fact clearly so that our eyes may not be blinded by the glamor of a city in the modern sense. This castle could be the residence of the chief, of a few of his retainers, and contain barracks for a small garrison. This was what really constituted the 'city' of Troy. It was the fort, corresponding to the 'fort and blockhouse' of our early frontier settlements. No doubt there must have been some kind of 'town' built within accessible distance of the fort, to which the rural inhabitants could flee in time of danger. All traces of such a town are lost, and its existence is mere conjecture, yet one founded upon analogy.

The 'city' that has been identified by Dr. Dörpfeld as the Homeric Troy is the Sixth Stratum counting from the bottom. The remains here worthy of our notice consist of the great fortification-wall of masonry, three gates, towers, and houses. Without entering into a technical discussion, which would avail us naught at this time, it is sufficient for us to note the conclusions reached by Dr. Walter Leaf. We are fully justified in

co-ordinating the Sixth Stratum with the period known in Greece as the Late Mycenean, and in Crete as late Minoan III. The Sixth Stratum flourished during the second half of the second millennium, from 1500 to 1200 or 1100 B. C.

Without going into further detail, we can say that the Troy of Homer's Iliad, the hill of Hissarlik, and the 'city' of the Sixth Stratum, agree so closely that one would feel compelled to say that the poet was an eye-witness of the scenes of which he sings. Thousands have written, we will say, about the battle of Gettysburg, yet no two eye-witnesses absolutely agree; however, we would not question the actual battle, nor the statement that each writer saw that which he claims. Then why should we question in regard to an actual Trojan War?

Again Dr. Leaf has added irrefutable proof, due to his deep insight and personal study of the location of Hissarlik. He concludes that during the period of the fifteenth, to the eleventh, centuries B. C., Hissarlik was then what Byzantium later became, or Constantinople is at the present time in regard to the Black Sea. In other words it was the key to the Euxine, controlling the trade of southern Russia, and therefore, incidentally, of the central plain of Europe *via* the Danube; also it controlled the overland trade route through Asia Minor. If this were true,it is easy to reconstruct the cause or causes of the Trojan War.

If Homer is authentic in respect to the war, why doubt the authenticity of his characters? If Troy actually existed, if the war was actually fought, why are not such characters as Agamemnon, Priam, Menelaus, Odysseus, Hector, Achilles, or even Helen herself, also true to life and actual characters?

I am aware that I face the possibility of seeming over-credulous, and this condition of mind might be assigned (by higher critics) to ignorance deep and profound; yet I have always maintained that the leading characters of the Iliad were historical, or, at least, had their foundation in historical fact. I believe that Drs. Schliemann and Dörpfeld have practically proven to all fair-minded men, that at least two of the characters of the Iliad were real men of flesh and blood. If these two were historical, why not the others? In his character sketches, like his landscape touches, Homer sweeps with artistic hand, taking it for granted that his characters are so well known that they need not his description — only an epithet here and there in order to call attention to well known characteristics. He does not dare to portray in detail or to exaggerate, for his audience is as well acquainted with the characters in play as a modern audience would be with McKinley, Lincoln, Grant, or Lee. With the touch of a great artist he refers to his characters in such way as to flatter his audience, in that he assumes that they are as well acquainted with them as he. This attitude upon the part of the poet, seems to me to throw the onus of the argument over to the negative. He seems to take it for granted that his listeners *know* that the men and women of whom he sings are historical. This very attitude is in favor of his authenticity.

We may properly ask at this point, What was the attitude of the Greeks and Romans in historical times in regard to the question?

After the fall of Homeric Troy, that great tide of Hellenic movement, the Dorian Invasion, set in. Two hundred years after the fall, the first movement in Hellenic colonization takes place to the islands of the Aegean and the coast of Asia Minor. Troy is succeeded in importance by Miletus, Abydos, etc., until the 'hard luck' of Troy passed into proverb in the form of Ἰλίῳ ἀεὶ κακά. A thousand years pass without Troy being often called to our attention, but it is by no means forgotten by the Greeks, who were ever reminded of its importance by the temple of Athena at Troy. This was said to be the identical building whither the Trojan matrons carried their richest garments to lay at the feet of the goddess; also in it were preserved the arms of some of the heroes of the Trojan war. At least, the fame of the temple was world-wide, as is shown by the visits of Xerxes and of Alexander the Great. Xerxes visited it at the time of his first invasion of Greece; Alexander

on the occasion of his invasion of Persia. One other historical custom points to the authenticity of the Trojan War and the fame of this same temple of Athena, *viz.* the sending of an annual tribute of maidens by the Lorians, which ceased only when the temple was finally overthrown by a barbarian horde.

Our attention is again called to Troy by Demetrius of Scepsis, who as a young man visited it about 180 B. C. He calls it κωμόπολις, *i. e.*, an overgrown country village, its houses not having tiled roofs. The remains confirm the statement, as not a piece of tile roofing has been found below the Roman stratum.

After the visit of Alexander, Troy seems to have become a religious center due to the famous temple of Athena. Then the Romans fostered it because of their tradition (?) that the first Roman came from there. Troy enjoyed prosperity and immunity from the wheel of chance until 89 B. C., when Fimbria sacked the town and murdered the inhabitants.

We could go into further detail, but shall not do so at this time. The remains of Troy date from the Palaeolithic Age down to the late Roman times; the Sixth Stratum is practically identical with Homer's text; the site was fostered by both Greek and Roman; its location is such as to furnish a ***key*** for just such a struggle as the Trojan War purports to have been. To make a conservative statement, we may say that all things seem to substantiate Homer, making him not only the greatest poet the world has ever seen, but also the first authentic historian of Greece. We have so long looked upon him only as the poet, that it is somewhat of a shock for us to think of him in the light of an historian. The same is true of Vergil; we have the habit of thought so ingrained of classing him next after Homer as a great poet, that we have not stopped to study the historical foundation of the Aeneid.

INSTEAD of wishing our readers a happy or prosperous New Year, we feel more in the vein to pray them to make it one worthy of its brilliant herald. This can be effected by those who are courageous and resolute. Thoreau pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are . . . masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyze them by indifference, or actively drag them down. — H. P. BLAVATSKY in *Lucifer*

WHY DO WE SUFFER? by Lydia Ross, M. D.

WERE we as anxious to know the real cause of suffering as we are to know how to escape it, we should understand the mystery of life.

Madame Blavatsky said that "almost every individual life is, in its full development, a sorrow." Evidently, then, suffering must have a distinct place and purpose in the human drama. Moreover, something deep within man's nature must consciously work to fulfil the great purpose which lies back of the pain in human life. But for this subconscious will and willingness to live and endure, the race, long since, would have come to an end, unable to support 'The misery of existence.'

The impulse to live is so natural and inherent that the current of human affairs flows steadily on with the majority, day after day. Few stop to question what it is that keeps up their interest and their desire to go on playing a part which is rarely satisfactory. There are always thousands who are cramped and dulled and weary with a monotonous daily routine: but they long for a change and a broader field of activity, rather than wish for the end to come. Even the pious people who feel sure of a place in heaven are in no hurry to leave the earth. The story is told of a bishop asking the captain of a ship on which he was a passenger, during a severe storm, if there was any danger. On hearing the captain's reply that "if this storm does not moderate we shall all be in heaven in half an hour," the Bishop exclaimed, 'God forbid!'

The pleasure seekers are anxious to prolong their days also. Even those who have the means and leisure to exhaust every enjoyment and sensation, and are bored and satiated without a single resource of lasting satisfaction, are not eager to try another world.

This clinging to life is no less strong in many who are utterly wretched and hopeless. In the public hospitals and in miserable homes there are always men and women who are poor, sick, unloved and helpless, racked with pain, anxiety and hopeless misery, who yet cling to life tenaciously. Something within their nature seems able to know the purpose of it all, and to remain untouched by troubles.

There is no question that Death is pushed back at times of acute crisis in sickness, or chronic illness, by the strong will to live. Other patients, seemingly not so ill, negatively drift away because they lack the desire to live.

To the courageous there is a compensation in suffering which gives them something finer than it takes away.

It is noteworthy that the modern increase in suicide is not mainly

among the poor and wretched. He who runs may read in the daily papers of these tragedies among those whose financial and social position leaves nothing to be desired, in externals. Not a few men of ability and with congenial ties, reach the goal of their ambition by strenuous efforts limited to the material world of affairs. Then without apparent reason, they commit suicide. They have been so unconscious that life was for all-round development of the nature, that they recklessly end the unsatisfying round. The successful, prosperous materialist, who reaches the limit of resources in his own world, and ends his life because it has nothing more to offer, is a bankrupt and a failure in the conscious sense that does not measure itself by mere things around it. He is worse off in soul power and riches than his miserable fellow-men who blindly live out their experiences. Though the unhappy pauper's brain-mind may think he is a weakling and a failure in gaining possessions, his unseen soul may be learning how its greatness shall yet dominate all things. Each man's experience becomes a part of himself; and a lifetime of blind suffering may be a preparation to see things more clearly in future lives.

In the light of reincarnation, the larger purpose of growth which links the lives together is a satisfying clew to the present. In the grand sweep of this truth, no experience is felt to be either fatal or final. The present is always an incident and an outcome of our own karma, and so can it be made the starting point of better future conditions. Having made the present what it is, we are making the future what it shall be. As the creator of our own conditions, we can plan to escape many of the old evils by learning wherein we have failed before. It is indeed true that we 'are not punished for our sins but by them.' And it is equally true that we are not rewarded for our virtues but by them.

Had the old theology taught man that he was a soul, this knowledge of his essential divinity would have ingrained into humanity a broader, nobler, and more courageous view of life. Instead of his present uncertainty and vague fear of the unknown, he would confidently respond to the challenge of any test of endurance which life had to offer. Trouble would be recognised as an opportunity to develop latent ability to meet and control difficulties. With each experience he would take on a fresh sense of freedom, finding himself the master not the slave of conditions. Suffering would not find him already half conquered by his fear of it, he would count on finding that his pain was less than his gain would be.

A man must believe that he is a soul to call forth the soul power, which theology has shrouded with so much doubt and fear. Nothing less than a conscious knowledge that he is divine can overcome the belittling fear, which, for ages, had cramped and crippled the expression

of the higher nature. A realizing sense that they are souls makes gods and heroes of mere men. Amiel has well said: "Heroism is the overcoming by the soul of the Fear of Suffering and Isolation." People complain as bitterly of loneliness and lack of sympathy as they do of physical pain: and few escape them. The actual experience is often easier to bear than the fear of it, because fear belongs to the lesser nature. The deepest sorrow may brush aside the superficial things in a nature, and show the riches of unsounded depths of unselfish feeling.

The pampered child that is hurt or lost, is at the mercy of pain and loneliness. Fear intensifies his sufferings. His training has taught him to look to others for help and he has no clew to his own resources. His devoted friends and relatives, in trying to protect him from ordinary discomforts have left him defenceless and exposed to greater trouble and danger.

A self-reliant child, in the same place, is aroused to meet and withstand the pain, and to confidently explore the unknown places. He feels that he is still the center of his world of things, and shall presently find his lost friends, or new ones.

It is the same with the older children of men. The pampered lesser nature shrinks from a hard or unpleasant situation or from anything new that may not yield to it the old indulgence. It prefers its old domain of sensations and desires, and the familiar touch of old limitations, rather than to lose its power in a larger freedom for the real man. With its own tears and lamentations it grows blind and deaf to the truth before it. It blames everything but itself for the troubles that come: and selfishly reaches out to grasp relief and reassurance from some one else. It is afraid to step out into a strange silence and find how small and mean it is alone. It is afraid of pain; but it would rather be in the old pain than not to be at all. And it instinctively knows that once man has found the satisfying peace and freedom of his higher nature, he will not live content in the changing pains and pleasures of his emotions and desires. The lesser self must suffer in the process which transmutes its power to higher use. There are literal death pangs for it when the man gives up his lesser life that he may more truly live. But he looks upon his own suffering calmly, when he knows himself as a soul, working to perfect the man of flesh. He knows that as he pays the price, he will receive the compensation, — will be, in fact, his own compensation.

Paul said:

> For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

He did not say that the glory should be revealed *to* us but *in* us, showing that he knew the truth of man's perfectibility. He pointed out

an example of the Way, the Truth, and the Life, in the perfected man Jesus. Of this teacher he said:

For it became him for whom are all things and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both he who sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Paul also saw that the progress of a soul in an animal body made the conscious man a paradox,

as sorrowful yet always rejoicing: as poor yet making rich: as having nothing yet possessing all things.

He clearly believed that suffering should be turned to account, when he wrote that

godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.

Not the least source of suffering is ignorance of the dual nature of humanity. Until that fact is known and understood, there is no way to detect the subtle play of the lower nature. Selfishness is not most dangerous when it is frankly gross and cruel, or quarrelsome and stupid. It can use all the powers of mind, and the grace and skill of the body to gain its ends. The way in which children get their own way by wheedling their parents into yielding consent, is an instance well known to all but the parents. The charm of a pleased child, and the unpleasant tempers which parents dread, because they can neither understand nor control them, often results in yielding against their better judgment. Parental love and parental ignorance of human nature are often played upon with such subtle instinct that the child becomes master of the situation. This is especially true of the restless, precocious, undisciplined American child of today. They neither give happiness or comfort to others nor really satisfy themselves. It requires no stretch of imagination to see the suffering that these uncontrolled natures will invoke for all concerned, as they mature into more insistent desires, and the larger freedom to indulge them.

The same unworthy play of the subtle lower nature is to be seen in other ties, of family and friends. It may be an indulgent husband or a devoted wife catering to the vanity, extravagance, selfish impulses or dishonorable dealings of the other, without realizing the trouble they are indorsing and must share. These couples do not always lack conscience so much as they lack consciousness that both are being played by the lower nature. While they dance to its tune, they must pay the fiddler his unhappy price.

