

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"Now karma is fourfold:

That which bears fruit in the present existence:

That which bears fruit in rebirth;

That which bears fruit at no fixed time; and

By-gone karma."—Translated from *Visuddhi-Magga*, xix (a Buddhist scripture), by Warren

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES: THE NEW CYCLE*

H. P. BLAVATSKY



UT whether the man of today be a fanatic, a skeptic or a mystic, he must be well convinced that it is useless for him to struggle against the two moral forces at large now engaged in the supreme contest. He is at the mercy of these two adversaries and there is no intermediary capable of protecting him. It is but a question of choice, whether to let himself be carried along on the wave of the mystical evolution, or to struggle against this moral and psychic reaction and so find himself engulfed in the maelstrom of the rising tide. The whole world, at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can remain neutral between the two contending forces; the choice is whether to be crushed between them or to become united with one or the other. The man who imagines he has freedom, but who,

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nevertheless, remains plunged in that seething caldron of selfish pleasure-seeking, gives the lie in the face of his divine Ego, a lie so terrible that it will stifle that Higher Self for a long series of future incarnations. All you who hesitate in the path of Theosophy and the occult sciences, you who trembling on the golden threshold of truth — the only one within your grasp, for all the others have failed you one after the other — look straight in the face the great Reality which is offered you. It is only to mystics that these words are addressed, for them alone have they any importance; for those who have already made their choice they are vain and useless. But you students of Occultism and Theosophy, you well know that a word, old as the world though new to you, has been declared at the beginning of this cycle. You well know that a note has just been struck which has never yet been heard by mankind of the present era, and that a new thought is revealed, ripened by the forces of evolution. This thought differs from everything that has been produced in the nineteenth century; it is identical, however, with the thought that has been the dominant tone and key-note of each century, especially the last — absolute freedom of thought for humanity.

Why try to strangle and suppress what cannot be destroyed? Why hesitate when there is no choice between allowing yourselves to be raised on the crest of the spiritual wave to the very heavens beyond the stars and the universes, or to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of an ocean of matter? Vain are your efforts to sound the unfathomable, to reach the ultimate of this wonderful Matter so glorified in our century; for its roots grow in the Spirit and in the Absolute; they do not exist, yet they *are* eternally. This constant union with flesh, blood and bones, the illusion of differentiated matter, does nothing but blind you. And the more you penetrate into the region of the impalpable atoms of chemistry the more you will be convinced that they only exist in your imagination. Do you truly expect to find in material life every reality and every truth of existence? But Death is at everyone's door, waiting to shut it upon a beloved soul that escapes from its prison, upon the soul which alone has made the body a reality; how then can it be that eternal Love should associate itself absolutely with ever-changing and ever-disappearing matter?

But you are perhaps indifferent to all such things; how then can you say that affection and the souls of those you love concern you at all, since you do not believe in the very existence of such souls? It must be so. You have made your choice; you have entered upon that path which crosses nothing but the barren deserts of matter. You are self-condemned to wander there and to pass through a long series of similar lives. You will have to be contented henceforth with deliriums and fevers in place

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of spiritual experiences, with passion instead of love, with the husk instead of the fruit.

But you, friends and readers, you who aspire to something more than the life of the squirrel everlastingly turning the same wheel; you who are not content with the seething of the caldron whose turmoil results in nothing; you who do not take the deaf echoes of the dead past for the divine voice of truth; prepare yourselves for a future of which you have hardly dared to dream unless you have at least taken the first few steps on the way. For you have chosen a path, although rough and thorny at the start, that soon widens out and leads you to the divine truth. You are free to doubt while you are still at the beginning of the way, you are free to decline to accept on hearsay what is taught respecting the source and the cause of Truth, but you are always able to hear what its voice is telling you, and you can always study the effects of the creative force coming from the depths of the unknown. The arid land upon which the present generation of men is moving at the close of this age of spiritual dearth and of purely material satisfaction, has need of a divine symbol, of a rainbow of hope to rise above its horizon. For of all the past centuries our Nineteenth has been the most criminal. It is criminal in its frightful selfishness, in its skepticism which grimaces at the very idea of anything beyond the material; in its idiotic indifference to all that does not pertain to personal egotism — more than any of previous centuries of ignorant barbarism or intellectual darkness. Our century must be saved from itself before its last hour strikes. This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of one's neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the Wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it. Those who work for others cannot remain blinded to its reality, though they may not recognise it by name. Only light and empty minds, egotistical and vain drones, confused by their own buzzing will remain ignorant of the supreme ideal. They will continue to exist until life becomes a grievous burden to them.

This is to be distinctly remembered however: These pages are not written for the masses. They are neither an appeal for reforms, nor an effort to win over to our views the fortunate in life; they are addressed solely to those who are constitutionally able to comprehend them, to those who suffer, to those who hunger and thirst after some Reality in this world of Chinese Shadows. And why should they not show themselves courageous enough to leave their world of trifling occupations,

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their pleasures above all and their personal interests, at least as far as those interests do not form part of their duty to their families or others? No one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why then hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal, through all obstacles; over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached?

Those who would make this effort would soon find that the "strait gate" and the "thorny path" lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because they have regained their divinity. But the truth is that the first conditions necessary to reach it are a disinterestedness, an absolute impersonality, a boundless devotion to the interests of others, and a complete indifference to the world and its opinions. The motive must be absolutely pure in order to make the first steps on that ideal path; — not an unworthy thought must turn the eyes from the end in view, not one doubt must shackle the feet. There do exist men and women thoroughly qualified for this whose only aim is to dwell under the aegis of their divine nature. Let them, at least, take courage to live the life and not conceal it from the eyes of others! The opinion of no other person should be taken as superior to the voice of conscience. Let that conscience, developed to its highest degree, guide us in the control of all the ordinary acts of life. As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet. . . .

Those who can make this supreme effort are the true Theosophists.

MUSIC THE SOUL OF ART

R. MACHELL

HEN one thinks how universally music is accepted and appreciated as an art or as a science, it seems a little strange to find it defined as "a succession of pleasing sounds." The intense delight that large numbers of people derive from music, would alone seem to suggest a deeper source and origin than is indicated in the dictionary definition. But when we consider the lofty aims and far-reaching claims of musicians and music-lovers, the aspirations expressed, and the purposes to which it is applied, we might expect to find music described as a religious ritual, or as a magical ceremonial, designed to invoke spiritual powers or to transmute human emotions into godlike

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inspirations. All this and more is covered in the dictionary definition by some such bald formula as "a succession of pleasing sounds."

The power of music to express every variety of human emotion is well known, and its power to arouse sympathetic states in the hearers as well as in the performers is a fact that is counted on with certainty; and yet music is no more than "a succession of pleasing sounds." This certainly seems an inadequate definition; for it barely indicates one of the concomitants of a musical performance, and one that may not be at all essential to the art.

Why should there not be color-music as well as sound-music? And for that matter why not form-music, or scent-music?

Is the sense of hearing the only one that will respond sympathetically to the charm of rhythm and harmonious arrangement? Surely not. The plastic arts are evidence to the contrary: particularly in their application to what is commonly called 'decoration.'

This term decoration is, however, a misleading one, for it suggests the use of color and form as an embellishment, rather than as a means of evoking those higher emotions that good music appeals to. Yet there is no inherent superiority in sound over sight to warrant the limitation of music to the one sense of hearing. Why not sight-music?

It may be answered that the word art covers the whole ground, but it covers such a wide ground as to be almost useless; but of course there are similar elements in all the arts, and the principal of these is rhythm.

Rhythm in its simplest form might be described as the dominating principle in a series or succession of vibrations. Succession of vibrations does not necessarily imply rhythm; but succession of vibrations is a means of expressing rhythm: just as a succession of pleasing sounds may or may not express music, but is always present in sound-music.

When one considers closely the remarkable correspondence that exists between sounds and colors, one sees that it is as easy to arrange a color-scale as a sound-scale. It is just as impossible to establish a definite scale which shall be anything more than an arbitrary definition of limits for the range of each tone in color, as in sound. And such scales may be made to correspond exactly.

It is easy to construct an instrument that will produce the color-scale as accurately as will any instrument for the making of sound. In fact a color-organ was long ago perfected, and it was shown that ordinary music, composed for a sound-organ or a piano, could be played on the color-organ; and the color-music, thrown upon a screen as rays and flashes of colored light, was found to produce corresponding impressions on those who could appreciate color as keenly as some appreciate sound.

It is no new idea so far as that goes, but there are thoughts that

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spring from it that are worth considering. The one that most impresses me is the enormous importance of rhythm in all music of any kind, and in all art.

Musicians may claim the monopoly of the word 'music' for their art of sound-vibrations, on the ground that the other arts have long since ceased to make music, and have fallen into mere representation of objects, or into depiction of events, or into other modes of appeal to the reason and intellect. Painting and sculpture in the western world can hardly show any great achievement along any other line. The music may be there, but it has generally been crowded out of its proper place by the desire to instruct, or to amuse, by an appeal to the intellect (by which term I mean the lower or brain-mind).

In architecture we may look for form-music and we may find it in the great religious edifices, particularly in the Chinese pagodas where the entire structure existed as a harmonic utterance and hardly could be regarded as serving any practical purpose, or as existing for any other purpose than as a thing of beauty, expressing in its rhythmic forms a song of praise to the Soul of the Universe. Such a structure was in itself an act of devotion pure and simple: that is to say it was music.

In some degree this may be true of many other temples and monuments: but too often the idea of practical utility has outweighed the spiritual aspiration and strangled it. In others the music was perhaps not of the highest kind, the appeal being made to the sensuous nature by a harmony of form calculated to please or excite emotions of a lower order.

We know that there is music of a popular kind that is powerful in its emotional appeal, but which is not spiritual, in the best sense of the term. It may intoxicate rather than elevate: that is to say, it may stimulate the wholly sensuous side of man's nature, or it may free him from the domination of the animal, and raise him to a consciousness of his own divinity.

It is evident that, judged by such standards, the word 'music' has been very generally misapplied to the great mass of art. Artists have tried to free the word 'art' from the associations that have degraded it; but unfortunately their efforts have scarcely gone beyond the formal recognition of conventional morality, which is but the fringe of the subject, important as it is; it stands to art much in the same relation as sanitary science stands to architecture, or as orthography to literature, not as a virtue, but as a simple necessity. A solid foundation is necessary for a great edifice; but the architect having established his foundation builds upwards into regions unapproachable by the foundations, which lie buried out of sight. Sound morality is like a sound foundation to a

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building, it is a necessity; that is all. It cannot guarantee a great superstructure, but it can support it. Morality cannot create great art; but without it art will fall into quick decay. The vital principle in art is rhythm.

Music is vastly more than "a succession of pleasing sounds," it is rhythm, as understood by the mystic or the true artist, and rhythm is a spiritual principle, a living force, or rather a life-giving force. It is creative, it creates the work of art.

But rhythm is not limited to vibrations perceptible by one sense alone. Rhythm pervades the universe, it is the soul of things, the great creative principle itself, that dominates vibration on all planes of existence. Rhythm is not made, it is the maker. The great artist translates the rhythm of his own soul into terms of art, and thus ensouls his work.

There were great creative artists in the past, in India and Persia and other Eastern lands, who understood color-music, and used their knowledge to create great works of pure decorative design on which were based the arts of carpet-weaving and embroidery that became traditional in races that have survived into our own time, and have preserved the formulas of the tradition for thousands of years after the creative impulse had passed on to create other forms of art in other lands. Today the carpets are manufactured solely as commercial goods: as works of art they are but records of a traditional art long since defunct.

The great musicians of the western world have given us an art of pure tone-music based on rhythm and expressive of pure spiritual aspirations; but color-music is still a dormant art in western civilization. Form-music existed for a while in architecture; but it has become traditional; and a great (?) architect today designs his buildings in some traditional style: displaying his skill in adaptation of antique formulas to modern requirements, entirely ignoring that first article of Hsieh Ho's canon, 'spiritual rhythm.' Our sculptors too are dominated by tradition.

True, the traditions are fast breaking up, and civilization is in a state of active disintegration. At such a time it is perhaps unreasonable to look for great art; or to expect a new art to appear, until the new age of spiritual reconstruction has set in and a new spiritual impulse has flashed forth from the World-Soul, to start a new civilization on the earth. But it may be that this has already happened. The times are great with possibilities; and Theosophy, the world's light-bringer, "Lucifer the bright morning star," is risen and the signs of dawn are visible behind the clouds. A new rhythm thrills the earth; and a new age will bring new arts to birth: or we may wake to a new understanding of old mysteries, and find in our own hearts the rhythm that gives birth to that mysterious music, which is life.

MY FALL FROM THE HOUSE OF THE PROFESSOR

EDGAR P. ALLAN

[NOTE.— It is perhaps advisable to premise that the following *jeu d'esprit* is written in no captious spirit of criticism of a great man and his great work, in no ignorant folly gibing at what it cannot understand. On the contrary, the genius and achievements of Professor Einstein are appreciated to the extent of the writer's ability; but this does not prevent him from seizing an irresistible occasion for airing his wit at the expense of popular misconceptions; and wit is a quality which, be it remembered, is always inseparable from good-nature.]

I CANNOT, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where, I first became acquainted with the very remarkable train of ideas associated with the immortal name of Professor Zweiglas; but the idea, once born in my mind, continued there to grow until it gradually drove out every other thought, and finally usurped entire possession of my being. Thus therefore was it — thus only *could* it have been — that upon the close of a long and dreary day in the December of some immemorial year, I found myself before the gloomy portals of Siebenbrunnengasse 11, Düsseldorf-am-Elbe, Germany. Consigning my horse to the care of a menial, I inquired of the Mädchen who answered my summons, whether her master was within.

“He is *here*, high-well-born,” was the reply;” but I cannot say whether he is *now*.”

Disregarding a speech which *must* have been due to an inadequate acquaintance with grammar, I was about to press further my inquiries, when our colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of one whose bearing removed all shadow of doubt that she could be other than the Lady Zweiglas, spouse of the celebrated personage who was the object of my journey.

“Pray be indulgent to my servant,” she said; “she is the only one we have been able to keep since the Professor took to interfering with the co-ordinates of space and time. I will answer your questions to the best of my ability, but I fear that, in doing so, I shall be obliged to strain the German language as much as your patience. You ask whether Professor Zweiglas is in now; I can only reply that he was in his laboratory tomorrow; but yesterday he expects to go to Neudorf to visit a brother Professor; so I really cannot say when he is here — I mean, where he is now. But you shall see for yourself.”

In a turmoil of the soul — in a revolution of the entire threshold of consciousness — which I shall not presume to pen in mere words, I

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followed my stately guide through many lengthy corridors and tangled staircases, until finally, many hours before daybreak, we found ourselves before the threshold of the moody master of the manse. A touch upon a spring, given however in a particular manner, revealed a secret door in the arras, and we beheld an apartment whose vast length was hopelessly lost in the viewless distance, and whose oaken ceiling towered aloft to the stars of heaven. But the most jealous scrutiny failed utterly to disclose the whereabouts, or even the actual presence, of its sublime denizen. And here it is necessary that I should endeavor to portray certain very remarkable and *bizarre* features that characterized, not so much the furnishing, as the very *wasness* (if I may so speak) of the chamber wherein we found ourselves; though I fear that mere words will not avail more than to foreshadow the awful reality. The floor upon which we trod was not valsparrred or carpeted, but clothed with what could have been nothing else than ordinary wall-paper; while my hostess pulled my arm just in time to prevent me from stepping upon a picture in a glazed frame, which was nailed to the floor by a wire. But before I could fathom the meaning of this unwonted spectacle, my eye was seized by a sight not less remarkable; for the wall near which we stood was seen to be covered with polished boards, while at its foot lay a disordered heap of rugs, chairs, and other articles such as are customarily found scattered over the floor of an apartment.

While I was still wondering at the incomprehensible fancy of a man who could thus paper his floor and lay floor-boards on his walls, my gaze chanced to wander upwards towards the ceiling. I fear I shall never be able to convey what I then saw. In a vista of infinite space, I seemed to see a dusty road, and on it a traveler on horseback. Looking on his face, I saw with amaze that the face was my own.

I had already far more than three-parts made up my mind to go home and spend many long and pleasant months in meditating on the essence of this awful problem, when I was recalled to myself by a voice, which came as from a vast distance, yet penetrated to the most intimate recesses of my sensorium.

“Stand when you are, at your peril,” it said; “while I endeavor, as far as may be to one of the common herd, to explain the state of affairs. There are two theories of relativity, the ordinary theory and the extraordinary theory. The first was discovered long ago, and merely upsets our calculations; but the second was invented by myself recently, and is a far more serious matter, as it upsets everything, from our stomachs to the furniture in our rooms. We live in a four-dimensional world; three of the dimensions are of space, one is of time. I have discovered that they are interchangeable, and further I have discovered how to

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interchange them. At this moment (so to say), I have so tilted my room that one of the three spatial dimensions is extended along the track of time, while the time-dimension takes its place along with the other two space-dimensions as a part of the room. This is why you are walking upon the walls, while you see the floor reared up perpendicularly before you; and the direction which your eyes are now taking, and which you imagine to be *up*, is really the time dimension; you are looking into the past."

I said I would be blowed; and "Where are you, then?" I queried.

"Why of course I am in the third spatial dimension of the room," came the answer. "But pardon my forgetfulness of hospitality. In a few moments I shall be with you — or, to speak more correctly, in a few yards I shall be contemporaneous with you. Excuse the more than vagueness of my language, but indeed it is hard even for such an one as myself to say precisely whether I am in space or time. My colleague, Professor Mühlenrad, is at work on a new grammar, adapted to my invention of relativity, in which the adverbs of place and time are to be made interchangeable; and when that is published we shall the more readily be able to converse. In the meantime I will beg you to seat yourself as well as you can upon the wall in front of you."

With that, I complied as well as I was able with his request, and almost immediately a convulsion took place, on recovering from which I found myself sitting on the floor amid a cloud of dust raised by the shifting furniture, while Professor Zweiglas (whose fair partner had taken an opportunity to escape), dropped before me from the ceiling where he appeared to have been hanging.

I greeted the great man with all the enthusiasm of which my nature is so well known to be capable. But to my surprise, though I saw his lips move, no voice was audible. Perceiving from my gestures that I did not hear him, the Professor rose and began to run towards me with great velocity, but, greatly to my astonishment, without seeming to get any nearer. After perhaps two minutes of this exercise, he seated himself and now spoke in audible tones.

"Again," said he, "I have to ask your pardon. I had forgotten that here in Seven-Pump-Court the theory of relativity is a practical affair, not a mere lip-theory. The fact is that, when I first began to speak, I was much further off from you than you were from me; so that, while I could hear your voice, you could not hear mine. This will seem strange to you, I know; but you must bear in mind that our ordinary conceptions of distance are based upon the imaginary concept of an extended space, upon which we mark out in imagination certain distances. Now, since I have discovered that this space *is* purely imaginary, and does not in

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fact exist, why, you see, there is no sure way of telling how far off two bodies may be from one another. The distance from you to me is purely relative to yourself; while the distance from me to you is relative to myself alone."

"You are pardoned," said I; "and in return I must ask your indulgence if, at first, I experience a difficulty in following you when I do not feel quite certain where you are — or where I am, for that matter. But pray tell me how you managed to approach me by running so fast and so long across a floor which at most was only a few feet in extent."

"My motion was relative to you alone, and not to the floor. Hence I got nearer to you, while relatively to the floor I was standing still. You may remember that Jules Verne makes some travelers set out in a projectile from the earth to the moon. All very well; they would doubtless have continued to recede from the earth, but they would never have got any nearer to the moon."

"And why, pray?" said I.

"Because they had no motion relative to the moon, but only relative to the earth," said the Professor, with the glee of a man who has just triumphantly solved a conundrum.

"But what about the ether?" I replied.

"What indeed!" was the reply. "That's the question. Michelsen and Morley proved that the ether, though not precisely non-existent, was so very nearly so as to be tantamount to negligibility. They showed that a ray of light, when it passes from a lamp to a mirror, does not climb its way along the ether, but simply *goes* from one body to the other. In the same way I came to you without climbing along the floor."

"Then, if there is no ether, what do you suppose occupies interplanetary space?"

"Emptiness, my dear Sir, simply emptiness. If you and I were alone in interplanetary space, would it make any difference whether we were close together or a thousand miles apart? There would be nothing between us in either case. Could we even have any motion relatively to each other?"


The Professor, in his enthusiasm, had been flourishing his arms, and now brought one of them inadvertently and heavily down upon some apparatus on his table. The result was violent and unexpected. The room vibrated and shook like a ship in a storm; giddiness seized my very soul. After a painful and protracted experience which I can only compare to the sensation of falling out of bed and waking up on the floor, I found myself lying ignominiously in what I am forced to surmise is the year 2020 A. D. and from which I have since vainly been endeavoring to get back. For, alas! there will be no Professor Zweiglas to help me in those

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days. And it is only now, as from the repose of my own study, I pen (or should I say, “I *shall* pen”?) these memorable words, that I realize — that I comprehend — how utter and how headlong was then my fall through that accursed time-dimension which the professor’s inadvertence had thus tilted into the perpendicular co-ordinate down which I fell.

RIGHT AND WRONG

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

 ONE has sometimes heard ingenious sophists try to argue away the difference between good and evil, saying that these are conventional distinctions, devoid of real validity; and on these occasions one cannot help suspecting that there lurks in the background of the sophist’s mind a desire to palliate certain actual or contemplated shortcomings, and to place himself upon that pinnacle of vantage whereon these commonplace distinctions merge into an untrammelled and superior wisdom. It would be gratifying to take one of these plausible reasoners at his word, and to set before him on his breakfast table a bad egg, in order to see whether he would recognise any distinction between it and his customary and expected good egg; or whether, with the courage of his declarations, he would manfully and stoically ingurgitate the fragrant morsel, so repugnant to the common herd, a matter of such sublime indifference to his own spacious and refined taste.

Could we plumb with the searching eye of imagination to the ultimate profundities of existence, we might perchance attain some sublime realm where good and evil would merge undistinguished in an absolute reality, and sink to the mere attributes of an inferior world. But, when the question of conduct arises, it might be as well to adjust our views to the plane on which we are acting, and to confine our ignoring of the distinction between good and evil to those times when we happen to be functioning on planes of the highest and most sublime abstraction. In this way we may avoid getting things sadly mixed. Now it happens that the world wherein we are privileged to act and to speak is of an extremely mundane character, quite riddled with commonplace distinctions such as that between good and evil; and we cannot take a step in any direction without having to recognise and allow for them.

Not all the abstract geometry in the world will enable you to put your right-hand glove on your left hand, without turning matters hope-

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lessly inside out; which shows that, practically speaking, right is not left, a distinction that is not abolished by our inability to explain its nature. Also it makes a considerable difference, when we propose to ourselves as travelers a particular destination, whether we take an eastbound or a westbound car to arrive at it; and this in spite of the fact that either car would take us there, provided the track ran straight on for a distance of some twenty-five thousand miles. Doubtless extremes meet, but only when they are so very extreme as to constitute a negligibly rare case; and in the ordinary business of life extremes generally point in quite opposite directions. It is scarcely within the limits of practical politics that our philosopher should be confronted with two eggs, respectively so good and so bad that all distinction between them should be obliterated in one common quintessential sublimity.

Another suspicion that intrudes upon our reflexions as we contemplate such lucubrations is that the orator, in upsetting our own standard of good and evil, would nevertheless reserve a standard of his own; nor is it altogether unreasonable to infer that his very remarks imply a pretty good sense of what is right and fitting and what is not.

If good and evil do eventually merge into one, it is proper to inquire at what point they do so, and at what points they are still distinct and divergent. On the material plane it is clear that up is not down; and, without going into a discussion as elaborate as it is unnecessary, we can say at once that duality qualifies every plane to which we can reach in action or in contemplation, being indeed an essential component of thought itself. Hence, wherever our consciousness can reach, we find this distinction between right and wrong; not a *mere* interchangeable duality, like a mathematical line, but a pair of polar opposites, like the ends of a magnet.

The reality of good and evil, as regards all planes whereon we can act, has to be admitted. The question as to the source of this duality is interesting speculatively, and useful practically in so far as it helps us in our conduct. There are many ways of defining the nature of this distinction, but for any immediate purpose, such as that of this paper, it is necessary to choose and to observe limits. We choose that definition which applies equally well to good and evil as to health and disease — the definition which regards good and health as a state of unity or wholeness, and evil and disease as a state of diversity and breaking-up into conflicting parts.

As to health and disease, it has often been shown that health is a normal and original condition, wherein the organism acts as a unit and there is no conflict; whereas disease sets in when a conflict arises between the several parts or functions of the organism. The extreme limit of this

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process is death, decay, dissolution, when the unifying principle has altogether surceased and the one life is resolved into a million microbes.

Taking this illustration of physical health and disease, and applying it to the question of conduct, there occurs to the mind the word 'integrity'; a word whose primary meaning, both in Latin and English, is 'wholeness,' 'soundness'; and whose secondary meaning of 'honesty' shows the connexion between the notions of uprightness and unity. Our instinct, as organized beings, is to preserve our integrity, to be a unit; and to prevent whatever impairs this wholeness - - to prevent all tendencies to disintegration and internal strife.

Now the average individual is anything but a unit; he is usually the victim of many conflicting and changing forces, all emanating from some part of his own nature. This makes the struggle of existence. It was said of the evil principle in man that its name was 'Legion: for we are many' (see New Testament); and this is a very apt description. The evil spirits tend to tear their victim in pieces. Hence for us good consists in unity and wholeness.

Regarding mankind as a whole, it is evident that the conflict of personal wills constitutes a source of evil and contradicts the principle of wholeness. And any individual human being who has reached a point in his evolution where he begins to be conscious of something in him higher than his personal self, feels this conflict between the interests of the personality and those of the whole. This again makes the struggle of existence.

In the present age it is probable that the numerically larger part of mankind have not attained a point in their evolution where this sense of strife between the higher and lower nature is acute; but such is not the case with others. And all men, in the course of their evolution, must at some time reach the point where they are preparing to leave one kind of life and enter upon another. They are ready to graduate, as it were, into a higher grade; they have sounded their nature, by thought and by experience of life, to a deeper level; they have aroused within themselves a more urgent demand.

In truth, the longer we live (throughout the cycle of rebirth), the more strongly do we develop the various sides of our nature, until we find ourselves beset by a crowd of proclivities which are more or less incompatible with one another. In extreme cases this may take the form of a double life, like the Jekyll and Hyde of Stevenson; but it is oftener experienced in a less dramatic, if equally poignant form. It is then that the man feels that, for him, evil consists in the attempt to follow multifarious desires, and that good consists in whatever can restore to him the sense of unity or enable him to act with *integrity*.

At this point we pause a moment to state that it is only after writing

RIGHT AND WRONG

the above that we chance to come across the following in a current magazine. The similarity is striking and shows how Theosophy is in touch with up-to-date thought.

“The secret of sanity is devotion to the infinite and ideal. . . . Dissociation — disintegration of personality — makes for insanity. If we would be sane, then, we must take the opposite path, the path of self-integration, the path which leads to wholeness of spirit, to inward harmony. If inward harmony is to be achieved, the whole personality must assert its supremacy over each of the subordinate centers, and so prevent the hypertrophy of any of these, as well as the outgrowth of morbid sub-centers. . . . By the whole personality we mean, not the actual average man, the ‘finished and finite clod,’ but the ‘light that lighteth every man,’ the ideal or universal self. The ideal self asserts its supremacy by becoming the goal of an eternal process of growth, the end of an endless quest. So long as that quest continues, so long as the soul continues to grow, so long as the man lives in the infinite, the subordinate centers of his being will fulfil their several functions in obedience to the will of the self-evolving, self-revealing whole, and therefore in perfect harmony with one another. This is sanity, in the fullest sense of the word, the sanity of organic wholeness, of immortal youth.”

— EDMOND HOLMES, ‘The Psychology of Sanity,’ *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1920

We could not, as Theosophists, ask for a better definition of sanity, or, in accordance with the subject of the present article, for a better description of that which, for man, constitutes good as opposed to evil. To bring all parts of the nature under control of the highest — of the central power; and that central power the real Man, the higher Self; such is the definition of sanity and good. It means self-control, self-knowledge, self-mastery. Yet, as the writer sufficiently indicates, it is not a mere enlargement of the sense of personal importance that is to be sought; that would be vanity and vexation of spirit. It is a larger Self that is to be sought, so that the mere personal man may be subordinated to higher and nobler interests.

As to moral laws, it is true that the prevalence of hypocrisy and false standards may sometimes confuse and irritate us into a feeling of petulant rebellion against codes and maxims. But we should not permit ourselves to be so shaken from our cool judgment by these feelings as to think for a moment that there *is* no moral law for humanity; or to imagine that Nature, because we may have failed to interpret her ways aright, knows no laws of right and wrong. We know well by experience that we cannot so juggle with the laws of health; neither can we afford to trifle with or ignore the laws of right conduct. For, so surely as man is a living being, a denizen of a cosmos ruled by laws, so surely must he either adapt himself to the exigencies of his nature and to his surroundings or suffer severely in the fruitless attempt to run counter to them.

Right and good, therefore, for me consist in the knowledge of those laws that are inherent in my nature, and in the resolve to conform my conduct to their requirements.

The expression ‘unwritten law’ is sometimes met with, but usually

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in connexion with cases where people desire to give loose rein to some violent feeling which the laws of the state restrain. But what of the unwritten laws of right conduct? Such laws cannot be drafted into any political code; yet what political code would wish to abrogate them? The eye of governmental authority is not far-reaching, nor does even the keener vision of public opinion penetrate the seclusion which the secret sinner can erect around himself. But, once we assume the attitude of knowledge and responsibility, we proclaim ourselves to be ever in the sight of a Law that oversees our most private thoughts. And this for the reason that every thought is an *act*, a seed scattered openly to the wind, and destined to yield us some day a harvest in accordance with its quality.

We may not be able to define the ultimate laws of the universe, but we all know very well when we perform a mean and selfish act, and when we master the low impulse in obedience to a wiser and nobler motive. Therefore it rests with us whether we will continue to go on all fours like a beast that follows its scent, or stand erect and upright like a being endowed with the divine privilege of discernment. This is a thing that is independent of all creeds. It is the acknowledgment of our own higher nature and its immutable laws.



“IF we are but mind, or the slaves of mind, we can never attain real knowledge, because the incessant panorama of objects eternally modifies that mind which is uncontrolled by the soul, always preventing real knowledge from being acquired. But as the soul is held to be superior to mind, it has the power to grasp and hold the latter, if we but use the will to aid it in the work, and then only the real end and purpose of mind is brought about. . . . The will and mind are only servants for the soul’s use, but so long as we are wrapped up in material life and do not admit that the real knower and only experiencer is the soul, just so long do these servants remain usurpers of the soul’s sovereignty. Hence it is stated in old Hindû works that ‘the Soul is the friend of Self and also its enemy’; and that a man should ‘raise the self by the Self.’ . . . The will is a colorless power, to which no quality of goodness or badness is to be assigned. . . . In ordinary life it is not man’s servant, but, being guided only by desire, it makes man a slave to his desires. Hence the old kabalistic maxim, ‘Behind will stands desire.’ ”

— W. Q. JUDGE: Preface to *Patañjali’s Yoga Aphorisms*

THE SEARCH FOR WISDOM

C. J. RYAN

“Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own;
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems t'enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”— *Cowper*



TRANSITION is the characteristic of the age. All around us there is an accentuation of change in the political, the religious, and the scientific worlds. Religious dogmas are being so greatly modified that the creed-makers would not recognize them; philosophies based upon scientific grounds are being rewritten in accordance with the new, revolutionary discoveries. Many things formerly considered settled are now in the melting-pot. For a while the 'Higher Criticism,' as it is called, seemed to be destroying belief in the accuracy or the importance of the Bible, but now we are told by some that the heavy pruning indulged in by the scholars has only made the spiritual meaning clearer. With this feeling a broader impression is growing that all the great world-religions contain spiritual truths expressed in forms suitable to their particular followers. From quite unexpected sources one hears that there is only one religion in reality, a religious sense arising from real inner experiences in spiritual matters, and that differences in creeds arise from local circumstances and racial or national characteristics; even climate has its influence. You may call the common and universal sense of spiritual order in the universe by any name you please; we call it Theosophy, *Âtma-Vidyâ* — ancient names meaning Divine Wisdom and used in old times in exactly the same sense in which I am using it on this Theosophical platform.

While this Theosophical atmosphere is spreading among a certain number of earnest and advanced leaders — chiefly, of course, in those religious bodies which are not shackled by the chains of tradition or authority,— an increasing number of earnest persons are becoming unsettled by the uncertainty, confusion, and discordance among their spiritual guides, especially since the war shook so many conventional habits of thought to their foundations. One cannot take up a serious

*An address delivered at Isis Theater, San Diego, California, April 25, 1920.

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magazine without feeling that we are at an extraordinary crisis in religious as well as social and political thought, and that the new forms that are slowly emerging out of the chaos will be immensely powerful in shaping social conditions. If the Christian churches are to retain — or regain — their hold upon the educated masses in the coming age, they will have to find and teach the deeper meaning of their sacred books, for the literal interpretation has broken down; even the knowledge of the simple historical facts of Christianity is disappearing. I quote from a review in the *Hibbert Journal* for January. The reviewer of a new book called *The Army and Religion* says:

“Most startling of all, probably, is the revelation of the men’s relation to Christianity . . . the men’s ignorance of Jesus Christ is described as ‘appalling,’ the facts of his life are largely unknown. . . . Of Christianity it is said that the men ‘have not the foggiest notion what it is all about.’”

The last remark refers to about four-fifths of the men in the British army during the war. The reviewer also says, in speaking of the materializing growth of wealth and power since the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, that:

“The serious thing is that not only have the churches failed to counteract the advance of this practical materialism, they have themselves been affected by it, with disastrous results to their faith and life.”

The writer of the book says

“the faith that will command the future will be that which deals most adequately with the problem of evil.”

Theosophy, in its insistence that the secret of obtaining true wisdom lies in the actual realization of the dual nature of man, the angel and the demon, faces and shows how to solve the problem of evil in oneself in a practical manner which meets the materialism of the age in such a way that the simplest can understand it.

Leaving, for the moment, that subject and returning to the general teachings of the Bible, including the Old and New Testaments, we declare that the key to the real meaning, the Lost Word, is to be found in Theosophy. Is this too startling a claim? Is it a strong thing to say that the safety of the Christianity of Christ in a world tired of dogmas unsupported by reason and disillusioned by the dissensions in the churches, is to be secured by the application of the Theosophical key to the interpretation of the ancient writings upon which it is based? We venture to say it is not too strong. The Theosophical interpretation is not dogmatic; it does not presume to place one religion on a pinnacle and debase the rest: but in all the world-religions it reveals the same fundamental

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verities, the healing waters of life. The simple facts of Universal Brotherhood, the higher and lower nature of man, the laws of justice and reincarnation, the existence of great spiritual Teachers little known to the world, and the rest, are in all religions, and those who wish to learn *can* learn.

Glancing at physical science, upon whose incomplete discoveries so many philosophic structures are being erected, and upon which so much of practical life and public conduct of affairs depends, we see growth, but little definite knowledge in the deeper sense. The same undecided note is sounded that we heard in the ecclesiastical ranks. Thirty years ago a leading scientist was widely applauded for saying that the main problems of science were practically solved, and little but detail remained to be worked out! The nature of matter and the origin of man — two subjects of great importance — seemed to be solved on purely materialistic lines: but who would venture such a rash statement today! The conception of matter has been entirely revolutionized by the discovery of radio-activity and the possibility of transmuting one element into another — the justification of the alchemists. Matter is now supposed to be some form of electricity, but what is electricity? Einstein's theory seems to prove that matter is an illusion. The theory that man is the direct descendant of an ape-like ancestor has been widely repudiated by high scientific authorities, and it is now generally believed that the anthropoid apes are offshoots from the human stem at some enormously early period. The true origin of man is still obscured from scientific gaze. In 1888 Madame Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement in this age, stated that records existed showing that the anthropoid apes were partly descended from degraded human tribes existing in the Tertiary period. She discusses the entire subject in her monumental work, *The Secret Doctrine*, and it is interesting to students of Theosophy to observe that science has lately reached conclusions similar to hers. In the same book Madame Blavatsky shows the utter inadequacy of the materialistic doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest to explain the evolution of life and the nature of man, and now we see philosophers and scientists of great eminence arising to declare that Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest must be abandoned as the chief cause of evolution. Take Bergson, for example, who tells us that his studies convince him that the real basis of evolution is the forward pressure of Life — inexhaustible, mighty, eternally active and omnipresent life — ever trying to bring into manifestation new forms. Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest take their rightful but subordinate place as agencies which sift out and remove those forms of life which can no longer endure the changing conditions. This is quite Theo-

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sophic, for it replaces a mechanical and materialistic principle by a vital and purposeful one. But although we cannot approve the materialistic trend of much that is connected with the name of Darwin, no Theosophist would willingly underrate the importance of his work; for he compelled the modern world to accept the broad principle of evolution in place of the puerile theory of special creation in six ordinary days which the literal interpretation of the Hebrew scriptures by the schoolmen of the Middle Ages had fastened upon the Christian world.

In the desire to prove the existence of something after death, some form of consciousness, by the dubious evidence of psychic phenomena, we can trace a bypath which is being mistaken by many worthy and sincere persons for the highroad to spiritual life. The sorrowing world has had its attention directed to such things in an unusual degree during the last few distressing years when millions of families have been bereaved by the war and its consequences, and many hitherto deniers of the possibilities of anything beyond the world of the five senses have had their dogmatic materialistic illusions shattered. But while occasional peeps into the bewildering obscurities of the lower psychic planes may have slightly modified the materialistic arrogance of the age, such things do not touch the real questions, the vital problems of life, to solve which we are on earth. The great problem of self-directed evolution, of the mastery of the lower nature, of making our life noble and worth something so that we may leave the world better than we found it — in short, the finding of the soul, the divinity which is the aim to strive for — is a matter of such overwhelming importance to each and all that what will happen in some future time when we leave the tired and worn-out body to refresh our souls before taking up another spell of activity in physical form, may safely be ignored till the time comes, for as the Christian Scripture says: “Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?” (*Peter* i, 3-13) and the still older Oriental Scripture, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, “For never to an evil place goeth one who doeth good.” If we bring the spiritual part of us into our life as the guiding power, or as we say in Theosophy, “make brotherhood a living power in our lives,” we need fear no future, for we shall be duly and truly prepared.

I was impressed by an address upon agnosticism, given a few weeks ago by a well-known literary man on a solemn occasion in which he honestly and with great feeling expressed the opinion that neither he nor anyone else, including, as he said, Christian ecclesiastics and profoundly meditative Oriental philosophers from the Himâlayas or elsewhere, knew anything at all about the mysteries of life and death. He pointed out that people were drifting from dogmatism and were being caught by every kind of doctrine, even by ouija boards; but, he said, the agnostic will

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not be disappointed, for he bows his head and says, "I don't know." He said the agnostic demands intellectual honesty, and his courage in facing the unknown is not godlessness; but he believes that any definition of the unknown is an absurdity. At the same time the speaker plainly intimated that the agnostic would like to be shown a method by which he could reasonably proceed to find knowledge which would satisfy the craving of his heart, for he said he felt the incompleteness of this earthly life; he felt there ought to be not only one more opportunity but an infinity of extensions of opportunities to repair the mistakes that mar this little life, and to fulfil the unsatisfied capacity of enjoyment.