It is this pitiful ignorance of the forces in human nature which de-

ceives and victimizes the individual and those he loves the best. The nearest ties of family and friends are often strong in mutual weaknesses, — perhaps fostered by the association of other lives. The few points of real unity and understanding in close ties show how strong and lasting love is between those whose natures have met and overcome something in common. Who can question that genuine unselfish love is an immortal something that made life sweet in the long forgotten past, and that will grow stronger throughout future ages? Its deep and sacred power hints at the ideal fellowship which will come when the whole nature is expressed at its best. The faults in our friends are often our own weak points in another guise. Perhaps life after life, we have feared to face ourselves and to live through the painful experience of overcoming these very failings. It may require all the heroism of the soul to overcome the fear of suffering and the isolation of this unknown step now. It may be also that the maturing of the whole character waits upon this one thing to be rounded out. But the continued effort to do it, as a soul, will strike a keynote of courage for every near tie. And the isolation necessary to find the true self, will react into that real unity which outlasts life itself.

When Mme. Blavatsky was asked why there was need for rebirths, since no one secured a permanent peace, she replied:

> Because the final goal cannot be reached in any way but through life experiences, and because the bulk of these consists in pain and suffering. It is only through the latter that we can learn. Joys and pleasures teach us little; they are evanescent, and can only in the long run bring satiety. Moreover our constant failure to find any permanent satisfaction in life which would meet the wants of our higher nature shows us plainly that those wants can be met only on their own plane — to wit, the spiritual. . . . Further, we maintain that all pain and suffering are results of want of Harmony and that the one terrible and only cause of the disturbance of Harmony is Selfishness in some form or other.

Everything points out the fact that the world is not merely a playground and that life is serious business. Since whether as sinner or saint, suffer we must, we may as well claim the compensation earned by our experience and suffer to a conscious purpose. Pain is a necessary protection and danger signal, — a safeguard against going still further wrong and against repeating old errors. There is a sacred responsibility in all experiences, but especially in those where the truth is sharply defined by pain. The ignorant suffer ignorantly; but the more conscious suffer according to their light, however cleverly they seek to escape. Did not Jesus say to the lame man, cured after his thirty-eight years of infirmity:

> Behold thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The great law of justice, working through the purpose of pain, shows even in the quality of disease, whether the prevailing wrongs of an age are done more or less consciously. The plagues which devastated Europe in the middle ages were ignorantly ascribed to a mysterious Providence by a superstitious age, that believed men were only miserable sinners, and not responsible for what happened. It is clear enough to this sanitary age that the awful pests were the creation of medieval uncleanliness. Man, not Providence, made the plague conditions; but it took hundreds of years to learn the cause of that medieval suffering. By modern sanitation man masters the plague and is decreasing all contagions due to faulty hygiene in his surroundings. But the more conscious brain and more highly organized nervous system of today shows the wrongs of this age in a host of puzzling nervous disorders, and in greater frequency and more incurable types of insanity. Now the prevalent diseases are related to the consciousness rather than to material conditions. The organization of industry and of society show moral plague spots of slums and degeneracy and vice and crime, undreamed of by existing primitive peoples. No savage could conceive of the depths of degeneracy and the mental and moral suffering to be found in any city. Meantime the medical profession usually refuse to see that mental and moral wrongs must react upon the body; and they have no remedy to offer for the malignant and degenerate diseases that grow more numerous and more difficult to treat. It might be well to re-read that old prescription which Jesus gave his patient in the temple:

> Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee.

The study of Theosophy shows the interrelation of all the elements in human make-up, and it goes to the root of modern wrongs. H. P. Blavatsky said in the early days of the society:

> Theosophy's aims are several: but the most important are those which are likely to lead to the relief of human suffering under any or every form, moral as well as physical. And we believe the former to be far more important than the latter. Theosophy has to inculcate ethics: it has to purify the soul, if it would relieve the physical body, whose ailments, save in case of accidents, are all hereditary.

WE have a greater responsibility than we dream; we who are working on this plane so close to the aching hearts of humanity. It is ours to send out our hope with such power that it will become the world's hope; that all life shall be illuminated. We have done much, but so little in comparison with what lies just ahead waiting to be done. —*Katherine Tingley.*

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART VII

IS it right to consider music merely as entertainment? In the world, we meet with artists, scientists, diplomats, theologians, spiritualists, lawyers, politicians, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, brokers, etc., etc. How many of these people occupy themselves earnestly with art as part of the spiritual side of life? This question implies another, *viz.*, What is life viewed from a spiritual standpoint?

We cannot go into such questions thoroughly here; we can only allude to the fact that the majority of mankind, when thinking of the spiritual life, cling to the form of external religion as embodied in the different churches, or to one or another of the philosophical systems. This proves that man feels unconsciously the need of something that can unite him with the divine; but on the other hand it proves that man has not yet realized that to find the divine he must look within, not without; for, if he had realized this he would know that forms can never express spiritual inspiration in its completeness: so that every religion that tries to give form to the inner idea — as being an attempt to express spiritual inspiration — must prove a failure.† A man can only begin to realize what spirituality is after experiencing in himself the descent of the divine, and spiritual growth in consequence, and in this case, he knows that no material form will ever be suitable to express that inspiration. People who have not experienced this inner rebirth, cannot imagine what has taken place in those who have gone through this experience. While the latter look inward the former are content with the externals. In order to realize to what degree the spiritual ideas have been materialized in our present times, we have but to look at one of the loftiest ideas of antiquity. In *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 231) H. P. Blavatsky says:

"The Logos is passive Wisdom in Heaven and Conscious, Self-active Wisdom on Earth," we are taught. It is the Marriage of "Heavenly man" with the "Virgin of the World" — Nature, as described in *Pymander:* the result of which is their progeny — immortal man. It is this which is called in St. John's *Revelation* the marriage of the lamb with his bride.

In *Revelations* XIX, 7, we read:

Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

*Founder and ex-Director of the Conservatory of Music, Amsterdam, Holland, and now one of the Directors of the Isis Conservatory of Music, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

†In this connexion we draw attention to the fact that every institution, religious or secular, declines after having fulfilled a certain mission in the life of humanity. Perhaps a real spiritual union, *without outer form*, might be everlasting.

Today this beautiful and lofty idea has been woefully misinterpreted, a fact which gives us an insight into the kind of mentality which is prevalent nowadays, and proves conclusively that any attempt to express the divine in a material form will have a similar fate.

What, then, is to be done? Must we wait till the time of materialism has gone by? But will that period ever pass unless man strives towards a higher level? Is not humanity itself the creator of what is going on in this world? And, if this is so, how can materialism disappear unless humanity reshapes its inner self? This is the solution: Humanity has to reshape its inner self!

In the period that is now ending, we have had many materialistic experiences. Everyone had in view his own interest, his own life, his own joy; separateness was the key of all action. Consequently man considered his fellowman as an enemy; covetousness, hatred, ambition, envy, and so forth, were the qualities which were predominant, perhaps unconsciously, yet as a natural consequence of his mental disposition; and, as a no less natural consequence, man became accustomed to consider the expressions of the higher life as mere adornments, unreal, of no value, and no better than ordinary enjoyments.

Evidently, this mental disposition had an influence on all so-called spiritual products of that time. If we put them to the test we shall find that, speaking generally, their fundamental motives were not of a high order; constantly the materialistic side comes to the fore. Think of scientific, social, moral, and artistic acquirements. Are they not imbued with materialistic ideas? Yes, even religious creeds and dogmas are full of them. Is it not natural, then, that these expressions of materialistic feeling and thinking were pressed into the service of the lower nature? Science was principally working for the extension of might and power, while art was creating works which might serve as pleasure or amusement for the well-to-do. Social and so-called moral attainments tended to improve only the material conditions of mankind. In every way, every spiritual conquest was made a means of increasing the feeling of materialistic wealth.

If we glance at the condition of humanity today, we must acknowledge how fatal the situation is, and realize how necessary and indispensable was the coming of H. P. Blavatsky. Although there always have been, always are, and ever will be great personalities, able through their individuality and their mighty moral and spiritual influence to help humanity, yet during the last few centuries no one of them has given anything to humanity comparable to what H. P. Blavatsky brought back to the world. The *Wisdom-Religion*, which has been hidden for so many centuries, was again revealed to mankind. The Wisdom-Religion

embraces not only all the religious tenets of all world-religions, but as well all scientific and philosophical problems. The Wisdom-Religion teaches that all that exists is simply a reflexion of the one great unknown principle, and that the veil can be lifted, but only for those whose hearts are so purified that the soul becomes fitted to reflect the image of the mystery. Does not Jesus say the same thing:

> Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.— *Matthew*, V. 8.
>
> Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven.—*Matthew*, XVIII, 3.

And as *The Voice of the Silence* says:

> Before the Soul can see, the harmony within must be attained, and fleshly eyes be rendered blind to all illusion.

Are not these the most comforting words that humanity ever heard? When the soul becomes as pure as that of a child, man can see God! Even the man devoid of intellect, if he has but a pure soul, can see God! Such a soul vibrates in unison with the Universe, and all that is therein is part of the Divine.

We hear a sound; we see a ray of light; we listen to a voice; we see a flower; we hear music; we see the light; are not all these caused by the Divine in nature?

We see a man; —is it not the Divinity itself? All one unity! It is the Divine itself manifested in manifold forms; they all are but reflexions on our terrestrial plane, for we cannot see, touch, or experience the Great Reality itself; we can only perceive its symbols, its reflexions. But they show forth the Great Reality to our soul as soon as the latter has been sufficiently purified to render the image behind the symbol, reflecting it on the mirror of our mind.

Oh! the beautiful words of Jesus! The beautiful words of *The Voice of the Silence!* The wonderful work of H. P. Blavatsky!

Is it necessary to use many words to vindicate for music a place among the spiritual treasures which are not destined for humanity's entertainment merely, but for its uplifting?

No, certainly not! Music must exert an influence for the upbuilding of man's character; music must influence him during his existence on this earth; music must remind him that all here below is but illusion; and music, better than any other thing, can do this, because the matter it uses for the production of the divine inspiration is of a kind so different from any matter used for other productions of this inspiration, and is so much more subtle, that perhaps it cannot be considered as matter; music must teach him that instead of separateness he must practise

unity, because every man can produce but one part in the great Symphony of human life; music must teach him that, although man can produce but one part in life's symphony, yet *every* tone in his part contains in itself the vibrations of all tones which can possibly be produced in the Universe, so that this fact in itself relates him to the whole Universe (for Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature); and music must teach him that even the slightest vibration sets the whole atmosphere in motion, and that, once the vibration is started, no power can bring it to an end until equilibrium has been restored.

Here, we have spoken of the materialistic side only, and we shall not make an attempt to tell the reader of that other side, the side where even the vibrations of the air are a medium too materialistic to render the beauty of what we wish to express; yet let us not forget that the value of true music consists exactly in what we are not able to express, and therefore: —

Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness,

is a sentence from that beautiful book *Light on the Path;* and the truth of this sentence can be realized even in music by everyone who is able to understand the true significance of music; it is entirely applicable to music. But if we wish to apply this principle, we have to free our mind of all impurity, so that we may be able to perceive through the inner ear the spiritual vibrations which music arouses in our soul, which are direct reflexions of the vibrations of the All-Soul. We might even call this condition an 'intoxication of the Higher Self,' were it not for the certain misunderstanding of such an expression. And yet we all know that without the state of mind which we try to express by that word, nothing can be done. Even the smallest duties can only be performed in the right way when performed under this influence.

There is but one emotion in life that can be compared with the impression produced by music: it is the emotion of true, absolutely unselfish, and pure love; love in the highest sense. Who has ever tried to translate this emotion into words? We know! We know!!

But let us not try to say how, or why, we know. It would be of no use; we know: that is all. And what is of still greater importance, this knowing is beyond any doubt. No scientist, even the most learned, can give a more sovereign proof of the correctness of his knowing than the human heart can give of the truth and genuineness of its true love.

Would anybody maintain that this kind of love is given to mankind as an ordinary entertainment? Even the most depraved being feels in his heart the touch of the divine, on meeting with true, unselfish, and pure love. In the same way, true music touches the hearts of the most

ignorant, the most depraved. But it must be *true* music; or the influence is of no value at all.

Enough has been said to make the reader understand that music cannot be an ordinary entertainment. This art possesses qualities which give it command of the noblest side of man's character, and also of the composition of the atmosphere; its mighty influence makes itself felt in every emotion of the inner life. And, as was stated in a preceding article, the day will come when sound will be used as a force which can set an engine in motion; but, as man's heart must be completely purified before he can even hear the inner sounds of musical tones, which reveal the divine meaning of those sounds, so man's thought and feeling must be purified of any selfish motive before he can understand how to use this most beautiful and powerful new force. In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 555) Madame Blavatsky speaks of this "coming force" in the following words:

> We say and maintain that SOUND, for one thing, is a tremendous Occult power; that it is a stupendous force, of which the electricity generated by a million of Niagaras could never counteract the smallest potentiality when directed with *Occult knowledge.* Sound may be produced of such a nature that the pyramid of Cheops would be raised in the air, or that a dying man, nay, one at his last breath, would be revived and filled with new energy and vigor.
>
> For Sound generates, or rather attracts together, the elements that produce an *ozone*, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even *resurrect* a man or an animal whose astral 'vital body' has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the severance of the magnetic or odic chord. *As one saved thrice from death* by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it.

And again, I, 563:

> It is this vibratory Force, which, when aimed at an army from an *Agni-Ratha* fixed on a flying vessel, a balloon, according to the instructions found in *Ashtar Vidyâ*, [Astra-Vidyâ] reduced to ashes 100,000 men and elephants as easily as it would a dead rat. It is allegorized in the *Vishnu-Purâna*, in the *Râmâyana* and other works, in the fable about the sage Kapila whose *glance* made a mountain of ashes of King Sagara's 60,000 sons, and which is explained in the esoteric works, and referred to as the Kapilâksha — "Kapila's Eye." And is it this Satanic Force that our generations were to be allowed to add to their stock of anarchist's baby-toys, known as melinite, dynamite clock-works, explosive oranges, "flowerbaskets," and such other innocent names? Is it this destructive agency, which, once in the hands of some modern Attila, *e. g.*, a blood-thirsty anarchist, would reduce Europe in a few days to its primitive chaotic state with no man left alive to tell the tale — is this force to become the common property of all men alike?