Now this agnostic position is far more worthy of attention than the crude denial of the possibility of soul made by materialists such as the late Haeckel or by Professor Vorworn who taught a psychology class in an American University that modern experimental psychology had conclusively proved that the individual soul is no more immortal than the individual body; and, on the other hand, it is a curious reflexion upon other learned professors who assure us that they positively *know* a great deal about the future conditions after death, which appear to be painfully mundane and earthly, even though ethereal reproductions of our familiar surroundings. The high-minded agnostic, with his courage in facing the unknown without leaning upon sentimental support to which his reason cannot surrender, and his innate spirit of dignity which upholds him against intellectual or emotional temptation, and his desire to make the world (as he understands it) better and happier, challenges us to show him that Theosophy can grapple with his negations with 'sweet reasonableness' in a way impossible to other forms of religious thought. But the agnostic who has determined that there is no way to find truth, and who wraps himself in an impenetrable shell of denial, has for the time being shut himself off from the light and is a dogmatist. To such Time is the only helper. But to those who have kept open minds and are merely discouraged by the unscientific position of the creeds, and so forth, Theosophy has something to say.

Two primary things stand out in the answer a student of Theosophy would give to those who ask for definite facts or bases on which to build: these are, the duality of man's nature, and the old saying of the Delphic Oracle, repeated with such earnestness by Socrates, "Man, know thyself!" Theosophy declares boldly that when the mind is concentrated in overwhelming aspiration to reach the higher life, no matter how many mistakes are made in the effort, the light of true wisdom begins to steal in, and the duality of our nature is revealed, sometimes to our great astonishment -- we hardly thought we were quite like that: this is one meaning of the expression 'self-directed evolution' so frequently urged

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upon us by Katherine Tingley.

One of the wise teachers of antiquity, Śankarâchârya, who spoke from practical experience, wrote:

“In soul-vision the wise man perceives in his heart a certain wide-extending awakening. . . . In soul-vision the wise man perceives in his heart the unfading, undying reality . . . in the hidden place of the soul this steady shining begins to shine like the dawn; then the shining shines forth like the noonday sun.”

Theosophy offers no dogmatic creed, no assertions which *must* be accepted; the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood Organization only demands of its members work on behalf of the highest ideal of human brotherhood. Theosophy shows the way, the line of least resistance, by which we may find wisdom and knowledge for ourselves, within ourselves. It is so simple and so old. The practice of brotherhood — “love your neighbor as yourself,” and act accordingly,— self-control, and unremitting aspiration to the highest ideal. At first only a few grains of truth may come, but they are *your own*, and they are self-reproductive, and new worlds of hope, new ways of understanding, open.

In studying any branch of learning we take the text-books or the lectures on trust at the outset, thoroughly understanding that the teaching is based on the experience of those who have passed through the training upon which we have entered, and that we shall be able to test it and perhaps to add to it. It is the same with Theosophy. When you hear that Theosophy teaches this or that; that Theosophists mostly believe in reincarnation, or the law of karma — of the effect following the cause — and so forth, discrimination must be used or the mistake might be made that these are dogmatic teachings to be accepted under some penalty, or because some authority declares them. It is not so; Theosophical teachings are offered as reasonable explanations of the main facts of life and nature, and are in harmony with the essentials in the teachings of the wisest religions and philosophies. Some are self-evident at an early stage, such as the duality of our nature, the higher and the lower; and, after proper consideration, the fact that the human race is a great family, a brotherhood, however miserably it may fail to act accordingly. With these as a good start towards more knowledge, we can break our way onward, for we find that obstacles are not insurmountable.

Now I wish to clear up some points about the personality and the immortal man, “for whom the hour shall never strike,” for it is here that Theosophy offers a solution to the mystery of our being which has led many agnostics to abandon their negative position, and yet which is not opposed to the spiritual interpretation of the order of nature.

The commonest mistake is to think that the ordinary, everyday

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personality is our entire self, instead of being a very small part of a larger and much more wonderful whole. It is not the personal, limited self that Theosophy refers to when speaking of the divinity of man; that would be a preposterous form of idolatry. To prove that on the moral plane man has far greater depth and strength than even he himself knows, we need look no further than the splendid displays of devotion and heroism in the most unlikely people, called forth by pressing emergencies or urgent spiritual calls. How often an apparently unpromising character will arise at a critical moment and surprise everyone by resource, high courage, and wise action! Unfortunately, as we all know, there is often a strong reaction. The routine in common habit asserts itself again, and sometimes there is even a drop. The world-wide outbreak of crime and extravagance now so noticeable and alarming is an obvious reaction from the control so many laid upon themselves during the war. But the startling outrush of the higher consciousness, in which it takes its rightful place for a moment, betrays the existence of the immortal even if it does not exhibit its permanent control. In many such cases the person so moved confesses that he cannot tell how he came to step out into a greater life; he was simply compelled to abandon his prudential calculations and to dare everything in response to a higher impulse than his petty, personal will. For those who do not know the evidence confirming the existence of a higher will than the personal, there is a considerable literature available.

The sudden arousing of the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice in persons who show nothing of the kind under ordinary conditions, but who are stirred by the danger threatening a fellow-creature, is also a testimony to the fundamental unity of the human race — universal brotherhood. Why should a prudent, practical individual risk his life to save another unless he is for the moment inspired by the greater self which feels the actual unity of all human beings in essence? It is really a proof of the imperfect evolution of most of us that we can ever commit an act which is not inspired by the diviner self — which is not brotherly.

Another suggestive demonstration of the greatness hidden behind our limited personalities, though not on the moral plane, is found in the records of those precocious mathematical geniuses, the 'calculating boys' who occasionally incarnate to perplex and astonish psychologists. These abnormal persons exhibit unexplained powers of calculation which point directly to sources of knowledge superior to and beyond the range of the ordinary processes of the mind. Think of Thomas Safford who could, at ten years of age, multiply a row of fifteen figures by a row of eighteen in about the time it takes to write them down, or 'Marvelous' Griffith who could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds!

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There are other powers mentioned in scientific works on psychology which are not properly explained without accepting the theory of a higher principle in us superior to the ordinary personality which erroneously believes itself the only and real self. Religious and philosophical literature record many instances of high states of consciousness experienced by thoroughly well-balanced persons in which the relative unimportance of the lower self was clearly seen, and many illustrations could be given without touching upon disputed matters such as experiences in dreams, under anaesthetics, clairvoyance, or anything that might be objected to by the agnostic ignorant of what is known in those directions. Musical prodigies, and the recognised fact that the spirit shines more brightly in some at the very time when the physical body is disintegrating by disease and the brain is not receiving the normal, healthy stream of blood, are not explained satisfactorily on materialistic lines.

The agnostic tells us that science has demonstrated that the human personality, like any other animal, is a fleeting thing, coming into being at birth, constantly changing during life, and resolving into its elements at death. There is some foundation for this idea, derived from the study of the body, the nervous system, and the mental states; and Theosophy would say that not only is the body perishable, but that all that part of the emotional and mental which cannot assimilate harmoniously with the higher self, also perishes, though not at the same time as the death of the body. The real self is not destroyed. The higher Ego, which uses the outer vestures of the physical, mental, and emotional, in order to come in contact with terrestrial conditions, cannot perish with them, for it is a spark of the eternal flame. In the few minutes at our disposal it is impossible to go further into this important question; it is a subject in itself. But the essential point in respect to the search for wisdom is that the practical result of sincere efforts to control the lower nature and the attempt to lead the life of brotherhood, result in the light of the true self beginning to shine through the covers of the soul, precisely as the sunshine begins to stream into a neglected room when the cobwebs are brushed from the windows and the glass cleaned. After many lives of victories and sometimes defeats, the purified man becomes, in the mystic phrase, "one with the Father in heaven," heaven being, as the Bible says in several places, within.

We hear the word Occultism a good deal of late, and there must be a large proportion of inquiring minds attracted by the idea that it signifies some superior method of thought or research not to be found in the regular sources of information, religious or scientific; but it is pathetic to see what misunderstandings exist as to the true meaning of the term, and what curious will-o'-the-wisps are followed in place of the clear white

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light of the soul and common sense. Lecturers come round with addresses whose titles seductively invite the curious to learn about the development of so-called 'occult powers'; and a more or less weird literature has arisen. Now it cannot be too strongly or too often declared that real Occultism, as it is understood and discussed by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and as it has always been taught by the three leaders of the Society, Madame Blavatsky, the Founder, William Q. Judge, her successor, and Madame Katherine Tingley, is far removed from the quest of such things as crystal-gazing, palmistry, automatic writing, and astral clairvoyance. Some would-be occultists have been greatly disappointed to find that they should not expect to learn to multiply loaves and fishes, or fly around in the astral in the Theosophical studies. Nor do we publish books with titles like 'A short cut to Adeptship,' 'Initiations while you wait,' or 'Occultism without a Teacher.'

The study of true occultism might be defined as the effort to understand the constitution of man and nature in the deeper sense with the *object* of improving the condition of our fellowmen, and the first requisite is devotion to the interests of others. The first qualification is the serious and continuous effort to control the lower nature and to turn its force into pure and unselfish directions. It is clear that no one with the least glimmering of the high import of the word occultism can look upon the state of the world, arising from ignorance of the divinity of man, without an ardent desire to work until the world is awakened to its glorious possibilities, however long that may take. What would one in whom the spirit of compassion was aroused, do, if given the opportunity to work on earth today? What would he mean by occultism? Would he spend time on doubtful byways and matters which have no practical bearing upon the improvement of character, or upon conditions which actually lead to the possibility of world-improvement? Would he not meet people on simple, natural lines, giving explanations and hopes which their everyday experiences allowed them to understand? Would he not have courage to tell them that the power lay within themselves to destroy the chief causes of human suffering? What an enormous change we should see if large numbers of well-meaning persons would take the decisive step and look for the divine in the mysterious depths of their own natures, and not dwell upon the personality! Though no one can admire the great religious paintings of the supreme masters in art more than I, yet how deplorable it is that their influence, ringing down the recent centuries, has been to represent so brilliantly, so powerfully, the false notion that man is a poor, miserable creature, groveling on this ball of mud, while the divine and spiritual personages are outside of him, far

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off in some other world. A great faith is required in the transforming power of the divine principle within, a faith which soon becomes knowledge. Let us boldly distinguish between the permanent and important and the ephemeral. It is said that American manufactures have attained their success largely through the courage shown in throwing old-fashioned machinery on the scrap-heap. We are burdened with a great many bad habits and old-fashioned ideas — well enough for inferior creatures, no doubt — which hold us back; it requires courage to abandon them, but it will have to be done before we can make the next great step in evolution. Those who have made the attempt tell us they have a wonderful sense of freedom.

I think our true occultist would set about his brotherly work on lines of least resistance, and would begin by teaching the *children* how to control themselves, and how to find their better natures. He would show them and their parents how much happier they were becoming under his training. To do this he would have to possess self-control and self-knowledge. And so the basis of the new and grander civilization would be firmly laid. It is not my intention tonight to speak at length about the system of education Madame Tingley has established on this basis; the Râja-Yoga system is becoming famous. It has been in operation more than twenty years, and many of the earliest scholars are now grown-up and are living examples of its excellence. The basis of the new order of ages has been laid.

Since my last appearance a few weeks ago on this platform, I have received a letter, apparently aroused by some of my remarks, advising students of Theosophy to think less of earth-life and progress here, and more of the future, the Judgment Day, the penalties of hell and the joys of heaven. This letter cannot be from an agnostic, but it invites a few comments because it brings up some important points in Theosophy on practical lines.

Now it is undeniable that the earth is our dwelling-place for this life, and maybe for many more; Theosophists generally believe so. If we are not satisfied with it, whose fault is that but our own and our ancestors'? In the Hebrew allegory, Adam, *i. e.*, the human race, was placed in the earthly paradise to dress and to till it, but the Fall took place and everything went wrong. Nothing was said to Adam about heavenly reward or the other thing; he was simply told to mind the business entrusted to him. He disobeyed orders, failed, and ever since the race has made a sorry business of making an earthly paradise. The belief in a primeval Golden Age is widespread; also the Fall and hope of a Redemption. As we are responsible for present conditions, it is our duty to improve them, to bring back the Golden Age so that the

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divine will shall be done on earth. The Redeemer that can do this *is within*, but we have to call upon him. It is not our duty to fix our gaze upon what may happen in the remote future; it is our duty to spiritualize the present moment. In no long time the future will be the present, and our duty then will be to attend to what is straight in front of us. While there is nothing to prevent us building up pictures of a glorious future, but much to recommend it, for thought is a creative power, it would be a mistake to neglect the possibilities of today and set the heart upon a longed-for spiritual life in the future in some point of space far away from this earth of ours. It is here and now that we have the grand opportunity of finding our spiritual strength in the great conflict with material temptation. Theosophy teaches that after the dissolution of the body, and after a period of purification during which the higher self is freed from its grosser entanglements, the true Ego enters into rest and joy. Returning, once more, refreshed and strengthened, as we return daily from sleep, it takes up its work on earth again. The time will come when we shall have gained all the necessary experience in the physical, and, in the words of John in the Book of Revelation in the New Testament, we "shall go no more out." Higher spheres will be opened to us, for we shall be ready for that wonderful existence, but till then our duties are here and our energy and devotion are challenged by the inner and outer conflict.

For anyone who wishes to study Occultism from books as well as in life, a course of study in the greatest poetry would be a good beginning. The great poets have tried to bring to us who have less insight, some idea of the inner and superior illumination in which they saw man and nature. In the degree of this illumination and of the way he can express his feelings by the magical use of words, is the poet an occultist. The great poet reveals to those who are becoming aware that there is meaning and beauty all around *if they could find it*, something that lies under the hard outer skin, some of the mysteries they have overlooked. He tries his utmost to awaken us to the divine powers slumbering within. We shall not be really civilized until we can all appreciate the highest poetry; nay, we may go farther and say until we have no need for the medium of words, for we shall be able to hear the music of the spheres and the choir invisible for ourselves.

According to Theosophy, then, the road on which we travel in the search for Wisdom begins with the consideration of a few simple suggestions as to the objects for which we are here and what we are in ourselves. These suggestions are not laid down as dogmas, but we do say that if followed conscientiously they lead to their own confirmation by the opening of inner sources of knowledge which do not depend upon

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outside teachings. The success of this method of study depends upon the purity of motive, for it leads to the full realization of the higher self and the brotherhood of man. True Occultism is only occult or hidden because we have blinded ourselves to the higher laws of nature by our wrong methods of living; we have set our hearts on the gratification of the lower personality and we have no right to expect divine wisdom to descend upon us. It may take many incarnations of effort and sacrifice before the intuition is so fully developed that we can distinguish its voice with certainty from that of reasoning warped by desire. Madame Katherine Tingley has said:

“As long as the lower forces play through the chambers of the mind, the real light, the real knowledge, the true interpretation, that quality of intuition that belongs to every man and is a part of the inner life, cannot be accentuated. To a large degree I feel that we are depending too much on the outward life, we are living too much in the external, our vision and our progress are limited by our lack of knowledge of the higher law; but if we could once realize, as a Theosophist does after long study and much devotion, that the real life, the ever-growing eternal life, is within, the mind would become receptive to the higher knowledge and to that state of consciousness which is ever illumined by the inner light. . . . Many of the external and fascinating attachments of life which we love and hug so dearly, those things which we in our selfishness hold the most precious, will fade away in the course of time. But the great inner knowledge, the inner life — truth — will never desert one; for there is constantly abiding in man this inner power, this controlling Christos Spirit, which will bring home to all the very knowledge that man has instinctively sought for ages. . . . Hence I say to you: Seek the deeper meaning of life from the inmost recesses of your own nature, ‘where truth abides in fullness.’”

That is indeed the greatest message which Theosophy has for us.

DUAL HUMAN NATURE

HERBERT CORYN, M. D., M. R. C. S.

 HERE is an old fairy-story of a King's son who, by reason of the enchantments of an evil magician, had been deprived of all memory of his real rank and nature so that he wandered about the royal estates as a cowherd in rags. Deep within his heart he was not happy, knowing something was wrong but knowing not what. And so he was ever trying by one poor expedient and another to get himself a little happiness and meet the ever unsatisfied craving in his nature. His poor blinded memory could tell him that *something* was lacking, but the picture of *what* it could not show. From time to time the King, his father, would come and appeal to him to remember who and what he was, but by reason of the enchantment he could neither see that form nor hear that voice. Only it seemed to him in some vague way that there was a presence about him he could not understand, and

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a momentary deepening of his unrest and craving. So that these visits did but drive him the more to dull himself with his gross or transient pleasures to his uncomprehended touches of memory and unformulated aspirations. And he continued to wander, mostly alone save for a noble dog that had been his before his transformation and would not leave him.

The King had ordered that every morning at rise of sun a great horn should be blown from the battlements, thinking that if the Prince were far away and in danger of being lost he would have something to guide him in the direction of his home. And whenever the young man heard the sound of the horn coming with the first shaft of golden light from the sun, it would seem to him as if some message came with them, some summons to do or be something. For a moment he felt uplifted and happy, but as his mind could tell him nothing, his exaltation would be gone almost at once. But he never failed, wherever he was, to listen at dawn for the horn and to be still while he tried to search for the meaning of the stirring in his heart which the sound and the light aroused. And it seemed to him that from time to time he did get nearer to an understanding of something which yet eluded him.

So a long, long time, years, went by, and one glorious midsummer morning the Prince awoke feeling that something would happen to him that day, something very great that he could not define. He rose and went to the top of a knoll from which the battlements could be seen, and beyond them the increasing golden glow in the east. And the gleaming peak of the sun sprang up and the horn sounded its melody and something was suddenly lifted from his brain and thrilled his heart, and the cloud vanished from his memory and in a moment he knew what he was and all he was in his long past royal life. His rags fell from him and underneath was his golden tunic and the royal star on his breast. So he returned to the castle with his faithful dog, greeted by the rejoicings of his father and the acclamations of all those who had loved and served him in the days gone by.

This prince, you see, had memory enough of his old-time state to be dissatisfied with his present one. He knew in a vague way that the poor pleasures he was able to come at were not touching the spot. Perhaps he knew it at the time he was taking them. Or he may only have recognised that afterwards. Certainly there would have been no hope for him if he had found them thoroughly satisfactory. That would have meant that the memory of his old state and of his real nature was so vague, so deeply buried in him that it could not stir his mind at all, and that he would come at last to the term of his life without any awakening. He would never have paid any attention to the melody of the horn

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nor to the glory of the daily sunrise. Sight and hearing would have been occupied with quite other things. But the daily moment of attention and of search into himself, prompted by the gnaw of his undefined memory, became his salvation.

And there he had the better of some of us, who do not consecrate any moment of the day to search into themselves in the silence and strain of attention, do not look out for a daily moment of inner light and melody and have no sense whatever of the appeal of the King Soul. It is just the great lesson and meaning of pain and deprivation of pleasure and of disappointment to bring us up to this point of search, to sensitize us to the inner appeal, the appeal to be our rightful selves again, to come back to the Garden of Eden. The appeal does not call us to a perpetual Sunday-school. It calls us to an illuminated mental state in which every power will come to its highest.

Most of us know, though without clear recognition, that we are dual, high and low. And we know into what utter degradation the low element of our nature will carry us if we give it unrestricted license — degradation and the *extinction* of every power of body and mind. But the other: where would that take us if we gave it *its* freedom? Not, surely, just to virtuousness! The virtues would follow, would become natural, certainly. But the great result would be the coming to full bloom of every power which, by the opposite course, comes to extinction. And since the unchaining of powers brings happiness, the sunlight of joy shines naturally all along the new life which is also the old and forgotten one, the life reached by the Prince of the story at the moment of the thrill of his sunrise. It is that sunrise that we have to look out for. And of course if we never look out for it we shall never be caught and illuminated by it. Surely we should not find a few moments daily too irksome to give if we felt sure of the result. But there is *something* of the result always, from the first; just as there was with the Prince, who felt with daily increasing clearness that there was something great, he knew not what, awaiting him. So his stop-gap pleasures gradually meant less and less to him and his moment of silence and expectancy and light and melody more and more. Naturally, he kept that moment sacred and inviolable and got the slowly-coming but full reward of his persistence.

Some of those old fairy-stories are worth study, perhaps all of the older ones. They seem to have been made by wise story-tellers who were trying in their story, beneath its charm, to give out some deep fact or process in human nature. And in such stories all the characters are really one; the whole is the story of each human being. We are all of us the Prince, wandering disguised in the world, disguised to each other and to ourselves, unknowing of what we were, unknowing of our

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own greater nature from which we came and to which we can and shall return, the nature which is always appealing to us in the silence, the King-Father of the story. And the dog, symbol of faith, fidelity, loyalty, persistence, watchfulness,—quite a touch to the picture, you see. For day after day, year after year, the Prince kept faith with his moment of light and of melody and of the faint stirring of memory. So too the King's retainers; they also have their place, the powers standing ever ready to serve the higher nature.

The little story, then, has a whole philosophy of human nature, philosophy put so as to touch our imaginations and live in our memory and perhaps give us hope and confidence in our darker times when it seems impossible that we can be accomplishing anything. And if we give it to the children we shall not find that they forget it or in later years miss its significance.

There is complaint among the Churches, and fear in many quarters, that religion is fading out of the busy thought of modern life and civilization. It may be; but is not the reason very plain? Men live by *hope*, always, everywhere, hope of attainment. There must be something *more* on ahead for them to look to. What they really want, and properly want, is *more consciousness*, more life. If it is not clear to them that they can get it one way they will try another. And if there is any success, habit will fix the practice until it is very hard for them to change.

Well, from the standpoint of the lower, selfish nature there *is* some success. Money and position and ordinary pleasures do feed and arouse into activity a part — the lower part — of our natures, and though this activity — this semblance of life — fades away quickly so that the dose of whatever produced it must be repeated and mostly increased, and at last, like drugs, begins to fail altogether of its effect, we do not realize that or do not care so long as we get the immediate stimulation.

But all this is while we do not hear the voice of the King, of our own greater nature, do not respond to the call from the heights. We do not know the rest of ourselves, what is beyond this bodily personality. The sunrise is *our own* light; the melody is blown from another part of *our own* nature. Death is the opening up of and the entry into our own fuller being, and the almost unheard appeal to us is to do it now, in life, and so for the first time live fully. *That* possibility we have never been taught of, and so we try to get more fullness of life and consciousness along the only lines we know. We are the King's son, but we know only the life of the cowherd. And the joy of even one bit of resistance to an impulse of our lower nature is in reality the joy of a step towards awakening to our *real* nature, one step towards freedom from the enchantment that clouds the intelligence of us all.

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Theosophy is the retold message of our own higher natures, retold because it has been lost for so many centuries. It is the message of our dignity and strength and limitless possibilities. Why, since we do know something of the depths to which we could fall, should we not think that there must also be heights to which we can ascend? Has human nature only one pole? Religion, as Theosophy uses the word, is just this doctrine of hope, hope not alone for a far-away human perfectibility but for an awakening here and now.

Perhaps we have talked enough for the time of *eternal* life, life as a mere line stretching *on* without end. Let us get some idea of life broadening *out* and reaching *up*, life limitlessly rich and full and sunlit. *That* life will easily look after its own eternity. Spatiality, expansion, rather than mere endlessness, is what we should think of. *That*, we can begin upon now, can *do* something about; the *endlessness* is there anyhow, and is, moreover, valueless without the other, even a nuisance at last in such case. And that is one of the errors of one sort of religious thought — that it has stressed the endlessness of life rather than its expansion and spiritual enrichment and so made it look even gloomy and uninviting.

There is not much glow and beauty and hope in the word eternity. It does not pulse. There is no light and space and music in it. Let us take it for granted and think of the other things, the increasing fullness and joy. There we get something, to begin work upon at once. It is beginning to listen to the horn blown from the heights and to get the thrill of the rising sun. That is the message of Theosophy, that new life is possible for us here and now — just because this life-consciousness of ours here in the body, the life of personality, is a ray of the diviner life which is also ours, the son of the King who knows not his parentage, his upper self. And so our reincarnations, our repeated lives so full of pain and trouble, are each of them the opportunity to awaken. The word religion looks very different when we think of it as the path of awakening to joy and reality, the path out of dreams into life.

So it would seem that where the current religious teaching has been lacking in helpfulness to the world is its failure to stress this possibility of awakening, of attainment. “*Why* should I be good?” says the child to its mother. And the answer would usually be, “Because God wishes it.” The same child at its music practice might ask, “Why should I practise scales?” Would the child, loving music never so much, be content to go on with the scale-playing if the mother’s reply were simply, “Because your music-master wishes it?” The wise mother will make the child understand that scale-playing will lead somewhere, develop something, is no end in itself but the way to an attainment. Man is a practical creature. He cannot put his heart into any effort or work without

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the idea and hope of an achievement ahead. If the achievement of soul-awakening had been held out as a possibility all these centuries, earth would be a heaven in comparison with what it is; war would have long ago disappeared; the dollar would never have become the great social idol; and in every land, in every city, there would be men who were teaching willing hearers about the light of awakening which they had themselves attained. Such a message as that is the greatest that man can deliver to man.

The 'Prince' in our story is of course the mind. It is the mind in each of us that has to awake. It has to learn to turn away from its customary states and modes of activity and find the new one. The Prince stood silent a few moments while he waited for the sunrise and listened for the blowing of the horn. That is the function of real inner silence, to enable the mind to pass for a few moments out of its customary state into a new one, away from its customary preoccupations towards a new one, which, because new, seems at first like vacancy. Aspiration is the word that tells us most about the effort, spiritual *listening inward*. Something from the soul comes at once, a little sense of peace in brain and heart. That is the first ray of the sunrise. Over the earth it is always sunrise somewhere. At any time in the day we can take a few moments to get the touch of our fuller life. Every day the touch will become more real to us, nearer to its final and complete meaning. And then outward happenings will begin to seem less important, troubles and disappointments less keen, ordinary pleasures less worth following after so closely, frictions with others less irritating. At last, some day, real knowledge breaks upon us.

But the work, this alchemy, is a little slow, of course. If the musician took no notice of the touches of inspiration that came upon him, never stilled his thoughts and gave attention to his inner hearing, he would soon lose his creative gift altogether, perhaps even forget that he ever had it, this divinest part of him. When, in after years, reminded of it and determined to win it back, he would not find its recovery as easy as its loss. Very often he would have to invite it before it began, very faintly, to come again. That is our case. We too have, perhaps for incarnations, neglected our highest gift, taken no notice of the touches of our larger and diviner life, cut ourselves away from it by inattention almost entirely. We have lived as if it were not. Our thinkers have wrought out systems of philosophy that did not include it; our science and education take no account of it; even our religious teachings do it but the scantest of justice, sometimes ignoring it altogether or calling belief in it presumption. Our interests and activities have mostly no relation to it. So it is no wonder that the first efforts to get back to it

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do not bring us instant success and may for a while seem wholly fruitless. But it is there, and that is the first message of Theosophy. That is what Theosophy means in saying that all men are divine and that no effort to find our divinity is lost. The effect of the smallest right effort remains in our natures and even if in this life we never make another, it is present as a redemptive and guiding power for some life to come. Each effort is laying up treasure in heaven, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within, waiting. In our daily life and duties we can be living high up beyond the reach of death, and conscious of being beyond.

There is one sure sign by which a man may know he is nearing his higher nature and without which everything else finally goes for naught. If his sense of Brotherhood is not widening and deepening, he is making no real progress. And if it *is* widening and deepening, if that sunlight is permeating his nature and shining out in his thought and conduct more and more, he is on the Path, though there may for long be no other sign of his progress. If selfishness, personal self-centration, is the mark of the down-going man, the opposite must be the mark of the man moving up the heights towards the Light. Geniality, cordiality, friendliness, kindness, sympathy, pity -- all these are words for different aspects of Brotherhood. They are the marks of awakening. Whitman's physician, Dr. Bucke, said that he never heard him speak critically or unkindly of any other man, and someone else said of him that the moment you came in contact with him he made you feel that he liked you. He was a man who had come awake much more than the great majority of us, and the spirit of Brotherhood pulses superbly in everything he wrote. And Beethoven, in his last and greatest symphony, where he reached perhaps the highest consciousness that music has ever expressed, made the chorus sing of the "kiss" he sent "to all the world." His inspiration had broken the limits of his personality and made him feel his unity with all humanity.


Every act or thought in the spirit of Brotherhood thins the veil between soul and mind, makes the mind and even the body more transparent to the Light of soul, the individual soul and the All-Soul, just as the opposite makes the veil thicker and blots out the Light. With every act done in the spirit of Brotherhood we have for a moment come into unison with the All-Soul, which is the sum of individual souls and also something more. For a moment we are its active instrument in its age-long work in the hearts of men, and that moment leaves its eternal trace upon our natures. One particle of the lead is henceforth gold. A man's aspiration for union with the Light, for final rending of the veil between, can only become effective in victory *if there is enough of him doing the aspiring*. And he makes it gradually enough by acts and thoughts in the spirit of Brotherhood. It is because we do not see that that we fail

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in self-redemption. There is not enough of our consciousness, of our will, at work to make our aspiration fruitful. This is a special effort of will, not like any other; and the power to make it, so that in the silence some day the sudden transmutation shall come about, is acquired only by kindly acts and words and feelings. The soul can make itself known at last to him who steadfastly works for it, and every soul, as part of the All-Soul, is charged with part of its work for humanity. "We reach the immortal path," said Gautama-Buddha, "only by continuous acts of kindness and we perfect ourselves by compassion and charity." And again: "The man who walks in this noble path . . . cultivates good will without measure among all beings. Let him remain steadfastly in this state of mind, standing and walking, awake or asleep, sick or well, living or dying; for this state of heart is the highest in the world."

BURNE-JONES

E. L. WYNN

 F the true mission of art is to elevate us by opening up a vision of heavenly beauty that inspires us to nobler effort on earth, then Burne-Jones achieved this in an unusual way. It was so unusual that his art was criticized as being too far removed from ordinary life. He stepped onto a higher line of art in the use he made of the outer life to bring us to the inner, the secrets of the soul. There is a mysterious charm about his pictures which has been described as "listening to the Silences."

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was one of a group of artists who ushered a wave of romanticism into English art towards the middle of the nineteenth century. He was born of humble parents in Birmingham, the center of a manufacturing district in England. He was destined for the church and received a thorough classical education; this knowledge of the old Greek literature he turned to good account afterwards, but there was nothing in his early years to direct his mind to art.

At college he made a lasting friendship with William Morris, and these two young dedicated souls entered with joyous enthusiasm into the world of literature and art that opened before them. It was reserved to Ruskin to suggest to them their true vocation: through his works they felt the high aim of true art, to bring spiritual beauty to touch

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humanity. In the Preraphaelites they found a brotherhood in harmony with their aims; and Burne-Jones threw himself at Rossetti's feet, asking to be his pupil. From this master he gained confidence in himself, but he afterwards developed his own distinctive style and soared to a purer air than Rossetti. Burne-Jones, with William Morris, gave a new impetus to decorative art and raised the national standard of taste.

'The Wheel of Fortune' was his favorite picture. A grand figure of the goddess of Fate is slowly turning the wheel of destiny. King with scepter, or slave in chains, each rises or goes under in his turn, bound to the wheel. This picture has been used in Theosophical literature to illustrate the disciple's attitude of equanimity to all conditions which are his destiny.

The Perseus series is generally considered the finest example of his imaginative power: first the hero is equipped for his fight when Athene appears before him; then a number of pictures depict the gloom, terrors, and dangers through which he had to pass; until the final one shows Perseus and Andromeda standing with clasped hands in a garden where all is peace and serenity, the adverse powers having been vanquished. Russell Lowell considered this "the finest achievement in art of any time."

The legend of the Sleeping Beauty he used in a series called the 'Briar Rose,' from the nature-motif which runs through all the pictures: the artist takes us into this silent world through the wood, the council-room, the garden, and the palace, where only the rose still lives and grows, on and on up to the moment of the climax when the hero bursts upon the scene; then he leaves us with our imaginations stimulated to picture all that follows. Like all true symbolism it is capable of many interpretations: we can see Burne-Jones and his artist comrades as just such vigorous young heroes, who, with their goal in sight, were nothing daunted until they stirred to life the Soul in Art, which had been sleeping while conventions disguised the reign of materialism: perhaps Burne-Jones hardly realized himself *all* that his own soul was speaking to him of the deeper meaning of these wonderful pictures.


To talk of the impossible is to step out of sympathy with our artist. When he makes the image of Christ stoop down from the cross to bless a knight who had forgiven his enemy, we know that the knight has caught the divine spirit of forgiveness and feels the Christos spirit draw near in approving love.

Burne-Jones married happily and lived a busy, joyous life. Undisturbed by praise or blame, he fulfilled his mission and grew stronger day by day to express the beautiful thoughts that were stirring within him. The heroes he loved to depict were his companions, and his whole life was permeated by the same high ideals which they represented.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XVII — ROME PARVENUE *

 HE Punic War was not forced on Rome. She had no good motive for it; not even a decent excuse. It was simply that she was accustomed to do the next thing; and Carthage presented itself as the next thing to fight,— Sicily, the next thing to be conquered. The war lasted from 264 to 241; and at the end of it Rome found herself out of Italy: mistress of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. The Italian laya center had expanded; Italy had boiled over. It was just the time when Ts'in at the other end of the world was conquering China, and the Far Eastern Manvantara was beginning. Manvantaras do not begin or end anywhere, I imagine, without some cyclic event marking it in all other parts of the world.

We have heard much talk of how disastrous the result would have been if Carthage, not Rome, had won. But Carthage was a far and belated outpost of West Asia and of a manvantara that had ended over a century before: — there was no question of her winning. Though we see her only through Roman eyes, we may judge very well that no possibility of expansion was left in her. There was no expansive force. She threw out tentacles to suck in wealth and trade, but was already dead at heart. All the greatness of old West Asia was concentrated, in her, in two men: Hamilcar Barca and his son: they shed a certain light and romantic glory over her, but she was quite unworthy of them. Her prowess at any time was fitful: where money was to be made, she might fight like a demon to make it: but she was never a fighting power like Rome. She won her successes at first because her seat was on the sea, and the war was naval, and sea-battles were won not by fighting but by seamanship. If Carthage had won, they say; — but Carthage could not have won, because the cycles were for Rome. You will note how that North African rim is tossed between European and West Asian control, according to which is in the ascendant. Now that Europe is up, and West Asia down, France, Italy, and England hold it from Egypt to the

*This lecture, like the preceding one, is based on Mr. J. H. Stobart's, *The Grandeur that was Rome*.

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Atlantic; and in a few centuries' time, no doubt it will be quite Europeanized. But West Asia, early in its last manvantara, flowed out over it from Arabia, drove out all traces of Europeanism, and made it wholly Asiatic. Before that, while a European manvantara was in being, it was European, no less Roman than Italy; and before that again, while the Crest-Wave was in West Asia, it was West Asian, under Egypt and Phoenician colonies. As for its own native races, they belong, I suppose, to the fourth, the Iberian Sub-race; and now in the days of our fifth Sub-race (the Aryan), seem out of the running for wielding empires of their own.

So if Carthage had won then, things would only have been delayed a little; the course of history would have been much the same. Rome might have been destroyed by Hannibal; she would have been rebuilt when Hannibal had departed; then gone on with her expansion, perhaps in other directions,— and presently turned, and come on Carthage from elsewhere; or absorbed her quietly, and let her do the carrying trade of the Mediterranean 'under the Roman flag' as you might say,— or something of that sort. Rome eradicated Carthage for the same reason that the Spaniards eradicated the Moors: because the West Asian tide, to which Moors and Carthaginians belonged, had ebbed or was ebbing, and the European tide was flowing high. Hamilcar indeed, and Hannibal, seem to have been touched by cyclic impulses, and to have felt that a Spanish Empire might have received the influx which a West Asian town in Africa could not. But Italy's turn came before Spain's; and all Hamilcar's haughty heroism, and Hannibal's magnanimous genius, went for nothing; and Rome, the admirable and unlovely, that had suffered the Caudine Forks, and then conquered Samnium and beheaded that noble generous Samnite Gaius Pontius, conquered in turn the conqueror at Cannae, and did for his reputation what she had done with the Samnite hero's person: chopped its head off, and dubbed him in perfect sincerity 'perfidus Hannibal.' Over that corpse she stood, at the end of the third century B. C., mistress of Italy and the Italian islands; with proud Carthage at her feet; and the old cultured East, that had known of her existence since the time of Aristotle at least, now keenly aware of her as the strongest thing in the Mediterranean world.

Now while she had been a little provincial town in an Italy deep in pralaya, Numa's religion, what remained of it, had been enough to keep her life from corruption. Each such impulse from the heaven-world is, in its degree, an elixiral tincture to sweeten life and keep it wholesome; some, like Buddhism, being efficient for long ages and great empires; some only for tiny towns like early Rome. What we may call the exoteric basis of Numatism was a ritual of many ceremonies connected with home-

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life and agriculture, and designed to keep alive a feeling for the sacredness of these. It was calculated for its cycle: you could have given no high metaphysical system to peasant-bandits of that type; — you could not take the *Upanishads* to Afghans or Abyssinians today. But as soon as that cycle was ended, and Rome was called on to come out into the world, there was need of a new force and a new sanction.

Has it occurred to you to wonder why, in that epochal sixth century B. C., when in so many lands the Messengers of Truth were turning away from the official Mysteries, and preaching their Theosophy upon a new plan broad-cast among the peoples, Pythagoras, after wandering the east and west to gather up the threads of wisdom, should have elected not to return to Greece, but to settle in Italy and found his Movement there? I suppose the reason was this: He knew in what direction the cycles should flow, and that the greatest need of the future ages would be for a redeemed Italy; he foresaw, or Those who sent him foresaw, that it was Italy should mold the common life of Europe for a couple of thousand years. Greece was rising then, chiefly on the planes of intellect and artistic creation; but Italy was to rise after a few centuries on planes much more material, and therefore with a force much more potent and immediate in its effects in this world. The Age of Greece was nearer to the Mysteries; which might be trusted to keep at least some knowledge of Truth alive; the Age of Italy, farther away and on a lower plane, would be in need of a Religion. So he chose Croton,— a Greek city, because if he had gone straight to the barbarous Italians, he could have said nothing much at that time,— and hoped that from a living center there, the light might percolate up through the whole peninsula, and be ready for Rome when Rome was ready for it. He left Athens to take care of itself; — much as H. P. Blavatsky chose New York at first, and not immediately the then world-capitals Paris and London; — I suppose we may say that Magna Graecia stood to old Greece in his time as America did to western Europe forty years ago. Had his Movement succeeded: had it struck well up into the Italian lands: — how different the whole after-history of Europe might have been! Might? — certainly would have been! But we know that a revolution at Croton destroyed, at the end of the sixth century, the Pythagorean School; after which the hope and messengers of the Movement — Aeschylus, Plato — worked in Greece; and that although the Pythagorean influence may have touched individual Lucanians, Iapygians, and even Samnites — that noble Gaius Pontius of the Caudine Forks was himself a Pythagorean and a pupil of the Pythagorean Archytas,— it was, in the Teacher's own lifetime, practically broken up and driven out into Sicily, where those two great Athenians contacted it. We have seen that it was not effectless; and

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what glimmer of it came down, through Plato, into the Middle Ages. But its main purpose: to supply nascent Italy with a saving World-Religion: had been defeated. Of all the Theosophical Movements of the time, this so far as we know was the only one that failed. Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, each lasted on as a grand force for human upliftment; but Pythagoreanism, as an organized instrument of the Spirit, passed. When Aeschylus made his protests in Athens, the Center of the Movement to which he belonged had already been smashed. Plato did marvels; but the cycle had gone by and gone down, and it was too late for him to attempt that which Pythagoras had failed to accomplish.