We need not draw any conclusion. After what has been said everyone must draw a conclusion for himself. But we do not hesitate to declare that in the future, in a certain sense, music will rule the world. Who knows if the roaring of the most powerful guns will not be silenced by one sound of that mighty instrument, which, although "it lives in the heart-life of all," still has to be discovered, as it seems: the mighty instrument that can have but one name — LOVE ETERNAL!

WITHIN THE 'FORBIDDEN CITY': by R. L.

PEKIN derives its name from the palace where the 'Imperial Son of Heaven' formerly dwelt, as Pe-king (pronounced Pai-ching by the Chinese) means literally 'north palace,' just as Nan-king is 'southern palace.'

The Palace proper occupies the central portion of the enclosed square known as the 'Forbidden City' (*Tsze-kin ch'êng*) which is the innermost of the four walled enclosures comprising Pekin and is situated in the heart of the 'Imperial City' (*Hwang ch'êng*), which in turn is within the 'Tartar City' (*Nei ch'êng*). Surrounding the Imperial and Forbidden City are walls that were once vermilion but are now a faded pink in color, capped with yellow tiles, as are all the imperial buildings.

To the north of the Forbidden City and separated from it by a moat is the *King-shan*, or 'Prospect Hill,' an elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, which is encircled by a wall about a mile in circumference. There are five summits to this hill, each crowned with buildings. North of Prospect Hill stand the residence of the *T'itu*, or 'Governor of the City,' and the Drum and Bell Towers; while to the west is the *Si yuen*, or 'Western Park,' beautifully laid out in gardens and traversed by a lake, which is crossed by a magnificent marble bridge.

The accompanying illustrations convey some idea of the architecture of the Palace buildings. None of the buildings are more than one story, yet the throne-rooms and great halls are so lofty as to suggest the dome of a cathedral.

The 'Winter Palace' proper forms three sides of a square, with a high front story of unbroken stone walls surmounted by rows upon rows of columns supporting curved roofs. Small pavilions rise at the salient angles of the walls. The bright yellow-tiled roofs of these and other ornamental buildings scattered through the pleasure grounds of the Palace gleam like burnished gold in the sunlight, rendering them very conspicuous against a background of dark-green foliage. Note the characteristic Chinese roofs with their up-turned corners, said to be a survival of the tent-dwellings of the Tartars' nomadic ancestors. As to this significance of Chinese art, Mrs. Conger says in her *Letters from China:*

> Their architecture is unique and each part in detail has its meaning. A special significance seems to be woven into all their thoughts, whether they are manifested materially or not. The manifested affects the unmanifested; the seen influences the unseen, and *vice versa*... they strive to perfect their work, taking no account of time or labor.

And yet no less an authority than Sturgis assures us that the overloaded splendor of color and ornament, the coarse curves and clumsy masses of the Ming builders, are inevitable marks of a degraded style, and that in still more ancient days there was a more refined art.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCES OF THE RADIOACTIVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE:

by W. A. Dunn

A VINDICATION OF THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

PART THREE

IT will be seen at a glance that the whole value of comparisons between Theosophical and scientific teachings turns on this important question: Is man the possessor of a radioactive body, or only a mechanically active one? Have we any evidences as to the resultants of human activity that support the Theosophical teachings relative to *atomic* functions and powers, hidden behind, as it were, the familiar physical and chemical processes now taught in the public schools? Upon an answer to this question turns a most momentous event, in fact the most important which concerns the welfare of humanity. If man *is* a radioactive being, then his *interior* vital currents, of conscious energy which co-ordinates organic parts, of will-force that flows into self-determined channels, in fact the whole range of voluntary and involuntary activities of *consciousness*, all these at once take their proper station as *being at one* with the invisible radiating *atomic* energies which science has found means to observe from an *objective* standpoint. If, on the contrary, man is *not* a radioactive being, then all that materialists postulate as to his evolution holds true — in short, that man is but a molecular phenomenon, possessing no independent atomic organism, with an eternity accorded even to common minerals and from which proceed atomic transmutations.

That this materialistic view of man's place in nature is shattered by this newly discovered science of universal radioactivity can now be proved by the evidence which has accumulated of late years. *We now possess data to demonstrate that the interior psychology of man in all its aspects, and universal radioactivity, are not only correspondent, but identical in fact and substance;* and that the prevailing doctrines based upon physiological and chemical data are, because permeated and *governed* by these unseen radioactive forces, but transient appearances of the more fundamental facts now emerging into the light of day.

Mme. Blavatsky endorses this idea in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 88, when she says (quoting Voltaire):

> The great classics and philosophers felt this truth, when saying that "there must be something within us which produces our thoughts. Something very subtle; it is a breath; it is fire; it is ether; it is quintessence; it is a slender likeness; it is an intellection; it is a number; it is harmony. . . ."

Now what are the basic facts that the latest experiments of science are providing us with? That the radioactive process is *Atomic, i. e.* it arises entirely from *atomic* processes, and is independent and untouched by the ordinary molecular processes over which *alone* modern science has control; in consequence of which the atomic *latent* forces are not ordinarily manifest to the *modes* of present day approach to nature. Therefore the atomic forces manifest according to laws of *their own*, as if the usual contrivances of science did not exist. This is the discovery of radioactivity, of the universal life principle of the earth. We have found means to detect it, but not to *govern* it in the smallest detail by scientific means. Radioactivity is *unceasing* in its radiation of the *three rays* of positive, negative, and neutral energy, with a rapid emission of heat, the continuous production of a gas called Helium and the formation of active deposits which give rise to *secondary* conditions of excited or induced activity in ordinary substances.

Now let us compare these facts with what medical science has to say of the body.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the eminent English physician, in his article in *The Scientific American* of December 1908, says: (italics ours)

The idea that a good many analogies between machines of man's making and *his own body* are capable of being drawn, is not one which prominently forces itself on the public view. Yet nature has *preceded* man in respect of "many inventions" which typify and *foreshadow* mechanical expedients seen familiarly around us. We have a force-pump illustrated in the heart, and a photographic camera-lens, adjustment, and so forth, — in the eye. We find all kinds of lever-movements exemplified in the working of bone and muscle, and we could discover examples of *self-governing* machinery in the nervous regulation of the heart and circulation. . . .

There is little difficulty in drawing many comparisons of *exact nature* between the furnishings of our bodies and the mechanical contrivances which characterize the march of civilization. But *beyond* these details lies *another field of inquiry* such as opens the door to consideration connected with our body and its *working powers*. . . . .

. . . All through life, the body of an animal, high and low alike, is the seat of constant change, and this change is due to the fact that the living frame is incessantly at work. It is true that in the hours of sleep the bodily processes are slowed down: they do not, however, cease action. The heart works constantly; the rise and fall of the chest in breathing continue all through life. The process of manufacturing the fluids and secretions used in digestion (such as bile, sweetbread-juice, and the like) goes on both in sleep and in the waking state; and of certain brain and nerve centers it may be truly said that they exist in a condition of *unending watchfulness*, keeping watch and ward over the actions through which life is maintained. No truth of physiology is, therefore, more easily demonstrated than that which shows forth the *constant* work of the body.

This inside labor is independent of the external work we perform. [Readers are invited to compare this with the independence of radioactivity of molecular processes.] Indeed it is through the possession of the working powers just noted [the *inside powers*] that we are able to perform the daily tasks our hands and brains require to discharge. Our body, therefore,

is *not* merely a working machine in itself; its labors extend *beyond* the actions devoted to its upkeep. . . .

The body's *own* energy expended in maintaining heat and in providing for the upkeep of its *internal work* has been calculated at about 2800 foot-tons per day . . . this amount of work would raise 2800 tons one foot high. . . .

A man's total daily income of food, water, and air, amounts to about 8⅓ lbs. only; yet out of this modest supply his body *generates* power far exceeding in amount and in direct economic usage that produced by the best engines of his own invention. . . .

If we think of a man's heart alone, in 24 hours, it expends 120 foot-tons of energy — force sufficient to raise that weight one foot high — we may see how admirably *living* nature orders *her* ways. . . .

Most wonderful of all is it for us to *consider* that all man's achievements, physical and mental alike, represent part of the *profit* accruing from the *transformation* of what he eats into *what he does.*

As bearing upon the above, the following definition by Prof. Rutherford of the recently 'discovered' radioactivity of the earth, is repeated for the purpose of showing that Madame Blavatsky uttered *fact* when speaking of man's *inner* nature. Rutherford says:

The radioactive property is atomic, and consequently must result from a process occurring in the atom and not in the molecule. . . . This latent energy does not ordinarily manifest itself, since the chemical and physical forces at our disposal do not allow us to break up the atom.

We read in the *The Secret Doctrine,* Vol. II, page 106:

If he [the student] would learn something of the secret of the FIRES, let him turn to certain works of the Alchemists, who very correctly connect fire with every element, as do the Occultists. The reader must remember that the ancients considered religion, and the natural sciences along with philosophy, to be closely and inseparably linked together.

And again on page 107 (quoting the *Pymander* i, 6):

"I am thy Thought, thy God, more ancient than the moist principle, the *light that radiates within Darkness. . . . 107*"

Prof. Frederic Schiller Lee gave an address at Columbia University in September 1908, in which many notable things were said as to the *trend* modern physiology is taking. Theosophists the world over will welcome the decided departure, which this address indicates, from the crude mechanical notions of a generation ago. The following excerpts by Prof. Lee are taken from a report given in *The Scientific American Supplement,* No. 1705 (italics ours):

The *vital process* is of a complexity unapproached, much less equaled, in the inorganic world. *Living* substance is never exactly the same at two successive periods. It is ever in *unstable-equilibrium* [a compound word worth deep reflection], the seat of constant change, of augmentations and depressions, of physical and chemical mutations, and of what we *in our ignorance call spontaneous activities;* [compare spontaneous emanations of radium atoms], and the conditions of its activities are manifold and often *obscure* and *unsuspected.* To maintain the majority of these conditions intact, while altering one or more, is a superhuman task, one that is approached, but probably never realized, in its entirety. The physiologist is thus constantly baffled in his pursuit of the desired object, and must needs exercise unwonted

patience in the face of not infrequent failure. His progress is slow and his results can only approximate the mathematical exactness of the experimenter *who deals with stable non-living* matter.

This last italicized sentence is the *fulcrum* upon which the lever of physiological research has *based* its deductions. As radioactivity demonstrates that so called 'non-living matter' is in reality in an intensely *living* state of *atomic* activity, the obsolete *assumption of non-living* matter as a basis for experimentation falls to the ground — leaving physiology face to face with *functional* activities *per se, and* the teachings of Theosophy relating to these as applied to man's interior *atomic* interaction with nature.

Professor Lee continues, (italics ours):

Unfortunately *living substance cannot be chemically* analysed directly, since all known methods at once kill it, and there is left only the non-living [the fulcrum of certain failure] proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and other organic and inorganic compounds, the individual bricks, or, better, cleavage products of the *complex unity.* In determining these and their relationships great progress has been made, *but we of the present are far removed from that state of smug satisfaction of some of the earlier investigators,* to whom a living body represented only so many molecules of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus. . . .

Of recent years physiological physics and physiological chemistry have come to meet on common ground within the realm of the *new science* of physical chemistry. . . .

In investigating physiological problems by the aid of modern physical chemistry, we seem to be brought at times *perilously near* the electron theory of matter, and we are tempted to hazard the guess that the establishment of *that* theory would place the physiologist under renewed obligations to the physicist.

The learned professor does not seem to realize that to be "perilously near the *electron* theory of matter" *as applied to physiology* is somewhat different from the application made of it to natural processes *external* to man — which is the field of the physicist. The electron theory of matter, *applied to physiology,* is but a short cut to the field of knowledge with which Theosophists and Mystics have been familiar for ages. For what are the atomic activities *behind* physical functions but radioactive processes proceeding from the primordial trinity to which every atom responds? Prof. Lee proceeds:

The rise of general physiology represents a movement *away* from the earlier study of the mechanics of organs, toward that of a *vital phenomenon* of living substance *itself,* irrespective of its special position within the organism. . . .

The nervous mechanism of a host of unconscious organic processes has been discovered. That the *psychic* portion of the brain does not function as a unit, but consists rather of a complex group of nervous organs, each with its specific functions — a fact that is of great moment in the *relations* of brain and mind — has been known for only a little more than thirty-five years.

That the "psychic portion of the brain" *may* "function as a unit," and impress that unity on the "complex group of nervous organs" is evidenced by the ancient Teachers of Humanity who originated every

impulse of historical progress. The complex systems of philosophy, science, theology, art, etc., can all be traced back historically to certain 'Beacon Lights' of antiquity, around whom were woven the lights and shades of mythology. May not the ancient Gods have been men who had 'attained,' as incomprehensible to those who described them in mythical phraseology, as are the great Teachers of today to those who interpret them in the fantastic garb of *modern* myth and fable?

Professor Lee continues:

> Even though we have thus come to know the *gross* functions of specific parts of the higher mammalian and human brains, we still know all too little of the *processes* by which the different parts are co-ordinated and *made to subserve* the more complex needs of the organism. . . .
>
> When I make a summary of what we now know of the physiology of the nervous system, I come to realize anew its paucity, compared with what we ought to know, and will know, I am confident, in the long future. Here it seems to me, is a field sadly needing tillage, and one where, though tillage be extremely difficult, the yield is certain to be rich. All investigations here will lead up, in a sense, to the solving of that problem of problems, which has been for ages the focus of discussion and speculation, the *problem of consciousness* — at once the oldest problem of philosophy and one of the youngest problems of science.

No greater contrast to the above utterance could be found than that given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, page 108. "The Supreme Spirit of life" is described by her as becoming "merged with his own effects," the lowest and most material being that of *false perception* of the objective universe." The final paragraph reads:

> It is in strict analogy with ITS attributes in both the spiritual and material worlds that the evolution of the Dhyân Chohanic Essences takes place; the characteristics of the latter being reflected, in their turn, in *Man*, collectively, and in each of his principles; *every one of which contains in itself, in the same progressive order, a portion of their various "fires" and elements.*

Compared with radioactive emanations having definite time progressions, and the various changes which the elements undergo, the above throws a direct light on the fact that modern science is nearing the gateway of ancient knowledge of which Mme. Blavatsky was the interpreter. To restrict observation to the objective side of that gateway has its disadvantages and limits — and it is noteworthy that many leading scientists are already suspecting that the *Key* to the phenomena they have been investigating is already known to teachers who have actually explored the subjective reality of radioactive *effects*.