So Rome, when she needed it most, lacked divine guidance; so drifted out on to the high seas of history pilotless and rudderless; so *Weltpolitik* only corrupted and vulgarized her. She had no Blue Pearl of Laotse to render her immortal; no Confucian Doctrine of the Mean to keep her sober and straight: and hence it came that, though later a new start was made, and great men arose, once, twice, three times, to do their best for her, she fell to pieces at last, a Humpty-Dumpty that all the king's horses and all the king's men could never reweld into one; and the place she should have filled in history as Unifier of Europe was only filled perfunctorily and for a time; and her great duty was never rightly done. *Hinc lacrimae aetatum* — hence the darkness and miseries of the Christian Era!

Take your stand here, at the end of the Punic War, on the brink of the Age of Rome; and you feel at once how fearfully things have gone down since you stood, with Plato, looking back over the Age of Greece. There is nothing left now of the high possibilities of artistic creation. Of the breath of spirituality that still remained in the world then, now you can find hardly a trace. A Cicero presently, for a Socrates of old; it is enough to tell you how the world has fallen. Some fall, I suppose, was implied in the cycles; still Rome might have gone to her more material duties with clean heart, mind, and hands; she might have built a structure, as Ts'in Shi Hwangti and Han Wuti did, to endure. It would not be fair to compare the Age of Han with the Augustan: the morning glory of the East Asian, with the late afternoon of the European manvantara; and yet we cannot but see, if we look at both dispassionately and with a decent amount of knowledge, how beneficently the Eastern Teachers had affected their peoples, and what a dire thing it was for Europe that the work of the Western Teacher had failed. Chow China and Republican Rome fell to pieces in much the same way: in a long orgy of wars and ruin; — but the rough barbarian who rebuilt China found bricks to his hand far better than he knew he was using, — material with a true worth and vitality of its own, — a race with elements of redemption in its heredity; whereas the great statesman, the really Great Soul who rebuilt Rome,

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had to do it, if the truth should be told, of materials little better than stubble and rottenness. Roman life, when Augustus came to work with it for his medium, was fearfully infected with corruption; one would have said that no power human or divine could have saved it. That he did with it as much as he did, is one of the standing wonders of time.

But now back to the place where we left Rome: in 200 B. C., at the end of the Carthaginian War. No more now of Farmer Balbus's fields; no more of the cows of Ahenobarbus; Dolabella's rod and line, and his fish-stories, shall not serve us further. It is the navigable river now; on which we must sail down and out on to the sea.

Already the little Italian city is being courted by fabulously rich Egypt, the doyen of culture since Athens declined; and soon she is to be driven by forces outside her control into conquest of all the old seats of Mediterranean civilization; - - and withal she is utterly unfitted for the task in any spiritual or cultural sense: she is still little more than the same narrow little provincial half-barbarous Rome she has always been. No grand conceptions have been nourished in her by a literature of her own with high lights couched in the Grand Manner; no olden Homer has sung to her, with magnificent roll of hexameters to set the wings of her soul into magnificent motion. Beyond floating folk-ballads she has had no literature at all; though latterly she is trying to supply the place of one with a few slave-made translations from the Greek, and a few imitations of the decadent Greek comedy of Alexandria; — also there has been a poet Naevius, whom she found altogether too independent to suit her tastes; and a Father Ennius, uncouth old bone of her bone, (though he too Greek by race) who is struggling to mold her tough inflexible provincial dialect into Greek meter of sorts,— and thereby doing a real service for poets to come. And there is a Cato the Censor, writing prose: Cato, typical of Roman breadth of view; with, for the sum of a truly national political wisdom, yelping at Rome continually that fool's jingo cry of his: - - your finest market in the western seas, your richest potential commercial asset, must be destroyed. There you have the high old Roman conception of *Weltpolitik*; whereby we may understand how little fitted Rome was for *Weltpolitik* at all: how hoeing cabbages and making summer campaigns,— as Mr. Stobart says, with a commissariat put up for each soldier in a lunch-bag by his wife,— were still her *métier*,— the Italian soil, whether in actual or only potential possession — held already, or by the grace of God soon to be stolen — still her inspiration. And this Italian soil she was now about to leave forever.

The forces that led her to world-conquest were twofold, inner and outer. The inner one was the summer campaign habit, formed during several centuries; and the fact that she could form no conception of life

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that did not include it: the impulse to material expansion was deep in her soul, and ineradicable. She might have followed it, perhaps, north and westward: finished with Spain; gone up into Gaul (though in Gaul she might have found, even at that time, possibly, an unmanageable strength); she might even have carried her own ultimate salvation up into Germany. But we have seen Darius flow victoriously eastward towards India, but unsuccessful when he tried the passes of the west; and Alexander follow him in the same path, and not turn westward at all: so you may say an eastward habit had been formed, and inner channels were worn for conquest in that direction, but none in the other. Besides,— and this was the outer of the two forces,— the East was crying out to Rome. There were pirates on the other side of the Adriatic; and for the safety of her own eastern littoral she had been dealing with them, as with Spain, during and before the terrible Hannibalic time. To sit securely at home she must hold the Illyrian coast; and, she thought, or events proved it to her, to hold that coast safely, she must go conquering inland. Then again Egypt had courted her alliance, for reasons. The Ptolemy of the time was a boy; and Philip of Macedon and Antiochus of Syria had hatched a plan to carve up his juicy realm for their own most delectable feasting. It was the very year after peace — to call it that — had been forced on prostrate Carthage; and you might think an exhausted Rome would have welcomed a breathing time, even at the expense of losing her annual outing. And so indeed the people were inclined to do. But the summer was icumen in; and what were Consuls and Senate for? Should *they* be as these irresponsibles of the Comitia? should they fail to look about them and take thought? -- As if someone should offer you a cottage (with all modern appointments) by the seaside, or farmhouse among the mountains, free of rent for July and August, here were all the respectabilities of the East cooingly inviting Rome to spend her summer with them; they to provide all accessories for a really enjoyable time.

In this way eastern politics assorted themselves,— thus was the Levant divided: on the one hand you had the traditional seats of militarism; on the other, famous names — all the heirs to the glory (a good deal tarnished now) that once had been Greece. The former were Macedon and Syria, or Macedon with Syria in the background; what better could you ask than a good square set-to with these? Oh, one at a time; that was the fine old Roman way; *divide et impera*: Macedon now, and, a-grace of God, Syria -- But let be; we are talking of this summer; for next, the Lord (painted bright vermilion) it may be hoped will provide. So for the present Philip of Macedon figures as the desired enemy. — As to the other side, the famous names to be our allies, they are: Egypt, chief seat in recent centuries of culture and literature, and incidentally the

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Golconda of the time, endowed past dreaming of with commerce, wealth, and industries; and Rhodes, rich and republican, and learned too; and the sacred name of Athens; and Pergamum in Asia, cultured Attalus's kingdom. Are we not to ally ourselves with the arts and humanities, with old fame, with the most precious of traditions? — For Rome, it must be said, was not all Catos: there was something in her by this time that could thrill to the name of Greece. And Philip had been in league with Hannibal,— though truly he had left him shamefully unsupported. *Philip had been in league with Hannibal — with Hannibal!* — Why, it was a glorious unsought fight, such as only fortune's favored soldiers might attain. The comitia vote against it? they say Hannibal has made them somewhat tired? — Nonsense! let 'em vote again! let 'em vote again! — They do so; assured pithily that it is only a question whether we fight Philip in Macedon, or he us on our own Italian soil. Of course, if you put it that way, it is Hobson's choice: the voting goes all right this time. So we are embarked on the great Eastern Adventure; and Flamininus sets out for Greece.

Now your simple savage is often a gentleman. I don't mean your Congo Quashi or Borria Bungalee from the back-country blocks of New South Wales — our Roman bore no resemblance to them: but say your Morocco kaid, your desert chieftain from Tunis or Algiers. Though for long generations he has lost his old-time civilized attainments, he retains in full his manners, his native dignity, his wild Saharan grace. But banish him to Paris, and see what happens. He buys up automobiles,— and poodles,— and astrolabes,— and patent-leather boots,— and a number of other things he were much better without. He exchanges his soul for a pass into the *demi-monde*; and year by year sees him further sunk into depths of vulgarity. This is precisely what in a few generations happened to Rome.

But meanwhile she was at an apex; touched by some few luminous ideals here and there, and producing some few great gentlemen. Un-provincial egos like Scipio Africanus had been edging their way into Roman incarnation: they were swallows of a still far-off summer; they stood for Hellenization, and the modification of Roman rudeness with a little imported culture. Rome had conquered Magna Graecia, and had seen something there; had felt a want in herself, and brought in slaves like Livius Andronicus to supply it. Flamininus himself was really a very great gentleman: a patrician, type of the best men there were in Rome. He went to Greece thrilled with generous feelings, as to a sacred land. When he restored to the Greek cities their freedom,— handed them back to their own uses and devices, after freeing them from Philip,— it was with an infinite pride and a high simplicity. We hear of him overcome

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in his speech to their representatives on that occasion, and stopping to control the lump in his throat: conqueror and master of the whole peninsula and the islands, he was filled with reverence, as a great simple-hearted gentleman might be, for the ancient fame and genius of the peoples at his feet. He and his officers were proud to be admitted to the Games and initiated at Eleusis. I think this is the finest chapter in early Roman history. There is the simplicity, pride, and generosity of the Roman gentleman, confronted with a culture he was able to admire, but conscious he did not possess; — and on the other hand the fine flow of Greek gratitude to the liberator of Greece, in whom the Greeks recognised that ideal of a gentleman which they had admired in the Persians and Spartans of old time, and which had been so rare in their own life. At this moment Rome blossomed: a beautiful bloom, we may say.

But it was a fateful moment for her, too. The Greeks had long lost what capacity they had ever had for stable politics. Flamininus might hand them back their liberties with the utmost genuineness of heart; but they were not in a condition to use the gift. Rome soon found that she had no choice but to annex them, one way or another. They were her protegés; and Antiochus attacked them; — so then Antiochus had to be fought and conquered. That fool had great Hannibal with him, and resources with which Hannibal might have crushed Rome; but it did not suit Antiochus that the glory should be Hannibal's. Then presently Attalus bequeathed Pergamum to the Senate; which involved Rome in Asia Minor. So step by step she was compelled to conquer the East.

Now there was a far greater disparity of civilization between Rome and this Hellenistic Orient and half-orientalized Greece, than appeared afterwards between the Romans and the Spaniards and Gauls. Spain, very soon after Augustus completed its conquest, was producing most of the brightest minds in Latin literature: the influx of important egos had hardly passed from Italy before it began to appear in Spain. Had not Rome become the world metropolis, capable of attracting to herself all elements of greatness from every part of the Mediterranean world, we should think of the first century A. D., as a great Spanish Age. Gaul, too, within a couple of generations of Caesar's devastating exploits there, had become another Egypt for wealth and industries. The grandsons of the Vercingetorixes and Dumnorixes were living more splendidly, and as culturedly, in larger and better villas than the patricians of Italy; as Ferrero shows. We may judge, too, that there was a like quick rise of manvantaric conditions in Britain after the Claudian conquest: we have news of Agricola's speaking of the "labored studies of the Gauls," as if that people were then famed for learning,— to which, he said, he preferred the "quick wits and natural genius of the Britons." And here

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I may mention that, even before the conquest of Gaul, Caesar's own tutor was a man of that nation, a master of Greek and Latin learning; — but try to imagine a Roman tutoring Epaminondas or Pelopidas! So we may gather that a touch from Italy — by that time highly cultured,— was enough to light up those Celtic countries at once; and infer from that that no such long pralayic conditions had obtained in them as had obtained in Italy during the centuries preceding the Punic Wars. Spain at thirteen decades before Scipio, Gaul at as much before Caesar, Britain at as much before Caesar or Claudius, may well have been strong and cultured countries: because you wake quickly after the thirteen decade period of rest, but slowly after the long pralayas.

Roman Italy woke very slowly at the touch of Greece; and woke, not like Spain and Gaul afterwards at Rome's touch, to culture; not to learning or artistic fertility. What happened was what always does happen when a really inferior civilization comes in contact with a really superior one. Rome did not become civilized in any decent sense: she simply forwent Roman virtues and replaced them with Greek vices; and made of these, not the vices of a degenerate culture, but the piggishness of cultureless boors. — Behold her Gadarene stations, after Flamininus's return: —

Millions of money, in indemnities, loot, and what not,— in bribes before very long,— are flowing in to her. Where not so long since she was doing all her business with stamped lumps of bronze or copper, a pound or so in weight, in lieu of coinage, nor feeling the need of anything more handy,— now she is receiving yearly, monthly, amounts to be reckoned in millions sterling; and has no more good notion what to do with them than ever she had of old. If the egos (of Crest-Wave standing) had come in as quickly as did the shekels, things might have gone manageably; but they did not by any means. Her great misfortune was, to enter the world-currents only on the material plane: to find her poor little peasant-bandit-souled self mistress of the world and its money, and still provincial to the core and with no ideas of bigness that were not of the earth earthy: with nothing whatever that was both spiritual and Roman to thrill to life the higher side of her: — a multimillionaire that could hardly read or write, and knew no means of spending her money that was not essentially vulgar. She had given up her sole means of salvation — which was hoeing cabbages: her slaves did all that for her now; — and so was at a loss for employment: and Satan found plenty of mischief for her idle hands to do. There were huge all-day-long banquets, where you took your emetic from time to time to keep you going. There were slaves,— armies of them: to have no more than a dozen personal attendants was poverty. There were slaves from the East to minister to your

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vices; some might cost as much as five thousand dollars; and there were dirt-cheap Sardinians and 'barbarians' of all sorts to run your estates and farms. All the work of Italy was done by slave labor; and the city swarmed with an immense slave population: the country slaves with enough of manhood left in them to rise and butcher and torture their masters when they could; the city slaves, one would say, in no condition to keep the semblance of a soul in them at all,—living dead. For the most part both were shamefully treated: Cato,—high old Republican Cato, type of the free and nobly simple Roman — used to see personally to the scourging of his slaves daily after dinner, as a help to his digestion. — So the rich wasted their money and their lives. They bought estates galore, and built villas on them: Cicero had -- was it eighteen? — country-houses. They bought up Greek art-treasures, of which they had no appreciation whatever,—and which therefore only helped to vulgarize them. Such things were costly, and thought highly of in Greece; so Rome would have them for her money, and have them *en masse*. Mummius brought over a shipload; and solemnly warned his sailors that they would have to replace any they might break or lose. The originals, or such substitutes as the sailors might supply,—it was all one to him. As to literature,—well, we have seen how it began with translations made by a Greek slave, Livius Andronicus, who put certain Hellenistic comedies and the Odyssey into Latin ballad meters: the kind of verse you would expect from a slave ordered promiscuously by his master to get busy and do it. Then came Father Ennius; and here I shall diverge a little to try to show you what (as I think) really happened to the soul of Rome.

It was a queer set-out, this job that Ennius attempted,— of making a real Roman poem, an epic of Roman history. Between old Latin and Greek there was the same kind of difference as between French and English: one fundamental in the rhythm of the languages. I am giving my own explanation of a very puzzling problem; and needless to say, it may be wrong. The ancient Roman ballads were in what is called Saturnian meter, which depends on stress and accent; it is not unlike the meter of the Scotch and English ballads. That means that old Latin was spoken like English is, with syllabic accent. But Greek was not. In that, what counted, what made the meters, was tone and quantity. Now we have that in English too: but it is a subtler and more occult influence in poetry than accent is. In English, the rhythm of a line of verse depends on the stresses; but where there is more than rhythm, — where there is music,—quantity is a very important factor. For example, in the line

“That carried the take to Sligo town to be sold,”

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you can hear how the sound is held up on the word *take*, because the *k* is followed by the *t* in *to*; and what a wonderful musical effect is given thereby to the line. All the swing and lilt and rhythm of Greek poetry came in that way; there were no stresses, no syllabic accents; the accents we see written were to denote the tones the syllables should be — shall I say *sung on*? Now French is an example of a language without stresses; you know how each syllable falls evenly, all taking an unvarying amount of time to enounce. I imagine the basic principle of Greek was the same; only that you had to add to the syllables a length of sound where two consonants combining after a vowel retarded the flow of tone, as in *take to* in the line quoted just now.

Now if you try to write a hexameter in English on the Greek principle, you get something without the least likeness either to a Greek hexameter or to music; because the language is one of stresses, not, primarily, of tones.

“This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks”

will not do at all; there is no Greek spondee in it but *-rest prime-*; and Longfellow would have been surprised if you had accused that of spondeeism. What you would get would be something like these — I forget who was responsible for them:

“Procession, complex melodies, pause, quantity, accent,
After Virgilian precedent and practice, in order.”

Lines like these could never be poetry; poetry could never be couched in lines like these; — simply because poetry is an arrangement of words upon a frame-work of music: the poet has to hear the music within before his words can drop naturally into their places in accordance with it. You could not imitate a French line in English, because each of the syllables would have to be equally stressed; you could not imitate an English line in French, because in that language there are none of the stresses on which an English line depends for its rhythm.

But when I read Chaucer I am forced to the conclusion that what he tried to do was precisely that: to imitate French music: to write English without regard to syllabic accent. The English lyrics of his time and earlier depend on the principle of accent:

Sum'— mer is'— i-cum'— en in,
Loud'— e sing'— cuccu';—

but time and again in Chaucer's lines we find that if we allow the words their natural English stresses, we break up the music altogether; whereas if we read them like French, without syllabic accent, they make a very reasonable music indeed. Now French had been in England the language

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of the court and of culture; it was still spoken in polite circles at Stratforde-at-le-Bowe; and Chaucer was a courtier, Anglo-French, not Anglo-Saxon; and he had gone to France for his first models, and had translated a great French poem; and Anglo-Saxon verse-methods were hardly usable any longer. So it may well have appeared to him that serious poetry was naturally French in meter and method. There was no model for what he wanted to do in English; the English five-iambic line had not been invented, and only the popular lyricists, of the proletariat, sang in stresses. And anyhow, as the upper classes, to which he belonged more or less, were only growing out of French into English, very likely they pronounced their English with a good deal of French accent.

Now it seems to me that something of the same kind, with a difference, is what happened with Ennius. You are to understand him as, though Greek by birth, *Romanior ipsis Romanis*: Greek body, but ultra-Roman ego. One may see the like thing happen with one's own eyes at any time: men European-born, who are quite the extremest Americans. In his case, the spark of his Greek heredity set alight the Roman conflagration of his nature. He was born in Calabria, a Roman subject, in 239; and had fought for Rome before Cato, then quaestor, brought him in his train from Sardinia in 204.