R. K. Duncan, late professor of industrial chemistry in the University of Pittsburg and of Kansas, wrote in his book, *The New Knowledge:*

> There are certain new conceptions which, while we can hardly say they are ascertained truths, shadow themselves as such. It is in the realization of *two* of these conceptions that during the next two hundred years the great work of the world will lie.
>
> The *first* is the transmutability of the elements. Our reason bids us assent to its actual accomplishment, not with our aid but in spite of it, in the case of the heavy elements. . . .

Still another conception of the new knowledge is that of the vast stores of inter-elemental energy of which we live but on the fringe — a store of energy so great that *every breath we draw has within* it sufficient power to drive the workshops of the world. Man will tap this energy some day, some how.

Of course we do not know this, but we believe it. We believe it because we believe that Creation means something and means it intensely. . . .

But now that we know, or think we know, of this infinite treasure-house of inter-elemental energy lying latent for the hand of the future man to use, it is neither difficult nor fanatical to believe that "Beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a foot-stool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amidst the stars." . . .

To know, is to work and do.

During the short period of twenty years since M. and Mme. Curie announced to the world their discovery of the independent radioactivity of certain metallic substances, an immense field of new knowledge has been investigated, and the *Divine Trinity of immortal life, actually demonstrated* as permeating the visible Life of the earth, the air, and the ocean. This is the triple radiation of *the atoms* from which all chemical substances are composed. *There is no possible doubt that can be entertained on this question.*

Scientifically speaking, a sudden leap has been taken from the extreme materialism that closed the last century, into an atomic field of experiment in which the Trinitarian energy of Nature is met face to face, as yet unresponsive to any method of control at present known to science. Let us sum up the scientific position in the words of Prof. Frederic Soddy, M. A., of the University of Glasgow, taken from his great work, *The Interpretation of Radium*, published in New York and London in 1909, and delivered as experimental lectures before the University of Glasgow.

Radioactivity has accustomed us in the laboratory to the matter-of-fact investigation of processes which require for their completion thousands of millions of years. In one sense the existence of such processes may be said largely to have annihilated time. . . . WE ARE NO LONGER MERELY THE DYING INHABITANTS OF A WORLD ITSELF SLOWLY DYING, FOR THE WORLD, AS WE HAVE SEEN, HAS IN ITSELF, IN THE INTERNAL ENERGY OF ITS OWN MATERIAL CONSTITUENTS, THE MEANS, IF NOT THE ABILITY, TO REJUVENATE ITSELF PERENNIALLY. [Page 239. Capitals ours.]

No more profound definition of *what constitutes the Immortality of Man* has ever, perhaps, been uttered during the modern Scientific Era.

Prof. Soddy proceeds, page 241:

It is curious how strangely some of the old myths and legends about matter and man appear in the light of recent knowledge. Consider, for example, the ancient mystic symbol of matter, known as Ouraboros — "The tail devourer" — which was a serpent, coiled in a circle with the head devouring the tail, and bearing the central motto "The Whole is One." This symbolizes evolution; moreover, it is evolution in cycle — the latest possibility — and stranger still it is evolution of matter — again the very latest aspect of evolution — the existence of which was strenuously denied by Clerk Maxwell and others of only the last century. The idea which arises in one's mind as the most attractive and consistent explanation of the

universe in light of present knowledge, is perhaps that matter is breaking down and its energy being evolved and degraded in one part of a cycle of evolution, and in another part still unknown to us, the matter is being again built up with the utilization of the waste energy. The consequence would be that, in spite of the incessant changes, an equilibrium condition would result, and continue indefinitely. If one wished to symbolize such an idea, in what better way could it be done than by the ancient tail-devouring serpent?

Our readers are acquainted with the fact that this is the symbol of the Theosophical Movement, with the motto: "There is no religion higher than Truth."

Some of the beliefs and legends which have come down to us from antiquity are so universal and deep-rooted that we are accustomed to consider them almost as old as the race itself. One is tempted to inquire how far the unsuspected aptness of some of these beliefs and sayings to the point of view so recently disclosed is the result of mere chance or coincidence, and how far it *may be evidence of a wholly unknown and unsuspected ancient civilization of which all other relic has disappeared.* . . . [Italics ours.]

. . . To the Philosopher's stone was accredited the power not only of transmuting the metals, but of acting *as the elixir of life.* . . . Was then this old association of the power of transmutation with the elixir of life merely a coincidence? I prefer to believe it may be an echo from one of many previous epochs in the unrecorded history of the world, of an age of men who have trod before the road we are treading today, in a past so remote that even the very atoms of its civilization literally have had time to disintegrate. . . .

What if this point of view that has now suggested itself is true, and we may trust ourselves to the slender foundation afforded by the traditions and superstitions which have been handed down to us from a prehistoric time? Can we not read into them some justification for the belief that some former forgotten race of men attained not only to the knowledge we have so recently won, *but also to the power that is not yet ours?* [Italics ours.]

Science has reconstructed the story of the past as one of a continuous Ascent of Man to the present-day level of his powers. In face of the circumstantial evidence existing of this steady upward progress of the race, the traditional view of the Fall of Man from a higher former state has come to be more and more difficult to understand. From our new standpoint, the two points of view are by no means so irreconcilable as they appeared. . . .

Radium has taught us that there is no limit to the amount of energy in the world available to support life, save only the limit *imposed by the boundaries of knowledge.* p.249 [Italics ours]

Compare with this the utterance of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 326:

The evolution of the GOD-IDEA proceeds apace with man's own intellectual evolution. . . . For every thinker there will be a "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," mapped out by his intellectual capacity.

We may well rub our eyes, and wonder if they are deceiving us. Sober men of exact science, writing (from evidence gathered in their own field of research) in terms for which Mme. H. P. Blavatsky was treated with contempt during her lifetime, may indeed excite our wonder. Her vindication is at hand, for it would be difficult for any reasonable mind to declare that she did not *anticipate* many of the definitions now given by science of the processes of nature — *definitions that were laughed at when Mme. Blavatsky gave them out.*

Her great books *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled* contain passages

that *obviously* define the radioactive transformations of nature; and moreover, throughout the main body of her teachings will be found information drawn from sources as reliable as those which enabled her to anticipate the present scientific position. "The Knowledge" and "The Power" that Prof. Soddy suggests as having been possessed by "some forgotten race of men," *may never have passed from the Human Race* — and the day appears to be approaching when Mme. Blavatsky will be universally recognised as having been one of its custodians.

Her knowledge of radioactivity has been proved to be true, as the comparisons given in this paper amply demonstrate. We are justified, therefore, in entertaining a feeling of certitude as to the reliable *sources* from which Mme. Blavatsky drew *all* her teachings. The idea naturally arises, that if she knew so much of radioactivity as to describe it in almost identical terms with those now being employed by science, what *other* branches of knowledge does she correctly define, especially in relation to the *true nature of man's Soul.*

The following excerpts from Mme. Blavatsky's writings speak for themselves. We ask unprejudiced thinkers to *compare* them with the scientific knowledge arrived at during recent times, many years after Mme. Blavatsky passed away in 1891. Whatever accusations may have been brought against her by those who sought to defeat her work, in this respect, at any rate, no possible charge can be raised that she borrowed her knowledge from the 'New Science,' for she wrote her books many years before its appearance. We may confidently assert that the advance of science is revealing the fact that Mme. Blavatsky was a *True Teacher*, and that the question will increasingly take possession of the public mind: *From whom did she receive her knowledge?*

The waves and undulations of Science are all produced by atoms propelling their molecules into activity *from within.* Atoms fill the immensity of Space, and by their continuous vibrations *are* that MOTION which keeps the wheels of Life perpetually going. It is that inner work that produces the natural phenomena called the correlation of Forces. Only, at the origin of every such "force," there stands the *conscious* guiding noumenon thereof.—*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 633.

The atom, as known to modern science, is inseparable from *Purusha*, which is spirit, but is now called "Energy."— *ibid.*, 582.

As described by Seers — those who can see the motion of the interstellar shoals, [of Atoms] and follow them in their evolution. . . . they are dazzling, like specks of virgin snow in radiant sunlight. Their velocity is swifter than thought, quicker than any mortal physical eye could follow, . . . and the motion is circular. . . . At times . . . their motion produces flashes like the Northern lights.— *ibid.*, I, 633.

God is a Number endowed with motion, which is felt but not demonstrated. [Quoting Balzac] — *ibid.*, I, 67.

The collective aggregation of the Atoms of the lower principles,

forms the World-Soul of our solar system, says *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 672.

God felt in the atom makes the whole world divine.

Atoms, being psycho-spiritual, *not physical units*, act under laws of their own. . . .

As our body is the covering of the inner 'principles,' soul, mind, life, etc., so the molecule or the cell is the body in which dwell its 'principles,' the (to our senses and comprehension) immaterial atoms which compose that cell. The cell's activity and behavior are determined by its being propelled either inwardly or outwardly by the noetic or the psychic Force the former having no relation to the *physical* cells proper. . . . the latter act under the unavoidable law of the conservation and correlation of physical energy, the atoms. . . .

The cells of his body answer to both physical and spiritual impulses. . . .

It is the function of the physical, lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but, it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain . . . to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

The phenomena of divine consciousness have to be regarded as activities of our mind on another and a higher plane, working through something less substantial than the moving molecules of the brain. They cannot be explained as the simple resultant of the cerebral physiological processes, as indeed the latter only condition them or give them a final form for purposes of concrete manifestation. . . .

The whole human body is, as said, a vast sounding board, in which each cell bears a long record of impressions connected with its parent organ, and each cell has a memory and a consciousness of its kind, or call it instinct if you will. These impressions are, according to the nature of the organ, physical, psychic, or mental, as they relate to this or another place. They may be called 'states of consciousness' only for the want of a better expression — as there are states of instinctual, mental, and purely abstract, or spiritual consciousness. . . .

Their reality, in the sense of trueness or correctness, is due to the 'principle' they originate from, and the preponderance in the Lower *Manas* of the *noetic* or of the *phrenic* ('Kâma,' terrestrial) element.—*Psychic and Noetic Action*

In Vol. II of *Lucifer*, page 175, Mme. Blavatsky defines *man as he is*, in relation to *all* planes of Being. It explains *why* each human soul is *only* conscious of an outer world that is in exact correspondence to its own internal activity. And it also throws a flash of light over the path *each one* must follow for himself, to attain the knowledge and power which Prof. Frederic Soddy suggests as having been possessed by "some former forgotten race of men" which "have trod before the road we are treading today." That such was *really* the case the writings of H. P. Blavatsky amply testify — and no more conclusive evidence as to her knowledge on this question could be found than the following:

The three 'Egos,' are MAN in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual (or psychic), and the Spiritual planes, or states.

When the 'Astral' reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant *Augoeides*, the divine SELF, can vibrate in conscious harmony with both the poles of the human Entity — the man of matter purified, and the ever pure Spiritual Soul — and stand in the presence of the MASTER SELF. . . .

He who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through *the whole of Humanity*." . . .

"THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH."

MAGDALEN: by Grace Knoche

BEHOLD the Hosts of Souls. Watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how, exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after other on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex.—*From an archaic text translated by* H. P. BLAVATSKY.

IF the drama is a powerful teacher it is equally a powerful reflector of the customs and the interests of an age, and in these days of unsolved social problems the unfortunate woman is naturally a frequent central theme. But to a student of human nature in the light of Theosophy, she is seldom understandingly portrayed. There is need of the dramatic interpreter who possesses a certain cosmic greatness of soul, a rare and fine perception of human nature *in its duality*, without which the Magdalen cannot be portrayed as she really is — a creature Divine as well as human, bound to the rock of Karmic fate by chains of her own making, helpless, hopeless, and enmeshed, yet, urged by the Divinity within her, struggling and suffering on. In drama, as in fiction, there is often an accentuation of the vice-fascination with a corresponding obscuration of the divine possibilities that are latent in every soul, however debased, often waiting only the touch of brotherliness, the warm sunlight of a true compassion, to blossom into loveliness and redemption.

Alexandre Dumas *fils*, in *La Dame aux Camélias*, — long since translated into every tongue in which romances are known and in its dramatized form, Englished as 'Camille' — wonderfully approaches a Theosophic interpretation of the age-old Magdalen-type. Its key-episode is one that only Reincarnation can explain, while it plainly holds a brief for Brotherhood as a fact in Nature, for the Duality of mankind, for Compassion as the 'Law of Laws,' and for Love as the great unfolding power in human life. The picture that Dumas paints for us: of poor anguished Marguerite, gay indeed but "with a mirth that is sadder than sorrow," falling at last, "exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged," first into Life's great vortex and then, freed from that, held like a wolf in a trap, to be submerged and drowned in the foul waters of the world's hypocrisy and sham — it is a picture to warn and to purify both. By their central test the old Greeks would have written this down as a supreme tragedy — structurally, at least — for it is a minister of purification to every heart honest enough to open to its pathos, and intelligent enough to grasp its appeal. Pity and terror: let us arouse these emotions in the spectator's soul, said the old dramatists who knew, and there ensues a purification of the whole nature. He passes through a baptism of the spirit, a real initiation. That used to happen in the old, old days, before the Mysteries were dead and while the drama was yet part of their expression. It happens today — as in Shakespeare's greater works and

in a few tragedies written by others — though only now and then, indeed, rarely. But in Dumas' faithful picture of *La Dame aux Camélias* this old test is faithfully met.

The story of Marguerite Gautier, which is an actual life-history, not only inspires one with terror — terror of self-indulgence, of sin, and of the fruits of broken law — but it leaves one inoculate with the spirit of true reform, alive with righteous indignation against the cold hypocrisy of society, living in glass houses all the time and yet so eager to cast the first stone. "No, whatever she may do or may become, the fallen one can never rise again. The world is inflexible. . . ." So Marguerite in the play. Yet such compassion suffuses Dumas' presentation that in spite of itself conservatism is swept away on the tide of it, out into new oceans of perception and of love, on and on to shores where new ideals rise up to greet one and words are almost out of place.

Renunciation is the rock on which spiritual growth really rests, taken in the last analysis, and it is so proclaimed by all the Scriptures of the world, wherein no greater love is pictured than that which layeth down its life for a friend. "Tis from the bud of Renunciation of the self that springeth the sweet fruit of final Liberation," says the ancient text from which is taken also the quotation at the head of this article. More to the point, it is declared supreme by every atom of one's finer, more heroic self, and it is the wheel upon which the Magdalen of Dumas' conception is broken — yet spiritually made whole. It is lightly touched upon through the varied modulations and dissonances of the building up of the story, but it rings out supreme in the symphonic climax:

O fear nothing, nothing! *He will hate me!*

The words alone are as little and plain as Macbeth's equally tense, "Thou canst not say I did it!" when the shade of Banquo stalks in with its silent challenge. But we cannot mistake the meaning of that tense note in either one, and each, though ringing out from opposite poles of consciousness, marks, structurally, the ridge-pole of the play. Up to that point everything rises, builds, accrues: after it, everything totters, falls, vanishes. Macbeth renounced soul for personality, and reaped the "wages of sin." Marguerite renounced personality for soul and drank of the bitter draught which "in the beginning is as poison and in the end as the water of life." Up to the moment of her renunciation, little by little, sweet dream added to dream as stone might be placed on stone, the outward structure of the nobler life, for which this poor soul had longed with an intensity of longing that the conventionally good woman can never possibly know, has been a-building. And why not? Its builder, in the baptism of the first unselfish love that had ever come into her life, had become a transformed, indeed transfigured being. This is not a

sentimental opinion. She proves it by many acts, though we have words from her as well.

My past self separates itself so entirely from myself of today that I seem to be two different women, and the second barely remembers the first. . . . I have spent more money in bouquets than would serve to feed an honest family for a year; and now, ah, now one little flower, such as this which was given me this morning, makes the whole day sweet. . . .

She refuses marriage, which women of her class commonly clutch at like vultures (and surely we are not to blame them, if they do). She will not even seem to profit by a step which she thinks at some time in the future will embarrass another — for her code of honor is high. "No, if I wished to marry, Armand would marry me tomorrow. But I shall never consent to take his name," she says to her friend Erminia, adding, "You see, dear, *there are some things a woman can never wipe out of her life;*" and she rejoices later in the marriage of this friend — an unfortunate girl like herself — without a trace of jealousy or repining. Secretly, lest it humiliate the one whose beautiful faith in her has transformed her whole life, she sells her house, jewels, and belongings, that she might begin her new life far from Paris and free from the tentacles of the old.

Then comes the bolt from the blue — Karma, *Karma!* Society makes a call upon her and speaks its mind — in the person of Duval *père*, a gentleman and a man of heart, but so gripped by social hypocrisy that he fancies its opinion to be his own. He comes to treat with Marguerite Gautier as a creature beneath him and apart. He remains, to appeal to the noblest qualities of the human soul as the only possible way of reaching one whom he absolutely respects. Marguerite, gripped by the same conventions, only in another way, is too honest to appeal from his decision. She feels again the icy wall which marks her off from the great human lot, and the old sad hopelessness re-asserts itself. She must reap as she has sown, however ignorant, however thoughtless, the sowing may have been. "No, the fallen one can never rise. The world is inflexible. . . . *It is justice,*" she says. But a single moan escapes her.

It is very good of you to speak to me of your daughter, M. Duval. Yes; and some day will you tell this pure and beautiful girl — whom I never saw but for whom I give up all my happiness — tell her that there was once a woman who had but one hope, one thought, one dream in all the world, and who yet, at the invocation of her name, renounced it all, crushed her heart between her hands, and died of it — for I shall die of it. . . .

And then she meets the challenge, the supremest that can be offered any soul — for what more can be demanded than *all one has*, and society demanded of this woman the utmost, the highest thing that, at that step in her growth, she could comprehend. She rose to the demand, and with more than the courage of an Alcestis, for not only must she renounce this great dream, this transmuting, wonderful love, but by her own de-

liberate act she must turn its sweetness into gall. There is no other way, such is Armand's faith in her, as she knows. And this she does. Not once, but even a second time, tempted, baited, tried by more than fire, she deliberately lifts her hand again to shatter all that she had once created with so much love and care. At last human strength can bear no more, the frail body sinks under the pressure and the soul demands release. But why did she do all this? you question. She did not have to. No one had the power to enforce the demand thus made. With a single word she could have won to her side an irresistible support. Yet she did not speak that word. This 'fallen one' held to a higher code of honor than the world accepts even as a theory.

One truly needs Theosophical light and understanding before such a type-creation as Marguerite Gautier can be brought out in all its subtle *nuances* of character, in its wonderful *chiaroscuro* of light and dark, dark and light, and with its spiritual possibilities fully unveiled. There are other demands in dramatic interpretation than those of the unities or the classic construction of a plot, and there is need of Theosophical insight on the stage itself. How many times has this play been presented with apparently no perception whatever of its significance as the battle-ground of the soul, or of the great universal laws invoked by every such struggle between the personal will and the Divine, between the leadings of desire and the summons of the Soul, between man's harsh, cruel judgment and the compassion of the Higher Law.

Not always, however, for one great figure comes to mind as an exception: that of Eleonora Duse, who transfigured the whole theme with the spirituality of a great, an awakened, woman. Nor did she err in thus suffusing the play with a something more of fire than of earth, for Marguerite is introduced to us in the first place as one who had already taken a stand against the fevered life, and her subsequent lapses seem to be simply forced by the ghosts of old cynicism and hopelessness that in no life will down at once. William Quan Judge once wrote the following, and we commend it to those reformers who tell you that the unfortunate woman is likely 'to slip back,' and in general 'cannot be reformed.'

> Just as in your material world during vast, shadowy periods, intermediate types float about until the habit of nature has changed, so in each daily life, or moral life, the intermediate forms remain until *your* habit has totally altered. They then disappear forever.

Duse was sublime in her portrayal of this pathetic character because of her great compassion. Her own nature is of that cosmic and elemental largeness that can understand and solve a problem as large as humanity itself, and as old — shall we glibly repeat here the current phrase, 'as the oldest profession in the world'? Oldest! What an exposure of spiritual ignorance that such an expression, such a lie, should weave its way in

and out of history, literature, art, even philosophy, so-called, during age after age, unchallenged! Duse's grandeur comes out of the fact that something in her woman's heart told her better than this. She pictures faithfully this woman *in her duality*, but her portrayal, essentially, is that of the Spiritual Woman, the Eternal Woman, whose profession is far older than that of the erring one. This, in our opinion, is why she rises to such nobility of conception and such miracle of art in her every recital of the triumph of a soul. She is great enough to understand that a woman who had passed through an Inferno of sin and pain and yet had risen above the hell and heat of it unscarred, unsoiled, burned clean, was not only capable of perceiving the highest moral principles, but could not have done otherwise than make them a living power in her life. So that by such an act the 'fallen one' takes her place in what actually is, so far as woman is concerned, 'the oldest profession in the world': that of the sharer of Spiritual Knowledge, the Custodian of Spiritual Light. For who was it served, in the very dawn-mist time of things, as the link between unevolved humanity and the Elohim, the bright Gods, of whom radiant Lucifer was one? Modestly we say it, but yet it is time it were said: was it not woman? Whose hand was the first to receive the Torch of Reason, Spiritual Intelligence, the 'Light of Mind,' by which mankind, receiving it in turn, should be even as the bright Gods themselves, knowing good and evil? Who never thought of herself, but hastened to share this supreme gift, without which mankind would be no more than animal even yet? The old scripts tell us it was woman, who, H. P. Blavatsky tells us in addition, in one of her earlier signed articles, "had she been let alone and allowed to do what she intended, would have led man to the Tree of Life." This drama, in its *dénouement*, suggests the citation.

That mankind boggled the great opportunity, and fell and suffered and wandered and is wandering yet, has nothing to do with the issue right here, which is whether or not 'the oldest profession in the world' with which woman had to do is that of the destroyer or the Spiritual Teacher in short, and Initiator. And however we may have boggled translations, or misread allegory and symbol, or dragged the Elohim themselves through the slough of theological upside-downness, at least this much of the tale is left in more than one World Scripture, and so clearly that he who runs may read. In her great renunciation Marguerite Gautier actually took her soul's primal place in the truly 'oldest profession in the world,' that of Teacher. Hers was the hand that, as the *dénouement* shows, passed on the torch. Duval *père* can never be the social puppet again, for he was reborn through the power of this woman's sacrifice.

This great spiritual issue is one that the great Italian actress intuitively understood. The author, too, perceived spiritually, because Theo-

sophically, and thus wrote more truthfully than he knew. That is why the play, in structure so very simple and direct, is something more than the usual counterpointing of plot and counterplot, emotion and emotion, outward bravado and inward recoil. Moving along beside the outer form of it, *pari passu* with its measured progression to climax and then catastrophe, music-wise, there is also a spiritual, melodic thread — creation, rather — progressing *in contrary motion*, so that when the crash comes and outward things are shattered, a lofty temple of spiritual beauty towers sublimely over all. How few plays have this inner, hidden resource!

Could anything do more good today, with the social problem more than ever at the fore and good folk still summary and harsh, than a fresh, new presentation of this truly spiritual theme, revived under the direction of one who knows Theosophy, who knows human nature in its duality and therefore loves it in its need, who has faith in the Divinity of mankind and whose object would be, first of all, *to teach?* We do not believe so. Such a play is thaumaturgic in the quality of its appeal. If it is a tender brief for the unfortunate woman, it is a nobler one for the Divinity in all humankind. As Dumas wrote at the conclusion of his history of Marie Duplessis, the actual Marguerite of the play:

I am not an apostle of vice, but I will make myself the echo of a nobly borne misfortune, whenever I hear its voice raised in supplication.

A RONDEL OF LOMALAND: A MORNING IN JANUARY

By Kenneth Morris

GOD is in this gray, pensive rain;
It is his mystic, inmost mood:
He has some old, sweet thought to brood,
Too curious for joy or pain.
Keep your heart hushed; you'll get no gain
Of anxious prayers and strivings crude
While God is busy with the rain.

Some secresy, occult, arcane,
Holds its swift drifting multitude,
It hurries through the quietude
Whispering so silverly. It's plain
To me, God's roaming in the rain,
His inmost, most mysterious mood.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

THE TEMPLE OF FIRE: by Will Sabin

[Halemaumau, 'House of Everlasting Fire,' Kilauea Crater, Hawaii, World's Most Active Volcano.]

THERE'S a glorious God of Goodness
And His home is everywhere:
In the earth and in the ocean,
In the sunshine and the air;
In the hearts of those who love Him;
In each tiny grain of sand;
In the stars that light the heavens;
In the souls who understand.

There are sacred times and places
Where we feel His presence most:
In the solitary silence,
Or amid the human host;
In the hours of blessed triumph
Over doubt or over sin;
In the sacrificial moment
Of the fearful battle's din;

In a new day's pregnant dawning;
In a garden, 'mid the bloom;
In a reverie at evening,
With a loved one in the room;
In a word, or in a handclasp,
In a glance, or in a friend,
God is omnipresent always
To the souls who comprehend.

Yet there stands a special temple —
Or it seems like that to me —
On a mountain on an island
In the middle of the sea,
Where an altar fire eternal,
By primeval forces lit,
Burns effulgent in the chancel
Of a great volcano pit.

There are pillars high and stately
In the crater's crimsoned walls,
And a psalm is sung in thunder
When a crumbling column falls;
There are mumbled invocations
In each deep and rumbling quake
That enthrills the pulsing bosom
Of the living lava lake.

There's an unseen choir chanting
Where the fiery fountains spring;
Countless quaint volcanic voices
In a mystic murmur sing,
And a silent congregation —
Or it seems like that to me —
Worships in this sanctuary
On a mountain in the sea.

Oh, how often do we fancy
Forms and faces in the fire,
And how oft we try to fathom
Thoughts the dancing flames inspire;
Inspiration, in the embers,
Stirs our spirits now and then;
Something in the soul remembers
How we came to live as men.

From Art Supplement to *Paradise of the Pacific*, Honolulu, Christmas Number, 1917

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT ART: by Leonard Lester

Concepts of Life and Art. The Higher Realism

IN spite of the world-war there seems to be no abatement of interest in matters relating to Art, and this quite apart from such phases of it as may be inspired by the war itself. Indeed, there are evidences that Art is taking on a broader and more comprehensive meaning in the minds of men, with an appeal not limited to any particular caste, creed, or culture. Intuitively, mankind is sensing the urge of greater issues. As our conception of Life broadens and deepens so must Art, as an expression of that concept, take on new light and meaning. For at the present crisis in the world's history, the foundations in all fields of human activity are being shaken, and much that has had the homage of its day and generation, unable any longer to satisfy a perception awakening to higher realities, must inevitably slide into oblivion. With the rapid readjustment and scene-shifting in the world-drama that is passing before our eyes, unseen forces are placing in contrast clear-cut pictures, which, to serious observers, must be object lessons, pointing clearly to higher paths of effort.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish;"—and this is also true of Art. To be vitally creative, its vision must be open to the higher planes of Reality. The extreme reaction from so-called *Realism* in the art tendencies of today, is, for the most part, but the substitution of other forms of *externalism*, equally limited in their appeal to sensation.

One feels that frank realistic representation is to be preferred to many of these artificial, morbid, or abnormal forms of interpretation. Evidently Art is weary of her bondage to Materialism.

The true escape from external *realism* lies in a deeper knowledge of Reality.