A glance at the cycles, and a measuring-up of things with our thirteen-decade yardstick, will suggest the importance of the time he lived in. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives A. D. 42 as the date for the end of the Golden Age of Latin Literature. Its first great names are those of Cicero, Caesar, and Lucretius. Thirteen decades before 42 A. D., or in 88 B. C., these three were respectively eighteen, fourteen, and eight years old; so we may fairly call that Golden Age thirteen decades long, and beginning in 88. Thirteen decades back from that bring us to 218; and as much more from that, to 348. You will remember 348 as the year of the death of Plato, which we took as marking the end of the Golden Age of Greek. In 218 Ennius was twenty-one. He was the Father of Latin Poetry; as Cato the Censor, seven years his junior, was the Father of Latin Prose. So you see, he came right upon a Greek cycle; right upon the dawn of what should have been a new Greek day, with the night of Hellenisticism in between. And he took, how shall I put it? — the forces of that new day, and transmuted them, in himself as crucible, from Greek to Roman. . . . A sort of Channel through which the impulse was deflected from Greek to Latin. . . .

I think that, thrilled with a patriotism the keener-edged because it was acquired, he went to work in this way: — He was going to make one of these long poems, like those (inferior) Greek fellows had; and he was going to make it in Latin. (I do not know which was his native language,

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or which tradition he grew up in.) He didn't see why *we Romans* should not have our ancient greatness sung in epic; weren't we as good as Homer's people, anyhow? Certainly we were; and a deal better! Well, of course there was our old Saturnian meter; but that wasn't the kind of way serious poetry was written. Serious poetry was written in hexameters. If Greek was his native tongue, he may have spoken Latin all his life, of course, with a Greek accent; and the fact that he was sitting down to make up his 'poem' in a meter which no native-born Latin speaker could hear as a meter at all, may have been something of which he was profoundly unconscious. But that is what he did. He ignored (mostly) the stresses and accents natural to Latin, and with sweet naïveté made a composition that would have scanned if it had been Greek, and that you could make scan by reading with a Greek rhythm or accent. The Romans accepted it. That perhaps is to say, that he had no conception at all of poetry as words framed upon an inner music. I think he was capable of it; that most Romans of the time, supposing they had had the conviction of poethood, would have been capable of it. It was the kind of people they were.

But that was not all there was to Ennius, by any means. A poet-soul had incarnated there; he had the root of the matter in him; it was only the racial vehicle that was funny, as you may say. He was filled with a high conception of the stern grandeur Romans admired; and somehow or other, his lines carry the impress of that grandeur at times: there is inspiration in them.

And now comes the point I have fetched all this compass to arrive at. By Spenser's time, or earlier, in England, all traces of Chaucer's French accent had gone; the language and the poetry had developed on lines of their own, as true expressions of the national soul. But in Rome, not so. Two centuries later great Roman poetry was being written: a major poet was on the scenes,—Virgil. He, I am certain, wrote with genuine music and inspiration. We have accounts of his reading of his own poems; how he was carried along by the music, chanting the lines in a grand voice that thrilled all who heard. He chanted, not spoke, them; poets always do. They formed themselves, grew in his mind, to a natural music already heard there, and existent before the words arose and took shape to it. That music is the creative force at work, the whirr of the loom of the Eternal: it is the golden-snooded Muses at song. And therefore he was not, like Ennius, making up his lines on an artificial foreign plan; to my mind that is unthinkable; — he was writing in the Latin spoken by the cultured: in Latin as all cultured Romans spoke it. But, *mirabile dictu*, it was Latin as Ennius had composed it: he was writing in Ennius' meter. I can only understand that Greek had so

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swamped the Latin soul, that for a century or more cultured Latin had been spoken in quantity, not in accent: in the Greek manner, and with the Greek rhythm. Ennius had come to be appreciable as meter and music to Roman ears; which he certainly could not have been in his own day.

So we may say that there is in a sense no Roman literature at all. Nothing grew out of the old Saturnian ballad-meter,— except perhaps Catullus, who certainly had no high inspiring impersonal song to sing. The Roman soul never grew up, never learned to express itself in its own way; before it had had time to do so, the Greek impulse that should have quickened it, swamped it. You may think of Japan, swamped by Chinese culture in the sixth century A. D., as a parallel case; but no; there Buddhism, under real spiritual Teachers, came in at the same time, and fostered all that was noblest in the Japanese soul, so that the result was fair and splendid. A more cognate case is that of the Turks, who suffered through suddenly conquering Persia while they were still barbarous, and taking on, outwardly, Persian culture wholesale: Turkish and Latin literature are perhaps on a par for originality. But if the Greek impulse had touched and wakened Rome under the aegis of Pythagoreanism,— Rome might have become, possibly, as fine a thing as Japan. True, the Crest-Wave had to roll in to Rome presently, and to raise up a great literature there. But whose is the greatest name in it? A Gaul's, who imitated Greek models. There is something artificial in the combination; and you guess that whatever most splendid effort may be here, the result cannot be supreme. The greatest name in Latin prose, too,— Livy's,— was that of a Gaul.

And herefrom we may gather what mingling of forces is needed to produce the great ages and results in literature. You have a country: a tract of earth with the Earth-breath playing up through the soil of it; you have the components or elements of a race mixed together on that soil, and molded by that play of the Earth-breath into homogeneity; — and among them, from smallest beginnings in folk-verse, the body of a literature must grow up. Then in due season it must be quickened: on the outer plane by an impulse from abroad,— intercourse with allies, or resistance to an invader; and on the inner, by an inrush of Crest-Wave egos. There must be that foreign torch applied,— that spark of internationalism; and there must be the entry of the vanguard of the Host of Souls with its great captains and marshals, bringing with them, to exhibit once more in this world, the loot of many lands and ages and old incarnations: which thing they shall do through a sudden efflorescence of the literature that has grown up slowly to the point of being ready for them. Such natural growth happened in Greece, in China; in our

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own cycle, in France, Italy, England: where the trees of the national literatures received buddings and manurings from abroad, but produced always their own natural national fruit: — Shakespeare was your true English apple, grown from the Chaucer stock; although in him flowed for juices the sweetness and elixir of all the world and the ancient ages. But in Rome, before the stock was more than a tiny seedling, a great branch of Greece was grafted on it,— and a degenerate Greece at that; — and now we do not know even what kind of fruit-tree that Roman stock should have grown to be.

How, then, did this submersion and obliteration of the Roman soul come to pass? It is not difficult to guess. Greek meant culture: if you wanted culture you learnt Greek. All education was in Greek hands. The Greek master spoke Latin to his boys; no doubt with a Greek accent. So cultured speech, cultured Latin, came to mean Latin without its syllabic stresses; spoken, as nearly as might be, with Greek evenness and quantity. — As if French should so submerge us, that we spoke our United States dapping out syllable by syllable like Frenchmen. But it is a fearful thing for a nation to forgo the rhythm evolved under the stress of its own Soul,— especially when what it takes on instead is the degenerate leavings of another: Alexandria, not Athens. This Rome did. She gained the world, and lost her own soul; and the exchange profited her as little as you might expect.

Imitation of culture is often the last touch that makes the parvenu unbearable; it was so in Rome. One likes better in some ways Cato's stult old Roman attitude: who scorned Greek all his life for sheer foppery, while he knew of nothing better written in it than such trash as poetry and philosophy; but at eighty came on a Greek treatise on manures, and straightway learned the language that he might read and enjoy something profitable and thoroughly Roman in spirit. — Greek artists flocked to Rome; and doubtless the more fifth-rate they were, the better a thing they made of it: but it was risky for good men to rely on Roman appreciations. Two flute-players are contending at a concert: Greeks, and perhaps rather good. Their music is soon drowned in catcalls: what the dickens do we Romans want with such *footling tooltings*? Then the presiding magistrate has an idea. He calls on them to quit that foolery and get down to business: — Give us our money's worth, condemn you! To it, ye naughty knaves: *fight!* — And fight they must, poor things; while the audience, that but now was bored to death, howls with rapture.

So Rome passed away. Where now is the simple soul who, while his feet were on his native soil and he asked nothing better than to hoe his cabbages and turn out yearly for patriotic throat-cuttings, was reputable, — nay, respect-worthy, — and above all, not a little picturesque? Alack,

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he is no more. — You remember Kelly,— lovable Kelly, who in his youth, trotting the swate ould bogs of Connacht, heard poetry in every sigh of the wind,— saw the hosts of the Danaan Sidhe riding their flamey steeds through the twilight,— listened, by the cabin peat-fire in the evenings, to tales of Finn MacCool and Cuculain and the ancient heroes and Gods of Ireland? — Behold this very Kelly now!— What! is this he?

- this raucous, pushing, red-haired, huge-handed, green-necktied vulgarian who has made his pile bricklaying in Chicago; — this ward-politician; this — Well, well; *Sic transit gloria mundi!* And the Roman cad of the second century B. C. was worse than a thousand Kellys. He had learned vice from past-masters in the Levant; and added to their lessons a native brutality of his own. His feet were no longer on the Italian soil; *that* was nothing sacred to him now. His morale went as his power grew. His old tough political straightforwardness withered at the touch of Levantine trickery; his subjects could no longer expect a square deal from him. He sent out his gilded youth to govern the provinces, which they simply fleeced and robbed shamelessly; worse than Athens of old, and by much. The old predatory instinct was there still: Hellenisticism had supplied no civilizing influence to modify that. But it was there minus whatever of manliness and decency had once gone with it.

Karma travels by subtle and manifold links from the moral cause to the physical effect. There are historians who will prove to you that the ruin of Rome came of economic causes: which were, in fact, merely some of the channels through which Karma flowed. They were there, of course; but we need not enlarge on them too much. The secret of it all is this: a people without the Balance of the Faculties, without the saving Doctrine of the Mean, with but one side of their character developed, was called by cyclic law, while still semi-barbarian, to assume huge responsibilities in the world. Their qualities were not equal to the task. Their sense of the Beautiful, their feeling for Art and Poetry, had not grown up with their material strength. Why should it? some may ask; are not strength and morale enough? — No; they are not: because it is only the Balance which can keep you on the right path; strength without the beauty sense,— yes, even fortitude, strength of will, — turns at the touch of quickening time and new and vaster conditions, into gaucherie, disproportion, brutality; ay, it is not strength: — the saving quality of strength, morale, dribbles out and away from it: only the Balance is true strength. The empires that were founded upon uncompassion, though they swept the world in a decade, within a poor century or so were themselves swept away. Rome, because she was only strong, was weak; her virtues found no exit into life except in things

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military: the most material plane, the farthest from the Spirit. Her people were not called, like the Huns or Mongols, to be a destroyer race: the Law designed them for builders. But to build you must have the Balance, the proportionate development spiritual, moral, mental, and physical: it is the one foundation. Rome's grand assets at the start were a sense of duty, a natural turn for law and order: grand assets indeed, if the rest of the nature be not neglected or atrophied. In Rome it was, largely.

To be strong willed and devoted to duty,— and without compassion:— that means that you are in train to grow a gigantic selfhood, which Nature abhors: emptiness of compassion is the vacuum Nature most abhors. You see a strong man with his ambitions: scorning vices, scorning weakness; scorning too, and lashing with his scorn, the weak and vicious; bending men to his will and purposes. Prophecy direst sorrow for that man! Nature will not be content that he shall travel his chosen path till a master of selfishness and a great scourge for mankind has been evolved in him. She will give him rope; let him multiply his wrong-doings; because, paradoxically, in wrong-doing is its own punishment and cure. His selfishness sinks by its own weight to the lowest levels; prophecy for him that in a near life he shall be the slave of his body and passions, yet keeping the old desire to excel; — that common vice shall bring him down to the level of those he scorned, while yet he forgets not the mountain-tops he believed his place of old. Then he shall be scourged with self-contempt, the bitterest of tortures; and the quick natural punishments of indulgence shall be busy with him, snake-locked Erinyes with whips of wire. In that horrible school, struggling to rise from it, he shall suffer all that a human being can in ignominy, sorrow and shame; — and at last shall count it all well worth the while, if it has but taught him That which is no attribute, but Alaya's self,— Compassion. So Karma has its ministrants within ourselves; and the dreadful tyrants within are to be dethroned by working and living, not for self, but for man. This is why Brotherhood is the doctrine and practice that could put a stop to the awful degeneration of mankind.

Rome was strong without compassion; so her strength led her on to conquests, and her conquests to vices, and her vices to hideous ruin and combustion. She loved her *gravitas*,— which implied great things; — but contemned the Beautiful; and so, when a knowledge of the Beautiful would have gone far to save her, by maintaining in her a sense of proportion and the fitness of things — she lost her morale and became utterly vulgarian. But think of China, taking it as a matter of course that music was an essential part of government; or of France, with her *Ministre des Beaux Arts* in every cabinet. Perhaps these two, of all historical

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nations, have made the greatest achievements; for you must say that neither India nor Greece was a nation. — As for Rome, with all her initial grandeur, it would be hard to find another nation of her standing that made such an awful mess of it as she did: one refers, of course, to Republican Rome; when Augustus had had his way with her, it was another matter.

She took the Gadarene slope at a hand-gallop; and there you have her history during the second century B. C. Not till near the end of that century did the egos of the Crest-Wave begin to come in in any numbers. From the dawn of the last quarter, there or thereabouts, all was an ever-growing rout and riot: the hideous toppling of the herd over the cliff-edge. It was a time of wars civil and the reverse; of huge bloody conscriptions and massacre; reforms and demagogism and murder of the Gracchi: — Marius and Sulla cat and dog; — the original Spartacan movement, that wrecked Italy and ended with six thousand crucifixions along the road to Capua; — ended so, and not with a slave conquest and wiping-out of Rome, simply because Spartacus' revolted slave-army was even less disciplined than the legions that Beast-Crassus decimated into a kind of order and finally conquered them with. It was decade after decade of brutal devastating wars, — wars chronic and incurable, you would say: the untimely wreck and ruin of the world.

It is a strange gallery of portraits that comes down to us from this time: man after notable man arising without the qualities that could save Rome. Here are a few of the likenesses, as they are given by Mr. Stobart: there were the Gracchi, with so much that was fine in them, but a ruining dash of the demagog, — an idea that socialism could accomplish anything real; — and no wisdom to see through to ultimate causes. There was Marius, simple peasant with huge military genius: a wolf of a soldier and foolish lamb of a politician: a law-maker who, captured by the insinuations and flatteries of the opposite side, swears to obey his own laws “so far as they may be legal.” There was Sulla, “of the class of men to which Alcibiades and Alexander belonged, but an inferior specimen of the class”; — an unscrupulous rip, and a brave successful commander; personally beautiful, till his way of living made his face “like a mulberry sprinkled with flour”; with many elements of greatness always negated by sudden fatuities; much of genius, more of fool, and most of rake-helly demirep; highly cultured, and plunderer of Athens and Delphi; great general, who maintained his hold on his troops by unlimited tolerance of undiscipline. There was Crassus the millionaire, and all his millions won by cheaterly and ugly methods; the man with the slave fire-brigade, with which he made a pretty thing out of looting at fires. There was Cicero, with many noble and Roman qualities and a large foolish vanity:

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thundering orator with more than a *souçon* of the vaudeville favorite in him: a Hamlet who hardly showed his real fineness until he came to die. And there was Pompey; — real honesty in Pompey, perhaps the one true-hearted gentleman of the age: a man of morale, and a great soldier,— who might have done something if his general intelligence had been as great as his military genius and his sense of honor; — surely Pompey was the best of the lot of them; only the cursed spite was that the world was out of joint, and it needed something more than a fine soldier and gentleman to set it right. — And then Caesar — could he not do it? Caesar, the Superman,— the brilliant all-round genius at last, — the man of scandalous life — scandalous even in that cesspool Rome,— the epileptic who dreamed of world-dominion,— the conqueror of Gaul, says H. P. Blavatsky, because in Gaul alone the Sacred Mysteries survived in their integrity, and it was his business, on behalf of the dark forces against mankind, to quench their life and light for ever; — could not this Caesar do it? No; he had the genius; but not that little quality which all greatest personalities,— all who have not passed beyond the limits of personality,— overlook: tact, impersonality, the power that the disciple shall covet, to make himself as nothing in the eyes of men; — and because he lacked that for armor, there were knives sharpened which should reach his heart before long. — And then, in literature, two figures mentionable: Lucretius, thinker and philosopher in poetry: a high Roman soul, and awakener of the Grand Manner in the Roman tongue: a noble type, and a kind of materialist, and a kind of God's warrior, and a suicide. And Catullus: no noble type: neither Roman nor Greek, but Italian perhaps; singing in the old Saturnian meters with a real lyrical fervor, but with nothing better to sing than his loves. — And then, in politics again, Brutus: type, in sentimental history of the Republican School, of the high old Roman and republican virtues: Brutus of the “blood-bright splendor,” the tyrant-slayer and Roman Harmodios-Aristogeiton; the adored of philosophic French liberty-equality-fraternity adorers; Shakespeare's “noblest Roman of them all”: — O how feately Cassius might have answered, when Brutus accused him of the “itching palm,” if he had only been keeping *au fait* with the newspapers through the preceding years! “*Et tu, Brute,*” I hear him say, quoting words that should have reminded his dear friend of the sacred ties of friendship,—

“Art thou the man will rate thy Cassius thus?
This is the most unkindest cut of all;
For truly I have filched a coin or two;—
Have been, say, *thrifty*: gathered here and there
Pickings, we'll call them; but, my Brutus, thou—
Didst thou not shut the senators of Rhodes,
(I think 'twas Rhodes) up in their senate-house,

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And keep them there unfoddered day by day
Until starvation forced them to disgorge
All of their millions to thee? Didst not thou —”

— But Brutus is much too philosophical, much too studious, to listen to personalities of that kind, and cuts the conversation short right there. But Cassius was right: that about starving the senators of his province till they surrendered their wealth was precisely what our Brutus did. — And then there was Anthony, the rough brave soldier,— a kind of survival of the unfittest when the giants Pompey and Caesar had been removed; Anthony, master of Rome for awhile,— and truly, God knows what Rome will do with bluff Mark Anthony for her master! — It is a long and interesting list; most of them queer lobsided creatures, fighting for their own hands or for nothing in particular; most with some virtues: most men that might have saved Rome, if, as Mrs. Poyser said, “they had been hatched again, and hatched different.”

HAIL! AND GOOD SPEED

FRANCIS MARSHALL PIERCE

THE innumerable Procession continually passing —
To come and pass, going on spiral round, ascending:
Hail! and Good Speed.
Hail now, and Good Speed.
I will be along the way, somewhere, always.
And as now I will step aside for a moment
— having passed your review —
And in review you pass me, with mutual salute
and Good Speed.
Ourselves raising, helping one another,
Ascending the spiral round together;
None slipping utterly, withheld by the
Pressing feet of all the climbers;
By the fire-hearted few turned about certainly
With Hail! and Good Speed.
Always under review of the Elder Brothers
helping along the way
With “Hail!” for us coming, passing;
With “Good Speed!” as we climb on,
Perfecting ourselves for evermore.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

MODERN PATHOLOGY

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

“Look for the Warrior and let him fight in thee. . . . If thy cry reach his listening ear then will he fight in thee and fill the dull void within. . . . Then it will be impossible for thee to strike one blow amiss. But if thou look not for him, if thou pass him by, then there is no safeguard for thee. Thy brain will reel, thy heart grow uncertain, and in the dust of the battlefield thy sight and senses will fail, and thou wilt not know thy friends from thy enemies.”

— *Light on the Path*



COUNTLESS men and women are miserably nervous and out of health from trying to be ‘sports’ when they ought to be warriors, enlisted in the splendid game of self-conquest. They are chronically worn out playing tag with their own sensations, instead of giving themselves intensive training for the every-day conflict between Duty and Desire. They are bored and exhausted, constantly playing hide-and-seek with their own dual natures. The limitations of their self-centered growth make them weak and morally short-breathed. Failing to evolve toward rounded-out individual character, their energy reverts back to produce an enlarged personality — in effect, an ingrowing evolution. As their nervous vitality flags, without some stimulus of excitement, so their moral muscle changes from good, firm fiber to mere punk.