Our typical art of today is largely dominated by the prevailing material conception of man and nature; it is nourished by an external study and observation of these, unillumined by any noble or comprehensive philosophy of life, and its atmosphere tends to blunt the higher intuition and imagination which should dominate the creative moods of the artist. But in the light of a true philosophy of life the artist would recognise the true source of his creative power in the essential divinity of man's Higher Nature. Viewing all external nature as ensouled, and tracing the divine overshadowing principle in the life of Humanity in the vast cyclic sweep of its evolution, the intuitive vision of the artist would take on new life and inspiration and rise to new and loftier forms of interpretation. And with the larger world of Art that opened before him would be born a greater and fuller language of expression, worthy to interpret adequately the theme of the great epic of the human soul.

THOUGHTS ON CURRENT ART

APROPOS OF THE BARNARD STATUE OF LINCOLN

The need for a deeper understanding of human nature as a basis for true perception of spiritual values in relation to their expression in monumental art, is strikingly illustrated in the case of the Barnard statue of Lincoln recently unveiled in Cincinnati.

The publicity given to this statue and the controversy aroused as to its merits, is very natural considering the extreme phase of realism it represents. A critical analysis, illustrated by photographs of this and other well-known statues of Lincoln, together with a wealth of photographic records of the great President, have been a prominent feature in recent issues of *The Art World*, which characterizes the work as "A Mistake in Bronze." The matter has assumed an international importance through the proposal to select this as one of the two statues (of Washington and Lincoln), replicas of which are to be erected in London under the auspices of the American Centenary Committee, to represent our two great Presidents and as a symbol of good-will and Democracy. Other statues of Lincoln have been proposed for the above purpose as preferable to the Barnard bronze, notably the one by Saint-Gaudens, and the advocates and opponents of the competing statues include artists of national reputation as well as leading men of affairs. This diversity of opinion in regard to a work of so pronounced a nature, proposed to stand so prominently before the world as a heroic type of our national character, is noteworthy as reflecting the confusion of ideas in the art world of today and the lack of any existing criterion or accepted principles as to the essential nature and qualities of monumental art.

The statue, which has been made familiar by photographs in the current magazines represents a gaunt, uncouth figure, of ungainly proportions; the sculptor, according to his own statement, having selected for his model a Kentucky rail-splitter as the typical embodiment of the supposed physical traits and pioneer conditions of Lincoln's early manhood. In treatment it is distinguished by the strong emphasis given these external physical traits, even to the point of caricature. So unrestrained is the sculptor's insistence on the personal aspect of his model, with its air of sullen toil-worn resignation and unkempt abandon, that one feels it to have been conceived in a spirit of challenge or reaction against all classical conventions, as though in an effort to hew an outlet through the wall of artistic tradition and strike the broad note of common earth-born humanity in the toils of its primitive necessity, and thus, were it possible, to speak more eloquently through this ungracious human exterior than could be done by a more classic treatment of the subject. It is as though he would say: "Here was a man whose gran-

deur and humanity shone through even this uncouth vesture of clay." But the figure does not *create* this impression in the beholder: one has to think of Lincoln, the *real* Lincoln, in the effort to endow this gaunt image with heroic or moral greatness. A more imaginative treatment of the subject, in striking a deeper note of character, would have included all that this cruder mode of utterance seeks vainly to express, — and much more. . . .

Technically the work undoubtedly displays the sculptor's well-known mastery of craftsmanship and power of striking characterization, qualities exemplified in the best work of the modern school of sculpture, but representing the exterior outlook upon man and nature and preoccupied with the problems of interpreting its physical aspect. Considered thus as a piece of human characterization or as the personal impression of the sculptor, the work will have many admirers among artists and connoisseurs in the same way, perhaps, as a skilful but fatal surgical operation might win high admiration from professional surgeons.

Whether Lincoln really did look like this statue (which intimate friends, photographs, and portraits seem to deny, and which the sculptor himself, probably viewing his work as symbolic, would hardly claim for it) is not much to the point. The question is rather: Can the real character and greatness of Lincoln, or of any man, be expressed in such terms? Can this emphasis on peculiarities of physique alone fittingly express the inner character and humane grandeur of that life, to the people to whom he stands as a hero? A sculptor's work may be his personal impression and as such worthy of due respect, but how far does it fulfil his larger impersonal function as interpreter to the people of a character whose life rose above personal limitations and has taken its place as a helper in the larger life of Humanity? Is it not in this broader impersonal life of Universal Brotherhood that he finds his inspiration to create works of universal appeal?

A Greater Language of Expression

A materially realistic rendering of Man seems incompatible with a lofty conception of his nature, and an Art which would rise to the dignity of monumental expression in an enduring material should give emphasis to the higher and enduring part of man's nature. Were man studied theosophically, in the light of a true understanding of his dual nature and with a vision clarified by self-knowledge, is it a mere dream to suppose that in the wider field of human nature and life thus opened to him, the science of a profounder psychology — a greater language of expression — would be discovered, and its laws intuitively understood? Man's physical body with the significance of its infinite grada-

tions of action and gesture comprehended in relation to their corresponding springs of inner motive on the higher and lower registers of his inner being, would become eloquent in its symbolic meaning, in its varied expression of that universal harmony of which it is itself the symbol. The external aspect of things alone would no longer exert its tyranny over us nor dominate our creative art; the world of form, color, and sound, seen as the plastic play of inner forces moved by the Universal Artist, would be no less real to us, no less beautiful, but more so, lit with a deeper meaning and inner radiance, and the awakened genius of the artist would know how to interpret the Heart-life of his Race.

Public Art Works. Their Influence

A finer sense of responsibility as to the influence of our public and monumental works of art on the people will no doubt come with a clearer recognition of the place of Art in life and of the subtle power of its appeal to the imagination -- the suggestive quality of the animating motive of which a picture or statue is the expression. Especially will this be considered in relation to its effects upon the rising and future generations who are not usually considered as the ones whose verdict will either crown or condemn what the present approves. In this light it would seem that extreme tendencies in Art should be avoided, especially in monumental works which should express the broad national spirit, for fashions in style and critical standpoint come and go, and only the art that is founded on universal principles of harmony will prove worthy of being enshrined in an enduring material like marble or bronze.

How many works of sculpture and architecture that are today considered the efflorescence of modern civilization may have to suffer the irony of fate which has condemned ideas that are inherently false, trivial, or vain to an artificial longevity by masquerading in a material more enduring than themselves!

The youth of today, at the most impressionable stage of their lives, must run the gauntlet of much that is distracting, ignoble and questionable in contemporary art with its various reactionary cults and tendencies. Cultured communities are unanimous in banishing the advertising bill-board and other unaesthetic eyesores. But the word unsanitary can be applied to much that menaces, not so much our bodily, as our mental and moral health, of which our present civilization is either easily indulgent or does not realize the danger, largely because the infection has originally entered under cover of its artistic pretensions — whether literary, pictorial, or dramatic, or through the sensational appeal of the popular press, with its taste-vitiating 'comic supplement.'

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The following quotation from Plato, reflecting the light of Ancient Wisdom on this very theme, and which is itself "like a breeze, from pleasant places far away, bringing health," may fittingly conclude these notes. It is from the *Republic*, Book III. (Italics mine.)

Must it be then only with our poets that we insist they shall either create for us the image of a noble morality, or among us create none? Or shall we not also keep guard over all other workers for the people, and forbid them to make what is ill-customed, and unrestrained, and ungentle, and without order or shape either in likenesses of living things, or in buildings, or in any other thing whatsoever that is made for the people? And shall we not rather seek for workers *who can track the inner nature of all that may be sweetly schemed;* so that the young men, as living in a wholesome place, may be profited by everything that in a work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight — as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life?

TO ALBERT AND VICTORIA VANDER NAILLEN

On their Diamond Wedding Anniversary, October 10, 1857-1917

BY KENNETH MORRIS

DOWN on the shore the lisping wavelets play;
Landward no angry billows roll and roar;
So gentle is the evening of your day,
Down on the shore.

Only the dews of sunset more and more
Violet and rose and golden flames astray,
Dimple and fleck the glittering sea-face o'er.

—And when from out those farthest Realms of Fay,
Death's gala galleon glides with silent oar,
Be your embarkment laughter-sweet and gay
Down on the shore. . . .

OUT there beyond the night now drawing near,
The Great Enchanter waits; his silver wand
Waved, shall make all life's meanings crystal clear
Out there beyond —

What joys you knew, and all the happy bond
That drew you two heart-closer year by year,
And all life's lessons you together conned.

—Night, and the thronged skies singing, sphere on sphere;
Dawn, with its fair and flamey raiment donned —
And diamond-bright the Happy Isles to appear
Out there beyond.

— *International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California*

RURAL ANTIQUITIES: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)

I

OLD Jasper Micklethwaite sat at his cottage door and watched the sky change as the sun went down behind the old church tower of Bisby. He was not unlike the village he had lived in all his life; both he and it were in decay; though what remained of them showed signs of ancient vigor and endurance that might postpone indefinitely their final disintegration. But in the case of Bisby the evidence of decay was not so apparent because there were no deserted houses or ruined buildings to be seen, for the simple reason that the steadily encroaching sea had swallowed half the village already and forced the population back upon what remained. So the cottages were all occupied in spite of the steady decline in number of the parishioners; and what there was of Bisby looked prosperous; just as with Jasper, what there was left of him was good to see. There he sat blinking at the setting sun, much as an old dog will do while gazing intently into the fire until it is almost blind.

The old church tower that crowned the mound on which the village stood darkened against the glowing sky, and the sails of a distant windmill seemed to be streaks of red-hot metal as the burning sun set beyond the long stretch of level land, that seemed in general so dreary and uninteresting, but that assumed a certain significance at the closing of day.

Old Jasper, sun-worshiper as he was, went in and took his place beside the fire just as he had done these many years. He was a living emblem of continuity, a visible testimonial to the tolerance of Time; just as the old church tower was in its ponderous way. Bisby was full of antiquities such as Jasper, but architecturally the church stood alone like the fortress and citadel it once had been when the sea was several miles away and rich land lay in between. Those were days of piracy and sea-rovers. Now the only pirate was the sea itself; but the church tower was still a quarter of a mile inland and might think itself secure. It seemed to have come to an understanding with the great destroyer Time. Why should he interfere when man's indifference and neglect

would surely accomplish the work alone even if the sea stayed its advance awhile? Bisby itself and a good part of its inhabitants were evidences of the tolerance of Time. At one time there had been a harbor with a thriving fishing town a few miles off; but the sea washed away the jetty, obliterated the little harbor, and reduced the town to a mere fifth-rate tourist resort, with a sixth-rate hotel and a row of shabby lodging-houses, a railway station and telegraph office, and a fine expanse of sand, with an uninterrupted view of an uninteresting ocean mud-colored for three miles out by the constant fall of the clay cliffs.

Framblesea was something less than prosperous in summer and in winter it passed into a comatose condition. The tide of tourist traffic flowed farther north, and it was seldom that a visitor wandered so far into the desolation of that clay country as to discover Bisby. But nothing is too uninteresting for a true archaeologist to investigate, and desolation has a charm for some artistic temperaments.

It was perhaps the blending of archaeology and art in Jim Alexander's temperament that took him to Framblesea and led him on to forgotten Bisby. Perhaps; or was it some old tie that had been fashioned in some former life that drew him now unconsciously to such a place? The old church tower attracted him by its utter loneliness, and he decided to investigate it. He was in search of material for a work on Rural Antiquities to which he was contributing illustrations and notes on ancient buildings and old traditions, as well as a few human antiquities, with which the more serious history might be relieved.

So Jim Alexander took his way to the vicarage for information; but the resident clergyman was not an archaeologist, he had no interest in folk-lore and did not want to be disturbed by strangers. His little round of daily duties filled a small part of his time; his garden gave him occupation for his ample leisure; his poverty provided him with a grievance; and the weekly edition of a London paper kept him sufficiently informed as to the doings of the outside world. No local newspaper is necessary in the country where gossip is universal. He too was ancient and dilapidated like the church. He referred the visitor to the sexton, who was a little less ancient and a good deal more communicative, but who had absolutely no knowledge of the history of the old structure of which he was custodian. He was a great gossip, however, and Jim Alexander thought he might be profitably used as raw material for his 'Antiquities.' He was both sexton and parish-clerk, he held the keys of the church and was supposed to take care of the church-yard. But in his opinion both church and church-yard were able to take care of themselves, being so much older than anyone in the parish; and he was not one to interfere unnecessarily. So the old edifice took care of itself as well as it was

able, but Jim Alexander thought that its state left much to be desired: in fact it seemed to him scandalous; and he roused the indignation of the sexton by noticing some rather too obvious dilapidations and by hinting at the advisability of some repairs. Such a thing was unheard of in Bisby, it would have been a reflexion on the stability of the church itself.

The sexton, who was also parish-clerk, held that the Church as an institution existed for the maintenance of the clergy and their clerks, and the edifice in like manner was for the shelter of the congregation on Sundays. Repairs were for the consideration of the churchwardens, who left such matters to the discretion of the vicar, whose sole deputy was Thomas Bachelor, sexton and parish clerk. So everything was in order and repairs were never found necessary; for no one saw anything to find fault with, until some inquisitive stranger came poking his nose among matters that were no earthly business of his and "picking of pins where there were none."

The old man's indignation gradually melted, however, under the influence of gratitude for favors received. The young visitor was generous and was rewarded by an introduction to the oldest authority in Bisby: what Jasper Micklethwaite did not know about local history was not worth knowing. So Jim Alexander was conducted down the lane to the old man's cottage and left there with cordial invitations to revisit the church as often as he wished and with assurances of assistance in his archaeological investigations. Gratitude has been described as a lively appreciation of benefits to come. In this case anticipation was justified by experience.

Jasper was in his glory: he had found a listener who could appreciate his eloquence. The artist was delighted with his find. Here was a model such as he had been long looking for in vain, and the house itself was homelike in a way that appealed to his finer senses. Old Jasper was no mere rustic: he looked like a descendant of the old freemen who had held the land against many an invader in the old days and who had formed the backbone of the old yeoman class now almost passed away. And

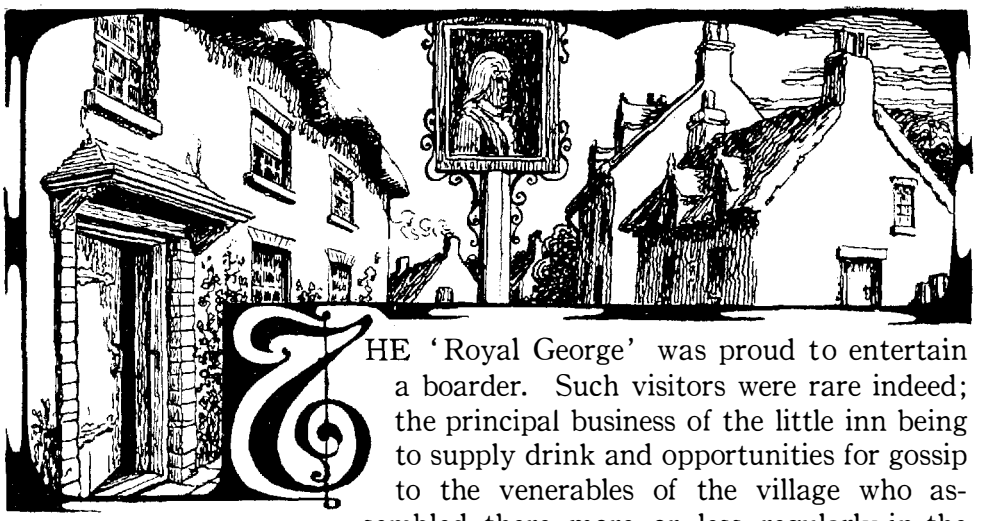
he could talk. Ye Gods! how he could talk! His listener started to make notes of the stories that came on him like a flood sweeping away all barriers of probability, obliterating the bounds of historical sequence, and spreading out into a great sea of fancy which lost itself in an infinity of words. Jim closed his notebook in despair, and abandoned himself to the delight of watching the old man's motions and changes of expression as his imagination took fire from the sympathy of this genial visitor. Listening intermittently he wondered how Bisby, the scene of such dramatic incidents, could have escaped fame so long. He determined that Jasper Micklethwaite should have a place of some prominence among the 'Rural Antiquities.' Although avowedly in search of archaeological curiosities his interest was far more easily aroused by historic relics in human form. In the same way he was more drawn to the legends and romances stored in the memory of the people than to the written chronicles. In fact he had a secret contempt for history which seemed to him a kind of dessicated fiction, or emasculated romance, from which the vital element of human emotion had been eliminated: so he endeavored to make his contribution to 'Rural Antiquities' humanly interesting and entertaining. In this he had the support of the publisher who was financing the undertaking and who was anxious to conciliate the archaeologists while catering to the general reader. The preface was to be written by an authority on archaeology who was not invited to inspect the illustrations that were intended to sell the book. The publisher, McNorten, knew his public and was a good friend to Jim Alexander, but he kept the artist away from his more scientific collaborators for reasons of diplomacy until the work should be published.

Old Jasper apologized for deficiency in his memory which he said sadly was not what it once had been: a statement that made his listener gasp and thank the gods, for he shuddered to think what that memory must have been capable of when in its prime.

The day was far spent when he left the cosy cottage to return to the village inn where he had left his bicycle and knapsack. As he passed up the lane he met a village girl who was unlike any woman he had ever seen. She was old Jasper's grand-daughter, and the artist recognised in her something of the 'distinction' that marked the old man. It was 'race,' that told its story of heredity. He bowed to her in passing and made way courteously; and she smiled an acknowledgment with such quiet dignity that the artist halted a moment as if in doubt whether he should not introduce himself, and then passed on. But by the time he reached the 'Royal George' he had decided that Bisby was worthy of a more exhaustive study than he had intended to devote to it. He

meant to make a sketch of the old church, but now he thought he might perhaps paint a picture of Jasper and his cottage and — well — he might introduce a younger figure too by way of contrast. Clearly it would be better to stay at the 'Royal George' than at the mournful hotel at Framblesea.

II



THE 'Royal George' was proud to entertain a boarder. Such visitors were rare indeed; the principal business of the little inn being to supply drink and opportunities for gossip to the venerables of the village who assembled there more or less regularly in the evening. Such company was always delightful to a man of Alexander's taste and temperament, and he met with a cordial welcome at their hands.

Next day he visited the church again and made a more careful study of its monuments and architectural features, while drawing upon the sexton's love of gossip for information as to old Jasper's granddaughter, who, he learned, was the recognised successor to the old man's inheritance, the cottage and a few acres round, all that remained of a vast estate (if Jasper's legend was reliable). She was his nurse and housekeeper, "and a good girl as any in the country, that she was."

The artist thought that it might be as well to refer to old Micklethwaite for fuller information on some points of historical interest which went beyond the sexton's range of imagination. And when he found himself once more in that congenial atmosphere he was tempted to paint several pictures, in all of which it would be necessary to introduce figures to give point to the subject. He explained all this most carefully to Janet Thorpe, old Jasper's granddaughter, and found her most sympathetic and willing to help by sitting for him as often as he needed. The old man was more than pleased with an arrangement that promised

to provide him with such an appreciative listener as this young artist.

It was astonishing how many subjects for pictures Jim Alexander found at Bisby as well as in the neighborhood, which he explored on his bicycle, using the 'Royal George' as his headquarters, where the landlord and his wife did all they could to make him feel at home. She had been a famous cook in her day, and Jim found life wondrously pleasant in the little village at which no ordinary tourist would have stayed an hour.

So he stayed on indefinitely, exhausting the neighborhood, but his favorite painting ground was Jasper's garden and cottage. His industry was evident to all, but before long the neighbors found food for malicious gossip over the constant association of the artist and his young model. Certainly he would paint old folks as well as young, but when he painted a large picture in the church with the old sexton and Jasper and some others in it, he spent more time on the single figure of a girl than on all the others put together, and this gave rise to comment. But the girl found nothing extraordinary in that, nor did her grandfather. He certainly suggested once or twice that Jim should not let the lass waste his time which might be more profitably spent in listening to some old story he had just remembered and was eager to tell.

To satisfy his sense of duty the artist made longer excursions into the more distant parts of the country, staying away for a week or so, but returning each time with greater eagerness to be 'at home' again. When the old church upon the little hill would come in sight he felt a thrill of pleasure that could hardly be attributed to his enthusiasm for the rural antiquity of Bisby.

The place was homelike. It was agreeable to be greeted so cordially by the venerables who assembled in the evening at the 'Royal George'; and it was pleasant to sit by the fireside in old Jasper's cottage; and it was something more to stroll down to the sea with Janet after the day's work and to breathe an atmosphere of peace and home such as he had never known even in his studio. He found something new in life here in this forgotten village, something that he had lacked, but

of whose lack he had not been conscious hitherto. He felt as if he were gradually waking from a long dream.

And Janet was happy, wonderfully happy. There was a strange light in her eyes as she sat gazing at her lover's work. She thought him a genius and worshiped in him her high ideal of man. She saw perhaps more than the artist himself would have dared to take credit for, though he too had ideals that, so far, he had not been disloyal to; but the nobility of heart and soul that Janet saw in him was little more than a potentiality, for Jim had not yet been tried in the fire of experience. He was her lover, though no word of love had passed between them. There are some natures that find silence more eloquent than words, and who instinctively avoid an explanation, that would be in some sort a desecration of the sanctity of feeling.

Explanations are like open windows that let gusts of cold fresh air into a heated room. The freshness of the air may be desirable, but also sudden chills may have fatal consequences.

Janet had nothing to explain. To her there was no mystery about the matter, it was quite natural; nay more, it was inevitable. She knew it the moment that they met: the rest was merely a natural unfolding. It was not so much a new experience as a recovery of a forgotten past. It was the perfecting of a recognition, partial at first but ever becoming more complete. It had no element of surprise in it nor any doubt: it was a realization stamped with the seal of destiny.

With Alexander it was somewhat different, although he too had felt to some degree the strange sense of recognition that is accompanied with a prescience of destiny; and which comes as the sudden perception of a relationship established in some long past age beyond the reach of memory, some tie that has been heretofore unseen and unsuspected, but which is suddenly revealed by a turn in the wheel of destiny.

The meeting with Janet had been such a revelation. In a sense he had recognised her when first they met; and from that moment he knew instinctively that she was his and his alone. Never for a moment had he the shadow of a doubt of the girl who had given herself so unreservedly. Though he had mixed with bohemians and with men of the world, and had associated with all sorts of women, yet he had preserved in his heart a very high ideal of womanhood. It was this secret reverence for love and true women that had kept him free from the terrible cynicism of the age, and which had saved him to a great degree from the contamination of the lower bohemianism into which so many plunge disastrously. He had not lost the power to know a true woman when he met one.

He was not given to self-analysis and his morality was more a matter of feeling than of reason. His code of honor was high but indefinite

and liable to be modified by emotion as well as by custom and tradition. Having a perfect assurance of the rectitude of his general intentions he had allowed himself considerable lee-way in the navigation of the treacherous waters of experience. Living from day to day, taking life as it came, he never dreamed that he was sowing seeds along the way whose fruitage would perhaps be bitter when he came to harvest it.

Time is so tolerant when one is young; how can a youth see any connexion between immediate causes and remote effects? How many life-times will it take to teach a man by experience that conscious acts are causes, and that all causes have effects; and that the two are one; that cause and effect are ultimately inseparable? How long will it be before he learns that present conditions are the fruits of past causes in which he had a share? When will man realize his own immortality? He knows these things intuitively perhaps already, but he has been carefully taught to ignore his own intuition and to rely upon tradition. So, too, he learns to think of himself as living in the present, a period of time that has no real relation with either past or future. How can he see himself as he is, a maker of destiny reaping today where he has sown in by-gone lives, and sowing the harvest he shall share in reaping when he returns, bound to the wheel of Destiny? Perhaps even now the simple truth would be self-evident if it were possible for a man to grow up entirely without education — a pure child of nature. But that is impossible, for a child learns more by example than by precept, and far more by unintentional thought-transference than by direct instruction; and so assimilates the faults and fallacies, the prejudices and disbeliefs, as well as the vices or virtues of his elders, as naturally as he imitates their habits of life and mode of speech, even if he never goes to school. Therefore since education is inevitable, even if involuntary, surely it should be regarded as the prime art, as well as the chief science, and as the highest duty of the State, having so wide and deep an influence on national life. We hear much from time to time of 'going back to Nature': a cry that sounds well, but that is as futile as would be the aspiration of a butterfly to rebecome a caterpillar.

To follow the law of nature man must know the law. *He must be educated.* The animals in their collective consciousness have instinct, which is knowledge of such laws of nature as they need to know. But when man's intellect awoke he freed himself to some degree from the bondage of instinct, which is a kind of natural revelation to the lower kingdoms, and now he hangs poised between instinct outgrown and intuition undeveloped, deluded by passion on the one hand, beguiled by vague aspirations and untried ideals on the other, fooled by his fancied freedom, deceived by his untrained reason, hampered by inherited traditions,

and finally crippled in mind by false or defective education. Here he stands blinded by Truth at the parting of the ways, with his feet tangled in a web of destiny woven in former lives of which he has no recollection.

Humanity has chosen the path of hard experience, because it seemed most inviting. The road is hard and the journey tedious, so men begin to cry out, "Let us go back to Nature." But there is no going back to Nature; for Nature is everywhere; man is bound up in Nature. She was his foster-mother in the past, but now she looks to him to lead her evolution by his own progress; and in mute appeal from the depths of Time she calls to him eternally and ceaselessly: "Man know thyself."

III

JANET knew nothing of the village talk. She had always held herself aloof, and had no other companion than her grandfather. So she was happy in her love, and never dreamed that it could be made a subject of gossip. Jim, however, was not blind nor deaf, and knew the way tongues wag in small communities. So he began to feel uneasy at the thought that he was providing the malicious with material for scandal. This trouble forced him to face his position with regard to this girl, who had already become part of his life, and whose fate was now bound up with his in such a way that to her the two seemed one, and that to him the thought of separation was unbearable.

When thus 'cornered' by circumstances, Jim Alexander would go through a kind of mental exercise, that he called 'facing the facts.' It was a process somewhat akin to the action of a man who has hit his shin violently against a chair in a dark room. On such occasions the victim of his own rashness will first rub the injured part, then silently or openly curse the suspected cause of the accident, and lastly he will proceed to turn on the light, more with a view to avoiding further trouble than to reveal the real cause of the misfortune, which of course lay in the darkness of the room.

So now Jim, feeling the smart of the villagers' malicious tongues, first pitied himself, then cursed the neighbors, and finally decided to adopt some course by which he might avoid unpleasantness in future. But he did not turn on the light: so he was able for a little while to avoid facing the real question of what was his position with regard to Janet

Thorpe. He was not prepared to answer such an inquiry: but it was forced upon him in another form by a few words in a postscript to a letter from his good friend McNorten the publisher, who wrote to acknowledge the receipt of drawings and notes for the book 'Rural Antiquities.' This was the postscript: "Mary has just come home from her cousin's wedding which was a brilliant affair, apparently. I suppose it will be her turn next. Well, I must not complain, if it has to come. We cannot expect to keep her with us always, I suppose."

That was all, but it was enough to turn a new light on a familiar situation, and to establish a disturbing contrast with a situation of more recent development.

Jim felt himself called upon to take stock of his social and moral obligations, and did so most unwillingly.

Mary and he had been good friends for a long time, very good friends, indeed now that he came to think of it he found himself forced to admit that their friendship had been unusually intimate: yet there had been no word of anything between them that would justify a man in looking upon himself as an accepted suitor, although there was good reason to suppose that the McNortens did look on him in that way, even if they had not said as much in his hearing. They had received him at all times so cordially and had seemed to encourage the intimacy that sprang up spontaneously between their only daughter and the young artist. He had enjoyed the companionship, and found the house at Hampstead a delightful change from studio-life and Bohemia — but what of that?