The neurasthenics and psychasthenics are not worse people than the rest of us; and in one sense they are no worse off, but rather ahead of the average. That is to say, it is better to have their growing pains than to be dwarfed — physically, mentally, or morally. Better suffer with distraught nerves than have little or no conscious ideal sense, and be satisfied to drift downhill. Many a frank and thorough-going materialist is well and strong because he has not yet evolved a degree of finer sensibilities, which are jarred upon by the crudeness and imperfection of materialism.

Nervous disorders are increasingly common because so many human units of the race are evolving a higher degree of human awareness. There is more of potential human nature, more of developed selfhood, coming into active incarnation; but the higher faculties are cramped and distorted and deflected back to the lower levels of thought and action. The subconscious man is ready to strike a higher note in the human drama, and to put away some outgrown crudities and childish things. But the conscious animal brain and body cling to the familiar low tone, satisfied to go on to satiety, sounding the depths of experience in sensation.

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Lack of idealism is literally lack of nourishment for the finer, more essentially human senses. Naturally this impoverished human quality often reacts upon the nerves in some restless disorder, as the brain sometimes becomes delirious in cases of starvation. Or the unequalized nutritive forces pile up tissue needlessly at some point, to form a tumor — often malignant. Or the retarded finer forces, finding no normal outlet, revert back into the body's vital currents, and degeneracy appears somewhere in the vascular system. Ideals are essential in rounding out the moral nature, as ideas are needed by the unfolding mind, and as impulses are natural in physical evolution. The welfare of the body requires functional activity of the finer forces in order to equalize the active energy of mind and body. Fitting ideas and ideals are integral parts of a healthy civilized wholeness.

We have been rather overdosed with brain-mind methods of scientific efficiency, and underfed with the natural idea of human wholeness. The ancient science of life calls for all-round efficiency and functional play of the whole nature — for balanced action of body, mind, and soul. Anything less is abnormal, and Nature takes note of it and prescribes our medicine — too often a bitter pill. If a man does not live up to his own degree of evolution, naturally his neglected faculties first claim attention through the sensitive brain and nerves, rather than through bone or muscle.

In studying psychology, *human duality* is the first thing to consider — and the second, and the third. The lower nature has no originality, but ever counterfeits the great reality which is ideal. Psychology — the higher and the lower psychology — is nearer the foundation of the world of causes than physiology, and is an even more vitally practical issue, in health and disease. Granted, no medical society would tolerate such an idea — yet. Nor would the physicians generally see any relation between brotherhood and psychology and pathology. Yet the only way to *know* man — sick or well — is by *self-knowledge*, and it takes the courage of the Warrior within to face the illuminating revelations of the moral microscope.

Without the clue of self-knowledge of dual human nature, the so-called 'psycho-analysis' too often is treading dangerous and confusing mazes of unwholesome personality. What wonder that the patients are often injured, and even insanity is following this method of moral vivisection, which disregards the central fact that the man himself is a soul! These results are being noted by leading alienists. This psychic probing, plus hypnotic suggestions, does nothing so to arouse the patient's spiritual will that the inner Warrior is challenged to change the *morbid quality* of his perverted life-currents. Hypnotism has a paralysing effect upon the

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spiritual will, which is already weak or inactive, or the patient would intuitively overcome his morbid psychology. The spiritual will is the co-ordinating center of the regenerating forces of the inner and the outer man. This will is the dynamo which converts active mental and physical energy into the potencies of ideal health and happiness.

The medical profession have large faith in the power of autovaccines, which seem to arouse latent resources of health and healing. But Nature's physical forces are far less potent than the innate powers of perfection which are natural to the spiritual being, man, even handicapped by incarnating in his imperfect body. Ideal soundness and sanity are dependent upon right relations and reactions between soul and body. Human duality is the missing link in current unsatisfactory psychology.

It is the lower nature — the human animal — that wants to be a 'sport' of some kind. There is a legion of varieties of sports, running from the refined and intellectual kind through many medium grades to the flashy, reckless types. But they share in common the idea of playing the game of life a little ahead of the majority. They aim to be gay and free and well dressed and good spenders, and clever and powerful and successful, and venturesome and generally enviable, and leaders in the world of politics, or of society, or of art, or of beauty, or of wealth. In short, they would get a place on the stage of affairs where the spot-light strikes their strongest personal points, but leaves their pet weaknesses in the shadowy background.

On the other hand, the warrior nature is unconcerned about the mere looks of things. But he is eager to expend his hidden resources of strength and beauty and freedom by winning out in the game of destiny. He is all equipped to 'fight out the field' and to put the animal in his place by self-conquest. He knows he has got to 'work out his salvation,' and has no idea of exploiting the work of some vicarious sacrifice. But the animal body, for many lives, has stealthily camouflaged the whole middle ground of mind, so that the man is born now confused as to the real issues at stake. And theology still further misleads his intuitive sense of the truth.

The 'sport' wants to play that life is a sort of cosmic picnic, where he is one of the favored few who can ride the merry-go-round all day, mounted on his favorite sham animal, which never alters its festive pose, nor does it arrive anywhere. At times the dizzy round stops for someone to get off. But the 'sport' pays another score of precious time and of selfhood, and goes on laughing and chaffing with his set of would-be Merry-go-rounders. At first he likes the novelty of it all, and the envious looks of bystanders who cannot find the price or a vacant place to get on. Later on it strikes him, at times, that it certainly *is* childish and

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empty business to be in, keeping up the whirl and getting nowhere. But he can't endure to be a mere onlooker; he has to keep going at something. And in all the world there are only three kinds of things to do: to choose *the indifference of standing still*, or *the restless round of unsatisfying sensation*, or *the purposeful work of the Warrior*. If he quits now, his fellow sports will wonder at his walking a steep uphill path when he might keep on riding. And they will wonder at his working seriously when he might play, and at his going alone to face hardship and obscurity when he could stand out in gay company. His brain-mind lends clever argument to back up the animal body's wish to keep on riding; so that he cannot explain such a choice as the warrior career to himself, much less to others.

So the 'sport' laughs and chaffs a little louder than before, and sticks to his painted hobby-horse or his rampant wooden tiger. But his muscles, as well as his mind, get stiff and weary with this puerile pose at real living. The things he utters and hears -- the mental chewing-gum and peanuts that circulate as refreshments -- pall upon him; the metallic din of the carrousel music gets on his nerves badly. Oh, for a good deep breath of clean, cool mountain air and an inner place of peace and a worthwhile journey that arouses every muscle and nerve to join with the mind in a rhythmic swing up and on, step by step, toward the goal! The Warrior in him cries out for a chance to show what joy real life is -- to have him sense the reality which the animal sensations are only counterfeiting. Something in him turns sick and faint with this unsatisfying farce.

Others in his set feel as bored as he does, and all canvass the best prescription for a change -- travel, a different climate, divorce, a more striking costume, a jazzier pose, a popular cult, a well-advertised 'mission,' more social prominence, a get-rapidly-rich deal, a fashionable 'rest cure,' and a hundred more of such ilk. They are not exactly a united set, but they are agreed that they all need the same medicine, *i. e.*, repeated doses of *change*. So they all fidget and turn 'from side to side,' and pass round the sticky pop-corn and candy cigars and fizzling drinks, and spend more money, and try to get ahead of each other, and change partners and places in the gaudy round of the animal nature which is wound up to go but never arrives. When their over-wrought nerves flag, and a wave of moral nausea sweeps over them -- as sometimes occurs, -- they spur themselves on to gayer laughter and to wittier or more wanton flings at life and at each other, and they lash at the wooden hobby-horses more recklessly -- as becomes real 'sports,' you know, -- all the while too self-conscious and unsatisfied to face themselves, or to meet each other's

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eyes frankly. When you come to think of it, too much merry-go-rounding is unhealthy for the real welfare of body, mind, and soul.

Meantime medical science is bending devoutly over the laboratory microscope and test-tubes, and is offering up countless bloody sacrifices in the vivisector's sanctum. Vainly the profession tells its bacterial beads, trying to save its face in the evil presence of diseases and epidemics, which will neither down nor reveal their origin in terms of germs. Both physicians and patients are infected with the prevailing psychology of materialism. Surely, no microscope or chemical analysis is needed to see that the dominant scheme of life today is unsound, artificial, fevered, and decadent.

The natural Warrior in human nature is radiating energy that would make man's life more worthy of his innate divinity. But instead of finding an outgo of courageous, uplifting, satisfying thought and action, this dynamic force is short-circuited to the body senses, with disastrous effect upon body, mind, and morals. Our diseases and disorders depend less upon incidental microbes than upon our *quality* of actuating motives. What do germs and serums count for, as against all the currents of civilized life deflected into unworthy channels? The remedy is to get 'back to nature' — that is, to the ancient knowledge of the higher nature.

MY EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

MARTIN E. TEW

HEN I was a boy my folks belonged to an orthodox Reformed church. We attended almost every Sunday, although we had to go seven miles by team and wagon to reach the church in the little town of Rushford, southeastern Minnesota.

In the summer-time, at the age of eight to twelve years, I herded my father's cattle in a valley nestling between very picturesque bluffs. Spending the days alone with the cattle, I had plenty of time to meditate on the things that I heard in church and the subjects that were discussed around our table after selections from the Bible or from a big book of sermons had been read.

I thought much about God and Heaven, and the mental pictures which I then formed are still very vivid in my mind. I conceived God to be a man about the size of my father, or perhaps a little larger, sitting on a throne in a place called Heaven, some distance above the highest bluffs of the region where we lived. This Heaven had many other beings — one sitting on the right and the other on the left hand of God — together

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with a host of angels and certain fortunate human beings who had been saved. I could form a mental image of Jesus, because he had been a man on earth like ourselves, and I pictured him quite clearly in my imagination as a being of very tender sympathies and of a loving nature. But the Holy Ghost, who sat on the other side of the throne, puzzled me greatly; I never could figure him out at all.

All sorts of questions arose in my mind. Did God rest at night, or did He sit on that throne all the time? If He took five minutes off He might miss some of the prayers that were sent up from earth, and some poor soul might pass out of life with sins unforgiven and go straight to hell, to burn forever and ever. I formed a mental image of Him as a man with whiskers. He must be very, very old, and yet I was told that things did not grow old in Heaven. So I concluded that His beard was not gray, like that of some of the old men in the neighborhood. He must be a vigorous fellow who never got tired, so I decided that His beard was brown, and I liked brown beards best. Somehow I got the impression that He wore sandals and a long, flowing robe. I wondered who made this robe, and where the silk or wool or cotton came from. Who made the sandals and where did the material come from? Did He ever eat anything? Did He take a bath or change His clothes?

Pictures were formed in my mind of angels singing hallelujahs and fluttering their wings about Him. I did not know whether I would like those angels; they did not seem at all attractive to me. How could God hear our prayers when those angels were all the time singing, flapping their wings, and playing their harps? I thought that God must get awfully tired of it.

What was often repeated in sermons and hymns about golden gates and golden streets set me to thinking. But these pictures did not make much of an appeal to my youthful tastes. I loved much better the grassy hillsides and meadows, the running brooks, the flowery fields, the graceful trees, and the singing birds. These were very much more satisfying to me than golden streets could possibly be. A long train of thoughts arose in my mind about God and Heaven. There was no one of whom I could ask questions, so I tried to work out these vexing problems in my own way.

So many of the things that were taught as a part of our religion seemed entirely unreasonable to me. As I grew older I said to myself: "These things cannot be." My mother had died when I was five. I revered her memory. She had believed these things. My good father believed them. The neighbors believed them. If I should say that I did not believe these things the neighbors would say that I was a heathen. This would make my father and my other relatives feel badly. I had a sincere affection for them and did not want to say or do anything to hurt their

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feelings. I did not know what to do, except to keep these problems all to myself. And yet I was thinking about them all the time.

I remember bringing the cows home in the evening, carrying a whip in my hand. Barefooted, I would walk along, striking the grass with the whip. This thought arose: "I wonder if I have done anything today that has made God angry? If God is angry and I should die before morning, unforgiven, I would go to hell to suffer terribly forever and forever. My mother in Heaven will look down at me twisting and writhing in never-ending pain. Will she be happy in Heaven when I am tormented in hell?" My thought then was to refrain from doing anything that might bring unhappiness to my mother.

After having attended school for some time in our little country schoolhouse, I learned that the earth was round like a ball; that China, Australia, and other countries where folks lived, were on the side directly opposite to us, and that what we called 'up' would be 'down' in Australia and China.

About this time a news item was read aloud from a Sunday-school paper which set my thinking apparatus working at high speed. An American missionary had died in China. At the same hour his wife had died in the United States. Both were good Christians. If they both went 'up' to Heaven and to God they would be traveling in opposite directions, and the longer they kept moving the farther they would be apart. If one went toward the throne of God, the other would necessarily be going farther and farther from it.

In the country schoolhouse I listened intently to the geography lessons of the larger pupils. Just as the little globe in the teacher's hands revolved around and around, so the earth turned on its axis once in twenty-four hours. What we called 'up' at 9:00 in the morning would be 'down' at 9:00 in the evening. If two persons died twelve hours apart and both went 'up' to Heaven, they would be going to exactly opposite portions of the universe.

Who were right — the teacher and the writers of our school-books, or the preacher and the writers of our religious books? They did not agree, and both could not be right. In my youthful eagerness to learn the truth I studied and thought harder than ever. The minister and the members of his flock were good and well-meaning people, but the conviction grew on me that they were simply repeating what they had heard and did not care to investigate with the view of finding out what was the truth.

At thirteen years of age I struck out to make my own way in the world. I had been confirmed in the church, but I did not feel that I had been honest and sincere when I repeated the words that were put in my mouth.

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Now I was going to search and to find the truth for myself. Working for hire in the summer, I went to school in the winter, doing chores for my board and using my summer's earnings to buy books and clothing. I sought the companionship of people who could help me solve my problems, but few seemed to have any clear-cut ideas. It then dawned on me that most people are like sheep, who follow the lead of someone else, and cannot think for themselves.

The order of the universe, as revealed by astronomers, interested me so much that I took time from my regular school-studies to read everything I could find on this subject. The fact that astronomers could predict to the fraction of a minute when an eclipse would occur, gave me absolute confidence in their science. When I learned that our own solar system with its planets — Jupiter, Neptune, Uranus, Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury — is only a small thing in this boundless creation, I saw how utterly impossible was the little man-like God who had been set up in the churches, and that if I were to be sincere and honest with myself it would be necessary to discard Him altogether.

“Is there no God?” This question arose constantly in my mind. The first answer was, “No.” And yet this was not wholly satisfying. I had obtained a copy of Ingersoll's speeches, and these were read with eagerness. His word-pictures were vivid and there was a charm about the music and rhythm of his diction. For a time I was wrapt up in Ingersoll. I also read Thomas Paine and many other agnostics.

But something was lacking. This thought arose: “These men are clever at tearing down what has been built up throughout the centuries. What do they build up in its place? Nothing. Ingersoll at his brother's grave sends up a cry of despair. Tom Paine says our religious system is all wrong, but gives us nothing to take its place. The fall of ancient empires was preceded by loss of faith in the prevailing religious systems. Are we arriving at the same hopeless and confused mental state?”

One Saturday evening, when I was eighteen years old, and teaching school twenty-two miles from Webster, South Dakota, I was finishing a forty-five-mile walk, and paused to look up at the brilliant stars. Thoughts like these passed through my mind: “Here is the full round moon, rising in that same ‘clouded majesty’ as it did on an evening in Paradise, as described by Milton. It makes its circle around the earth once in twenty-eight days. Above is red Mars, and in the fading pink of the west is beautiful Venus. These and the other planets, as well as the earth, circle about the sun in a fixed time, and move with such certainty and precision that their exact positions at a given hour and minute can be foretold a thousand years in advance. The sun itself moves around some other center in the Universe. Is it possible that a great organism like this, so

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absolutely perfect in its workings, can operate without a guiding mind? Even a little coffee-mill, the simplest machine I can imagine, cannot be run without a directing intelligence. Can this vast universe, limitless in extent and incomprehensible to our finite minds — the perfection of order, symmetry, and beauty,— can this operate throughout the endless ages without a guiding intelligence? Impossible!

“But where is this intelligence, this mind, this soul of the universe? Is it here on earth, or up there in glowing Mars or over there in brilliant Venus, whose beauty is reflected in the western lake? It cannot be in any one locality alone, for then it would be finite and measurable. It is everywhere; it is in everything; it is infinite and immeasurable. If it is in everything, it is in me and is my guiding intelligence! If it is in me, it is also in my fellow-men, as well as in bird and bee and tree and flower. The universe is a living, breathing whole, and I am one with the universe!”

When that concluding thought flashed through my mind I almost jumped and shouted for joy. It came as an answer to my long search, and seemed to solve every problem which arose when one attempted to harmonize the truths of science with the teachings of religion.

The great truth that the universe is one living, harmonious whole, and not a chaos of disordered entities, served as a key to unlock all mysteries. Later it dawned on me that each truth in the universe harmonizes, or fits in, exactly with every other truth. There can be no conflict between two or more truths. Therefore the truths of science must fit in, or harmonize, with the truths of religion. Anything that does not fit in with known and proven truth is necessarily not truth. Can we subject the prevailing religious teachings to this test?

Up to this time I had read the Bible only in fragments, or had heard preachers or laymen read texts from it. I now determined to read it carefully and understandingly, and to work out every problem in my own way, just as I had worked out alone, without a teacher, the text-book problems of algebra and geometry.

The important question was: What is Christianity? Christianity must be the teachings and example of Christ. Where can these be found? In the New Testament. Matthew, Luke, Mark, and John were the four biographers and reporters who wrote the life and reported the sayings of Jesus, the Christ. What did they say, and just what did their language mean? This was more important than the creeds, dogmas, and ceremonies of the churches.

As the reading progressed, many startling discoveries were made. It became clear that the religious teachings of my early boyhood and the teachings of the churches in general were not in harmony with the writings of the New Testament. For example: there is nothing in the sacred

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writings to indicate that Jesus was born on the 25th of December, or even at that time of the year. It may be said that this does not matter. But if it is not truth, should it be taught as truth?

In Sunday-school lessons, sermons, and religious books, Mary had always been represented as a virgin, whose one child had been conceived without an earthly father. But the writers of the Gospels picture her as the mother of a large family. Matthew and Mark give the names of her five sons - Jesus, James, Joses, Simon, and Judas, and also speak of her daughters. Paul refers to "James, the brother of our Lord." In three different places John, "the beloved disciple," calls our attention to the brothers of Jesus. If this is truth, why has it not been given to the people by the churches?

Where is Heaven? For hundreds of years men have been taught that Heaven is a locality, situated somewhere 'above'; that mortals can reach it only after death, and that the rescued soul must go 'up' in order to arrive there. The disciples asked Jesus: "Where is the Kingdom of Heaven?" His answer was direct and simple. He said: "Heaven is within you." If this is truth, why has it not been given to the people, who have hungered for it throughout the warring centuries? What greater riches could men attain than the unshakable conviction that Heaven is here and now and forever? It is only for us to grasp it.

The good minister in the little church which I attended in early boyhood dwelt constantly on death and on the things that might come to pass after death. He left the impression that God and Heaven could be attained only after death. But Jesus said: "God is the God of the living, and not of the dead."

Was Jesus divine? Was he the son of God? These were important questions. How should the answer be found? The churches teach that he was the son of God because he was not the son of man - that is, he was not the son of Joseph or any other man. And yet in all his discourses he called himself "the son of man." If not of Joseph, then of what man? The very first chapter of the New Testament gives the genealogy of Joseph. Matthew, who writes to the Jews, is anxious to prove that Jesus is their promised Messiah, and that through Joseph he was a descendant in direct line from David and Abraham, being therefore of royal blood. The opening words of the New Testament are: "The book of the generation [or genealogy] of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." Why did Matthew go to the great labor of tracing the genealogy of Joseph, if Joseph was in no way related to the founder of Christianity?