Occasionally the question of marriage had presented itself to him as a distant possibility, and in that connexion he had naturally thought of Mary McNorten. Such a contingency was not unpleasant to contemplate, at any rate as a possibility too remote to trouble him with the prospect of an immediate loss of liberty. He liked Mary very much, and knew that she was fond of him; that was sufficient for the moment. Jim loved his liberty; and in his easy-going way took all the pleasure that life offered, just as it came, regardless of what the consequences might be to himself or others. As to the future, that would take care of itself no doubt; he did not think about it, but had a sort of vague belief that he would always escape unpleasant consequences that were not quite immediate in their action. But consequences may take time to mature, although they come to life along with their causes. They germinate unseen, and like some invisible monster of the deep send out innumerable ethereal tentacles that fasten on their prey so delicately and with such insidious softness that their presence is scarcely perceptible save as a soft protecting shield, that may seem to be part of man's own

invisible ethereal envelope. This unseen octopus is what men call destiny; it is the consequence of causes they themselves set going; it is their own creation and will cling to them till it is torn away by violence or till it has sucked the life out of its victim. It feeds upon the will and self-reliance of the one who is not strong enough to master it before its folds have quite enveloped him. Such men are few compared to the masses of mankind who make no struggle for freedom, and who go through life like ghosts, whose souls have fled leaving behind them those pale shadows of men, who blindly and automatically obey the soulless law of custom and fashion, as they tread the weary path of social routine, hopeless and spiritless 'simulacra.' The world is full of earth-bound phantoms devoid of all will, who have forgotten the aspirations of spirit which made life beautiful when the soul first awoke within its 'chrysalis of flesh' and sang its song of liberty in the heart of youth.

When Jim began to take stock of his morals he found himself involved in a tangle of social liabilities that were all mixed up with his artistic ideals, his moral principles and emotional tendencies to say nothing of his financial future. The latter was very much under the immediate control of his friend and publisher McNorten, who was in a position to put plenty of profitable employment in his way, and who would undoubtedly give his daughter a comfortable income on her marriage, provided of course that the match met with his approval: for McNorten was a strong-willed man who all his life had ridden roughshod over other people's feelings when they ran counter to his plans.

Jim Alexander had found him a good friend, and until he read that postcript had not seen the possibility of a difference between them. If he had read that letter before he came to Bisby he would have smiled contentedly enough no doubt; but now, as he sat in his room at the 'Royal George' and looked around at the sketches and studies leaning against the wall and lying on the chairs, he had a most unpleasant shock. For all those sketches had figures in them, and the figure

that occurred in each and all was not the figure of Mary McNorten.

Suddenly he realized that marriage with Mary was impossible. The next picture in his mind was that of the publisher when this fact came to his knowledge: that picture was not pleasant to contemplate.

There had been some misgiving in his mind when he first contemplated the possibility of marrying the daughter of his publisher. His family already looked on his choice of a profession as somewhat derogatory to the position that had been theirs in former generations. But then McNorten was now a wealthy man and his heiress would be more or less acceptable, no doubt, to them. How would they look upon the woman in the sketches here? Jim laughed uncomfortably, and answered to himself, "They would not look at her at all."

Now he would have to explain his position to McNorten. How could he do it? What was there to explain? There was no formal engagement. Mary was free. No compromising words had been spoken on either side. And yet — well, was he not free too? He tried to think so, and almost grew indignant in the effort. As to her parents, they could not say that he had deceived them. No. But what would they think of him if now he simply decided to ignore the hint contained in that postscript? It would mean a break in their friendship, and probably an end to his business relations with the publishing house: a serious consideration, no doubt, but one that sat lightly on his mind. What troubled him was the thought of what Mary and her father would think of him. How could he hope to save his own self-respect? How could he face his friend McNorten and let him know that he had no intention of marrying his daughter? It would be putting his benefactor in a humiliating position, that would be unbearable to a man of his autocratic temperament. He felt that the situation must be explained, and yet no explanation was possible.

One thing was clear, all thought of marrying Mary McNorten was gone from his mind. And then?

He rose impatiently to shake off the insistence of the question, What then? He hated explanations, and never demanded them from himself.

Another letter fell to the floor; he recognised the bold handwriting of his sister, and picked it up curiously; he had not written to her for some time and felt guilty. She wanted to know if he had quite forgotten her existence, and when he was going to visit them at Oakleythorpe. She said that visitors were coming, one of whom was a buyer of paintings whom Jim ought to meet. She added, that Jim's 'old flame,' Alice Chesterton, would be there too with her husband. Jim smiled sardonically. He had allowed the fascinating Alice to flirt with him, but had declined to be fascinated, though always willing to be amused. Alice,

he knew, had not forgiven him for his indifference to the magic of her charms. Still, he thought that a few days at Oakleythorpe would be a change that might help him to see his way out of his difficulty. At any rate it was a diversion and would permit him to dismiss for a time at least this most unpleasant 'explanation.' How he hated that word! A pleasant way out of an unpleasant situation naturally attracted him, and he dashed off a hurried note accepting the invitation: then he rode over to the railway station and made inquiries about trains, dispatched a telegram to his sister explaining his letter, already posted, by giving an earlier hour for his arrival; and finally on his way back to Bisby decided to send his luggage on by rail to Oakleythorpe and to take the road himself, so as to be able to stay a day on the road at a place he wanted to visit in connexion with his work.

Having thus satisfactorily mixed things up he felt that his arrangements were complete, and that he could now dismiss all unpleasant thoughts. This was what he called 'facing the facts.' Having shelved the difficulty, he felt that he had solved the problem, and regained his liberty: the rest could wait awhile. He knew that some difficulties do dissolve with time: it has been said that unanswered letters answer themselves if only left long enough: that postscript was given an opportunity of the sort.

The ride to Oakleythorpe lay through a part of the country he had not fully explored, and he spent more time than he had anticipated in collecting material for his publisher, whom he felt bound to treat conscientiously now more than ever before; so his arrival at his sister's house was later than the promised date. But that was what Beatrice was accustomed to from her artistic brother. She scolded him mildly and he took the scolding as part of his welcome to the luxurious hospitality of Oakleythorpe.

He was really fond of his sister Beatrice, who had defended him at home when he decided to become an artist in defiance of family tradition and the wish of his parents. They would have repudiated him entirely at that time, but for her assurances that Jim would soon tire of art and would see the folly of attempting to make a career for himself outside the field appointed for him by Providence. His father considered the career of an artist discreditable to a man of his position, and his mother thought that God had ordained Jim's cousin Julia as his appointed wife. Julia was an heiress. But Jim said bluntly that he would choose a wife for himself, and that he believed Providence had meant him to be an artist. The breach would have been complete but for Beatrice who

persuaded her parents to 'give him time.' She herself had married 'well' and was quite happy with her rather common-place husband, who had a great admiration for his talented brother-in-law and was always asking when Jim was coming again. Beatrice hoped that the comfort of Oakleythorpe would serve as an antidote to the charms of 'bohemia' and would help to bring Jim back to the fold of 'respectability' and to an appreciation of his cousin Julia's 'sterling worth.' But Jim was hard to hold. He enjoyed luxury as well as any man and had no delusions as to the probable future in store for him if he continued to defy his family; but his love of art was deep and his hopes were high. He saw a future that was good to dream of and a present that was worth living in. He was happy enough at Oakleythorpe for a little while and enjoyed the easy luxury of the life there, but his heart was not in such things and freedom charmed his fancy more than luxury.

Beatrice had lately felt some doubt as to her ability to steer her brother's life in the way she felt it ought to go and had talked the matter over with her dear friend Alice Chesterton, who had shown some interest in her friend's plans for the social redemption of the too independent young artist. Alice agreed that the best thing was to get him married 'suitably' as soon as possible, lest worse might happen. Alice had hinted at possibilities that Jim's sister had not contemplated; Beatrice was not suspicious and was not such an accomplished 'woman of the world' as Alice Chesterton. She had no fear of her brother disgracing himself by any really 'impossible' marriage, but she recognised the possibility of an undesirable entanglement, though she believed that she would have heard of it if anything of the sort were in the wind; Jim made no secret of his love affairs, so Beatrice said. But Alice was skeptical. She knew men and the ways of men, and her experience had been gained in a way that had made her cynical. She never showed that side of her character to Beatrice, who was remarkably straightforward and sincere, and whose friendship she valued; so she accepted her friend's assurances on that point, but there remained the question of a possible attachment to Miss McNorten of whom Jim had often spoken. Beatrice had nothing to say against the girl, but thought she was unfortunate in her choice of parents; for McNorten was a publisher, which she regarded as being little better than a tradesman; a most undesirable connexion.

The match-makers were agreed that Jim must marry a lady, and why not Julia? Having chosen the victim and made their plans they decided that Julia must be sent for on some excuse for such short notice though Beatrice thought no excuse was needed, knowing that Julia, would never refuse, if Jim was to be there. But the plan miscarried,

for Jim suddenly announced that he was wanted in London by his publisher.

He seemed to be worried about it, and Beatrice suspected that McNorten was putting pressure on her brother to come to a decision on a more delicate matter than the publication of a book. Jim thought so too: for the book was all right, and the publisher said that he must see Jim on several important matters, without any indication of the nature of these 'important' points, which must have arisen unexpectedly since he left London. He had been away longer than usual; time had slipped by unnoticed and the autumn was gone: it was spring-time when he went to Bisby; and now that he came to think of it he remembered that he had not once written to Mary, though he always sent friendly messages to her when he wrote to her father. He felt that some sort of explanation was imminent; it was in the air, and it made him uncomfortable. He felt that the octopus of destiny had woven its invisible tentacles around him and was already sucking out his moral vitality: his peace of mind was gone; his self-satisfaction was vanishing; and if he could not tear off this thing that had fastened upon him his liberty would go too along with his beautiful idyll. That was unthinkable. That one point was sure. He would not part with Janet at any cost. His family might turn their backs upon him; they surely would do so. The McNortens might drop him, and his connexion with the publishing house might cease; that also was more than probable. He was not alarmed by such things, because they were not immediate. What troubled him was the prospect of an explanation; a humiliation, from which he saw no escape: indeed it had begun already. He tried to put the matter on a plain common-sense footing, and saw himself justifying his desertion of Mary on the ground that there was no engagement between them. He saw McNorten's indignation and contempt, which was of course no more than a reflexion of his own judgment on himself. For the first time he realized that a man is responsible to himself for all his acts, and for their consequences. He cannot accept the pleasures of life and go free from the results of his acceptance. He saw that his easy-going plan of drifting with the tide entailed responsibilities as real as those that follow a deliberately planned course of action. The web of destiny was nothing more than a tissue of consequences woven by his own unpremeditated acts. This simple truth appeared to Jim as an appalling revelation of the seriousness of life, a thing that he had practically disbelieved in hitherto. His theory had been that life should be what Etty the painter on his death-bed described his own life to have been: "a long sun-shiny holyday." Perhaps he was right, but evidently Jim had not gone to work the right way to make it so. The

sunshine of a happy life must be a consequence; it cannot be claimed as a right, except by the one who has in the past established appropriate causes, and who can distinguish the true joy of life from the false.

McNorten received the artist as cordially as ever, and went into the matter of the book as thoroughly as if there were no other question to be discussed between them, indeed he seemed almost nervously anxious to avoid any other matter; and when their business talk was over he rose decidedly and held out his hand, saying: "Well, I think you may rest easy as to this volume at any rate. I know it will be a success. Now you must excuse me; I want to push this thing through. Come round tonight and dine with us at seven, won't you?"

Of course Jim could not refuse, though his heart sank at the prospect, but his self-examination had not been wasted. He knew where he stood, and knew that his choice was final. As to what came of it that was for fate to decide. So he arrived at seven at the house in Hampstead where he had spent so many pleasant evenings. Poor Mary!

He had not expected to meet strangers, and was almost startled when he was presented to the guests of the evening, an elderly and imposing couple and their extremely ordinary and uninteresting son who was about his own age. Jim read the somewhat too obvious indications of wealth in all of them: they were stamped with the 'hall mark' of the City, and exhaled an atmosphere of prosperity that was offensive to the sensibilities of the artist.

Mary seemed ill at ease, received him diffidently, and for a moment looked at him almost beseechingly. Her parents were even more cordial than usual, and the dinner passed off without incident. Jim was puzzled, and excused himself early on the ground of letters that must be written before he went to bed. His host escorted him to the door, and said, abruptly: "I wanted you to meet the Dunlops: they are old friends of mine: George and Mary knew one another as children — her father did me a good turn once when I was in serious difficulties: I owe him much. He has been very successful, and George is a good son. You must know them better. Well, I suppose you will be off again tomorrow. You must hurry up and get those drawings for the second volume and we will have it out in good time. Then I have another book I want to talk about, but not now. Good night; my boy, good night!"

McNorten's cordiality was almost overdone, he seemed afraid that Jim might broach some subject that his host was anxious to avoid. He hardly waited for his guest to turn his back before he closed the door.

Then Jim stood still and laughed. This was the explanation! His laugh was sardonic: he was laughing at himself. This was a humiliation he had not anticipated, but which he felt was most appropriate

Then he saw Mary's pathetic glance as she greeted him, and her dejected look when he said good-night. Poor Mary!

She was too good for such a nonentity as young George Dunlop. Was she to be sacrificed to pay her father's debt of gratitude to this too prosperous City man? Jim's indignation rose as his fear of a personal explanation vanished. He became heroic in his anxiety for Mary's happiness. His pity for her was quite sincere, but his indignation had an uncertain note in it; and there was a mocking little devil somewhere in the back of his brain that kept on laughing at him till he felt ridiculous. His sense of humor was not tuned to this key.

He was not disposed to waste his time in London. McNorten's advice was good, he would be off tomorrow. Poor Mary! He sauntered home trying to rearrange his thoughts which seemed to have lost their sequence. Reviewing the events of the evening he was struck with the air of resignation noticeable on the simple kindly face of Mary's mother. She had been just as kind as ever, just as colorless; but there was an unusual nervousness in her manner, that Jim had attributed to the presence of the imposing Mrs. Dunlop, who was rather an alarming person. On second thoughts however he inclined to think that Mrs. McNorten had been dreading an explanation also, and he felt more sympathy with her than ever before.

Perhaps she had already passed through some such ordeal with her daughter and her manner might be interpreted as a mute appeal to him for mercy. He was prepared to be more than merciful, he would be magnanimous. He would forgive them all: and he would give Mary a wedding present that should be more than generous. Poor Mary!

(To be concluded)