It is true that in *Matthew*, i, 18, there is a reference to a dream and a miraculous conception. But in no other place in the Scriptures is this

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referred to or corroborated in any way. On the contrary, every other reference in the New Testament to his birth or family relations denies the truth of *Matthew*, i, 18. Paul and the other organizers of the first churches never refer to an "immaculate conception." On the other hand, Paul very clearly states that according to the flesh, Jesus was of the seed of David (just as Matthew or Luke traces the line); but according to the spirit he was the son of God.

When he was twelve years old and had been to the temple in Jerusalem, Mary said to her eldest son: "Your FATHER and I have searched for you," etc. Luke states that Jesus was obedient to his "PARENTS." John, in his first chapter, quotes a disciple as saying: "I have seen him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." If it is true that Jesus was the son of Joseph, and the son of David (in the twenty-eighth generation) and the son of Abraham (in the forty-second generation) why should not this truth be taught by the churches? The great Teacher said: "Seek ye the truth, and the truth shall make ye free."

Was this question important? To my youthful mind it was vital and decisive. If God was a finite, man-like being, sitting on a throne in a locality called Heaven, ordering all things according to His changeable will and fitful whim, I could not hope so to direct my acts and shape my life that I would feel comfortable, safe, and happy. On the other hand, if God is the all-pervading Spirit, directing the course of things according to fixed and immutable laws, I could hope to approach an understanding of these laws by search and study, and to guide my footsteps in accordance with them. To me it was an illuminating joy to find that the son of God was also the son of man -- conceived and born in accordance with the fixed and immutable laws of nature and of nature's God, and that there is nothing in his teachings, or in the teachings of his early followers, which conflicts with those proven facts in nature which we call science.

But could Jesus be divine and be the son of God, even though he was the son of man? Paul, in writing to his friends in Rome, makes this very plain. To quote him again: "According to the flesh he was of the seed of David; but according to the spirit he was the son of God." Could we make the Nazarene our exemplar, model, and guide if he were a being entirely different from ourselves, coming from another world and having nothing in common with us? The answer to this is not vexing to him who seeks only for the truth. "Ye are the sons of God." So said the Master himself. "Ye are children of God, and joint heirs with Christ," said Paul in writing to the church-members at Rome. Referring to his godlike powers of healing the sick, raising the dead, etc., Jesus said: "Even greater things shall ye do." Was he almighty, in the sense that he could bring

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about any condition by simply willing it? When he came back to the people of his little home town of Nazareth "he could do there no great work because of their unbelief."

God was his father. Of this there is no doubt. But the prayer he taught to the people begins with "OUR FATHER," and in many places when he speaks to his fellow-men he says "YOUR FATHER."

"Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph", was divine, because he had overcome every selfish (sinful) thought and desire and was moved and actuated wholly by the divine Spirit which fills and animates the universe. This all-wise, omnipotent, and omnipresent Spirit is goodness, truth, and perfection. He became goodness, truth, and perfection because this Spirit took complete possession of him. The body of the earthly man Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but the Spirit had existed "before Abraham" and "before the foundation of the world." After the death of his body he was called the "Christos," a Greek word whose real meaning was known only to a few. The Christos (or Christ) Spirit never dies. It is without beginning and without end, as is the universe itself.

Can other men also attain to the divine? In other words, can the Christ Spirit of unselfishness and service, which is necessary to harmony, so animate humanity that Christianity will become a vital, compelling force? Man ranges from the lowest to the highest type. In the lowest shadowy jungles of materialism is the mere hog, who plans either with small or great capacity only for his own selfish gratification. On the heights is the illumined being who gives all in the service of his fellow-men. The inspiration of the latter is divine. The former has the spark in his soul which has the possibility of being fanned into a living fire. Is man divine? Reason answers, "Yes." Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

To sum up the results of my boyhood's doubts, troubled meditations, and soul-satisfying revelations, I came to the conclusion that there is a God, and that there is a Heaven; but both decidedly different from the little man-like God and the materialistic Heaven pictured to me in childhood. God is the "Father in secret," existing "in all, through all and over all" — the creating, life-giving, directing force of the boundless, pulsating, harmonious universe; expressed in the lives of men as conscience, sympathy, compassion, and useful service. And Heaven is found where God's will is done.

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R. MACHELL

CHAPTER VI

THE death of her old friend and counselor was naturally a great shock to Mrs. Mathers; but it was more than this, for it impressed her with a foreboding that she could not explain to herself. It seemed portentous, but the significance of the omen escaped her. It was like a warning from some power, whose mere existence she had not hitherto suspected, and whose authority she had ignored rather than defied.

Both he and she had laid their plans in ignorance of the laws of life that men call destiny, and without regard to those unseen agencies that execute the will of nature regardless of man's machinations. But now she was forced to recognise a subtle will at work, guiding events, against which she was powerless.

It had seemed to her quite natural that James Charlton should become her guardian, for he seemed like a natural successor to his twin brother John Withington who had filled that position unofficially in her childhood; and her proposed marriage with him now appeared to her nothing but a mere matter of form by which her own position might be established on a sure basis.

The web of destiny in which we are all bound is scarcely perceptible to us until we begin to exercise our individual will in an endeavor to shape events to our own purposes. Then we find ourselves entangled in a mystery that baffles all our efforts to be free. At first it seems a mere maleficent influence thwarting our will from sheer malignancy; then it appears as some colossal power, senseless and unintelligent, inflexible and irresistible. Then it takes on the semblance of universal Law impersonally ordaining and controlling the sequence of events, according to the decrees of Absolute Justice, pitiless, and cold, and inexorable. And after that, long after, when rebellion and submission in turn have given place to glad co-operation, it may at length be recognised as the One Friend and the redeemer, the Teacher and admonisher, who readjusts that which we have disturbed in Nature's harmony, the Wise One, who guides the evolution of humanity with exhaustless patience on to its goal of full enlightenment, the Ancient Wisdom, called "The Good Law," which is indeed the Law of Harmony, the Law of Life.

But to this woman who hitherto had known no other law than her own will, no other motive than her own caprice, this first glimpse of a

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higher power guiding the course of human life came as an appalling revelation. She dimly saw that over and above the will of man are set controlling purposes in life, that disregard the well-laid plans of mortals, binding together in unbreakable bonds those who most ardently desire to be apart, and sundering unflinchingly the ties of love, aye, even of a mother's love, as lightly as her hand would sweep a cobweb from the wall.

This revelation filled her with a sense of awe, that would have been fear in a weaker character; but fear, in the ordinary sense, was scarcely known to her. She now began to feel as if her life were guided by another will than hers towards some unknown goal; and all these men whom she had known so intimately, her father, Withington, Charles Appleby, and Vauclerc, and the rest, were all unknowingly engaged in some strange enterprise that had to be gone through with, whether they would or no.

She searched the tangled web of her own life to find some intelligible pattern or design in it; and here and there she almost caught the gleam of a mysterious thread of purpose, that ran through the confusion of cross purposes born of caprice or desire, love or ambition, and that gave a certain significance to much that she had hitherto called Chance.

Dimly she saw, or fancied that she saw, in a kind of waking dream a picture of herself scheming and planning for the future, while over her there brooded a great figure, that seemed to be her own Soul, motionless, waiting, and watching the gradual unfolding of the great plan of human evolution. The utter calm of those inscrutable eyes silenced the turmoil of her restless brain, rebuked the impatience of her passionate heart, and stilled its tumult with an overwhelming sense of the immensity of life and her own impotence.

Her little house of cards was built in ignorance of the great plan of Destiny, and it had fallen inevitably.

Her guardian, as she called Mr. Charlton, had become necessary to her, and consequently she had no more dreamed of death for him than for herself. She had ignored the possibility of such a thing. The sense of life was strong in her, it colored and controlled her mind, and made her look on death as a negligible quantity; but now . . . she thought of Marie, and her heart grew cold.

It had been enough for her that Marie was her child, hers indisputably, part of her own existence, for her death had seemed unthinkable.

But some new thing had come into her life, a horror. She shuddered with aversion as she thought of it. Would IT lay its black hand on Marie too? and leave her here alone? She never yet had been alone. The game of life had been a gamble, and she had known the ups and downs of fortune, but she had not known solitude. The thought of it was like

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a nightmare that filled her mind with horror. She shrank into herself appalled at the possibility of solitude.

Then that half-vision of the mysterious One, who watched the slow accomplishment of destiny, came back to her with a new meaning. Again it awed her with its absolute serenity, but now her heart was filled with adoration, so absorbing that solitude became unthinkable within the sphere of that pervading peace which flowed like music from the silent overshadowing Soul. And in that moment death itself seemed but an insignificant incident in the vast scheme of human evolution.

In carrying out the task bequeathed to him, Charles Appleby was forced to visit Mrs. Mathers at Framley. There he saw Marie, and realized at once that her life hung on a very slender thread, which the impetuosity of her temperament might snap at any moment; for she could not believe that there was anything seriously the matter with her, and saw no need for care.

He needed no doctor to tell him that she could hardly survive another winter in England, and he told her mother that it would be wiser to abandon all thought of staying on at Framley, and recommended the Riviera or Egypt for the winter. He took the arrangement of her affairs into his own hands, giving her to understand that the income which his lawyers would pay into her banking account would come from the residue of her estate. She was accustomed to be provided for, and accepted the arrangement unquestioningly and without any exaggerated sense of obligation.

So Framley Grange was soon unoccupied and Appleby resumed the even tenor of his life at Thorneycroft, but wondered more and more in what strange forgotten past was forged the chain that bound him to this woman.

He had outlived his passion, and his love was dead. He did not correspond with her, and yet he knew that when she called him he would go to her, and if he sent for her that she would come. The bond between them was unbreakable, or it would certainly have fallen in pieces long ago.

Winter was gone, and spring had passed its prime, when one day Appleby received a letter, the envelope of which was edged with black, from the Riviera. This was what he had expected for some time, but he was surprised to see that the address was not in the well known handwriting of his former wife. Opening the letter and glancing at the signature, he was startled to find that it was written by Marie herself to announce the loss of her mother, who had died suddenly from inflammation of the lungs.

The poor girl was in despair evidently, and begged Charles Appleby

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to come to her. She said that her mother had told her to do so just before she died. Her letter was incoherent in parts, but he gathered from it that Mrs. Mathers had taken cold and had neglected it, being always careless of her own health although so anxious about her daughter's, and now she was gone. Marie said that she could not write sooner, it seemed so impossible to believe that she would not see her mother again. She alluded to the kindness of some people occupying the adjoining villa, but implored Appleby to come at once.

He left by the next train, wondering a little at the strange caprice of fate that called the woman, who had seemed so full of life, and left the death-doomed girl to linger on alone.

He tried to realize that he was free, but found no pleasure in his liberty, nor did it seem to him that she was dead. Something had happened certainly, but the meaning of it was all involved in memories of old emotions and obscured by doubts and theories and speculations on the mystery of life.

When he returned to England the summer was over, and in the garden he could see old Watson sweeping up the autumn leaves. He stood at the window watching him, and vaguely wondering if indeed there were gardeners in the other world, who sweep up the dead leaves that fall from the tree of life; for at that moment the whole thing seemed utterly mysterious, and human lives seemed wonderfully like the leaves that drop off from "the oak-tree of the world, that are caught by the wind, and whirled away and away, and none may say whither they go wind-borne."

He felt the touch of autumn in the air and looking at the trees he wondered how long the leaves that still hung on the branches would remain, and whether they felt lonely to be left there when the rest were gone, as he felt now.

With Marie's death another link in the chain that bound him to the past was broken, the past, that so often he had endeavored to forget, and that still clung to him persistently; and yet his freedom brought him nothing but a miserable sense of loneliness. True, he was home again; but it was autumn, and the leaves were falling. There was the old gardener, who seemed hardly older to him now than he had done to the child who, in the old days, would have jumped out of the window and run across the lawn to greet his friend as soon as he saw him, eager for the welcome that made home-coming so delightful, and that he yearned for now as much as ever.

Obedying the old impulse, but more sedately than of old, Charles Appleby pushed up the window, and strolled out down the path to where the venerable gardener was waiting for him, smiling, and answering his

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greeting, just as he had done in the days gone by, when the cynic of today was but the laughing child, whom he had loved so well, and scolded so severely in his anxiety to correct the 'spoiling' process, that was going on so systematically, that in fact the only moral training the child ever got was from the gardener. And now the man of fifty turned to his old teacher naturally for comfort in his loneliness; not with the intention of adopting the old man's theories, or even of following his advice, but simply to enjoy the atmosphere of peace that hung around him like the perfume of a rose-bush in full flower, and to receive the unconscious benediction of his company. And therein he was wiser than his teacher; for the man of many words prided himself particularly on his oratory which was tedious, and on his power of argument which was more likely to raise opposition than to convince, while he himself was entirely unconscious of the beneficent influence of his mere presence.

To Appleby it was like stepping out into the sunshine from the shadow of some damp cave to come into old Watson's neighborhood and to see him smile: and it was like listening to the chatter of the birds to hear his endless flow of speech. For just as among the meaningless twittering in the trees he could distinguish here and there fragments of song or notes of exquisite rich tone, that were like jewels on a richly decorated robe; so too he caught now and again amid the rambling verbosity of the philosopher the gleam of some rare jewel of wisdom dropped casually as a thing of no particular value, for anyone to find who would.

It may be that true Wisdom always comes that way, dropping like acorns from the mighty oak tree into the rank grass and moss that lie beneath; for Wisdom is from above, and philosophy grows like the grass below.

"So the leaves are falling," said the master dreamily, and the gardener replied sententiously:

"That is a way they have, sir. They have their day and then they fall. That's how it is with all of us; but the trees live on."

"Oh yes. The trees live on; but what do the leaves know of that? — the dead leaves that you gather up and throw on the rubbish-heap to rot, and to make mold for other things to grow in? What comfort is it to them that the trees live on?"

"More than we think of, maybe. Who knows but what the soul of the leaf was drawn back into the tree before the leaf died. I reckon that is why they die, the leaves. The souls of them go back where they came from. These dead things here are not the real leaves, but just their old clothes, that are worn out and thrown away, much as we throw an old coat that's done its work into the rag-bag to be used for mending other things with. Why, I remember when I was a little lad, my grand-

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father he used to say to me, 'Sonny,' he says (he always called me 'Sonny,' although I was his grandson) . . ."

"Yes!" interrupted his master, "I remember him, that is to say, I remember your telling me about him when I was a lad, and that was not yesterday either. When you come to think of it, Watson, we are growing old; and I am aging faster than you are. Where will it end? Shall I catch you up eventually?"

"Nay, nay, Master Charles, ye'll never catch me up. I've got the

start of you, and I shall keep it till I die, and then maybe I'll go ahead of you, to clear the way like, and make a place for you, so as you won't feel lonely on the other side."

"Ah, yes, the other side. I wonder what there is, there on the other side. I used to hate the thought of it. It seemed to me like a deep dark hole with nothing in it and no bottom to it, just a great endless emptiness. But now I find myself wondering about it as if it were a place that I am going to visit, something real, with people in it, real people, not angels



and saints and things like that; but people like myself and you, and others. It is impossible to believe in a state of absolute emptiness, it means nothing."

The old man smiled to hear his own thoughts coming home to roost like the rooks at sunset. But Appleby broke off impatiently, as he was wont to do, just when perhaps another step would have brought him in sight of the path he was always looking for in vain. So he dropped back once more into his cynical pessimism, saying hopelessly:

"But after all, what does anyone know about it? Nothing! What can the wisest tell us that we can rely on? Just nothing! They say that we shall know all about it once we are on the other side. How do they know that? Why should we know more than now? It is little enough we do know of the world we live in now, and when we first got

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here we knew even less. We had it all to learn, and how much of it have we learned? Well, why should it be different on the other side? Of course it will be different in a way, because it is not the same; but different in what way? and in how far? Different perhaps as today is from yesterday."

He paused as if he was up against a blank wall that was as unpleasantly familiar as the wall of a prison. But Watson saw no prison-walls, and cheerfully took up the thread his master had let fall.

"Aye! maybe; or as different as light from darkness. Some say as light and darkness are the same at bottom, and surely it beats a man to say where one begins and where the other leaves off. It may be that the other world is just like the other side of the house-door. A man may be pretty much the same man one side or the other of the door, but on a stormy night no man would say both sides of that door was alike. Inside is not the same as outside, even if the man that passes is the same. But is he quite the same? A man that's safe in his own home is not the same as one that has no home to go to, or who is lost in the dark and cannot find his way home. There's differences and differences. Some are of no account to speak of, and some are more than a man can measure. You, Master Charles, are the same you was when you was so high, and yet there is a difference. You know more now than you did then."

"Exactly. I know more and understand less. In fact, I think I know less, and in some ways I have been losing more than learning all my life, because my knowledge is of no use. It does not make me happy and I was happy when I was a little child. What is the use of it all? Why live again if this one life is so unsatisfactory?"

"Master Charles, when you was quite a little lad I l'arned you how to try again, do you remember? You was impatient because you could not make a seed grow just when you wanted it, although I told you it was not the season. Then you was wrath because the birds came and pulled it up, and I said 'Try again.' Do you remember that?"

"Yes, yes. I know, you taught me all that I ever learned that was worth knowing. You mean that we have to live again, because we have failed this time, not learned our lesson perhaps, and have to try again. There's sense in that; but how are we to learn if we forget all we have learned each time and have to start afresh to learn the same lesson over again?"

"Some lessons are hard to l'arn and must be l'arned a many times before they're known, and when they are known they are a part of a man, as you might say. Then he don't have to l'arn that over again. That's how it is that some children understand things almost without being taught, they've l'arned their lesson before they came to school.

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Where did they l'arn it if not in other lives? Now they can l'arn some more: there is a heap of things to l'arn."

"Yes. That is reasonable enough if only we remembered. That is what bothers me: why should I not remember?"

The old man looked at his pupil tenderly, as if indeed the master of Thorneycroft were but a little lad again; and then he asked respectfully but with a strange insistence:

"Would you be happier if you did? Are there no things in your own life, this life, that you do remember and that you would as lief forget?"

Charles Appleby began to fidget like a child under examination and did not answer, but nodded his head sadly and reflectively. Watson accepted this as an assent and took up his argument:

"Well, Sir, if this one life has given you more to think about than you care to remember, and if even now, forgetting as much as you do, you still can not forget enough, how would it be if you was burdened with the memory of other lives as well? And yet you ask why we do not remember other lives."

"Yes, yes, I know it is unreasonable. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when I asked nothing better than to be able to forget; but now I feel afraid of letting go my hold on memory: it seems like launching out into the dark in an empty boat without a rudder. I always feared the dark. Is it unreasonable for a man to want to know where he came from and where he is going?"

The old man answered cryptically:

"It may be reasonable, but it is not over-wise. A child is happy because he has no memories to plague him and no fears for the future. His character is memory enough for him, he has it though he knows nought about it, and he keeps adding to it all the time. But if he had memory of what he was when he was alive before, he would be like the crazy folk in the asylum, that thinks themselves Emperors and Kings and Queens. Nay, nay, Master Charles, we maun be content; we maun be thankful that we can forget. A day's work is enough for one day, and after that it's good to go to sleep and to forget it for a while. Then when we wake up in the morning we have a chance to make a fresh start. It does a man's heart good to hear the children laughing, and to see them playing, as if all the world was new. A man can see then what it means to have a fresh start: if he did not die and could not forget, he never could have another chance."

Appleby looked off at the setting sun and murmured to himself:

"Another chance! Is that what death means?"

And the dark rain-clouds in the west flushed with the glory of the setting sun answering symbolically with the promise of another day.